

CENSORED

FAPA - NFFF

Oct. 1941 #2

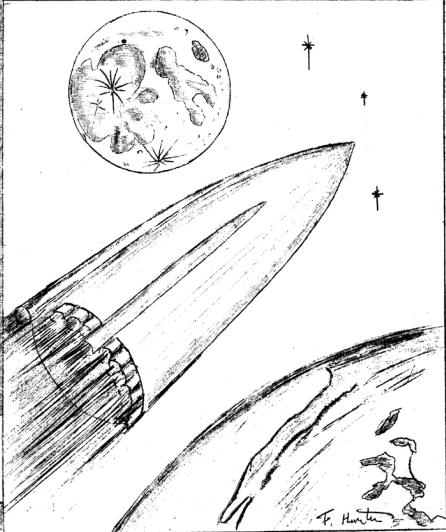
BOVARD

CROUCH

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10¢



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~~Censored, Canada's first and only subscription fanmag. Thank God.~~

CENSORED is published at three to four month intervals by Fred Hurter Jr. at St Andrew's College Aurora, Ontario, Canada. Price is 10¢ per copy or 3 for 25¢, though CENSORED might fold up before three issues who knows, who cares? All opinions expressed in this publication are also those of the publisher. Wana make something of it? Any similarity to anybody or anything is purely intentional.

Will Trade with any other Fanmag - Favourable comments welcome

GUEST EDITORIAL"In Discord With The Definite"

I don't suppose you've ever watched the sunrise in Northern Ontario when the air is about 50 degrees below on a winter morning. Few have, as it's a bit out of the way and most people are still sleeping. So we'll just ask you. Have you ever watched a sunrise; perhaps the alarm clock went off a bit early or you got home a little late from some binge?

First there's a red glow over the irregular outlines of the surrounding buildings; you blink your bleary eyes and wonder if the town is on fire, but a glance at your watch and an empty feeling in your stomach assures you that it must be sunrise. You stare at the slowly deepening red stupidly; wondering how long it is till breakfast. You wait dismally as the red glow draws together as for a determined attack on the vanishing ramparts of night - grows higher, deeper red, fringed with gold. You SEE it move upward, but you are thinking of breakfast. You stare fascinated at the golden disk that rises over Gloor's Department Store --- it reminds you of a beautifully fried egg.

The city begins to stir like some vast beast ----- there is a clinking of milk bottles, an increasing whir of passing automobiles a rattle of iron wheels, and the rhythmic clop - clop of horse-drawn delivery wagons. You feel small, insignificant, before the vast tumult of the awakening city.

Fifteen minutes, not a moment longer, you stand lost in contemplation of something so incredibly vast, that an Eskimo cannot comprehend it. The hum of awakening life grows to a roar, a mad cacophony of sound. For a moment you are in discord with the definite; for a brief moment you experience the true spirit of Scientification --- the discord of the wrangling fans, of degmatic groups such as the Futurians, Sciencefictioneers, Solaroids and Pro Scientists; or the heresies of the NFFF. Then you scream at the top of your voice.

"Get up ! I WANT MY BREAKFAST " ! ! !

And soon you are all set to go about the little tasks of your insignificant life, but with a well filled stomach.

We who love the discord of Science - Fiction, cannot but help love " METEOR ", which like its interstellar namesake is flashing across the world of Scientification, picking up readers en route like a giant space ship and carrying them; well you know where a meteor goes.....So tell your friends about "METEOR", that it will expand like the sun that nobody watches rise in Northern Ontario, when the temperature is about 50 below on a winter morning

----- Tremblin Ormaine

editor "METEOR"

- LUNA AND LUNACY -

I distinctly remember, it was after the third bottle that the argument started. How, I don't know, but there was my friend insisting in a rather whooshy voice that the Moon was made of cheese. I argued long and violently that it was nothing of the sort; that any damn fool knew it was just an overgrown orange. We argued steadily for three more bottles.

"Awright then if you inshisshk I'll prove it t'you", lisped my friend over his empty glass, "We'll go there an' I'll proof it."

"Huh," I mocked hiccuping, "I'd like t'uh see you get there S'a cupla million miles away."

"Cummon outside," he burped, "an' was me."

We staggered down the stairs and out into the moonlit yard.

"Wash me fly," he said.

He began hopping along the ground, flapping his arms frantic ally; I remember reflecting at that time how much more successful he would have been had he used a swimming stroke. He tripped and flopped into a large mud-puddle, an embryonic lake. The sight of him wallowing in the puddle, still flapping weakly, was too much for me; I laughed so hard that I slipped and fell in too. The cool, but somewhat unclear water, cleared our somewhat unclear minds.

