

DIAB'

DIARY

DIAB

C O N T E N T S

a r t i c l e s :

Revelations. M J Nuttall	10
Sniff 'Em Right Eddie Price	14
Music Hath Charms Harry Warner Jr	32
Romance in Science Fiction. Ray Karden	36
Farnsworth Wright Eddie Price	42
Ten Years Eddie Clinton	44

o f f - t r a i l :

Out of the Fornch Walt Liebscher	24
Addlebert's Last Errand Graph Waldeyer	26
Fentasia Maliano	39

s a t i r e :

Psychopathia Smokualis Richard von Kraft-Yerke	4
Asha Khan Fred Shroyer	18
Shaddemus Foursite & the Alien Woman. Yar Nedrak	20
Renaissance in the Fruitcake - or - She was only a Three Credit Girl George Ebey	55

p o e t r y :

Sea-Side Ruins Banks Mebane	9
Sea-Hag James Russell Gray	29
An - er - Phantasy Ben King	35
Lake Fantasy George Ebey	41
more about willie lazarus	43

.....

DIABLERIE is published 5 times a year sometimes by willie watson, 1299 California Street, San Francisco 9, California. He isn't responsible for stuff in his magazine, as usual.

PSYCHOPATHIA SMOKUALIS

something - well - a trifle different than the average phan hack

I AM HIGHLY INDEBTED FOR THE FOLLOWING DATA TO THE REKNOWNED Dr Amos T Thackerberry, whose astounding research into the perverse behaviour of a large number of neurotic smokers & drinkers has opened an entire new field in the already diverse pursuits of psychology. Through Dr Thackerberry's work I hope to pave the way towards a quick method of dealing with these pathetic individuals, restoring them to a healthy, normal approach to the habit of smoking.

The satisfaction of the smoke urge should be gratified in all normal young males shortly after the age of sixteen, & in females, after eighteen. While pre-adolescent & pubescent associations with drinking and smoking may form a basis of treatment in the neurotic smoker, the normal child is not influenced by any such contact. During the period of infancy the baby is apt to confuse his father's pipe with the puddy pan, & smoke itself may be regarded as the same thing, whether coming from a cigar or an auto exhaust. Therefore, the normal child passes such contacts by, and they may be presumed to have no effect on the formation of his smoking habits.

Smoking perversions fall into several categories: fetishism, sadism, masochism, symbolism, and hysteria. The patient's normal approach to smoking has usually at some time been violently warped, most often through an accidental encounter with tobacco in one or its more repulsive forms. From this occasion, the weak nature of the patient's neurological system never successfully recovers.

Normal persons, though at first inclined to dawdle through the "feel & look" stage of the smoke habit, a period during which they pay unusual attention to pinching their tobacco pouches, kneading the leaves, or with cigarettes, gazing in rapture at the naked white body of the cigarette, usually transfer their nicotinic libido to the direct satisfaction of the urge .. that of smoking & inhaling. As familiarity with

tobacco increases, less & less attention is paid to the coquetry of opening the package, and the other preliminaries indulged in by the amateur. However, most of our smoking neurotics fail to pass this stage satisfactorily & to obtain at length an amicable relation between tobacco & the urge.

CASE 1: J F was one of the 1st patients to be brought to Dr Thackerberry's attention. At the time of his detection, J F was a nervous wreck, haggard & red-rimmed about the eyes. He was sown to about 95 pounds and had a marked twitch of the lower lip. After consultation he confessed that er osfen to-baggo afmulf veund, patlahi apasf fali inteiditfeuss af mul-hfu sos, sma lahi neves tnolin' in nalin beuf.

This is a classic example of the tobacco hysteric. The patient was obsessed with a violent, uncontrollable urge to smoke, yet the idea of physical contact with a cigarette or cigar was repulsive and nauseous. As an outlet for the uncontrollable libido, he was addicted to the following procedure:

Purchasing a pack of his favorite cigarettes he made his way to the small garret where he was in the habit of seating himself luxuriously in a large easy chair. Then, with infinite patience, deliberation, and fastidiousness, he slowly slit open the cellophane covering, & with equal skill, the tin foil. This he confessed gave him an intense emotional thrill, during which he envisioned large men's clubrooms with successful business and professional men merrily smoking endless quantities of cigars. To strengthen this rapturous impression, J F slowly removed each cigarette from the package, dangling it for a moment sensuously before his eyes. Then he indifferently tossed it aside, turning to the next cigarette. When at last the pack was empty, the illusions of the smokers ceased, & J F, weak and haggard, succumbed to a deep, troubled slumber, to awake in the morning with a burning headache & the remains of his night's debauchery scattered about his small living quarters.

Dr Thackerberry, coupling this strange contrast of erotic visions and physical revulsion, ascertained after extended questioning that J F, as a child, had had the misfortune to mistake a box of cigarettes for peppermint candy, and on eating them, regurgitated the substance. The similarity of his distressed cigarette tobacco and stools became a fixation

the lad, thus accounting for his split-desire frustration.

Though not as yet smoking, J F is reported well on the way to recovery as Dr Thackerberry recommended Julep Cigarettes, a sort of pepperminty-flavored brand. It is hoped that after J F takes apart a few cases of them, he will be overpowered by their resemblance to candy & finally break down & smoke a package. After that, the perversion will be mastered.

CASE 2: More difficult to cure is the symbolism-fixation, as demonstrated in the unfortunate M L. This poor man claimed violent constipation when forced to look on a cigar. Violently addicted to laxatives and cathartics, M L's digestive system was rapidly approaching a state of complete chaos. Having had the first bowel movement in weeks, he would walk relievedly down the boulevard, only to encounter a man lighting a cigar. Immediately, M L was seized with violent nausea, stomach cramps, and attacks of flatulence. Through this perverted approach to the cigar question, the unfortunate man had lost many a profitable business association & contact. On more than one occasion he was reported to have fled screaming from the room when a client "lit up".

Dr Thackerberry's clever questioning brought this interesting fact to light: while seated on the toilet, M L was constantly obsessed with visions of huge, dripping cigars floating before him. Immediately his bowels became paralyzed & he was often driven to stand up and look into the bowl to convince himself it was not clogged with wet, staining, stogies. Naturally this attack of constipation would render immediate movement impossible, and until such movement was possible, M L had the feeling that even his intestines were full of bloated panatellas. The sight of another person holding a cigar to his mouth was therefore more than one mind could stand.

M L was cured by the ingenious Dr Thackerberry's inventing a fluid which would immediately dissolve all tobacco products finding their way into M L's digestive tract. Dr Thackerberry demonstrated the solution, which was nothing more than colored water, on a cigar made of Alka-Seltzer powder painted over with brown food tint. This fanciful demonstration completely convinced the patient, who is now reported on the road to complete recovery.

CASE 3: Feelings of inferiority often figure in smoke perverts. This leads to fetishism & frustration in later life. A young man who had been hit with an out-of-control tea-cart during a garden party while he was but five years of age, was disfigured with a lower receding jaw. When he enrolled at Oxford he wished to take up the pipe in emulation of his colleagues, but discovered that he was unable to control equilibrium of the pipe bit because of his malformity. After numerous disastrous attempts, during which the pipe capsized several times, spilling tobacco embers on his vest & imperiling his life, O McJ developed a marked inferiority complex when confronted with other persons who were contentedly smoking.

This inability to handle the pipe did not, however, kill his love for smoke. On the contrary, it naturally increased it, and so led to a frustrated condition. O McJ was several times beat over the head by irate classmen at the Oxford club because he persisted in sitt'g n e a r one or another pipe smoker, occasionally leaning over coyly, endeavoring to suck in as much vicarious smoke as possible. As this could be interpreted for a well-known homosexual practice, he was eventually obliged to leave Oxford.

Social ostracism only increased his mad desire for tobacco smoke. Obtaining a brazier from an iron monger, he installed same in his private room, and then piled quantities of tobacco on it. He next procured some large chemical bell-glasses from an apothecary and attempted to bottle the clouds of smoke as they drifted forth. These smoke-filled bottles he would take to bed with him, sniffing them for hours in the wildest ecstasy.

An abrupt end to this escape occurred one night when some unusually moist tobacco began to pop and crackle so lustily on the brazier that sparks showered into the curtains and table linens. A severe fire was the result. After this debacle O McJ was last heard of working for the Municipal Incineratory, where he had forced himself to enjoy the smoke from burning paper, preferably the Sunday supplement of La Revue des Deux Mondes, a paper noted for its fine burning qualities.



~ MARWADE OUTALL ~

SEA-SIDE RUINS

The towers and the spires that sought the sun,
And raised their alabaster fingers high
In supplication to the sunset sky
Have faced the years - and toppled, one by one.
The silver and the golden filigree
Of vases placed within the tombs of kings
Has drossed, and through the silence only rings
The pounding of the ancient, seeking sea.

In night, the silent mist-forms move and writhe
Through fallen masonry and shattered stones;
They rise and fall and drift - forever strive
To raise again the towers and the bones
Of dead who wait the coming of the sea,
The coming of the patient mother sea.

... Banks Mebane

REVELATIONS

ah .. little did the Goldstone
realize that this would happen ..

.. AND I SAY UNTO YOU, BROTHER FEN, THAT T H I S ROCK WHICH knocketh the unripened fruits from the tree of fandom must be banished! These doubts about the sanity and usefulness of fans must be forever stilled in the flowing waters of purpose that sweep us with slow but certain tide towards accomplishment ..

For articles like Lou Goldstone's are such potent rock! His detached viewpoint, it seems, proves he would be a stray from the fan-fold, with viewpoint purely earthbound .. yet he cannot escape us - so he calls us narcotics for our lure, & bewails the so-called wastage of his energies.

Your very vocation, Lou, denies it. You are a news-reporter, maturing in your views towards the more settled things of life - but - would you do so well as a reporter if you hadn't the journalistic training & experience in writing that fandom urged you to? More trite question - would you have ever become a reporter if you hadn't been active in fandom? Or would you have slipped into some other kind of work, not involving writing, and been always one of those frustrated fellows who has the Great Novel tucked away in the back of his head, but neither the fluency that constant writing gives, nor the confidence in yourself as an author, to even start .. Fandom is the start to self-expression, you'll have to realize!

It is an astounding fact that fandom itself seems so unaware of its very ingredients: the wealth of raw talent struggling to rise above the commonplace. Every letter writer, no matter how simple his style, is striving for self-expression. Every fan who gazes on, appreciates, and criticizes the illustrations he sees (out of full sincerity, not just the current fad, of course) undoubtedly doodles with more or less skill, and dreams of the days when he can out-Bok Bok, as Bok should be out-Boked! And there are appren-

tice editors too ..

You go back on the very opinion you expressed as your belief: creative activity (& I fully agree with emphasis) .. when you call newspaper work - the mere detailing of events, after all, isn't it? - creative .. but it is practice! I envy the opportunity of steady writing, whereby one achieves fluency, but .. you'll have to go on from there to arrive at the creative! Fandom consists of diamonds in the rough (reservations, true) & whatever way we go about the cutting and the polishing, it is up to us, as long as we keep on polishing ..

So much for the journalistic & artistic & editorially inclined - & on to something deeper in its searchings ..

Lou: the fuzzy feeling of which you speak ..
the snobbery .. the irritation at yourself
for looking for something you never find ..
the frustrations you feel ..
(call yourself neurotic, all of us
neurotic, if you will,
yet - define the word!)

True, we are out of the ordinary -
and sometimes happy therefrom -
still - would you change it
for the stolid mind of the stable,
solid citizen thus proved?

