

FOOTBALL

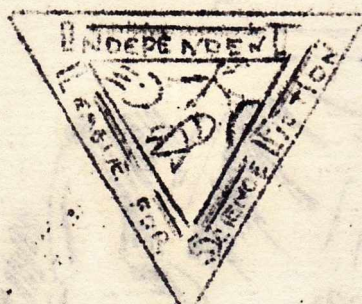


Things to Come

ARGENTURES

July, 1936

Vol. I; No 5



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THE INDEPENDENT LEAGUE FOR SCIENCE FICTION

A LEAGUE MESSAGE

The Independent League for Science Fiction is well on its way, now. The final connecting link, the constitution, in preparation, and will be ready for final publication in our next issue. We've gone far in the last four months, much farther than we went in the longer period under the Science Fiction League. We expect to continue moving ahead. Already three chapters, other than the East New York Science Fiction League, have resigned from the SFL, and it is an interesting commentary on the sort of League the SFL was when we note that only one of those chapters, the Denver SFL will be given charter under the ILSF. The other two are the Albany SFL (Director Selikowitz) and the Nassau SFL (Director Aisenstein). These two are one-man chapters, or were, under the SFL, and the ILSF cannot see its way clear to accept them as chapters.

Other SFL chapters have shown their interest and may join us later when we show ourselves definitely better off than under the old regime. Several individual science fiction fans have sent in their applications for membership in the League. We expect many more. We are well on our way.

A question was asked us recently that must surely have occurred to all of our members and readers at one time or another: "Why, now that neither Gernsback publications, nor Charles D. Hornig is connected with Wonder Stories and the SFL, do you not rejoin the SFL? It is now under the management of a reputable publishing house, thus removing your principal objection."

Our interrogators are losing sight of an important fact. The SFL was started as a booster for circulation. There is no doubt whatsoever that, under Standard Magazine it will continue as such. We are

not sufficiently naive to expect, or even to hope, that Mr. Margulies is going to be very altruistic and help out all the SFL chapters in every way possible. He is a business man, and his business happens to be putting his dozen or so magazines on a paying basis. We do not censure him for this; that would be a childishly stupid thing to do. On the other hand, we have no desire to help him carry it out. We are science fiction fans, and first joined the SFL because we saw in it besides a circulation booster for Wonder Stories, a chance to take a real step towards uniting the science fiction readers of the world. It is our purpose to continue with this aim in view. Rejoining the Science Fiction League cannot do any more to accomplish this purpose than we can do by ourselves.

Wonder Stories and the Science Fiction League are no longer connected with a disreputable house. That objection is done away with. But there still remains the objection of purpose and accomplishment, and also of government. The first two objections have been discussed the last is not overly important.

However, a few words are necessary to explain away any misconceptions. Charles D. Hornig was virtual "dictator" of the old SFL, checked only minutely by fan opinion and very sharply by what by what Mr. Gernsback wanted. Mortimer Weisinger is taking Hornig's place. He will be directly responsible to Leo Margulies, as Hornig was to Gernsback. We have nothing against Mr. Weisinger, personally, as we had nothing against Mr. Hornig, personally. But as members of an organization, we have the natural desire to have something to say in the government of it. And we also expect that that organization will attempt to accomplish its stated purpose. It is obvious that accumulating a long list of inactive chapters is far from the best way to do this.

With Thrilling Wonder Stories and the New Science Fiction League, an appeal is made to the great mass

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

by

DON Q. JOTE

Funny thing about Robert. I never saw anything quite like it. He was cold, Robert was, cold and hard. And what eyes he had. Glassy, and blank, yet piercing. Sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? But that's how it was. If you weren't looking at him, it always seemed that he was boring holes through you with those eyes of his. Next minute, you'd look at him, and get a glassy stare for your troubles.

Smart as a whip too. He could answer the toughest mathematical problems in less than no time, without batting an eye. And accurately, too. You never saw such accuracy. But math wasn't his only field. He absorbed physics, chemistry, biology, astronomy, and what-have-you, same as you or I'd absorb a nice juicy steak with all the trimmings.

It made a man wonder. Here was Robert, with this positive brilliance for any or all sciences, and not an ambitious cubic inch in his big frame. Docile as a child, too, when he could have taken a grown man in either fist and crushed him to a pulp. Yet he followed old Doc Daniels around, served him hand and foot, entered to his every whim. In the laboratory, he did everything that required handling, for the old Doc knew that his shaky old hand couldn't hold a candle to Robert's steady, methodical one.

When you come to think of it this wasn't surprising. Doc Daniels had made him what he was, taught him all he knew, trained him for the lab. The least that could have been expected of him was that he'd try to pay back his debt. And he certainly came through in the pinch, Robert did.

So nobody was surprised when Doc Daniels came out of his laboratory with his great invention, and said

he'd never have been able to do it but for Robert. Robert, the lug, just stood there motionless, taking it all in, but saying no word. Didn't even indicate that he'd heard this great tribute from a great scientist. Never one for conventions, he didn't go through the established and often expected, form, of modestly insisting that he'd played no such important part. He simply did nothing.

