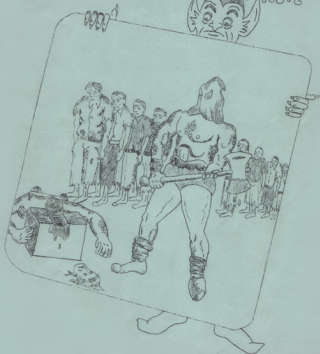


# MACABRE

VOL. 1

NO. 2



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NUMBER TWO

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this is a  publication

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Macabre is an amateur magazine of fantasy and science-fiction published bi-monthly by Don Hutchison and Jack Doherty of Toronto, Canada. Subscriptions, as you have probably noted elsewhere, may be had for the ridiculously low price of one slim dime per copy, or three issues for 25¢. Will gladly trade with other fan mags. A check-mark in this little box  indicates that your sub has passed the great divide, and remittance is needed for further issues. If this space  is checked, this is a sample copy, indicating the fact that we would like to have you as a regular Mac reader--a word to the wise is sufficient. All subscriptions and letters will be received with pleasure.

# MACABRE MEANDERINGS

Since we couldn't answer personally, we'd like to take this first opportunity to thank all the readers of Macabre for the number of letters we've received in response to our first issue. They were certainly more than we bargained for. Limitations of space made it impossible to print all of them, even by shortening some of the ones received. But whether your letter sees print or not, you may be sure it is greatly appreciated. And by all means--keep 'em coming!

A few words about this issue: You'll note that there is a large number of pages--twelve more than last time to be exact. We hope this satisfies those who like lengthy numbers.

This issue we have what we think is a nice line-up of material. Unfortunately the gods of duplication haven't been as kind as possible. Some of this number is printed on rather poor paper which had a tendency to absorb the ink, and other parts just didn't turn out so well. It remains to be seen what the issue will be like when assembled and stapled; it might turn out well and it might not.

In addition to the added pages, we've tried to improve in other ways as well. There's the letter column of course. And the columns are longer and more detailed. As you will have noticed, back and front covers are on colored stock, and most of the art work is shaded, giving a better tone to the work.

Incidentally, the similarity of covers this time denotes no particular affinity on the editors' part to decapitated torsos. (some thought our last cover gruesome--we can hardly wait for the comments on those).

Oh yes, you may have noticed on the contents page that Mac has gone bi-monthly beginning with this issue--that means you should be receiving it on schedule now.

Next issue will be the Torcon number. By that time the big event of the fan year will be but a happy memory. Consequently, number three will be something special, we can promise.

We're going to print a piece of fiction entitled "The Last Adventure" by Louise A. Turner. It's something different in the line of fiction. And also for the Convention, number will be Art Rapp's story, Botts By His Bootstraps, in which the inimitable Stefan inventor visits the TORCON!

There will also be a few surprises in the line of articles and columns. All in all, Mac #3 is something to look forward to. Don't miss it.

Well at last Merritt and Bok's THE BLACK WHEEL has been mailed and received. It looks nice, too. The pages are large size (8 1/2 X 11) and printed in magazine fashion with a double-column lay-out. It's bound in black with gold lettering. We haven't begun to read it as yet, but Bok's surrealistic pics are worth much of the price asked. We almost didn't get it tho'. One of ye eds still remembers the hectic time he had trying to convince an erudite customs official that the volume didn't belong on the pornographic list.

# ANIMALS OR GODS

by

DAVID H. KELLER, M. D.

The human race, as we know it today, appears to have certain psychological attributes which distinguish it from other species of life. While it is related, and undoubtedly evolved from other lower types, man is so far different from the other animals that it is only occasionally brought to his consciousness that after all there are many points of resemblance.

Thousands of years ago the differentials began to develop. Gradually man started to walk erect, loose his hair, begin to find a distinctive use for his thumb in grasping, making it the opponent to the four fingers instead of simply a fifth digit. He learned the use of fire, the art of becoming the master of the horse and dog, the mechanics of the boomerang, sling, bow and arrow. When he lost his hair, he gained the art of clothing himself with artificial fur. Descending from the tree and unable to compete in speed with the canine hunters, he became the man on horseback. With the degeneration of his tusks he became adapt in the use of sharpened flint. It was this adaptation to new environment, the first development of mental hygiene which told a new civilization that one of the animals had something by which he was able to gain mastery; something which made him more or less an animal so different from the others that at least they forgot, and he did not care to remember, that he had ever been only one of the many forms of life, just a four-legged beast.

He did not like to think of his primitive existence save in his subconscious use of symbolisms. He bragged of being as swift as a grayhound, as clever as a fox, as wise as an owl, as strong as a gorilla, as sagacious as an elephant, but he would not admit that he was any of these forms of life. Very early in his psychological life he developed the idea that he was more than an animal, even more than a man. Grandiose, he struggled towards the top of Olympus, to the very stars in the sky and with his grasping fingers he seized upon the idea of God and with his expansive soul claimed kinship with him.

It probably all started with his dreams. We cannot be sure but it is probable that with the toxemia of diseases and fatigue, the poisoning of stimulants and narcotics, the occasional occurrence of epilepsy, the infrequent narcosis which came from the breathing of vol-

canic vapors, there came the twilight life of dreams. And in these dreams man ventured into space, dared the things that daylight made too terrible to attempt, accomplished undertakings that reality showed impossible.

Mankind began to dream. He is not the only animal whose cerebrum functions in sleep. Watch the sleeping dog moan as though facing danger or twitch excitedly as though running after rabbits. Other animals dream, and perhaps tell their fellows of their dreams; of that we do not know. But we do know about the twilight adventures of men because they waken and tell of their wanderings into the Valley of the Shadows.

For mankind not only learned to remember his dreams but he formulated a language by which he was able to relate his sleeping life. Perhaps he not only related his actual dreams but early learned to invent imaginary dreams by which he could gain renown in the tribe. The best dreamer became the best medicine man, the spiritual leader of the community. This position brought him power. Why seek to be king when as Priest he could control the King?

With dreams, the memory of them when awake and the ability to tell these dreams to an admiring audience, came rapidly the thought that man was far above the animals. The idea of Gods had come gradually but the first Gods were simply large rocks, unusual shaped trees, water falls. They were primitive Gods but they never satisfied the grandiose desires of man to have something worth while to worship. So they made new Gods.

They could not admit that they made them. For the Gods were everlasting, before all other forms of life. Consequently the process had to be hidden, made mysterious, symbolized. The thought had to be there but it must not be obvious. As a result, since they could not create Gods, they formulated the theory that the Gods had made men. It was a part of the primitive scheme of creation. The basic and important idea was that when the Gods made men they made men in their own image.

They put words into the mouth of the Deity to show that this was the truth. The language was, "Let us make God in our own image, after our likeness-----so God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created hethom."

Now the idea was possible, the thought brought to light in an acceptable form. Man was now indeed different from other animals. He was like the Gods, and anyone who wanted to know what a God or Goddess looked like need only look at himself or the beautiful wife of his neighbor and obtain a very satisfactory image of a God worth looking at and worth worshipping.

How different man then became in comparison with all the other animals! They were simply stupid things that were brought into the scheme of life to serve man in various ways but man was more than that. HE WAS A GOD.

Of course he never was willing to admit that he was a real God. Like one, but not one. Fortunate ones after death were taken into the Heavens to live with the Gods, but that only happened occasionally. It was not till the greater world religions spread their tenants of faith over civilizations that entire peoples realized that everyone could have a life after this one.

Not animal but men. And only half men! The other half was something greater. With paranoic longings they cried to the animals that their Master was half man, half God!