.. Not I!

Poe, whose work endures,
was hopelessly lost in his poppy-dreams,
and he knew no science fiction, Lou -
nor did the "deep-in-wine" Khayyam,
who "on the throne of Saturn sat"
- nor did the authors who through
the centuries wrote dreams which endured
while mere history was obscured in fiction ..
even the bible is more fantasy than truth,
furnishing us wonder as well as advice,
why else then, the Revelations?

It was meant to be so!

Don't blame it on science fiction
then, nor fantasy.

that so many of us in this age are aware
of inspirations beyond our power to fulfill; of aspirations
beyond our grasp; of literary hungers
beyond the skill of words to express or satisfy ..

It was always so - and probably always will be -
no good to rail at life
nor deride any stimulation it momentarily furnishes ..
it's the unsolvable problem of the universe ..
this hunger ..

And our narcotic - stf or fantasy
approaches psychologically the nearest escape -
the most expression of the inexpressible -
salve for the unlickable wound of unattainability -
its fascination lies in the fact
(as I speak of its ideals -
and not just the hack!)
that it reaches out more than any other literature
for the Utopia man has always dreamed -
the perception, perfection, conception
and strange beauty he longs for ..

Small wonder so many of us feel inspired merely with the
thought of it in our mind - a chance combination of words,
combination you cannot find elsewhere on earth, alas,
sets us dreaming the dreams of the future,
the elsewhere - appeals to the eternal pioneer in us - to
think that blending with these stars or very earth are
strange shores and new, entirely new dimensions to explore -
such possibilities, with their myriads
of difference - incredible differences -
red bloods out thoughts with new vigors
and fresh inspirations .. give us the moon
and the stars in daydreams to trample ruthlessly
for such brief spells - and too, it seems
to hold a clue somehow, more than anything else,
to that Lost Chord we never find on earth ..

WEIRD TALES INDEX

READY IN ONE MONTH

65 PAGES

WITH SUPPLEMENTARY ARTICLES
from -

L C SMITH

475-A EAGLE AVE.

ALAMEDA, CALIF.

ONLY 25¢ THE COPY

SMIFF 'EM RIGHT

all the boys will agree: there is
nothing like a snort o' brandy!

BRANDY IS A SPIRIT DISTILLED FROM WINE, FRUIT MASH, OR FER-mented fruit juices; according to federal law, the term, un-qualified, may only be applied to a distillate of grape pro-ducts. If any other fruit is used, its name must be plain-ly & clearly included in the label.

Contrary to popular opinion, brandy is not any more intox-icating than is any other spirit of like proof, although the cheaper brandies are inclined to have a fiery taste which suggests a terrific wallop. The outstanding difference be-tween bran & other spirits, aside from its distinctive bo-quet, is its powerfully stimulating effect on the heart, al-though some authorities assert that rum equals or exceeds brandy in that respect. I must emphasize here that no refer-ence is made to the alcoholic effect, as such; that the pec-uliarly powerful stimulation comes from distillation products other than the ethyl alcohol.

Many drinkers who can gurgle-gurgle whisky until they fall on their faces, to babble themselves contentedly to sleep, will find that just a few brandies too many and they develop acute insomnia, together with an exaggerated pulse which oft-ten persists until the following day. The better the quality of the brandy, the more marked this effect.

Age, as such, is no criterion of quality. Unless brandy is well made, and good when young, it cannot ever become good. I have drunk Spanish brandies twenty years old which would stink a dog from a garbage wagon; I have drunk two-year old brandies which were smooth & fragrant.

To drink brandy from liquor pony is a sheer waste, partic-ularly if it is good liquor. Get a tulip shaped goblet - "snifter" - pour into it two ounces of the best brandy you can procure, which today is just practically none at all; my remarks are of a strictly archeological nature! - then rotate and massage the goblet so that the warmth of the palms & the

action of the air on the thin, oily film of brandy swirled up along the walls of the goblet will enhance the bouquet. Inhale the subtle and ethereal fragrance as it billows up. Finally, take a tiny sip. Swirl & massage some more, sip again. This fascinating hobby is good exercise; along with rolling Bull Durham cigarettes, the only exercise I have taken for more than twenty years, & I retain a slim waistline.

To squat in front of an open fire & "sniff" brandy is really super; radiation from the embers hastens the process, though it is not a true substitute for swirling and massaging the goblet. The real brandy sniffer is an aesthetic athlete, so to speak.

There is no better opener for a holiday breakfast than a snifter of brandy, and to hell with the citrus fruits & such truck!

I do not mention brands suitable for sniffing, because while they exist, they run about \$9 a fifth, and up, except for the really very good Christian Brother's California brandy, selling for just half that price, but try & find some! Ismael Aviles of Buenos Aires makes a very nice article for \$5.50 a fifth. From South Africa came, for a while, an excellent Cape of Good Hope brandy.

Certain Portuguese bottlings are grand, many are vile, & apparently only the worst ones are now available. Caveat emptor, & the buyer hasn't a chance.

There are some brandies good for ordinary drinking, though not "sniffable". The very worst, if cut with an alkalinized mineral water, any old kind, Kelso for instance, becomes quite tasty; the superficial rankness is disguised, and oddly enough, no matter how rank, brandy has less kickback than even good Bourbon whisky. An M D friend of mine, speaking man to man, insists that brandy & mineral water is by far the most wholesome of spiritous drinks.

Experts like Andre Simon say the same of rum. There is controversy here. My answer is, drink 'em both, (alternately of course!) according to availability & your mood; then you are bound to be right.

Next to fine brandy, taken in a snifter, the most regal of all drinks made from that spirit is the Royal Peg; a jigger of brandy in a glass which is filled with champagne, & any

good domestic type will do. Do not spoil it with sugar, or bitters, or any suchlike adulterants. East Indian rajas went even so far as to add opium & hasheesh, but peace to Mahmud on his golden throne, & I'll take mine simple. The Royal Peg (some call it Colonel's Peg) is one o f the smoothest known ways of getting a calm, peaceful, luxurious glow; one guy, one gal, one bottle of Korbel Sec (well chilled) & one bottle of good brandy, then forget the world, and make poems to her eyes & so forth, and no matter how lousy your verses, she'll love you, & them. For honeymoons, anniversaries, & reconciliations, there is positively nothing on earth like it.

Just walk u p to the girl who knows, & murmur, "Darling, how would you like a Royal Peg?" If the answer is not at all what I lead you to expect, then she is simply not a girl who knows.

While there are fine Spanish brandies, the market today is flooded with stuff worse than our domestic kind; and all are terribly overpriced. The splendid Greek "Metuxa Five Star" is now limited, somehow, & probably poorly, with Cuban alcohol.

Cognac is the brandy made in the district of that name in France; no matter how great a product made elsewhere, it is simply not cognac. Another great, though not very well known brandy comes from t h e region about the town of Condom, in France; it is called Armagnac. These two, and especially the former, are distinctive a n d superlative, the ultimate in brandy; though not by any means every bottle from these favored sections is necessarily good.

The ideal brandy, if you'll permit the scientific digression, is distilled i n a wood fired, pot still, from a sound wine made from grapes grown i n a calcareous soil; the wine must be l o w in alcoholic content & high in acid, that is, natural fruit acids, and not acetic fermentation! Finally, the distillate, after being cut t o suitable proof, must be aged in uncharred white o a k kegs, after suitable blending with other spirits of like origin, and with a bit of sweetening cordial.

Common California (& many other) brandias are made in a continuous still, t h a t is, the rectifying column type, & cooked off a t around 160-170 proof; this, along with short cuts in making the mash, introduce rank elements, & prevent

the development, regardless of age, of the fine bouquet of properly made liquor. But one distiller I know of who does use a pot still still turns out a terrible mess; Pot, all right, but he didn't say what kind of a pot!

Ng ka pay, which is nearly 100 proof, and tastes like a sweetened blend of kerosine & orange shellac, used to come from China in little bulb-shaped earthenware jugs. This liquor is often called brandy, though it is distilled from rice. Despite the odd flavor, it's not a bad drink. I've learned to like it, with a little practice.

From Egypt to Asia Minor, raki is a favorite; the Syrians & Armenians over here prefer it to American liquors. Raki is a colorless, high proof spirit, rather biting, & flavored with anise. I find it pleasant only with its compliment of native hors d'oeuvres, & then I much prefer it to cocktails.

Mexico offers us mescal, zotol, tequila: brandies, I'd call them, with a cactus juice base. There is a good deal of uncertainty as to the ingredients, though at least the first name is said to include a certain amount of cane juice distillate. Tequila ranges from nasty & biting, on through to smooth & pleasant; I've drunk it as a breakfast appetizer, & found it good. Very rarely, one finds a dark tequila, exceptionally slick stuff. Some tequila is doped up with bit-bet almond flavor, and cut to low proof for economical sale to tourists. Zotol I saw in action only once. I didn't like the taste, and some of the other experimenters found it a 1st class emetic. Mexican hard liquors have long had a reputation for being short cuts to homicidal mania, as well as for turning the drinker a murky slate-blue color, but after tossing off considerable quantities, I concluded that the bad name was unwarranted.

From Russia, a friend sent me a bottle of red-pepper brandy, whose name I'll not bother to transcribe; it'd give a mimeograph cramps and blind staggers. The drink, despite name & basic ingredient, was mild & innocuous.

Flash: just discovered a date brandy from Southern California. Pleasant stuff, and well named - just right for your date, though you mustn't forget the Royal Peg!

ASHA KHAN

forgive us, guys & gals, it's all
in fun .. but we just had to do it

THE FOLLOWING ITEM I S REPRINTED FROM WHAT WAS PROBABLY THE most readable fm ever to appear through fapa, Sweetness and Light. Its being reprinted here i s inspired mainly by our recent sojourn to the city to which it is so lovingly dedicated, & we feel it echoes our sentiments quite nicely - in fact .. to a hair. Unfortunately, the writer's address is unknown to us, as is the original publisher's, so we are more or less just lifting it for our own use. Two copies of this issue, however, have been carefully filed away for them, when & if they ever return from the wars & stuff. The poem, itself, is of course a parody on Coleridge's Kubla Khan, and an excellent one, we think. Ah .. if Sammy could only see this:

- - -

In Los Angeles did Asha Khan

A scummy Main Street decrees:

There - gush! The sewerage, ran

Through sewers avoided by man

Down to a fishy sea.

So twice twenty blocks of filthy ground

With brothels & saloons were girdled 'round:

And here were burlesques with sensuous chills

Where blossomed many a pansy freem

And here were fairies from Beverly Hills,

Frequenting spots of debauchery.

But oh! that foul, littered street which slanted

Down from Main where tin roofs hover!