The invention? Well, I don't rightly know as I can give a detailed description of it, not being much on scientificks myself. It was one of those "end-all-war" weapons. Not a weapon, really, but something along the anaesthetic line. Not a gas, either. It was a controlled radiation of some sort that put people to sleep for as long as the operator wanted, up to about thirty or forty hours. No ill effects, but the victims, or, more scientifically the subjects, slept instantly, and soundly, and woke up as though from an ordinary sleep.

Well, Doc Daniels, being the simple-hearted soul he was, and nounced his invention to the world and prepared to turn it over to the League of Nations. That great and good body deliberated for some weeks, before it appointed a delegation to receive the plans and models from the old Doc. Meanwhile, he'd been giving demonstrations to prove he could do what he claimed.

On June 14, 1986, Doc Daniels was found dead, murdered in his bed and the plans and models missing. On June 15, the deputation from the League arrived, managed to be politely insulting about American criminals and their freedom of movement, and headed for home. On June 16, a hundred and forty-two million people in the United States slept, and woke up next day, much refreshed, but minus a total of about two million dollars in cash, negotiable paper, and jewelry. Two days later the same thing happened only this time the United States Treasury was taken to the cleaners.

After Doc's death, Robert had been moving around the house like

a lumbering barge without its tug. He never entered the lab, hardly did anything except some house-hold jobs he'd been accustomed to doing while Doc Daniels was alive. Of course, I knew what had caused the first sleep, and was expecting the second when it came, for all the good it did me. The third time, I got peeved, so I picked on the first thing that came my way, - which happened to be Robert. First I told him what I thought of him, mooning around over a dead man, when he should have been making spaghetti out of the people responsible. Then I told him to brace up, go out and find those men who were causing the trouble, knock their heads together, and destroy the machine or machines causing the damage. Without a word he plodded into the laboratory and went to work.

On June 20, the fourth sleep came and the fifth on June 22. Next day one hundred and forty-two million people woke up and read in the special emergency extras that appeared three hours later, that the culprits had been found, had had their heads knocked together so

soundly that it was feared they wouldn't live to face trial. The machinery they used had been completely dismantled, and all this by "a former colleague and friend of the late Dr. Elias R. Daniels."

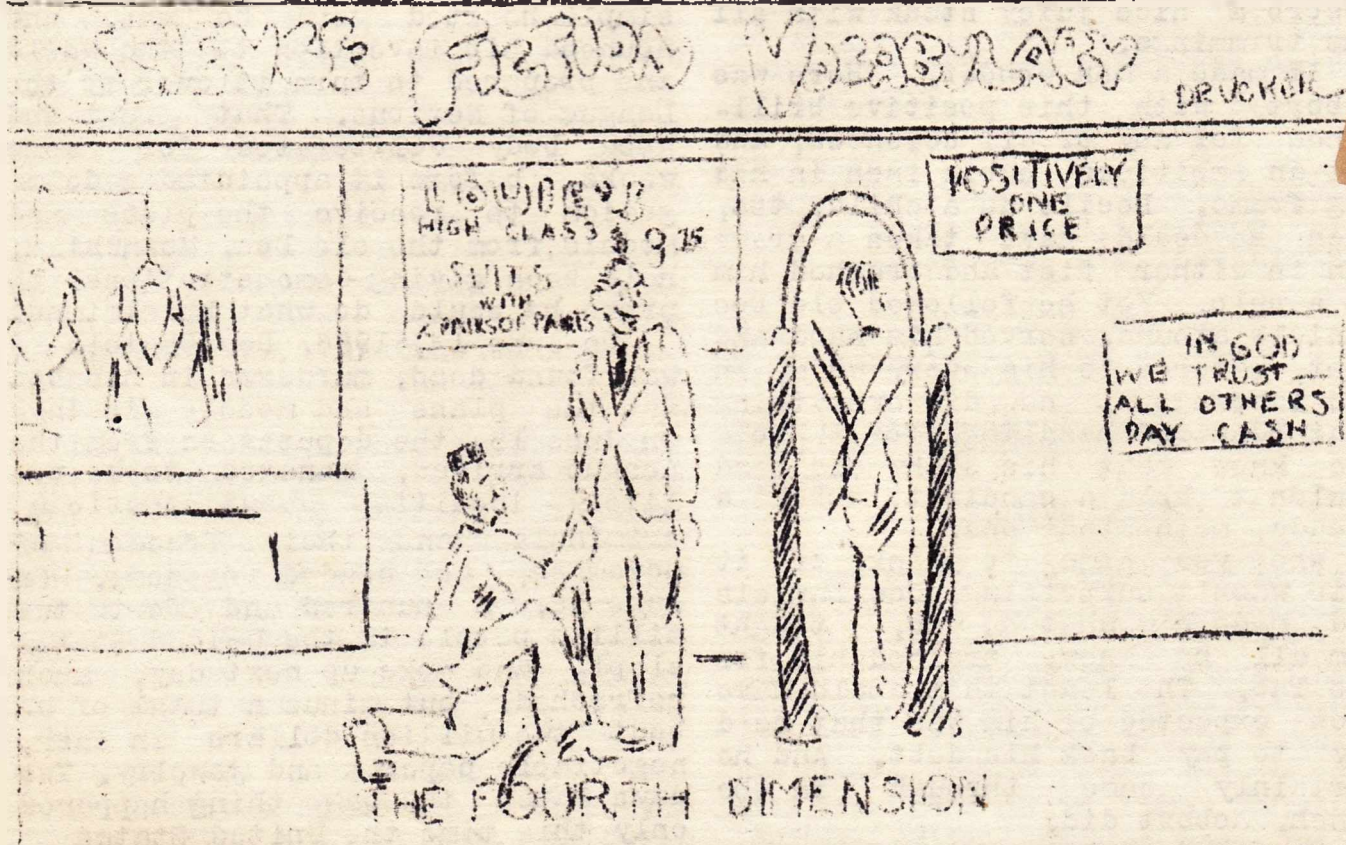
Robert was the hero of the day, the week, and the month. Speeches were made about him; he was patted on the back, shook by the hand, was scratched and pounded by well-meaning enthusiasts, and was swamped by the autograph hounds.

