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DON HUTCHISON



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Macabre is an amateur magazine of fantasy and science-fiction perpetrated from time to time by Don Hutchison and Jack Doherty of Toronto, Canada. You are most likely receiving this issue gratis or have paid a dime for a sample copy, in which case you'll see an X smack-dab in the middle of this little box. If no X appears you either have a subscription or are living on the charity of the editors. Those with X's should send in a subscription for future copies. Subscriptions and letters of comment will be received with pleasure.



MACABRE MEANDERINGS

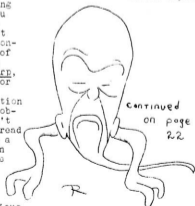
Not so long ago, (around 300 B.C.) the great Greek philosopher, Diogenes Themistotle said: "Great things come in thin mags." And since the great Greek words of a great Greek philosopher are not to be taken frivolously, this issue of Macabre should be hot stuff indeed.

But whether you believe the prophetic words of Themistotle or not, the editors of this crudzine would like to make a plea of being guilty to the usual first issue blues. In short, there aren't as many pages as we intended, and while the editors liñ't have to resort to writing the issue themselves as has been the case, there is not as much material as we would like, either. However the material is good, and we do have as many pages as quite a few other 'zines.

When we start to receive some subscriptions, (this issue was sent free in most cases) we'll be able to increase the number of pages. Next issue should see to that.

This issue is no criterion, but we're going to try our best to pull Mac up among the bright lights of fan publishing with succeeding issues. In fact, our very next issue should see a remarkable improvement. For instance, we have a long article by Colonel Keller that you can't afford to miss, and are beginning a series of stories by Art Rapp concerning the antics of a wonderful character by the moniker of Morgan Botts. If you have been a reader of fanzags such as Spacerapp, Wilton, The National Fantasy Fan or others in which Morgan Botts has appeared, you'll need no introduction from us and you'll be anxious to obtain our next issue. If you aren't a Bottsfan, you will be when you read TIME AND THE TORCON--the first in a series of Bottstories to appear in this magazine. There will be more articles, of all types and other crud which will come up from now till then.

While we plan to publish serious articles such as Col. Keller's, we are, like fandom's immortal Joe Kennedy, having too much fun to take it completely serious. Hence



continued
on page
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R

HOW TO GO BROKE HAPPILY



By JOE
KENNEDY

How would you like to have a choice collection of hundreds of fine fantasy books -- the rarest in the world -- a collection of superlatively bound, well preserved copies of all the mouth-watering fantasy you ever heard of -- without paying a cent?

You'd like that? Well, darn it, so would I! Unfortunately, this capitalistically-inclined world we live in doesn't quite work that way. Tho the beginning collector may dream of gathering together an impressive bookshelf of Stapledon ... Taine ... Merritt... Lovecraft ... Dunsany ... his happy dreams are destined to remain mere dreams. Unless, that is, he happens to be well stocked with greenbacks and the coin of the realm.

Fantasy book collecting, then, can be defined as the art of going broke happily. If your collecting ambitions are great, and your appetite for fantastic reading is vast, it can be a highly expensive hobby. Nonetheless, I think most booklovers will agree, it's an exceptionally satisfying one. At least you get plenty of entertainment for your money -- and you have something to show for it as well.

Most of you guys and gals who're reading this (brave souls you'd be) are probably have fantasy book collections of your own. You just don't know it yet. You're doubtlessly proud of it. Most of you might doubt know a lot more about book-collecting than you're truly, "humble" effort. This particular time, however, I speak about a different problem. There are a few people reading this article saying to themselves, "Everybody seems to be hoarding fantasy volumes these days -- I don't have a hard-cover set collection of my own -- maybe I'll start one. How do I begin?" It is for these people that this article is primarily addressed.

