

SOUTHERN FANDOM



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"Secede From Yankee Fandom!"

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CONTENTS

Short Story

DISPOSITION

By Ray Karden 7

Articles

DERO HUNTING IN TENNESSEE

By Wallis Knighton 6

FANZINES I'D LIKE TO PUBLISH

By Joe Kennedy 19

Parodies

REVENGE ON "G" STREET

By Van Splawn 3

SHADOW OVER BLOOMINGTON

Ray Karden 4

Department

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

By The Editor 16

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REVENGE

ON G STREET

By Van Splawn

Alvin Wadthrottle walked down G Street at a brisk, bouncy pace. As he walked along with his new spring Panama set at a jaunty angle he hummed in a broken fashion his late favorite, "Am I Worth Two-Bits?" and performed finger antics with a brand new quarter; such tricks as rolling the coin from knuckle to knuckle in rapid succession and then flipping it high into the air, trying to catch it in his shirt pocket as it fell. After retrieving the money from sidewalk and gutter several times, he pocketed same with a thought. No sir, I can't afford to lose my last quarter with the latest Apalling Stories on the newsstand. Alvin now stepped faster, as he thought of the letter he had mailed the letter of that magazine, denouncing in scathing phrases Apalling's current "I Remember Phifft" series as deliberate and stupid hoaxes. Perhaps the letter had been printed. As a rule, they never were, but maybe this once it was. If so, Alvin planned to reprint the letter in his quarterly fan-magazine, All Reet!, along with another hot article he had written blasting Apalling's editor, Samuel A. Philpot.

He could hardly wait to see the issue, and he fairly ran in to the newsstand. Grabbing its mammoth bulk from the racks, he dropped his quarter into the clerk's lap and awayed, anxiety shining in his eyes. Outside, Alvin drew up in front of a deserted fruit stand and began to thumb feverishly through the book, past the contents page, past the editorial page bearing the familiar initials, "SAP", and on to the readers' section. Burning with anticipation, he scanned the pages, one after another. Didn't see it. Another more careful search. His hopes fell like the walls of Troy...his long, masterful letter wasn't there. His face clouded and he mumbled an oath. Looking around and seeing no one, he said it a bit louder. Dawgone them! Guess they were afraid for their readers to get the truth. Yeah, they only printed letters of praise and dream-revelations. To heck with those birds! He clamped his new hat viciously over his forehead and stalked off, the copy of Apalling wadded in his hip pocket.

* * * * *

Far beneath the crust of the Earth two Dero operatives sat idly before a televue machine. One sleepy-eyed agent, with chin resting in his palm, toyed with the location dial, while the other comfortably perused an enemy-Earthian propaganda sheet entitled Skidoo 23 with his feet perched on a high desk. Momentarily, he flung it to the cave floor with a snort. "Bah!" he grumbled, "nothing but a pack of lies! Imagine that Gilbert Foo, who claims to be Lemurian Ranger #19,4619, saying that we Dero have tentacles where our anus should be. Who ever heard of tentacles there?"

"Yeah," chuckled the other, "and did you see where the Earthling's anus is?" They howled and snickered with glee. "Tee hee," one said, "and they sit on it, too!"

As they rocked with side-splitting guffaws, the televue buzzed. The Dero stifled their mirth and snapped to attention, for that buzz meant that the locator had picked up an Earthling hostile to the Dero. It was a wonderful gadget, and the view-screen shimmered with

glaring light. "Look!" one Dero agent gasped. "That Earthling! Do you recognize him?"

The other frowned, then dived toward a photophile, and thumbed quickly through the pages. Presently he stopped and withdrew a worded picture, then turned to the screen. "Yep!" he screeched, "he's an enemy!"

"Then we must strike!" cried the other Dero, waving his arms dramatically. "Quick, to the revenge machine!" Levers fell and dial spun.

* * * * *

As Alvin Wadthrottle plodded slowly down G Street, his brand new Panama hat careened mysteriously off his forehead. He lunged at it quickly, but it was too late. Giving a final dizzy whirl, the headpiece came to rest in a large puddle of mud.

THE END

SHADOW OVER BLOOMINGTON

By Ray Kardon

In the summer of 1946, I returned from a short trip to the Chicago area, broken in mind and body. Never before have I dared to divulge the true facts behind the horrors I perceived in those few days but now I am reassured by a newspaper clipping in front of me telling of a fire that gutted a certain house in the city of Bloomington, Illinois.

I went to Bloomington innocently enough, not knowing the truth of what I sought. But now—however, on with the story. I had heard tales of a certain "Pong" thing which resides there, its occupation that of guarding a death ray, using it for purposes unrevealable, in the perfect camouflage of a theater projection booth.

I purchased a token for use on the rolling roadways Bloomington is equipped with from a ticket agent, in a small, dusky booth. I remarked casually that I was here to see Pong. The gum-chewing visage remained its impassive self, but I fancied I saw a flicker of primordial terror lurking behind the drooping lids. That gave me the first clue to what I was to meet, but I skeptically laughed, chopped off half a thumb while casually paring my nails, and climbed onto the modern rolling roadway.

Speeding along at two-hundred and seventy miles an hour, the figures on the other ways were only shadowy blurs. I thought eagerly of my destination. What would Pong be like? Would it welcome me? Was it true this illustrious personage was also a—horror of horrors—fan? I shivered in anticipation.

Finally I arrived at my destination. Jumping of the roadway, going at two-hundred and seventy miles per hour, was no easy task, but with my indomitable courage, I managed it.

* * * * *

Weakly hobbling, crying "Water!", I finally arrived at the portal. I knocked. A person opened the door. The stories about Pong are not true—he is definitely not a monster. Despite the fact that he has three arms and one foot, he looks quite normal, the fire gently flaming from his nostrils.

I came in and began, but he stopped me, saying in his rich, vi-

brant voice, "Come with me—I feel as if I had known you all my life—you are a good friend"—he asked my name—"Ah yes, Mr. Karden. Come with me. I will show you something that I show few people." I came fascinated by his intense personality, that seemed to drop over me like a strip-teaser's cloak over a nail on a burlesque stage.

