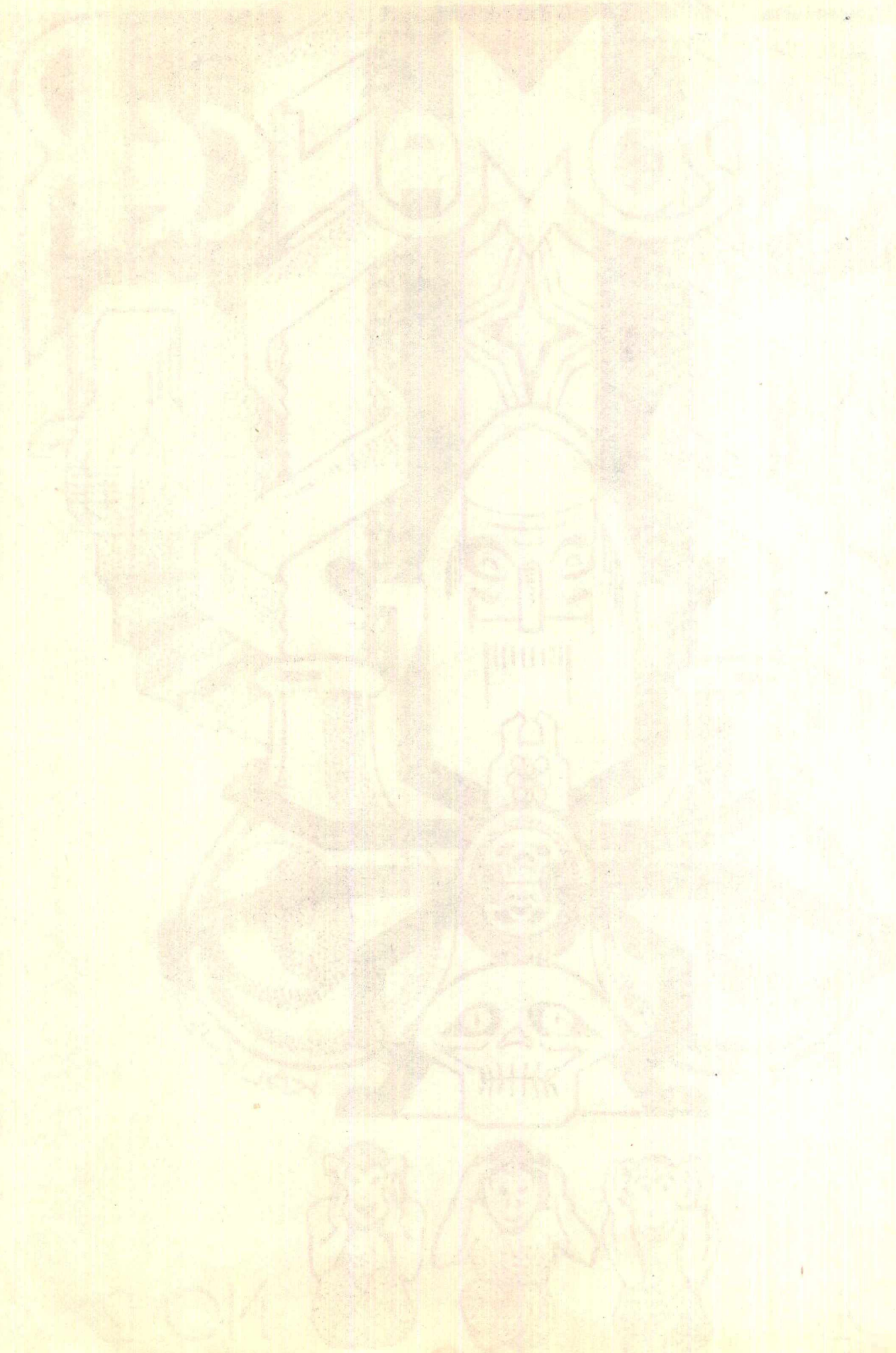




VOL. 1

NO. 2



NECKERS

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MARCH '48

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IF AN X APPEARS IN THIS BOX ☐ THIS IS THE THIRD ISSUE OF NECKER (INCLUDING THE SUPPLEMENT) WHICH HAS COME YOUR WAY WITHOUT US HEARING FROM YOU. WON'T YOU PLEASE SUBSCRIBE? IF YOU DON'T COME THROUGH THIS TIME, WE WILL UNDERSTAND THAT YOU DON'T CARE TO RECEIVE FUTURE ISSUES. - - YOU RECEIVED THIS BECAUSE ☐ YOU'RE A BIG NAME AUTHOR - ☐ YOU'RE OVERSEAS - ☐ YOU'RE FATHER'S MOUSTACHE. IF AN X APPEARS IN ANY ONE OF THE LATTER THREE BOXES, THIS AND FUTURE ISSUES ARE GRATIS.

NECROMANCER

NECROMANCER is published when time permits, and as the spirits (your choice) move us, by 2¢ fen at 1619 Eastern Ave. (Mars Estates Apt. E), Baltimore 21, Maryland. The publishers include the editor, his wife, their Scotch Terrier, Goldberg Soda and Slanne, a mutant bitch which has been added to the menagerie. We publish for the kick received from it, and it is a non-profit under taking - in fact we lose money on it. Anyone who is interested can subscribe by sending a small sum to the above address c/o David A. MacInnes. To help pay for paper, etc. we find it necessary to charge 10¢ a copy or 6 consecutive issues for 50¢. We are continually 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 OTHERZINES.

QUI PEUT DIRE POUR CERTAIN ?



TO THE TORCON-EN MASSE

AN EDITORIAL

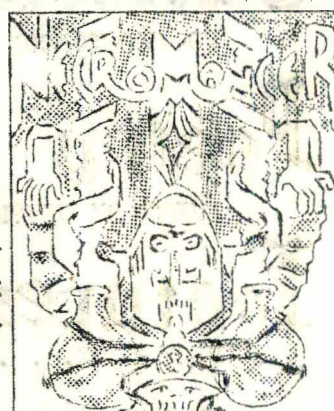
As this is written, it is 3 P.M. on Sunday March 7th, and Sam Moskowitz, director of the Western Science Fantasy Association is calling to order a Convention commemorating the third Anniversary of that organization's existence. A bad attack of 'flu contracted by the editor prevented the entire MacInnes clan from driving up to Newark, and being in attendance. We were very disappointed in missing the affair because the Philcon proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Science Fantasy Conventions are not only lots of fun, but are educational and outright fascinating to boot. All of which points undeniably, and with a rigid dig it towards the Queen City of Toronto and the forthcoming 6th World Science Fiction Convention to be held there on July 3, 4th and 5th next. You owe it to yourself to attend if at all possible AND if it so happens that you are unable to make it, THE TORCON deserves your support whether or not you plan to put in an appearance.

