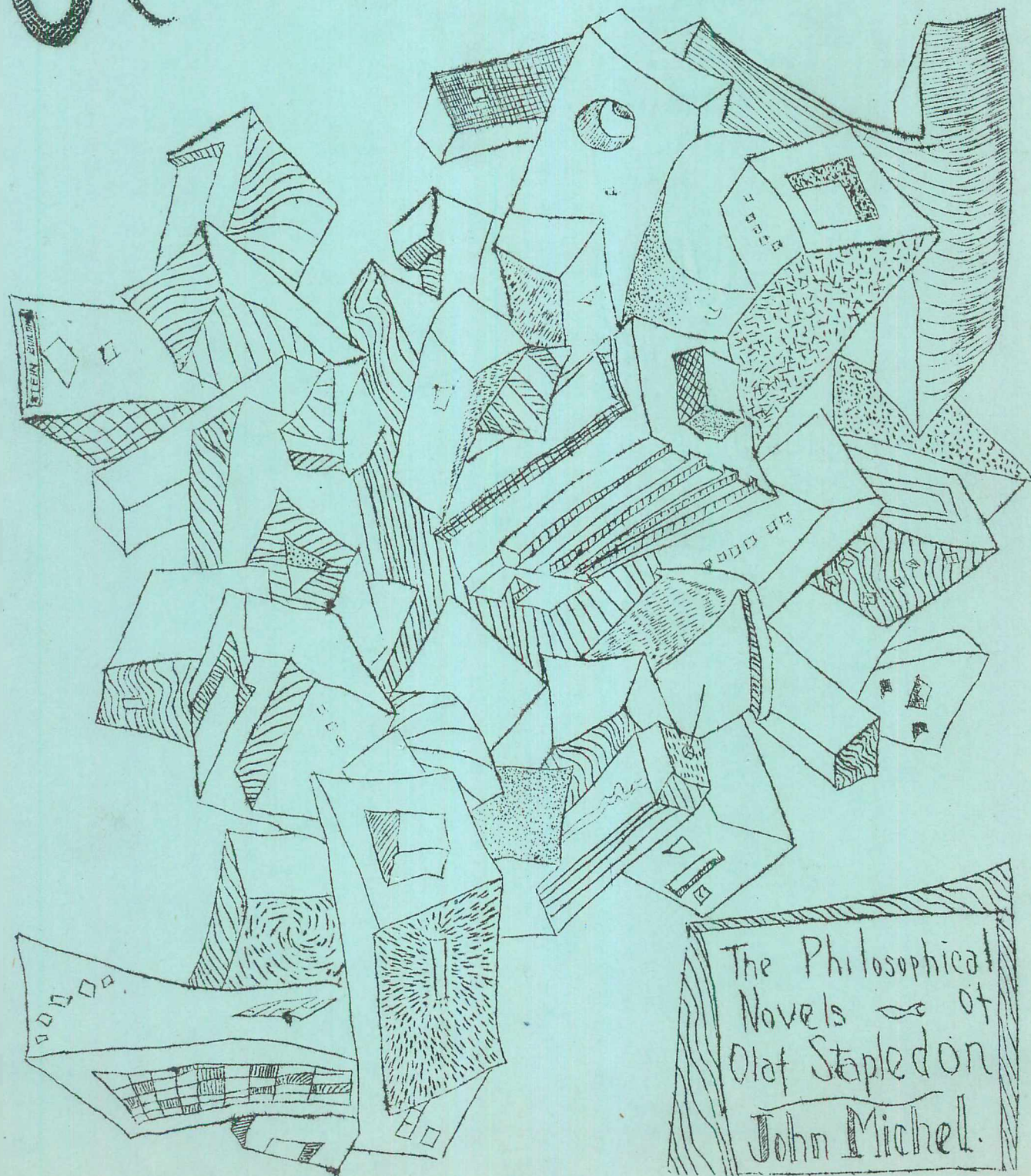


# Astronaut

SCIENCE  
FANTASY







1948

# Astronaut

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COPY

EDITOR - ROBERT L. STEIN.

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An editorial stating little in particular and nothing for sure, thus revealing that the editor is in his usual confused state of mind.

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This is an article that overcomes the obvious handicap of being "just another Elsner article on Technocracy". Tripoli once meant to publish this item, but never did.

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ASTRONAUT, Vol. I, No. 2. This is an amateur and so far non-profit magazine edited by Robert L. Stein, 514 West Vienna Avenue, Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin. The material that glorifies this issue was gathered by the editor with the kind assistance of Donn Brazier, Redd Boggs, & Henry Elsner, plus other neighborly people. This issue was dummied by Don Wilson; its stencils were cut by Redd Boggs; and it was mimeographed by Don Wilson. Pix were cut by the editor. The editor's opinions are not necessarily those of the contributors. Artwork credits: Bob Stein: pp. 2 (top), 4, 5, 8, 10, 13, 13, 16, 17 (top), 20 and 23. William Rotsler: pp. 2 (bottom), 6, 17 (bottom), 19, 22. Robert Nelson: 11, 21. Illo p. 14 is from VoM's Denvention issue.

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STEINCIL -by- The Editor

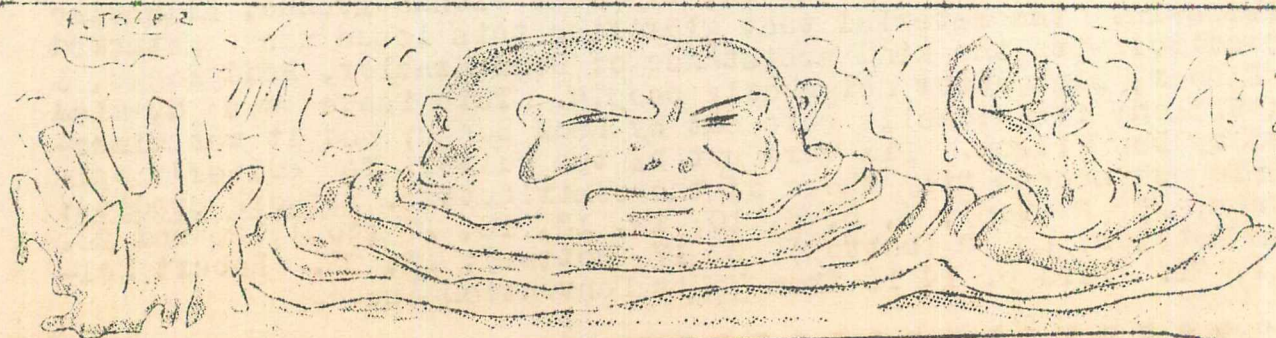
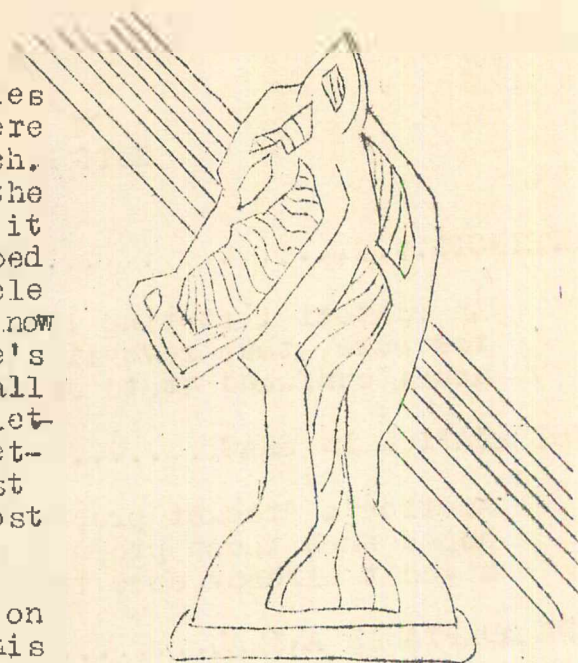
As I write this, most of the copies of Astronaut #1 are gone, although there are a few left and available at 10¢ each. It took well over six months to get the first issue published and mailed, and it has been about three months since I dumped the main bunch of Astronauts into Uncle Samuel's lap. How long it will be from now till this issue hits the mails is anyone's guess. For that reason I've excluded all commentary on current affairs, and the letter column is not here. Most of the letters of comment with anything of interest to anyone but me have long since been lost in my voluminous mass of "stuff".

For issue #3 I have nothing at all on hand. Frankly, I am very thankful for this state of affairs. Already, I have more to do than I have time for, let alone edit this magazine. But you can expect something more to emanate from these precincts, even though I don't believe it will be another Astronaut. People who send, or have foolishly sent, subscriptions will receive their money's worth somehow or other. Just as the subscribers to Fantasy Illustrated were startled to get Tympany (it was spelt with a "y" then) and finally Astronaut #1, subscribers in the future will receive something as unlike Astronaut as Tympany was unlike Fantasy Illustrated. I hope to revive the title Fantasy Illustrated soon, as a periodical portfolio of mimeo, litho and silkscreen artwork (plus art by any other methods I might try). It will be in a form that will allow you -- if you're mad enough to do so -- to frame the artwork contained therein.

What with the unusual amount of publicity being given science-fiction as a legitimate literary art form, many fans are wondering when stf will catch on to the extent that detective mysteries have in recent years. Anthony Boucher suggests that stf will become widely popular in the very near future -- he treats the subject in his book, Rocket to the Morgue, and suggests that top popularity will come to stf when someone creates a truly three-dimensional stf character.

When I discussed this subject with Lester del Rey at the Philoon he agreed with the Boucher theory and named a well known stf author to create stf's Sherlock Holmes. How about it -- Ted Sturgeon?

--- R. L. S.





