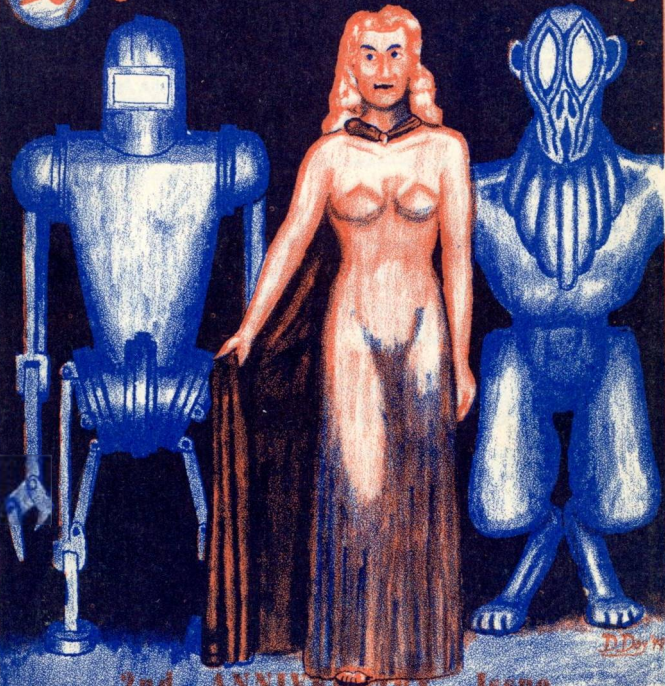


# the FANSCIENT

25¢

No. 9 FALL, 1949



2nd ANNIVERSARY Issue

Frankly I'm all out of ideas. It's now past Midnight of a Sunday night---the color pages went to the lithographer Friday and the rest is all laid out and ready except for this, the last thing to be written. If I'd realized quite how much work was going into this issue, I don't know whether I'd have tackled such an elaborate one. Anyway, here it is---the first issue of the third year of The FANSCIANT.

In case you're thinking that future issues of The FANSCIANT will all be like this, forget it. I personally guarantee that they won't. THIS GUARANTEE IS BACKED BY MY WIFE. An issue like this takes just too much time.

I wish to pause here to pay tribute to my wife. No fan, she has nevertheless been incredibly tolerant of my outrageous schedule. She has exercised the patience of Job as, for weeks on end, I vanished into my sanctum the minute I got home, not to emerge except to bolt a bit of food and to fall, hollow-eyed, into an exhausted slumber. She has resignedly fought her way thru piles of my stuff in the basement and thru the waist-high weeds in the lawn which I have had no time to cut. Time after time she has remained home when she wanted to go out; put up with my snarling at guests who were keeping me from my fannish duties and battled the kids so that I could remain undisturbed. She is a truly exceptional woman---and beautiful too.

In this, our first try at color, we've tried some rather elaborate stuff. Hope you like it. In addition to the extra pages and the color, we're fortunate in having an exceptionally good line up of material. The fiction ranges from Miles Eaton's second translation from the Martian records to Higbee's "My God, A Spaceship". Incidentally, in case you're wondering what connection there is between the story and the title, it was the working title of the de Courcy tale which was published as "Apocalypse" in the second issue of The FANSCIANT. Higbee illustrated it and was fascinated by the title, finally using it now for a story based on one of the PFS's bull-sessions.

H. T. McAdams has come thru with a highly informative, the non-technical, article on the Electron Microscope. Equally authoritative is Phil Barker's piece on Egyptian Mythology. Darrell Richardson continues his series of articles on the rare Burroughs titles; a third article will appear shortly covering the rare books.

There's quite a coincidence concerning the piece, "Nightmare", which appears on page 23. Davis gave me the picture one night and the story arrived the next morning from Guam where Ed Corley is stationed with the army. I'll leave it to you how well they go together.

Let us know how you like the stereo on page 59. There'll be more if you want them.

I suppose I should be becomingly modest and say, "Sheeks, t'warn't nothin'", but I won't. I'm proud of this issue. We'll be back to our usual 32 pages next time, but even if it was a lot of work, I'm glad we did something special for our second anniversary. I'm proudest of all of the fact that this isn't a one-shot, but the first issue of the third year of regular publication. I just added it up, and so far we've brought you 304 pages of the best material we could get. Wonder how many it will be before we finish.

*Don Day*

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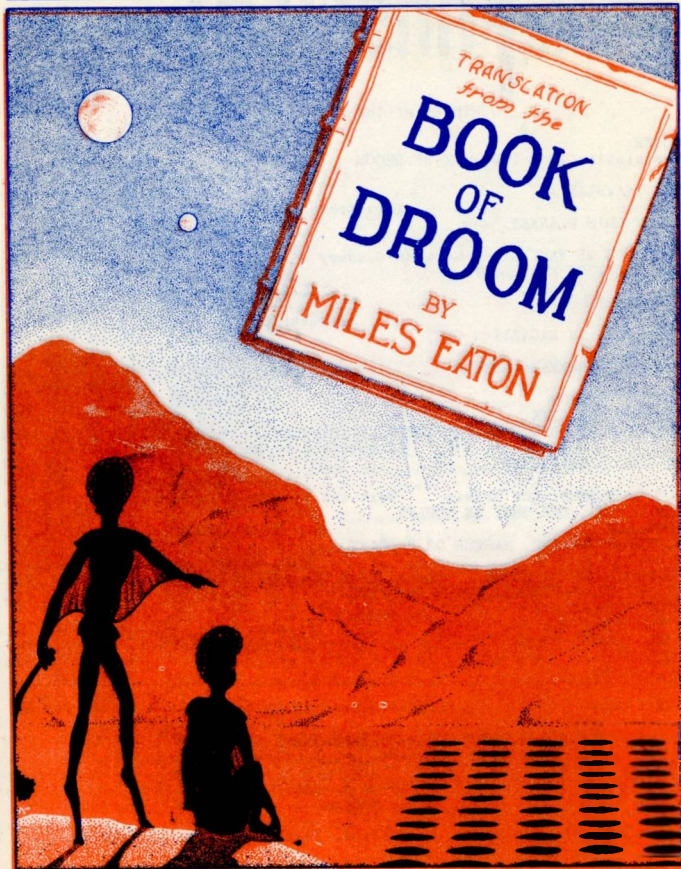
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## Translator's Note

The glorious civilization of the Sthenaagi people of Mars, ended as it should have ended in a blaze of beauty and repletion when at the peak of its long and brilliant culture. Their triumphs of art and science were all faithfully recorded, the last myth of the ancients was gathered, and the last investigation of the farthest Universe was finished.

But thru the blackness that follows, only a few faint hints are cast up, as it were, from the darkness of oblivion. This following translation is one of such, selected from the BOOK OF DROOM, which was evidently the work of a tiny colony of refugees who managed to sustain a meagre hideout in the wind blown sand hills of 'hpuwa, safe for a few days from the terrible massacre by the Pzzush. A fragment only; almost the last voice of this dying culture, it speaks for itself the awful pathos of this stricken people whose stately ships had but lately coursed the spaceways to the farthest star.

I append the scholarly treatise on the ancient written language of Mars by that eminent student of Martian antiquities, Professor Kingsborough Reedley. This treatise forms part of the introduction to his "Translations from the Tombs", which excellent work is too well known and loved to require further comment here.

—Miles Eaton.

FOR LONG we watched the flaming of the cities where the last faint glory of Mpw'ngu vanished into ash. Even now, we could hardly believe as the sleek, black ships of the Pzzush battered our helpless cities. Lines of refugees thronged the surface highways leading to the hills of Dath and to the forest of 'mKathor that lies beyond the ancient blood soaked sea. Some won to the divergent tracks that vanish to where no man may follow, but many stayed behind and would always stay till their bodies mingled once more with the soil from whence they sprang so long ago.

Those who escaped established hidden colonies where they crouched over hidden fires among the thickets. There they eked out a miserable existence where fear was the bedfellow and hunger kept gaunt company with the waking. Dark were their eyes with the hollowness of death. The hands of strong men shook; and the children's wailing, carefully stifled with cloths, could scarcely be heard beyond the firelight.

The bolder among them kept watch over the plains of G'nomo where lay the blackened ruins of Mpw'ngu. Kept watch they did from the battered cliffs that border the rim of Mpw'ngu. Across the valley to one side where lies the channel of the Bwiitah of olden times, the Pzzush had their camp, hard by the wells that form the oasis there. And across the plain that lies at the foot of Mt. Hib, they berthed five thousand ships.

The bold youths spied upon them and watched the scouts go out from the Pzzush camp each morning, into the hills of 'hpuwa. And the scouts returned at night with more of the Sthenaagi people. These prisoners were herded into a ship, and it sped away into the northern land of the Pzzush. Some speak of the awful atrocities in store for

Illustrated by MILES EATON

the imprisoned Sthenaagi; but others say that their slaying is quick and merciful, for the Pzzush use them for food. Probably neither is right and we will never know. But ever in the evening after watching all day the herding of their kinemen, the bold youths of our colony slunk back shivering for fear of the thousands of ships on the plain at the foot of Hib.

Four colonies lay in the radius of a two days journey but they did not visit, so great was their fear of the prowling Pzzush. Only a few there ventured and returned with news, and they were all in a sorry condition.

So here they existed between the rounded sand hills of 'hpurwa. For food they collected the red pulpy foliage of the Dylyina and bruised it in water for broth. A few possessed scraps of cloth which they had managed to rescue from the flaming cities of Mpw'ngu. These were stretched to keep off the burning sun. From far lands, from far nations, drifted news of the death of cities, of the death of nations, of the death of a race. Thus they continued huddled in the cloud of their destiny, frightened with the knowledge that they were the last of their kind.

Then one rose among them by name Dnjina, born to be a leader of men, strong and wise, and it is said, a student of the ancient lore of the Going Out. He spoke to them saying, "Oh men of Mpw'ngu, you ancient dead, you grovelers at the bird-like feet of the Pzzush! Are we men to hide out in the thickets like Tlonta, or are we men to hate with a hate so strong it will drive us to the ends of Mars to cleanse ourselves of this impurity of action?"

"Come, you who are men, and follow me. Too long we have plied the brush and engraving pen, recording the beauties of our thousand fathers. It has been a millenium since

our last ship took to space. Our days of glory are laid waste. One last battle let us wage in the names of those who have gone before us, that we may enter oblivion with no stain upon our memory. Come, you who call yourselves men; follow and we will do great deeds!"

Many cheered, but not too loud, for fear of the Pzzush scouts who plied their secret business in the thickets. And they rallied around him as heroes, brandishing what weapons they retained among them. One had a bit of a broken bar, another had a twisted hook such as the builders used who carved their dreams on the stones long buried under the hills of 'hpurwa. And some had only a club of twisted Dylyina and some had only boulders gouged from a cliff. But courage shone through every eye, and a man with courage is four.

Dnjina looked around upon them. "First we must have arms," he said. "We cannot fight five thousand ships as the savage ancients who sired us fought, with clubs and stone and bits of sharpened wood. Let us search for the treasure houses of our fathers that lie under the rolling hills. There we may gain much lore, there we may find the hidden wisdom of the wars in the tales of the wars with Shtaang. May we get courage from these tales, may the terrors freeze our blood and make our muscles strong as steel." He turned and strode over the rolling hills. None there were but followed him.

You know of our fathers who placed there these treasures? For a thousand years they worked, combing the surface of Sthenaang (Mars) for the precious things of our culture.

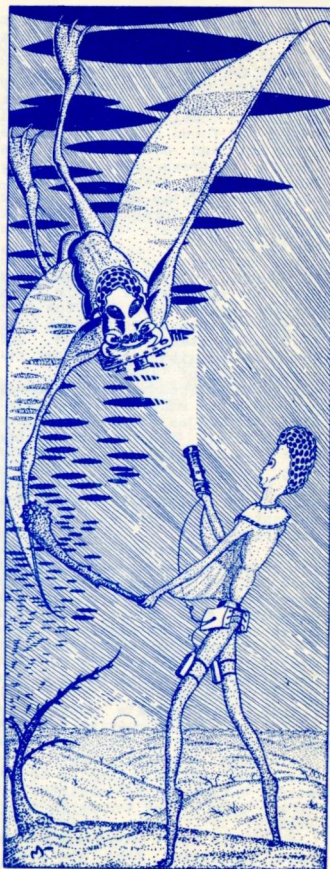
They gathered the glorious books, the wise things recorded since time began, the paintings, the works of those who model stone---. All over Mars was one great surge of glory, and the poets worked, and the artists

wrought, and each work lit flame to the torch of beauty. So once every ten years did our fathers build. And once every ten years did they conceal it again from the eyes of man. And in the thousand years since the bursting of Shtaang then a hundred museums lay buried beneath the slumbering sand hills of 'hpurwa.

Now around Dnjina gathered the scattered men of the Sthenaagi. They gathered to him till they were a thousand strong and filled with the venom of hate so that each had the strength of four. With bits of flat wood and with shavings of metal they dug through the sands of 'hpurwa. Deep into its forgotten heart they went and came at last to the house of their fathers. Quietly they entered, hushed with the lore of sacred things. Deep into its dim-lit shadows they went and there they found their seeking. For there lay volumes and books and the records and the tale of an eternity of forgotten things. Hushed were the men of Sthenaang but Dnjina with purpose in his heart strode through the rooms looking for what he sought.

Here he found many strange machines, the using of which had long been lost. Here were full-sized models of the fleet ships that had coursed the spaceways to eternity. Here lay the archives of the olden records that cradled the seals of death. Each man took of the naked death and laid it next to his heart. And it was cold, cold as the space beyond Emaag, cold as the hand of a brother who has forgotten love.

Never enough of the seals of death did they find here, so onward they trekked to the next lost tomb in the hills. But shovels they had now to carry away the sand and so their task sped onward. Five times they dug and five times they found and the arms of the men were





full and the naked steel lay closely upon their souls. Then all was ready. It would suffice. "Let us go," said Dnjina.

Thus each man was armed and they faced the light like men. But Dnjina was doubly armed for he had sought and found the secret of the Going Out and had laid its lore like a fortress over his mind. They no longer reared the black, sleek ships of the Pzzush. Once more in the Forest of 'mKather they shouted their challenge to the skies.

And so they came upon those men of Pzzush. The sky grew black with the myriads of their ships and the Hidden Ones from the four quarters gathered to witness this last poor stand; gathered, and crouched and gibbered together over the hills of 'hpurwa.

Now did the remnant of Sthensang prepare their machines for battle. Also did Dnjina prepare his rites of the Going. He stood with his wide eyes looking and his fair long curls blowing in the thin keen wind. And the sleek black ships of Pzzush lay over the remnant and looked at the men of Sthensang.

All eyes watched only Dnjina. His people watched. And the heart rose out of his body and thru his mouth past the thin, grim lips and plummeted thru space toward the black ships. Straight as a dove it sped to its rendezvous with death, until it was lost to sight among the high, black ships of the myriad of Pzzush.