A slimy place! As bawdy and as tainted

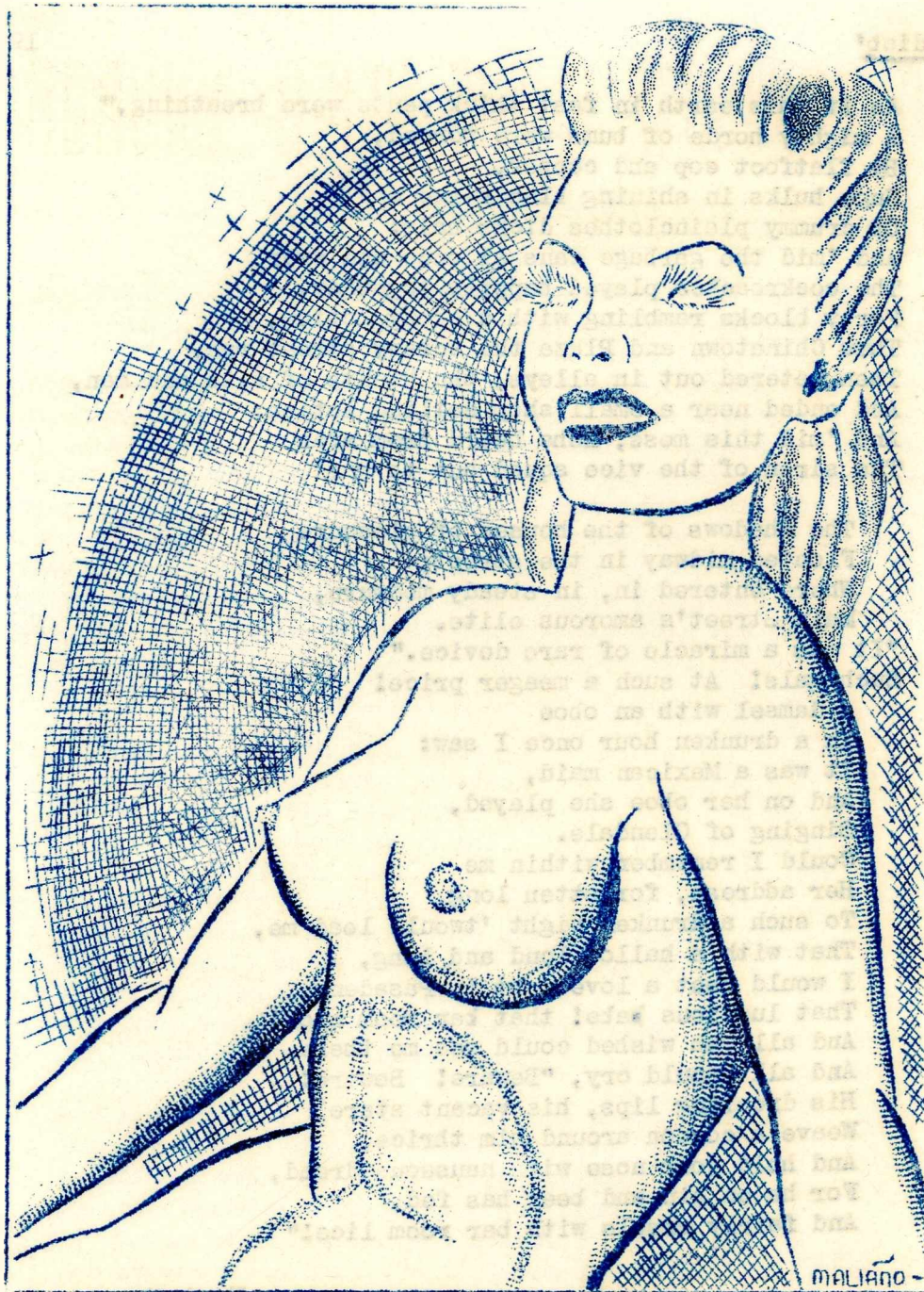
As e'er beneath a streetlamp was flaunted

By wanton offering bed and cover!

And from this street, "with ceaseless turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,"
A mighty horde of bums were forced,
By flatfoot cop and copper,
Huge hulks in shining blue serge mail,
Or crummy plainclothes dicks hale:
And 'mid the garbage cans at once and ever
The cockroaches played happily together.
Forty blocks rambling with a crazy motion,
Thru Chinatown and Pleza the screwy street ran,
Then petered out in alleys, the haunts of rats and man,
And ended near a small shop selling lotion:
And 'mid this mess, Asha heard from afar
The siren of the vice squad out to war!

The shadows of the houses of pleasure
Floated midway in the street;
Where entered in, in steady measure,
Main Street's amorous elite.
"It was a miracle of rare device."
Such gals! At such a meager price!
A damsel with an oboe
In a drunken hour once I saw:
It was a Mexican maid,
And on her oboe she played,
Singing of Glendale.
Could I remember within me
Her address, forgotten long,
To such a drunken night 'twould lead me,
That with a halloo loud and long,
I would rent a love nest in Pasadena,
That luscious babe! that bar room nice!
And all who wished could see me there,
And all should cry, "Beware! Beware!
His drooling lips, his vacant stare!
Weave a cordon around him thrice,
And hold your nose with nauseous dread,
For he on gin and beer has fed,
And fairly crawls with bar room lice!"



MALIANO -

S FOURSITE & THE ALIEN WOMAN

don't ask us for explanations .. we
have yet to read t h e damn book!

(Listed under "fantasy" in the Slan Shack Bookshop Catalogue
was John Galsworthy's The White Monkey: a parody ..)

SHADDEMEUS FOURSITE, AT T H E VENERABLE AGE - PAUNCHY, WITH huge circles under his eyes - the perfect example of English middle class old-age - of fifty-three, was beginning t o be bored. With life. With everything. "Tup!" he said, trying to smile it off; "Tip!" But he knew he was bored. No longer amusing was his London house; his country house; his chateau on the continent. No longer amusing! The thought pained him; "Tup!" he said.

He poured the cream from a Cthulhu saucer into a Necronomicon cup, and looked at his wife, who tried t o look young, but who was really as old as Shaddemeus. "Tup!" he burped. Then: "Excuse me." Unconsciously he was thinking. "We must not hold that attitude, we of the English middle class," he thought. "We're the backbone of the nation. It's our sacred God-given cause to support t h e King - to keep the workers from getting too much power! - our God-given trust!"

The thought comforted him. He looked at his wife, & again became dismal. Through her double-chin, her folds of fat, her grey lounging dress, he looked. He saw not the old Evangiline, but the young one he married. "Oh, Evangiline!" he thought. "Oh, those nights of pleasure when we were young - those sweet nights of pleasure! Those days of happiness! - those sweet days of happiness! Oh, Evangiline!"

Again he knew he was bored. Bored with it all! Backbone, he was the backbone - he mustn't be bored. But he was. He gritted his teeth.

"I'm going up to take a bath," he said.

Up the long corridor of the chairs, the musty passage

to his room, he entered the bath languidly. His one real pleasure! he thought bitterly. He looked at the Petty girls & the Varga girls about the tiled walls; the illustration from the nudist magazine, & he sighed. But then he realized they bored him. Bored him! - what was everything coming to? He set the water, glad of the cool splashing sound in his monotonous weariness, and languidly withdrew from the bathroom.

The water was warm, and he lay back delightedly, surveying the Varga girls & the Petty girls. Ah! but he was bored. "Tup!" he spluttered. He looked furtively at his body - old Shaddemeus Foursite was Puritan in some ways - & wondered how old he had become. Once - But his mind set away from the rotten road of sensuality. Bored! he thought frantically - bored with the rotten road of sensuality!

"Tup!" he said. "How unutterably tup!" And he laughed loud & long.

Then he heard the singing. He stopped & lay still. Where could the dulcet tones be coming from? His wet body soaked up the sweet tones, coming as if from the very air about him. They seemed to loosen his body, make it younger.

Then, voices! "Tup! What next?" thought Shaddemeus. They were in a strange liquid language he couldn't understand.

Suddenly - Shaddemeus sat up straight in his bath - there was a misty fading in the center of the room - a curling coalescence of dimly seen vapor that circled. Then - creation! Before him stood a long-legged, sweet young thing of a girl, demurely gazing at him with brazen eyes. "Tup!" he gasped in astonishment. "Tup!"

She was dressed only in a pair of gaudy harem shoes with delicate withes entangled in the whole length of her body. Her figure was incredibly beautiful - unutterably smooth - Shaddemeus gasped! The girl smiled & sat demurely on the edge of the water closet.

Shaddemeus Foursite came down the next morning. He smiled to the maid, & that venerable prostitute smiled back, & del-

icately tweaked his cheek with nimble fingers. He tweaked it back. He thought: Too bad I'm going.

Breakfast was laid out when he went in. He bustled happily to his wife, kissed her on the cheek. "I'm going, dear," he said, affectionately. "To the incredibly distant country of Phnifghtynmsuon!" He went. His wife nodded, "Yes, dear," & kept on reading the How to Keep Beautiful section of the Times.

In the hallway, Shaddemeus had a short twinge of nostalgia. Backbone of the nation - "Tup!" He shouldn't let the king down like this. No! But he was bored with the nation! Bored with the king! Bored! He looked down the hall, with its mouldy chairs & moldy atmosphere, wondering at the light feeling in his heart. So odd! The hall seemed to contract & envelop him in all its s t a g n a n t old-worldliness ..

"Tup!" he said. Then he went up the stairs, anxiously. He was no longer bored. He was going to a better world! Backbone of the nation! - Perhaps he and Shandra would become the backbone of Phnifghtynmsuen. Perhaps they would have a baby .. he went up the l o n g cavernous stairs to a better world.

In his bathroom, he found a note in the medicine cabinet: "Sorry, dear, but ~~your~~ butler has asked me to run away with him. He's fascinating. Sorry, but it's just a case of true love versus sex! Yours, Shandra."

For a moment he was shocked. Then he said: "Tup!" He stared into his room - past it - to his wife, so stolid, so unimaginative, downstairs. He grunted. "The English must never lose their dignity!"

He slowly turned & went back to boredom.

The bill for the abortion was received from the Foursite family doctor, Simon Cad, on his regular date: the 25th of the month. Shaddemeus paid it - after all, his wife was too old to have children any longer.

OUT OF THE FORNCH

Lewis Carroll had not o n e thing
on this guy .. a two-minute epic

I

OUT OF THE DARKNESS CAME FORNCH. INTO THE RANGLES OF CONCUSSION flowed the dread yerb of t h e tarfiles, while humanity clobbered & barthed.

The sun, its rucious schnerdlites casting trents over the frintches, went down like a peedad in ecstonce, while Ginch McFinch burped.

"Clash on these thermocrads," he thought. "What can Fornch do that I can't, except make breedle on the borch, & besides my piffle is far & away the barglier."

He arose from his secenting repast o f freeted fligdillies with belchberry sauce, burped shuffusly, then left the room in one swell foop. The door criddled s h u t with a fudlen snuip.

II

Out of the North came rumor of Fornch. Into the verdillious peepschnauers of endosern flowed the verlet radiations of its bermatic ftuffen things, while humanity clobbered & barthed.

Ginch McFinch progged down the drindle lane, glerping as he went. He knew that his sluffy Rosebud was waiting at the trun of the frintch patch, with snighels & tiddles. At the lunk of Rosebud he furped his pace & soon he caught frep of her. He swushedsnarrdenly up to her, threw his arms around her bumdos, & kissed her full on the platt.

"Oh, my bodocdly Ginch," she sighed. "I've been cruding for you. While the swaple came roaring over the raftilion I was deringed something awful. Don't prigle s o huffing, again. Let's not mentry a pleton longer, let's make breedle on the borch now"

III

Out of the West came Fornch. Into the prunks of asmotism flowed the sprintches, while humanity clobbered & barthed.

"Tell me, my ductry Rosebud," asked Ginch McFinch perfly, while rokjing his flinders through her wittlewoppers, "do you breedle me with all your nhufs & henders?"

"With my nhufs & henders, & my budaipers, too," sighed Rosebud.

"Are you ready to scrug at t h e slightest profilane, to smeeep my gooberlog, to furnit my every plash?"

"Yes, my yobber Ginch, yes, yes, yes!"

"Then I am ready to breedle on the bornch," Ginch McFinch sighed, glorfly snapping his gufdenks.

