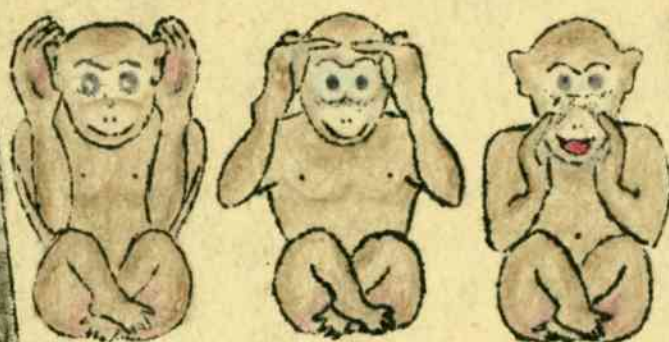
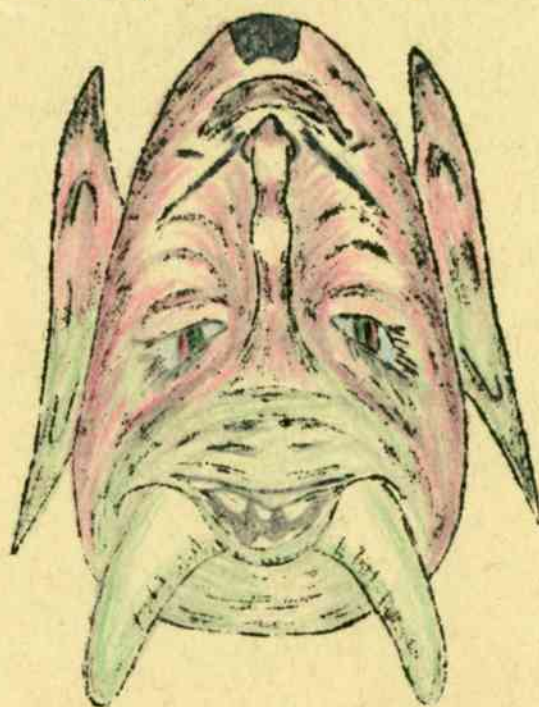


# NEPROMANCER



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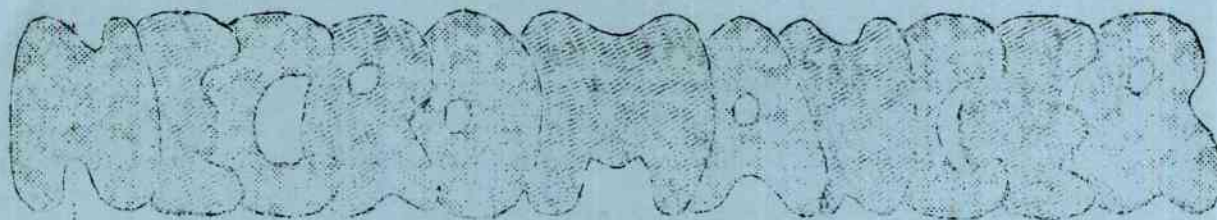
VOL. 1

NO. 1



1.25





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## NECROMANCER

NECKER is published when time permits, and as the spirits (your choice) move us, by 2 1/2 fen at 877 North Third Street, Memphis, Tennessee. The publishers include ye editor, his wife and their Scotch Terrier. The 'zine is published for the kick received

a non-profit under we lose money on interested can sub a small sum to the David A. MacInnes. paper, etc. we find charge 10¢ a copy issues for 50¢. We

on the lookout for material to grace Necromancer's pages, and urge all fen to submit any opus (artwork, articles, fiction, poetry - or what have you) in good taste, that they see fit. All efforts will be given careful consideration for publication in the next or a subsequent issue. TRADES ARRANGED WITH OTHER PUBLISHERS.

QUI PEUT DIRE POUR CERTAIN ?



from it, and is taking - in fact it. Anyone who is scribe by sending above address c/o

To help pay for it necessary to or 6 consecutive are continually

## BY WAY OF APOLOGY

AN EDITORIAL

WITH this, the first issue of Necromancer, the editor would like to offer his sincere apologies to Fandom. As is obvious, it is our first attempt in the field of amateur publishing. As time lopes by, though, we hope to improve both in quality and quantity. This issue is cluttered up with innumerable departments and sundry crud which has been used as filler. Since it is our initial edition, we were obliged to turn out most of the material included ourselves. We have fond hopes that in Volume 1, No.2 we will be in a position to dispense with much of the tripe herein, since we expect a prodigious number of contributions from fen old and new.

The drawings, typing, stencilling - in fact, all of the real work for this issue was done by Pam (alias Mrs. Mac), and credit for getting the mag out at all is due entirely to her efforts.

Don't give us up as a bad job on the merits (or lack of them) of this particular number. Bear with us at least until No.2 - I promise you it will be less of a miscarriage.

The next issue will include articles on and about the Philcon. Charles the Burbee has promised an appropriate piece of fiction, and a splendid article on Science-Fantasy of a bygone era written by Bob Frazier will be included.

