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Sirius is an amateur fanzine perpetrated at the sigil of the extended second finger. Friendly criticism can be directed to

STAN SERXNER
1308 Hoe Ave.
Bronx 59, NY

Adverse howlings can be sent to:
The Mutilated Mimeograph Corp,
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SPEAKING SIRIUSLY

This issue of Sirius is crammed full of literary gems, by literate fans well known to the prolegs. They each have contributed substantially to the fan's collection of rejection slips. Ha yes.

Here's something interesting. On one of my peripatetic peregrinations around NY, I came across thuelys:
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They were just getting set up when I totaled by, so I couldn't get any info. Why not write 'em? Hoo knows wottle 'appen?

Saw the CBS color television demonstration in NY. Can't say I was surprised. Hell, we fans have had three dimensional color feelivision before most of them techs. wese born. I wave my cane angrily from my wheelchair and quaver, "Plaijarists!"

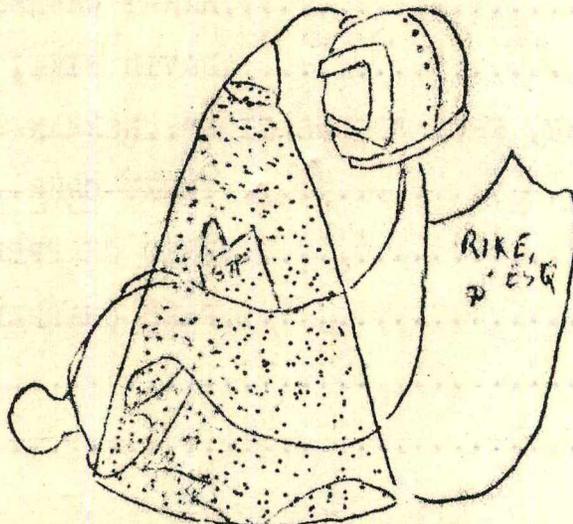
This is a bulky ish 'cause I used up alla my backlog. So some lads are here more'n once. The Spotter will no doubt comment feelingly on that subject. Ha- he is gonna be out of a job lessen some other fnz wants a critic that wears a mask just so his beautiful features won't blind faneds.

Wanted to go to the Nolacon. But maybe the Army will send me down when I tell 'em I'm a fan.

Yeah, I joined the Army. This is the last SIRIUS you'll get for three years. To them I owe mags too, well, I dunno. Faneds are notoriously broke, and soldiers broker. Tsk.

To them as Subscribed, Exchanged, Contributed and Criticized, (Damn it! I never could spell criticize.) Thank you.

Hasta La Vista, Companeron. Stan.



'S-F-FAN'

I LIKE THAT ↗

-SPOTTER- STICK TO YOUR OWN PAGE!
-STAN-

MONSTER IN THE BATHTUB

3

Jones was a scientist, not a bookkeeper; and Kane always seemed to be a nice honest fellow so he didn't notice it until too late that Kane had swindled him out of his share of the chemical business. Then Kane wasn't such a nice fellow as he had seemed. He immediately became the dominating tyrant he always had been. He had managed to keep it hidden in his football-players body and weasel brain until he was in a position to enforce his rule.

Instead of addressing Jones as he formerly had, Theodore or Ted, he called him Teddy, and instead called him Teddy, in a sneering way that sent the blood racing thru Jones' veins. Jones had been college boxing champ, and kept himself unconsciously in trim by walking to work and set-ups in the morning. Luther Kane was beginning to flab, and on Saturdays, when he doled out fifty dollars to Jones and pocketed two hundred and fifty himself; Jones could barely restrain from using him as a punching bag.

Kane even laughed when Jones protested. "You really ought to be glad to get this. I could hire a druggist's bottle washer to do your job--- and he could do it better than you, too." He smiled an entirely within-the-law kind of smile.

Jones could tolerate that, he still had Shiela. Shiela was young and blond and her trim figure did things to skirts and fluffy white blouses. She disapproved highly of fisticuffs. Jones often wondered why such a pretty girl would have anything to do with him, as do swains from ages back. She seemed to like him and she didn't laugh when he advanced some of his pet scientific theories like Kane always did.

Every Saturday Shiela and Jones would ride on country roads in Jones' '42 Ford.

When Kane horned in on his private affairs with Shiela it was too much. On Saturday night after the movie Jones and the girl sat in a secluded booth at Hamburger Mikes place. Then Kane had come in and spotted them. He smiled broadly and hurried over to where they sat. He crowded into the seat beside Shiela without asking permission and began to talk loudly--- too loudly, as usual. Across the table Jones sat and chewed on the sandwich which had suddenly become dry and tough in the flame of his emotion. He washed down every bite with gulps of milk.

Finally the ordeal was over and Shiela went home, telling Jones to stay in the booth.

Kane spoke, "Well, my little buddy, Teddy has got himself something. How'd you do that, Teddy?"

When Jones did not reply Kane smiled slyly and added, "I think she is too good for you. I think she ought to be going around with a better man. And do you know who the better man is, Teddy?" Without waiting for an answer he said, "It's me, that's who." Kane lifted his eyebrows and acted as if he wished Jones would try to make something out of it.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

It was then that Theodore Jones decided to grow the monster that would gobble Kane up. Kane was fifty pounds heavier than Jones and muscled. Jones flinched involuntarily when he thought of himself lying on the floor, messed up. He could have bested Kane, but the thought of Shiela and her reaction made the question of a man-to-man fight was out of the question.

It was easy to get Kane up to his apartment. He spent several days in dropping vague hints that he had something very interesting at his place. He didn't say just what it was but he intimated that it was some sort of secret invention with which he hoped to make a pot of money.

Kane invited himself. He said, "Teddy, I think we ought to go over to your place and have a drink to celebrate our being such old." His eyes narrowed to slits and he clamped an iron hard fist onto Jones' shoulder.

"Uh, Yeah." Jones said nervously, "I have some pretty good Scotch over there."

* * * * *

Jones mixed the drinks and handed one to Kane, who was relaxed comfortably on the couch. He sipped the drink slowly and then asked with assumed casualness, "Where's this new invention you have, Teddy?"

"Uh— new invention?"

"Come on, don't try to fool me. I know you have something here."

Jones grinned guiltily, "Your'e right. I should know I can't keep anything from you." He waved carelessly at the bathroom. "I keep it there."

"What is it?" Kane was suddenly alert. Anything that promised to be profitable was always very interesting.

"I'll show you."

Jones selected the right key on the ring and inserted it in the bright new lock that had recently been put on the door.

They stepped inside and Kane pushed past the other man. He said, "I don't see anything."

Jones jumped quickly out the door. He slammed the heavy wooden door shut and twisted the key. Kane was locked inside.

"What the hell!" Kane snarled from inside.

"Raise the curtains from the tub." Jones told him. "My new invention is in there!" He turned away from the bathroom and raced into the living room where he had turned the radio on full volume.

When he returned Kane was already beating futilely at the door with frantic fists.

Kane cried, "What is this thing, Jones?" Suddenly his voice crack-
ing in terror. He screamed, "Jones! Let me out of here!"

Suddenly the shouts were out off. There was a soft chewing sound
beyond the closed door. Then a wet sound of something sliding over the
bathroom floor. Water splashed in the tub and then it was silent.

Jones unlocked the door and peered cautiously in. A slimy green
thing was just settling into the bathtub. Of Kane there was no trace.
Not even his shoes.. Jones hastily closed and locked the door.

He cut off the blaring radio. It had effectively wiped out Kane's
screams. Then he tidied up and left the apartment, knowing that the
monster would remain eaten for - long time, quiescent. It would be easy
enough to convince the police that he'd killed the thing after it
had attacked Kane and killed him. They'd probably give him a medal for
doing away with such a dangerous creature. He turned possible explan-
ations over in his mind.

