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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FUTURIA FANTASIA, SPRING 1940 \*\*\*



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## **futuria fantasia**

**Spring 1940**

**vol. 1. no. 4.**

**Ray Bradbury—editor**

ten cents

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## **CONTENTS**

COVER	Hannes Bok
3 <a href="#">GOLGONO AND SLITH</a>	Ray Bradbury
4 <a href="#">HEIL!</a>	Lyle Monroe
7 <a href="#">THE PHANTOMS</a>	J.E. Kelleam
8 <a href="#">THOTS ON THE WORLD STATE</a>	Hank Kuttner
9 <a href="#">WOULD YOU?</a>	J.H. Haggard
10 <a href="#">THE PIPER</a>	Ron Reynolds
14 <a href="#">THE ITCHING HOUR</a>	Damon Knight
15 <a href="#">THE FLIRTENFLOG</a>	Hannes V. Bok
16 <a href="#">BOKARICATURE</a>	Hannes V. Bok
17 <a href="#">NINEVAH</a>	J.E. Kelleam
18 advertisements	
19 <a href="#">ART: CREATURES FROM LORELEI</a>	Hannes V. Bok

FUTURIA FANTASIA IS PUBLISHED IRREGULARLY AND GESTATED AT THE DOW-JONES BUYING LEVEL OF TEN CENTS AN ISSUE. THE FIFTH ISSUE WILL BE SCARING YOU AROUND ABOUT HALLOWEEN—SEND YOUR DIME TO EDITOR BRADBURY AT #3054 1/2 W. 12th St. Los Angeles, Calif. CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE HAPPILY FONDLED AND SEWED UP IN A GREEN VELVET SACK. ALL STORIES SUBMITTED MUST BE SHAVED AND IN THE COMPANY OF ADULT MARTIANS.

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### ***gorgono and slith—***

"Let us, by all means, be lucid," said Gorgono to Slith. Slith fluttered his reptile tongue and turned his morbid eyes to me. "Yes," he said, "let us, certainly be lucid, Bradbury. From now on use a contents page in Futuria Fantasia." And he spanked his tail slickly on my typewriter.

I don't mind Slith so much, he's only a little anachronistic reptile, a descendent of happier days in dinosaurial dawndom. I never feared Slith. But Gorgono!

Gorgono pierced me with his slanting green, clear eyes, heavy-lidded, extending one claw and attempting to keep it from shaking while his pointed



ears stood up straight. A moment before he had been hunting fleas in the fertile hair that clothed his muscular limbs, but now he was serious; so very serious it frightened me.

And when the thunder-voiced, evil-eyed, shaggy haired and monstrous Gorgono reclined on the shelf over my head, saliva drooling with silent precision from his pendulous lips, and gave orders I hastened to obey them. Gorgono was the voice of the critics—the ogre of opinion, the harsh guttural commandment of style and fashion. And now Gorgono had grumbled, "Number your pages from now on, MISTER Bradbury or else YOUR number'll be up. Why, Gad, man, the last issue of Futuria Fantasia I didn't know if I was coming or going, the way you heiroglyphed the sheets. And I might add, you're going to use even margins from here on in."

"Okay, okay, okay," I said, slinking with flushed visage behind my stencils. "But from now on Futuria Fantasia will be ten cents straight an issue. Ten cents straight." "Agreed," snapped Gorgono, "if you are neater. But you must be new, neotiric, different." Then I flashed them the newly processed cover done by Bok. "Gods!" bellowed Gorgono. "That is stupendous! A fine beginning, mortal, a very fine beginning!" Slith agreed by pounding vigorously on the table with his scaly rump. "And wait until you read Monroe's yarn," I jubilantly exclaimed. "It's not science-fiction, but it's certainly a

fine bit of story." "Yes," said Gorgono, "this issue looks much better. Glad to see you've added two new authors, Damon Knight and Joe Kelleam from Astounding. I'll have to remind the fans to send in their dimes for this issue and perhaps support you a little more than they have with letters. But we'll see about that." He got up, stretched, yawned, and vanished in a belching ball of flame. "Yes," said Slith, "we'll see!" And he too vanished with a sharp pop. All was quiet. I went back to my stencils and my opium.

THE EDITOR.

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## HEIL!

by **LYLE MONROE**

"How dare you make such a suggestion!"

The state physician doggedly stuck by his position. "I would not make it, sire, if your life were not at stake. There is no other surgeon in the Fatherland who can transplant a pituitary gland but Doctor Lans."

"You will operate!"

The medico shook his head. "You would die, Leader. My skill is not adequate. And unless the operation takes place at once, you will *certainly* die."

The Leader stormed about the apartment. He seemed about to give way to one of the girlish bursts of anger that even the inner state clique feared so much. Surprisingly he capitulated.

