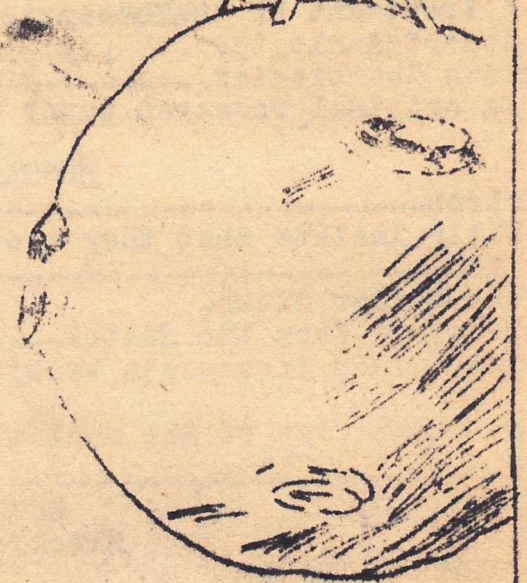
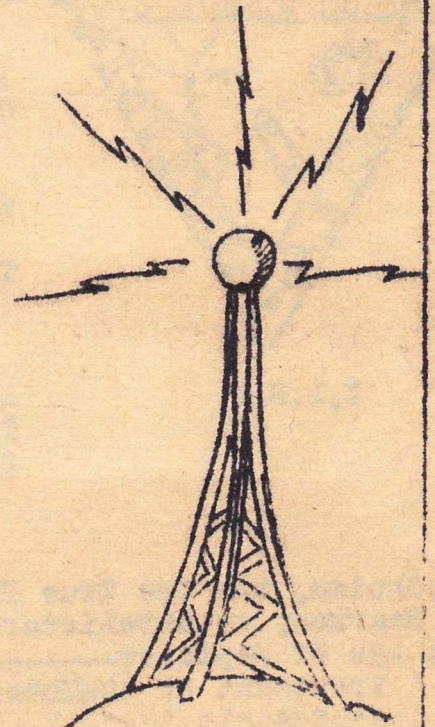
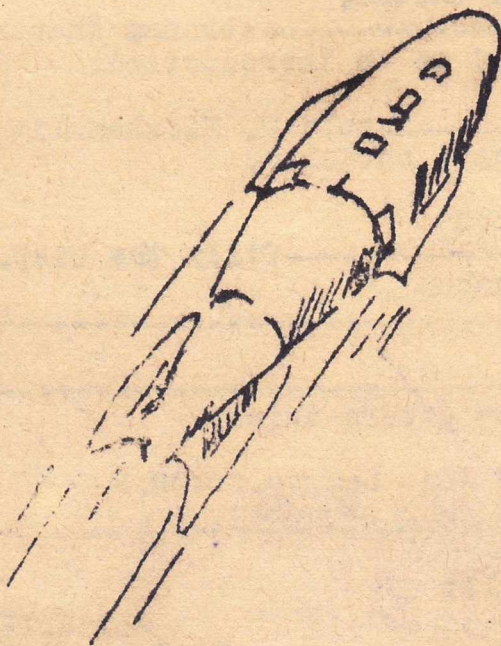
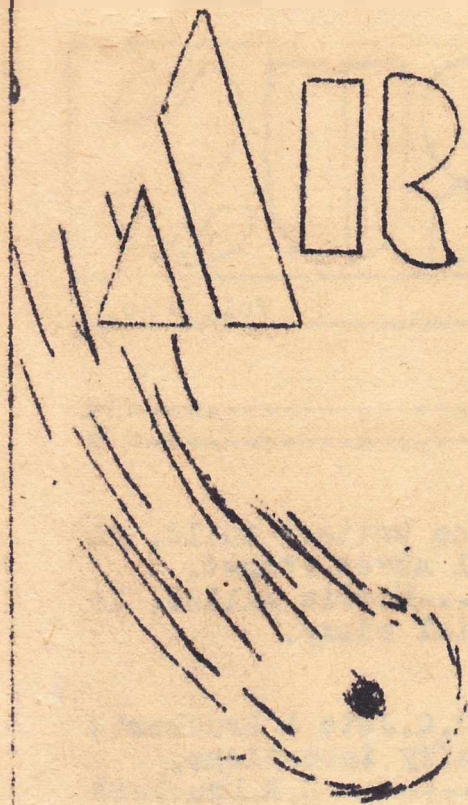


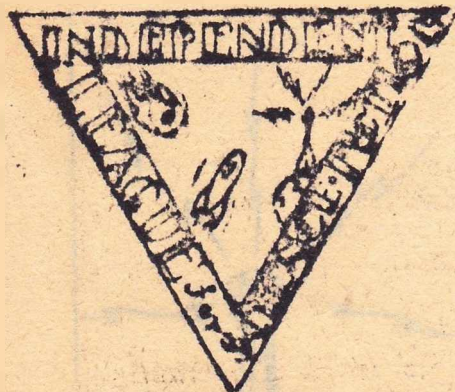
# ARCTURUS



*The*  
**INDEPENDENT**  
*League for Science Fiction*



# ARCTURUS



I.L.S.F.

February, 1936

Vol. I, No. 3

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An embossed view of the seal of the Independent League for S.F.  
by Paxon Henry Drucker.

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## JUST A WORD FROM

## THE EDITOR

For the third time, ARCTURUS makes its appearance. Each issue has, we believe, been an improvement in many ways over the previous one. The first issue of ARCTURUS was a comedy of errors, or would have been, had we not felt so intensely serious about it. The second issue showed several marked mechanical defects. First, the unprepossessing appearance of the "Thirteen" page; second, the page-wide columns; and third, the full contents page. Besides these, there were numerous caustic remarks made, concerning the cartoon strip, "Foolishness", most of the objections having to do with the fact that the story was neither funny, nor original. We quite agree, with the result that the monthly cartoon has been changed to one that, we hope, has neither of these defects. We have also added a half-page single cartoon, intended to add some life to the issue.

