



The
Timebinder

**SPECIAL
PACIFICON
EDITION**

The Time Binder

VOLUME II

SPECIAL PACIFICON EDITION 1946

NUMBER III-A

Dedicated
to the proposition
that the animal, Man, in
spite of his many faults
and the terrible messes into
which he allows himself to be
led, is slowly but surely ad-
vancing along The Road leading
him from the jungle of prehis-
toric savagery to that final
high pinnacle of manhood
which is the goal he has
for all his life,
envisioned.

THE TIME-BINDER, of which this is the SPECIAL PACIFICON ED-
ITION, Numbered Vol. II, No. III-A, is published by Th' Ol'
Foo of Pandom, E. Everett Evans, from 628 South Bixel St.,
Los Angeles 14, California. There is never any charge for
copies of this magazine except that we do want your comment
and criticism, and we do want mature, thoughtful articles
and/or letters which we can publish to make further issues
as interesting and informative as possible, for everyone.

SPECIAL GREETINGS TO ALL ATTENDEES AT THE PACIFICON.

THE TIME-BINDER is very happy to greet all of you fine fan friends to our Los Angeles PACIFICON, and hopes that we, personally, can help your stay here to be the most pleasant experience you have ever had.

We want you to have a little idea of this magazine — its aims and hopes, in case you have never met with a copy before. THE TIME-BINDER has no price in money, although we do very much want letters of comments, and articles that can be included in future issues.

It is a magazine devoted to ADVENTURES INTO THINKING — in which we seek to delve into the more serious aspects of life in hopes of clarifying our ideas about things, and in learning new facts which can be included in our "visualization of the Cosmic All", as Doc Smith's Arisians would put it.

THE TIME-BINDER will print ANY side of ANY question, just as long as it is sanely, logically and calmly written. Sarcasm and vituperation of the other fellow's beliefs we will not publish, although you may present as many opposing beliefs as you desire. We do not feel that sarcasm or bombastic splutterings about the other person's ideas can be classed as logical debate and so refuse to print them. Let's all be TOLERANT!

There are a few copies of the re-printed First Issue still available upon request, but we are sorry that the other issues are no longer available — sorry, because they contained some very excellent ideas on many subjects of interest.

THE TIME-BINDER would especially like to have serious and carefully worked-out dissertations on your philosophy of life; of the things you believe necessary to a sane and healthy mental outlook on the tremendous problems of these days of great change and startling new developments.

If you wish to be put on our mailing list, please give the editor your name and address, or send us a postal after you get home, and we will gladly send you the quarterly issues as they appear. We plan to continue publication as long as we receive enough material to put out the type of magazine we want this to be at all times.

And do, please, be generous with your letters of comments and criticisms, keeping in mind that we want them to be sanely logical and constructive at all times. And when you have something along our lines you think worth the attention of our readers, send it along. We'll gladly print it. We're glad we met.

ADVENTURES INTO THINKING.

The thoughts of a common man of no pretensions to education, fame, nor greatness of any kind, are probably of no benefit to anyone but himself. However, that fact should not deter him from doing his best to think the finest and deepest thoughts of which he is capable, on many and varied subjects.

The farther they are from his common, every-day life, the more vital it is for him to think such thoughts. For it seems to me, as an observer of the highways and byways of life, that no man, however lowly his station in the economic or political or educational or financial world, need be held down to the lower strata thoughts, unless he is mentally lazy, or totally indifferent.

Just as the phonograph and the radio make the music of the great masters, performed by the world's greatest musicians, available to everyone; just as the great libraries (to say nothing of the easily obtainable cheap editions) make the serious thoughts and recorded conclusions of the great writers and thinkers of the world available to the common man, just so are great thoughts available to him who will take the time, the energy, and the concentration to think them.

Our common man's thoughts will probably not be too profound. His extrapolations may well often be less than logical. His conclusions may often even be very erroneous. But if he has truly put his best into the thinking, they will be of immense value -- at least, or especially, to him. For they will, if honestly done, show him himself as he is. Or, at least, as nearly like he is as he is personally able to evaluate himself. Therein lies their true value. Therein lies his true reward for taking the time to think those serious thoughts.

The wider the range of his thinking, the more it will be of profit to him, for it will immeasurably have broadened his horizon. It will strengthen his sense of inter-relationship with his fellow-man. It will enlarge his spirit of compassion. It will give him new and added tolerance towards the ideas and thoughts of others.

It will give newer, brighter meanings to his whole life.

Having, then, come to the half-century mark of this tale of years called Life, this reader would become author; this thinker would become expounder; this observer would become commentator.

Hereafter, should this project prove at all feasible, I desire to set down some of these thoughts of mine own that have seemed worthy of meeting the eyes of possible readers. They do not profess to be profound. They are not world-shaking. They may not even be sensible. But they ARE true, and honest, and sincere.

They are the stuff of which my dreams and hopes and desires and aspirations are made.

They are not so much the world I vision, as the world I envision.

"If human life has any significance, it is this -- that God has set going here an experiment to which all His resources are committed. He seeks to develop perfect human beings, superior to circumstance, victorious over Fate. No single kind of human talent or effort can be spared if the experiment is to succeed."

— Bruce Barton
in "The Man Nobody Knows".

THE FOG

By Doris A. Currier

We are now Salemites this eerie, infamous Salem—the home of witches and the famous Lovecraft fogs from the sea. Beautiful, historic old Salem, the burial ground of old country superstitions. But I am strangely drawn to the city.

There is an "air" about Salem that I have never yet encountered in my travels. She has a definite personality and a strong character. She is purely positive and does not let the humans dwelling on her streets dominate her. She is moody and temperamental and seductive.