"Bring him here!" he ordered.

DOCTOR LANS FACED THE LEADER with inherent dignity, a dignity and presence that three years of "protective custody" had been unable to shake. The pallor and gauntness of the concentration camp lay upon him, but his race was used to oppression. "I see," he said. "Yes, I see ... I can perform that operation. What are your terms?"

"Terms?" The Leader was aghast. "Terms, you filthy swine? You are being given a chance to redeem in part the sins of your race!"

The surgeon raised his brows. "Do you not think I *know* that you would not have sent for me had there been any other course available to you? Obviously, my services have become valuable."

"You'll do as you are told! You and your kind are lucky to be alive."

"Nevertheless I shall not operate without my fee."

"I said you were lucky to be alive—" The tone was an open threat.

Lans spread his hands. "Well—I am an old man...."

The Leader smiled. "True. But I am informed that you have a—a family...."

The surgeon moistened his lips. His Emma—they would hurt his Emma ... and his little Rose. But he must be brave, as Emma would have him be. He was playing for high stakes—for all of them. "They cannot be worse off dead," he answered firmly, "than they are now."

It was many hours before the Leader was convinced that Lans could not be budged. He should have known—the surgeon had learned fortitude at his mother's breast.

"What is your fee?"

"A passport for myself and my family."

"Good riddance."

"My personal fortune restored to me—"

"Very well."

"—to be paid in gold before I operate!"

The Leader started to object automatically, then checked himself quickly. Let the presumptuous fool think so! It could be corrected after the operation.

"And the operation to take place in a hospital on foreign soil."

"Preposterous."

"I must insist."

"You do not trust me?"

Lans stared straight back into his eyes without replying. The Leader struck him, hard, across the mouth. The surgeon made no effort to avoid the blow, but took it, with no change of expression.

"YOU ARE WILLING TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, SAMUEL?" The younger man looked at Doctor Lans without fear as he answered,

"Certainly, Doctor."

"I can not guarantee that you will recover. The Leader's pituitary gland is diseased; when I exchange it for your healthy one your younger one may not be able to stand up under it—that is the chance you take. Besides—a complete transplanting has never been done before."

"I know it—but I'm out of the concentration camp!"

"Yes. Yes, that is true. And if you do recover, you are free. And I will attend you myself, until you are well enough to travel."

Samuel smiled. "It will be a positive joy to be sick in a country where there are no concentration camps!"

"Very well, then. Let us commence."

They returned to the silent, nervous group at the other end of the room. Grimly the money was counted out, every penny that the famous surgeon had laid claim to before the Leader had decided that men of his religion had no need for money. Lans placed half of the gold in a money belt and strapped it around his waist. His wife concealed the other half somewhere about her ample person.

IT WAS AN hour and twenty minutes later that Lans put down the last instrument, nodded to the surgeons assisting him, and commenced to strip off operating gloves. He took one last look at his two patients before he left the room. They were anonymous under the sterile gowns and dressings. Had he not known, he could not have guessed dictator from oppressed. Come to think of it, with the exchange of those two tiny glands there was something of the dictator in his victim and something of the victim in the dictator.

DOCTOR LANS RETURNED TO THE hospital later in the day, after seeing his wife and daughter safely settled in a first class hotel. It was an extravagance, in view of his uncertain prospects as a refugee, but they had enjoyed no luxuries for years back *there*—he didn't consider it his home country—and it was justified this once.

He inquired at the office of the hospital for his second patient. The clerk looked puzzled. "But he is not here...."

"Not here?"

"Why, no. He was moved at the same time as His Excellency—back to your country."

Lans did not argue. The trick was obvious; it was too late to do anything for poor Samuel. He thanked his God that he had had the foresight to place himself and his family beyond the reach of such brutal injustice before operating. He thanked the clerk and left.

THE LEADER RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS AT LAST. His brain was confused—then he recalled the events before he had gone to sleep. The operation!—it was over! And he was alive!

He had never admitted to anyone how terribly frightened he had been at the prospect. But he had lived—he had lived! He groped around for the bellcord, and failing to find it, gradually forced his eyes to focus on the room. What outrageous nonsense was this? This was no sort of a room for the Leader to convalesce in. He took in the dirty white-washed ceiling, and the bare wooden floor with distaste. And the bed! It was no more than a cot!

He shouted. Someone came in, a man wearing a uniform of a trooper in his favorite corps. He started to give him the tongue-lashing of his life, before having him arrested. But he was cut short.

"Cut out the racket, you unholy pig!"

At first he was too astounded to answer, then he shrieked, "Stand at attention when you address the Leader! Salute!"