But he paid no attention to them and after a while they got tired of him, and said that he was cold, and hard, and made remarks about his glassy eye. But that didn't bother him. He still did his work around the house as before.

Then one day he went out on an errand in a heavy rain, came back soaked, and was dead next morning. Some vital parts had rusted, and he brought me two dollars ~~xxx~~ as junk.

What's that you say? Oh, didn't you know? Robert was a Robot.

THE END



Winchell, 2000

by

Xanthippopulus . Kilch

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is your favorite reporter, P-29 coming to you through the courtesy of the great Interstellar Lines. I've had a lot of happenings in the last day.... rumor has it a certain son of King Hexywzi is that way about a tele-visophone operator. This is the young man, if you'll recall, last year with a few companions, took the whole Martian fleet by means of robot control all the way to Saturn causing violent political disturbances.

Flash! The American Population Medical Corps have just achieved a scientific triumph. Eight blessed vents at one time with the same materials once required for one!

Flash! Etherspace-vibro-phone reports a gignatic mass meeting of communists at Paris. They are celebrating the Two Hundredth International. Their spokesman and chairman and chairman the universally exiled Z-007 made the following statement, "Comes the revolution, the rest of the world will be exiled! Down with capitalism. It is doomed to failure before the onslaught of the masses. I have spoken."

Flash! Vibro-phone reports a sensational robbery of the crown jewels of Lattees Appappa, the chief Slugh of Pluto. Falons used molec-penetrator rays on the almost impervious metal iridium alloy safe. The Slugh swore vengeance and shall summon his entire fleet for the search while he prays to his God, Ghu Ghu for aid!

Flash! I've just received a report saying that about six centi-minutes ago, my friend and colleague, the doubt famous and handsome audio-actor singer, X-876, was engaged in a tiff. He is, as the report re-

veals, the proud possessor of a darkly colored and extremely painful optical organ. I'm ashamed I, after all I've done to make you popular. But just remember the old twentieth century saying, "Sing when you're weary, and sing when you're blue!"

Flash! Rumor has it that -592, prominent son of the famous beryllium king, has been ejected from the various nocturnal societies, in an intoxicated condition. On being questioned by the reporters he said, "There must be some mistake. Why I offer you a cigar?"

Flash! Ethershone operators from Saturn report a universal strike of the Amalgamated Refuse Laborers. Chief Dreen of Local 87 Earth, made the following statement to reporters; "We've been getting a dirty deal all along. What we want is better air!"

Flash! International News reports a sensational murder of the famous female writer and critic, S-907 of Earth. She was found dead in the American Museum, in an ancient twentieth century piece of antique furniture known as a bathtub. The twentieth century ancients strangely had a habit of bathing. They seemed to have no conception of the ability of certain germs to enter through the enlarged pores. Further investigation by the Universal Police revealed the murderer, who finally confessed. The murderer when quizzed by the reporter said, "She was exquisite in her death!"

Flash! That no popular song, "The Melody Assumes a Circular Course" has reached a new high in the sale of one billion copies. The authors X-732 and O-794 are elated. When questioned by reporters they admitted having written a new song, "I Intend to Reverberate My Digits."

And that ladies and gentlemen winds up the fiftieth edition of the Interstellar Journal. Good night. P-34 signing off...

AND V. SYKLE WIFE D.S., A.A.A., B.V.D.

A-F MONTH, WE LEFT HECTOR AFTER HE
HAD ACCIDENTALLY STARTED THE PROF'S
IDENTALITY EXCHANGER.

HEY, FRIENDS
GET ME OUT
OF THIS!



GRR
GRR
GRR

DR. ADYSSO WALKS INTO THE LAB



WHY HECTOR
VAN WHISTLE
BOTTOM AT
YOUR AGE

FREE! HE'S
GONE CRAZY
HELP!

