

CENSORED

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MACRAE

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COVER - silk screen printed by Ron Smith.....ILLUSTRATIONS - W.G.Calhoun & PHJr

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Censored is published privately by Fred Hurter Jr, residing at St.Andrew's College, Aurora, for the next two months or so, and then lord knows where. It is published whenever PHJr. happens to feel energetic, which isn't more than four times per annum. Price is one thin dime per copy or three for two bits. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely intentional. Material will be accepted but not paid for-suckers

Will trade with any fannag

* *

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#

This issue ye ed. again tried to get out a technically perfect fannag, and ye ed believes he has succeeded to some extent. This is largely due to the efforts of one Kim Temby, ye compositor, who was kind enough to cut most of the stenoids on his Corona. Sad to say, though, Ron Smith didn't have time enough to do any interior illustrations, however, he did have time to do the cover. What do you think of it? (I can see Grouch turning a deep green with envy)

This issue we tried using small type for the whole issue. The results have been surprising. A 1500 word story will fit into two pages, that's over 700 words per page, about 100 words per page more than a printed pulp mag contains. All future issues will use this small type.

Canada's fantasy magazines seem to be taking a nose dive. Science-Fiction, the technically excellent mag, has folded up, and Uncanny, is going bimonthly. The probable reason for Science - Fiction's collapse was its complete lack of departments, which made it rather dry reading, but Uncanny's sudden change is a bit unexpected, for though usually badly printed, it had a good Canadian fan section, and usually made good reading.

Ye ed. went in to Toronto last week, to visit Mason. When he finally found his way to the abode of the Mason, Mason immediately dragged him away to meet Hilbert, and after spending some time with Hilbert, admiring his sketches and paintings, Mason whisked ye ed. out to Ron Conium's place. And who should be there. None other than Les Grouch; yup, Grouch waving a copy of "Light" in each hand. (General impression of Grouch- there's a lot of him) And, hiding away in a corner was Power. Ron was also there, as, it was after all, his house. Soon everyone settled down for a round of puns, each getting progressively worse; puns such as "He is more to be pitied than Censored". Ron hauled out a part of his fabulous stf collection. Ye editor drooled at the sight of the first issues of Amazing Astounding, Wonder, Air Wonder, and all subsequent issues all in perfect condition. In fact Ron had a perfect copy of every stf magazine ever issued on this continent. Boy what a collection! Ye

ed's attempts to extract even one copy from the Conium clutches proved fruitless, as Conium spends his time sorting, and shuffling his collection like an old miser.

This issue of Censored has been slightly (about six weeks) delayed, due to the prolonged laziness of the editor; perhaps 'perpetual' or 'chronic' laziness, would be the better term. Anyway, future issues will be slightly (about 2 days) sooner forthcoming.

With this issue, Censored is adopting a new policy. Stories and articles will be subject to editing; in the past, we have only selected the material, and printed it as was. However, this does not mean that material will be changed so as to eliminate knooks, or as to change the general context; it simply means that the publisher (Fred Hurter Jr.) is giving the editor (Fred Hurter Jr.) more than nominal authority.

Speaking of policy and material, this issue contains too much straight stf and not enough "fanfiction", wacky stuff like "Luna & Lunacy", and "He Was Poor But He Was Honest", stuff written especially for fanzines. In spite of what has been said by certain parties south of the border, Censored wants more "fanfiction", and ye ed. would be very glad, if some of the Canadian fans got busy and turned in some material of that type.

Rumours have reached here that Street and Smith may soon be printing most of their magazines in Canada, including Astounding and Unknown Worlds. However, that rumour was also making the rounds almost immediately after the ban, and, nothing ever came of it.

In the next issue of Censored, when and if it comes out, we will try to make it even better technically. Illustrations will be larger, better, and the lettering more regular. Material will be more varied, reader's sections larger, and we will try our best to get another story by Fred Hurter Jr. that great fan author, poet, artist, superman etc. etc. Until then,

Solong!

Fred Hurter Jr.

The Wolfman

by Alistair Macrae

In the late afternoon a motor launch drew alongside the wooden steps of the pier at Manaus, the river port one thousand miles up the Amazon. Two Brazilian natives on the vessel yelled to some loafers on the dock in a crude Portuguese dialect. They disappeared, and in a moment returned with a police official. He clambered aboard the launch and locked inside the cabin. On a dirty bunk, half covered by a filthy sheet of canvas lay a man writhing and groaning in agony. His face was swollen and distorted, his bared chest lacerated and covered with matted blood, and from a severed vein in his neck, blood was still flowing.

The police official snapped brisk orders, the man was lifted from the bunk and carried away. That night in hospital, the man died. The two natives were held for questioning; they told a strange story.....

The air was close; a white man and two native carriers were pressing their way through the thick and luxuriant undergrowth of the jungle. The sky was hidden from view by the interlacing branches of the tropical trees that towered above their heads. Here and there were the red and white patches of rare orchids, and brilliant flashes of gold, blue, and red, betrayed the presence of large tropical butterflies. From a nearby swamp, the vile stench of rotting vegetation polluted the heavy air. Pausing to regain his breath, the white man spoke.

"We should be nearing the Talari village where nine men are supposed to have been killed by a so-called wolfman."

The two carriers looked at one another uneasily. The white man began to move forward again, slashing at the vines with his heavy machete. The two natives hesitated for a moment, then picked up their burdens and followed him.

Next day, the burning rays of the sun steamed through the dense foliage and showed the white man and his two pack-carriers a path which they hoped would lead them to the village of the Talari. Soon, the rush of a river was heard, and before long the little party was march-

ing along the bank of the Nigedra, a small tributary of the mighty Amazon. A few hours later they reached the Talari village. It stood in a clearing, a hundred yards or so from the river; a cluster of rudely thatched mud huts. Before the village, a band of frightened natives were grouped about a grisly bloody object on the ground. The white man strode forward, brushed the natives aside. A native lay on the ground, his chest and stomach had been ripped open, and his face was obliterated by a bleeding triple cut which slanted over the left eye, and finished with a flourish below the right ear, baring the jawbone with startling whiteness.

The white man turned to the group of natives.

"I'm a police commissioner; who knows anything about this?"

The chief stepped forward.

"Somer," he said, "he knew he had to die, he heard the whistle. Early this morning, scream after scream was heard. Screams like those of the red and blue parrot....."

"He heard that whistle", the police commissioner interrupted.

Hesitating for a brief second, the chief replied:

"The death whistle of the wolfman!"

"What do you mean?"

The chief seemed to lose his excitement, and answered in cold detail.

"The wolfman whistles in the night to his future victim, a whistle like the last terrified note uttered by a poisoned snake."

The commissioner nodded, and thanked the chief for the information.

The interior of the chief's hut was divided into several sections by coarsely woven grass mats tied to the ceiling. That night, in one corner, on a heap of dirty matting, the police commissioner, found sleep impossible. He twisted and turned on the rustling mats. The air was foul and unbearably hot; there was a dead silence save for the sound of heavy breathing from the other partitions, and the high pitched whine of mosquitos.

Raising his hand to stifle a cough

he felt a slight tickle on his cheek, and a sharp whine mounted above the rest. A mosquito caught in the act of biting; just as well, he couldn't afford to risk malaria at this early stage of his investigation. Someone had stirred behind that far curtain. Oh well, he might be mistaken. What was that just outside? Nerves; he must not lose his head.

The commissioner sat up on the matting; there was no mistake, nerves could certainly not account for that whistle that sounded outside. He listened again, but all was quiet. Even the whine of the mosquitoes dropped. He waited, raised his hand to his forehead damp with perspiration. What was that? Something had brushed the mat on which he was lying. Fully awake, the commissioner turned and half raised himself. He gasped, and stared in amazement. Something large and dark was coming toward him through the gloom.

Paralyzed with fear and amazement, the commissioner was unable to defend himself. He groped feebly for his revolver. A large body hurtled at his throat, clawing madly. Scream after scream rang through the night.....



"You never actually saw what happened to your master," asked the Inspector da Policia at Mannos.

"No, senor, but the chief of the Talari said that he saw a man with the head of a wolf run into the jungle a few moments after our master was attacked!"

- EXTRAMUNDANE TERMINOLOGY

by Gord Peck

There is a certain fascination attached to alien-sounding names that never fails to escape the fan. They have become as much a part of fantasy fiction as the rocket ship, the ray-gun and the scantily clad female.

It is viddy difficult to classify these into categories, but perhaps the best knowlance is the Martian type, specializing in X's, such as, Guxl, Katz, Ixtnx, Chxtli. This class seems to be fairly standardized.

Then there is the African type resorted to by feeble-minded authors with no imagination, who use such names as Koda, Mako, and Miko.

