

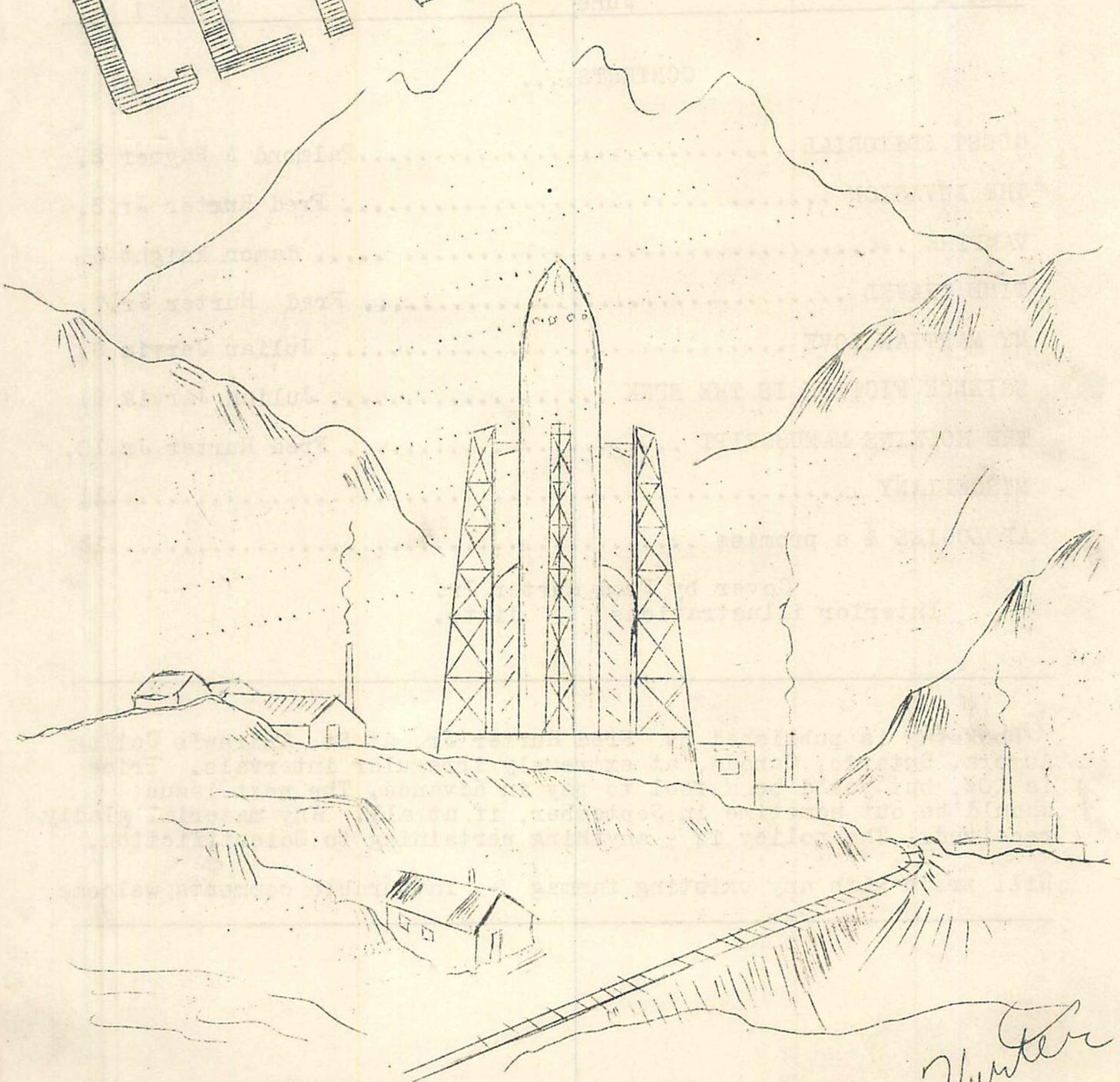
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FAPA

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PROGRESSIVE CENSURE



Hunter

GUEST EDITORIAL

My Dear Fans,

Your favourite editor (yeah, I can hear the snorts!) is doing Fred Hurter the honour of filling up some space with a friendly personal letter to you all. I always think that most stiff editors are rather cold and aloof. That's not my policy at all. I always remember that fans are just soft-hearted humans like the rest of us and a nice, informal, friendly chat is the very thing to win their affections.