FER HEAVEN'S
SAKE CALL YER
FATHER.

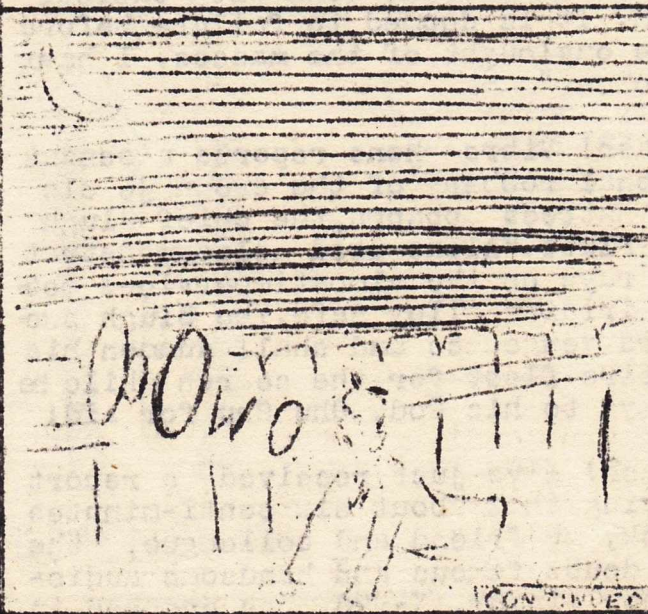
GRR
GRR

HMM, VERY INTERESTING AND
VERY SUCCESSFUL, TOO.

YES, YES, BUT
WADDAYAGONNIA
DO ABOUT IT?

PLEASE
FATHER HURRY
BEFORE IT'S
LATE

VERY WELL WE'LL JUST REVERSE
THE PROCESS
WHERE'S THE DOG
EX. I MEAN HECTOR



CONTINUED

READ 'EM

--AND WEEP !

by

FREDERIK POHL

The August AMAZING STORIES is scarcely worth reviewing. All the stories (the whole four of them) are readable in an anemic sort of way ; They are what might be called Grade B program material. "He Who Shrank" by Henry Hass of "Tyne" fame, is based on several of the oldest concepts of science-fiction: the mad scientist (sic), the diminishing drug, and the series of worlds within worlds within the atom. "Doctor Dimmitt Seeks Redress", of Miles J. Brewer, is the tale of a scientist, who invents a life accelerator and utilizes it to carry out a vendetta with a politician who has incurred his ire. The serial, William Lemkin's "Beyond the Stratosphere" is better than the others, but the conception of the Heavyside layer as a solid semi-transparent shell was not an especially good idea originally and age has done little to mellow it.

In spite of such stories as "Australiano" and "The Train that Vanished", the July Astounding Stories is considerably better than preceding issues. "Frictional Losses", by Don A. Stuart, is for once, a new theme. It might almost be classed as a thought-variant; surely it is now nearly one than "This Adventure" to which Mr. F. O. remains applied that label. "The Time Accelerator", A. Macfadyen's story of time travel, might be also classed, as might "Pacifica" by Nat Schachner. "Pacifica" is the story of the creation of a continent by means of hydraulic pressure. I am no seismologist, but, postulating the existence of such apparatus as Mr. Schachner details, the process seems entirely practicable. To create such an illusion of possibility is the highest

aim of pseudo-scientific writing; the fact that Messrs. Stuart, Macfadyen, and Schachner have succeeded in creating this illusion is probably the reason why their stories are so enjoyable. There is little that can be said about the science feature John W. Campbell's "Two Scales", except to point out that he has utilized the best possible modus operandi in the treatment of what is essentially a dry subject. Incidentally, this is an anniversary of Street and Smith's Astounding Stories. They have attained now the same age that the Clayton mag. had, and in celebration of this, have brought Wesso back into the science-fiction fold.

As was to be expected, the new Thrilling Wonder Stories is an improvement over the old Gernsback Publication. It could hardly have been otherwise, true, but still there are several flaws. The most glaring one is the alleged "Special Feature": "Zarnak---2936 A.D." You will recall that there has been an almost incessant demand for a cartoon strip in a newsstand s-f magazine. This is it. While the artist, Max Plaisted, does fairly well insofar as the drawing is concerned, it is evident that he is only an artist. The continuity is acceptable, if somewhat jerky, but while the first half dozen panels are all right scientifically, the last page contains at least three major scientific absurdities, and several minor incongruities. This is obviously the result of an ill-advised attempt to inject an element of danger into the situation. Shades of Tom Mix! Does the science-fiction fan as a class, require such absurd proceedings in his literature? The whole magazine seems to be dedicated to the ideal of blood and thunder, hack writing predominating to the exclusion of new ideas. Ray Cummings' story "Blood on the Moon" is such a story of interplanetary piracy as he and others have written half a hundred times before. "The Drone Man", Merritt's yarn about man who changes to a bee, is more like weird than science-fiction, and more like just plain silliness than either. "The Land Where Time

CURIOUS COSMOLOGIES

AN ORIGINAL RESEARCH PAPER

by

HAROLD W. KIRSHENBLIT
III.

