

TOWARD

TOMORROW



ONE 25¢

in memoriam:



This issue
Is dedicated
To the fond
Memory of
A. Morritt
Now passed on

He moved across the stage
And left his mark
Engraved deep in the heart
Of all who pass
Remember him among
The higher lords
Of darkest fantasy
That newer art.

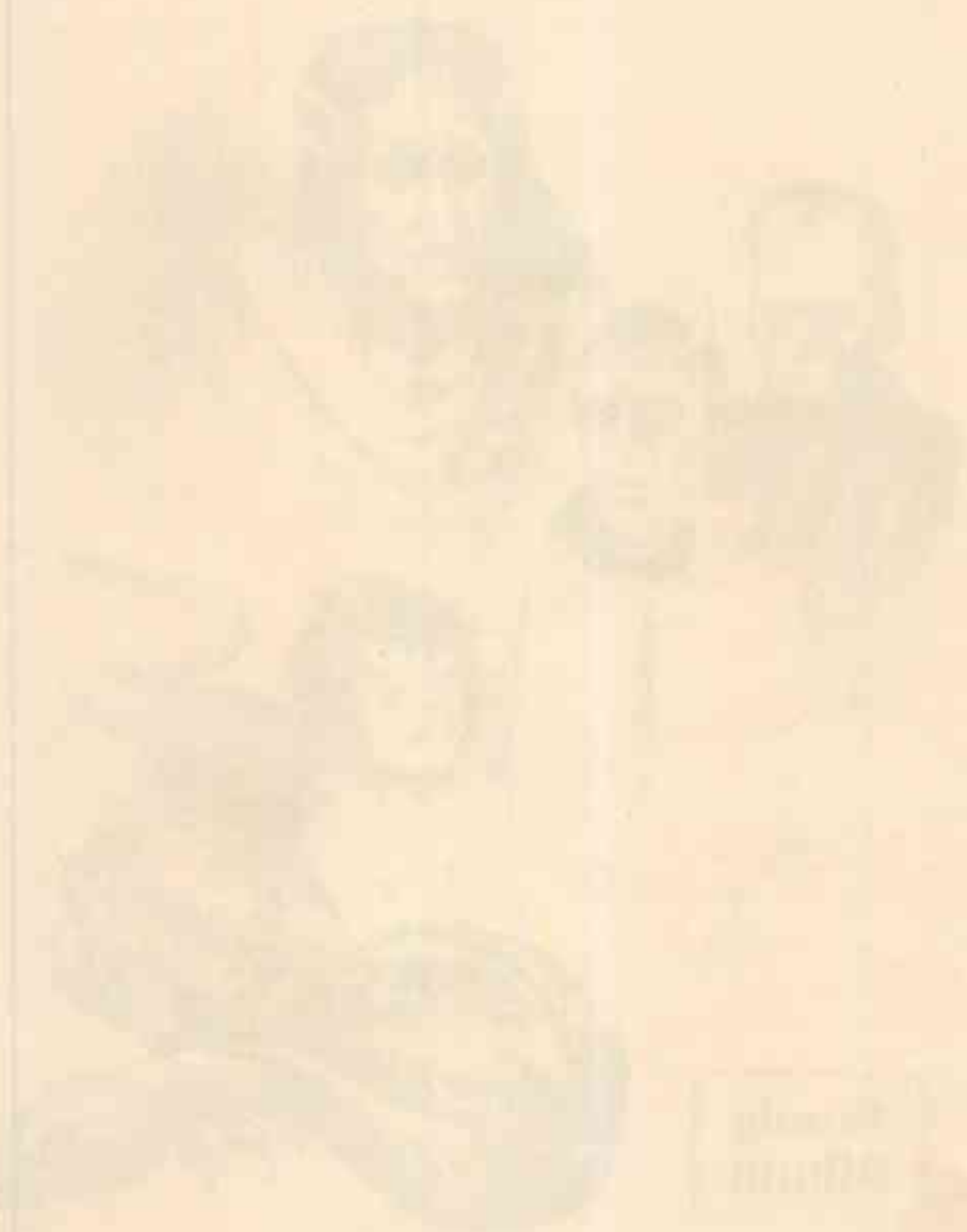
JK

WEDNESDAY 1914



My dear mother,
I have just received
your letter of the 14th
and am glad to hear
from you. I am well
and hope this finds
you the same.

Yours affectionately,
John



plant
number



Family
Album

RONALD CLYNE

FAMILY TREE

I come from a long dark familie.
My great aunt was a bat.
Large ebony-spiked wings had she -
Left the curse of Odón wheree'er she sat.
O - koerdoo. Rhama dooloroo.
Ee - yee - ee. I come from a dark familie.

And a vampire was my Uncle Klohn
Who sought for blood each night.
He stalked the hoar-frost covered roads;
Sucked his victim's blood til dawn brought light.
O - koerdoo. Rhama dooloroo.
Ee - yee - ee. I come from a dark familie.

Oh, my father was a haunting spook,
And my mother was a witch.
My cousin was an evil gnome,
Who could hide in any window niche.
O - koerdoo. Rhama dooloroo.
Ee - yee - ee. I come from a dark familie.

My great grandfather was a skeleton,
And his brother was the snake
That tempted Eve, and caused all sin,
And cursed all the souls that the Lord could make.
O - koerdoo. Rhama dooloroo.
Ee - yee - ee. I come from a dark familie.

And their father was Beelzebub -
Cruel god of th'eternal fires -
Who manufactures our evil thoughts,
And fans the flame of our dark desires.
O - koerdoo. Rhama dooloroo.
Ee - yee - ee. I come from a dark familie.

Joe Arnold



TOWARD TOMORROW

NUMBER ONE

SPRING 1944

BILL OF FARE

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TOWARD -- ?

an editorial

TOWARD TOMORROW! Rather a dramatic title, isn't it? But where are we going? Science Fiction is literature's attempt to answer this question.

Of course we can't claim to have any certain answer to this query. We can place little faith in the legion of star gazers, crystal gazers, witch doctors, oracles, seers, and prophets which have infested this world since the first day that some man was sufficiently interested in his future to feed or clothe some loafer who pretended the ability to foretell that was to come. None of us are in a position to know what tomorrow will bring.

Yet we may often guess, with a fair degree of accuracy -- the degree depending upon how well we know yesterday and today. For these are the guides to tomorrow, and if we could know them perfectly, and compare them judiciously, then it would be possible to foretell future events accurately. But as no one knows all of the most minute details of past and present, predictions are likely to be grossly inaccurate. Only general trends, desired goals, and possible events, or some details of the nearest future, may be predicted at all, and even these prophesies are usually doomed to failure.

For instance, if we say that after this war there will be a temporary time of peace, it is not entirely unlikely that our prophecy shall be fulfilled. And we certainly hope that we should be able correctly to predict the victor. We may even try to foretell some of the peace terms, and our opinions will not be formed without basis in the past and present. If we say that someday television will be used widely, that diseases now rampant may be conquered, and air travel commonplace, or that more of the world's peoples may have education and prosperity, we are not just making wild guesses. While it is quite true that each of these statements may never be fulfilled, each of them, based on our knowledge of the past and the present, has a definite chance of realization.

And of course, such predictions are not always made as positive statements. Many are conditional. If you jump off a housetop, you are liable to hurt yourself. If I don't work harder at the office, I may get canned. If, ere many more generations, the inhabitants of this world don't succeed in uniting under one government, the wars between man and man will become too violent for civilization (sic) to survive.

But on the whole, most of our predictions would be quite feeble, were it not for our faculty for imagination. Add a vivid imagination to well applied, positive knowledge, and our weak, uncertain prophesies become more alive, perhaps more accurate, and often, even more constructive.

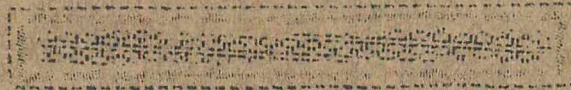
Try it yourself. What trends in history and the news are the most dominant? What present events are likely to have the most potent influence on the future? Of man's ambitions, which have the best chances of fulfillment? Are the constructive forces in the world more, or less powerful and virile than the forces of destruction?

Look into the past and seek out man's fondest desires. Look at the present, and observe man's strife and its purposes.

LOOK TOWARD TOMORROW: WHAT DO YOU SEE?

ITS ALL VERY SIMPLE

*Lynn
Peterson*



"Look here, Dr. Martin, "the young reporter barked, "do you mean to tell me that you can explain ALL of these screwy things that have been going on?"

"Yes, I can, darmit, but untie me first. Its all very simple."

"Simple!?" John seemed almost ready to explode with consternation. "You call it simple. Nothing's happened whatsoever. First you spend several months cooped up working on some sort of crazy machine you won't let anyone see. Then I find an old diary and a little statuette, and the diary has a looney yarn in it about haw the statuette appeared in 1872 in a small town where two men suddenly materialized out of thin air and then just dissapeared again. I give the statuette to you, and you claim its not made of any material known to science - some new sort of metal. Then tonight, two crooks escape from jail. The police chase them here. We come in here and find the crooks have dissapeared, as well as the little statuette and your mysterious machine. Then, a few minutes later, Mt. Levy, a few miles from here, just about blows up completely, as if a couple hundred tons of T. N. T. had been set off right in the middle of it. And you're all tied up here, and say its all very simple. God, my mother should have told me not to be a reporter."

"John Walker, will you please untie me? It IS all very simple, but I will not explain a thing until you take off those ropes."

"Of course, Doc. I'll take the ropes off, but I don't see howinell you intend to dope all this out."

After the binding had been removed, and the old doctor had had a chance to stretch his limbs, he began the story.

"That diary you brought me. It was written by an old farmer, just a few years after the Civil War. You know, he said that when those two fellows appeardd, apparently out of thin air, right in the middle of town. They made quite a bit of trouble. So the townspeople made it pretty hot for them, and they dissapeared again, but one of them dropped a curious little blue statuette. The farmer got it and kept the thing. So you found it, together with the diary when you were rumaging through the old house the other day. You brought it to me this morning. Those two criminals, who had escaped from jail, had gotten into the house, and were hiding. They heard you tell me all about it, and they heard me say that the material was unknown, and that if its source could be found, it would probably prove quite valuable. Then, after you left, I was working around with my time machine - that's what the machine was - and they came out and held me up. They had gotten the crazy idea of going back to 1872 to find out where the doll really came from. They thought they could go into the mining business and make an easy fortune, and do it in any time period they liked, since the police were making it hot for them in the present. So I had to show them how to work the machine. They tied me up and then went back to 1872. And as I figure it, they were the ones who landed in the middle of town and scared the people half to death. But they probably got to acting rough, so the townsman got mad. When things

page 6

became too uncomfortable, they set the machine to come back to 1943. And one of them must have dropped the doll."

"But where did the doll come from in the first place?" John sputtered.

"It didn't. It never existed before 1872, nor after 1943. In 1872, it was brought out of the future. Then it passed through the natural course of time for seventy-one years. Then tonight, it was returned to the past. That's why we didn't know what it was made of. It never was made!"

John's face became a lurid purple, as he came near choking. "But what happened to the crooks, and what made the mountain explode?"

"Why, when they got back, several minutes after they had left, the earth had turned a few miles of its axis, so they landed in a different place, which happened to be right inside Mt. Levy. They materialized there. Well, two solid objects can't occupy the same place at the same time, so the result was one of the greatest explosions ever seen by anyone. In fact, I doubt if there was a window left unbroken in the whole county. Understand? See, it's all very simple."

John's face was twisted in a wry expression. Slowly, he said, "And you expect me to write that up for the newspaper. I'm sure everyone would believe it. Yes, it's all very simple. LIKE HELL!!!"

SEAT O' THE SCORNFUL BY CONRADE DESTY

Many of us, myself not excluded, are rather confused in our outlook on the present world crisis. Not that I mean to imply that others are less confused - far from it. But a large group of the intelligentsia - or those who like to consider themselves such - feel it their duty to look askance at everything concerned with the allied war effort. I am not speaking of fascist sympathizers. I mean the large class of liberal Americans, who, from the first, have been opposed to this war.

I am not speaking against this group, for I am one of them. Neither am I making an attempt to defend them in this article. It is merely my purpose to somewhat clarify our standpoint.

To begin with, most of this group were either pacifists or isolationists of sorts before the war. The majority have modified their pro-war positions somewhat, but they have not adjusted themselves to the tide of things. Not knowing where they stand, they mock the war effort in general, and take no active part in it, yet they certainly want the allied cause to be victorious.

Certainly there are few intelligent persons who can stomach the mass of war propaganda that is shoved at us in the newspapers, magazines, over the radio, and in the movies. The appeal is to a very low mental group so our scornful attitude is not entirely amiss. Yet, we go too far. In our anxiety to disassociate ourselves from the propaganda output, we are scornful almost any mention of the war. So by going to the extremes, we throw ourselves off balance. Surely we must admit that propaganda, of a type that appeals to the average person, is quite an indispensable weapon of modern warfare. So, if we want the war to be won, then we must admit the propaganda, even though it is not necessary that we ourselves should be taken in. And in our anxiety to maintain that much of the allied propaganda is false, or at least exaggerated, it is hardly necessary that we should consider all of it to be so.

(cont'd on page ten)

FAN BUTTS

a rebuttal

by Sen. Arnold

The statement is not far from wrong that everyone appreciates satire with the exception of the intended victim. Of course, satire is not one of the respectable arts, as it was borrowed from the English, and so, has never gained any amount of recognition in this country.

It must be understood that the American sense of humor is far too mature and too sensitive for this type of childish prattle. We appreciate the higher sort of humor, which, with near-profundity, illustrates such witty and original subjects as Scottish and Jewish parsimoniousness, the dogged stupidity of an Irish cop, moronic idiocy, or the inane silliness of epic youth or obese middle agelessness. On such subjects as these, American wit soars to the very pinnacle of Parnassus.

However, at the foot of that noble mountain, a small amateurish magazine is plugging away, striving ridiculously to simulate those papers from perfidious Albion, whose name we dare not even suggest, as the Post Office has placed certain restrictions, in the name of common decency, upon the use of the mails.