Then did Dnjina's body shake with a long drawn quaking. But with the finish of that quaking, a black ship suddenly plunged from the cloud and fell flaming to the sand. Thus did the ancients war in the days of our venerable fathers.

Again his heart moved out of his lips and clawed thru the sleek, black cloud. Once more a ship

roared to a flaming death and burst on the rolling hills of 'hpurwa. But now as one, the black ships dipped and from every open door poured the blood-drunk horde of Pzzush. Straight thru the air they dove on their long, membranous wings. Straight for the death-mad men of Sthensang.

The men looked to their weapons and made them ready in a long line. And the lances of destruction lit up the skies, riddling the hordes of Pzzush. But myriads came on in the teeth of the flaming weapons, while the sky grew light with the thunder, till Hinywa, the Fleet One, hid his face over the planet's rim. The weapons of the Pzzush flashed in return, tracing a crooked finger over the Hills of 'hpurwa. The crooked finger sped to earth and it trod thru the ranks of the remnant. Close came the bird-men, close by now, till we could see the red of their fur-rimmed eyes.

And the Hidden Ones out of the four quarters began their chant of oblivion. Squaring their shoulders, the men of Mpw'ngu of the planet Sthensang sailed in the eye of death. Each knew in the secret caverns of his own heart that never again would he see the rise of Hinywa. The two hosts met with a shock of lightning and the thunder of many voices.

And then—and then—Oh Thousand Fathers! Screaming things that swooped and slashed until the red blood ran.....

#### NOTES ON THE TRANSLATION OF THE MARTIAN WRITTEN RECORDS

From what hints we can glean from the old records found in the Halls of Stone among the deserted  
(Continued on Page 54)

## THE TRAVELER

They thought me mad that I should think that I  
Might cross the line which borders life from death  
And yet retain my body and my breath—  
To hold fast unto life and not to die.  
Oh yes, they thought me mad, but none the less,  
I firmly set my mind and entered through  
The darkened door through which the night winds blew,  
And found there dreams beyond my wildest guess.

There swarmed before me such an uncouth mass  
Of flesh most surely dead but yet alive,—  
Each blob a formless shape which seemed to strive  
Toward me as the wind blows prairie grass,  
So that I turned and fled and now am here  
A mad-man haunted by a nameless fear.

—R. Flavie Carson.



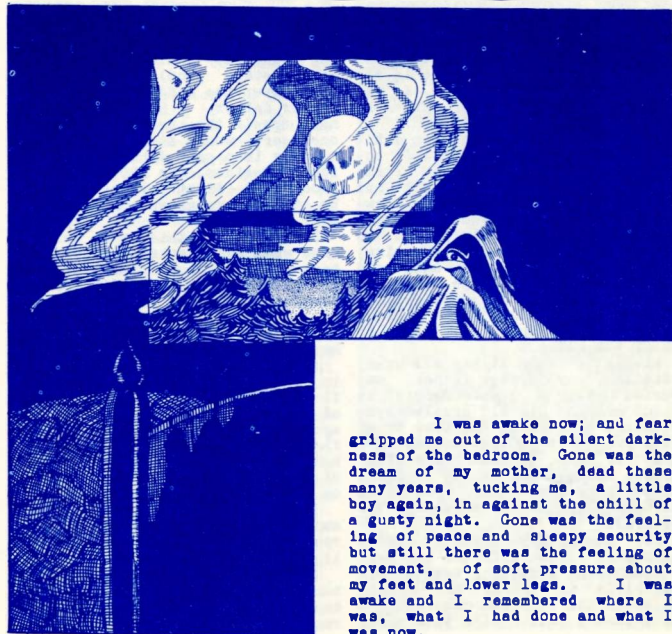
# Jonathon's

RRP By William Jones Walbrich



# Blanket

ILLUSTRATED BY Jon Arlstrom



I was awake now; and fear gripped me out of the silent darkness of the bedroom. Gone was the dream of my mother, dead these many years, tucking me, a little boy again, in against the chill of a gusty night. Gone was the feeling of peace and sleepy security but still there was the feeling of movement, of soft pressure about my feet and lower legs. I was awake and I remembered where I was, what I had done and what I was now.



I was a murderer. I had slain my benefactor, the only true friend I had ever known, and even now I lay in his bed in his house.

It had all been so simple, so fool-proof. Old Jonathon, my foster father, had died after a short but bitter struggle. Being an old man, he had clung to life with the frantic terror of death that only the very old know. But my arms were stronger than his and the pillow I held over his face was stronger than the painful, powerful gasps he made for air.

That was all. He was an old man and his death while sleeping would be but an expected thing among those who knew him in the community. That left only me in the large old house then, for I was Jonathon's adopted son and the only possible legal heir.

After I tidied up the room a bit making certain that I had left nothing incriminating behind, I returned to my room content and strangely elated with the knowledge that soon the \$20,000 he had received for the pasture land to the west of town would be mine; \$20,000 in immediate cash and there still remained the house and grounds, the farm over in Washington county, the stock and what cash and other valuables that might be about the house.

Within a week it was all over. Jonathon, my foster father, was buried after a simple funeral at which many of his old cronies sympathized with me at the loss of my father. At no time was there a hint or even so much as a side-glance at me that would suggest that anyone in the community thought his death anything but natural.

The second day after my lethal nocturnal visit with the old man, I discovered a roll of twenty dollar bills in one of the pigeon holes of his enormous old-fashioned roll-top desk. With this money

in my pocket there was no need for me to bring up his will. This was almost better than I'd expected, for now the last chance for suspicion to be directed my way was dissipated. Now, they'd have to bring up his property and his disposal of it first.

Soon it became obvious that the community automatically expected me to assume all that Jonathon had had. Then I knew that it had worked, that I had not only committed the perfect crime but that by doing so I'd made myself wealthy.

For a time I considered converting everything into cash and leaving town but decided that that might start people to thinking back over the sudden death of my foster father. So, instead, I made myself the promise that after one year I would start slowly converting into cash Jonathon's holdings. Besides, the \$20,000 out on good sound first mortgages would by then have grown considerably, too.

Perhaps all this ran thru my mind when the blanket moved, perhaps not. A short time after his death I'd taken over his room as it was the largest bedroom as well as having the best view out over the forest that surrounded the house on three sides.

Now his blanket moved. I sat up in his bed and clutched at it, finding nothing but the softness of Hudson Bay blanket. I patted around with my hands but could find nothing. Slowly I lay back, but as I did so I reached out as silently as possible for the lamp on the small table at the bedside. I found the knotted string switch-pull and jerked it. The room was flooded with soft yellow light.

I was alone but for the furniture; the bed and blankets and the deep shadows in the corners of the room. The shadows didn't bother

me. I knew that noone could be in them because I'd searched the room before locking the door. Then too, from the last movement of the blanket until I'd switched on the lights, a person would not have had time to make it to the distant shadows in the enormous old room. I was absolutely alone.

Leaving the light on, I lay back in bed and listened. The house was as the tomb but for the roar of the wind in the nearby forest. At last I decided that thinking I'd felt the blanket move was but a figment of my imagination; probably the result of eating three cans of sardines for my dinner that evening. I decided to go back to sleep.

However, before turning off the light and returning to sleep, I got out of bed and walked around to its foot. I searched the rumpled blankets that lay there. I even knelt down and peered underneath the bed. Everything was just as it should be. There was nothing underneath the bed but several rolls of grey, dusty lint.

I started to get back in bed vaguely reassured. Then it was that I did the thing that saved my life. I don't know what thought prompted the action, but I walked over to Jonathon's dresser and from the top drawer took out his hunting knife, a keen, bright thing with a blade that was a full six inches long.

I carried the knife back with me and before returning to the bed's welcome warmth placed the sharp knife beneath my pillow. I have thought since then of my strange action. Perhaps there is hidden deep within each individual a certain animal instinct of self-preservation. Anyway, whatever it was, my unthought out action, later, when the blanket attacked me, saved my life.

Jumping into bed I reached out hurriedly and pulled the light



oord. The room was plunged into darkness that was so intense that it was unreal. At first I did not notice this, I was so busy pulling the covers up over me and tucking them in about my shoulders.

In less than a minute; it couldn't have been more, I became aware of the darkness and at exactly the same time I realized that the wind had stopped. Now there was absolutely no sound but that of my beating heart and the rustles I made in the bed as I moved. The wind no longer sounded in the deep forests outside.

Despite these happenings, in time I dozed, for the hour was long after midnight and I had been up since before six tending the stock. How long I dozed or slept, I do not know, but suddenly I returned to full consciousness with a start.

The blanket at the foot of my bed was at it again!

At first I did nothing about it, partly because of sheer terror and partly because I didn't know what to do. Slowly but surely the heavy wool blanket that was kept at the foot of the bed to pull up during the few icy hours of dawn was creeping up over me. Inch by inch it traversed my body, moving

as a worm does—bumping, then extending forward; bumping, then extending. Over and over again, advancing a fraction of an inch each time.

I wanted to move but couldn't; my joints looked as it seemed by the eldritch flow of the engulfing blanket. I tried to scream but couldn't. Not, for that matter, that a scream would have brought help, for I was all alone in Jonathon's house—alone with a creeping wool blanket that moved ever up and up in deep silence.

The blanket end reached my chest. Then apparently as it felt that there was no longer need for stealth, in one swoop, it threw

itself up over my face. The wind of its fall touched my sweating forehead and perhaps it was this that broke the spell.

With a great shout I threw one hand up at it and with the other I reached under the pillow for the knife.

My hand had no apparent effect on the blanket. It was too strong for me. Rapidly the blanket was gathering in folds over my face, tucking itself in about my head, cutting off all air. I felt the panic of a person trapped under water. I fought but it seemed no use.

But then I found the knife. Ripping from above I cut down thru the deadly blanket heedless of the numerous small gashes I gave myself.

Then it was over. The blanket went suddenly limp. With a flick of my hand I tossed it from my face to the floor beside the bed. Turning on the light, I lay on one elbow and stared down at it, still clutching the knife in one shaking hand.

There, crumpled in a heap on the floor, lay a blanket, a Hudson's Bay four pointer, ripped literally to shreds. For a moment I looked down upon it unemotionally. Then the thought came. Try as I would I couldn't erase it from my mind.

I became aware of the blood on my face and that it was slowly dripping from the point of my chin. I must have cut myself worse than I thought, I remember thinking as I arose.

Once up I looked at my wounds, cleaned and bandaged them, then started to put on my clothes. By then the hideous thought had grown so insistent that I had to know if what I but half suspected could be so.

Once dressed, I went downstairs into the kitchen where I poured myself three stiff drinks in a row. Feeling slightly better, but still

with the growing fear, I put a handful of shotgun shells in my jacket pocket and carrying a shovel and Jonathon's automatic shotgun, started on foot for the cemetery where I had had old Jonathon buried with such a wealth of crocodile tears.

The false dawn was past and the sun had just topped the distant snow-capped mountains when my shovel finally resounded hollowly on Jonathon's coffin. I was stiff cold to the bone despite my frantic labor of the past hour.

In a few more minutes I had the coffin cover bare. I took up the shotgun then and checked it to make certain that it was fully loaded.

Now I sit here in the Owl All-Night Cafe writing this. When I came in, Elsie, the waitress, looked her astonishment at me, but I shut her up with a few words and then, contritely, for I was ashamed of my rudeness, asked her for pencil and paper.

I feel that I am losing my mind and want to get this down should I do so. I may turn into a mindless thing, but I want everyone to know that it was not without due cause; that my madness came from the outside, not from within.

As I write, the roar of the shotgun echoes on and on in my ears above the blare of the cafe's nickelodeon. I emptied the gun into Jonathon's grave. I did this over and over again until my pocket full of shells was gone.

Perhaps this makes me a murderer thrice over, perhaps not, for when I opened Jonathon's grave he lay there slashed just as I had slashed the blanket.

I didn't count the still bleeding open wounds, but I knew that had I done so they would have corresponded exactly with the cuts I had made to tear the suffocating blanket of my foster-father from my face.

THE END.





# "A MARTIAN ODYSSEY"

BY STANLEY G. WEINBAUM - FROM THE ILL. BY PAUL



PICTURED BY

**O. G. Estes**

Not the least of STANLEY G. WEINBAUM's many contributions to the field of fantasy was when, in A MARTIAN ODYSSEY, he brought for the first time to science-fiction, alien races which were truly non-human in motivation and culture, to make a CLASSIC OF FANTASY

# THE Electron MICROSCOPE

A TRIUMPH OF ANALOGY

by

**H. T. McADAMS**



JMH

Illustrated by J. M. HIGBEE

In his contribution to AUTHOR, AUTHOR recently, Murray Leinster maintained that science-fiction has foreseen every important scientific discovery with the exception of the Electron Microscope. And yet, the Electron Microscope is one of Science's "Glamour instruments", ranking second only to such scientific darlings as the atom-smashers and the electronic brains.

Mr. Leinster's statement, erstwhile true, is a more serious indictment of science-fiction than he implies, and is

hardly to be excused by the statement that the electron microscope does not lend itself to fictional treatment. This fact is the more true when we realize that the same type of reasoning that gives us much of our best science-fiction gave us also the electron microscope.

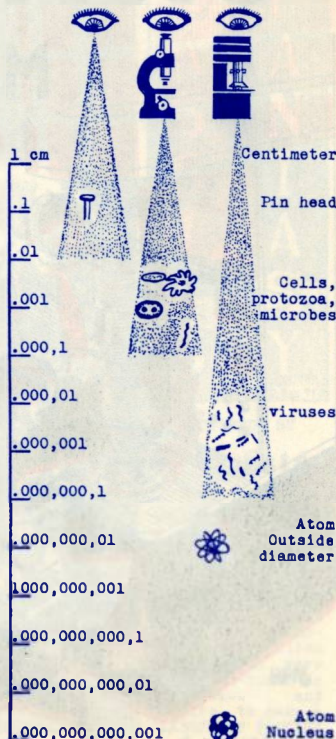
One of the methods of discovery is the contradiction of accepted ideas. Riemann used it when he developed non-Euclidian geometry, and Einstein used it when he advanced the theory of relativity. The science-fiction writer constantly uses it when he builds sciences and societies which, in many ways, are the exact opposite or our prosaic existence.

A second method of discovery, however, employs a method quite different from contradiction. It sees similarities in situations which, to the casual observer, are widely different. The known facts about the one are used to predict the facts about the other. This is the method used by the mathematician when he studies n-dimensional geometry, or by the mathematical physicist when he builds an analog computer. It is also the method used by the science-fiction writer when he conceives of the atom as a solar system, and inhabits its orbital electrons with miniature beings, in mimicry of inhabited planets.

