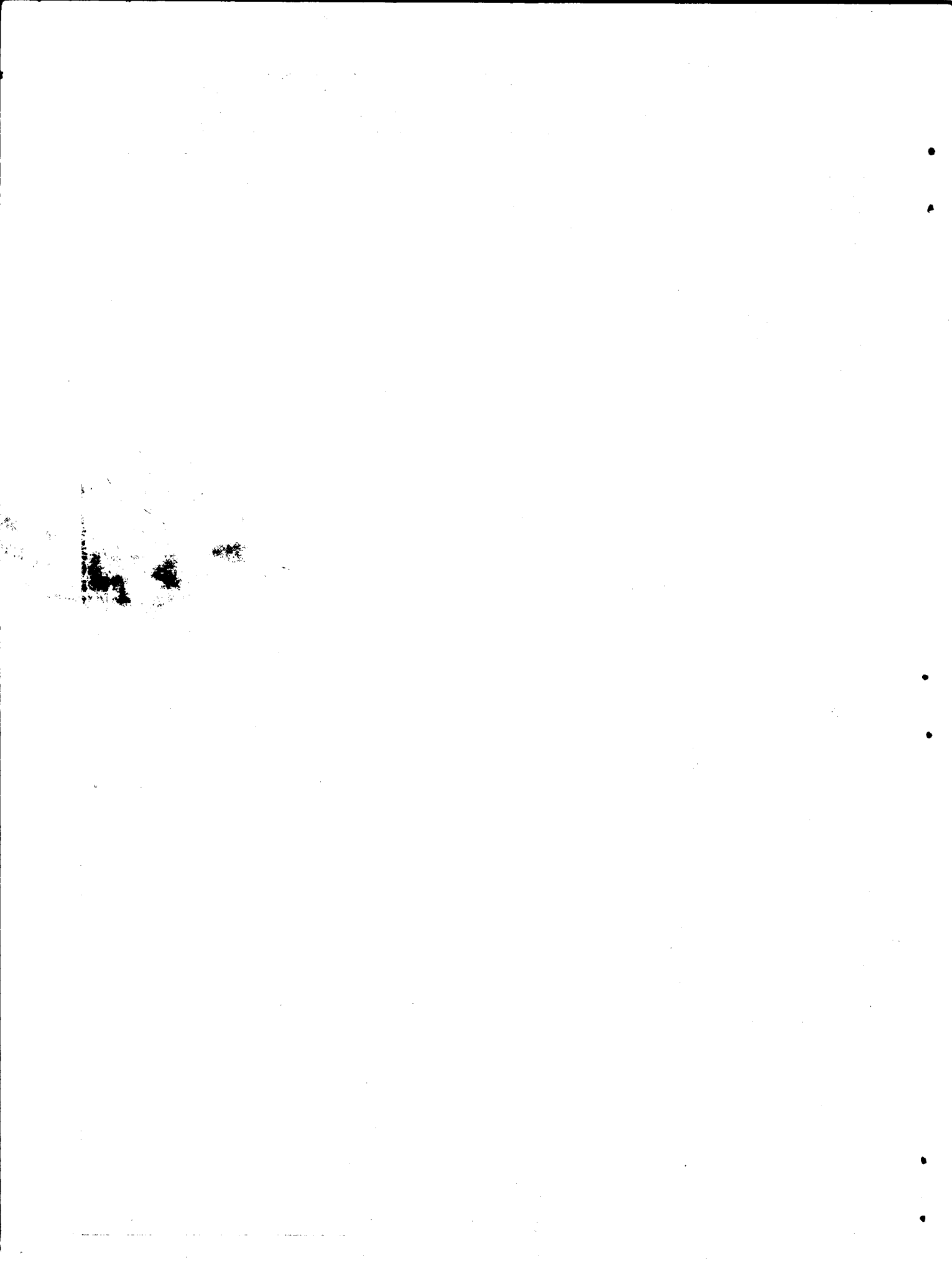


SFANZINE

Vol. I

No. 3





EL CONTENIENTES

PLUTO MUST BE HEAVEN - DAVID ENGLISH

THE UTTERMOST EXILE - RAYMOND L. CLANCY

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EX AQUIS - RAYMOND L. CLANCY

IT HAPPENS TO THE BEST - S.J. JOHNSON

EDITORIAL BLUBBERINGS - GUESS WHO

* * * * *

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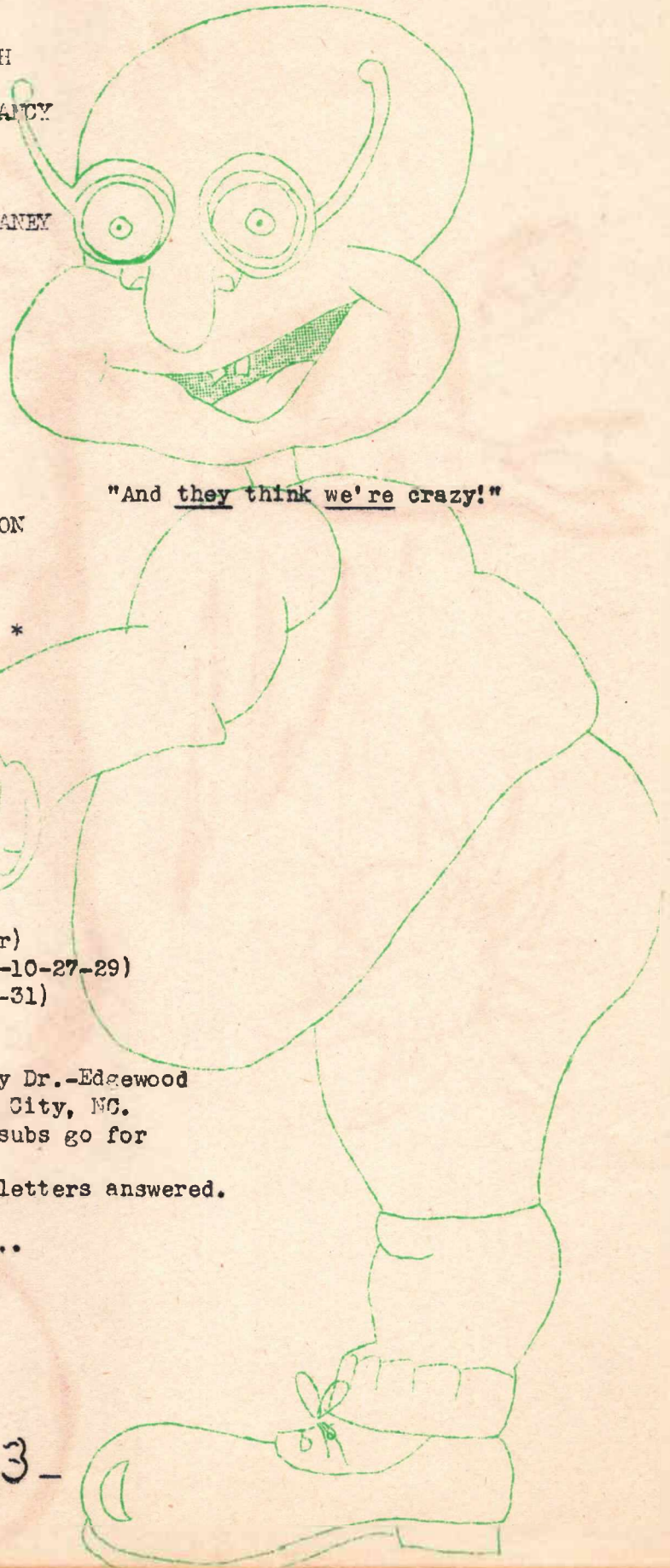
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on a highly irregular schedule and subs go for
12-\$1.00...

Contributions are welcomed and all letters answered.

PLEASE return the question sheet!....

ENTER AND ENJOY THYSELF...



