

# the FANSCIENT

25 ¢

No. 12

SUMMER, 1950



Three years and 400 pages ago, we brought out the first issue of **THE FANSCIENT**. This issue completes the third year, and just under the wire too, as it's nearly three months late. For this I decline to apologize as only one who was idiot enough to accept the chairmanship of a world sf-con would be putting out an issue even now. Those few who have been the chairmen or work-horses of past cons will know what I mean---the rest of you will just have to imagine as best you can.

Even now, there would be no issue save for the valiant efforts of Miles Eaton, who with his wife, Betty, prepared much of the copy for publication and Jim Bradley, who nobly assisted in the final preparation of the issue. Incidentally, Jim's fanzine, **DESTINY**, is going lithoed with its second issue, ready now. 16 lithoed Fanscient-sized pages for 15¢. Order from Jim Bradley, 545 NE San Rafael St., Portland 12, Ore.

After reading Anthony Boucher's autobiography in the **AUTHOR, AUTHOR** department, I'm sure you'll be ready to come up to the **NORWESCON** where Tony will be present as Guest of Honor. He's well worth meeting, not only because he's a swell guy, but for his knowledge of fantasy and his ready flow of ideas. Come on up and find out for yourself.

Phil Barker's "---and the Strong Shall Inherit" presents a really new switch on the "surprise ending", an ending that is even a complete surprise to Phil. He washed his hands of it when no-one liked either of the two endings he wrote for it. Miles Eaton persuaded him to let me have a look at it---and I liked everything about it but the ending. Miles and I kicked ideas around for a while and came up with an one which I wrote into a new ending for the story. If you like the story, thank Phil---if you don't like the ending, blame me.

Col. David H. Keller has prepared an index to his fanzine writings, to supplement the **AUTHOR, AUTHOR** index in **FANSCIENT** No. 5. Together, the two lists cover his entire published output. The list is printed on the center pages so that it can be removed for filing with the other without seriously damaging the rest of the pages.

I always swore that if the time came when I couldn't maintain a regular schedule, I'd drop the whole thing, but now that it is upon us, I haven't the heart. Much as it pains me, **THE FANSCIENT** is going irregular. What the "irregular" means, you know as much as I do. The thing is that between preparing for the **NORWESCON**, general fanactivity and **THE FANSCIENT**, I've had to defer too many other things till they've piled up on me. There are repairs and remodeling to be done to the house and a number of other things I want to do. My plan is to continue **THE FANSCIENT** as what it started out to be, a hobby. To maintain a regular schedule, it would be necessary to let other things go to get it out at times. Doing it for fun, in my spare time, I can do a better job and enjoy it more. At times there may not be an issue for months---again, I may run into a spell with not much else to do and turn out issues every couple of months. Anyway, you'll see the next **FANSCIENT** when it gets to you.

The Labor Day Date of the **NORWESCON** draws on apace. Hope I can see you all there for the time of our lives.

Volume 4,  
Number 2.

# the FANSCIENT

Whole Number 12  
SUMMER, 1950

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Advertising \$5 per page.

**THE FANSCIENT** is an amateur magazine published for those interested in science-fiction and fantasy literature. No payment is made for material used beyond a copy of the issue containing such material. Stories and articles pertaining to the field are welcome with preference given to shorter material.

# UNBELIEVITUDINOSITY

by John & Dorothy de Courcy

HE WAS NOT LARGE, nor hirsute, but his carriage was dignified and commanding as he walked to the speaker's platform. He faced the august body slowly, then began to speak in a clear voice that was picked up and augmented by the Sonodynes until Demosthenes himself would have felt a touch of envy.

"My fellows and members of the 672 Solcon. As was agreed at the 671 Convention exactly one terran year ago this day, the Project was begun. With the assistance of the committee, we constructed the Temperostat and injected my personality almost 700 terran years back into the body of someone whom we did not at that time know but whose PSK rating would be, we knew, virtually identical with my own. The purpose of the Project, as most of you know, was to observe and meet, if possible, our great founders and historic leaders, those almost legendary figures to whom we pay homage and devotion at these annual Conventions. I shall now make my report on the Project."

He paused, significantly, and the already tensely quiet hall became even more profoundly silent.

I first found myself in a small room but had no time for observing for I had to subdue almost at once the tenant of that body. The task was easier than you might imagine. That first day was more than difficult, but within twenty four

hours, I was in possession of the date, my identity, and many other necessary bits of knowledge. I found it possible to tap the accumulated memories and shortly, as far as anyone could tell, I was a normal citizen of that era.

I found that I was J. Moses Higbee, itinerant cartoonist. Most people knew me as Moe. Fortunately, I could only be drawn to someone virtually a brother in thought, so I was not surprised to learn that I was already a member of the famous body, whom we know as the founders of our great philosophy, the NORZZCON; except that I found the

## UNBELIEVITUDINOSITY

name to be pronounced NOR-WES-CON and our subsequent name a corruption.

I realized I should have to watch for other such alterations in pronunciation and be ever alert to draw on the accumulated memories of Moe Higbee, friend of Plumbers. This latter term still confuses me.

We have only the fragmentary scrap of the original charter which mentions someone as a plumber's friend, and I have no reason to doubt that this person whose name is obliterated was, in truth, Moe Higbee.

Altho I knew when and where the celebrated event, NORZZCON, was to

Illustrated by J. M. HIGBEE

"I shall do a surpassing job with the crud, sir"





take place, it was with excitement rather than trepidation that I attempted contact with the legendary leader, Donda, known by his intimates of the time as Don. His first words thrilled me over the quaint instrument called Telephone.

"It's your nickle."

"This is Moe," I said measuredly.

"Hello Moe, what'ya know?" Donda replied.

"In view of the fact that you are the august chairman of the NORWESCON, I deem it advisable to place myself at your disposal for any final eventualities." I strove to sound dignified but did not succeed well for Donda replied,

"What's this; dialect yet? Of course I need you! Get the hell over here to the hall! Where have you been all day? And leave the bottle behind,—unless, of course, it's full."

"My heart is filled with delight," I hastened to say. His next words were unintelligible and he terminated the conversation.

In due course of time, I reached the hall where the historic EIGHTH CON was to be held, its full name, amazingly, the Eighth World Science Fiction Convention. Some of the words are vague in meaning but no matter. Donda greeted me at the door where I stood with my headpiece held reverently in my hand. With gusto and that spirit of comrade that has become a living tradition, he said, "Wipe that stupid smirk off your face and get busy hanging this crud on the walls!"