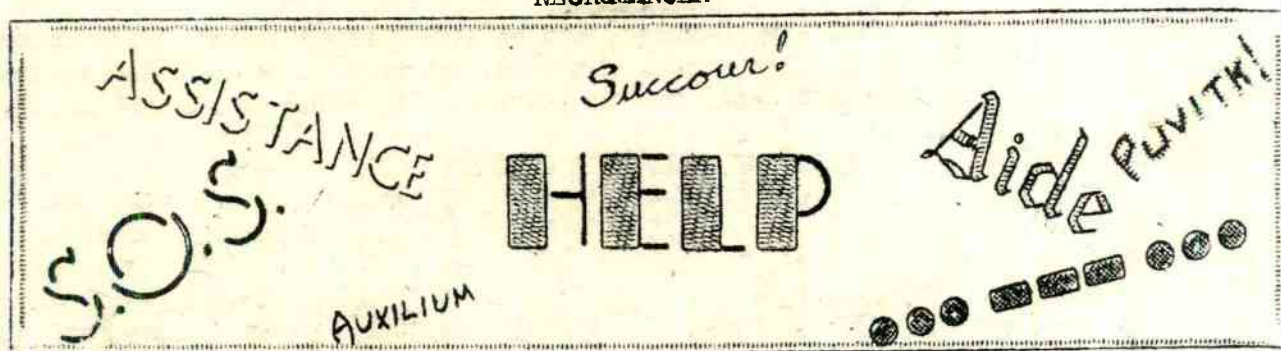
While I'm at it, a heartfelt salaam is due to fan William Rotsler of Camarillo, California, editor and publisher of coming fanmag NECPHYTE. On a postal card advertisement mailed to fen near and far, I used his slogan "THE FANZINE OF DISTINCTION". The felony was entirely unintentional. At that time I was unaware that Bill was using the slogan, and when it was made known to me I wrote him and apologetically bowed to his priority. It was a matter of great minds thinking alike on his part - - and weak ones seldom differing on mine. Therefore, let it be known to one and all that Rotsler was first with the slogan, and I am sorry that I unwittingly moved in on it. As Bill said, we both pilfered it originally from an advertisement for a well-known brew, so c'est la guerre.

I think from now on I'll call Necker "THE ABORTIVE FANZINE" - - I doubt if anyone has (or wants) a claim on that !

dam!



## NECROMANCER



NECKER HAS TO APPEAR AT LEAST SIX TIMES. BECAUSE OF ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTIONS WHICH WE HAVE ACCEPTED, WE ARE OBLIGED TO COME THROUGH WITH A MINIMUM OF A HALF DOZEN CONSECUTIVE ISSUES. IF IT WORKS OUT ACCORDING TO PLAN, MANY MORE WILL BE PUBLISHED. CONTRARY TO THE OLD SERVICE DITTY WHICH GOES: "NOW WE COME TO THE BITTER BIT, THERE WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT" THERE ARE MANY WAYS OF STOPPING A FANZINE, NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS THAT IT DIE DUE TO LACK OF MATERIAL.

WE WOULD HATE TO SEE THE THREE LITTLE MONKS CLOSE EAR, EYE AND VOCAL CHORDS TO FANDOM BECAUSE WE GET A BIG KICK OUT OF PUSHING NECROMANCER AT YOU. HOW ABOUT HELPING US MAKE THE 'ZINE A SUCCESS RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING? WE NEED MATERIAL.

EACH CONTRIBUTION GUARANTEES YOU A FREE COPY IF NOT A SUBSCRIBER, AND WILL ADD AN ISSUE TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTION, IF YOU ARE. WE SOLICIT EFFORTS FROM FANS OF LONG STANDING, OF COURSE, AND WILL BE DELIGHTED TO RECEIVE THEIR WORK. ON THE OTHER HAND, I BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A GREAT POTENTIAL RESERVOIR OF NEOFAN MATERIAL JUST WAITING TO BE MINE-D.

SO TO FEN OLD AND NEW WE IMPLOR: SEND IN THAT FICTION, ARTWORK, ARTICLE, POETRY OR CRUD. IF, FOR ANY REASON, WE FEEL THAT WE CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR WORK, THE MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU.

NECROMANCER WANTS TO LIVE UP TO ITS TITLE AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, BUT ANYTHING OF INTEREST TO FANDOM, AND THE FANTASY LOVER, IS ACCEPTABLE.

TYPE OF MATERIAL? - ANYTHING WHICH WILL PROVOKE THOUGHT, OR PROVIDE A TEMPORARY ESCAPE FOR HE WHO TAKES SOLACE IN DRIFTING OFF THE MUNDANE PLANE - EVEN AS YOU AND I. PASTE THAT OPUS ON A FLYING DISC AND SCALE IT TO US !







# FANDOM GAVE HOLLAND'S TIME MACHINE THE HORSE LAFF - - - SINCE THEN HE HAS DISAPPEARED.

## A SERIAL IN TWO (THREE?) PARTS

I think I can claim the dubious honor of knowing Holland better than anyone - - not that I actually consider it an honor; he was a Schmo in more ways than one. You see, he was a hard man to know. Sort of queer. That is to say, convention would deem him so, although in the eccentric realm of fandom, on the whole he was taken to be quite normal.

Holland was a typical fan and had the usual quota of extraordinary ideas peculiar to fan. One of his more infamous fancies, was his now renowned Bald Man Plan. The old timers will remember that one. It received quite a bit of notoriety at the time in the various fan-zines. His idea was to exchange the skin tissue of the head and jaw so that bald men would never have to shave and would always sport a full head of board!

He was continually popping up with some prodigious outrage of a similar nature. He worked on the theory that, sooner or later, he would hit upon some thing practical, and perhaps make himself a few clams.

Because of his sudden disappearance, and the rapid turnover of active fans in fandom since the war, I venture to say that there are few now who remember Holland. Those vetfans who are fortunate enough to have copies of his early fan mag, FAN ANTI, will have no trouble recalling him, though.

In an article in one of his 'zines, (now a scarce collector's item) years ago, he seriously claimed to have actually constructed a device capable of time-travel, and insisted that he had

made a number of sojourns into the past and future by use of the machine.

As can be well imagined, his article created quite a furor throughout fandom, and although he was denounced from far and near, and many a descriptive profanity was hurled in his direction, he tenaciously stuck to his claim.

To give substance to the authenticity of his story, he offered to swear on a stack of THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT, his chosen bible, that he had done it, and that all he had proclaimed was true.