As we so seldom hear of this Anglophyle scandal sheet, let me inform the reader that the NEW YORKER is a small occasional sheet, which contains little more than that unmentionable type of sedistic clowning. However, rumor tells us that the poor mag is going on the rocks, as three of its subscribers have been drafted, and have used that excuse to have their subscriptions cancelled.

The worst feature of this type of humor is its extremely sadistic trend. And, as we know, sadism is not recognized in America. Yet the NEW YORKER derives supreme pleasure from the torture of its victims, by ridiculing, blaspheming, and lying.

Now fandom has made the supreme mistake - the same mistake made by the United States prior to Pearl Harbor - that of being asleep. And we, like our noble nation, were stabbed in our innocent and unsuspecting backs. Yes, fandom was asleep. We, the great crusaders for humanity, should long ago have leveled our forces against this insidious organ of perversion, and utterly destroyed it. But no, we befriended them, and were even considering a move to recognize the perfidious rag as a legitimate magazine.

On the seventh day of December, 1941, the forces of the Yellow Emperor struck insidiously at poor unprepared Pearl Harbor. This was the first time in all the annals of history that such a dastardly act of cowardice, and such an outrage against common decency, had been perpetrated against a peaceful nation. But a second and greater act of this kind occurred exactly a year, two months, and six days later. Exactly only a year, two months, and six days later.

On the day of February 13, 1943, the foul NEW YORKER magazine brutally stabbed fandom in the back. The article which appeared under the title Inertum, Naxtronium, Chromaloy, P-P-P-Proot! by A. Gibbs, struck a blow to fandom which has proven almost fatal. A list of the damage shall appear later in this article. But first must come an indictment of a spy and traitor.

Some may wonder now concerning the change of mood in this document. Let me explain that I considered it necessary to begin in a mild tone, and work up gradually, so that the shock would not be too sudden for the reader's nervous temperament.

Within the heart of the last great fan fortress, here in Los Angeles, a traitor and spy goes about his way, unmolested. The espionneur who turned enormous amounts of military information of a highly confidential nature to the enemy for her now historical stab-in-the-back, still holds a position of trust here, and continues his work of wrecking our last crumbling defenses. We had once respected this person, even having conferred upon him a certain title of honor, however small. And now, I charge him with treason, of the grossest sort. He it was who delivered noble Fandom into the very hands of the vile enemy, and unless we apprehend and execute him immediately, he will wreck be dealt with immediately and mercilessly. Exile him to the Red Spot Concentration Camp on Jupiter without delay! Sieze him! The traitor, one you all knew and trusted, is none other than Fritz Von Ackermann!

And now, it is out of my hands. The traitor, the enemy within our gates, now stands revealed. Fandom must act.

But tis not enough to destroy the enemy within. For the great Angelica and her barbarian hordes still ravish our country side, and most of our forces are dead; most of our devences wrecked.

The San Francisco Space Port has been utterly wrecked. All that remains, is a small anti-space-craft battery on Nob Hill. And among the disintegrated ruins of Oakland remain only two small ammunition dumps, with limited quantities of Explodium Quickate and Argalum Pop Guns. A small space craft factory yet remains in the demolished fan center of New York (not to be confused with the title of that publication which has so vilely laid us low.) And the great propaganda center of Chicago still has a few of its presses running. The Melaramium mines in Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin can still be worked, although most of the surviving miners have fled to Los Angeles, the last great fan refuge. It is rumored that there are a few scattered guerrillas in the South, who are, however, badly in need of Dr. Lynn Peterson's Little Food Concentrate Pills #187-B4U81, and are unarmed, except for a few Inertrum bombs. And the great robot producing centers of Boston and Filly may still be utilized somewhat. Here in Los Angeles, the Bixel Street Space Terminal, and the Hollywood Arsenal remain intact. However, our munitions factory was successfully sabotaged by that insidious traitor, Fritz Von Ackermann.

But now, I must sound the call to action. Even six months after the barbarous and treacherous attack, Fandom remains stunned into lethargy. We must rally for the fight, tooth, nail, claw, and Argalum Pop Guns. We must strike while the Chromaloy is hot.

Call out the Space Guards!

Draft the Slans!

Appoint Kimball Kennismn , General, Commander-in-Chief!

Imprison draft dodgers!

Get the factories rolling!

Keep 'em zooming!

Fight, fandom! Fight for your very life! Fight like Hell!

We have been rudely attacked in our innocence, and now we must awake and retaliate!

I have sounded the call to arms. I can do no more. Now, I'll curl up with the latest blood-curdling issue of TWS, and leave the rest up to fandom. May she fight with valor, or R. I. P.

*Are you a Translan? Do you really
believe in Translance? Then learn to
use Esperanto, the international
language. The language of Tomorrow.*

BARBARA BOVARD

BROADSIDES a special VOM-TOM reprint

Actifandom is lacking the one essential which makes it the greatest, ~~closest~~ -knit organization, but it has developed sudden maturity, sudden realization that in its hands, lies the future. Believe me, I'm not talking flush or trips. You've got to believe in the future! I'm glad to see the sudden row over science fiction's aim in this hodge-podge of existence. "But they are going at it the wrong way. Now, I know that when this is read, much less over finished, there will be a snort, a mutter of "that damned Bovard dame", and a swish as it falls into the wastebasket. I don't care, but what I have to say must reach someone's ears in the hope that their idealism will click with mine to the extent of doing instead of talking. I have merely joined the ranks of all the other screamers. You who are talking are denying the first and foremost rule of science fiction. Write what you want when you want, but write it right! You gabble, you swear, you call each other names, you set forth your theories and sit back waiting for the publications to roll in with your name in them, your letter or article in them, and you mentioned here, there, and everywhere. Admit it honestly; how many of you screamers, really give a damn what happens to the future. Before you rise straight up into the air about it, and before you get a chance to ask, "What in heck do you think you're doing right now but being a screamer?" I will admit any charge, but meanwhile, I'm giving you a chance to look yourselves in the face. You run a half-dozen pubs, you write letters to everyone under the sun who has half a say in actifandom, you collect books, magazines, pictures, originals, dust, dirt, and a slothfulness that is disgraceful. This, then, is the fan of the future, the one who will hold the world together when the dawn comes. This man - - or rare woman - - with vituperative tongue, watery muscles, and an education gained from thud and blunder stories of fantasy sets himself up to be the standard for the future. He has but one aim in life - - to become as well known as the other fan, to get his stories published, spill whatever little horse sense he had, and get into the swing of things. Get in what swing, for the love of the future? Show me, anywhere, what is being done to better the conditions of actifandom, and I'll shut up for good and go home, giving you a chance to sigh, "Thank God!" You are misusing terribly, the opportunities set out. I agree with the fellow who said we are not geniuses, or even extra smart, but I'll add this: Actifandom, working together, could accomplish more by just acting together than could one detachment of US Leathernecks, and brother, that's going some! Our brains are no better than any other person's on this dusty globe, but we have the power to think. You have proven that in your unrest, your mutterings, fruitless tho they are. You do think; you think harder and longer than any other type of human being today. But your thinking is so discolored with what you are going to do to the other fellow's theories, that you can't see you are putting up your own ~~obstacles~~.

Actifans are terribly conceited. We won't attempt to deny it, least of all, mo! Therein lies our trouble. We will not give the other fellow's conceit a chance to run itself out. We are so busy constructing houses of the sand, we neglect the rock of our own individuality. Now you can roar and rant about the extremists in individuality all you like, but in the end you will admit that none exhibits less self control than an actifan. Regrettably, we build from the top down, instead of from the bottom up. If there are no repercussions from this, then I'll know I have failed miserably in

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attempting to start the beginning. If there are results, good, bad, but Heaven forbid indifferent, then I'll know that someone, somewhere, is making the same start up toward the future we have read about, written about, but have never done anything about. I'll accept the storm of results, whatever they may be, but please, let there be results. Instead of cutting each other's throats, embrace the hopes and theories of those who matter. Weed them out carefully, place yours beside it and compare, adjust, and readjust. When you have finished remember to think that here is your beginning; in your acceptance of part of the other fellow's belief, in your putting the best of yours beside the best of his without slamming down an iron door between the two. The beginning we make toward welding the future that should come instead of the one that is coming will be slight at most but having once begun, things will fall into line more and more easily. Fight and turmoil will arise, hopes will flicker out and defeat will follow. Sure it will. We are one grain of rye in a field of wheat. But, we are the hardiest group of fire-spitters ever to hit this planet. We don't give up. What is most important, we have the conviction that our future will be the highest level to which man can rise, and say, "The world today, the planets tomorrow, and universes soon." Y'see, with unity, we can't lose.

seat of the scornful continued from page 6

Yes, it is true that some of us may believe that civilization would not be irretrievably doomed by a fascist victory in this war. Some things would survive, some fine qualities would show up, out of the darkness of fascism, and, finally, things would right themselves again somewhat. Yet we do not therefore, hope that the fascists will win. Most of us do want the allies to be victorious in the war. So why be so completely rabid and bitter?

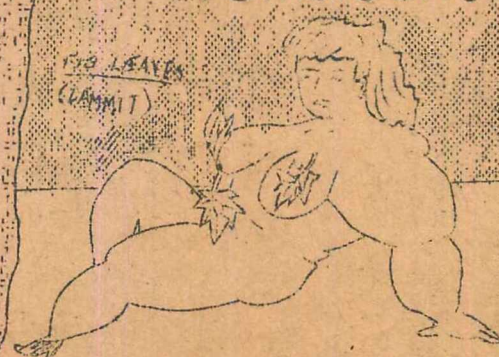
The peace conference that shall follow this war, is, of course, a topic of major interest to us. Yet, we have grown so scornful of the present administration that we sneer at the proposals now being made, even though they be just what we want. Of course, the major reason for this is a certain "I-told-you-so" attitude which looks back to Versailles and predicts that this one will be a hell-of-a-ness also.

So, on the whole, our attitude is just a little too scornful, and our position just too indefinite. Where do you really stand? Are you in favor of this war or not? And to what extent? We are trying to keep a level head amid all this chaos, but are we really doing it? We should examine ourselves and see just where we stand. We who sit in the seat of the scornful. Are we absolutely sure that's where we want to sit?

SPECIAL FEATURE! a vom-tomaiden to end all vomaidens

Draw the curtain to see the greatest fan nude of all time. The fan nude to end all fan nudes.

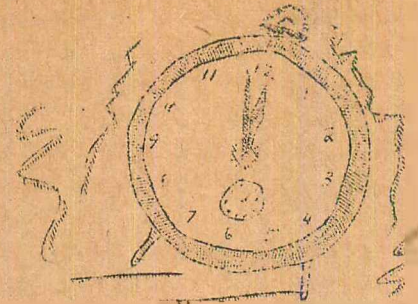
NO LEAVES
(LAPDIT)



(HOW DID THIS GET IN TOWARD TOMORROW?)

(P.S. This artist can't draw either.)

THE LAST MINUTE



by THE EDITOR

It was a long time ago when the plans for TOWARD TOMORROW were conceived. At that time, I was a new and completely unknown fan. I had been reading science fiction for about six months, had seen only two fanzines, and had just made the acquaintance of three of the Frisco fen.

Since then, I have become what is known as an actifan. After having been a member of the GGFS for a year, and for awhile, the Secretary of that group, I moved to Los Angeles, and have since served as Director and as Secretary of the LASFS. I am now a member of NEFF & WAPA, and was responsible for five of the publications in the last mailing, as well as for the work of assembling and posting the Shangri-La Post Mailing. I was in the midst of the two-months Degler Debacle in Shangri-La. I have published seven items and have appeared in VOM, TAN SLANTS, GUTETO, SAPHO, EFF, and the MFS BULLETIN. And I have corresponded with, and met many other fen from various parts of the country.

As a fan, I have matured. And now, at long last, I am bringing out that belated fanzine which was to have marked my debut in fandom.

Most of the material was written and assembled in the days (not really so long ago) when I was quite new to fandom. And I have outgrown this first ish of TOWARD TOMORROW. So I can only present it with considerable misgivings.

In regard to particulars -

My style of writing has yet to mature. It is at present, too melodramatic in spots, and too dry and tedious in others. The novelette, HEAVENLY - ISN'T IT? I shall perhaps rewrite at some later date.

The Von-Torn section. These letters were sent to Perry well over a year ago for VOM. As they were too long to cut, and too good to reject, Perry sent them to me when I was crying for material. Here they are at last. I apologize for whatever of their contents may have become stale.