"And they think we're crazy!"

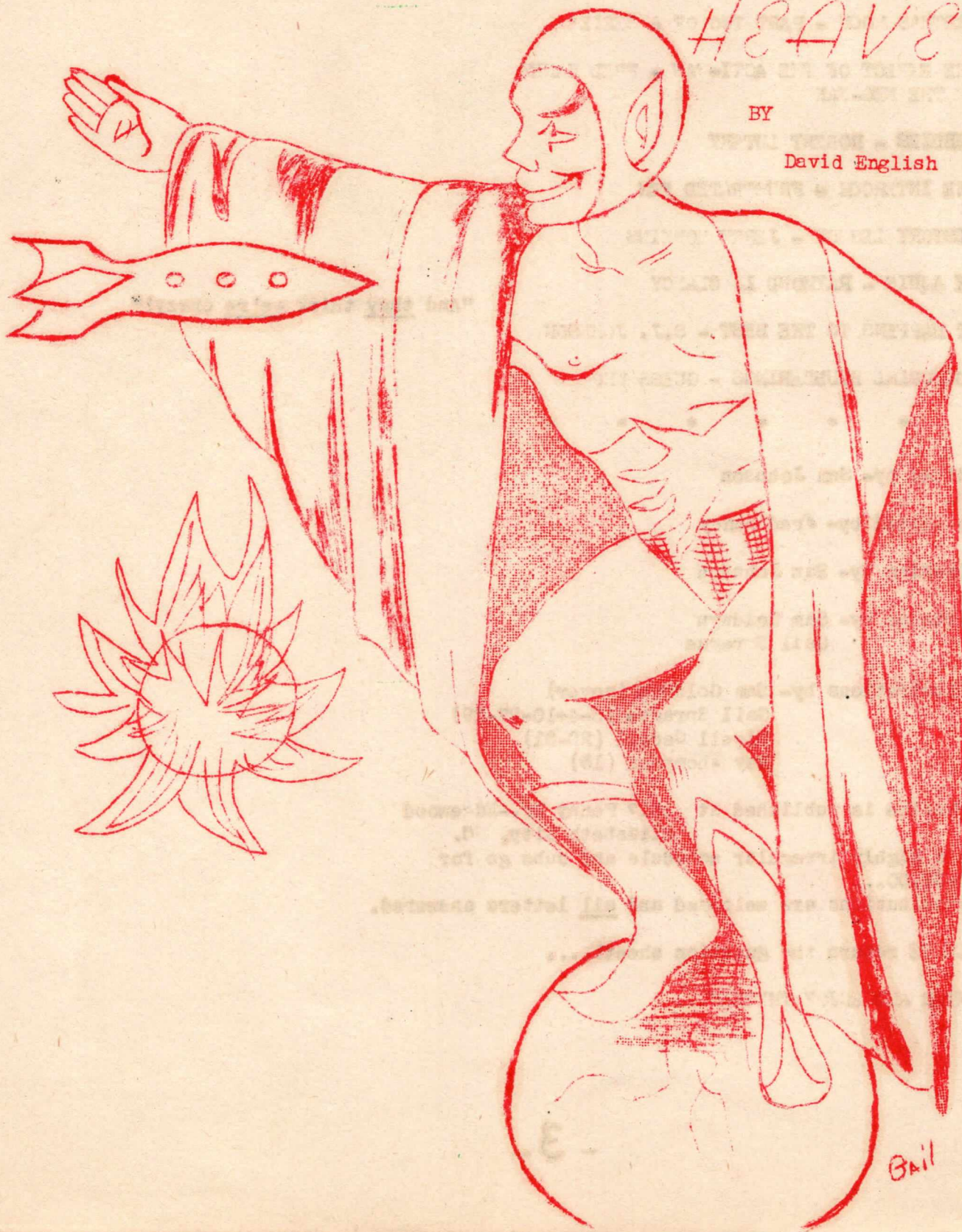
PLUTO

MUST BE

HEAVEN

BY

David English



Gail

I.

Only once had men set foot on Vulcan. Unlike his father, ~~twenty-five~~ years ago, Guy Wurkins Jr. didn't think once was enough. So now he was going to Vulcan.

To be able to go to Vulcan one has to do this:

He has, first, to obtain a space ship.

Then--and this is the hardest part--he must obtain a permit to haul rocket fuel to Venus. He must say he is going to Venus because it is against the law to go to Vulcan and they would not otherwise give him the space travel permit. The rocket-fuel-hauling gag was so he would be able to have an excuse for carrying several times as much fuel as would be needed for the Venus trip.

Wurkins had done all this; now he and his friend, Dean Trask, were on their way.

And now it must be explained why all the above-mentioned finagling was necessary--

It began when the first ship to Vulcan had returned, minus its crew, containing only its captain, Guy Wurkins Sr. This ship had left for Vulcan shortly after the formerly hypothetical inner planet's existence had been proved by observations made at the Mercury station.

When the Vulcan ship landed (and nobody knows how Wurkins piloted it alone), Wurkins leaped out shouting,

"Take me to the president; I have to see him!"

He was taken to the president immediately (he had fortunately set the ship down near Washington). Secretly, he revealed certain terrible experiences on Vulcan. Because of this revelation the President strongly recommended that a certain law forbidding travel to Vulcan be passed--thanks to certain evidence, the nature of which was not revealed to the general public.

So now, twenty-five years later, no one could go to Vulcan. Nobody wanted to either, except Wurkins and his friend Trask. The hinted at, but not mentioned, horrors of Vulcan set down in Wurkins Sr.'s suicide (note: I forgot to mention: he later committed suicide) had everyone else scared.

II.

Well, now here were Guy Wurkins Jr. and Dean Trask, out in space, breaking the law Wurkins's father had thought so necessary.

"Almost there," said Wurkins.

"Yes," said Trask, who was busy making calculations about something. He was always doing that.

Wurkins looked at the telescreen upon which was an image of the spinning globe beneath. The sunward side of this globe was, most likely a sea of molten things; the dark side was, most assuredly, a frozen wasteland. Between these was a twilight zone where, in protecting suits, men could live.

The ship circled Vulcan in the hotness of the huge and close sun. It moved quickly closer to the shriveled planet, its highly polished sides hurling back as much heat to the sun as possible.

Inside the ship Wurkins and Trask roasted, slowly, baking well on every side. Wurkins said a few times that the ship was beginning to smell like a kitchen on Sunday when meat is cooking. This, of course, was merely his odd sense of humor: it wasn't really.

Well, time passed -- though the discomfort made it seem not to.

Then they were landing on Vulcan. They were first a thousand miles from the surface of the planet, then a hundred, then fifty --

At fifty miles up a sudden shrieking came from without the ship, and the temperature rose to new heights.

"That means Vulcan has an atmosphere," said Wurkins, "that means we're now entering it."

"This planet," replied Trask, "can not have any atmosphere." He told how the heat would tend to make the atmosphere expand away into space, how the small planet's puny gravity would be powerless to prevent it. All the while he scribbled calculations to prove his point.

"You can hear the air whistling past the ship," said Wurkins simply, when Trask had finished.

"That doesn't alter the situation in the least; it is impossible!"

He held up his calculations, like magical symbols with which he would prevent the atmosphere of Vulcan.

Well, the impossible wasn't the only queer thing about Vulcan. Another strange thing happened a few seconds later --

The ship began to veer ever so slightly from its twilight-zoned course; it headed for the sunward side. And soon the veering was no longer slight.

This occurrence was extremely puzzling to the two intrepid explorers, even more than the atmosphere. It was unheard of; spaceships

were supposed to be tame, to obey their masters!

"Damn it!" said Trask, "we can't land where the ship is heading! On the sunward side of Vulcan!"

Oh couldn't they? They had to do just that; they had to land the ship in the center of that hell-hotness, with the sun directly above them.

