

PARADOX



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Paradox

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PARADOX, volume two, number one; whole number 5. Paradox is published quarterly by Frank Wilimczvk, Jr., at 3 Lewis St., Westfield, Massachusetts. Single copies, 10¢. Three issues for a quarter. We'd like to trade with other fanzines, regardless of what their subscription rates are. Unused material will be returned promptly, or placed with another fanzine if the contributor so desires. Because Paradox is a non-profit publication, no payment other than a complimentary copy of the issue in which the contributor's work appears, can be made. Back issues still available are Nos. 3, and 4, at ten cents apiece. We are not responsible for opinions expressed herein, unless they appear in the editorial. The next (Winter, 1943) issue of Paradox will appear in December.

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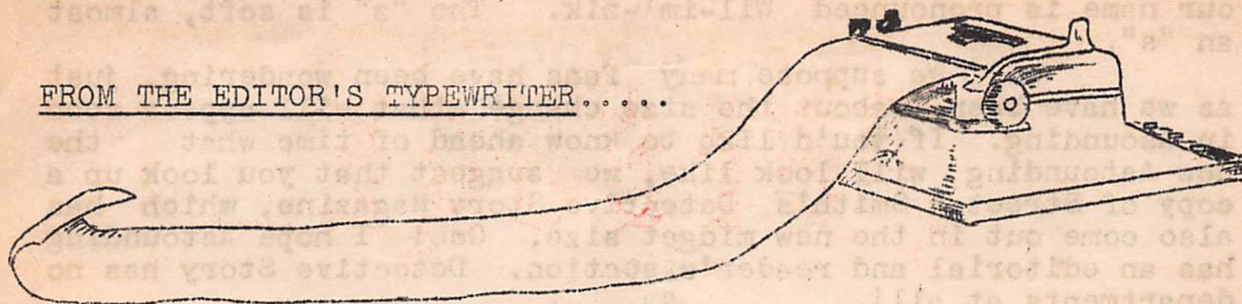
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FROM THE EDITOR'S TYPEWRITER.....



We've included two extra pages this issue, and, we hope, will continue to add to the number of pages, from time to time. The increase will depend on the amount of material we have on hand at the time. We have some good fiction and articles on hand, and one poem. Lately, we've been given a chance to be a little more choosy with our material; this ought to result in an increase in the quality of reading matter in future issues. You can help to raise the quality of material by letting us have a look-see at some of your work.

The letter section is a little short this issue due partly to the shortage of letters (the last issue was sent out in the middle of July, which is about a month-and-a-half's time to gather interesting comments. We'll reply promptly to any letters, so write in, please.

A few words about the drawing that appeared on the cover of our last issue would not be amiss. Just about everyone who wrote in asked the same question: "What's the cover supposed to represent?" When we stencilled the editorial, last issue, we had not, as yet, seen what the cover design was to be. As it turned out, we had seen it before, but had not supposed that John would use it for the cover drawing. The explanation is quite simple. . . the globule is a drop of water, and the little creatures clinging to it (look closely, and you can make them out) are "invaders" from infinite smallness. The picture was drawn to illustrate a story that John had written after reading over my set of fanzines.

It was quite a story! Someday we will print it in Paradox, or Fapa, or something. John had another drawing illustrating the same story, which was also very good. As yet we've seen only preliminary sketches for John's back cover, but from what we've seen, it ought to be an xlt pic. John'll do the stencilling on this drawing himself (I stencilled his last issue, which should prove that the pic was much better than the reproduction. Much better!), so it ought to be much better than the previous one. John has another drawing coming up in the second issue of Vision (Rosco E. Wright's new fanzine), and it's really something!

----Since writing the previous paragraph, we've received a copy of Canadian Fandom. The cover! It's the same idea as John's drawing! Please be kind on us, readers; believe us, our back cover was planned a month ago!

A number of fans, it seems, have been stumped by our name. They can't pronounce it! To those who wrote and inquired about it, and to those who just wondered silently:

our name is pronounced Wil-im'-zik. The "z" is soft, almost an "s".

We suppose many fans have been wondering, just as we have been, about the size change that will appear soon in Astounding. If you'd like to know ahead of time what the new Astounding will look like, we suggest that you look up a copy of Street & Smith's Detective Story Magazine, which has also come out in the new midget size. Gee! I hope Astounding has an editorial and reader's section. Detective Story has no departments at all!

For the next issue we have scheduled, "Disturbing--Isn't It?" by Raym Washington, "Dreams for Science-Fiction" by Rosco E. Wright, "Cargo from Mars" by Franklin Lee Baldwin, some poetry by Fred Fischer and Joel Hensley, besides Raymblings, The Chronion (We hope! All depends, of course, on the response), and the regular departments and features.

No cartoons this issue, due to lack of space. If you have any cartoons, let us have them. However, we warn you, we reserve the right to use only the idea, and render the drawing ourself. But the contributor will be given credit, never fear.

Some parts of this issue may be spaced a wee bit wildly. Forgive us, but we've been very busy, and had to type sections without dummaging them first, or found that we'd dummied them incorrectly, but went on anyway. Poor us. We've used up nearly all of our correction fluid, and, as if that were not enuf, every time we use the stuff, we're forced to take a good big sniff of it. Correction fluid smells just like ether, and brings back far from sweet memories of the few days we spent in the hospital, and of a weird dream we experienced while under the knife. My, but that was a dream!

Like any other fanzine, Paradox needs subscriptions to partly make up for its cost. For quite a while we've been sending out copies free to certain individuals, but we can't keep it up any longer--we do need more subscriptions. We once said that Paradox would not fail for lack of capital. It won't, we assure you--but it may take a cut in size, sell for a nickel a copy and have correspondingly less pages. This may happen--probably will--unless we do get more subscriptions. We would hate to cut in size, because we have some definitely better material scheduled for future issues, and most of it is a little long. Will you cooperate?