Is it possible to have a fantasy book collection without going bankrupt? In my opinion, it's very possible -- and desirable, too. To begin with, why not decide what types of fantasy you're going to collect before you start? I've known many new fans who made up their minds that they were going to become book-hoarders -- then these fellows went out to the bookstores, immediately began buying every fantasy book in sight, went home with a couple of dozen items which looked like "hot stuff" at first -- but which they eventually got tired of -- or just never got around to reading! This, to put it mildly, is doing things the hard way. The fans in question lightened themselves of a lot of cash, but didn't get much in return for it. Their later grief could've been avoided if, first of all, they examined their memories, composed a list of their favorite authors, decided their personal preferences in the fantastic field -- and then specialized in those things.

There've been thousands of fantasies published. A couple hundred new titles appear annually. Unless you are another Tolkien, Ackerman, or Sawyer -- unless you have an uncle who owns the Kimberley diamond mines -- it's futile even to consider getting every fantasy tome ever published. In the long run, you'll find that you'll get the most satisfaction for your painfully acquired green stuff by deciding what you want in the way of books -- and then sticking to your preferences!

This is not to infer that you won't run across many unexpected items which will appeal to you. For the more you collect, and the longer you keep acquiring new volumes for that creaking bookshelf, the wider your interest in the field will expand. Tastes in reading matter change, grow constantly, seeking newer fields. Collecting, like any other hobby, is something you do just for the fun of it. So, by all means, don't hesitate to buy items which appeal to you, when they're reasonably priced. But what I'm driving at, why collect trips which you know darned well you'll never read, just for the sake of completism? Why collect Tarzan novels if you don't like 'em -- just because you want to have a complete set of Burroughs? There's always a temptation to fill your shelves with easily-acquired guff like Sax Rohmer and Haggard and Verne, merely for the sake of having a large and impressive-looking library. Maybe you like Rohmer, Haggard, or Verne. Maybe you've got a million bucks you don't know what to do with. Then -- heck, collect 'em. But for the average guy (like most of us -- including me) there doesn't seem much point in collecting uninteresting or out-dated material, merely because you want lots of books! After awhile your collection will swell to such proportions that it'll overflow into the attic or cellar -- or else begin to crowd

OU out into the street. Then what?

I submit, then, that a massive collection is not necessarily a good collection. Any day in the week, I'd rather have one hundred carefully-chosen, thoughtfully selected books in good condition, than five hundred ill-sorted volumes (including the complete Tom Swift series, all the Roy Rockwoods, and the Arthur B. Reeve horrors) in battered or dirty-looking shape.

Can you get books cheaply? Contrary to popular opinion -- yes! Scan the local drug-store counters for reprints and paperbacks. Many are excellent -- bargains like M.P.Shiel's superlative THE PURPLE CLOUD for one buck, BEST SUPERNATURAL TALES OF LOVECRAFT for 49¢, Isak Dinesen's WINTER'S TALES for 50¢. Visit the local antique stores. Hotels and rooming houses sell out book-cases and desks all the time, and frequently leave the books in the furniture. In these cases, the dealer will usually let you have the stuff for a song. Try the Salvation army (in Newark's S.A. headquarters, Sam Moskowitz acquired THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS for \$4!). Don't overlook church rummage sales, ads in your town or city newspaper, etc. -- all these are leads. You may be surprised at some of the forgotten items you'll find stuffed away in your friends' or relatives' attics! Ask 'em for a look! Don't be afraid to get your hands dirty by poking through the deapest and dustiest sections of the nearest second-hand bookstore! Visit department stores, which often sell cast-off, shop-worn, or discarded lending-library books. Better not overlook reprint series titles, like the Modern Library's line -- you can obtain fundamental fantasy classics like Poe, Wilde, Hawthorne, Huxley, Wells, Stoker -- good, lasting, readable books, in excellent bindings and format, for 1 1/2 - \$1.95. You'll find it worthwhile to thumb through trade magazines like PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY in your local library, for tips on forthcoming reprint titles. Don't pass up duplicate copies of outstanding fantasies, even tho you have 'em -- you can always trade off extras with other collectors.