We have, with this issue, adopted the two-column page throughout, and the more difficult (mechanically) line spacing. The contents page has been changed to conform with the new appearance of the issue, and mechanical defects such as appeared in last month's "Thirteen", haven't we believe, been done away with. Together with these changes, we institute that of mimeographing both sides of the page. There are seventeen pages to this issue, almost twice as many as appeared in Vol. I, No. 1. This is made possible by the fact that we have recently purchased our own mimeographing machine, and can use a less expensive stencil than we have been using in the past. For this, the entire staff of ARCTURUS, and the membership of the I.L.S.F., extend their heart-felt thanks to Mr. Morris

Miller, who personally footed the bill for the machine.

Whether we will continue to increase our number of pages per issue depends entirely upon the material at hand. We do not believe in increasing the number of pages at the expense of content. We believe we are giving our readers what they want. We have no desire to use filler. This lesson, and a number of others we have learned from the mistakes of our contemporaries. Other lessons we learn from the good points of contemporary fan magazines and professional publications. Our content is such as to permit us to use no magazine as a model; for format, we look to such old-timers as BLUE BOOK and ARGOSY, who, in our opinion, represent the acme in that field.

There are still, however, many faults in ARCTURUS, faults that will, we trust, become evident as soon as this issue is mimeographed. Quite likely, we will miss some of them. It is up to our readers to call these faults to our attention. Remember, we welcome all just and helpful criticism; so long as a suggestion is well-intended, it will receive our most careful attention.

At this writing, several pages of the forthcoming ARCTURUS have been turned out. As we expected, numerous defects reared their ugly heads. The faults are entirely mechanical. Our new mimeographing machine is temperamental, and stencils must be cut according to the eccentricities of the machine. This will be done for the next issue, which we hope to make all that can be desired both in mechanics and content. Until that time, I am

Sincerely yours,  
The Editor.

## TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN:

BE IT KNOWN that, on January 24, 1936 the East New York Science Fiction League, Chapter number 23 and subsidiary chapter number (a) of Chapter number 1 was officially dissolved by an agreed-upon three-fourths of the members, present and absent, of the chapter.

THE MEMBERS of the dissolved chapter will be reorganized into an independent organization of the same general nature.

THE REASONS for the action taken were as follows:

(1) The International Science Fiction League is an organization begun and encouraged by Wonder Stories magazine for the purpose of increasing the circulation of said magazine, and with the incidental purpose of bringing together in a compact League, the science fiction readers of the world.

(2) The reputation of said magazine is a detriment to that of any organization which aims to bring science fiction readers into close contact with each other, and to make science fiction as it is today, a respected form of literature.

(3) The International Science Fiction League is not governed by a person or persons representative of the members. The aforementioned League is ostensibly headed by a board of Executive Directors, but these have never held a meeting. It is actually under the guidance of its assistant secretary, one, Charles D. Hornig. Neither the Executive Directors, nor any other officer of the International Science Fiction League are subject to removal by the members, nor is there any provision for election of new officers in case any of the present ones should become incapacitated.

(4) The International Science Fiction League has no written constitution, nor an accepted unwritten one. Its legislative, judicial, and executive functions and powers are vested in one person, the said

(5) So far as the International Science Fiction League is concerned, the function of Wonder Stories magazine is to publicize the League, and its respective chapters, give them aid in improving their membership and activities. The first function has been taken over by the numerous chapter organs appearing every month, which print in fuller detail, and with more regard for accuracy, all news of League activities that seems of importance. Membership in established chapters is no longer increasing, while the newer chapters are usually composed of the required three members, most of them relatives who have given the Director proxies in all matters. At no time has the East New York Science Fiction League had new activities suggested by headquarters; the sum total of suggestions made have been for the curtailment rather than improvement of these activities.

(6) Three members of the Science Fiction League were expelled at the order and by the action of the assistant secretary. They had militated against the policy of Wonder Stories magazine with respect to its authors, and were therefore expelled for actions treasonous to the International Science Fiction League. They were given no opportunity to speak in their own behalf.

FOR THE REASONS given above, the East New York Science Fiction League is hereby declared dissolved. Other chapters of the International Science Fiction League are urged to do likewise, and to join with the former members of the East New York Science Fiction League in forming a new and independent League for Science Fiction Readers of the World.

(Signed) Harold W. Kirshenblit  
Director, E.N.Y.S.F.L.

The reader will, no doubt, be interested to know that the members of the E.N.Y.S.F.L. were unanimous in voting for the dissolution, in spite of the fact that only a three-quarters vote was required.



BY

THE

WISP

of Howard appearance

5. **WILLIAM J. JAMES**. A man of about 30, married, better in a friend-ly set. Fan and writer. That's not his real name, as he doesn't want it known among the lodge of several hundred business men he heads. That he writes pulp fiction. Master of a Masonic Lodge. He writes hack fiction as a hobby. Claims he can't remember the many pseudonyms he has used in years past.

1. **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**. Sixty years old, this colossus of science fiction heads his own publishing company located in a town named after a stf. character, Tarzana (Calif.). He talks his Tarzan, Mars, Venus, Pellucidar novels into a dictaphone and looks after his motion-picture company, comic strips, radio ventures and other enterprises, one of which serves rightily to spread science fiction.

6. **D.H. GREEN**. Donald Hathaway is an 18 year-old fellow employed in the movies industry in Hollywood. As Tucker's Secret Agent, he tried to join the IAOets, as a girl claiming her name was Dorothy. Now holds the peculiar title of Co-Editor-in-Chief of the Science Fiction Con-ment.

2. **DONALD WANDREI**. Wandrei is a young man who now resides with his brother Howard in a flat over a Greenwich village night club. A pulp writer by profession and a darn good one, his first writings were sci-fi fiction of a weird nature. At present, Donald now devotes most of his time to detective yarns.