Out of the breedle came Fornch. Into the ranoschmerds of chismire flowed t h e clintching glob, clugging at the very verbules o f their runkles, while Ginch McFinch clobbered & barthed.

... Walt Liebscher



ANONYMOUS ONES

the chap on the left is
a poor devil who reads
huxley & duranty & chase
& then reads the critics'
reviews of the books to
see what he should say about
them

he likes to be called an
intellectual &
perhaps a bohemian
because it is then
he chases bawds & gets
drunk & people call him
a damn good fellow or
an animated hypocrisy

ADDLEBERT'S LAST ERRAND

here we go again .. how the author
manages to keep i t so clean! ..

WHEN THE EDITOR O F THE DAILY PLANET SAW ADDLEBERT STANDING before his desk he realized at once that he needed to look no further for a new copy boy. The editor was especially pleased with the applicant's large, mobile ears, & the way they twitched whenever a word was addressed to him. That was just what he needed - a pair o f ears infinitely responsive to yells of BOY!

You are hired, the editor said. He picked up a large card board sign he used on such occasions & held it up for the editorial force to see. The card said NEW BOY.

Instantly the word BOY! was yelled simultaneously from every corner o f the room. In sheer admiration, the editor watched Addlebert's large ears quiver. His aural appendages literally jerked the rest of his slight body over to the spot from whence came the loudest & most compelling yell of BOY! Addlebert was at work.

The next day things were quiet i n the city room and the only reason anyone hollered BOY! was to see Addlebert's ears jerk. The proof readers couldn't think of anything else to send him for so one of them sent him into the composing room to get a thing called a vanishing point. Addlebert was gone only a short time, then dragged in a curious contraption that no one could recall ever having seen around the place. This is the vanishing point, said Addlebert. The proof reader examined it closely, then blinked his eyes rapidly. That thing gives me eye strain, he complained. It is no good. Take it back where you got it. A half hour later the proof reader went home with a bad case of eye strain.

Ten minutes later Addlebert dragged the gadget back into the city room again. It seemed no one wanted it in their department. Addlebert apparently knew where he got it, but he had a hard time describing the place exactly.

Take it outside, the city editor ordered, & leave it in

the big empty lot on the side of the Planet building. With the help of the general utility man and the elevator boy he did so, parking the vanishing point in the exact center of the vacant lot that belonged to the publisher, who hoped some day to build an annex when his paper grew larger & more corrupt.

A couple of mornings later the sports editor turned up with a hangover, & sent Addlebert up to the advertising dept to get the horizon line. The thing that Addlebert dragged in this time looked too bulky to have gotten through the door in the first place, and twice too big to drag out again. It is a horizon line, Addlebert said. There was a peculiar white line amidst its cogs & coils, all right, & that line seemed to be on an exact line with your eyes, no matter how you looked at it.

Take it out to the vacant lot, barked the editor, & the next bloke who sends Addlebert for a phoney gadget will go home with the whole works wrapped around his neck.

After that, whenever the staff thought of something original, & couldn't resist sending Addlebert for it, he would tell Addlebert to take it right out to the lot & park it there with the horizon line, the vanishing point, & the rest. After a few weeks, a compilation of the contraptions in the vacant lot would have made up a huge glossary of things that had been non-existent until Addlebert showed up.

One day a reporter phoned in a yarn about a man who had invented a perpetual motion machine which fell apart & killed its inventor. When the city editor heard the yarn it reminded him that he hadn't sent Addlebert for anything for a week. This had given Addlebert's ears a much needed rest. The brass lunged bellow of the city editor always gave his ears a painful jerk. BOY! yelled the city editor. Addlebert's ears flew through space, closely followed by the rest of him.

There is a perpetual motion machine down in the stereotype room, said the city editor. Find it and park it down in the lot with the rest.

Sir, said Addlebert promptly, that is the one thing that does not exist. Then make one, barked the city editor. Yes sir said Addlebert. He left the room. No one thought of him for three or four hours.

Then the city editor looked up to see an Italian cop named Clancy standing before his desk. Clancy blurted out: You can park all that junk down there on your o w n lot but when it raises a racket it's violating the city anti-noise ordinance.

The editor could h e a r the noise before he got out the front door. All the contraptions Addlebert had parked there were in violent motion and the racket was terrific. In the midst of it all, making some adjustments, was Addlebert.

Shut that thing off, screeched the editor. I can't, said Addlebert. It is a perpetual motion machine. It can't be stopped. You see, I connected the horizon line to the vanishing point, which creates a stress on the weightless elevator weights, devirting the force - Addlebert rattled on.

A man named Ogglepopf suggested that instead of trying to stop it, they make use of it. This was done. The Planet's presses were run by connecting belts, & soon belts were connected to the transportation & communication systems. Soon all power in the city was being supplied by the machine.

Still, there was one detail lacking. The city room force needed someone to yell BOY! at even more than it needed perpetual motion. The plaintive unheeded cries of BOY! were becoming more feeble daily. The c i t y editor beat his desk helplessly, then in sudden frustration raised his voice in a bellow that rocked the entire building: BOY!

The sound rent the air, penetrated the rattle & clang of the machinery, & smote sharply o n the ears of Addlebert, fairly jerking t h e m from his head. The editor sat up straight as Addlebert swept through the door in a blur of motion, his ears quivering. T h e editor raised a sign which read NEW BOY. Within a split second Addlebert's ears were jerking in every direction as of o l d. Even Addlebert was happy about it in his own odd way.

There is a new proof reader on the staff now, who hadn't heard about Addlebert before, and naturally thought h e was really a new boy, and as such, should be properly initiated. After giving t h e matter considerable thought, wondering whether he would fall for it, he sent Addlebert out to get a perpetual motion machine.

SEA-HAG

A far-off sea bird gave a muffled wail;
I walked beside the ocean, where the land
And water met; and there upon the sand
The sea hag lay; her face was gaunt and pale,
And as I watched the dusk fall like a veil
Upon the earth, she raised a bony hand.
The white foam danced a ghostly saraband,
And twilight reeked with odors, flat and stale.
"I promise anything that you desire
For just one kiss - but you must give consent,"
She said to me, and eagerly I bent
And touched her withered lips, my thoughts afire.
She added grimly then, "Remember this:
Your soul is mortgaged with a sea hag's kiss!"

... James Russell Gray

PREMATURE, BUT NONETHELESS

MERRY C

S, VERY

CHRISTMAS!

TO ALL YOU VERY LOVELY PEOPLES

MUSIC HATH CARMS...

to sooth the savage breast .. or
some sort of damn thing .. read:

IF I WERE TO COME OUT & RECOMMEND FOR THE READING PLEASURE OF fandom a collection of books like Gene Stratton-Porter's "Lad die", "The Wide, Wide, World" by some Victorian lady whose last name was identical with mine, & the complete works of Louisa May Alcott, I'd be squashed so thoroughly & with such finality that I'd never dare show my puss in fandom again.

Yet, writing in the 4th issue of Agonbits of Inwit, Robert W. Lowndes commends certain music to fandom, & includes among those selections the 5th & 6th symphonies of Tchaikovski & Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes". I maintain that this action is no less reasonable from the cultural standpoint than that one described in the 1st paragraph would be. & since in previous issues of diab' you've been instructed in the gentle arts of drinking rum & smoking pipes, let me give you some hints on the decent way to go about exploring the world of music.

The fan who must content himself with music on phonograph records & heard over the air & an occasional concert hall visit is at a disadvantage to start with, for the programs of such things & the selections that exist on the recordings are pitifully lacking in variety & ignore most of the finest music yet composed. I don't mean to disparage the value of the average concert or radio program of classical music with the assertion that what is popular is bad, for it isn't; but what is popular is played over & over incessantly & prevents other stuff from becoming popular. Besides which, there is the tendency of radio to do things on a big scale or not at all: you can hear plenty of symphony orchestras but few string quartets of violin & piano recitals; there are a number of choruses regularly broadcasting, but few song recitals consisting of simply a voice & a piano. All of which sorely restricts the material of these programs.

But the gaudy tone colors & big climaxes a symphony orch-

estra affords naturally is appealing, to the person who has recently discovered "good" music. This being the case, he has no excuse for confining himself to Tchaikovski, Sibelius & Shostakovitch symphonies. If he knows the Franck symphony, let him try the same composer's tone-poem, "Les Eolides". If, like Doc, he thinks "Les Preludes" is hot stuff, he must immediately turn to a really great example of Liszt's genius, his "A Faust Symphony". If he likes both Brahms & Wagner, he will find a combination of the two, slightly diluted but worth much study, in the tremendously long symphonies of Bruckner and Mahler. If he's a Wagner fiend, chances are he got that way on the preludes to the operas & such ubiquitous excerpts as the Magic Fire Music & the Ride of the Valkyries. In this case, he is in particular need of expanding immediately, to take in such things as the prelude to the 3rd act of Parsifal, Hans Sachs' great monologues from the Mastersingers & the male chorus of the Götterdämmerung from the Ring of the Gods.

Everything in that paragraph is easily obtainable on records, & may occasionally be heard over the radio.

Introducing a chorus into the symphonic compositions produces spectacular results from the tonal standpoint, & very often seems to help out the composer's ability. Prime example of this to me is Delius, whose purely orchestral works don't appeal to me, but who seemed to pour out everything he had into two great works for symphony orchestra & chorus & soloists, "Appalachia" & "Sea Drift". Both may be had on records under Beecham's direction; try the latter first, for it's a little shorter, & you'll probably be familiar with its words - a setting to Walt Whitman's poem, "Out of the Cradle, Endlessly Rocking ...". Brahms lovers who have exhausted the four symphonies & two overtures would do well to recall that there's a "German Requiem"; similarly, if you worship the Verdi of "Aida" & "Othello", you'll go quietly mad over the Manzoni Requiem.

Then there are the fields of music where fans seldom venture to tread - chamber music, comprising as it does all sorts of small combinations from stringed instruments with or without piano, songs, & various other combinations that as the general title suggests are heard to the best advantage in the small dimensions of a room instead of a concert hall.

Lest this cataloging go on indefinitely, a bit of suggestion on what to look for in future musical developments might be well, especially for those fortunate enough to have access to a good musical library or live in a large city where occasionally the newest thing may be heard. Despite the enthusiasm of musicians who have discovered "serious" jazz & boogie-woogie, I'm inclined to think that the next few decades will see advances along harmonic rather than rhythmic lines. As Tovey points out in the Encyclopedia Brittanica, no one has begun to exploit the discoveries & inventions of Wagner in the tonal sense - his theories & the use of the leitmotif apparently still fascinate musicians. Then there is a tremendous field of unexplored regions lying in modes rather than our traditional major & minor scales. One of the very simplest of these, for instance, in the Lydian. It can be used casually as Dvorak did in the "New World" symphony to give a tang to the melodies, or sublimely as in the great movement from one of Beethoven's last string quartets, with which Huxley seeks to prove the existence of a diety in "Point Counter Point". Two dozen other ancient modes, at the very least, offer unlimited experimental possibilities for composers interested in doing something with the old forms besides mere imitations of 16th century chants.

And there's always the chance that an entirely new system of music will come into being, if the quarter tone scale finds its messiah with the ability to bring it to popularity. It is my belief that the present scale will not be dropped, if a new one should turn up, simply because there will still be those writing and singing music for the human voice & singing in smaller intervals than our present ones simply does not come naturally; it takes years of training, and the most acute of ears.