Above all, keep on the look-out for unexpected bargains. Some of the most droolsome items pop up at the most surprising times. And don't fall for neatly-contrived sales-talk in which dealers try to pen off unwanted items as "superior stuff!" I've got dozens of really good fantasies (Blackwood, Nathan, Wells, White, et al) which cost me from 15¢ to half a buck. You don't have to shell out five bucks a shot for second-hand items hot from the dealer's lists -- if you're willing to hunt for them in dusty bookshops and musty attics! But there's a certain satisfaction in coming across a rare item priced at a dime. And don't think it isn't possible. Ask any veteran fantasy book addict -- he'll probably recall many fabulous instances when he ran across precious stf in the two-bit bracket. Quite possibly a list like Shasta's CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE, telling you what fantasy and what ain't, would be an investment that might pay dividends in fantastic finds.

However, if you find that after seeking out the lowest-priced tomes available, you're still going bankrupt -- don't sue the editors of this fanzine! This fantasy book collecting stuff gets in your blood. Be forewarned!



FOR H. G. WELLS FANS

There are now available in LITTLE BLUE BOOK editions, a host of famous Wells' novelettes and short stories.

- Book #161- "The Country of the Blind"
"The Truth about Eyecraft"
"The Beautiful Suit"
- Book #925 "The Empire of the Ants"
"The Cone"
"The Remarkable Case of Davidson's Eyes"
- Book #926 "The Obliterated Man"
"The Flattner Story"
"The Red Room"
"A Vision of Judgement"
- Book #1660 "A Woman's Heart"
"A Dream of Armageddon"
- Book #1662 "The Valley of Spiders"
"The New Accelerator"
"The Moth."
- Book #1663 "The Treasure in the Forest"
"The Late Mr. Elvesham"
"Under the Knife"
- Book #1664 "A Slip Under the Microscope"
"The Crystal Egg"

These books are 10¢ each if you order ten or more. They are 15¢ each if you order less than ten.
 Thus are listed other titles to make up a list of ten or more.
 (#969-Arthur Machen, #485-"Voyage to the Moon" by Jules Verne, #923 & 924 by Frank Harris)

Order From CANADA BOOK & GIFT HOUSE, PO BOX 6,
 STATION A, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

CONCERNING POKETBOOKS--

For the usual price of a p.b. and a little customs duty to Canada, you can still obtain most of the famous Merrittales--namely, "The Face in the Abyss," "The Ship of Ishtar," "The Metal Monster," "Burn Witch Burn" & "Creep Shadow, Creep".

Along with these I also note an edition of "The Lurking Fear" by H.P. Lovecraft.

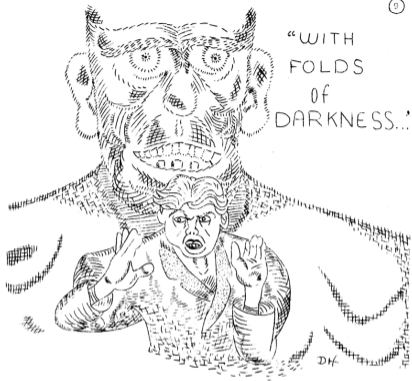
All of the above titles are available from Avon Publications, 119 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y., U.S.A.

Strangely enough, I have yet to see any of these titles on Canadian bookstands, thus I wrote to N.Y. and was completely satisfied.

--- William D. Grant

Flash -- owing to new border regulations, Canadians must purchase Avon Publications through American News Company, 474 Wellington St, Toronto.

"WITH
FOLDS
OF
DARKNESS.."



by CONRAD A. PEDERSON

Johnny Barrow lay quietly on the stiff upper bedsheets. The dust and day were gone, vanished away suddenly, leaving only an empty vacuum. With the fading of twilight had come the icy winds; chilling shadows that whispered about unseen.

Twelve-year old Johnny was brave, here in the long dead silence of his ghost crypt. Bold indeed to brave the terrors that manifest themselves from the shadowed depths. But braver still to face the awful truth.

There was an utter solitude here, with the lights of the small room gone. The barren walls screamed down on young Johnny huddled on the bed. Walls that were gone if you looked at them, but jumped suddenly into view if you glanced elsewhere.

The wind grew huskily outside the window, which was haloed by the phantom light of night. It pierced the screen, whistled through the rusted pores. It clapped the shutters ominously, squeaking their nodding, rusted

hinges. It was Johnny's world of decay and death.