Now, in regard to the next issue -

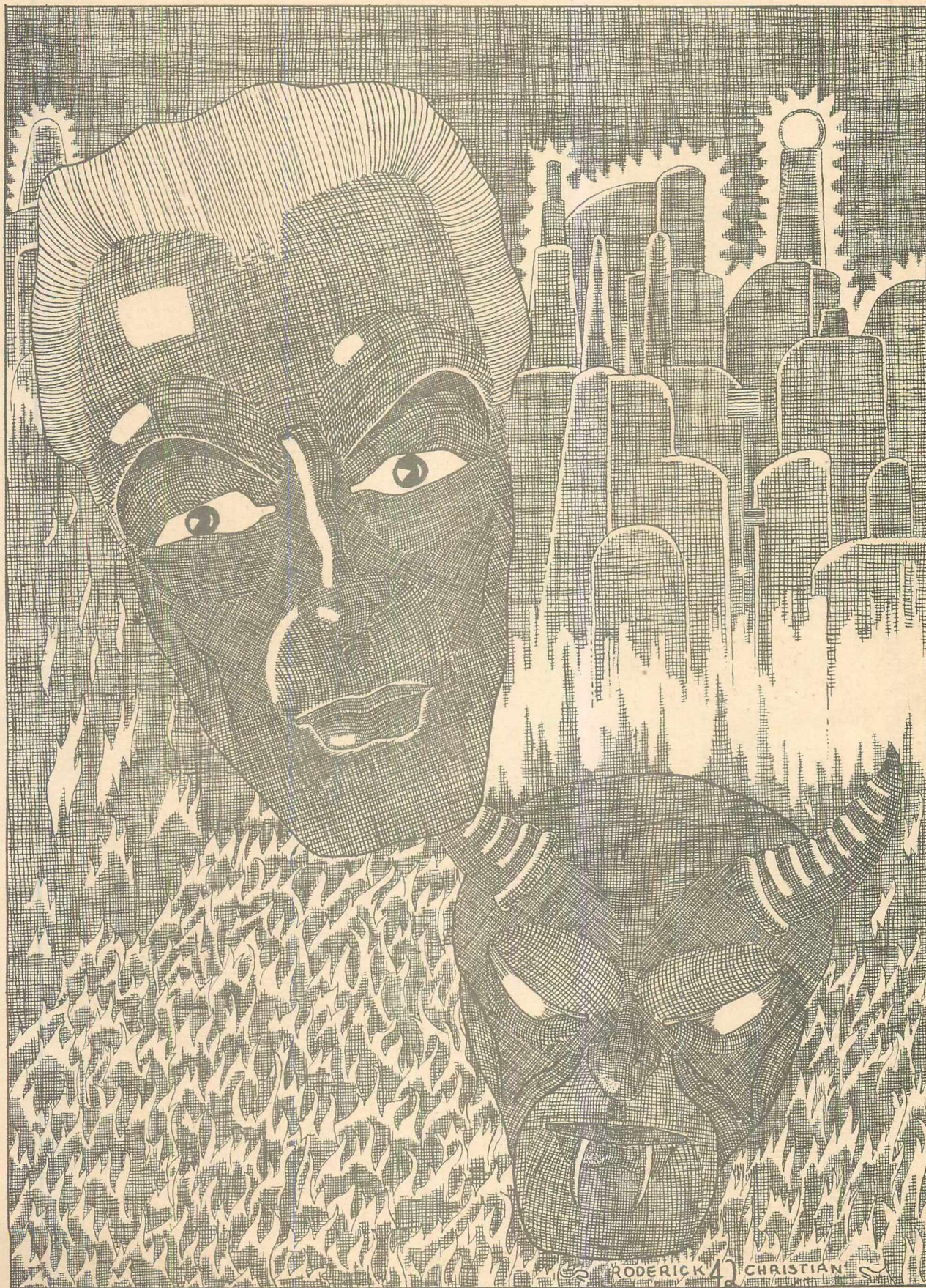
I hope that that it will be far less massy than this. And I will attempt to orient my pages. However, I intend to drop even edges, as I feel that this will cut down much unnecessary use of time, as well as cutting down on the large percentage of typographical errors.

TOWARD TOMORROW, in future issues will be devoted to FUTURE RESEARCH. The mag will stress material of sociological nature, although material of purely fan interest, as well as faciton, poetry, and art work will not be excluded. The editor recognizes no taboos that are not outside the limits of the United States Post Office Department. The next issue will not be nearly so large as this one, and the extravagant use of lithography will be cut-tailed. Not discontinued, though, for we already have the next cover lithoed and other work under way.

Correspondence will of course be welcomed, as I hope to publish a large reader's discussion section. And I shall welcome as much personal correspondence as I am able to get around to answering.

TOWARD TOMORROW will continue on an irregular basis, and the price, with the next issue shall go up to 15¢, as this issue has cost me well over fifty dollars. Any subscription moneys unused at any time at which the mag should collapse will be refunded.

Finally, I should like to extend my earnest thanks to Bill Watson, Mel Brown, Joe Fortier, Morajo, Dalvan Coger, Mike Fern, Forest Ackerman, Andy Anderson, and all the other fen who have helped me in editing and publishing this issue. I certainly needed the help.



RODERICK CHRISTIAN

...of his own mind on him:
So the narrative lived in their hearts, till he set out and caused the flood.
But he forgot that the players in the garden of Eden had a mighty fast whenever
there was a lot of eating, as he had to make a note on the S.S. ship. Well, after
that, the downward was a little longer, the soldiers (soldiers), Florida were
for instance, and the downward was made in a lot of places (and borders), the
down to Eden for instance, but there was a many tribes a fighting around there,
and besides, it was getting to be impossible for him to have a certain top
evidence, so he took out a long and long sword. (Source, his place was in
the way to Eden to the Egyptian records, but it was O.K. at least, till the Egyptians
had learned to go to the bottom of the river, so he made a certain
with the King David to put a lot of money in the garden. In the garden section, but
David said, on Solomon's first day, when the downward had gone for just a
while, there was the great wonderful battle, he got back to Babylon, and was
held there for a long time. After that, he got back to Eden, and he came back and
had a young companion, one of them who was a new people, but it wasn't anyway
that in Eden, on the end of the world, when after that, a lot of people
pook in Eden. The downward, and besides, he had a great power on the downward,
private property, so he decided that the only way to have any peace was to get
out the way out the earth, so he started building a house in the garden. You re-
member, John said that about you to prepare a house in the garden. Well, they were just in
garden heaven until. So we were with him, where no mortals could bother
us, and with a double house, as a house and a house. So he started looking
in people's hearts about the world, right away. The downward started looking
around for another place to build. So, finally, all the preparations had been
made to move to Eden, when the angels from Eden told us about the night
brotherhood. Well, we found out that the world, and moved out just in time.
In fact, the very day of the Eden's experiment. Well, they went on earth
about heavenly things. A lot of things, so we had a hole of a job, keep in this
place, but that's a lot of talk on earth about some things. I
know that a bunch of heretics called sign-makers were really doing a lot
of things about the world, and then when appeared to be building a world. Don't
know what will move to next. Doesn't for that idea about parallel worlds.
They say that some of the knowledge on earth believe that heaven is a world
and that, according to the earth, somehow, so that the world don't see it. I
think that the downward is considering that idea now. So he got it worked
through, before one of those great a-diction garden got to be a garden here in
space ships. It's a hard enough thing to collect the things from earth, and
one anyone had there known with it, with this, here.

After this unexpected revelation, our hero nicely gulped. He was becoming a
little used to strange things: the way he didn't expect them. Then the
monks of our Lord proceeded to hand him a very detailed questionnaire, con-
taining some very interesting questions. And, our hero gulped. Certainly
he could not get into heaven if he filled out the questionnaire honestly, and he did
not find the time to do so. After all, he was an immortal, and he had to
come up to the Christian record of mortality. But, as any man, he filled
in the prayers and handed them to later. The old saint, spending all of his time
outside the walls, was now too well up on the news, so he supposed that the
freedom, when John used, was really the name of another of the Christians
and, as for the record of John's life, it was no longer needed than the records of
the vast majority of Christians who had been by John's side. So the old man
was satisfied, and taking out his law, he opened the book, and let John see.
So John stepped through the heavy door, and stepped to stand around. When
John looked out to him, "And mind you one thing, young man, when you are in there,
watch out of what that bastard saint John says. Should be telling you all sorts

of lies about me, but don't you believe a word of it. He's a dirty rotten liar, that's what he is. And he's a drunkard too. Just because he got stewed and had a damned fantastic dream, he thinks he's somebody. Why it was the damned-craziest dream anybody ever had. And he's treacherous too. Why he'd betray his own mother. He was the one who had me put on this job out here where I'd be out of the way while he and Saint Paul took over the propaganda ministry. You watch out for him."

John was becoming more and more mystified. They hadn't told him heaven was like this. So, saying goodbye to the old saint, he went along his way, along the road which led from the pearly gates to the golden city of New Jerusalem. He passed by the glassy sea where Cherubim and Seraphim were casting down their golden crowns. Around him, beside the road, were wide green pastures, where the saints grazed. In the air were many saved souls, floating around on fleecy pink clouds, or flapping through the balmy atmosphere with their befeathered wings. Many were plunking unskillfully on harps. But with little more than a disapproving glance at their antics, John continued along the road to the city. Occasionally, a glistening angel flew by, flopping its cumbersome wings.

Finally, John reached the city. Outside the wall, was an enormous building, with the sign, HEAVENLY SUPPLY ROOM, above the door. John felt that his earthly garments were rather conspicuous, and he might need some other supplies. So he walked in. And a few minutes later, he walked out, fully decked in a linen robe which came almost to his knees, exposing the lower portions of his none-too-handsome legs. The robe had two holes in back, from which protruded new little winglets of downy feathers. The storekeeper, a former Presbyterian deacon, had had a devil of a time pinning the fans on John's shoulders. And the storekeeper had had even more of a devil of a time persuading John to part with his earthly clothes, and his equally earthly money. But it seemed that heaven was just as willing as ever to collect the filthy lucre. And the clerk, thoroughly trained in the ways of the deaconate, was a shrewd man, and well practiced in the gentle art of separating the faithful from the evil chips of metal and sheets of green paper. But the robe and wings were not all. No, John was really fitted out in grand celestial style with an inflateable pink fleecy cloud, a golden mouth harp and a solid gold halo. The clerk had said that the halo was supposed to float a few inches above John's half-bald cranium, but this halo had its own ideas. It would float along like any orthodox halo for a few minutes, and then it would decide to rest awhile. Well, you know, gold is one of the heaviest of all metals, and a circular bar of the substance, an inch thick making sudden and violent contact with one's exposed scalp - - - well, the sensation is not quite pleasing. Needless to say, John felt quite uncomfortable in his celestial attire. The dress flapping about his knees seemed peculiar, to say the least. And his head was already beginning to ache, due to the loving carresses of the lazy halo. John had wanted to throw the thing away, but the clerk had protested violently.

So John walked away from the heavenly supply room, and down the road into the city. As John started through the gate, he noticed a tiny hole in the wall, labeled, NEEDLE'S EYE GATE. Knocking beside the hole was one of the richest citizens of John's former hometown on earth. This well-fed ex-banker was striving, in vain, to pass through the small aperture. In the meantime, two uniformed guards were carefully picking his pockets. John later learned that these were gents of the celestial treasury.

As he entered the gate, John noticed that everyone seemed rather excited. Approaching another going the same way, John asked his name.

Came the startling reply, "Virgil."

"Well, that's a coincidence," John responded. "I suppose you should know your way around here pretty well. Perhaps you could straighten me out on a few things. I'm new here and just a bit confused."

"I understand. You know, some beautiful fantasy stories could be made of this; If the people on earth only knew what it was really like. The dupes - calling this place a paradise. If they only knew."

"Where is everyone going now? Or are they always so excited?"

"There is going to be an important ceremony at the Great White Throne in a little while. You'll want to see it. Bigger show than anyone ever saw on earth."

"Ouch!" grunted John, as the halo decided to take a rest again. "Is this goddamned thing really necessary? It won't stay put."

"Maybe we could fix up some sort of rack for it."

"I hope so," moaned our hero, as he readjusted the reluctant halo. "By the way, I remember reading your poem in school. Had a devil of a time translating it."

"Huh? What was that? What poem?"

But before John could reply, he was rudely jostled by a lemon faced old man with a long greasy beard, who greeted him with a kind request to "Get-the-hell out-of-the-way, ye sunzabitch."

"Who the devil was that cantankerous old gripe?" asked John of his friend.

"Oh, that's old Saint Johnny himself. Thinks he owns the place."

"Don't Saint Pete and he get along very well?"

"Oh, yes, they love each other like rat poison. They haven't gotten along since Jeez Kriss gave John the free hand with Mary. Remember at the Crucifixion, Jeez told Johnny to take care of Mary? Well, up to that time, Peter had been makin the old gal himself, and he didn't like the competition. So, ever since, they've been fighting like the devil."

"But I thought Mary was a virgin."

"Yes, she was, once. Every woman was, once."

By this time, they had passed through a large portion of the farflung city. They had passed many beautiful buildings of ivory and gold, and had now come into an enormous public square, ornately decorated. In the middle was a great platform, topped by a beautiful, and very long bench, surrounded by many seats in various positions. Near the foot of the platform the celestial choir was seated, with its four and twenty elders, while an equal number of elders were singing and bowing down continually before the throne of the Law-urrd. At the moment, the choir was employed in the angelic strains of YOU WILL SHOUT WHEN IT GETS YOU - - YES INDEED. A large crowd was gathering.

John turned to Virgil and asked, "What does the Law-urrd look like?"

Immediately a storm broke forth with cyclopean fury.

"The Lawd is invisible. He has no body. He is a speerut," declared one noble old saint.

"Ah, you're crazy," from another gentle soul. "Gawd is visible. Each one of his hands pusheth a star through the heavens."

"Damnation, how many hands does he have?" queried John.

The old saint went on, undaunted by this bit of irreverence. "The Lawd writeth with his fingers in the book of life, the record of all the words and all the deeds, and all the thoughts of all who live upon the earth. The Lawd sitteth upon his throne and judgeth all who pass. His fingers have molded the earth and the planets, and protecteth them daily. The Lawd - - -"

"- - - must be a damned busy person," interrupted John.

"The Lawd is no respecter of persons," came from somewhere nearby.

"The Law-urrd is in his holy temple," shouted another saint.

"The Lorrd is the most handsome thing I've ever seen," chirped a rosy-lipped youth, dressed in a lace-frilled robe, as he swished his hips for emphasis.

"Well, get her," John chuckled.

"Wouldn't mind getting you, honey," replied the blond youth, with an enticing wink.

"The Lawd is in his holy temple," repeated one of the saints, for fear he had not been heard.

"He is not. He is everywhere," howled another.

"The Lawd dwelleth in the souls of the faithful," put in another.

"No one's discovered where the soul is located yet," added John.

"Nor have they found anyone that's really faithful," added Virgil.

"Thunders and lightnings proceed out of the eyes of Gawd Ammitie. His very breath is as the fumes of fire and brimstone...." thundered an ex-ovangelist.

"Obnoxious, isn't he?" said John.

The old saint continued, as if uninterrupted, "His hand weldoth the sword of death, and his feet tramplenth out the grapes of wrath...."

"Whatinell, does that part about tramplin the GRAPES OF WRATH mean?" Interrupted Virgil.

John chuckled, "Seems to me the book sort of trampl'd the Lawwurd."

"The Lard is meek and lowly of heart."

"Hear o Israel, the Lahd thy Gahd, is one Gahd."

"Gawd is a trinity, the father, the son, and the sacred spook, and those three are one, and are equal in being, and wisdom, power, holiness, justus, goodness, and truth," added an ex-Presbyterian elder.

"The Son and the holic goosé are not Gawd. Gawd is Gawd. Jooz was a man, and the holic goosé is a myth," screamed a unitarian sister.

"They are both equal to Gad."

"They are not."

"They are."

"They are not."

"Whom the Lawd hath predestinated, he hath foreordained," howled another Presbyterian irreverently. "Gawd writ all things in the book of life before time began."