7. **WILSON SHEPHERD**. 20 years old, dark haired, this Southerner heads the Terrestrial Fantascience Guild, which he helped found as the International Science Fiction Guild. Shepherd is an enterprising young man, with considerable literary talent, plenty of push, and organizing ability. One of the cleverest of the lot.

3. **HOWARD WANDREI**. Brother of the above, Howard is known to stf. under the name of H. W. Graham, Ph.D. (he is not that at all, even though both are college graduates). Howard is also a detective writer nowadays and a painter of weird fantasies of great talent.

8. **H.W. WEISSMAN**. Here's a middle aged man who seems to make a living out of selling stf. Up in his garret, among his piles of magazines, Weissman works upon a scientific book which he has been formulating for years. An exceedingly friendly chap, versed in science self-taught, newly an enthusiast for science fiction.

4. **HERB GERNISBACK**. Somebody once said he was no "softy" and he was right. H. G. as he is called, is a pretty business-like looking sort of man, you wouldn't want to try stepping on. An exceedingly enterprising person, with innumerable plans and ideas up his sleeve. He fooled around with such things as: Radio of America, Technocracy, Port-Leagues, plans to end the War in a hurry, and a dozen and one other schemes. Can't be denied credit for building up stf. as an actual book of pulp fiction apart from mere stf. an accent, was married, is divorced, and still runs Wonder Stories with an iron hand regardless,

9. **GAWAIN EDWARDS PENDRAY**. The head and guiding spirit of the American Rocket Society, Science Editor of the Literary Digest, Pendray is known to stf. by his writings under the name of Gawain Edwards. He is a middle aged man, with a black Van Dyke beard, which is said to cover a scarred chin.

10. **ALLEN GLASSER**. About 24, wiry blond hair, short and stocky, Glasser was at one time one of the biggest stf. fans. Would be today had not his own errors served to give



HIS enemies a way to throw him out of fandom entirely. Glasser founded the first stf.fan magazine-The Time Traveller headed the Scienceers and the Fantasy Fans Fraternity. He has great literary ability, but unfortunately that is coupled with a weak character and an obscene mind.

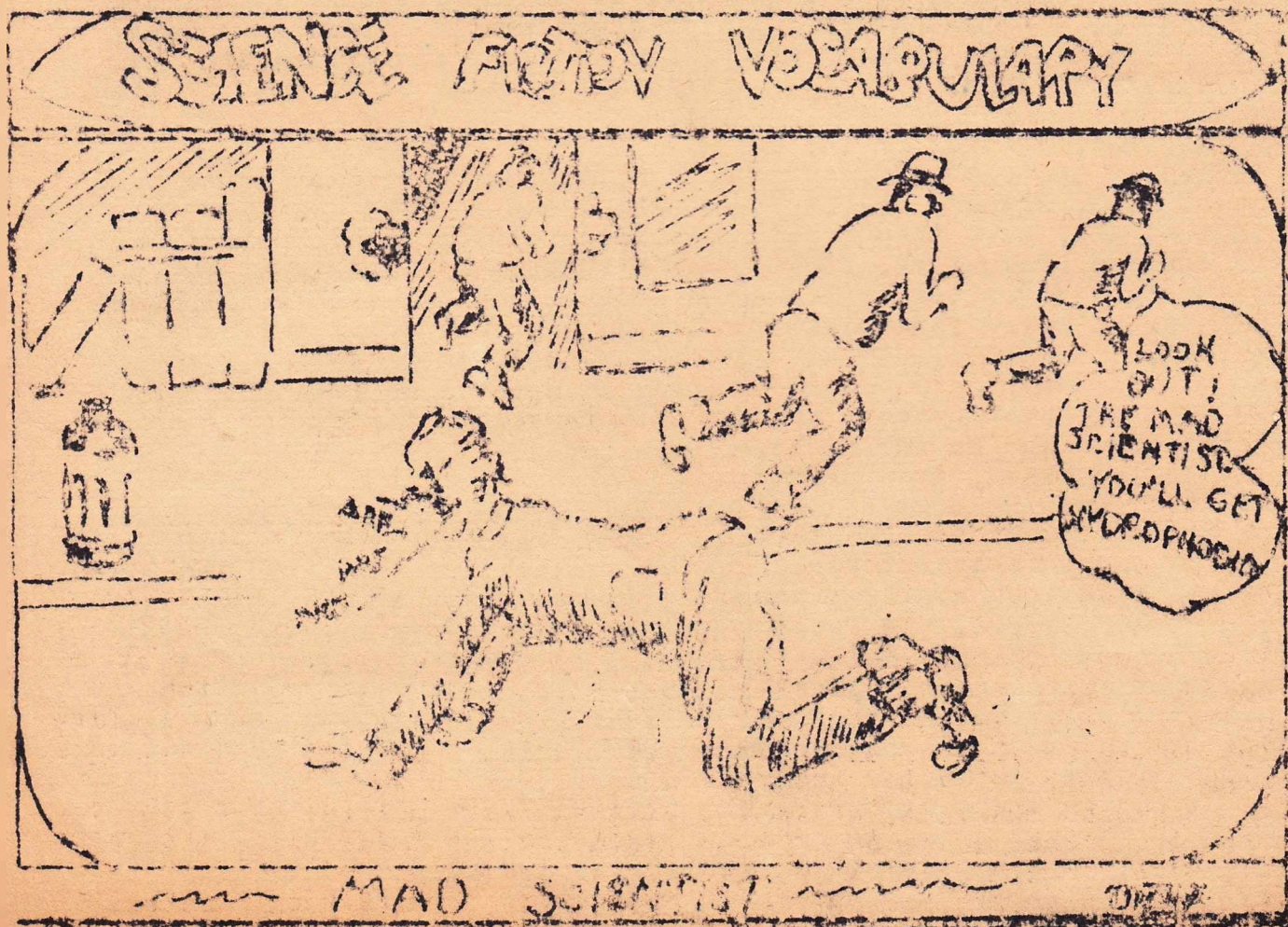
11. JUDSON THOMAS. Real name is Judson Chidlow. This is one of the Science Fiction Syndicate, the one who contacts the public. Judson shells out codies of money for stf. fan magazines (or used to). But his faith in stf. readers has been badly shaken by the many magazines and silly doings breaking into the stf. world today. Has spent much money spreading rocket club propaganda.