However, every now and then an author does crop up with some originality in the matter of names, such as the author who had enough originality to use prefixes, similar to our Earthly Mac, La, De, O'. He named a Martian "ic Dalfen". No one so far has used standardized suffixes, as -son, -ten, or -by. In "Blue-Magic", by Diffen, the villainess' name was Dra Vonga, and her pop's was Dra Tor. This is also an original touch.

About the only author who completely stepped away from accepted terminology is Engelhardt, who in "General Swamp C.I.C." used such unorthodox names as Sungikiki, and Arkgonactl.

Another common, well established class is the man-of-the-future type, such as Jon, Jak, and Chara, or Tun, Dik, and Hari. This category also includes such horrors as Bil-173245, and other numerical monikers.

In direct contrast to the drab man-of-the-future class, is the well known exotic-unearthly-woman type such as Zora Suarra, Lakla, Sondara and Santhu. These names seem to cast a strange spell over scientific authors, as they invariably hang a moniker of this type on those beautiful ladies who blithely trip thru the pages of fantasy magazines.

Wilcox is in a class by himself. The names of his characters are strange, but without being unearthly. Take for example Sheebler and Buffer; definitely strange, but still terrestrial.

Such names as Apst-Psep, from "Saurian Valedictory", Ker Situ from "The Second

(continued on page 22)

THE WATCHER

by

John Hollis Mason

The time had come. That was his first thought as the vapours receded. The signal on the instrument board was flashing on and off, a vivid red, and as his eyes adjusted themselves to sight again, the picture of the emergency light solidified out of the swirling mists.

The room seemed unchanged as his eyes swept it briefly. A tribute to his race, that. They had built well. Great serried banks of instruments were still untarnished, still functioned efficiently.

But there was no time for thought. He had a job to perform - a job of great responsibility.

On the vision screen in front of him formed a picture. But his attention was not upon the details of that scene. He didn't see the tremendous change that had taken place.

Gray eyes lighted triumphantly as they caught movement. Several blurring smudges in the upper left hand corner of the screen, hurtling down toward him. There was not time to perceive more. Then his hand closed the switch below the light.

Arn was tired. Weary and dog-tired. Yet there was a certain wonderful satisfaction as he looked out over the sprawled ranks of his people. The satisfaction of a leader who has saved his people.

But it had been very close, with the victorious Tral dogging their footsteps ever since they left Numerica. Their pursuers were not a half day's march behind when they reached the plateau.

How he ever got his people up those towering ramparts after the long, grueling journey here, Arn never knew. But somehow, with the fortitude of the pursued, they scaled the mighty rock mass.

The remnants of a shattered people fleeing for their lives, with nothing but death behind them and unknown territory ahead, and now they were safe. Here on the top of this great natural fortress, the last Numericans could keep off the armies of the Tral for centuries.

Arn's people were just beginning to outgrow their primitive beliefs in the climb towards civilization, when the

launched their ferocious onslaught against them.

The latter lived to the south of Numerica. Their environment was rough and elemental, the race a product of that environment. Their existence was one continuous battle, and strife the only law of life they understood.

Envy of the more fortunate race to the north at last resulted in war. Secret armies were massed and, at a given signal, began pouring into Numerica.

The Numericans were caught unawares. What feeble resistance they were able to offer was swept away in the deluge and it was not long before those who were left found themselves hunted like animals in a grim war of extermination. Ages of pent-up jealousy made the Tral sadistically thorough in their task and many committed suicide rather than be captured.

Out of the chase rose Arn - lone champion of his people. He gathered together as many of his countrymen as he could in the time at his disposal and started for the barren, uncharted lands to the north.

A wanderer at heart, Arn had once penetrated into those lonely northern lands. Farther, indeed, than any before him. And many days journey beyond the last outposts of Numerica, he came upon the precipitous ramparts of a gigantic plateau. There were few such formations in Arn's world and this was by far the biggest he had ever encountered.

The sheer walls defied all Arn's efforts to scale them, but in the madness of the incursion he remembered the towering mass that reared to the sky. There, if anywhere, would his people be safe from the Tral. And it was there that he cajoled and exhorted them to scale the unscaleable. With death approaching from behind, it was their only chance. They climbed the ramparts.

On top of the plateau they found the ruins. Great ruins that tokened the works of a mighty race, they must have been huge at one time, but few were standing now. And there was mystery too, more felt than actually perceived. For although incredibly old, many of

them seemed to be warped and twisted as though by a cataclysm. Arn had seen earthquake-riven buildings and that was the nearest approach to an explanation he could think of. Yet - there was something different. With infallible intuition, he knew those strange marks of destruction were not the result of natural upheaval. Here was something beyond his understanding, something, he felt, closely connected with the disappearance of the race who erected these buildings.

Arn's investigation of some of the more preserved ruins bore fruit in the form of murals. And it was with a thrill of elation that he saw the beings in the scenes were even as himself, though the wonderful things they were able to do made him marvel with almost superstitious awe.

In one building he discovered some extremely well preserved murals. They were not as large as their predecessors but they seemed to be in sequence. And as he studied them more carefully, he knew his original assumption was correct. They told a story - a story in many ways similar to that of his own people.

Into the world of the murals, over which the great race had spread until their hordes blackened its very surface, came a menace. Many things in the tale were so strange as to be beyond Arn's comprehension but it appeared that the ancient race thought of the world as a huge sphere. And the invaders were pictured as coming from somewhere above and beyond that sphere. This was quite a difficult conception for the Namerican.

In huge, bird-like things, the interlopers swarmed down upon the world of the ancients, wreaking great destruction. But the builders of the great cities struck back with equal intensity and the invader wavered under the vicious lashing of the defenders, wavered and was routed.

The invaders repaired to another, smaller sphere pictured near the world of the defenders. But apparently the menace was not averted for the murals pictured the creation of a huge fastness in a far place. With amazement, Arn recognized the plateau. It was not as weather-beaten and jagged then and he was staggered at the thought of the tremendous time that must have passed.

Arn didn't understand a lot of what followed, for although the man who was apparently left as watcher seemed to be

waiting for something, he was depicted entering a great tower and flooding its interior with strange mists. There was only one mural after that. It showed the watcher in the tower, bent forward over his instruments, while without great changes were taking place. Arn couldn't understand this, for despite the fact that the watcher seemed to be dead, there was something about the last pictures that contradicted this. It was as if he were only sleeping.....

The Namerican started as a thought struck him. Could it be possible that the tower pictured in the murals was still standing? That some of the marvels of the elder race could be rediscovered? He hurried from the room, determined to find out.

But the last rays of the sun were already caressing the plateau as he left the building of the murals and he decided to postpone the search until the next day.

Suddenly Arn stopped. A curious humming began to crawl into his consciousness. Louder and louder it grew. The Namerican looked upwards and gasped.

On the rim of the horizon several black dots appeared. They came closer and closer, the hum growing louder as they did so. The Tral were using the newly developed Namerican flying machines!

Arn knew his people were at the mercy of aerial invaders. The Tral could land soldiers at their leisure for it was impossible to defend the whole plateau.

The Namericans were milling about in terrified confusion as their leader approached. Most of them didn't even know what the 'planes were. They thought the gods were sending vengeance after them.

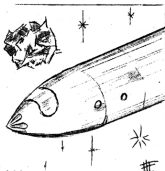
Arn related the facts of the case briefly. Some of their fear left them in the presence of their leader. They spread out over the plateau, gripping clubs and stones. The Namericans were not cowards when they faced a natural enemy.

The humming became a muffled roar as the dots resolved themselves into the stubby, cylindrical bodies of the five machines, flying towards the plateau at a great height. Arn tensed as they came in over the tableland. Then, like vultures diving to the attack, the 'planes

(continued on page 26)

Lesser Gravity

by Fred Hunter



He lay on the top of a jagged little cliff, the rifle cradled in his arms. Bending his head, he squinted down the smooth length of the barrel. In a few minutes Blaine would step from the airlock of the gleaming torpedo that lay in the barren valley below - step to his death.