"Now why did that happen?" wondered Trask. He took out a paper and a piece of pencil; soon he was hard at work trying to find out why.

"Oh God!" said Wurkins. He fell away from the controls to the floor in a mock faint. On the floor he opened his eyes and said, "Now we can't leave the ship. We'll have to make all observations by telescreen. Our suits'll never protect us from that awful heat. We..." He became inaudible for a while; then he began to swear, lewdly, blasphemously -- distinctly.

III.

It was dissappointing, not being able to set foot on the new planet. It was dissappointing.

But they made the most of it.

The scenery was strange. Scenery is, on other planets. On the telescreen they could see a cloudless copper sky in which was a huge circle of white heat like a round window into a blast furnace.

Beneath the sky was not the molten sea they had expected; beneath the sky instead was the next thing to it: a waste land of volcanic rock. In places were pits of fire and lava and bubbling, boiling substances. There were also geysers of steam and holes from which lava pulsed like bright-red blood from a severed artery of the planet.

Seen by normal men such heights would inspire wonder. But roasting-alive men aren't normal. Sitting weak and tired, almost mindless with the heat, they could but make photographs of these marvels automatically, and nothing more.

Paralyzing the power to be amazed was only one thing the dreadful heat did. It also made them cross and irritable. The heat and dissappointment together made them twice as cross and irritable as the heat alone could make them. They were pretty cross and irritable --

Wurkins snapped and snarled at, and even once raised-his-hand in-answer to, his friend Trask. And Trask became so angry at a piece of paper which kept sticking on his sweaty hand that he tore it to shreds. He must have had something important on that piece of paper too: he spent a half hour sticking it back together again.

On the second day, after a sodden sleepless night they decided to go home before the heat caused them to go insane. After all, they had plenty of proof, photographic proof, that Vulcan was not any more horrible than most planets, they had proof that the law was unjust. Wurkins, of course, regretted this, for it proved that his father had been crazy as a bedbug.

They began packing.

While they were packing there was a knocking at the airlock. This they ignored, explaining it as the first sign of their insanity. They didn't open the airlock.

Since they didn't open the airlock, the knocker just walked right in.

"Yaasaaahhhhhhh!" said Trask, seeing who had entered.

"Don't worry," said Wurkins. "Merely an hallucination."

"Oh, yes. How silly," said Trask. To the Vulcanite (Oh, yes, it was a Vulcanite who entered): "Go away, you're an hallucination, an old hallucination!"

"No I'm not really!"

The Vulcanite stood about five feet high, was colored like a fire-truck, that is, red. He was completely naked and was entirely too fat and flabby to look good that way. He was armed with a three-pronged spear and a nasty look on his face.

"Yes," agreed Wurkins with his companion, "go away. Or if you don't go away, help us pack this stuff. (Let's put our hallucination to work, Dean!)"

"Good for you, Guy! If he's any good at it, let's keep him."

The Vulcanite waited politely until the two had finished speaking; then and only then did he say,

"But you can't go -- what about the party?"

"What about the party?" wanted to know Trask and Wurkins.

"The one down the road. Your party. You simply have to come!"

"Well, gosh, we'd like to come," said Trask, "but this planet has no atmosphere, and so we would die out there."

"It has an atmosphere, you queer. We heard it. Remember?" Wurkins said.

"Oh, now you're going to gang up on me. All right --" Trask turned away from them sadly -- "Majority rules; there's air. But --" he whirled dramatically -- "we still can't go! The sunlight, the heat."

He took out a pencil and paper, began to figure. "The temperature is exactly...."

"61⁰", said Wurkins.

"How did you know? You didn't figure it up."

"Thermometer."

"Cheating! Damn, cheating!" snarled Trask.

The Vulcanite pried them apart, saying, "Really, this isn't getting us to the party. I assure you that despite the heat you will be perfectly safe. I will see to that."

He took his spear, manipulated it, and lo! he held a blue sun umbrella.

"Holy God!" yelled Wurkins, flying at him. "Don't," he said shutting the umbrella, "don't ever open an umbrella indoors. Bad luck!"

"Sorry," said the Vulcanite. Wasn't thinking. Uh, will you come now, now that I have showed you you'll be safe?"

"Shall we?"

"Lets."

"All right."

They went out, being careful to stay beneath the umbrella of the Vulcanite. Up a road they followed him, between two pillars of rock. Talking as they walked, Wurkins and Trask said:

"Er, Dean, it's rather silly of us to be following an hallucination like this."

"So what? As long as he keeps his promises."

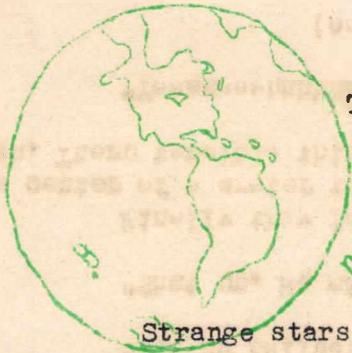
"But an hallucination --!" worried Wurkins.

"Shut up. He might disappear. And then where would we be?"

Finally they followed the red Vulcanite through a tunnel into the center of a crater the rocky sides of which were hundreds of feet high. There terrible things were going on --

"Yaaaaaaahhhhhh!" yelled Trask, while Wurkins gasped.

(continued after the letter column)



THE UTMERMOST EXILE

by

RAYMOND L. CLANCY

Strange stars gleam coldly from an alien sky

To add their wierdness to my nameless fright,

And far ahead there stretch before me

The many bitter hours of the night.

Now at last when there is no returning,

There comes a wish I'd never wished to roam,

And I brood on where the distant fires are burning,

Empty with hunger for a thing called home.

Up there a sun will shine and warm tomorrow,

Should I survive this cold and fearful dark

I'll see it and be glad -- perhaps --

Upon this planet lovely as a park.

About me in the gloom there lurk tomorrow's

Bright colors, green and red, and gold and tan,

Of this gorgeous but for one thing --

Which all corrodes! It lacks but Man.

Wild in the night, my heart is beating.

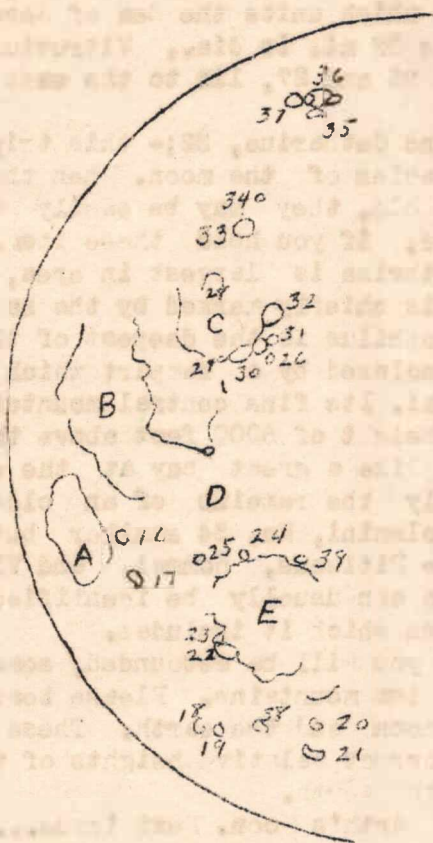
My life -- away from Earth's no gift to give. ^{GS}

O were I less than Man, perhaps tomorrow,

No longer would there be a need to live.

EARTH'S MOON

(A SERIES)



Having spoken already of the formations 1 thru 15 and the Sea of Conflicts, we now go on to other things of interest on our moon.

B- Mare Fecunditatus (sea of)
C- Mare Nectaris (sea of)
D- Mare Tranquillitatus (sea of)
E- Mare Serenitatus (sea of)

In using "sea of" I mean that it can be referred to as such.