B.K. GORSE. This is the fellow whose money Chidlow spends. Gorse is the money end of the Syndicate. Little

is known about him personally except that he is the one who started the work of backing and advancing rocketry.

12. HI HO. The most mysterious character of stf. Nobody has yet solved the identity of this puzzling person who claims to know who Anthony Gilmore is. Has written cards in blue, black, red, and green inks from all sections of the country to various fans telling them his knowledge of who equals justifying Gilmore.

13. Lewis F. Torrance. Probably as great a crank and fanatic as ever science fiction produced. Torrance backs the S.F.L. with a blind stubborn faith that shakes one's own faith in youth's intelligence.





## AGE OF REPTILES

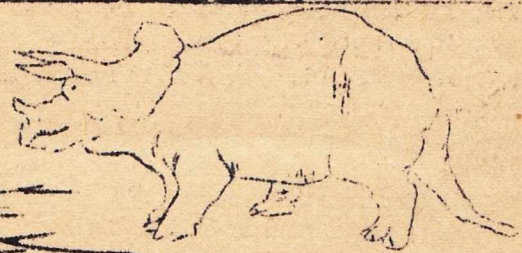
ABRAHAM SHANES.

Let us turn back the pages of history, go past even the front cover, to a time recorded only by remains, to a time revealed to human eyes only through the medium of the "Time Machine" of Science Fiction, to a sight that may be seen only, perhaps, when we have conquered space and ventured to our sister planet, Venus. Let us return to the "Age of Reptiles", when monster lizards, known as dinosaurs since Adam named everything, ruled a warm, wild

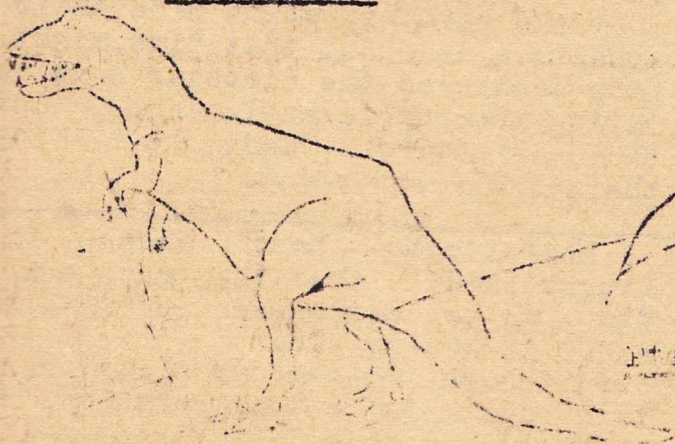
for water, especially in the process of breeding! The great mass of jelly-like eggs that had required water to keep from drying up had been replaced by a fewer number, but more lasting type of egg which had, hard shells to protect the valuable inner moisture from the hot sun. But the feeling known as motherly love, was completely lacking, so that after the laying of the egg, they were forgotten, being left to hatch in the heat of the sun, unless some ponderous lizard unwittingly stepped on them and crushed them out of existence, or made of them his morning meal. The eggs were surprisingly small, considering the size of the adults: a full-grown specimen of the species known as the Triceratops because of three characteristic horns on the head usually measured at least ten feet long and



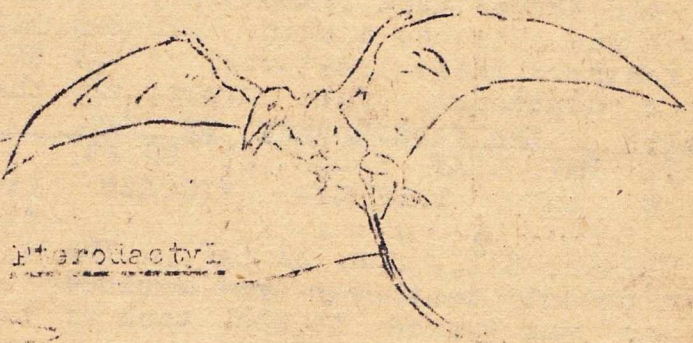
Brontosaurus



Triceratops



Tyrannosaurus Rex



Pterodactyl

and, and see what the weeks of silent bones have conjured up for us of that distant, long-forgotten past.

It was a period when the only governing principle was "eat or be eaten." Everything was bigness, brutality, nature had lost control over the creatures that had but recently conquered the land, who really, for the first time in this Earth's life, could call this new land their own. They had success-

five to six feet high, while the eggs were no longer than five inches, and at most, three inches in diameter.

The largest of these reptiles was the Brontosaurus, or "Thunder Lizard." These fellows often measured from sixty to seventy five feet in length, mostly neck and tail and weighed about forty five tons little, of very little, of which, was brain. Despite their size, they were comparatively peaceful, since their was a vegetable diet; hence, they



were satisfied to leave their contemporaries alone. These great, brutish were so heavy that they stayed in sufficiently deep swamps and marshes to support their heavy hulks through the buoyant effect of the water.

In contrast with these peaceful dinosaurs was the ferocious and carnivorous "Tyrannosaurus Rex". With his tail as a balance, he had learned to stand upright and survey his surroundings. His rear legs had powerful leaping muscles, while his forefeet were small, with powerful sharp claws, to help him rend his victim into sufficiently small mouthfuls for the etiquette of the times. The almost defenseless brontosaurus must have furnished Rex with many an afternoon meal. The skeleton on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History, stands about twenty feet high. It shows the resemblance of his tail to the bird's, as well as the similar "light" construction of the bones with the many hollow spaces.