The trooper looked dumbfounded at the sick man—so totally different in appearance from the Leader, then guffawed. He stepped to the cot, struck a pose with his right arm raised in salute. He carried a rubber truncheon in it. "Hail to our Leader!" he shouted, and brought his arm down smartly. The truncheon crashed into the sick man's cheek bone.

Another trooper came in to see what the noise was while the first was still laughing at his witticism. "What's up, Jon? Say, you'd better not handle that monkey too rough—he's still carried on the hospital list." He glanced casually at the bloody face.

"Him? Didn't you know?" Jon pulled him to one side and whispered.

The second man's eyes widened; he grinned. "So? They don't want him to get well, eh? Well, I could use a little exercise this morning—"

"Let's get Fats," the other suggested. "He's always so very amusing with his ideas."

"Good idea." He stepped to the door and bellowed, "Hey, Fats!"

They didn't really start in on him until Fats was there to help.

THE END

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## the phantoms

*by*—Joseph E. Kellerman

All day they played among the purple flowers  
That lay like frozen flames upon the lawn;  
Or dreamed within the shadows of the towers  
Whose turret tops were painted as the dawn.  
Bright was the garden; peace went everywhere  
There was no breath of movement nor any sound  
Save butterflies that clove the heavy air,  
Or when the bright fruit dropped slowly to the ground.  
Then the flowers drooped, from sliver thorns that tore;  
Too soon the sun had died in amber smoke,  
And frightened now but silent as before  
The phantoms watched the garden change its cloak.  
Great sable moths flew out, and one by one  
The towers melted with the fallen sun.



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[\*] The Art (Widner & otherwise) is a bit better.

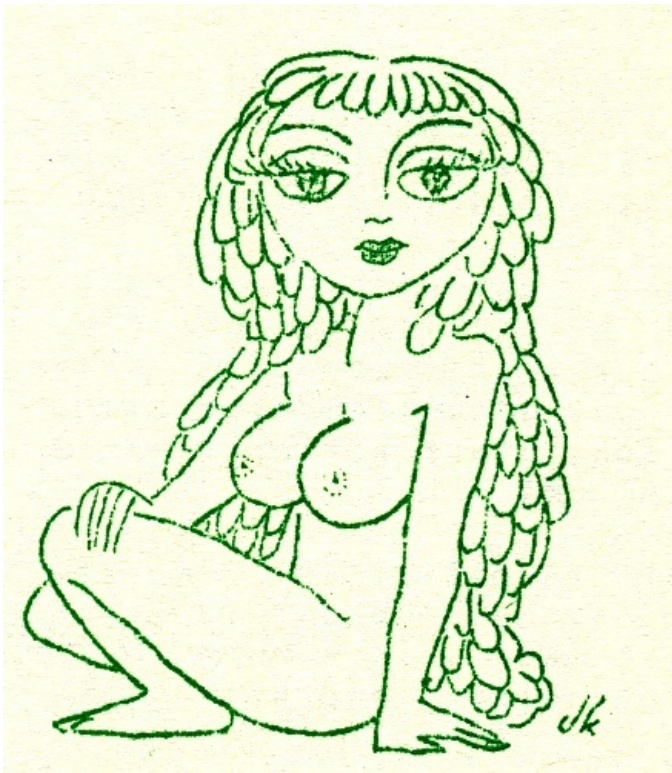
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## THOUGHTS ON THE WORLDSTATE

*by henry kuttner*

I have, as usual, been brooding over the intricacies of modern civilization. It seems to me that life is a peculiarly futile business. This mood of mine may, perhaps, be attributed to my recent tragic encounter with a

.....



horse at the corner of 42nd and Broadway.

I shall not dwell upon that incident, save to mention briefly that horses should, at least, be

careful of what they eat. One never knows the result of the most innocent action, and that, by imperceptible degrees, brings me to the subject of this article, PLAYING FAIR WITH FANS, or, FANTASTIC DECENCY.

The hideous Mr. Kuttner returns with an equally hideous tale. We absolutely guarantee this story will induce nausea and slight regurgitation. Lead on, McKuttner!

It has been said (and very loudly, too) that fans fight a lot. Well, I do not care to refute that; I happen to know that a Californian fan, a Mr. Ackerman, is in the habit of knocking down visitors and kicking them in strategic places. The question naturally arises, does fantasy lead to sadism?

I am reminded of the remarkable case of Scarlett O'God, an ardent fan whose tininess led to her being occasionally called by the diminutive, or fanny. This

may seem somewhat confusing at first glance. Let us, therefore, go hastily on to the next paragraph.