Get together with fen living in your immediate vicinity - - plan to drive, rail, fly, teleport or hitch-hike to Toronto, in a group, and share expenses. If you haven't attended a Convention before, it is an experience not to be missed - - ask any fantasy enthusiast who has been to one!

The Canfen cannot put on a Convention without money --- it takes a lot of the root to even begin an affair such as is planned. Your dollar will go a long way toward making the Torcon as great a success as was the Philcon, if not more so. Even though you don't show up in person, you still reap all the benefits, such as the Society's News Sheet, a Convention Membership card, etc., and I will personally guarantee you, at my own expense, a copy of the Convention Booklet, if you join the Torcon Society.

Send your dollar to Ned McKeown NOW. What have you got to lose? --- your buck is only worth 39¢ anyway!

dam!

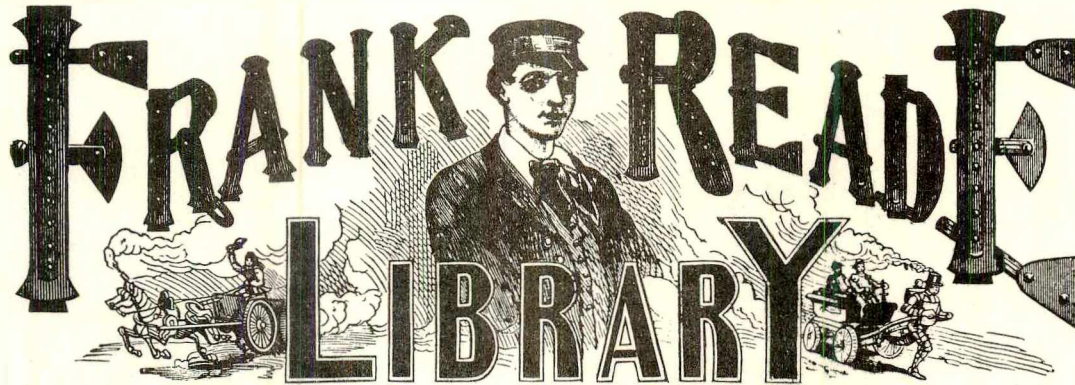


THE COVER

This issue's cover by Krucher depicts a whitehaired wizard wearing a tall headdress, bearing a star-symbol of astrology. He raises arms in an act of casting a spell upon his victim. In the foreground is a huge spider which raises its forelegs before the Necromancer, in an act of reverence. Note the two skulls (1 inverted) forming the pattern on spiders body while its sidelegs hold two alchemist's bowls from which columns of fermenting vapors arise. Thinner vapors swirl about the pillars of surging, hissing poison! - - J.K. 1948.

THE FIRST Science Fiction PERIODICAL

"Noname's" Latest and Best Stories are Published in This Library.



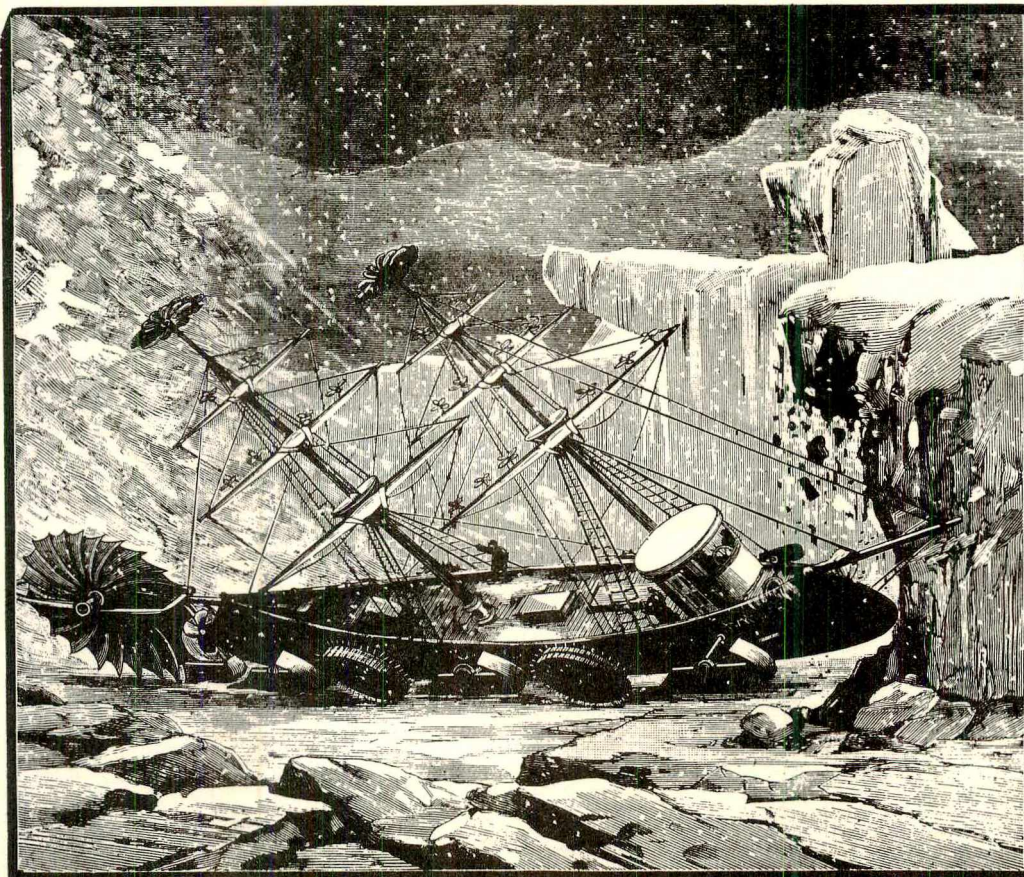
Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, October 5, 1894.

No. 75. { COMPLETE. } FRANK TOUSSEY, PUBLISHER, 31 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, NEW YORK. { PRICE } Vol. III
New York, March 10, 1891. ISSUED WEEKLY. { 5 CENTS. }

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1894, by FRANK TOUSSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Frank Reade, Jr., And His Flying Ice Ship; or, DRIVEN ADRIFT IN THE FROZEN SKY.