"He did not."

"He did too."

"Man is a freewgent, who chooseth his own destiny."

"He did decide all things."

"He didn't, he only doreknew all things."

"Ha! So Gawd decided before you were born to send you here and to send some one else to Hell, eh?" challenged a Methodist.

"Yes, he did, and you'd be better off in hell," retorted the Presbyterian.

"Are you questioning the judgments of the Lawd?"

"Go to hell."

"I think we'd be better off there," mused Virgil.

Suddenly a loud trumpet sounded, and a mighty voice boomed, "The Lawrd cometh. Make way the paths of the Lawrd."

"Ah, now we'll have a real show," promised Virgil.

John looked up and saw the mighty Gabriel standing on the dias and tooting his horn. The choir below was singing PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION. The public square was now packed. A solemn procession was creeping through the crowd, toward the platform. The celestial drum-and-buglocorps led the parade. They took positions behind the bench. After them came about three dozen men dressed in several strange manners. Among them were three or four soldiers, of varying degrees of barbarity, a vulgar looking carpenter in overalls, a pompous architect in a flashy tux, a bent and squinting astronomer, two or three mariners, a ragged shepherd, a stealthy-looking hunter, and another hunter of the type that usually flaunts a title, several trophies, and glorious tales without end about his own dauntless exploits. Then there was one, who, to all appearances, was the original Pecking Tom. Another was a bent, hawk-nosed, and yellow-skinned bookkeeper, and another, a black-robed, thin-lipped magistrate. And there were others of even more diverse types.



"Behold the King of Gory," someone shouted, and again pandemonium broke.
 "Hear, Oh Israel, the Laird thy Gaid is one Gaid."
 "Down with the old guard!"
 "Praise ye Jehovah."
 "Impeach Jehovah, Hoo-ray for Krise."
 "Yassuh, he's mah Savyuh, yassuh, he's mah Savyuh, yassuh, he's mah Sav-
 yuh, now," sang out an ~~old~~ Negro Baptist.
 "Christ is an imposter, Crucify him," shrieked a Hobrew ex-pawnbroker.
 "Praise Gawd from whom all blessings flow."
 "Geezus is the sunshine of my heart."
 "Yassuh, he's mah Savyuh."
 "All hail Jehovah!"
 "Hell with Jehovah. Down with the old guard. Yea Jeezus. Crown his king
 of kings. Down with the Jews. Down with Jehovah. Impeach him!"
 "Kill the Jews."
 "Kill the Christians."
 "Crucify him."

"Whom the Law-urrd hath predestinated, he hath foreordained,"
 came from another confused spirit, who didn't quite seem to get
 the drift of things.

Then, in all its fury, a trained rooting section broke out
 with a rousing "Rah! Rah! Rahrahh! Rah! Rah! Rahrahh! Rah! Rah
 Rahrahh! Jeezus! Jeezus! Jeezus!"

"Sweetest nam I know," sing-songed an old sister.

"Yassuh, he's mah Savyuh, now," sang the negro, seemingly undisturbed by
 the confusion.

And the procession continued haughtily on its march to the throne.

"Which one's God," John ventured, in a whisper to Virgil.

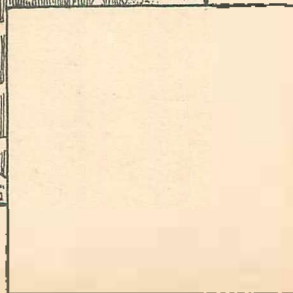
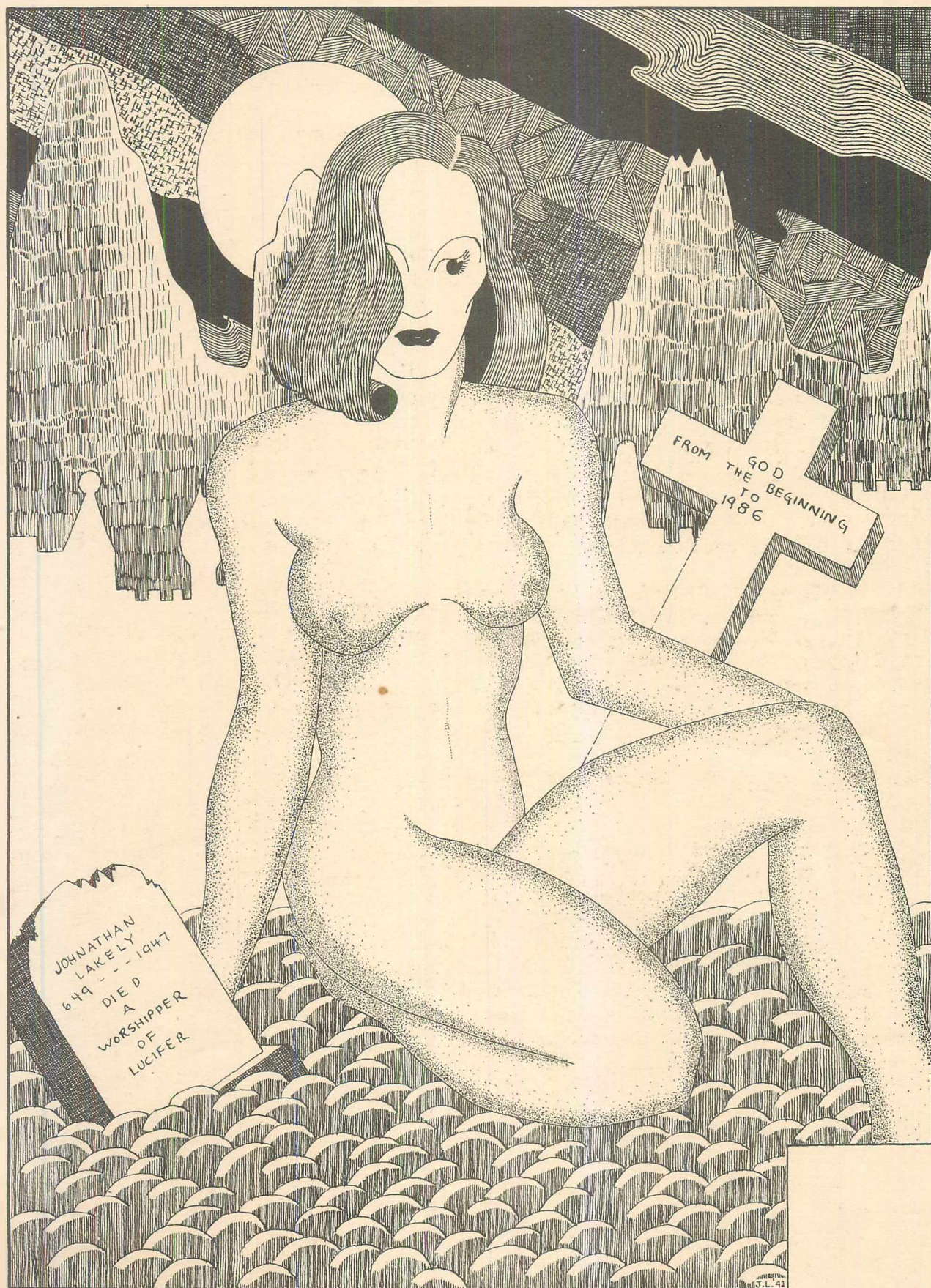
"They're all him," the latter answered. "God got so mixed up when people
 started trying to define and describe him that he developed a severe case
 of multiple personality. Finally, it got so bad that he had to create
 several bodies to hold his various psychic natures. And the number is
 still growing. The same thing is happening to Jeez Krise and the Sacred
 Spook."

Then John noticed the entrance of the Christs. Men of various trades and
 aspects, from friendly shepherds, and masochistic ascetics, to fierce
 warriors, and stern judges. Also several wild beasts, such as lions, dra-
 gons, and things unnameable, and also quite a large group of animals which
 might (by a far stretch of the imagination) be loosely classed as sheep,
 some fire breathing, and others drooling blood. The Sacred Spook was, for
 the most part, a bizarre assortment of doves and floating sheets, not to
 mention several skeletons and other apparitions.

Finally, the procession reached the platform. Jehovah lined up and sat
 down along his lengthy bench, almost crowding himself off at the ends,
 while the various portions of Jeez Krise crowded in, on, and around the
 far-too-small throne assigned to him. Likewise the spook, in all his var-
 iety assembled.

During all this time, the crowd had continued their shouting, and occas-
 ional fights had broken out. However, as most of the shouters were too
 blissfully detached, or too cowardly to become involved, the fights usually
 remained rather localized. And since no one in heaven was susceptible to





death, there were no fatalities. Yet there were wo many badly mangled that death, real and final, might have been welcome.

Then Gabriel banged his thumpet on the pulpit and told everyone to shut their damnd mouths.

The choir then doxologized discordantly, "Prayzgawdfrawrhmal blossongz floe prayzhimallercoochurzhcoorbeloe prayzhinabuvyochevnlcoohots prayzfathur sunanholiogoss. A - a- a- a- a- a- a- a- ha- a- minnnn."

Immediately after the choir had finished, one of the various portions of Jehovah arose and insisted that they dispense with preliminaries, and got immediately down to the business of hearing the report from earth.

Then, at the Archangel Gabriel's instructions, a spirit of a pompous preacher came forth, and began reading from a long scroll:

"Well, Laurrud, you see things ainta goin so well back on earth. What with all the xcientists knockin the hell out of the Bible and the Church, things seemed awful black. Then the first world war brought a revival on. And so we thought that another war, bigger than ever before, would bring the people flockin back. But it didn't work out that way. Things seem to be getting worse. First of all, those damnd pacifists have made too much of a stink.. Personally, I never did see why Jooz had to say so many silly things about love and forgiveness and all that tripe anyhow,

A lot of the church people won't have anything to do with the war - - not a terribly big number, you know, but a lot more than there was last time. And people in general jus aren't quite as sentimental about war as they used to be. They're not flockin back to the churches at all. In fact, less people have been going to Church since the war started. Then of course, Peter's church is having a worse time than the rest even. Having to try too hard to straddle the fence, what with their political hopes on one side, and their pocket books on the other. Course, the prohibitionists are waking up again, and have really made a few important gains. Some of their leadres predict that they may get prohibition back in the United States long before the war is over.

Also, there's a lot of talk about co-operation between the big denominations. Only trouble is, that most of the ones who want to co-operate are the modernists, and you know as well as I do Laurrud, that Modernism is just a stairway down to the dogs of frothought. First they start by trying to explain-around the way the Bible says you created the world, and scarcely before you know it, they've cast one belief after another overboard till they don't even believe in you at all anymore. Then, then there's the foreign missions movement. Few years back, round in the thirties, everyone was all worked up about savin souls in Darkost Africa, and poor benighted China, and such. But now - - why even before the war began, most of the big churches didn't have half as many missionaries in the field as they did twenty years ago. Then there's also the financial end."

Here, all the different parts of God leaned forward expectantly.

"Well, you see, Laurrud, that's another part of it all where things are not goin so well down there. The income is just fallin off like terrible. What with everyone havin war jobs, you'd think that there would be more money in the collection plates, but there just isn't. We gotta do something about this. The war just isn't paying off the way we thought it would. We thought another big war would put the Church back on its feet, but it just ainta doin it. Bout the only good thing that has come outa the whole mess has been the slogan, 'There are no atheists in the foxholes.' Laurrud, I reckon that is about the best slogan that I have heard in a long time. The dopes just eat it up. Well, Laurrud, I guess that's just about all there is to report this time."

"Humph, that wasn't much of a report for such busy days as these," grunted another of the Jehovahs.

Then the choir began again, "When the roooweliz cawleduppyondur, whenthere -"
But they were interrupted by a sudden noise from the rear.

"Where is he?" screamed a wrathful feminine voice. "Where is that (censored) sonova (censored)?"

"Good god, here comes Mary, and drunk as all hell," announced Virgil.

"Who's she lookin for in that tone of voice?" asked John.

By this time the blessed Virgin had reached the vicinity of John and Virgil. What John saw was as much of a surprise to him as any other of the many shocks that he had recently recieved. He couldn't stand this much longer. Heaven was getting on his nerves. He had seen loads of pictures of this Virgin, but they bore no resemblance to this woman. Not that he hadn't seen other women of this type. Lots of them. In fact, he had once paid two dollars for one. But this one looked as if she'd really been around. More, in fact, than any of the others that he'd come across. And the dress that she was wearing - - well, it youreally wanted to call it that. Suddenly, her eyes lighted onthe apostle Johnny, standing right behind John and Virgil.



repro by Jike

"You (censored)," she shrieked at him. "Why don't you use a bit of precaution? Here the doctor tells me I'm going to start gaining weight again. And then I'll be laid up for awhile. If it weren't already too late, I'd have an operation, even if it isn't legal here. Dammit, I've been laid up at least once every year since I came here. More souls have come into heaven through me than by the regular way of living and dying on earth. But you ought to be more careful about that sort of thing."

In the meantime, Saint Johnny was retreating from her pursuing wrath, and the pair were passing out of the hearing range of our hero and his companion. But they did hear Saint Johnny explain, "Can I help it, honey, if there's a war on and there are shortages on some things? A man's gotta have his fun, even if you do have to take chances. Don't be sore, honey - - -"

"Ah, yes, we have our excitement in Heaven," Virgil mused. "But it's much more fun in Hell. Here in heaven, there are only a few gals besides Mary that a fellow can have any fun with. Most of the luscious babes went to hell. Besides, these angelic adventuresses are too damned temperamental. Now you've heard of the "Lady" of Babylon, haven't you? Mmmm, what a dish!"

"You mean the one the Book of the Revelation tells about riding around on Lucifer's back?" John queried.

"Well," Virgil mused, "she and the old devil do get together quite a bit, but I hardly think you'd find her on his back."

John passed over this comment, and asked, "What's it really like in hell? Could hardly be much worse than this."