Long-dead man emerged from the spiritual folds, ancestors that were departed from the face of the Earth. And Johnny was the last to hear them.

Wallpaper crackled, a floor-board snapped faintly with warping age, echoing through the mansions and halls of the tumbling necropolis, lost in oblivion. Shadow-men danced and lured Johnny terrified and awed. Silent voices stirred rhythmically on the wind.

And he was the last.

Night was all he had left. The day brought only the barren reality, and enlivened his peaceful ruins.

The lethargy would end, someday. And Johnny would carry with him to his waiting ancestors the monotony of his last days on earth. And they would weep, as he, the last span of humanity, would join them in eternal freedom. Then Johnny would not be so lonely.

Endless erosion whittled at the caked-over monuments to man, relentless rats transgressed upon the sacred erections. But Johnny had only discovered them...last night.

The spirits came that night, whispered to him from the heights. "The Lon One has sent them," they had cried.

"Sent who?" Johnny had asked. And then they told him.

Imposters! Infidel messengers of Satan! They had seeped through as the last had left, and called themselves man. They had putrified man's precious memory by their appearance.

Demons!

Demons they were, and the spirits had said when the last human had left, they would take the world for Satan. They had grown restless, as they slowly drove out mankind and took its place, and when the last had gone out, quietly and ignorantly, they were very impatient.

For they were waiting for Johnny....

None had noticed, none had seen, until the spirits of men came to Johnny and told him. Now he was alone.

Overnight a new world had arisen. Ruins were left, empires crumbled, leaving only a bare deathly orb, stained by the demons who were waiting for Johnny. They went on as before, in their stolen cities. They grew more impatient, and Satan swore through them. If they could only kill him, but there were rules. Even celestial and infernal ones.

So Johnny lay waiting for the spirits to come again.

Johnny felt out, and they were there.

They spoke to him, inwardly, and told him more. Then they were gone once more.

Johnny's mind drifted to his ruins. He wished, and now he knew, that it would really be that way soon.

The swirling dark lights were suddenly gone, and after ages of drifting spaces, Johnny awoke to feeble sunlight creeping about the room. His mind sought frantically to remember what his departed brothers had said. He remembered them saying that they would take him soon. Oh, yes. That was it. And they had a plan too. Something that would free the land from the demons and Satan so the animals could rightfully inherit it.

Then everything was false and vis-
al.

In a little while he would go
out among them, and his ruins would
be lost for another day. He would
struggle through the concealed
hatred and ugly side glances of the
impatient ones, waiting for him to
go and leave them the world. The
teacher at school, his classmates,
even his parents. He was the only
one REALLY sane and alive among
their evil, gluttonous faces. And
he was waiting too, waiting for the
spirits to take him along with their
memories. They said it would be
soon.....Johnny hoped fervently it
would be today.

Then he heard the dreaded
footsteps, falling hatefully out-
side his door. The spirit ruins
trembled, and then were suddenly
and horribly dispersed.

"John-nee? Your breakfast is
ready, dear."

He shuddered repulsively.

Johnny hoped it would be to-
day.

* * *

That afternoon a policeman
stopped.

"Mr. Barrow? I'm very sorry."
he said in low tones. Then....
"You see, well, he was on his way
home from school when he stepped
suddenly out in front of a pass-
ing car. He's..." He looked down
suddenly.

"Oh! N-not...Jane?"

"Is...there anything I...."

"N-No, but we appreciate
your kindness. Please---I wish
you'd -- go now..."

* * *

No one knows if Edward Barrow
or his wife smiled as the police
officer walked away. For....Per-
haps he was smiling too....
Who can tell?

end

NEXT ISSUE ~

ANIMALS OR GODS

A 1600 WORD ARTICLE BY--

DAVID H. KELLER, M.D.

LES CROUTCH'S

HODGE PODGE



Twinkle, twinkle little car,
How I wonder where you are,
Way up in the sky so high,
How the devil did you get so high?