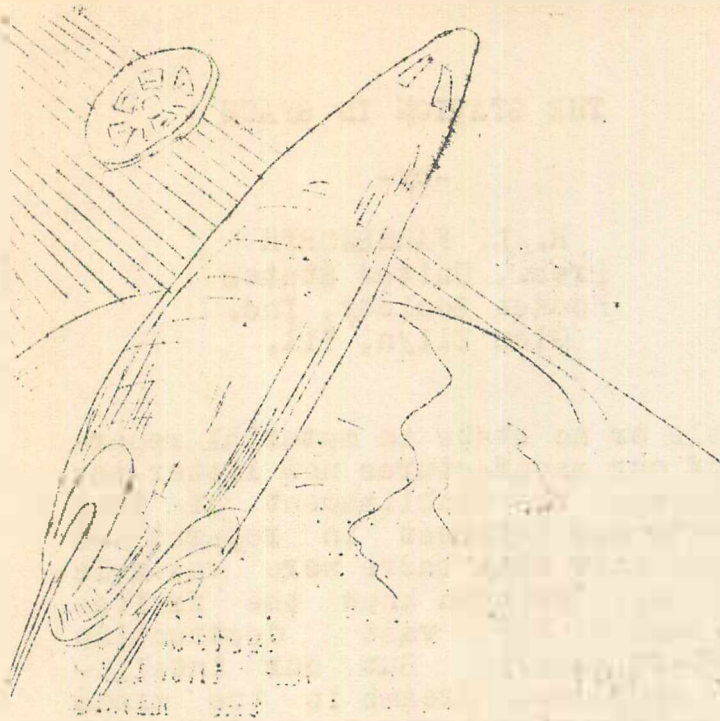
The fall of Nazi Germany saw a rush of the Allied victors for the inevitable spoils of war. To much of Europe reparations meant restitution. To Russia they meant rehabilitation. To Great Britain the end of the war meant an immediate scramble to again forge the links of trade by which England must live. Of all

of the Allies, only America had little or no stake in material reparations. In fact, vast stock-piles of our manufactures now litter the materiel depots of all the world. Beyond re-establishment of free commerce among the nations of the earth our interest in reparations is small indeed. Yet our high command knew that there were valuable prizes in Nazi Germany; these were IDEAS. Britain knew the fruition of many of these ideas -- knew them by the vast destruction wrought by the "buzz-bomb" and the "V-2" rocket. But our intelligence knew that there were even more stupendous dreams in the minds of German men of science. Men who, by adapting their skill for military use, were given a free hand by the German government. Number One prize of the war was the audacious German proposal of a vast "Station in Space". This was to have been a man-made satellite which was to encircle the earth at a height of from 500 to 600 miles. At a velocity of over 9000 miles per hour such a man-moon would circle the earth once every four hours! The construction of this vast project would be accomplished by using adaptations of the A-10 and A-9 rockets. These were the rockets that were to have constituted the rocket train that was to have brought death and destruction to the east coast of the United States. The A-10 was a monster edition of the V-2 which would give an initial impetus of the A-9, a stubby wing design rocket which would have then continued on under its own power to the peak of its trajectory and then, in a long glide, re-entered the atmosphere and landed somewhere on the Atlantic coast of the United States. Time: France to New York -- 40 minutes! This was no dream. It was under construction. It was then proposed to use the rocket train idea to get rockets with pay loads of materiel up to heights of from 500-600 miles. Then, by establishing orbits around the earth, the power could be shut off, the rockets assembled together, and the "Station in Space" would be a reality. Before the war it had been calculated by an Austrian, Captain Potocnic, that 68 tons of chemical fuel would be needed for every ton of material transported to the station. While this cost appears exorbitant, the returns, financial, military and scientific, greatly fascinated the minds of the German scientists. The problems of construction are not as great as might be supposed. To begin with, once in this orbit everything would be "weightless". Only inertia need be overcome in fashioning huge sections of the station. And, once begun, there is an inexhaustible source of power at hand. The Sun! At this height, free from atmosphere, the raw, primal energy of the Sun would be available by simply taking advantage of the great temperature differential which would exist between the Sun-side and the Earth-side of the station. Such power can be created by the expansion and the condensation of a volatile fluid. Another source of power direct from the sun might be direct electric power thru photo-electric cells. Remember that the Sun is our only source of power (outside of atomic energy) and all of the disadvantages to sun power on earth are lacking in airless space. The factor that dictates the size and shape of the station is the

## THE STATION IN SPACE

-by-

R. L. FARNSWORTH  
Pres., United States  
Rocket Society, Inc.  
Glen Ellyn, Ill.



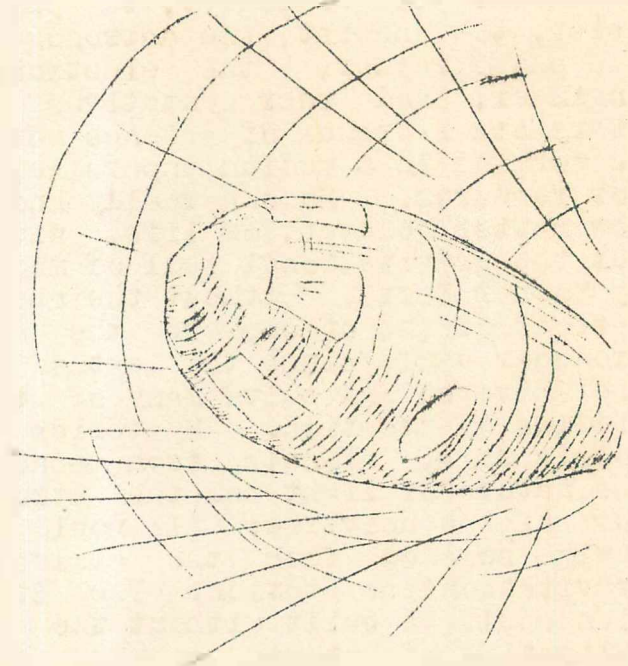
need for an artificial gravity by the men stationed thereon. It may be that men could exist under conditions of weightlessness for a short time, but it is doubtful that men could endure this unnatural feeling for long periods of time. To create a force of one gravity to imitate the conditions on Earth it is necessary to rotate the rim of our three-mile-diameter wheel at the rate of about 12 feet per second. If our radius of rotation were any shorter, a higher velocity would have to be resorted to and this would lead to dizziness and nausea in the crew. A structure three miles in diameter seems staggering to

the imagination, but only a portion of it would be pressurized quarters. The rest would consist of a light tubular framework sufficient only to hold its own shape. The lack of the strain of gravity aids us in this and allows to build very lightly. A similar inner wheel remains motionless. This is the actual terminal. It is in this section that the huge tubular docks are located to which the arriving and departing rockets come. Docking the huge rockets in weightless, airless space can be imagined as simple. Pneumatically sealed tubes would serve as docks. Once a rocket had entered a tube the huge hatch would be sealed and normal air pressure built up to allow personnel to work about the ship. When a rocket ship is to be launched, the tube containing the rocket would be evacuated of air. The air drawn off would be compressed and saved, due to the fact that while energy will be cheap and easy to obtain, all material will represent an enormous cost in transportation from Earth. A unit as isolated as the station will be -- must be -- as self-sufficient as possible, even to its own atmosphere and food supply. Chemical farming should suffice to raise plants and in turn the raising of plants might suffice to keep the oxygen content of the station's living quarters at an optimum. A large portion of the station would be taken up by the storage of liquid fuels. In the cold of the earth side, they would keep perfectly. The materials of which the terminal will be made will be dictated by their cost to transport. The lighter the better. Probably aluminum sheet and tube construction will be used with quantities of the lighter metals such as magnesium and beryllium. The unoccupied portions will be constructed of tubular aluminum girder sections. The only connection between the moving and the stationary sections are anti-friction snubber bearings which keep the two sections in alignment. As the outer section rotates some motion will be imparted to the inner section, no matter how perfect the bearings are. This motion, however slight, would be objectionable, so counter-jets would have to be mounted to stabilize the part. Getting from the inner section to the outer section is not much of a problem, the difference in velocity being only 12 feet per second. Small monorail cars mounted between the sections could be boarded and either accelerated or decelerated to their destinations. One in the fixed section would react himself over to the car by means of a small jet motor. A per-



son in this section can only move by pulling himself along or by use of a reaction principle.

The thickness of the ring would be 1000 feet. The inside stationary ring would contain the landing docks, workshops and laboratories. All objects in this ring are, of course, weightless. Living quarters would be provided in the outer, revolving ring with its artificial gravity. In addition to rockets placed around the rings to effect compensating corrections there would also be gyroscopic stabilizers operating in three planes to keep the Station constantly in its proper orbit and in its proper relation to the Earth. The mass of the Station would be so small in comparison with that of the Earth that meteors should not prove a problem. The vast amounts of electrical and atomic energy that might be available would soon lend themselves to forms of meteor control. The "Station in Space" is no wild dream. It was on the drafting boards of scientists who turned out success after success for the steel legions of Germany. Its construction was merely a matter of cost. Cost and DOING it! Atomic energy was a theoretical vision until two billion dollars of taxpayers' money made it an awesome reality. The "Station in Space" can be built NOW -- and America should built it!



Why?

For those who like to think in terms of profitable commercial enterprises, the "Station in Space" would be an inconceivably rich bonanza of new wealth. The returns would be more than commensurate with its estimated cost of three billion dollars. For one example, it would be the perfect television broadcasting station. With the Station as the main studio, other rockets in the same orbit would give round-the-world service at all times. Again, "Station weather service" would alone pay for the cost. In addition, weather forecasting would be an exact science, as weather could constantly be seen in the making. Then, too, mapmaking is a very substantial business. No maps have ever been made of points on the Earth from the perfect vantage point of 500 miles above the Earth. Power transmission from the sun to Earth is another possibility. Also, through mirrors, it might be feasible to so concentrate the rays of the sun as to use them for drying up miasmatic swamps, melting icebergs drifting too far down into steamship lanes, and for many other purposes.