* * * * *

Downstairs he led me, through unfathomable passages, until I wondered how such things could be—until I used my nose and found we were in the sewers of Bloomington. Finally, a richly-draped door appeared before our gaze. He opened it—and in we went.

"These are fen," he explained, pointing to a group of hashish eaters clustered about a mimeograph in the center of the vaulted room. I looked on, fascinated. The crank turned, the slip sheet went in, and came out—what? All my fears went to the fore, and I watched Pong narrowly.

He said, "These are our creations." Proudly he held up a mimeographed bundle of paper, fastened by staples, to our gaze. I read: *The Zombie*. My mind spelled out the words, and doubt grew.

I examined many of them in my short stay there, and slowly my fears increased. For this crowded wordage—this messy inking—this fantastic grammar—was not of our world! It was alien, totally inimical to Earth. The smooth paper, the mimeographing—they were something that was across the ultimate barrier of space and time from us! I now knew—

Pong watched me, and noticed my discomfiture. He said, quite casually, "I see you have penetrated our little secret. Yes, we are attempting to control the Earth—I and my fen! We will capture your puny creatures, and force you to our superior wills!" With a laugh that rang hollowly across the room, he shrieked.

In that moment, I saw the door unguarded. I could escape! I turned to go. But something higher than I held me back—some primordial instinct. I knew that I couldn't go—for I would be deserting—my world. Tears blinded my eyes—for I realized the safety of the very Earth lay in my staying. I turned, eyes flashing.

"No!" I cried. "No! Pong, you and your filthy fen will never conquer us! I will stop you!"

He stepped forward, and we stared into each others eyes, one evil, the other good. For hours, it seemed, we stared; and I knew I was beginning to lose. Sweat stood out on my forehead, and sweat trickled down the cleft in my palate. I was losing—going down to final blackness—to defeat—

Then something resounded in my mind, like the dim yowling of faintly heard alley cats. "It is I," it said, "I—Boob. I will save you. I am on the side of good! I will save you!"

And indeed, it was as good as its word. Boob fought with me, and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

When I started reading fanzines, I had an abhorrence for fan fiction, and it never left me completely until several months ago. I think this was caused by several very long and very bad serials I read in the old Vulcan.

—Henry Elsnar (Cepheid)

we defeated Pong the flashing blue hair of Pong! I knew I had won, and subsided into a restful roaring—

I knew not what happened until now. I must have wandered around a shrieking idiot for years. I must have—but the thought pains me. But the one thought that offers me solace is that I saved the world from Pong—killed the filthy beast, with the aid of Roob!

I was glad to sacrifice myself, but now I am in a predicament. You see, I had come to Pong to sell him books. My special offer, a forty-eight volume set of *PRINCEPS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO* had been a failure. I knew Pong was the only person on Earth stupid enough to buy it. Now I am ruined—Pong is gone. I weep.

THE END

DERO HUNTING

—IN TENNESSEE—

By Wallis Knighton

To the right (if you look closely) you find a picture of two of the finest Dero hunters in America today. The hills of Tennessee abound in legend and folklore, not the least of which are the legends of caves inhabited by a species known as Dero. It seems that the Dero of Tennessee are of a peculiarly vicious nature, insomuch as they have assimilated to a certain extent the characteristics of the upper-world denizens.

It was August 31, 1946 when the intrepid little band of explorers consisting of Wallis Knighton and Lionel Inman set out on a journey to ascertain the truth of the tales. This was the first of the annual Dero hunts in the vicinity of Ripley and was especially in honor of Inman, who was departing the following Monday for the University of Houston.

Unfortunately, on this hunt no Dero were actually found. Evidently they are still convinced that the time is not yet ripe for disclosing their identity to us mere mortals on the surface. However, we did find many evidences of Dero existence. We would hear limbs pop and fall to the ground behind us or hear twigs snap under the stealthy footfalls of invisible feet. Spinning madly, our mind flooding with terror, we would vainly search the few feet of penetrable undergrowth for a glimpse of the prey. Then we would continue on, our eyes intent on the dense foliage and burning from the effort to catch the slightest alien movement.

Then CRACK! POP! —the ground seemed to give way under my feet! After catching myself and clambering to safety, we parted the leaves and looked down on the last mortal remains of what had once been some

sort of higher vertebrate. The bones were bleached and were beginning to corrode into their component elements. This deterioration gave some evidence of age, although it could have been caused by some sort of destructive ray. Due to the packed sand and clay around the bones and the inadequacy of our tools, we were unable to excavate and further investigate the skeleton on this trip.

Again continuing on undaunted, we found no more evidences of Tero existence until we came to the spot where the picture was taken. It is a small clearing eight or ten feet square. On each side stands a tall tree; one is a huge gum, the other a dead beech snag. Between them hangs a natural grapevine swing. The grass is completely worn away under the swing, indicating that the place is a favorite recreation spot for the Tero. We lay in ambush for quite a while but none of the creatures appeared. Tiring of the prolonged vigilance, we took our picture (with the aid of the delayed action gadget on my camera) and began to make our way back toward civilization, rather proud of our findings, though somewhat dejected because the hunt itself was unsuccessful. We resolved that the next time we will go back with Rex—A guns, horseshoe magnets and molasses glue traps. Even so, we may never be successful, but WE SHALL RETURN!

THE END

DISPOSITION

By Ray Karden

From the personal diary of Groth IV, Deputy Administrator of Subplanetary Affairs, Rev 8, 11,345:

What a job! Sure, I realize the Administrator is busy as the First Egg. I realize that he can't personally attend to the affairs of every two-bit planet that comes along. But I do think it is a bit unfair for him to give this job to me, when it deals with a sector I have never had the opportunity of studying. I have long suspected the Administrator of jealousy—common, low, psychologically stupid jealousy—and now I'm sure of it. He probably realizes that I will rise to his position in a matter of eves unless he can find an excuse to demote me. He thinks, of course, that I will bungle this duty and he will have the excuse. I can only say that I will certainly do the best I can, in the face of my limited knowledge.