"Well," explained Virgil, "They put Hell out on Jupiter when they moved heaven to this planet. Well, you can imagine what the place would be like now, if almost all of the world's scientists, artists, philosophers, etc., have been there ever since they died on earth. Why, instead of Sheol, they've turned the place into a veritable utopia. Hell, almost all the interesting people that've ever lived have gone there. And the devil's not quite what you'd expect, either. He's really a sort of Jovian fellow, a gay mixture of scientist, philosopher, prankster, ruler, and adventurer. He - - -"

Here Virgil was again interrupted by a long blast of Gabriel's horn, after which the choir resumed its doleful chant about the roll being called up yonder. When they had finished, another toot on the heavenly tooter (no reference to Harry James) was the sign to begin the roll call. And what a rollcall! John had never heard such a ponderous list of names in his life. He had thought it tedious reading the patriarchal chronology in the book of Numbers, (back in his youthful days, when he had read the Bible) but it was nothing like this - -

"Saint Timothy."

"Here"

"Saint Elizabeth."

"Here"

"Zebediah Craneneck."

"Here"

"Patrick Magonnigal."

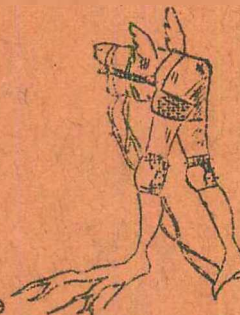
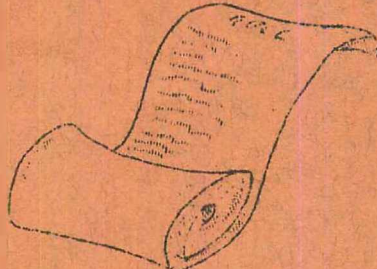
"Here"

"Ruth Elizabeth Mary Anna Zossifer - - Here - - Liza Beebottle
- - Here - - Sister Janey - - Here - - Reverend Dr. Philpotts Hebert
Tawkloud - - Here - - Saint Martha - - Brother Orchid - - Ellie
Costabrakavitchsky - - Ziphaniah Ezekial McCoy - Abeline Ester
Martin - - Mistress Susannah Traverigall - - Madame Chuzich - - - - -"

and so it went on for hours and hours. Of course there was no way of telling how much time really had passed, now that they were in eternity.

Finally, it was all over, and Gabriel blew his horn again.

One of the Jehovahs, it seems, had been looking at John and Virgil.



Suddenly, he boomed, pointing at them, "Those two out there didn't answer to the roll call. What are they doing here?"

/ / / / / / /

And, as with the shuffling of the deck in Alice in Wonderland, it was all quickly over.

As John and Virgil approached Jupiter in the space ship furnished to carry them there, John suddenly asked, "Hey, we're heading for the great red spot. It looks just like they always said hell was - - - and you told me ---"

"Don't worry, they just use that as a test for newcomers. They get lots of masochists in hell that expect, and really desire to be punished for their sins. But everyone goes through it for a short time, although, if you're a fight guy, you don't even have to stay there five minutes. Don't worry, you'll pass."

IT WILL BE THE POLICY OF THE EDITOR OF TOWARD TOMORROW NOT TO TAKE ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE USUAL TYPE. HOWEVER, IN THE FANZINE FIELD, THERE ARE MANY MAGS WORTHY OF COMMENT, AND THESE I SHALL RECOMMEND ON MY OWN ACCOUNT

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MORE
PLUGS
ON
PAGE
"28"

PROPHESY *by Conrad Dasty*

'Twas a night so still and silent
When I lay so calmly sleeping;
And a shadow o'er me creeping
Led my soul into a dream.

Then from out that dream a prophet -
Shade of all the bygone sages;
Seers and seekers of all ages,
Sang to me tomorrow's theme:

Now what would thou know of the morrow?
And what would'st thou have of its secrets?
Wouldst thou foreknow the wide strides of progress,
And follow the future of nations?

Then hear my words,
And mark well the import of each;
For I give you foreknowledge - the future.
I will tell you of great things,
For who may say what is great or what is small?
I will tell of good things and bad,
For who is there to set the line of demarcation?

Shall I trace the epic of nations, the future of all the earth's governments?
Then list:

After this war is done
And the fascist league destroyed
A peace treaty shall be made
And it shall be slightly more just and lasting than the pact of the hall of
mirrors -

A few steps toward lasting peace,
But in the treaty of peace, as in the war -
Too little too late.
For lasting peace is not yet.
The queen of the seas is dethroned;
Her children have deserted her;
And the western eagle sits in her place
In progress and prosperity.
The Aryan has forgotten his twisted cross,
And the Lombard his bundle of rods.
The ladd' of the tri-color is restored to freedom, but not to power;
Likewise, the Acropolis, and the land of the windmills.
Yet, for the land of the rising sun, there will be another day.
Amatirasu Onikemi has not yet forsaken the dreams for her elder son.
The land of the dragon and the land of the peaceful sitting one grow together,
side by side, in peace.

But the son of the sun still overshadows the dragon.
And the dethroned queen of the seas still occupies the citadel of the Emperor.
While the green isle of the saint still continues to chafe under the light yoke.
Above them all, near the world's top, the red nation - country of the hammer
and sickle grows in prosperity and progress, like its sister, the
western eagle.

These two lead the world.
But Albion and Nippon are restless,
And they contest with the red star for Indo and Cathay,
Plunging the world into the darkness of a third great war, more horrible than
the first two.

More horrible, but not longer lasting,
For the western eagle, unwilling to fight against either side appeases between them,
And leads the field in the first attempt at true and lasting peace.

Shall I reveal the advances and progress of the age before us?
Would you envision the implements of tomorrow?
I tell you that in this war invention grows apace.
And after the war, there shall be automobiles, light of body, made of newly developed materials, with the interior like a small setting room, and the motor behind.

And in the air, the travel shall be vastly improved and popularized.
Medicine shall grow apace, and surgery shall reach toward its highest dreams,
And man shall experiment with plants and animals and develop many new variants for his own use,

And the growth of plants shall be fully duplicated by purely chemical substances,
as mankind seeks to discover the key to life, and find it he shall, but not yet awhile.

Foods that are more nourishing and tasty, yet far less bulky and difficult in preparation shall serve the people of the near tomorrow,
Man's cities shall spread out farther, to become less dense, and the buildings, prefabricated, shall be less expensive, yet far more attractive and utilitarian.

Clothing, more beautiful, useful, and comfortable, may be cast off by anyone
whosoever at any time would not be bound,

And television shall completely overturn the dramatic and musical fields.
New musical instruments shall be developed that so far surpass those of today that we shall look back and declare that we never before had given ear to true music.

And the age of robots shall begin, but their appearance shall be utilitarian, and not like the appearance of man.

They shall serve man perfectly in their respective tasks.

Slowly, but at last completely shall the momentous invention of Gutenberg be dethroned,

And the great libraries shall be reduced to filing cabinets.

The industry of the farmer shall require far less space than before.

And the land shall revert to the state of its virginity.

What is that in your mind of which you would ask?

You would know the future of the followers of fantasy;

Yet you fear to ask of so insignificant a group.

Know you then that no group is insignificant,

And none unimportant;

For can a group be unimportant which adds to the pleasure and improves the minds of its members?

Progress always grows out of small groups.

After the war, then, fandom shall spring up mightier than ever before,

As fantasy spreads into wider fields.

Yet, although powerful organizations shall exist in fandom,

None shall encompass it.

For it must remain free and unweildy.

Although fandom shall grow, its form shall not vary greatly from the present.

And many fans shall receive fame in greener pastures.

Yet, in relation to the world, fandom shall never be great.

But despise not the small bodies or movements,

For in them is the hope of the future,

They plant the seeds of thought.

The power of numbers comes later.

Humidity also shall prosper,

And the ban on comradeship be lifted,

The unspeakable shall be in the open and unashamed.

And the new worshippers of the sun and air shall be free.
The first article of the Bill of Rights shall finally be practiced in truth.
Freedom of and from religion - and the creeds shall begin their final decline.
Freedom of the press - full freedom - entirely absent from the bigotry of the censor.

You would see farther forward into the distance.

The view is dim,

Yet, blurred though it be, it looks promising;

Or perhaps it is only a mirage:

Do I really see a united world,

A great social democracy,

Free from want, disease, ignorance, superstition, intolerance;

Where each individual has a full chance of developing along his own line,

Though all work together for the whole?

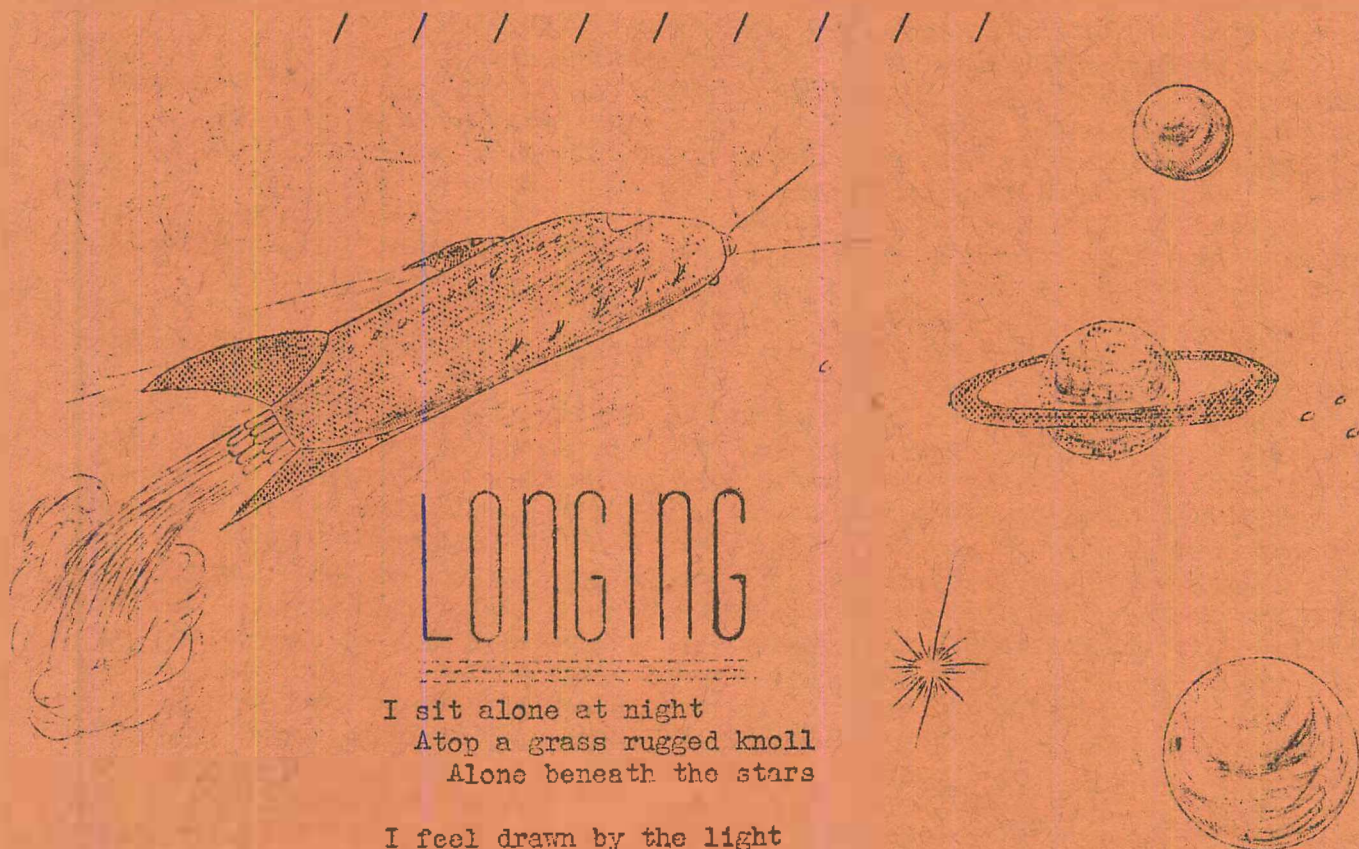
Do I really see a world spreading its civilization to other planets, and yet
farther?

Do I see a higher type of mankind, a great superace, evolved from our own,

Coming in contact with other higher and lower races from far off globes in space?

Is this then Utopia I see?

Or could it be an illusion?



I sit alone at night
Atop a grass rugged knoll
Alone beneath the stars

I feel drawn by the light
From Pices and Draco
From Venus and from Mars

I long to leave this ground
I long to be away
From Man and all his wars

Would I could hear the sound
Of space craft borne away
Lifting me to the stars.

San Arnold

THE EINSTEIN THEORY

by- John I. gergen

I made a rather feeble attempt in the June 1943 issue of SPACEWAYS to set down some of the personal arguments concerning the probability of extra-terrestrial life. The article was a dismal flop, though I hoped it would be just the first of a series.

However, that's another story. This article concerns Einstein's wonderful Theory of Relativity--a stupendous example of clear and concrete thought. I say thought, and not imagination, for the Theory is based on clear, pointed, and concise formulative thought, and is by no means just the product of a fertile imagination. It might seem to be the latter, but it isn't--can't be. Einstein is a genius, admitted; he's a wonderful thinker, true; but the average science fiction fan has him beat ten ways when it comes to imagination.

The Theory is concerned mainly with astronomy and physics. Although the latter plays an important part in regard to several points, it is generally understood not to be a relative science, but a physical one alone. There is a difference, while at the same time, they are connected.

The Theory's connection with astronomy is obvious. In fact, it was astronomical data that actually proved the Theory's practicability. Both astronomy, and physics, however, had a hand in determining whether Mercury's orbit was erratic due to another hitherto undiscovered planet, a mathematical error, or whether this revolutionary hypothesis was actually correct.

Scientists have always had occasion to discuss Mercury's orbit--an erratic thing. They conjectured on why Mercury at perihelion was off its supposedly correct orbit by several degrees. And they wondered for a time if a planet closer still to the sun than Mercury could be causing all the trouble. It was not that--something else was causing the strange wandering of our innermost planet.

About this time, a German scientist by the name of Albert Einstein was beginning to make himself known. He came into the limelight by expounding several daring hypotheses--one of which was to make him famous. His main--the central, you might say--hypothesis concerned relativity and gravitation, plus subjects closely allied. Gravitation is of interest to us at the time.

I say that the scientists were puzzled at the apparent deviation of Mercury from its orbit. They were--until one man offered a set of calculations that explained most pointedly all the questions, and gave a set of most astounding answers. That man, of course, was Einstein--the answers given had all been based on a new hypothesis--relativity.. Several scientists refused to believe. They demanded proof, and they got it when Mercury next entered perihelion. perihelion is the point in the orbit of a planet nearest the sun. Orbits, you know are not perfectly circular, but elliptical, and perihelion is at either of the two points closest to the center. Aphelion is the opposite, being the point farthest from the sun.