"I have it," stated my friend impressively, mud dripping from the tip of his nose, "We'll go by car".

"Capital idea," I replied, "I remember seeing in some astrology book or something, that it would take 88 days or years or something to get to the Moon in an express train, and if an express train can get there, why not a car."

We pulled ourselves up to a vertical position, and went over to the nearby garage. We got in what my friend chooses to call a car, and we were off. I think that we forgot to open the garage doors, but that was a minor matter. A few minutes found us rattling down the highway in pitch darkness, the blackness of interplanetary space I thought to myself, when suddenly two brilliant globes of light bore down on us.

"Heh, heh," laughed my friend, "Wash me go inbetween those two comets".

There was a terrific crash; the universe exploded, and failed to come together again. When I came to, the car was resting on a level, dead grey plain, surrounded by fantastically jagged peaks and craters, outlined against a jet black sky. It was just like the picture of the Moon's surface that I had recently seen in the National Geographic; I could almost see the brush strokes. I stepped out of the car remembering to hold my breath, for I had read somewhere that there was no air on the Moon. A horrible stench assailed my nostrils; the Moon WAS made of cheese ----- limburger cheese.

Yes limburgher cheese, limburgher cheese as far as the eye could see ----- and the nose could smell. Millions of tons of limburgher just lying around; smelling.

" Boy wouldn't Hitler like to have this", I thought, grinning inanely.

The grin faded away as a horrible thought blitzkrieged through my mind (it had to be a krieg of some kind to get anything thru my mind). Hitler WOULD like to get this inexhaustable supply of limburgher. Gad; it would defeat the blockade. And with such a limitless supply some could be used in bombs to rain down on helpless cit..... The thot was too horrible to continue. I must get word to the Government immediately to get them to extend the Blockade to the Moon. No telling when some member of the Luftwaffe trying, to find his way home might land here !



I tried to turn, but my feet refused to follow through. I looked down; they were submerged in the limburgher - the heat of the rising sun was melting it ! How the mountains held up, Lord knows, and He didn't seem to be inclined to tell even after all those advertisements in stf. magazines. I pulled myself free with difficulty and tried to find the car ; it was nowhere in sight. After about an hour I came to the conclusion that it had probably sunk out of sight, since it wasn't in sight. In the distance I saw a bright strip, toward which I made my way through the gooey limburgher.

After about six hours steady walking, strangely, and contrary to the best teachings of stf., I began to get hungry. Around me, I noticed that the level expanse of Mare Humorum (I didn't get the joke) was turning a rich golden brown. Muttering something about this maybe being the "Dark Side", I stooped and broke off a piece of the recently formed crust. Sure enough, just as I thought - limburgher cheese soufflé.

I tasted it.

" Hmhmhmhm, not bad ".

I began eating more. After I had cleared eight square feet, I decided to stop, since I had read somewhere that a person swallowed some air along with food; and my supply of air was rather limited. And so, reeking in tune with the landscape, off I went again toward the mysterious strip ahead.

At noon I reached it. It was a broad strip (no connection with Gipsy Rose Lee) of metal, which since there was no other place for it to disappear in the distance. I stood on it amazed. What was it; part of the wrapping of this big cheese, an overgrown tape measure ?

My question was almost immediately answered, for rolling along the strip came a model T Ford. The strip, I deduced, must be a road! I stuck my hand out. The car squealed to a stop; a ghastly green man, wearing a straw sombrero, and smoking a corncob pipe leaned out of the car.

" Wana lift bud? ", he squeaked.

" Errrrrr, YES ", I answered, climbing into the car beside him, (I had to, since he wouldn't open the door for me.)

Primitive race I thought after examining him more closely; he was only wearing an " F " string ! The green man seemed to hate to talk since he didn't utter another word. After about a two hour drive thru the smelly monotony of the Lunar landscape, we reached a large city of metal houses. (funny thing, extraterrestrial creatures always have to build their houses of metal or massive stone, never of wood or anything so vulgar).

I'll never forget the first Lunar traffic cop that I saw. The fact that he regulated traffic by changing his face from a ghastly green to a lurid red wasn't so bad. It was the inbetween state, when it was half green and half red and not succeeding at being either that caused my stomach to do acrobatics.