Naturally, proof, by way of demonstration, was demanded by one and all. The reader may remember his answer to that. He announced in the subsequent issue of FAN ANTI that on his final trip into the future, (the year 2365 A.D.) his machine was confiscated by the native "Combinationists" of that time, for a museum piece, and that he was projected back into his own era via methods devised by that world wide race, the machinations of which he could not comprehend. He claimed that the "Combos", (as he dubbed them) had made great scientific strides soon after the devastating war of 2009 when the remaining peoples of the earth decided to fuse all races by the employment of artificial insemination. His puny 20th century knowledge of physics, he said, was so feebly inadequate that he couldn't possibly understand their method of time transportation.

Of course, a big whoop and holler, vehement sarcasm and a great chorus of horse laffs went up from all sides. There was much talk of ostracizing him



## NECROMANCER

and a petition was even drawn up in one quarter with a view to doing so. It did not come about, however, because Holland provided so much amusement and came up with so many wild stories thereafter, that he was eventually accepted and looked upon as sort of a droll pet.

You may wonder why I rehash all this since what I have written is pretty generally known, and has become a legend in fan circles. I bring it up because, as I have said, I knew Holland quite well, and, although skeptical of his time travel yarn, I neither believed nor disbelieved it - after all he has disappeared without a trace.

My reason for going over it again is to give the neofan an idea of the type of thing of which he was capable. Bearing this in mind, the new reader will be able to judge for himself whether or not to put any store in the tale I am about to relate.

I am going to try to put it down exactly as it was told to me by Holland himself. I shall attempt to picture for you the mood that prevailed at the time of its telling. I'm sure the circumstances will influence your judgment.

It all started on a Heavy Bomber Base in southern England late in 1944. I had been rather chafed off, and quite bored with the tediousness of life on an operational airfield closed in by soupy weather. Even the excitement of war can become humdrum with sameness after a time. Like everything else on this mundane planet, too much of one thing leads to ennui.

On this particular afternoon, I was killing time in the Red Cross Club. I glanced through the register of States in the library to see if anyone I knew had checked in, and there, under my home state, (the latest entry on the page) was Holland's scrawled signature large as life.

I had previously heard that he was

in the E.T.O., passing off as a fighter boy, and operating out of a base near Bournemouth. An old friend had written telling me that he had been listed as missing in action after being shot down by flak in France; been in the hands of the Germans; escaped, and subsequently walked back to the United Kingdom through Spain, having had the able assistance of the wonderful bands of French patriots which made up the F.F.I and Maquis.

I was, of course, very surprised to see his name there, and was standing wondering why he should have been posted to my station, when a Red Cross worker called me over and told me there had been a fellow named Holland inquiring as to my whereabouts.

I asked whether or not he had left any message, and learning that he had not, I naturally headed straight for the local pub in the nearby village.

As I approached the Coach and Horses that fine, musty senseodor of Mild and Bitters wafted through the fog to greet me. To this day, I always feel a wave of nostalgia when I recall that homey pub-ish smell which emanates only from small village taverns in England.

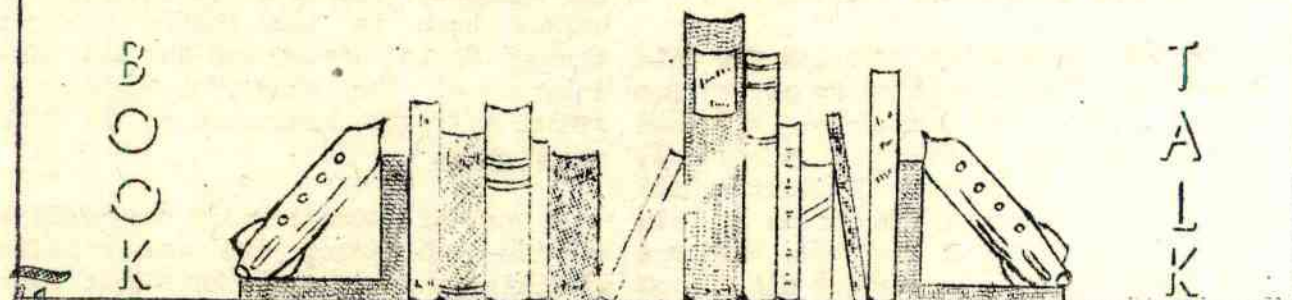
Inside, a group of British airmen from a nearby Royal Air Force base were tossing darts and smoking their Wood-Bines. Occasionally a typical RAF colloquialism, such as "you've had it", "gone for a Burton" and "a piece of cake" could be heard over the hubbub of American slang and general Yank boisterousness which made din of the smoke-filled atmosphere.

It didn't take long to spot Holland sitting dreamily in a corner with his pipe in his mouth, and an almost empty mug of half-and-half on the table before him. I stood momentarily regarding him and sharing what I was sure must be a fathom reverie.

((To be continued in the next issue)).



# Bound - To - Please



HERE are so many books of a fantastic nature currently appearing on the market that it would be an arduous task indeed to try to review them all. I have selected a few of those which I consider of paramount interest to fandom for thumb-nail outlines. Lack of space prohibits reviews of other late fantasy in bookform.

**THE LEGION OF SPACE** - by Jack Williamson - Fantasy Press, P.O. Box 159, Reading Pa. - \$3.00 postpaid.

Williamson's famous space tale which first appeared in ASF in 1935 has been put between hard covers by the same publishers who did such a fine job on their initial effort, Dr. Smith's **SPACEBOUNDS OF TPC**. It is as beautiful an edition as any collector who is proud of his fantasy library would care to have on his eye-level shelf. There are four excellent illustrations placed appropriately throughout, and they and the dust jacket, all the work of A.J. Donnell, enhance the book exceedingly. Don't miss this one, it is exceptionally well bound to please.

