

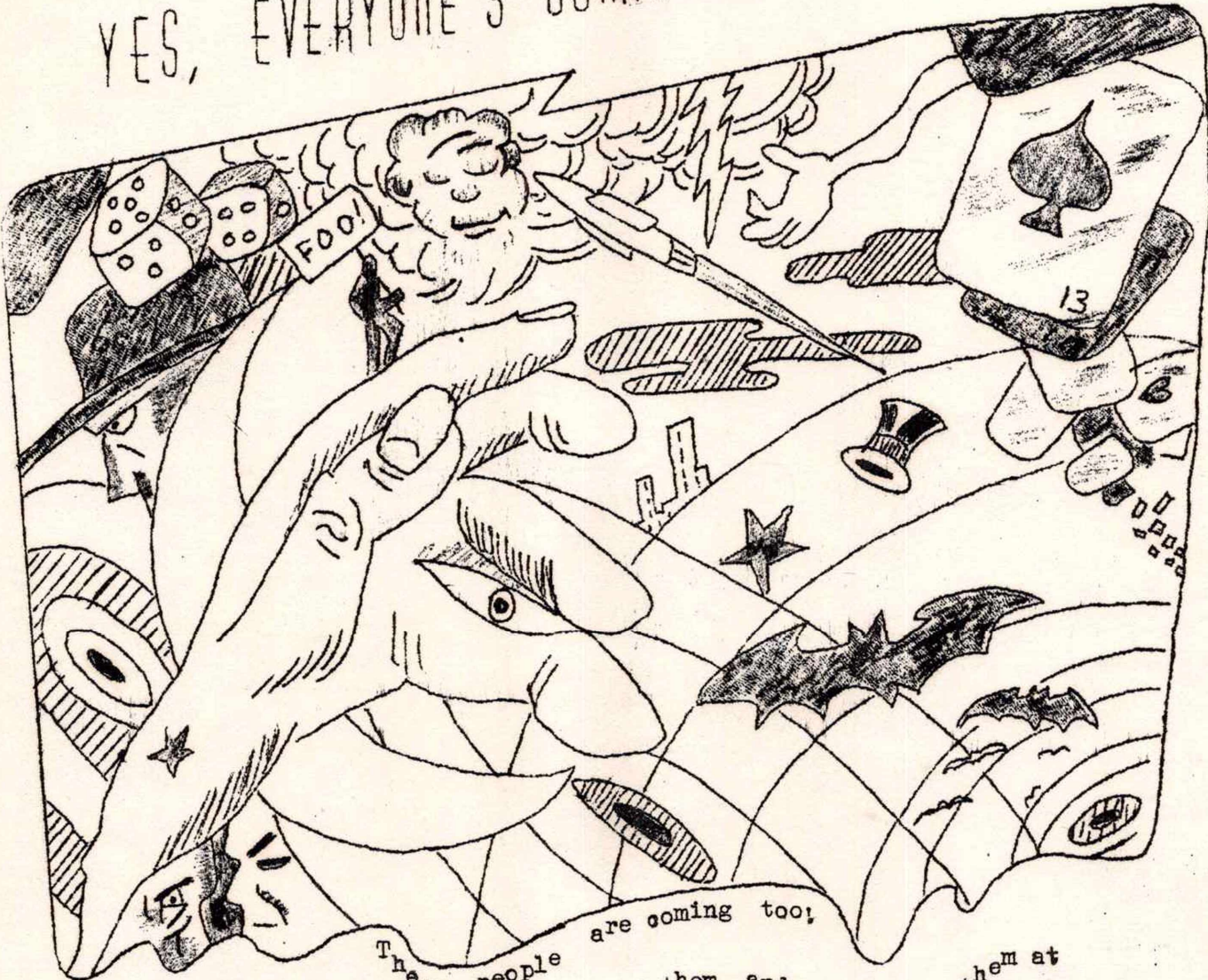
YSATNAF



RAY C. HIGGS
EDITOR & PUBLISHER



YES, EVERYONE'S COMING TO THE TORCON



But don't look too hard. These people are coming too, you'll find them and more like them at

THE SIXTH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

In Toronto, July 3 - 5. Support the TORCON! Meet the people you've been hearing about for years. Hobnob with the authors, argue with the experts, have the time of your life.

ONE BUCK ^{cash}

to: Ned McKeown
1398 Mount Pleasant Road
Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada

LET EVERYONE'S COMING TO THE TORCH



THE SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE TORCH

AT THE TORCH CLUB, NEW YORK, N.Y., ON SEPTEMBER 15-17, 1911

THE TORCH CLUB, 120 N. 4TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AN AMAZING STORY TOLD

FROM

"HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENTS THROUGH SELF-REALIZATION"



ONCE upon a time there dwelt in the ancient land of India a married Hindu priest whose Soul was hungry for true solace and whose mind burned with the desire to know Truth. So, against the protests of his wife, he left home in quest of Wisdom from the Holy Masters inhabiting the Himalayan Mountains.