By "NONAME."



BY Bob Frazier

THE FIRST SCIENCE FICTION PERIODICAL

BY BOB FRAZIER

TO say that fantastic fiction, with its irresistible appeal to the imaginative mind, is today solidly established in the publishing field, is to state a fact so well known that one hesitates to begin an article on this fascinating type of literature with so trite an observation. However, it will be excused in the present instance, perhaps, if it serves as an introduction to a bit of information on the subject that may be of interest to many of those who find enjoyment in the realm of the chimerical.

To continue a little longer on a hackneyed note, fantastic stories, simon-pure or mixed with more or less science, have always possessed enough appeal to persons of imagination to make occasional publication of such tales profitable. Many books have been written, some by famous authors, around a fantastic theme, and some magazines, notably Argosy and Blue Book, have featured such fiction. The demand for this kind of literature became sufficiently strong, about twenty years

ago, to justify the launch of a magazine devoted entirely to tales of fantastic accomplishments of science achieved enough to warrant the commencement of others of which failed and some of

So far all that has been done to fantasy fans, complete files of all published on the subject - - -

It is safe to say that no collector today has a complete file of published periodical devoted to the subject. Indeed, it is quite likely that not one in a hundred has ever seen one

that hundreds of thousands of copies were circulated through the newsstands thirty-five years before Amazing, Wonder and Astounding appeared. It was an illustrated weekly, 8 1/2 x 12 1/2 in size, and usually consisted of sixteen pages exclusive of the covers, but sometimes special editions were printed carrying as much as forty-eight pages. The covers themselves, although not printed in colors, were in nearly all respects very similar to those of fantastic magazines of today, picturing some exciting incident in the story, and featuring splendidly executed drawings in woodcut style of marvelous machines, fearsome creatures, weird scenery and daring heroes. But there were no beautiful, shapely heroines in Daisy Mae costumes. In fact the cuties were not only kept off the covers, but to a great extent out of the stories.

Such was the Frank Reade Library, started September 24, 1892, by Frank Tousey, leading New York publisher of low-priced literature. It sold for five cents per copy then, but three to five dollars each is the average price paid for them today by collectors. Every issue was dedicated entirely to the adventures of Frank Reade, Jr., and his friends. Frank was an inventor, years ahead of his time, who conceived, constructed and operated airships, submarines, amphibious vehicles, tanks, electric searchlights, oxygen-equipped diving suits, robots and terrible electric weapons, with the aid of which he traveled all over the world, into the ether, explored the deepest ocean depths, and on one occasion bored his way entirely through the center of the earth from pole to pole. He discovered strange

THE AUTHOR

BOB FRAZIER, FANTASY EDITOR FOR THE LAST OF MANY YEARS 'STANDING AT THE BOOK LOVERS' BARGAIN HOUSE, (SEE AD. IN THIS ISSUE) HAS BEEN A CONTRIBUTOR TO ADVENTURE MAGAZINE AND OTHER PERIODICALS IN THE PAST. AN EXPERT ON HAGGARD AND "NONALIT", HE POSSESSES AN ENVIABLE COLLECTION OF FANTASY BOOKS AND MAGAZINES IN FINE CONDITION

ing of a magazine devoted to fantasy and science fiction, and this magazine's success to encourage the publication of the same type, some of which survived.

been written here is old many of whom have complications ever printed except one!

that no collector today has a complete file of published periodical devoted to the subject. Indeed, it is quite likely that not one in a hundred has ever seen one

NECROMANCER

lands, peoples and fauna. He captured a comet that had gone astray to threaten the earth, and returned it to its proper orbit. Once he was lost for six weeks on the bottom of the ocean.

Steam and electricity, the latter still something of a novelty in the early nineties, were the forces employed by Reade to operate his inventions. The author's lively imagination never visualized gasoline. But his descriptions of the helicopter, airplane propeller, armored vehicles and other contrivances might have been written of the inventions of modern times.

Some of the titles will give an idea of the sensational nature of the stories. The following are typical:

Frank Reade, Jr's Electric Submarine Boat, "The Explorer"; or, To the North Pole Under the Ice.

Frank Reade, Jr's White Cruiser of the Clouds; or, The Search for the Dog Faced Men.

Frank Reade Jr's Electric Ice-Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow

100 Miles Beneath the Surface of the Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr's "Hard Shell" Submarine Boat.

Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr's Strange Adventures with His New Air-Ship.

The Missing Planet; or, Frank Reade, Jr's Quest for a Fallen Star.

7000 Miles Underground; or, Frank Reade Jr., Exploring a Volcano.

From Pole to Pole; or, Frank Reade, Jr's Trip Through the Center of the Earth.

The author of the Frank Reade stories was Luis P. Senarens, the son of a Cuban tobacco merchant and his American wife. He was born in Brooklyn April 24, 1865. Luis started writing at the age of twelve, and was successful in getting many jokes and articles published in the children's periodicals being produced at that time. At fourteen he was writing and selling stories regularly to various publications catering to juveniles, and at fifteen he wrote his first long serial, "The Island Treasure", which he sold to Frank Tousey for \$210. From then on he turned out serials, novels, short stories, articles and poems for Tousey and other publishers, and also wrote some plays. During this period, while he was, in addition to his literary activities, studying at St. John's College of Arts and Sciences from which he graduated at the age of 23, his income from writing averaged \$150 per week. While this would be considered chicken-feed today, it was important money back in 1888.

It was the fashion in those days to use many pseudonyms in writing, and Senarens employed no less than 27. Probably to avoid being thrown out of the church tarred and feathered by the Parent-Teachers Association, and/or denounced by the newspapers, he wisely wrote all his stories for the Frank Reade Library under the pen name of "Noname". He corresponded with Jules Verne, who admired him for, and complimented him on, his wonderful imagination, and incidentally he managed to find time to marry and raise a family.