**THE MISLAID CHARM** - by A.M. Phillips - The Prime Press, Box 2019, Middle City Sta. Philadelphia 3, Pa. - \$1.75 postpaid.

The first publication to come off the Prime Press is the best \$1.75's worth to come your reviewer's way in many a moon. Profusely and superbly illustrated by Herschel Lovit, and nicely printed, the book is excellent in its entire format. The story itself seems even more laugh-provoking today than when it first appeared in a 1941 issue of UNKNOWN. It is a collector's must, and a speculator's dream so I advise you to get it while there's still time.

**DARK CARNIVAL** - by Ray Bradbury - Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin - \$3.00 post paid.

As this is written, Bradbury's first matchless collection is the latest wind-fall from Arkham House. It is the typical perfectionally flawless Arkham House offering which periodically graces our mail boxes. Any collector or fan, or layman, for that matter, who neglects to purchase ALL Arkham's books, should have what's left of his neck examined. Need I say more?

**WORLD AFLAME** - by Leonard Engel and Emanuel S. Piller - The Dial Press, New York City - \$2.00 at your bookseller.

If you are a completist you'll want to add this saga of the Russian-American



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War of 1950 to your fantasy library. It's well written, and presents a topical subject in good descriptive prose. The narrative is old stuff to the Science Fiction connoisseur, however. The book brings it's timely message to the general public rather than to the fantasy fan, and it's the reviewer's opinion that you who read this would find it dull in spots. Don't pass it up, though, if you happen to have a couple of extra frogskins to spare.

THE WEAPON MAKERS - by A.E. van Vogt - The Hadley Publishing Company, 271 Doyle Ave., Providence 6, R.I. - \$3.00 postpaid.

Hadley's output gets better and better all the time. This, the third publication from the above Company, if possible, excels their first two efforts, Smith's SKILLMAN OF SPACE and Taine's THE TIME STREAM. The book is presented in the manner I like to think Mr. van-Vogt would have visualized it, had he written the yarn originally for hard covers. It was a great tale when it first appeared in ASF in 1943 - - it is even greater in book form. Most of you, no doubt, already have added this very commendable book to your collections, but if you haven't, don't lose any time acquiring it - the profiteers will soak you plenty for it in times to come.

AWAY FROM THE HERE AND NOW - by Clare W. Harris - Dorrance and Company, Philadelphia, Pa. - \$2.50.

Herein is a superlative collection of Mrs. Harris' yarns taken from the files of WEIRD TALES, AMAZING STORIES and SCIENCE FANTASY QUARTERLY. To those of you who are familiar with her work, naught need be said - you have probably already bought a dozen copies. To others less fortunate, don't take my word for it - lose no time coming by the volume, and see for yourself - you'll be delighted. It is finely bound, has a literally 'out of this world' dust jacket, and makes for extremely good entertainment....presuming, of course, that some of you collectors read the books you hoard!

The following late publications, some current, others already out of print, are highly recommended by NECROMANCER. Space does not permit a synopsis on any at this particular time.

THE FOX WOMAN - by A. Merritt - THE BLUE PAGODA - by Hannes Bok, New Collectors Group, 425 Central Park West, N.Y.C., 25, N.Y. - \$3.00 (now out of print). Considered by ye editor as one of the finest books in his collection.

PUZZLE BOX - by Anthony More - Trevor Hall, 2126 Grove Street, San Francisco 17, California. - \$1.75. An admirable miniature! Your library is incomplete without it.

THE UNFORTUNATE FURSEY - by Mervyn Wall - Crown Publishers, 419-4th Ave., N.Y.C. \$2.75. Don't miss a good bet. This tale should have been written for Necromancer.

DARK MUSIC AND OTHER SPECTRAL TALES - by Jack Snow - Herald Publishing Company, 45 East 17th St., N.Y.C. - \$2.50. By all means. Four of the yarns included originally appeared in WEIRD TALES.

TALES OF THE UNDEAD - collected by Elinore Blaisdell - Thomas Y. Crowell Company N.Y.C. - \$3.50. Extraordinary illustrations by Blaisdell in this collection.

COLLECTED POEMS OF HUPERT BROOKE (I like them-ANYTHING can happen in Necromancer)





FANSHORTS WILL BE A REGULAR DEPARTMENT. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE SOLICITED.

## THE MUTE QUESTION

BY LOOSE GADGET

(alias 4c)

TWINHEAD the talker was puzzling over the old problem. "Do you think," he asked, in the queer lisp that was the heritage of his cleft tongue, "that Man could have made mutant in his own image?"

His acquaintance of the twilight hour vouchsafed no opinion.

Twinhead continued, his second head - - the two-tongued one-- musing with its characteristic twang, "But if Man's son, Adam, created us all with the Adam bomb---?"

"I don't hold with that Bomb birth story," he lisped. "You, stranger?"

Still the stranger did not respond. Why, it could not be directly told, for it was very dark in the cave.

Twang-tongue argued: "But for Man to have made mutic in His own image, He would have had to be a polymerph! Part of Him would have had to be like us, and part like our Siamose sisters and part like little Roll Ball and part like the Octo-Arms and the Centi-Feets ... Why, He would have been a monster! Don't you agree, stranger?"

The stranger stirred, but still said nothing, as this theological debate of the late 1990s stalemated itself.

Then Luna's rays crept into the cave, and illumined the two mutics who sat there, and it became evident why the stranger did not speak. It became clear to you, the reader, thru the author's license of omnipresence, but to Twinhead it was still a mystery.

For the Twinhead had four eyes, he was blind--he could not see.



And as for the stranger, he was silent because, well--the Muties have a proverb: Two heads are better than none.

SOME FAN EH KID?