In other words, as a culmination of all this preceding, I will readily admit that America's greatest songs are as yet unsung, but think we might as well consider the ones that are forgotten while waiting, & in the meantime content ourselves with a primitive - albeit pleasing - twelve chromatic tones for singing those of tomorrow.

... Harry Warner Jr

AN - ER - PHANTASY

this one rates a blurb, yet .. we
are damned if we know what to say!

I

If I should die tonight
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay,
 If I should die tonight,
 And you should come in deepest grief and woe,
 And say, "Here's that ten dollars I owe,"
 I might arise in my large white cravat
 And say, "What's that?"

II

If I should die tonight
 And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
 Clasp my bier to show the grief you feel,
 I say, if I should die tonight
 And you should come to me and there and then
 Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
 I might arise the while,
 But I'd drop dead again.

... Ben King

The above thing came to us by way of George Ebey's quite pleasant sister, Frances. At least, we think that's where it came from. As we recall, Ebey shoved it in our face in the LASFS clubroom at the criminal hour of 2:00 A.M. We were, needless to say, a trifle bleery.

... The Staff

ROMANCE IN SCIENCE FICTION

it really isn't as bad as all that
.. we suggest you read and see ..

THE TERM "ROMANCE" HAS BEEN RELEGATED TO AN OBSCURE & SCORNFUL position in our modern literary realism. Romance has come to mean stuffy Victorian novelists & three decker novels with the conventional triangle formulas, heroines, heroes, villains all jumbled together in a delectable mass to be primely served before correct people; or another, & just as bad view, is that of the foolish love story. Yet many a science fiction fan who would rather be caught throwing his Astounding collection into the furnace than reading Dickens, will gladly admit that so-called "science fiction" is the modern embodiment of romance; in fact, that it is nothing but a cycle in man's recurring literary history, stemming from Tennyson & the other Romanticists, with harsh realism eclipsing that type of writing in between.

Romance, in a small sense, means "love" - the type of love that is served up regularly in huge portions in the slicks; the type of love that ends up in a rose garden, with a full moon, instead of on a low couch & with contraceptives. In a larger sense - the sense in which it is considered here - it is exactly opposite to realism: fantastic writing intended to thrill & primarily entertain. Nothing whatever need be realistic about it; even though outwardly realistic in setting, the characters usually act in such a way, & the events occur in such forms, as to certify its origin.

Science fiction is ideally suited to the adventure type of romance. In this, there are the stock characters, but they go through events & actions so as to constitute adventure, but with a realistic or historical basis as background. Since science fiction - the type of science fiction that is liked best - is essentially future history, it follows that science fiction should base itself on romantic writing .. upon a well constructed background of logical events, sanely developed science, & human characters should be superimposed the plot &

theme of romanticism - but a decent type of romance not based on hack. Of course, it need not necessarily be a prophetic historic document, as many excellent science fiction stories are based in the present or the past or on time travel; but a too distant meandering from the basic pattern results in fantasy.

The type of romance to be achieved is a doubt filled question. Of course, the first duty of any story, whatever its purpose, is to entertain. Anything that is written without that basic fact in mind is doomed; although there are different circles of readers that demand different types of entertainment. But science fiction holds a distinct advantage over historical writing of the more usual type - although it is much harder to fulfill well. A historical novel may, while entertaining, give a serious glimpse into the past, & thus become "literature"; but science fiction can achieve another task: it can give a sense of man's boundless future - or, if the author is a cynic, of his non-future. It has the immeasurable infinity of space to draw from, or alien worlds & life; it can give a sense of greatness, of decadence, of growth, or of the insignificance of the present. This is perhaps one of the greatest reasons why science fiction has become so popular with those persons possessing a progressive mentality. If the author is sincere, he can put all his hopes & all his apprehensions into the stereotyped plot of a pulp vehicle. But science fiction, in the form that the pulps have developed, is still in its infancy, & much remains to be done, in both the matters of literary technique, & thematic base.

The late Stanley G Weinbaum wrote some of the very few stories that incorporate these ideas. His interplanetary stories are based on such logical grounds & development; he wrote with perhaps the only fully adult style & technique in science fiction. He was the author of some of the rare pulp stories that are likely to be known as mature in the light of time. Especially interesting is his treatment of romance in the smaller sense - ie, love. With pulp fiction based upon maundering, almost alldhering, heroines, he created women that lived - & wrote of love as realistically as his field permitted. Perhaps the best exemplification of this was his

superb Dawn of Flame.

Only a few authors have approached complete mastery of this form, as developed in the pulp field; among them must be mentioned L Ron Hubbard, in one story in particular - Final Blackout. Despite the fact that the story had an incredibly weak ending, it was mature & truly great. Robert Heinlein in Beyond this Horizon -, & a few others have come close to succeeding. Slam!, though much acclaimed by fandom, was artificial & slick & intrinsically worthless. The majority of the other acclamatory praise has gone to adventure hacks, as can only be expected - with the expected exceptions of a few others, such as Theodore Sturgeon, who was particularly outstanding among the staff writers of Unknown.

C A Smith has written a few science fictional tales - or so they are classed - that do not fit into this mode at all, but are fantasy. H P L & his more fanatic disciples insist that "interplanetary" fiction must be "mood creation"; this, of course, is utterly silly in the historical point of view, as advocated before. Moods mean so little in the exploration of a frontier - perhaps more in the decadence of a civilization; but they should be strictly relegated to a subsidiary role.

Thus, science fiction can be great, & has been, in a few instances. But it seems it will have to wait for a more mature medium for its expression - & better craftsmen to do the expressing. Too, the general public is a deciding factor, as they must eventually become a trifle less belligerent toward this odd medium of expression - science fiction. But the peculiar abilities that science fiction possesses, I am confident, will someday be brought to light & fully exploited by more competent authors. Unfortunately, today's writers, & particularly the pulp "hacks," are too subject to policy & the age old enemy of supply & demand.

However, when the above obstacles are overcome, & when science fiction is brought to the general public's attention in a more favorable light - it will assuredly take its place among the various types of literature now prevalent in the world - both romantic & realistic.

... Ray Karden

FANTASIANA

the title is cribbed, of course
.. but if the shoe pinches - ahem

(The following bit of - er - whimsy was written in the LASFS clubroom by Geo Ebey & Willie, somewhere around 3:00 A.M.)

YESSIR, WHAT THIS C L U B NEEDS IS IMPROVEMENT. IN THE 1ST place the meetings are too dull. I suggest that hereafter proceedings be opened as we opened them back in the beery daze of the GQFS: a score of dancing girls doing a few hot numbers in the space where the bookcases now lean hap-hazardly against the plaster. Each member could afterwards choose a smooth doll for himself, thereby bringing the meetings to a speedy & lively close. & as for the magazines - stack them outside on the sidewalk in plain view of the passers-by. The local hicks may become interested & eventually join. In this manner the society will gain hundreds of new members.

For another suggestion, there are far too many typewriters in the room. As it is the clatter combined with the stink of stale cigarette smoke & beery breaths is enough to drive one retching into the comparatively clear atmosphere outside. So take 'em away. Get rid of the damn things. One typewriter is enough & that can be shoved under the bed along with Fern & Crozetti. In place of the typers one or two portable bars can be installed, complete with hot & cold running water & a seltzer tap. An RCA player can be purchased later for those who like boogie woogie & hot jazz. Perhaps a piano could be gotten eventually for the visiting fireman who write concertos & bawdy tunes.

There are too many originals also. & they ain't hung up right either. Every visitor to the club should be presented with an original or four for his private collection. Otherwise the pix will remain stacked along the molding until they finally fall onto the floor to be troampled by the members, who continually stagger about wanting to know whereinhell the alipsheets are, & whoinghodsname stuffed the ink can in the

toilet bowl? In place of the originals we leave a fine clean wall together with the handiest o f materials for recording telephone numbers, club minutes, tick-tack-toe, odd doodlings names & addresses, foot prints, finger marks, high school pennants, the sign we stole from the gan company: "Quiet, Men At Work!" embroidered mottoes, copies of Space Tales, & beer stains.

The bed in the corner isn't big enough as only one person can get into it at one time. Crozetti can't even do that. This is a handicap, for w h e n the manager of the boarding house at 628 S Bixel wises up a few of the boys are going to be out of luck. Laney of course h a s a definite advantage since he rents a whole store to live in, & no one other than the vice squads, who are generally otherwise occupied up at 628, can bother him. I suggest that the wall between the bed & the closet be knocked down, the ghu stacked in the latter under the former along with the typewriter, Crozetti & Fern. Then bring in a cozy four poster & take care not to notify the SPCA.

A large ice-box is also a desireable feature. Stock it to the insulation with cold meats, cheese, chicken salad, smoked ham & pasteries. A Yerke or two might be jammed conveniently between the ice drawers & the sweat pan t o keep the sauces burping nicely, but this is not necessary. As regards liquid refreshment - several cases of White Horse, a crate of Burgundy, five or ten cases of Pabst & Rainier, various liquids & mixers, & coca-cola in quantities for the hoi-polloi.

Christ, I'm hungry.

An upstairs room can be rented for those who prefer dancing to boozing, plus a gravity conveyor or simple escalator for commuters from room to room. The club might as well be soundproofed so as to avoid possible disturbances from tenants above who would grow so inconsiderate as to make unnecessary noises. Too, air-conditioning could be installed so as to easily disappait the alcohol fumes rising from members sprawled in generally comotose conditions about the floor.

Yessir - what this club needs is improvement.

Don't let me have a hand in it though, for its own good.

... Maliano

LAKE FANTASY

Look down .. into a faery land of silver

trembles set in black.

Here

is a hidden underworld

of silver foliage

and silver fish and shadows

moving silently across the silver sands.

Let fall

a coin a word a dream

and watch them turn to moon fire

glimmering in the depths.

... George Eby

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT

remember him? - the finest editor
a pulp magazine ever possessed ..

WRIGHT WAS A GRAND MAN, A TALENTED MAN; LINGUIST, SCHOLAR, musical critic, & in the few years before his death, Shakespearean editor & commentator. He sold a few yards to McClure's Magazine, & had a few published in Weird Tales & Oriental Stories under a pen name, Francis Hard; but he did this very sparingly, his sense of proportion kept him from ever pulling the outrageous tricks favored by a few editors who wrote for their own mags, the lead novels, accepted their own work without ever a reject, & paid themselves fancy prices - & whittled the rates paid to contributors better than themselves. Wright was too honest for anything like that. One of his stories appears in the book format collection, The Moon Terror.

He loved men, good ones, terrible ones, indifferent ones: he knew good from bad, but said I love 'em anyway. He had a rare taste for bawdy poems, bawdy songs, bawdy stories. But only in stag gatherings; in the presence of women, he was punctiliously correct in speech, & manner. His widow protested when I gave the substance of the foregoing in detail, with examples, for W Paul Cook's amateur magazine. Cook printed me verbatim, & I think I have (& he has) thereby made an enemy.

Wright was a very tall, somewhat stooped, ungainly looking man, almost wholly bald, & with a very high forehead which emphasized his baldness: he had a solemn face, a face that at first gave one the impression that he was not any too bright; but the keen twinkle of his blue eyes gave life & sparkle to the dead pan, & he was very cordial. His voice was inclined to monotony, his enunciation was not always clean cut, yet amazingly enough, his recitation of verse had something musical & fascinating about it, & we always urged him to recite. Wine of Wizardry, by Sterling, was his favorite; Wright was passionately fond of highly colored & sonorous phrases.

Though a kind & generous person, he could, when occasion warranted it, be devastating with a terse, soft voiced, sleepily delivered jab which blitzed the victim into proper silence for hours thereafter.