Or perhaps I should blame the military. They must be insane, knowing the planet was there all the time, then calling us at the last minute to give presumptive orders telling us that it must be ready in such and such a time or the Universe will fall down! Nothing even merging on parsecs to the system appeared in the symbolic calculations; now they tell us that they must have the exact planet—third, I believe, from their sun—for a vital defensive matter. I can only say it sounds fishy—Aldeberan III fishy if it comes to that.

Rev 10:

Everything seems to go wrong with this matter of equipping that planet with defensive weapons—now a necessity, I realize from a talk with a minor officer. It seems it contains intelligent life! I have

already sent the usual boatload of equipment necessary on a job like this—now it seems this intelligent life must be evacuated before anything can be done. I have sent two huge boats formerly used for hauling strizen, I believe—to be used for the task. This, of course, makes an additional factor working for our failure. The Administrator would get m' neck if even one of those creatures were to die. Not to mention the time that will be lost. I am sure the enemy would be glad to know about our defending a planet under their very noses. And if they did, I am sure they would be chivalrous enough to allow us to finish evacuating its inhabitants and installing weapons!

This task must be getting on my nerves. That lapse into cheap sarcasm bodes a visit to the nearest psychoanalytician. I must attempt to keep my disposition under control.

From an ultrawave telecast, Galactic News Service, Rev 11:

INHABITANTS OF "DEFENSE PLANETS" FOUND TO BE DESCENDENTS FROM ANCIENT WAR SURVIVORS!

Cal IV, captain of the evacuating crew in charge of the disposition of this planet's inhabitants—called by them, "Earth"—says that unmistakable evidences have been found that show these "people" are survivors from a battle in the "Alien War" of fifteen thousand eves ago. Parts of his complete statement as follows: ...It must be taken as proved that several thousands survivors from a passenger vessel of that time., managed to escape and land here, lapsing eventually into barbarism. Its inhabitants have only begun to relearn science. ...space travel is still fifty or so eves away...

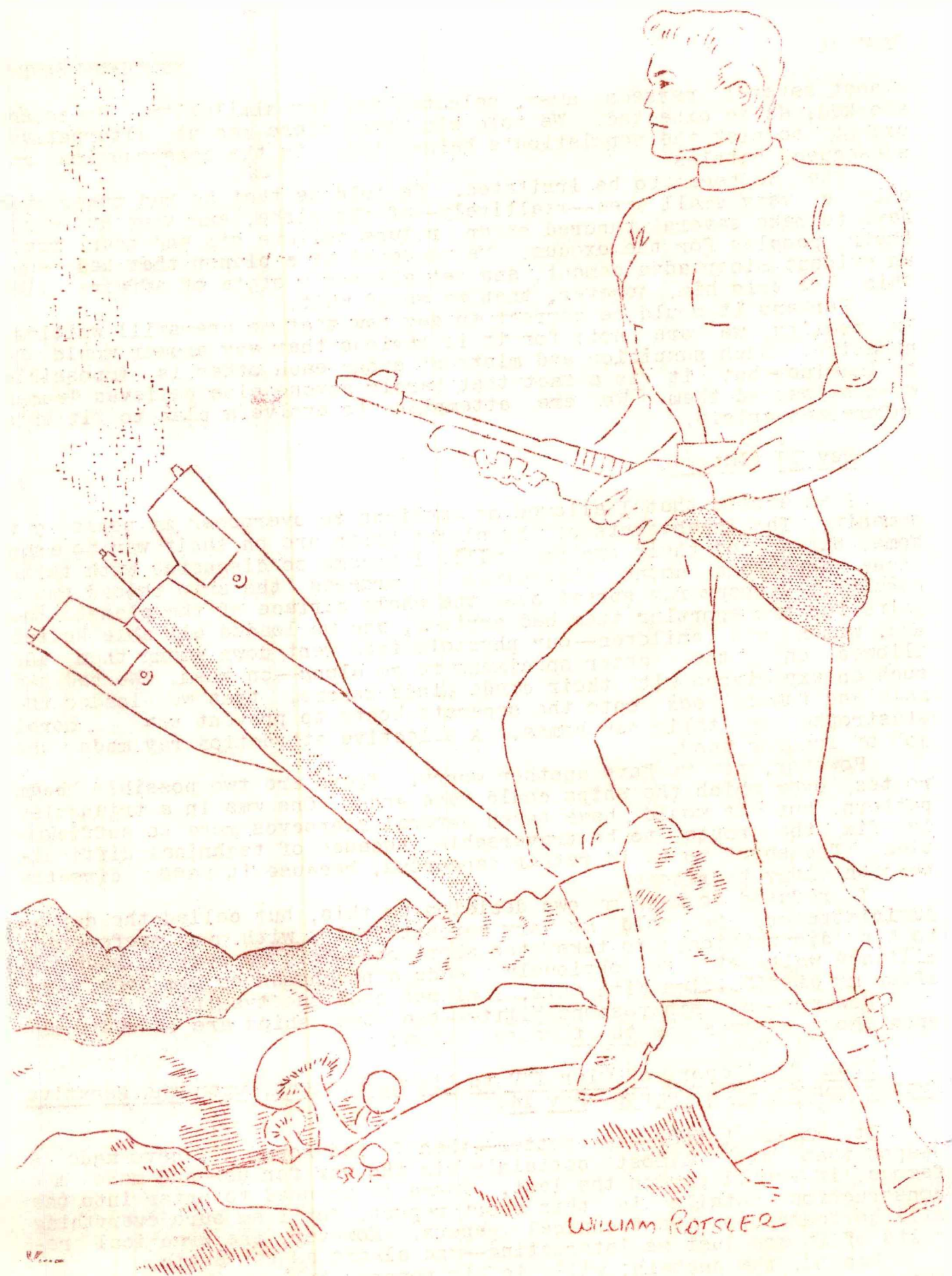
The "People," he said further, are much the same as the rest of the race—except for the usual changes accounted for by the evolutionary changes involved. The brain capacity of the majority is considerably lower than the average—mainly because they have not as yet discovered psychological methods of increasing it.