It was hot and I had about three hundred miles more to drive. What's more, I was plenty tired, and needed someone to talk to. It's quite easy to fall asleep at the wheel under such circumstances, even in mid-afternoon. Consequently, I was quite happy to see him standing at an intersection, waving a large sunburned thumb at me.

We talked of this and that, as strangers will, although the weather wasn't mentioned. For this reason, I took a liking to him immediately, for I admire a person unconventional enough not to have to rely on the weather as a topic of initial conversation.

Well, to make it short, the remaining two hundred and fifty miles ribboned by very pleasantly, and I was delighted that I had decided to stop and give him a lift.

I thought I'd play along, so chose a ridiculous sum at random, and with a careless wave of the hand said: "Oh, that'll be exactly \$2,864.00."

Rather stiff, aren't you?" he said, peeling off the bills.

# THE DEVIL'S DOUBLE

"Pardon me, Mr. Wampile."

"You know my name?"

"Certainly."

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MYCROSLANCER

before in my life!"

"I know - - you don't know me personally, and this is the first time we have ever met, but you see, it's my business to know you - - - and others."

"Your business?"

"Most certainly. You've heard of me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps, though I doubt it. What is your name?"

"I have many. I'm sure you've heard of.....Lucifer, Satan, or even....Devil."

"Oh, come now."

"No! It's true. For you see, I am."

"But don't be stupid. This foolish conversation must stop now. The idea! Your whole attitude, Sir, allows me to draw but one conclusion...you're crazy and I'm leaving!"

"It's possible, though not probable. The subject is not open for debate, as a discussion on the matter would prove highly embarrassing to one in my position; furthermore, this conversation is not foolish, it is you who seem to be, and you are not leaving."

"Damn it, Sir! My lawyer..."

"...can't help you here. Now stop this blustering; we're going."

"No!.....In.....Where to?"

"Hell, of course."

"No, no, no, no! I'm not going anywhere. What right have you to take me? What have I done?"

"Plenty. You started when you were a boy. Stopped deliberately on an ant. One, mind you, that had done nothing on my good earth to harm you in any way! What a heel!"

"Good heavens! Back that far? It's absurd. Besides, how was I to know?"

".....and up to a few hours ago it was the Morgan-Ziff deal. So you can now well understand my reason."

"Absolutely not! I am an American citizen. You can't do this to me!"

"I can, and am. Here, take a good look at Hell."

"Ooooh. Gad. Oh my!.....It's....it's...."

"Awful? But that was only hypnotism. In a few minutes, you'll be able to be in the heat of it, so to speak."



## NECROMANCER

Wilbur Wampilo, III awoke with a strangled scream, gasped and then, mopping the heavy perspiration from his fat jowls, he grew calmer. Glancing at his clock, he rose from his luxurious bed, and waddled about the room as he dressed. In a few moments he was outside the apartment and pumping heavily down the street. As he walked he noticed a strange man he was passing. The fellow was going rather slowly, but as he glanced up at Mr. Wampilo, he increased his pace until he was alongside of him.

"Pardon me, Mr. Wampilo."

Puzzled, Wilbur swung around.

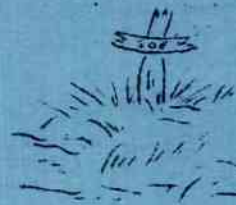
"You know my name?"

"Certainly."

"But, ...for some reason he could not understand, his heart began to beat a little faster, 'I'll swear I don't know you, in fact, I don't believe I ever saw you before in my life.'"

It was then that the first horrible glimmerings of understanding began to creep into him....

mightbeyoumightbeyoumightbeyoumightbeyoumightbeyoumightbeyoumightbeyoumightbeyou



# PLOT LUCK



LARGE CONTEST FOR BUDDING AUTHORS TOO LAZY TO COMPOSE FICTION OR ANYTHING ELSE.

CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST!

### SURPRISE PRIZE

Enter this contest and win a copy of. We would like to make PLOT LUCK a regular feature, and invite readers who think they have prodigious plots for yarns, but are procrastinators of the first order, to send in their plots to this column. Don't delay, mail your entry NOW!...You may win a. There are no rules, and you need not tear off the tops of any boxes. ((How's that again?)) Just forward an outline of your story to NECROMANCER. Here's an example:

To Plot Luck, c/o That Diabolical Fanzine, 877 North Third St., Memphis, Tennessee  
Dear Editor, Here is a plot that I have been sporting in my subconscious for 10 these many years. Please enter it in your contest, as I would very much like to win a package containing. To wit: Man publishes fanzine. He has to have filler for same. Man stages large contest. Offers prize of a. Invites fans to enter contest. Man receives no entries. Sad ending.

That will give you an idea of the sort of thing we are seeking. Why not sit down tout de suite and rap out your contribution? All entries become the property of this farmag. Write today, and get a chance at. DO IT NOW! You'll be surprised.





# "NEVER JUDGE A BOOK ---" BY FINGAL S. CAVE

**L**ANEY would call them 'gay deceivers'. Other fans, and particularly collectors dub them according to the extent of profanity in their vocabularies. Personally they are the bane of my book browsing hours - these deliciously fantastic sounding titles which very frequently materialize as fools' gold.

I call them 'optical illusions'. At one time my bookshelves, which I, (living in a fool's paradise) thought bulged with naught but fantasy, were lined with them. Oh, how I delighted in my library! I learned to my sorrow later that it was an idiot's delight. Catch this, for instance; THE HOLLOW MEN.....sounds like SF, doesn't it? When I eventually got around to reading it, (yes, I read them) it turned out to be a narrative on northern Canada!

The dust jackets are usually deceptive also. A collector may be browsing contentedly at his favorite bookseller's, when like a bolt from the black, a superbly drawn, seemingly fantastic dust wrapper catches his eye.

"Oh joy!" he thinks to himself.