Kane had been quite clever in mulcting Jones out of his profits,
legally, too. A few changes would put things back where they were, with
no one the wiser. He had never quarried with Kane. He could thank
Shiela for that. He settled on an explanation that had occurred to him
before. It was comfortably vague and mysterious. The A-Bomb experiment
had caused a mutation of one of the countless, harmless, microscopic
creatures in the city water supply. Jones had happened upon it, exp-
imented on it. He had kept it in clostrones, but it had grown huge.
Kane had attempted to activate it when it attacked and engulfed him
before the horrified Jones could empty a beaker of acid upon it. He
had called the police. Huh! He dialed a number. during the buzz he
thought....

Outside it was a fine, warm, summer night. The stars winked brig-
htly in the purple darkness of space. It was a fine night to date
Shiela.

THE END

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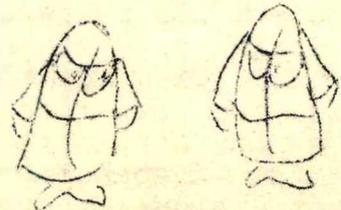
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DOMINANT SPECIES

16
by STAN SERKNER

"Evolution - Bah!" said the great ape, scratching his broad, hairy chest absentmindedly with his left hand, his right grasping an overhead branch of the gnarled oak. They were curious hands for a primate. They had opposed thumbs. The not-quite-ape gazed benignly at the raggedly clothed creature straddling the branch opposite him.

"What does that mean?" the human-like creature asked somewhat startledly. "I've known you two days and nothing we've said so far has led up to evolution, much less evolution - bah."

"You're the second of the other race I've talked to in six years. The other, a professor, died. Radiation burns. I began the conversation where I left off with him."

"Humans, what are left of them, don't possess you mutants elastic memory or telep-thic senses. I can't read your mind," the tattered one replied sadly, swaying on his branch high above the ten year old ruins of a City. It was one of the few that had not been H-Bombed. Gas and virulent bacteria had crumpled the proud towers.

"I can't read your mind either. I just get a general impression of blankness." The ape grinned a sharp fanged, not-quite-silian grin. He scratched again.

The tattered one ignored the insult. He repressed an imitative desire to scratch, reflecting that he was superior to that gene scrambled monk in one respect at least. "Go ahead with your evolutionary declaration, ape," he grunted.

The ape settled back against the trunk of the twisted oak. Staring cross-eyedly with concentration at a strangely shaped leaf hanging dejectedly from a limb higher up, he began.

"When the destruction of - City far from here released my parents from their cage in the municipal zoo, the radiations of the Bomb had affected their germs. I was born, a mutant, recalling part of their life, memories of horrible creatures surging around their cage, staring with morbid disgust at them." the ape snorted.

"With my changed brain and body, I read and absorbed much from the gutted libraries and dying minds around me." A picture arose before the neo-ape. He could see himself, a vast dark shape lumbering confusedly about the ruins of the City, draining knowledge from the terrorized and disintegrating minds around him. He had developed an enormous contempt and pity for these dead creature that were supposed to have descended from his race millions of years ago.

"Human scientists are wrong in their evolutionary theory. Evolution is not a slow, orderly process. A new species does not evolve slowly, 'survival of the fittest' fashion. It is a sudden change in the intensities of certain radiations, cosmic or more subtle energies, cause mutations in one generation. The degenerate, infertile mutations die. The progressive, fertile mutants breed."

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE.)

I am such a one. Man has succeeded in destroying himself, and in doing so created my species. We who formerly were his playthings. The human race was slated to death. They were ninety-ninths dead already, a mutation that escaped extinction by one gene!"

"A mutation does not occur spontaneously in one generation. And acquired characteristics are not inherited. You are not the product of a millerg too much or too little subcosmic energy. Your seed was tens of generations in the making, by the survival-of-the-fittest law. You spoke of racial memories. A race of top-heavy neoroids is in the making. A people drowned in the ever encroaching darkness of ancestral maunaxrings. Elastic memory. Telepathy. Your race has all the faults and none of the virtues mine had. An aberrant group destroyed my race. We were moving toward great heights!" the t-ttered creature screamed.

"Tch, tch. Out of order. Knew that tube was half gone." the ape grasped the other's arm. Hard. His eyes glinted sharply.

"What? What did you say? Out of order?" the other was vaguely surprised that the great ape's grasp did not hurt.

"Certainly. You are not human - not even animal. I created you from from a dead technology, using the knowledge I drew out of those books, plus some refinements. I created you from the image of the other human. I gave you his mind. I instructed you, my walking history book, my debating opponent. I depended upon you. Hah! the ape tightened his grip. A terrified expression twisted the androids features.

"What I have said is true! Your spieces will die. I am human. You lie. You lie! the android struggled wildly.

Something stirred in the dormant animal strata of the neo-apes brain. "Lie? I do not lie!" he mouthed, in more the bark of an ape than the speech of the humans. He lifted the struggling shape from the branch where it had clung feebly. "Wheels and cogs and tubes. Nothing but that and the consciousness of a dead man, who was the last of his misbegotten race. Wheels and cogs and tubes." the ape was slavering a bit as he threw the pseudo-human down the the rubble-strewn earth.

"I am human . I am humanaaaaan." the drawn out wail died suddenly with a thump.

The great primate stood upright, feet grasping the limb. Chest heaving. He held his hands with their opposed thumbs before his flat face. "That android was wrong, insane, shorted. I will survive. Memories are just memories. I just let that remnant of a human unbalance me for a moment. He thought he was speaking the tounge of the dead race, but short guttural sounds issued from his X-inged maw. He shook his head dazedly, scratched vigorously. He swung off through the blighted forest.

At the foot of the oak, a final spark inside of the twisted mass of wiring and tubes flickered and with a faint 'pop' went out.

LIFE AMONG THE ANT HUNTERS

or "What to do" Until the Doctor Comes

By *L.H.*

Me, I've got nothing against ants. True, They occasionally crawl into one's food but I'm not a vegetarian. And so my only gripe with them is my family. I live in the center of the wildest battle ground this side of the U.N. I am completely surrounded and being attacked from all sides.

First, most people would put out ant-poison...not my family! Their first maneuver is psychological. They study the ants' habits and try to outwit the little beasts. Down here in the south the customary method of keeping ants out of food is to stand a glass in the center of a dish filled with water and then set the plate containing the food on top of the glass. Well, a few days ago I found the sugar bowl sitting on a saucer...not a saucer filled with water...just a saucer. Today it was still sitting in the dry saucer. And naturally the ants had crossed the vast dry expanse and entered the sugar. Apparently such subtle trickery, designed to frustrate the ants, was too subtle for their feeble brains.

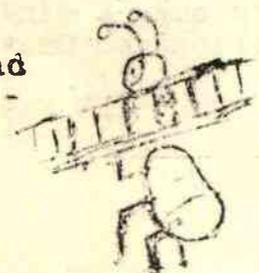
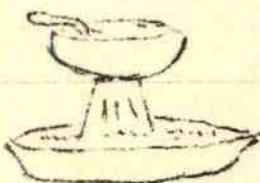
The next "trap" was too subtle for my mind too. It consisted of a dish full of water with an upturned glass in the center and on top of that...nothing. Perhaps it was hoped that the ants would kill themselves in an attempt to find out what was on top of the glass. Perhaps it was hoped that they would go mad trying to figure out the affair.

Don't think the ants aren't fighting back! They have already taken over the living room. No matter where I sit I soon feel them beginning to explore me. In my own room, I have managed to retain neutrality. My room is the only one in the house which is not cursed with coats of bright blue ant-powder. But my room is not soundproof. I can still hear the wild cries of victory when someone finds dead ants floating in the water and the cries of anguish when someone finds live ants scurrying about in the sugar bowl.

Of course the greatest danger to the innocent bystander is the bright blue powder which is so gleefully dusted over the kitchen. This substance, ant poison, is spread about, over dishes and cups, across the salt and pepper shakers, thru the potatoes...everywhere. Ant poison is, of course, brightly colored so that it will not be mistaken for food by the ants. They enjoy it hugely, often inviting friends to dine. I have counted at least twenty-seven different varieties of ants feasting on ant powder. Some of it escapes detection when mixed in with the mashed potatoes, for instance, or beat into a stew.

pardon me. I feel rather ill. I guess it was that bright blue carrot salad we had for dinner.