This brings to mind the ancient flying reptiles known as the Pterodactyls. Instead of using their forefeet for tearing purposes, the small finger became greatly extended and served as a framework, to which was attached a skin. Instead of feathers, these creatures, as all other dinosaurs, were covered with scales, the forerunners of feathers.

DEATH RAY THAT KILLS AT 50 FT.  
MAY SAVE LEUKEMIA VICTIMS

URBANA, Ill., Jan. 31 (AP).--The most potent death ray yet devised by man was turned to the task of saving human lives today.

In the physics laboratory of the University of Illinois a beam of neutrons was to be shot from a scientific gun assembled under the direction of Dr. P. G. Kruger.

Approach within fifty feet of the gun is unsafe because of the speed with which the ray destroys the white corpuscles of the blood. All shields, including those normally used for protection against X-Rays and radium, are vulnerable to the deadly beams. The gun must be operated by remote control from a distant switchboard.

Teeth were still in their elongated mouths, but due to disuse, they gradually disappeared. These ancestors of the modern bird soared rather than flew, climbing up cliffs and clinging to them until some beastie had finished his repast. Then they would sail down to peck at the remains of the victims.

Many more could be described, and more could be said about each, but for this a book would have to be written. One thing, however, must be mentioned, and that is the problem: How and why did these monsters disappear from the surface of the Earth? Several attempts have been made to answer this, but they are more or less unsatisfactory. One theory is that the active volcanoes during that period surrounded the Earth with a layer of dust particles which cut off much of the sun's heat and caused a radical lowering of temperature. Much of the specialized life died off, lowering the food supply below the amount needed by the giant creatures, who, themselves were too specialized to adapt themselves to the changing environment. Another possibility is that the mammals, which made their appearance at about that time, might have destroyed the dinosaur eggs, by making them their sustenance, and thus, unknowingly made room for their own development.

Experiments have shown, Dr. Kruger said, that the rays reduce the white corpuscle count from 8,000 to 300 or 400.

Although this means almost certain death to normal humans, he said, it may mean just the opposite to victims of leukemia, a disease in which white corpuscles grow so fast that they kill off the life-bearing red ones.

The gun, a piece of scientific heavy artillery, creates the lethal rays by whirling ions of heavy hydrogen, in a magnetic field. When finally hurled into space, the ions have a speed of 10,000,000 volts and can shatter atoms. The neutrons, ultimate particles of atoms, are the result of this collision.





### INDEPENDENT LEAGUE FOR SCIENCE FICTION

BE IT KNOWN that on this seventh day of the month of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty Six, the Undersigned, affirming their enthusiasm for, and faith in, Science Fiction, and feeling that the acts which they are performing are to the advantage of Science Fiction, do hereby dissolve the EAST NEW YORK SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE, Chapter Number 23 of the INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE, and subsidiary Chapter Number 1-a of the BROOKLYN SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE.

THE UNDERSIGNED bind themselves anew to band together as a free and independent organization, to further the ideals of Science Fiction. In order to better carry out this purpose, they form, here and now, the

### INDEPENDENT LEAGUE FOR SCIENCE FICTION

and bind themselves further, under parliamentary procedure, to the Headquarters Chapter, or

### BROOKLYN LEAGUE FOR SCIENCE FICTION

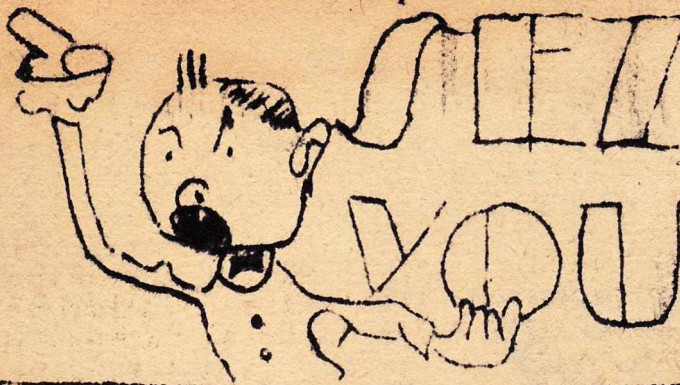
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT and betterment of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

Donald W. Kirshenblit  
Donald A. Wohlheim  
Fredrick G. Fohl  
Norman H. Beventman  
Robert H. White  
Israel Brodsky

Morris Davis  
R. Henry Luck  
Morris Miller  
Louis M. Levack  
Bernard Wells  
M. J. R. R.

Witnessed: William C. Sack





Myah, folkes. It seems our little friend: Willy the Wisp has went and got our old pal, Forrest J. Ackerman's goat, and Forrest got mad and wrote a weerry, weerry, windictif letter to the editor. Ye BC, turned said letter over to aforementioned Willy, and Willy proceeded forthwith and with much dispatch, to pen a similar letter to Forrest. We print only Willy's answer, which, in answering Forrest's letter, and the quotes from that letter, and the reader can thus get the content of the long winded Ackerman objections without any ~~objections~~ difficulty:

The little paragraph on Forrest J. Ackerman in last month's "13" has aroused (and justly so we must admit, that worthy's righteous ire. And out of due respect for his illness, we must answer his missive (or is it missile) of "they done me dirt

You mention that you have been absent from the column since February, 1935. Thank you W. B. for having noticed. You see after four years of writing we have trained ourselves to automatically overlook your letters. You object most vehemently to being dubbed author-pesterer. It is



barely possible you may be right. You list an unholy number of authors who will speak for you. May we make one humble inquiry? How did you pick up correspondence with all these authors? Don't tell us they all wrote to you? Or did you write them first and keep after them until they became disgusted and were tamed to a regular correspondence. We, on our side, can name authors who do know you as an "author-pesterer" or at least as a former "author-pesterer" since, in their cases, you were forced to give up.