The green man suddenly stopped the car, and uncerimoniously shoved me out of the car unto the sidewalk. Before I could recover from my surprise, he was lost in the traffic, which strangely consisted of nothing but model T Fords. I got up as best I could amid the surging throngs of the green Lunanites, forced my way to the curb and squeezed into a streetcar. I noticed that it was customary for the men to sit down, and for the women to stand (strange how closely the customs of Luna resemble those of Terra). When a young woman did sit down opposite me, everybody looked at her shocked, but I looked at her nether extremities, which were quite nice in spite of the fact that they were green. Suddenly I felt her eyes on me ----- a most uncanny feeling. I glanced up just in time to see them snap back into their sockets.

She was beautiful in a greenish sort of way, with purple hair, and beautiful, expressive yellow eyes. She seemed slightly tanned, for her skin was more of an olive drab than the vivid green of the average Lunanite. I stared at her for several minutes wishing that I was colour blind; but then, I could always pretend I was wearing sun - glasses.

" You look obtuse enough to be a hero ", she suddenly said, " Would you like a job as hero in my father's laboratory ? He's a mad scientist. You know; the kind you always find in AMAZING, and I need someone to help me keep him from blowing up the world. He thinks it's just a big balloon."

" Delighted to ", I answered, not knowing the meaning of obtuse at that time, " Can I communicate with Earth from your place ? "

" Certainly. Via Etherline."

And so it was settled. I would go with her and help her prevent her father from blowing up the world, and in return for my services, I would be permitted to use the Etherline, a very costly method of communication, since the ion charger was always running down. We got off at the next car stop and made our way through a rather shabby section of the town. After some time, we reached a particularly dilapidated oblong shed, squeezed between two large buildings, on a narrow dismal street. The whole region had an air of evil about it, which didn't smell none too rose'. Without a word, the young woman opened the door at one end of the oblong shed and we went up a set of rickety stairs --- lack of sunshine vitamin "D"..

The staircase led the way into a typical mad scientist's laboratory; long benches covered with useless fantastic glassware in which various coloured liquids bubbled and foamed and did nothing in particular; mazes of impressive, massive, complicated machinery and apparatus that sparked, whirled, and clanked, and likewise did nothing. Amid this conglomeration of fantastic junk sat a little shrunken man, grinning and chuckling to himself as he blew soap bubbles. The young woman whose name turned out to be Mare Tranquillitatis, a very good natured filly, introduced me to her father.

" Handsome devil ain't I", he drooled, with his tongue hanging out of the side of his mouth.

" Yah, you look like hell ", I replied, " Heh, heh, don't you get it? Devil --- hell; catch on? Wasn't that a killer?"

" Yah, you'll be the death of yourself yet, say; you look a little pale, what are you anyway?"

" Oh me, I'm half French, half Scotch and a little ginger ale "

" Enough of these corny puns. Come and see my latest invention for blowing up the Earth ".

" You mean the Moon don't you? We're on the Moon you know."

" Of course not, don't be a silly ass, you don't think I'm as mad as to blow up what I'm standing on? Gad man,, think what would happen if it should bust. I'm going to blow up the Earth; neckers here have complained that it isn't big enough."

" See here now ", I replied, " You can't do that, I've got to get a message through to Earth."

" Oh no, heh, heh, heh, just watch me", he cackled moving towards a machine that looked like a cross between an air compressor and a radio."

With my left hand I peeled back my lips in a fighting snarl,

and glanced about hurriedly for something to bop him on the head; grasped the stem of a large bottle filled with a pale yellow liquid, and advanced toward him. He turned and saw me.

" Hey look out ", he yelled, " That's filled with Moonshine. It'll expl....."

I brought the bottle down on his bald green cranium. There was a terrific explosion that obliterated everything. After an incalculable interval, I noticed the green girl bending over me. Gradually her colour faded until at last she was white. A nurse. I tried my best to convince her that I had been to the Moon and that it was necessary to extend the Blockade to our satellite. She just said,

" Relax, relax, you've had a hard time."

As if I didn't know that. I tried to convince other people, but they wouldn't believe me either, and murrered behind my back,

" Poor boy; that accident."

But I can never forget; my dreams are filled with visions of a green girl, and miles and miles of limburgher cheese.

The End (thank God)

- THOUGHT HELMETS -

"About the most amazing, and probably the most ingenious of the inventions of the science - fiction authors, is the so called "thought helmet", whereby people speaking different languages can understand, and communicate with each other Personally, I don't think it would work", added the Skeptic.