I stepped forth boldly. "I shall do a surpassing job with the crud, sir."

He compressed his lips. "One of us has been working too hard."

"I am bursting with energy and fired with zeal to do my part in this great affair," I said humbly.

He responded with a long-forgotten cheer; stirring words I'll not soon forget for they refer not

only to our creed but to protection from radio-activity in the beginning of the atomic age. "Well, come on! Let's get the lead out!"

I mailed up numerous festoons and applied myself diligently to many tasks, minor ones to be sure. The night passed away in a fever of activity which was made bearable by a liquid stimulant. After several samples of the stimulant, my mind, unsuited to the more primitive conditions, surrendered itself, tho I recollect reverently singing with the group, as dawn was breaking, a hymn whose words I cannot remember but which were quite inspiring at the time.

After some self-conditioning and food, I returned to the great hall where I was greeted with good cheer.

"Here comes Dopey now," someone remarked.

"We're about to begin. Try to look dignified," someone murmured as I entered.

"Go up and sit down by Don," another prompted.

I made my way thru the assemblage to the platform on which sat many of the illustrious great. Donda graciously introduced me to Onri Cutna and I was overwhelmed at meeting the second of our great Triumvirate. And then I could hardly contain myself when I faced and even spoke to the third member, OOGA Ginsbug. I cannot describe to you my emotions at that time.

I met many others; Keith Hammond, Lewis Padgett, Lawrence O'Donnell, and finally came the most exciting experience of all. I spoke only a few words to him, but his brilliance and keen insight were apparent the moment I saw him. It was Geosmith.

The electrified audience gasped but the speaker continued, unheard.

"As I sat reading the program in my hand, I noticed a vague lightness about my body, a tenuosity.

At first, I thought it to be the stimulant of the night before, but then, I realized with dawning horror what was wrong. For while at this convention the Great Charter was drawn up and dedicated to Beer, the only true Ghod, and the assemblage swore by Beer never to desert the tradition of supreme enlightenment thru unstinting devotion to philosophic refinement; while I had seen the memorable faces of our founders, they had not seen me. The terrible fact is that Moe Higbee never existed!"

"If only I had never read the program and seen the fateful clue, I could have reported the rest, but as soon as I realized that the body I inhabited didn't exist, I was forced to return to our time. We tried the thermostat again and again but never were able to reach the noble era, nor anything else.

Perhaps a clue lies in the fact that the thermostat, like Moe Higbee, doesn't exist. Nor do I. Nor do any of us. For I saw on the program—the Demonstration." Unbelieving eyes stared at the speaker.

"Legend tells us that the Demonstration was cancelled after a test of the especially constructed atomencephaloscabulator showed that under full operation the whole Solar System would be destroyed. But it was not cancelled nor taken from the program as we have believed. The truth is, like it or not, it WAS on the program and the Solar System was destroyed, and we, the 672 SOLCON are imaginary, hypothetical and impossible. Why, Gentlemen, there wasn't even a NINTH World Science-Fiction Convention!"

THE END

THE DREAMING JEWELS by Theodore Sturgeon. Greenberg: Publisher, New York. 1950 218 pages. \$2.50

In choosing Theodore Sturgeon's first novel for their initial venture into the field of science-fiction, GREENBERG: PUBLISHER has indeed been fortunate. Here is a book that will appeal alike to the seasoned fantasy fan and to the reader who is new to the field.

"The Dreaming Jewels" first appeared in the February, 1950 FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. The book version has been considerably rewritten, with new material added and a whole new ending.

This is the story of Horty Bluett, a founding who runs away to find, among the "strange people" of a carnival sideshow, that he is not quite human, but rather more.

His strange path takes him from Kay Hallowell, the neighbor girl who gave him sympathy and friendship when others turned from him, to Zena, beautiful and wise—and

four feet tall. His friends include Havana and Bunny, carnival midgets, and Solum, the Alligator-Skinned Man, "the ugliest human in captivity". He meets "The Man-Eater", who hates all humanity and uses the "dreaming jewels" against mankind. Finally Horty's destiny leads him back to the scenes of his childhood where his path again crosses those of Kay and of his adopted father, Armand Bluett. Early in the story Horty loses three fingers. His pursuit of the knowledge of why they grew back, and the powers that developed from that knowledge form the backbone of the tale.

It is a credit to any writer when he can take so many strange characters and make them live, believably. That Theodore Sturgeon has succeeded so well in this, is due in no small part to the incredible range of his own life—familiarity with carnivals; with music, which plays an important part in the story; and with a thousand and one

strange by-ways of life in our times. But then, it is this same breadth of experience, wrought in his exquisite style, which gives to Theodore Sturgeon's tales that inimitable flavor that has made him a favorite of all who know his work.

In the original magazine version, the ending was somewhat less than satisfactory to many readers. For the book, the ending has been entirely rewritten. This reviewer found the new ending much more satisfying.

Since this book, due in September, was reviewed from page-proofs, I can say nothing about the binding, but the typography is attractive and easy to read. To my mind, this is an ideal title for hard covers. Not only will the dyed-in-the-wool fan enjoy it, but its treatment and story value make it an ideal introduction to science-fiction for those who have not previously been acquainted with it. "The Dreaming Jewels" will send many first-time readers back for more science-fiction.

—Donald B. Day

**FIRST LENSMAN** by Edward R. Smith, Ph.D., Fantasy Press, Reading, Pa. Ill by A. J. Donnell. 1950 \$3.00

This is the saga of the first Earthman to go to Arisia and there receive a "lens" from Mentor, the mental fusion of the four Arisian Moulders of Civilization. Virgil Samms, the man whose story this is, is the driving, guiding genius who visualizes not only the need for, but the actual constitution and construction of a Galactic Patrol. He is "Samms the Crusader", who forges an arm that can face and successfully overcome the tremendous and far-reaching inimical influences which plague those individuals, governments and civilizations who are in favor of democracy.

(Continued on page 25)

## Out of Legend BADB-CATHA

THROUGH ancient Irish myth move the shadowy figures of 3 battle furies. Even their names are obscure, Macha, Badb, Morrigan and Annan—names often interchanged. Called Scold-crows or Battle Crows, they haunted the field disposing of the slain in inimitable fashion.