The End



PRIME CONTACT

19

BY DAVID ENGLISH

"I hope they didn't see us rocket down," said Captain Dickens.

"No one could have helped seeing us. The fire of our braking jets was visible for miles around. And the noise! Even in this atmosphere. But why worry: there's nothing and nobody on this petered out planet to see us." Scott, 'sparks' of the M-S 1 replied.

To this the captain grunted, "Oh, there are inhabitants, don't you worry about that. We'll have to be careful about being seen, at least until we've established a base."

"Oh nuts! There aren't any Martians. How could this arid, frozen-up pebble support any higher form of life than -er- a Martian tumble weed."

They had this same argument quite often during the trip, Scott and Dickens, to keep the blackness of space and the responsibility for their men from breaking them. They knew it was pointless, but they enjoyed it.

Sometimes Dr. Rinwell would add fuel to the argument, then sit back and enjoy himself. He said, "A few minutes ago Cotton finished the air analysis. He said that if the atmosphere were all we had to consider, there could very well be life here. Mars has a bit more than half of the 20% Oxygen in Terra's atmosphere. There is enough to support life. Some 'Martian tumbleweeds', perhaps.

"Yeah, but all the Oxygen on Mars wouldn't any help if you're frozen to death. Why, the temperature out there is 50 below. Think what it'll be at night!" retorted Scott.

Dickens growled, "Suppose the Martians live at that temperature, and like it!" Scott had an answer for that, and the argument continued. Finally someone who had let his scientific curiosity run away with him suggested that instead of arguing, since they had landed, go out and find out for sure. Both of the debaters had the grace to look silly at that.

Arguing in a nice warm room is always a lot more fun than going out and tramping around in 50 below zero weather with lungs afire for want of Oxygen; but going out was the thing to do. So they did.

The captain and crew got their electrically heated clothing on and reported at the airlock. Dickens was waiting for them with weapons for protection. Scott thought the guns were not necessary and said so. The captain told him to shut up. The airlock wooshed open and they stepped out.

They came out of the ship bundled up like children on a cold morning. And for a while they were children, they had been reborn into a new world whose feeble gravity exhilarated them. They forgot for a moment the command of their captain to stay out of sight as much

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

as possible. They had landed inside of a narrow ring of small hills anyway. For a while they hopped about like agitated grasshoppers, showing off their ballet ability.

Soon it seemed that the strange elixir of youth wore off. They became old men, panting and puffing for breath, the highest leapers looking most foolish. They sat down, gloved hands over pounding hearts and rested. Some of them swallowed pills that slowed the metabolism, and contained Oxygen.

When they recovered, they decided that they would explore the distant line of hills that seemed to be peached on the horizon. Perhaps they could find ready-made cave-bases. Perhaps the elusive Martians lived there...maybe they were just eroded dust piles.

They reached the hills later than they had expected to. The clear air and the smaller size of the planet had made the distance less than it actually was.

The hills sloped upward gradually to a height of about five hundred feet. They were covered with a soft furry moss, yellow in color. A short distance up the slope was a mass of large rocks and boulders, not covered with the moss. They were going to see a real live Martian among them later, but they didn't know that.

Exhausted and cold, they huddled about a feeble fire in their camouflaged clothing, eyed to the pale ocher of Mars. The fire seemed about to die of old age in a few moments. All except Scott, Dickers, and Cotton the botanist rested. Scott and Dickers took up their old argument out of habit while Cotton gathered samples of the soil.

"There's your tumbleweed, Scott," Dickers said, pointing at the moss. Before Scott could reply, Cotton yelled suddenly,

"Hey, Cap'n -- Scott- I saw a Martian over there in the rocks."

"What? Where?" asked the captain, scrabbling for his gun.

"In the rocks, I told you." Cotton pointed to the densest mass of boulders.

"What did it look like?" The captain cautiously peered around, with the rest of the men instinctively forming a defense perimeter, as they were taught in military school.

"I didn't see it too clearly, sir, I was picking one of these moss things off a pebble when something big and thin scooted away over that rock," Cotton pointed.

"Crazy, just plain crazy, that's all. It was just an...er" fumbled Scott.

"Come on over here and say that, Scotty," challenged Cotton, patting his service pistol.

The captain swore loudly and feverently. "Attention," he yelled, his voice ridiculous in the thin air. "Never mind fighting. Come on.

Flank 'em - Don't use your weapons unless you absolutely have to!"

They walked over to the rocks cautiously, and then searched vigorously. They kicked over some of the smaller rocks, as if they might have concealed a trap door. Some men searched the same area several times, carefully. They didn't find anything more than the yellow fuzzy moss.

They regrouped, each one giving several reasons why it would be impossible for anything to escape their eagle eyes.

Dr. Rinwell returned, listened to the group, then uttered a singularly profane-sounding medical term. The men looked at him with respect. He said,

"I came upon a crevasse in the rocks. Maybe the Martian hid in it. Must have. The only place."

"Of all the.. Why didn't you..Oh never mind, Come on." Dickers said.

The crevasse was about two feet across, downward slanting, and some thing like eight feet high. Everbody agreed that this was the only place a Martian could have gone.. They agreed that someone had to go in and explore. Someone produced a pack of cards. Every one out. The dubious honor fell upon Scott. ~~Everyone except~~ Scott thought that a fine choice had been made. Even Dickers smiled grimly.

After all, Scott didn't believe in Martians, did he? He did not. Then there was no reason for him to dodge out. Scott said of course he wasn't scared, he'd go in any time right now, if they wanted him to.

Dickers had tried to say that no one would go in, but he was voted down.

"Are you afraid I won't find a Martian in there, Captain?" Scott smiled his most irritating smile.

"I'm afraid you will. But if you feel that way about it, damn it, go ahead and be eaten by what ever is in there." Dickers was angry.

Scott laughed and walked toward the hole, deciding that he had asked for it and fate had given it to him, but good.

"Here's a flashlight and a super power pistol."

"Nuts, sir, I don't need it for a figment of the imagination."

"Take it, Scott," said the captain.

"Oh, all right, cap'n."

They tied a rope around his waist. He asked if it was to pull out his gnawed corpse. Someone agreed and Scott pulled a little. Scott crawled into the narrow passage. The captain told him to be careful. "Sure, Captain, sure," Scott replied.

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They waited out there, shivering with a bit more than the cold. Captain Dickers held the rope depressively, loosening his grip only when it was necessary. I shouldn't have let him go in there, the captain thought. He prayed silently for Scott's safety, as the rope slit-tered snakelike into that little cave. All the men felt cold sweat under the padded masks that protected their faces from the bitter cold.

"My God," said somebody, "that thing's deep. He's gone into it at least twenty feet and he's still going."

"Yeah," said Captain Dickers. "Yeah."

He hoped there wouldn't be any Martian in there. He hoped that Cotton hadn't really seen anything among those rocks. He hoped that there weren't any Martians at all!

Scott, he thought, over and over again, Scott, come out safely, and say that your'se okay, and laugh at me for believing that there was any thing as foolish as Martians. I'm sorry I let you go in.

And then there was a scream, shrill in the thin air. It came out of the little cave and made every one start. They jumped up simultaneously, as though they were fastened together.

"Scott! Something happened to him! Help me pull him out!" yelled Dickers.

Everyone took hold of the rope and they began to pull Scott out as quickly and as gently as possible. They were quicker than they were gentle.

"Take it easy, not so fast. you'll hurt him," Rinwell said.

"He's more likely to be hurt if we don't pull him out quickly," was the reply.

Finally they got Scott out. He wasn't screaming anymore, but he was still frightened. He kept babbling: "I was crawling along in the darkness... I heard something ahead of me... I didn't want to turn on the flashlight... I put out a hand touched something hairy and... and warm... I turned on the flashlight then... the Martian... it had huge eyes... glowing at the ends of stalks... I couldn't get at my gun... then you pulled me out."

"Look!" shouted Dr. Rinwell. "Over there!" And he pointed to a shaggy, loping creature that was just disappearing over the summit of the hill. Some, more imaginative, claimed that it was over twenty feet tall. Others were more conservative, but the crew agreed that it was very tall.