We come now to a group of the most interesting cosmologies ever to be devised by man. They are the ones of the ancient Greeks, from the time of Homer all the way up to Ptolemy. As Professor John Burnet says in his "Early Greek Philosophy", "No sooner did an Ionian philosopher learn half a dozen geometrical propositions and hear that the phenomena of the heavens recur in cycles, than he set to work to look for law everywhere in nature and to construct a system of the universe."

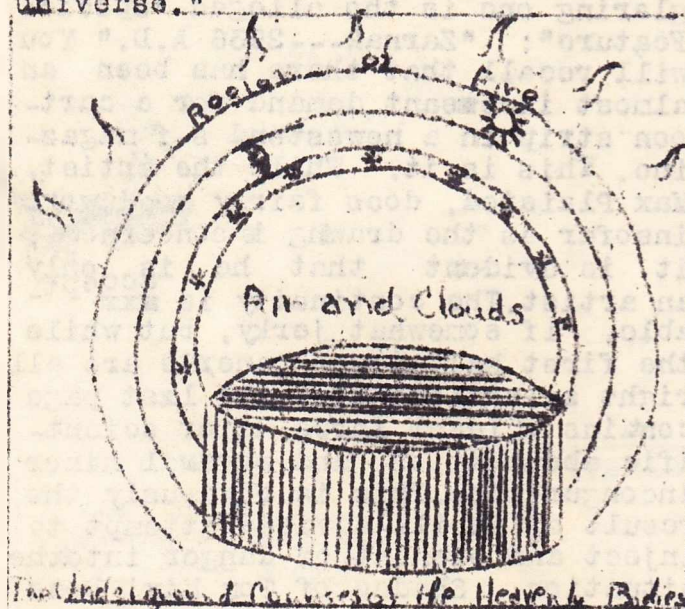


FIG. 1--ANAXIMANDER'S COSMOLOGY

We have a fairly good picture of the earliest of Greek cosmologies from the poems of the poets Hesiod and Homer. To them, the earth was a flat, circular disk, around which the ocean flowed, encircling it. The heaven was a solid hemisphere, exactly covering the earth, and below the earth was Tartarus, forming a vault symmetrical to that of the heaven. It is not very clear where the heavenly bodies went between the settings and risings, they cannot go under the Earth, as Tartarus is never lit

go under the earth, as Tartarus is never lit up by the sun. Possibly they floated around Oceanus, the boundary river, past the north, to the points at which they were next to rise. Simple and unassuming as this cosmology is, it also shows how much progress in factual astronomy has been made, for there is no attempt, as in the later cosmologies, to account for eclipses, retrogradations, and such phenomena.

The first astronomical philosopher whose name is connected with his work, is Thales of Miletus. To Thales goes the honor of being recognized as the first Greek to predict an eclipse. There has been some controversy as to whether Thales was really so well informed as has been claimed, but such almost contemporary opinions as those of Herodotus, Eudemos, Clement of Alexandria, Diogenes Laertius, and many others, cannot be disregarded, or successfully contested. However that may be, his cosmology has been pretty well established. It shows no great advance over the previous ones, being simply that of a flat, disk-shaped earth, a fiery sun, a moon and stars and a huge ocean on which the earth floated, like a cork.

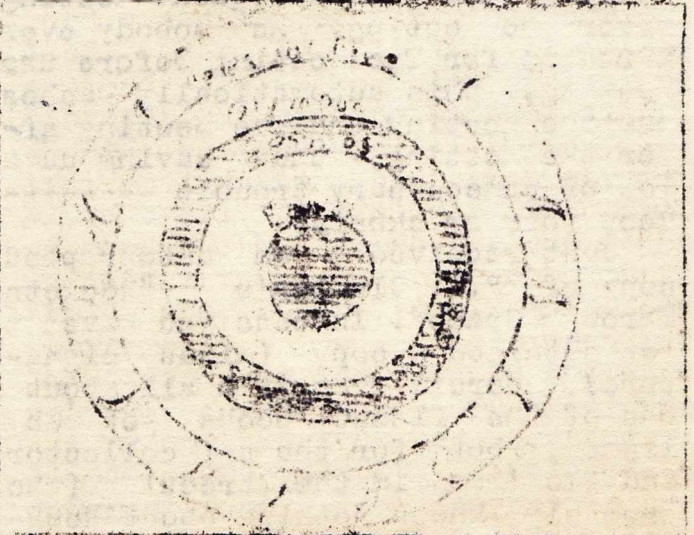
When we come to Anaximander of Miletus (fl.c.550 B.C.), we find an elaborately developed cosmology. He held that the stars were attached to movable spheres, from which they derived their motion. The fiery ether of the heavens carried up stones from the earth and made them into stars, by the velocity of their circular motion. But first, "...there was produced a sort of sphere of flame which grew round the air about the earth as the bark around a tree; then this sphere was torn off and became enclosed in certain circles or rings, and thus were formed the sun, the moon and the stars." (From "Stromateis"-Pseudo-Plutarch). The stars, he said, were circular bodies of condensed air, having pipe-shaped passages, and through these, the stars are seen. The Sun occupied the highest place in the universe,