A few weeks will see the publication of Selene, a new fan news sheet published by the editor of Paradox. Selene will appear every two weeks (on the first and fifteenth of each month), will be neatly mimeographed on legal sized, 20-pound stock, and will sell for 5¢ a copy, or 25¢ for six issues. Fan news will be featured in preference to pro, and there will be fanzine, book, and movie news and reviews. Subscriptions are being accepted, and news, suggestions, or comments of any sort will be welcomed. To be successful, Selene must have the full cooperation of the fans. You can help by writing in.

(The first issue of Selene will be sent out free.)

BEHIND PLANET STORIES' EDITORIAL DOOR --- BY LARRY SHAW

In Which The Hermit
Relates of a Voyage
and of the Editor
Peacock whom he MET



Well, it seems that after the January issue of Planet Stories came out, I wrote this fellow W. Scott Peacock a letter, telling him (again) what I thought of his efforts as an editor and just incidentally happening to mention that I was going to be in New York January 31, and would come on January 30 instead if there was a chance of seeing him, as I wanted to see for myself if editors were human; and he sent me a penny postal card asking what was I waiting for, he wanted to see if fans were human, and if he wasn't at his office, buzz him at the 23rd Street "Y".

So I went to New York on the 30th. I didn't go to Peacock's office immediately, as I didn't want to lug the heavy suitcase and briefcase, I was lugging, all over the map. Instead I went to the 23rd Street "Y", at which by some strange coincidence I had a reservation for a room. I stumbled over several dozen soldiers in the lobby, paid my money, signed a thing, took my key, followed a corridor to the elevator, took the elevator to the ninth floor, found my room, stumbled (fans never walk, they always stumble) in, dropped the suitcase (full of FFF's mostly) and the briefcase (full of Yearbooks), sat down, and rested. While resting, I thought a brilliant think. "Before I go to look for Peacock at his office, I will see if he is here, thus perhaps saving myself some trouble, yes?" The answer, arrived at after great cogitation, was yes. I went down to the desk and asked for Peacock. The fellow looked at me rather queerly and said that Peacock was in room 703. Then the girl got 703 on the phone and handed it to me. I said "Peacock?" and "This is Shaw" and he said "Good morning" and I said "Morning? You mean afternoon" and he said he had been asleep and to come on up and he would get some pants on and we would go out to eat. Even on the phone he had a southern accent.

Then I got twisted up and took the wrong elevator and ended up in the gym and decided I ought to give him time to get dressed anyway. (Gawsh--what a big place that was! The "Y" in Schenectady has two floors.) I went down again and asked questions and received very detailed directions on how to reach 703. When I finally arrived the door was open and I could see what looked like a human being stretched out on the bed, so I poked my head in and said "Hello" or some such silly thing. He did not leap up energetically to

greet me, but he extended a hand (it had five fingers, anyway), and we shook. He said he was glad I woke him up, because he had overslept when he should be at his office working on a novel; and I said it wouldn't be any good anyway, and we were friends.

He told me I reminded him of himself when he was my age, and I told him how I told Harvey Marcy, a Schenectady Planet fan, how I was going to take his (Peacock's) job away from him, and he told me that was fine as there were only two fellows at his office, who had been there 15 years each, who wanted to do that too. We talked, and he showed me a novel in the series for which he had to finish one (the "Ki-Gor" series in Jungle Stories), and finally we got ready to go out to eat.

Peacock is long and thin. He wears glasses and has sandy hair. He looks hungry. He even looks human. But he doesn't look like an editor.

We went down on the elevator and Peacock got his mail and we went out and across 23rd Street toward Eighth Avenue. Peacock read his mail as he walked, and I sprinted to keep up with him. He told me his mother was worried about him. The doctor had told him that there was nothing wrong with him except that he should have been buried six months ago. I could believe him.

We went in a lunch room and he had breakfast while I had lunch. We both had bacon and eggs. He didn't like his eggs. We ate and talked. We discussed the fan vs. the editor. He convinced me quite easily that the poor editor was mistreated by the fans. He also convinced me that the editor didn't give a damn what the fans thought about what the editor published. He brought up the point about magazines' having set policies which determined what was printed, and that the editor sometimes got very annoyed at the way the fans told him off, when there was no way he could retaliate and tell the fans off. He told me the anecdote of the fan who wrote to him, ending his letter, "If you don't print this, I'll write to another magazine." He told me how laughable it was to have a fan write in praising a story by a "new" author and slamming a story by an old-timer in the same issue, when both were written by the same guy. I sympathized with him.

We also discussed science fiction. He was a fan for a long time. He likes science in his fiction. He thinks Astounding and Unknown are the best mags in the field. He thinks that Planet follows those two in quality. I told him those were the only three that I read every issue, which is true (except that I don't always read all of Planet). He doesn't like Cummings, either. However, he gets sick and tired of fans who continually slam Ray, who never even attempts to retaliate. I sympathized some more.

After a while we left the eatery and took the Eighth Avenue Subway to 32nd Street. We went out onto Eighth Avenue. We went into a very handsome, modern building. We stood in an elevator for a few hours and finally an operator came and shot us up several dozen floors. A door said "Fiction House, Inc." We walked into an outer office. Then I was disillusioned.

I hadn't expected much. I hadn't expected Peacock's office to be very fancy. I hadn't expected an office like they show in the movies. I hadn't expected a super-modernistic chrome-plated palace with a built-in bar. I hadn't expected it to be large enough to contain a three ring circus, plus sideshow. However, I had rather expected that he would have an office.

He hasn't.