Now we have the first five of the Mares or seas named so we shall on to the other craters to be seen... Nos. 16 and 17, not far from the border of the Sea of Conflicts (A), are called Proclus and Macrobius. The former is, next to Aristarchus, -No. 47- the brightest object on the moon's surface and the apparent center of a small, but brilliant system of light-streaks such as we do find at Tycho and Copernicus. A close examination of the orb in a telescope can show these radiations extending into A. Macrobius is less brilliant and therefore more clearly seen; dia. 42 miles, border 13,000 feet above the floor. Lower still in the map is the fine pair, Nos. 18 and 19, called Atlas and Hercules- very boldly marked and easily seen. Atlas is 55 mi. in dia. and Hercules 46 mi. in dia.; the altitude of the enclosing borders in each case about, 11,000 feet, As to Aristotle, Elger says, "The formation presents its most striking aspect at sunrise, when the shadow of the west wall just covers the floor, and the brilliant inner slope of the east wall with the little crater on its crest fully illuminated." Almost on a direct line between Nos. 20 & 19 lies No. 38, Burg- only 28 mi. in dia. But with a brilliant interior-mountain. The two other small, sharply defined ring-plains above and to the left of Burg are Mason and Grove. To the right of Mason, in duller outline, is Plana. On the very border of the Sea of Serenity (E) lies the superb walled plain Posidonius, No. 22,- often better lighted in the moon than at other times- and next to it, Chacornac, No. 23. Posidonius is one of the finest of lunar objects, for a while. Its walls are about 6,000 feet high. Its central

crater rises from a brilliant floor on which, with a good instrument one may find the remains of an older rampart. Between No. 24 and No. 25, Pliny & Vitruvius, seems to flow the broad strait which units the Sea of Serenity (E) with the Sea of Tranquility (D). Pliny is 32 mi. in dia., Vitruvius 19. The small ring-plains, Kant and Maedler, Nos. 26 and 27, lie to the east and west respectively of Theophilus, No. 30.

Theophilus, 30; Cyrillus, 31; and Catharina, 32;- this triple group forms one of the really magnificent spectacles of the moon. When the moon is $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ days old, or when 18 to 20 days old, they may be easily seen even with a small opera glass or draw telescope, if you hold these items steady enough. Of these great ring-mountains, Catharina is largest in area, its dia. being over 70 mi. from N. to S. Cyrillus is chiefly marked by the narrow pass which opens outward toward Catharina. Theophilus is the deepest of the three- probably the deepest on the moon- being enclosed by a rampart which rises at one point to 18,000 feet. Its dia. is 64 mi. Its fine central mountain covers an area of 300 square mi. and rises to a height of 6000 feet above the floor.

No. 28, Fracastorius, now opens like a great bay at the shores of the Sea of Nectar (C); but it is apparently the remains of an older formation, a ring mountain now destroyed. Piccolomini, No. 34 smaller but deeper; and higher still is the group 35, 36, 37,- Pitiscus, Hommel, and Vlacq. The whole region is much broken, but the group can usually be identified by Hommel, with the other two smaller ring-plains which it includes.

In noting these heights some of you will be astounded, some will be dissappointed. Dissappointed because of the low mountains. Please bear in mind the ideas of the relative sizes of the moon and the earth. These heights should be multiplied by four to get the correct relative heights of the mountains of the moon compared with those on the earth.

Completed is the second part of Earth's Moon. Next issue...The Moon at 9 3/4 days.

Upon the completion of this series would you want a similar set of articles on the planets and possibly a discussion of life on each? Please let me know.

X-X

D O N ' T
Y O U

READ

S Fanzine ??

FOR THE BEST, YOU

-12- SHOULD.

THE EFFECT OF THE ACTI-FAN ON THE NEO-FAN

OR

WHY I WEAR A STRAIGHT JACKET

INTRODUCING FRED HANEY

Well, chilluns, put down your toys, grab hold of the cell bars, and relax. 'Cause Unca' Freddie is gonna tell you all a little story.

I've been initiated into the SF field, and have been quietly (?) informed of the status quo- I'm a neo-fan.

For several years, I've read Pro SF mags, experimented and shown interest in science, and enjoyed it all. During this time, I never knew of fanzines, cons, etc. until that fatal day about three months ago. I walked into my first chemistry class of the year, feeling pretty good, being a sophisticated (?) senior. As I settled down in my last year's desk, I happened to glance behind me. Suddenly my blood ran cold and I shuddered at the sight. It was one of the most horrible BEES I'd ever seen. It was...it was.....SAM!!

After being revived, I started a conversation with ~~h~~ him. He was an alien, being a transfer student from Jacksonville Fla., and luckily he spoke an understandable language. He told me he was an SF fan. We talked of many things.. I noted a peculiar gleam in his three eyes, but I didn't know what caused it. (I was soon to find out.)

In the next six weeks, we became good friends, and created quite a mess in chem, driving our instructor MAD...on sale at any newstand-10%. Siriously she doesn't mind it too much. She only reprehended us once when our experimental liquid-fuel rocket blew up, destroying the north-east wing of the school.

I can't truthfully say that an acti-fan drove me sane. For six years I've been active in the radio field, pulling long transmitter shifts on the edge of the Great Dismal Swamp, and having an amateur station of my own. Sitting around for six years watching meters, listening to "Big John and Sparky" and reading POGO is bad enough. But when you leave a nice warm bed at 2:00 PM. in the morning to get that short skip on a fifty-watt transmitter.....Man, you have had it!! Actually I enjoy amateur radio, and get a big kick out of talking to people all over the world.

Now you can see why it didn't take me long to get the way I am, since I was already half-way when I met Sam.

All-in-all, I enjoy SF. Although I don't think I'll ever be a true acti-fan, I do get a large charge out of fanzines, letters from other fen, and putting out SFzine.

I'M glad that I can now discuss Einstein's theories and developments in rocketry without a huge mask of bewilderment on the face of the person I'm talking to.

I seriously believe that SF will bring a better understanding of the future developments (The Lovers?!!) and will also increase the interest in the fields of science and engineering. Next to Marilyn Monroe, it's the best thing that's happened to me this year!!

liquidatingly,
Uncle Freddie

PS- I'd like to hear from any of you who are hams, or are interested in amateur radio (especially females between 14 and 18) Ha. Also any broadcast engine ears who be around. Drip me a line c/o WGAI Po.Bx. 426 Elizabeth City, NC. Fen are likewise welcome too. See you next ish- Freddie, W4WJQ

X-X

HOBBIES

Jets: Pointed at the sun...

Lifting.

Ark: Swimming in new seas...

Drifting.

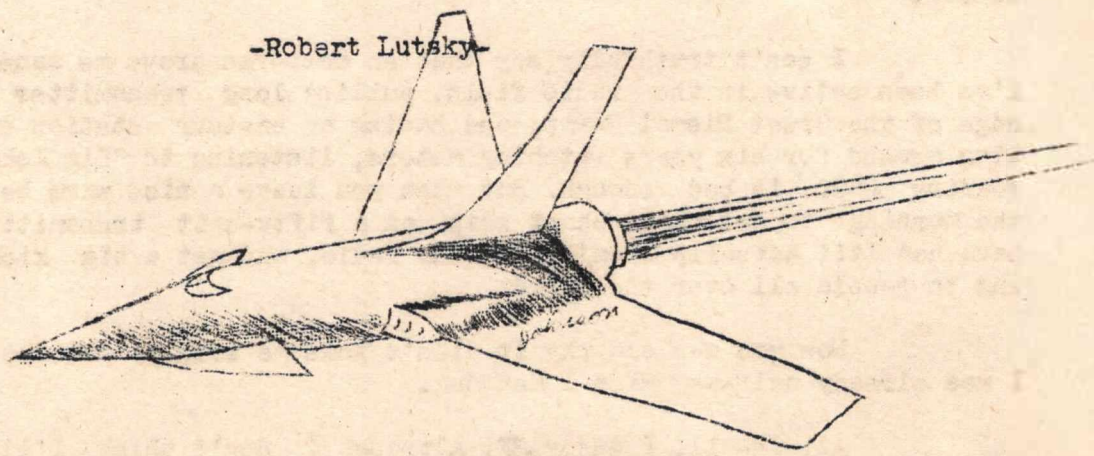
Man: Invented the gun...