But these are only a few. There are other great advantages to be gained, all of them with a commercial implication. Here the research scientist would find his ideal laboratory. Here he could work with a vacuum "harder" (rarer) than any obtainable on Earth. Here he could avail himself easily of temperatures very difficult to obtain

The biologist, the physicist, the chemist, the astronomer, the photographer, the electronic engineer, and representatives of every other branch of science would be working in a medium unparalleled for research. No one really knows how matter behaves, or life, without the gravitational pull of mighty Mother Earth. Without the aberrations of the atmosphere the astronomer could plumb the depths of the Universe and solve many of the riddles of creation. Mysteries of cosmic rays, signals from space, the nature of light and the structure of the universe; all would be newly scanned from the airless, gravitationless station. The Station could be built without the utilization of atomic energy, but now that such a source of power is within our grasp it is no longer necessary to procrastinate. At our present stage of scientific development such a celestial laboratory is a virtual necessity.

Yet all of the good and valid reasons, financial, scientific and cultural, for the construction of such a project, seem rather prosaic and workaday when we consider the real worth of such a terminal in space. Its basic reason for being will be the fact that it will be man's first step to infinity. Above the atmosphere of the Earth and hurtling around the globe with a speed of approximately five miles per second, it will be the much-sought-after launching site for a rocket to the moon! One of the most serious obstacles to the passenger-carrying moon rocket is the necessity of providing slow acceleration from the surface of the Earth through our blanket of atmosphere. Slow acceleration from Earth for the moon rocket is demanded for two reasons -- first, to prevent the rocket from heating to incandescence, if it were to ascend too fast through the thick air, and to provide that the passengers are accelerated gradually. This necessity for a slow start from Earth entails a prohibitive expenditure of chemical fuels and has long been a stumbling block in the plans of rocket enthusiasts. The "Station in Space" answers the problem neatly. Leaving the Station (and probably having been built there), the moon rocket would already have an orbital velocity of five miles per second. Gradual acceleration, in airless space, to the speed of seven miles per second (the speed needed to reach the moon) would be quite feasible and would cause not the slightest discomfort to passengers. On reaching the moon, large, permanent structures could be erected which would become the factories for the fabrication of the vast interplanetary rockets for the exploration of the far reaches of space, and the contacting of our companions in the abyss, Mars and Venus. Since a velocity of only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles per second is necessary in order to leave the moon it will be seen that the moon is the key to the Cosmos. (Incidentally, the velocity of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles per second is reached by the V-2 rocket used by the Germans in the last days of the war.

But before man can reach out to claim new worlds, he must first  
(Concluded on page 14)



## THE ADAPTABLE

### ANIMAL

-by-

RICK SNEARY

In traveling around the world, or when reading of far distant countries, one often runs across stories of strange animals, odd creatures that live in out-of-the-way places on the globe. Most of them are never seen beyond their own little territory, because when moved from their natural habitat they soon die. With

some animals you have only to change their surroundings to make them uncomfortable.

Most such animals cannot leave their own restricted area because they would soon perish without the sort of food to which they are accustomed. With others, the climate elsewhere is such that they cannot survive.

There is only one animal, other than certain insects, with a great aptitude for adjusting itself to its climate and environment. That animal is Man, a fairly recent arrival on this earth. He lives on almost every part of the globe, in almost every type of climate, and subsisting on almost every type of food.

From low valleys, even below sea level, to the tops of some of the highest mountains, from dry and burning deserts to swampy lands where the rain scarcely ceases, Man lives and thrives. The desert dweller is able to work with the temperature standing at 140° in the shade (with none available), while Eskimos and others live quite happily in a land of ice and snow, where warm days show the thermometer still reading in minus numbers.

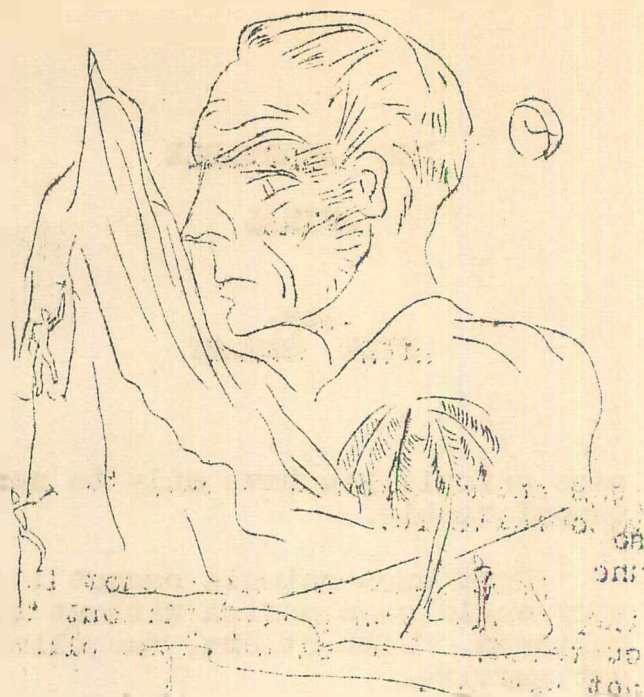
Man adapts himself to such extremes, not after living in a place for hundreds of years, but for as little as one generation, in some cases. Only in the deep tropics, where the heat breeds germs that weaken and kill the newcomer, has the white man found it impossible to build an advanced civilization, but even there, other races live and thrive.

To all this you say, "So what?" Well, just this: The human body is readily adaptable to other climates and environments from that into which it was born. Therefore, there is a good chance that Man may be able to adapt himself to living on planets other than Earth.

"It's possible," you say, "but not on any other planets in the solar system. Perhaps, in the dim future, we may colonize the planets of Cygni II, or other neighboring systems...."

But why not our sister planets? Take Mars, for instance. We know that Mars is cold, with temperatures running from perhaps 100° below zero to that much above. Then, too, the Red Planet has less oxygen than Earth. But these difficulties could be overcome, I think. People live in the far north here on Earth, and if houses were built on Mars to withstand heat and cold, Martian colonists

could brave the rugged climate long enough each day to get their work done. The lesser oxygen content of the air shouldn't be too much of a worry, because while there isn't much oxygen present at 10,000 feet, Man manages to survive there.



Venus might be more of a problem. No one knows exactly what that cloud-hidden world is like, or whether there is any oxygen present at all. In fact, its atmosphere may consist entirely of carbon dioxide, and its water may be mostly chlorine. Venus is doubtless terrifically hot, too, being nearer the sun than Earth, and if the obscuring clouds are  $\text{CO}_2$  the heat rays would not be filtered out. Still, Venus may be habitable. Who knows?

And, although it might be rather chilly, I fear, we might be able to colonize some of the outer planets, including mighty Jupiter. Despite its size, Jupiter's gravity is only 2.53 times that of Earth. If you weighed 100 pounds at the Torcon, you'd weigh 253 pounds at the Jovention in 2048 A. D. -- which isn't so bad, although if you decided to stay there permanently you might feel tired the first couple of years.

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ADDENDA, by the Editor

Man is not the only animal that is adaptable to all parts of Terra. The rat, altho it is partially dependent on man's works, also infests most of this globe. In many cities, the rat population exceeds that of the human.

Indians living on the Andean plateau have unusually great lung development.

Humans could be conditioned from birth to conditions on various planets, made to live on high plateaus (Himalayan), made to develop extraordinarily strong legs for heavier planets, etc.

Venus might be able to grow Terran vegetation. This would grow prolifically in the heavy carbon dioxide, and produce oxygen. Plants could be bred, or mutated with X-rays, etc., to live on other planets and change them to environments suitable to Terrans.

The Panama canal zone is in the tropics; a highly developed organization of white men works there. Americans of all types lived and fought in the tropics in the late war.

Your thoughts on this subject will be welcomed with great joy.

H. L. STEIN.



## THE PHILOSOPHICAL NOVELS

OF OLAF STAPLEDON

Studies In A New Type  
Of Outlook

-by-

JOHN B. MICHEL

Reprinted from The Alchemist, Vol. I,  
No. 3, Summer 1940.

When at last the boom of the cannon has died away and over a dynamic, peaceful world sounds the clashing gay noises of the hammer and saw, building the foundations of a giant international civilization, it is my opinion that as man begins to force his mind above the thin blanket of atmosphere, the name of Olaf Stapledon will come to the attention of intellectuals

as the last truly great bourgeois philosopher and the first exponent of a cosmical philosophy besides being the sorely needed link between the materialist Marxian *Weltanschauung* and the unknown future.

During the last six years, Stapledon has written, among other works, four novels of deep import, "Last and First Men", "The Last Men in London", "The Star Maker" and "Odd John". It is unfortunate that none but very few people have come to regard them in their true light. And those who have are almost universally of the science fiction fan type, the sort of person who because of the unique nature of the base of his maladjustment with life and the Cosmos has turned to literature and philosophy of cosmical import. It is useless to accept as valuable the opinions of the few professionals, such as Roger Pippett and J. P. Fletcher, who have commented on the books. As may be seen from their works, they are men of ordinary literary capacities, occupied mostly in commercial work on mundane subjects, and this fact alone prevents them from contributing useful criteria on the subject. No, there is one type of mind and one type of mind alone that can see what Stapledon has done, and that is a mind free of the Earth, free of its restrictions, soaring through space at will, cognizant of the wholeness of the whole, daring, bold, seeking.

"Last and First Men", the first of the trilogy ("Odd John" being an incidental work) is barefacedly a history of the next two billions of years, a close-studied examination of the rise and fall of eighteen separate races of mankind. Briefly it is a masterpiece, both as a work of writing and a wealth of detail. Stapledon not only sets down a record of events as they happen, but gives us a complete biological, psychological, and cultural analysis, both of races and times he depicts and the overlapping of the stream of history on successive races. Beneath it all and developing slowly through the narrative, the author works out the basis of his prime philosophical conclusion, that the philosophy of man in conflict with man must fade and die, to be replaced by an infinitely greater philosophy, the conflict of man with the universe and of the universe with man, of an earthly stage displaced by the all-embracing stage of eternity, of brute and elemental forces subjugated and over-shadowed by the play of delicate, personal forces of more gigantic a stature.

