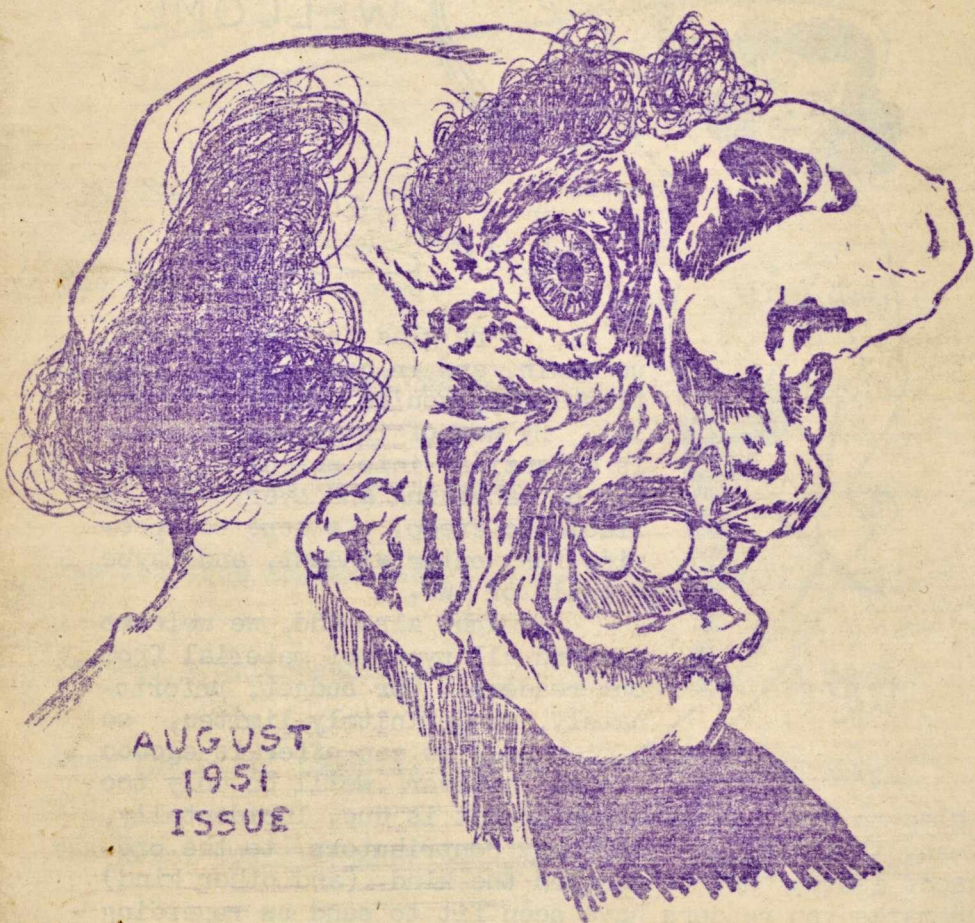


Shadowland



AUGUST
1951
ISSUE

THE *Eerie*
FANZINE



WELCOME
TO

Shadowland

We're glad to have you with us again, and in case this is your first trip, you're doubly welcome!

By way of introduction, this is a fanzine into which a little bit of anything and everything is liable to creep. We hope to provide fun, entertainment, and maybe a chill or two.

I might also add, we welcome any and all types of material from our readers. Our budget, unfortunately, is definitely limited, so all we can offer is egoboo however we'll be only too

glad to give credit where credit is due. Incidentally, many thanks are due the many contributors to the present issue, not to mention the kind (and other kind) remarks you readers have seen fit to send us regarding our previous efforts. A special word of appreciation to Bill Rotsler for a wonderful bunch of sketches you will find scattered throughout the issue. And last but not least, thanks to you readers who have the intestinal fortitude (thats guts to you) to wade through our stuff. And now.....have at it!

Ye Editor.

SHADOWLAND

ISSUE # 2

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SHADOWLAND.....P. O. Box #2032.....Tulsa, Okla.

Editor - Sam Martinez.....Cover artist - Fred Morgan

THE THIRSTY RACE

Thin, snake-like tendrils twisted toward the dying sun,

Thirsting for it's nourishment, finding none.

A mutant rose, living on death and pain,

Its shoots sucking blood from the mutant plain.

A child of civilization, the thirsty rose,

Faced the embering sun, told its woes

Of no more life on which to feed---

Of no more heat; as indeed

The sun understood. Its weakened glow

Told a story only it could know---

Rising clouds of smoke and dust,

Invading armies, driven by lust.