Macha was an avid hobbyist, having a fine collection of heads which she hung on a lance known as Macha's mast. History is not clear as to their subsequent disposal.

Morrigan propositioned misogynist Cuchulainn but was rejected. She pursued him in the shape of an eel, wolf & heifer, finally consoling herself with The Dagda who was the central figure of an older theology.

It is not strange that these battle demons should be female, for ancient Irish women always accompanied their men to battle and ancient heroines are all warriors. However, Macha, while pregnant, was forced to race king Conchobar's horses. She won but gave birth to twins which amused the observing warriors. She cursed all Irish with the weakness of pregnant women at crucial moments. This prompted the lines of the bard:

"They rode forth to battle—  
But they always fell."

Text and illustration. . . . .  
by MILES EATON





# the first men on the moon

By

FORREST J. ACKERMAN

"I claim the Moon in the name of the United States and of the peoples of the world." It is Dr. Charles Cargraves speaking, atomic

physicist #1 of the year 1960; he has just crossed 240,000 miles of space—not without mishap—in a silvery 150' rocket. At one time his three companions were fearful he might become the first corpse lost in the void, rather than the first man to set foot on our satellite. And I was there during those breath-taking moments when the rescue in space was effected.

How did I accomplish it? No, not by a time machine, and not via Vicarion, but by a pass to a Hollywood studio. You see, George Pal Productions has recently completed filming—in technicolor—an amazing interplanetary motion picture called **DESTINATION MOON**. It's adapted from a popular book by Robert A. Heinlein, author of "Ordeal in Space", "The Black Pits of Luna", "Red Planet" and other outstanding interplanetary yarns.

The day I visited the set (constructed at a cost in excess of \$25,000) photographers from **LIFE** and **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** were busy snapping pix. For **The FANSCIANT**'s readers, I got the two accompanying photos. The cover picture, showing the space-suited figure on the tail of the rocket, was not intended for release because, as you will notice, all the stars are not out in the sky, and furthermore, he's got his "pants cuffs" rolled up and is wearing ordinary shoes! When you see the scene on the silver screen, the full complement of stars will be scattered about in the background; and when you see the rocketeer at full-length, he will be gripped to the hull of the ship by boots equipped with magnetic soles (in reality rubber suction cups).

Many star celebrities turned up to see this scientifilm in the making. William Cameron Menzies, director of "Things to Come", was there; A. E. (Slim) Vogt; Henry Kuttner with his wife, Catherine Moore; R. S. Richardson of the Mt.

Wilson Observatory; as well as Russ Hodgkins, Jean Cox and other prominent LA fans.

Author Heinlein himself designed the moon rocket, one of the miniature models of which took a week and a half to build, at a cost close to \$600. The lunar landscape (the crater Harpalus) was created by master craftsman Chesley Bonestell, artist responsible for the detailed drawings in the Scientist's "must" book, "The Conquest of Space."

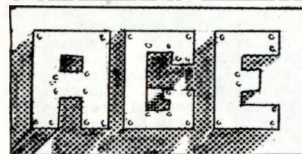
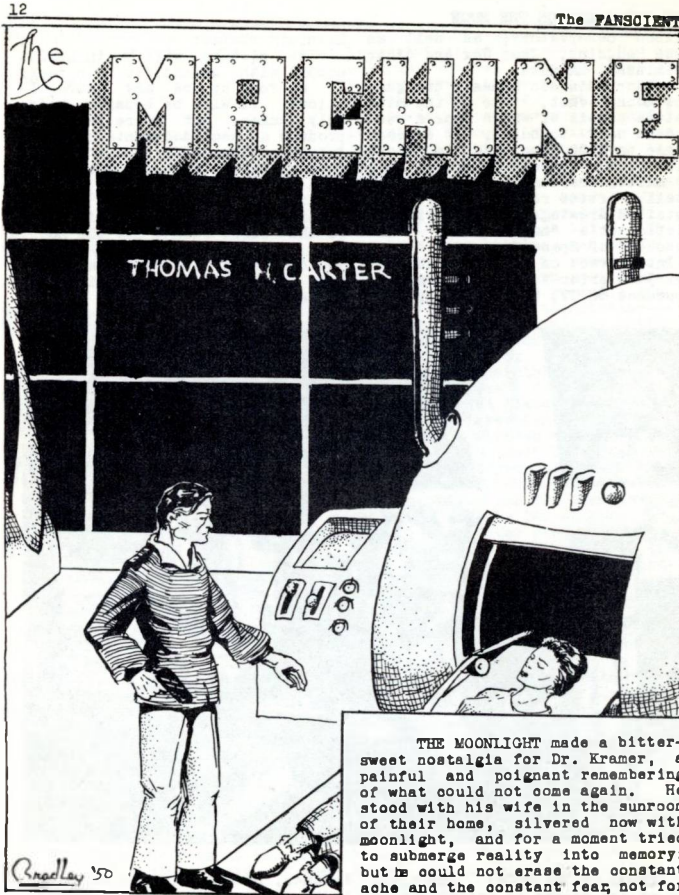
Interviewed on the "green-cheese" set just prior to an hour-long appearance on TV, Technical Director

Heinlein stated:

"The picture will be in strict accord with scientific accuracy. If we foul up on any extrapolations, it will be because we're only human, but we're trying to produce a semi-documentary of the future. The story doesn't fit into my Future History series, but in a sense is just that: future history. We have aimed at convincingness in filming this story of the first flight to the moon, and if after seeing the picture you don't feel like you've actually been there, I'll be the first man to leave for the moon---on foot!"



HOLLYWOOD ON THE MOON! Heinlein, Kuttner, Bonestell, Ackerman---all behind the camera as action is about to be shot on the lunar landscape.



Illustrated by JIM BRADLEY

what was past, but for what was to come.

At last, he thought wearily, the man Jackson had left. He had meant well, but he did not understand. Science Editor of a popular magazine; his mission had been to confirm the wild rumors about Kramer's new discovery.

The interview had not been satisfactory. Kramer was willing to help, but he couldn't shake his somber preoccupation.

Jackson had asked about the effects of the machine. "I believe that much of the sickness of the human body is due to the sickness of the cells," Kramer told him. "Even at top efficiency these cells are not as healthy as they should be. My 'gadget' simply harnesses certain forces in such a way as to improve the general activity of these cells...."