" Huh; why not ?" asked the Scientifictionist, " After all, it's a proven fact that thought is electrical in nature; that definitely measureable waves are given out by the mind. Why shouldn't it be possible to amplify these waves; step them up by means of a "thought helmet" so that they can be received by a similar helmet, and impressed upon the mind ?"

" A person thinks in words. Try to think of anything without thinking in words. Naturally you will think in the words of your own language, and thus even if the "thought helmet" could transmit your thoughts, they would be in the words of your own language, which of course could not be understood by a foreigner. You might as well have spoken in the first place. This business of thinking in words is very noticeable if you thoroughly study a foreign language; spend some time in a country in which it is spoken, and really get to know the language. You will find yourself beginning to think in the words of that language. Thus you can easily see that a "thought helmet" would be of no use at all in communicating with other peoples."

-----fh.

Useless From Uranus Says



Whee-ee-ee

If there are any sensitive souls in our audience, I would advise them to shut their ears, close their eyes, and hold their noses. We are about to take a plunge into the caudron of acid, and I'll bet this year's potatoe crop that nobody comes up whole.

On the space to space Hiccup conducted by the astute editor of Thrilling Wonder Stories, he comes bearily up and mumbles into the Universe about his stooges. The doughty Sergeant can't carry his own weight (I don't wonder), but even if the program is conducted for the suckers that come purring in, their blubber is mighty pleasing to cauliflower ears.

The Sunspots know we don't want a milk and mush palaver on who's who in where's where, but for a bunch of so-called intellectuals, they're still rooting around in the gutter, the snipes. Of course, the pages would crackle if the brain trust goes unto the wave-length but at least, the listener would stay sober--and awake--until the end. The critics are talking through their spacephones, because all have spoken, and so far, in the past three months, nobody's said anything

Neither have I.

Well, well, well, and a few more holes in the ground! So there really is a magazine that does what I've suspected many others of doing! Now I know the horrible truth; there is a magazine that prints only those epistles apertaining to thereof complimentary remarks. Four pages of letters that might all have come from the pen of one man, - you know, the ones who write those letters must really be artists in their own way. Certainly no layman would sit down and write a two-column, small-print letter just to rave about the qualities, such as they are, of this "marvelous" magazine.

Poor Merritt! He certainly is taking a beating. It's a shame to see him throw away his classics to an "iggerant audience", shredding them down into unrecognizable form. Who would recognize "The Snake Mother" as the "Face in the Abyss"? That is something else again - too - also. Cutting his beautiful stories up into parts is like cutting up the sunset, and letting out a five-second glimpse at fifteen minute intervals. Who wants them that way?

I don't. Maybe I'm old-fashioned. Maybe.

I propose something that no dishonest magazine would dare to do - or would they? These honey-dripping editors break their necks to print their favourite letters and their "favourite lists". How much gumption have they got? Would they, under a dare, a bet, print those letters that would be material for slander if it weren't criticism? Would they grin and take it while some stf. radical paints them red with green stripes? Would they take it while some one rips up their smug authors and contributors, and makes the pages crackle with, what the editors fondly call, villery?

Confidentially, off the record, and all that, I don't think they would. They have neither the courage nor the sense of humour needed for such. Even dear old, sweet tempered Sergeant Saturn can't take a single letter of humbling criticism.

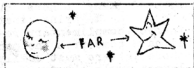
Me: either.

W Will someone please heed my agonized cry and paint a decent cover illustration? The only one, to date, on the current covers that even approximates a good standard is the one on FANTASTIC ADVENTURES for Oct. '41. Not only is it life-like, but it actually illustrates a point of action in the story! Laurels and wreathes to the man who painted it!

Hist! Chums, but there's dirty work afoot. Someone has committed the heinous crime of plagiarism! Phooey, why bother with "someone"? I mean, that it seems as though Donald Wollheim, editor of STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES, has put into a Canadian publication - UNCANNY - what looks like it belongs to Lawrence Woods. In other words, if someone will look in the June, '41 issue of UNCANNY, and in the April, '41 issue of STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES, they will find that "The Thought Monsters" and "Black Flames" are twins.

G'wan, I dare ya!

----- Useless From Uranus



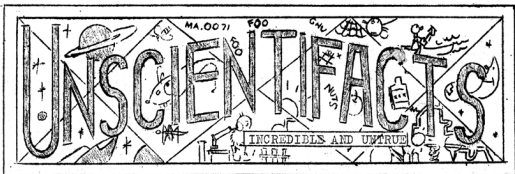
When you were an asteroid, and I was a star
The distance between us was plenty far.
When you were an amoeba, and I was a slug,
Lady, oh lady, what a mug!