Those were the days when narrow-mindedness, masquerading as virtue, imposed so many restrictions on word and deed that to one who has never actually lived through them, they seem incredible. Ministers thundered of hell-fire and eternal damnation from their pulpits; the man who took a drink in public and the girl

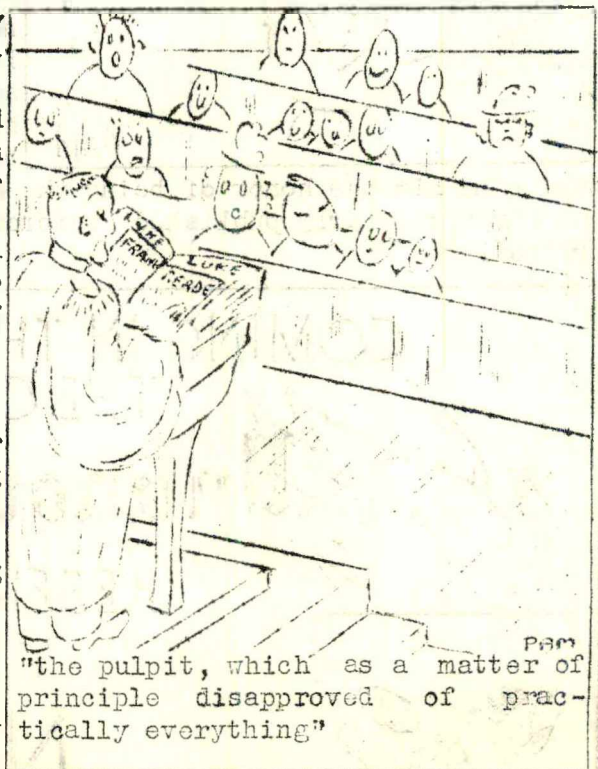
who yielded a kiss or exposed an ankle risked their reputations and invited ostracism from the upright and God-fearing. Tobacco was a "filthy weed". Cigarettes were "coffin nails" and in such disfavor that laws were passed prohibiting their sale. "Stage shows" were depraving. Dancing was an expression of lust, and the citizen who could go through a Sunday without violating some "blue law" was an exception indeed.

The customs of that era, as dictated by those who considered themselves the only bulwark between the devil and the populace, prescribed certain kinds of reading and proscribed others. Much favored were the heavy, stodgy works of certain English authors; the product of American writers as a whole was considered rather crude. Regarded with distaste were the various types of inexpensive "light" reading turned out by Tousey, Street & Smith and other publishers of fiction that were popular among those who could not afford to spend a whole day's wages to buy a single book. The average worker earned ten or twelve dollars per week, and if he wanted to seek relaxation in reading, he usually found it prudent to buy cheap, paper-covered editions. This put him outside the circle composed of those persons of refinement, elegance and gentility who read only leather covered volumes, but he could take comfort in the fact that there were plenty in the same boat with him. There were a hundred who read the cheap publications for every one who looked upon such stuff with aversion, for the sinners over greatly outnumber the righteous. However, in this case the sinners usually kept their reading matter under cover and got rid of it as soon as it had served its purpose.

The Frank Reade Library, costing only five cents per copy, sporting an exciting illustration on the front cover, and written in simple, easily understood terms, was, as a matter of course, classed among the undesirables. Its critics considered it foolish, even sinful, to "ruin one's mind by filling it with such trash." But there seemed to be an ample number of reckless readers who were willing to take the chance of addling their gray matter by regularly perusing the adventures of "The Boy Inventor", so the Tousey presses continued to rumble steadily turning out thousands of copies of the Frank Reade Library every week.

Paradoxically, the Frank Reade Library brought about its own downfall by its popularity. As its circulation increased, more and more graceless juveniles and trifling adults were discovered reading them, and in some instances, as a result, wasting their spare time trying to invent something. This alarming situation attracted the attention and consequent denunciation of parents, who feared for the sanity of their offspring; of the pulpit, which as a matter of principle disapproved of practically everything, and the press, which even in those days could be depended upon to climb on a bandwagon after it began to move, for the purpose of claiming credit for any popular results that might be achieved.

The outcry against such "demoralizing literature" at length started a movement that eventually attained the proportions of a crusade. Frank Tousey had no desire to buck the public opinion that was aroused and organized to oppose his policies, and accordingly stopped the publication of the Frank Reade



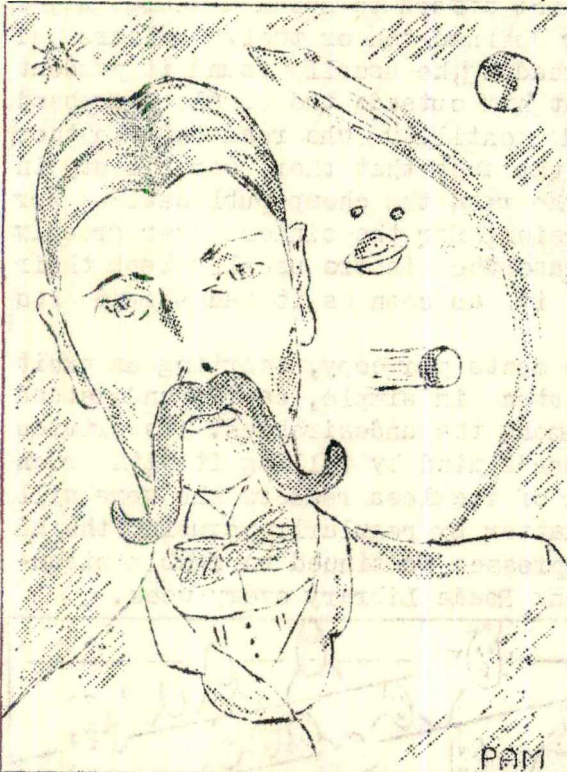
"the pulpit, which as a matter of principle disapproved of practically everything"

invention stories, as well as several more of his most profitable periodicals, in order to prevent the deterioration of the brain matter of their readers that was

prophesied by parents, pulpit and press. Nowadays a publisher attacked in such a case would rub his hands with glee, and joyfully step up production of the offending reading-matter, knowing that such priceless advertising would increase its sales and his profits enormously.

Thus, with its one hundred and ninety-first issue, ended the career of the Frank Reade Library, first of the scientifiiction publications, after nearly four years of regular weekly appearances. Its suppression was the inevitable penalty of being too far in advance of its time. Even Famous Fantastic Mysteries or Astounding Science Fiction would have been denounced and run off the market if published in those days, now sarcastically referred to as "the gay nineties".

When Frank Tousey died in 1902, the firm was continued by Sinclair Tousey, and Senarens became the editor of all the Tousey publications. In 1911, while still holding down the Tousey job, he began writing photoplays, and sold about



sixty to various film producers. He then bought out Moving Picture Stories, a weekly, and edited it for more than a decade. In all, he is credited with writing some sixty million words, all done in neat microscopic long hand with a pen.