next came the Moon, then the fixed stars and the planets, with Earth at the center of their concentric orbits. He compared the Sun to a wheel, "... the rim of which is hollow and full of fire, and lets the fire shine out at a certain point in through an opening like the nozzle of a pair of bellows..." (Aetius) Eclipses were caused by the stopping up of the vents of the stars or of the main vent of the sun or the moon. Earth was freely suspended in space "and remains where it is because of its equidistance from all other things..." (Hippolytus). This may be taken to mean almost anything, but it seems, on consideration, to be something of a vague stab at a Law of Gravitation, which is very interesting at this early stage. Finally, the shape of the earth is that of a cylinder, whose depth is one third its breadth.

Anaximenes of Miletus had been an associate of Anaximander, but had not come into prominence as a scientific philosopher until about fifteen years later. Anaximenes held that the extreme part of the heavenly sphere was earthy or solid and that the stars were of an igneous nature, but certain solids, invisible to the eyes were carried round with them. "And he says that the heavenly bodies do not move under the earth, as others suppose, but round it, as a cap turns round our head. The sun is hidden from sight, not because it goes under the earth, but because it is concealed by the higher parts of the earth and becomes greater." (Hippolytus) The stars were fixed like nails or studs in the crystalline heavenly sphere, the sun is fiery and flat in shape, like a loaf. The moon is similar in shape and substance; the earth is like a table in shape, and is therefore maintained by the air without sinking. The reasoning here is pretty obscure. Evidently, he is of the impression that a thin disk will be held up by the air without danger of falling.

Pythagoras of Samos, one of the greatest mathematicians of all time flourished during the latter half of the sixth century B.C. He turned

his exceptional talents for mathematics to astronomy, with some of the weirdest results ever to be given to the world by a man of science. At the same time, we have him to thank for our first experience of a belief in the sphericity of the earth, as well as for the idea of a daily rotation. He held that the planets moved independently of, and in a direction opposite to, the daily rotation of the heavenly sphere. "It seems that the fact in question (i.e., that of the daily rotation and the motion of the planets) was learnt from Bablyon or Egypt. The same is probably true of the 'discovery', alternately attributed to Pythagoras and Parmenides, that the Morning star and Evening star are the same." (Sir Thomas L. Heath - "Greek Astronomy") The universe he believed to be spherical, and probably thought that the heavenly bodies were also spheres. The earth is at rest (i.e., in equilibrium) in the center of the universe for the same reasons that brought forward by Anaximander. One of the most interesting developments ever found in the history of cosmology is that of the "singing" universe. Pythagoras was responsible, but it was carried out more elaborately by his followers, the Pythagoreans, whom we shall discuss later. I quote from Hippolytus's "Refutation of all Heresies": "Pythagoras maintained that the universe sings and is constructed in accordance with a harmony, and he was the first to reduce the motion of the heavenly bodies to rhythm and song."



LONDON NEWS REEL

BY

EDWARD J. C. RHELL

COMMITTEE The remark about Walter Gillings having been writing for ~~the~~ ^{the} magazine for five years should have been five months.

I must have travelled up the Time Line into the future, for now, back in Summer, 1936, I find that all my remarks in last month's issue about the hope of a forthcoming professional s-f mag in England are hopelessly before their time. So far ahead that my advice to those of you who were hoping to have still another mag to collect is to forget all about it, because so many hitches have arisen that if you hibernate for a year or so, you will still wake up in time to hear of its arrival in this world.

This seems to sound the death-knell to British fan's hopes, but, there is a ray of sunshine behind it all -- that the idea hasn't as yet been entirely discarded, so perhaps, sometime ---

Don Allheim's article last month on "The Meeting After the Meeting" reminds me to tell you of "The Meeting Before the Meeting" which we have in this country. Owing to the small number of active fans in London, we have to arrange a meeting before the meeting to ascertain just who will be at the meeting and the subsequent meeting after the meeting. As nobody ever turns up for The Meeting before the meeting, this automatically washes out the meeting and The Meeting After the meeting, thus saving us a lot of unnecessary trouble ----- keep your brackbats.

Just received:- an autographed copy of P.T. Cleator's "Rockets Through Space". In case you haven't yet obtained a copy (minus signature), here's what it's all about. One of the finest books yet published, both for the s-f collector and the 'man in the Street' (who probably knows nothing about Rocketry), is extremely interesting and

well written, yet in an easily understandable style. Deal with its opening chapters with the basic ideas of the drive so, it goes on to describe the early experiments with various types of rocket fuels and the laudable work carried out by the German Rocketry Society.