The man on the cliff laughed....Blaine was a fool; a fool to think that he would get to Sarkong with half a million's worth of radium ore - alive...And that nonsense about space knowledge and space-craft Blaine had been dishing out for the last two months - the old dodderer. Why the ships were almost completely automatic. Take the "Wanderer" down in the valley for instance. Battered old tub that she was, she nevertheless had a whole room full of calculating machines. Push a button here, and a couple of buttons there; the orbit was calculated, and you only had to set the controls to get wherever you wanted....He'd be able to manage the ship all right...He snorted... No space knowledge needed for that. Why in a week he could blast the "Wanderer" as well as Blaine, well; almost as well. ...Nobody would question his story of Blaine's death. Death came fast and often in the spaceways....A tear in your suit, the air leaked out, and you died horribly a purpled mass of bursting blood vessels. A meteor, that the screens failed to detect, through the ship, into the fuel - a roaring concussion, a miniature nova, then nothing, nothing but a metallic powder drifting through space.....No, no one would question his story of Blaine's death. No one would find his body; no one ever came to this tiny asteroid, this jagged, airless, barren, little chunk of matter revolving aimlessly with hundreds of its brothers 'round the distant sun... Sun? Sun?? Perhaps it would be better to cast Blaine's body surward from the ship in a month or so it would reach the Sun, be vapourized to nothingness....but no... it would cross the spacelanes, and might be picked up by the screens of some ship. Better to hide it in some deep ravine of this little nightmare of a world....

A frown crossed his face, then he shrugged his shoulders. What if Blaine had picked him out of the slums of Myaro. A half million was a half million. His share as labourer, would only be fifty thousand. With a half million you could live in luxury for the rest....

A round black spot suddenly appeared in the gleaming side of the ship in the valley; the airlock was opening. In a moment Blaine was out of the ship, his white, air-bloated suit outlined against the black cave of the airlock. His glassite helmet glittered icily in the rays of the distant sun.

The man on the cliff raised the rifle and centered it on the white figure. He pressed the trigger. The rifle flashed soundlessly - Blaine turned slightly but failed to drop! He took aim more carefully, fired again and again. The rifle flashed and bucked, empty cartridges leaped from the ejector. Then he saw something wink in Blaine's hand. Once, twice, he saw it wink faintly. A sledgehammer crashed through his brain-oblivion.

Blaine came slowly 'round the top of the cliff, his long pistol ready, until he saw the deflated white form of the man on the top of the cliff. He slipped the pistol into his holster, and strode forward muttering,

"Three shots, I must be getting old!"

He turned the body over with his loaded foot, and picked up the rifle. He looked at it for a moment, then slowly turned a little numbered disk on the sight from 980 cm/sec/sec to 5.

"Good thing for me that he didn't know much about space," Blaine muttered "A rifle is bound to shoot high in lesser gravity unless it's adjusted."

"--AND ONE WAS DEAD"

by LESLIE A. CROUTCH

(a sequel to "The Moth")

With dragging steps that seemed strangely light and without feeling, he walked toward the shining monster of the rails. He climbed the iron steps to the cab. Seating himself, he grasped the throttle, and the engine moved forward, slowly at first, then picking up speed until it shot along the rails.

Strange, he wondered dully, why it all seemed so silent. Somehow the staccato barks of the exhaust were seized upon and throttled by the swirling fog that surged and heaved like a thing alive.

He looked at the steam and water gauges. How dim it seemed. He rubbed his eyes with his fingers. Shadows were hovering. He couldn't seem to see the fireman. Perhaps he was back loosening coal.

Somehow he made the balance of the run and pulled into the terminal on time.

He found himself walking to the dispatcher's office. How silent it was. The fog was thicker, and deadened all. A switch light glowed redly in the murky white, like a great eye. He passed yardmen, but they didn't see him, or else, considerate of his tragedy, forebore speaking.

No one spoke at the office. Silently he entered, silently he departed. They stared at him, blankly, their lips moved, but somehow he didn't hear.

Some part of him aloof seemed to whisper in his ear. He didn't heed it, and it vanished. How quiet the street seemed, yet how crowded. As if all sound had fled into the clinging fog. Slowly he moved, automatically, his mind blurred, unheeding.

He crossed an intersection when the traffic light was a pink blob high in the heaving white. Cars were all about him; a single eye leapt at him, a street car passed silently, but miraculously he was untouched.

All he could think was "She is dead, she is dead" as his legs worked like an automaton's, carrying him on, and on, toward some goal his befogged mind seem-

ed unaware of.

He couldn't remember running the big engine into the roundhouse. Had he done it? Or was it still in the station? Strange blots in his memory confused him. This street for instance, how had he got here? Where was he? Then the gate, the walk with the cracked slab of stone seemed to whisper to him. Where had he heard that voice before? Why, he could hear. Strange, he could hear that stone or was it footsteps on the damp? That was it.

Somehow he found himself before a door. He was opening it, slowly, almost afraid. There, he was in. There was Mandy at the 'phone. Good old Mandy. Good old colored Mandy. Would she speak or would she just stare, and say nothing like all the rest? God, why wouldn't someone speak...

He could see her standing there before him. Queer, he had been watching her all the time, and hadn't seen her put the 'phone down. Or had he? He couldn't remember. It seemed harder all the time to remember, to think. Was he going insane? Was his great grief...

Why did she stare that way? With her eyes like white marbles, and her mouth wide open? She was down on her knees, praying, - why?

Suddenly, he knew not how, he was at the top of the long, dark stairs. They shouldn't be dark. They were always lighted. Why was he here? His wife, something about Rose. Yes, he had it. She was dead - and he had come to see her.

The door swung open, and suddenly the pall was lifted. He could hear, but how dim everything seemed. Of course, the blinds would be drawn. But who was breathing? Why - himself - of course. .

He seemed to float through the air toward the bed. His stunned mind would interpret no feeling in his limbs. Then he bent over the bed.

How white she looked. How dim it was. Suddenly it was light. And she was sitting up, staring at him. She wasn't



dead....it was all a ghastly mistake. All a terrible error.

"Oh, John, John," she moaned. "You are here. I had such a horrible dream, John."

He stared at her. A horrible dream? So had he, he had dreamed she was dead. He mustn't dream anymore. It might come true. Then he heard himself speaking.

"I thought - I thought you were dead," he whispered.

She stared at him, eyes wide, lips parted.

"Dead? No John. I'm getting well, the doctor said so."

He shook his head. Getting well? But the doctor had sent him telegrams. How many? Thousands? Millions? He said, and his voice sounded thin and far away.

"He sent me a telegram. And it said you had died."

Now why did he say that? He shouldn't excite her. She stared at him so

strangely. No, past him, toward the door. He seemed to know, though he knew not how, that Mandy was there. She was saying something. He could see her lips moving, but no sound came. And suddenly all was still again.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, but it was empty. The telegrams. Where were the telegrams? They were gone. He had lost them. Something in her eyes, so wide and dark, frightened him. They seemed to beat against him in a tangible wave. He stumbled back. Stumbled? No, floated.

He felt nothing. But there, suddenly before him, was the little table. He couldn't remember rounding it- then how....

And suddenly the silence was pierced again. Rose was crying, and the sound was horrible. She was pointing at him, and screaming, screaming, screaming.....

"John! John! You are dead....!"

Useless From Uranus Says



Whoa-oo-oo

Aha! I see my favourite bugbear has been partially disintegrated. Amazing's Quarterly for March has put a cover illustration down that really means something. Also Startling Stories - although the magazine is a poor facsimile of Thrilling Wonder - has chosen an actual scene from its leading story. Amazingly enough, Astounding has done the same, though the cover and interior illustration for 'Recruiting Station' in the March issue picture the 'destroyers' of the Glorious as tiny one-man rockets, whereas the story would lead you to believe that they were tiny one-man tanks. But - none of the Canadian magazines has yet put an actual scene from one of the stories on the cover, and as a whole they have been pretty bad. Ainsworth's cover for the March Uncanny, however, is a masterpiece; better than the covers of most American magazines. It's a bit strange though, that after that excellent March cover, Ainsworth turns out a stinker like the cover on the April Uncanny. Giant robots striding into a city is strictly passe, what's more, the same idea has already been used for the cover of a recent issue of the Canadian Astonishing. We gather that Ainsworth reads Astonishing - how disloyal!

Speaking of illustrators - I was, wasn't I - Bok tops them all. His drawings along the word and uncanny line raise your hair, making you wonder sometimes if you haven't seen such an event before. He has a trick of showing you it is fantasy, and yet, you're not - quite - sure.

Brr-rr-rr

Well, to get back to cases; is "The Observatory" in Amazing taking credit for prophesying the Pacific war? If I remember correctly, they covered themselves with glory for prophesying the European war. That reminds me, cutting a serial off the way it was cut off in "Disciples of Destiny" is reverting to the childish episodes of "The Villian Still Pursued Her"! Aren't they ashamed?!

Reports from reliable sources have it that Uncanny Tales, the only Canadian magazine that has a Canadian "reader's page", may put out a full fledged Canadian fan department. Nothing more has been heard about it, but it sounds like a good idea. The other Canadian fantasy magazines are merely reprinting American fan departments and American fan news, which don't help Canadian fans such as contacts with American fandom are more or less restricted. A truly Canadian fan department would be a great boost to Canadian fandom.