(I)
(I)

We have with us a lot of whites these days. There's a relative of mine called Ted White. There's the fellow who saw a ghost during the night and he's Rose White. And after seeing some of the prices asked for science-fiction articles the commonest name in fan circles will be Bled "hite:

(I)

Are we becoming too civilized -- or are we slipping back? Think. In the days of the movie "Scarface" and Al Capone, a favorite game of the racketeers was to go after some poor guy who was trying to make an honest living and tell him to pay protection or he'd get himself shot up, his shop smashed, and so on. Those racketeers when hauled into a court were tried and convicted because they had broken a law. Then the Unions came. A fat little foreigner who might have been a racketeer in the days of prohibition hauls down a nice salary and tells radio stations in his own country and outside his own country that after a certain date they can't play phonograph records...this is the old protection game in a fancier guise. But it is legal because it is an organization of thousands and there are laws now that make it operatable. Unions are all right, in my estimation, for they have made higher wages and higher living conditions and better working conditions possible, but when one man can get such a strangle hold on a large industry and effect the lives of millions outside of his own men, I think he is just one step lower than Mussolini, Hitler and Joe Stalin. He is one step lower -- legally, but honestly he is not even in the same class. Dictators are more honorable men than those -- for a dictator does not guise his actions as being honest and he makes no bones about wanting power and political dictatorship.

Perhaps someday things will be like this:

You'll need a union card to whistle the latest popular song or else you'll have a union member dogging your steps with his hand held out demanding royalties every time you pucker.

Maybe we'll have no books, no magazines, no newspapers because the paper will be all used up printing union cards, royalty returns, red tape making it permissible to talk in anything but a flat monotone. Chinamen will have to pay dues to singsongs, and you won't dare hum while in the bathroom having a shower. Then one day you won't be allowed to talk at all, for to talk you emit noises -- and noises are tonal combinations made by the vocal chords. And some union organizer

will discover that when YOU say "hello" the first syllable will use a tone which happens to be the same as in the first bar of "Beat Me Susie With a Rotten Hamburger" and therefor you are infringing, and will have to pay a royalty.

Of course there is a bright light. One-day some smart Joe will organize a Union of Talkers -- and then the musicians will have to pay everyone who speaks a royalty for they will suddenly discover that every note of music they write is lifted from somebody's voice. The will be the day we shall have our revenge.

The doctor will have to join the plumber's union to work on your inner piping.

You'll have to join the Auto-workers Union to fill your radiator with water or tighten up your valve cap.

You won't dare cut that hair sprouting from your nose for then you will be depriving some barber of his livelihood and his union will be down your neck.

Politicians will have to join a Hunter's Union to shoot the bull. You won't be able to sit down in the warm sunshine and whittle at a stick, for then you'll be infringing on the sacrosanct domain of some logger's Union.

You won't be able to saw off anything for then the Carpenters Union will be after you.

You won't be able to die for if you die you are disposing of your will to live and no doubt the merchants will have a union to cover that.

It won't be any use getting married and conceiving little images of yourself for to conceive is the same as to bring into being or to invent and there will be an Artist's and Inventor's Union to cover that.

We could go on forever but what's the use? Even when you go to Heaven you'll likely have to pay dues to an Angel's Union. I'm surprised the angels haven't formed an association by now.

(III)

This is the saga of Johnny McGurk,
Who at the convention chased after a skirt-
One of those dames who think fantasy is funny,
And Shaver is just some little man's sonny.

()

TIGHT-WAD'S DEPT: if your typewriter ribbon is a little dim and you won't go down town to buy a new one, or the stores are closed, try dropping a little light oil, such as 3-in-1, on it. You'll be amazed at the extra usage that can be gained this way.

()

The human being is a funny animal. Take all these so-called "austerity" programs for instance. The dress designers get the right idea and start stripping a woman from the top. Then they get scared and cover her up at the bottom. It looks like the wind that blows so accommodatingly at every street corner will have to start working on the other end instead.

()

Tucker put the motor in the tail of his car. Advertisements claim that, among other advantages, the odors can't travel back into the passenger compartment. I've heard of passengers being overcome by carbon monoxide, but it'll sure be a "man bites dog" bit of news when we hear of motors being overcome by what wouldn't be present if we all obeyed the Lifebuoy ads.