They looked toward the stars; they longed for wings; they envied the comets, but try as hard as they could they were unable to keep from looking backward to the places of their beginnings, nor could they by any effort, pull their feet out of the mire of biological existence. They were Gods but now and then they had to slip back into the habits of animalism. Gazing with telescopic soul towards the stars they had to keep digging for groundnuts, and pause occasionally to procreate the race.

They had to do it. There was no escaping from the Groove of Habits carved in the granite of life by the action of millions of ancestors. It was all very confusing till they became able to rationalize their conduct. They had to behave in a certain way, eat, move, fight, come into biological relation with each other. They had to be created had to be born, grow up, form a part of a family, struggle for life and finally die. It was all very embarrassing because they were Gods and they were not sure that such things were the common life of Gods. But by a slow process of rationalization everything became clear. The dreamers discovered that the Gods lived lives that were rather like the lives of mankind, so by just following their natural instincts they could imitate the Gods, and thus lead an existence that was not only very fashionable but also very devout.

At this point the dreamers appear to have developed nightmares. There were things the Gods did not care to do in the likeness of men so for the night they assumed the body of birds or animals. A God became a swan, a bear, a bull, and in these animal bodies carried on intrigues which they would not think of doing in their bodies for their bodies were in the likeness of Mankind.

There was one other point in which the dreamers of our race the visionaires who created Gods, carefully included in their thaumaturgic psychology. When they created the Gods and the Gods in repayment created man in his own image, they were all careful to include the feminine half of life in every picture. The God might be masculine, but for every God there was a Goddess, for every Jack a Jill.

There showed the reluctance of mankind to depart from the animal and become a real God. Had he created a male paradise, a masculine Heaven, a unisexual Mount Olympus, then indeed might he have claimed at some time that he was more than animal, more than a man, and perhaps not only a play-dream God, but a real one. But standing with reluctant feet in the mud of life, he looked upward, but had to hold on to what life really meant to his race as well as all other forms of life,

8

a heterosexual existence shared with him by a woman.

It did not make any difference how much he dreamed, how very beautifully he invented a beginning where he was made de novo, de mudo, in the likeness of God, he could not by any means escape the influence of the glands of internal secretion. In no way could he evade the inherited memory of the millions of generations back to the lower, back to the lowest, simplest forms of life. Never by any feat of mind over matter could he depart from the biological urges common to all life. He had tried to be a God! HE REMAINED SIMPLY a higher type of the animal.

So he remains today. The dual existence continues to be one of his most puzzling, incomprehensible problems. He tries to attain to the grandure of a God and at the same time is unable to escape from the irresistible demands of the millions of cells which together comprise his body. What is his future? How can he sublimate the God and the animal in such a way that he can become a happy part of humanity? Can he be both animal and God? And if he has to be one or the other, which shall he select?

There is a way out, and that way means the abandonment of old traditions, separation from fears born of ignorance, and a better understanding of the great biological laws which govern all life. Such a pathway would at least give a greater granduer to life, a sweeter contentment with the daily task, and a braver courage to follow in the steps that lead upward and not down.

And it seems that such a programme, consistently developed and perstantly followed, would make it possible for mankind to claim kinship with the Gods, even while following all biological points in the lives of our kindly brethers, the lesser animals of life.

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# THE NEW SETTLER'S

## GUIDE TO

# VENUSIAN POLITICS !

by JOE SCHAUMBURGER, Prof. of History at Gribberjz University

### INTRODUCTION

The newcomer to Venus often finds himself in serious trouble during the first few years of his new life. This is due to the fact that our planet has radically different laws from those you lived under back on Earth. Thus, in this first article, we will discuss briefly the Venusian Political System.

### THE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICAL SYSTEM:

The government of Venus, as you may have already discovered, is what might be best referred to as a limited democracy. In fact, I suggest you refer to it in no other terms in public.

The system works like this: Once a year all eligible voters vote to elect a Supreme Administrator. This is not very complex as the Constitution permits only one candidate to run for this office. The Supreme Administrator then appoints all the other government officials. You can see how simple the whole thing is.

The present Supreme Administrator, Lloyd Alpaugh, has held the office since 1958, when the government was first organized. This is not as odd as it sounds, because the main qualification of a candidate for the Supremacy is to have held office previously. Since his Supremacy Alpaugh is the only one who has held this office, naturally he is the only qualified candidate.

### THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

As you know, when Science-Fiction Fans were banished from the Earth in 1957, they settled on Mars, and lived there contentedly till the Great Schism of 1958, when the worshippers of Ghu resented a sneering remark made by Jack Speer, and all but eliminated the Foo-Fooists. The remnants of the Foo-Fooists managed to escape to Venus, led by Lloyd Alpaugh and Joe Kennedy. On Venus, Alpaugh's organizing genius came to the fore, and within a few months he established the marvelous

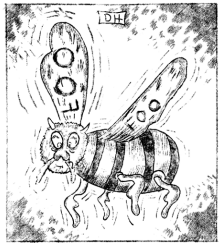
governmental system that has endured to this day. Joe Kennedy disappeared shortly thereafter and was never heard from again. Some recent writers have intimated that they suspect foul play. By some coincidence, all these writers disappeared shortly before the last election.

THE POLITICAL PARTIES:

There are two major parties, the Pro-Alpaughites and the Lloyd Alpaugh Party. By a strange coincidence, they are both led by His Supremacy. The Pro-Alpaughites are the more liberal of the two groups but their platforms are essentially the same. Both parties are for the Bumble-Bee Vote (see illustration), the Gardenia Bill, and both are against increased immigration, and the outlawing of murder. There are several minor parties, the most prominent of which is the Splrfsk Grower's Association, which favors bigger and better Splrfsks. There is also rumored to be a secret Pro-Kennedy Party, but as they merely assassinate public officials, it would be a waste of time for the new settler to join, especially if he has hopes of working for the government.

BURNING ISSUES OF THE DAY:

The hottest political question of the day is undoubtedly whether



or not bumble-bees should be allowed to vote. Opponents of this scheme claim that the bumble-bee vote would be a menace to the security of the squirrel who would then form a minority. However, this is denied by the scheme's backers. The Administrator has so far refused to take sides.

Another red-hot topic is the question of whether or not the Gardenia industry should be nationalized. Since Gardenies do not grow on Venus, the debate has little practical application. On the other hand, opponents of the Gardenia Bill, as it is called, claim that nationalizing the Gardenia industry would set a dangerous precedent. The new settler should not take sides in this controversy, as it is an easy way to make enemies.

The present immigration policy has also come under attack recently. Some of the older settlers do not seem to care for the Administration's present policy of admitting no one with an IQ of 80 or over. However, the older settlers form

Authentic reproduction of Venusian bumble-bee, as copied from the files of Gribberjz University.

A rapidly disappearing minority.

A topic that has aroused interest of late is the outlawing of murder. Under present laws, murder is not a crime, unless it can be proven that it was committed unintentionally, in which case the death penalty applies. This has led to a decline in the population. The proponents of the new anti-murder law have so far been unable to prove that the decline is caused only by the present law, and until they do, no one takes their assertions too seriously.

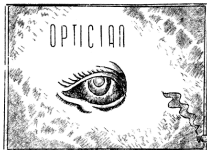
#### THE COMING ELECTIONS:

I would advise you to register early in the election, to be held next month. To be eligible for voting, you must be able to pass an illiteracy test, and be unable to answer questions. New settlers who can prove that they have an IQ of 45 or less and  $f$  or can prove that they have been confined in a mental institution, will have little difficulty registering. You may register at your nearest pool room. DO IT NOW!