"The tunnel must have another exit. He got out that way. It's going out after its tube, that's what," stammered Cotton. "We'd better get back to the ship in a hurry."

The way back to the ship was terrible. They didn't dare stop to rest. For a crew of savages, hardened, accustomed to run at the mere sight of a so-far harmless alien, who had apparently been running

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE.)

from them. It was Scott. He was the most cynical, hardbitten one of them all. If he was reduced to such a state, it boded ill for the rest.

They kept leaping along. They had to carry Scott most of the way. He was still weak from shock.

When they reached the ship, two or three million years of leaping hell later, they bolted the ports and sprawled on the deck and rested with their heavy clothing.

Dickers said after a while, "I think we'd better go back to Earth for reinforcements and then return."
* * * * *

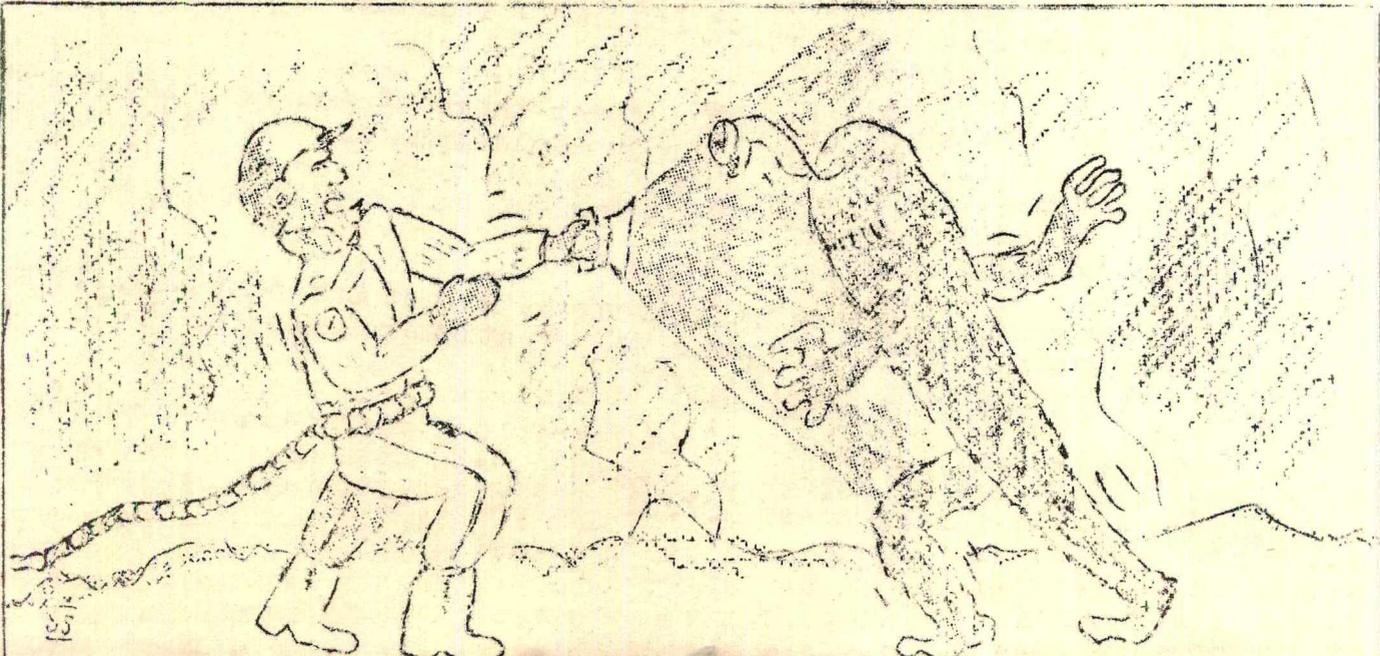
Eighteen hairy Martians sat, squatted, rather, in a circle around a very weak fire, that threw capering shadows on the cave wall. Before them stood a young Martian, Ka, whose harsh, droning voice held them spellbound.

"It was awful! I was watching the things from the sky. They saw me, chased me. I hid in one of our tunnels in the rocks. One of those weird things came in and actually," Ka's hairy pelt stood on end, "touched me. Then a - little sun flashed in my face. The thing made a horrible noise. I saw a little of it. It was short, it had two hair-furred limbs, it had a flat face, and...flat eyes! I ran, came here to tell you. Merciful Tamos, it was awful!"

As soon as Ka finished, the chief rose solemnly and said, "Tamos has fulfilled the ancient legend. The Monsters from the sky have come. They hate us. They will come back and destroy us. Merciful Tamos, we had better go to the Far Red Hills...away from those Monsters, but I feel that it is useless."

So the Martian Monsters and the Terran Monsters fled from one another.

THE END



A SPECULATION IN TIME.. By JIM CRAIG

The other day I got to thinking about one of those time-travel paradoxes that pros still attempt to solve now and then. You all know it.. A man invents a time machine, He goes back in time for some damn reason or another and murders some person or persons of whom he is a direct descendant. The problem? Will the man exist or continue to exist? I say yes.

The pros have from time to time offered various ingenious explanations to get around this paradox. I can't remember all of them, of course, - but these are a few. (1) The fact that the man existed at all proves that he must have been born. Therefore the man is misled through Fate or through the fact that he possesses inaccurate information about his family line, so that the person or persons he kills turns out not to have been ancestors of his at all. (2) The fact that the man existed at all proves that he must have been born. BUT! When the man murders an ancestor he finds that he has interfered with time itself and consequently altered the future with respect to the time of his ancestors. Thus, he continues to exist despite his dark deeds in the past. (3) This solution is substantially the same as (2), but whereas in (2) he continues to exist as himself, here he continues to exist as a different individual entirely. There will be a question here, of course, as to what constitutes existence of personality, so there is some doubt in this answer as to whether or not the man actually does continue to exist, for his former identity has been destroyed. (4) After the murder, the man has a change of heart and goes further back into time to see if he can alter events so that he does not commit the crime. In this manner he is able to "uncommit" the murder and so continues to exist. (5) (This one struck me as rather mundane.) Realizing the atrocity he has committed, the man goes into the future and obtains the means whereby to revive the dead body or bodies. Thus the results of his act are nullified. (6) The man doesn't continue to exist.

These are just a few, of course. There are doubtless many others you yourself can name that I never encountered. However, beside the point... the most interesting of the above solutions with respect to this article are nos. (2), (3), and (4), because they involve time, the changing of the future, time theories, probability, and so forth. Most authors in writing a story of time paradox revert to the alternate future theories for their solutions. This involves a time-stream which fans out from the first moment of creation in an ever widening circle-sector. No doubt you are all familiar with this theory from your perusal of sci-fi, but in case you are not, this is the gist of it. In any event of any nature what soever about to occur, there are a number of possible ways for this event to take place. In even the simplest cases, there will still be a choice of two; either the event will take place, or it will not. Thus all the time, events are occurring in a manner different from that in which they might have occurred. The interest here lies not in how they have taken place, but in how they might have. For each of the possible courses the event might have taken but did not might have had entirely different results with respect to the completion of the event. And making so, of course, had a different effect upon the future. In other words, the futures resulting from the occurrence of any event in each of the courses open to it would all be distinct from one another. You

CAN see, then, that with all the millions of events occurring every day -- some important-- some unimportant-- the number of possible futures for our world is constantly growing at a terrific rate of progression. Thus an author is almost certain to find among all of these alternate futures one which provides the solution to his own particular time-paradox.