Which brings me to what I want to talk to you about, my own little magazine, AMAZINGLY FANTASTIC STORIES. When way back in '36 AMAZINGLY FANTASTIC's circulation had dropped to 2, Biff - Zavis the owner was in tears. Yes, literally in tears. Then along came who do you think? Yes, your right, your own favourite editor. I'd been having a tough time during the last two years, with three nervous breakdowns. I only stuck to it for the cause of science-fiction. I wouldn't mention this, but some fans seem to think that my editing of AMAZINGLY FANTASTIC is not wholly disinterested. Well anyway, along I came. I said to Biff - Zavis, "If you let me edit AMAZINGLY FANTASTIC, I'll raise the circulation to 200". Yes, just like that. The poor man was overcome.

So there I was, editor of a science-fiction magazine with a circulation of 2. I shant go into all the details, how I slaved over corny stories for twenty-five hours a day, how passing fans spat into the office where I was working, how AMAZINGLY FANTASTIC's circulation perilously hovered on the brink of 1. I wont tell you about all that. What matters is that after months of almost unbelievable toil, AMAZINGLY FANTASTIC's, like Phobos on Mercury, suddenly burst over the horizon, a beacon light for every fan. Circulation sky-rocketed. Biff - Zavis, the tears in his eyes, watched the chart jump from 2 to 3, then with lightening rapidity to 4, 7, 10, 15, 21. Today it almost touches 175. Thus before I came, the circulation was a doubtful 2. After four years of my editorship, it has increased by the almost incredible figure of 173! Significant eh? But it still means hard work. Mine's no easy life let me tell you. But as a result, I have earned a reputation (you said it bud!) among you fans of which I am justly proud.

I can hear little Freddie here wondering when I'm going to finish, so I'll just finish by recommending AMAZINGLY FANTASTIC STORIES, for the strangest sensation of your life, sorry, lives

Your old pal

Palmond A. Raymer

Early on the 178th. day the rocket roared into the thin atmosphere of Mars. The steel shutters# were in place over the ports I now had to rely wholly on my instruments for the next few hours until the speed had decreased sufficiently. Every few moments the brake rockets sunk in the nose, would roar into life; the utter silence, broken only by the regular tick of the chronometer, and the faint whir of the air-conditioning unit. Then the dull pounding thunder of the brake rockets again. The deep silence of the intervals and the tiny brightly lit metal cabin played on my imagination. I seemed to be plunging down an endless abyss in a tiny metal coffin. I glanced nervously at the sweeping bank of instruments - speed 2.65 miles per second; altitude 90.3 miles. For seemingly endless hours I sat at the controls, until at last the instruments registered - speed 2000 miles per hour; altitude 1 mile. Setting the controls to maintain that speed and altitude, I opened the shutters.