I should, perhaps, mention a mysterious white-bearded gentleman called Tarboth the damned, or Toby, since he played a significant role in the incident. It was he who listened, toying at his beard idly, while Scarlett feverishly upheld her position against the onslaughts of her foes. Just what caused the argument I cannot recall at the moment. Nor does it matter especially. I believe it had something to do with Scarlett's being locked out of the Sanctuary, or Washroom, by previous arrivals.

Mocked, scorned, and jeered at, Scarlett at first said nothing. Ultimately, however, she lost her temper and cursed her enemies roundly. "I would," she observed with feeling, "sell my soul to the devil in order to obtain vengeance!"

At this moment the white-bearded gentleman smiled unpleasantly and vanished. Simultaneously lightning struck the Sanctuary and demolished it, to the natural discomfiture of the occupants. Laughing in a triumphant manner, Scarlett departed.

But the seeds of doom were already sown within her soul. Not until she was soaked to the skin did she realize the ghastly and hideous truth. Then, looking up, she saw that above her hovered a small black cloud, from which rain was steadily descending. As she realized the terror of her position, black horror flooded the girl. SHE HAD BECOME ALLERGIC TO WEATHER!

Well, after that, of course, matters got steadily worse. She was driven from home, after blasting the bathtub and spoiling a valuable Angora kitten. (It was later made into a muff, but moths got into it. That, however, is another story, and not an especially good one.)

Poor Scarlett was excluded from all fan gatherings. Sun stroke and eclipse were her constant companions. She came with the deluge and was gone with the wind.

The girl was utterly friendless. She roamed wildly here and there, haggard, careworn and miserable, in a tattered gown made from the covers of AMAZING STORIES. At night people could hear her moaning under their windows, and they huddled closer to the fire, whispering, "Fetch aft the rum, Darby! Evil walks abroad tonight and I feel my soul shudder in me. No soda, thanks!"

Hopeless and forlorn, Scarlett stowed away on a schooner out for Hong Kong. But she was discovered, cursed for a Jonah, and set ashore on a cannibal isle in the South Seas.

It was a blessing in disguise. The natives mistook her for a goddess. They were used to bad weather, and did not attribute the altered climate to Scarlett.

So they garlanded her with leis and made her their queen.

And she rained happily ever after.

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**by J. HARVEY HAGGARD**

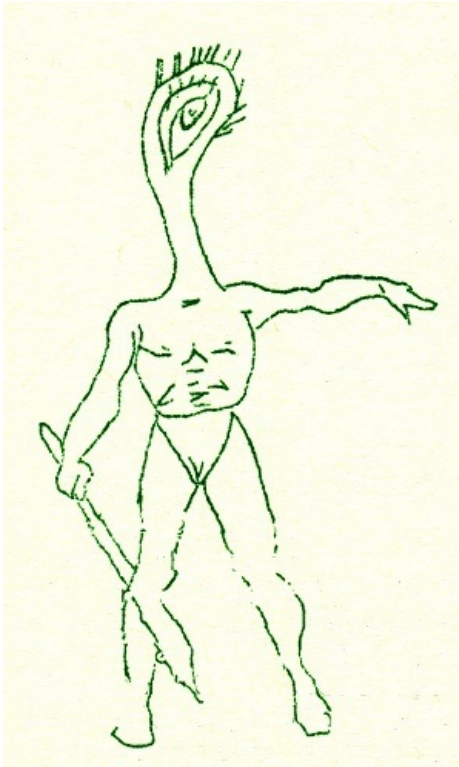
Would you stroll with me, my loved one

'Neath the pale Venusian Moon,  
Where its misty orb goes drifting,  
Waning, darling, all too soon?  
Would you gaze into the rainbow  
Where the lunar moonbeams play,  
Could it be you'd softly answer  
"Yes, for all those things I pray?"  
If it's so, my darling, kick me,  
For I'd surely be a ninny,  
Making love by Venus moonlight—  
When—you see—there isn't any!



## ***THE PIPER***

***ron reynolds***



"LORD! HE'S THERE AGAIN! HE'S THERE! LOOK!" the old man croaked, jabbing a calloused finger at the burial hill. "Old Piper again! As crazy as a loon! Every year that way!"

The Martian boy at the feet of the old man stirred his thin reddish feet in the soil and affixed his large green eyes upon the burial hill where the Piper stood. "Why does he do that?" asked the boy.

"Ah?" The old man's leathery face rumped into a maze of wrinkles. "He's crazy, that's what. Stands up there piping on his music from sunset until dawn."

The thin piping sounds squealed in the dusk, echoed back from the low hills, were lost in melancholy silence, fading. Then louder, higher, insanely, crying with shrill voice.

The Piper was a tall, gaunt man, face as pale and wan as Martian moons, eyes electrical purple, standing against the soft of the dusking heaven, holding his pipe to his lips, playing. The Piper—a silhouette—a symbol—a melody.