"Does it work?" Jackson had asked.

"Yes," Kramer replied, "Yes and no. I have tried it on various animals and sometimes the results have been most happy; sometimes they have been rather horrible." His voice had not been steady, "Quite horrible...."

Now Kramer remembered the question which had so disturbed him. "Is it possible," Jackson's calm, almost disinterested voice had

asked, "That your machine may help incurring such diseases as cancer?"

Kramer could not recall his answer; his thoughts had shot off on a familiar but frightening tangent. With an effort of his mind, Kramer dismissed all thought of Jackson. His gaze roved around the still white room which housed so many pleasant associations, so many fine times. Encircling his wife's shoulders, Kramer whispered prosaically, "It's been such a long time, Mary." His arm tightened, and his voice was not steady, "I wish.... I wish we could go back!"

Beside him the woman laughed very softly. "Poor John! You can't be reconciled, can you? That it's about to be over? But don't fret, John; all these years we've had so much." She took his hand and held it. "John, everything must end. Be thankful that we've had this long."

"No, by God!" he exclaimed explosively, "It's not right! We're not old, Mary. All these years we've worked; there was so much we were going to do. So much...."

He broke off as he saw her face, terribly contorted in the white moonlight. For a moment her breathing came harsh and rapid but gradually it became easier and her features assumed something more like her normal expression.

"The pain—it's pretty bad, isn't it?" he asked helplessly.

She nodded. "Yes," she breathed, "John, help me to bed."

Gently he lifted her in his arms and carried her into the bedroom. On the bed he laid her and searched for something in the cabinet in the bathroom. Quickly he emptied the narcotic into a glass of water and returned to her side. One hand behind her back, he helped her to a half-sitting position and said, "Here; drink this." Obediently she drained the glass and sank back into the pillows.



He waited and there was no noise. Presently she was asleep and he left the room....

So there it was, he thought. And he could curse and pace the floor, but he couldn't change it. There was no cure, no remedy save sleep, for a stomach cancer in the advanced stages. No prayer and no love could affect it.

The new drugs had rare painkilling faculties, but they lacked the clean bite of the surgeon's knife. So much they could do; then they were finished. In this case there had never been any hope for a successful operation.

No, by heaven, he couldn't reconcile himself. They had lived together too long; they had laughed too much together, known too much living; without her was nothing....

"....Is it possible," the words echoed in his mind, "That your machine may help in curing such diseases as cancer?" Is it possible...?

Yes, it was entirely possible, and it was possible that something might go awry. His experiments had not always been happy.

His wife's urgent call roused him from his ceaseless walking. He rushed into the other room. She was sunk into the covering; her face was white and her eyes were pleading. "John, the pain...."

With shaking hands he held the glass to her mouth. Weakly she fell back, but her hands clutched at his. "John, this can't go on," she whispered, "If I could just sleep...."

His face tight with emotion, he looked down at her. He knew what she meant. "Let's wait," he said, "It may not be so bad in the morning."

"All right," she agreed, so low that he could hardly hear her. He stayed with her until the narcotic had taken effect and she slept. Then he traversed the several

flights of stairs to his workshop; a click of the switch flooded the bare room with harsh light. In one corner stood a huge machine, round, with a door implanted in its surface. It was imposing and pleasantly soulless. Quickly he made certain essential preparations and then he brought the unconscious body of his wife into the room. At once, so that he would not have time for thought, he placed her on a movable slab which he fitted back into the machine. Then he threw a switch and stood back.

That was all there was to it. You take all the life that you have that's worth living for and you place it in a cold, dumb machine, and then you wait. You wait while that nonchalant machine tries to do something to preserve all those good years and fine times. You wait with a stomach so cold and frightened it makes you weak.

Then a light flares red and it's over.

With quick, nervous movements, Kramer twisted a knob and pushed a button. He withdrew the slab on which his wife lay. For a moment he thought everything was alright. Then he saw.

"How do you feel?" he asked in a voice clogged with shock.

There was a strange movement in the skin on her head. "Fine," she answered. "Nothing hurts at all. I feel fine," she told him again.

"I'm glad," said Kramer. Yes, he thought, and every cell in her body was coming awake with a life of its own.

With uneven footsteps he went across the room; took something from a drawer. Returning to the prone form of his wife, he put his hand on her head. Under his palm he felt warm, writhing flesh, seeking to separate.

"I'm so glad," he said....

There were only two shots, spaced a very little apart. After that there was a lot of quiet.



Stereo No. III SATURN by Jan Skrzynski

Jan Skrzynski has caught six of the ten moons here. Titan and Rhea are in the right foreground while in the upper left are the four nearer moons. It is interesting that Saturn's moons, unless very close, are all too small to show a disk. Figures show that if Saturn is made to have a dia. of one inch, Titan will be a little under .05 in. though almost as large as Mars and much larger than Luna. Uranus occupies the northeast quadrant with Neptune to its left. (Correction last stereo; line 5 "Titan" should be Titania.)

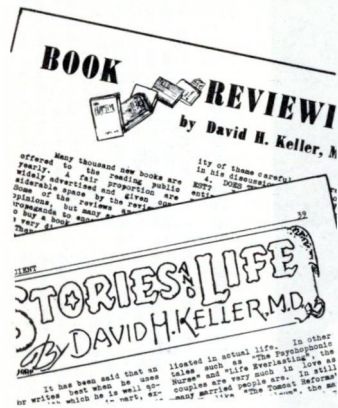
To use: Hold pic in good light, squarely before your face about six inches away. Look thru pic at an imaginary star in farthest space. Move pic slowly away from eyes; keep mind and vision on imaginary star thru the pic. At one foot, the pics will begin to fuse; practice will clear up the fuzzy mess until you see three pics with the center one giving a three-dimensional illusion. Keep attention on farthest star. This is good eye exercise but don't strain. Rest your eyes between looks.



# An Index to the NON-PROFESSIONAL WRITINGS

of

## DAVID H. KELLER, M. D.



The FANSCIENT in issue No. 5 for Fall, 1948 printed a bibliography of my writings. In preparing this I deliberately omitted most of the material donated since the age of fourteen to various magazines. At the suggestion of Don Day, I have prepared an additional bibliography which will supplement the one already published by The FANSCIENT. It is interesting to note that not all of this writing is trivia; more than one of the stories, first appearing in a fanzine, was later published professionally in one of a number of magazines and anthologies, not only in America, but also in England and France.