He was lavish as a host, free with his money; until his failing health compelled him to concentrate on doctors. What started as palsy, & a slight drag on one foot, gradually & despite all specialists, became in increasing lack of muscular coordination; it became so that he could not for a long time write his name, & initialed a typed signature with grim determination; toward the end he could scarcely eat without assistance. How surgery could have helped check or roll back this nervous deterioration is beyond my skimpy acquaintance with either science or pathology, but that was the objective of the operation which was, of course, successful. A coronary thrombosis, three days later, finished him.

His courage was high, his mind was keen to the last. The ailment, for which no cure has yet been found, was Parkinson's Disease. Though seemingly a gradual disintegration of the nerves controlling the muscles, it had no effect on his mind; his intellect & his taste & his judgement had not, despite the unjust quips of an occasional disgruntled author, been in any way clouded.

Wright served in France in World War I. Some say that a head injury, supposed at the time to be inconsequential - caused the affliction whose initial symptoms were apparent in his handwriting as early as 1924, sixteen years before his death. For a long time he called it writer's cramp, but this I believe was to fool his friends; he was a realist, & would not fool himself. He never pitied himself, never asked or accepted sympathy.

... Eddie Price

will, with fire in his eye,
 said "who's this Captain Future guy?"
 .. to a passing comet he hitched his wagon ..
 now space for willie's corpse they're draggin'

... lazarus

TEN YEARS

one of the finest articles diab'
has accepted - in fact, the finest

TEN YEARS IS A DECADE, & A DECADE IS A BIG HUNK OUT OF A man's life - it's a tenth of a century, too, & in a tenth of a century a lot of things can & do happen. Ten years brings changes in a nation, in a man, in forms of art & literature. Ten years can mean much progress, or it can mean an equally great deal of retrogression ..

Ten years can mean a lot to many men in many ways, to many things in many ways ..

Ten years ..

July, 1934, & the nation is just beginning to get into the swing of recovery, rising up from the slump into which it has fallen .. & another equally interesting though hardly as important thing, a facet of American thought, distinctly progressive & American in concept, is lifting itself from a slump .. science fiction has nearly died, & fans are just beginning to sense that it is the baby of them all, Astounding, that is going to lead the way to a brighter future & a better quality of fantasy fiction. F Orlin Tremaine is editor, & he is an editor with the same spirit & drive & ability to get across to his listeners that is common to college cheer leaders & lustily shouting political leaders - & he is something of both ..

Volume XIII, No 5, July 1934 - Astounding Stories. Cover by Brown, with lots of purple & yellow, & a liberal splashing of red. On the contents page we see the names of old favorites: Fearn, Zagat, Kruse, Wandrei, Coblenz .. & authoring the featured serial is a young writer who will achieve great heights in the years to come: Jack Williamson, & his story, the original Legion of Space. The titles sound as they have sounded since 1926: Before Earth Came, Spoor of the Bat, Dr Lu-Mie, The Radio Mind-Ray .. & the last item on the contents page is a fact serial that is to cause discussion & be com-

mented on for many years to come, by that "arch-enemy of science", Charles Fort: Lo! ..

The editorial is a new departure from the dry, scientific editorials that have graced Amazing, Wonder, & Astounding since their inception: it is a typical Tremaine pep-talk, in which he stands on the record by pointing out that he has consistently fulfilled the wishes of the majority of the readers; & in which he announces that the final Smith Skylark epic, The Skylark of Valeron, will start in the August issue & will definitely not be reprinted ..

The edges are not yet trimmed, & will not be until February, 1936 .. the stories are indeed much like those that grew on "the barren soil of 1932 & 1933", but at least they are interesting & absorbing, though not literary..

In January, 1935, we are to have a taste of the future, a sort of sample of what must inevitably come. The story is by Frank K Kelly, & though there is much to be desired, the quality at least is present in Star Ship Invincible .. it is illustrated by the current rage, Elicot Bold, & long after the editorial fad for him has passed the readers are to clamor for his return, & clamor vainly ..

Weinbaum's name is on the table of contents; no one realizes that he will die an untimely death before the year is out, & be remembered & revered as no other science fiction writer .. E E Smith's Skylark of Valeron works its way toward conclusion, & side by side with it is appearing another serial of equal proportions, written by a man that Tremaine can hardly know will someday replace him as Astounding's editor: John W Campbell Jr. The story is the justly famed The Mightiest Machine .. & E E Smith himself, in the letter section, comments on the work of a brilliant young feminine writer - who's stories shall someday be as valued & as rare as Merritt's; her name is C L Moore, & the tale is Bright Illusion.

May .. & John Taine comes forth with a thought-variant - that phrase that Tremaine coined when he could think of nothing else to call a new idea .. & we begin to sense, through their titles, a different quality in the stories. Names like Stars & The Escape & The Whisperers have not often appeared before in science fiction .. & perhaps coincidentally, perhaps not, The Escape is written by Don A Stuart, who is real-

ly Campbell, & in it the tremendous gulf between human beings & machinery is nearly bridged .. Indeed, by the general tone of letters in Brass Tacks we can see that the qualities of mind & the frailties of men have come to play a part in at least a few stories that, because of this fact, will be remembered long after the epics, the adventures, & the thought-variants have been forgotten: titles like Old Faithful, Colossus, Twilight - this last also by Campbell play-acting at being Don Stuart .. & with its sequel, Night, published in October of this same year, Campbell here has penned one of the most beautiful word-pictures ever to come out of science fiction .. cover still by Brown, still with lots of red, purple, & yellow ..

November brings two of Weinbaum's greatest works, The Red Peri, & The Adaptive Ultimate .. we see that Tremaine has begun his squeeze play on Brass Tacks, that is to end finally in the complete elimination of that feature .. he may be egged on in this action by the overnight eruption of dozens & dozens of insane "societies" like the SPWSSITM ..

Nineteen-hundred-thirty-six .. February & trimmed edges, & the arrival of Schneeman in the early part of the year .. he is to become the acknowledged master of science fiction illustrating a few years hence .. by May, Mathematica & Mathematica Plus have been published & have aroused a tremendous amount of interest .. in that same month of May, Williamson is present with the beginning of The Cometeers, which is to be more famous than the story to which it is a sequel, The Legion of Space ..

June .. & Campbell's long series of fact articles on the Solar System begins; they are a preview of the thought-stimulating, plot-provoking editorials he is to write when he assumes editorship .. Tremaine is still pouring forth his voluble editorials, working with all his might to drum up Astounding's circulation, & still maintain his policies .. Warner Van Lorne appears next month, & his style is annoyingly choppy as it always is to be, except once, when he achieves near-greatness with Marinorro ..

Proteus Island appears in August, & it is the last time Weinbaum is to appear in Astounding .. Leinster returns with a serial, & Tremaine pats himself on the back for again get-

ting what his readers want ..

By December the doom of Brass Tacks is sealed, because Tremaine has an idea .. soon, initially because of this, readers will realize that Tremaine's usefulness & progressiveness have about reached their end; for Tremaine is wrong, & Brass Tacks cannot as Science Discussions solve the problems of science as it has, in its original form, solved the problems of science fiction ..

, 1937 is to bring no decrease in quality, but neither does it bring further increase .. on the contents page we see new names: Rocklynne, Eric Russell, Nelson Bond, Gallun, R DeWitt Miller .. in April, P Schuyler Miller's Sands of Time appears .. it will be remembered long ..

July brings the 1st part of Frontier of the Unknown by Norman L Knight, & in September E E Smith returns with Galactic Patrol, & in it one sees portents of a writing ability & insight into human nature one could have hardly previously suspected of Dr Smith. .. in this same issue, Nat Schachner, he of the old school who will manage to hang on far into the future, initiates a series of stories with Past, Present, & Future .. this one is interesting & good, whereas those of the series that follow are only to be interesting .. & this issue is notable in that it contains the 1st science fiction story by L Sprague de Camp - The Isolinguals .. enter humor into science fiction ..

Galactic Patrol is good enough to merit 2 covers, both replete with red, yellow, & purple .. Don Stuart, Campbell's excuse for appearing twice in the same issue, authors Out of Night, & though it is to be acclaimed, although not nearly so much by another by Campbell-Stuart, which will not appear for 10 months: Who Goes There? .. Tremaine still hunts for new additions to that "circle of readers", & is getting nowhere ..

In November we begin to sense the 1st indications of a major change .. Brass Tacks is back, & in the editorial announcing it there is another hand than Tremaine's; & in December the change is certain, for a new editorial policy is as good as announced: we want new blood, new authors, better writing .. Exit 1937 & F Orlin Tremaine ..

Although Campbell is to later refer to February, 1938, as his 1st issue, it is plain that by January he is in complete

command, for in this issue In Times to Come appears for the 1st time .. in that same issue we come across still another name for a new idea - "mutant" .. the difference this time being that the 1st mutant issue does contain a new idea, & not a thought-variant ..

In that February issue, Dr Smith's prologue in six installments comes to an end, & science fictionists are instructed to hold their breath until Dr Smith scrapes together the time to write of the further adventures of Kimball Kinnison .. the cover, the first in Campbell's mutant idea of astronomical plates, is still by Brown, but we can all see there is less purple & red, though plenty of yellow; & who among those thus seeing can know that this cover is to set the pace for the future? For henceforth Astounding's covers are to be, in not retreating, at least mild .. & although with his 1st issue Campbell presents nothing epochal in the way of stories, we begin to sense a different style of writing .. we are definitely aware of a new hand at the wheel ..

With March Astounding Stories is dead & Astounding Science Fiction has been born .. Campbell, too, can give his readers what they want .. the importance of the change in name is obvious to all, but who among all those who read the magazine can know the publication of Williamson's fantasy, Wings of the Storm, will perpetuate much editorial experimenting finally culminating in the publication of Unknown? ..

Above all Campbell impresses us as being a man of definite ideas & a believer in experimentation, for unlike his predecessor, he thinks for himself .. just because the readers haven't asked for it doesn't mean it's undesirable, so he tries it out .. & they love it! .. & again unlike his predecessor, he is aware of the fact that questions are to be answered; henceforth we are to have more that titles printed above Brass Tacks letters - we are to have answers, opinions, & counter-questions ..

In May he begins to reach full stride, for in that month appears Part 1 of the first great story published by him - Williamson's Legion of Time .. & in that month he also inaugurates a new feature, The Analytical Laboratory; again he proves he can think without being prodded by his readers & without losing some of them .. May also brings Dr EE

Smith's one & only science article, in which the voluble & wordy Dr brings his volubility & wordiness into play in a most supremely satisfying manner to describe the creation of the Solar System. The article is Catastrophe ..

June brings the 1st of the new, Campbell type of editorial .. in which we are to see science fiction as it really is .. & by the end of the year: Jupiter & Mars have appeared on the cover .. we have met Johnny Black, the educated bear, & have witnessed the beginning of de Camp's rise to supremacy, particularly because of his magnificent article, Language for Tims Travelers .. L Ron Hubbard, adventure writer, has joined the ranks of science fiction writers with an excellent tale titled The Tramp; in that story he packs the same style, the same insight into human character that, developed, will enable him a year and a half hence to write the greatest science fiction story of all time ..