"Where did the Piper come from?" asked the Martian boy.

"From Venus." The old man took out his pipe and filled it. "Oh, some twenty years ago or more, on the projectile with the Terrestrials. I arrived on the same ship, coming from Earth, we shared a double seat together."

"What is his name?" Again the boyish, eager voice.

"I can't remember. I don't think I ever knew, really."

A vague rustling sound came into existence. The Piper continued playing, paying no heed to it. From the darkness, across the star-jewelled horizon, came mysterious shapes, creeping, creeping.

"Mars is a dying world," the old man said. "Nothing ever happens of much gravity. The Piper, I believe, is an exile."

The stars trembled like reflections in water, dancing with the music.

"An exile." The old man continued. "Something like a leper. They called him THE BRILLIANT. He was the epitome of all Venerian culture until the Earthmen came with their greedy incorporations and licentious harlots. The Earthlings outlawed him, sent him here to Mars to live out his days."

"Mars is a dying world," repeated the boy. "A dying world. How many Martians are there, sir?"

The old man chuckled. "I guess maybe you are the last pure Martian alive, boy. But there are millions of others."

"Where do they live? I have never seen them."

"You are young. You have much to see, much to learn."

"Where do they live?"

"Out there, beyond the mountains, beyond the dead sea bottoms, over the horizon and to the north, in the caves, far back in the subterranean."

"Why?"

"Why? Now that's hard to say. They were a brilliant race once upon a time. But something happened to them, hybridized them. They are unintelligent creatures now, cruel beasts."

"Does Earth own Mars?" The little boy's eyes were riveted upon the glowing planet overhead, the green planet.

"Yes, all of Mars. Earth has three cities here, each containing one thousand people. The closest city is a mile from here, down the road, a group of small metal bubble-like buildings. The men from Earth move about among the buildings like ants enclosed in their space suits. They are miners. With their huge machines they rip open the bowels of our planet and dig out our precious life-blood from the mineral arteries."

"Is that all?"

"That is all." The old man shook his head sadly. "No culture, no art, no purpose. Greedy, hopeless Earthlings."

"And the other two cities—where are they?"

"One is up the same cobbled road five miles, the third is further still by some five hundred miles."

"I am glad I live here with you, alone." The boy's head nodded sleepily. "I do not like the men from Terra. They are despoilers."

"They have always been. But someday," said the old man, "they will meet their doom. They have blasphemed enough, have they. They cannot *own* planets as they have and expect nothing but greedy luxury for their sluggishly squat bodies. Someday—!" His voice rose high, in tempo and pitch with the Piper's wild music.

Wild music, insane music, stirring music. Music to stir the savage into life. Music to effect man's destiny!

"Wild-eyed Piper on the hill,  
Crying out your rigadoons,  
Bring the savages to kill  
'Neath the waning Martian moons!"

"What is that?" asked the boy.

"A poem," said the old man. "A poem I have written in the last few days. I feel something is going to happen very soon. The Piper's song is growing more insistent every night. At first, twenty years ago, he played on only a few nights of every year, but now, for the last three years he has played until dawn every night of every autumn when the planet is dying."

"Bring the savages?" the boy sat up. "What savages?"

"There!"

Along the star-glimmered mountain tops a vast clustering herd of black, murmuring, advancing. The music screamed higher and higher.

"Piper, pipe that song again!  
So he piped, I wept to hear."

"More of the poem?" asked the boy.

"Not my poem—but a poem from Earth some seventy years ago. I learned it in school."

"Music is strange." The little boy's eyes were scintillant with thought. "It warms me inside. This music makes me angry. Why?"

"Because it is music with a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"We shall know by dawn."

"Music is the language of all things—intelligent or not, savage or educated civilian. This Piper knows his music as a god knows his heaven. For twenty years he has composed his hymn of action and hate and finally, tonight perhaps, the finale will be reached. At first, many years ago, when he played, he received no answer from the subterranean, but the murmur of gibbering voices. Five years ago he lured the voices and the creatures from their caves to the mountain tops. Tonight, for the first time, the herd of black will spill over the trails toward our hovel, toward the road, toward the cities of man!"

Music screaming, higher, faster, insanely, sending shock after macabre shock thru night air, loosening the stars from their riveted stations. The Piper stretched high, six feet or more, upon his hillock, swaying back and forth, his thin shape attired in brown-cloth. The black mass on the mountain came down like amoebic tentacles, met and coalesced, muttering and mumbling. "Go inside and hide," said the old man. "You are young, you must live to propagate the new Mars. Tonight is the end of the old, tomorrow begins the new! It is death for the men of Earth!" Higher still and higher. "Death! They come to overrun the Earthlings, destroy their cities, take their projectiles. Then—in the ships of man—to Earth! Turnabout! Revolution and Revenge! A new



civilization! When monsters usurp men and men's greediness crumbles at his demise!" Shriller, faster, higher, insanely tempoed. "The Piper—The Brilliant One—He who has waited for years for this night. Back to Venus to reinstall the glory of his civilization! The return of Art to humanity!"