Ye Gods and little fishes! Burroughs is still loose! He has been writing ever since his first Tarzan fell out of a tree, and even his ghost writer is thundering on. Mars and Venus have been pretty well covered, as well as the inside of the Earth. So why not try another plane of existence? I hope the existing forms of life on Mars - if any - can't read English, and if they can, I hope they have a sense of humour. Maybe the court will some day take a case of "Mars vs Earth's science-fiction hacks" Ought to be good.

Somebody had me an aspirin.

Sufferin' cut-fish! Why in the name of a Venerian mud-pot has everyone turned solemn? Everyone is depicting the downfall of Earth, extra terrestrial invaders, blackouts of civilization, and Jove knows what else. Astounding is practically grey-bearded, Unknown is as gloomy as last year's income tax (aha, but wait till you see this year's), Amazing is beginning to smell, (what? only beginning?) and all the lesser satellites are beginning to fall into line. Anybody got a fire cracker? Boy do they need oomph!!

Comments favourable OR OTHERWISE

Hi-ho Silver, errr, I mean, hi-ho space rangers, it's time to clear all wave-lengths so have your Little Orphan Annie Decoder Buttons ready as we blast off from Mongopolis Port for parts unknown, with your old Major Jupiter at the helm, blather, blather etc, etc, And now we let Pilot Crouch take over, and boy watch him cut with those jets!

COVER: very good. Rates a 10! The standardization of cover design and name design takes the magazine out of the goon-class, and gives it a more professional look. That's what fandom needs- more standardization in their cover layouts. Where would a pro get if they changed their design every issue? Even the name looks good on this design. I got one of the red covers so that is probably the reason I'm so enthusiastic over it. Even the drawing itself is better than usual for CENSORED.

CONTENTS PAGE: By all means use the same layout and masthead every issue. Again standardization will improve and help take CENSORED from the goon-class of purple fanzines with which fandom is overrun.

THE EDITORS BLURB: 7; what keeps this from a higher rating is the carelessness why the title was done. Got a good department head and use that same head every issue. Again standardization... contents were very good and helped add that personal touch that a good magazine needs, that intimate touch between editor-publisher and his public. Yes, Canadian fandom is booming, and it is a healthy sign. I think we are going to show our friends below the border that they haven't all the talent. Look at the illustrations in CENSORED- they are head and shoulders above any that appear in the majority of American magazines- and what is more- they aren't haphazardly chosen, they actually are related to the story or article they accompany. What's the matter with most Canadian fans being girls? It's a fine sign, I think. It's showing our Canadian girls have brains as well as beauty! I still feel that Canada's fanzine, one of them, that is, should have a more dignified name. CENSORED sounds like the last ditch fight of a nasty nazi, an ignorant italian & a jackass jap! Hmm maybe not quite that bad, but it's pretty putrid any-way

HERO OF THE SPACEMAYS: 6; very good for Baby Boyard, the boofal bambino from Los Angeles- and I wonder if by any chance she's a lost angle?

MARTIAN EPISODE: 4 some guys declare it's very impolite and just isn't done for an editor to print his own stuff. But what does it matter as long as it entertains and helps fill in space! Get that FHJR- "fills in space"?

UNSCIENTIFACTS: 7; again Baby, our only boomerang from burleskland, comes through with some wit and humour. Goes again to show girls can be beautiful, intelligent and still have a sense of humour!

HE WAS POOR BUT HE WAS HONEST: 5 for Peck this is surprisingly low quality. Get him to do some art and he'll recover his laurels. This is pure blud-and-thunder-hoss-copy-pore-li'l-injured-boy-gets-rich-and-kiks-big-bad-villain-in-the-seat-of-his-bvds.

HE SAID "TO 'L WITH PRACTICAL SCIENCE": 7; tut, tut, BB cussing? I'm surprised at you, bigeyed bird from paradise!!!!

USELESS FROM URANUS SAYS: 8; a dandy column and I say don't lose it or else I shall boil thee in castor oil at midnight down at Hotchkiss Co'nare. About the heroine always being so lovely- at least strip her frills off and stop teasin' the nasty minds of the fans that read 'em. Sure- let's get a picture of a puffedout ugly hero and a puffedout ugly heroine. If you can't find any, I suggest you get Hurter to pose (ay? hey! what was that?) as for the girl- you can have mine.

LETTERS FROM THE GOON SQUAD: It seems my little offerin' (youn listen to him, he had to use a third of an issue to get any where) was rather well liked. Thanks-, customers, and I'll see if I can't continue to please you and that guy Hurter. Of course it's a foregone conclusion that CENSORED wouldn't be around if I hadn't turned up to support it! Egotistical, ain't I (oh no; it's merely that modesty is not one of your many virtues). I see

I see you've roped our good friend Norman Lamb in on things. Who's Jackie Wells? S'too bad I didn't know about her when I was down last month, I'd have looked her up. But m'gawd man. Lost a letter from Peck? I did that once, or rather didn't print one in "Light" - and m'gawd - he sent the Critter down to give me the hants. You don't know what risk you're running to leave anything of his out-even overnight!

GESTURE: 8; Same old Mason - say Jack, - why in the devil doncha write more talk and less do this and that? But- good little short and keep after him for more. The boy can write and has some swell ideas kicking around in that thing he hangs his hat on!

FOURTH DIMENSIONAL MIXUP: 10; (Of course Crutch's ratings are quite unprejudiced) In case nobody has guessed-this was written some time ago and was deliberately planned as a take-off, a burlesque on this time-travel idea so dear to most sf writers- and- I'll admit it- so dear to me also. I never fail to read a time-travel yarn. Personally I don't think that time-travel in person is possible. I think it may be possible to look back and see the past- but it will be like viewing a motion picture- the viewer could never take part in what he sees and can never alter that which is already done. As for the future- well, that is another idea altogether.

ROCKET SHIPS: 6; good but too short. Hurter tells me he has built the things and so knows more about them than just hearsay. If this is the case, and I don't doubt his word, I suggest he run a series, complete with drawings, tracing rocket development up to date and showing his ideas on practical rocketry and what a practical ship should look like. How about it Fred? (We'll think it over)

Admonitions to finish off: Standardize department heads and cover title design. Use plenty of illustrations providing they can be good. Get Peck to do a full page cartoon for you and see what the response will be. Isn't it possible to bring CENSORED out at least once every two months? (Now, ye ed. is too lazy) What needs to be done to make this possible? (Lots of things, chiefly more spare time, and more material.) I think it is up to every Canadian fan to support a Canadian fanzine and make it something that will show powerful competition to those south of the border-where have I heard that before? - Leslie Crutch Box 121 Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada.

Well, that rookie Crutch sure held on to those controls for a long time. Ye ed. when he saw a couple of those remarks of that rookie, got so excited he took over in my place. In all my years in space I never had anything like that happen to me, and now that Verrier mag-wump of an editor is going to kick me out. And at my age, the dirty spifrak. Only thing left for me is to become a space bum - pass me the Xeno, (as if he wasn't a space bum anyway) and let's get to the next rookie.....

I like your milk screen printed cover makes an almost attractive one (whataya mean, - almost!) With this process you can get some very good results. You have a potentially great idea for making good covers there.

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General comment on the entire issue- amusing, especially the illustrations.

May I ask "Useless from Uranus" whether they consider with this inhabited geoid in its present state why we should need spine chilling stories. Come along on a bombing raid to some large German city. I guarantee spine chills aplenty and not from the cold that comes with high altitudes.

Personally, I think my friend John Mason has packed, or tried to pack a long story into a very short one. "Gesture", has too much scope for the length he limited himself to.

Les Crutch's Fourth Dimensional Mix-up, not bad. Though I wonder what such a series of incidents would do to one's astral body. Or have you ever heard of our astral bodies as Sax Rohmer expounds their possibilities. Ask Mason- I told him about it some years ago. Maybe he still remembers.

B. Bovard's speculative solar system rather intrigued me. What action or set of actions would initiate such a system? Though I can't imagine a planet doing figure 8's about two suns, (actually it would work. See page 15) unless one of the suns also revolved about the primary

(continued on page 24)

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(continued on page 24)

THE OF DISSENTION

REBUTTAL

So help me! there is a machine such as I mentioned before, but I can't put my finger on the article wherein I read thereof. It's a deep dark secret in Washington (I shouldn't wonder!), but its existence was made known in 1935 or '36.

Yes, I know languages, three in fact, and I also know that you don't absolutely know idioms and shades of meaning to get your ideas across (yeah, but a speaker is almost certain to use them. Do you think that he would avoid idioms, and fine shades of meaning for the sake of a machine?) You remember the Chinese proverb, "One picture is worth ten thousand words". Most true if you're an artist. Some pictures may be mistaken for something else, especially if the picture is symbolic.