Quickly his gaze seeks out the title. The book is called ALL SOULS NIGHT.

"Neat!" the deluded victim thinks.

What does the subject matter of the book turn out to be?.....Family stuff.

After that cruel blow, the frustrated and disheartened collector resumes his browsing, saddened, but hopeful..unfortunately, though, the hoax happens time and again.

Get a load of these beauties:

THE DARK FANTASTIC - - sounds swell, but it's a yarn about a woman caught in the tangled web of her own deception.

THE ENCHANTED - - Fantasy? Hardly! This one concerns Europe's children fending for themselves.

JOURNEY INTO THE DARK - - Ah, a weird! Nope, it's a tale about a fellow seeking wealth.

FROM THE LAND OF SILENT PEOPLE - - Could be? Wrong again; Europe's troubles!

THE ROCKET'S SHADOW - - Science-fiction? Well, what do you know - yes! But it's kid stuff.

FANTASTIC INTERLUDE - - Naw!

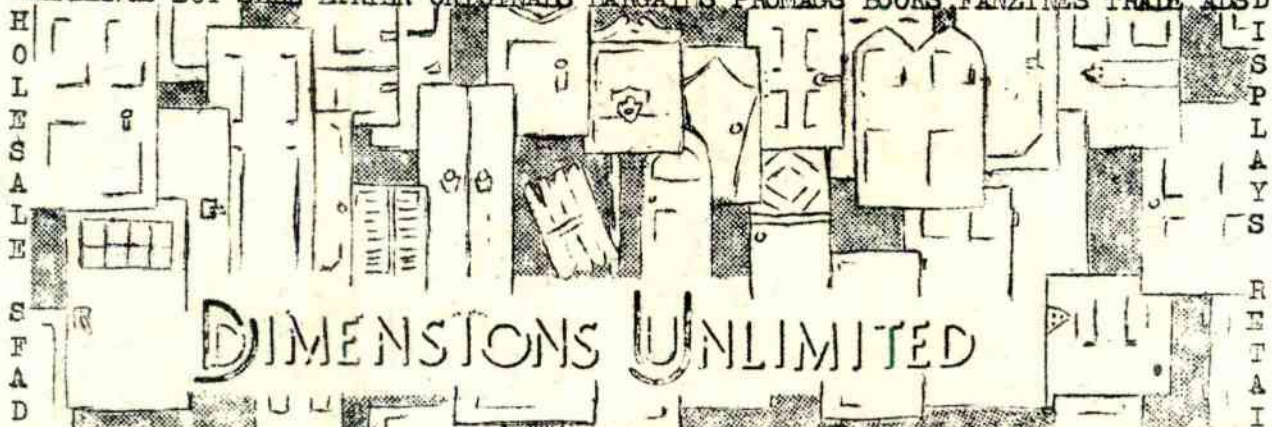
Ah! I could go on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on. I, and you others like me, probably shall too. We'll go on waxing enthusiastic over the myriad of Optical Illusions encountered at the bookstore, but will we go on being fooled?.....To be sure!

This excellent article is all too short, isn't it? Well, I had only so much space to fill, and the foregoing is the result. It grieves me indeed that you therefore, will be deprived of more of my talent.



# NECROMANCER

EXCHANGE BUY SELL BARTER ORIGINALS BARGAINS PROMAGS BOOKS FANZINES TRADE ADS D



SSWAP FANADS PROADS DEALS LOANS PAWN PURCHASE WINDFALLS FANTASY BORROW DONATEL

If enough advertisements come in, Dimensions Unlimited will appear in each forth coming issue of Necromancer. Ad rates, revenue from which will be used to buy materials, are as follows: \$2.00 full page; \$1.50 half page; 50¢ quarter page or any fraction thereof. To start the ball rolling, here are some items from my own library (which I am disposing of because they are either duplicates or I just don't care for them) or books I have picked up here and there in my travels. I'm not out to make a profit from fandom, so you can have them for the price I paid, or less. First come, first served. Submit ads suitable for mimeographing.

## WILL ALSO TRADE ANY OF THE FOLLOWING

H. Rider Haggard - SHE - Books Inc. (N.Y.) Mint with d/w. Three copies at 75¢ per  
H. Rider Haggard - QUEEN SHEBA'S RING - Garden City, '26 - Fair. Pages loose 75¢  
H. Rider Haggard - COLONEL QUARTICH, V.C. - Syndicate (N.Y.) Fair.....50¢  
Curt Siodmak - DUNWYAN'S BRAIN - Chapman & Hall Ltd. (London) '44. First edition,  
fair. Cover poor. Bought it for \$2.50, you can have it for.....\$2.50.  
H.G. Wells - IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET - Scribner's (N.Y.) '24. Excellent.....\$2.00.  
H.G. Wells - THE FOOD OF THE GODS - - - Scribner's (N.Y.) '24. Excellent.....\$2.00.  
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# DISCOURSE

# WITH

# GOLDBERG



T

BY HAROLD INITALY

HOSE who have been fortunate enough to meet him are inevitably well impressed with Goldberg. He manages to impress each and every person he meets in one way or another. To date, no one has been scarred for life, but he has left his canine mark on various portions of many an unsuspecting individual's anatomy. He is one of the most Scotch Territorial-looking Scotch Territorialists ever to be smuggled from the British Isles in a soldier's respirator-holder.

Coming over on the Queen Mary, he tasted the cabin steward as many as a half a score times. In each instance it cost me a pound of sterling money -- and in these days, dear reader, all money was sterling to me, (and come to think of it, still is). I could never quite prove it, but I think the flunkoy would talk the petit pup into taking a chunk out of him while I was at chow, so that he could exhibit the freshly wounded limb or buttock and blackmail me into forking over another "L" note hush money!