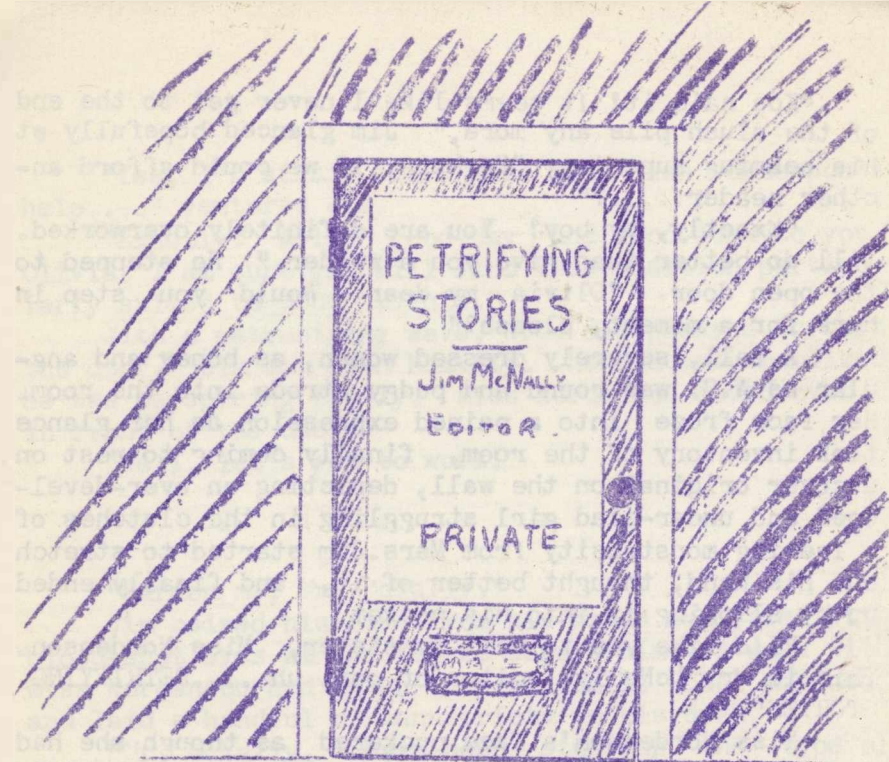
A dying race, finished at length,

By a mutant plant growing in strength.

Through the soft-petalled plant the Gods' curse flows.

The race-killing mutant---the Vampire Rose.

--- Fred Sawyer



REJECTION SLIP

by Sam Martinez

Behind the frosted glass door, a small, somewhat frenzied looking individual sat staring at a conglomerate pile of manuscripts on the desk before him and ran cigarette-stained fingers through his thinning black hair. He jumped, as the door-knob suddenly rattled.

"Go away," he shouted, then leaped to his feet as the door swung open to reveal the portly figure of old W. C. Nordenson, president of the whole Crescent Publishing chain, no less.

"Excuse me, sir. I didn't realize...."

"That's all right, McNally. Think nothing of it." The great man waved a pudgy hand, airily. "I know you are a busy man so I won't take much of your time. You appear rather, ah...engulfed, if I may use the word."

"You said it! It seems like I never get to the end of the slush pile any more," Jim glanced hopefully at his beaming superior, "Perhaps, if we could afford another reader.....?"

"Exactly, my boy! You are definitely overworked. I'll do better than give you a reader." He stepped to the open door. "Olivia, my dear. Would you step in here for a moment, please?"

A tall, severely dressed woman, as boney and angular as W.C. was round and pudgy, strode into the room. Her face froze into a pained expression as her glance took inventory of the room, finally coming to rest on a cover original on the wall, depicting an over-developed and under-clad girl struggling in the clutches of a leering monstrosity from Mars. Jim started to stretch out his hand, thought better of it, and finally ended up by slipping it into his pocket.

"I'd like you to meet my sister, Miss Nordenson. This is Mr. McNally, editor of our, uh.....PETRIFYING STORIES".

Miss Nordenson's face puckered as though she had just discovered the remains of a dead mouse, but she merely nodded in silent acknowledgement.

"Olivia is going to help relieve you of some of your duties, McNally. I have appointed her Assistant Editor, and she will work directly with you in selecting the type of quality stories we would like to feature in our magazine."

"Assistant Editor?" echoed Jim faintly.

"Yes, indeed. Olivia is admirably fitted for the position. She has published several books of poetry and for the past seventeen years has taught creative writing in the Emoryville Junior High School. She now feels that she is ready to branch out into, er..."

"Greener fields," supplied Miss Nordenson in a loud, rusty voice that filled the room like the squeal of chalk on a slate.

"Um, exactly," agreed W. C.

Jim nodded weakly, not trusting himself to speak.

"Well, I'm sure you two will get along famously," W.C. continued, beaming, "I, uh....I hate to mention it but your circulation figures have been slipping somewhat recently."

"Yes, I'm afraid so. Maybe with Miss Nordenson's help...." ventured Jim.

"Exactly! Well, good-day and good luck to you, Olivia. I am sure you will find this position particularly suited to your talents."

With a patronizing wave, W.C. disappeared through the door. Jim sat down heavily. He suddenly realized he was perspiring freely. Miss Nordenson moved over in front of the desk.

"Well, let's get to work!"

* * * * *

"Pardon me, Mr. McNally."

Jim raised his head from his hands and gazed with blood-shot eyes at the figure before him. A week with Miss Nordenson had taken terrible toll. She advanced and laid a handful of manuscripts on his desk.

"Mr. McNally, I have been studying the type of fiction we have been carrying in our previous issues and I find it to be quite shallow. It is replete with violence and vulgarity, and contains nothing of the finer things in life. Don't you agree?"

"Agree!" shouted Jim, then slumped back in his swivel chair. "Yes, I....I suppose so."

"I am glad you are in full accordance. I took the liberty of reading over the stories you had selected for the coming issue, and I find these manuscripts to be entirely unsuited. We shall have to substitute something else."