As he traveled on foot, he balanced on his right shoulder a long bamboo pole, from each end of which hung a net of rope carrying an empty trunk. The Hindu priest carried one trunk as an altar for the many holy images of Saints which he was advised by different priests to worship, and which he collected as he traveled. The second trunk was used to carry all the different kinds of Scriptures which he was advised to study. The priest, eager for Truth, disregarded the advice of none, so at last his trunks grew so heavy with earthen, stone, and brass images of Saints, and Holy Books, that his spine almost cracked under the heavy weight. In the hope of pleasing the saintly images, he worshipped them diligently. Every day with equal, deep devotion he read all the many books with the same degree of attention.

One day, when he could hardly carry the heavy trunks, he sat down by the wayside thinking and praying: "O God, if you would only send me a wise man who can tell me if I am worshipping rightly, for no matter what I do, I am haunted with the thought that some Saints are jealous of others because I seem not to be able to offer them all equal devotion." He also was extremely bewildered with the apparently contradictory statements of the different Scriptures.

Just at this moment a Himalayan Holy Man happened to be passing by the priest and, seeing the agony on his face, the Holy Man demanded: "Brother, tell me the cause of your sorrow." The Hindu priest dried his tears and replied: "Honored Sir, I am suffering from Spiritual indigestion; my two trunks are heavy with images of Saints, and Holy Books, and I don't know which is the mightiest Saint to worship and which is the best book to study."

The Himalayan Holy Man took a look at the contents of the trunks and said: "Young man, on yonder rock strike all the busts of the Saints one by one and take the one that survives the test and pick up only the one Scripture which is after your heart and appeals to you most. Return to your home and do not deny your wife the privilege of your Spiritual company. You must not exclude your family while seeking Truth; rather, be unselfish and share the blessings of the inspiration of wisdom with your wife. Don't be selfish, but try to enjoy all good things with those you love. As a last parting advice, the Holy Man said, "Dear brother, never

stop seeking for and adoring a greater and greater object of worship than the one image of the Saint which will survive your smashing."

Finding his perplexing problem solved, the Hindu priest did smash all the brittle images of clay and stone except one of a Saint which was carved out of solid brass. In high glee he picked up this unbreakable and consequently, according to him, powerful bust of Saint Shiva and also chose the Scripture that he liked best and wended his way homeward, relieved of the heavy trunks and absorbing duties.

His wife was glad to see him back and told him that he could, without interference from her, regularly follow his devotional practices as long as he stayed home; so an altar was built. The brass idol of Shiva was placed there in great eclat and, with closed eyes, the Hindu priest meditated upon the idol and offered fruits and flowers to it every day. But whenever he came out of his deep silence, to his amazement he found the fruits on the altar missing. He was exceedingly well pleased, thinking that the brass image of Shiva was powerful and actually living, to be devouring his offered fruits. "Beloved God," he mumbled within, "I am happy to see my Saint Shiva responding to my prayers and eating my offered fruits."

As days passed by, and the fruits disappeared every day, he became very curious to see how the brass Shiva could become living enough to eat the fruits, but he dared not look, thinking that it would be a sacrilege against his object of devoted worship. One day, however, his curiosity got the better of him and he opened his eyes a wee bit, and to his great amazement he beheld a mouse devouring the fruits in front of the mute brass Shiva.

Like a flash, the advice of the Himalayan Saint came back to him and he thought: "According to my Preceptor, I must keep seeking a greater power than the one I happen to worship." Thinking this, with lightning speed he caught the frightened, guilty mouse and tied him with a string on the altar, tossing the brass idol aside. "Ah ha," the priest cried, "Saint Mouse, you are a much more powerful Deity, for you can eat, whereas the brass Shiva couldn't even touch my offered fruits. I am happy that you have telepathically responded to my prayers and fruit offerings."

The wife's anger silently ran riot within her when she beheld these strange antics of her husband, but she forced herself to remain quiet, since she had promised that she would never interfere with his worship.

The mouse no longer had to duck or dodge anyone in the act of stealing food, but instead it had only to sit on the altar and eat, thus growing fatter and fatter as the priest's meditation on it grew deeper and deeper. A few days passed, when suddenly the meditation of the priest was interrupted by a terrible noise and squeaks on the altar. Opening his eyes, he beheld the house pussy-cat standing triumphantly over the dead mouse with a half-afraid look, signifying: "At last I have done it. I couldn't help it."

Angrily the priest shouted: "Hey, you blasphemous cat, you dared kill my Deity." Suddenly he stopped and caught the pussycat by the tail and tied him to the altar, allowing him to finish his mouse lunch. "Ah ha," exclaimed the priest, now I know what the Himalayan Saint meant. You, Mr. Cat, are a more powerful Deity because you could eat the mouse."

The priest's wife, inwardly furious, thought: "Whoever heard of such a thing! Of all crazy things --- to worship a mouse and now a cat!"

The pussycat occupied the altar and was fed with the best of food in the house. It was relieved of the duty of living by the uncertain vocation of catching mice.