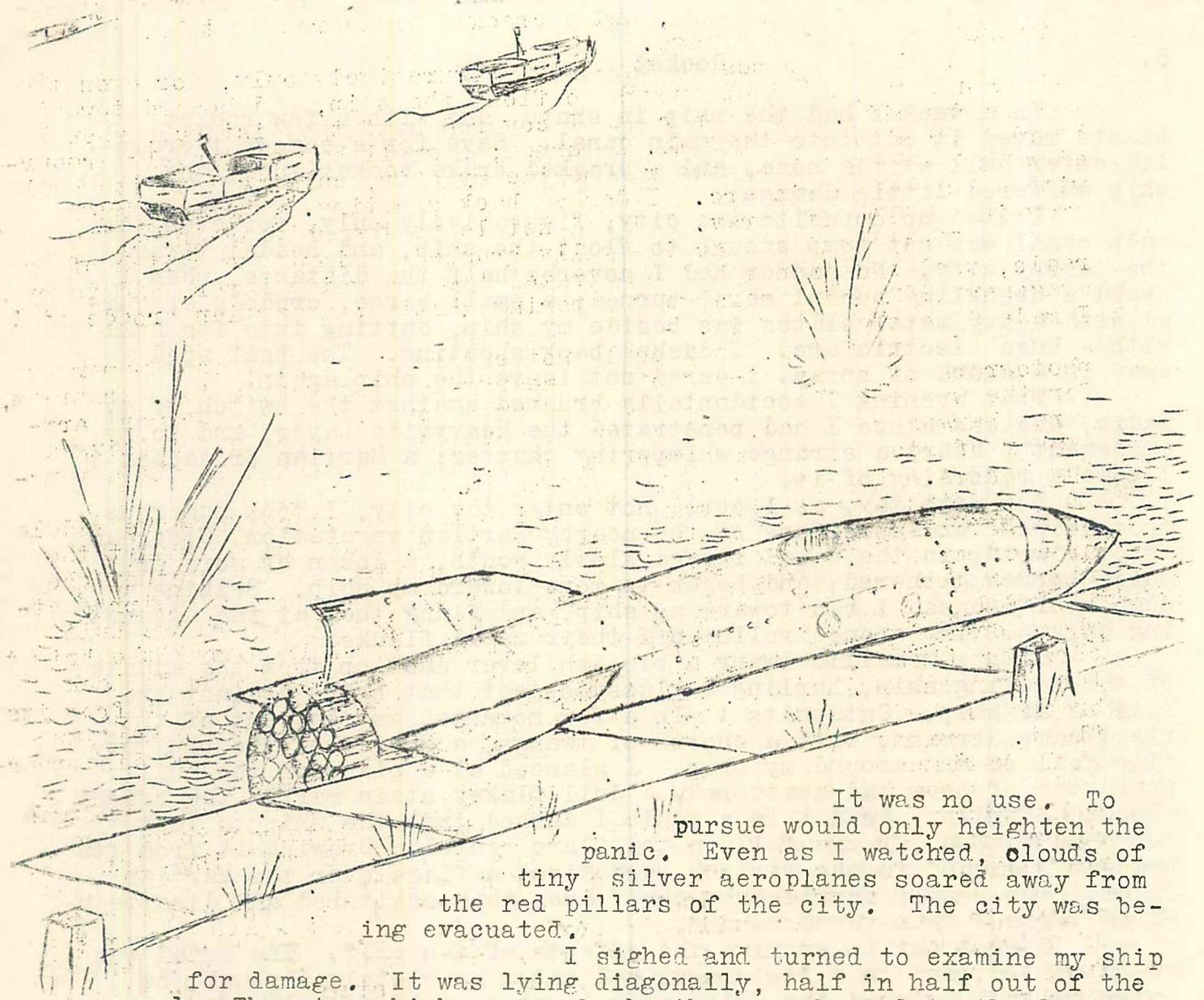
Dawn was breaking over Mars. The small bright disk of the sun rose slowly from the barren rusty plain into an indigo sky. Below me stretched a luxuriant green band, along the center of which ran a canal, its waters flashing in the rays of the rising sun, so that it looked like a band of silver. Smaller silver bands and threads branched from the central strip and spread throughout the green background. At almost mathematical intervals along the main canal rose the slender red spires of cities! I could hardly control my excitement. Cities, civilization! Here was something for those sceptics back on Earth.

I prepared to land. Livid flame belched from the nose and keel rockets. The ship slowly settled Marsward on its cushion of flame, if 500 miles per hour can be called slow. The ship struck ground several miles from one of the cities; shuddered; and ricocheted upward, leaving an incinerated depression. It struck again ploughing a long flame-seared groove through the dense vegetation. The ship rocked and swayed and vibrated its way across the Martian fields; clouds of steam shot up obscuring all vision whenever the ship bounced across or ploughed through a small irrigation canal. It finally came to rest about a half mile from the city, its nose resting against the shattered retaining wall of one of the larger transverse canals.