"But, we've got a dead-line to meet," spluttered Jim, "We can't be changing the make-up now. It's all set to go."

Miss Nordenson shrugged.

"It just means a few day's delay. Now I've taken the liberty of writing a few stories, myself, which I believe are a decided improvement."

"What's wrong with the old stories?"

"Well, most of them are so...uncouth. Space-ships and atomic bombs, mad scientists, strange monsters, ghosts, vampires and ghouls.....What you should print are stories full of laughter and romance. Stories that teach a lesson or present a great moral truth."

From Bill Rotsler..... "I rather liked your SHADOWLAND
... much better than the average 1st fannine. Since I
am an artist (are you familiar with MASQUE , the one
issue of NUBPHITE or others?) I natch'ly am very crit-
ical of any and all artwork. I'm afraid I cannot crit-
icize the work in #1 SHADOWLAND... it wasn't excellent
but it was quite good. The cover I liked... since I
liked (oops, make that present tense) like say, but
doesn't that quote of Woodford's (with whom you seem
to agree) conflict with the cover or merely agree with
it and to hold with the "experts"....? Yes, I like the
cover & the Contents Page & most of the writing. Con-
tinue to send me SHADOWLAND, the Boris Karlo Fannine &
Enclosed should be some pix for SHADOWLAND, but if not
I'll send some later. I don't give a damn if you quote
what I say or not. I would like to see your work
and see how I like it. You will find them scat-
tered about through the present issue. Sure could use
some more (hint..hint) Glad you liked the mag although

the article on Woodford stirred up a regular hornet's nest around here for a while. As I maintained before and do yet...give the readers what they enjoy the most rather than try to educate them to what you have!..... Incidentally, how do you like our cover this time? I wish you could see the original art work. It's hard as hell to make a good ditto reproduction, at least on my machine, but I think you get the idea. We have a set of paintings by this same artist that are a joy to behold. We are planning to get out a set of photographs of the best of them in the near future. In fact we're working on them now. See our ad elsewhere. Meanwhile, thanks again for your artistic contributions which we greatly appreciated.....

From Ed Cox..... SHADOWLAND arrived, natch, and I am offering a few words of comment. You can draw pretty good too can't you. Cover not bad and the interior cuts were good for the zine. Bah! A quiz. Don't ya know those things are taboo in fanzines? Why fans never can answer the darned things!..... Hope you get lots of support and material for SHADOW LAND. I am at present wrestling around with a story inspired by the zine's name. If I can ever get it down on paper, I'll send it along and see what you think of it....So this is it until the next issue. Oh yes, if you wish to print this mess, go ahead. I ain't objectin' to no egoboo! (he) Anyway, here's best wishes and lots of luck! I love to see lots of zines and this one is no exception.

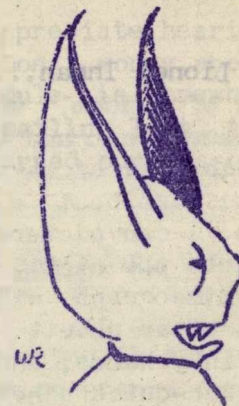
Sincerely,

Ed Cox

*****Our hats are off to you, Ed. We wish all our critics could have been so kind. You will note we deleted part of your letter. Not that your language was ungentlemanly, or anything like that....No, the stars represent a rather hot two pages you wrote concerning our Woodford article. We apologize, and rather than start off a lengthy, and no doubt interesting controversy, we will decline to argue. That's what the man said...he said it...he did! But bless you, my lad, for sending us your opinion on the subject. Let us know what you think of this issue, too. The address is now changed to Box 2032, Tulsa, Oklahoma.....

From Martin Carlson..... Enclosed is 10¢ for which send me some more SHADOWLAND! That's a swell first issue! Try "Ass Bureau" Art Bapp 2120 Bay St. Saginaw, Michigan for material..... Martin Carlson

*****Do you suppose he could be inferring??? No, we're sure Martin was being helpful rather than subtle. At least we hope so! Thanks for the kind words, anyhow.....



From Rick Sneary..... Your open letter was good, and I agreed fully to the middle of the page. Then I was only interested. I disagree with you and Woodford's in regard sex in stories. While I do not mind it and am not a prude, it does not mean that is the only reason for it. I of course agree with you in re Shaver..... In re education, it makes us think in certain ways, maybe, but I doubt that it teaches us anything. It does stir up facts we did know though... In reading Flight Into Yesterday, I was met by a number of things I'd just read in "1,2,3,4".

Yours, Rick Sneary

*****There was more to Rick's letter but he requested us not to print it, so.....we won't! Thanks for your kind analysis of our first issue. From all the comments we have received, we now have a pretty good idea just what you fan like in a fanzine.....

From Leslie Hudson..... Thank you for sending me the first issue of SHADOWLAND. I found it rather interesting in spite of the fact that it was a one man job. You did a fine job on it. Here's a small contribution to help you out on costs and I hope to see more issues of the mag. Best wishes, Leslie Hudson

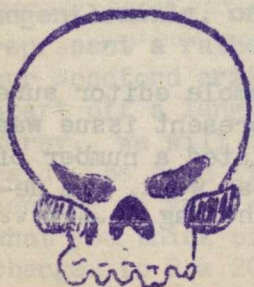
*****Thanks a lot, Leslie. Your humble editor sure appreciates your appreciation. The present issue was not quite such a chore. I have accumulated a number of quite willing and able assistants, whose work, I'm delighted to say, adds considerably to the mag.....