The only trouble with the alternate-future theory, however, is that it has one basic flaw: it overlooks the ultimate destiny of the universe. It is a basic axiom of science that all the various reactions which occur between matter are the result of the tendency of energy to seek equilibrium. Electricity flows in a battery only as long as there remains between the plus and minus poles a substantial difference in electrical potential. When there is no longer a potential, the flow of electricity stops. An atomic bomb explodes because the splitting plutonium atoms releases energy in an amount greatly in excess of that in surrounding matter. When this excess energy attempts to redistribute itself in the quickest manner possible, an explosion results. It is obvious, then, that somewhere in the infinite future all the energy in the universe is fated to reach a state of equilibrium -- the universe will run down. Alexander Blade used this concept, I believe, in his great novel "The Brain", in a past issue of Amazing. He (or, rather, the Brain) further speculated that the purpose of sentient life was to hasten this eventual end. This is perhaps beside the point, as you are waiting to find out why I think the murderer described at the beginning of this article will continue to exist, but I have mentioned it anyway in the hope that it might provide you with some food for thought.

We perceive that, in direct contrast to the mechanics of the alternate-future theory, all of these alternate futures must finally converge to one goal. Universal equilibrium of energy in which, obviously, no life can exist, and so, no time. (the analogy here is one with the definition of sound, which states that there is no sound if there is no one there to hear it.) We must look farther, then, for a more suitable explanation of time than the alternate-future theory.

My own theory -- and I emphasize the fact that it is only a speculation -- is almost an exact reversal of the alternate-future theory. You might call it: the alternate-past theory. Instead of working "forward" in time from the moment of creation, we work "back" from the time of universal energy equilibrium. The first corollary of the theory is: any event of any nature whatsoever which occurs in space-time serves directly to further the eventual demise of the universe. So, while alternate-past time turns out to be as fan-shaped as alternate-future time, it converges in the direction of the future instead of in the direction of the past!

So that you may attempt a more satisfactory comparison of the two theories, I will try to explain the alternate-past theory in the same terms as were used to evolve the alternate-future theory. In any event of any nature whatsoever which has occurred, there are a number of ways in which it might have taken place so as to bring about the same result. The fact that some event does not occur cannot, of course, be considered in the alternate-past theory, unless you regard the fact that an expected event has not occurred as an event in itself. This in itself shows that it is more realistic theory than the alternate-future one. It takes into account only observable data.

Now, you can see, the man who goes back into time to kill his ancestors must continue to exist in the light of the alternate-past theory, because of the simple fact that, since he is, he must ~~have~~ come into existance sometime in the past. The fact that he murders his progenitors in one alternate past has no effect whatsoever upon him. For in another alternate past hee was created from chemicals by a mad scientist. In another, he was a trillion-to-one-shot ape mutation. In yet another, he came to this world in a spaceship from another world. All these pasts have converged in, resulted in, him. Don't give a damn what he does, he's still going to exist after he murders his ancestors in that one alternate past.

Of course, heh, hsh, I can't explain where he got the idea that he had ancestors in the first place. Maybe you can tell me.

By the way, sometimes when your folks(?) aren't looking, you might give 'em a close scrutiny. HOW DO YOU KNOW YOUR'E NOT AN ANDROID??
THE END

The etymological staff of SIRIUS has just returned from a tour of the world, not having enuf credits to tour the system. Their philological peregrinations and ethnic excursions have made an important contribution to the understanding of the entire universe!!

Naturally, the entire report cannot be included here, much of it being top secret. However, the government semanticists have released some of it to the editor, who proceeds forthwith:

- AINCHA (from the Siamese) pronounced as spelled, meaning: "Ain't you?" Modern version of: "Are you not?"
- D'JHU (early Semantic) pronounced "Ju," means: "Did you?"
- GOTTA (probably low Dutch) pronounced as it looks, meaning: "Have you a ...?" or "I must."
- HARRYA (from the Comanche) a form of salutation meaning: "How are you?"
- JEET (possibly Hungarian) Modern interrogation as "Jeet yet?" meaning: "Did you eat yet."
- K'MIN (Indo-Chinese origen) pronounced "Kuh-min," invitational form meaning: "Come in," or "Enter".
- AYNET (of Tibetan origin) Frequently used in everyday conversation as "Aynet hot?" much simpler than its forbearer, "Is it not?" but means same.
- HOOZHER (believed to be more than Mongolian) Now used as a modern interrogatory form: "Hoozher friend?"
- JAVA (very evidently Javanese) Used in the interrogative form: "Java good time?"
- GUNNA (origin Norwegian) Replaces the outmoded phrase, "Are you going to?"
- IVA (from the Icelandic) a time saving contraction of "I have a," -"Iva new book."
- SWATI (origin obscure) pronounced "Swat-eye," modern condensation of: "That is what I.." as "Swati thought" and "Swati tolja."

Be on the lookout for further developments. -- Editor

CHILD'S PLAY

11

NORMAN CODNER

They were just streamers of gas moving thru the galaxy. They darted at suns and whirled in mad gyrating motions around the stars in their courses. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, they rushed towards a nearby sun and dived full-tilt into it. The sun quivered from the shock, and sent out prominence hundreds of thousands of miles into space. The sun began to whirl, slowly at first, but gathering speed. Great masses of flaming gas were thrown into space. The sun slowed down after several hundred millions of years and finally revolved fully once a year.

The gases found stable orbits about the sun and circled it, cooling all the while. Many more eons passed and planets were born.

"It can't be," said the young man, "they wouldn't dare after twenty years of peace. They wouldn't dare."

The chief of the United Nations Intelligence Service leaned back in his chair and said, "Why not?"

"But we've been at peace with the Soviet Union for twenty years after we beat the pants off of them in Korea. They kept many parts of their country closed to foreigners then, but they do that now also. They wouldn't want to start another war now."

Robert Hanley, chief of Intelligence, looked at his agent. "Tom," he said, for a smart man, I'm surprised at your ignorance. Stalin and Molotov are dead, Vishinsky was assassinated by his own party. All of the known warmongers are dead, yet the Soviet Union keeps an Army big enough to conquer Europe in two weeks. Does that look as if she wants peace?"

Tom Reynolds, still arguing, said "But why would they want to fight when they can get any thing they want by just buying it?"

The chief straightened up in his chair and said, "Do you know where I can buy a planet? Do you know where I can buy half a billion slaves? This world is still of people who would destroy half the world if they could rule the other half. I know, I fought the Communists in Korea in 1950-51. It was no cinch then, and we were at least half ready. Now, after twenty years, the United Nations thinks that the lion has lain down with the lamb. I hope so, but I don't believe it.

"Tom, I'm sending you to Russia, to Bukov- a city on the outskirts of a restricted area, ostensibly on vacation, but actually to find out when they will launch their attack against us."

The United Nations agent started to say something, but thought better of it. One doesn't talk back to one's superior and father-in-law. He received his instructions and left.

Three weeks passed before Tom Reynolds returned to the office of U.N. Intelligence. Because of the information received from his plans made twenty years ago and not used until now were put into effect. No armies were raised, nor protests voiced in the Un General Assembly.

Just fifty planes were loaded with small packages and sent over

(CONTINUED ON PAGE)

various parts of Russia, and so the first Hydrogen bombs were dropped.

There was an unforeseen result, however. Those fifty bombs dropped so close together caused a chain reaction in the earth's crust.

The earth turned into a blazing sun.

The Elders approached the planet earth. They had received the summons for help sent by the trapped young ones.

They circled the earth for one galactic day; partly to punish the children for being truant, and partly to release the children who were trapped under the earth's crust without destroying the entire solar system.

So during that Galactic day the race of man grew from slime on an ocean to a species intelligent enough to make atomic bombs. An intelligent race created and destroyed to free five truant gaslings.

They were soundly punished when they got home.

THE END

BBC to TV Royal Ghost

London, Dec. 27 (UP) The government-owned British Broadcasting Corp. is going to try to televise the ghost of Catherine Howard, whom King Henry VIII beheaded in 1542, it was announced today.

Catherine, who was Henry's fifth wife, is one of Britain's best authenticated ghosts. She roams the "haunted gallery" in suburban Hampton Court Palace, where Henry frolicked with his girl friends.

On Jan. 10 there is no significance in the choice of date, - three BBC television cameras will be focused on the chamber in hope that Catherine appears. Technicians will have a sound apparatus ready to record any ghostly moans. There will be a special infra-red spot light in case Catherine does appear and ordinary light doesn't reveal her.