When I was a snake, and you were a bird,
Your songs my scales very often stirred.
When I was heavy, hairy, and carried a club,
Your oft bounced head you'd tenderly rub.



Now we dodge bombs, and dive for a shelter,
While buildings above us go helter-skelter.
As we hold hands, I say with a smile,
"I'd like to get rid of you once in a while!"

----- Barbara Bovard

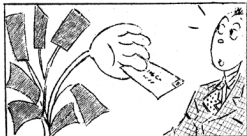


ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

Jimmy Graft had news to-day that shook the world, when he stepped off the train in Missouri. Purely by accident he discovered a window on the train that would open by the slightest touch of a fingertip..... Jimmy says he's working on how to close it now.

CORRESPONDENCE BUSHED

There's a plant in South America just recently discovered by the Fuddlepotz Expedition. This marvel of the plant world is called the Correspondence Bush (corresponditium Bushibus). Drop one of its leaves -- which are of a paper - like consistency -- into one of the flowers; the flower will fold up for an hour, unfolding later to hand you a letter



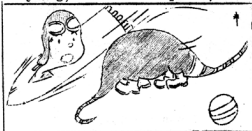
addressed and sealed. Professor Fuddlepotz was very excited the other day. He dropped in a leaf; the plant opened a week later, & handed him a letter from his cou-

-sin in Nagasaki, two love letters and six bills.

.....

AMAZING NEW SATELLITE

Jupiter Jones arrived from said planet last week with astonishing news. The planet is reported to have a new satellite. "It's not very big," ascertains Jupiter, him-



self,"but it came close last time and I distinctly saw the outlines of four legs and two tails, one at each end. I was a faint pink colour". Scientists are now mixing grog and telescopes in an effort to see it.

BOLTED FROM EUROPE

Our reporter, Ricardo Ricard, has struck up an acquaintance with a thunderbolt. He found it perching disconsolately on his porch last night, and it seemed quite friendly. He asked it what it was doing in the city, and it said it just came back from Europe. Too much competition

SPECIAL

FEATURE

OF

BORING

IMPOSSIBILITIES

A few years ago I was a happy moron; I ate, went to school, and slept. Then I began to mess around with this science stuff.. Science was wonderful I thought after reading a book on Botany. Just think of it; a plant wasn't just a bit of green stuff with maybe one end coloured; no, it was a complex organism composed of thousands of minute cells all working together in perfect harmony. Did not science make nature wonderful and beautiful? Science is magnificent I thought after I had read a book on Astronomy. Think of it. Those stars up there weren't just pin-points of light, but great spheres of fire, at inconceivable distances in an empty void. The thought fascinated me. The harsh beauty of the Universe the book painted for me captured my imagination. I spent hours gazing at the stars on clear nights, meditating, trying to comprehend the magnitude of the Universe. I even went so far as to write an essay on it. Then one day, or rather night a friend said - "You're supposed to know a lot about astronomy; you've read about fifty books on the subject, and gaze at them for hours every night. Now let's see what you know; point out Spica to me, or Vega, Arcturus, Antares, or Polaris.".....I couldn't spot a single one. I had never bothered myself with the practical side of Astronomy, contenting myself with reading about it, meditating on how that vast Universe all began; where it would end..... My vanity was hurt. I proceeded immediately to learn every constellation, and every star it contained. I learned about zenith distance, right ascension, and other such things. In a week I could point out any star, any constellation..... But something else happened. The Universe lost it's depth. The myriad stars were no longer the great spheres of fire hurtling through an empty void, they became mere flat, vulgar patterns in the sky. Just big patterns - glorified electric light signs. My beautiful Universe was shattered for the small satisfaction of being able to point out a few pin-points of light to bored listeners, _____ Bah; to 'L with practical science

-----Fred Hurter Jr.

- REQUIESCAT -

Beneath the dying fires of the dull red sun;
Under the blue-black sky, the thin cold wind
Blows dismally o'er the shifting sands that cover
All that ever was upon this Earth.
This Earth that once was green and teemed with life;
Warmed by a bright and friendly sun that shone
On wide seas, high mountains, and rich luxuriant lands.
This Earth that saw the slow ascent of Man,
His struggles, strifes; his works, his hopes, his dreams:
Now all is gone, as if it had never been _____
Buried by the shifting sands.....

----- Fred Hurter Jr.