I pulled my aching body together and climbed into a heavy fur-lined leather suit, equipped with an oxygen helmet. Just as I was about to step into the airlock, I noticed a crowd of small furry monkey-like creatures, gesticulating and dashing about excitedly, on both sides of the canal. The builders of the cities! Eager to make their acquaintance, I hurried into the air-lock, closed the inner door, and opened the outer. As I moved to the lip of the circular opening, a dead silence fell; all movement ceased. Then a high faint whimper filled the air, and over half the crowd fled in obvious panic. I raised my arm in the universal sign of peace; the rest fled with even greater speed.

"Hey wait", I shouted, jumping to the nearer bank, "I'm a friend"!

(# shutters are used over the windows, to protect them from the heat caused by the wind resistance- Ed.)
(for the stupid only)



It was no use. To pursue would only heighten the panic. Even as I watched, clouds of tiny silver aeroplanes soared away from the red pillars of the city. The city was being evacuated.

I sighed and turned to examine my ship for damage. It was lying diagonally, half in half out of the canal. The stern high on one bank; the nose buried in the debris of the retaining wall of the canal. With luck, I should be able to shift the stern of the ship with the powerful jacks, that I had with me, so that the ship would rest lengthwise on its retractable skids in the canal. I could then rocket it to the main canal from which I should be able to take off. I set to work immediately, suppressing my desire for exploration. Late in the afternoon a small group of "Marians" came hesitantly toward me, through the dense rhubarb-like vegetation, and pointed tiny metal rods at me. For a few moments my skin tingled as from electricity. The group turned and fled.

The next day as I was removing the rubbish from the nose of my ship, a small, large-winged aeroplane swooped down on me silently; blue flame flashing from a thick rod in its streamlined nose. I felt a stiff jolt of electricity strike me. Annoyed I hurled a fist sized stone at the machine as it swung round and came at me again. The stone pierced the thin metal of one wing; the machine departed rapidly. How it was propelled is a mystery. It was completely silent, and had no airscrews#

(# as everyone already knows, airscrew is the English term for propellor.

I prefer to use it, since it is a more accurate description - Ed.)

In a week I had the ship in shape, and with a few rocket blasts moved it out into the main canal. Save for a somewhat crumpled outer hull at the nose, and a cracked brake rocket tube, the ship suffered little damage.

I tied up opposite the city, figuratively only, for even the main canal was not deep enough to float the ship, and headed toward the nearby city. No sooner had I covered half the distance, when I heard a crackling behind me. I turned; a small barge, crudely armoured with heavy metal plates was beside my ship, cutting into its hull with a huge electric arc. I dashed back shouting. The boat sped away in a cloud of spray. I dared not leave the ship again.

That evening I accidentally brushed against the switch of my radio, useless since I had penetrated the Heavyside Layer, and to my amazement I heard a strange whimpering chatter; a Martian broadcast! I made a recording of it.

The next day, as I could not enter the city, I took numerous photographs, and specimens of the nearby Martian vegetation. Upstream, for the water in the canal flowed slowly south, a dozen or more armoured barges gathered, and began to move toward my ship. Seizing a number of stones, I ran toward my ship, and flung them at the advancing barges. The stones rolled off their metal flanks.

With a metallic twang a blueish lever shot up from the middle of the leading ship, hurling a glassy object that broke against the side of my ship. Catapults! In a few moments, as the rest of the fleet came abreast, with a chorus of twangs, a shower of the projectiles fell on and around my ship. I glanced at a place on the hull where one of them had shattered. A dull flakey stain marred the bright chromium finish. Acid! In a panic I dashed into the ship to look for some weapon. My eye fell on the flare pistol. Drawing it from its bracket I dashed to the airlock, and fired a flare over the Martian fleet. Apparently startled by the flare, they scattered and disappeared in various transverse canals.

I went out to examine the effects of the acid. The metal was badly pitted, and in a few cases, had eaten completely through the outer hull. I patched the holes as well as I could with the tiny welding unit that was part of the ship's equipment.