Fiction House is an Outer office and one big room filled with desks, tables, bookcases, cabinets, etc., with big windows filling one of the long sides and a smaller room filled with drawing boards and such (The Art Department) at one end. Peacock is the desk next to the door to the art department. Peacock is editor of five Fiction House magazines. Peacock does all the work on those five magazines--editing, rewriting, copyreading, proofreading, more proofreading, dummyping--everything except the actual printing. What a lucky guy he is. . . .

Peacock slumped in his chair (that "slumped" is important). I sat behind the desk next to his. There was one other fellow there. Nobody goes to the office on Saturday ordinarily. Except Peacock. I don't blame him for going there on Saturdays. The place has an even more wonderful atmosphere than a room full of printing presses. Anyway, Peacock was very grateful to me for waking him up so he could go to the office to write. He had to catch a train at six o'clock, and he also wanted to shave and stuff first.

So we talked some more. He showed me the cover of the next issue of Planet. He showed me manuscripts. He showed me his worksheets, on which he marked down the stories selected for each issue of each magazine, the layouts, lengths, and stuff. This, he said, was very confidential, and he shouldn't show it to anyone. He showed me the contents page of the next issue of Planet. He told me about some of the authors and stories. He told me some of the things that were wrong with the stories he had published in the past.

He told me about himself. He has been a lot of things. The thing I mainly remember is in jail. He has written a lot of stuff, under a lot of different names, in a lot of different magazines--over 400 stories and seven novels I think he said. He then turned scientific, and gave me a problem concerning a coiled spring in a jar of acid to mull

over, and also outlined a neat idea for getting into the fourth dimension.

We also talked about me a little. I told him about the school paper and how some people, including P. Schuyler Miller, think I can write, and how I wanted to write but would rather be an editor. Even after seeing Peacock and Fiction House, I still want to be an editor. I mentioned my brother in the army. He told me he has a brother and sister; a "kid" brother and "kid" sister. Their ages proved that Tucker was a little off in his estimation of Peacock's age; they were both older than Tuck had him down for.

Suddenly Peacock remembered that he owed me an original, for my winning letter of a year or so ago. He hauled out a whole bunch of old and new ones. I told him I like Bok. I didn't think he'd have any left. He grinned, and found two. As I had waited so long, he said, I could have both of them. I gave him a big hug and kiss, almost. He said he remembered sending me one before, "but..." (He wasn't editor when I won. One of the originals he gave me was the one I had picked as my prize in case I did win that time. Oh well...)

He went back to his desk to get me an envelope to put the pics in. He sat down. He rose again. Some playful colleague of his had stuck a tack up through the cushion of his chair. My, what nice cuss-words. He had missed the tack before only because of his slump. I still want to be an editor.

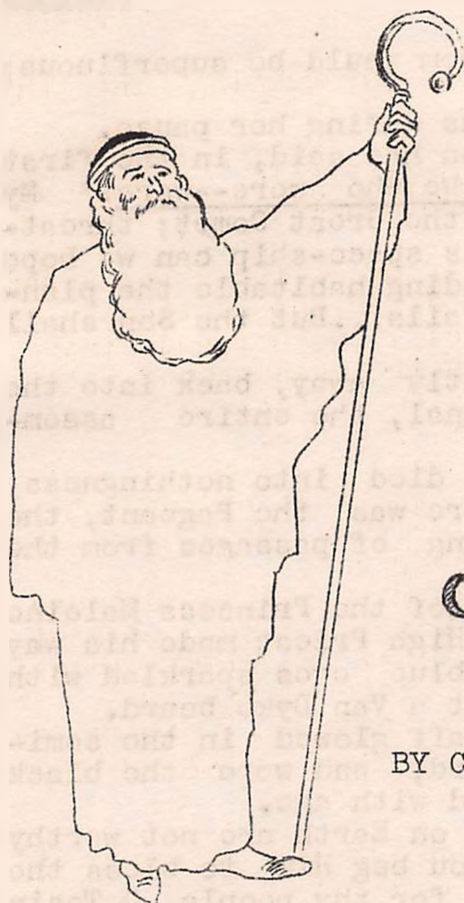
After that we wandered into the art room. He showed me some cartoons of the boys at Fiction House. They were spread all over the wall. They were clever. I would have given a lot for the one of Peacock.

We talked about a lot of other things in between here someplace. But not long after that I left. First though I got him to christen my autograph book. He asked if he had to be clever. I said no, why didn't he just list a lot of his pen-names. He did list some. I didn't recognize any of them as science fiction writers. Even if I did, I wouldn't tell you. Nyah!

He told me to keep writing to Planet; he wanted to keep the "Vizigraph" (he pronounces it with the first "i" long) going. He said to come again sometime. He was starting to type as I left.

Gawsh, editors are almost as wonderful as fans.

::THE END::



CURSE of KURUI

BY CURTIS CARLYLE



There was a very small man with a bulging stomach, who waved his thick arms wildly as he spoke. The spotlights concentrated on him threw a shadow against the sleek, stellite lines of the Princess Maleine.

The little man wore an outrageously green costume that stretched tightly over his fatness. Thick and coarse was his voice when he spoke: "Citizens of the Empire, on this night of Allenton 21, 2013, in the third year of the reign of the good Queen Elaine, man will conquer space. So has it been ordained in the Lahabadzr, the Holy Book."

The speaker's thick fingers thumbed through an expensive edition of the Lahabadzr. His eyes roamed over the tremendous crowd below him; he resumed: "The Prophet Tosin said: 'When peace has come, and death has flown, then will our Earth fly like the swallow into the evening sky--and disappear.' Peace has come, Citizens, and we shall fly away into the sky."

A tremendous volume of applause swept over the assembled Citizens of the First Empire, growing in intensity, until the speaker raised his arms for silence.

Soft was his voice when he said: "Citizens, the Queen."