From the log of the Stellar Guardian, Captain Cal IV, 12:

These inhabitants of this planet are beginning to infuriate me. I am usually a slow man to anger, but the things I see here are beyond all reason. Perhaps a narration from the beginning will make my statements clearer.

We anchored just above the planet's atmosphere. Evidently they have a rather efficient system of guarding this planet, for soon a sizeable number of air-supported craft began to examine us. They had communicated our arrival to the large city over which our lifeboat hovered as we went down, and soon they began to shoot an amazing number of metal slugs and explosive type bombs. We wished to see their ruler, chief, or whatever method of government was in vogue now. Our engineers set up a psychograph and took the information from the minds of the pilots of the air-supported craft attacking us. We instantly set out for their capital, Wasnton.

It would be useless and uninteresting to record here how we finally got into the presence of their "president" Truman. We must say, however, that he managed to accept our presence rather calmly. We instantly, having a desire for haste, broached the subject of our coming. We said that we desired the whole world evacuated to another



planet several parsecs away, selected for its similarity. He became shocked, as we expected. We told him that there was no alternative, except to risk the population's being killed in the construction and subsequent battles.

Then we began to be irritated. He told us that he had power over only a very small area—relatively—of the globe, and that he would have to make several hundred other rulers believe him and then ready their peoples for the exodus. We wondered at a planet that had such an evident minor advancement, and yet allowed a state of affairs like this. We told him, however, that we would wait.

Perhaps it would be correct to say now that we are still waiting. In reality, we are not; for it is obvious that any answer would be negative. Such suspicion and mistrust among each other is impossible to imagine—but it is a fact that hardly anyone else believed Truman when he warned them. We are attempting to evolve a plan to fit this unforeseen crisis.

Rev 12 (later):

I am afraid that I allowed my emotions to overpower my sense of humanity. The inhabitants of the planet Earth are on their way to a new home, but not of their own free will. I became so disgusted with their inane decisions among themselves I ordered the ship raised and a paralysis-entropy ray spread over the whole surface of the planet. The ships for transporting them had arrived, and we loaded all able bodied men, women, and children—our physiologists went down among them and allowed only the better specimens to go along—on them. We had had such an experience with their crude minds before, that we loaded the male and female sex onto the separate boats to prevent any moral catastrophe on their new homes. A selective attraction ray made the job of loading easy.

However, now we have another worry. There are two possible beam routes over which the ships could have gone. One was in a triangular pattern, but it would have taken several microcves more to sufficiently fix the route to be traversable, because of technical difficulties. The short route is rather dangerous, because it goes directly through enemy territory.

I refused to make my own decision on this, but called the deputy Administrator. He told me very sarcastically, with many references to his "disposition," to take the short one—"did we want to keep the military waiting?" He obviously needs a psychoman on him soon. And after my difficulties with this, I almost need one myself!

However--on his responsibility--the two ships are on their way upon the beam over the short route. Whew!

From the Report of Glar IXV to his Government, upon the Negative Matter Sphere as a Weapon—Rev 14:

It works better—far better—than I had hoped. I have made a weapon that will almost certainly win the war for us—and make me famous, if you'll pardon the last. There is no need to enter into the construction details in this short report, for I am sure everything will be found upon the technical papers. However, the practical results of it are just as interesting—and almost as fantastic.

Rep IC, the captain, will, in his report, tell you how we located the enemy ship; but we did—he remarked that it was probably from the

construction work on the third planet of that medium-sized sun his spies had been working upon--and readied ourselves for the attack. It was obviously a pilotless ship following a straightline beam, so the calculations were rather simple. We released the negasphere, and put the special ray filter over the port from which we were to watch and closed the others. It was simply a matter of nothing--this mass of negative matter and energy--against a piece of mere nothing. We couldn't see anything.

Then it hit. It seemed to blow up all at once as it melted into the metal of the ship. Inconceivable energies were released, and we actually felt the ship we were on move under the pressure. It was soon over, and nothing remained except a few twisted pieces of metals. I felt rather sorry for the poor devils in it--if there were any. They couldn't have known what hit them, however, the first rays were enough to kill anything at that range.

However, the important thing is that we have literally an unconditional surrender in our hands. Enclosed with this is a list of methods it may best be used as in military tactics.

From the headlines of several news agencies, such as Galactic News Service, Interstellar News etc., Rev 15.

SHIP CONTAINING EARTH INHABITANTS BLOWN UP BY ENEMY (GNS)

SCANIAL SWEEPS GOVERNMENT; ADMINISTRATOR LAYS CHARGES AGAINST DEPUTY FOR NEGLIGENCE AND INEFFICIENCY (IN)

DEPUTY GROTH RESIGNS; LAYS BARE CORRUPTION (ITS)

OTHER SHIP ARRIVES SAFELY, EXPERTS WHISPER "SECRET WEAPON" (GNS)

"DEFENSE PLANET" CONSTRUCTION HURRIED (INS)

From an ultrawavegram from Stra XX, Chief Administrator of Planetary Immigration, to Groth IVX, Rev 16:

DEAR GROTH: HAVE JUST HEARD NEWS OF DESTRUCTION OF "OTHER" SHIP STOP SHIP FULL OF FEMALES ARRIVED MICROCYC AGO STOP YOU ARE IN CHARGE OF THIS AFFAIR STOP WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THESE STOP HAVE LANDED THEM ON PLANET AND SETTLING BEGUN STOP EMBARRASSING SITUATION PERHAPS YOU HAVE SOLUTION STOP WHAT IS DISPOSITION OF THESE QUESTION MARK