When I first moved to the city I found to my intense surprise that although the people were wonderful to me, the city put me on probation. Yes, each time I walked the streets I felt invisible eyes watching me, and tentacles probing my mind. I must have measured up, however, for now I feel at home and safe upon the streets of the city. The traffic is heavy but I have no fear of it. I know that now I belong I need not watch too closely, for other eyes do it for me, and guide me safely through the ways.

And the fogs the amazing fogs of Salem that sweep up the streets like a white ghostly army and within minutes visibility zero. There is substance and body to the fogs, and they weave and writhe like live things between the buildings. They peer into the lighted windows of the offices as though in amused tolerance of the manderings of the humans. But they are never impersonal. They are friendly or inimical. They are cold and damp, or warm and damp. They are never just damp, or just fog. . . they have character just as the city itself has character.

Yesterday I watched an amazing spectacle. It was a grim battle between the fog and the sun. Two elements, each powerful, both striving for possession of the city. Fire versus water. . . and for once, the fire won.

All morning the fog had held the city in a tight and constricting area of semi-visibility. It swirled and curled itself around chimneys and oozed its way through the open windows into the houses, filling them with its damp, cold self. It was one of the inimical fogs, a chill, unhealthy semi-life destructive to all it touched. It held the humans in the city tight in its clutch and filled their minds with morbid and depressed thoughts. No one smiled, there seemed nothing to smile about. Voices were low and quiet and the children stared out of the windows and did not ask to go out to play.

It was about noon that the first attempts to subdue the

fog were made by the ever-powerful sun. He rode high in the sky, a pale ghost of himself, his rays striking against the banked layers of fog ineffectually. He did not strain at first, just kept pouring a steady barrage of heat into his enemy who absorbed them, not realizing that the very absorption of the heat would be its downfall.

For an hour the steady rays did their work of undermining, then, through a minute rift in the fog's structure the first advance scouts of the sun's might plunged in to really begin the battle.

As the rays began their work the fog brought reinforcements in from the sea. Wave after wave of fog poured in from the ocean and filled nearly all the gaps left by the defeated sectors. And as each wave of fog came in to the city the sun released greater and greater bolts of heat and blasted the now-coming fog into wraithy tentacles.

Then the battle began in earnest. Heat, the fog, more heat more fog, the sun pressed and beat at the fog with all the power of its immense strength. And the fog began to give. Just a little at first, then more quickly and as the rays of sunlight marched the streets the fog turned in full rout and sped before the sun back to the ocean from whence it had come.

The battle lasted a full three hours It was an inspiring and beautiful thing to watch. . . . Now do you see how this city affects me, and why I love it?

The Sword sang on the barren heath,

The Sickle in the fruitful field;

The sword it sang a song of Death

But could not make the Sickle yield.

— William Blake.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE IN "THE TIME-BINDER".

Following is the Table of Contents, and names of the letter writers, in the issues of THE TIME-BINDER up to date.

VOLUME I, NUMBER I - Adventures Into Thinking, Introduction, by E. Everett Evans; Achieving "Personal Adequacy" Through Time-Binding, by Evans; Concerning The Teaching Of History, by Evans and Ideas On Statesmanship and Conclusion, also by Evans. (Yes, I hogged the whole first issue myself.) Also, various poems or quotations felt contributory to the general "feel" of the mag.

VOL. I, NO. II - Thank You, My Friends, by Evans; My Citations, by Evans; That Dusty Shelf, by Donn Brazier; The Problem Of The Conscientious Objector, by Virginia Evans Newton (this raised a veritable storm in succeeding issues), various poems and quotations; and letters from Raymond Washington, Jr., Joe Kennedy, David Newton, Willis Boughton, Louis Russell Chauvenet, Dale Tarr, and Virginia Newton (she is my elder daughter).

VOL. I, NO. III - That "All Men Are Created Equal", by Evans, An answer To The C.O., By Mrs Helen V Wesson; Life, Liberty And The Pursuit Of Happiness, by Evans; still more poems and quotations (they are used as fillers on otherwise blank pages); and letters from Mrs Doris A Currier, Walter Dunkelberger, Florence Stephenson, Paul A Carter; and finally, Postscriptus, by Evans.

VOL. I, NO. IV - My Creed Of Religious Beliefs, by Evans; Crossroads, by Milton A Rothman; Every Day Religion, by Leslie A. Croutch; The Fog, by Mrs Doris A Currier; and letters by Edw.E. Smith, PhD, Paul H Spencer; Harry Warner, Jr.; Thomas S. Gardner, PhD and Art Widner; and finally, Postscriptus, by Evans.

VOL. II, NO. I - Psychological Dangers Of Conscription, by Russ Whitman; Religion, As I Believe It, by K. Martin Carlson; The Philosophy Of The Dilettante, by Art Widner; a letter which was really an article, by Ron Lane, of England, about English COs; a long letter-article by Louis Russell Chauvenet on his personal life-philosophy; and letters from Mari Beth Hecker, Jay Chidsey; and finally again, Postscriptus by Evans.

VOL. II, NO. II - The "Almost" Man, by Evans; The Logics Of mankind, by Algis Budrys; The Road (I don't know who wrote it); by T. Bruce Yerke, Non-Sectarian View Vital For Religious Instruction, reprinted from his college paper; Another Religious Credo by Florence Stephenson Anderson; An Analogy, by Frater VIII, (a permitted reprint from The Golden Dawn Library); and, letters from Martin Alger, John L. Cunningham, Joseph Fortier, Raymond Washington, Jr., Ernie Mesle, Robert A. Peterson, Jay Chidsey; and once more, Postscriptus, by Evans. All Volume II issues to carry that magnificent Liedenbeck cover, The Road.