The greater part of the book is devoted to the history of our own race, the First Men. Mercilessly we are torn to shreds. In Stapledon's facile hands, our every achievement is reduced to an ash by our incapacity to utilize our knowledge and power toward the ends of

our own good. According to the author, we, the First Men, have about two thousand years of life left to us as a civilized race. And in that time, step by step, we rise further in the scale of physical and material evolution, step by step we degrade ourselves spiritually to the level of beasts, a process halted only now and again by heroes and heroic acts at acute and critical periods of art, our short reign to come.

Finally, our base passions destroy us utterly.

From a small remnant arises a succeeding civilization and finally the Second Men, each culture beset with its own problems and difficulties described minutely and incisively by the author. Accelerating and accelerating, the story throws the human race from planet to planet, hurls disaster upon various civilizations of our descendants, threatens the disruption of the solar system, and ends upon a note of tragic triumph as the last race, the Eighteenth Men, are murdered by an exploding sun, bereft at the end of all their power and their humanity, going down to the final dark as ignorantly as we, their blind ancestors.

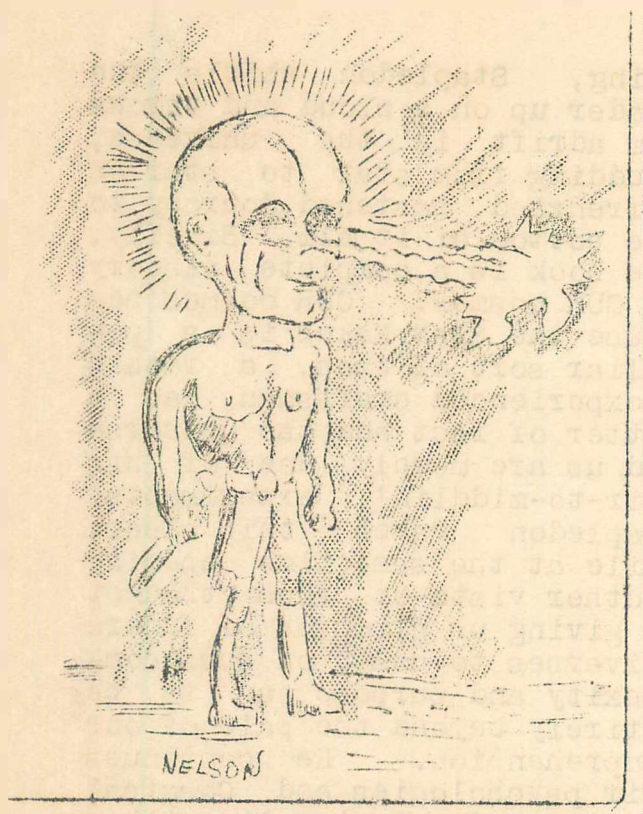
A dominating note throughout the book is the idea that no matter what happens, whether it be joy and tragedy mundane or cosmical, it is all a part of the WHOLE and must be accepted as such, that joy without sadness is as incomplete as ham and eggs without salt and pepper, and vice versa. Stapledon develops this idea by ceding to the highest developed races of men the ability to perceive themselves and their fellows and their relationships and the intricate complex of play and counter-play as definite and necessary parts of the whole, together with the accompaniment of tragedy and triumph. Simultaneously, he subtly disconnects this idea from naked Kismet. The possibilities of incisive thought resulting from the exploitation of this theory alone are colossal. Here we are offered no hog-wash of an omnipotent God ruling a universe as set and immovable and as dull as a stone block.

In concluding the narrative, the author has the very last of the Last Men, born before disaster struck and sterilized the entire race, comment on what is happening and on all that has gone before. It is impossible to realize the magnificent beauty of this concluding soliloquy unless one has read the book and digested its meaning thoroughly. It is enough to quote an opening paragraph:

"Great are the stars and man is of no account to them. But man is a fair spirit whom a star conceived and a star kills. He is greater than those bright, blind companions. For though in them there is incalculable potentiality, in him there is achievement, small but actual. Too soon, seemingly he comes to the end. But when he is done,







he will not be nothing, not as though he had never been, for he is eternally a beauty in the eternal form of things."

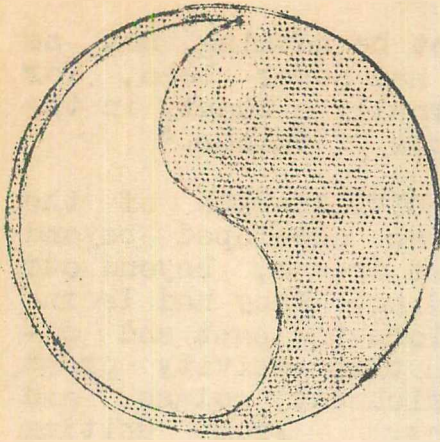
THE CIVILIZATION of the Last Men was developed beyond our wildest dreams, beyond our understanding. They had learned to explore the past and derived from this activity great mental enrichment, solace and refreshment. From uniting their personalities with the personalities of past ages, with men, women and even beasts of the land, sea and the air, they came a bit closer to the core of all things. The second book, "The Last Men in London", deals with the story of what happened when a male of that final and glorious species went back through time to join his

experiences and personality with the infant mind of an earth link of the First Men in the period of the Second World War. Stapledon uses this method to enlarge and complete one of the themes of the preceding work. He thoroughly analyzes us and shows us exactly what and why we are. Needless to say, the result is extremely unflattering. By inhabiting the mind of this contemporary with the intellect of a Last Men we are given a sharp and clear insight into our many shortcomings and in a measure, shown a way out of impending disaster. Nothing is left unsaid. And yet, with that generous grasp of the ALL, the superman sees in us much of quality and potentiality, of sweetness and great courage, a strange defiance of the omnipotence of forces that amazes even him.

He grants us a certain grudging respect but tells us in no uncertain terms that but for our stupidity in our own time the speed of man's rise might have been accelerated and much pain and misery left undone. From the lofty and utterly unattainable height of his wisdom he looks down upon us, scolding us with Jovian anger -- and occasionally winking.

In no other book by any other author has the sex relationship of humanity been so delicately and frankly illustrated. The author shows this quality in all of his works. Without descending to crudities humans enter into the most intimate of contacts, both mental and physical. In a way, Stapledon assumes unto himself the function of a dispassionate god without meaning to do so. Traceries sweep the pages of this book; light, gracefully, truth seems to trill in chapter after chapter, delighting the reader with its sweetness and clarity.

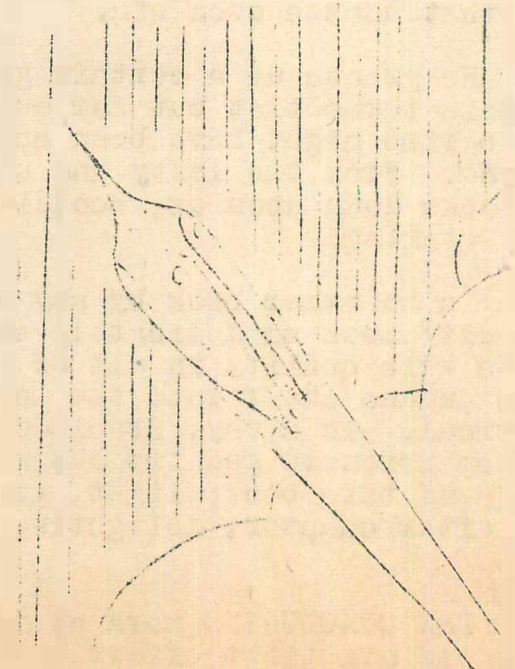
THE CONCLUDING work of the series, "The Star Maker", is undoubtedly the mightiest effort to plumb the depths of knowledge and experience yet made by the mind of man. Making no bones about what he is



doing, Stapledon whirls the reader up on a cloud and throws him adrift in the universe, scudding from star to star on a frenzied, hastened journey to the bottom of it all. Briefly, the book is a complete history of OUR cosmos. OUR cosmos because the Star Maker is a peculiar sort of chap, a rather inexperienced craftsman, as a matter of fact and the universe and us are merely one of his fair-to-middlin' experiments. Stapledon makes this clear, while at the same time opening another vista of rich thought by giving us glimpses of future universes to come, of such complexity and purpose as to be entirely beyond the pale of our comprehension. He continues

his description of various races and their psychologies and Cosmical relationships. Man he has left out altogether, dismissing him with a bare note. The author finally comes up against the stumbling block which has baffled him and baffles us all, the PURPOSE of life. The Star Maker is all very well and rather hot stuff, but Stapledon never manages to give him much more of a reason for existence than the childish, wholesale manufacture of universes, of cosmi. And here I detect a note of insincerity, of god-seeking for a rather common ordinary type of god. Realizing the futility of his search, Stapledon merely depicts a different sort of god, a god with greater powers than any heretofore conceived, but still a god, still the guiding intelligence which demands worship and placation, sacrifice and still greater sacrifice -- the down-to-earth Yahweh after all.