However, you do think in images. There's no gainsaying it. Except in abstract ideas, as I mentioned before, every thought is an image. Just take the word-association idea. Say "cat", something pops into your mind, regarding an idea about "cat": one caterwauling on the fence, one purring on a cushion, on the one that ripped your stockings, but before any of these, an image of that cat comes to mind, depending on what your idea of a cat is like.

Take blind people for instance, the ones who are blind from birth. Put a pencil into his hand, or a lump of clay, it's been done, and tell him to draw an image of a cat. In three cases out of five a more or less cognizant picture of a cat will develop. Why? These people have never seen a cat, it might have been described or felt, but who is to deny that thought waves coming to these who can't see, people to whom 96% of the world is nothing, sheer blackness, are received as images. Man knows his environment - 96% of it through his eyes. When they are gone, does the mind develop its inherent power of sending and receiving thought waves? - B. B. B. B. B.

(Your argument confuses thinking with visualization. If you visualized every word, thought processes would be very slow, and what is more it would be impossible to visualize by far the greater part of the language. And what is

more, as I have mentioned before, visualization is extremely limited. Try some time to visualize even five pop bottles in a row. Betcha can't do it. To overcome this lack, we use the word five. I hope that squelches you properly.

MORE RE "THOUGHT HELMETS"

Personally, I don't think anyone has the faintest idea of how thought transference would be accomplished, either by words or by pictures, though I imagine by words is the closest. 'thanks! at least somebody faintly agrees with me) I think the idea will just be there, as though you thought of it yourself. (but that isn't the point we're arguing about we're arguing whether we think in words or pictures, so it isn't a case of how the thought got there, but in what form is it. when the thought comes "as though you thought of it yourself", in what will it be? Words or pictures?) There'll be no half-way measures about it - either you do or you don't. It won't come in pictures or words (crook dodging the issue!), but in some indefinite way that will be actually unexplainable in cold words. Today thought transference is in force. It's being practiced by most of the younger generation every time they meet (tek, tek, granpa) We call it "thought inference" but I think it's the other. How many times do a gathering of young people start saying things - handing out statements that an older person never catches in their full sense, and yet the person to whom they are directed knows what is meant just as clearly as though it was put in bald words? (don't you think that that is merely due to word-associations built up in connection with modern slang, and common experiences of that particular group?) I think that it is thought transference aided by indefinite statements. In time the two will become divorced - the thoughts will be transferred without any actual outside aid whatever. We call them hints - on a quiz program, the quizzer asks the quizzer - "Give me a hint". He does and she sometimes immediately knows the answer. Why? Because

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Odds & Ends

You may possibly remember in the previous issue of Censored, Barbara Bovard, put forth the suggestion that if the Solar System had two suns of exactly the same mass, the Earth, Moon and all the planets would revolve about the two suns in a figure eight. I didn't think it would work, and did a bit of investigating, and to my surprise found that a figure eight was a possible, stable orbit under those conditions. It would be doubtful though whether there could be more than one planet in such a system; there would be too many conflicting gravitational strains. The Earth would not be a very comfortable planet under the two sun system, unless the suns were very far apart. Every time the Earth would pass in between the two suns, huge tides would be raised. The strain, if the suns happened to be close, would probably even cause earthquakes, and volcanic disturbances. There would be eternal day except for the brief periods at either ends of the loops, when the two suns would be in the sky at the same time. Such a set up should make an excellent background for a sf story

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his mind is thinking of the subject - he hands out a hint - she grapples with it - becomes tuned to the subject - tuned to him - and across the gap leaps the thought and all this takes place in a very short time, almost instantaneously with some people, and in a longer time with others. (But isn't this merely a case of word-association? Often when I happen to listen to a radio quiz program, I catch the inference; you don't mean to imply that thoughts could be sent by the announcer of a quiz program for several thousand miles? No, I think you will find that the "hints" consist of nothing more than simple word associations, and cognates. ed)

Well, it would certainly appear that the article "Thought Helmets" stirred up plenty of discussion. Good thing ya ed can always get in the last word; that's the great advantage of a two way column, otherwise he'd be swamped. He seems to be the only person who agrees with the articles. Maybe that's because he wrote it. More discussions next time. ed

Also in the previous issue of Censored, there was a brief newspaper clipping re an Italian plane, powered "apparently on the rocket principle". This 'plane, the Caproni Campini, has become famous almost overnight. It is the first propellerless craft built, and though aeronautical engineers insist that it is "jet propelled", which should not be confused with "rocket propulsion", it may well be called the first rocket 'plane. The difference between the so called "jet propulsion", and "rocket propulsion", is slight. Both depend on the reaction of a hot stream of gases; the only basic difference being that instead of taking the supply of oxygen along with it, as a rocket propelled craft would have to do, the "jet propelled" craft uses the oxygen from the air, and that the bulk of the hot exhaust gases is also taken from the air. Air is taken in at the nose of the ship, compressed by means of a gas turbine, whose hot exhaust helps to heat and expand the intruding air. Fuel is added in the combustion chamber, and the whole mass blown out the stern. Fuel consumption is at present relatively high, and the speed slow. Also, in contrast to the rocket propelled craft, the jet propelled 'plane is more efficient at low altitudes, as it depends on the air for the oxygen, and to give the exhaust sufficient bulk. ed

FASHION NOTES: What the well-dressed space-couple is wearing. For the men, tight fitting, air-tight, breeches, with full, double-breasted, oxygen filled, jackets. The new helmets have two way mirrors installed so you can see what the wife is doing. For shoes, the new style is to wear 12 lb lead boots with 6 lb boots for the home.

For the women, full round breeches if desired, or snappy little steel-lined breeches, with heating units installed in the coats and jackets. Also recommended is a coverall with duraluminum zippers, the latest from Jupiter. The helmets, our stylists tell us are still equipped with only a one-way radio, which means madams must still listen but keep her yap shut. Barbara Bovard

The Missing Universe!

by Oliver Saari

DANTON MORRELL PERFORMS MYSTERIOUS EXPERIMENT ON SELF

Body In Glass Cabinet, Mysterious Stranger Demands Custody

Milton, Pa., Sept. 5---The body of Danton Morrell, who was once renowned the world's greatest scientist, lay in a strange cabinet of glass in his private laboratory, while authorities listened to the statements of a man who identifies himself as Raymond Selby, a friend of the scientist. Mr. Selby claims that Dr Morrell is conducting a scientific experiment of a fantastic nature upon himself. He has produced written statements, undoubtedly in the scientist's own handwriting and bearing his private seal, giving him custody of the body until such time as the age of Dr. Morrell will again inhabit it. The scientist lies in a small, thick-walled cabinet of glass unconscious, but apparently unharmed Mr Selby avers that under no conditions must the apparatus be tampered with, as any interference with the experiment might result in the death of Dr Morrell. The nature of the experiment.....

The above is a quotation from any one of the country's leading newspapers of three months ago. The article goes on, in haphazard newspaper fashion, to explain the nature of Danton Morrell's latest and greatest experiment. It is not necessary for me to quote the remainder of the article, for I am Raymond Selby, the "mysterious stranger", and I am about to recount in detail the steps by which I became involved in the case. It all began about a year ago, as Danton Morrell and I were chatting in his study.

"Do you mind if I ask you a little scientific question, Raymond?" he said "Just what is our universe, as you would define it?"

Being a great scientist, my friend probably had a right to ask such a question, but at the moment it struck me as

being very strange. What would a good definition for the universe be? I stammered something of space-time, orbits, galaxies, and the like, but in the way of a definition my words made a very weak showing. Finally I wound up with..

"The universe is all, everything--the sum total of space, time, matter, and energy."

My friend treated me to one of those rare smiles of his, a smile that managed to be infinitely superior without becoming in the least offensive. When that broad brow of his wrinkles, when those black piercing eyes glanced at me I feel as though I were being recognized by a god.

I am sure that everyone has heard of Danton Morrell, but few have known him as well as I have known him. A mathematical prodigy since birth, he astounded his tutors at the age of sixteen by bringing forth an important modification to Einstein's theories. By his eighteenth birthday he had absorbed all the mathematics the colleges could teach him and he turned to other phases of science. Finally, gently but firmly refusing the numerous offers of professorships which had been made to him, he settled down to a life of private research. For the next eight years his name headed the list of the world's great scientists. His researches probed into all fields of knowledge; he completely revolutionized certain phases of mechanics, astronomy, and chemistry. He was a mathematical genius who was super-normal in every other respect as well, a mutant of humanity who had bridged the gap of thousands of millenniums' evolution.