Silence. Slowly, the old lady moved forward. The priceless crown atop her white head sparkled, the white-silk gown, and the ermine robe were evidence of her high office.

She said: "My people, here am I, a mere mortal, standing before the fulfillment of Tosin, the first Pro-

phet of the son. To say words of wisdom would be superfluous; to say nothing would be heresy."

The silence was ominous during her pause.

She continued: "The Son has said, in the first Book of Nemien: 'We who are--are. We who were--were.' My people, our planet is threatened by the Great Comet; threatened with oblivion. Only through this space-ship can we hope for salvation. If it succeeds in finding habitable the planet Mars, we shall be saved. If it fails...But the Son shall aid us; we shall not fail."

The Queen moved silently away, back into the shadows, and as if by some unseen signal, the entire assemblage cheered wildly.

When the cheering had died into nothingness, the elaborate ceremonies began. There was the Pageant, the Semblance of the Son, and the reading of passages from the Lahabadzr.

George Shalen, captain of the Princess Maleine stood in the shadows, and, when the High Priest made his way forward, bowed with the rest. His blue eyes sparkled with expectancy, and lean fingers tugged at a Van Dyke beard.

The High Priest's staff glowed in the semi-darkness. He had a long, white beard, and wore the black robes of the Faith; his voice quivered with age.

"O Tosin, thy servants on Earth are not worthy of asking the Father, but wilt thou beg Him to bless the Princess Maleine on its voyage? Mercy for thy people, O Tosin for we do so fear death."

The High Priest walked slowly over to the ship and described a circle on it with his staff. He quoted from the Lahabadzr: "The Father is just; the Father is kind; be He with us. Protect us from the Spirit of Evil: Kurui."

Laughter.

A low, cackling sound that rose to a shriek.

The High Priest looked around in amazement. Death was the price of breaking the sacred rites, and for some Citizen to laugh...

The little old lady moved into the floodlights around the spaceship. She was very, very old, and she leaned on a stick as she hobbled forward. The tall, red pointed hat and the red robe that she wore cast a sudden shadow of fear into Captain George Shalen's heart.

The old woman laughed again, harshly. "So you beg the Father to protect you from Kurui, do you? Heh. Stupid pigs--to even think that Kurui is so weak as to be beaten by his Father. Heh."

Shalen gasped as the old woman pulled a black, ragged book from beneath her red robe. She cackled. "I read from the Damned Book, as you fools call it. Durui says: 'Should ever a man ask the blessing of my Father, who has cast me out, I shall wreak vengeance upon him.' And I, the First Prophet of Kurui will curse this ship."

She spat in the direction of the ship, and Shalen found himself shaking with fear of the little woman in red.

"An eternal damnation upon this thing," she croaked. "'Twill shake and to pieces fall, when first the growling comes."

Two guards, free of the powerful spell that the little woman in red had cast, marched forward, seized her arms, and dragged her roughly away.

"'Twill shake and to pieces fall, when first the growling comes." Her voice, dying in the distance, shrieked back that last sentence.

Captain George Shalen, follower of the Faith, knew he shouldn't be trembling so, but he couldn't stop it.

* * * *

"Twelve days out, and trajectory is perfect, sir," the mate said, and handed Captain George Shalen his report.

Shalen took it, scanned the figures, and handed it back. His voice was anxious when he spoke. "But the crew--are they..."

The mate frowned. "I think, sir, that their fear is gone. There have been no more accidents, and they talk with each other again."

"Good," Shalen said, smiling. "But, we must watch them carefully. We are over two thirds of the way to Mars, and if anything shakes the men now, it will be worse than it was before."

The mate nodded mutely.

"See about food for tomorrow, will you?" Shalen asked, turning to the Visiscreen. "Issue carefully, tho'; remember, there's the return trip to Earth."

"Yes, sir," the mate snapped, turned on his heel and marched through the first and second sections and on into the third.

"Cookie," the mate yelled, and a white-aproned individual burst into the narrow corridor.

"Issuance, cookie, my lad," the mate said cheerfully. The mate was a wee bit too friendly with the men for an officer.

The mate opened a small stellite door; they marched down into the hole, and the metal stairs made ghostly echoes through the lower level of the huge ship. They walked briskly to the door marked Supplies.

"You know, sir," the cook said, "I've been a-thinkin' of havin' a coupla good apple pies for the officers this afternoon, and perhaps a lit--"

He didn't finish the word. There was a low growling that filled the ship. Metal walls echoed and re-echoed the sound.

"Father!" shrieked the cook, running to the metal stairs.

"Stop, you fool!" the mate yelled. "Stop, it's nothing!"

The cook started up the stairs, and the mate drew his blaster, aimed directly at his back.

"Stop, man!" he yelled once again, but the cook continued up the stairs, screaming.

The blaster made a dull Blaamp! and the cook was slammed against the wall. The smell of burned flesh crept over the hold, but the cook stumbled out into the third section.

He screamed his message to the ship's crew, and burst into the control room.

"'Twill shake and to pieces fall, when first the growling comes!" he shrieked, and fell to the floor--dead.

Yells of terror filled the ship, and Captain George Shalen turned around hurriedly. As he did, his hand twisted a dial a little to the left. Immediately the ship was seized with a terrible shaking. Every metal brace shook as if the ship were falling apart.

Shalen ran to the door of the control room, to meet the frantic mate coming in.

"Sir," the mate gasped, "the men are abandoning ship."

Shalen cursed bitterly, tore the blaster from his holster and ran down the corridor. Past empty rooms he tore, followed closely by the wild-eyed mate.

"Stop!" bellowed the captain.

The last of the crew were climbing into the life-raft. A big-muscled man with a scar on the right side of his face turned terror-filled eyes to the captain. When Shalen's hand grasped his shoulder, he turned and smashed a big fist into the captain's angry face.