From Lionel Inman.....So we have another sucker in the ranks of fandom, who just couldn't read his prozines in peace, but had to succumb to the publishing urge. It hits most of us at some time or other, so you'll be in the same boat with a few score others of us doomed souls. I can picture you, sitting at your typewriter far into the night, losing sleep, and your mimeograph will grow more and more illegible with sheet after sheet, until you'll wish you were getting rich quick scheme. But serious, you have produced an excellent first issue. The reproduction is a little bad centering of the copy on the pages, was very neat and legible. The copy itself seemed rather uninspired, but it was sensibly written which promises better things for the future. It is pretty hard to write everything yourself, as I well know. The only thing I didn't really care for was the quiz, which impressed me as being stupid. I'd like to help you out with material. I can send you a story by me, if you need it. Good luck, Lionel Inman

*****Verily, here speaketh a prophet! True, we have abandoned the mimeograph for a ditto machine, but the carbons come off on our faces, hands, and clothes 'til we look like creatures from Mars ourselves. But it's fun! Thank you for the encouragement, and send along that story. We'll run it in our next issue.....

From Norman Ashfield.....I just planned to receive my copy of SHADOWLAND. Quite a nice production. If you can keep up the style and class of the contents (excluding Quiz No.15) it'll be a worthy newcomer to the fanzine field!..... 'Fraid I haven't got anything for your 'zine at present, but I'll bear you in mind when I have a chance. If you can read this and want to print an extract...carry on! But there ain't a lotta meat in it. Sorry about the writing, but it's too late at night to use the typer.

Sincerely, Norman



*****Thanks a lot, Norman. We appreciate hearing from our friends across the water. Don't worry about a subscription. Our publication schedule is somewhat irregular, but we'll keep you on our mailing list. And with regards to that quiz...we've learned our lesson. Never again.....

From Charles Burbee.....I think much of it. Typical of the improvement perhaps it will pick up. If you don't mind material from the NFFP Manuscript Bureau. That story is 95% crap. You did better in the mimeography than most. Under separate cover, I am sending you an exchange for SHADOWLAND. I was of the MASQUE. I didn't publish it, but I wrote part of it. It's a story about a man who goes to the moon and finds a civilization that is a lot like our own.

*****Well....I guess we can't please everybody. At least we know what was wrong with the last issue. Now the question is: "Is this one any better?". You don't have to answer that if you don't wanna, but we welcome your opinions. We reserve the right to disagree, naturally....By the way, if you think that last one was rough....wait 'til you see what the prozines said'.

AMAZING STORIES....SHADOWLAND, Vol. 1, No. 1 No price listed. No date. It has two interesting articles, "Confessions of a Fantasy Fan" and "An Open Letter to Sciencefiction Editors". Also a three quarter page science page and a poem. It closes with a discussion of what entertainment of the future might be like.

*****Following this comes a full half column taking us to task for mistakenly trying to enter the issue in the annual Fanzine Contest. We hang our heads, Rog, and confess we were slack about reading up on the rules. Are we forgiven?



we

STARTLING STORIES...SHADOWLAND. Published irregularly.
No price listed. A newcomer which is an unintentional
riot.....

*****Discretion being the better part of valor, we
choose to ignore this review, and maybe pretend that
we didn't understand it.....?

THRILLING WONDER STORIES...Another involuntary fanzine
classic comes out of a newcomer called SHADOWLAND,
perpetrated by S. J. Martinez of Tulsa, Oklahoma, who
has included the blankety-blankest science quiz among
his features that we have yet to meet.... All this and
"science" too! If this be science, make the most of
it, or something. It's too much for us.....

*****All of which should properly put us in our place
eh wot? That damn quiz, again! Our only defence is
that somewhere between the Table of Contents page and
the Quiz Page, our Science*Fantasy Quiz lost the word
Fantasy, with the resulting startling bewilderment
of our above quoted critics. The defense rests.....

*****And on this somber note, the mail-box editor
puts on his hat and, folding his tents like the Arabs,
silently slinks away.....



I M P O R T A N T

Here is a rare offer for all of
you fantasy fans who appreciate
the grotesque, and the unusual.
For a limited time only, we are
offering a folio of photographs
5"x7" in size, featuring repro-
ductions of some of the eeriest
and the most terrifying beings
that you have ever seen. These
photographs have been made from
a series of original paintings
by our artist, Fred Morgan.

Any of you who have done any dabbling in
photography, know that it costs money. We found that
out, too!! Unfortunately, to date, we have not been
endowed with unlimited funds by some philanthropic
millionaire. Therefore, to cover the cost of prepar-
ing these photos, we find it necessary to charge \$1.00
per set of six pictures.

In case you are wondering just what these paint-
ings look like, take a look at our front cover! This
was taken from a pencil sketch of one of Fred's weird
"things", and the others are just as horrible, or even
more so. But remember, the photos are of finished art
work....not just sketches.