All this is simply to give you an insight into Goldberg's typically Ecclesiastical territorial personality. Many were the harrowed casualties left in his wake before disembarking from the Mary. That, though, is another story. Suffice to say that we landed, got through the red tape, time passed, we both became older and I have gotten noticeably poorer ever since because of him.

All of which brings us up to date and to the events which led up to the

subject of this narrative.

The particular day on which Soda, as we sometimes call him, (have to get the Scotch in somewhere - yuk! yuk!) spoke his first words, had been dismal and drizzly since early morning, and perhaps that accounts for his rebellious state of mind. On the other hand, it might have been bothering him for some time, and he may have felt that he just had to get it off his chest.

The manner in which it came about was not too surprising, all things considered -- he simply answered a question put to him in one of those quiet moments when he blithely interrogates his dog.

Although it was still wet outside, we had gone for our usual evening run, and after returning home, were relaxing over a couple of short Bourbons (he always takes his straight), when I noticed that he seemed to be irritated. Thinking that he might have Scotch tape worms, I picked him up and made the usual investigation. Finding no visible evidence where it would ordinarily appear, I sat him down before me while he regarded me most reproachfully. That is to say I assumed that he was regarding me reproachfully from his general attitude because I could not see his eyes at all. We have never disturbed his normal hair growth as some Scotty fanciers seem to think it wise to do. He, therefore, has the thick tufts of bushy hair falling over his eyes, a characteristic peculiar to dogs of his breed. I thought I'd kid him a little, so chided him



NEOROMANCER

as I had so often in the past, about whether or not he had eyes.

"Where are your eyes, little Falla?" I asked. "How can you see through all of that camouflage?"

AND THEN IT HAPPENED.

Now, I'm not one to be easily shocked. As a matter of fact, I've always felt that sooner or later I would experience an extraordinary occurrence. One gets tired of simply reading about unusual phenomena in the 'zines. So, when he said:---

"Aye, I've got eyes, aw right, and if some o' ye Homo Saps had been borrrn wi' canine orbs, the wurld wud be a much better place in which t' live!"

---I pride myself that I took it in stride. True, I was taken aback momentarily, but didn't change expression.

"Do you mean to say that you would like to see the world go to the dogs, my little man?" I inquired.

"Aye, as one o' my esteemed countrymen said, 'it would be a far, far better thing to do' -- and don't call me your little man!"

"You've misquoted, and anyway Charles Dickens was an Englishman," I admonished having now recovered from my initial surprise.

"Nay, laddie, that's just Limey propaganda," he returned.

"Well, I let that pass. There was no sense in getting his Celtic dander up and having to subsequently limp to the bathroom for the iodine -- and anyway I hate to owe myself money.

"I didn't know you could talk, my furry friend! You've been holding out on me!" I exclaimed.

His indicative tail twitched in ex-

asperation. He was beginning to get hot under his dog-collar.

"In the name o' Robbio Bruce, I swear if ye dinna stop talkin' as if ye own me, I'll ha'e to tak' anither wee nip, and THIS time it wuln' be Bourrrbon! Im an individual! A' ye humans seem to get the idea that we belong t' ye simply be cause we happen t' tak a likin' t' ye an' follow ye aboot. It isn't fittin' not properr that one livin' thing should be owned by anither!"

"Oh I'm sorry, old man. I had no idea you felt that way. It seems to me, though, that you get your food and Bourbon without working for it, and that should give me at least the privilege of being the boss."

"I am habitually lookin' cute, am I no?" he queried.

I had to admit it.

"Do I no tak' care o' yer wife while yer awa' gallivantin' around the radical road?"

"Well - yes, but -- --"

"Aye, as is typical o' yer kind yer only thinkin' o' what ye can get out o' the ither fellow. Have ye niver thought o' what wud happen if the wurld did go to the dogs?"

I poured us each another shot and reached triumphantly over to a nearby bookcase and yanked out my copy of that fine fantasy THE ORDEAL OF OLIVER AIRD-DALE, by D.D. Carlisle.

"Have you read this?" I demanded. "In this book -- --"

"Aye, ah've read it," he interrupted "and ye'll please note that it was written by anither countryman o' mine -- aye, the wurld is well represented in Scotsmen! Have ye read it, laddie?"

"Aye, - or -- ah -- I mean yes, I have



## NECROMANCER

and as I recall, the world finally ended up by going to the apes after it had gone to the dogs."

He really began to bristle at that remark. His ears went back and now I was able to see his eyes burning clearly through the fuzz in hot dogmatic anger.

"Whoosh!" he exclaimed, "what a slanderous remark. Ye humans are little more than gorillas yersel's! The tale did NOT end like that. Carlisle merely suggested wot might o' happenod!"

With this, he endeavoured to carry out his earlier threat, but fortunately for me, I was slightly faster than he, as I was approaching the nimble stage having had another quick two fingers of brew while he was expostulating.

"Missed me!" I yelled, clutching the bottle. "No more of this for you unless you control your temper."

He became immediately subdued, and adopted an apologetic manner.

"Och, laddie, ye wouldna deprive me o' my grog, would ye?" he whined, "are ye forgettin' that it was me who relieved yon cabinboy o' his wee too that time he tried to mak' off wi' yer pint o' bitters?"

"I remember, but I've often wondered whether it was dog loyalty on your part or whether the beer was your ultimate objective. Whatever happened to that pint? In the confusion that followed I lost complete track of it."

"I haven't any idea, me bucko," and he belched reflectively.

"Allright - - but watch yourself, or I'll make the proverbial news by chowing a hunk out of your hide!"

I poured a long one in his dish, and he lapped contentedly for about seven-eighths of a second. When he had finished licking his flava, he made the can-

ine equivalent of a sigh and looked up belligerently.

"I suppose ye think the human race is the superior being on this mundane wurld."