The basic conception of the book is the idea that only by the amalgamation of all the mind stuff in the universe into one, single Cosmical Mind ----- a whole new type of CONSCIOUSNESS, can the purpose of it all be discovered. Having done this, the author and the Cosmical Mind set out to seek the Star Maker but are struck down by the slight glimpse they get, by a terrifying awfulness and overwhelming power blinding the best mind the universe can afford -- a shallow evasion of a problem to which no contemporary mind can find a solution. From a brave, hopeful beginning, the author sets us down with a terrific bump. Futility after all, maybe a little aimless scurrying now and then and contemplation but in the end, the final dark,





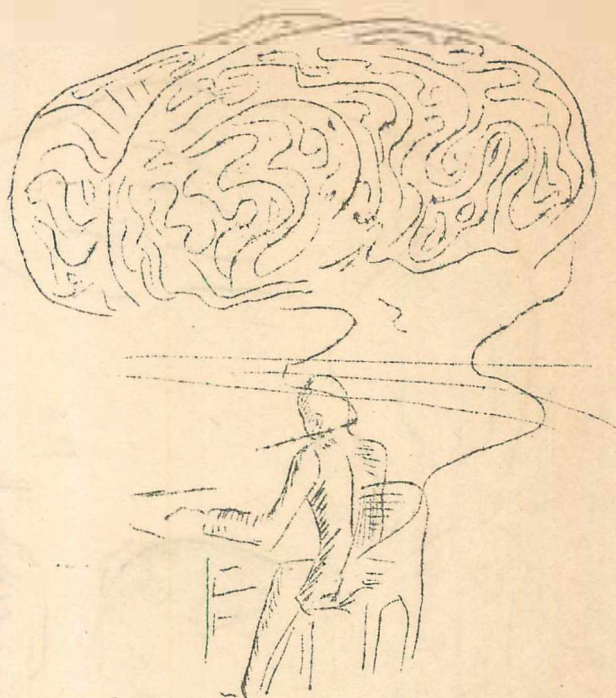
Although Stapledon has set the stage for a great symphony of rising triumph and the annihilation of pessimism, there exists, throughout his works, a note of sadness and distrust and bewildered frustration. The secret of his greatness lies not in his conclusions, but in the indescribable fields of thought and meditation he has opened for the human mind. Although he found at the end shallowness and futility, he tried to justify our effort.

THOUGH NOT A PART of the trilogy, a thread of scope and purpose connects another of Stapledon's books, "Odd John", to them.

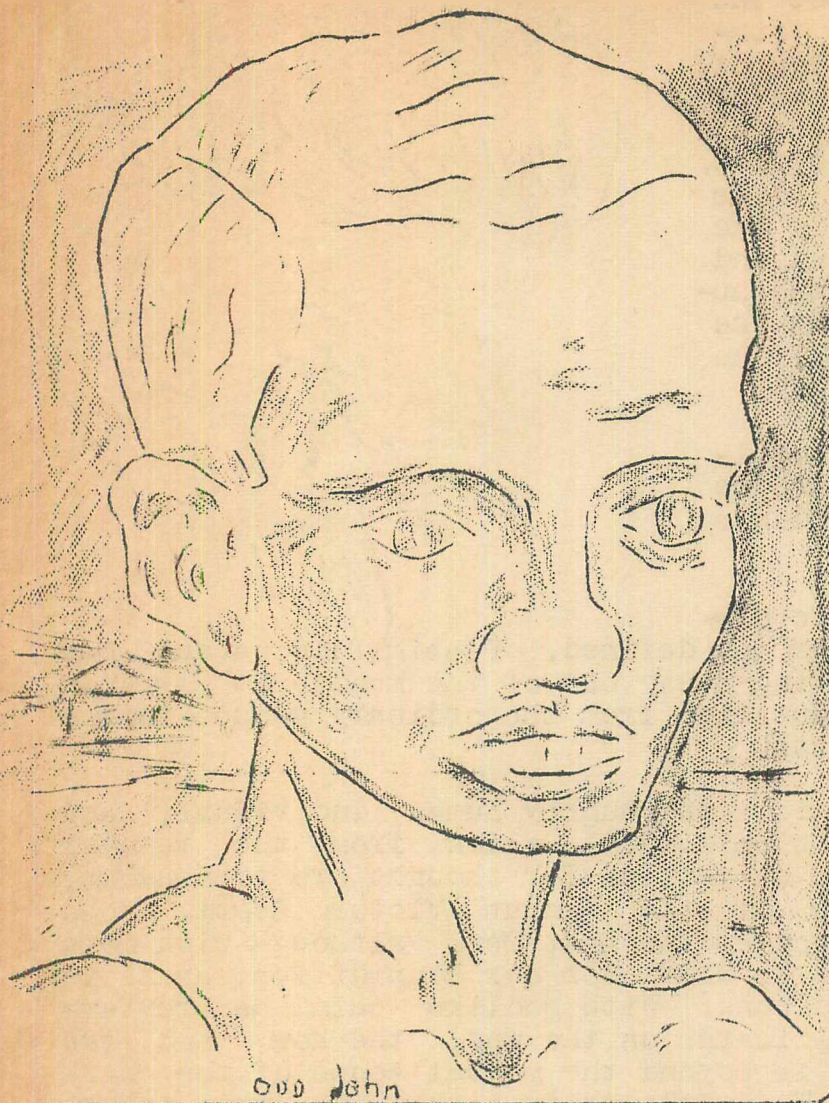
Herein, the author's basic mistrust of humanity emerges clear and defined. Pessimistic about the possibilities of our race finding a way out of the muddle it is now in, he creates a superman, a mutation from the ordinary genus, intended to replace man on this earth.

Odd John, his character, is a thoroughly human individual, and quite likeable. However, he is spiritually alien from the regular run of people. His powers and capacities for thought are tremendous, even far and away beyond those of the famous Victor Scott. John looks at us in much the same way as the Last Men, although with more compassion and love and desire to slur over our stupidities, as he is fundamentally of our flesh and bone. With godlike calm he reviews our human experience and pontificates on the why, the how, and the whence of life. Much of this is beyond the mental scope of the character narrator of the story. When John tries to explain the nature of the spiritual life to him, it proves impossible to do so. At this point, the author indulges in more wish-fulfillment of a particularly naive nature, it would seem to me.

In the course of the book John attempts to gather together about him all the mutational freaks on earth. He succeeds in doing this and sets out to create a new human race, being convinced that genus homo has about twenty or thirty more years of life and then -- finis, destroyed by a misdirected science. But Stapledon throws many obstacles in his path. He is regarded with amusement as an overenthusiastic child by several of his more mature colleagues, he passes through various phases of despair and joyous exaltation as he establishes contact with the universe, many times he himself doubts the value of his undertaking. Throughout, the superiority of spiritual experience over material achievement is stressed. To Odd John (odd to his fellow supermen as well as to man) the problem becomes more complex and difficult to solve as the adventure progresses. Finally he gathers his forces and retires to a small island in the Pacific where he is discovered at long last by roving vessels of several nations and the resulting publicity throws the entire scheme out of whack. The supermen, it seems, do not dare use force to destroy humanity (as they would willingly do) as in the process they believe a subtle disinte-







gration of their high spiritual standards would result. Threatened on all sides, the intellectuals commit suicide, blowing up their island by atomic power and destroying all traces of themselves and their handiwork. Presumably, man is left to his fate, as Stapledon, through Odd John and his death, expresses his belief that the present humanity cannot win through and what we much pass.

This is an odd attitude, typically bourgeois. It permeates Stapledon's works as it permeates the literary works of all the dying bourgeoisie. Without reason, he creates obstacles and places them in overwhelming number in Man's upward path. Stapledon quite obviously does not possess a firm grasp upon the realities of the moment. He is too ready to experiment with whim and fancy rather truse to a dialectic. He has drawn a picture of blackest hue

backgrounded by dreams and a philosophy of rosy optimism. Such a creation, such a conception cannot be allowed to die. It must be propagated, kept alive. It is too valuable, too precious in aiding us in the great task of hurling life forward to be forshaken.

Let it take its place among the great philosophies.

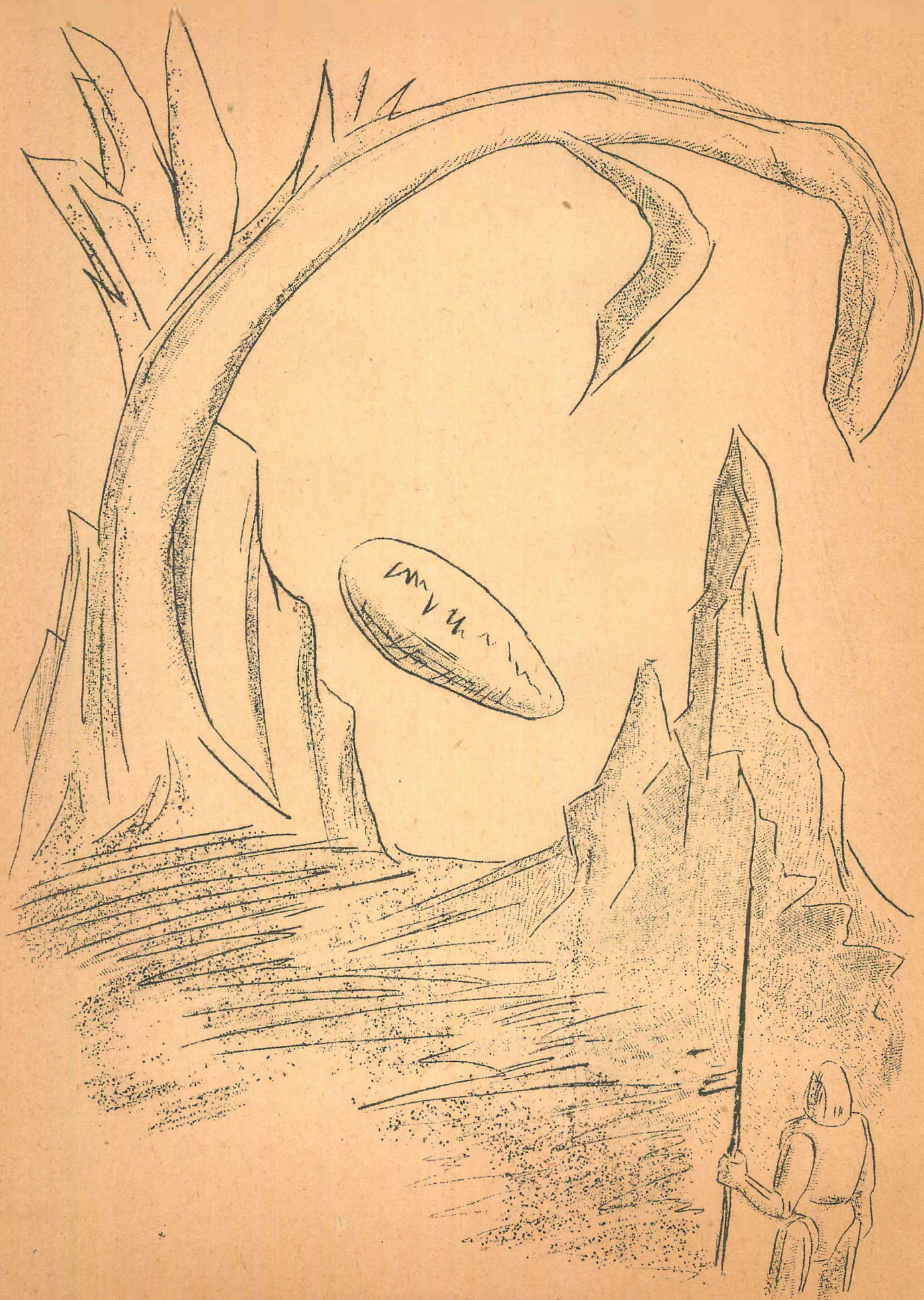
For it is possible after all to say that Stapledon is a bit too impatient, too insecure in his own beliefs. It is not important that man become at once or ever, the Light of All Things. Before him, stretches the incalculable reaches of infinite time and infinite space. In the face of that awe-inspiring chasm, it is enough that he try.