Over a century ago Sir William Hamilton developed an analogy between dynamics and optics. Thru the work of de Broglie, Schrödinger, and others, this analogy has evolved into the modern dual concept of waves and particles and the highly mathematical discipline of quantum mechanics. Light behaves at times like waves and at other times like corpuscles, and in the study of physics it has become almost necessary, as one wag has put it, "to teach the quantum theory on Mondays, Wednesdays and

# VISUAL RANGES

Naked eye      Light microscope      Electron microscope



## THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

Fridays, and the wave theory on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays." If light behaves at times like particles, why should not particles behave at times like waves? And if light can be controlled by lenses, then why should it not be possible to control particles in the same way by something that is the dynamical analog of a lens? The first of these bold questions was answered by de Broglie when he

put forth his ideas about electron waves in 1924. The second was answered by the construction of such instruments as the electron microscope and television, altho it had really been answered many years before by the cathode-ray tube, which was, in effect, an electron lens.

An electron lens bears little resemblance to a light lens, altho its functioning is closely analogous. An electron beam may be bent either electrostatically or magnetically, the latter type of lens having been employed almost exclusively in electron microscopes up to the present time. Consisting of a coil of wire with an iron core or "pole piece", the magnetic lens is essentially an electromagnet thru the center of which the electrons pass. Its strength, or focal length, may be changed by varying the current thru the coil. Consequently, focusing may be accomplished without changing the object distance, as is necessary in light microscopy, and magnification may be continuously varied in the same manner.

The arrangement of the lenses in a compound electron microscope is exactly analogous to that of a light microscope. A high-voltage electron gun replaces the light source, but the ray path is much the same as in a light microscope. A magnetic coil serving as a condensing lens concentrates the electron beam upon the specimen, which scatters electrons according to its density and produces an accurate "shadow" image. This image is magnified by a second coil serving as an objective lens, and a portion of this magnified image is further magnified by a third coil serving as a projection lens. This third coil may also be thought of as the "eyepiece", in that it serves much the same function as the eyepiece in a light microscope.

In spite of the close analogy

### IMPORTANT FORMULAS IN ELECTRON MICROSCOPY

#### THE DE BROGLIE WAVELENGTH FORMULA

$$\lambda = \frac{h}{mv}$$

Expressed in Terms of ACCELERATING VOLTAGE

$$\lambda = \frac{12.2}{\sqrt{V}} \text{ \AA}$$

#### RESOLUTION EQUATION FOR LIGHT MICROSCOPE

$$d = \lambda/2 \sin A$$

#### UNITS OF MEASUREMENT

Micron $\mu$	.0001 cm
Millimicron $m\mu$	.000,000,1 cm
Angstrom Unit $\text{\AA}$	.000,000,01 cm





between the electron and light microscopes, there are several differences of major importance.

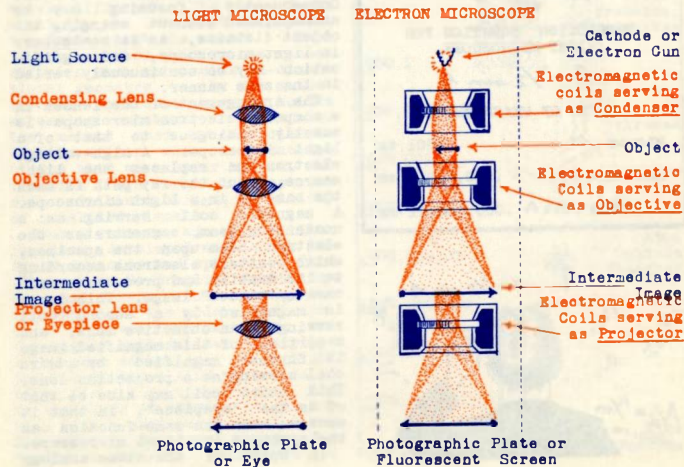
In the first place certain technical difficulties are inherent in the electron microscope. Its entire operation takes place in a high vacuum, and a considerable amount of accessory apparatus is necessary in order to control voltage variations and thus insure image sharpness. Specimens are introduced into the main vacuum system by way of an air-lock, the vacuum being maintained by continuous high-speed pumping.

In the second place, electrons have very little power of penetration, and it is necessary to prepare extremely thin specimens. An ordinary microscope slide, for example, is completely useless as a

specimen mount, because glass is impervious to electrons, as is apparent in any radio tube. For this purpose, a thin membrane of collodion is formed by placing a drop of collodion solution on a water surface, and allowing it to spread out by surface tension. After hardening, the membrane is supported on a small wire screen and inserted in the microscope in this manner. The actual specimen to be examined may be deposited upon the collodion membrane or may be dispersed in the collodion solution previous to the forming of the membrane.

In the third place, electrons are invisible, and some means must be provided for observing the final image. This is accomplished by focusing the electron image upon a

#### ANALOGY BETWEEN ELECTRON AND LIGHT MICROSCOPES



THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE	THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE	ELECTRON OPTICS
Burton & Kohl	Gabor	Zworykin et al
Reinhold	Chemical Pub. Co.	Wiley

#### The ELECTRON MICROSCOPE BOOKSHELF.

Arranged in order of difficulty. The first is easiest to read, the second considerably more difficult and the third only for the expert.

fluorescent screen, which converts the energy of the electron beam into visible light. For a more permanent record, the electrons are focused directly upon a photographic plate, which, like the specimen, must also be inserted into the vacuum system by way of an air-lock.

With all the patent difficulties of the electron microscope, what is to be gained from the use of an electron beam instead of a beam of plain, old-fashioned white light?

Contrary to popular opinion, the answer to this question does not lie in the fabulous magnifications reported for the electron microscope, at least not in the sense in which the layman usually interprets the word, "magnification". Actually, very few instruments are capable of magnifications beyond 25,000 diameters, the reported mag-

nifications of 100,000 to 200,000 being accomplished in two steps, one of which is ordinary photographic enlargement.

Instead, the main advantage of the electron microscope lies in the quality of the image, rather than the size. Microscopists have a term called "resolution" which defines the smallest detail which can be revealed by an optical instrument, and it is this property which characterizes the performance of any optical system.

The most important limitation upon resolution is the wavelength of the radiation being used. When the object becomes so small that it approaches this wavelength, individual points become blurred by diffraction rings which no amount of magnification will eliminate. Consequently, it is impossible to separate individual points if they are so close together that these diffraction effects overlap. The smallest distance by which two points can be separated in the object and yet appear as two separate points in the image is technically defined as the resolution, and is usually expressed in microns or Angstrom units.

Ordinary light, having an average wave length of 6000 Angstrom units, limits the resolution of the light microscope to about 1/5000th of a millimeter (0.2 micron) or 1/125,000th of an inch. Somewhat better resolution may be obtained by using ultra-violet light, by virtue of its shorter wave-length, altho this improvement is nominal compared to the performance of an electron microscope.

The gain in resolution becomes really significant when illumination is supplied by a beam of 60,000-volt electrons, which according to the de Broglie formula, has a wave-length of approximately 0.5 Angstroms. Resolution has been realized by the electron microscope down to slightly less

than 1/1,000,000th of a millimeter (10 Angstrom Units), or 1/25,000,000th of an inch. Incidentally, this resolution is nearly the theoretical limit for such an instrument.

With such resolution available in the electron microscope, it has been possible to largely bridge the gap which previously existed between two sources of knowledge concerning small particles. The light microscope permits the direct observation of individual particles down to approximately 2000 Angstrom units. At the other end of the scale, the properties of the particles of the dimensions of atoms and molecules (less than 10 Angstroms) may be inferred statistically from the indirect study of large aggregates of such particles. The region between, which is not accessible to either of these methods, contains some of the most interesting of all particle phenomena, and it is within this province that the electron microscope has made, and will make, its most significant contributions. The filterable viruses have been found to possess some of the properties of living matter and some of the properties of large molecules, as have also the genes, those building-blocks of heredity. In view of these facts, it is not unreasonable to believe that the secret of life itself may lie within this intellectual "blind spot".

In spite of its significance for biology, the electron microscope has, until recently, found more use in the service of chemistry. For the first time, chemists were able to obtain accurate data concerning the shape and the size distributions of fine particulate matter such as pigments, dusts and smokes, and to study the structure of materials such as diatomaceous earth and fine fibers.

In metallurgy, the instrument was

at first seriously handicapped by its lack of penetration, but ingenious methods have been devised whereby metal surfaces may be studied by means of replicas. One of the simplest of these techniques involves spreading a plastic film on the metal surface, allowing it to dry, and stripping it off for examination in the microscope. The replica is an exact image of the surface detail of the metal, except for the reversal of relief, "mountains" appearing as "valleys" and vice versa. It is possible, however, to make "positive" replicas in which the relief is the same as in the metal surface. A "scanning" electron microscope has also been developed for the direct study of metal surfaces by means of secondary emission when such surfaces are scanned by a minute beam of high-voltage electrons.

Though not strictly a microscopic technique, electron diffraction is a powerful supplementary method of which the electron microscope is capable. Based on the same theory as X-Ray diffraction, this method makes possible the study of the actual arrangement of atoms in their lattices, and is a complete story in itself. In addition to its use in the study of crystal phases, electron diffraction, by virtue of its low penetration, makes possible the study of surface effects such as the composition of the "skins" of metals, which are often quite different from the interior.

What of the future of the electron microscope? Will it ever be possible to see atoms? And what of the ultimate particles of matter—will it ever be possible to see them?

The answering of these questions is partly a matter of physics and partly a matter of metaphysics. It has generally been conceded that the electron microscope has

(Continued on Page 38)

# NIGHTMARE

by

EDWIN R. CORLEY

I woke up to find Louise shaking me, and the sight of her frantic face brought me back to welcome reality.

She smiled.

"I was worried, Joe. You were screaming in your sleep, about—"

I reached out and pressed her lips together with my fingers.

"Don't bring it back to me."

The echoes of my screams still rang in my ears, and I remembered as tho it were real, the awful horror of the nightmare. I touched Louise's arm and the thoughts pulsed thru me. Thank God it was a dream. I shuddered, unable to control the action.

In the dream I had touched Louise's arm, and it had crumpled into dust that was blown about in spiral whirlwinds by a shill wind that whistled up suddenly.

I threw the memories from my mind with an effort that left me weak.

And then the arm of Louise's that I was touching crumpled into dust and was whirled away by the spiral whirlwind that came thru the wall.

She waved the gruesome mess that was her shoulder at me and sank thru the floor.

I SCREAMED.....



Illustrated by  
FORREST C. DAVIS





# Burroughs

## in MAGAZINES ONLY

by Darrell C. Richardson

Illustrated by G. WAIBLE

In a recent article entitled "Scarce As Hen's Teeth", (The FANSCIANT, No. 8,) I reviewed the two rarest Edgar Rice Burroughs novels, "Beyond Thirty" and "The Man Eater". It is my purpose in this follow-up article to mention briefly the other Burroughs tales that have not seen book publication. Among these are a few stories that have had fairly recent appearances in the magazines.

Only three of the TARZAN stories are yet outside of hard covers. "Tarzan and the Champion", a novelette from the April 1940 BLUE BOOK tells of the meeting between Tarzan and the world's Heavyweight Boxing Champion, who is big-game hunting in Africa. Need I tell you that the champ didn't have a chance?

"Tarzan and the Jungle Murders" from the June 1940 THRILLING ADVENTURES is a short novel of mystery with Tarzan playing detective. "The Quest of Tarzan", a three-part serial beginning in the August 23, 1941 ARGOSY, was illustrated by Virgil Finlay. The setting is unusual for a Tarzan yarn, in that most of the action takes place either on the high seas or on Ummal, a small, uncharted island in the South Seas. Here the des-

cendants of the Mayans established a colony in 1004 AD. Here is a "lost race" tale with the usual Burroughs plot complications. (I would like to see all of these published soon in a "Tarzan Omnibus Volume". How about it, Mr. Burroughs?)

Three Pelucidar short novels are yet to be printed in book form. Appearing in the February, March and April 1942 AMAZING STORIES under the titles "Return To Pelucidar", "Men of the Bronze Age" and "Tiger Girl", these tales recapture the spirit of the earliest "earth core" tales. The three would make a small book-length novel and will no doubt appear as a book some of these days.

The latest Martian book, "Llana of Gadhel", was made up from four short novels which appeared in AMAZING STORIES during 1941. However, two more Martian novels appeared in this publication which are not yet printed as books. "John Carter and the Giant of Mars" (Jan. 1941) was an experiment in writing a John Carter tale in the third person. Furthermore, this tale was a rewrite of a "big-little book" entitled "John Carter of Mars", which was published by Whitman in 1940. As an experiment

in telling about John Carter in the third person, it proved unsuccessful. "Skeleton Men of Jupiter" (Febr. 1943) was announced as the first of a new John Carter series. However, Burroughs became a war-correspondent about this time and the series was never finished. Since he has now retired from writing, the chances are that neither of these two Martian yarns will never be reprinted since one isn't worth it and the other is a part of an incomplete series.

Three shorts of a fantastic nature that can be found only in magazine form are "The Resurrection of Jember-Jaw" (Feb. 20, 1937 ARGOSY), "The Scientists' Revolt" (July 1939 FANTASTIC ADVENTURES) and "Beyond the Farthest Star" (Jan. 1942 BLUE BOOK). I would like to see these stories appear in an anthology. However, Mr. Burroughs has always shown a strange reluctance to allow his stories to be reprinted in any form; nor will he allow any of his novels to appear as pocket books.

A couple of the earlier Burroughs novels are quite scarce. Neither have ever been reprinted in any form. I refer to "The Girl From Farris's", which appeared as a four-part serial in the ALL-STORY WEEKLY, September 23-October 14, 1916, and "The Efficiency Expert", appearing also in four parts in ARGOSY - ALL STORY WEEKLY, October 8-29, 1921.

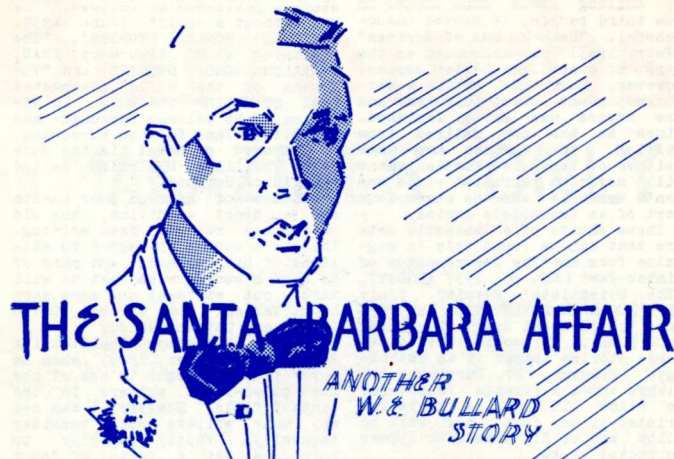
"The Girl From Farris's" is a romantic and melodramatic story set in Chicago's Red Light district, "The Efficiency Expert" is also set in Chicago and is another non-fantasy tale of business and romance in a big city. Because of their rarity, rather than because of their literary worth, these two novels are much sought after by ERB collectors.