Many years ago I promised to help any fanzine editor who sent me an S. O. S. and this list shows that I have kept my promise.

—David H. Keller, M. D.

**Note:** Some of the following titles appeared in the previous bibliography, but for the most part were unlisted. Together, except for some of Dr. Keller's latest books, the two lists cover all of his published works to date.

—The Editor

Title	Magazine	Date
Animals or Gods (article)	Macabre	Sum. 1948
Around the Corner	Spearhead	Aug. 1948
Art of Writing (article)	Phenomena	Mar. 1948
Aunt Martha	Bath Weekly	1895
Autobiography (Author, Author Dept.)	The FANSCIENT	Fall 1948
Baton in Every Knapsack (article)	Med-Lee	Nov. 1941
Binding de Lux	Marvel Tales	May 1934
(also in WEIRD TALES, Jan. 1943)		
Birth of a Soul	White Owl	Jan. 1902
Book Reviewing (article)	The FANSCIENT	Spr. 1949
Book Seller, The	Alien Culture	July 1949
California Fantasies (article)	Shangri-La	June 1948
Case History Leon Pedro (article)	Triton	Sep. 1948

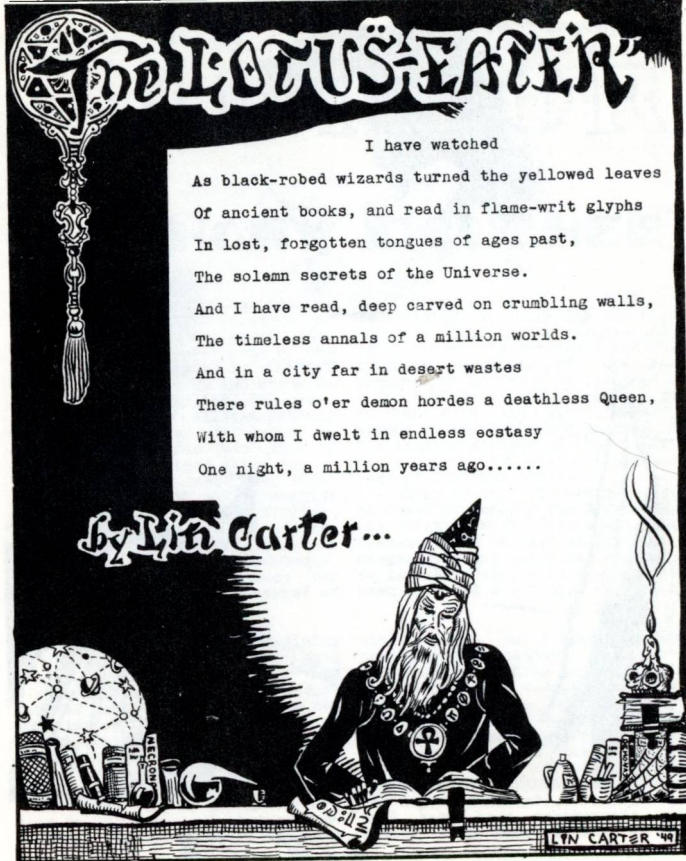
## DAVID H. KELLER, M. D. Fanzine Bibliography

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Chestnut Ware, The	Science Snaps	Sum. 1940
(under title "Speed Will Be My Bride")	in Uncanny Stories, Apr. 1941)	
Christmas Story	Light	Jan. 1949
Conflict for the Soul (article)	Fantasy Commentator	Win. 1948
Cosmos (article)	If	Jan. 1949
Dead Woman, The	Fantasy Magazine	Apr. 1934
(also in Strange Stories, Apr. 1939; England and LIFE EVERLASTING, 1948)	Nightmare by Daylight,	
Depression	Loki	Sum. 1948
Doctor-Author (article)	Mutant	Feb. 1949
Door, The	Arkham Sampler	Sum. 1949
Dragon's Blood (article)	Peon	Jan. 1950
Emigrants, The (Chap. 3 of Cosmos)	Science Fiction Digest	Aug. 1933
Erotica and Modern Life (article)	Canadian Fandom	May 1948
Eugenic Fan, The	Phenomena	Sep. 1947
Fantastic Art (article)	Fan Artisan	May 1948
Feminine Savants, The (poem)	Space Hound Gazette	Sum. 1948
Final Biography, A (article)	If	Oct. 1948
Final War, The (pamphlet)	Perri Press	1949
Five Book Bookshelf (article)	Chronoscope	Aut. 1948
Glass Houses (article)	Shangri-La	Aug. 1948
Grandsire, My (poem)	Space Hound Gazette	Sum. 1948
Grannies' Last Meal	Peon	Dec. 1948
Greatness of Duval	Ursinus Weekly	Oct. 1902
Great American Pie House	White Owl	No date
Golden Bough, The	Marvel Tales	Win. 1933
(also in Weird Tales, Nov. 1942 & Garden of Fear, 1945)		
Half a Century of Writing (article)	Fantasy Commentator	Spr. 1947
Half a Century of Writing	Fantasy Review	Jan. 1948
Helen of Troy (poem)	Futurian (England)	Jan. 1939
Helen of Troy	Loki	Spr. 1948
Heredity	Vortex	1947
(also in LIFE EVERLASTING collection, 1948)		
Home for Luminous Goldfish (article)	Moon Puddle	June 1948
Horrible Pantomime	Science Tales	Apr. 1939
Hubelaire Letter (article)	Marvel Tales	Apr. 1935
Hugo Gernsback (article)	Fantasy Times	Feb. 1950
Independence	Phenomena	Mar. 1948
I Want to be an Author (article)	Fantasy Review	Mar. 1938
Judge Not	Red and Blue	Nov. 1899
Keller Interview (article)	Summont Bee	Aug. 1937
(also in Bizarre edition of The Thing in the Cellar, no date)		
Keller, Story Teller (article)	Fantasy Times	Apr. 1948
Killer, The	Gorgon	Jan. 1948
Landslide, The	Canadian Fandom	May 1948
Last Frontier, The	The FANSCIENT	Dec. 1947
Letter (article)	Phantassmus	June 1924
Letter (article)	Science Fiction Digest	Feb. 1933
Lilith's Left Hand	Hellios	Nov. 1937
Lovecraft's Astronomical Notebook (art.)	Lowcraft Collector	Oct. 1949
Men of Avalon	Fantasy Publications	No date
Mist, The	Galleon	Oct. 1935
(also as Chapter 2 in The Eternal Conflict, 1950)		
Mother, The	Fanta Science Digest	Feb. 1938
Moon Artist, The	Cosmic Tales	Sum. 1939