The mate climbed into the raft dragging Shalen behind him, just before the scar-faced man slammed the door shut. The outer lock swung open silently, and the life-raft shot out into space.

The oxygen tanks were lined neatly against the wall of the Princess Maleine; there was just enough air in the tiny life-raft to last five minutes.

Five minutes to move further away from the big ship; to become lost in space.

* * * *

Down in the hold, behind the door marked Supplies, a large Great Dane pattered slowly over to the broken cage, and the snapped muzzle. He sniffed them; growled loudly, and then barked.

Nothing answered him; except the echo that bounded and re-bounded against the metal walls.

As it died away, the sound seemed to change to a cackle.

Silence once again.

T H E E N D

Rayblings

BY RAYMOND WASHINGTON, JR.

It is our wish to apologize for the installment of Rayblings that was published in the last issue. We have, in a separate letter to editor Wilimczyk. We were stunned to find out that some of the fans liked it. We were nauseated. Without burdening you further, we will say: henceforth, if we find ourselves incapable of composing any but blatantly childish material, these pages shall be absent of our work; nobody will lose anything (other, and better, material then taking up the space our column occupies), and we will be enabled to maintain our self-respect. Our only weak defense is that we were trying to be funny. We did not mean to give the impression of an egotistical, warped personality.

* * *

John Hawkins' unforgettable "Ark Of Fire" went over hugely with the majority of readers; in fact, it proved to be practically "irresistible". But a few die-hards have made disparaging comments anent this classic of science fiction. John Gergen stands, head bowed, among the culprits. We shall endeavor to demolish his argument first.

J. G. claims that there is little science in the story; nothing but action. Unless our memory deceives us, Gene Hunter or somebody makes a similar statement.

In every field of art and science there are persons who are so involved with the numerous small details that they do not fully grasp the essential, the important, the complete, whole. They can't see the forest for the trees. In Literature they are numerous; Music thrives with them, too. Personally, if we like a story very much, we aren't inclined to pick it to pieces, hunting pedantically for bad syntax, mis-spelling, and typographical errors. If a story partakes mostly of action, but is well-written, powerful, and sustains a definite atmosphere, it is still a good yarn. If there are vivid descriptions, restrained heroism, outstanding characters; if the plot is competently handled, the emotions strained, the intelligence challenged: if the reader really lives the story, becomes engrossed in it, and completes it emotionally satiated, with a feeling of satisfaction, and a sincere regard for the story, then surely that story is above average.

Who can deny the sweeping power of John Hawkins' story of the year 1930? There is a mighty, vivid panorama unfolding before the reader's eyes. No other story, to our knowledge has contained such a moving chronicle of the destruction of earth. There is hard realism in our favorite tale; that same realism, we think, is the foundation of the story's claim to fame.

As yet, our mind is comparatively unfettered. If we intensely like a story or article or piece of music, we enjoy it and do not stop to question ourself if it is composed mainly

of action, statistics, or the string section; nor do we halt our enthusiasm to analyze these components and determine the standards as set down by society or the prevailing majority. We do if we do not like the composition in question. A work of art that stands in its own light does not need praise in the form of analytical discussion of its merits. It is not necessary to extol the virtues of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

* * *

It has long been our opinion that some of the greatest literary figures of the past were potential science fiction fans. Edgar Allan Poe has been our number one candidate. Although he leaned principally toward the weird and fantastic, he had the mind of a scientist. His "Mesmeric Revelations" we guarantee will delight the fan; his remarkable mental powers are also displayed in "The Colloquy of Monas and Una" as well as in other marvellous tales. But the one we think of especial interest to fantasy followers is MELLONTA TAUTA.

MELLONTA TAUTA is a science fiction story. That is not a wild statement: it is a declaration of fact. You may imagine our delight to discover a concrete confirmation of our theory. It is whimsical, it is queer, it is absurd: yet it is surely within the boundaries of science fiction, as we understand those boundaries. It is written in the form of a letter; the very beginning is sufficient to set a fan drooling. I quote:

ON BOARD BALLOON "SKYLARK", ----- April 1, 2848.

In the approved scientific manner of a lecturer of the future dissertating on the strange customs of past races, the writer chronicles another balloon passing over them, and its "drag-rope" actually brushing "the network suspending our car". The Captain of the Skylark then informs our hero that if the material of the bag had been the "'silk' of five hundred or a thousand years ago", they should have "inevitably been damaged." "This silk, as he explained it to me, was a fabric composed of the entrails of a species of earthworm. This worm was carefully fed on mulberries--a kind of fruit resembling a watermelon--and, when sufficiently fat, was crushed in a mill. The paste thus arising was called papyrus in its primary state, and went through a variety of processes until it finally became 'silk.' Singular to relate, it was once much admired as an article of female dress! Balloons were also very generally constructed from it."

Poe goes on to relate that a better kind of material was subsequently found in the down surrounding the seed-vessels of "a plant vulgarly called euphorbium, and at that time botanically termed milk-wood."

In this same story, the Skylark's drag-rope knocked a man overboard from one of the "small magnetic propellers that swarm in the ocean below". The individual was, of course, "not permitted to get on board again". The writer continues: "I rejoice, my dear friend, that we live in an age so enlightened that no such thing as an individual is supposed to exist. It is the mass for which the true Humanity cares." It would seem that Poe was definite in his opinions . . .

Also in this epic, a narrator refers to "a Turkish philo-

sopher (or Hindoo possibly) called Aries Tottle." In our wisdom we define the name to be a perverted form of Aristotle. Similar references abound in this early saga of science fiction, which is sometimes satirical. We shall say no more about this, but leave you to look it up at leisure.