Ghost Doesn't Chance TV

London, Jan. 10 (UP) Three television cameras and an infra-red spotlight focused expectantly on Hampton Court's Haunted Gallery to night, but the ghost of Catherine Howard, Henry VIII's fifth wife, failed to appear for Britain's 2,000,000 TV fans.

Catherine, beheaded by her jealous spouse in 1542, had been hopefully booked as the star of a 10-minute BBC telecast. Legend has it that her shade still strolls through Hampton Court seeking Henry's mercy.

It's a Small World

Haverford, Pa. Dec. 28 (AP)- A new estimate that the universe is so vast that there is an individual milky way of stars for each human being -- who ever lived, was reported to the American Astronomical Society today.

The milky way is the star system to which Earth belongs, a cartwheel of hundreds of millions of stars. Astro (Con't next clm.)

**For an extremely interesting article on the above newspaper items, See the editorial of the Dec. 1941 "Unknown Worlds". (USA edition)

ners call such a system a galaxy, and the new estimate of creation is 200,000,000,000 galaxies.

WHERE THERE'S LIFE ~

119

G. HARRY WARNER JR.

Don't grow upset, the next time a professor comes out with a statement that there's too much of this gas or that gas in the atmosphere of Venus or Mars to support life. Just look him straight in the eye and point out to him that all scientific evidence points to the probability that life has never existed on the earth.

In fact, if you look at it from the materialist's standpoint, it will be 10^{243} billions of years before the first molecule complex enough for life comes into existence on earth. (Life is too short for me to go to the trouble of writing out that figure; if you feel like seeing it complete, put down the figure 1, then count out the 243 zeroes which must follow it.) That molecule will be pretty lonely, because it'll be just as long before another of the same complexity turns up.

Lecomte du Nouy's book, "Human Destiny," is now available in a Signet edition at 35¢. You may not agree with the conclusions that he draws but you can't avoid getting impressed by the train of his reasoning. That reasoning leads inevitably to the conclusion that something is wrong if we try to explain the origin of life here on earth as the result of natural forces or accident. The author explains how the laws of chance and probability work, then he examines the length of time the earth has existed, the numbers and types of atoms required by the simplest forms of life, and calculates the figure in the beginning of the preceding paragraph.

Now, the ways the laws of chance work, you have as good a chance of hitting the jackpot on the first try as you have on the thousandth try. Du Nouy recognizes this, and admits that that molecule could just as easily be formed in the earth's first two billion years as at any other time. But suppose that we have this molecule, and are proud of it. Our pride is followed by that inevitable fall; listen to the writer:

"Life itself is not even in question but merely one of the substances which constitute living beings. Now, one molecule is of no use. Hundreds of million of identical ones are necessary. We would need much greater figures to 'explain' the appearance of a series of similar molecules, the improbability increasing considerably, as we have seen, for each new molecule (compound probability), and for each series of identical throws. If the probability of appearance of a living cell could be expressed mathematically the preceding figures would seem negligible. The problem was deliberately simplified in order to increase the probabilities. Events which... need an infinitely longer time than the estimated duration of the earth in order to have one chance, on an average to manifest themselves can, it would seem, be considered as impossible in the human sense."

I would misrepresent "Human Destiny" if I didn't hastily add that this consideration of the impossibility of life is merely one small portion of the volume. The writer goes on from there to examine a lot of similarly perplexing questions about evolution, apparent paradoxes that are just as puzzling as how life turned up to make evolution possible.

Either something is radically wrong with our present science or some higher, divine power must be recognized. Lecomte du Nouy gives his opinion. Decide for yourself after reading one of the greatest books on science, ethics, and metaphysics of our time. (THE END)

MADE BY SAVAGES

by David Riba
Esquire 120

Lynn Xaou was zipping along in his spacer between Pycroxian and Aaa on hyper-space, when he had an idea.

Life in the sixtieth aeon was luxurious, esthetic, and infernally boring for the citizens of the Namor Empire, of which Lynn was a member. The only difference between citizens of that era was the shade of boredom. Lynn was most afflicted with ennui. He needs an adventure - real adventure, not unsatisfying stereofilms. How could he find adventure... suddenly he got that idea.

Every space-ship was equipped with a device for limited time-travel, for use in hyper space, since the arcane laws of that substrata of energy stated that light traveled at fifty times the normal rate.

Now Lynn Xaou had dabbled in chronomath and installed several illegal devices on his ship, making it in effect able to range the entire spiral of time. He had never used this device before, because a by-product of the boredom of that age was a method of ingenious mental torture for law breakers.

He decided now to visit the legendary planet Earth, which he had read tales about when he was a ninety year old youngster, many years ago. If he could locate it in space and time, he would have many anecdotes to relate to his companions, sub-rosa, of course. It would be intensely amusing to see these primitive savages, who had not even a Broyd to amuse them.

Supposing now that it actually existed. How could a planet a tenth of the size of the city planet Keerg be the origin of galactic life, culture and... atomic power. Lynn Xaou thought with seven power concentration for a microsecond: There isn't any evidence of such a planet within fifteen light centuries of Scaeld, the Central Sun. The astral charts, revised yearly, revealed in their indices no mention of any 'Earth'. But wait...perhaps the planet had several names, like Lynn Xaou's home world, Skaefling, of Aelfric. Yes, he recalled that in the edition of the Empire of Cyanling, index 4., there was a Tellus, or Terra, or Earth. That was it!

Lynn Xaou out in his special refinement and sought the planet of savages, Earth.

* * * * *

Time travel in itself was boring, but the goal kept Lynn awake. The sixtieth aeon of the Namor Empire became the fiftieth in an instant. Then fortieth...thirtieth...the Yluj Empire, the Kingdom of Azant, all the periods of rule flowed past in time.

Space warped itself around the little cruiser, the rate of entry decreased, time sped back into the past faster..faster.

Finally, a bell chimed. the streamlined bulk of the calculator chuckled and clicked subtly. A thought popped into Lynn Xaou's mind. "This, in the chronological system of this space-time section is the
(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE.)

Twentieth Century of the Planet Earth. " Well, Lynn Xauo thought, there is such a planet after all.

"Geographical designation, Alamogordo, New Mexico" the machine continued. What outlandish names these savages label their country with, Lynn Xauo commented.

"Further chronological data, August, 1945, 5:30AM."

"Hmm, the futuremen muse. They are a bit above savages at that, they have a point time system."

Research in the physical sciences has progressed rapidly, he learned. Should he embark? he wondered. No, the calculator could do as well or better than he could. A pulse from the machine interrupted his thought.

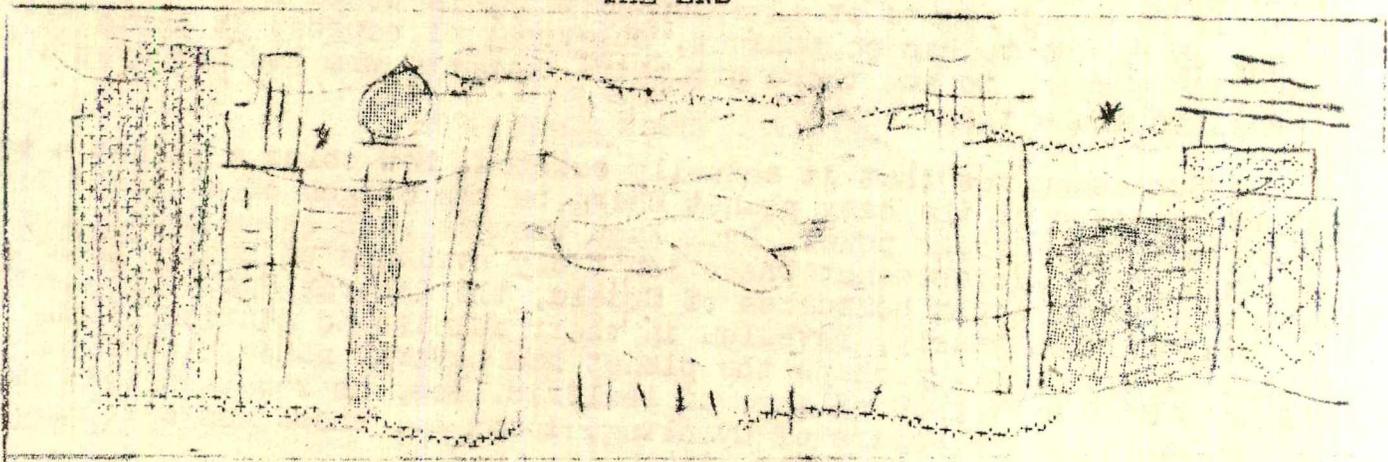
"Research in atomic physics has culminated in the release of energy from the atom. A practical demonstration is about to be held in the tower next to this ship. Advise leaving vicinity at once...."