I determined to leave as soon as possible, though I had intended to stay on Mars till the next opposition. I found, after hours of calculation, that due to Mars' weak gravity I would have enough fuel to make the trip back, even though the distance at this time was over twice that I had made provision for.

In a few hours the ship was ready to leave. I pressed the firing key. The rockets thundered into life, and the ship began to move along the canal, accelerating every second. Faster and faster till the ship shot up into and out of the atmosphere.

Eight months later I reached Earth, and made a somewhat warm landing in the Atlantic. The crumpled nose, and my welded patches caused just enough skin friction to make it decidedly uncomfortable.

(# Mars and the Earth revolve around the Sun, and when they are opposite one another, known as an opposition, the distance is, strange to say, shorter!

Mars is smaller than the Earth and thus has a weaker gravity- Ed.)

I handed my photographs, specimens, and the recording to a special scientific committee, formed to study my discoveries. In two years time they succeeded in translating the recording, as follows -

".....nd don't forget the name; Retarc's little liver pills, and now for the news - ! The Sawanga government has finally lifted the censorship on the happenings in the Talbazan area. The worst predictions of the science fiction authors has come true. Mars is being invaded by Terrestrial monsters ! A week ago the Terrestrial Meteor (so called because it approached Mars from the general direction of Terra) which had attracted the attention of the leading astronomers, fell near the eleventh city of the Ranlak Canal. When the inhabitants of city 11.R. reached the spot, where the "meteor" had come to rest, they found that it was not a meteor, but a bright metal cylinder of gigantic dimensions. A space-ship from Terra ! In a few moments a large circular disk in the side of the cylinder swung aside, and the most horrible monster imaginable slithered out of the opening. Reports state that it is over ten times the size of a Martian ! It is also reported as having a horrible tubular nose, that curled 'round to a disgusting hump on its back. A few go so far as to say that it had flat glassy eyes, and baggy brown hairless skin ! An attempt was made to kill the repulsive creature by the Weda police, but the powerful electroguns had no effect on it. A combat ship of the Weda air-police was sent against the bald mountain of flesh. The Terrestrial plucked up a boulder almost as big as himself, and hurled it with tremendous power at the airsled, almost completely demolishing it. The government asks that the people carry on as usual, and states that there is no immediate danger; that the terrible situation is well in hand. Even now a fleet of heavily armoured canal barges is being fitted with a new type of non-electrical weapon. I repeat again; carry on as usual; there is no immediate danger. If you feel nervous, try Retarc's little liver pills. They sooth yo.....

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VAMPIRE

That night we searched, my friend and I, for haunts
 In ruined halls where eery moonlight fell
 In patterns on the floor. We spoke of hell
 And spirits jerringly; so rose our taunts
 In voices over-loud; and so our vaunts
 Resounded, muffled, hollow, from the well
 Of blackness 'round. And yet we could not tell
 Why we had come: to sate what hidden wants...

We raised the cellar's ancient, dusty door,
 And felt upon our cheeks a breath so wet,
 So dank and cold, we knew a sudden fright;
 But pressed at last ahead. I took the fore,
 Then turned and saw my friend's dark silhouette
 Against the moon. His teeth were gleaming white !

.. demon knight

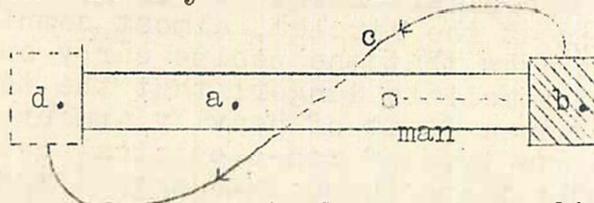
TIME - TRAVEL

"Time-travel", stated the Sceptic bluntly, "The bodily transference of a person in an unchanged condition from one era to another is impossible."