Danton Morrell's mind continued its development at an accelerating pace throughout his twenties. At first he was content to satisfy the demands of the masses by producing ingenious mechanical devices of every size, shape, and variety, but as time passes on, his researches grew more unearthly, his inventions more complex. By the age of twenty-eight he had advanced science to an incredible extent and showed every

sign of advancing it still more, having yet almost a lifetime of research ahead of him. His inventions had obtained him almost illimitable funds.

Then the blow came. Fully three months went by without a single new development coming from the Morrell laboratories. The scientific journals clamoured for news; fellow scientists interviewed him, openly begging for a slant on his latest discoveries. Danton met them with a gracious smile and explained that he was extending his researches into a field of mathematics that had no existence in their science, and henceforth he would be unable to publish his results. They begged for further explanations and he gave them willingly enough, but the scientists went away uncomprehending. They nodded sadly and wisely to each other. What they had always expected had happened, they said--no mind could stand the pace Danton Morrell's had been going, and his reason had snapped. To them, Danton Morrell's explanation of his new mathematics had sounded like the ravings of a madman.

As time went on, their assumptions seemed to be verified, for never again did Danton Morrell come forth with another addition to their science. The great Morrell Laboratories, which had once been a Mecca for the learned of the world, remained simply an insignificant group of buildings on the outskirts of a pennsylvanian town.

I became acquainted with the great scientist through a purchase of supplies made by him of my company. This was about ten years after the waning of his fame. I had heard much of him before, and had expected to meet a prematurely senile, feeble-minded creature. Needless to say, I was pleasantly surprised, for Danton Morrell had borne his forty-one years far better than most; his hair was quite dark, without a thread of gray, his step energetic, his mind keen beyond my comprehension. He lived simply and alone having no close relatives living, and very few friends. Although I was nearly his equal in actual years, I felt like an infant in his presence. After our first meeting I visited him once in a while, and we talked of every subject under the sun. What he could see in me I cannot imagine, but he seemed to accept my visits with tolerance, even a sort of pleasure.

Danton Morrell's mind had not snapped ten years ago--of that I was sure as soon as I had seen him. His researches had simply passed beyond the narrow bounds of

earthly science, into a field of knowledge of their own. He could easily have continued his so-called "practical" researches, but had seen no reason for doing so. For ten years he had been uncovering secrets of the universe that I dared not even imagine!

Small wonder, then, that I did not greet his question as to the nature of the universe with anything but respect. I can imagine what a poor showing my answer must have made, but, after all, he could not expect much more from a mere business accountant with only a hobbyist's interest in science.

Still smiling, he shook his head at my rambling explanation and said,

"No, Raymond--this universe is not all and everything. It is simply a vast group of different energies which nearly balance each other, a sort of equation that is made up of our universal laws."

I caught a hidden meaning in his words.

"This universe.....?"

"Yes," he responded, "there are many others. Look Raymond--our own universe consists solely of energy, distributed in various forms which we have separately called matter, electricity, radiation and so forth. What holds the homogeneous energy in these varied forms? Why does it not reach a perfect balance and instantly diffuse itself through all our space? Simply because it is bound by certain fixed rules, some of which we have classified as physical laws of our universe, and these laws counteract each other almost, but not quite perfectly. Not being perfectly balanced, our universe is even now on the road to an even distribution of all its energy, a state which we have named entropy or the "heat-death" of thermodynamics."

"But my point is this: merely because there is one universal equation, our own can we say there may be no others? In mathematics there are an infinite number of quantities which may balance each other on the opposite sides of an equation. Could there not also be an infinite number of universal equations?"

I listened in amazement to this lengthy speech, although it was not the first time I had heard such a discourse from my friend's lips. I summoned up enough courage to put in a question.

"But these other universes you speak of," I faltered, "where could they exist? Beyond the distant galaxies--or perhaps in the fourth dimension?"

"They do not exist anywhere," returned Danton enigmatically, "for the word 'where' has to do only with our own space. And what is space? It is that in which matter exists, and without matter, there would be no space. I suppose you are thinking of our good old axiom: Two things cannot inhabit the same space at the same time," but that is simply one of the laws of our own universal equation. If you can conceive of any other group of energy-forms that will balance or form a universe, it will exist in a space of its own creation, entirely independent of our own."

I cannot truthfully say that I understood every part of this speech. I cannot even vouch that I am faithfully recording the scientist's words, for memory is susceptible to error. But I caught enough of the drift of his words to put in another semi-intelligent question.

"If these other universes exist, of what use is it to us? Is there any possibility of our being able to visit them?"

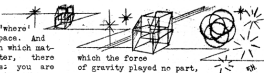
"Not physically," he answered. "No matter, as we know it, can exist in any other universe. However, thought seems to be the one thing that is uniform in all the universes; the mind can bridge the gap without fear of dissolution. One need only calculate mathematically the arrangements of energy which might balance to form another universe, and by forcing his mind to conceive only these forces, he can transport his ego into the other existence."

"Have you....?"

He nodded. "I have visited several. With my new forms of mathematics, which successfully combine all the previous forms, I have calculated the equations of several possible universes. I have proved by projecting my mind into them that they exist!"

We discussed this strange subject of the other mathematical planes of existence until the hour grew late. I went home from that meeting with vague thoughts swirling in my brain. Danton Morrell's theories were disturbing to say the least! All my old fashioned "common sense" rebelled against them, but my faith in the scientist's intelligence was stronger.

It was certainly a strange idea. Countless universes, perhaps an infinite number, existing independent of each other with nothing more separating them than the alteration of a few basic laws! Perhaps there were universal equations in



which the force of gravity played no part, where no such thing as an electric current existed, where radiation followed complex curves rather than straight lines!

And--life. Where did that fit in? Just what part of our own universal equation was life, after all? Could there be anything like it in the other planes? I could answer none of these questions, and made up my mind to ask Danton Morrell about them the next time I should see him.

More than a week later I again dared intrude upon the scientist's privacy by visiting him one evening. To all appearances he was glad to see me.

"I am glad that you have come this evening," he said. "I have been doing a lot of strenuous calculating and it's a great relief to be able to talk to someone."

"Have you made much progress in your mathematical researches this week?" I demanded.

He seemed quite as anxious as I to adopt this as the subject of our conversation.

"I have been making some progress," he admitted. "I have visited one more universe, and calculated the equations of several more. There is one equation, however, that puzzles me. I have checked and re-checked it, and my calculations are correct. This equation stands for a universe slightly less complex than ours. I have repeatedly tried to visit it, by mental projection which has worked in the past, but I failed. Apparently the universe does not actually exist."

"I don't quite get you," I said. "You mean that this universe is possible but is not in existence?"

He nodded. "That's exactly what I mean. Of my list of possible universes, this is the only one that is missing in actuality, and I don't know why. Perhaps this universe has existed in the past but has been overtaken by the heat death." From my previous experiments I had thought that any universe which was mathematically possible must exist in reality, but apparently I was wrong."

Of course, I could do nothing to help him solve this dilemma, so I changed the subject by asking a question which had

occurred to me before.

"You say you have calculated the 'equation' of our universe," I ventured, "that must mean that you have solved its innermost secrets---the secret of life, perhaps? Does any such thing as life exist in the other universes?"

"You have misinterpreted me---I have solved but few of the secrets of our universe. My equations deal simply with basic laws, which are not so numerous as you at first may think. As to the purpose or the future of it all, I am completely in the dark. Living things, like all forms of matter, abide by the laws of physics, but beyond that my equations do not concern them. To all appearances, life does not play an important part in our universe. Yet strangely enough, in all the universes I have visited I have sensed the presence of alien intelligence. Whether this intelligence is due to anything comparable to our 'life' I cannot say."

I wanted to ask him whether he had discovered living creatures in any way human in shape, but immediately realized how silly such a question would have been. How could one describe shape in a universe where our geometry could not apply.

Danton Morrell was still speaking:

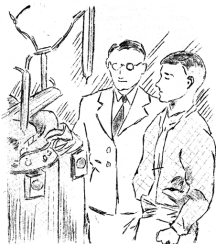
"I am now conducting experiments toward a physical proof of my mathematical researches. Perhaps in a few years I shall have accomplished something...."

I could get no hint from him as to what these experiments might be. When the time finally came to leave, I was no nearer to finding out what the scientist was planning, but I sensed that it was something big, with a capital letter.

In the months that followed, Danton Morrell did not once mention the subject of the other universes. We talked on every other subject imaginable, but the subject of his latest experiments seemed to be forgotten. However, I noticed more and more that he was working under a terrific mental and physical strain. These were signs that something extremely important was stewing in his mighty brain, and I waited patiently for the time when I should be taken into his confidence again.