It might be mentioned that Mr. Burroughs' sons, John Coleman and Hulbert, have had three fantasy

stories published as follows: "The Man Without a World" (June 1939, THRILLING WONDER STORIES), "The Lightening Men" (February 1940, THRILLING WONDER STORIES) and "The Bottom of the World" (September 1941 STARTLING STORIES). In addition, John Coleman Burroughs and his wife, Jane Ralston Burroughs, co-authored a novel in the July 1940 THRILLING MYSTERIES called "Hybrid of Horror".

Because of general poor health and a heart condition, the old master has retired from writing. This is a source of regret to millions of his readers, and many of us have a secret wish that he will knock out at least one more yarn about Tarzan, John Carter, David Innes, and Carson Napier.

I agree with Edmond Hamilton (in FANSCIANT, Winter 1948) when he says that Burroughs is one of the most under-rated writers in the fantasy field. However, I can see why many writers who consider themselves vastly superior to Burroughs get a taste of "sour grapes". After all, it is somewhat discouraging for them to see this so-called low-grade "formula" writer outselling them about a thousand to one! Seriously tho, Mr. Burroughs has made an outstanding contribution to fantasy and many of his early pioneer works are still classics in my book. In fact I would include "A Princess of Mars", "Gods of Mars", "Warlords of Mars" (considering them as one story) among the ten top fantasy books of all time, placing them beside such classics as "Dwellers in the Mirage", "Out of the Silence", "Odd John", "Last and First Man", "Iron Star", "When---And After Worlds Collide", "The Devil's Guard", "Jiangrim", "The World Below", "Slam", "The Weapon Makers", "World D", "She", "The Star Rover", "The Purple Cloud", "No Other Man" and various novels by H. G. Wells.



Santa Barbara gained some notoriety early in 1942 because of its location in a county selected as a target by a submarine of unknown nationality. It should have gained even more because of something that happened even later that year. But for obscure reasons dealing with security and more obvious reasons dealing with personalities, events and reputations, the story was suppressed. Some two or three dozen people were acquainted with various related facts, but only seven of us knew the matter completely. By mutual consent, we kept it very quiet.

I got in on it by a small series of accidents. First, because I lived in the neighborhood; second, because I knew two or three of the principals; third, because I was born with an inquisitive turn of mind; and fourth, tho by no acci-



dent, because I was most exceedingly interested in the daughter of the principal principal. We are all gone from Santa Barbara now, the above mentioned daughter is not my wife, there is no national security involved, and nobody could trace the past associations of the seven of us. So, here is the story. Naturally, the names used here are not the right ones.

George Jackson was a biochemist who married money, promptly retired from an eastern professorship, and devoted his time to research of his own choosing. He settled in Santa Barbara because of his wife's social ambitions, the mild climate and the quiet atmosphere of a town which did not poke an inquisitive nose into the doings of its citizens. His research was, at the time, on the problem of creating life from inanimate matter.

Alice Jackson was a matron who ran a big home in the grand style; and who proudly exhibited her intellectual husband whenever occasion offered. In spite of his pleasant and somewhat retiring nature, she stood in awe of him. His well-deserved scientific reputation was based on attainments far beyond her understanding. Because she found him thus mysterious, she loved him dearly. She catered to his every need—mostly new laboratory equipment—and never thought of interfering with his studies.

Harriet Jackson, a truly beautiful brunette of twenty, attracted me into the picture. Altho others were also attracted, and more successfully, I stayed in because I enjoyed talking with her father about his work. Perhaps, too, because I often substituted for him as a bridge fourth, and so was found useful by her mother.

George's studies I thought at first to be akin to the search for perpetual motion. But I could not deny his earnestness, nor his san-

ity and brilliant logic. After watching him work, and hearing him discuss his project at various times, I finally was convinced that he had outlined a carefully-planned research program for himself. I became quite interested, and tho I knew little of chemistry or biology, helped him in my spare time as I could.

My field was organization planning (with a smattering of math and statistics for frosting) and I had the title of Chief Technical Assistant in the local office of one of the numerous war-developed alphabetical agencies. I knew just enough to find a strong similarity between George's dissertations on self-continuing organic reactions and the earlier speculations on radioactive chain reactions. Mathematical similarity, that is.

Actually, George talked about self-controlled, self-reproducing, self-catalyzed reactions. As I say, it never did make much sense to me. But eventually he developed one. Since I didn't try to remember big names and formulas, I don't know how he did it. He destroyed his notes; and if I had been so tactless as to ask him, I'm sure he'd conveniently have forgotten. Which is really much the best.

One Friday evening in June, I visited the lab and stood around handing George bottles and test-tubes and various articles by name or number as he asked for them. After a series of pourings and mixings and tests of several kinds, he finally held up a flask full of a milky cloudy liquid. He grinned at me.

"Maybe this is it. But we'll have to let it sit awhile to coagulate."

"Okay," I said, "Do we knit or hold hands?" I thought it was just another dead end trail.

"Well, we could have a sandwich



and a beer. Let's go upstairs and get the fixings." He picked up a couple of laboratory dishes and started off.

I followed him up to the kitchen. The cook was busy preparing fancy sandwiches for a garden party the following day; and all the makings were out in plain sight. George ladled plenty of mayonnaise into one dish, and put a large pat of butter and a generous dab of mustard into the other. I took several slices of bread; then built up a plateful of cold meats, cheese and pickles. We went back down to the lab.

While I manufactured sandwiches, well stacked in the Dagwood tradition, George returned for the beer. We munched and drank. George made a few remarks about the nightmare-causing effects of my sandwiches. I replied that such a stimulus might yet put him on the right track in his research. He turned to the flask and picked it up.

"It's getting thicker," he observed. He spilled a couple of drops onto a glass slide, and sat down to his microscope for a close look. I didn't pay much attention, and started to open another beer.

"Look here!" George called. "You can see the separate agglomerations." I peered over his shoulder into the microscope. I could see a few little whitish lumps of a greasy-looking something.

"So far, it's working. Give me a dish." I handed him one. He filled the dish with nutrient solution and poured a couple of drops from the flask into it.

"Not much more we can do now," he said. "We'll have to wait until morning. It will take several hours to be sure." The evening was not far gone; so I followed him upstairs, hoping to find Harriet free of competition. But Harriet and my luck were both out; and as no bridge games were in prospect, I went home.

Saturday morning I went down to the Kramers beach for a swim and some suntanning. It was really hot. About noon I trotted back to my apartment to write some letters and to get cleaned up for the Jackson's party. Around four I arrived at their estate. (Since it covered not quite five acres it couldn't qualify as a ranch.) Mrs. Jackson was, as usual, demonstrating George to some new friends. I headed for the tennis court, but didn't find Harriet.

George exoused himself from the chattering group around the tables and followed me. When he caught up, I could see something had irritated him. Usually tolerant of his wife's showing him off, he should have been slightly amused rather than upset at this affair. But it wasn't that.

He said that his experiment was ruined. "Some noisy, ignorant so-and-so went into the lab and took that dish we had laid out. The stuff in the flask has gone sour; and several of the materials I used aren't to be had now because of these damned war shortages." This was an unusual mood for him.

He continued at some length, most unprofessionally. Finally he wound up: "—and that was one of the most promising trials so far." I sympathized; and tried changing the subject, first to Harriet, and then to beer.

Since he responded to this last suggestion, we went to the house. After downing a couple, interspersed with more grumpings from George and some radio reports about Jap subs sinking tankers along the coast, I went in search of Harriet again. My competition still hadn't been drafted, and Harriet wasn't around. In no mood for light sandwiches and chatter, both smorgasbord style, I went home to bury myself in an improbable and highly-spiced detective yarn.

Sunday morning, Li'l Abner was in

his normal rut and Dick Tracy was involved in nothing spectacular. I loafed around the apartment. About noon George phoned to say he had found one of his laboratory dishes in the kitchen; and that he suspected one of the family had tried a poorly timed joke on him by hiding his precious test solution. I listened to the radio during the afternoon, getting some music, the regular nauseating commercials, and flashes of war news—mostly bad. I called Harriet to ask about a show date that evening. I had saved an A-coupon; and hoped to cruise down toward Carpenteria in the blackout afterward.

Surprisingly enough, I found her at home, and she accepted. Just before I turned off the radio, there was a local news-flash concerning the sudden death of one of the town's playboys from a mysterious new disease. I remembered having seen him at the Jackson's party, and wondered what had happened. I got my car—strictly lower class, vintage of 1939—out of the garage and had it gassed, watered and wiped at the corner service station and drove up the hill to meet Harriet.

As I parked in the driveway at the end of the long porch, George came out to meet me. He looked worried.

"Did you hear that radio announcement about Loverly a little while ago?" I nodded; and he continued. "Well, just now they announced two more:—Mr. and Mrs. Northwick. They're calling it an epidemic. Harriet said you were coming over; and I know you can help. They were here too. You see, I'm sure I'm to blame. I had no idea it would turn out that way." His voice trailed off. I followed him into the house, wondering what the score was. It was all mixed up. But something was certainly bothering him. Inside, Harriet and her mother



greeted us. Harriet announced she was ready just any time. She looked it, too. I congratulated myself. But George asked them to excuse us, and dragged me off to the lab. He didn't even hear my objections nor see Harriet's pout. I felt I was being made a martyr to science; and I was sure I had better plans. But George insisted; so I thought I would try to calm him, and escape after awhile. That "after awhile" never came. George started right in with his story, and pretty soon it got to me. He was in a mess, all right, and so was I.

After I had left Friday night, George had stepped out to the kitchen for something or other. The cook was still fixing party sandwiches, but had run out of mayonnaise. He asked George if there was any left of the dishful we had carried down to the lab. And George replied that he thought there was, saying it was in a lab

dish on the bench downstairs. Apparently the cook had gone after it, and had gotten the wrong dish. The last few sandwiches must have been spread with George's artificially created organisms. Three people had eaten those sandwiches, and so died. Rather horribly, too, we heard later.

None of the stuff was left for us to check. The dishes had been washed, and the extra material was gone down the drain. The remaining sandwiches had been thrown out after the party. George ended his story with the conclusion that his carelessness had made him a murderer. We went upstairs and turned on the radio; but heard no more reports on the epidemic. Still, we weren't feeling happy. Harriet had gone out with somebody else; but I was too low to notice it then. Mrs. Jackson remarked on our long faces, and asked if the war news was really that bad.

"After all," she said, "Nothing has happened to us here, except those silly submarines shooting the boats up the coast." And so forth. I looked at George, then decided it was time to go home.

It had been hot all day, and there wasn't any breeze. I had a lot to think about, and knew I wouldn't sleep that night. Maybe the next day was a work day; but the hell with it. After I put the car away, I walked down to the beach. The water was quiet and lazy—not a ripple anywhere, and no phosphorescence. I took off my shoes and went wading. The water was warm and sticky. In the mood I was in, nothing felt right. I lay down on the sand to think.

Quite a while later I came to with a start. The stars had shifted considerably. I looked at my watch—it was two-thirty. I must have slept about five hours. I heard a noise up the beach a way; perhaps that was what had wakened me. Curious, I got up and started

walking toward it.

There were voices, some metallic banging, and some splashes. It didn't sound like the beach patrol, altho it was too distant for me to make out what it was. I walked on. Finally I saw some faint lights out in the channel, not far offshore. I had walked about a mile and found that I was near the sewer outlet tube that ran on out to deep water. I stopped and watched the lights, and listened.

After watching a while, I made out the shape of a submarine. It seemed to be stuck, altho the water there should have been deep enough for it. There wasn't any kelp to amount to anything along there, as it was harvested regularly. And I wouldn't expect kelp to slow down any craft much larger than a rowboat. I wondered where the patrol was. Everything was silent along the beach. Pretty soon the lights went out. I heard a couple of splashes again, then nothing.

No more noises; no more lights. Fog came sneaking in across the channel. I couldn't see anything out there. It got cooler, and I went home after fifteen or twenty minutes watching and listening.

In spite of broken sleep, I awoke early in the morning. I brought the paper in and read it while the coffee was brewing. I found out more about the epidemic, but not much. The victims had suffered a rapid high fever, broken out with white blisters, and died within a few hours. Doctors had isolated the organism apparently responsible. They called it a virus out of its size-class, as big as protozoa. But they hadn't found out much about it, for as they studied it under the microscope, it disintegrated.

I went down to work, but couldn't accomplish much. A little later, the newsboys began calling an extra. I went out to get one. And brother! I found what I'd

and heard the night before; and I confirmed George's fears. But only to myself.

An enemy sub had been caught in the harbor. It had been seen shortly after daylight, and the patrol boats had investigated. They beat the bombers to the target, and found the pigboat lying quiet and empty. The water around it was a milky color, but soon cleared up. The sub's officers had committed themselves to their ancestors; and two of the crew were found drowned in toward the beach. The paper stated that these sailors had suffered the same disease that had taken the Northwicks and Loverby. Etc....Etc....etc... But that was the meat of it.

Yes, I know—you never heard of it. Well, the story was suppressed. Only a few papers were sold, for the military immediately confiscated all they could. The story didn't get out. After all, why should we let the enemy know that we had one of their subs in operating order? Or that the epidemic they were accused of trying to spread on us had backfired? That was the only comment I ever heard on it.

And I know the objections you'll raise:—Why hadn't they sunk the sub themselves? How could they have gotten the disease bugs ashore? Where was the beach patrol? Well, sometimes they have girl friends, and so on. Anyway, here is my construction for what it's worth. It's the only complete picture; and you can take it or leave it.

George was successful enough. And the cook did get the dishes mixed. Three guests were inadvertently inoculated with something that grew and grew and didn't stop until it had outgrown its hosts. And the rainings down the sink and into the drain and by sewer to the deep salt water had inoculated a medium what for a short while this



new organism had found much to its liking. The temperature was okay, and there was a plentiful food supply. The water around the sewer outlet turned to a viscous jelly and trapped the sub which was lying there at the surface. The sailors went overboard to see what was wrong; and they too were trapped. The officers saw that they couldn't get away and couldn't sink the boat so they took the honorable way out.

But George's little pet meanwhile began to suffer. There were bugs in the water that could eat it, too. And they ate faster. Something like the Kilkenny cats. And possibly a colder current helped kill it off. Anyway, it lasted only a few hours and finally disintegrated completely. A good thing, too.

The seven who knew about it? The two sailors (though there may have been more), the three guests, George and I. I had to tell George that it was all over. I think he's given up research now.





*Robert A. Heinlein*

# AUTHOR, AUTHOR

## ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

A few years before the war there appeared in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION a group of stories by a new author, Robert A. Heinlein. So intriguing were his concepts and so well written the stories, that he immediately forged to the top in popularity. Reserving his own name principally for a series of stories that all fitted into one consistent "History of the Future", Heinlein wrote under the names of Anson McDonald and Lyle Monroe, among others, to become, like the character in H. H. Holmes' "Rocket to the Morgue", "three of the biggest names in science-fiction."