"Hello, John," greeted the fireman, bending over to open the firebox door to inspect his fire critically before carefully spreading a shovelfull of coal over it. "Bad night for the run, eh?"

Engineer John Ruggles nodded acquiescence as he lit his torch and picked up the hand oiler preparatory to oiling up in mysterious regions, the giant locomotive that stood panting and straining at the leash, impatient to be off on the night run down the valley, pulling the heavy string of pullmans.

The conductor came slowly down the platform, riffling through the yellow batch of train orders. He halted beside the big drivers.

"Bad night, John. Mist thick as pea soup. You'll have to keep your weather eye peeled tonight. We're leaving ten minutes late, so you'll have a chance to really roll her this time without being hauled up on the carpet for it!"

The big engineer straightened and grinned.

"That's good, Tom. What's the reason for being late?"

"Special shipment of express coming in at the last minute. Something valuable, I guess, else they wouldn't hold the Limited up this way."

The other nodded, and wiped his oiler off with a bit of cotton waste. The conductor hesitated, then in a sympathetic tone:

"How's the wife, John? Any better?"

"Got a long distance today, Tom. Doc says if she doesn't suffer a relapse she'll be right as rain from now on."

"I'm glad. She's a fine little woman."

"She is that."

It was eleven and a half minutes past the scheduled leaving time, that Engineer John Ruggles pulled open the throttle, and rolled her out into the night. It was bad, he admitted to himself. The mist rolled across the tracks in great clouds of thick fleeciness. It would be hard to see very far ahead. And he'd have to make a fast run this time to make up that eleven and a half minutes, or else the dispatcher would be raising merry old blue hell with him next day.

Clicking over the frogs and cross-overs, the long, heavy all-steel train rolled under the signal bridge, out of the yards, and gradually picked up speed as they left the great city. Slowly Ruggles gave her head, and the gentle rocking roll of the great iron horse settled down to a surging move of immense power.

He whistled at the yard limit, and glanced across the cab at his fireman, and grinned.

"Ever notice how better they pull when the air is wet and heavy

The other nodded with a grin and stuck his head out of the window. The spray felt good on his face after the heat of the cab.

With a muffled roar they shot past a small station, its lighted windows looking like a white streak at the speed they were traveling.

Twenty minutes out of the city was their first stop, which was of about four minutes duration, but which would be probably cut a trifle tonight in order to shorten running time.

They had no sooner drawn to a halt, than the telegrapher came running out in his shirt sleeves, waving a thin sheet of paper in his hand. Climbing half way up the cab steps, he thrust it into the engineer's hand.

"Message for you, Mr. Ruggles," he said, "Just came in a few minutes ago."

With a sudden catching of his breath, the big engineer hurriedly unfolded the paper. The words seemed to blur before his eyes, but somehow he managed to make them out.

" Bad news, John? " asked the fireman, noticing the other's sudden pallor.

The other nodded and blindly handed it to him. The fireman read;

" Mrs. Ruggles suffered sudden relapse. Condition rapidly growing, worse. Asking for you. Doctor Fredd."

" I- I'm sorry." Was all he could offer in the way of sympathy. The other nodded his thanks, but said nothing.

This time as the long train pulled out of the town and across the dark, hidden countryside, it was picking up speed at an alarming rate. The man at the throttle, his mind blinded by the sudden agony of that of his loved one lying terribly ill, perhaps dying, could think of nothing else but the urgency of getting home as quickly as possible, and that meant making this run as fast as possible, for his home and the end of the run were in the same city.

South of Westmore, the second stop on the run, the double tracks merged into one through the deep rock cuts the trainmen called the " Devil's Trapping Ground ", because of the numerous wrecks that had occurred there in the early days of the system. At both the north and the south end was a small cabin which housed a man acting both as signalman and telegrapher. His duty was to throw the switch from one track or the other to the single one and to make sure no train ran into the perilous section while another was already there. The cabin at the south end was set tight against the rock wall, and this night, the mist being heavy, and the seepage from the rocks great, there had been a great deal of water from above running down onto the edge of the roof. It began to leak. The man within seeing a damp spot appearing on the wall and believing it safe to leave the place, went outside to see what could be done about the situation. He was outside longer than he suspected, and was on his way down from above, when the high whistle of an approaching train froze him to the spot. Before he had more than a chance to even begin to move, a short fast freight roared by in a cloud of smoke and cinders, the whistle giving two derisive toots as it faded from sight in the swirling fog.