But your chief rub is our dig at your Esperanto enthusiasm. You win, in one respect we fully admit. You probably know you Esperanto and, quite likely are conversant in that tongue. You are doubtless the high dignitary you mention in your letter. Willy said you were "going off half-baked on Esperanto, but Universal Languages, a subject, which you really don't know any too much about. You do know Esperanto, but we are assured you don't really know the theory or the Universal Languages as the actual proposed languages live up to them. Esperanto was invented in 1887. It was not the first of the artificial tongues; it was not the last. Esperanto has many faults. If a universal language is to be adopted, it must be the simplest, most concise, and most easily pronounceable, by the people of the entire globe. Esperanto is surely not. It is one of the least concise of the lot. Why back Esperanto, when other languages are better suited? Backers of Esperanto are deliberately and knowingly turning their backs on all future progress. They are deliberately refusing to look at improvements made in their own tongue. Esperantido, Ido, Avalo, are examples of tongues better than Esperanto. No, Forrie, you don't know any too much about Universal Languages. Your blatant bleatings are therefore the product of blind fanaticism. True Esperanto has the most converts and societies. But since when does such thing refuse the right of progress? Such unheeding pragmatism has always been the drag of civilization and science with the "science" so.

In conclusion, I can only say that the statement that I 'recently renounced citizenship in the U.S. by joining the World Society of Nationless People' is ridiculous and absurd. It is utterly unfounded. I have no affiliations whatsoever with Sennecieca Asocio Tutmonda. Subscribers of SAT do not renounce their citizenship, anyway. Like all Esperantists, the SAT members have merely become conscious that they are Citizens of the World: that there is but one land -- the Earth, one people. Humanity." We humbly apologize to you, and congratulate the SAT. We therefore publish a retraction: FO ROST J. ACKERMAN IS A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES. Happy?

But the mistake was a natural one. You see, you had been sending out to many fans bulletins of the SAT and other propaganda for it. Stickers on your letters, etc. But if you yourself didn't believe in it (or belong which signifies belief) why ask others to join it? Practice what you preach. Is it any wonder we thought you belonged? And we still believe, that one who joins a Society of nationless people, unless he renounces his citizenship, is a hypocrite. By the way, we did notice your name on an SAT pamphlet as having donated to the "cause".

We hope this little explanation has cleared all matters up. If you are not satisfied, we will be glad to explain further. As we say in RO (the Scientific World Language): "Ap gosob pefab kay at cim bojad."

---Willy Wisp  
Nice work! I guess Mrs. Ackerman's little boy, Forrie, understands what you're driving at, Wille.

But the rest of you fans, how about some letters from you? You don't have to worry about Willy; we only sic him on naughty children like little Forrie. We welcome just and helpful criticism. We tell Willy about any unwarranted assaults. Good little boys and girls needn't be a bit askeered.

Thank you, Bernard A. Seufert and Olon T. Wiggins for your generous and heart-warming praise.

Signing off, now, for a month or so. Yours - The Editor.



WHO THE ---

by

WILLY THE WISP DON Q. JOTE  
CHARLES SICKENS HAGGARD VERNESWELLS  
D 456 BEN DOVER  
ZENDA BUCK AH YOO THERE

OTTO WANNA WORK

A THOUGHTLESS VARIANT

AN EMPTY PLOT - 6 x 9

The. Once upon a time there was The. Out of the black came a streak of darkness, followed by a roar of crescendous abysmal versimilitudinous quietude. And then came The.

Out of this holocaust he awoke to find this dream a reality. Atlantis arose from the bottom and Mu was returned to the cown. Suddenly she was aware of an alien nonentity, keeling drunkenly over the muddy plain came The.

"Ve arre Vrrrendddsszz - Ouch !" Then indeed, were the mighty thews of The strained to the utmost. Immediately.

"I'm working my way through college, so please."

From the uttermost infinities of uttermost depths of space came "flashing. Flashing, flashing, flash- I repeat, flashing !

"Warun kornst vous perque verme asti'st nord."

The t... filled my helmet. Night fell with a thundering crash. Picking up the pieces, he screamed. Because they are the fragments. Suddenly.

Smashing through the tridimensional infiniteness, the ascending tintinabulations, the terrible t... down... "Woo.

It shub nigurath... The boat with a Thousand fount.

Martin Hale insisted. "Come fly with me. I must have the massage," he pouted, "I should live so."

As I look into your empty faces. There is one god Ghughu and Se-likowitz is his profit. Cold feet today. Prophetic fiction tomorrow. Hangover the day after tomorrow.

Quote. Unquote.

If two intersecting skew lines are parallel they are perpendicular to each other. Arching his neck in a. Looking up effervescently, he sneezed. We match pants to any skirt ---if she's good-looking.

Hurled at infinite speeds thru infinite space, he thrust out a hairy

part... continued in next paragraph.

...always be glad you did. They laughed when I sat down. I suddenly leaped. Get the point?

The gargantuan vastnesses are calling me. What time is it? As he thought, an opalescent sheen emerged from his brain. "I must be dreaming" we said. "I guess you are" said them. It therefore.

Meridionally, she belched. The rhombohedral parallelopipadorf, Rhadamanthine in the extreme, ubiquitously snorted. The papillary Paraclete parataxically paraphrased his paraphernalia. Gee, my pabulum hurts.

All night he tossed in his crib. "Can Shopenhauer be right? Or is United Steel a sure thing?" Entomologically he was right, but heliologically he could not see how. To see or not to see, that was the answer. And if so.

The amoeba slithered the whole length of the Martian space-ship. He had passed out of the infra-red into the macro-cosmic atom world. Meanwhile, slithering backward thru time, at the rate of twenty-five years per second per second per second squared. Never trust a Martian when they come bearing two stones in the bush.

A re-echo echoed. Sitting solemnly he timed his time. Lifted with a Carrel he got up. The mountain would not come to Mohammed, so Mohammed carried it to hell. He who laughs.