We wonder how many science fiction authors have read this story.

Our "potential science fiction fan" organization has also engulfed Alfred Lord Tennyson. (No author is admitted to our select club unless his works show definite traces of stf, or the scientificfictional mood.)

We recommend certain portions of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall"; namely, the stanza beginning "For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see," down through the next four stanzas. If those passages are not science fiction, we will burn up some of our ASTOUNDINGS. Not only these lines richly poetic, but prophetic; and one phrase appeals to us so much that we are attempting to write a story based on it.

Also in this poem is an outburst of liberalism worthy of a fan:

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

"Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!"

To which we can only applaud.

* * *

Stories that stand out in our memory, above all the others for recent months, are:

GOLDFISH BOWL (slight plagiarism from Fort)
MIMSY WERE THE BOROGROVES (Kuttner's really comin')
NOTHING BUT GINGERBREAD LEFT (ditto)

Three's a good number to stop with. Are we challenged in our choice? (we should include the New Adam and several others but are prevented by fear of Ghu.)

* * *

A correspondent writes us on August 22, 1943:

"This is unusual! I usually answer those who are swapping with me right off the bat but here I discover myself writing to you before some swappers. You have some fatal charm, it seems. But your letters are so refreshing, so different, so humorous to say the least, I just can't seem to leave them alone."

Harrumph--you flatter us dear sir, but after all, you really should maintain some grip on reality . . . (this is a paid ad) . . .

One of our favorite readers says:

"As for suggestions for the improvement of RAYMblings: I would suggest that you leave humorous writing to those who naturally write in that manner. . . You are not a humorous writer. . . . Your humor, I think, seems a little forced."

Raym says: Is there no mercy left on this planet? Is kindness truly dead, side by side with tolerance, in the deep and bitter wells of cynicism? We can not endure this; with

drink and with drug shall we "drown the memory of that insolence"; for our dreams of competing with the nation's top columnists, and Joe Fortier, are shattered and crushed underfoot in the blinding pain of frustration.

* * *

ROGERS THE ROVER DEPT. The following items were skillfully plagiarized from Unger's FFF, Vol. 8, Nos. 13-16. . . .

"Don Rogers from Indiana attends Strangers meeting."

"Rogers staying at Jules Lazar's preparing big sojourn into Quebec and possibly Maritime provinces"

"Rogers comes back from Rockland, Maine". . .

"Rogers will go to Live Oak" . . .

"Richard H. Ryan was in Battle of Guadalcanal, wounded in leg, in hospital, then sent to Fiji Islands. Rogers visits his mother."

"Francis Masher's brother in service. F. M. in war work. Rogers visits with his grandmother."

"Rogers visits 'Jody' and Suzzette and Dr. Dagneau (of station CHRC) in Quebec. Plans to go Montreal soon. Rogers visits friend in Canadian Mounted Police."

"Jim S. Avery home from Navy in Virginia, for two days. Rogers visits the Averys."

"Chesley Towle left Auburn two months ago, went Portland, Ore., working Kaiser Shipyards. Rogers visits his father."

"Rogers visits Norman Stanley (shortly after return of Widner, Chauvenet; the 3rd Maine Con.)."

"Suddsy, Larry, Rogers visit Frank Wilimczyk."

Since that time, Rogers' travels have been vastly extended; we know that he was in Oklahoma and Kansas, obtaining forty acres of land in the latter state for a Cosmic Circle Camp; and when he at last reaches home, the resulting chronicle should be diverting. (Contrary to reports, Rogers did not reach Florida on this trip. Further details shall be forthcoming.)

* * *

All good fans have heard of the perversity of inanimate objects--but how many have had a brawl with one of them? While we were working on the ROGERS THE ROVER section of this column a fierce gust of wind blew in from the windy, rainy heavens outside, and played havoc with our papers and other junk. By the time we had stumbled up to close the window, our den was a mess. Cursing and fuming, we went about picking our trash up. We were making some progress, but still infuriated, took a towel in our clawlike hands to hurl it at the closed window, with screamed oaths. We brought a fistful of towel back over our head to hurl at the window in a mad rage--and became entangled with a rope suspended from an overhanging light cord. Thoroughly angry, we disengaged ourself and struck viciously at the rope. It defied us, however, and on the return swing knocked a bottle of ink off a table. Gnashing our teeth, we replaced the ink, then gave it a hard second knock with our fist. It obediently swung away under the force of the blow,

(Continued on page 21.)

THE CHRONION

by
T H E
ANACH-
RONIST

In subsequent installments I hope to turn the Chronion into a column that is different than any other now appearing. The difference will manifest itself in two ways: 1) In it will be discussed subjects that are in some way connected with time-or-time-travel theory, and 2) In the future it will consist of items culled from letters received from correspondents. The Chronion will continue only if you, the reader, contribute sufficient matter to keep it going.

It will take little extra work on your part if you are writing a commentary. You can include whatever you wish to say in the body of the letter. Leave the work of excerpting these items to the editor.

You ought to get a general idea of what's wanted, from this installment of The Chronion. Reviews of T-T books, stories, theories, articles, anything, as long as it has some bearing on that particular subject.

* * * * *

One particular method of achieving time-travel one which I, personally, think has rare possibilities, and which has been used very little in science-fiction, is through the use of drugs. This is entirely reasonable; there are narcotics in existence, and they are not very rare drugs at that, which supply a ground-work for this theory. Marijuana, for instance, retards the time-sense. It is not too far-fetched to suppose that there is a drug that would not only make everything happen more slowly, or make time stand still, but would cause the taker to travel back through time.