□

GLAMOR GIRL: cosmetics that would look better back in the jar.

□

I suppose you heard the one about the young fellow who was sitting at one of those round soda-fountain tables with three girls? He put his hand under the table--and the table slapped him.

□

Just a passing thought. We're all worked up about the coming TORCON in 48. Something that hasn't been done yet and which I have wondered about from time to time. It might help make conventions even more successful. It might bring publicity. It's this: why hasn't there been some effort at conventions to nominate and pick a Queen of Fantasy for that year? Ramifications might be interesting. It's just an idea . . . a suggestion . . .

Respectfully, I close.

Leslie A. Crowley



ATOMS AT EVE

(MORE WAR) A Report to the Panation

By FORREST J. ACKERMAN



If you are not, as I am not, yet satiated with fictional accounts of the world as it enters the atomic twilight, let me tell you of an Atomageddon tale you probably have missed. I only recently came across TO THIS END, the it appeared the first of '42. This queeriosity by Y. Edith Friede was printed in Vol. 1, No. 12 of Best Stories, a widely uncirculated (to the best of my knowledge) periodical. I don't know on just what newsstands anybody finds a copy of this, and who pays a quarter for its 50 digest size pages

of ordinary fiction, but nevertheless, it appears. In fact, I, as an agent, submitted several mes. to it, till the editor declared they were not interested in fantasy. Then they ran this--

To be brief about the story (itself only 12 pages long): "The world was a mess, yet we were incurable optimists. Everything would straighten out; we were sure of it. But one day it came. One day it was too late for just hoping." An unknown assassination saturates the North American continent with a-bombs from Canada down to the Canal, obliterating 200 million people. Only an isolated community in the USA escapes. The country folk become amazingly cooperative. There are minor inconveniences, but after awhile the old civilization is hardly missed at all.

Radio USA is dead, but at last England is heard on the air. The colony hears the English report negative results on their rescue expeditions to America. So the survivors get in radio communication with England, give their location, and are found. The English take a very maternal interest in the atomic orphans, deluging them with all manner of delicacies such as chocolate, sugar, clothes, books, etc. For this little community constitutes, the author says, the only known remaining Americans, and "if anything should happen to them, Americanism would be completely dead." (Perish the thought! Cherish the lot!)

A time of decision comes when the British offer sanctuary to the survivors. They will grant the last Americans a piece of land in England, outside English law, to live and perpetuate their own culture.

The "survivors" take counsel. They come to the conclusion that they want to rebuild America (which now is presumably cratersed from Calif. to Maine with radio-active peckmarks). However, they visit England for a time as honored guests.

At the conclusion, it all remains a global mystery who murdered Canada, Mexico, the USA and South America. All the nations of the world have declared their innocence, and a horrified hemisphere has annihilated nationalism -- multiple languages, territorial borders, and all the barbarian barriers -- to form a World Government.

Story climaxes with an incredible cliché, "It's an ill wind that blows no good."

This one is just for the records. I expect all readers of Macabre to be grateful to me for having spared them the chore of reading the story. Or was it a greater chore to read my review of it?

PS: In case you haven't guessed, it was I who tossed the bombs!



Support

the Torcon

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Ned McKeown,

1398 Mount Pleasant Road,

Toronto, 12, Ontario,

CANADA

SUPPORT IT NOW!

GREMLINS

by Greg Cranston



"Of all the suicide cases I've handled, this one is unique," the inspector swore vigorously. "Jumping out of a roller coaster! The fool should have realized that he could only be killed by a fluke -- the one that happened! If he hadn't fallen on that manhole cover, he'd merely be spending about 6 months in the penitentiary sick-bay -- and a few years more -- on an attempted suicide charge! The guy must've been demoté!"

A plainclothesman sorted some papers from the corpse's wallet; "Look, inspector," he remarked, "This man is an ex-pilot; he just left a hospital about a week ago. It seems that he jumped from a crashing plane, lost consciousness, and being unable to control his parachute, banged himself up in his landing."

"That may make good copy for the newspapers, but it doesn't tell us why he knocked himself off. Can't you find any motives there?"