New Forces in Literature (article)	Science Fiction Vol 1, No 4 n/d
New Trends in Literature	National Fantasy Fan Aug. 1948
No Greater Dream (review)	Spearhead Fall 1949
None So Blind	Fanomena Mar. 1948
One More Cat	Spearhead Fall 1948
Perfect Fanzine, The (article)	National Fantasy Fan June 1948
Perfumed Garden, The	Gorgon Jan. 1950
Perpetual Honeymoon, The	Science Fantasy Comm. Dec. 1936
(also as La Lune de Miel Perpetuelle	in Les Primaires, Fr. June 1938
Personality of a Library (article)	Reading and Collecting Aug. 1937
Phases of Science Fiction (article)	International Observer Nov. 1936
Phenomena of the Stars	Mirror 1897
Pourquoi	Les Primaires Feb. 1937
Question of Plot (article)	If June 1948
Return of Nature (poem)	Peon Oct. 1948
Rider by Night	Fantasy Fan July 1934
Modern Science (poem)	Kotan Sep. 1948
Mother Newhouse	White Owl May 1902
Sacramental Cakes (review)	Peon Dec. 1949
Science Fiction and Society (article)	International Observer Jan. 1931
Science--Master or Servant? (article)	Torcon Report July 1948
Shadows Over Lovecraft (article)	Fantasy Commentator Sum. 1948
She Didn't Understand	Dawn Apr. 1949
Sigil of Scotia (article)	Fantasy Commentator Spr. 1949
Silent One, The	Red and Blue Nov. 1900
Soldiers of the Fighting Ninth	Med-Lee Nov. 1941
Song of Raymond the Golden (poem)	Loki Sum. 1948
So Unnecessary	Primal Aut. 1948
Sovereign Balm, The	Alien Culture Jan. 1949
Stories and Life (article)	The FANSCIANT Fall 1949
Stranger, The (poem)	Scientifantasy Jan. 1949
Telepathy (article)	Science, Fantasy & S.F. Jan. 1949
Telepathy, Future of (article)	Science, Fantasy & S.F. Apr. 1949
Television Detective. The	L. A. S. F. L. Mar. 1938
Titus Groan (review)	Leor Aug. 1949
Three Link Tale, A	White Owl No date
Tree Climbing (article)	Triton Sep. 1948
Twenty Best Science Fiction Books (a)	Arkham Sampler Win. 1949
Two Americans Meet (article)	Med-Lee Dec. 1941
Typewriter, The	Fanciful Tales Fall 1936
Types of Science Fiction (article)	Science Fiction Digest Mar. 1933
Unborn Babies (article)	Variant Sep. 1947
Ultimate Victory, The	Fanomena Mar. 1948
Unwritten Books (article)	Fantasy Commentator Win. 1948
University Story, A	Presbyterian Journal No date
Value of Imagination (article)	Science Fiction Digest Mar. 1933
Victory of Shadows	Scientifantasy Fall 1948
What is a Fan? (article)	National Fantasy Fan Jan. 1948
What Price Beauty? (article)	The FANSCIANT Spr. 1948
Winning of the Bride	White Owl Mar. 1902
Wolf Hollow Bubbles	A. R. R. A. Printers No date
Worm Ouroboros, The (review)	Shangri-La Oct. 1949

49 stories, 50 articles, 6 poems, 4 reviews; total: 109



# The LOCUS-EATER

I have watched

As black-robed wizards turned the yellowed leaves  
Of ancient books, and read in flame-writ glyphs  
In lost, forgotten tongues of ages past,  
The solemn secrets of the Universe.  
And I have read, deep carved on crumbling walls,  
The timeless annals of a million worlds.  
And in a city far in desert wastes  
There rules o'er demon hordes a deathless Queen,  
With whom I dwelt in endless ecstasy  
One night, a million years ago.....

By Lyn Carter...

LYN CARTER '49





*Anthony Boucher*

# AUTHOR, AUTHOR

## ANTHONY BOUCHER

The name of Anthony Boucher has been familiar to readers of fantasy ever since the early '40s when it appeared over some of the more memorable stories in UNKNOWN WORLDS and ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION. Even earlier, the name, a pseudonym for William Anthony Parker White, was well known to mystery addicts, as was that of H. H. Holmes, another alter ego.

It was just last year that MAGAZINE OF FANTASY, later MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, appeared on the scene to add new luster to the name of Boucher. Co-edited with J. Francis McComas, it immediately made a place for itself as "the" prestige market of

the fantasy field. F&SF is outstanding, not only for the high literary quality of its stories, but also for its freshness and the infinite varieties of new approaches to be found in its pages.

The picture opposite shows Tony Boucher with his 1949 "Edgar", symbol of the MMA award, peering at the limited edition of Poe which he received for 1945, before the present bust was devised.

Anthony Boucher is being hailed as Guest of Honor at the NORWESCON, the Eighth World Science-Fiction Convention, to be held in Portland, Oregon over the Labor Day weekend. He is swell people as you'll know when you meet him there.

I have had intensive training as a literary scholar under such great men as Arthur Ryder and S. Griswold Morley and Lawrence Sanders Price—only I tend now not to think of L. M. Price so much as a distinguished scholar as my father-in-law and there I go already ruining a paragraph, which illustrates what I mean.

The point is that I might undertake to do a competent biographical-critical essay on just about any

other writer, but I don't see how one approaches oneself. So probably the best thing to do is just to trust to free wheeling.

I was born in Oakland, California, in 1911. Both my parents were physicians. As far as I can remember (I haven't taken up diagnostics yet) (does anybody remember Ted Sturgeon's UNKNOWN story about the Superman Elron?), I might as well have been posthumous; my father died when I was a few

months old, and I grew up with my mother (who believed, among other sound principles, in keeping me well supplied with OZ books) and my grandfather (who had been, as D.A. and judge of Mono County, one of the first-rate legal minds of late nineteenth century California).