These pictures have quite a subtle fascination
about them, and if you are a connoisseur or collector
of grotesque art, the originals are also for sale. If
you cannot afford an original, however, you can still
enjoy these pictures through our photographic repro-
ductions. Remember, these are brand new, and have
never been previously published or offered for sale.
.....Now we're not trying to drum up trade just by
saying these are only available for a limited time.
That's the truth, so you better send your order right
away to: SHADOWLAND Box #2032 Tulsa, Oklahoma

Folio: \$1.00 postpaid

Originals: \$50 each

PANTIES FROM HEAVEN



"Are you going to the Christmas entertainment this year, Miss Murgatroyd?"

Clara's heart skipped a beat. She glanced shyly at Bill Moore, the new salesman.

"Why yes, I believe I am," she was trembling in spite of herself. Was it possible he was going to ask her for a date? But no, that couldn't be!

"Thank you. I'm on the refreshment committee this year, and I'm just checking up so we'll know now many to plan on."

A mark in a little notebook, and he moved on to the next desk. Clara bit her lip for a moment, then, Seizing her purse, she hurried out of the office to the Ladies' Room. She blew her nose loudly and hoped that no-one had seen the unbidden tear that trickled past her nose.

The lounge, fortunately, was deserted and Clara plopped herself down on the settee and turned on the water-works, full. This was the last blow.

Clara would have been a reasonably attractive girl given half the chance. Her mother, unfortunately, had been disappointed in love. As a girl she had set her heart on the handsomest boy in the village....and she got him! During their subsequent marriage, she found there were other desirable qualities in men besides looks. The handsome lad turned out to be a gambler, a drunkard and a philanderer. Clara's mother vowed that her little girl should never be forced to undergo the misery and degradation that she had!

Accordingly, Clara was taught from childhood that men were little better than animals. When she grew up, her natural resources were bound down by corsets and stays, until she had all the sexual attraction of a flour sack. Her hair was combed severely back into a bun, she was given huge horn-rimmed glasses to wear, and forbidden ever to use make-up. Weekly she obeyed.

Now, out of school and working in an office, she had yet to have her first date, and had yet to read a love novel or see a romantic movie. However, Mother Nature has a way of instinctively taking care of such situations. Dimly, Clara felt she was missing out on something in life. After listening to some of the other girls in the office discuss their dates, she was sure of it. But she was at a loss to do anything about it. No-one ever asked her for a date or whistled at her on the street, in fact even looked at her. It was all very discouraging.

"I wish...I wish..." sobbed Clara to herself, "Oh, why doesn't Cupid or somebody help me? I need a man!"

Now, by a strange coincidence, that worthy sprite just happened to be in the neighborhood. In fact he was on the floor below, invisibly hampering a frightened stenographer in her efforts to escape from her pursu-

ing boss. Being endowed with considerable curiosity, and hearing his name called, he paused long enough to trip the stenographer, and floated up to investigate.

Hovering unseen above Clara's head, he spoke.... a soft, small voice within her ear, "What's the matter child? Why do you call on me?"

"None of the boys will ever pay any attention to me. The other girls go out and have fun, but I never do. Now I've got to go to this company Christmas party and I just know I'll be miserable all evening."

"Don't worry," a whisper floated down through the air, "You go to that party, and I'll guarantee you'll have a good time...."

The day of the Christmas party arrived. The office closed down at noon, and everyone adjourned to the big conference room which had been specially decorated for the event. A small bar had been set up at one end of the room and most of the celebrants were well on their way to a good time, already.

All but Clara, that is. She sat alone and miserable in a stiff-backed conference chair in the corner. Without her mother's knowledge, she had bought a new party dress and as a final gesture of daring, left off her glasses. A few wondering glances were thrown in her direction, but the old habits were too strong. The office men all courted the livelier, more cooperative girls, and Clara was left strictly alone in the cheerless company of her thoughts. Finally, closing her eyes, she offered up a little prayer.

"Cupid, you promised...."

And up in the realm of Olympus, Cupid was proudly displaying his handiwork to a group of admiring cherubs. There came a chorus of "oh's" and "ah's", then one little cherub, sweeter than the rest, piped up.

"Very lovely, indeed, but I've seen Cupid's work before. It was easy to see those cherubs were lacking in experience."

"They're pants....ladies pants! Aren't they beautiful? Look at that alluring black lace, those seductive smiles! How could my art resist a girl wearing as dainty and bewitching a garment as that?"

"But," spoke up another cherub, more practical than the rest, "How's anyone going to see them?"

Cupid himself. This would indeed be a problem. Suddenly he smiled, and a mischievous twinkle appeared in his eyes.

"I shall enchant them," he chuckled. "I shall put a spell on them so that whenever anyone puts them on, and for as long as they keep them on, all their other clothes shall become invisible!"

"But what will she think about that?"

"She won't know it. As far as she can tell, she'll be fully dressed, but to anyone else, all of her other clothes will have ceased to exist."

A chorus of cherubic applause and laughter rose

and Clara made up her mind. She was going home. Rising, she threaded her way through the laughing, chattering throng, toward the door. Suddenly there came a shout, no more or less than a shout.

"Merry Christmas!" boomed a loud voice, and the rest of his words were drowned out in the resulting din. Mr. MacDowall had arrived for his annual impersonation of Santa Claus. It was time for the gift exchange. Clara paused and waited for her gift. It turned out to be a small, ornamental ash tray. When she opened it, there were suppressed snickers and giggles. Everyone knew she didn't smoke. She flushed with confusion.