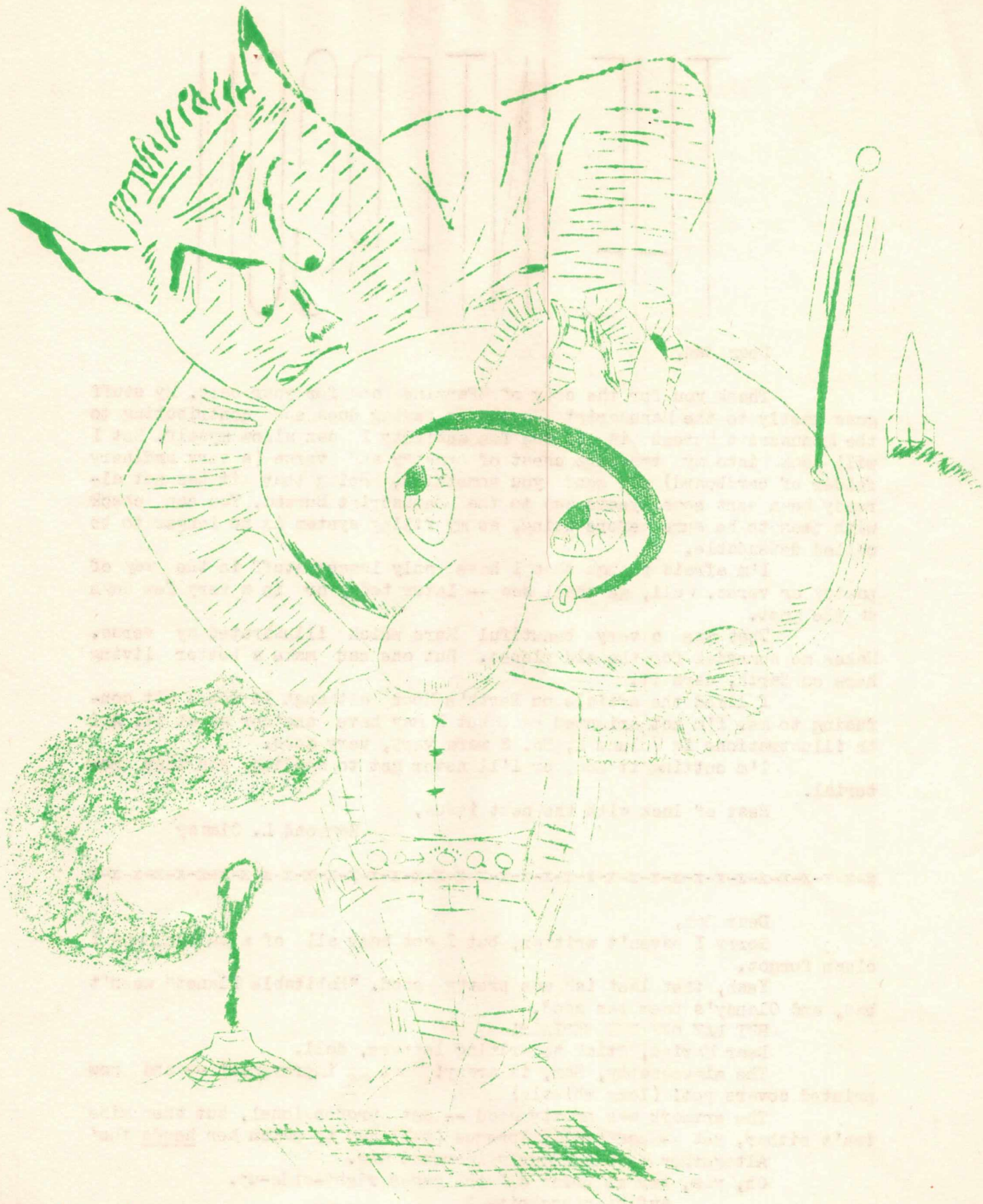
Warring.

When?: His hobby and ease...

Soaring.

-Robert Lutsky-





"THE
FANEDITOR"

Ray

THE INTERROOM

Dear Sam,

Thank you for the copy of SFzine and for your card. My stuff goes mostly to the Manuscript Bureau as paying dues and contributing to the Manuscript Bureau is all the fan activity I can allow myself. But I will look into my treasure chest of poetry and verse (a very ordinary folder of cardboard) and send you something, hoping that it has not already been sent some years ago to the Manuscript Bureau. You can check with them to be sure before using, as my filing system is no longer to be called dependable.

I'm afraid though that I have only longer stuff in the way of poetry or verse. Well, we shall see -- later today or in a very few days at the most.

That was a very beautiful Mars which illustrated my verse. Makes me homesick for the old planet. But one can make a better living here on Earth, darn it.

I liked the article on Earth's Moon although it was a bit confusing to me. I'm not oriented yet, but I may have another go at it. All the illustrations in Volume 1, No. 2 were very, very good.

I'm cutting it now, or I'll never get to sending you that material.

Best of luck with the next issue,

Raymond L. Clancy

X-X

Dear Sam,

Sorry I haven't written, but I got busy all of a sudden, and I clean forgot.

Yeah, that last ish was pretty good. "Habitable Planet" wasn't bad, and Clancy's poem was good.

BUT LAY OFF THE SERIALS!

Dear Marian, Stick to writing letters, doll.

The mimeography, Sam, is crazy! What an improvement -- and now printed covers yet! (long whistle)

The artwork was pretty good -- not professional, but then mine isn't either, yet -- especially Sprague (tell her to watch her hands tho' Altogether a tremendously improved mag.

Oh, yes, try to print all the pages right-side-up.

Auf Wienerschnitzel,

Sam Goldwyn

Dear Sam,

SFanzine is muchly improved over the first issue! Mimeoing is 100(plus) better. I don't, however, care for a cover that is smaller than the rest of the magazine. The thing cared for least by this reader was the definitions. Poo to them--- Enjoyed mostly was Raymond L. Clancy's The Wanderer's Toast. I would suggest you get more poetry of same quality from that boy. The illo for it was fine, set off perfectly by the red ink. Letter column although short, was interesting... Get Wilkie Conner to do some articles for you. Wilkie is good and can make a zine. Look what he did for Spacewarp, Quandry, TIMA and Stf Trends.

YO'S

Lynn Hickman

X-X

Dear Sam,

Yep, I recieved your three letters, but being so inexorably slow, it took me a goodly time to collect writing material and pen a reply.

In the way of commenting on the second issue of SFanzine (I've recieved it -- thank you), I would like to suggest that any future ish be folded over -- and not rolled. The cover of same issue seemed sparse. Either the lettering could've been larger (which would've been impractical) or the drawing larger.

I hope the drawing I send will be suitable. I like to draw very much so I don't mind illustrating anything you may send even tho' my time is somewhat limited. I am attending college.

Gail Sprague

X-X

Dear Sam,

The first letter you wrote cost me 2 cups of milk, a package of tapioka pudding, and a half hour worth of work. The story is that I had some tapioka pudding on the fire to cook when I got your letter. And I read it then the fanzine through when my father came home. The 1st thing he said was "something's burning!" Then I remembered, but it was too late, the pudding had boiled over and stuck to the burner. It took a half hour to clean up the mess. But you're forgiven, reading your zine was worth it.