Bob Heinlein has long maintained many active contacts with fandom. In 1941 he was guest of honor at the Third World Science-Fiction Convention, The DENVENTION.

Pearl Harbor and Heinlein's re-entry into the Navy curtailed his writing. Since the war, however, he has gone on to new fields of popularity. Four of his stories, all in the "Future History" series,

have appeared in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, bringing to a wider group of readers the stories we have all enjoyed so long. Scribners has brought out two of his books, "Rocket Ship 'Galileo'" and "Space Cadet". Published as "juveniles", their craftsmanship has nevertheless made them popular with many adult readers.

Now the entire "Future History" series, rewritten and including a number of previously unpublished stories, will be issued in a set of four uniform volumes by Shasta Publishers. The first volume, "The Man Who Sold the Moon", will be ready shortly.

Heinlein is now in Hollywood acting as technical director on a new science-fiction picture based on his story "Rocket Ship 'Galileo'". As can be seen, all this adds up to a really crowded schedule. The following, started at his home in Colorado and finished in Hollywood, tells its own story and we bring it to you just as it was received from him.

Your request for 1500-2000 words about myself has been sitting in my "action" box for the

past month while I fought a deadline. Now I sit at an empty desk, punching this out, while surrounded

by packing crates, cases of books, suitcases and a trunk—yes, and the inevitable brown paper parcel of things that simply would not go into the luggage.

The point being that, while I mailed off yesterday morning the "deathless masterpiece"—or at least I hope coffee and cakes item—which kept me from writing the copy you asked for, now I am faced with another deadline of a slightly different sort; we must leave for the coast the day after tomorrow.

I go to work as soon as I get there and will not be able to call my time my own for several weeks. This then may well be my last opportunity to provide the requested copy.

I literally do not have time to organize and write a proper article; I don't see how I can accomplish the thousand loose ends necessary to closing a household and moving before the time I must leave, so—I am writing this letter instead. You can print it as is, or you may, if you choose, edit it into a third-person article. You see, as a letter, I know that I can ramble on incoherently for enough pages to fill your copy, whereas an article requires some semblance of literary form. Perhaps your readers will prefer a letter; I usually prefer letters to articles—especially letters with checks in them.

Let's get the vital statistics out of the way:

Born: 7-7-07 Butler, Missouri, in a country house with no plumbing.

School: Kansas City public schools, University of Missouri, U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. (graduated 1929), U. C. L. A. Graduate School (physics).

Served in the fleet: 1929-34, disabled and retired 1934.

Politics, Silver Mining and Real Estate: 1934-39.

Started Writing in 1939, stopped when Pearl Harbor came along,

started again after V-J day in 1945, and am still at it.

Married, no Children as yet. My wife is the former Virginia Doris Gerstenfeld, organic chemist and bio-chemist by trade—and superlative kitchen chemist now that she is out of the lab. She is red headed and quite much of an athlete—four letters in college—and could probably lick me in a fair fight, but I never fight fair, so it doesn't matter. She outranks me on the Navy rolls, which seems to give her quite a bit of satisfaction.

Principal Interests: democracy, civil liberties, fiscal theory, rocketry and space travel, epistemology, semantics, the organization of knowledge, etc.

Principal Aversions: communists, communism and other forms of fascism; astrology and other ways to be mush-headed; department stores and the large, strong women who apparently live in them; people who express opinions without data; those fans who regard writers as their property; mere galley slaves; censorship; blue laws; people who don't vote, etc.

Hobbies: seeing the United States; seeing this planet; seeing the rest of this system (slight hitch on the arrangements on that one; the service is poor); figure skating; reading (anything, including the moist paper around garbage); Walking and a certain amount of listening—more than my associates will admit; dogs and cats; and, to a lesser extent, anything alive, including snakes, wasps, bees, spiders and children; the company of women, and again to a lesser extent, the company of men. (We plan to take up square dancing and skiing next winter but these can hardly be classified as hobbies at the moment.)

This being a letter, with no rules, now seems a good time to say that I am much pleased by the

format and appearance of The FANSCIANT. Furthermore the contents seem quite superior. I particularly enjoyed the article about Will Jenkins. Will is a wonderful guy; I enjoy reading anything about him or by him. I have learned a lot about writing from him and expect to learn more.

Having said that, I should mention some of the others among my colleagues who have taught me to write. John Campbell, of course—there is an editor who really goes to some trouble to bring out his writers.

Hank Kuttner and his talented wife, C. L. Moore, L. Ron Hubbard, Doc Smith, A. E. van Vogt, Jack Williamson, Robert Moore Williams—it would be quite impossible to credit all the writers who have helped me directly; if I were to attempt to list those who have affected my writing through their published works I would have to start with Homer and not stop short of Stanley Weinbaum. Those listed simply popped into my mind as cases where I know of specific ways in which I have copied them or been helped through their graciousness; no slight is intended to anyone else.

You asked about pen names. Let me see—Anson MacDonald, Lyle Monroe, Caleb Saunders, John Riverside, and another one for whom I defy anyone to figure out. You mentioned publishing a list of my stuff; I don't know just what you have listed but I've appeared in BOYS LIFE, CALLING ALL GIRLS and TOWN and COUNTRY as well as more likely places—but my most voluminous writing I am sure you won't list at all: aviation engineering reports, all incredibly dull and most of them classified. Sometimes I find myself slipping into the bureaucratese of report writing from sheer reflex.

Still some more white stuff to cover, I see—I got into writing more or less by accident, wrote

one story, "Life Line", in response to the stimulation of one of those BIG PRIZE CONTEST ads, then threw it on the open market instead of sending it in to the contest. It sold; I stared at the check and asked myself, "How long has this been going on?" I was hooked; I had at last found a way to cook a wolf without having to get up at an early hour, check into an office, conform my ideas to a boss, or be polite to customers.

So I've been at it ever since, save for the years eaten by the War, and I still think it's the best occupation a person can have short of having selected wealthy grandparents. I have only one real regret; before I discovered this pleasant way to avoid honest work the reading of science-fiction was a principal recreation with me. My present occupation has darn near ruined this harmless pleasure. I am much more critical than I used to be and, when I find some good stuff, I am so busy trying to analyze how he does it that I get something less than maximum pleasure out of it.

Still, writing the stuff is a lot of fun. I have tried writing ordinary fiction and found it not too hard to turn out commercial copy, but no fun. In speculative fiction it is a real pleasure to modify the factors, shift things around a bit, and see what comes out.

But let it be understood that I am a writer by trade, for a living. I would enjoy the luxury of sitting back and reading what others write during working hours; I can't afford it. I have a fairly expensive household to support—and have to buy mink coats for doctor's wives at regular intervals. I write for money.

But, being under the necessity of making money, I have stayed in the occupation which let me make money with a maximum of pleasure



in so doing. I like to speculate about shoes and ships and sealing-wax and the shape of the future; It seems a lovely thing to me that people should appear pleased to pay me for what I want to do.

Continued—15 June—I didn't even manage to finish this before leaving Colorado Springs. Dateline is now Hollywood and life is triple-gear. Some Monday I'm going to wake up and find that it's Thursday. I had better get this thing off to you at once; I am rapidly being swallowed up.

Today is almost a free day—an appointment with Chesley Bonestell, a trip to the studio, then an appointment with Forry Ackerman.

So far making a space-flight movie is a lot of fun, but very tiring. We long for the bucolic quiet of Colorado. But, I repeat, it's a lot of fun. We are making every effort to insure that this pic is as realistic a portrayal of what space flight will be as we know how to make it. DESTINATION: MOON (Present production title) will not be loused up with phoney

love interest, mad scientists, stowaways, chorus lines, or anything else that will detract from a straightforward story of man's conquest of space through technology. If it fails of utter realism, it will be a shortcoming of accomplishment, not of effort and intent. I hope the fans will like it; we are trying to give them what they have often asked for—a straight and undiluted science-fiction picture.

Speaking of fans, one of the real profits from having entered this field has been the fans, both organized and unorganized. I have met through writing. Fandom attracts a raucous minority of twerps—sadly true—but it also attracts a vast majority of interesting, civilized, gentle people. I have met a lot of such and hope to meet more of them, discuss the shape of the world with them and what can be done to prevent it.

That's thirty for now—this is what comes of not having time to prepare a proper article.

—Robert A. Heinlein

#### SCIENCE-FICTION and FANTASY STORIES by ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

Title	Magazine	Date
"—And He Built a Crooked House"	Astounding S F	Feb. 1941
"—And He Built a Crooked House"	Astounding S F BBE	Feb. 1941
"—And He Built a Crooked House"	POCKET BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION	
Back of the Moon (Article)	Avon	1943
BEYOND THIS HORIZON	Elks Magazine	Jan. 1947
Black Pits of Luna	Fantasy Press	1949
Blowups Happen	Saturday Evening Post	Jan. 10, 1948
Blowups Happen	Astounding S F	Sep. 1940
Columbus Was a Dope	BEST OF SCIENCE-FICTION	Crown '46
Common Sense	Startling Stories	May 1947
Common Sense	Astounding S F	Oct. 1941
Coventry	Astounding S F BBE	Dec. 1941
Coventry	Astounding S F	July 1940
Coventry	Astounding S F BBE	July 1940
Devil Makes the Law, The	Unknown	Sep. 1940
Devil Makes the Law, The	Unknown BBE	Sep. 1940
Flight Into the Future (Article)	Colliers	Aug. 30, 1947
(with Caleb Barrett Laning)		
Gentlemen Be Seated	Argosy	May 1948

Gold Fish Bowl		
Green Hills of Earth, The		BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION Crown '46
Green Hills of Earth, The		Saturday Evening Post Feb. 8, 1947
Green Hills of Earth, The		BEST POST STORIES OF 1947 1948
Green Hills of Earth, The		STRANGE PORTS OF CALL
If This Goes On—		INVASION FROM MARS PB 1949
It's Great to Be Back	N	Astounding S F Feb. 1940
It's Great to Be Back		Saturday Evening Post July 26, '47
Jerry Is a Man		TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION 1948
Life Line		Thrilling Wonder Oct. 1947
Life Line		Astounding S F Aug. 1939
Logic of Empire		Astounding S F BBE Aug. 1939
Logic of Empire		Astounding S F BBE Mar. 1941
Methuselah's Children (3 parts)	N	Astounding S F Mar. 1941
Misfit		Astounding S F July 1941
Misfit		Astounding S F Nov. 1939
Nothing Ever Happens on the Moon	N	Astounding S F BBE Nov. 1939
(2 parts)		Boys' Life Apr. 1948
On the Writing of Speculative Fiction (Article)		OF WORLDS BEYOND Fantasy Press
Ordeal In Space		Town and Country 1947
Our Fair City		Weird Tales May 1948
Requiem		Astounding S F Jan. 1949
Requiem		ADVENTURES IN SPACE AND TIME Jan. 1940
Roads Must Roll, The		Astounding S F June 1940
Roads Must Roll, The		Astounding S F BBE June 1940
Roads Must Roll, The		ADVENTURES IN SPACE AND TIME
ROCKET SHIP GALILEO	N	Scribners 1947
Solution Unsatisfactory		BEST IN SCIENCE FICTION 1946
SPACE CADET	N	Scribners 1948
Space Jockey		Saturday Evening Post Apr. 26, 1947
They		Unknown Apr. 1941
Universe		Astounding S F May 1941
Universe		BEST IN SCIENCE FICTION 1947
Water is for Washing		Argosy Nov. 1947

#### Stories under the name of ANSON MACDONALD

Beyond This Horizon— (2 parts)	N	Astounding S F Apr. 1942
By His Bootstraps		Astounding S F Oct. 1941
By His Bootstraps		Astounding S F BBE Dec. 1941
Goldfish Bowl		Astounding S F Mar. 1942
Sixth Column (3 Parts)	N	Astounding S F Jan. 1941
Solution Unsatisfactory		Astounding S F May 1941
Waldo	N	Astounding S F Aug. 1942
"—We Also Walk Dogs"		Astounding S F July 1941
"—We Also Walk Dogs"		Astounding S F BBE July 1941

#### Stories under the name of LYLE MONROE

Beyond Doubt (with Elma Wentz)		Astonishing Stories Apr. 1941
Let There Be Light		Super Science Stories May 1940
Lost Legion	N	Super Science Stories Nov. 1941
Lost Legion	N	Astonishing CANADIAN ED Mar. 1942

"My Object All Sublime"	Future Fiction	Feb. 1942
Pied Piper	Astonishing Stories	Mar. 1942
Pied Piper	Astonishing CANADIAN	May 1942

## Story under the name of CALEB SAUNDERS

Elsewhere	Astounding S F	Sep. 1941
Elsewhere	Astounding S F BRE	Sep. 1941

## Story under the name of JOHN RIVERSIDE

Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag, The	N Unknown Worlds	Oct. 1942
Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag, The	N Unknown Worlds BRE	Sum. 1946

Heinlein's entire "future history" series will be published by Shasta Publishers in a set of five uniform volumes under the following titles: "The Man Who Sold the Moon", "The Green Hills of Earth", "If This Goes On", "Methuselah's Children" and "The Endless Frontier".

## THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE (Cont.)

reached nearly the ultimate in resolution unless a radically different approach is taken. Consideration has been given to a proton microscope, which would theoretically be capable of higher resolution by virtue of the greater mass and consequent shorter wave-length of the proton. It is highly probable, however, that the impact of such energetic particles upon the specimen might so change its properties that the resulting observation, if any, would be meaningless.

Here, perhaps, is the logical place for science-fiction to take over.

Perhaps the ultimate particles of matter can never be observed as a result of this vengeance of the principle of indeterminacy. This being the case, we may need to regard such entities merely as convenient linguistic fictions which permit us to discuss Nature but have no real existence. Here, then, is a challenge for the semantically-minded science-fictionist.

On the other hand, assuming that

such particles are observable, there is a still greater challenge in predicting what we will see when, and if, we eventually overcome the barrier.

Fredric Brown, a few years ago, wrote a story called "Pi in the Sky" as a result of a dream—so he said—in which the stars were arranged in geometric patterns rather than in the more or less random manner to which we are accustomed. Numerous stories have also been written about "atom people". Combining these two ideas, and pushing the principle of analogy to the limit, what would be our reaction if, under a super-microscope, the atom turned out to be an exact model of the physical universe as we know it? Could we not infer that other universes exist to which ours is but an atom, and that cosmic intelligences may at this moment be probing our universe with their own super-microscopes? Perhaps Halley's comet, and all the rest, are not the same comets at all, but merely "electrons" obeying the wave mechanics of a cosmic super-microscope.

THE END



It has been said that an author writes best when he uses material with which he is well acquainted. That may, in part, explain why I have written only one interplanetary story, "The Evening Star". Never having been to a distant world, I have, with the above exception, refrained from writing of life and adventure on Mars or Saturn.