"Well, I guess that's all," Santa was shouting. "No, wait, here's one more package! Clara 'urratroyd!'"

Puzzled, Clara stepped up to receive a small, flat box. Two presents? Someone must have made a mistake. With trembling hands she removed the wrappings and opened the box.

Black lace panties! Clara could feel the heat radiating from her cheeks. There were more giggles around her, but these were admiring rather than mocking.

"Why don't you put them on?" whispered one of the girls, wickedly. Clara thought of her plain, cotton bloomers.

"I believe I will," she said, and marched out.

Clara's return to the party was more than just dramatic....it was cataclysmic!

Long gasps came from all over the room, followed by an awed hush. All eyes were turned toward the pink, rounded figure that marched regally across the room,

clad only in diaphanous black lace panties. Every flawless swelling and curve was openly displayed to the assembled throng. Like a pagan goddess, Clara held herself proudly erect, oblivious of the stares of the people around her.

"Clara," a voice hissed in her ear, "Have you gone nuts?" Bill Moore was standing by her side, wide-eyed and trembling.

"Why no, what's the matter? What's everybody staring at?"

"Come on," Bill seized her elbow and steered her toward the door. "I'll take you home."

Clara could scarcely believe her ears.

"Oh Bill, would you?" she breathed.

As they disappeared through the door, the spell was broken. A deafening clamor arose as everybody started talking at once. Clearly, this was a Christmas party that would be remembered for years to come.

Bill managed to get her out to his car, although Clara couldn't understand why he insisted on wrapping her up in his overcoat.

"Where do you live?"

"Oh, you can't take me home! Mother...."

"I understand. Would you want to go up to..... my apartment?"

"Oh, yes!" Clara shivered with delight.

Bill parked in the driveway and hurried her upstairs, unobserved. Clara threw off the heavy coat.

"Oh, I like it here," she said, looking around. "It's so cozy!"

Bill gulped and tugged at his collar. As he feasted his eyes on her unconcealed charms, he couldn't understand why he had never noticed this vision of loveliness before, at the office. Automatically, he walked to her, arms outstretched, and she melted into them as though it were the most natural thing in the world to do. Their lips fused in a long, feverish kiss.

"Oh, Bill," she gasped as they broke apart.

"Now!" was all Bill could think of to say.

He led her over to the divan and switched off the lights. For awhile all was silence. Then there was a sudden gasp and Bill switched on the lamp, again.

"Gosh, Clara," he stammered, "how in the world did you manage to get all your clothes on again so fast?"



"The Collector", an extraordinary story by H. F. Heard, of a biologist who becomes the laboratory specimen of an under-sea monster of frightening intelligence, is the highlight of the August issue of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, —NOW ON SALE. Heard, the author of two collected volumes of science-fiction stories, has never before appeared in a fantasy or science fiction magazine.

Betsy Curtis offers a warmly human story of androids in "A Peculiar People". Her first story was published a year ago by FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION and in the intervening months she has established herself as one of the leading new writers in the science-fiction field.

Other features of the August issue include a fictional account, half serious, half satiric of interstellar warfare by British rocket expert, Arthur C. Clarke, and "Wilfred Weem, Dreamer", by Robert Arthur.

The cover of the August issue of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION is by Chesley Bonestell.



"Jane Brown's Body," a short novel of terror and horror by Cornell Woolrich, is featured in the October issue of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE-FICTION. Woolrich, best known for his murder and mystery stories has written only this single piece of science-fiction, the editors believe.

Using the conventional elements of elixir of life, beautiful guinea pig, and mad scientist, he weaves a highly unconventional and dramatic tale of headlong suspense.

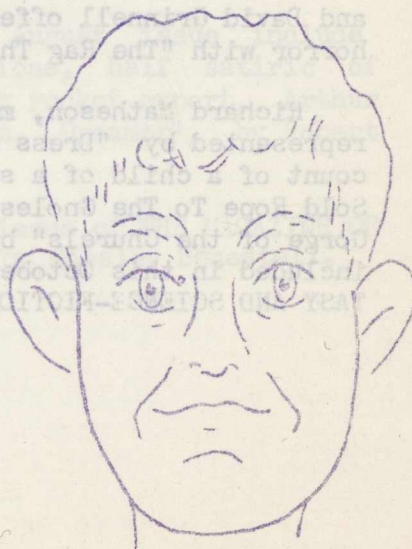
A new Fantasy & Science-Fiction discovery, Richard Brookbank contributes a disturbing story "The Cocoon", and David Grinnell offers a brief flash of compressed horror with "The Rag Thing" in the new issue.

Richard Matheson, master of shock and surprise, is represented by "Dress of White Silk", a chilling account of a child of a strange encounter. "The Man Who Sold Rope To The Gnoles" by Idris Seabright, and "The Gorge of the Churels" by H. Russell Wakefield are also included in this October issue of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE-FICTION.