(Signed) STRA XX

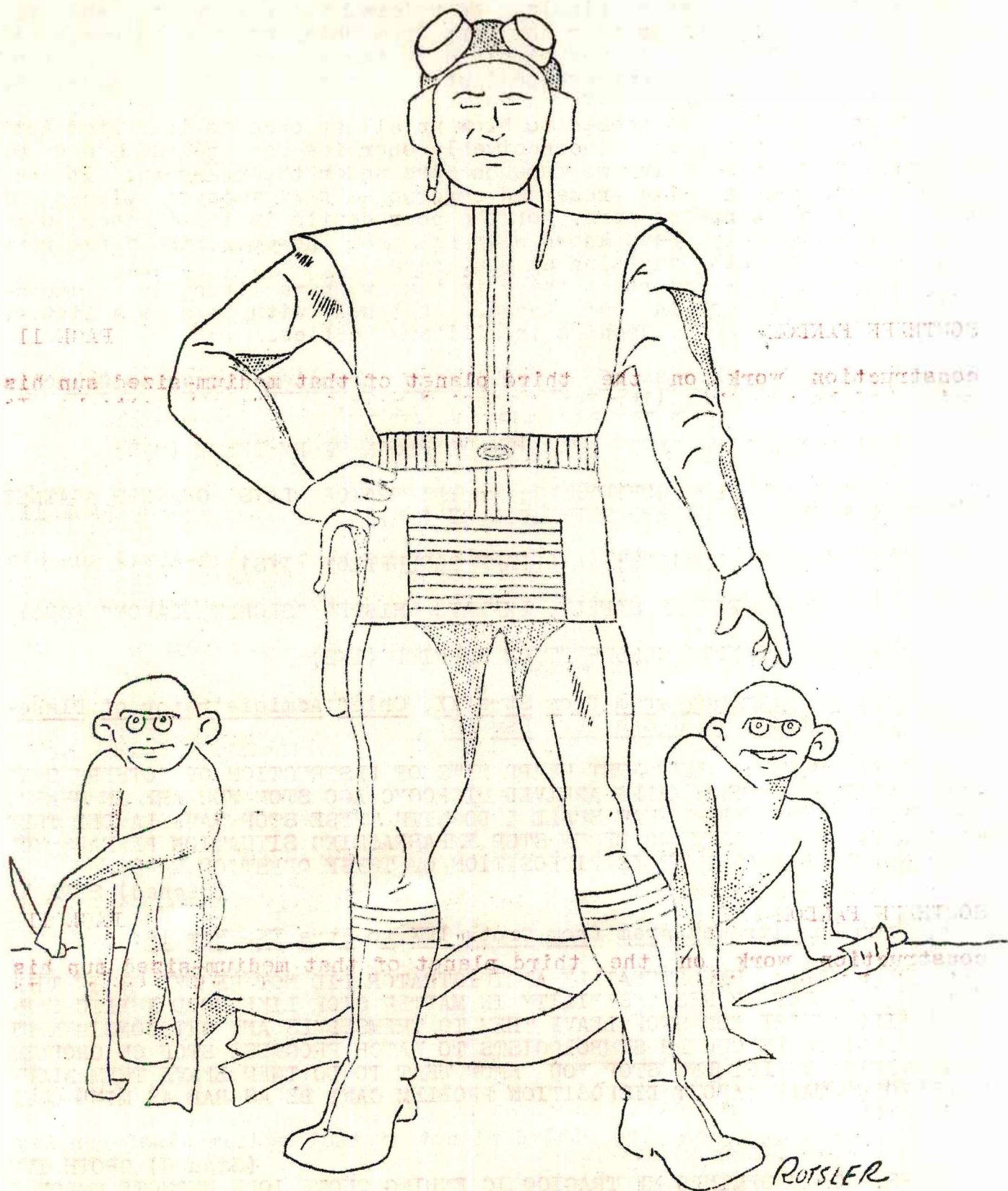
From an ultrawavegram from Groth IVX to Stra XX, Rev 16:

DEAR STRA: UNFORTUNATELY ADMINISTRATOR DID NOT REMOVE ME IN TIME ENOUGH TO STOP MY RESPONSIBILITY IN MATTER STOP LIKE GOOD PUBLIC SERVANT WILL ADVISE YOU STOP LEAVE THEM TO THEMSELVES AND GET CONSIGNMENT OF ECOLOGISTS PSYCHOLOGISTS SYMBIOLOGISTS TO WATCH PROGRESS STOP ON GROUNDS SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT STOP YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO THEN LEAVE THEM ALONE STOP YOUR TALK ABOUT DISPOSITION PROBLEM CANT BE AS BAD AS MINE GRRR FULL STOP

(Signed) GROTH IVX

PS: THIS REMINDS ME TRAGICOMIC ENDING QUOTE JOKE UNQUOTE COLON I NEVER SAW A GROUP OF WOMEN WHO COULDN'T GET ALONG BY THEMSELVES WITHOUT MEN HAH HAH HAH STOP PSYCHOMEN COMING SOON STOP STOP STOP FULL STOP

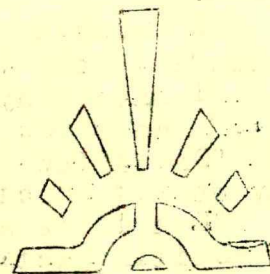
THE END



ROTSLER

INTRIGUE

By LIONEL INMAN



"Eek!" screamed the plump lady as she slipped back in her easy chair. "It's a ghost."

"I beg your pardon," said the cadaverous gentleman. "I am a vampire, and I consider any reference to me as a ghost to be an insult of the gravest nature."

The lady recovered a measure of composure. "If you are a vampire, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, be sensible," snorted the vampire, striking a dramatic pose. "What does a vampire usually do when he breaks into a house?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned the other. "Perhaps you are seeking employment. I notice you are wearing a butler's uniform."

A look of utter disgust crossed the vampire's face. He opened his mouth to utter a particularly caustic remark concerning the stupidity of the modern civilized world; but at that instant the door behind him gave a premonitory creak, and he whirled.

A tousled mop of overgrown hair was thrust tentatively through the door, followed a moment later by the gangling frame of a body lacking either proper nourishment or having been engaged in detrimental practices.

He stopped short when he saw the long-cloaked figure of the interloper in the center of the room.

"Oboy, Batman," he yelped. "I bet you climbed up the trellis to get in here and frighten Mother."

"Young man, you will hold a civil tongue in your head," snapped the vampire. "I do not consider it any of your business how those of our profession choose to enter houses."

"OK, take it easy," said the young man. "I was only guessing."

"Well, it's getting deuced annoying when no one can recognize us any more. And the next guy who mistakes me for an undertaker is going to get the works."