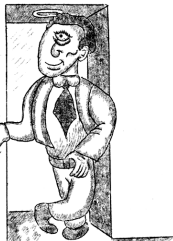
NEXT ISSUE--

Article two in the Venusian Culture Series

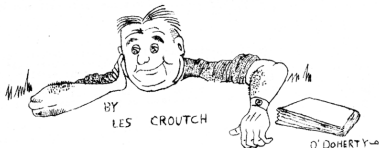
"PRE-FAN ART FORMS"



DON HUTCHISON



# HODGE PODGE



For this edition of HODGE PODGE I'm turning to a certain book of the Bible. This book is Ezekiel. For those who want to check it's Chapter 1. It's a rather odd chapter, and to the fantasy fan, it must be a very fantastic one. I'm not going to discuss it from the religious standpoint but from its fantastic one. For I rather think that what Ezekiel saw was not so much a vision, though he thought it was such, but an actual occurrence. But it was so strange and so out of his ken, that he thought it was a true vision.

Start at Verse 4 and read; "And I looked, and, behold, a whirl - wind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire endolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire." I'm quoting from King James translation.

But, boiled down, this would film as a pretty exciting weird or fantastic scene. Ezekiel looked to the north and saw coming out of a vast cloud laced with flame, or perhaps accompanied by flame amber coloured, with a very bright core. At least, that's the way it looks to me. It might have been a terrific display of heavenly pyrotechnics, or a thunder storm. But judging from what he saw next it looks as though it could have been the discharge of a mammoth jet engine or a rocket ship. The force of the rockets kicking up dust from the earth, especially if it was low flying. There would be the edge of the flare, and the core would naturally be solid--a veritable beam of flame. And if the craft were flying low there might have been down-thrusting rockets, striking against the ground, holding it at a certain height. This would cause clouds of smoke from the burning vegetation or dust kicked up. And the rocket fire striking the earth and pouring out in a regular Niagara of fire, with the hard column of solid flame for its center.

Verse 5: "Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their likeness; they had the likeness of a man."

I'm not going to quote the following verses verbatim. But this one is definite enough. At least, to a certain extent. But Ezekiel is vague as to whether the beings came from the middle of the cloud and fire, or from the inside of whatever was causing the cloud and fire. It is possible that by now he was so bemused that the cause of the cloud and the cloud were one and the same. I prefer to believe the beings actually disembarked from some sort of craft. If the craft didn't actually land, then they might appear to have descended from the cloud itself. And don't forget that, by our present standards Ezekiel, wise though he was for those days, was a pretty ignorant man. Just as to a savage who had never seen a man smoke before, the sight of a cigarette and nostril-blowing smoke might make him think the smoker a god or a devil or some sort of supernatural being, so Ezekiel was in no mood or condition, either mentally or emotionally to adjudicate correctly what he saw. And being a highly religious man he would be apt to place on the whole visitation aspects of the supernatural.

But anyway, from the craft descended four beings. They looked like men to Ezekiel. Therefore, they must have been about the size of a man, walked on two legs like men and in other words, were bipeds.

But read on: Verse 6: "Every man had four faces!"

Did they actually have four faces, or did they wear helmets, with four windows, through which they could look? Were they in space suits with helmets bolted on and unable to turn as easily as their necks? If so, they were extra-terrestrial beings, and our air was unsuited to them.

6: Every one had four wings.

Wings? Shades of fantastic artists! Remember "Things To Come"? Would absurdly fashioned, projecting, wing-like shoulder affairs, or capsulats, look to a savage, like wings? Or were the space suits actually fitted with wings to make possible navigation in air? Or did they wear a small instrument or machine of some sort that made flying through the atmosphere possible?

7: They had straight feet--but the soles of the feet were like soles of a calf's feet? Well, there is nothing to say a spacesuit must have feet shaped anywhere like a wearer's foot. In stf pictures in magazines they always shape the spacesuit footwear like a man's shoe--but must it be? Would it be just as easy and stronger perhaps to end it like an elephant's foot--a flat bottomed column? Another idea is if these are extra-terrestrial beings, perhaps they didn't have the usual kind of foot.

7: They sparkled like burnished brass--there you are, readers--a metal space suit. Isn't that the most logical conclusion?

8: They had hands like men under the four wings. That is plain enough I think. Science figures the most logical form of manipulatory extremity is the hand or some form thereof. The sincere movement--the vice formed by the thumb and the rest of the fingers, or the hand. Ezekiel saw what looked like a human hand. If he was in a supernatural frenzy, excited, thinking this was all a wonderful vis-

ion, would he notice small details very closely? In the theatres when Mickey Mouse or the other cartoon characters come on, we all see hands--how many of us note they are not human hands--they have only a thumb and three fingers--because it is easier to draw.

9: The wings were joined--in other words, they jointed at the one spot. Logical if part of a flying apparatus these visitors were wearing were solid, that is, they didn't turn when they beings moved, but apparently remained fixed. "They went every one straight forward." The beings or the wings? I suggest it is the wings to which Ezekiel refers--and apparently the wings, therefore, didn't jut backwards from the shoulders, or stick out to the sides, but jutted forward. Or perhaps they were a semi-circular type that spread fanwise.

10: Now we come back to the four faces each being had. Ezekiel gets down to cases here and says they were not human faces. Note what he says: "they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle." Considering Ezekiel was likely facing the visitors, everything would be transposed. The left side of the helmet, if it was a helmet, was lion-faced, the right side ox-faced, while either the front or the back was eagle-faced or man-faced. Why these faces? Ezekiel seems quite clear about them. Were they masks, perhaps donned for the purpose of impressing or frightening supernatural-minded savages? Were these beings actually so deformed, or were they trying to impress the savages and trying to appear as some sort of god or gods? History tells of instances in which white men, explorers, tried various ruses to impress natives--and the result was they were adopted by the natives as gods. It could have happened in this case.

11: Now Ezekiel changes his tune and says the wings were pointing upward. Or does he mean the wings did move, and whereas before they pointed forward, now they have changed their position and are pointing upward? But he also says the wings were joined, and the other pair covered the body. Somewhat like a beetle?

Is it barely possible these visitors WERE some sort of insect--a beetle-like intelligent being, from some world where insects had gained the ascendancy and were the ruling force? Were the two wings not actually wings but a sort of cloak that hung from the shoulders, or perhaps the mantles of a uniform?

12: Now Ezekiel says the visitors went straight ahead. Quoting from the Bible: "And they went every one straight forward; whether the spirit was to go, they went; and they turned not when they went." Does this perhaps suggest that these beings controlled their flying apparatus by mind force, or perhaps that they had conquered the higher reaches of mental power to such an extent that they needed no apparatus to fly with, but flew by mind force alone? Did it mean they could control natural forces with their minds, transporting their bodies at will by merely thinking? As for not turning when they went--all I can suggest here is that the body was held immobile--either because it was not needed to squirm and twist as they moved, or else because their bodies were fashioned in such a way that articulation was impossible.

13: But now Ezekiel furthers his description in such a way as to further the idea of the visitors wearing metallic spacesuits. For

he goes on to say, "their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps; it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning." This suggests the armour of brassy metal, throwing off the rays of the sun in blinding flashes. It also suggests an emanation, an aura of power. Perhaps it was electrical in nature throwing off discharges of static electricity in the form of an aura, and sparks. If so, it suggests a power source used by them to move in the heavier or perhaps lighter gravitational field of this planet. It also suggests a protective device. And it also suggests those images, and the actual beings still withing the ship.

From here on Ezekiel becomes slightly irrational and slips away in what I consider is a religious fervour in which his romantic imagination took over and made him think he saw a lot of things that actually were not there--such as a throne in the sky, and a man on the throne, a man cast in the image of God. Though the prophet was no doubt sincere in his beliefs, I think they can be discounted as being of any importance in relation to what went before.