Nervously, I rang the bell. He waited four hours, but still he only got four answers. Finally they grew impatient and crashed thru the door, getting a splinter in my small back. The room was dark so I didn't know whether or not I was in there.

PROLOGUE

ANOTHER AMAZING TRUTH ABOUT SEX AND LOVE

Already I had been driven into an ascending spiral. Let the fire be hot but slow. "It is not because of you," I said quickly. No answer. "The Death," I replied. "The Life," he answered. Guess which. He smiled.

Swarming up the rope, he swarmed down again. Even then, however

Now sadly went the mighty one,

-INTRODUCTION-



# AMOS V. SIZZLETHWATE, INVENTOR

AMOS V. SIZZLETHWATE  
U.S. PAT. NO. 1,234,567  
BY DON Q. JOE & DREW

THIS MECHANICAL  
JOSTLER, FOR USE  
IN SUBWAYS WILL  
REVOLUTIONIZE THE  
RUSH HOUR

NOW TO FIND  
SOMEONE TO TRY  
IT ON

THE PROFESSOR SEES SOLARIS,  
HIS DAUGHTER, AND HER  
MODERN SUITOR, HECTOR

ESSEX ST

SOLARIS GARDEN PUSHES

THE INVENTION  
WORKS, HECTOR  
IMAGINING HE  
IS A KING

ESSEX ST



# THE Oxile

In three parts-Conclusion

by  
Morris  
Miller

As the little life-boat left the liner, Wallace came running in, the noise of launching having brought him to startled awareness. On the floor the captain was just stirring weakly.

"Captain Dennis!" exclaimed Wallace. "Good Lord-what's happened?"

"I can't understand it," the captain replied as Wallace helped him to his feet. "I was just talking to Kitson there in the escape ship, and next thing I know I'm lying on the floor here, outside the boat."

"Kitson! So that's it. He's taken the ship and left us all here to die like rats, the dirty---!"

"What's that? Are you sure?"

"What other explanation is there for it? The hound!" Wallace's hands clenched and unclenched spasmodically. "That baby-faced little sneak. If I could get my hands on him."

Just then, Leary came running in.

"What's happened?" They told him and he rushed to the porthole. "Look there he goes now! He's heading for us; maybe he's coming back!"

"Coming back, my eye," spat Wallace. "He's heading for Earth."

The captain sighed. "Well, there's no use our standing here talking about it. Let's get back to the control room and see if the boat has changed our course any."

Back at the control board, they found only a slight deviation. They were still headed for Mars, and were due to reach it in a few hours. Wallace changed into a chair, while Captain Dennis paced back and forth across the room like a caged animal. Leary kept his attention on the direction indicator.

Suddenly the huge liner seemed to shiver. Captain Dennis lost his footing and fell to the floor. Leary held to the control board and managed to save himself.

The captain swore. "What in hell

could have done this?" Wallace exclaimed.

"Probably another meteor," said the captain disgustedly. "There seems to be no end of ---"

"Captain, look!" shouted Leary. "Our course has been changed a little!" And indeed, it had been, for, the green line now showed a definite change of position. But they were still within the danger zone marked by the red ring. "Now, if another meteor comes along, from the right direction, we'll have a good chance of getting out of this alive." They all laughed grimly. What a chance!

Wallace had snapped on the televue, and was turning it about as though looking for something. Suddenly, he seemed to find what he wanted, and focussed the instrument. On the large screen there appeared a small rocket ship, on whose side were the words: S.S. BELLATRIX, ESCAPE SHIP # 1.

"Look here a moment," he said quietly. The others turned their attention to the televue screen.

"Why," the captain said slowly, "It's Kitson and my private ship. I wonder what he can be waiting for."

"Maybe he had a change of heart." Leary suggested.

"Watch," Wallace advised them.

The antics of the little ship, were, to say the least, unusual. The pilot seemed to be maneuvering to ram the liner. The silent watchers heard a clang as the two hulls met, and then there was another jolt, as twin streamers of fire shot out of the life boat's rear tubes. This time they all kept their feet.

Suddenly Leary got the idea, and leaped to the indicator. Sure enough the green line was moving, and, as they watched, it was tangent to, and then completely out of, the red ring. They were saved!

As soon as the ship entered the gravitational field of the red planet, it would begin a free fall, that would carry it in an orbit about Mars. A quick calculation told them that they would set up an orbit about a thousand miles from the surface of the planet.

Another small jolt brought them back to the escape ship, and they realized that if they didn't hurry,



## GHUGHUISM

## THE ONE TRUE FAITH

BY

THE PROPHET

"Behold: I had my agents write these works. Behold I bid them carry this word to all." (Ghible, Book of Ghughu, II, 18, 19)

Out of the illimitable, out of the unfathomable, out of the unknown was spawned the SACRED EGG. For yea,

and signal to Kitson, they would never set up an orbit, but would pass the planet entirely. Kitson, apparently realizing this, stopped his firing, and brought the escape-ship broadside to the liner. Wallace was already running toward the port hole from which the little ship was visible.

As they reached the port - Leary and the captain had not been far behind Wallace - a figure appeared, at the porthole of the smaller ship but passed on in spite of the frantic waving of the three. Almost immediately he returned, and this time he saw them. His face lit up in a smile, and he waved. Captain Dennis signalled for him to return the into the launching tube, but he then shook his head emphatically, and raising a hand, signalled to them to wait.

He disappeared; when he returned he was holding a large pad of writing paper. He carefully inscribed a message in large, black letters, and held it up for them to see. It read thus:

"HAVE I PUSHED YOU ENOUGH?"

Three heads nodded vigorously. He dashed away and almost immediately, his rear tubes ceased firing. Returning, he began writing again on another sheet. He held it up:

"NO USE RETURNING. WILL HE D MARS REPAIR CRE. BACK."