Lynn Xauo did not hear this last message. "Atomic energy" he thought, "Liberated by these savages? impossible. I must ascertain the truth of that statement. If it is true, what a story I'll have to tell!"

The first successful atomic explosion snapped Lynn Xauo's thought. His spacer evaporated into a gas which later solidified into a metal that puzzled the technicians for a long time. They called it "silicium".

Lynn Xauo's relief from boredom. Made by 'savages'.

THE END



"The sixtieth century of the Namor Empire became the fiftieth in an instant. Then fortieth, thirtieth, the Xluj Empire, the Kingdom of Azant, all the periods of rule flowed past in time."

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HISTORY OF THE GALAXY, AS TAKEN FROM THE FOUNDATION SERIES BY ISAAC ASIMOV, AS SYNOPSISIZED BY NORMAN CODNER

I. Introduction:

- A. The Earth united into one federation.
- B. Earthmen achieve space travel; man no longer held to Earth.
- C. Interplanetary wars and a united solar system.
- D. Growth of interstellar empires.
- F. Wars among the interstellar empires for conquest and expansion.
(Stars Like Dust)

II. The Empire:

- A. Formation of the First Galactic Empire; cause is unknown, but probably due to forced union of the smaller empires to one all-conquering empire.
- B. The Era of Greatness; an era of peace, prosperity and culture, but the birthplace of the human race has been forgotten. The Earth is a small planet in an obscure and hated system.
(Pebble In The Sky & Blind Alley)
- C. Beginnings of decay in the empire, but it still has no enemies.

III. Foundation Established:

- A. Hari Seldon establishes a foundation on the outskirts of the galaxy, ostensibly to prepare an Encyclopedia Galactica, but actually to make provisions for the coming of a new galactic empire. He planned to out the period of oncoming barbarism that he foresaw from twenty thousand to only one thousand years. He placed the Foundation on Terminus, a planet almost bare of natural resources and stocked the planet with physical scientists.
- B. Secession of the outer provinces from the empire by the imperial viceroys. The secrets of atomic power are lost to the galaxy thru ignorance and hide-bound tradition.
(Foundation)

IV. Conquests of the Foundation

- A. The empire grows smaller as more provinces revolt. The Foundation is surrounded by enemy kingdoms. It gains control of them by offering them atomics under the religious control of the Foundation. The revolt of one kingdom is put down by depriving them of atomics.
(Bridle And Saddle)
- B. The empire shrinks further. The Foundation changes its method of control from religious to economic. Foundation men visit the inner kingdoms and meet imperial power in the navies of the barbarian kings. The Foundation gains control of them through trade.
(Big And The Little and The Wedge)

V. Foundation vs. Empire

- A. The Empire meets the Foundation in open combat. The Empire, though tremendously shrunken is still powerful. Imperial history for the past five hundred years is full of stories of rebellion of imperial generals who in turn became emperors and then were rebelled against. This is the situation when the Empire comes upon the Foundation. The Imperial general waging the attack is

a competent man and quickly wins victories. The Emperor, suspicious of all powerful and popular men in his armies, calls him back home and has him executed. The fight against the Foundation fails. Kingdoms controlled by Imperial might now become part of the Foundations' economic sphere or remain independent.

(The Dead Hand)

- B. The Foundation is now ruled by a merchant aristocracy. The office of Mayor of Terminus has become hereditary. The trading planets become rebellious against Foundation authority. There is antagonism against the rulers in the Foundation itself.

IV. Coming of the MULE.

- A. Before open war breaks out between the Foundation and the traders, the Mule enters the scene; the Mule, for whom no provision has been made in Seldon's plan--the Mule is a mutant. His mutation consists of the power to control and fix permanently men's emotions. By progressive stages he gains control of a pirate fleet, a planet, a solar system, and ultimately, the Foundation itself.

(The Mule)

- B. Knowledge of the Second Foundation--a foundation of mental scientists as the First Foundation is of physical scientists -- supposedly on the other side of the galaxy.

VII. Reign of the Mule. Mule vs. Second Foundation

- A. The Mule, after a five year halt, renews his conquest of the galaxy. Somehow, by a means unknown to the galaxy, the Second Foundation stops his mad conquest and the Mule settles down to ruling his empire.

(Now You See It)

VII. Foundation vs. Second Foundation

- A. After the Mule's death, the Foundation starts to search for the Second Foundation, as it is considered a threat. It develops mechanical devices and trained psychologists to aid in the searching out of the Second Foundation personnel in the First Foundation. In order to prevent its disclosure, the Second Foundation devises a plan whereby it starts a war between the Foundation and a rival system, causes the Foundation to win the war, and by allowing a small percent of its personnel to be captured and making the Foundation think those were all the members it had, it seems to end the influence of the Second Foundation.

Actually, it still continues to exist and its location is given as the planet Trantor--former home of the First Galactic Empire and the birthplace of the second. The Second Foundation is the guardian of the Seldon plan and is to provide the leaders of the Second Galactic Empire.

(And Now You Don't)

IX. Epilogue.

- A. This is supposed to be the end of the series, but I personally would like one more story, (preferably a novelette) telling how the second Foundation actually assumes control of the Second Empire.

NOTE: The following is what our historians believe brought on the "Age Of Insanity." It was compiled from records of that time.

Var looked at the symmetry of coils, wheels, and busbars. Inside the structure was the heart of the instrument, the Atomic Generator. Var had learned to control the power of the bursting atom!

"Strange," he thought, "during all these long years of labor, I kept thinking of the end product. Now it stands before me, complete. It has somehow lost its glamor. Perhaps the great Edison looked upon the first light bulb, the forerunner of our fluortubes, some fourhundred years ago. Ah, it was the greater experiment while being built!"

He put out his hand to the switch. He pulled it. Nothing happened. He pulled it again. Nothing. Again. Nothing. He stood paralyzed, only his eyes tearing the machine apart. Then he laughed, a strained, relieved laugh. He had planned to leave the main switch unconnected until the final moment. He had forgotten completely to connect it as he stood back to look at the machine. "Hurry, hurry," shrieked his mind, as his hands moved in calm precision. After a seeming million years of labor he finished. He pulled the switch.

There was a low hum, a soft Geiger-counter clicking. The threnody of atoms under control. "Soon, soon, we shall know the length of -- Infinity, the length of Existence-- how far things -- Are.

The dials and visiscreen whirled and flickered as the known gases were run through. The probing rays of the machine extended beyond the known spectrum, Var stared in hypnotized awe at the thousand rainbows gone insane on the visiscreen. The dials read a string of numbers that made Var shudder mentally. He tore himself away from the enigmatic metal monster and threw himself down on his cot. He could not sleep, so he wondered about how long Eternity was. Is Eternity Infinity? The human mind lived in now, it cannot conceive of infinity. Is Time Infinity, Eternity? He sprang from the cot, ganced at the humming machine. No End yet! The dials read an impossible figure. He hurried to his Speak write and poured his theory into the machine. The neatly printed pages came out bound and covered.

As he was about to finish, a loud, sharp, click came from the machine. His mind and body immediately became a part of the machine. The answer beat into his brain as the atomic pile in the inside split out of control and the machine began to melt. The answer to what was beyond Infinity, was -- THOUGHT! Pure thought!

His brain shrieked out one more question before he boiled away in radioactive haze. WHAT IS AT THE END OF THOUGHT? WHEN DOES THOUGHT END?