"I know how you feel," said the other. "I was once mistaken for Yngvi, and confined to a padded cell for three days."

"I'm Claudius Dagger. Who are you?"

"My cara, young man," said the vampire, handing Claudius a small rectangle of cardboard.

It read:

Bock Tugger, Vampire
Local #5
Federated Vampires of America

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that Bock Tugger is a member of the aforementioned organization in good standing, and is privileged to suck blood and deal in black market fanzines in and in the vicinity of the city in which this card was issued.

"I should have recognized you," apologized Claudius Dagger. "Haven't I seen you in a horror movie somewhere?"

"I once played the hero in a play called Romance Rides the Space Ways. Have you ever acted in a play?"

"Oh, a few times. I was the villain in 'The Meanest Monster, a play we put on at a sf convention.

"But if we are to talk shop, let us go to my den."

Suiting action to his words he headed for the door with Bock Tugger bringing up the rear.

"Don't go with him, Claudius," ordered his mother sternly. "He'll get you alone and suck out what blood you have."

"Oh, don't be an old fogey, Mother," reprimanded the son over his shoulder. "You know I have had years of experience handling monsters, supernatural creatures, and women."

The den of Claudius Dagger was in the basement and was somewhat larger than Tugger had expected.

Dagger dragged out two chairs, and they sat down.

Tugger, the vampire, looked around the room in amazement. Clothes hung from hooks, chairs and the floor; magazines filled shelves constructed by an amateur carpenter; and on a battered desk sat an ink stained mimeograph by a stack of stapled legal-size papers.

"This," said Claudius, "is my den. I live here, brood here, produce fanzines here." He gave Tugger a sly smile. "All this is over your head, naturally. I couldn't expect you to know about fanzines."

"No, of course," murmured the vampire.

Dagger motioned toward the mimeograph. "I am an amateur publisher. I always have trouble keeping the place tidy. That pile of pamphlets is Sunday School books."

"Oh, I see," said Tugger. "You attend church regularly, I presume."

"Certainly. I always go to Sunday School, and most of the time I attend prayer meeting."

"And those racks of books and magazines--I imagine they are great religious writings, to appeal to a man of your piety."

"Indeed they are." But a vampire must grow tired of all this small talk.

"On the contrary," replied Bock Tugger. "But I have become thirsty. Have you anything to drink in here?"

"Wait just a moment, my friend. You are about to see my masterpiece. See this drawer to my desk? It seems quite ordinary, doesn't it. I pull it out and you see it is lined with metal and is actually an icebox built right in desk. What do you wish? I have Coca and Budweiser."

"Well, I'll be damned," exclaimed Tugger, making a lunge for the drawer. "Beer!"

"Not so fast--Pong!" barked the other. "I have you covered."

Bock Tugger smothered a curse of consternation. "Trapped!"

Standing before him with a weird pistol pointed at his midriff was Claudius Dagger, a grim expression on his face.

"Okay, you have me," whispered Pong hoarsely, "but you won't get away with it. Take a look at this". From under his cloak he produced a small box, on the top of which was an antenna. "This little gadget is an interstellar communicator, which has been on every since I arrived here. My organization has heard every word we have spoken."

"Yes, you cosworms are brilliant at times," agreed Claudius Degler. "I suppose you also know that I am Claud Degler."

Pong nodded. "But how did you guess my identity?"

"Well, you first gave yourself away when you admitted being in that scientificational play you wrote yourself. I remembered that Pong would never allow anyone but himself be the hero in the plays he wrote. Your next faux pas came when you sneered when I mentioned the play I wrote and acted in. My final conclusion came when I used the beer. I remembered that you are very fond of beer."

"What are you going to do with me?" inquired Pong. "You can't murder me. The police would find the body."

"That's what you think," said Degler, wiping his nose with a handkerchief made of human skin. He pointed to a jar of dark red fluid. "What do you think I used for red ink when I published Cosmic Circle Commentator? The blood from my victims is the answer. That jar is all the ink I have left from Helen Bradleigh. As for the remainder of the body, I let my pet have it."

He indicated a grilled door. An unearthly roar pierced the room. "That is a Dero I bought from Shaver."

Pong's face had turned pale. "There's no use hiding it—I know you are also Shaver."

"Curses," exclaimed Degler. "You Cosworms know everything. But you are right. When fandom turned against me because of the Cosmic Circle, I had to find another outlet for my imagination. The Shaver Mystery was the logical answer. Using the assumed name of Richard Shaver, I set out to destroy fandom as it exists and mold it to my pattern."

"But where did you really get the Dero?" asked Pong.

"I rescued him from an institution. He was as you and I when he was born—but then he took up reading Amazing Stories. There are hundreds of others scattered over the country."

"I know," said Pong. "But what makes them so vicious?"

"They are not all vicious," explained Degler. "They have to be trained much the same as a good watch dog. In the case of mine, I put him in a cage, hung the cover of an Amazing before him, and read selected passages from 'I Remember Lemuria.'"

A nerve-shattering howl rang through the room, followed by a rattling of bars. Pong could make out a nebulous shape in the semi-darkness of the cage.

A plan began to form in his mind. The communicator still hung from around his neck. He touched it gently with his finger and began a staccato tapping.

"What are you doing?" inquired Degler suspiciously.

"There's no harm in a person tapping if he wants to, is there?" demanded Pong indignantly.

"No, I suppose not," acquiesced Degler, but don't tap so loud. It gets on my nerves."

He raised the gun.

"Besides, I've got to kill you before your Cosworm organization can rescue you. I've got a lot of things to do today."

At that instant a keening whine penetrated the atmosphere.

"Look at the Dero cage," exclaimed Pong.

Degler remained undisturbed. "Surely you didn't think I would fall for that old gag," he reproved.

Something curious was happening to the door of the Dero cage. The bars began to take on a peculiar luminescence, then they grew misty. Suddenly they collapsed silently into a pile of eddying dust.

Things were happening exactly as Pong had hoped. He had tapped out a message on the communicator giving directions to the Cosworms in their hideout in a cave in Bloomington. They had then directed a disintegrator ray through the ether to the bars of the Dero cage in New-castle.