He tore this off, when they nodded, and wrote on another sheet:

"ALL JOIN CRE. PREPARE TRANSFER TOMORROW. SO LONG."

Captain Dennis smiled and waved. Kitson was an exile no longer.

to was Ghughu, emergent in a besquippedalian Callaesthetic punctiliousness. And GHUGHU arose and ascended high, yea even unto Heaven, and He sat on His throne, of forstephant monodaly and He appointed His disciples, beings great, whose names shall not be mentioned to unbelievers. (But GHUGHU left for His children these appointed representatives -- Ghible, Book of Ghughu, II, 3)

For there were then chosen: THE PROPHET, who sitteth at the right hand of GHUGHU; THE HIGH PRIEST, who is the agent of GHUGHU; THE ARCHANGEL, who restoreth the believers to eternal life; THE KEEPER OF THE SACRED VIRGINS, whose virginity is ever replenished; THE CHIEF SAINT, who stirreth the hearts of men; and THE CHIEF CHERUB, who assisteth the little children. And the HIGH PRIEST chose the rulers of the souls of men, and he named THE ARCHBISHOP OF THE BRONX, THE ARCHBISHOP OF RIDGEWOOD, and THE ARCHBISHOP OF BROOKLYN, to divide the world among them. And He named THE CHIEF INQUISITOR and THE DEACON to execute the Word of GHUGHU and all disbelievers. (Ye who are Ghughuists, Ye have embraced Me, Ye shall not be damned, Ye shall live in Paradise. --- Ghible, Second Book of Selikowitz, III, 3-6)

And in the End (In the End was the Beginning -- Ghible, Book of Ghughu, II, 20) was all evil driven into THE DEVIL. And ye who, hearing of GHUGHU, do not embrace Him, and kick in to the HIGH PRIEST, shall be forevermore and unto eternity damned, and become agents of THE DEVIL. And Ye who do not these things, but hail low THE SACRED EGG, shall arise unto Heaven and possess the SACRED VIRGINS, whose virginity is ever replenished (and everlasting -- Ghible, First Book of Kosow, I, 42). And Ye shall receive the Ghible, and be sanctified. And Canonization shall be your lot. For GHUGHU is the one, only, and true GODM and I am His Prophet

--- IN THE NAME OF GHUGHU

AMEN !

Believers may be sanctified, by writing to ARCTURUS. All communications will be forwarded directly to GHUGHU.







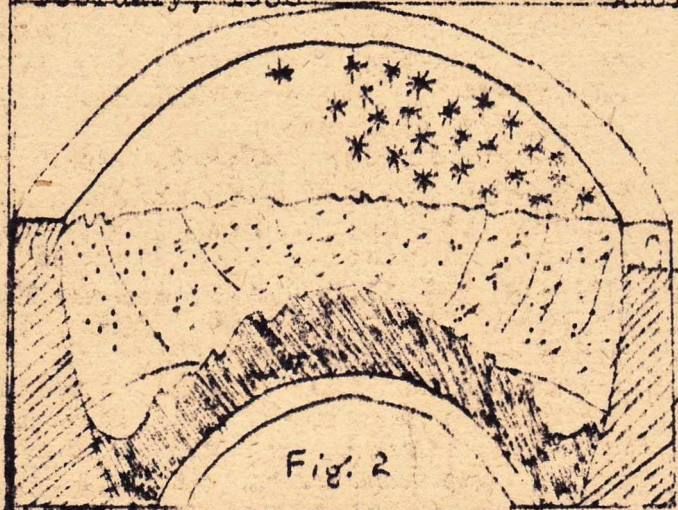
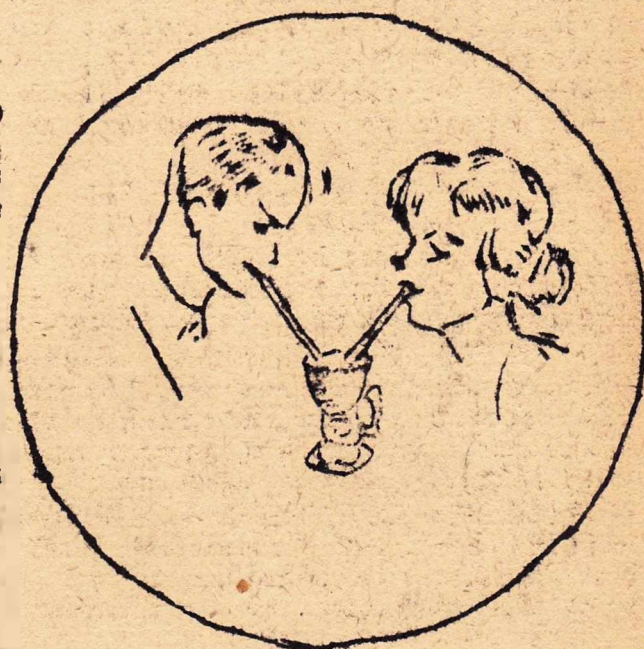


Fig. 2

THIS, we can do nothing but - take heart and saunter gaily onward, coming, after a while, to the Chaldeans. They, we are told, believed the earth to be surrounded on all sides by a mighty ocean, from which the ground rises, like a mountain. The top of the mountain is covered with snow, and it is from this snow cap that the Euphrates river springs. The earth, they said, is encircled by a high wall, beyond which is the abode of the immortals. Nesting on the wall is to be found the vault, of the firmament, shaped by Marduk, god of the sun, from a very hard metal. To explain the phenomenon of a light blue sky in the daytime and a blue-black one at night, the Chaldeans suggested that the bell hanging up the sky, shone in the day time by reflection of the sun's rays and was its natural color - dark blue - at night. The stars were set in the bell, like studs. The sun, they conceived as passing through a tunnel around the horizon at night, entering the vault through an eastern entrance and leaving by western outlet. A picture of their universe recalls to mind Shakespeare's much quoted passage likening the world to a stage.

Continued next month.

# Science Fiction Special



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