Mathematicians correlated all known data on Mercury and the influence of surrounding bodies on its orbit, then went to work and computed carefully, with checks and double checks, the exact orbit of Mercury, as it should be with no disturbing factors. Comets were ruled out, as there were none near enough to the sun and Mercury at the time to make a great amount of difference in the final check. The orbit was calculated--Mercury travelled on--and was off orbit by twelve degrees. All mathematical data that could possibly be assembled and checked failed to account for this one disturbing point.

It was then that the Einstein hypothesis was tested and proven. Einstein offered his calculations, introducing a new and decisive factor--relativity.

Einstein insisted that, according to his calculations, Mercury was off orbit not because of another undiscovered planet, not because of miscalculated figures, but because a body increases mass with speed. Mercury, as it

entered perihelion, increased speed, to account for the greater distance it had to travel. It increased speed, and according to Einstein, also increased mass. Its orbit was thrown off by the gravitational pull.

That hypothesis, when checked, accounted for every factor, within a degree of error less than one percent. The percentage of error, when that small, is almost negligible, for any number of things could have occurred to throw Mercury off that slight bit. The asteroids, for instance, might have had some attraction for the planet. But it's so small a fraction, that it's useless to puzzle over it.

Einstein's Theory also has to do with light--that part sometimes known as the "Quantum Theory". That, too, has been proved and checked beyond any chance for error; but there are still prominent scientists who refuse to believe.

As recognized now, light is not purely energy, but a physical substance. A substance unknown to us, to be sure, but containing physical properties, and consequently, physical. Therefore, light must obey physical laws--which include gravity.

Now the light of the stars is sometimes misplaced. But misplaced only when seeming to approach another body, such as another star. Our own sun apparently displaces the light of many stars, when they begin to pass behind it. When they do, just before being completely eclipsed, they are distorted from their calculated paths--strange. Strange, that is, until Einstein gave the world his Quantum Theory, for, according to it, light is physical, and must obey the laws of gravitation. Light passing near our sun has been bent inward by the tremendous pull of Sol, and the star image would appear distorted. But when it had passed the sun, and was again on the other side, it would be in its proper place.

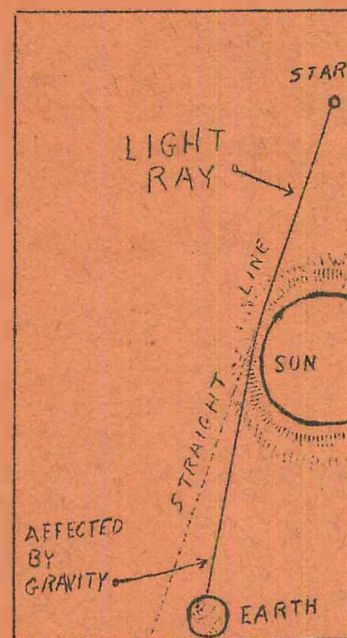
The following diagram will illustrate this clearly enough, in the event my word-picture is inadequate.

Similarly, a word-picture is inadequate when describing another of Einstein's Hypotheses--this one is still unproven. It is the Space-Warp Hypothesis, and is one too tremendous to imagine. After all, the ordinary human being can visualize no greater number than four, and the space-warp hypothesis involves the entire universe--not only our galaxy, which is huge enough, but all those galaxies which we see in nebular form. Don't try to envision what I describe--it's physically impossible; but you can accept a relative description.

The hypothesis suggests that our universe does not run in a straight line, or forever. In other words, it states that our universe is composed of no such thing as a straight line, that it is not infinite, but definitely finite and limitable. It suggests that instead of straight lines, our universe is itself a huge loop, or wire. Imagine, if you can, a straight line running what we believe to be absolutely straight, for millions of miles. Actually, when compared to the universe, it is a matchstick. And also imagine, if it is possible that that line, straight as it is, travelling for such a distance that it returns to its starting point.

Impossible? Yes it is, if that line were straight. But it's not, for in our universe there is no such thing as a straight line. It's curved, however slightly, and will inevitably return to its starting point. To us, it seems to be a straight line, for we are a part of that universe in which the supposedly straight line travels; but it is warped, and returns home!

Imagine yourself above this huge universe, and yourself not a part of it.



You see this imaginary line starting from Earth. To you, it will slowly curve until it forms a perfect loop, and it will return to Earth. The Earthman, if he could see that line all the time it travelled, would see it as a perfectly straight line, because he is bound by the same laws of our universe as is the line.

It is obviously impossible to try to envision in your mind such a stupendous thought. If you can catch, even in the slightest measure, the terrific thought behind such a hypothesis, you can understand why Einstein is regarded as the world's greatest thinker.

Canadian Fandom

a top mag from one of our northern neighbors, Beak Taylor, St. Andrews College Aurora, Ontario, Canada.

MORE FAN MAGS

Futurian War Digest

An old timer, FIDO still keeps coming despite the war and all from J. Mike Rosenblum, 4 Orange Terrace, Chapeltown, Leeds 7, England.

Midnight

the West Coast Fanewsheat, from Mike & Mike, at 637 1/2 South Bixel, Los Angeles, 14, Calif.

THE KNOTIVE

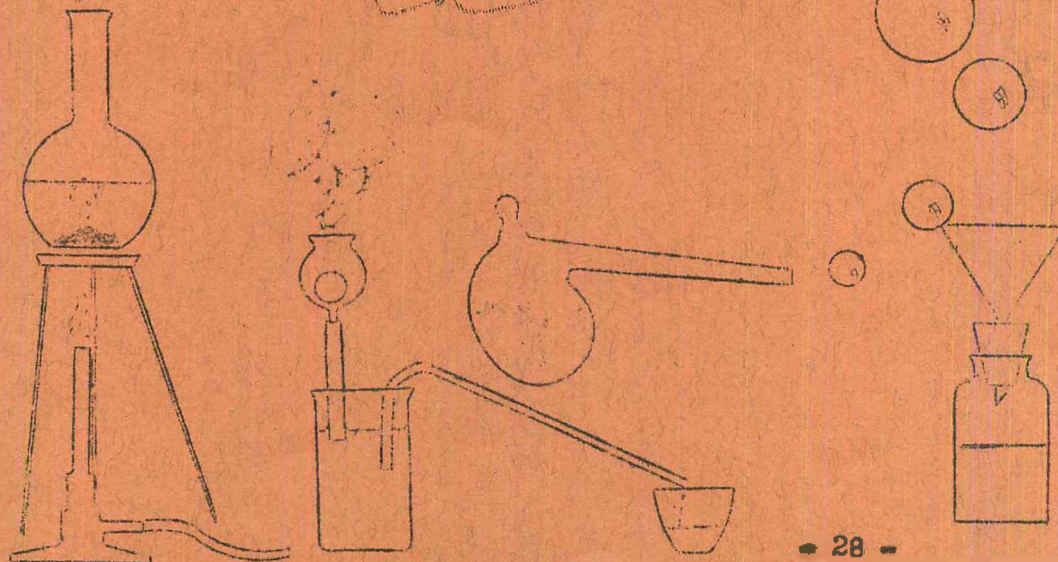
a caustic publication from the rebel ex-members of the LASTS.

SONGS for Beauty & Sorrow

a collection of poems by James Kepner published by Arthur Louis Joquol, II. 1129 North La Madera Avenue, El Monte, Calif. Naturally, I recommend this, as I wrote the poems myself.

FAPA

and,
if you really want a load of swell fanzines, why not apply for membership in the FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION ? Contact R.D.Swisher, 15 Ledyard Road, Winchester, Mass.





The insects wings are velvet soft
They stalk their prey each even oft
As full moon from dark sky has shone ---

James H. Reynolds

LAS MARIPOSAS DE LA MUERTE

BY

James Kepsner

Led by his lust for treasure rare
Direct into death's jungle lair,
 He boldly strides through trees and vines;
Cares not what doom awaits him there.

With voices low and fearful minds
The natives speak of strangling vines
 And big black butterflies of death
That kill whene'er the full moon shines.

But treasure seeker John Marbeth
Scorns talk of butterflies of death
 And hacks lianas in his way
E'en fiercer yet with his machette.

But still the nervous natives say
That they'd as soon return that day
 As in these cursed woods to die.
In vain he offers higher pay.

And then they hear the wanton cries -
A leopard hanged before their eyes -
 The death vines draw the cat aloft
And feed it to the butterflies.

The insects wings are velvet soft.
They've stalked their prey each even oft
 As full moon from dark sky has shone.
John half repents that he had scoffed.

But John Marbeth goes on alone.
His nerves are steel; his heart is stone.
 He leads two burros, with their packs
And dreams of treasures, soon his own.

Lianas trail along his tracks.
In fear he beats the burros' backs,
 Rushing them on til he makes camp
And hastily unloads the sacks.

The tropic night is still and damp.
He hears a noise and lights a lamp,
 But fully fails to realize
Death vines encroach upon the camp.

And then the vampire butterflies -
Ebony insects large in size -
 Invade the camp, wings fluttering,
And hover o'er their human prize.



He sees them with heart shuddering.
His lips vent vulgar muttering.
A tendril clasps his ankle tight.
He calls for help - voice stuttering.

The moon looks down so full and bright
And silhouettes against the light
A scene like Troy's Laocoon
Giving the snakes a loosing fight.

The vines draw tight, the struggle done;
They bind him close, his strenght o'ercome.
He makes a last attempt to shout
And the uneven fight is done.

And with their prey bound tight about,
The vampires suck his life blood out,
And feed upon the shell now cold
That once was Marbeth strong and stout.

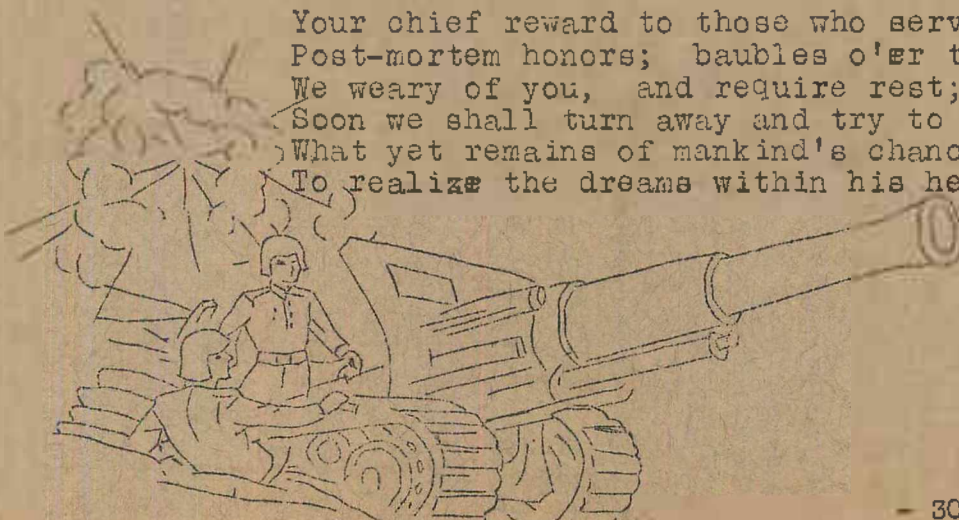
And right below him, be it told,
Still lie the jewels and the gold.
Rotted remains of John Marbeth -
Clothing and bones - sun bleached and old.



A TOAST FOR THE SOVREIGN

A toast I raise ('tis an ironic sign) :
To "Noble" War: Thou Kingod of the World:
You flaunt your boast of long, heroic line,
With lurid pennants 'gainst the breeze unfurled.
Confounding culture and destroying art,
You raise the tyrant brute in man to rule.
Like Aztec priests, you cut away the heart.
Your every stupid, bestial act is cruel.

Your chief reward to those who serve you best -
Post-mortem honors; baubles o'er their grave.
We weary of you, and require rest;
Soon we shall turn away and try to save
What yet remains of mankind's chance to start
To realize the dreams within his heart.



VOM TOMMS

NOTE: The following letters were sent by various fans to the editor of VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION, with the intention that they should be published in that magazine. However, as VOM had been receiving an unduly large amount of material on certain subjects Forrest J. forwarded them to me for use in TOMORROW. Hoping that it would meet with approval from all concerned, I have published them here.

Li Ho

KEITH BUCHANAN, Box 148, Amsterdam, Ohio, writes:

Here we are not to be ~~directly~~ concerned with the offluvia of all religions; theology. Such childish and pointless arguments as produced by ~~theology~~ appeal to none except those afflicted with adult infantilism or another form of limited mentality. Let such persons, then, leave us and go to listen to orators of the Billy Sunday - W. J. Bryan school. They will be happier and we shall be rid of boring nuisances.

Such persons as the two aforementioned gentlemen aren't exactly candidates for the title of Homo Sapiens - "Thinking Man". Their childish prattle about heaven and hell, salvation and damnation indicates the depths of such minds. Such people are to be pitied - unless their particular form of idiocy threatens to force itself upon the thinking part of humanity, as it did in a small way in the late unlamented Eighteenth Amendment.

That idea of a heaven and hell is perhaps deserving of a few paragraphs. It, of course stems from superstition and ignorance, garnished by the priests of the many and various religions which consider it their duty to mulct the ignorant and annoy the intelligent. And needless to say, all the aspects of religion stem from these same causes, but we'll take them up later.

Even if the facts were not known from the observation of the more primitive religions (although all religion is a relic of savagery) a little thought would enable one to discover why such doctrines are prevalent: they pay off in hard cash for the clergy. If the priests can convince the heathen that they are miserable sinners who will certainly burn in hell unless they "repent their sins", many heathen will be "converted" and support the church with that earnestly desired cash. Those contributing to the support of these sanctified leaches will naturally go to heaven....