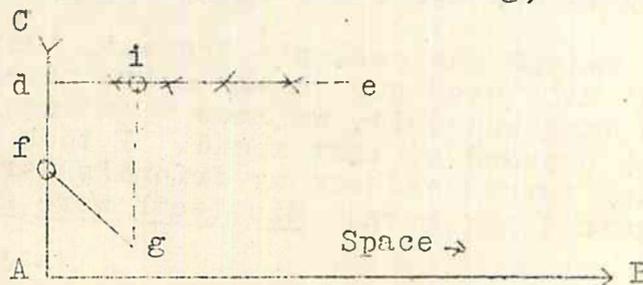
"But why?" asked the Scientifictionist. "After all, time is but another dimension, the so called fourth; and if we are able to travel in three, why not in four?"

"If you could travel into the past, your body would disintegrate into the various molecules that formed your body at that time. You cannot be in two places in Time, any more than you can be in two places in Space.

"Ah, but would you be in two places at the same moment. If you were snapped back into the sixteenth century by a time-machine, you would no longer be in 1941, and thus not in two places. Here; look. Let me represent the progress of Time by a man walking at a fixed rate along a sidewalk (a). The time-machine is represented by a very wide vehicle (b) open at both ends. As the man walks into the vehicle, it rapidly moves in the curve (c) so that by the time the man has walked the length of the vehicle, it is in position (d). The man walks out of the vehicle onto the sidewalk still at the same fixed rate, but note that he will have moved backwards. Thus time-travel becomes merely a case of relative velocities."



"Now let me make my point clearer by a diagram", said the Sceptic with a confident smile. "Let the line AB represent Space, and the line AC, Time. The line d.e represents the distant past, and the 'x's the molecules existing at that time, which now compose my body. "f" represents me, in one piece, in the present, and the line f.g. my course in Space-Time. Now supposing I suddenly decide to travel into the past, and go along the line g.i. to the distant past; what would happen? Remember, that in the present, my body is in one piece, that is, it is composed of and contains all the molecules scattered about in the distant past. (for simplicity only four are shown). Now, if I remained in an unchanged state, when I arrive at d.e. I would find that there would be two of me; one in one piece, and the other four. Either I would exist in two places at the same time, or I would have created matter from nothing; both of them equally absurd.



MY MARTIAN LOVE

Who would sing my Glooga's charms ?
 She is of snupkin's hue
 Pale pink-purple are her limbs
 Mottled with a greenish-blue.

Her flowing arms, with ten round joints
 Knobby as the Bokuntill,
 Join her body, slender, long,
 Green as purest chlorophyll.

Her nine white eyes with tenderness
 And aching longing on me gaze
 From their trembling, hairy stalks
 Filling the Earthmen with amaze,

While her slimy, slimy legs,
 Slimy as our dark green seas
 Intertwine with mine, the while
 We slap each other's bony knees.

How I love her ! Ninety years
 Have I loved her sinuous arms,
 And her bristly purple hair.
 Who would sing my Glooga's charms ?

- J.Jarvis

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Ask the Fan ~~Who Owns One~~ !

.....There aren't many, we admit, because we only printed
 70-odd copies of the first issue. But SNIDE #2 is now out,
 120 of it, with this lineup:

An Open Letter, by Liverpoolian Ron Holmes
 Tale of The Mangled ~~on~~ vritch, by Ray Bradbury
 Call for Captain Past ! by Gerrod delaGaetz
 Via Sweepstakes, by Gordon A. Gillicutty
 Daisies Will Tell, by Barbara Bovard
 Aberration, by Doc Lownes & Dick Wilson
 and departments and features as usual, in-
 cluding a cover that will knock your eye out.

Figuratively, of course.

Hustle your dime (not figurative) to
 damon knight, 679 n. cottage street, salem, oregon, usa.

Snide

SCIENCE-FICTION IS THE BUNK

In recent years, there has grown up a despicable form of literature known as "Science-Fiction". It consists of stories having as their background the marvels of science in years to come. This in itself is degenerate; science-fiction is escapist literature, in which the problems of to-day are shelved to make way for a dreamland of wishful thinking. Thus it is a drug; it has the same mental effects as morphia has physical.