#### THE STATION IN SPACE

(Concluded from page 6)

take the FIRST STEP TO INFINITY. As members of the United States Rocket Society we would like to see Americans take that first step. It can be taken -- by constructing the "Station in Space". ##











## THE DOOR

-by-

GEORGE T. WETZEL

to see, ~~was~~ the place which I immediately started for, upon entering the city,

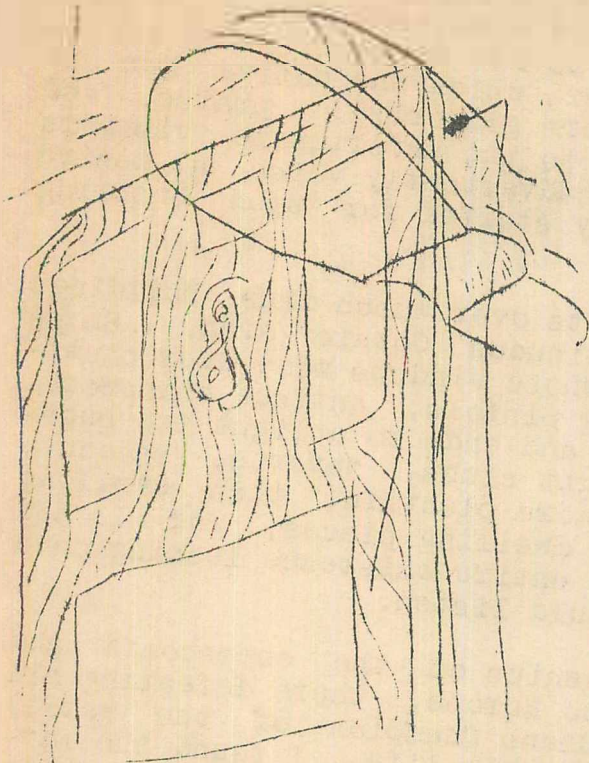
About a year ago, while I still wore Uncle's olive drab, I obtained a three-day pass and traveled to New Orleans. The French Quarter, which the native New Orleaners glamorize, praise, and extol to the unfortunate visitors who inadvertently voice a desire

I walked along narrow cobbled streets over which drab buildings leaned, almost meeting in a long, continuous Gothic arch. Shops lined both sides of the street, shops whose windows were ever cluttered up with rusty cutlasses, corroding pistols, antique chinaware, and all sorts of other century-old odds and ends to delight the questing antiquarian. Cocktail lounges, night clubs, taverns, saloons, were just as profuse in number; indeed more plentiful than dwelling places -- or maybe the saloons were the dwelling places, for I had observed some who seemed to spend their entire existence leaning on a bar and pounding the ears of all who would listen.

I remembered that Paul Morphy (a genius of the chessboard and the first American chess master to go to Europe, there defeating all comers and holding undisputed sway as Chess Champion of the world) had lived somewhere in the Quarter during his life. I found the former residence of this remarkable man; but sad was the use to which it was at present subjected; instead of a venerated shrine to an original genius, a wizard and artist of brilliant chessboard combinations, his home was outraged by the degradation of being a public restaurant. Somewhere within its confines there remained a single room where the present owner had collected Paul Morphy's effects for display to the public. For some obscure reason every time I expressed a desire to view this room I was denied admission. The portal, beyond which lay the pale and withered relics of a once vibrant fame, was sealed up by an unfathomable and unfeeling propriety. It was symbolic of what I encountered later.

Disgruntled, exasperated, frustrated, I resumed my tour. The sun sent torrents of heat pouring down, searing the cobblestones. The close places of the street, where pools of intense shadow lingered, also were permeated with the sun's flame; verily I believed that the solar fires burned through roof and all of the dingy tenements.

Soon I approached a singular dwelling at the intersection of two streets. Like its neighbors, iron grill railings -- green with the copper oxide -- guarded the balcony that extended along its upper story. Along its ground floor were the vacant enclosures of several store fronts. But the thing that hypnotized my entire attention was the entrance to this now empty house. In spite of the warm day I felt a chilliness envelop my body; and a cloud momentarily passing over the sun gave the street and the building an unreal, disturbing quality. I knew that awful sensation of human frailty and eventual decay, of life's extreme shortness, which one feels when wandering about a cemetery and viewing the countless headstones and scenting the rot of wooden coffins and that of other objects within the tombs.



An iron grill gate out a space of about nine feet from the door, and constituting a sort of vestibule, barred me from contact with that ponderous piece of lumber. And massive it was: six feet square of oak, marred and battered with the scars of time and misuse. But the incredible age of the door -- why, my mind spins from speculation. A huge iron knocker graced its ugly surface. I tremble with a nameless fear as I conjure up what a horror it must have been at night to hear the thunderous reverberations of that huge knocker echo hollowly through those dark, empty corridors. What manner of thing would one see if brave enough to answer that dread summons?

This little poem (anonymous) typified my impression of the door's fearful aspect:

"What fortitude the soul contains,  
That it can so endure,  
The accent of a coming foot,  
The opening of a door!"

Thick dust and debris littered the area of the vestibule. Cobwebs hung there in abundance and appeared like the grisly strands of corpse hair. Their tangled threads concealed what grime did not of the top panes of windows along both sides of the door, while overhead was a fan-shaped transom like those found above doorways in New England houses. Through the glass I could dimly discern a circular staircase winding down directly in front of the door, while a bare hall and an equally bare room confined its contours; the hall slumbered in the profoundest of introverted gloom; the melancholic atmosphere of the room, however, was relieved somewhat by the flickering autumnal glow of distant day filtering through an unseen window.

Glancing at the odd vista one way, I thought it like the shadowy interior of a vast church with dusky half-lights; but at another angle it assumed an aura of unhallowed suggestion.

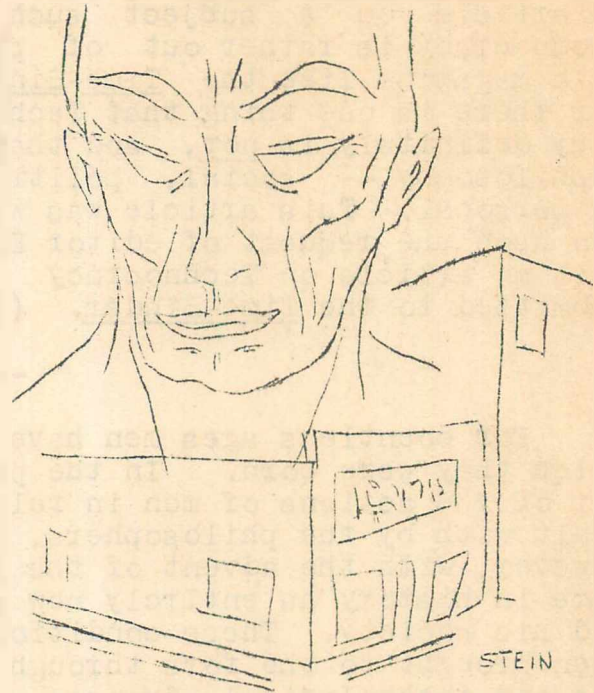
The mingled odor of dust, rot, and that other indefinite something that was wafted to my nostrils caused me to cough, freeing my lungs of its foulness.

Across the street was one of the Quarter's countless bars, whence I repaired. I bought and inbibed three beers before I could extract from the bartender any information about the place I had just been viewing. His knowledge was exceeded only by his ignorance. All he could tell me was that that house had had an evil reputation in the old days, and was supposed to be haunted.



Leaving the dreary bartender to the oblivion of his own insipid company, I returned to the door and peered again past the iron gate at it. There was an unconscious symbolism locked up in its bolted and immovable frame, a symbolism that suggested the idea of its being a barrier against the forces of the night.

A sudden desire to enter the enclosed antechamber, stand before that portal and pound on its surface, overwhelmed me. I grasped the iron gate and struggled to open it, but in vain -- it was secured with an enormous padlock and chain. Ruthlessly I shook it in impotent fury when it denied me admittance.