I am enthusiastic about the zine and I realize what a tremendous undertaking it is/(ed) I am not the only undertaker in fandom/ and am eager to help. One thing I did notice was the spelling (incorrect that is). I spell pretty well and would be happy to proof-read articles if it is convenient for you. Also have written some stories(not science-fiction) and have hatched an idea for a yarn. Don't know how original it is. List' thee to me.../ this part censored because it will be presented in entirety later in another ish/ That's all so far. If you've any ideas or think it's nix please tell me.

Blair's pretty exasperated with me because I don't know anything about the science part of science-fiction and can't do anything and nuclear physics, etc. I'm more interested in the social and economical and philosophical aspects of the future. I think that's the reason I like Ray Bradbury's works. Speaking of him, I have his new book (PB) "Fahrenheit 451". Have you read it yet?

Is 'fen' the plural for 'fan'? /lo the poor neo-fan/
Must run now, will be seeing you,

Don Johnson

X-X

"Thirty days have September, April, June, and..."

(Always gotta say that, to remember how many days there are left at the end of a certain month.)

Needless to say, I recieved Stanzina... may I say that you are a very diabolical creature? If you were not, you CERTAINLY would not've rolled your fanzine the way you did...took all three of us here in Norfolk(Neb.), (No, Norfolk is bigger than 3 people -- I'm speaking of the three fen here in town) to unroll the damn thing..and all of us are not what you'd call puny. So please...either mail the thing flat in an envelope, or fold it once, either way, horizontally or vertically, but FOR GHOD SAKE, DON'T ROLL IT! Ellison did that once with SFB...I still have-not been able to read it all. Did just like your fanzine -- every time I would get interested in something, I'd lose my grip on the edges of the pages that I was holding flat (no small feat), and S-S-S-P-P-P-O-O-O-I I-I-N-N-N-G-G-G-G.....she'd spring back just like a clock spring. All very impossible...

At any rate, a rolled magazine is very hard to deal with...

You need art, me boy! I shall tell several good artists I know, of your sad case...

Main thing wrong is lack of planning. The contents page, especially; A contents page is supposed to be a directory of the fanzine, as it were; so why clutter up the page with a lot of half-drawn doodling and have the contents crowded into one lonesome corner? The contents should dominate the page. Illos should be built around that...might try doing typed material in black ink -- illos of course, can be done in any color, but red ink on typing looks bad...editorial sounds typical. Will improve I'm sure...cut out advertising your own fanzine in the pages of same -- gives the impression that you are scrabbling to get subscribers who won't pay you any attention otherwise...never, yet have I seen a new fanzine that hasn't got at least ONE page turned upside-down. A fanzine hasn't arrived until something of that sort occurs. Even better in that respect, is having a few pages missing, like happened to me a couple of issues ago...should have used a separate page to start AT RATS! on. (yes I KNOW it takes more room, but it looks better.)And besides, arrated it.

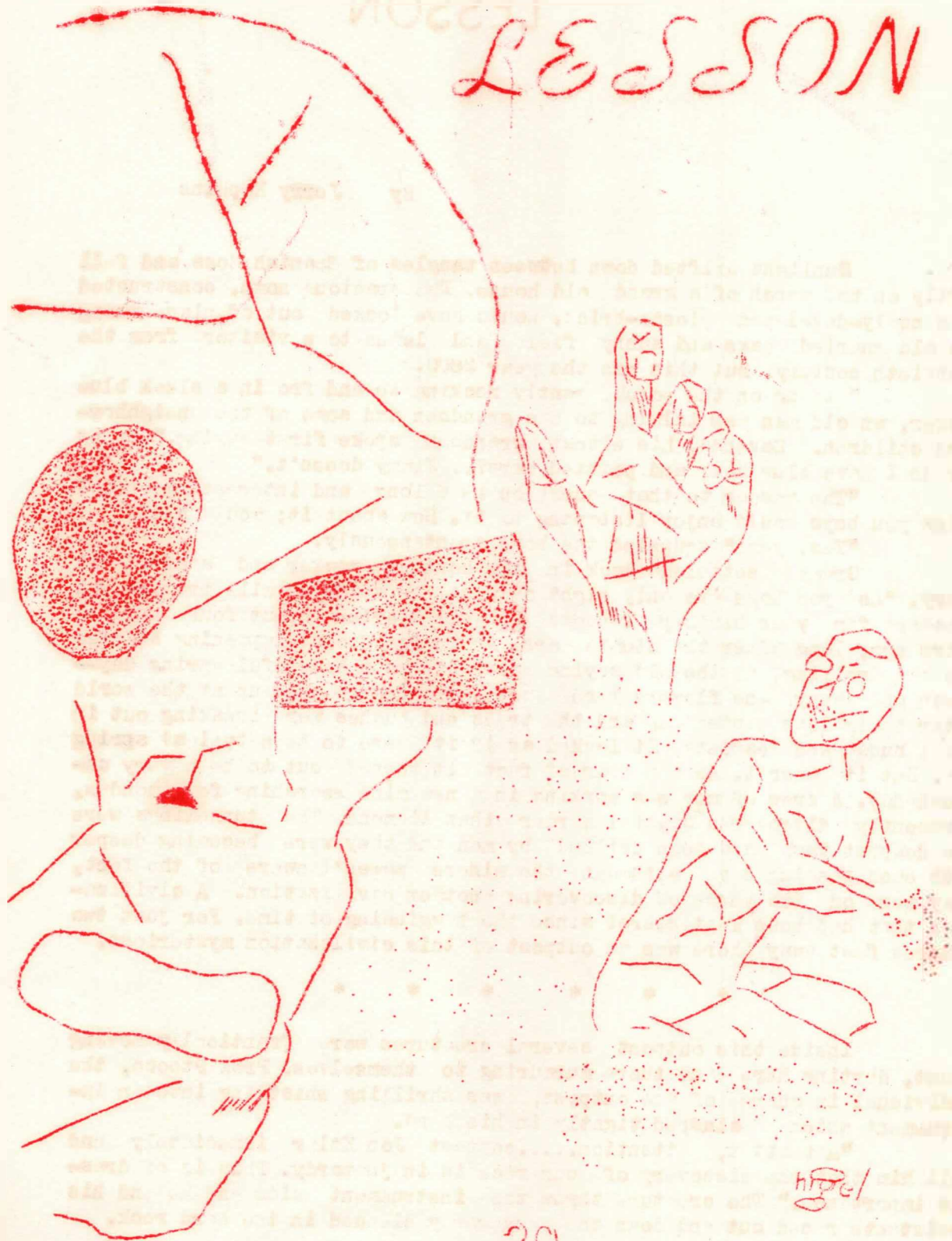
Page eight was useless. Could have been used for something better, don't y' think?

SERIALS????? IN A FANZINE???????

(turn to page 19 (after next page) for the rest

HISTORY

LESSON



HISTORY LESSON

By Jerry Hopkins

Sunlight drifted down between tangles of Spanish Moss and fell softly on the porch of a grand old house. The spacious home, constructed of a newly-developed plasti-brick, would have looked out of place among the old gnarled oaks and sunny fields and lawns to a visitor from the twentieth century. But this was the year 2800.

Sitting on the porch, gently rocking to and fro in a sleek blue rocker, an old man was talking to his grandson and some of the neighborhood children. Davendo, his eldest grandson, spoke first saying, "Gramps why do I have blue hair and pointed ears?... Jimmy doesn't."

"The answer to that question is a long and interesting one. I think you boys would enjoy listening to it. How about it; would you?"

"Yes, yes!" squealed the boys spontaneously.