For years Senarens was treasurer of the Brooklyn Writers' Club, and was a member of many other clubs composed of authors, playwrights and actors. Facially he greatly resembled Lewis Stone, prominent film actor of Hollywood. He retired in 1923, and died in Brooklyn during Christmas week of 1939, at the age of 74.

His stories of science-fiction, as examples of literature, were mediocre compared with tales of that type we read today, but as examples of the product of an uncannily prophetic imagination, they were amazing. He was no Weinbaum, Merritt or Burroughs, but practically all the inventions he described to a scoffing and disdainful public more than a half-century ago, have, in one form or another become almost commonplace. And no one can

take from him the honor of being the author of all the stories that appeared in the first regularly published science-fiction and fantastic publication ever printed.

FINIS

COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



THE COMPLETE

Unknown Index

RESERVE YOUR

COPY

NOW

THREE BY

Genevieve K. Stephens

Dance Macabre

Under a yellow leering moon
The skeletons dance to a funeral tune;
Bone meets bone in a weird embrace,
A lipless mouth on a fleshless face.
Faster the tempo of the dance,
Swifter the moving grotesque prance,
Over the graves untenanted
Cavort the bones of the wizard dead.

Mid-summer Night

Until the ancient red moon sets,
Hold close the thrice blessed amulets.
The garden glows with greenish fire,
Small voices murmur of a lost desire;
The pond is inky black and still,
Stray shadows drop on Witch's Hill;
Near by the laughter of a loon--
And something howling to the moon.

The Awakening

How many times I slept
And dreamed of murder done
By my own hand
With knife or gun.
Night after night
I swirled in scarlet tide
Until that once I woke
And saw with eyes grown wide
The bloody thing beside me
And fled screaming--
Knowing with awful certainty
I was not dreaming.

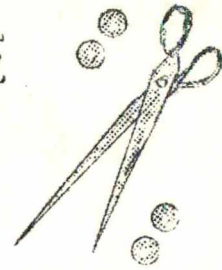


PIX BY
ROTSLER



C.F. - A GREAT MAGAZINE

BY Rex E. Ward



(THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS ARTICLE DO NOT REFLECT THOSE OF THE EDITORS).

In the fall of 1939 a brand-new science-fiction magazine appeared on the stands. CAPTAIN FUTURE, now proclaimed one of the most juvenile publications ever issued, caused quite a furore at the time. Chiefly because most of the magazines of that time had been going on for such a long time that stfandom was in need of a good, new science-fiction publication.

The younger readers naturally took quite a liking to this red-headed adventurer and his strange, inhuman comrades: Grag, the massive robot; Otho, the android; and the Brain, who had once been Simon Wright. The older readers, the ones who thought that they had outgrown such thundering space adventures, proclaimed the magazine to be another Buck Rogers, or Flash Gordon, and merely snarled in disgust, or wrote insulting letters to the editor whenever possible.

But fandom owes CAPTAIN FUTURE a great deal.

When you stop to consider, just what kind of literature attracts new readers to science-fiction? Is it the mysterious psychological stories, the ones like ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION are featuring now? No, it's the straight out-and-out adventure yarns.

A potential stfan will pick up a magazine like OF and realize that here is the kind of reading for him. But if a copy of a mag like ASF falls into his hand he'll think "this is over my head".

A fan has to start with the space adventure, and then work up to the psychological type story.

OF, in my opinion the greatest adventure magazine ever published, attracted a lot of readers to stf. The readers think that OF is typical science-fiction. As they expand their tastes in stf, they find that space adventure takes a back seat, and slowly, but surely, they develop into the psychological stage. And when they do -- they are unknowingly drifting away from true science-fiction.

What is true science-fiction? A story which can be called, truthfully, "science fiction" must be a story which can take us away from the mundane happenings of our daily lives into a great, new world of tomorrow. It must have science, future science, and it must have fiction. The two combined, with a touch of romance, love-interest, make a true science-fiction story.

Hamilton used remarkable science in his FUTURE stories. And he used the most stupendous ideas, practically beyond comprehension. Take for example, "The Lost World of Time", one of the best OF yarns to appear. Can you imagine a time-thrusting machine? The Futuremen have one of these machines, and in this story, it transports them back to a past age, two hundred million years ago. They find that there is a race of intelligent human beings existing on Earth in the Mesozoic age! And at one point they are flung back to a time so remote that even the planets have not been born, and the Futuremen witness the birth of our Solar System! What fan could resist reading science-fiction if he thought that all the stories were of such scope as this one?

I contend, therefore, that true science-fiction is not the psychological story that is ravaging the science-fiction world today, but the now almost forgotten "space-adventure", as featured by such top-notchers as Captain Future, the greatest character ever created, by the greatest author that ever lived, Edmond Hamilton. They're a perfect pair.



THIS ISSUE'S PLOT BY AL LOPEZ

Earth is practically doomed, her civilization has been built up on the power obtained by breaking down of a certain element, say Pluranium, but almost all the Pluranium on earth has been exhausted, the few remaining grams are carefully husbanded. An inventor comes up with the invention of a space ship which runs on Pluranium. The earth council decide to send a suicide expedition to the moon to investigate the strange rays around some of the craters on the moon. The expedition will be given just enough Pluranium to take them to the moon. If the rays are caused by Pluranium ore as is thought by some scientists, the expedition will light a signal searchlight capable of sending out a 1000 mile beam of light after which earth will splurge the rest of their precious metal in a large scale mining expedition which will also rescue the original expedition; if there isn't any Pluranium on the moon, then the expedition simply has sacrificed itself and is stranded on the moon. Well, the expedition gets to the moon, discovers Pluranium and presses the button using the last dregs of their power to light the signal beam, but no light comes out, or at least none is seen. The earth scientists having forgotten that with no atmosphere to contain floating motes of dust, a light beam will simply not be visible. And back on earth, when no signal is perceived, the expedition is termed a failure, and so mankind looks forward to a coming doom, not knowing that scads of pluranium ore is lying all over the moon.

sendinthoseplotssendinthoseplotssendinthe

GOLDBERG SODA

Infamous canine fan has sent his dollar to Nec McKoorn for the TORCON.
HAVE YOU?