Coherence returned to my thoughts in a blinding flash, and I realized the childish design of my impulse. With an amused smile at my own foolish transgressions, I turned to proceed, but at that instant I paused in mid-stride, a numbness gripping my limbs. A vague something flitted away from the cobweb-covered windows into the mellow twilight of the hall. Dear God! -- it was, I hope, merely my overactive imagination.

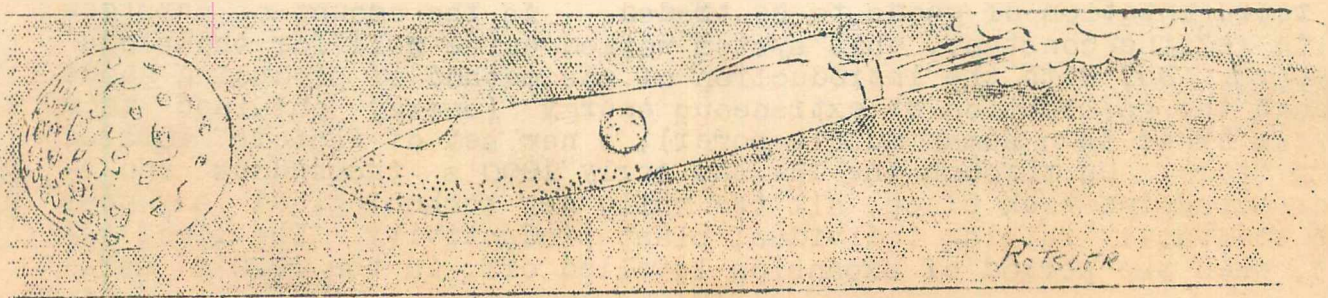
As I drew away, I kept nervously watching over my shoulder; what I expected to see I'm not sure, but an insidious thought ate at my brain. Did I imagine it, or had I caught a fleeting glimpse of a shadowy horror waiting for me behind that ancient threshold?

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SEND 15¢ FOR CHRONOSCOPE #2 CONTAINING:

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Introductory note: I feel that an article on a subject such as Technocracy is rather out of place in a magazine like the Time-Binder; for there is one thing that Technocracy definitely is not, and that is a philosophy -- social, political, or personal. This article was written upon the request of editor Evans that an article on Technocracy be submitted to the Time-Binder. ((It never appeared. -- Ed.))

## WHAT IS TECHNOCRACY?

-by-

HENRY ELSNER, JR.  
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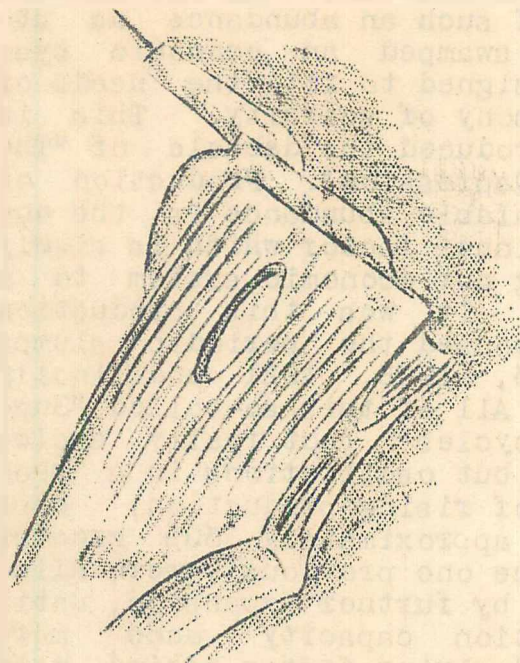
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For countless ages men have struggled with the environment into which they were born. In the past, the problems of society, arising out of the actions of men in relation to his environment, have been dealt with by the philosophers, merchants, and politicians of the day. However, with the advent of the Industrial Revolution, for the first time in history an entirely new set of problems was thrust upon man and his society. These conditions, barely noticable at first, have been brought to the fore through the ever-increasing pace of scientific and technological advances. It is only within the last two decades that this technological revolution has made its full effect felt upon our economic, political, and social life. And it is only within the last two decades that a unique movement has arisen which deals with these problems not from a philosophical or rationalist viewpoint but from a scientific and technological approach -- the only method that is in accord with the times in which we live. The body of thought is known as Technocracy: Science applied to the social order.

Using the one common denominator, energy, by which the production and consumption of goods and services can be measured without resorting to the "witchcraft of economics", Technocracy Inc. has analyzed the social structure of the North American continent, and has drawn up the blueprints of a system to take the place of this Price System which is irrevocably headed toward collapse. Technocracy is not agitating for social change, but preparing for it; and to this end the Organization conducts study classes throughout the North American continent in which an ever-increasing number of Americans are learning the causes of the mounting confusion we daily observe around us, and of the structure of the society which our science and technology make imperative that we install if we are to survive.

Up until the time of the Industrial Revolution, human society was static. The entire world operated under an economy of scarcity, due to the fact that all physical wealth had to be produced by human toil and hand tools. Because of the fact that there was never enough to go around, a system of exchange grew up, using money to facilitate the representation of goods to be traded. As the amount of physical wealth remained constant, this system worked quite well for thousands of years. But with the introduction of the method of producing goods through the application of extraneous energy (energy obtained from sources other than human muscle-power), a new set of factors entered the picture. Up through the 18- and early 1900's tremendous industrial expansion took place, all the while new technological advances were constantly raising individual plant productivity. The final result, when the period of expansion levelled off, in the 1920's here





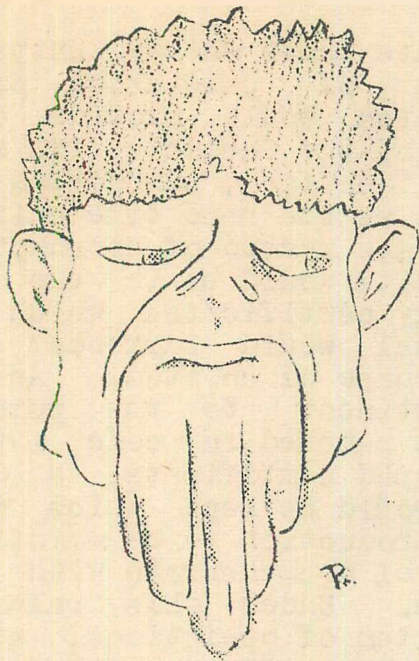
distribute these energy units in the form of purchasing power. This system would provide every citizen of the Technate with equal, but not identical, purchasing power; and at the same time maintain an accurate record of consumption. These units would be in the form of energy certificates, which the individual would surrender upon the purchase of an item. As all data pertinent to the purchase would be punched in code letters on the used certificate, a daily record would be kept which would enable production to be maintained at a level commensurate with consumption. Under this balanced-load system of operations, everyone need work only 4 hours a day, 4 days per week, 165 days per

year, with 78 successive vacation days.

"It all sounds fine, workable, and all that," some of you are probably thinking, "but is it practical to give everyone the same purchasing power? How about the incentive to work provided by different incomes? And no matter how equal the distribution was made, wouldn't the majority of the energy certificates end up in the hands of the more clever people?"

These are common questions, and natural enough when one considers the conditioning every one of us has undergone under this system. In the first place, is money really the incentive it appears to be? How about the professions like medicine, teaching, and science, to name a few, whose members are relatively poorly paid? There must be some other incentive there. And even assuming that the reward of higher pay does goad a man to work harder, to do better work -- just why is this so? It is not that money itself provides the incentive, but the fact that under our present economic setup it is the greatest stimulant for work which far outweighs the other reasons a man may have for doing his work well. With both the necessity for this stimulant gone, (material security for everyone), and the concept of income as a reward for work abolished, the other incentives for doing a job well will become dominant. Because of this, there will also be less occupational misfits. And the distribution would always remain equal, because the energy certificate is non-negotiable and cannot be stolen, gambled, or given away. Thus the futility of any system attempting equitable distribution which retains the use of money may readily be seen. As long as the reward for such practices lies temptingly before the individual, there will always be crime, graft, chiseling, and gambling, despite all the moralizing on the "evils of capitalism" that the individual might be subjected to. Technocracy is not just another "production-for-use-not-for-profit" scheme, but an integrated blueprint for a scientific society, as an inspection of some of the other phases of the Technate will point out.

In a Technocracy education would be a far cry from the outmoded system in effect today. All education would be free, and limited on-



in North America, was the production of such an abundance as utterly swamped an economic system designed to fit the needs of an economy of scarcity. This is what produced the debacle of "The Great Depression". Production of an unsalable abundance is the one predominant factor which is slowly forcing our economic system to a halt. It was this production which caused the periodic slumps of 1893, 1908, 1921 and finally 1929. All of this so-called "Business cycles" (not really cycles at all but oscillations in a mean curve of rising production, each slump approximately 39% greater than the one previous), were alleviated by further expansion, until production capacity once more

caught up. This same abundance is the underlying factor behind many of our present troubles. We may expect to see rising inflation, with or without OPA, and prosperity -- due to the current shortages, or scarcity; then, as soon as the markets become "flooded" with an unsalable abundance, another rock-bottom depression -- probably the last one.