But the uses to which it has been perverted are yet more degrading. It has become a vehicle for cheap sentiment. Its adventures, under their thin veneer of science, in the form of rocket ships, ray-guns, etc., are seen to be nothing but disguised "Western Stories". Sex appears in profusion; on every cover appears a woman in a striking posture; the few clothes that she wears can only aptly be described as revealing. Demented fans, with their tongues hanging out, see these on newsstands, snatch them up, pay without waiting for the change, rush home to peruse the story depicted, and, to their great disappointment, find that the incident so vividly portrayed on the cover, does not take place within.

What stage these poor creatures have attained is shown by the appearance of advertisements by the Rosicrucians telling of the hidden power within you, only to be brought to the fore by paying the Rosicrucians five dollars. These advertisements appear regularly in all science-fiction magazines, and the fans fill in the coupons with trembling haste.

But, you will say, I am forgetting the real fans. Ah, yes! Those high, mighty, and most puissant fans, whose very name causes Ziff-Davis, and all his fellows to tremble. They form themselves into powerful cliques, able to make or break any professional magazine. They issue fan mags of their own, full of profoundly significant stories and articles. They print neat stickers to be stuck. They correspond with each other so that they can stick stickers on their letters wherever the address and stamp isn't. If they haven't enough letters to stick them upon, they stick them on their books, or even on the walls. I know of one fan who decided to be different, and stick stickers on the ceiling. He can't stand up in his room now.

And how much better to be a science-fiction fan than a poor scientist working in a dull laboratory! He, poor fellow, spends his life doing work of the most elementary description, whereas, if one is a fan, one can start right away by refuting Einstein. One lives centuries ahead of one's time.

We poor mortals can only gaze with wonder at these Supermen supplanting us. We can never hope to attain their colossal mental power. All we can hope for is that one day we may have the glory, the ecstasy, of sticking to a letter just one sticker!

Oh to be a science-fiction fan!!

THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT

R.C. Sherriff

The Hopkins Manuscript is a typical example of the attempt of an author, fairly good in his own line, to write scientific fiction. The author apparently glanced hurriedly through an Astronomy text book, and proceeded to write the story. The Astronomical errors are almost innumerable. The author even goes so far as to confuse Astrology with Astronomy.

The story is that of a man by the name of Hopkins, who raises prize chickens. He is a member of the British Lunar Society, though how he managed to wangle into that organization, I don't know, as he doesn't know the first thing about the Moon. However, the rest of that noble Society knew little more. A series of atmospheric phenomena, which could not have the slightest connection with the Moon, cause the aforesaid Society to investigate its behaviour. To their amazement, and probably that of every sensible reader of the book, the Moon is found to be approaching the Earth; a thing it will not do for several million years, unless its orbit is upset by some other body (None is mentioned in the story) All sorts of ridiculous suggestions are made as to the reason of the Moon's eccentric habits. Among them the suggestion that radio and wireless transmission affected the Moon. Even ignoring the fact that radio transmission does not penetrate the Heavyside layer, the statement is hardly creditable to a five year old. If as large a body as the Moon could be shifted by radio waves, it is a wonder all the houses here on Earth were not knocked down long ago. The story then goes on to tell of Hopkins' great courage in awaiting the impending doom; how he exchanged his railway stock for shares in a pottery plant (because he thought a lot of dishes would be broken when the Moon struck the Earth, and thus would do a rushing business) and how one of his chickens won another first prize. Chickens and Astronomy; what a combination. The people dig shelters to escape the impact of the Moon. Shelters that could with luck perhaps stop a 500 lb. bomb.

At last after many melodramatic scenes the day when the Moon is to strike arrives. Our somewhat inane friend Hopkins decides to stay in his house rather than the shelter. The Moon hits in the Atlantic, and collapses like a punctured balloon, to form a new continent. Beside a minor tidal wave (it's a wonder the author thought of that) and a few trees blown down, there is little damage done. Truly amazing, considering that a meteor only a few feet in diameter, which fell in Siberia in 1908, blew all the forest for thirty miles around flat, and knocked a man down 50 miles away. Anyway the Moon would never strike the Earth in one piece. It is calculated that the strain put upon it by the Earth's gravity would cause it to break up before it came within ten thousand miles of the Earth.