Sam Martinez
"YE OLDE EDITOR"



Fred Sawyer
"SOUL OF A POET"



Fred Morgan
"The Artistic Touch"

Bessie Jo Smith
^{OVER WORKED}
"OUR ~~WORKED-OVER~~ TYPIST"



King SEINSTER
"ONE TRACK MIND"



William Clyde
"WOULD-BE WOLF"



Eye View

By King Seimster

Eye viewed the scene with distaste. Such goings-on. Why would anyone want to watch supposedly intelligent human beings going through such antics?

In his apartment bedroom, Carl adjusted the dial on his viewscreen carefully, keeping his eyes glued to the screen. He grinned evilly, thinking how dull television had seemed to him before.

Carl worked his regular four-hour, four-day shift as a picture file clerk in a modeling agency then spent the rest of his time at home playing with radio equipment. He no longer had anything to do with the agency girls. In fact, he couldn't. He was so homely he couldn't touch any of them with a ten foot pole, even if he had one.

The viewplate suddenly went awry and Carl hastily touched a knob on another instrument and sent Eye scuttling on his way to another lurid location.

Eye was a creation of a warped mind---Carl's. It had become that way from looking at photos of semi-nude models day after day without being able to do anything about it. Until Eye came along he had fully enjoyed his work only by envisioning himself with x-ray eyes.

As a result of being constantly refused dates, he spent his evenings combining a television set with several other already-developed inventions and with a few months labor came up with a few ideas of his own---Eye.

Eye was a ball, two inches in diameter. He had 4 short appendages which resembled arms and legs at casual observation. The front third of Eye was composed of myriads of irises, all under one lens---the invention of the IBC Television Laboratories. The labs, according to the newspapers, recently lost one of their remote cameras from a truck while two cameramen were busy comforting a blond in a nearby house.

Carl's "Eye" had individuality, however. It combined the features of the tiny camera and mike with a

directional control unit used in radar guided rockets. The ball itself was made of magnaloy, a metal approximately the weight of paper, and filled with neutrogin, a gas much lighter than helium. Through the center of the ball, crossing at right angles, were three holes. In the exact center was a small fission engine which introduced gases into any one hole and expelled it at tremendous speed through any other hole or holes.

Eye was a creation of frustration, but through his third eye, Carl had seen "things" no other man had seen and probably wouldn't see. He was little interested in those things no man had seen.

Carl tired of the girls he was viewing and carefully guided Eye through an open window and across the city toward the backroom of a Chinese bar. This place had discovered by the simple process of being bodiless, ousted by a pair of coolie gorillas who disapproved heartily of his nosing around in person.

Eye hovered around the room for a time and again the depraved mind became uninterested in the wild life on the viewplate. Carl wasn't aware of Eye's disgusted attitude at what he had been seeing. If he had been, Carl probably wouldn't have cared. He had no idea that the addition of the right coil in the wrong circuit had produced an entity—a creature of thought and ideas, but no physical control as long as Carl had his transmitter control set turned on.

Direction impulses hurtled through the air guiding Eye around the park, through the bushes and across the lake to an island, hovering over particular spots doing a double-take every now and then.

Carl finally grew tired of watching. He brought Eye in and flipped a switch. The light on the screen whirled to a pinpoint and disappeared. Carl slept.

"Free for a while," thought Eye, resting on his sponge rubber landing pad. "If it only could be permanently." His irises glimmered slightly as an idea began to form on his almost virgin thought coil.

When Carl was sound asleep, Eye carefully tested the strength of stray radio beams beating about in the ether. He found that not only could he think, but he could go where he pleased, directing himself on wasted

power formed from the thousands of sets in the city.

He drifted around Center City and stared intently, recording images on the delicate albumen sight reflector. He then drifted down to a television studio and hovered in a dark place watching programs until he found what he wanted, a horror show. He retained several scenes from it and returned to the apartment.

The next evening Carl directed him toward the dressing room of a local swimming pool. Eye gleefully obeyed, knowing his chance was due to come soon. It would be at the end of the evening when Carl was beginning to get sleepy and his controls sluggish.

When Carl brought Eye home he was staring at the screen intently, guiding Eye carefully into the open window. Suddenly he saw a horrible apparition creeping along the 16-inch catwalk outside the apartment just under the window. He could hear its slurppy crawling flop, like a limp, wet reptile with a whole rabbit in its belly.

Carl turned white. He watched "it" with petrified fascination until "it" was ready to slither through the almost-too-narrow window.

"That fire escape!" he screamed. "Where is it?"