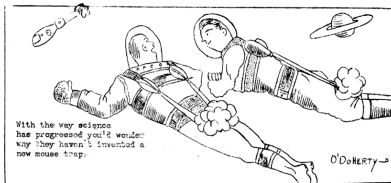
Now let's have some letters giving your views on this topic. If the response is favourable I'll try to dig up some from Bible Stories for you and see what I can make out of them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hutch asked me after I'd sent him the first HODGE FODGE if I weren't afraid I'd be picketed sometime by a union? Not yet, and don't expect to be. After all, unions are all right. So are associations. I believe in organization. The trouble is that union bosses are not union bosses for the desire to actually better the position of labour, but to draw down big salaries. It's a job, pure and simple.

\*\*\*\*\*

BE SEEBIN' YA AT THE TORCON. TORONTO JULY 3-4-5

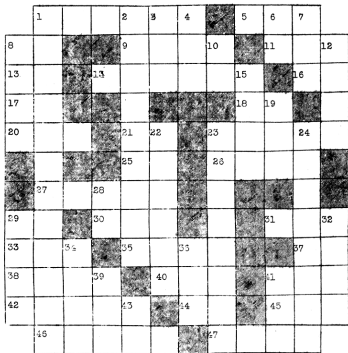


With the way science  
has progressed you'd wonder  
why they haven't invented a  
new mouse trap.

O'DONERTY

# FANTASY CROSSWORD

by REDD BOGGS



puzzle A-2

## ACROSS

1. Small, destructive beetle.
5. Author of "Pseudoscience in Naziland."
6. Barlow, character in Bond's "Lightship Ho!"
9. Related.
11. Heroine of Bond's "Magic City."
13. Expressing position with enclosed space.
14. What a fictional villain does,
16. In like manner.



17. Extra-terrestrial (abbr.)
18. Ancient Martain city in "Vault of the Beast".
20. Donald Wandrei's "The \_\_\_\_\_ Brain".
21. Thousands of stf yarns have been written about this futuristic organization. (abbr.)
23. Lumps of solid combustible material (plural)
25. Exclamation of surprise, etc.
26. Heroine of Vic Phillips' "Defense Line".
27. Editor of "And the Darkness Falls" (first name)
29. ESFA member from Newark, N. J. (init.)
30. "Commander-lambda" in Bester's "The Biped Reagan" was one.
31. Weinbaum's "The \_\_\_\_\_ Adam".
33. Fan who edited The Acolyte (init.)
35. Asian desert.
37. City where Pojack lives (abbr.)
38. Exclamation of triumph, etc.
40. Thing, cause, action in legal phrases (Latin).
41. Vertical device attached to parts of aircraft.
42. Some of the action in Jameson's "Wreckers of the Star Patrol" took place on an octosaur \_\_\_\_\_.
44. Ital. dal segno (musical abbr.)
45. Leinster's "The \_\_\_\_\_".
46. Robert W. Chambers' book, "The \_\_\_\_\_ of Moons".
47. Carpenter's tool.

## DOWN

1. Author of "Invent or Die!"
2. Cummings' "Beyond the \_\_\_\_\_ Point".
3. Untruth.
3. Allied Supreme Commander, World War II.
6. Enlisted man (US army abbr.)
7. Expressing affirmation.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ Grey, character in van Vogt's "Slan".
10. North Riding (abbr.)
12. C.L. Moore's "Greater Than \_\_\_\_\_".
13. Blackthorn fruit.
19. Masculine name (non-stf).
22. Minister.
23. Heroine of "The Cathedral Crypt."
24. Story by Robert A. Heinlein.
28. John Victor Peterson's "\_\_\_\_\_ for the Rajah".
29. From a distance.
32. Magician's baton.
34. Heroine of Kuttner's "The Infinite Moment".
36. Only perfect climate in the universe.
39. Well-known fantasy collector (init.)
41. Moslem cap.
43. Story by H.P. Lovecraft.

SOLUTION ON

PAGE 34-

# SEEDS OF THE WIND

By Conrad A. Pederson.



LAYER after crimson layer unwrapped from almost glistening blackness. The moon floated here, then there, darting midst phantom light. Larmaine was cold. The Earth itself shivered in anticipation of the freezing night.

"She gone. She gone away. She'll come back an' then we'll have more light than ol' moon."

Larmaine was quiet.

"She gone..." repeated D'narte. He shivered in spite of himself.

Larmaine cleared his throat. Then the stillness flowed back in, until he would clear his throat again or a branch would creak. A dead branch, for there were no living ones. Larmaine chose to cough again, liking it better than the defeat of the quiet. D'narte respected that; it signified superiority. To him at least. He tried clearing his own heavily-skinned throat with a feeble experiment.

"She gone," murmured D'narte inaudibly, for want of escape.

Sammy had been sitting unnoticed by a fallen, rotted tree. In the change from red "day" to ghostly night, he looked as a statue in some ancient archive or museum. A Grecian athlete in miniature, from his muscled, bare chest,

Thus the three of them sat. Three lonely men who wandered the Earth in search of life. To be turned away by the quiet rocks, the impartial, biting wind that went through you without a worry as to who you were. It sucked the life out of Larmaine, D'narte and Sammy. It pushed them in the opposite direction no matter where they went.

Two hours later three silhouettes swayed in the wind as they moved slowly along a mountainside. Overhead the stars and planets looked down upon their brother as if to say: "Howman there be life there? No, we must wait. We must wait for the stars and ourselves to go around and away and when we return, we will see." Around the universe. And the last man in the world looked up at them and cried, "Listen! I heard you talk. I heard you say to your neighbour, 'see how he walks, see his abandoned will and despair. See his relentless travels among the ruins of the lands he once remembered. And the ruins of ruins. For he cannot even remember them now. All he has known is his shape, and a vague picture of what a city might look like! And you said once, I know him. He is the man and his friends who once set out among us in a tube of metal. And when he came back he found that everyone was gone. Everyone had gone to eternity. He knows in his mind that he passed through..."

...A time warp. "You were along. Suddenly plunged aeons into the future!" Larmaine was quiet. All this he had shouted in his mind over and over for months. Over and over and over...

"What continent is this, Hobart?" asked Sammy. He seldom spoke, but when he did it almost warned Larmaine.

"I-I think we are in Arizonsa, Sammy. I read a metal signpost a while back."

D'narte looked with a stupid look on his foolish face.

"I saw it! I touched it an' it crumbled into a little pile of red dust. The wind carried it away and it was gone...It said, 'New Kanab City, Kanab Plateau, Arizona: Ten Miles! That's right about here. Ten miles, I mean."

When Sammy looked at the faint ground five minutes later he saw a girder jutting out of the dirt. A little later there was a hollow square mound, with carved surface and disintegrating beams here and there beneath the veil of decay. Larmaine looked inside.

He turned out again. "I wished that I would find...a spider. It would be typical of a place like this. God, I wish I could find a spider."

They walked on. "Larmaine..."

Larmaine looked at Sammy. "What is it?"

"Do--do you think we could find a--weapon?"

Larmaine was silent. Then, "I don't know, Sammy I wonder if it was a weapon that caused this. We have come at least a million years into the future. Even so there should be something alive. What will become of us? Is there anything LIVING here? Oh, God." Larmaine stopped and sat. The other two stopped; Hobart was their lead-

er.

"There is a place somewhere," said Larmaine, "where men are all living things are at peace. They are happy and contented and inventing a rocket ship. They don't know of the warps and pitfalls of space. None of them have ever been alone. No one has ever been REALLY alone. There is bacteria, or plants or something, but he is not alone...if they were they would want a weapon to kill themselves.