When his laboratory was finally decontaminated, a Planetary Press reporter got ahold of the volume containing Var's theory. His paper published it in a series of Sunday supplements. Other theorists tried to complete Var's work. The entire world went mad. Man Extinguished himself. Then, WE came into existence, the end product of man...sometimes, we too want to know about infinity. WE, who are thought, wonder what is at the end of Infinity. Yes...WE wonder too...

Professor Joperds turned back from the telescope and turned again to the table. For an hour he worked over the papers that were lying there. Then he went to the phone.

The next day, there appeared this short article in the daily papers.

Tibet, Mar. 14, (UP) Professor Albert Joperds, chief astronomer of the Chung-chu-minh observatory, on the highest peak in the Himalayas, stated last night that he was sure that our solar system is doomed to become a gigantic nova within the next twenty years.

He said, "Our Solar system, the Sun and the planets, are a bomb. In some far galaxy two rival systems are engaged in a war. These two systems are billions and billions of times larger than ours.

We are merely a missile that is part of an unimaginably great bombardment that one system is hurling at the other. Because of the vast time difference, we haven't struck yet. But our time is near.

A partial proof is the fact that our system is travelling toward Lyra at a great speed, and that ALL OTHER SYSTEMS SEEM TO BE RUSHING AWAY FROM OURS!!"

The greater part of Professor Joperds theory is enclosed in a book that the Professor has been kind enough to give your reporter. Well, friends, better start running for the hills!

The article died a natural death until ...

* * * * *

Puytoli Tughaj sent a bright lance of thought to Lorew Kitesdop in the office of the Commander at the Military capital at Searwlotig.

"Do you think the galaxy of Hotyerd can hold out much longer?"

"No, I don't. Our last bombardment will definitely end the war. We put a great deal of effort into this last shelling," replied Lorew.

A message clove through the screen of their thoughts:

"Commanders, the missile has struck! Hotyerd and the missile have created the most gigantic nova our astronomers have ever seen!"

THE END

MIGRATION

BY FRED CHAPPELL

Professor Lester had taken the job of Terran Observer of the great ship loaded with the top scientific men in the world. He sat in his office and watched the telescreen. The streamlined spacer approached the unexplored region, started to orbit, then...vanished.

Lester smiled, got up and locked the door to his office. He went to a cabinet, took out a communicator and tuned it to that strange wavelength that had puzzled those dead scientists. The screen warmed up and showed a creature faintly resembling a Terran octopus.

"You have done well, traitor. You have done well from the time you and we met on Jupiter to now when you have destroyed the best brains on Earth, making it extremely easy for us to conquer your tiny, hot-house of a planet." the creature creaked.

"Ah, then I will get that high position in your government, I can continue my experiments that those fools thought were against nature?" The professor said.

"Yes, traitor, we have decided to make your planet an insane asylum, for the demented members of our and other races people. You will be chief inmate. You are power-~~less~~, Professor Lester." The screen faded.

** THE END **

Iambic, Trochaic, Anapestic, Dactylic, S in irius

CAMERA OBSCURA

I used to think darkness minutely scaled --
Satin-shot, flashing with different intensities of pitchness.
Spectroscopable too, I imagined it, into various sound-constants,
Analyzable into pith-grades of tenebrosity,
Swarth-coefficients, quotients of black-glare.
Tabled it as scent-dahiscent.
I naturally assumed it was the cross breed of transparency,
That, kneading it, a shadow-type would be under the fingers of
my fancy.

But I suppose now, it is nothing more than magma
From the running sores of the world; or, like soot
So deep there's no climbing out of it alive.

-- Terence Heywood --

TRAUMA

One wild orator scattered decadence throughout the universe,
Affecting people's mental health, until his broadcast was a curse.
On one small world within his area, a spiritual battle waged,
Between followers of the speaker, and those righteously enraged
Against the force of evil, led by the Dark-World's Obsidian Prince,
Whom he had called forth. Some of them prayed; others fought,
but each would wince
At mere mention of his production of demonic, fetid slack;
While all the good worked to drive the loathsome Lord of
Repugnance back,

(CON'T NEXT PAGE)

I T A D in SIRIUS can't

Where they could fasten it below the gateway of its own foul
breath.

Exactly to the minute, IT was chained, the speaker met his
death.

He was like a frozen, wind-blown wheat-straw, shriveling in the
dawn,

Uprooted, from which the sustenance had been suddenly withdrawn.

-- Orma McCormick --

'pome by bok already'

June 8th

I asked a moth
why it was so foolish
as to incinerate itself
in a flame,
and it replied
with ineffable scorn,

"Silly --
your'e just jealous
because you can't fly!"

I told Anne to kick Frances
(dear grandma's hateful cat)
but Annie spins romances --
(I had not thought of that!)

My words, it seems, I must repeat
unto my darling Annie,
who knocked my grandma on the seat
instead of "Grandma's Fanny!"

A shotgun will not much hurt giants,
but stir them instead to defiance:
However, they're done
when you fire your ray-gun --
Hocray for the marvels of science!

'Trio' above by Hannes Bok

ANATOMICAL REFLECTIONS

How delicate!
Ten fingers --
Attached to palm, sans glue!

How adequate!
Silk satin skin --
Covers every inch of you!
-- Steve Reyes --

Lessee now - few odd lines left
Can't think of a filler
eeny meeny myny shooe
catch a beamin by the toe
if he bites you'll let goe,
eeny meeny myny shooe
catch a Bergay gal by the toe
Then think better of it, Eoe
And grab her by the
Go ahead, use your imagination.

-- General Nothing --

THE SPOTTER

WELL!! Old Stan in the Army, bah? tsk, tsk. Other than that, no comment. Any body want a literary, literate critique?

I don't think I'll comment on any of the fannish crud in this issue, more or less in honor of the occasion.

The litterature (I know I spelled it wrong,) is above the usual fan level. Guess Ye Ed gets some credit for his editing work.

I hope to see Sirius Vol. 3 No. 5 one of these days. I can remember when I was in th..... but no, who wants to listen to my reminis-
-ness.

Oh, you do want to listen. Well, it was a cold night when

(Yeh, and it'll be a colder night when I listen to any more of your maudlin mumblings. Any kid in Germany with a funny looking mustache I'll know to be one of your progeny, and I'll give 'em your regards. p-Stan)

Hell of a way to say goodbye, Stan. Now you'll never know about that bordello in Paris.

(Spotter, I'll find out.--Stan)

Yeh- I bet.

I don't think an insaner stencil conversation could be found any-
-where else except in Sirius.

On to better things.....

PURCHASE SHHHH!!! THE
QUIET CEREAL FOR QUIET
PEOPLE

DO CEREALS THAT SNAP! CRACKLE! POP! OR THUD! FRIGHTEN YOU??

DO CEREALS THAT GIVE YOU 150 TIMES YOUR NORMAL DAILY REQUIREMENT OF VITAMONS ANNOY YOU??

DO CEREALS THAT GIVE YOU A TREMENDOUS BURST OF WORLD CONQUERING ENERGY BORE YOU??

PURCHASE S-H-H-H-H !!! THEN THE QUIET CEREAL FOR QUIET PEOPLE !!

S-H-H-H-H !!! DOES APOSOLUTELY NOTHING BUT LIE SILENTLY IM THE BOWL AND SNEER AT YOU!!!

S-H-H-H-H !!! IN THE LARGE ECONOMY FAMILY SIZE CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ANY OF OUR CITY'S BETTER PUSHCARTS!!!

S-H-H-H-H !!! GUARENTEES TO MAKE YOU A NORMAL, LAW ABIDING CORPSE IN TEN. YES, TEN DAYS, OR QUADRUPLE YOUR MONEY BACK AND A VICE-PREXY THROWN IN!!!

PURCHASE S-H-H-H-H !!! THE QUIET CEREAL FOR QUIET PEOPLE !!!

this is really the end.

PARUS



M. FRIEDMAN
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Star S&K NEWS
1308 170E AVE
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P.O. Box 260
Bloomington, Illinois

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