"But they are savages, these unpure Martians," the boy cried.

"Men are savages. I am ashamed of being a man," the old man said, tremblingly. "Yes, these creatures are savages, but they will learn—these brutes—with music. Music in many forms—music for peace, music for love—music for hate and music for death. The Piper and his brood will set up a new cosmos. He is immortal!" Now, hurrying, muttering up the road, the first cluster of black things reminiscent of men. A strange sharp odor in the air. The Piper, from his hillock, walking down the road, over the cobbles, to the city. "Piper, pipe that song again!" cried the old man. "Go and kill and live again! Bring us love and art again! Piper, pipe the song! I weep!" Then: "Hide, child, hide quickly! Before they come! Hurry!" And the child, crying, hurried to the small house and hid himself thru the night.

Swirling, jumping, running, leaping, gamboling, crying—the new humanity surged to man's cities, his rockets, his mines. The Piper's song! Stars shuddered. Winds stilled. Nightbirds sang no songs. Echoes murmured only the voices of the ones who advanced, bringing new understanding. The old man, caught in the whirlpool of ebon, was swept down, screaming. Then up the road, by the awful thousands, vomiting out of hills, sprawling from caves, curling, huge fingers of beasts, around and about and down to the Man Cities. Sighing, leaping up, voices and destruction!

Rockets across the sky!

Guns. Death.

And finally, in the pale advancement of dawn, the memory, the echoing of the old man's voice. And the little boy arose to start afresh a new world with a new mate.

Echoing, the old man's voice:

"Piper, pipe that song again! So he piped, I wept to hear!"

A new day dawned.

The End

---

## ***THE ITCHING HOUR***

**by Damon Knight**

Mind you, I don't believe the story, myself. It was obvious, from the start, that the old man was mad. Besides, I was stinko at the time, and I may not have got some of the details right. But in its essentials, the story still sticks in my mind.... I can see the old man now, with a pair of my best socks around his neck, moaning and wheezing and spitting on the floor, and in between times telling his strange, strange story. Of course, the whole thing was fantastic; the old loon had probably escaped from some nut factory.... and yet.... No, no, the old man was booby. And yet.... And yet....

The night it happened I was sitting in my study in my white silk Russian lounging robe, smoking a narghile or Indian water-pipe and throwing darts at a signed photograph of Sally Rand. I'd just pinked her neatly in the gluteus maximus, when I was startled by a crash of glass, and turned around to see an aged man tottering carefully thru the remains of my French windows.

At once the chill of horror griped me. Oops, I mean *gripped*!! Unable to move, I stared speechlessly as the old man went directly to my chest of drawers and fumbled within, the overhead light throwing his face into sombre shadow.

Blowing his nose on one of my dress shirts he grumbled to himself about the starch and selected a pair of lamb's wool socks and tied them around his neck. This done, he hobbled over to a chair facing mine, sat down, pulled his tattered undershirt, which for some reason he was wearing as a shawl, more closely around his thin shoulders, stared reproachfully at me, shivering at the icy blast that came in thru the shattered windows. "There's a draft in here, and you know what you can do about it," he complained.

"Yes, there is," I managed to get out.

He nodded, satisfied. "I thought there was," he said. Then, dragging his chair closer, he leaned over and, grasping me firmly by the lapels, said pleasantly, "Ipswitch on the amscray, don't you think?"

Half stifled with terror, I gasped, "Uh, yes." At once his manner was transformed. Drawing himself up indignantly he sneered "That's a lie! That's what they all say, the sniveling hypocrites! They know it's a lie!"

Then he drew nearer once again. "But," he said, "I'm going to tell you my story anyway. You have a kind face. And I—I just don't have any at all." He raised the rim of his hat and I saw it was true!

He had no face! Gibbering, I tried to get away, to flee or scam, but it was too late. Taking a firmer grip on my lapels, and standing heavily on my foot, the old man began his story.

"You may not believe it (he began) but I, too, was once a carefree young fan like yourself. From morning til night I thot of nothing but eating, sleeping, sex, and my fan-mag, PUKE. In the evening I would stay up til morning, splashing happily in my hecto inks, and turning out pages and pages of material like mad. And at last I'd go to bed, tired but happy, knowing I had done my duty as an honest fan.

"And then, one day, it happened. By some unfortunate chance, I got a little double-strength purple hectograph ink on my face. Noticing it in the mirror the next morning, as I was trying to decide whether to shave this week or not, I took a washcloth and tried to rub off the stain. Alas, poor fool that I was, I recked not of the consequences!