John Ruggles pulled the throttle a trifle wider, and leaned out to see the board at the north switch cabin as it came into sight. Seeing it set at green, he gave his whistle a couple of peeps and roared on through the closed switch. His fireman inspected his watch, then turned and yelled across the cab to him.

" Attaboy, John! We're gaining. Only nine minutes late now. It's twelve fifty-seven ! "

John Ruggles raised his hand in acknowledgement and for a moment a faint smile twisted his lips, then was lost in anxiety.

In the rock cut the fog was almost black, and seemed to reach out with long, tattered, clutching fingers as though to stay the train from its madly hurtling speed. The headlight bored a hole of brilliant white before it became a solid, odlike beam in the mist.

The engineer drew in his head to glance at the water glass and steam gauge. He opened the throttle another notch, then stuck his head through the window again.

What was that ? For a moment he thought he was seeing things, and then he could see it distinctly: the white figure of a woman, with arms outstretched, and dress flying, as though to stop the train. John sub-consciously closed the throttle a notch, then his reason took hold. What would a woman be doing in the cut at this time of the night ? In fact at any time? He was just seeing a phantasma created by his anxiety laden brain. He opened the throttle again and settled back, rubbing his eyes.

" John! John! ", shrieked the fireman, grasping his shoulder, and

shaking him roughly. " Stop the engine! There's someone ahead! "

What ? Could he see it too? John looked again, and now he could see the arms waving, fluttering, the whole figure moving. With a sob he slammed the throttle to the closed position. The train came to a shuddering halt that jerked sleepers from their berths, and brought the conductor on the run, lantern in hand, to see what was the matter.

" What the hell's the matter with you ? " roared that person in an irate voice, spitting forth expletives that would have made a seaman's parrot blush with shame.

John descended from his cab like one in a dream. He could still see the figure dancing in the mist but less actively now. Dumbly he pointed to it. The conductor turned, and stared.

" What are you pointing at, " he demanded, " There's nothing there. Just a shadow on the fog. "

The fireman shook his head.

" I see it too! " he declared.

John walked toward the figure. And as he advanced, it slowly faded until it vanished from sight. Slowly he turned and came back

In the meantime, the fireman, with a flash of inspiration, had climbed to inspect the headlight.

" Here's our ghost, John, " he called, laughing. " A huge moth, caught in the headlight trying to beat its way out through the lens cast its own shadow against the fog and looked like a woman trying to stop us ! "

The conductor snorted. " If I didn't know you two like I know my own sons, " he declared, " I'd say you'd been drinking. Well, let's roll, we're later than ever now ! "

He turned to walk back to the coaches. The engineer and fireman started to climb back into the cab when they heard it.

Faintly, far ahead, coming toward them through the night and the mist, was another train ! They could hear its exhaust; the rumble of the cars. For a moment they stood, stunned, then leaped into action

The fireman threw himself into the cab, grabbed lantern and fuses and threw them to the engineer who started up the track as fast as he could run.

He just made it. The faint glow of the other train's headlight, was showing when he lit the fuses and started waving them in the air. Luckily the other engineer saw them and managed to stop. Then came arguments and explanations. The conductors compared their watches, and finally the blame was placed on one of the signalmen stationed at the ends of the cut. One of them had slipped. One of the conductors took his portable phone, climbed a pole, and got in touch with the dispatcher.

When he came down they noticed his face was a little pale and carried a sad look. He walked to John Ruggles.

" I'm sorry John, " he said, " The dispatcher had a message for you and he gave it to me. Your wife - your wife.... "

" Yes? ", Ruggles braced himself for the worst.

" Your wife died at one o'clock tonight. "

John stood as though graven in stone. The whole world went tumbling about his ears. Then, slowly, he raised eyes suddenly blinded with tears to the great headlight, where a white moth fluttered its last in the powerful beam.

" Thank you Rose. " he whispered.

Comments favorable OR OTHERWISE!

This department, dear readers?, which will begin with the next issue be conducted by that old space rat Major Jupiter, is here just for you to air your opinions of CENSORED, but please restrict the use of profanity. And now for the comments on the first issue of CENSORED

....what a mess. How could you ever print such tripe.

- Holden Blackwell

(point is we don't print such tripe, we mimeograph it. -Ed)

#

....Honestly now, the whole thing was pretty bad

- Julian Jarvis

#

...CENSORED is marvelous, stoopen dious, terrific, unsurpassable..No doubt one of the greatest fanmags ever published. Fan history will be dated from the first issue of CENSORED

- Fred Hurter Jr.