Moreover, he seemed to be completely revising his laboratory, and had hired two assistants. I soon found that they knew nothing of the nature of his experiment, merely aiding in the installation of weird electrical equipment.

One evening, eight months after he had first mentioned his discovery of the



other universes, I again visited him. There was a new light in his eyes, suppressed excitement in his every move as he showed me to his study.

"You remember that talk we had some time ago," he began, "concerning the other universes which exist outside of ours? I hinted then of an experiment by which I was going to prove my assertions. Well, I have completed my preparations earlier than I had expected, and am ready to perform the experiment tonight!"

I had known this was coming, had waited for it for months. Danton Morrell never disclosed his more important discoveries until they were completed.

He pulled open a door at one side of his study and led me through a short corridor to his main laboratory. I had been there a few times before, but I could not have recognized the place as it looked now. The tubes, bottles, motors, orthodox scientific equipment, had been removed, and in their place was a monstrous machine that completely filled the room.

Somehow the machine gave the impression that it was not one, but consisted of several different machines---groupings of tubes and coils arranged in bewildering yet geometric fashion. After roving over the wilderness of gleaming porcelain and insulated wire, my eyes finally rested on an ordinary switchboard at one side. There were three monstrous knife-switches with extremely long handles, and a lever that was labeled "rheostat control". Two

larger dials, an ammeter and a voltmeter apparently, seemed ordinary enough, until I beheld the figures in which they were graduated. Was Danton Morrell expecting to handle millions of horsepower in this machine?

The scientist was explaining:

"Some time ago I told you of an equation I had worked out, of a universe which should exist, but does not. The problem interested me immediately, and ever since I discovered it, I have been working on a solution. I got results sooner than I expected to. I am fairly confident that with this machine," he gestured with his arm, around the laboratory, "I shall be able to fill up the gap---to create the missing universe!"

I was speechless. Create a universe! Was my friend mad? Perhaps all his talk of the other universes had been simply a part of a madman's ravings. I thought of the immense suns, of the myriad galaxies that seem to stretch away into infinity--all this making up our own universe. And now Morrell claimed the ability to create another universe! He must be mad my reason told me, yet I listened meekly to his explanation.

"The equation of a universe," he said "is simple enough, consisting of comparatively few basic laws that have to be balanced. Therefore, to create a universe I have but to create these laws. I have every reason to believe that this universe existed before, but has simply run down; its energy evenly distributed throughout its space. It only needs a tiny impulse from my machine to begin its cycle again. I am really creating this universe; I am simply 'rewinding' it.

"Compare it to a set of scales. This universe was made of energy, bound by universal laws which were almost, but not quite balanced. Therefore one arm of the scales continually descended, until it finally reached the bottom of its swing. At this point time ceases to have a meaning---the universe ceases to exist. I only need to add a little more weight to the other arm of the scales to destroy the balance again, to re-create the universe. The scales would be started again on a swing that would take countless millenniums to complete!"

Motioning me to a corner of the room that was more or less clear of apparatus, he strode over to the switchboard.

"Now, the experiment!" he exclaimed. "The various units of this machine will create all the forces necessary, in the correct mathematical relations, to dest-

roy the balance of the missing universe. The experiment will not seem spectacular and there is little personal danger involved, except from the great amount of current I am using---which by the way is created by an atomic power plant under this building."

For a few minutes he examined the strange apparatus, apparently making a last minute check-up. Then he closed the three switches, one at a time.

The voltmeter leaped almost all the way round its arc; the ammeter registered tremendous amounts of current. I wondered vaguely what kind of conductors would stand such a load. Nothing moved or rotated in the machine. The only visible sign of its operation was a faint blue glow from the tubes and the flash and crackle of miniature lightnings. How absurd, it seemed to me, to believe that a universe was being created!

Danton Morrell was moving the rheostat slowly toward its limit. The current indicated by the dials mounted to incredible heights. What a power plant the scientist must have! The laboratory was lit a flickering blue by the electric flames that played 'round the great machine.

Suddenly there was a flash, a pop, and the electric fires died down; the tubes lost their glow. Danton Morrell straightened before the switchboard wiping perspiration from his face. I noticed the switches were still closed, but the dials had jumped back to zero.

"The automatic release has turned off the current," he said. "Even now the Other Universe is forming, queer, four-dimensional suns are blazing out, matter is coagulating---although the matter in this other universe is nothing like our own."

Still staring fearfully at the machine I emerged from my corner and joined him. By this time I had begun to wonder what had been his purpose in showing me this experiment. When he had shown me others before, I always had some little duty to help the scientist in some small way.

As if anticipating my thoughts, Danton Morrell turned to me.

"My part of creating a universe is done," he said. "During the time I have worked on the problem, it has seized my mind until I can think of nothing else. I shall not be content unless I can visit and explore the new universe. That is where you come in, my friend. I have placed a sum of five hundred thousand dollars in a special account at the bank which will be yours if you are will-

ing to perform the slight duty I am asking."

He smiled at my incredulous gasp and continued.

"I have explained how it is possible for me to visit these other universes--by projecting my mind into them. Of course my body must remain here in a state of unconsciousness. In the past, I have been unable to prolong my visit to more than a few moments, for a longer period of unconsciousness of this type would result in death to my body. But now, I have constructed a piece of apparatus that will keep my body alive indefinitely, while my ego explores the universe I have created."

In a daze I followed him through a door into another room of his laboratory. There on a raised platform, lay a glass box large enough to accommodate a human body, to each end of which was fastened a compact machine of some sort.

"In this cabinet my body will remain in a state of suspended animation. I have arranged everything to be automatic; when I desire to return, I shall be able to do so without outside help. My only fear is that someone will molest this apparatus while I am away. Such tampering might well prove disastrous to myself. What I wish you to do is to take it upon yourself to see that my body is undisturbed until I return--for this I am giving you the sum mentioned. Will you take the job?"

"I'd gladly do it, even without the money," I said, after an appropriate amount of meditation, "but how will I convince the authorities.....?"

"There are certain papers in my safe which will make your task much easier," he said. "You may use them if you must, but at all cost do not let anyone tamper

with this apparatus until I have returned."

Needless to say, I accepted the job. Few preparations were necessary, for Danton Morrell had taken care of everything. He swung back the top of the glass case and crawled in. The process of projecting his mind into another universe must have been entirely mental, for I saw no machine which might have aided him in the task.

At his wave of farewell, just after he had entered the case, I remembered a question I had asked him a long time ago regarding the purpose of life. Could not Danton Morrell's own experiment be the answer? What greater purpose could there be for intelligence than the creation of new universes? Somehow my friend's mind had bridged the gap and reached the ultimate goal long before the science of earth. I saw Morrell in the light of a god about to enter his new domain, and some instinct told me he would never return. Then his body grew rigid, and a barely visible greenish vapour billowed through the cage.

It is now nearly three months after these events I have related, and still Danton Morrell's body lies unmoving in the glass cabinet. I have thus far been able to protect it from molestation, but I do not know how long I can continue to do so. However, I have the half-million dollars, which gives me some hope of being able to hold out indefinitely against a rising tide of impatience and suspicion. I only hope that Danton Morrell returns before the authorities decide to take matters into their own hands!

THE END

(Continued from page 5)
Deluge", and Kal Purbuk seem to fit into no particular class, as well as that name used so many times that it is one of the few standardizations of the future; that name that is forever clamped on the manly, steel-muscled hero - good old Garth.

However, we mustn't forget the names of future substances, such as glasteel and stellene of which the cities of the future are built; vital glassite of which every spacehelmet and spaceship port hole is made; steelite, magnolite, and cuprok, those incredibly strong alloys from which is moulded the spacecraft, indispensable stuff, and such terrors as magnesoberyllumercurichrome, used for lord knows what.

Planets too, must have names: Erebus Styx, Charon a la Hamilton, Mervigia and Trence a la Smith, and sundry others too numerous to mention.

Also of great importance are such synthetic words as "scientifiction", "scientale", "fanzine", "fanper", and the endless array of "scienti--ventions -pune, -fun, -news, -book, -eto." No other form of fiction with such a formidable amount of original terminology, has so far appeared. Western, Love and Detective fiction never get beyond "roaring sixgun", "flaming passion", and "da G-man".

Truth they say, is stranger than fiction. Do existing names such as Gontrom de Pontine, Perence Molnar, compete with the names of tomorrow?

CANADA'S FANTASY MAGAZINES

Since the restrictions that took the American fantasy magazines from the Canadian newstands, several Canadian fantasy magazines have appeared. The following is a brief review of these publications.