Well, after the Moon episode, Hopkins and his chickens move to the fore again, while the country rapidly reorganizes. After several months the discovery is made that the Moon, or what's left of the Moon, is rich in minerals, (Which is not so surprising as the author would have us believe, since it is

11.

Rocket

doubtfull wheter anyone has done any extensive mining on the Moon as yet) The various countries of Europe in their characteristic way begin to fight over the Lunar wealth. Whereupon civilization makes it's much predicted fall. Ah, how sad.

If you don't know a thing about Astronomy, and are pretty gullible, or just plain "dull", why then "The Hopkins Manuscript" is just the thing for you. I find it doesn't even make a good paper-weight.

- Fred Hurter Jr.

MISCELLANY

Reports have it that this is the first Canadian fanmag. However I'm not going to stick my neck out by blurbing it all over the place only to find it incorrect.

With the ban on pulp mags, Canadian fandom has practically ceased to exist, if it ever did. I haven't heard a thing from the Ontario Science Fictioneers for over a half year. The club president Ted White is in the Army Medical Corps.

There is a Canadian fantasy magazine out now, "UNCANNY TALES" of the blood and horror type. No departments, just seven lousy stories, with illustrations to match, but strange to say, with trimmed edges and a good grade of paper.

Why doesn't someone compile a catalogue for fantasy magazine collector, along the line of the Standard Postage Stamp catalogues?

Censored, will be probably be issued once every four or five months, depending on the amount of available material, and will go through FAPA at least once a year.

Endless blackness endless night, great spheres of fire, blinding light

DON'T MISS IT !

The next issue of CENSORED.

Fourteen pages of corn

....with great stories and articles by Fred Hurter and Julian Jarvis and Fred Hurter and Julian Jarvis and many others. An all star issue illustrated by that novice at the stencil, Fred Hurter !, and with a guest editorial by none other than the old favourite Tremblin Orman, editor of METEOR. We warn you. The supply will probably be greater than the demand, so order yours early. Only one thin dime.

APOLOGIES - to the sucker dumb enuf to buy a copy of this mag.

..... For the mess occupying the place of the cover. Sad to say, I found out, after I had run off the cover, that a certain Walt Daugherty already was publishing a mag by the name of "ROCKET". I might have known that such an unoriginal title would have been gobbled up long ago. Put the blame on my ignorance - never heard of Waltz "Rocket". Seeing that it took ten years for AMAZING's aroma to penetrate these woods, it is not too spectacular that I did not know of such an obscure publication as "Rocket". So.....wishing to avoid confusion and direct the stampede for this mag in the wrong direction, and acknowledging Waltz priority rights, we have that beautiful surcharge smeared across the cover, which I think will remain as its permanent title, as I am too lazy to think up another. Of course, residing at a Scotch College, I couldn't bear to tear up the original covers.

..... For the so called "drawing" gracing the cover. This being only my third attempt to draw on a mimeograph stencil, (I cut the first two to ribbons) I didn't know that it was possible to shade mimeo drawings. I nearly went madder than I am trying to figure out how in Klono the Moonrakers Press (plug for "Sweetness & Light") were able to shade their excellent cover on the Spring issue of MICROS (another plug) However I received the information from snide knight (plug for "snide - the thud & blunder magazine) in time to do the interior illustration, only to find it didn't work as he said it would. Hmmmmm. Could it be sabotage ?

..... For the typographical errors occuring on page two. These happened before I learned that there was some goo that could be smeared over the stencil to fill up the mistakes. I promise there will be no more typographical errors so long as the goo lasts. Live and learn, live and learn.....

..... For the material in this mag contributed by one Fred Hurter Jr. The chief reason that I published this mag, was to force upon the world of science-fiction, the stories rejected by all those cruel and undiscerning pro editors. By now you probably know the reason. Andhaving few contacts in fandom, and being isolated way up here, I have had little or no chance of getting outside material. And being in a great hurry to get the zine finished I had to use whatever I could.

I PROMISE - to have better material, better typographing, better composition, and better illustrations in the next issue.

until then
adios

Fred Hurter