Gramps settled back in his contour rocker and started his story. "As you boys are only eight or nine, this story will prepare you somewhat for your history lessons. It all started about four hundred years ago, long after the atomic wars. An insignificant happening started the ball rolling, as the old saying goes. It was a beautiful spring day-- fresh and sunny. The flowers were just beginning to peek up at the world after their long winter nap and the trees and bushes were breaking out in small buds and leaflets. It looked as if it were to be a typical spring day. But it wasn't. As a matter of fact it turned out to be a very unusual day. A crew of men was working in a new mine searching for Amondas, a recently discovered Crystal harder than diamond. The tunnelings were the deepest that had been drilled by man and they were becoming deeper with each passing day. Although the miners weren't aware of the fact, they were on the verge of discovering another civilization. A civilization that had been kept secret since the beginning of time. For just two hundred feet away there was an outpost of this civilization mysterioso.

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Inside this outpost several creatures were frantically moving about, darting here and there murmuring to themselves. Prok Ptoobo, the individual in charge of the outpost, was shrilling whistling into an instrument which he clasped tightly in his hand.

"Attention, attention....contact Jon Ktlar immediately and tell him that the discovery of our race is in jeopardy. This is of drastic importance." The creature threw the instrument aside and he and his assistants raced out and down the passageway cleaved in the hard rock.

the mysterious fires and accidents in the mines all over the world but no one guessed until it was too late."

"But, gramps, you still haven't told me why my hair is blue," put in Davendo.

"I realize that, son. I'm coming to it. Just be patient," replied the old man. "Boys, do you remember the rumors about flying saucers that were reported for several hundred years?" he asked.

"I do," said Jimmy. "I read about them in a book. They were ru more, weren't they?"

"No, they weren't. They were scouting space ships from another sun many trillions of miles away. As we later learned, very few ever returned to their home sun because of various reasons still unknown to us. Finally one saucer did complete the round trip. When it arrived for the first time on earth, the earth men were in control of the planet; but when it returned with a fleet of larger space ships armed for war, the Crystal Men controlled the earth universe. They held all the earth colonies, with the exception of Oros, an unknown and uncharted planetoid at the time."

"Oros had only recently become an earth colony. Its peoples were the survivors of earth, which were few in number by the way, and the remains of humanity to stay until the war was over."

"While the remainder of the human race stayed on Oros, many of the two races inter-married. The two races were very similar in features except that the Oran race had pointed ears and a bluish tint to their hair. They were somewhat smaller and thinner in stature, but other than that, the two were almost identical. As a new generation came into being on the small planetoid, characteristics of both races began to show up in the off-spring. That is why you have blue hair and pointed ears Davendo. Jimmy doesn't because his parents were all members of the human race and not mixed as was yours."

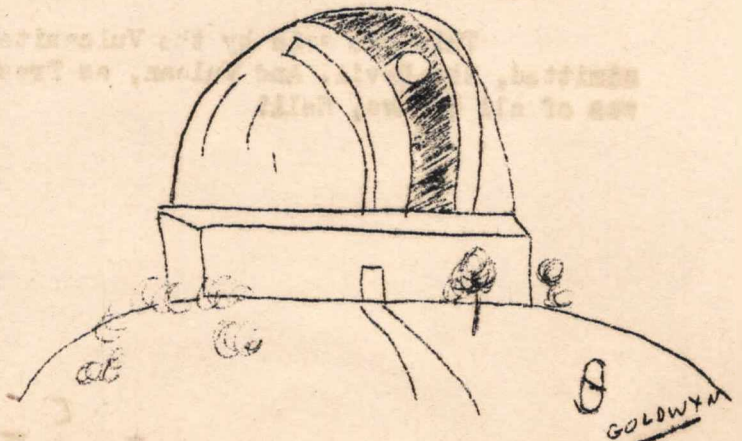
"Oh," exclaimed Davendo. "I understand now."

"The story isn't over yet, is it?" asked Jimmy anxiously. "What happened when the Crystal Men met the men from the other sun?"

"You needent worry about that. I'll finish it in a minute. I want to explain one more thing first. You boys probably never noticed before, but did you know that Davendo's name is different too? Yes sir, that's right. It's part Oran and part Christian. It was originally supposed to be David. Well, to get back to the story....."

"Let's see, where was I? Oh yes. When the fleet of the space ships arrived on earth, they discovered the presence of the Crystal Men. The Crystal Men won the first scirmish that resulted with their meeting, and the Sun People fled."

"The Sun People attacked the moon and easily conquered it and the few stationed



"You see, boys, this civilization lived in the center regions of the earth."

"But how did these men live?" puzzled Jimmy, wrinkling his brow. "I thought that the center of the earth was hot."

"It is. It's very hot. I guess I'd better explain. You see, these weren't really men. Their bodies were composed of a hard crystal very similar to the ones the men were mining for. The Crystal Men, as I shall call them, could withstand the heat. We later learned that they originated from an igneous rock substance. This rock material evidently was formed by volcanic fires at the earth's core. These Crystal Men were planning to conquer the earth and then go on to conquer all of the earth colonies that were spread throughout the universe. They hadn't considered being discovered so soon, but as their secret was in danger, they hastened preparations for the attack."

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"Now is the time to act," said Prok Ptoobo urgently. Ptoobo and his aides had arrived in the court of Jon Ktlar, the ruler, and was discussing the problem with him and his advisors.

"I agree," said Jon Ktlar, "We will begin at once. Send out the order to stop all mining activities. This will delay progress for them, prevent the ultimate discovery, and curtail most manufacturing."

"Won't this take time?" asked Prok Ptoobo.

"Yes, but the results will be very effective. Think how much the earth men depend on the metals and ores taken from the earth. The race will die without their many work saving machines and mechanical servants. They aren't accustomed to the ways of nature. They won't be able to cope with the problem this will present. This plan will also give us more needed time to prepare ourselves for the invasion," explained Jon.

"But they have synthetics for many years, and won't these substitutes take the place of the lost metals?" inquired one of Jon's advisors.

"Yes, but this will all take time. And in this time and in this utter confusion we will take over. With the source of raw materials from the earth completely cut off, almost all manufacturing will cease. Industrial strife will result, unemployment, and poverty will arise. Their weakness and unpreparedness will make them an easy foe. There is no need for us to sap our great strength."

"As you know, we of the Crystal race have been adapting ourselves to the new air and pressure we will have to live in," put in another aide. "

* * * * *

"Gosh," broke in one of the boys, "didn't we find out about at all?"

"No, we didn't," the old man answered. "You see, son, the human race was very lazy then and we depended on our mechanical robots and work saving aids. No news leaked out until suddenly the Crystal Men appeared, and took over the world governments. Of course there were the puzzles of



What do you expect? She hasn't done any work for months!

there. Meanwhile, the Crystal Men revealed their entire forces to the Sun People. This left the earth colonies manned only by a slim skeleton crew of the feared Crystal Men. Then the greatest war of all history began. The Sun People used the moon as a base, and they bombarded the earth from there with all manner of high explosives and rocket bombs. The two civilizations used everything in their scientific power to find a **winning** weapon. Nothing seemed to have any effect on either nation of enemies. The Crystal Men were composed of such hard crystal that nothing could shatter or break them; and the Sun People could change into a gaseous form and float in among their enemies without being seen, and then take shape and fight them. But these powers were of no avail to either side and only served as protection. The war was still being fought from the defensive -- no offensive could be taken."

"As we humans were not as highly developed as either of the two other races and our numbers were so small, we didn't even consider ourselves in the war. The leaders of the remnants of men decided to keep their existence a secret and to await the outcome of the war before any action was taken. All they could do was to hope that the victors would never discover their presence on Oros in the process of resettling the universe."

"The war continued and finally developed into one huge battle after another. The battle I am now going to tell you about is typical of the many which occurred over the years. I believe this particular battle took place somewhere high over the earth, just outside the ionosphere.. The Sun People planned a trap for the Crystal Men, and they fell for it hook, line, and sinker, as the old saying goes. A lone space ship, one used for scouting work, lazily cruized over the continent of South America...."

"The navigator of the small craft was talking to himself....."