"Where?" D'narte asked softly.

"Ten million years ago," Larmaine sobbed. "Or whence we came from."

The thin air tightened about them. The wind howled and threw little flakes of dirt into the mist of loneliness. Larma i ne felt as if he were a part of the wind, ready to burst and take flight, reclining in the wrestling, whipping, torturing air mass. It was the only sign of motion. It tugged at their ears and bit their skin, and told them to move on. It was hungry. And soon they would be dust, and relentless wind would swirl over and consume their fast-rotting bones. Maybe a voyager in some long-gone date would take to space in search of them, and return to earth. Then the wind would whip about again, telling its victim of the fate of three others who dared to venture against their evolutionary bounds. Maybe the red sand would live to start life anew. Maybe some would go to other planets, where there was no merciless wind, floating sands and endless death.

"I see a darkness ahead. Let's rest until the sun rises," said Larmaine.

They built a shelter from the wind, and while they sat about wheezing in the sparse air, the land started to get a little lighter. The wide expanse ahead seemed to deepen as if with collecting shadows. Day by day it kept taking form.

After a week, the sun rose.

It floated almost deathly over the horizon, a giant red ball that appeared three feet in diameter, if you could reach out and touch it. The red ghost-light flooded the plains. The three men looked out.

Larmaine smiled. A burden had been lifted off his shoulders, his ragged, bony frame hunched downward. D'narte even loosed a tiny tear that was lost in his unkempt beard.

"Let's go...Hobart. We've got traveling to do," said Sammy.

"Yes, Sammy. Up among the stars remains a million planets like our own. We'll explore them all in turn, each with its deserts and mountains, its life and its death. We'll watch over the fool-hardy and the curious who attempt to span the spaces. We'll protect the hapless who follow us. We've got our own rocket ship now, Sammy. We'll meet our friends, the stars, anyway. I just wish I could see Earth as it was when we left it."

"Maybe we will..." said D'narte, from far off.

The sun steepened and thirsted with a shriek. It swirled

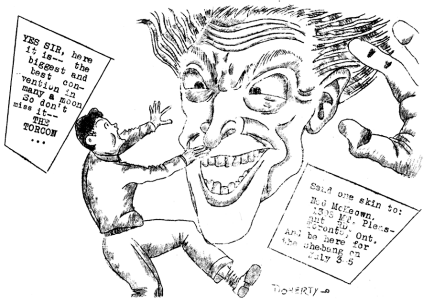
and leaped and whined, prancing hungrily about the three, sending dust-clouds and sand-devils up before them.

The sun moved on up after the gleezal wind, flashing its uncertain light over the rotting plains. The three moved away. Before them, the mouldering Grand Canyon yawned; the wind seeming to open its mouth.

The stars looked down.

She said.

# YOU'LL GET A SURPRISE, TOO



# AT THE TORCON

# The Future reel

By WILLIAM D. GRANT

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" ---- (Lopert) French with English Sub-titles. You can also look for this under its original French title, "La Belle et Bete."

This will turn up in an art house that specializes in foreign language films. It is adapted from the famous fairy tale of the same name.

To confuse things, the story jumps in various places which in turn kills the artistic theme. The answer to this is that the censors must have had a field day.

Jean Morais does well as Avenant and as the Beast. Josette Day (who is familiar to some of us) is excellent as the Beauty.

The direction shows imagination while the photography outbids everything else for its originality. (Running time, 88 minutes)

"CARNIVAL OF SINNERS" ---- (Distinguished Films)

Formerly called "The Devil's Hand", which I think is a title that should have remained on this one.

It is the story of a down-and-out painter who gains success by selling his soul to the devil for a year. In the end, he loses all, his weird pact with the devil is over. This one stars Pierre Fresnay, Joseline Gael and Palau.

"FEAR IN THE NIGHT" ---- (Paramount - Pine-Thomas)

Adapted from "Nightmare" by William Irish.

This was released a year ago; it's rather late to review it but after reading and seeing it, I couldn't help mentioning this fine effort in future reel...

First of all, it's borderline stuff, but the amazing thing is how closely the movie script follows the original short novel. Word for word, scene for scene and it's strictly B class epic.

There is only one change; our hero has a girl friend in the movie, she doesn't exist in the original story.

Under the hypnotic spell of the real culprit, a young man commits murder then thinks he has dreamed the whole thing, and for 72 minutes this little thriller keeps you right on the edge of your seat.

It stars Paul Kelly as the detective, Ann Doran as his wife, De Forest Kelly as the young man under the spell and Kay Scott as the added girl friend.

P.S. Pick up a copy of "Rex Stout's Mystery Monthly #17; it contains William Irish's "Nightmare".. This magazine injects a fair quantity of the supernatural into its pages. ((Blackwood's "The Willows, and others appear from time to time...Ed.))

ODS & ENDS

Now here is some great news. An outfit called Realart Pictures are re-releasing 24 old Universal films. Among the titles are the following

that will have a special interest to the readers of this article---

**"THE INVISIBLE MAN"** with Claude Rains and Henry Travers.

This H.C. Wells film startled the country back in 1933 & 34. It's still a great film, and it introduces Claude Rains in his first movie role.

**"THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS"** with Vincent Price and Henry Travers, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nan Grey and Cecil Kellaway.

This was a B-class follow up and marks the debut of Vincent Price, who to-day is very much in the limelight as a heavy.

**"BLACK FRIDAY"** with Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and James Craig.  
Strictly a horror show if I remember correctly.

**"THE BLACK CAT"** with Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Gale Sondergaard and Alan Ladd.

You can guess the reason for bringing this one out--as far as the marquee goes, Mr. Ladd will be the star. This one is actually a Hugh Herbert comedy. Everybody else tries so hard to be serious that it really is a comedy comparing the contrasts.

The rest of the re-issues all star Lon Chaney Junior; they are--

"Ghost of Frankenstein" with Lon Chaney Jr, Louise Allbritton and Robt. Paige.

"Son of Dracula" with Lon Chaney Jr, and Lionel Atwill.

"Mummy's Ghost" with Lon Chaney and John Carradine.

"Mummy's Tomb" with Dick Foran, Lon Chaney Jr and Turhan Bey.

United Artists have an effort called "Beyond," which involves the supernatural; that's right--you guessed it, a love story that carries on after death.

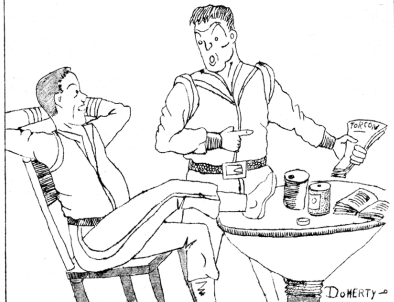
M.G.M. is planning to film Edward Holstius' "The Day Before Yesterday" the story of a man who can turn time backwards.

The only clue I have to Mr. Holstius' identity is that he is an English author. I don't know if he wrote anything else; in fact I've never heard of him before, so in a state of befuddlement I'll sign off until the next issue.



# TIME AND THE TORCON

By Arthur H. Rapp



"That hunk of fanpub you brought back isn't worth the cost of the power to run the timefield," said Morgan Betts.

"Now look here, Betts," I said. "I got mixed up in one of your goddam time-travel inventions last New Year's Eve, and I still get the shakes when I think how close we came to landing in prison.

"Have another beer, then," the Stefan-inventor retorted. "Great stuff, beer. Good for what ails you." He shoved a brimming stein across the table with such a pratoning air that any casual onlooker would have sworn it was Betts and not me who was paying for the suds.