Now it happened that the wife of the priest used to keep a bowl of milk by the side of her husband, which served as his after meditation repast. Whenever she placed the bowl of milk near her meditating husband, she would shake her fist at the cat and mumble: "Cat, or cat-god, it matters not to me --- if you ever dare to drink that milk I will fix you."

The cat refrained for a long time, but, unable to resist the temptation of taking the forbidden milk, one noon it quietly came down from the altar, drank the milk, and happily, with innocent, half opened eyes, curled up into a comfortable fur ball, contentedly dozing on the altar. After a short time the wife happened to look at the empty bowl and saw the perfectly indifferent cat-god with his whiskers dripping milk.

Suddenly the meditation of the Hindu priest was broken by the noise of a striking broomstick and the piteous moaning meows of the cat-god. He shouted: "Hey, don't beat my cat-god," but suddenly remembering the Himalayan Saint's advice, caught hold of his wife, and made her sit on the altar, pushing the cat aside.

"Ah ha, I see you are more powerful than my cat-god, for you humbled the cat by your broomstick, so, no more house duties for you. You must sit on the altar and I must worship you with fruits and flowers." proclaimed the priest.

The protestations of the wife were of no avail and the priest worshipped her with flowers and fruits every day. Weeks passed until one day the wife, tired of sitting on the altar, began to doze and droop her head. All her efforts to remain awake and sit upright failed, and suddenly a flood of sleep carried her head forward, bumping the head of her meditating husband. The husband priest's meditation was shattered by wrath and pain and he shouted at his wife: "What is the matter with you? Can't you just sit still and spare me from getting hurt by your uncontrolled sleepy head?" Whereupon, in great submissive humbleness, the wife replied: "My lord and master, forgive me for my indiscreet, helpless action. I will obey thy command and sleep no more."

Suddenly the wrath of the priest melted and he exclaimed; I have found it! I have found it! At last I have arrived at the end

of the trail of my Preceptor's advice. You are my wife and I am your lord as you admit. I am more powerful than you, and you are ready to obey me. Now I understand, after worshipping that little brass Shiva, the mouse, the cat, and you; I realize that the most powerful of all gods is the Truth-God residing on the sanctuary of my Inner Self. Saying this, he merged in the Infinite Happiness of his Inner Silence.

Reprinted from THE NATURIST, which is published monthly by the WORLD - WIDE PUBLICATIONS, DOVER, IDAHO. The cost per copy is ten cents, or \$1.00 per year.

* ----- *

COMES ETERNITY

By Ray C. Higgs

comes the morn

day light slowly awakens, lifting the darkness into nowhere, roosters crow, - cows moo, smell of fried bacon & pancakes from the summer kitchen, prayers we have, bellies we fill, out to toil then back to mow away more grub - after dinner "day-dreaming" as we trudge along toiling for that lousy 75¢ per day & all the "spring" water we can drink. Wet to the hide with sweet dinner bell & the "knawing" in our bellies, saying "come and get it."

comes the night

darkness slowly descending from everywhere - sending the day light into nowhere - we set a spell, remove our

hose, and wiggle our toes and
sigh - Oh, Hell!
and hit the straw tick!

* ----- *

THE DREAMER

Warm
Summer
Nights
I stand alone
Dreaming
Of things
That could not
Be!

- RCH

* ----- *

IF YOU DON'T FIRST SUCCEED,
TRY, TRY AGAIN !!!

Gone is the day
And the night, too
She went her way
I went mine
Never again to be entwined
Our lives to start anew
With different mates
we thought true
But this, too, was goo
So nothing to do

But sue
We got a new halter
Went to the alter
To start our lives
True blue.

- RCH

* ----- *

TORCON The Sixth World Science Fiction Convention is on tap July 3 - 5, being held in Toronto, Canada. The members there promises you "something different" in the way of entertainment and conventions. By all means 'try' to attend this big event, and this invitation goes out to every member of all associations including FAPA, VAPA, NFFF and SAPS. You will be rewarded if you attend, - I Betcha!

* ----- *

SCIENCE FICTION I have conceived the idea of designating July, "the month of the Torcon" as our first annual Science Fiction Amateur Press Month. Therefore I am asking the co-operation of officers and members of FAPA, VAPA, SAPS and NFFF to back me in this project. Let's all become active and produce some sort of paper or magazine for the event, also make this a feature at the Torcon with some lively talks and discussions. Let's all display a publication of our own at the convention. All join hands for this big three day jamboree!!!

* ----- *

COME FORTH I am preparing a 'ultra' big issue of the June issue of The National Fantasy Fan, and have planned many new features of which every member of all associations can lend aid. The June issue (Torcon edition) will be of three sections. First I plan a Comic section of four pages, to be run off in colors - just like the regular funnies. I can use full page comics, to be printed on 8½ X 11 inch paper. Why don't you guys get busy? Also I plan a Poemzine for poems, an Artzine for art drawings - so I BEG of you for comics, poems, art work, stories, etc. COME TO MY RESCUE?

* ----- *

Y S A T N A F

Vol.1 - No.1

Edited and Published by Ray C. Higgs, 813
Eastern Avenue, Connersville, Indiana.
May - 1948 For F. A. P. A.