All my life, however, I have come into close contact with common people. Being a physician since 1903 and specializing in psychiatry since 1915 has afforded me an opportunity to live with and observe men and women at their best—and worst. Now after fifty-four years of writing it is interesting to note how these experiences have shaded and, in certain ways, dominated my tales.

There are three experiences in the life of every man and woman which are biologically a basic part of all existence. These are (1) Love, which can be defined in at least twenty ways; (2) Marriage, based on one or more of the twenty forms of love; (3) Parenthood, as marriage which may be either legal or biological.

A careful review of my novels and short stories shows that I describe, in more or less detail, forty-three marriages. Some, as in "The Perpetual Honeymoon" and "The Sign of the Burning Hart" are so ideal that they are seldom dup-

licated in actual life. In other tales such as "The Psychophonic Nurse" and "Life Everlasting", the couples are very much in love as many married people are. In still others like "The Tomcat Reforms" and "A Piece of Linoleum", the man and woman appear to marry with no definite emotional reason and remain married because they have simply formed the habit of living together. They may kill each other, but never go to Reno.

It is interesting to note that of these forty-three marriages, sixteen can be considered happy while twenty-seven have an unpleasant ending. These figures are exactly duplicated when the question of children is considered. Sixteen of the marriages result in babies, while twenty-seven are childless. There is not, however, an absolute relation between having babies and being happy, and not having babies and being unhappy. Some of the childless marriages are very beautiful, while parenthood often results in disaster as in the stories "The Parents", "The Mother", and "Unto Us a Child Is Born".

There are exactly forty-eight children in these stories. As one couple ("The Mother") have twenty children this marriage should be excluded in a statistical study. This leaves fifteen marriages resulting in twenty-eight babies, a little less than two to a family,



which is rather typical of American life.

The children described are nearly all babies--and very charming ones who give their parents a great deal of pleasure. Of interest is the fact that only very rarely do these babies grow to maturity in these stories and when they do they are not at all as their parents dreamed they would be. A fine example of this is shown in the tale "Unto Us a Child Is Born".

Since the dawn of mankind there has always existed a definite conflict between the sexes for supremacy. Man has always feared the woman, and woman has always been resentful of the inferior position in which man has placed her. She has constantly struggled for a domination which will enable her to rule, as she once did, in home-life, marriage, and religion.

This struggle seems to have been a favorite theme of mine. Twenty-eight stories revolve around this struggle; varying in length from very short tales like "A Piece of Linoleum" to a full-length novel, "The Eternal Conflict". In these the man is victorious in ten, the woman in twelve, and six end in a draw with the parties living on to continue the fight. In nineteen of the twenty-eight the story ends in the death of either the man or the woman. The man wins in "Tiger Cat", "Binding de Lux", and in the "Toad God"; while the woman kills the man in "The Golden Bough", "Seeds of Death", and "The Mystery of the Thirtythree Stolen Idiots".

It has been charged that the women in these tales are not true to life; that their brutality and callous cruelty is simply a figment of imagination. Such a state-

ment would only be made by those who do not know real life. After serving for over twenty years on the female side of State Hospitals for the Abnormals, I can honestly state that the primitive female outmatches the male in every way, especially in her ability to express her passions.

It may be thought that my view of feminine conduct is based on and biased by my experience with psychotic woman. In rebuttal it can be said that only the abnormal woman exhibits the thoughts and conduct of the actual primitive female. Those outside institutions wear a veneer of refinement and culture to hide their real personality in their struggle for dominance; in institutions all this veneer is removed and the woman reverts to the primitive characteristics which show her inherent, basic personality. This is not a pleasing picture to the Utopian idealist, but, after all, the only one that can be accepted by the scientific psychiatrist.

Yet while I have written largely about this unending conflict, I am never completely happy except when writing beautiful tales about lovely people. My latest adventure in such writing is my novel, "The Romanculus", which will be published sometime this year by PRIME PRESS of Philadelphia. It is more pleasing to write one novel of this type than a hundred sordid tales like "A Piece of Linoleum". But it appears from a survey of over fifty years of writing that I report life as I see it and not as I dream of it.

Perhaps some day I will confine myself to the beautiful in life and love, and write no more true tales of mental conflict. THE END

#### WANTED

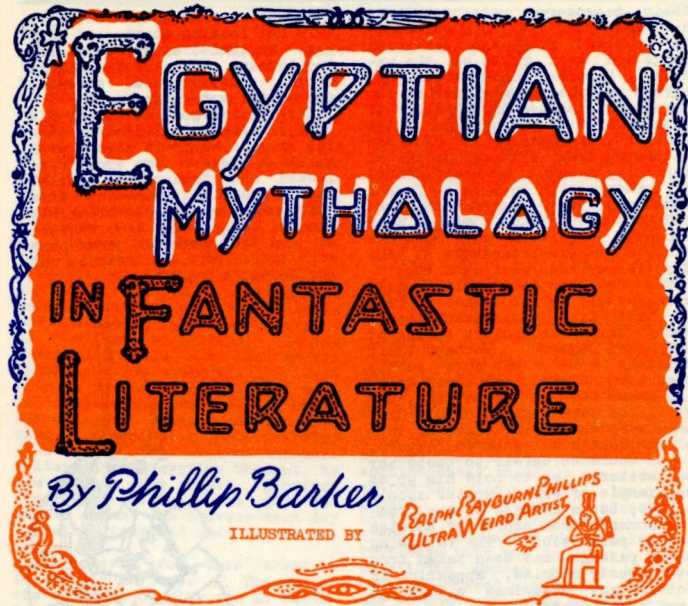
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#### BACK ISSUES of The FANSCIANT

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#### WANTED

Portland 15, Oregon.



Ever since the romantic novels of late Victorian times, Egypt and its mythology have been a constant source of scenes, plots and villains for the writer.

The earliest novels on the subject were written only a few years after Champollion deciphered the hieroglyphics. Thus, from 1840 on, Egypt was used and misused time and again to provide settings for the flowery novels of the period. Some of the best were done in the 1870's by the German Egyptologist,

Georg Ebers. His "Uarda" is still found in most public libraries and even a complete collection of his works is not too hard to come by.

With the coming of the fantasy writers of the late Nineties and the early Nineteen Hundreds, a new school appeared and took over the ancient Egyptians as story material. Their hands were not so gentle as those of the Victorians. The anthropomorphic gods made fine monsters and the best villains; archeologists made fine heroes and

their daughters made excellent heroines for the young scientist to protect from the slaying fangs and evil magic of the undead. Mummies, tombs, treasures, curses and the strange gods of the Egyptians reached their height of popularity with the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen. Endless clutching hands grasped myriads of shrieking maidens as whole armies of handsome archeologists fought tooth and trowel against the age-old mysteries of the tomb. When fantasy solidified as a separate class of modern literature, the Egyptian deities went with it.

The new schools of writers catering solely to the tastes of fans of that type of writing still found Egypt an endless spring of myths and legend. Perhaps their monsters were a bit more subtle than the old style and their writing was not so pedestrian, but still the dark legions of Old Gods bore away their fair share of lovely maidens and lesser characters.

It would be unfair to quote any one writer, or to hold him up as an example of what a writer should not do, but a montage of the crucial moments from scores of stories may be permissible. The following short passage has been taken from over twenty stories, appearing in Sci-fantasy magazines within the last eight years:

"The secret was solved! Carefully Merton rechecked his translation of the hieroglyphs on the mummy case. With trembling hands he drew back the tattered mummy wrappings and looked once more at the still, pale face of the girl within the coffin. He pronounced the words of the manuscript slowly and then waited. A breath of life seemed to brush her delicate features with tenebrous hands. Her eyes opened. Merton stared enthralled.

Suddenly he saw that her eyes were not looking at him but past him. He turned slowly as he saw the looming bulk of the figure there. He screamed, screamed one shrill word—"Anubis!"

The jackal-god advanced, his feet sliding animal-fashion over the rug of Merton's study with noiseless grace. The cruel eyes looked out from the bestial face, red with hatred of this puny mortal who should break his eon-old curse. The jaws slavered and the powerful arms that were those of a man reached out for Merton's throat...."



Now do the Egyptian deities deserve this reputation?

The Egyptian god, Anubis, mentioned above, has been particularly misused. In Egyptian mythology, Anubis is the friend and protector of man. His legions of jackals guard the tombs from mortals who would desecrate them. He is also the friend of travelers and the homeless and the weary.

The Egyptian texts in their sacred books describe him as doing all possible to help man and aid him in reaching the Egyptian heaven—Sekhet Hetep, the Fields of Peace.

Anubis is certainly only one of the most misused. There are countless other gods whose names and characters have been besmirched by writers of fantasy. If the Egyptians could see what modern literature has their kindly, lovable Osiris doing, they might well be tempted to turn over in their sarcophagi. Ammon Re, too, has been turned into a fire-breathing monster by the run-of-the-mill writers. In Egyptian thought, he was always the mighty, glorious Emperor of the Sun, the god who sailed across the heavens each day bringing light and heat to the universe.

The reason for this trend in fantasy is obvious. The writer who seeks a good plot and an exotic background finds both in Egypt. The anthropomorphic gods make fine, ready-made monsters, and the tombs and riches make excellent stages for his actors. Most people who read the stories are properly horrified by the strange, animal-headed gods and the wealth of dark magic of the Egyptians, not realizing that the Egyptian gods were simply a combination of the totemic, animistic beliefs of the earliest inhabitants and the more complex human deities of the later civilizations settling by the Nile. The priests had to find a happy medium to please both the



totemists and the anthropomorphists. The solution was to combine the totem animals worshipped by the early inhabitants with the human gods of the later groups.

In fact, the animals themselves were worshiped by the masses throughout Egyptian history, and the more sophisticated theology was reserved for the rich and the intelligensia. In other civilizations this has been the case too. The Hindus have adapted their religion to please both the ignorant, materialistic masses and the philosophical-minded wise men. Thus, the strange gods were not the creations of monsters, nor were they demons of evil horror; they were simply the priests' solution to the problem of pleasing both the ignorant nature-worshippers and the sophisticated theologians of the later complex culture.

Nor was magic and superstition any more prevalent in ancient Egypt than in most other civilizations of the world. Magic was used by the priests and the populace in place of knowledge, and it achieved very few results. Egyptian potions and medicaments have been analyzed, and they are mainly ineffective. Had they been work-

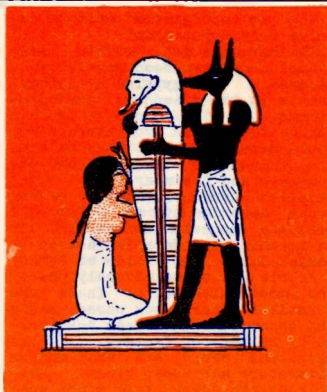


able, they certainly would have been kept up by the priests, but each generation found new formulas for the same things. The old ones were discarded and the new ones were found to work no better than the ones before. An Egyptian scribe in the late dynasties wrote a commentary on the back of an ancient papyrus of medical spells. This little note says: "This remedy was used by me, and it holds no truth. It is an ancient spell but it worketh not. Do ye not therefore wear yourselves out performing it!" His comment is typical.

Mummies and tombs too have been misinterpreted. They were not liches who dwell, forever undead, in lightless caverns below the earth. Nor were they designed to perpetuate life in the decayed carcass, altho the corrupt texts of the decadent dynasties do give that impression. The preservation of the body was believed necessary in order to reach the Egyptian heaven. If a person's body were destroyed, his soul would die with it. The deep, rock-cut tomb was found the best way to keep the body safe from animals and to keep the funeral furniture safe from the tomb robbers. This furniture was necessary in Egyptian thought for it was to serve the dead in the next world.

This question of authenticity in fantasy has arisen many times, and cries of "Why should it be authentic?" and "Poetic license!" have gone up on all sides. The average fan doesn't care if his literature is authentically placed in a real background. In fact, he would be angry if he were forbidden to read stories about life on the moon, since scientists say that the moon holds no life. However, it is because of such inaccuracies that fantasy and science-fiction have been looked down on by the scientific world.

A writer doing a novel about our

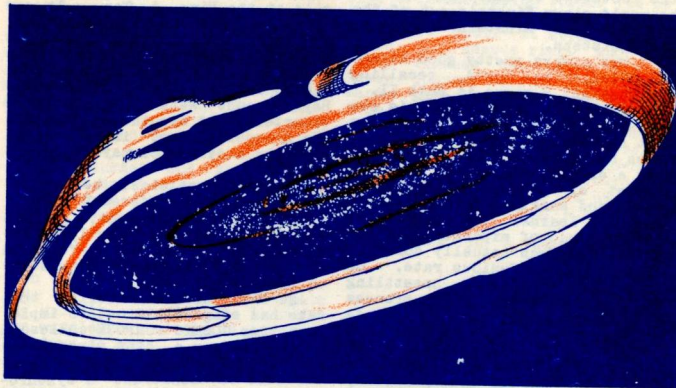


Northwest would certainly not fail to do endless research about his subject before he began. An author would not dare tell his readers in a serious story that all Californians had two heads and spoke only in monosyllables. It is much the same way with stories about ancient times. Backgrounds should be authentic for the sake of adding to the realism of the story. Why should science-fiction and fantasy authors get out of doing research any more than their more realistic contemporaries? The moon is not well enough known to flatly state that no life exists there, but ancient Egypt is well-known, and any writer can add realism to his stories by a quick trip to the public library. This does not imply that the plot should be realistic, or that the characters should be real characters--far from it. A story based in ancient times simply sounds better, more believable, better knit, when its background is founded on fact. THE END

# MY GOD, A SPACESHIP

by J. M. Higbee

Illustrated by RUTH NEWBURY



Even at the tender age of thirteen, Jake D. Gorsey had begun to feel that he was placed on this planet to implement some COSMIC PURPOSE. In high schools his name became a byword on latrine walls, and at the age of twenty he was in the habit of standing on the corners of one of Seattle's busiest streets wearing a fanged set of false teeth he had fashioned from yellow wax.

He soon found that he was headed up a blind alley. After a disastrous experiment with a teal duck

which he led across town on a leash --- he met neither disapprobation nor awe, but indifference, which was totally intolerable --- he became moody and introspective. He moved to a shack outside the city limits, where black poppies and Cannabis zzzzzzz grew in profusion, and became a recluse.

Perhaps, he thought, he was fated to be another Rembrandt or Vermeer in the ineffable COSMIC PLAN. In a creative fervor he covered a large plywood panel with hastily improvised pigments ---

finger nail polish, zinc ointment, automobile enamel. It looked as if it had been painted with fingernail polish, zinc ointment, and automobile enamel.

He pondered the writing of the Great American Novel; but abandoned the idea when he found he had only seventeen sheets of typewriter paper.