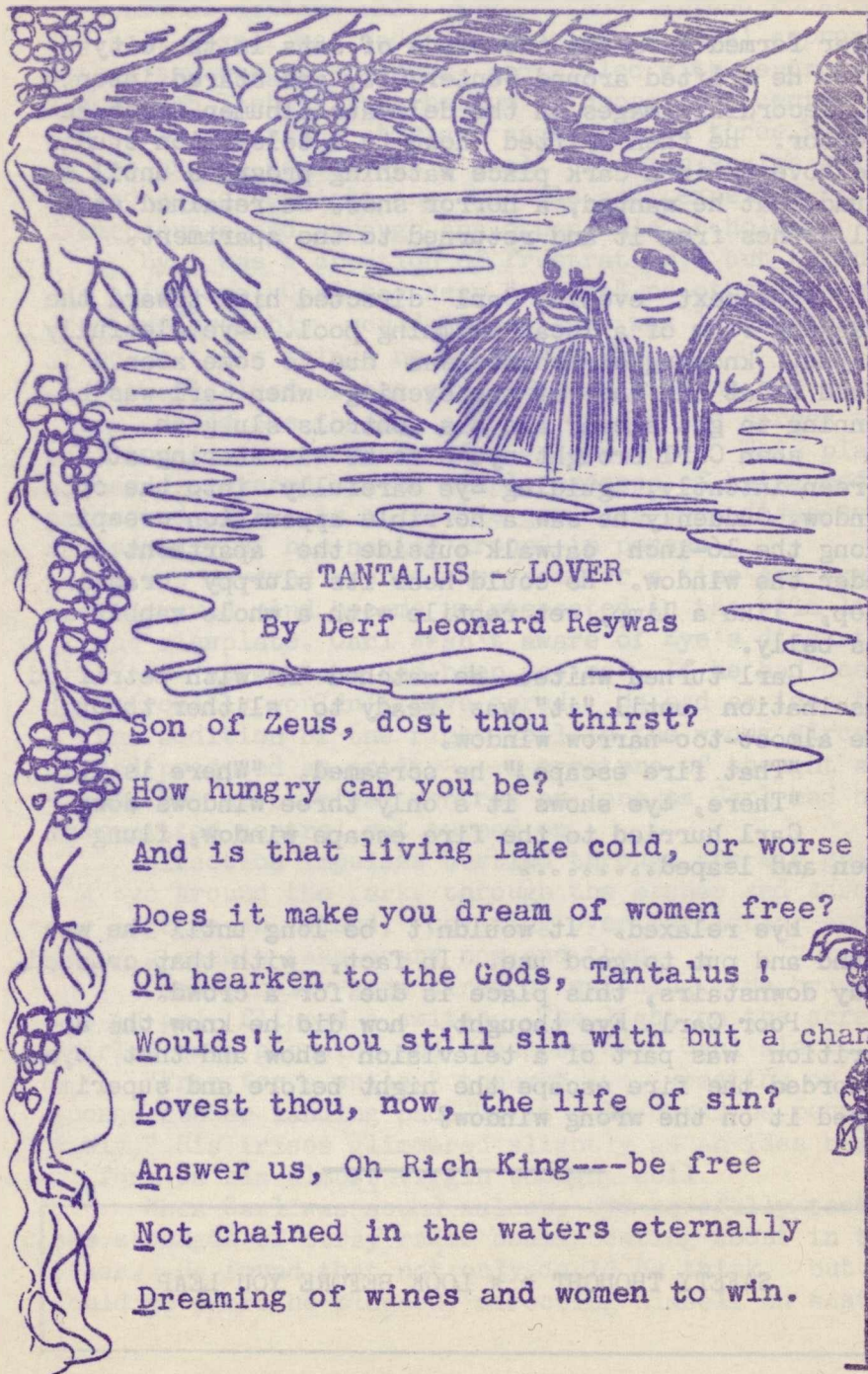
"There, Eye shows it's only three windows down."

Carl hurried to the fire escape window, flung it open and leaped.....

Eye relaxed. It wouldn't be long until he was found and put to good use. In fact, with that crushed body downstairs, this place is due for a crowd.

Poor Carl, Eye thought, how did he know the apparition was part of a television show and that Eye recorded the fire escape the night before and superimposed it on the wrong window?

SAFETY THOUGHT * * LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP



TANTALUS - LOVER

By Derf Leonard Reywas

Son of Zeus, dost thou thirst?

How hungry can you be?

And is that living lake cold, or worse

Does it make you dream of women free?

Oh hearken to the Gods, Tantalus!

Woulds't thou still sin with but a chance?

Lovest thou, now, the life of sin?

AnsWER us, Oh Rich King---be free

Not chained in the waters eternally

Dreaming of wines and women to win.

REQUIEM

And so, gentle readers, we stretch our aching muscles and drag out the old typewriter cover as our issue draws to a close. We've enjoyed having you with us and we hope you'll join us again. Due to the very irregular schedule on which this magazine appears, we find it impossible to accept subscriptions. Rather, if you liked this copy and would like to receive the next one, just drop us a line enclosing a dime, and we'll see to it your name is on the mailing list to receive it. If you don't want to see any more, save the dime, but drop us a line and tell us what was wrong with it. We find the criticisms of our enemies are often more enlightening than from our friends, so don't be afraid of hurting our feelings. And if you happen to publish a fanzine yourself, be sure and send a copy. We like to see how the other half of the world lives, too.

Thanks again to our contributors, and once more let me extend an invitation to all to send in material for future issues. It's amazing how much material a little book like this can gobble up in a single issue.

Also, in case you missed it, let me draw your attention to the photographic reproductions of our artist's grotesque paintings. The price is \$1 which is barely enough to cover production costs, I assure you. Ask the nearest photographer, if you don't believe us. Seriously, this will definitely be a limited offer and you will be sorry later if you miss it.

And now farewell, parting is such sweet sorrow, and all that sort of stuff. Until we meet again, here is to bigger and better prozines, wackier and more prolific fanzines, and friendlier fans than our readers! All of which, of course, is impossible! YE EDITOR

SHADOTLAND

Box #2032

Tulsa, Okla.

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