I was born William Parker White, or more precisely, was so christened. At confirmation (circa 1923) I became William Anthony Parker White (for Anthony of Padua, who still hasn't taught me how to find lost articles, as my wife will testify). Boucher was my mother's mother's name—French-Irish. I used it a lot in adolescence as a sort of alter ego (things got very complicated with a girl who also had an alter, or altera, ego with whom Tony misbehaved abominably), then adopted it professionally when I took up mystery novels because I was still, as White, trying to be a playwright and I wanted to keep the two careers straight. (This was in 1936; my scholarly training at least forces me to put in a date here and there.)

Now I'm much more apt to think of myself as Boucher than as White (except for tax bills and I'd sooner not think about them anyway and anybody who thinks that's a gag is crazy), and Phyllis is very nearly completely used to being Mrs. Boucher, even though one of the first times she was so mentioned was in a description by 4e Ackerman despite which we buy stories from his clients. (Sinister explanation of that fact later.)

Boucher is pronounced to rhyme with voucher. This seemed perfectly plausible to the Bouchers after they'd lived in Ireland for a while; but nowadays people will try to be French, or approximately so.

Education: Three years of military academy (Hitchcock, San Rafael, Calif.), unqualifiedly disproving all assertions that

such training tends to induce militarism. Five years of Pasadena High School and Junior College (giving me the warm pleasure of sharing an Alma Mater with Jackie Robinson, whom I still persist in thinking of as one of the greatest backs in the history of Coast football), during most of which time I was inclined to think that my professional interests lay in the physical sciences and that I might go to Caltech. Two years at USC (B.A. '32) and two at Berkeley (M.A. '34), during which I spent most of my time on writing, acting, directing and other theatrical activities while working (I thought) to a career as an academician in some branch of linguistics. (German major, Spanish minor, ventures into French, Portuguese, Russian, Greek, Sanskrit—where did I pick up Italian? I think just from opera librettos mostly.) By mid-'34 I had acquired an M.A., an unofficial fiancée, and a decision that the academic life was not for me. Then (thank God for a minute amount of money in the family) I was an unsuccessful playwright for quite a while, did my first professional reviewing (theater and music) for a small political sheet in L.A. where I met Cleve Cartmill and Roby Wentz, and finally got going commercially by selling "The Case of the Seven of Calvary" to Simon & Schuster—immediately calling my unofficial fiancée, then in Europe on her father's Sabbatical, that we could make it official.

We got married in 1938 (her name was Phyllis Mary Price), and we have two sons, Larry (born on Christmas 1940) and James (born on his mother's birthday 1942). They're both growing up nobly, thank you for instance they love to read Bradbury. They haven't decided about Boucher yet.

From there on things get complicated and are going to involve

a lot of things like radio and opera and Democratic party politics unless I start restricting this to fantasy and s f (Groff Conklin talked me out of using stfl).

I'll sum up the Mystery business hastily by saying that I have worked in just about every branch of non-punishable murder: novels, novelets, short stories, editing anthologies, a great deal of radio, a very little TV, translation, reviewing (I'm very proud of my two Edgars for best American criticism from Mystery Writers of America), writers organization (I was one of the founders of MWA, and when is somebody going to have sense enough to start a parallel FWA, Fantasy Writers of America), photo-crimes, fact crime—practically everything but pictures.

As to fantasy: I've been a devout reader ever since I can remember. I can recall the beginnings of fiction in SCIENCE & INVENTION, and Haggard serials in the AMERICAN WEEKLY, and the big format of WEIRD TALES. I can't imagine why, but the fact is I lost interest in science fiction just as it began to get rolling, and for a long time was fascinated only by supernatural fantasy—a fascination that formed one of the bonds on my first meeting with McComas, which was so damned near twenty years ago that we both fall to stroking our beards on thinking of it.

When I was 15 I sold a story to WEIRD TALES. It was awful, and it should never have been fought. It was not only vile writing, but an outright, if innocent, steal from Mrs. Bland's "No. 17", which I'd heard as oral tradition. It appeared fortunately, as by WAPW, and has been forgotten. The only reason I bring it up here, and list it in the following bibliography, is that it got rediscovered by 4e Ackerman; this, you see, is the sinister explanation referred to earlier. Now that I have thrown

my reputation to the winds and Revealed All, Ackerman's hold is destroyed, and his writers had better be good.

In the thirties (the century's, not mine), I wrote a lot of short supernatural fiction and none of it sold even to WEIRD TALES; the little of it that I could stand rereading appeared much later on in ACOLYTE.

Then in Los Angeles in 1940 Cleve Cartmill introduced me to the Manana literary society. You've probably heard of this great organization (disrupted by Pearl Harbor), which included at various times Bob Heinlein, Jack Williamson, Ed Hamilton, Webb Marlowe, Cartmill, Wentz and God knows who all else. I became an avid UNKNOWN reader and soon began writing for it; but I was still a little cool about s f.

Then one night McComas brought me all the copies of ASF containing "Slam" and said, "Read this or all is over between us." Having tossed a coin, I read it...and from then on I was lost.

I was, of course, miraculously lucky in getting my start in s f under the creative editorship of John Campbell—just as I was equally lucky in starting on mystery novels with Lee Wright of Simon & Schuster. Add to those Marie Rodell of Duell, Sloan & Pearce (for whom H. H. Holmes came into being), Fred Dannay of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, and Joseph Henry Jackson of the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE; and you'll see why I have very strong ideas on the importance of the editor and the necessity of a close editor-writer relationship.

Later I got out of touch with story-writing for a long siege of radio, at the height of which I was plotting three half-hour mystery shows a week. Throughout all of this period, McComas and I were working on the idea of a fantasy



magazine modeled, frankly, on *EQMM*. Larry Spivak, of *EQMM* and *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, was sold on publishing it, but wanted to hit the market with it at just the right time. Regularly once or twice a year we were alerted and then everything was called off.

It was worth the wait; Spivak had his finger precisely on the pulse, and brought out the magazine at last just before the current deluge. Mick and I had planned to sneak science-fiction (pretty disreputable when we started laying plans) into the magazine little by little; but the whole picture had changed, and we shifted immediately to the title *FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION* with a minimum 50% *s f* content—if you know where to draw the borderline between *s f* and fantasy, which we are damned if we see how to do.