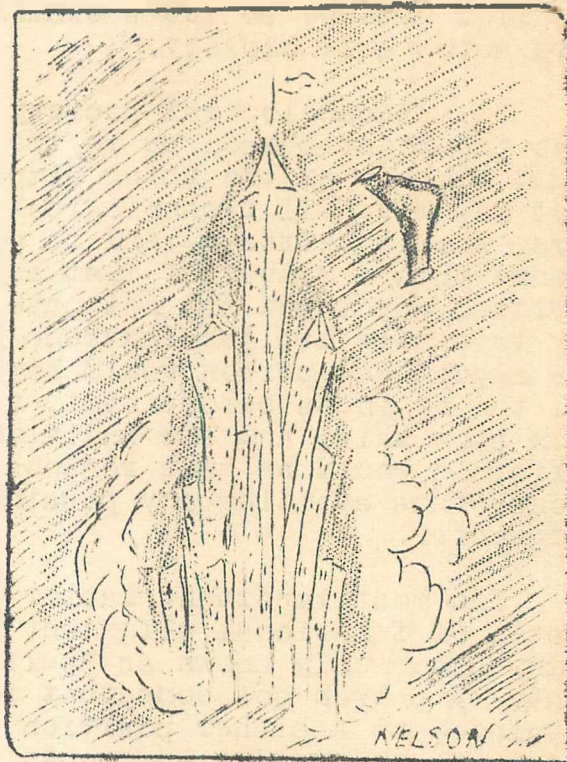
Of course, there are other factors, such as technological disemployment; the displacing of man-hours of labor by machinery, which under the Price System means mounting unemployment. The approaching liquidity of bank assets; the mounting discrepancies in income levels; the attainment of limits of expansion; dumping of goods abroad--these are only a few more of the trends which presage the coming change.

And what has Technocracy to offer in place of this system fast becoming obsolete? Will it really provide a stable method of distribution? If so, will this economic security be maintained at the loss of our freedom? Or is Technocracy attempting to set up a soviet of engineers? Let us briefly examine some of the important phases of Technocracy's program.

As the application of science and technology to economic society has rendered meaningless to practice of exchange, it follows that all the philosophic concepts hinged on such a system must be dispensed with. Hence, under a Technocracy, the concepts of price, debt, and value (in relation to the scarcity of an item), would cease to figure in the distribution system. Production and consumption would be measured by the simplest and most stable method possible; in common units of energy. We know that with the present plant capacity it is possible to produce goods and services equivalent to a \$20,000 annual income for everyone (using figures of 1929). Therefore, the most efficient manner of effecting distribution would be to measure the total number of units of energy produced in a given period, say two years, deduct the energy cost of necessary free services, (police, fire departments, education, public health, housing, etc.) and divide the remainder per capita among the population, and then



ly by the individual's ability to learn until, at the age of 25, he would take his place as a contributor to society. Methods of education would be vastly different from those of today. "Book-learning" and theory will be replaced to a large extent by instruction in actually doing what the student is studying. Due to the fact that all incomes would be equal regardless of the type of work, the individual would be free to choose whatever type of work he liked and was suited for, after traveling over the entire continent in an orientation course. One of the most important facets of this educational system is that in addition to the three R's, the arts, sciences, languages, and those subjects pertaining to the productive and distributive systems, the individual will also learn how to live. He would be taught how to have hobbies, how to enjoy recreation, and how to spend leisure time. And although 25 is the limit of formal education, anyone who wished could carry on with his studies during his leisure time, and, after his retirement at 45, devote the rest of his life to learning, if he so desired.

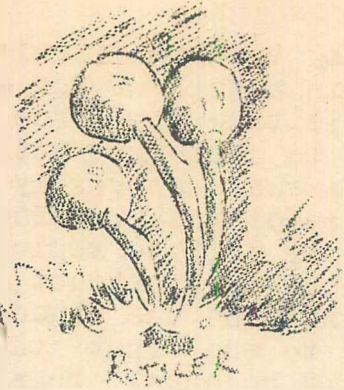


And what about the administration of this Technocracy? Certainly we couldn't have all those benefits without being oppressed by a dictatorship ruling with an "iron fist" -- or at least that's what the science fiction stories always say.

The administration of a Technocracy is as unlike anything we have today as are the other phases of Technocracy's program. It has no political precedent; it is neither democratic, fascistic, nor communistic. For along with the old economic philosophies will go the political philosophies. Government will be by neither ballots nor bullets but, like any technological project, a functional administration. All related industries and services would be divided into "sequences". All administrators of a given sequence would be members of that sequence, appointed from above; candidates being nominated by their fellow workers from among the qualified men in the rank below the vacant office. The directors of all the various sequences make up the Continental Control. The Continental Directors, (the sequence directors), probably between 90 and 100 in number, elect one of their group as Continental Director-in-Chief, whose tenure of office continues until death or the retirement age of 45 is reached. He is also subject to recall by a vote of 2/3rds of the Continental Control.

"I knew it all along -- just another totalitarian scheme for dictatorship," gloatingly says our apologist for the status quo. "Vertical alignment -- no voting -- positions lasting until death, retirement, or transfer -- nothing but regimented fascistic communism!" These are serious charges (if the person making them has no

ulterior motive) so let's examine this administrative setup more closely.



In a technological society it is imperative that the right person be in the right place at the right time -- or the thing simply won't work. It's that way with all technological projects. Therefore, who is better suited to administrate a sequence than a member of that sequence? If the individual appointed did not have the necessary ability to handle his job (extremely unlikely, since the appointing person would have the records of all the nominees before him), the functioning of the sequence would soon show this, and the individual would be transferred. Furthermore, officials would be made responsible for carrying out their own decisions, thus avoiding any possibility of "buck-passing" and foolish judgments.

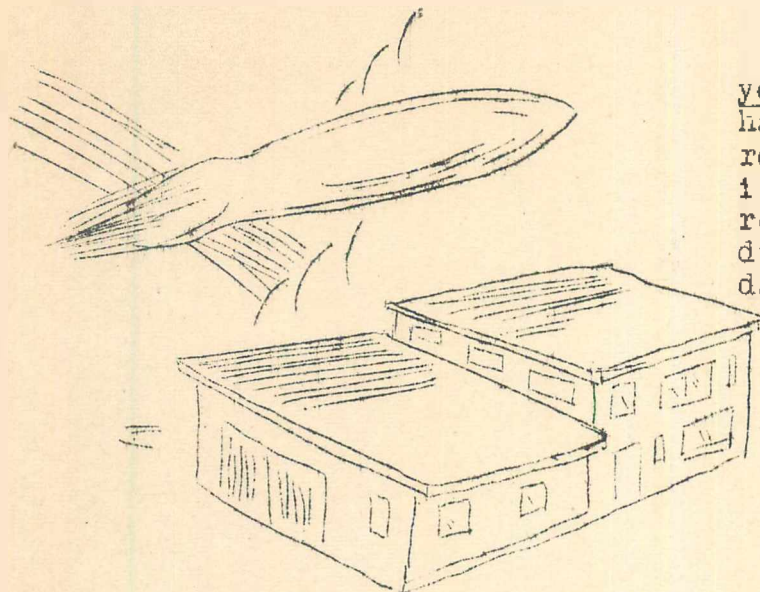
The most important factor to keep in mind while evaluating this system of functional alignment is the fact that the motives for procedures commonly known as "pull" and "the gravy train" would be absent. A person not competent for the task would have no desire to be appointed to a higher position, as his purchasing power and his working hours and conditions would remain the same. Even if he did want to do this, the fact is that monetary "bribes" would be impossible, due to the non-negotiability of the energy certificate. So you see that when one comes down to an honest analysis and cold facts, the competent, industrious person has a much greater chance of advancing himself under Technocracy's administration system than under our present "free elections" where anyone without sufficient funds, ballyhoo, and party intrigue has little chance of becoming elected; and even if he did, would find his hands tied by the political practices around him.

Last but not least, to use a hackneyed expression, we come to the "higher things of life" -- the imponderables, such as liberty, freedom, pursuit of happiness, and so on. Perhaps this is what you who read this article are most of all interested in.

Technocracy does not guarantee to make anyone happy. It is not a cure-all for everyone's personal woes, but merely an engineering design for operating the North American Continent. However, it is certain that such vast changes in our society as have been previously touched upon will have their effects on our daily lives. It is known that one's environment is a great force in the shaping of his life. Practically everything man does is the result of his surroundings -- using the word in its broadest sense to include all of his experiences as well as his immediate living conditions. All of us are born with certain instincts, motives, and desires which are shaped by our environment.

Under a Technocracy, would not a high standard of living, better education of a much broader type, and freedom from toil lead to a much finer culture and "higher life" than we have ever before had in our history? (For an excellent exposition of this point, read "The Culture of Abundance" by E. Merrill Root, available from any Technocracy Section for 15¢.) Let's bring it closer to home -- how would





you live your life if you didn't have to worry about where tomorrow's daily bread was coming from; if you were working in a job you really enjoying doing; and if you did not have to worry about that dark cloud just over tomorrow's horizon?

As for personal "freedom" that we hear so much about in the columns of the press, I would like to quote a few paragraphs from the article, "Conditions for Freedom" from the May 1946 Technocrat: "With no conflicting

class or sectional interests to be advocated or favored, we can safely have really free speech and press; and the public administration will be free to manage impartially for the interests of all citizens.

"All places of assembly will be maintained by the public; and there will not be any charges for the use of them, eliminating the need for paying individual admissions or for dues for membership in any organization; so there will be really free assembly,

"No preacher or other teacher will be supported by contributions from his hearers. When a group of people express their desire to have a certain minister preach to them regularly, they will thereby acknowledge that they regard such service as useful to them; then, for the time spent by the preacher in such service he will be relieved of obligation for other work and will still receive his allowance of income. This arrangement will not favor any one religious sect in preference to any other, but will secure really full freedom of belief, assembly, and expression to all on equal terms. Then, as there will not be any profit seekers to urge preachers of righteousness to defend an unrighteous system, every preacher will be free to preach what he really believes. He need not even fear that he will lose his job and his income if he fails to please his congregation.

"Ingenuity, individual initiative and competition in all productive services, as well as in the creative services, such as invention, music, art, writing, drama, self-improvement and harmless hobbies, will be encouraged."

Why don't you, who are seeking for a solution to the problems of your own microcosmic lives, shelve them for a while, and approach the problems which face every one of us as members of today's society? For in the times in which we are now living, no one can withdraw himself from the rest of humanity, and attempt to solve his problems of the minutae. In that direction lies only confusion and social chaos. Let us unite and operate in order that we may provide abundance, security, and real personal freedom for all Americans. It's entirely up to you.

THE END