It then gives all the vital statistics necessary for rocket to leave Mother Earth and describes the fuel problems reasonably well. The dangers and difficulties of space navigation are equally well treated and a very interesting chapter is devoted to Interplanetary Navigation. The further chapters follow this on the position today and the probabilities of tomorrow, and the author has not stinted praise for the various Rocketry Societies in the world. Mr. Cleator has a nice style of writing interspersed with a vein of humor and I hope that sometime in the future he will think fit to publish a further book on the same subject.

I received an awful bawling out recently for a mistake on my part which appears to have offended the parties concerned, in a recent article of mine in the English fan magazine *Novae Terrae*. It appears that I was mistaken in thinking that the secession of the East New York Science Fiction League from the S.F.A. was in some way connected with the war between the three controlled leagues and the aforementioned League. I was also mistaken in thinking George G. Clark had taken no sides but had "bawled out both sides". A suitable explanation will be given in the June issue of *Novae Terrae*, and a similar one in an open letter which is now in the files of the I.L.S.F. (Editor's note - those interested can see that letter on request.)

L.T.E. NEWS.

The the proposed fan mag was awaiting the arrival of the proposed professional mag, preparations are now being made for the publishing of the former. Advance leaflets giving the aims and the intentions of the publisher are already circulated on page 12.

AN ETHNOLOGICAL INTERPRETATION OF CERTAIN HISTORICAL OCCURRENCES IN ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL TIMES

BY

ARTHUR L. SELING, M.A.

The Nordic race, which had the essentials of a high civilization in it, was for some reason unable to rise even to the normal Mediterranean level. This reason was the Christian religion, into which an inquiry must therefore be made.

Religion may be divided into two classes. The first is typified by Mohammedanism; in it each person does his own worshipping. A devout Mohammedan needs no help from a priest. On the other hand, a Roman Catholic does not pray by himself but pays a priest to do it for him. These priests guarantee salvation in return for their support. This commercialized religion is peculiar to the Mediterraneans.

Priests were first segregated in Egypt and Mesopotamia before the dawn of history. Previously there had been medicine men and witch doctors of glory, but they were part of the tribe and could be changed on any pretext. Priests were housed separately in a special village and restrained from a normal life; they were not even permitted to marry.

In the first half-century A. D., Christianity, as merely a sect of Judaism started by some Jewish idealists dissatisfied with the worldliness of their faith. Among their number was one Paul, a born high-pressure salesman, who saw the possibility of the entire Roman Empire, to the faith of his leader, Jesus Christ. He also saw that the creed of Jesus Christ, while perhaps alluring to similar young Hebrews, could not attract the average subject of the emperor. He, therefore, rewrote the speeches of his leader and with them soon converted a large fraction of the population of the Levant to his religion. The martyrdom of Christ inspired thousands of new converts, and by the time of the Nordic invasions had converted most of the Roman Empire to Christianity.

The final conclusion is:

The Mediterranean race was capable of a certain advancement, which it early achieved but no more. This has been amply illustrated by the history of southern Europe and Asia Minor. It is obvious that the Mediterranean race has not advanced materially. The assimilative powers of the Mediterranean race are exemplified by the history of Persia. There, every few centuries saw an influx of Nordic, Semitic, or Turkic peoples. Yet, the people today are almost exactly like their forebears of seven thousand years ago. A similar case is Asia Minor.

And what of Modern Times? Since about 1600 A.D., there has been racial mixing in North America such as the earth has never seen before. The Mediterranean is predominating, and this predominance spells the end within a few hundred years of Nordic dominance in the United States and Canada, and with it, the end of the Nordic ideals of Democracy and Freedom. From an ethnological viewpoint, Democracy will continue as long as the Nordics do not intermarry with their Mediterranean neighbors.

In Europe and Asia, the conditions are somewhat similar. Since the Eighteenth Century the Mediterranean has finally been forced to stop fighting long enough to overpopulate, so that while one portion expands in Africa, the others slowly but surely, push northward.

The question naturally arises as to the limit, if any, of the Nordic expansion of the Mediterranean race. There is a limit; it is determined by climate. Their original development may be ascribed to climate indeed, temperature is its most logical explanation. This was instrumental, however, in developing the powers of mind of the Northern races to such an extent that, when the opportunity arose, they far outstripped the Mediterraneans. The Mediterranean race has since been confined to the warmer regions of the Eastern Hemisphere.

The Semitic race is another instance where climate developed a superior race. The Semites at present, have been practically ignored

ulating this country in an endeavor to ascertain the number of copies required.

It is to be called SCIENTIFICTION "The British Fantasy Review" published and edited by Walter M. Gillings; will contain sixteen printed pages and at first will be issued bi-monthly. The price will be approximately fifteen cents. It will contain many interesting features, articles on, and by, John Russell Pearn, John Beynon Harris, Benson Herbert, Festus Pragnell, and many prominent fantasy fans.

Primarily for the English fans, SCIENTIFICTION will contain much that will interest the American fans---latest developments and news, film and book reviews, scene interviews and articles.

American fans desirous of obtaining copies can communicate with me through this mag or D.A. Hollnbeck and J. McPhail when further information will be forwarded.