NO. 1

Ever have a hankering to be a Derleth, Conklin or Vollheim? Have you a secret desire to edit a fantasy anthology? Here's your opportunity! In each issue, Necromancer will feature the Anthology choice of a well-known fan. You are allowed one novel and fifteen short stories. To start the ball rolling, here are the editor's pickings compiled after a great deal of hard thought and indecision.

THE NOVEL

REBIRTH.....Thomas C. McClary

THE SHORTS

THE GNARLY MAN.....L. S. de Camp
THEY.....H. Kuttner
IN THE VAULT.....H. P. Lovecraft
PUZZLE BOX.....Anthony More
THE UPPER BERTH.....M. Crawford
THE OCTOBER CAME.....Ray Bradbury
IT.....T. Sturgeon
THE LINK.....Cleve Cartmill
WILLIAMSON.....H. S. Whithead
LAURA.....Saki
THE ADAPTIVE ULTIMATE.....J. Jessel
THE YELLOW WALL PAPER.....C. P. Gilman
THE BOTTLE PARTY.....J. Collier
BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.....S. V. Benet
HE FROM PORCYON.....ASF '35 (Nat S.?)

— ooOoo —

The above short stories are not listed in any order of preference or merit. You will find it difficult to limit your selection to one novel and fifteen short stories - I did. There are so many tales one would like to include in a fantasy anthology that it is nerve racking indeed choosing the fifteen best, but by this method only is it possible to determine one's absolute favorites.

SEND IT IN RIGHT NOW



EXPERIENCES IN TELEPATHY



BY Al Lopez

Webster defines telepathy as communication from one mind to another otherwise than through the channels of sense. Notice it does not say anything about rays or thought augmentators!

I don't know what started me off on telepathy, but some twelve years ago, at the tender age of thirteen, P.S. (Pre-Shaverian time), I went home one day all stirred up with thoughts of sending and receiving mental messages. I enlisted the aid of my younger sister, Rita.

We started first with numbers from 1 to 10. The sender would sit with eyes closed, and mentally throw every effort towards sending a number to the receiver. The receiver would sit with eyes closed, and mind as blank as possible, and would call out the first thought or image that came to mind. We were fortunate in those initial experiments and obtained results of fifty percent accuracy. We were thus inspired to continue our tests.

We practised an average of four or five nights a week for the next two years and were gratified to see our accuracy rise to about 85 or 90 percent. This may seem incredible, but strangely enough we thought nothing of it. We were at that point in life where we believed unquestioningly in the possibility of telepathy. I have learned since that it is almost impossible to get results with a doubter. His mind is not receptive.

After the first few months, we dropped numbers and took up colors, animals, and finally objects in general, progressing to wider fields with each jump. It is interesting to note that the receiver picks up exactly what the sender is transmitting; that is, if the sender concentrates on an object, the receiver picks up an image of the object; and if the sender concentrates on the name of an object, the receiver sees a mental image of the letters in the name.

One afternoon while we were practising, a friend of mine called on me, and seeing Rita sitting with her eyes closed, inquired as to what was going on. He was very skeptical at my explanation, so we agreed to give him a demonstration. He wrote down the name Gerald. I sat down and concentrated. A moment later Rita said, "You are thinking of a boy's name", and she gave it. However we only succeeded in convincing my friend that we had some clever system of signals, although no word was spoken and we had both kept our eyes closed during the test.

About this time I became interested in the work of Dunninger. I felt that he was really using telepathy to do his stunts. I was to have this verified later. I also felt that the mass mind could send thoughts much more easily than a single person. I experienced an example of this one day when I was expounding my views to a group of friends. They challenged me to test my statements. I spread ten cards on a table and went into another room. I told them to choose a card and have one of the group concentrate on the card. Unconsciously, however, they all were thinking of that card, and I found I was able to pick up the thoughts of the group fairly easily.

My telepathic studies were brought to a standstill when I entered college in the fall of 1939 and remained that way until 1942, when I chanced to discuss the subject with a man who later amazed me with his sensitivity to thoughtreception. We were discussing Dr. Rhine's experiments in extra-sensory perception and in the course of the conversation I mentioned my earlier tests. Mr. Rutherford was interested and suggested that we try some experiments ourselves. I was to concentrate on a variety of objects making a list at the same time, while Mr. Rutherford

NECROMANCER

was to make sketches of whatever came into his mind. The results were as follows:

LIST

1. Spoon (table)
2. Glass of water
3. Cigarette
4. Wrist watch
5. Pencil
6. Bunker Hill Monument

SKETCH

Sketch of a tablespoon.
Sketch of an empty drinking glass.
Sketch of small narrow cylinder with a wiggly line at right angles to one end.
Sketch of circle with short lines spaced evenly around the circumference, 4 prongs projecting outside the circumference, and he described it as a shiny object and associated noise and color with it!
Sketch of cylinder about twice as long as the cigarette, and pointed at one end.
Sketch of a mound with a sharp, pointed elongated pyramid on top, and a door or gate at the bottom of the mound.

I was amazed at these results to say the least. His sketches were my ideas of what the objects looked like. For example, I've never seen the Bunker Hill Monument, but from what I've heard about it, I rather pictured it hazily as Mr. Rutherford sketched it. Unfortunately for our experiments, Mr. Rutherford was made head of some government bureau and I never came in contact with him again.

From my experiences I have come to the conclusion that telepathy is possible; younger people are more apt to be successful at it due to their ready acceptance of things at face value; it is necessary to practice continually to obtain consistent results; some people make better telepaths than others. In this respect I differ with Dunninger who feels that anybody can become proficient at picking up thoughts. For those who might wish to try experiments themselves, Dunninger's book "What's On Your Mind" has some very interesting suggestions and practice exercises. It also makes interesting reading.



LONG STORIES MADE SHORT BY GEORGE TULLIS THE HOUSE OF ECSTASY (Based on an episode in a story by Ralph Milne Farley)



This actually happened to you. And when I say "you", I mean you holding this fanzine now, and reading these very words. For I know something about you - something deeply personal -- something which, however, I'm afraid that you have forgotten.

You're puzzled? You don't believe me? Read on, and I'll prove it to you--you'll see that I am right. To begin with, where were you at eight o'clock on that warm evening of August 4, 1937? You don't remember? Oh, but I hope you will my friend. For, as you read on, you will realize the importance of remembering every detail of that eventful night. The weather was warm and muggy. It made you restless in the house, until finally you went out for a little walk -- down to the store at the corner, to buy a package of cigarettes -- to take the air. Nothing of importance, you thought.