"Whew, but it's hot. I must be nervous. Here I am, sitting, and waiting for trouble and...and...it looks like I'm going to get it. Here they come from the east." He was speaking into a hand mike which was a part of an intercom system now. He could see the fleet of shining slivers of metal approaching. They were closer now, and he tried to make it look like he wasn't aware of them. It was useless. He threw a switch, pushed a button, and was far, far away. The pilot cut his speed, settled back into the seat, and tried to relax. But his job wasn't over. The second part of his job was to act as an on-the-scene reporter. He was to broadcast the details of the battle. As the navigator approached, he saw the ships firing and dodging the returned fire. The blinding flashes made him clamp his eyes shut. The sky seemed to shake and rumble, and suddenly the battle was over. A great percentage of both armies had taken part in the great air battle, but only a small portion was lost. The two fleets turned away and returned to their home bases. There were many useless battles of this sort fought, but all they succeeded in doing was wasting time and materials."

"Soon the war almost stopped completely, and a war of science and knowledge began...each civilization was trying to out think the other, so to speak."

"The first step toward the discovery of a successful weapon was the accumulation of the already known data. The Crystal Men knew that the Sun People could attain a gaseous state and they were like a solid sheet of glowing flame in their other form. The Sun People had less to work with, but their's was the easier task. They were aware that the Crystal Men were composed of a hard crystal-like substance, but that was about all. All that was necessary now was to devise a way in which to destroy or decompose one another. Many months passed with small insignificant skirmishes few and far between."

"The Earth Orans, now called this because of their mixed marriages, had been sending secret scouting ships to the scene of the great war. The report made by the scouts was the same... 'Still unsafe to return'."

"Another month passed and word leaked out that the Sun People had a method of destroying their enemy, the Crystal Men. This caused the Crystal Men to speed up work and experiments on their own weapon."

"The day of the galaxy-famous battle arrived. The Sun People, who occupied the moon, decided to stay put and let the Crystal Men make the first move. The air was heavy with suspense as both races waited for the other to start. Finally, the Crystal Men gathered themselves together and started off for the moon. It was only a matter of hours before the two foes were fighting. The two hated races fired newly developed rockets at one another and tried out every new weapon of every type and description. It was all in vain. None of the new weapons caused any damage or destruction. High officials of the Sun People and the leaders of the Crystal Men hastily gathered in their home bases and discussed the use of their own respective 'ultimate weapon'. The verdict was a sound 'yes' and in a matter of hours the battle continued."

"Deep in a shadowed crater the Sun People unveiled an enormous

glistening machine. It was of a hard sleek metal which glowed faintly, thus giving it an even more mysterious appearance. A control office was located at the base in one corner, but the complete smoothness of the machine was unbroken save for this."

"At almost the same time, the Crystal Men were preparing their own secret weapon. Small glido-rockets were being loaded with small circular objects. Two Crystal Men were piloting one of the glido-rockets and were talking. Their conversation probably ran thus."

* * * * *

"Our cargo ought to win this war for us. These heat bombs are really powerful," the pilot said.

"Do you know much about them?" inquired the co-pilot.

"No, a little, but not much. No one with the exception of the scientists who discovered and developed them could tell you very much about how they operate and are constructed. I do know how they were discovered though. You see, it was like this. One of our historians uncovered an old saying from one of the earth people's books. It said, 'Fight fire with fire'. This idea was carried out and after a time, our scientists developed a powerful heat bomb which is supposed to be capable of the complete annihilation of the Sun People. The heat that is released when the outer coverings, or shell, of the bomb are broken is beyond description. That heat will be hotter than the sun's core."

"I'd hate to be in their places now. But remember, we heard that the Sun People have an all-powerful weapon too."

"I remember, but they might only have been rumors. Besides, they haven't used it yet and we're on our way to use ours," he answered in a reassuring tone.

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"The scene of the control room was a frenzy of preparation. The noise soon quieted down and just as the sound of the glido-rockets wooshed overhead, a switch was thrown. The huge machine now went into effect. Far away in the Crystal Men's ships high frequency vibrations were set up in the ship. The Crystal Men crumbled and cracked, and fell into dust. At the same moment, the searing heat of the bombs began to work on the Sun People. The screams of both races mingled, seemingly, into a single cry of death and agony. The heat and vibrations were so powerful that the moon itself cracked and broke up. Destruction was everywhere. Both peoples were no longer."

"We figure that the home sun of the Sun People didn't send any more of their peoples because of the loss already. No more saucer sightings were reported daily as was the case before."

"A scout ship of the Earth-Orans shot past the remains of the moon and after a quick but thorough investigation, returned to Oros. When the scout craft arrived and released the news, great rejoicing and celebrating filled the hearts of both peoples. After a few months, the Earth-Orans prepared to return to earth. They invited the Orans to join them but the Orans refused saying that they would stay on their own planetoid.

(continued pg. 28)



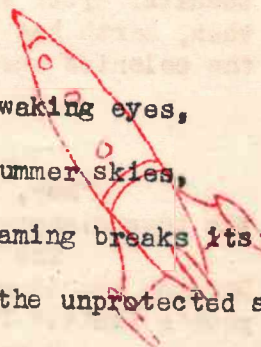
EX AQUIS

BY

Raymond L. Clancy

Sing a song of spacecraft
 Speeding through the night
 While a million star-fires
 Make the journey bright.
 Passengers a-slumber, crews with waking eyes,
 Dreaming of the glory of sunlit summer skies,
 The human race like eagles, screaming breaks its bars,
 Swooping from a billion miles on the unprotected stars.
 With the speed of light they ride the spaceship's onward
 rush,
 Dreaming of the old days when life was slow and lush.
 Roaring through the universe, on metal floors they stomp,
 Remembering still the beauty of the great primeval swamp.

Gail



YE EDITOR



I may not appear to be disturbed. I don't think I've deviated much from my pattern of irregularity. But I'm becoming frustrated with the speed of light...

In an editorial in a mag I read, the editor wrote down something that is common knowledge to most of us...The human race is fast going to pot! I personally don't think that it ever got out of the pot! Every day and all day people discuss peace -- in the proposition of A-bombs and H-bombs and now C-bombs. They think of reaching great speeds with rockets, and of doing of great & mighty things -- things as how much enemy territory they can cover and destroy, how many of the enemy people they can kill! "Peace" is a mockery; it is a purely abstract term that means in entirety: Short time between great wars! It is SO abstract that I, myself have argued pro and con with myself and others over it CON because of the tremendous death toll of war; PRO because of that very death toll! Yes, it might seem strange to hear someone arguing for war; but when you think in terms of over population on the earth, wars play a considerable part. Especially the wars of the great modern civilized countries of today...

BACK to the pot! Let's face it now; the human being is no more than an animal. An intelligent animal, grant you, and perhaps an animal with Divinity...but for the moment, nothing more or less than an animal. Intelligent...perhaps...I've seen some who are not intelligent and are called human. Divinitations...again a big perhaps. I've seen people who have no regard for, do not believe in, and will deny vigorously that they have a soul, that anyone has a soul, that there is God. So we now have an animal...nothing more or less. It wants food, shelter, and when intelligent -- power over its fellows to have them do its bidding whether right or wrong! (again a contrast, what is right or wrong?)

If I had more space and time I perhaps would go into a great discussion on the human being but I shall not...

Being that the human is animal and will fight for food, power, etc. it will have wars -- and more wars. The only possible way to prevent war in future times would be complete annihilation of the human race! And if my guess is right we won't have too long to wait -- at least in the annals of time as judged by the universe. Perhaps by our time it will be two or three generations; but mark my words, it will come!

Now down to Brass Tacks or apologies (whichever the case be).

I apologise to Marian Cox most of all. I spelled her name MariOn and haven't heard from her since...Hrummmmm?

Cover credit due to Sam Goldwyn for the art. Credit due also to Fred Heney Sr. and James Wood for plates and printing respectively... and me, I sat back in a corner wondering how it happened.