The thing that had once been a human lurched through the opening. Still Degler didn't look around, so intent was he on what he was doing. He raised the gun level with Pong and prepared to fire. Some prescience caused him to whirl at the last instant. The beast missed him and lunged by with outstretched arms.

Before the Dero could turn, Degler vanished, and the pistol fell to the floor with a clatter.

Pong snatched the gun and fired again and again at the hairy beast until nothing was left but a smoking remains.

* * * * *

In concluding his report to the supreme council of Cosworms a few days later, Pong said: "...And while my mission was not successful, it was beneficial in that it revealed powers we did not suspect Degler of having. Where he went when he disappeared, I do not know, but I suspect that he had some machine concealed on him that catapulted him into the sixth dimension. There is no way of knowing when he will turn up under another name and try to destroy fancom as we know it.

"We must never relax our vigilance, if we wish to survive!"

THE END

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

A FOREWARD, SORT OF Time bringeth all things, and we, firm believers in the old adage about not being the first to try the new nor the last to give up the old, have duly enshrined our trusty hektograph behind glass in respect to the long and faithful service it has rendered in the past. We have bought one of the new-fangled mimeographs so that we may be abreast of the times. You who are yet young enough to remember your hectic days learning the fine art of mimeography, will understand our disgust and consternation after examining the first sheet cranked out. Realizing that sloppy reproduction would be improper for a journal such as this, we wasted half a dozen stencils and a few reams of paper polishing up our technique. Soon realizing, however, that a liberal education in mimeography was becoming unbearably expensive, we settled down to publishing a fanzine. The first few pages were typed on Inman's typewriter, whose keys are more than a little out of line (the typewriter's, that is.), then the pages in the

middle were produced on Knighton's. Before we finished, however, his father who works in Louisiana requested that the machine be shipped to him. This made necessary a return to the primitive. The remainder of the stencils were cut on Inman's typer amid the peculiar noises of the projection room where he works. Trying hard as we could, we turned out a few passable pages, but in the main the duplication is far below the standard we hope to offer in the future.

THIS ISSUE This issue is about two-thirds the size we originally planned for the first issue. Lack of supplies was not the cause, but rather a paucity of suitable material. Some of the material we planned to use has become outdated with the passing of the months since we first began this issue. We wish to apologize profusely to Joe Kennedy about losing the article he wrote at our request. Kennedy is always dependable when you need an article in a hurry, so we are sorry that it had to be his article that was lost. We made a thorough search for the itinerent article titled "Fanzines I'd Like to Publish," but it was nowhere in evidence, so we decided to leave it out with the hope that it would turn up for a future issue.

We plan to make Southern Fandom into a specialized fanzine, but unique in that it will specialize in a different facet of scientific-fantasy fandom each issue. If you strain the definition a little, this issue could be called the "Shaver Issue" since the majority of of articles deal with that worthy, if in a jocular vein.

NEXT ISSUE Issue number two will be an all poetry issue. No poems are requested, as only poetry that has appeared in other fanzines will be used. There will probably be a guest editor, such as George Ebey or some other authority in the field. We would appreciate all readers who publish fanzines to write and let us know whether or not we may use material that has appeared in their fanzines. In doing so, much private correspondence can be eliminated.

ABOUT SCIENTI-MOVIES The projectionist of a second run movie theatre gets an opportunity to see quite a few fantasy movies he would not ordinarily see were he a movie patron and attended only the highly advertised shows.

The theatre where we work has presented quite a few shows that would definitely come under the heading of fantasy. For the most part they were low budget films released by Producers Releasing Corporation (PRC), a little-known association that releases pictures the larger companies will not handle. Their playdates here have proved something significant: the public does not go for these fantastic pictures in a big way. We lost business on them.

"Strange Holiday" starring Claude Rains and Barbara Bates, might well have been the movie adaption of a novel from a scientific magazine. The picture first appeared on the screen as a mass of boiling white clouds, reminding of an atom bomb blast. Out of the clouds the title coagulated. There was a voice coming from a distance: (we quote from memory) "This is a story that must never happen, of an America that must never be." The picture as a whole is out and out anti-Nazi propaganda, and there is no plot to speak of in the last half of the picture. The scientific-fictional element presents itself in the first part.

Claude Rains plays the part of an average American citizen in the post-war world, the time being indefinite. He and a friend, tired

Rains is not ambitious enough to join his partner in fishing and hunting, but prefers to spend his time resting and sleeping. He has a dream, from which the title "Strange Holiday" is derived.

He dreams that he and his partner are on their way back from their vacation, when they have engine trouble and are forced down in a farmer's pasture. They go to the farmhouse to use the telephone, but the farmer behaves very strangely, as if he is afraid of them, and won't let them enter the house. Puzzled, they decide to hitch-hike to the nearest town, which happens to be their home town. On the highway, they find things still stranger. Very few cars are traveling the usually busy road, and those that do speed by without stopping. Finally they succeed in halting a truck, the driver of which finally agrees to let Rains ride into town for a fancy price. The truck driver is not very talkative. When he is questioned about what is wrong, he will answer only, "Don't you know?" Arriving in town, our hero is more puzzled than ever. The few people on the streets look at him strangely when he asks them, and whisper incredulously, "Don't you know?"

The trouble really begins when he gets home. He hollers for his wife, but he gets no answer. Here he is arrested by men in strange uniforms, who haul him before their leader. The leader gives him the whole story. The Nazis have conquered America and rule over the country that had been the United States. The patriot defies them, then is beaten almost to death....then he wakes to find that his adventure was only a dream.

The trick photography is wonderful in some places. Photomontages were wereused in several scenes to illustrate the Dictator's story of the conquest of America. One scene we particularly liked showed the silhouettes of an army bearing a gigantic swastika, dripping with symbolic blood, over a hill.

While the run of the mill movie patrons did not get much from the picture, I liked it. All scientific movie fans should see this one if they get the chance.

Three far less interesting movies dealing with fantasy or the supernatural were "The Strange Mr. Gregory," "Strangler of the Swamp," and "The Flying Serpent." We have no information available on those, and they did not impress us enough to remember them in detail.