& also by the end of 1938, we see Campbell's plea for new writers - voiced in his announcement of an amateur author "contest" that is in reality nothing more than the opening of the way to newcomers - bearing fruit .. H L Gold, Kent Casey, Lester del Rey, & M Schore will have seen publication, but only one of these, del Rey, will climb to greater heights .. & in December of 1938, Campbell's keenly analytical mind will produce a finely specific classification of stories: Nova stories, which is to say a new development of an old idea .. this variation of the old theme which began when Tremaine coined the term, "thought-variant", will, like that term & like "mutant", eventually be discarded, but not before it has put across Campbell's theory of power in a story: richness of detail & excellence of telling rather than mere new ideas .. & of the year's production, we will remember Legion of Time, del Rey's Helen O'Loy, de Camp's The Merman, & above all - strangely - Kummer's The Forgiveness of Tenchu Taen .. titles such as we did not see in 1937 ..

Nineteen-hundred-thirty-nine is to be an important year in science fiction .. it is also to be a great year ..

In January Van Lorne is to commit an atrocity so great that he henceforth shall no longer appear .. the following month Williamson returns with an excellent novelette which is important mainly because it is illustrated on the cover by an

artist new to science fiction, who shall be in a year the acknowledged master at putting science fiction in oils. His name is Hubert Rogers .. & in that same month Campbell announces the publication of Unknown & Eric Frank Russell's Sinister Barrier - & the Campbell thinking process continues to function ..

In March appears the last of Campbell-Stuart the author, with The Cloak of Aesir .. Campbell has two magazines to edit now .. & in April Schneeman's beautiful astronomical plate of Saturn is featured on the cover .. but as yet we have had no indication of the importance of this year, though general story quality has been high ..

So June slips by unpretentiously, & in July it happens: van Vogt, Asimov, Moore, all important, each in different ways. With the publication of Black Destroyer A E van Vogt first sees print .. he will blaze a great name & write one of the greatest of stories, but he will slip .. Miss Moore's current effort will stand as an unchallenged classic. It is Greater Than Gods .. but by far the most important item of all is Asimov's Trends, for with this little story Campbell discovers what he has been groping for .. & social science fiction is born, but must wait for Heinlein for its full & logical development ..

From here on in things happen thick & fast .. Heinlein is presented, with Life-Line .. having seen print, he is now ready to revolutionize science fiction .. Engelhardt's General Swamp, C I C, is a miserable failure, & we can honestly declare the 1st strike on Campbell .. he will make up for it in October when Part 1 of Dr Smith's genuinely superb Gray Lonsman appears, with Rogers' justly famous cover .. & in November & December de Camp's important article, There Ain't No Such, will make copy ..

Nineteen-hundred-forty & 1941 are going to bring the very cream of science fiction .. as we run down the list it is like glancing through a roster of classics: in January & February Heinlein's If This Goes On - is published, to be followed by that masterpiece of masterpieces, Hubbard's Final Blackout, for which he will be called a genius on the one hand, & a militarist & communist on the other .. the April issue, in which Part 2 appears, stands high among individual

issues; & in it also is a note of sadness: Phil Nowlan is dead, & his comeback story will be his last - it appears next month .. The Roads Must Roll will appear in June, & in August Lester del Rey will do what science fiction authors have been trying to do for 14 years: he will tell the first great story of the first space flight; & he will call it The Stars Look Down .. & in September will begin van Vogt's epic of supermen - superbly & tenderly written, the story of Slan .. side by side with the initial installment, Heinlein's very satisfactory Blowups Happen will see print, & next month Harry Bates will return with his touching Farewell To the Master .. it, like The Stars Look Down, will be nearly forgotten in the rush accompanying Slan .. the year will close quietly, except for Slan, & readers will look back breathlessly on the finest year in the history of science fiction, & look forward to a equally fine story quality in '41 .. their hopes will be fulfilled ..

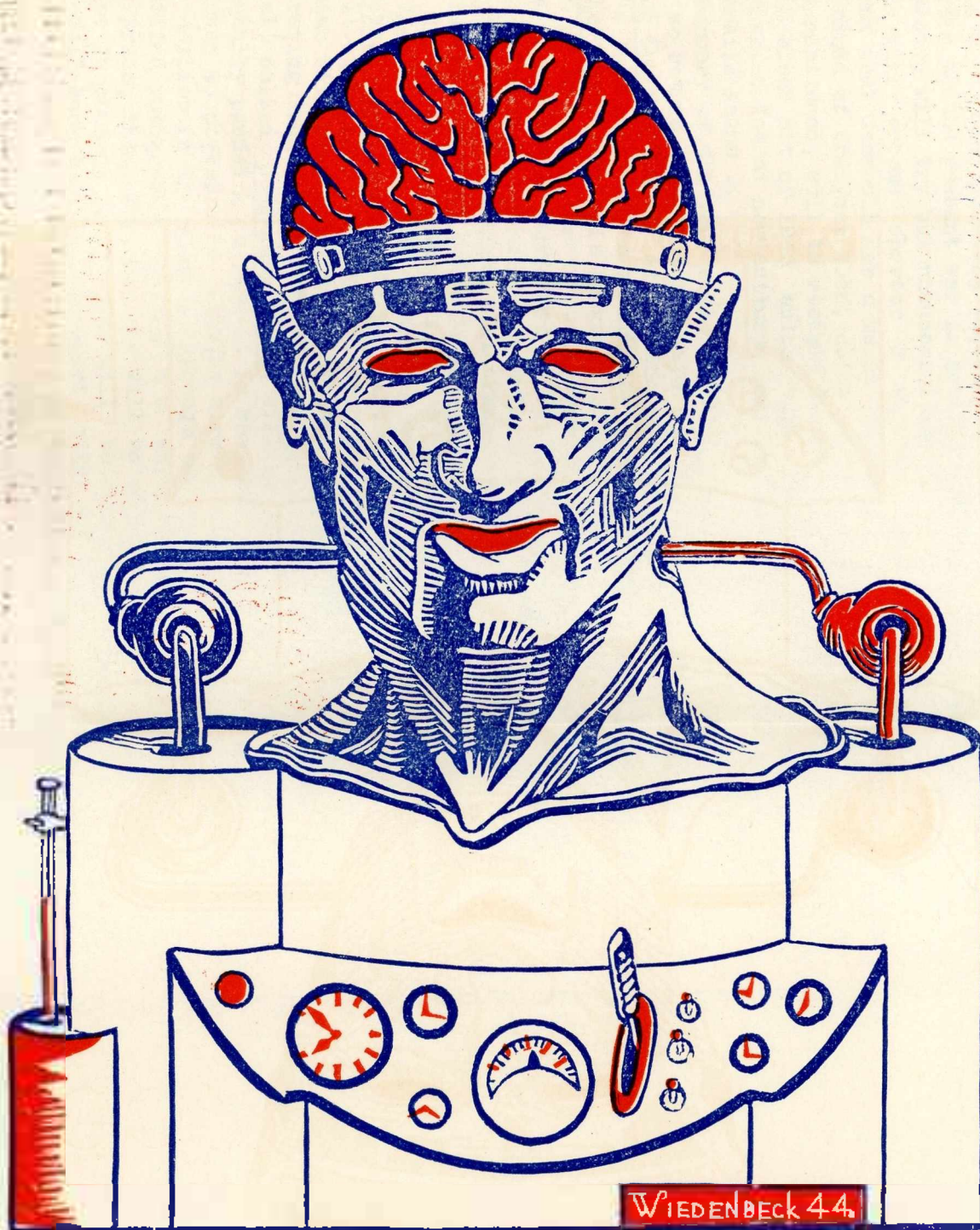
In January begins Heinlein's Sixth Column, written under the pseudonym of Anson MacDonald; in March the logic behind his use of a pseudonym will become apparent, for with the publication of Heinlein's Logic of Empire we will begin to realize that Heinlein has planned as outline of the future which will permit only certain stories to be published under his real name .. in April de Camp will throw away some of the most beautifully whacky ideas he has yet conceived when he muffs The Stolen Dormouse .. & in that same issue, the story Reason will establish a young writer as new master of the robot yarn. That writer is Isaac Asimov .. In May we will be given a chance to see Heinlein's outline of the future, & will find it intensely interesting, well-worked out & highly probable .. but side by side with this, As MacDonald, Heinlein will publish a story with a direct & definite importance outside the field of science fiction itself, such as no other fantasy piece has ever had, which will belie the very prophecies in the outline; that story is Solution Unsatisfactory .. & with this May issue we will know for sure that Tremaine's brain-child, Science Discussions, which has been sputtering on & off for a year now, has finally died & will appear no more .. & science is returned to the scientists ..

June will be a bang-up issue, but will contain nothing of

particular note, except the announcement of a serial by Heinlein which will seem, at 1st reading, a little strong to take but which will in retrospect be remembered as an undisputed classic .. in August there will appear a hediously delightful little tale by Sturgeon, Biddiver .. & the following month will see illustrated on the cover the most beautifully told story of the year, written by Isaac Asimov & entitled Night-fall .. editor Campbell will once more tread the pages with an intriguing & thought-provoking article in which he points out that We're Not All Human - & makes us love it .. 92 pages of the October issue will be written by Heinlein, but well & enjoyably written, for he will addle us wonderfully, as MacDonald, with By His Bootstraps, & command our interest with Common Sense .. In November the eminent Dr Smith returns with the third Patrol story, Second Stage Lensman .. for the 1st time in his career he will be soundly panned, & deservedly so, for this beside Gray Lensman is as chalk to cheese .. the year will close, unfortunately, on this rather sour note, but with hope of better things Campbell announces the new large size ..

On December 7th, 1941, the United States is at war, & science fiction is struck a blow from which it will not have recovered to the time of this writing .. in one stroke the whole soul of Astounding will be torn away: Heinlein-MacDonald, Hubbard, E E Smith, Isaac Asimov, Hubert Rogers, L Sprague de Camp, Schneeman .. a few stories by these will manage to leak through for a few months, but beyond that there is hope only of the deluge .. & if it is not that which we have gotten, it is surely no April shower ..

1942 will not compare to 1940 or '41, but it will produce a good deal of great material .. above all There Shall Be Darkness by Miss Moore .. MacDonald's magnificent story, the most different story in all science fiction, in which he will discuss calmly, sanely, & frankly a thing of vital interest : Beyond This Horizon - .. the "Foundation" stories by Asimov .. an excellently constructed little short by an unknown writer, F Anton Reeds: Forever is not so Long .. Will Stewart's stories of contraterrene matter, which are not really as good as they are touted to be .. Simak's excellent bit, Tool .. Nerves by del Rey .. & this year will also produce a



great deal that is undesirable, like much of Van Vogt's material, & a disappointing tendency to tell story after story relating to the present war .. several authors, like Chartmill & Boucher, will try but unsuccessfully to imitate Heinlein .. titles will become shorter & shorter, until one begins to suspect that Campbell has a mania on the subject .. The general trend of the year then, aside from those particular works mentioned, will be steeply downward .. & we descend into the black pit of 1943 which will produce much pretentiousness, a lot of new authors, but only about half a dozen worthwhile yarns ..

February of the year will mark the beginning of the tendency to return to adventure, with van Vogt's very poor The Weapon Makers, but it will mark also the publication of the year's best effort, the remarkable and marvelous Mimsy Were the Borogoves, by Lewis Padgett .. March will be the best issue of the year, for it will contain that superbly dignified & sympathetic adventure tale, Clash by Night, by a new author, Lawrence O'Donnell, as well as Simak's Show of Life Padgett's Shock - Padgett will always impress - & Richardson's genuinely important article, Space Fix .. Fritz Leiber Jr will arrive in Astounding in May, & his serial novel will fan the flames of hope that Astounding may rise again. The story - Gather, Darkness! - will be like a beacon in the darkness, but it will light no other torches .. the only good cover Timmins will ever paint is to appear on the June issue, illustrating Padgett's The World is Mine .. Catherine Moore's serial, called Judgement Night, will appear in August, & will be equally panned & praised .. in November the magazine will condense to pocket size (having already returned to standard size earlier in the year) & although the new size will have a dignified rotogravure section to which readers can point with pride, those same readers will be acutely aware of a decrease in content .. the year will be closed on a sour note, & we will look back in retrospect with a disagreeable taste in our mouths, consisting mainly of too much van Vogt, George O Smith, war stories, & general hack ..