"Not one! There's a fat bankbook here, and several rather stimulating photographs. Obviously he was one of those gay old dogs, in an immature status -- plenty of girls, no ties, and not a care in the world."

The punishment the English language took at the veteran hands of the inspector was a pleasure to hear.

Ex-Test pilot Drake Thomson was looking for a job -- nothing spectacular, he had seen enough of that type -- just a good, well-paying, ground-hugging job. He could still hardly believe the strangely dramatic ending to his flying career.....

"It all started on that night at the club when Chuck and Dave were taking liberties on the subject of Gremlins. Now that the war was over, they had said, Gremlins were beginning to play their pranks on civilian and test pilots. I hadn't wanted to believe them, but their tales were

told in such a sober manner that it seemed foolish to discredit them. The next day, I was testing a new Monocraft, and at a height of about 35,000 feet, something happened to my oxygen. Keeping cool, I pushed the controls into dive position, but the plane failed to dive; I tried everything, but none of the controls would answer! Gasping for breath, I struggled from my seat, felt myself blown clear of the cockpit, and pulled the ripcord. I woke up in the hospital, with more broken bones than a paleontologist's jig-saw puzzle. That afternoon, the director of flights told me a visit, with a menacing look in his eyes.

"Your plane was found in fairly good condition a few miles from the airport landing field. The oxygen tanks were shut off, and the automatic pilot was set. I can't understand why in Jove's name you chuted!"

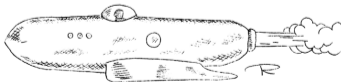
A cold sweat poured from my skin. My belief in Gremlins did this! My subconscious mind, having turned off the oxygen and set the controls, compelled my consciousness to think they were out of order -- a vicious Gremlin joke!

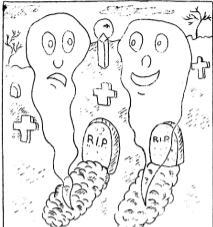
The Monocraft Company paid my hospital bills, but made it plain that I could look for a job elsewhere. That may sound easy, but it isn't always....."

After a grueling nine hours of search, Drake Thomson gave up. He would have to go back to that small town newspaper that his father was so proud of -- prouder of it than of him -- and ask humbly for a job. After a few years, he could ease the control into his hands, and have all the cash he needed.

A nearby amusement park lifted him from his speculation; "Nothing like a little relaxation after a tough day," he thought. He purchased a ticket for his childhood favourite, the roller coaster, and jumped into the first seat of one of the cars. The attendant strapped him in, and the engine started. Drake Thomson was tired; he had not realized how tired until he sat down. He caught himself dozing, and jolted awake. The cars started on the long ride. He slumped slightly in his seat.....

Drake Thomson gasped; it was difficult to breathe. He felt himself falling -- "The plane must be in a dive." He tore himself from his seat and jumped. He tugged for the rip-cord -- it wasn't there.....





Say, it's lonely around here. Why don't we dig up a couple of girls?



TORGON
in
1948!



"JENKINS, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU TAKING SOUP BONES HOME TO YOUR WIFE?"

The Future Reel

by WILLIAM D. GRANT

Advance news about forthcoming Science-fiction & Fantasy films.

"THE END OF THE WORLD" ---- Paramount has plans underway to film M.P. Shiel's "Purple Cloud", the story of a gas that envelops the earth, killing all but two, a man and a woman.

So far only Ray Milland has been cast, the heroine has yet to be picked. The same goes for the director and the producer. The screen play has been completed, which is a step in the right direction.

"THE STRAY LAMP" ---- United Artists have starred James Cagney and Eddie Albert in this Thorne Smith epic.

Eddie, a wall street character, bumps into an Irish magician (Cagney) The magician informs our wall street friend that he has been wasting his life away. Cagney turns Eddie, our hero, into all types of animals to prove his point.

Thus the finer points of the book are captured and you, the audience will have many a belly laugh.

Eddie finally agrees with the magician, falls in love with a curvaceous babe, settles down to a new conception of life.

"THE SECRET OF DR. PARAZOIDS" ---- Monogram has that old master, J. Carrol Naish in this one.