With a sudden burst of insight like the glare of a flashbulb, he knew he was destined to follow in the footsteps of Einstein. No --- he would elbow Einstein out of the way, and make Einstein follow in his footsteps.

"I was always pretty good at mathematics," he mused, recalling his straight B-minus in Math II.

Working from theories of his own devising, Gorsey made discoveries that startled him no end. Sometimes he would sit for hours studying a single mark he had made on a sheet of paper, clucking his tongue and shaking his head.

Gorsey learned that this universe, instead of expanding, as many believed, was actually contracting, and at a furious rate. He stumbled across this unsettling fact accidentally, in the process of calculating by his own methods the distance separating the earth and the moon. His first set of figures indicated that this planet's satellite was actually only 17,000 miles distant and 141 miles in diameter. On his second try he found that the moon's distance and diameter had decreased alarmingly from even these surprising figures.

Again and again he made calculations, and every time the moon was smaller and closer than before. (Once, of course, his figures indicated that the moon was several million miles in diameter, and several light-years distant --- which might have given rise to the pulsating-universe theory in his mind had he been unduly dogmatic concerning the validity of his own

calculations --- but, being honest by nature, he admitted to himself that his figures, in this instance, must be in error.)

When he discovered (on paper) that the moon's diameter was now that of a dime, and its distance only arm's length, Gorsey decided it was time to take action. He had no desire to perish with a universe that was dwindling away to nothing at a violent pace.

In haste he purchased a pad of white paper and several soft pencils at the Five & Ten. It was necessary, he knew, to understand the complete nature of the universe before taking his first move. If his apparatus was limited, his mind, at least, was unfettered. Beyond count were the postulates, theories, and hypotheses that his brain squeezed out in neat packages by a system of psychic peristalsis.

If atomic particles, he conjectured, can be considered as intersections of wave-forms, perhaps the solar system is merely an intersection of giant wave-forms in some super-cosmos --- a single atom in cosmic totality!

And the nebulous belief that fate had singled him out to implement some COSMIC PURPOSE coalesced.

Working from a hint given in an old copy of Popular Mechanics, he was able to construct a synchro-meshed polydimensional dynaflexed field of static force operated by neither positive nor negative energy, but by energy expressed by the square root of minus one --- completely imaginary energy. The function of this field was to prevent his body from shrivelling away with the rest of the universe. While the universe dwindled like a punctured balloon, he alone would retain his size!

On Monday, July 19, 1948 --- a mere week since he had begun his investigations into the nature of the universe --- Gorsey strapped

the field generator about his waist, donned an oxygen mask, slipped a flashlight and a lettuce and tomato sandwich into his hip pocket, and, smiling a final farewell to the doomed Earth, pressed a stud.

Immediately, the walls of his room began to constrict about him. Not wishing to be crushed, he hurriedly stepped outdoors. He appeared to be expanding quite rapidly. This, however, was illusion; in reality the universe was contracting in size.

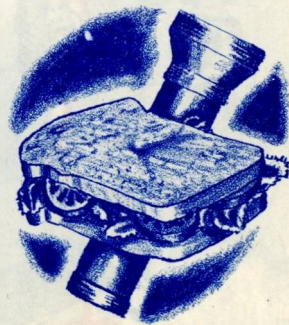
Several interesting and unexpected phenomena manifested themselves. The quality of the light about him was transformed as its wavelengths became progressively shorter in relation to him. Clapping on a pair of polarized sunglasses he had thoughtfully provided to study nebulae firsthand, he quickly turned and gazed at the sun. Its color was rapidly heightening from yellow to white to glaring violet in a sort of reverse Doppler effect. The thought occurred to Gorsey that he was in danger of some rather nasty radiation burns. Turning away from the sun, he began to run speedily in the opposite direction to increase the wavelengths of the light glaring down on him.

Already he towered above the treetops, and his size was constantly accelerating. He now found it difficult to run. The air was buoying up his attenuated form and at every step he sailed several hundred feet straight up. He was making little progress in escaping the virulent radiation. Abandoning all attempts to run, he switched to a smooth breast stroke and swam into the protective shadow of Mt. Rainier. He embraced its gleaming sides until he could recover his breath. He realized that he could not for long retain his grip. His buoyancy was too great.

The energies released by the sun had already gone beyond the visible limit. He could see now only dimly by sound waves; these, too, soon evolved beyond his range. Tensing his legs, he released his grip and kicked with his feet. With one bound he was free of earth's atmosphere.

Fishing his flashlight from his pocket, he flicked it on the earth. His home planet was now about the size of an orange, and revolving with ever-increasing speed. As he watched, the moon accelerated in its orbit until it appeared as a solid Saturnesque ring. Moon and earth flashed away from him on their journey around Sol. The earth gained velocity until it took on the appearance of a tiny roulette ball in a cosmic wheel. He counted over a hundred revolutions before the minute lead-colored sun and its cam-following of planets vanished into the unguessable, in the space of a minute by his watch.

Indulging in a yawn uncounted





parsecs in diameter and endless earth-millenia in duration, Gorsey dozed off.....

He awoke with a sensation of urgency. He had the feeling that the pieces of some ultimate jigsaw puzzle were about to fall into place. He shone his flashlight ahead. In the Stygian darkness a vast object loomed. Between two unimaginably massive mounds a titanic cavern gaped. It was toward this cavern he was hurtling with colossal velocity.

"The COSMIC HOLE!" he cried. "I am in alignment with the COSMIC HOLE!"

A split second later, he recognized his error. The universe was curved; and in his tremendous size he was occupying its totality! He was.....

With a soundless scream he plunged into the aperture and disappeared for all time. It was in this manner that Jake D. Gorsey met his end.



"Ahl  
Junior just cut his first tooth."

## Out of Legend

# The GRAEAE

On the perpetually twilight shore of the river that encircles the world lived the Graeae or Gray Maids, Perphredo, the horrifier; Deino, the terrifier and Znyo, who made men quake with fear. They shared one eye and one tooth which they relinquished to each other only after sharp debate. Sanitation, it appears, presented no problem to the ancient Greeks.

Offspring of the sea monsters, Phorcys and Keto, and sisters to the Gorgons and Sirens, they shared the family misfortunes, being born gray-headed and hag-faced. While this explains the "gray" part of the name, legend tells us nothing regarding the "maid" part. Other sources give them a normal birth and emphasize the beauty of their youth, lost thru the malicious intervention of a less favored Olympian Goddess.

Modern scholars postulate that these ladies are among the oldest deities of the western world, far antedating the humanoid Olympiads. It is interesting, in light of our meagre data, to speculate upon what might have been their divine function before they were deprived of their charms and exiled to waste their sweetness on the salt air of the twilight river, Ocean.

TEXT and ILLUSTRATION by  
**Miles Eaton**





# THE COMICS

## THE RULES

1. The end does not justify the means. Heroes should not flagrantly violate the laws of morality, even for a worthy cause.

2. No incentives toward child delinquency. Cut no patterns for petty crime....Minimize the use of Micky Finns, drugs.... Avoid everything which might remotely suggest that young people might find drinking pleasant.

3. Crime must not pay. EVERY evil-doer must either receive punishment or be slated for punishment.

4. Suggestiveness. Avoid suggestive drawings....When in doubt, stay on the safe side.

5. Don't ridicule institutions or officials. Policemen, judges...must not be portrayed as stupid or ineffective....

6. Death inflicted by a hero. Our heroes generally should not directly effect deaths of villains.....

7. Avoid torture scenes, especially if children are involved.

8. Gruesome scenes, mutilation. Steer away from blood scenes....No splashes of gore.

9. "Supermortal" heroes. Deal carefully with all "super" material. Avoid portraying any hero as a demigod.

10. Avoid name of Deity and by-words. Taboo such ejaculations as "Gawd-a-mighty," "Jeez-a-Cripes"....Avoid exclamatory remarks which small children may copy to the distress of their parents.

## CAN THEY BE ADULT?

The well established institution of the "comic strip" has come in for far more than its just share of attacks. Criticized on the one hand for its alleged contributions to juvenile delinquency, it is shrugged off by most of the more mature as being too consistently "childish" in appeal. Contributing to this idea, William A. Lydgate, writing in the January, 1948 issue of "48", revealed that the more responsible publishing houses work under a "code" similar in many ways to the "Johnson Code" of the Motion Picture Industry. One publisher's code is reproduced in the adjoining column.

While at first glance this code would seem to negate any chance of producing an adult comic strip, we felt that it should be possible within the framework of the code to produce a "comic strip" of interest to those of more mature mind. On the following pages will be found the result, "Angelman".

It is with pleasure that we present this milestone in journalism. No longer will the benefits of this versatile art-form be denied to those of more mature taste. In the following pages, we have proved beyond gainsaying that a strict adherence to this "code of morals" need not emasculate the story to the juvenile level. The FANSCIENT proudly presents ANGELMAN, The Adult (and Moral) Comic Strip.

# ANGELMAN

DEFENDER OF JUSTICE

BY HIGBEE & WAIBLE  
(CONTINUITY BY  
DAY & HIGBEE)



BY UTTERING A MAGICAL 4-LETTER WORD, FORREST J. SCHLUNK, UNEMPLOYED PLUMBER'S FRIEND, IS IN A FLASH TRANSFORMED INTO ANGELMAN, NEMESIS OF CRIME.

THE SMITHS HAVE A FAMILY TIFF...



YOU CAN DRINK YOUR GIN IN THE LIVING ROOM NOW, JUNIOR. MUMMY JUST SHOT HER HUBBY...







NOTES ON THE TRANSLATION OF THE  
MARTIAN WRITTEN RECORDS  
(Continued)

sand hills of 'hpurwa, it appears that the Martians recorded their "written" literature thru the use of a machine. No example of this machine has been found altho it is hoped that one or more might exist in one of the museums which it is supposed still lie buried under the sand hills of 'hpurwa. From hints in the later written records it appears that the machine received the telepathic matter to be recorded on a sensitive magnetic process from which it was compressed into a spacial negative field of high intensity. This field retained the received impressions in the original order which constituted the record matrix. When the playback controls were closed, the conflux of energy was dissipated at a fixed rate in infinitesimal amounts but subjected by some amplifier mechanics to an intensity of several hundred X. Thus the energy stored in the spacial field was good for several thousand "plays".

As can be readily seen, this was an extremely efficient recorder and was probably the only satisfactory solution to the problem of properly recording the Martian's telepathic speech. You know that the Martians seldom used audible sounds for communication. Those of you who have had the opportunity to receive the Martian telepathic impressions will readily understand why, but for those of you who have not been so fortunate I will here append a short resume of the principles involved.

You remember from your school studies that telepathic images carry all the illusions of reality. That is, instead of communicating the word "rose", the image idea of a rose is communicated, hence the receiver of the telepathic image-

idea gets a mental picture of the rose; color, form, external variation; as well as the odor of the rose, the color of its stem and leaves, the background of the rose, such as meadow or forest, or, in the case of Mars, of the low rolling hills that swept up from the ancient shallow seas.

In English we say, "I give you a fresh, dewy, red rose with the aura of springtime on it." A nice poetical phrase, is it not? But to a person of diminished imagination, the phrase conveys little except the idea of fresh-rose. IN Martian telepathic communication the receiver not only gets the impression of a rose but feels in his hand the receiving of it, the weight of the rose, the prick of a thorn, the cool, fresh feel of the stem and leaves; also he sees the rose before his eyes, sees the fresh dew color, the glistening turned petal, the dark red heart like a drop of pigeon blood; he smells the fresh odor, the subtle beauty of the living thing; and in the background, behind the rose, there stands the bright soft mystery of maiden Spring.

So you see, in English, it takes a paragraph of words and a duration of time to transfer a simple idea which telepathically is sent, received and experienced in an instant. What wonder then that the Martian telepathy has the deserved reputation of being so dynamic and realistic. Hence it might be said that the recording machine created an illusion of reality second only to the actual experience. The same effect could be duplicated for us only by the miraculously combined display of words, pictures, odors, touch impulses and the most wondrous of Debussy mood-music.

While this whole system of communication may be said to be a universal language, it does present some formidable difficulties which

if you wish to understand fully, you may do no better than to study that excellent treatise on the subject by Connell MacLair.

Regrettably, there are no known Martian recorders extant. Even the memory of them has long perished with the now near forgotten Sthen-aegi. After creating their last glorious monuments to the beauty of their art and literature, during which time they made the hand-illuminated volumes on imperishable plastic from which we translate, they flung themselves down to mingle their breaths with the lonely drifting sands of Mars.

However, these written books, deriving as they do from the long evolution of telepathic communication, deal strictly with word ideas, often of a startling brevity and precision. If you understand Chinese, this will be rather superficial to you; however, it might be well to run over it again briefly. Like the Chinese, the Martian is a language of ideas, not of grammatical inflection. Each object on Mars has a name. We might call these names "nouns" except that we generally think of a noun as being rather broad in scope to cover a whole series of the same class of objects. Martian nouns are precise with a variety of names for objects in the same class. The different names serve also partially as descriptives. Hence, where in English we use a noun such as "tree", the Martians used several names expressive of such ideas as "blossoming-tree", "twisted-tree", "stable-tree" or "unstable-tree", etc. This is true of any language which has enjoyed a long period of free evolution. It is observable on earth in such languages as Hindustani and, to a lesser extent, Gaelic.

Furthermore, each object-word has an innate quality of being or action. We might call these verbs. In our own language we have a few words of this nature; i.e. we have various kinds of "nets"; also one may "net" fish. "Fish" is another word which serves in both capacities. However, in these usages, some meanings are rather vague. For example: two word ideas used together in this order: "cat-tree"? In Martian, the word "tree" might in this case be either an adjective or an adverb as explained in the next paragraph, but as used here without the connotation of other words, it might be the verb of the sentence. It is pretty hard to try to visualize a cat "treering". (Note: it is not "cat climbing" which would be something like "cat possessive upping tree" which is explained later.) Obviously we must consider here the being or quality of the word "tree". However, when we examine the English equivalents of the cat rooted to the ground, or the cat-planting (its carcass), the meaning becomes clear. You understand that in the sense here used, the Martians would not employ their equivalent to our word "tree". They would use one of their specific words which would denote a state of being far greater than our words indicate.

As mentioned above, the Martians further used the same noun-verb for either adjective or adverb. We do the same thing with a few of our words with the result that we have a "fish-bowl" or something swims "fish(ily)".

From this it will be clear that the Martians have one name-word functioning as four parts of speech, i.e. noun, verb, adjective and adverb. Hence it will be seen that the words are nearly pure image-ideas. A few other word-ideas cause some confusion, such as the images of positive and negative or up and down. We do not ordinarily think of "up" or "down" as nouns; however, in the sense of top or bottom, they may be used in that manner, thus: "go up" (go top), or



"drink down". A little consideration will show that these do fall into a recognizable category, tho not without some ambiguity.