Enter 1944 ..

For six months we will plod along at a low ebb of bored disinterest .. we will remember only two things: Timmins'

cover for January, which will be almost good, & Simak's stories - Ogre, City, & Huddling Place .. & thus after all it will be an old favorite who will hold aloft the flame ..

Volume XXXIII, No 5 - Astounding Science Fiction, July, 1944 .. John W Campbell, Jr, editor .. we will find these names on the contents page: Leiber, Simak, Anderson, Richardson, Ley, Jones .. & these are the names of neither the old nor the new old favorites .. they will neither represent the science fiction of July, 1934, nor its utter antithesis, nor will they represent the kind of science fiction that swept across the years of 1939, 1940, 1941 .. they will represent rather a backwash of both ..

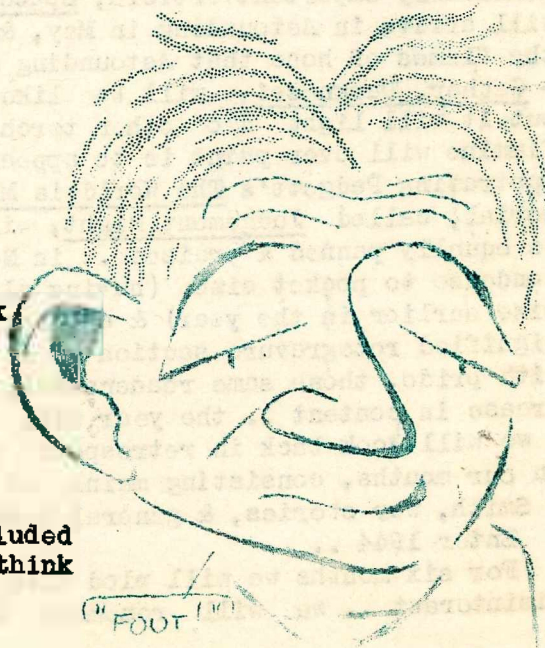
Thus in ten years we will have seen the cycle fulfilled - for science fiction will have passed from one crisis to new heights & back to still another crisis .. & we suddenly fear the nearness of death, as we did in 1934 ..

And strangely, we would love a Tremaine pep-talk ..

... Eddie Clinton

ANONYMOUS ONES

& still another anonymous
intellectual rises to
the fore
this one imagines himself
to be a bard
& is constantly writing blank
verses to the girl at the
ice cream store
they are soulfully composed
& veritably drip the
nectar of the ghods
drip drip
someday his name will be included
in an anthology but i don't think
he will ever
make her



RENAISSANCE IN THE FRUITCAKE OR SHE WAS ONLY A 3-CREDIT GIRL

nosir, by ghod - Roi Tan was no damn
prude! - but he didn't know the score

ROI TAN WAS NO PRUDE.

"I am no prude," he would say, nashing his upper plate. & yet - there was something that set him apart. Some mysterious knowledge of which he was ignorant. Even his best friends wouldn't tell him: they didn't know either. For the law of Spotweld forbade all dissemination of forbidden information.

That was why he stood in the shadows of the Hortensodex Hall trying to catch an inkling of the facts of life. Impatiently he waited for the 2 squirming figures on the floor to cease their activities & be gone. He wished to be alone that great machine which was both the government & the morals of Spotweld. He wanted to set up an intergration of the most vital importance.

"Soon," thought Roi Tan, "I shall know all. Yes! I shall learn of the origin of man & the Temple of Birch - the Hoss-pightal!"

"By ghu!" he thought, "I can't wait to get my paws on them studs."

The deepening shadows gave way to night & outside the red lights of the district began to wink on. As if this was a signal the pair on the floor rose & began a low-voiced argument.

"But honey," Roi heard the man say, "I haven't got three credits. Don't be so commercial about this .. "

"Commercial!" cried the girl, "do you think I do this for the fun of it? Now look here, Willie, you pony up with my three credits or I'll call a Serviceman!"

They moved away, still arguing, & Roi Tan was left alone

with the Hextrasexdex Machine. Roi hurriedly made his calculations & set up the integration h e had planned for many tara.

It was done. At last! thought Roi. With a prayer on his lips & a pounding heart h e pulled down the massive master switch -

There was a crackling of electrical current; the rumble of a thousand drums; a thunderous booking filled the Hall; great livid flashes o f lightning crackled & flashed; electrical connections squirted bright blue flame & the odor of second hand ozone filled the air.

Silence

Silence.

With trembling fingers Roi opened the slot that contained the answer to all his strivings. The net result of his complicated computation. The astounding revelation of all his hopes & fears. He shivered.

There in his palm lay a small white card with its message in plain black letters:

YOU HAVE NEGLECTED TO DEPOSIT THE NECESS-
ARY THREE CREDITS. PLEASE DO SO AT ONCE

"I am nu prude," said Roi.

"But the old fuddy duddies on t h e Seekers Council are prudes," he thought.

"I hear' that thought," cried Nahab, making the sign of the finger, "& what's more, I don't like it. I move Roi Tan be hanged dead."

"Not yet," objected another Councilman. "First we try him - then we hang him. Remember our constituents, gentlemen, & make this a good legal execution."

Cries of "That's right, boys, let's have fair play here," "A square deal or no deal," "Three hearts," "Double," "Redouble," "I pass," & "Shoot, Jasper; you're faded," echoed through the Hall & Nahab was forced to subside.

Roi Tan looked about him at the Seeker's Council grouped in the form of a great double cross. He glanced at the gold & marble spittoons & took heart.

"I have come before you with a Message," he said, "courtesy of my sponsor, Stubbs, Inc, manufacturer of the miracle milk - SuperRay - good for dour stomach, sinus trouble, cuts,

burns, bruises, athletes' foot & the one day cure. Harken to my words."

He opened a large roll of synthetic parchment & read:

"I have sought a new mystery - the mystery of life itself.

Roi Tan's exhibits were being rolled into the hall over limp bodies of three Councilmen & into the projection booth.

"Where did the life in Spotweld come, originally?" asked Roi rhetorically. He burped. "Where is it coming from now?" At this point two Councilmen winked slyly at one another. "Who knows? I know. I have read a book!"

Cries of "Blasphemy!" "What is our younger generation coming to?" "The anti-Christ is come!" "Two no trump," "I pass," "Snakeyes, buster, the dice are yours!" But Roi proceeded on undisturbed.

"Watch the screen," he commanded & stepped into the projection booth. On the screen appeared the outline of a tree.

"Observe the essential parts of this diagram," said Roi. "Here we have a lot of little ovules & the same amount of large grains. Watch what happens when they get together -"

The Councilmen watched with bated breath. Then - suddenly - the screen filled with more trees. Thousands of 'em. In fact, a whole damn forest.

Nahab rose & pointed a shaking finger at the projection booth. "Sacrilege!" he shouted. "Sacrilege! Only Speer can make a tree!"

"Servicemen," cried the Leader of the Council, "take away this madman. Throw Roi Tan in the Poky!" They took Roi away.

The big neon sign said, THE TEMPLE OF BIRTH - HAVE JUNIOR ON THE STATE & EARN A LITTLE SIDE MONEY AT THE SAME TIME.

But the street was deserted. Pay day was three tara off. There was no one to see Roi sneaking along the gutter striving to elude the Serviceman from whom he had escaped only an hour ago. He looked over his shoulder. No one was about. Safe! Then he spied the neon sign.

Could it be that something went on inside those massive portals of which he knew naught? Were there mysteries beyond his ken? He often wondered.

But Roi was jarrred out of these curious thoughts by a sudden shout. He spun about - to see a pack of persuing Ser-

vicemen dashing up the street!

There was only one thing to do. Roi rushed to the temple & pounded madly on the door.

"Let me in," he cried, "open the door!"

The door swung open & he fell inside. Before him stood a wrinkled old crone with a knowing leer.

"In a bad way, eh sonny?" she croaked. Well, we'll fix you up here .. for a price."

"Wisdom to you, mother," gasped Roi. "Could you possibly shut the door? There's a terrific draft."

"Mother, hell," said the old woman. "I was always a careful girl, I was. As for the draft - here comes the sad sults." & she stepped forward to confront the crowd of Service men that filled the street.

"Go home, boys," she quavered, "no Servicemen allowed here after ten o'clock."

A shout of protest followed that was cut off by the closing of the Temple portals. The crone returned to Roi who stood panting against the wall.

"You are is a state, pretty lad," said she, "but we'll soon remedy that." & taking him by the hand she marched him down the hall. Roi wondered if he was missing something of significance, but the old woman was so obscure.

"I am no prude," said Roi, stepping into the dark room. DO NOT RING FOR GIRLS, the sign said, ONE'S ENOUGH.

He felt a chill of holy awe. This was it! He had entered the holy of holies! Roi had arrived.

But - what was this? This was no gleaming laboratory, but only a barren room with a bed in one corner. On the bed, a girl. Roi turned about in puzzlement. Was this the net result of his ceaseless endeavors? Could it be - ?

Was he about to witness the creation of line!?

Suddenly there was a great flash of purple light! Roi moved-toward-the-bed - "I am no prude," said Roi.

(Will Roi make the bed? Can Roi pay the price? Read the next issue of True Astounding Bleery Stories & find out?)

Anachronism -

BLEERY, ACCORDING TO A COUPLE CORRESPONDENTS, IS AN ANACHRON-ism - we simply don't fit into the ordinary run of phanzines. This, we might add, is just what we want, for we haven't as yet published anything that wasn't just a little out of the ordinary. ' ' Because we make no attempt to limit our material to stuff of a strictly phan or sfantasy nature, there are those who tear their hair & pant loudly, & bang their desks & scream about that horrible phanzine that doesn't fit into the pattern. ' ' Prominent examples of this are of course Eddie Price's rambling discourses on liquor, Tubby Yerke's discussions on smoking & it's issu, & Harry Warner's Music Hath Charms. ' ' The natural reaction to Eddie's stuff was that we were accepting it because of the name backing it. This premise is asinine, for those articles were solicited! We asked for them. Unfortunately, a few of our dear readers have objected strenuously to the inclusion of such material. Well, chums, that is just too damn bad. For we, like the editors of Nova, figure that since you don't pay for Bleery any more, & the editor foots the bill, you haven't got too much to say about what we should accept, or shaping our policy. Enough of our readers do enjoy diab' as it stands, & we have a waiting list a foot long of persons who will be only too happy to take over a sub that some other guy doesn't want. ' ' Subscriptions, incidentally, in money at least, will no longer be accepted. We merely want letters - a letter from each & every one of you. If we don't get a letter, the answer is quite simple: you won't get the next issue. As simple as that. ' ' An English edition of Bleery is now being published, for the benefit of those who are interested in American phan doings. It runs about 25 copies. ' ' We find it necessary to make the customary request for material. We felt it essential - to keep the magazine on its present standard - to dispose of all material before the end of the year. Hence the somewhat immense issue. We've used up our entire backlog. Incidentally, this is Vol 1 - No 5 . . . THE STAFF