THE OLD APOLOGY DEPARTMENT There are a considerable sum of strikeovers on the last few pages which are not our fault, but are the typewriter's. It is a rather ancient model, and of late it has developed the annoying habit of the carriage sticking. Before we are able to stop, we have hit at least two letters in the same spot.

LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASH Wallis Knighton, semi-active Ripley fan and co-publisher of Southern Fandom, has at last again felt the call of the open road. By the time this is published, he will have packed his worldly goods into a van and set out for Marietta, Georgia (we think that is the name of the town). His leave will be a considerable loss to Tennessee fandom and especially to Ripley fandom. The old fort is now in Irman's hands, as it was before he and Knighton got together.



Fanzines I'd Like To Publish

By Joe Kennedy

(EDITORIAL NOTE: We stated in the editorial that this article had been lost. However, upon mimeoing the last page and preparing to staple the magazine, we found Mr. Kennedy's wandering article.)

Slim and fat, long and short, black-and-white or rainbow-hued, good, bad, and indifferent -- fanzines! I love 'em all. Prozines I can read, enjoy, stick on the bookshelf and forget about. But a good fanzine is truly a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Ahhhh, what memories their pages conjure up. I can sit by the hour amid piles and piles of mouldering and decrepit fan publications, and always find something interesting or enlightening: be it a memory of a past fan gab recorded in the forgotten pages of last year's news sheets, or an illuminating article by a pen pal, published in a one-shot subzine of long ago.

Enjoyable as fanzines are, you can't really appreciate the things until you have tried your hands at producing one yourself. And here, believe me, is where the trouble starts! It's a heck of a lot of fun to day-dream o-so-rosily about that marvelous mag you're going to put out next year -- the one with six lithos, and illustrations in full color -- fifty pages, of course, with material by all the top names in the field.

Unfortunately, such joyous dreams usually are shattered into a thousand fragments when you find yourself confronted by the cold realities of shortage of cash, time, and elbow grease. Even a small fan mag can be expensive to produce, and the amount of labor required to cut stencils and run them off is somewhat staggering when multiplied by a couple dozen pages. It's easy to dream of publishing a hyper-colossal mag -- but sometimes you're surrounded on all sides by stencils and slipsheets and paper, with ten hours of work to be done and two hours to do it in, with ten bucks worth of supplies to be bought and ten cents to buy 'em with, and when your mimeo gets stubborn and starts messing up sheet after sheet -- well, brother, you'll wish you were miles and miles away!

In the case of yours truly, he occasionally puts out a little thing called Vampire, which he constantly solicits material for, and dumps in the mail from time to time. When I've got an issue of Vamp transferred to the stencil, after working on it off and on for several weeks, I'm never sure how the thing is going to turn out. The articles and stories that seemed so sparkling and well-written when they were first received lose their charm with eight or ten re-readings, and the illustrations that I'd thought would be delightful when they were stenciled now look lifeless and uninspired. After many hours of further sweat, the stuff is mimeod, and yours truly is tired, thoroughly disgusted, and determined to quit fandom as soon as the subscription monies can be refunded. Not until a couple of weeks have elapsed and some letters received from the people who read the thing, do I see anything worthwhile in the issue.

Yet barring the coldly mechanical aspects of fanzine publishing, it's still fun to plan marvelous issues, and to contemplate truly superlative mags -- even though you know darn well they'll never materialize! Still, fandom has seen amateur mags in the past that have been really outstanding: Spaceways, Fantasia, Fantasite, Nova, Fantasy Magazine, The Fantasy Fan, Nepenthe, and many more. And in all probability, there will be more in time to come. So there's no harm in dreaming of hyper imz, particularly if your reflections can lead to actual improvements in your own publications.

Now if I had limitless funds, boundless ambition, and a harem of secretaries to do the work, here are a few fanzines I'd publish --

First off, I'd like to put out a mag devoted to that much-scorned field of fan writing -- fiction. Most people, on reading a general fan mag, skip over the fiction with nary a twinge of conscience. After reading a goodly cross-section of fan fiction, the disinterested observer would be inclined to agree. But there's a certain small percentage of fiction, written by amateurs, which is swell stuff. Guys like Tucker, Rotham, Burton Crane, Lee Balwin, Burbee, Croutch, J.H. Mason, and lots of others, occasionally turn out a story that would rate with the best of the professional output. Someday some enterprising fan editor is going to devote his mag entirely to fiction, running at least 30,000 words of the stuff in each issue. Small sized type and judicious use of illustrations could facilitate a reasonably compact and manageable mag, and a few samples of fan poetry -- good fan poetry, that is! -- might liven up the works. Hmmm. Let's file this idea for future reference.

Another mag that would be welcome, for example, would be a fan news sheet run like a newspaper. As is, most fan editors who publish news mags are too much hampered by lack of space and material to be able to present the news in any great detail; and the practice of using photos to illustrate news items (such as convention reports) seems to be becoming a thing of the past. This is well nigh impossible, I know, but I'd like to publish a bi-weekly (or even monthly) newspaper of fan doings -- printed and set up like a genuine paper, not a newsletter, illustrated by cuts galore and written in good journalistic style -- with attention paid to the 5 W's and the H in writing good leads, rather than lumping everything together in an informal column. This newspaper would have to cover everything -- fan doings, professional news, and reports on latest books and mags. Something similar to Writer's Journal might be worked out, and 4 printed tabloid pages would be sufficient to cover the important events, with personalities and lesser items presented in special columns a la Steinews.

Finally, I'd like to publish a sort of Fan-Mag Digest, reprinting the best material of yesteryear, plus an occasional item from the current crop that would bear reprinting. Ancient FAPA mailings would be an almost inexhaustible source of good, if unfamiliar-to-most-of-us, material. Besides, the possibilities of reprinting might inspire fan hacks to write better stuff if they knew they might receive added ego-boo for so doing.

All this is sheer balloon juice, of course, but there'd be scant progress if we didn't dream once in a while, y'know. Besides, you never can tell --