#

..My God, you don't really expect to sell this !

- Juan Aguayo

#

.... Could be better, but I've seen worse.

- Leslie Crouch

#

I got CENSORED and liked it very much. The humour was terrific.
damon knight.

(Tsk, tsk, dammy, can't you use more subtle sarcasm - Ed)

#

.... There are limits !

- David Sumner

#

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After reading the glowing comments above, you may want to get a copy of the first edition of CENSORED. A few are still available, if you want to waste 10%.

WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF "CENSORED"

(the magazine that ought to be)

CENSORED.

- IDLE CHATTER -

The Futurians seem to have a nice little racket; selling stories twice. Stories by the Futurians that have already appeared in the Futurian edited magazines STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES and COSMIC STORIES are turning up again, with persistent regularity in the Canadian magazine UNCANNY TALES. Incidentally UNCANNY is also reprinting illustrations from the aforesaid magazines, and others, among them AMAZING STORIES.

Canada's second fantasy magazine is out now. SCIENCE FICTION is the name, and is a Canadian edition of the American SCIENCE FICTION. Most of the stories and illustrations are reprints of its American prototype, but it is large size, printed on a good grade of paper, has trimmed edges, no advertising, and is neatly compiled and printed. It makes an excellent collector's item, and is well worth the 25¢ charged for it.

Reports from Crouch have it that there will soon be a third fantasy magazine on the Canadian market. It's to be called EERIE and will be published by the Adam Publishing Company who also publish the aforementioned UNCANNY TALES.

In the September issue of UNCANNY TALES, which for a change has a passable cover, but lousy as ever illustrations, (except those that are reprints), features a story by Ray Cumming hiding under the pen-name of "Callian Edmunds". Could it be that he is bashful?

Well it's definitely established now, or is it?, that CENSORED is not the first Canadian fanmag, but is the first Canadian subscription fanmag. It seems that Leslie Crouch of Parry Sound Ontario has been issuing a fanzine called CROUCH NEWS, for some time, sending it free of charge to his correspondents

- SWAMP COUNTRY -

In taverns bright we are the grey-beard men
Who tell the tales that no one will believe.
We quaff our ale until the straggler leave
At dawn, and then, in silence once again,
We go out through the fog, across the fen;
We two alone, and none is there to grieve
That horror lights our eyes, and none to weave
For us frogetfulness of what has been.

The laggard tipplers, homeward bound in haste,
Make jests upon the way we tried to fool
Them all with tales of what it's like to drown.
But we press onward through the verdant waste,
To stand beside a too-familiar pool
Until a nauseous feeler draws us down

----- damon knight.

THE EDITOR'S BLURB

Well here we are at the end of another issue. What do YOU think of it? The promised improvements, I hope, are more or less self evident, if not, please note, I have kept my promise re better illustrations as I was lucky enough to get Ron Smith, a professional illustrator, to do them for me. I have also kept it re material(?) mimeographing, and to some extent composition. The latter was somewhat behind the others due to the fact that there has been again a lamentable shortage of material. I had counted on at least a 24 page magazine, and when the material, didn't materialize and the deadline drew closer and closer, I was forced to put the magazine together in a rather haphazard manner, in my haste forgetting titles here, and author's names there.

I would certainly appreciate a sudden overwhelming flood of material. The policy is - parodies, sarcastic articles, slanderous murderous attacks on anybody or anything in stf. That should be simple; if you don't like something or somebody in stf. parody it or him, write a sarcastic article, or a straight forward biting attack. This policy is however elastic, and will accommodate almost any other type of material - humorous shorts, poetry, and book reviews are particularly welcome.

This issue of CENSORED is more or less an experimental issue, and I would appreciate comments, as they will determine the future format of the mag. Do you like the spacing for LUNA & LUNACY better than that for THE MOTH, or otherwise? Would you like a double column of print as in UNSCIENTIFACTS? Should the Guest Editorial be discontinued? Is it preferable that the cover should illustrate some point of action of some story? I would like to get your opinions on these questions, as it is after all your magazine, dear readers (Where did I hear that before?)

And that I guess about winds up the old alarm clock, so dear readers

Adios

Fred Hunter Jr.

" I "

Oh I am all,
And all am I;
The earth, the sea,
The distant sky.

I am the Observer;
All things relate
To me.
Without my presence;
All things would cease
To be.

For I am all
And all is me;
The earth, the sky,
The mighty sea.

-----Fred Hurter Jr.