Seemingly there is a certain childish streak in most men that makes them believe that by professing faith in someone's organized mythology they are absolved of their sins and will receive their ultimate reward in heaven (where everyone will sit around in poses of rapture singing hymns for the edification of a quite human - i.e.: jealous - God and myriads of stupid looking heavenly characters.) Large donations to the church also help in attaining this blessed state of mindlessness, which the religious could find right here on earth if they cared to do a little introspection. This process seems to be in direct ratio to the amount of money amassed by the sinner. The reason again is simple: to amass great amounts of money, the intellectual and ethical faculties are hindrances. Then, as the retired magnate begins to fear the consequences of his or her dishonesty in the "hereafter", he or she turns to religion as an escape. This is quite to be expected, since most people were raised on a diet of this trash which promises all sorts of unattainable and undesirable ends. The fears are aided by the fact that intelligence is usually lacking in these people, it being well known that a loud mouth and high-pressure manner are more conducive to success of this sort than intelligence. There is a rather large difference between intelligence and shrewdness - witness the mess made of the world during the past five thousand years or so by such characters.

Hence the reason why newspapers, magazines and the radio carry such an appalling amount of religio-mystical balderdash. Who owns the press and the radio?

Another fact enters into it....these same people control education, so the man on the street is infected with the virus also. The press and radio must cater to the beliefs of the masses - truth is highly repugnant to the average person. He must be fed sugar coated stuff that will digest well. Rather reminiscent of giving a squalling brat sugar in a raga to keep him still.

The real mainspring of the deist's arguments, though he need not necessarily be a theologian, is the old argument - its an overstatement to call it that - that something had to create the Cosmos: God created it. Here they stop. If pressed for an answer to what created God, they will solemnly affirm ~~that~~ the ways of God are incomprehensible to man. That's another anomaly - they can speak for God on any other subject under the sun. The suckers and fools are satisfied with this explanation, as could be expected from their I.Q., but to any intelligent observer who is honest enough to admit it that is merely an evasion. A particular shrewd bit of evasion, a vicious circle type, but it works.

They say God has always existed. All right - if God has always existed, might not the Cosmos have always existed? Another group of pseudo-scientific clerics have it that - this is especially daring theology - God was created by a cataclysm of nature. But if God created nature, as all deists freely admit, how in hell did nature create God, if God created nature? Like all the deist's arguments, this one winds up in a tailspin.

The priests were right in one respect - man simply can not understand such things. But they, by definition, are wrong, for metaphysics does not enter into it. It is merely a matter of our limited intelligence. Man has evolved under very localized conditions on a small planet circling a seventh rate sun somewhere out in the fringes of our universe. So our minds are adequate enough to understand earthly occurrences (to some extent) but we do not have ~~broad enough~~ vision to judge competently such matters as creation. Perhaps someday science will find the answer; more likely they will not. But science advances where religion has stagnated, although cloaking itself in a pseudo-science. Any advancement of the status of man hasn't been due to superstition - it has been due to science, which is a cumulative process. That is to say it will advance faster and faster in the future until we (unless we have our guns spiked by some superior race) shall be "Gods".

Nevertheless, it hurts anyone to admit that there are things he cannot possibly understand. Remember how savages invent all sorts of fanciful and wild reasons for natural occurrences, based only upon their limited experiences & superstitions. Yet that is the conclusion we must draw in regard to the creation for the present at least.

Particularly susceptible to feelings of omniscience are our worthy teachers. They must be excused, though, for their intelligence isn't of the highest order, as a rule. Otherwise, they would prefer to engage in some creative activity (though that phrase has been mangled by the Chamber of Commerce and the little Georgie Babbitts) instead of cramming a lot of doubtful thoughts down the throats of other morons. Its doubtless asking too much that they teach the students to think.

The ductless glands even serve to argue for the deists. When in deadly peril a person will snatch at straws. If belief in God is likely to help, why He is bolted whole without any intellectual considerations. That instinct for self-preservation....

Might I suggest that persons under the influence of great fear aren't competent to judge such matters. Decisions made in great anger aren't usually accepted - and fear transcends anger by far. That desire for self-preservation temporarily destroys the mental faculties, releasing all the stupid blind emotionalism of animals and popular love songs.

Of late much tripe has been written by the Billy Sunday brethren to the effect, that "there are no atheists in the foxholes." What a horrible lot of rot - its even worse, if possible, than the Nazi half-truths. War has never been notable for the amount of clear thinking produced by it. War, in spite of what the super-patriots (who are 90% of the extreme right) and clergy say about it, is not caused by the ennobling desire to crush our evil enemies - its a matter of

self preservation again. I agree wholeheartedly with smashing our enemies, but I don't believe in cloaking the whole ugly business in a halo of sanctity. It's interesting to note that the present considerations of a federated world don't arise from high altruistic motives - such a world will spare us the trouble of fighting more wars, we hope.

Right in line with this "no atheists in foxholes" stuff comes the not very subtle propaganda to the effect that the Fascists are atheists (i.e.: don't give a damn for the Christian God); hence atheists are fascists. This is all cynically amusing - the people who shout loudest about this sort of thing are the very ones who have the strongest Rightist tendencies. The good Christians and Republicans, who have as their goal a state in which the population serves as serfs for the moneyed class.

The fact is that the Fascists are much more closely akin to such people than they are to atheism. They hate atheism, for they have their own little God on wheels right here on earth to worship. Christianity doesn't condone the treatment given by the Fascists to their enemies - hell no: The Inquisition, the Thirty Years War, Bloody Mary, Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Bryan's persecution of progressive people, and those peerless Puritans of New England who took especial delight in torturing naked - preferably female - heretics with ramrods....

A God who can be prayed to and who will answer prayers is clearly another sop thrown to the people by the priests. With all the inhabitants of Earth alone who pary to some "Supreme Being", He must have his hands full taking care of their petty requests. I say "Earth alone" because we, as thinking beings, have utterly no right to assume that earth is the only place in the Universe(s) or even the Solar System where life can exist or even that we are the only thinking beings in the Cosmos. Protoplasm the only living substance we know of, is pretty highly adaptable. For instance, there are the anaerobic bacteria that thrive of the oil in storage tanks, and the mold that grows only in highly concentrated sulphuric acid. Bacterial spores have been travelling interplanetary and interstellar space since bacteria evolved from the first slimy mass of protoplasm floating in some stagnant sea.... whether on earth or elsewhere doesn't matter much. Light pressure (yes, light has a definite measurable pressure) can push small particles along with ease. The optimum size for such locomotion is a particle about the size of a wave length of light. Bacterial spores are that size. Such spores can very easily be kicked up to the rim of the atmosphere by vagaries of air currents. Once free of the earth (electrical repulsion also helps much) light pressure goes to work.

The spores can survive practically indefinitely in space. Even if there were a "cold of space" the spores wouldn't be harmed - they can be immersed in liquid helium, which is very close to absolute zero, without harm. Heat, unless very, very great, has likewise no effect on them. And far from the sun, where it is cold, their sluggish life processes slow down immensely. The great Swedish biologist, Svante Arrhenius, has calculated that at the orbit of Pluto a spore "runs down" as much in three millino years as it would in one earth-day. Spores on earth stay alive for centuries.

Certain it is then that bacteria have invaded the other planets at least. The spectra of chlorophyll found on Mars may indicate that they have evolved into multi-cellular organisms. They have had as much time to evolve as we have had - is it beyond all probability (sorry; that's the wrong word - probability itself isn't very probable) possibility that intelligent forms may have evolved elsewhere?

A God to whom we can pray for help out of our trivial problems?

ERIC HOPKINS, Anglofan of 6 Elm Park Ave, Elm Pk, Romford, Essex;

Lloyd Connerly reminds me of a wail and stray before Stalingrad. He wants to change the world, a commendable desire, and he figures that the first step is a programme, the second a course of action, the third - the method of prosecuting this course of action, and the fourth - the institution of the objects set out in the programme. In the first place, the four steps, while well

chosen, are scarcely so clear - cut from each other. The chief qualification I would make to his statement, is that the institution of the predetermined objects is part of, and inseparable from the course of action, and the method of prosecuting the course of action. This indivisibility gives rise to great and almost fundamental problems in practice: exemplifying the U. S. S. R. as an area of this planet which has been radically changed by a progressive social and economic policy, you remember that one of the points on the original Bolshevik programme was the collectivization of farms, i.e., the collection of individual strips of land into one embracing farm which would be communally cultivated by the laborers, who would normally have been unconcerned with any other land than their individual strips. This change sounds very unreasonable but Lenin was defeated in his efforts to make it, and Stalin only succeeded with much intimidation, the uprooting and ruination of 5, 000, 000 or so Russian people, and the loss of two thirds of the whole country's livestock. Conservatism and customs, of course, but it is almost the greatest enemy. However, the point I want to make from this is that the collectivization of farms was itself a part of the course of action decided upon for the socialization of Russia, and that the course of action decided upon for the collectivization of farms itself arose out of the needs of the moment and was modified constantly by the developing situation, even retreating and calling a halt at one stage of the movement.

So our problems are not quite so simple that we can now sit down and say, "We want these reforms; we will decide upon a course of action; a way of prosecuting this course; and when we have succeeded in gaining power, we shall do these things." We must first decide that we will be perfectly pacific, or absolutely ruthless in our campaign, for it must be one or the other, there being no middle course; then we will decide upon the reforms we will establish as the campaign develops, or hope to establish, and then without anymore conferring, we would take our chance and begin our efforts. We could never be certain that any of the projected reforms, however desirable, would necessarily be established by the campaign. Connerly's fourth point for instance - "Economic equality"; if he means universal freedom from fear of unemployment, sickness, and old age, I think it has a chance. If he means a practically universally equal wage, I don't think it has a dog's chance. His third point - "A non-profit economic system" is just another set of words meaning Socialism. The first point - "A universal auxiliary language" is a safeguard against war, I take it, though ineffective, compared with all - round socialization, and quite remote without an unprecedented alteration in the activities of the state departments relating to foreign affairs. His second point - "A highly personalized medium of exchange" escapes me.

But it isn't essential to go into a campaign with any equipment but principles of action, excepting a Parliamentary election which is won less by an appeal of the party's principles than by the party's access to well-sounding phrases. Supposing that you were a certain political creed and had decided to fight for it quite ruthlessly against all opposition, your support would emerge from those sharing your beliefs and those who found those beliefs nearest their own interests, and the opposition from those who detested the creed. The party programme hasn't always a great deal to do with it; Hitler, for example, rose to power on a quite different platform to the practice of his creed as it has since worked out. Similarly, the Russian Bolsheviks sincerely desired (and presumably still desire) a Russia of equal economic, social, and political status for individuals, regardless of race, creed, color, political, or social views. In practice, they have been forced (from their point of view of ultimate success) to persecute millions and slaughter many of the very people they claim as their sole welfare - a very large number, but a small percentage of the total population.

I think we should be careful of this distinction between the party's programme or promises, and the class creed and beliefs whose power supports it. Big Business would be as justifiably suspicious of the socialists who promised to control the nation's production at the same time insuring the usual profits, as we should be of any promises made by the political representatives of Big Business to usher in a Golden era of freedom, prosperity, and the public & social service for the workers of the nation after the war. A party's sincerity isn't



Symbol of the East

in its speeches, but in its financial support. This has been as true of the Communist Party in this war as it will prove to be of the Conservative Party.

Similarly, we should be cognizant of the gulf between the idea and the reality of political action; i. e.: of the numerous forces and motives that act upon & modify the idea in process of becoming a reality. It is easy to sit around a table and decide that a certain result in the economic field is desirable; it is not too easy to decide upon the most suitable means to gaining that result; and it's practically impossible to gain that result in its original form. Compromise, ruthlessness, haltings, even retreat, will all affect the purity of the project, here defeating it, and there developing it beyond the predicted scope, but whatever happens you must always know what to do next - not what would be nice fifty years hence. Stalin owes his survival to this: he has accurately deduced the facts of the moment and correctly acted upon them, according to his ulterior aims, even when he has to apparently deny his ulterior aims in doing so.

I think that a number of British fans are at this stage of recognizing all the obstacles between them and their ambitions, and perhaps the near impossibility of attaining them, whereas - if Lloyd Connerly's proposal is typical of many of VOM's readers' political development, it would appear that some of the U. S. fans have yet to surmount the initial and simplest difficulty, that of establishing principles and objects.

In this country I think we have settled that matter; we are socialist. In fact if a general election were possible during the war, I am certain that the country would return a Socialist majority. The ensuing question is- how shall we establish a socialist system in this country, by pacific or violent means? Well, obviously, by pacific means, if possible; the drawback being that at the first real threat those interested in the survival of the present capitalistic system will naturally fight like the devil. We have never had a majority government representing labor in this country, and I think that unless the mood of the people is very much more alert and militant than it was before the war, labor will again be forced into second place or - if it gains office - rendered impotent by the forces that really control the country. Any legislative measures bidding to really put the country on an all out socialist basis will be defeated, sabotaged, or hopelessly modified in their passage through Parliament, and rendered innocuous in practice by the opposition still in control of the economic system. The first aim of Connerly - if he wants his non-profit economic system - would seem to be the seizure of the tools of production, the control of which would master the economic life of the country, when the opposition to any progressive programme he may have will be deprived of its chief weapon. But can this be carried out constitutionally? If the British capitalists behave according to precedent, they will not peacefully allow the results of whole lifetimes of development and scheming to pass into the government's hands, leaving them powerless and considerably poorer, if still comfortably rich. Neither would their American counterparts. So it would seem that, having chosen a path to violent opposition, Lloyd would be forced to decide that he would ruthlessly suppress all sabotage of his efforts to establish an economically and socially just state. This decision is implicit in the Bolshevik policy.

But now another philosophical and very fundamental question arises; one which, overshadowing all others, is facing all progressive individuals outside the Soviet Union (whose government has solved the problem for itself); a question which I have been discussing lately with Douglas Webster and one or two others. The problem: " Are murder, oppression, and intimidation justified even if your aims are the ultimate good and freedom of the populace? And (probably more important) do you think that your ideals of scientific thinking and humane action would survive a bitter struggle between two forces amounting to what Disraeli (I think,) called the two nations, the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor?"

It's essentially a personal question of conscience and the individuals ideas of morality and that vague abstraction which we call good. If your answer to the problem is NO, then you perhaps say goodbye to your Utopia. Your answer can be YES only if you have the guts or the callousness to have your own way at the

expenditure of many people's lives, or happiness, or careers, in other words, at the price of a considerable, if temporary, increase in human misery: and if you are absolutely convinced that your course, and no other, is the only method of achieving reasonable results.