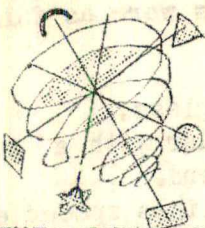
A young fellow stopped you, asked for a light -- you are so often asked for a light, and this fellow seemed no different from hundreds of others. You gave him a match, and as the flame flared up in the darkness, you studied his clean-cut whimsical features

What's that you say? You don't smoke cigarettes and never carry matches? Oh, Hell -- let's just forget the whole damn thing!

THE END

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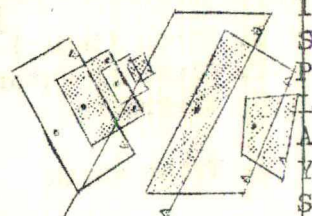
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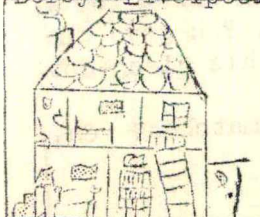
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BIG PARDON

In the feature MY LITHOLOGY on page ten Henry Kuttner was given credit for authoring THEY. ROBERT HEINLEIN is the author



There 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 thumbnail outlines. Lack of space prohibits reviews of other late fantasy.

THE CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE - Shasta Publishers, 1713 East 55th St., - Chicago 15, Illinois - \$6.00 postpaid.

Although, at the time of this writing, the above has not been distributed, your reviewer has seen the advance proofs, and considers the book an absolute **MUST**. Containing over five thousand fantasy book titles, **THE CHECKLIST** is a reference book indispensable to the fantasy collector and enthusiast. Bound in washable, durable cloth, with a dust wrapper by Hannes Bok, the book has been printed in a strictly limited edition. Double indexed, this first bibliography of fantasy books is now at the binders, and should be ready by the time you read this.

THE BLACK WHEEL - by A. Merritt and Hannes Bok - New Collectors Group - 425 Central Park West, N.Y.C. 25, N.Y. (Last known address). \$3.00 postpaid.

Like the above, the **BLACK WHEEL** is not ready at the time of this writing, but probably will be in the hands of those who have ordered it by the time this review reaches you. Your reviewer has seen the original Bok illustrations for the volume, and they alone were enough to convince him that the book deserved a place on the eye-level shelf of his fantasy library. Sister volume to **THE FOX WOMAN**, **THE BLACK WHEEL** should be ordered **NOW** - before the speculators get hold of the remainder and hike the price to ten or fifteen dollars as they did with **FOX WOMAN**.

THE BLACK FLAME - by Stanley G. Weinbaum - Fantasy Press, P.O. Box 159, Reading Pa. - \$3.00 postpaid.

Weinbaum's famous tale of man's slow rise to civilization after the atomic warfare of the 20th century, is Fantasy Press' latest contribution to an ever lengthening list of fine science-fiction and fantasy titles, bound beautifully, and wrapped in exceedingly well-drawn dust jackets. The book is the usual offering and there aren't enough adjectives to describe the volume. Suffice to say that you, a fantasy-lover and collector, will delight in owning this great title.

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

THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE - by John W. Campbell, Jr. - Hadley Publishing Company Providence, Rhode Island - \$3.00 postpaid.

NECROMANCER

EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS - by Garrett P. Serviss - Carcosa House, 774 Caliburn Drive, Los Angeles 2, California. \$3.50, postpaid.

VENUS EQUILATERAL - George O. Smith - Prime Press, Box 2019 Philadelphia 3, Pa. \$3.00 postpaid.

OF WORLDS BEYOND - L.A. Tsbach, (editor) - Fantasy Press, P.O. Box 159, Reading, Pa. - \$2.00 postpaid.

NIGHTS BLACK AGENTS - by Fritz Lieber, Jr.,

REVELATIONS IN BLACK - by Carl Jacobi - both from Arkham House, Sauk City, Wis \$3.00 apiece, postpaid.

MAN INTO BEAST - by A.C. Spectorosky - Doubleday - \$3.75 at your bookdealers.

BOOK OF PTATH - by A.E. van Vogt - Fantasy Press, Reading, Pa. \$3.00 postpaid.

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN - by John Taine - Fantasy Press, Reading, Pa. \$3.00 p.p.

GREATER THAN YOU THINK - by Ward Moore - William Sloane Associates, \$3.50 p.p.

ZOTZ! - by Walter Karig - (Book of Month) Rinehart & Co., \$3.00 at your dealer.

THE NIGHT SIDE - by August Dorloth (editor) Rinehart - \$2.50 at your bookdealer.

THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD - by August Dorloth (editor) - P.&C. Co. -price \$3.75.

TRAVELERS IN TIME - by Philip Van Doren Stern, (editor) - Doubleday, \$3.50.

CARNACKI, THE GHOST FINDER - by W.H. Hodgson, Mycroft & Moran, (Sauk City) \$3.00

The following fantasies published in England are late arrivals, and are highly recommended by NECROMANCER:

VENGEANCE OF GWA - by S. Fowler Wright - Books of Today - - - - THE MAN WHO MET HIMSELF - by T.C. Williams, John Long Ltd. - - - - THE FLAMES, by Olaf Stapledon Secker & Warburg - - - THE SHADOW GIRL - by Ray Cummings, Gerald G. Swan, London - - - LINERS OF TIME - by John Russell Fearn, - World's Work (1913) Ltd. - - AN AIRPLANE IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS - by Arthur Lee Gould - Werner Laurie Ltd. London - - - MUTED STRINGS - by Marjorie Livingstone - Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London - -

COMING UP : From the Fantasy Publishing Company, Inc., 8318-20 Avalon Blvd., Los Angeles 3, Cal: - THE RADIUM POOL - by Ed Earl Ropp; THE SUNKEN WORLD and AFTER TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS - by Stanton A. Coblenz; THE PEOPLE OF THE COMET - by Austin Hall; OUT OF THE UNKNOWN - by A.E. Van Vogt and E. Mayne Hull. - - - - From Fantasy Press, Reading, Pa: TRIPLANETARY - by E.E. Smith, Ph.D; BEYOND THIS HORIZON - by Robert A. Heinlein; SINISTER BARRIER - by Eric Frank Russell; -- SKYLARK THREE - by E.E. Smith, Ph.D; DIVIDE AND RULE & THE STOLEN DORMOUSE by L. Sprague de Camp; DARKER THAN YOU THINK - by Jack Williamson; SKYLARK OF VALERON - by E. E. Smith, Ph.D. - - - - From Arkham House, Sauk City, Wis., SELECTED LETTERS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT; THE WEB OF EASTER ISLAND - by Donald Wandrei; THE TRAVELLING GRAVE AND OTHER STORIES - by L.P. Hartley; GENUS LOCI AND OTHER TALES - by Clark Ashton Smith.