The enthusiasm of the English fan element is an unknown quantity, and for this reason, before launching the mag. I do deem it advisable to know the extent of the popularity it will receive.

Needless to say "No popularity--no mag."

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"READ 'EM AND 'ERP" - cont'd..

Stood Still" by A.J. Zagat, is better than most of the others in the issue. Its basic idea is comparatively recent. The late Stanley Weinbaum story, "The Circle of Zero" was so what of a disappointment, it was a nearly sorgood as could have been expected. It is apparent that Mr. Sullivan has carried out his threat to make "THRILLING SCIENCE FICTION" a Do Savage type magazine.

Robert M. Howard's tale of Wood and Obesh magic, "Black Conan", tops in the June issue. It concerns the uprising of a group of blacks in an attempt to rid the country of white settlers and an osh woman who assists them. Far from Howard's ordinary style, it is nevertheless an excellent tale. The runner-up in this issue, is the reprint, "The Brain in the Jar", by Max Schorer and August H. Deroloth, the story of a man who was killed, whose brain was restored to life by a chemical solution. The conclusion of Jack Williamson's serial, "The Ruler of Fate", is also good, which is more than can be said for the rest of the issue.

Consensus. STOUNDING, HIND, THRILLING POWDER, ALIEN, in that order.

Ethnological Interpretation cont'd. by the Mediterraneans. The Mongolians are also losing their identity. It would seem, therefore, that in near future would see the Med. race occupying, besides its present territory, all of Europe south of the 50° parallel, China, and the present United States; while a much smaller group of Nordics, Slavs, and Mongolians strive to hold Canada, Britain, Scandinavia, North Russia, and Japan from the Mediterranean hordes; a very unpromising prediction.

The question first brought up, the of the relation of race to intelligence, should now satisfactorily be answered. It is obvious, in view of the facts here correlated, that intelligence is shared unequally among the various races of mankind. Therefore, it may be definitely stated - Intelligence depends partially on race.

THE END

"THEY DISPERSE"

BY

illegally the Disp

After an extended vacation, we must come home to find that our amiable, if absent-minded editor, has gone and lost our column, so that we find ourselves hiding hence to the type-machine and try to duplicate lost masterpieces. Oh well; it would seem that the ISA has gone and put out over on us, (or did they), because we find that a Brooklyn Branch of the I.S.A. has been formed right under our very noses, in fact, in our headquarters, by those ISA members in the BLSP (aren't we all?). They have a useful Johnny Michael chairman, and Spinn Pohl, Vice-chairman (and also Secretary... that was Wollheim's idea and Pohl'll never forgive him for it). JB, who just hates to hold office, wanted to be just "common member". A member, maybe, but hardly common. JB is now "Uncle Harold" to the kids since he now guides the destiny's of hundreds of swarming brats at Surprise Lake Camp (and a surprise they're getting!)... were flattered no end when Ted-ard Carnell, English Science Fiction mogul, asked permission to reprint some of our little pen-sketches of the fans that had appeared previously in our previous column. JB on mystic reasons of his own turned them bs down. The scoundrel!... ARCTURUS scooped the field last issue with news of the NEW THRILLING WONDER, beat all the other fan magazines to the draw with bigger, better and more accurate dope... which goes to show something or other. Some of the kids are endeavoring to form a new party - the Anarchist Party - to run for President of the USA. Their motto: - "We don't know where we're going but we're on our way!..." Notice that Brooklyn is still listed as a chapter by winsome Mort Weisinger in TWS. He must be seeing ghosts, for there just isn't no Brooklyn! Likewise the New York I.S.A. could have been there. The famous ISA said that time...

"Action is the word" says Cy. Or it seems to have worked too, for from all reports, the YSFL (said fast that would make "Niceful") hasn't put itself together yet. No small loss. Come to think of it, the last year has seen some amazing, astounding events in the sf. fan world. Raids, denunciations, war. The shooting died down, but the snake still lingers in the air. Anything may still happen. Don Wollheim says he's finally found that Tucker's first name is really Arthur, not Augustus, as one of his stooges said it was..... Don, again, threatens to apply high pressure to get recalcitrants to subscribe to his Phantagraph. What a case he's got! Fred Pohl is a lucky stiff, manages to get ASTOUNDING at least three weeks before it comes out on the stands. Wonder how he does it?... The meetings of the BLSP have always been haunted. Sometimes during a meeting, just in the middle of important business, there comes floating down the basement, a strange deep voice calling: "Harooooold!" Always at strategic intervals too. It happened for instance that hectic night when G.G. was reading his "Impossible open letter", and all the kids were straining to either leap on him or go to sleep. And morning was coming faces and soaking his head, I heard G.G.'s startling misconceptions and distortions. No, wait it's all over, we can say that morning, at least tried to put up an honest fight(?)... I just didn't have it in him, that was all... there's always a lot of interest in reading one of Carnell's letters, when he lets folks; and even more, when some of the kiddies are gathered around the trim writer, huddled out an Insane Writer's Guild yarn... The main idea, I gather say...

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