"Most regard it as so," I countered "but I'm quite willing to listen, I mean listen to anything reasonable."

"Och! Y'er a canny Harp," he said slyly, "and y'er a bloody hypocrite besides."

"Harp!" I exclaimed with feeling. "I'm no Mick; my father was as much of a Scot as you are, and you know it!"

"I didna mean t' wound yer feelin's, laddie, but sometimes ye act as though ye were anemic for the lack o' yer faither's blood."

We were both beginning to feel quite mellow by this time, and I could see that we were in for one of our usual invigorating sessions made more delightful by the fact that he had decided to converse with me. He glanced sidelongingly at the joy-juice, so I poured him a really solid one this time, and after it had gone the way of all flush, he burped again, and then launched upon one of the most thought-provoking orations it has ever been my privilege to spend a quiet moment bonding an ear to.

"I mentioned a wee while ago that if more o' yer kind had the eyes o' dogs, things would be generally better for all concerned on this sphere," he began.

"Aye, and it's the truth, for when a dog looks at man he sees neither color, race nor creed. His heart cares not whether his eyes behold curved noses, angled eyes or deformed backs. He has no interest in sizes, shapes or inherited characteristics. He looks upon all as does a child o' tender years, and knows instinctively men o' good or bad will. He offers his love regardless o' shade o' skin, and his friendship is given freely to those who would have it. Aye,



# NECROMANCER

if yer kind had our eyes, and acted as we do, there wud be less strife, and all animal life wud be much the better for it."

He thought for a short moment, and then hurried on.

"Now dinna misunderstand me, lad," he hastened, "I dinna mean that yō humans should go around sniffing at one another's backsides or the like. It wud cert ainly be undignified, and, I daresay, most repellant in many instances."

"Indeed, indeed!" I interjected emphatically.

"Nay," he continued, "just lurn to look upon each ither as we beasts do and teach love o' all without hate and prejudices toward-some - - - and then, and then only, can ye rightly make a claim o' animal superiority."

There was a moment of silence, as I turned this over in my mind. I was touched, and I'm sure I would have become quite Bourbonly sentimental ((ancient gag coming up)) had not a horse named Burbee, (or something like that) who happened to be passing by, and had seen us through the window, poked his head in and asked directions to the race-track.

Goldberg was so surprised he almost knocked the bottle over.

"Well, by the ghostie o' Robbie Burns hi'sel!! Wot do you know! A talking horse!" ((Irresistible!))

After he had recovered, we pointed the equine animal in the correct direction, and I - who happened to know that he was running the next day - wished him luck in the fifth.

Upon hearing the fifth mentioned, Soda, as we sometimes call him (have to get the Scotch in somewhere. Yuk! Yuk!) again looked longingly at the bottle. - I couldn't resist him.

"Hoot, mon - but this is a drop o' the old stuff. I canna' understand a body that doesna' tak'a wee drinkie noo and then."

He wagged his indicator contentedly, and proceeded to kill the remainder of the Bourbon.

He hasn't said a word since.

You know, sitting there with my 20/20 blurred to 30/40, I was proud of the pup, and I found after thinking it over that I am more and more inclined to agree with Danner, when he says, "THE MORE I SEE OF PEOPLE, THE MORE I LIKE DOGS."

Surely if a soul is a thing of beauty, then the canine race - not the human, was chosen to have them.

-----00000-----

Why publish such a narrative in a 'zine supposedly devoted to fantasy?

Talking dog, - FANTASTIC - - - -soo?

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Have you noticed that three of the better films of the current crop have been out-and-out fantasies?

They are, in order of release:

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE,

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN and

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET.

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# ACKERMAN ACKQUIESCES

19 June 47.

Dear Editor Mac,

I see by the forthcoming issue of Rider's Di-jest that you are contemplating publication of a new fanzine. You will, no doubt, be grateful for a piece of top material, so I am sending you the roof off my house. No, secretary, scratch that out; put: and I am happy to be able to offer you THE MUTE QUESTION, a brand new cereal of amazing cornflit, by the leading author of A'sounding Sorties of Super-Sonics. First North of California Rights are offered at your usual worried rate.

Yours very truly,  
(signed) Forrest J. Ackerman

((Thanks for them korned voids, 4c. You will find your above mentioned autobiography on page 11 under Fantastic Shorts.))

# BURBEE BURPS

24 June 1947

LAM:

I am enclosing THE DEVIL'S DOUBLE, by Landis Everson. This story has not, to my knowledge, been published. It was something that Merlin Brown ran off for FANSLANTS (now defunct) in 1944 sometime. He ran it off, and in typical Brown fashion, decided to reject it. He gave me a pile of the run off sheets and said I could stick them into SHAGGY or elsewhere. I didn't do either, so I am now passing it on to you. ((What does that make me?))

I was digging through my stuff the other night and found a two-thirds written story that I'd begun back in '43 for ACOLYTE. It might fit your mag pretty well, since the protagonist is a necromancer. It's fiction, of course. You care for fiction? If you hate fan fiction, (all of which stinks) I will forget about it. And by God, if you don't use it, I'll publish it in SHANGRI-L'ATHAIRES, the Rejected Fan's Fanzine....

burb

((Merci bien a vous, aussi, Le Burbee. I am looking forward to featuring your tale in the next issue. Thanks, too, for submitting Lucifer's Likeness included herein under Fashorts.))



# DAM DAMAGES

July 10 1947.

Dear D.A.,

I have just read through the rough copy of this issue of Necker, and would like you to know that I think you should be awarded a big burnished medal. You should be honored by the President. You should be knighted by King George. You should be crowned with glory. You should become famous. You should win a Pulitzer prize. You should even win an Oscar yet! You should live in the Hall of Fame.

Truly you,

D.A.M.

P.S. You should drop dead already.

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