The Bolsheviks determined upon ruthlessness, but they evolved in a country of ruthless politics and could find easier justification. This extremely difficult question has been posed, and the results of the two decisions illustrated in two thoughtful works of fiction - "Odd John" and "But Without Horns". In the former, those with the power of building a Utopia decided that the necessitated struggle would both deny the rebuilder's altruistic motives and weaken their ability to think disinterestedly and scientifically about their opponents and their problems after the struggle. In the Unknown story, John Miller decided to carry through his Utopian measures against all opposition; you no doubt recall the consequences of his actions, wholesale deprivation, disruption of normal life, and ruthless murder. We presume that Miller succeeded, but was it worth the misery? No doubt it was - to the children and the unborn, but after all Miller was a super-being. Could Lloyd Connerly, for instance, be positive that his desires are, and would remain, immaculate? In fact, our judgement of the Russian Communist must depend for its character largely upon whether we think that the motives of Stalin and his co-partners have been and remain unblemished with personal considerations, or do not think so. Whether indeed, the CPSU can unerringly choose the right path for the peoples of the USSR. (This argues against all totalitarian government, of course.)

Let us suppose Lloyd Connerly to have made his decision, which will probably have to be for violence, and that he is ready to commence action. What is next? Why, whatever the chosen course, the next thing, and the next, and the next, and the next, is (back where we started) the correct deduction of the existent facts and faithful action upon them. And that is a job for those with an intimate and widespread knowledge of the country in which they are working.

So changing the world is not quite a matter of proposing four points for discussion and approval to a small circle of friends, or even joining the Association of Progressive Societies and Individuals which - if not now defunct - promulgated such rational views as that the Chinese had exactly the same desires as the British. Nor is it a matter of joining the Conservative Party, or the Labor or Communist Party, and resting content with being a fully paid-up member. They must be prepared - according to their choice - for a long, cunning, relentless struggle everywhere against a hard and powerful opposition in all fields of public service, with a prospect of possible failure, or for a physical and bloody war upon the same interests with all its accompanying dangers, and the prospect of possible failure. These people will face these realities from the start, or consider all their talk and discussions so much wasted breath. In that respect, I fully agree with Douglas that all this formation of clubs, national associations, and especially the Getting-Together-and-Doing-Things is sickening. I never did like it, and I dislike it more as the war and this tendency of fan for formal association develops apace. Doug is the psychologist, but even to me it all smacks too much of the Black Hand Gang, and similar joys of my youth. It makes me wonder whether these will ever snap out of the desire to put their heads together, and whisper, and make plans, and have a communal cash box for catapults and other weapons, and sally forth boldly to the rescue of a neighbor's daughter, and sack the empty house at the corner. And all the rest of childhood's "trailing clouds of glory." The Ku Klux Klan, the Freemasons, and the Order of the Druids all have the same psychological basis with these efforts of fandom. Don't think I'm decrying all these societies: I'm not. But there is a deplorable tendency to rush into associations at the least excuse, which in the case of political questions, is particularly inane. I'm a fanarchist. So is Douglas; and like him, I steer clear of all my compatriots' clubby attentions.

I hope I haven't been boring you with my meanderings, but I cannot pass over. Perhaps you could communicate this letter to him? I'm willing to sustain the reactions."

LLOYD CONNERLY

- So Renny thinks fandom cannot do anything about world conditions? Well, we can vote, can't we?

Admittedly, there is little that fandom alone can accomplish, but what if we branch out, get support from those outside of fandom? More of this later.

Milty, how long does it take to get out of the "burning idealism stage?"

No, we are not going to make plans to buck these incredible pressures, these changes that take place almost of their own accord. Wasn't it you, Milty, who once said that science indicates the paths open to us, but does not attempt to choose which we should follow? Science fiction, as you are well aware, has indicated many, many times where each leads.

Unless there is an active, organized resistance against them, the forces of Fascism and Dictatorship will force the world right back into another dark age, from which it might not evolve for some thousands of years. There are such organizations and movements, of course. Their name is legion. Neither group is bucking these pressures, but seeks only to direct their course.

And that is what I would suggest that an organization of science fiction fans do.

With one possible exception, mentioned later, there is no one movement, or any ten movements, strong enough to bring even one of these fine points to fruition in the next 100 years. But with scores of movements, each in its own way working towards the same end, and then, when the turning point comes, all putting their pressure to bear at the points it will do the most good, all of these objectives can be realized soon enough for us to spend the last twenty-five years of our lives in peace and comfort.

Milty, and particularly Eric, misunderstand my intentions. I do not plan and have no desire that the movement which may grow out of our little association of science fiction fans, shall be the key movement in bringing about these changes. The most I expect of it is that it shall exert its pressure at the right time and place. If it numbers among its membership a few who otherwise would not know where or how to help in the transformation, it shall not have lived in vain. Given time enough, it might become nationally known, probably as a "hot-bed from which radical propaganda is disseminated." Conceivably, it might emerge as a political party, or even a co-operative, rapidly approaching the stage of self-sufficiency, depending upon what course of action we decide to follow, the quantity and quality of leaders we may develop, and the number of years in which we have to develop them. But even if we had decades of healthy, unhampered growth, we still would be unable to institute even one of these fine points without the assistance of other movements. The most we can ever hope to do is to aid in turning the flow of social, political, and economic changes into the best available channel.

As to whether or not I am willing to spill blood to obtain my objectives, the answer is an emphatic "no." The bonds of Brotherhood cannot be tied by force and physical violence. Brotherhood is a mutual feeling of love, confidence and understanding; a willingness to work for the common good and a desire that the fruits of our labor shall be equally enjoyed by all. Nothing destroys these qualities quite so quickly or thoroughly as class hatred and revolution. If the means of production and distribution must be forcibly seized, that very seizure will require the leadership of strong, ruthless, men, men who neither ask nor give quarter and to whom any means is justified by the end. Such men, once they get a taste of blood & power, easily lose sight of their goal and seek to add to their own prestige and glory. With the country already drenched in fraternal blood, with hatred, suspicion, and the lust to kill rampant throughout the land, it is then but a step to the complete seizure of the reins of Government and the establishment of a Fascist state - a step which would then be much easier to take than to reestablish a feeling of trust and good-will among the populace.

No, my friends, Brotherhood cannot be thrust upon man from without. It must come from within, as a result of an expanding consciousness and growing love--- love which must embrace not only one's immediate family, but which must go out and beyond, and encompass the larger family of humanity.

Eric, why don't you think that "a practically universally equal wage" . . . "has a dog's chance?" Your definition of my term, "A non-profit economic system" may or may not be right, depending upon your definition of the word, "Socialism." If by it you mean "state Socialism", as defined by Milt, that is not what I had in mind. His term and definition of "democratic Socialism" is acceptable; but I usually steer clear of the word socialism, for fear of being misunderstood, there being nothing in the world today which answers that description. I commonly use the term, economic democracy, and occasionally, industrial democracy, meaning by them, "the democratic, cooperative, and equal ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution."

I cannot agree with Eric that the possibility of an universal auxiliary language is "quite remote without an unprecedented alteration of the State Departments relative to foreign affairs." If every Esperantist in the world today would teach Esperanto to just one additional person in 1943, and each Esperantist in the world at the end of 1943 would teach Esperanto to one additional person in 1944, and so on, year after year, by January 1, 1949, every literate man, woman, and child on earth would be able to read, write, and speak Esperanto, and without the aid of (more than likely in spite of) State Departments or any other federal agency.

By "a highly personalized medium of exchange," I mean a form of money that can be spent only by the person to whom it is issued.

Well, there it is, Is anybody with me?

What we need now, if we are ever to do more than go in circles, is a secretary. The first job would be to conduct a poll to determine if there are enough fans interested to make it worth while to go ahead with the project. The job would not be heavy for some time to come, but I cannot do it myself, because, at the moment I have other irons in the fire. Are there any takers for the job?

Beep! you have been saying you were willing to either lead or be led; how about you taking the job, at least temporarily, until we can elect someone to that office? If anyone else is interested, please write me.

I have tentative plans (subject to the approval of, or modification by, the members) for the immediate formation of the association and for its conduct for the first year of its existence, but I will not give them until I know that there are a few who are definitely interested.

And unless this call nets a secretary, this very likely will be the last letter in which I will take the initiative. So, it's up to you, fans do you really want to try to do something about world conditions, or were you merely talking just to hear the wind blow?

Editor's note - - - these three letters were written quite some time ago, and a lot has passed under the bridge since then. World conditions have changed considerably, and so have the political attitudes of many of the world's peoples.

Fandom has gone far since Lloyd Connerly made his proposal back in the twenty-third issue of VOM. The insane COSMIC CIRCLE has arisen like a spectre before fandom, and has almost expired. On the other hand, the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION had almost collapsed, and is now being ambitiously resurrected. Art Sehnert is making another attempt to organize fandom, and there are rumors of a reorganization of the old NEW FANDOM group. Local clubs have come and gone, and Lloyd himself has not since been heard from. I myself have shifted viewpoints, for whereas I at first hold the same enthusiasm as Lloyd here expresses, the shock of the COSMIC CIRCLE has matured me a bit, and I am much more inclined to side with Eric (who, by the way is now in the R.A.F., address 1447891 LAC Hopkins E.C., RAF, 33 SPTS, Carberry, Manitoba, Canada) Anyhow, let's hear the ideas of some of the rest of you . . .

8 Well, here I am again, and this is the last on our program for this time.
T Comes of course the question of what to say on this last page, and in answer
A comes a subject that has been on my mind a good bit lately. Some may complain
T that the question is not a proper one for discussion in a fan mag, but they
I can hardly deny that it has a very important effect on an enormous majority of
O the fans. Thereupon, it claims the right to discussion here. Besides, fans
N are for any subjects of interest to members of fandom, and this subject goes
whether or not most fans agree with the conclusion.

J In times of crisis, altruistic slogans are bandied about for the purpose of
driving a herd of humanity in some general direction. But when the
I crisis is past, the slogan must be framed and hung up with its face to the
wall, safe from the touch of any persons who should attempt to practice their
idealism.

K Thus, it seems that slogans are only for the war-time flag wavers. We
have such themes as: "To make the world safe for Democracy," "Remember
the Alamo," "Sic Semper Tyrannis," "For Christ and his kingdom," And
"Taxation without Representation."

An enlargement on the latter might be appropriate for the present day. It
seems that an enormous number of citizens of this, our fair land of liberty, and
equality, have been granted the rights to freely (?) donate their money, their
time, and their lives, perhaps to a war not of their own choosing. They must obey
religiously, all the decrees of a government in which they have no voice. Being
over eighteen, they are too old to be counted as exemptions on their parents' income
tax return, and they must pay themselves. They are old enough to work for a living,
but not old enough to sign a contract on their own. Not old enough to vote. young,
irresponsible fools, but not when it comes to doing the fighting. Quite old enough
for cannon fodder. Not even old enough, according to the law, to smoke or drink.
Not old enough to get married without the permission of Mom and Pop, who, on the
average, got married much younger themselves. Hell, if we have the duties of
citizens, then why not the corresponding privileges? Why don't they decide if we
are to be children or adults? If we have jobs (and usually much more education
than our beloved elders) and are subject to payment of taxes, and the draft, then
we should have the balancing privileges. Most of us are quite willing to do the
work. But we should like a share of the compensation. And they have been calling
us an irresponsible generation. Good enough for cannon fodder, but not for ballot
pulp. If the older generation thinks themselves so infallible, perhaps they
should look around them and see what they've gotten this fair world into. We'll
have to pay for this war, so we ought to have a say in how things go.

Let them hurry up and decide whether we are to remain children or to be adults.
It is a bit comforting to know whether one is hot or cold.

Well this draws to a happy close the first issue of this mag. Its been a hell
of a lot of work, so I hope at least a few of the fans will enjoy it somewhat. I
am quite aware that most of you will find something or other to complain about.
What with the mixup on page numbering, and the far-too-many typo-errors. Anyhow,
I hope you'll write and tell me about it. I hope to have a rather large
correspondence section in the next issue.

And, by the way, the next issue may come out in FAPA, with some outside
circulation to anyone who expresses any interest.

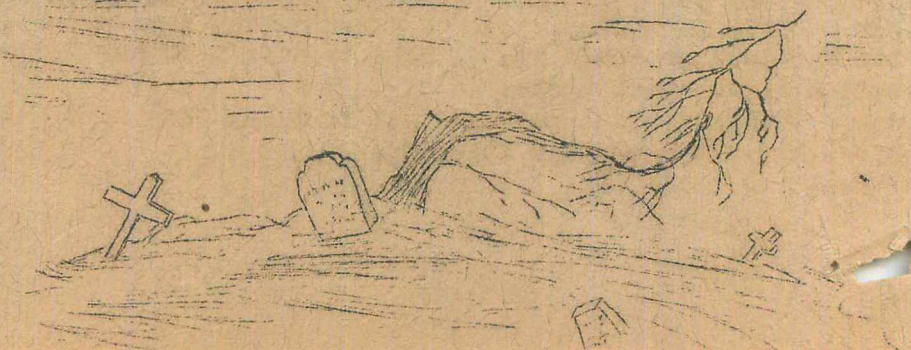
That's all for now.

DAVE & MCGIRK

INTO THE SHADOWS

Night's deepening shadows draw across my soul.
My love is dead. Would life were gone as well.
Without him, life but seems some black abyss
Wherein my spirit toils, enmeshed in slime
That throttles action and blots out my sight.
My mind is bitter cold; and filled with hate
Is the once throbbing heart that loved so well -
That laid itself before him as a gift
Placed at some oriental idol's feet.
We were together, my lost love and I.
Our high emotions recognized no bounds.
We thought our love a thing that could not die.
We pledged ourselves with bonds unbreakable -
Or so we thought, expecting not the stroke
Of death's dark scythe, that cut my lover down
And turned my soul to bits of cold charred ash.
His shell now lies beneath six feet of clay,
And mine moves on, but no less dead than his.
The shadows deepen and night closes in,
And I stand here - here over his fresh grave.
My spirit, dead - my body, yet awhile.
I lift the hemlock cup to meet my lips:
Tomorrow, I shall rest beside him there.

Jean Arnold



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