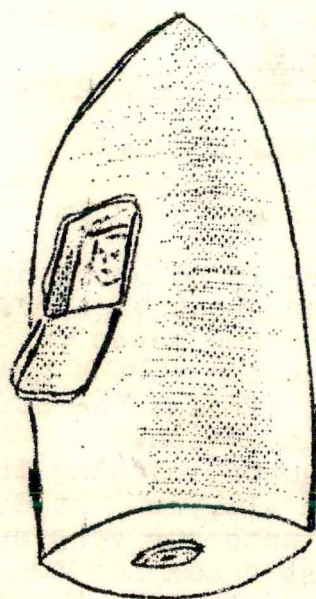


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Donald A. Wollheim, Editor & Publisher
98-50 67th Avenue, Forest Hills, N.Y.
Fantasy Amateur Press Association

Vol. 15 No. 1  September, 1945

NO GREATER GLORY

By Donald A. Wollheim

"Certainly there is no honor high enough to bestow upon our great visitor."

The solemn, handsome heads of the leaders of the greatest nation in the great world that majestically circles the star-sun of 61 Cygni nodded in unison.

"For our benefactor, nothing is too much. We have given him all, we must do even more, we must take him unto our very selves."

Again the august heads nodded and their eyes strayed across the great golden parapet to the fields below where their visitor wandered slowly by himself enjoying the perfumes of the afternoon air and the glories of the two brilliant suns of their far-off system.

"He has rescued our world from isolation. He has brought us contact with the peoples of other planets of the universe. He has brought us an invitation from the magnificent culture of his native Earth to sit with them

in the halls of Cosmical Harmony."

A tear of gratitude found its way to many an eye of that high conclave. Many a listener felt stirred to the core, even as he had so often before by the revelations their visitor from the heavens had given them.

"He has come from the skies in his marvelous vessel of metal and glass. He has shown us the fires that may travel us through the skies; he has given us the keys to the heavens."

Eyes strayed to the distant white marble building afar on the verdant plain. In that building, the man from Earth, the wonder giver, had opened freely and graciously the wonders of Terrestrial science to the peoples of Osiris, that world of a far-off sun.

"We have heaped upon him all the honors our world is capable of. Though our science was great and our philosophy high, he gave us knowledge we had not dreamed of and thoughts beyond our farthest meditation."

Again the little audience of most esteemed men of this populous world was moved to agree wholeheartedly.

"But we must go further. There is that one honor we have failed to bestow upon him. That we must remedy or we shall remain disgraced before future generations of our civilized people."

Slowly heads nodded. Solemnly, with a touch of overwhelming reverence.

"We must take him to our very own. We must make him part and parcel of us. We must join him with our people and forever

4-----the phantagraph-----

with those to come, to belong in body to all future generations, so that no man in ages to come may say he is without him."

Again the conclave nodded.

"We are agreed upon this final honor then. I regret that we can do no more. But our world and culture, alas, has its limits. And this then is the noblest gift we can make to him. Go then," the speaker motioned to two of the noblest and greatest, "Go then and escort him hither."

So they did and they conveyed the visitor from Earth to the conclave, and there, with the finest ceremony they were capable of, and with genuine feeling and emotion, they joined him to the body of the people of Osiris for all time.

And after they had finished eating him, the whole nation joined in prayer and thankfulness.

(12/19/44)

HISTORY

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the time deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of
things
As not yet come to life.

--William Shakespeare