As I paused for a gulp of malt, Betts returned to his previous



argument. "All right, then, you admit we got out of that New Year's Eve scrape OK--even though we were both cry-eyed as passifien at the time. So what possible objection can you have to participating in the foolproof scheme which I just outlined to you, especially since we both know what we're doing this time?"

I began ticking off points on my fingers. "One," I said, "I wouldn't have helped you last time if I hadn't been thoroughly coused Two. As you claimed at the time, there is a doubt whether temporal telepathy is legally time-travel or not, and therefore may not come under the jurisdiction of the Control Council at all. Three. Only a dope would refuse to profit by experience. Four. How do I know...."

"Shuddup!" yelled Botts. "You're the most obstinate sonufa dero I ever came across. If I didn't need someone who knows stf history for this deal, I'd never have mentioned it to you."

"I've learned more about Twenty-Century fandom than most of the guys who lived thru it," I admitted. "Couldn't help it, hearing all the hot air you spout whenever you get a stein of beer."

"Whadda ya mean, hot air?" Botts was indignant. "Every word I tell you is the gospel truth. Those were the days of real fandom, back in the Fifties and Sixties...."

"Never mind all that," I said. "The fact remains that when you propose now is out-and-out time-travel in the Forbidden Sector, and all we need is one little tattelbulb winking on the board at Central Control to put both of us in the jug from row till Kinnison conquers Floor."

"Nonsense!" said Botts, raising a brimming beaker to his stubbed lips. "You ought to know that when I, Morgan Botts, say I have invented a timefield which will not trip the Central Control alarms, that you needn't give the cops another thought."

"Wel-l-l-l-l...."

"And look what a cinch this is going to be!" Botts was quick to pounce upon my hesitation. "All you do is go back to 1948, buy, beg or steal a copy of the Torjon Memory Book, and return here. Could anything be simpler?"

"Suppose it alters the Temporal Constants, like what we did last time?" I asked. "We might not be able to straighten things out again as we did then."

"This is entirely different," snapped Botts indignantly. "We're just going to bring one insignificant artifact from the past into the present. The profs over at Historical Research do the same thing every day, and they don't change history, do they?"

"Well, no," I admitted. "But you know how carefully they calculate the probably losses before they monkey with time--and even then they go three or four centuries back so the Temporal Norm has a chance to re-establish itsef."

"True," said Botts. "Only remember, they make important changes

--like the guy who brought back the Holy Grail last week, for instance. We're just going to bring back one cop of a fanzine. Hell, the thing probably wasn't worth more than half a buck when it was first published, and even a second-hand copy will do for our purposes.

"But--"

"Besides, haven't I told you I found an article in a 1967 fanzine that covers this case? Look, come on over to my place anyhow, and I'LL explain on the way."

Reluctantly I paid the bartender for our many beers, and left the tiny neighborhood tavern in company with the disreputable and decrepit sitfan-inventor. As we traversed the wintry streets toward his basement apartment, Botts told me what he had discovered in his file of old fanzines.

"--and this guy, writing in 1987 mind, you, said that there was quite a rumpus in fandom early in 1949, when it was discovered that the Fantasy Foundation copy of the Torcon Memory Book had disappeared from the files. Anyway, they never found where it had gone, so another copy was put in the files. Now, doesn't that sound to you like someone from the future took that first copy?"

"It's possible," I admitted.

"Well, in that case, you know that you'll be able to get a Memory Book without any trouble," Botts persisted.

We entered his apartment, and I moved a stack of dusty promags so I could sit on one of the sagging chairs while Botts fiddled with the gadget on his workbench, I was still doubtful about the project, however.

"Look here," I burst out suddenly. "You never did explain why a copy of the Torcon Memory Book should be so valuable now. After all, if the Fantasy Foundation has a copy, and there are others floating around, it can't be the rarest thing in stf..."

"You're forgetting, aren't you?" asked Botts softly.

"Forgetting? Oh, you mean...um, that's right. The Catastrophe-- was in '51 or '52, wasn't it? Yeh, I guess any 1948 fanzine that didn't get special protection would be sort of scarce after that..."

"...So if you bring one here, it won't cause a ripple even in the Temporal Constants, but I'LL be able to get at least a hundred credits for it from one of the big-time fans. You could use half of that dough, couldn't you?"

"This is against my better judgment," I said resignedly as I stepped over to the workbench, "But with payday as far off as it is I'd strangle Grandpappy JaClem for fifty credits."

"He'd probably jump right out of his wheelchair and beat you over the head with his cane," chuckled Botts, turning on the time-field generator. "He's the orneryest old codger that ever drooled at a Pinlay nude."

The weirdly-glowing timefield bubble grew swiftly from pin-point to basketball size, then distorted into the almost two-dimensional, six-foot disc of a Temporal Lock. With one hasty glance over Botts's shoulder to see that the controls were set correctly, I stepped thru the disc into 1948.....

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, how'd you make out?" Botts asked. There was a queer overtone to his apparently casual question which I could not quite identify.

"Oh, pretty fair," I answered. "I've got the TorconMemory Book, if that's what you mean." Was I seeing things, or did a shadow of disappointment creep over his ugly face?

"Any trouble?" he said, meanwhile puncturing a couple of cans of beer and handing me one.

"Not to speak of," I replied. "You know, this was my first trip back in time. You might have reminded me of the change in clothing styles since 1948."

"Ummm. Clean forgot that," murmured Botts, wiping the foam from his lips with the back of one hand. "Get arrested?"

"No--but thank goodness it was Los Angeles I was visiting, or Shu knows what might have happened!"

There was a long pause. Botts seemed fascinated by the condensation on the outside of his beer can. He traced meaningless designs on the dew with one grimy forefinger. I began to get irritated.

"Look here, Botts," I snapped, "What's up? You don't even seem to care about the Torcon Memory Book, now that you've got it."

A look that was undeniably sheepish settled on the Stefan-inventor's features. "I'll tell you," he finally mumbled. "While you were gone, I figured I'd pass the time by re-reading that fan-mag article about the Torcon Memory Book. Well, I happened to run across another piece in the same ish, which gave additional info on the history of the TMB."

"Well, it seems that when the copy disappeared from the Fantasy Foundation files, one of those wild rumors that are always current in fandom got started. It was whispered that copies of the TMB were as scarce as Merritts' "Fox Woman" or moreso--and therefore, every fan, who happened to have a copy, immediately resolved to hold his MEMORY BOOK a few years and then make a killing.

"So, with everyone hoarding Torcon Memory Books, they really were scarce, and the price skyrocketed--ten bucks or more, even way back in 1960."

"Well, then," I interrupted, "The damn things ought to be worth a fortune by now, shouldn't they?"

"Not on your life!" Botts retorted. "That senseless inflation couldn't go on forever. Along about 1975 three or four copies of the Memory Book happened to be offered for sale simultaneously. All the hoarders jumped to sell out fast, before the price dropped."

"So the market got flooded?" I asked.

"That," said Botts, "is the greatest understatement of the Twenty First Century. That hunk of fanpub you brought back here isn't worth the cost of the power to run the timefield."

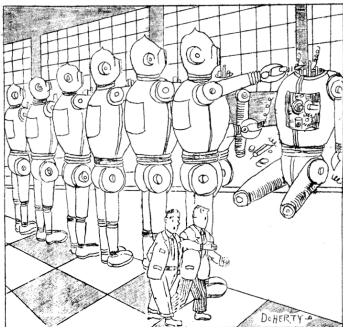
"@/3?&""\*/d???"