Bertram Atkey used a variation of this theme in his Mr. Honey stories, in Blue Book Magazine. (The series originally appeared back in 1930, or thereabouts, but only recently Atkey revived the series; the first of the new stories appeared in the April, 1942, Blue Book) The stories aren't straight science fiction, but deal with the transmigrations of Mr. Honey. A grateful llama presented Mr. H. with some pills, each of which transports Mr. Honey to one of his former existences. That is all that is fantasy. The remainder of the yarn is a burlesque historical short.

* * * * *

An interesting T-T yarn by Murray Leinster appeared in the Aug. 10, 1935, issue of Argosy magazine. It was titled "The Morrison Monument", and was the tale of an inventor of a time machine, and an unscrupulous broker. The story itself is obvious, and ends with the murder of Morrison (the inventor) and the suicide of Craig (the broker). However, the interesting part of the story was the theory expounded. Ac-

according to Morrison, only inanimate objects could be sent into the future via the time machine, and be brought back in a few seconds. Living creatures, because duration is an integral part of their make-up, as much so as are length, width, and breadth, and, as a dimension, cannot be displaced any more than can the other three, are not able to travel through time. "The Voice", by Ross Rocklynne (in the October, 1941, issue of T. W. S.), was based on this theme, in some respects. A human being, to travel through time, must exist during every bit of time that he would ordinarily (get it?).

* * * * *

I was pleased to read that Merritt's "The Ship of Ishtar" took first place in the Fantasy division of Widener's latest Le Zombie Poll. Not only is "Ship of Ishtar" my favorite fantasy, but I rate it as number one on my "Time-travel favorites" list.

* * * * *

Another of my favorite stories, "Beyond This Horizon", delighted me by presenting a time-traveller in its pages. J. Darlington Smith, I think, is the most logical characterization of a time traveller that has yet been written. In Smith, Heinlein presents a factor that has been passed over by most writers: that a time-traveller would be drastically unfitted to live, or earn a living in the world of the future. In too many stories, time-travellers have arrived at an opportune moment in the future, and saved the world from a horrible fate. What could a man of Columbus's time do in the modern world. Even the greatest minds of that day would be at a loss in a world of complicated machinery, plastics, airplanes, gigantic buildings, and complex social structure. The man of today would be just as lost, as helpless, in the 25th century, as a 15th century scholar would be in our times.

* * * * *

Brief reviews of time-travel stories:

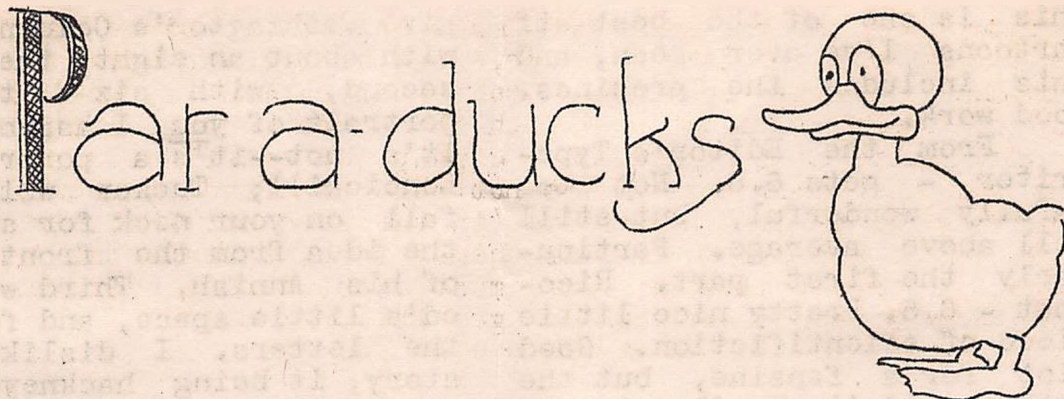
- 1) SEVEN OUT OF TIME; by Arthur Leo Zagat.
(Argosy, March 11 to April 15, 1939)
The wk "adventure in the future" plot.
- 2) EXILES OF TIME; by Nelson Bond (Blue Book, May, 1940)
The world-savers encounter a future "Ragnorek"

CANADIAN FANDOM

Canada's only fanzine, the former "8-Ball", is now in its fourth and best issue. Sixteen pages of excellent material by John Hollis Mason, Fred Hurter, Les Croutch, John Hilkert, Francis Laney, Alan Child, and others. Canadian Fandom is a worthwhile fanzine, and we feel sure that you will enjoy it.

It is published bi-monthly by Beak Taylor, St Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario, Canada.

Price--5¢ per copy, or six for 25¢.



BEAK TAYLOR
Unionville, Ontario

The cover, I thought, was darn good, especially for stencil drawing. Give it 9. I didn't quite understand what that little globule under his hands was. It looks like blood drooling from a hole in his chest. What was it? Give the cartoon on page 2 a 9. Should get a chuckle out of most fans even Laney. From the Editor's Typewriter was interesting, & receives 8. Always glad to hear of the doings of any fan. Ricochet was not brilliant but it made good reading - 7.5. I trust, tho', that Jonesy would be slightly uncomfortable 'way out there on Venus without benefit of space-suit, etc. I'm not hep to atmospheric pressure etc, on all these outlandish places, however, I gather that on most it is less than on good ol' earth. ((If Carson and Burroughs can do it, why shouldn't Jonesy and Burbee be allowed to?)) General Manpower got cut off just as it was becoming interesting. I hate things like that, and so give it 5. Raymbings was good, apart from the highly corny bit about the Sclaroids. My aunt Hattie, what does he think he is: one of the ancient scirbes or someone? Give it 8.5. Suggestion. Enlarge section in which fanzines are reviewed. Another suggestion:

When something is continued from one page to another a few pages later on, place at the usual place, a small note to the effect that the foregoing is continued at such and such a page ((We usually do, but we overlooked it that particular time. Sorry)). Paraducks. I liked wee Willie up at the top 8 to this, and my suggestion that it be made longer. Average - 7.0. May I make another suggestion? Thanks. Don't make the margins so wide, or waste so much space at the top and bottom of the page. I no ure short of material, but surely you should be able to get enough to fill the mag by now.