Other written words consist of various conditioners and determinatives, none of which we need to go into here. The word for possessive is worthy of attention, however. This word after any noun forms what in English is the "is" in the possessive. Thus we find something similar to "cat possessive upping tree"—which means "cat's climbing (of) tree". Also there are other discrepancies that are not easily illustrated without the aid of a Martian text. We might add that modifiers, conditioners and determinatives follow directly after the word to which they apply.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Martian language is not only exceedingly flexible and precise, but according to the sel-

ection of words used, especially as verbs, may carry a considerable amount of innuendo.

Using an example in English, we might put the following words together in a more or less accredited Martian manner. These are by no means to be implied as being equivalent to the original Martian words which carry implications which it would take a book to explain. "Life possessive desire upping negative world possessive travail being beauty eternity similarity Mars possessive sands."

or to translate: "Life's desire to up not (above) world's travail (of it) is beauty (and) eternity similar (to) Mars' sands."

or to paraphrase: "Life that has no desire to rise above the world that bore it is as beautiful and eternal as the sands of Mars." (old Martian proverb).

—Professor Kingsborough Reedley

THE FINAL WAR by David H. Keller, M. D. Perri Press, Box 5007, Portland 13, Ore. 1949. 75¢

Writing a page of text around each one of the ten postcards in the Fantasy Art Set, Dr. Keller has done a remarkable job of tying these ten independently conceived subjects into a unified narrative. In the process, he has produced a truly great satire of the whole field of fantasy and sf writing. Every cobbled cliche; every time worn bit of plot or situation; as well as many of fantasy's "sacred cows" have come in for their share of good humored ribbing. Only a master story-teller such as Dr. Keller could have written so satisfying a satire.

THE FINAL WAR has been published in a neatly mimeographed pamphlet, complete with the postcards mounted to illustrate it. Recommended reading, especially for those who take their fantasy too seriously.

NO GREATER DREAM by Joe Kennedy. Spearhead Press, 817 Starling Ave, Martinsville, Va. 1949. 75¢

Of the four stories in this well mimeographed volume, two come close to professional quality.

The title story, a mood piece, failed to stir this reviewer, tho others may enjoy it. The second tale, "Cosmic Visitor", is better, tho suspense is lacking and the ending is obvious.

"The Inquisitor" is by far the best of the lot, containing excellent ideas, well developed. Sole flaw is in the final scene, where lack of clarity takes much of the edge off of a really surprising ending.

The final tale, "The Stars are Cold", is another good story, tho not quite up to "The Inquisitor".

On the whole the volume is worth while, as a collector's item, and for "The Inquisitor".

—Donald B. Day

# S. FOWLER WRIGHT

master of fantasy

by Thyril L. Ladd

Design by

JON ARFSTROM

ONE need but consider nine of S. Fowler Wright's fantasy novels, to realize his versatility—his wide range of subject matter. In all of his stories he shows his ability as a writer, his powers of description, his knack of creating an ever-mounting tension.

Most familiar, perhaps, are the titles "Deluge" and "Dawn". Both issued at nearly the same time, these two books are not, really, to be considered as a tale and its sequel. Rather, together, they compose one story, because in "Deluge" and again in "Dawn", the same great catastrophe presents a stage on which the characters perform. In each book we see how a different group of people react to the ruin of England, when much of the island kingdom sinks beneath the sea. Indeed, in "Dawn", the characters finally meet those of "Deluge", with a conclusion which involves the people of both books. Thus, it seems to me, they are best considered as one story in two covers.

Sharply divergent in theme is Mr. Wright's "The World Below"! Here we have a tale laid in the extreme future, since the hero of the long novel is sent into future time. We have, perhaps, in this book, some of Mr. Wright's best writing, for the theme here is difficult and only masterly execu-



tion, could keep such a theme from being ridiculous. But "The World Below" has this needed touch, and the events and incidents reach a high level of dramatic intensity. The hero's descent within the world of that future day, and es-

pecially his experience in the laboratory, is an adventure ranking high in fantastic writing.

Wright again sends the hero of his book into the future in the excellent title, "The Adventure of Wynham Smith". Masters of nearly everything; creators of efficient machines which seem to have individual life and thought of their own, the surviving humans of this day decide upon the self-destruction of all of them. But one girl and Smith, secretly flee this universal suicide. All the rest of mankind die as planned, but before their end they set the mechanism of a number of great machines, which shall seek out these two who have fled man's ending—seek them out and destroy them. At this point, Wright's book attains terrific tenseness and excitement, as the last pair of humans flee hither and yon about the deserted world, ever pursued by the remorseless, vengeful machines.

"The Island of Captain Sparrow" shall be mentioned but briefly, since it has so recently seen republication in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. Suffice it to say that here is another and different plot—an island where evolution has stumbled a bit—and we read of strange birds, humans of waning intelligence, satyrs—and of the remnant of a few superior beings.

"Power" is utterly different. Here the government of England is set aside, and strange days come to pass in London and other English cities. It is, decidedly, the least bizarre of the nine novels we are reviewing.

Two of Wright's novels touch upon the "lost race" theme, but they are far from being what is usual in this type of tale. "The Hidden Tribe" is a real thriller, with its account of a hidden people, living under the sands of the desert. Here is the last of a long line of autocratic kings, and the

adventures which befall the two girls and the man (of our civilization) among this proud and secretive people, are indeed breathtaking.

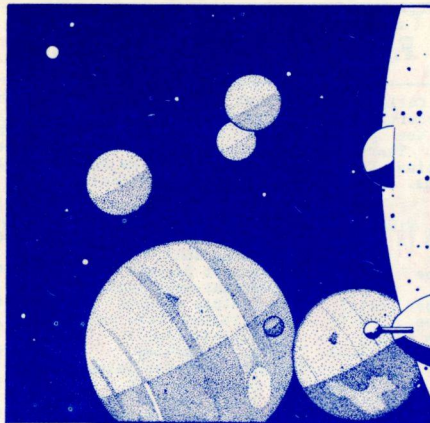
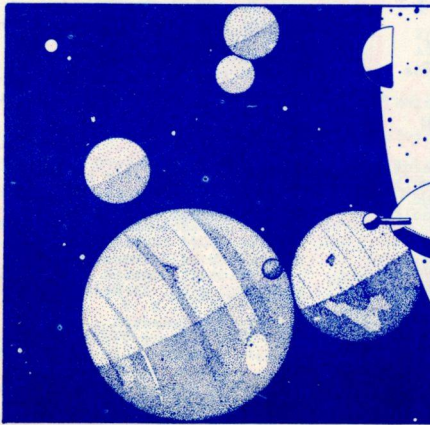
The other novel of the "lost race" motif is "The Screaming Lake". One of its most fascinating features is the flight thru the tree-tops by the girl and the hero, who find themselves lost in the jungle-wilderness. Here again Wright tells of a lost city, with its proud monarch, interested in keeping knowledge of his kingdom's existence from the world. Another thrilling story, replete with adventure.

Wright then offers a tale of prehistoric character. The heroine of it (a modern girl) is cast back in time to that day. This type of tale is not a very popular one with this reviewer, but so beautifully done is the novel, so exciting are the events, so logical its conception, that it must be admitted that it is one of the great stories of this type. Even the reader to whom a prehistoric tale is anathema, can read this one with pleasure and satisfaction. The title is "Dream, or The Simian Maid".

These nine titles do not represent, of course, Mr. Wright's total output. There are others—such, for example, as his excellent "Vengeance of Gwa" (another prehistoric, well-done, but not in this reviewer's opinion as fine as "Dream"). He has also written many short stories (such as "Justice", "The Rat", "The Automaton", etc.), for Wright is a prolific author. But I believe that the nine titles here chosen for review adequately present his excellent versatility and give explanation to the fact that he is one of fantasy's most desirable writers. To him must go the accolade as being one of the genre's great authors.

THE END

JUPITER AND ITS MOONS — SHOWING TRANSIT OF SATELLITE V



For those of you unable to afford the \$3,000,000.37 Credits necessary for a trip into space, we present this series of three-dimensional photographs showing the various planetary bodies just as they appear from the excursion ship in deep space. These photos were taken by Jan Skrzynski on ultra-high contrast infra-red film, the only emulsion not subject to Cosmic Ray fogging. From the signal ship near Satellite VI you can see Callisto, Europa, Io, V, Jupiter, Ganymede, VII and VIII in the order named.

TO USE: Hold the picture about six inches from your eyes and imagine you are looking thru the picture at the farthest star in space. Slowly move the picture away from your eyes, still keeping them on the distant star. At approximately one foot's distance, the two images should fuse, the better results will be obtained at a greater distance. The apparent large size of the moons as seen from the pilot's cabin is due to the lack of familiar reference points in space. Note that distant stars do not show parallax.



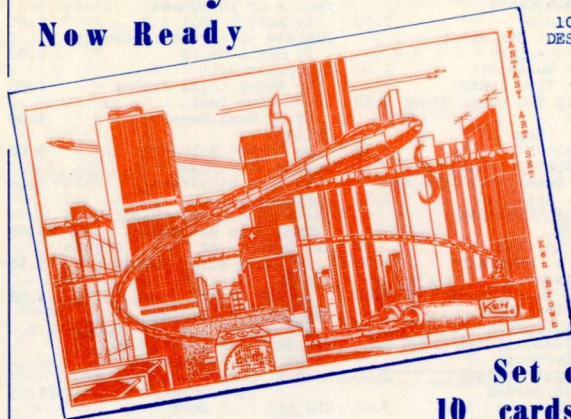
## Checklist of FANTASY BOOKS In Print

All data in the following Check List has been furnished by the publishers themselves, shortly before press time. Once more this listing is incomplete, ten publishers having failed to return the reply cards sent them. Therefore as we announced in the last issue, we are forced to discontinue this department, the value being greatly reduced by incompleteness. This will be its last appearance.

ARKHAM HOUSE, Sauk City, Wisc.	Skull-Face and Others (coll)	
The Arkham Sampler, 1948 (4 iss.)	by Robert E. Howard	5.00
ed. by August Derleth	*Something Near	
Best Supernatural Stories	by August Derleth	3.00
by H. P. Lovecraft	This Mortal Coil (coll)	3.00
Carnacki, The Ghost Finder (coll)	by Cynthia Asquith	3.00
by William Hope Hodgson	The Traveling Grave and Other	
The Clock Strikes Twelve (coll)	Stories (coll)	
by H. Russell Wakefield	by L. P. Hartley	3.00
Dark Carnival (coll)	The Web of Easter Island	
by Ray Bradbury	by Donald Wandrei	3.00
Dark of the Moon: Poems of	West India Lights (coll)	
Fantasy and the Macabre	by Henry S. Whitehead	3.00
ed. by August Derleth	Witch House	
The Doll and One Other	by Evangeline Walton	2.50
by Algernon Blackwood	CARCOSA HOUSE, 774 Calhoun Drive,	
Fearful Pleasures (coll)	Los Angeles 2, Calif.	
by A. E. Connard	Edison's Conquest of Mars	
The Fourth Book of Jorkens	by Garrett P. Serviss	\$3.50
by Lord Dunsany	COSMOS PUBLISHING CO., 475 Fifth	
Genius Loci and Other Tales (coll)	Ave., New York 17, N. Y.	
by Clark Ashton Smith	A Date With Destiny	
The Hounds of Windalos (coll)	by Jerry Walker	\$2.75
by Frank Belknap Long	Forthcoming:	
The House on the Borderland	Abul-Fath, Father of Conquest	
and Other Novels (coll)	by Clement Reinhold (Oct. 1), 2.50	
by William Hope Hodgson	CROWN PUBLISHERS, New York	
The Lurker at the Threshold	The Best of Science Fiction (anth)	
by H. P. Lovecraft &	ed. by Groff Conklin	3.50
August Derleth	A Treasury of Science Fiction	
Nights Black Agents (coll)	ed. by Groff Conklin (anth)	3.00
by Fritz Leiber, Jr.	DOUBLEDAY & CO., 14 West 49th St.,	
The Night Side: Masterpieces of	New York 20, N. Y.	
the Strange and Terrible (anth)	Adrift in a Boneyard	
ed. by August Derleth	by Robert Lewis Taylor	\$2.50
Not Long for This World (anth)	Alice's Adventures in Wonderland	
by August Derleth	(facsimile edition)	
Revelations in Black (coll)	by Lewis Carroll	1.50
by Carl Jacob	Flying Wing Mystery (juveniles)	2.00
Roads (ill. by Virgil Finlay)	by Alan Gregg	
by Seabury Quinn		

## fantasy POSTCARDS

### Now Ready



10 PRIZE  
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Grossman  
Pederson  
Phillips  
Berry  
Brown  
Eaton  
Estes  
Kroll

Set of Day

10 cards 50¢

2 sets 75¢, 3 sets \$ 1  
Additional sets ordered  
at the same time 25¢

When DAVID H. KELLER, M. D.

saw the cards, he was inspired to write:

## THE FINAL WAR

a ten page story, each page of which is illustrated by one of the postcards. The cards were designed independently, Jr. Keller has done a remarkable job of tying them all into one unified narrative. THE FINAL WAR is being published in a mimeographed pamphlet, with blank pages to affix the cards with the cards inserted, you have a beautifully illustrated story as well as an album to keep the cards for your collection. Edition limited to 100 copies. PRICE: without the CARDS, 25¢. with the cards inserted, 75¢.

PERRI

PRESS,

Box 5007, Portland 13, Ore.

Only a few left!

Haunted Airways (juvenile)		Out of the Unknown (coll)	
by Thomson Burtis	1.00	by A. E. van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull	3.00
the lives and times of archy and mehtable		People of the Comet	
by Don Marquis	2.50	by Austin Hall	2.00
Paul Bunyan and His Great Blue Ox (juvenile)		Planets of Adventure (coll)	
by Wallace Wadsworth	2.00	by Basil Wells	3.00
Travelers in Time (anth)		The Radio Man	
ed by Philip Van Doren Stern	3.50	by Ralph Milne Farley	2.50
<b>Forthcoming:</b>		The Hadium Pool	
The Big Eye (Sep. 15)		by Ed Earl Repp	3.00
by Max Ehrlich	2.50	Triton	
The Liberation of Manhattan		by L. Ron Hubbard	3.00
by Edmund Demaitre & (Nov 10)		Worlds of Wonder	
Mark J. Appelman	2.50	by Olaf Stapledon	3.00
<b>FANTASY PRESS, Box 159, Reading, Pa.</b>		<b>Forthcoming:</b>	
Beyond This Horizon		The King Slayer (Sept.)	
by Robert A. Heinlein	\$3.00	by L. Ron Hubbard	3.00
The Black Flame		The Omnibus of Time (Oct.)	
by Stanley G. Weinbaum	3.00	by Ralph Milne Farley	3.50
Darker Than You Think		The Hat Race (Nov.)	
by Jack Williamson	3.00	by Jay Franklin	3.00
Divide and Rule & The Stolen Dormouse		<b>FREDERICK FELL, INC.,</b>	
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