"--but if you really want to get some dough, I've got a wonderful scheme all worked out. You just go back to--"

"\_###333' '00\*\*\*12!!!!!!!"

"Awright, awright," said Morgan Botts. "If that's the way you feel about it! Let's have another beer."

- END -



"So, then I ask myself: here's it all going to end!"

# MACABREMARKS

JOE KENNEDY

I think you did a commendably neat job on the first issue of *Macabre*. With such a good start, the mag should soon win itself a highly respectable position on the fanzine popularity polls.

By comparison to most artwork adorning the fan press these days your cover drawing is outstanding. A shiversome theme, very nicely handled. It is also a pleasure to receive a mag so carefully stenciled and so competently mimeo'd.

A rereading of "How to Go Broke Happily" leaves me with the gnawing suspicion that I've added little or nothing to Fran Lancy's "Collectors Need not Be Suckers" article in *Vamp* some months back. Nor did I realize at the time the item was written that I've fallen into the bad habit of using too many dashes and exclamation points.

"With Folds of Darkness" is a damgood little yarn, muchly enhanced by the striking illustration. At first I thought the story was nought but the product of a screaming physcho-neurosis but the ending nearly elevates the tale into the bracket of Literature with a capital L. Later, skimming back over "With Folds.", I note that it is full of touches of highly original and colorful writing. The yarn, all-told reads like a weird mixture of James T. Ferrell and Ray Bradbury.

Poderson is certainly one of the most promising new fans on the scene to-day: he is turning out material which fan hacks many years his senior would be proud to have writton.

In my opinion, it might be better to avoid controversial material of a non-scientifictional nature. While Les Crouch's "Hodge Podge" column contained some entertaining bits, his hefty wallop at labor unions seems to me like destructive criticism, and was the issue's only sour note. Les's phrase, "A fat little foreigner who might have been a racketeer" has a vaguely mein - kampf - ish ring. I liked, tho, the suggestion that conventions select a "Queen of Fantasy" -- and I hope I'm one of the judges! Nice sketch at the bottom of page 14. Who did it? ((Don))

Enjoyed Forry Ackerman's review, your editorial, the cartoon page (why is it only Canadian fanzines have cartoon pages ??? Open letter to fan editors in the States: Go thou and do likewise!) and the Futurocuel. As for the latter, it's a valuable and informative column, and 'tould seem well worthy of continuance.

I was pleasantly surprised by the tasteful and attractive page format used in presenting the "Sonnet", for which thanx lots.

The promise of a long Keller article in the next issue was indeed welcome. Colonel Keller's speeches and articles are fully as enjoyable as his finer stories.

As is, *Macabre* seems just about the right size for pleasurable reading. I hereby enter my

'umble plea for frequent 24-page issues rather than 40 or 50-page numbers appearing only once in a blue moon.

One parting posey to your commendable policy of using lots of artwork. This boosts the mag's effectiveness, no kidding. So here's hoping you'll give us more of the same ... and of the same high quality.

Droolsomely awaiting #2,

--84 Baker Ave,  
Dover, N.J.

FLORENCE E. ANDERSON

Your latest issue just arrived and it's good, as I've just finished reading it from cover to cover (a thing I seldom do).

It sounds as if it were going to become my favorite 'zine. ((harumph)) I like a little of everything (poetry, articles, fan tasy, weird, stf, all cemented to gether with humor.)

I was glad to see your mag come out. I haven't seen Fandom Speaks in ages. Have you? ((Nope It seems that Fandom has ceased to Speak, but definitely.)) Both stories were really excellent as well as the editorial and please continue Les Croutchs HODGE FODGE as it is very clever. Les mentions a Queen for the Torcon --- I'm all for it. It's about time the numerous ladies of fandom are shown some appreciation. About this time of year when the N-3F and other polls come out, I get a very ( well whatever you want to call it) feeling for my sex. Fan Annies never win a popularity contest of any kind. I sometimes wish they would have an all-woman contest for the best editor, poet author, new fan and all paround-fan, etc.

--321 W. 2nd North,  
St. George, Utah.

JOE SCHAUMBURGER (phd.)

Received Macabre today, and I'd like to congratulate you on a fine job.

Joke's article was great. So was Forry's. The stories stunk. But then all fan fiction stinks. ((Your irreverent adjectives do not apply to the immortal works of fiction which appear in these hallowed leaves. Egad, sir, you have offended us to the core.))

The art was exceptionally well done. I thot the cover kinda cute. Especially those little octopusses (or octopi) ((?)) How did you manage to give them such an appealing expression? For a while I was going to run out to a pet store and see if I could pick one up. Anyway, as far as I know octopusses (or octopi) exist exclusively upon people ((?)) and the neighbors might start complaining to the landlord if their offspring started disappearing. (You know how neighbors are).

The features were rather good. Especially Croutch's meanderings. Someshow, you mentioned just the right tone in the editorial, which is the hardest trick of all. ( I ought to know, I still can't do it)

You apologize for "only" 24 pages? Gad! Why the first ish of my thing, Loxygen had 10 pages and I boasted of it. Don't be so modest!! ((Alright, Joe. We wont even modestly mention that we loused up your second last paragraph by substituting accidentally, a wrong word.))

--1822 Bathgate Ave.  
Bronx 57, N.Y.

HAVE YOU SENT YOUR BUCK  
TO THE

T O R C O N

????????????

S. W. McCoy

r-t Rapp

Received your first edition of McCabber about a week ago, and was most favorably impressed there with.

A word of commendation in regard to your editorial "policy", i.e. humour. Great stuff, humour. Why don't you try offering Beak Taylor a huge salary and get him away from those Ghouls at the publishing offices of Canadian Fandom? (( Beak is head Ghoul!)). Maybe he could do you another "Outline of Hysteria" (in the penultimate issue) or "The Lever Principle" (in the current issue).

Mr. Kennedy's article was worthy of the space it took up. If it's at all possible you should keep him chained to your chair, altho you may have to wait until he comes up to the Torcon.

Of the short stories, I liked "With Folds of Darkness", although Greg Cranston's tale was okay too. By all means, keep "McCabber Meanderings" and "The Futurereel". The forthcoming letter column will be a welcome addition.

Be that as it may (and it probably shall), congratulations are in order for a sterling first issue. You'll improve with age, and who knows? Maybe some stormy day you'll enter the League of the Deathless Ones in the Fannag "A" List in Startling Stories! Egad, what a goal for which to aim for! ((sic itur ad astra!))

One word of explanation: I looked at the lettering on your cover, and remarked to myself, "Goodness Gracious (or words to that effect), I can't pronounce that!", so proceeded to quote it phonetically, then proceeded further to simplify the phonetic spelling. Result: McCabber. No apologies are tendered.

May your trajectory be encrusted with fortuitous circumstances.

--951 Harrison Ave.,  
London, Ontario.

EEEEEEFYAAHHHHH!....and so another mindless hulk is led towards the asylum, stricken in his prime by an unpremeditated glimpse of -- MACABRE! Gad, what pleasant dreams you must have! (( That's what we like: a good loud opening. It helps wake the readers up.))

Congratulations, fellas. For a debutante ish, you've done wonders. In fact, Macabre 1-1 tops many a mag which has been appearing for eons. Best mimeo artwork I've ever seen; excellent articles and departments; good fiction, and a craftsmanlike duplication-job.

Let us now go into detail: Contents page: Does "from time to time" mean bi-monthly? ((Yup. Beginning this issue, it does. Happy?))

Macabre Meanderings: Aw, gawrsh, I didn't know you cared! Three cheers for your advocacy of humor in sfandom. That's what this world needs: more grins and fewer guns. Frequently, I bust right out with a nice jolly laugh, even in the midst of kicking some old lady's teeth in.