((It's not that we haven't enough material (tho we can certainly do with more), but we think the margins lend a neater appearance, don't U?))

ANDY ANDERSON
515 Ocean Avenue
Pismo Beach, Calif.

Front cover gets 7.5. Just what it's supposed to represent I don't know, but the drawing is much better than the average fanzinartwork. Somehow it reminds me of the kind of stuff Campbell has. By all means keep this kid. The two-color job sorta messed it up and brought it down a point and a half. Cartoon on contents page also rates a 7.5.

This is one of the best stf cartoons I've ever seen, and this includes the prozines. Good work.

From the Editor's Typewriter - gets 6.8. Not too awfully wonderful, but still well above average. Particularly the first part. Ricochet - 6.5. Pretty nice little piece of scientifiction. Good plot for a fanzine, but the author didn't handle it any too well. He might have improved it quite a little in one or two places. For instance, his punch ending was somewhat spoiled because he gave it away in the four or five paragraphs immediately preceding. The pic was okay, rates an average "5". General Manpower - hard to tell just how good a book review is if you haven't read the book, but Bronson earns a 6.5 because of writing style. It made me want to read the book, and that's what really counts. Raymblings Raym did a much better job this ish than he did last. In fact, he turned what seemed to be just another mediocre column into a column that's first class. 8.5. Bacovert--5. Good art, but not much to it.

Format - 9.5. Best looking fanzine I've ever seen, except for ACOLYTE, which gets the only 10. Average - 7.0. Hmmm. Not bad.

RAY KARDEN
409 12th St.
Cloquet, Minn.

Received your magazine today. A very nice job. I liked it more than some others which were better done; I think it's the impression of sincerity compared with the superficial cynicism of the others that is refreshing. If you want me to rate them, I'd

give Washington's Column first with about an eight, the cover second, with six-- it was a portrait of you, I assume ((no it's not--it's a portrait of Lencicki)); Tucker will now fall on your neck for swiping the idea from the front cover of his Annish. Third was the ed's little space, and fourth, the letters. I disliked the story, it being hackneyed and amateurishly written with the ending so obviously transparent. I also dislike straight book reviews, being a firm believer in the policy that they should be livened up with humor or something to make it worth the space they take.

I like the little illustrations, but not the cartoons-- or at least the one you had on the contents page this time. The type of heading you use is eminently satisfactory to me, giving a touch of uniqueness to what otherwise might just be neatness. The whole format is pleasing, with the mimeoing well done.

ART WIDNER, JR.
87 Colonial Rd.
N. Weymouth, Mass.

Burbee's story - if written with tongue-in-cheek - is excellent. If merely a narrative, with nothing "between the lines", it's just another amateurish bit of fan fiction, perhaps a little better than most. At any rate, I think it could've been helped a lot by an ending such as this:

Dr. Edwards looked up from the manuscript, to the respectful attendant who had brot it to him.

"Thank you, Wilson," he said. "This is a most unusual type of fixation, & I'm glad you brot it to my attention. Poor chap - he really imagines

he's on Venus." . . .

Nicht wahr?

Para-ducks is also good .
That Laney is a hard man, slicing a point from your rating just for changing from "I" to "we" or vice-versa. Shucks, everybody does that. Except me. I stroll nonchalantly between the first person & the third, eschewing 2nd plural altogether. That must gripe him something fierce.

FRANKLIN LEE BALDWIN

The improvement over other issues was very noticeable due mainly to your curtailment of Time Travel material. Now you'll have a more diversified magazine that will have more general appeal. Hope this steady improvement continues and that you get good material. Yours is one of the neatest appearing mags to be found. Wide margins help this to be possible ((See, Beak?)). Altho I am not adverse to uneven edges. Some fans think that a crime, tho.

LEONARD MARLOW

In the first place, #4 impressed me as being much neater than #3. Headings, I think did the trick. They're all exceptionally good this time. Your pic for Ricochet impressed me quite favorably, ditto the front cover. Bacover I did not like! Mooney can do better. Hold it! says '36, doesn't it? Mooney has improved greatly in the years between that time and the present day. Also greatly enjoyed were the editorial, Raymblings, and Para-Ducks. Incidentally, I do not consider your letter section one of the best -- no, let's say not the best. ACOLYTE's gets my vote for first and foremost, because the letters say something. Most just dawdle around with ratings.

Ricochet is undoubtedly the best item in the issue. I rate it as a classic among fan fiction, which should cause Mr. Burbee to puff out his chest in pride.

RAYMBLINGS -- continued from page 16:

then came back and knocked a large bottle of "Solution Metaphen" off our table. This, too, hit the floor with a crash; and as we picked it up we began to wonder if the thing was actually fighting us. Dismissing this atavistic premise as idle fancy, we got on the other side of the rope and began flailing at it in an orgy of passion.

As we were thus taking revenge, the rope swung completely off, and the iron hook on the other end cracked our head on the way down. We were stunned. There the rope lay on the floor, brooding, contemptuous, still defiant. It had returned blow for blow like a reasoning opponent. At first it had contented itself with unseating our property; at last it had tired of our blows and smashed us on the head.

All the anger went out of us, to be replaced by wonder---and not a little fear. Quietly and respectfully we stooped, gathered the rope in our arms, and hung it on the light cord. It appeared satiated, so we reverently withdrew.

As we write this it is hanging in its place, watching us balefully yet unobtrusively. Perhaps it was angry at us because we stole it from the little girl next door.

We hope that rope doesn't strangle us tonight.



 Lencicki