"With hard rubbing, I managed to get some of the ink off, but when I went on rubbing, to remove the rest, the ink I had rubbed off was transferred back to my face. And so it went, the adamant ink going from washrag to face and from face back to washrag.

"The ink, as I have said, was double-strength purple undiluted, and suffered nothing in the process. But something had to give way. The washrag, by an unhappy coincidence, was a brand-new one, and my face was some years old. Only one thing could have happened. It did."

Thus, shedding a tear on the carpet, the old stranger ended his weird tale. Getting slowly to his feet, he drew his hat down over his eyes once more, tied his socks around his neck more tightly, and shuffled off toward the shattered windows. At the sill, he turned, faced the room, and made one last parting shot, ere he vanished in the gloom. "*Dogs have fleas!*" he screamed.

But sometimes I wonder.

---

## I'VE NEVER SEEN

by Hannes Bok

I've never seen a Flirtenflog.  
I've heard that it's a Martian dog.  
But science-fiction has romanced  
That the Martian race is much advanced;  
So thus my reasoning should be,  
Has a Flirtenflog ever seen ME??????



---

*HAVE YOU TRIED READING*

freehafer's POLARIS?

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**HANNES V: BOK ARTIST**

**AS SEEN BY HANNES V: BOK CRITIC.**



Hannes Bok, born in Seattle. Age; 23. Arrived in New York in August, 1939. Is doing interiors and covers for *Weird Tales* and several other wellknown fantasy magazines.

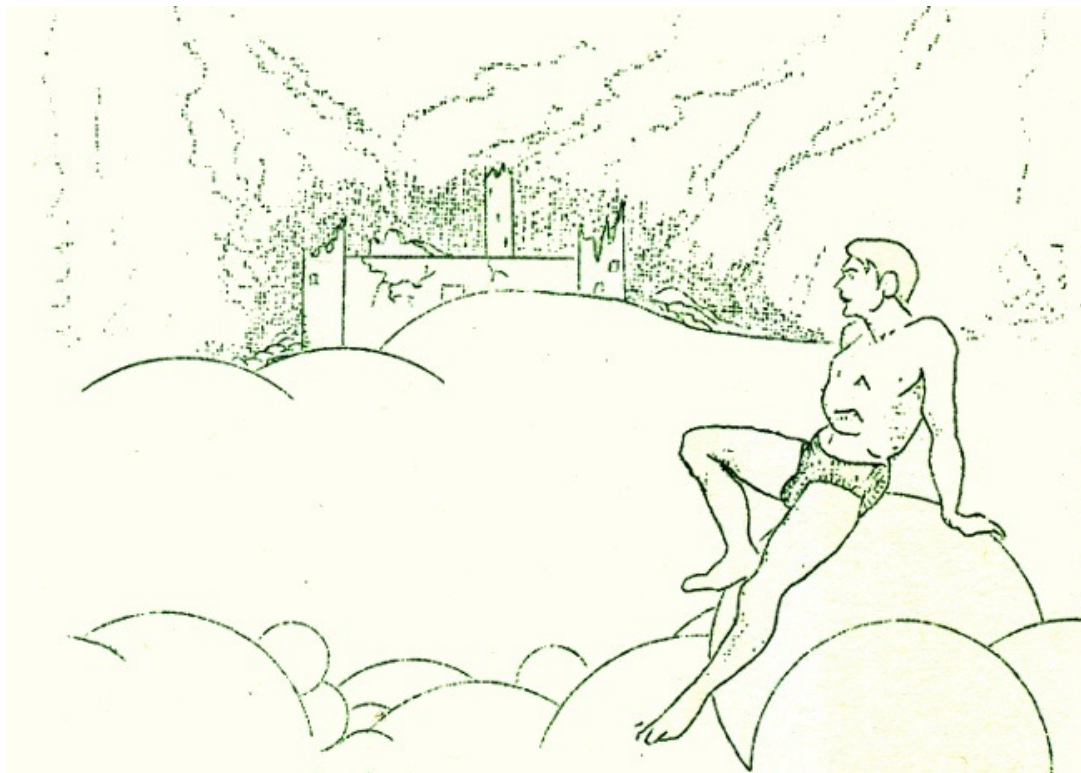
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## **ninevah**

***by J. E. Kelleam***

They say the bittern and the cormorant  
Have nested in the upper lintels there.  
The wind builds flowers of dust upon the air,  
Lifting and falling, slow and hesitant.  
Within the crumbling temples beasts have laired;  
Eyeless the windows, broken the terraces;  
No laughter breaks the silence. The palaces  
Are weathered and the cedar work is bared.