The above-listed forthcoming books are all printed in limited editions, and go out of print very soon after publication. It is advisable to order your copies well in advance to make certain that you obtain them.



EGO-BOO DEPARTMENT

We had intended printing a priceless letter by George They in this issue. Unfortunately, though, the missive has been spirited away, and cannot be located. If it shows up before the next issue goes to press, it will be included in same.

GEORGE R. COWIE, co-editor of the late and very much lamented VORTEX writes : NECROMANCER was completely enjoyable from cover to cover, and you don't have to bury your head in the sands to avoid any onslaught of criticism. But what was so ingratiating throughout the mag was the general air of good-natured humour and airy composition. Just what I need these days. Oh, there are lots of little things wrong, but why emphasize them? They'll vanish as soon as you get into the swing of fan publishing, I'm certain. Material, considering first issue drawbacks was passable with a couple of stand-outs. However, keep continued stuff out of your mag - nothing causes more grey hairs than serials in fanzines. However, any mag, fan or pro, that can print something like DISCOURSE WITH GOLDBERG certainly deserves my kudos - congrats and felicitations. Guess I just hate prejudice in this weary old world, and when even a dog speaks up against it, I'm sold. Really the tale was swell. This weekend I hope to find time to bat out a short for your FANTASTIC SHORTS feature; have an idea for a briefie, but need time to put it down properly on paper. Again, thanks for issue #1, and give my regards to Goldberg - that fellow stole me heart. Sincerely, G.R.C.

NEXT JAYGE CALDWELL, of LUNACY fame gives with his criticisms: Cover was good - hand colored too, huh? - Cheaper than mimeo ink, I guess, tho much more back-breaking. Incidentally, the heading with the monkeys was neat - would make an attractive cut for the cover of each issue. Contents page neat and attractive, no doubt all aliases turned out by the editorial staff. ((You sad it)) If you are a one man, woman and Scottie production line - congrats. Why not move to San Anselmo? Easily the best thing in the issue was DISCOURSE WITH GOLDBERG. It was about the best serious fantasy I have ever read. Your story deserves to be printed in a slick mag and brought before the whole world. ((My Ghod!)) Three cheers for Goldberg, there should be more like him in this unhappy prejudiced world. Goldberg for President! All hail! All in all, it was a good, damn good, first issue. In fact it would have been a credit for an 11th or a 101st issue. Keep them coming, please! Stfectionately yours, G.C.

MELVIN KORSHAK, well-known square dealer, comes through with a testimonial: Many thanks for NECROMANCER #1; it is a magazine to be read by every fantasy book collector and enthusiast. You deserve credit for the very neat format, for the fine reproduction you managed to obtain (technically, a very good mimeograph job), and for the imagination with which you selected and presented your material. Put me down for six issues - - and keep up the good work! - M.K.

Lack of time and space prevented publishing more letters. More next issue.

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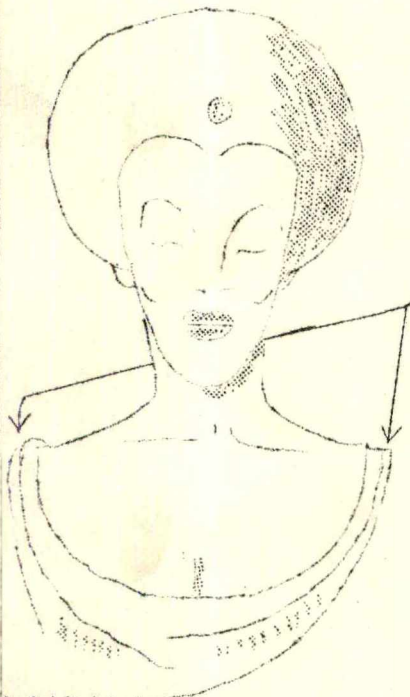
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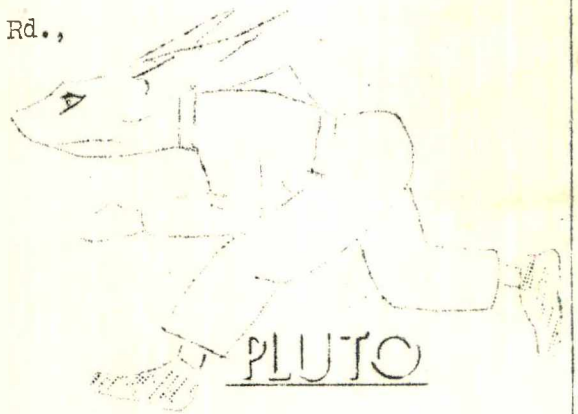


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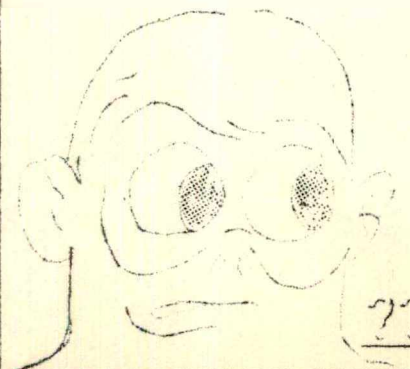


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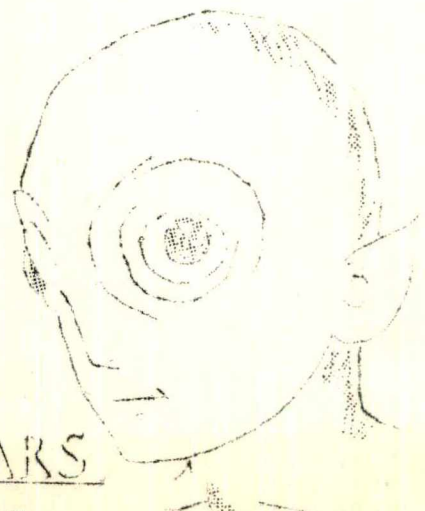
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