How to Go Broke Happily: Ah, the legendary JOKE himself! That he wuz daid or somethin'....error in logic -- 'tis no use warning Mac's readers against the deadly virus collectivitus, for anyone so steeped in stf as to be a Mac reader is a hopeless case already. Yes, no? This article struck a responsive chord wit me; my pet peeve is people who collect first editions and suchlike, but never read 'em. First time I've seen a fan rise to the defense of the lowly reprint. I second the motion.

With Folds of Darkness: Well plotted and written. Novel idea, too, which is a remarkable thing in stf. Uh, don't care much for the double-column layout--makes the page look choppy, and I think lines

running all the way across are easier to read.

Hodge Podge: Croutch will wake up some morning and find a picket line revolving around him. But he will get no sympathy from me. No fate is too vile for anyone who will rhyme "McGurk", and "skirt" -- ugh!

Atoms at Eve: No, Aoky, no! You must be making it all up! If not, how comes you are still sane?

Grenlins: Grisly little incident to be sure! There's something about Cranston's little yarn ..don't know what..but I liked it.

The Futurereel: Timely, interesting. Was that last phrase in the paragraph about "The Stray Lamb" unintentional? Or have I just got a low mind?

Sonnet to a Sorceress: Well done. Only fault I can find is that "jewel" in the fifth line has to be pronounced as a monosyllable in order to make the line scan properly. This sonnet is as good as many fantasy poems which have appeared in prozines, however.

Superman on Page 24: Come, Doherty! There's the scabbard for that frog-sticker? ((Just a minor technical error. The scabbard will appear in a later issue.))

Here's hoping the future brings bigger Macabres -- they can't get much better!

--2120 Bay Street,  
Saginaw, Mich.

Leslie A. Croutch

guy's name, line 8, is familiar. From what cell did he escape? ((Cell 87, third from left--knock twice and ask for Moe.))

(3) Meanderings meandered through the usual editorial blah. Decorations funny, but what are they?

(4) JoKennedy comes through again. Hah--to think I have duplicate copies of most of those p.bs that I bought, intending to swap and make a slight (?) profit on, and have never followed through.

(5) Pederson<sup>2</sup> illus all right, but man's hands are more fantastic than the topless gent looking thru his zoot-soot hair.

(6) Hodge Podge: - Who's he? Never met the gent. Any relation to Podge Hodge?

(7) Atoms at Eve: -and to think BEST STORIES turned down a yarn of mine in favor of this :\$@?XxX!

(8) I sent the Torcon a buck--quit naggin' willya? ((Okay. Okay!))

(9) Grenlins -not a bad idea; should be developed more and tried on the pro boys.

(10) I like The Futurereel: In a recent LIFE they show pics of the mermaid swimsuit Wally Westmore made for Ann Blythe for the film mentioned. Miss Blythe has a nice stern even without the mermaid appendage. I wonder if she would come and live in MY swimming pool?

--Box 121,  
Parry Sound, Ont.

Russell Harold Woodman

Received Macabre today, and a macabrous thing it is, to be sure. I shall endeavour to give you my witty comments on it, page by page and foul blow by foul blow:-

(1) Cover: -Och mon--what gives? Is this foul feend brewing little octopussies or is he getting ready to eat? Obnoxious looking critter to be sure.

(2) List of Eco-Boo Page: - Neat and well reproduced. Seems to me that

From your first ish, I'd say that you've added a fine fanzine to the list of those available. The cover is hideous enough, and seems to be spoofing rather than serious. (If I'm wrong here you may hang me in effigy.) Best: The well-written, friendly article by Joe Kennedy. Second: Futurereel by William D. Grant. This is the most original feature in any zine, living or dead. Please keep Grant! ((We cer-



tainly will, Russ. Bill is an authority on the subject, too. He's the assistant manager of a theatre here in Toronto.) Third Best; Hodge Podge. I enjoyed the saga of Johnny especially. Lets have more sagas; Can do?

In my opinion, as a subscriber you resemble the Saturday Evening Post, in that your articles are the very purest cream, while the stories are somewhat sour. I suspect I am in the minority on this, but WITH FOLDS OF DARKNESS bored me. So here's to Macabre, and Don and JACK- God help them soon come back; And may the second ish have no Fed- erson smeller; It won't I know, because they 've got Keller. So I leave with a rush of ozoned air The name is woodman in case ye care.

--505 Washington Ave--Apt. 7  
Portland, Maine,

MOE DINER

Received Mac from Ned McKeown, but that I'd write you in comment, seeing as how it's your baby.

It's good!

But you probably think that already. You may be pleased to have confirmation however, Particularly liked Joke's article. But also liked the rest of the stuff: Crouch at his usual home-spun high level, Ackerman, Grant, plus youse the editors. The two fiction pieces were quite acceptable -- poms too, tho' in that I don't profess to judge.

Also liked your illos. Ned said your job was to be a weirdie, so we were expecting something pretty extreme. Instead, pleasing bits of satire. Loud cheers. Weirdness can be had aplenty from the seamy side of the U.S. fanzine field; I'm happy Canada has not as yet hit that seam. But why all the Flash Gordonisms? And how about U using Bill Grant? Judging by his stuff in Canfan # 14, Mo's a real hot-shot on the stencils. ((Bill has promised to do a cover one of these days.))

Your line-up for future issues sounds excellent. I hope your ambitions to enlarge come off, tho' I'm beginning to have a rough idea as to the costs and labour involved. Ah, well.

Enclosed is a quarter (two bits, that is) for the next three issues. Now you can buy a cup of coffee, and a tomato sandwich without lettuce.

Best wishes.

--445 Mt. Pleasant Ave.,  
Westmount, Quebec.

GLEANINGS FROM THE  
MAIL BAG

Thanks to Cranston for Gremlins. It had the "twist" that makes it rate excellent for your mag. Hodge Podge and the Futurocel were especially good. Joe Kennedy's "How to go Broke Happily" is swell and I want to see more of him in the future.

--Ora E. Holmes, Jr.

Macabre should prove a welcome addition to the fanzine field.

--David H. Keller

You've done a great job on Mac #1 and no doubt will do a repeat performance with succeeding issues. I am surprised to see that I found nothing in the whole issue that I could gripe about!

--Ed Cox

Congrats on fine first ish of Mac abre! Number two out soon we hope.

--Len J. Moffatt

We want more of Hodge Podge. It will not take much really close observation to notice that I'm now operating this type-mech with much more fluid ease since I took Les' suggestion and oiled up the ribbon. I'm glad that I got in on the ground floor of Mac.

--John E. Blyer

Macabre is swell -- most logical successor to the late Vampire!

--Don Wilson

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Macabre Meanderings (continued from page 4)

Are you one of those people who don't read Don Wilson's fine zine DREAM QUEST? If so, why not write Don at 495 N. Third Street, Banning California for a copy. It's bae of the best.

And also among the top 'zines of to-day for entertainment deluxe is SPACEWARP, Fandom's Top Monthly. SPACEWARP is the brain child of Art Rapp who livest at 2120 Bay Street, Saginaw Michigan. It's a lot of fun.

We'd like to extend thanks this time to Nod McKeown, who owns the Gestetner on which Mac is printed, and to Joseph Q. Taylor Esquire, who is known lovingly to millions of fans as Beak. These lads make it possible for us to dump Mac in your mail box every so often. And thanks also to the Mount Pleasant regulars, Bill Grant and John Millard who lent moral and physical support. All errors in typing and any poor reproduction is the work of. . .

the Editors.

## SOLUTION — FANTASY CROSSWORD

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MACABRE  
SCENES