If this be glory's wage, then let me trust  
The fragile things that are not built of might,  
The lovely things that leave no trace when gone:  
The rose that swiftly turns into the dust,  
Beauty that blazed a moment—Or a night  
Of golden stars forgotten with the dawn.



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Do U Want Fans to  
Point At U & Say



"HE'S BEHIND THE TIMES—HE WRITES WITH AN OLD BLACK & RED RIBBON"? Or—"Well, he uses one of those swell *fantastic* green-&-brown ribbons like Erle Korshak & Tom Wright & Russ Hodgkins & Ackerman & 'Alchemist' & Yerke & Freehater &"—look at the record: *3 dozen sold to date!* \$1 ppd from MOROJO, Bx 6475 Met Sta, Los Angeles Cal.

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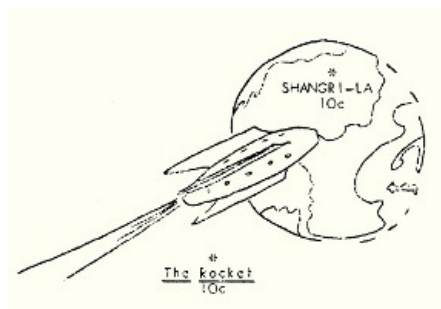
Daugherty's 2 Sensations

Walt Daugherty: 1039 W 39 Los Angeles Cal

(Both for 15c!)

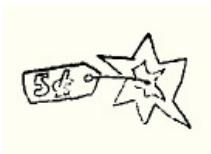
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LE ZOMBIE—the Nickel Nifty, the Flower of Fandom. From Bob Tucker, PO Box 260, Bloomington Illinois

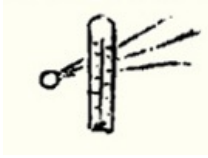


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Get the Lead out of your Shoe, son, & send for that copy of *Snide*, the "Thud & Blunder" mag, 10c from Damon Knight, 803 Columbia, Hood River Ore.

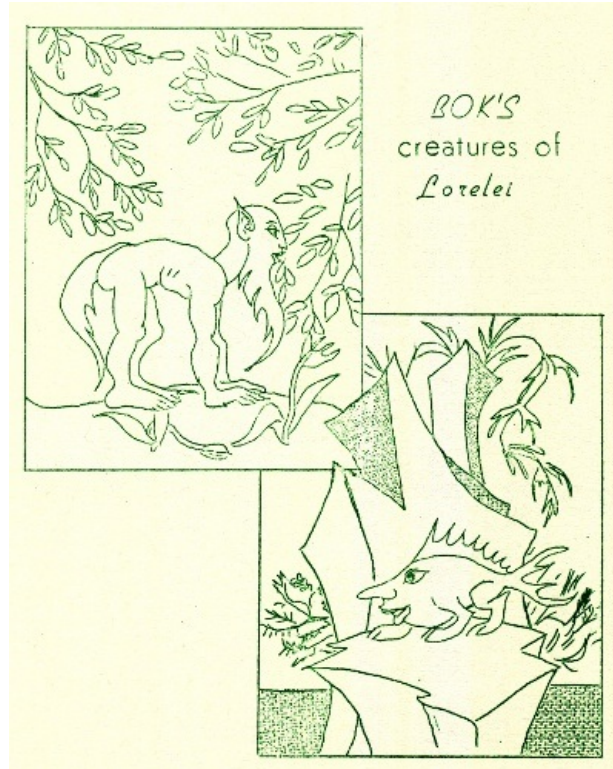


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### **BOK'S creatures of Lorelei**



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## **LOCAL LEAGUE LIFE**

—GUY AMORY

THE ROADS MUST ROLL! And the road rolls right into Campbell's office and rolling right back comes a check to Mr. Robert A. Heinlein, member of the L.A. S.F.L., whose *novel* is currently in ASTOUNDING now. Heinlein's yarn about roads deals with a culture where roads are the most important things to mankind and he just sold it to John W., for which, BRAVO, BOB!

Story will appear with above title or as ROADTOWN, all dependin' on which side of the bed Campbell gets up from.

**How's about a letter of criticism, Mr. Swisher. We would like to know what you think of F.F. Thanx.**

### **THE EDITORS**

SCIENTIFAN 15 c

Jan-Feb

Terrificover! The only magazine of its size for fans—slick covers! Material by Tucker, Hart, Sullivan & others! "Horrors Cellar", feature-length fiction by Harry Warner Jr. Long fan-interest article by Lowndes. 10 interesting depts. Publication profusely illustrated.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT: *Mercury*—controversial matters.

A SMASHING PUBLICATION, 1836 - 39th Ave, Oakland, Calif.

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