A scientist invents a formula which causes any living thing to increase in size. An ape gets an overdose, accidentally on purpose, and attains the height of a five-story building.

The ape then runs wild thru some unknown city and is finally destroyed in the last reel.

Monogram has the nerve to call this an original screenplay. Yip!

ODDS & ENDS

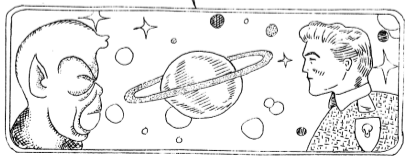
William Powell is slated to play the role of Mr. Feabody in "Mr. Feabody and the Mermaid". This will be something to look forward to.

M.G.M. has plans to film two classics, namely, "Green Mansions" by W.H.Hudson, and "King Solomon's Mines" by H. Rider Haggard.

R.K.O. is responsible for a thing called "The Boy With Green Hair". If it isn't in color, it won't be very convincing.

For those who own 8 mm. or 16 mm. home movie projectors, it is possible to obtain the original "Lost World" feature (silent) -- 5 reels.

Price, 8 mm - \$20.00 ; 16 mm - \$40.00 -- From EIGHT-SIXTEEN FILMS, 630 ninth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.



Macabre Meanderings (continued from page 4.)

the inclusion of as much humor as possible, which seems to us to be an excellent idea since most of the new fanzines such as Dream Quest, Fandom Speaks, The Gorgon et al strike a serious note.

Like all fanzines, Mac will either live or die according to the help given by its readers. We are earnestly soliciting material and subscriptions from you, the audience. What type of material do we want? We want anything that would be of interest to fandom as a group, which covers a wide field. In short, send us material which you yourself would like to see in a fanzine. Mac is always open to unusual or "off-trail" articles and crud that might stir up comment.

When you send that sub, how about sending a letter of comment along with it? It's the only way we can tell just what you want and what you like or don't like, not to mention the kick we got to realize that our efforts (however small they may be) are appreciated by someone. Next issue will see the inclusion of a letter column with your comments on the mag or whatever you want to sound off about. We'd like to make the column an outstanding feature, and with your help there is no reason why it should not be just that.

The editors would like to extend their thanks to various kind people who have helped them liberally to get this mag out and circulated. First and foremost, thanks to Beak Taylor, stalwart publisher of that titan of fanzines, Canadian Fandom. It was Beak who did all the work publishing the mag. Thanks to all the contributors who rescued the first issue from the dire fate of being an individual. Thanks and apologies to people like Lawrence Keller and W.L. Hudson who sent dimes in many moons ago and most likely have given up looking for the mag--delay in publication couldn't be helped. Thanks to all the fanzine eds who gave us mention in their 'zines. Thanks one and all.

the Editors

WATCH FOR

Fred Hurter's

CENSORED

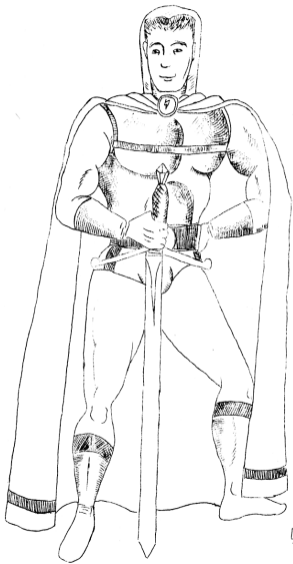
A  Publication

SONNET TO A SORCERESS

Witch of desire! whose kisses sear like flame,
What black necromancy hath brought thee nigh
From starless depths where phantom voices sigh
Soft psens to a god without a name?
In ivory set, thy jewel-eyes hold no shame:
The warning horror shrieks its rattling cry
Sweet madness grips my brain, fights to deny
That lips as soft as thine could slay or maim.

Yet leprous crimson suns blazed o'er thy birth,
And fungus-swollen caverns held the womb
Of sorcery that spawned thy kind on Earth
To dwell amid the shadows of the tomb.
O witch of night! I yearn to see thy face
And know the raptured death of thy embrace.

--- JOHN FOLBROOK CHILY



Doherty .