UNCANNY TALES - this was the first to appear. At first was a small "digest" size magazine, but increased in size to the standard pulp mag size. It is now a 96 page mag, trimmed edges, on smooth or then average stock. The printing is usually not very sharp, and numerous typographical errors have appeared in the past. Illustrations are poor, except when American reprints are used. Material used is partly Canadian, partly American reprint. Lately, Uncanny has been using a new artist for the covers, Ainsworth, whose work compares favourably with that of American artists. It is the only Canadian fantasy magazine to have a truly Canadian readers section. Monthly, 15¢ per copy.

SERIE TALES - this folded up after one issue. It was a "half-way to large" size magazine, printed on very smooth pulp paper. Trimmed edges, clear print, and was very thin. Illustrations were by Hilkert, stories by Thomas P. Kelly, under an imposing array of pen-names.

SCIENCE FICTION - as can be seen by the name, this was a Canadian reprint edition of the defunct American "Science-Fiction", and is now also defunct. It was a large size magazine, with trimmed edges, very clear print, exceptionally neat format, and no advertising. As regards neatness and clearness, it lead the Canadian magazines, and probably the American magazines also, but had no departments of any kind, nor articles. Covers were by Hilkert. Monthly 25¢ per copy.

ASTONISHING STORIES - is also a Canadian reprint edition of an American magazine of the same name. It is a complete reprint; even the readers' departments are reprinted, instead of substituting a Canadian readers' department, as would be expected. It appears about four months later than the correspond-

ing American issue. The illustrations and cover however are Canadian, and good at that. Interior illustrations are excellent, better than those of the majority of American fantasy magazines. It is a 96 page magazine, clearly printed on good stock, but does not have trimmed edges. Bi-monthly, 10¢ per copy.

WEIRD TALES - the latest addition to the Canadian fantasy section. It is a straight reprint of the American edition, though illustrations and cover are by a Canadian artist, Edmond Good. Thick, clearly printed on good stock, untrimmed edges. Will probably have a Canadian readers' section in the near future. Bi-monthly, 20¢ per copy.

FAN MAGAZINES

The following is a brief list of fanmags procurable by Canadian fans:

LIGHT - Canada's oldest fanmag. Latest issue is No 115! Until the March 1942 issue it was a hexazine issued free to correspondents of the editor Leslie A. Crouch. With the March issue it changed to a 14 page mimeo magazine, and turned subscription. It is newsworthy, informative contains material by all leading Canadian fans, numerous cartoons, good art work, and in general makes good reading. Monthly, 5¢ per copy. Can be obtained from Leslie A. Crouch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada.

FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST - this is an English fanzine, produced with difficulty due to paper shortage in England. Contains news of British fan activities, as well as news of Canadian fans overseas. It can be obtained from J. Michael Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrace, Chapeltown, Leeds 7, England, by exchange for Canadian fantasy magazines.

ZENITH - another English fanzine. This is procurable from Harry Turner, 41 Longford Place, Victoria Park, Manchester England. Bi-monthly, 2 for 25¢.

- More British Empire fanzines will be reviewed as received.... ed

(continued from page 14)

I'm afraid Miss Bovard has garbled the facts of several wonder machines and produced as a result this imaginary linguist machine. If such a machine did exist as described on page 16, I would like to see how it coped with the phonetically identical words that have utterly different meanings. No, the only such machine that I know of is the staffs of expert linguists such as keep listening watch on all radio broadcasts. F/Sgt. Foster A. L. (Can)R69542, R.C.A.F., Overseas, Attached R.A.F.

Thank for them good words Alf, now there's a rookie who knows his stuff, but now look who comes here now. That rank-est of greenhorns that ever blew. By the ringtailed wussite of Ganymede, it's taming fellows like this that makes me wish that old Cereian dribblepuss of an editor wouldn't fire me....

The silk screen cover was alightly daz zling (What only slightly?), but not from the artistic viewpoint(Well,I like that!) but from the technical side of the ledger The silk-screening along with the nice neat stenciling is quite impressive. Not that it matters any at all, but your screen that you use seems to be exactly the type used by Harry Turner. I can't find any like that in Columbia.

General impression from looking at the contents page: Fred Hurter Jr. and Barbara Bovard practically write the mag. Cheez, only Mason and Crouch blemish the otherwise monopolized contents page. And when I turn the page, the ads immediately tickled my fancy. No comments from Crouch please. The editor's blurb was well written.

"The Hero of the Spaceways" was humorous in spots, but alas and alack, the darn thing wasn't funny enough to be classed as humour, and wasn't enough of a story to be classed as fiction. Therefore I promptly dub it a thing and pass on to the next item.

"Martian Episode" shows the glaring faults of a beginning writer. Aw hell, you aren't a beginner, but golly, Fred, (where's my shot-gun) don't use so many adjectives. They're sprouting glaring at you from before and after each noun. Wool Nottoo bad on the whole tho.

I got a few chuckles from "Unscienti facts"; namely the first item and the stylused heading. Somebody left out the "N" in the "Unscientific"! (Yeah, I no. ye ed was the guilty party. Ron Smith

took sick just before CENSORED was due to come out, and ye ed had to do the heading himself- well, you know how the ed is at spelling. (So far you're the only person who seems to have noticed it) Minor calamity, however. No room for fuss and worry.

Consoling, ain't I? (yes, yes, but then why mention it in the first place?)

"He Was Poor But He Was Honest" rings true with a boofal title, a neat bit of writing, and is really humorous throughout.

"The Digger" presents some interesting facts. I presume that they are facts? (charming fellow isn't he) That's an interesting item about the sects with their queer beliefs. Interesting.

"Useless From Uranus" - A one way ticket to Uranus please. And I'm not going to use it.

Comments - Don't know what Miss Berke is arguing about, but my first impression of her from her letter is distinctly unfavourable. Pahaw to you, Jacqueline. My one flash of her may be summed up in phew words from her letter - "a ray of sunshine" Yeah, a ray of sunshine. To a sunburned citizen!

John Hollis Mason's story wasn't exceptionally bad, but O so melodramatic.

"Fourth Dimensional Mixup" was the best thing in the issue, although h Crouch's characterization is rather poor. (What can you expect, Crouch is a poor character himself) the motivation is weak, and the description imperfect in spots. Chyez, the plot could have done with a few shots of "Xeno" juice too. That's if you could get some away from that old space bum Major Jupiter) As for the character, Old Bat Judson, he's tremendously overdone. From those three words in the 2nd paragraph - "gl-ating, sneering, sarcastic!" - I knew that Lee was going astray. Then, that "rubbing his hands together with a rasp-ing sound, like old dry leather being rubbed against sandpaper" - these cinched it. 'Course there are spots and words throughout the story which overdo old fuzzybuddy's character. As for our fair hero, no tag did he have, nothing to remember him by. No mental picture of 'im.

A bag of money - revenge - old motivations, Lee, be original. 'Course you can't be entirely original, but don't be so hackish. Twist your plots a little,

(continued on page 26)

(continued from page 24)
make the motivation stronger.

Aw fudge. I now sit'down, as I have
spoken my piece about CENSORED.

- Harry Jenkins Jr, 2409 Santee Ave.
Columbia, S.C., U.S.A.

Well rookies I guess that'll be all
for today. The old Major is feeling
lowerer than a Jovian Isoworm - pass me
the Xeno - now that he has to turn back
to space bunning. Well, who knows, I
may soon find my old pal Sergeant Sat-
urn making the rounds with me. Solong!

(continued from page 7)

swept down.

A watcher who had waited ten thousand
years to loose destruction upon the in-
vaders from outer space, closed a firing
switch to release the rending power of
atomic energy.

Five brief efflorescences marked the
destruction of the frail machines. Then
an ear-splitting explosion shook the
plateau as the tower of the watcher was
caught in the expanding field of energy.

- finis -

- FOR MORE *



Elmer Squink was a hero, with shoulders so wide
The girls would gaze at him sighing, and sighed
For more.



He'd fought space battles from Venus to Saturn,
And then he would yell at the battle's last turn,
For more.

He would dance with Martians in deserts dry,
Chase whip-monsters in Venerian jungles, and cry
For more.

He'd been to Callisto, to Luna's dark side;
Sailed Jupiter's gaseous seas, and sighed
For more.

He would face death, no matter what form,
But quailed as his son yelled in accents warm,
For more.

Stories from his little stf. magazine
And Elmer Squink, inter-space hero was seen
No more.

Barbara Bovard.



Rimas españolas.....por jaqueto

F.H.

Fred Hurter es miembro de FanFicción,
En este te dará un buen lección;
Pero sus cuentas simpáticas
De cohetes automáticos
Te dararán un mal indigestión!