At present I live in Berkeley

with my wife, my sons, my mother, my books, my records and my asthma. I coedit *F&SF* (which is probably the most interesting and temperamentally satisfactory work I've ever done), I review mysteries for the *N. Y. TIMES* and fantasy-cum-*s f* for the *Chicago SUN-TIMES*, I teach a laboratory class in writing, I give a weekly radio program (*KFFA-FM*, Sundays, 8:30 p.m., adv) on the recordings of great voices of 25-50 years ago, I try to write stories to sell to other editors, and I keep thinking of a character who said, in some novel I can't place, "There must be some way to be just as poor without working so hard."

End of interim report. By now I'm getting somewhat interested as a novelist; I'll be curious to check in a year or two to see what develops with this protagonist.

—Anthony Boucher

#### FANTASY and SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES under the name of ANTHONY BOUCHER

Title	Magazine	Date
Adventure of the Bogle-Wolf, The	CLIENT'S SECOND CASE BOOK	1948
Barrier	Astounding S F	Sep. 1942
Barrier	Astounding (British)	Oct. 1942
Chronokinesis of Johnathan Hall, The	Astounding S F	June 1946
Chronokinesis of Johnathan Hall, The	Astounding (British)	Feb. 1948
Compleat Werewolf, The	Unknown Worlds	Apr. 1942
Compleat Werewolf, The	Unknown (British)	Aug. 1945
Compleat Werewolf, The	From Unknown Worlds	1949
Elsewhen	Astounding S F	Jan. 1943
Elsewhen	MURDER, PLAIN AND FANCIFUL	1948
Expedition	Thrilling Wonder	Aug. 1943
Expedition	BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION	1946
Expedition	Invasion from Mars (pb)	1949
Footnote to Dunne (article)	Arkham Sampler	Aut. 1949
Ghost of Me, The	Unknown Worlds	June 1942
Ghost of Me, The	Unknown (British)	June 1942
Greatest Tertian, The	CLIENT'S THIRD CASE BOOK	1950
Lazarus (verse)	DARK OF THE MOON	1947
(translated from Jose Asuncion Silva)		
Mr. Lupescu	Weird Tales	Sep. 1945
Mr. Lupescu	THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD	1947
Mr. Lupescu	Avon Detective Mysteries #3	1947
Mr. Lupescu	Shot in the Dark (pb)	1950
On a Limb (article)	Unknown Worlds	Oct. 1941

#### ANTHONY BOUCHER Bibliography

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One Way Trip	Astounding S F	Aug. 1943
Pelagic Spark	Astounding S F	June 1943
Pink Caterpillar, The	Adventure	Feb. 1945
QUR	ADVENTURES IN TIME & SPACE	1946
Scrawny One, The	Weird Tales	Mar. 1949
Saulbug	Unknown Worlds	Dec. 1941
Saulbug	Unknown (British)	Win. 1948
Stribertigibit	Unknown Worlds	June 1943
Stribertigibit	Unknown (British)	Oct. 1943
Summer's Cloud	Acolyte	Sum. 1944
They Bite	Unknown Worlds	Aug. 1943
They Bite	Unknown (British)	May 1944
Toy Cassowary	Acolyte	Win. 1945
Way I Heard It, The	Acolyte	Fall 1944
We Print the Truth	Astounding S F	Dec. 1943

#### STORIES under the name of H. H. HOLMES

Q. U. R.	Astounding S F	Mar. 1943
Review Copy	Magazine of Fantasy	Fall 1949
Robinc	Astounding S F	Sep. 1943
ROCKET TO THE MORGUE (novel)	Duell, Sloan & Pearce	1942
Rocket to the Morgue	Phantom	1943
Rocket to the Morgue	Two Complete Det. Books	Mar. 1944
Sanctuary	Astounding S F	June 1943
Sanctuary	Astounding (British)	Feb. 1944

#### STORY under the name of WILLIAM A. P. WHITE

Ye Goode Olde Ghost Storie	Weird Tales	Jan. 1927
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#### VERSE under the name of PARKER WHITE

Sonnet of the Unsleeping Dead	Weird Tales	Mar. 1935
Sonnet of the Unsleeping Dead	DARK OF THE MOON	1947

This bibliography was prepared by Anthony Boucher aided by H. H. Holmes

#### FIRST LENS MAN (Continued)

cratic forms of government and the freedom of the individual.

It tells of the formation of the Galactic Patrol as an outgrowth of the Triplanetary Patrol which had its genesis on Tellus; of the fight against tremendous odds to get it started and to keep it going; of the en-lensing of numerous entities, both Tellurian and other-world, and of the welding them into one solid unit that shall endure for all time.

This book forms the second of six parts of the tremendous epic, "The Lensman Series"—Smith's "History of Civilization". That fact makes this a splendid example of the highest—and hardest—facet of the novelist's art. For such a volume must be considered not only as a book and story in itself, but also as a chapter in the longer, complete work.

As is usual with all Dr. Smith's books, "First Lensman" has vast scope intermixed with intricate individual experiences and con-

flits; thought provoking and stimulating concepts spread on a tremendous canvas. It is one of the most interesting and best written of all his books to date.

Nothing yet come to the attention of this reviewer (who has read everything of a scientific-fictional nature he could get his hands on for the past forty-some years) can equal for sheer personal drama, Virgil Samms' first visits to Arisia, to Rigel, and to Palain. Your reviewer still shudders at the memory of that Rigellian automobile ride.

As a close student of Dr. Smith's works for many years, let me warn the reader of one thing. One cannot, possibly, get in one reading all the shades and nuances that this gifted author puts into his books. Oh, you can get the "surface" story all right, and you will find that it is well worth both your reading time and the cost of

the book.

But the underneath stories, the character building and growth; the socio-political concepts; the psychological factors—these need re-reading and study to properly appreciate and savor.

For, truthfully, I've never found any other author in our genre who puts so much into an apparently ordinary, tho super-doooper "space-opera". For it takes writing genius to show as much meaning as he sometimes does with a single word. There's the place where he does a tremendous job of characterization with the simple phrase, "...yet", and the other where he lifted me right out of my chair with the one word, "Sir".

Tho "First Lensman" is the second of the six books which make up the complete story of the Arisian-Bosoonian conflict, such was the nature of the antagonism that it could not be published in ordinary sequence, any more than could the first third of the book-complete "Triplanetary".

This reviewer gives his unqualified approval of this latest book from Fantasy Press. Format, binding and interior illustrations are all excellent. And as for the story, Dr. Smith once more proves himself worthy of his earned title, "Master of Scope".

—R. Everett Evans

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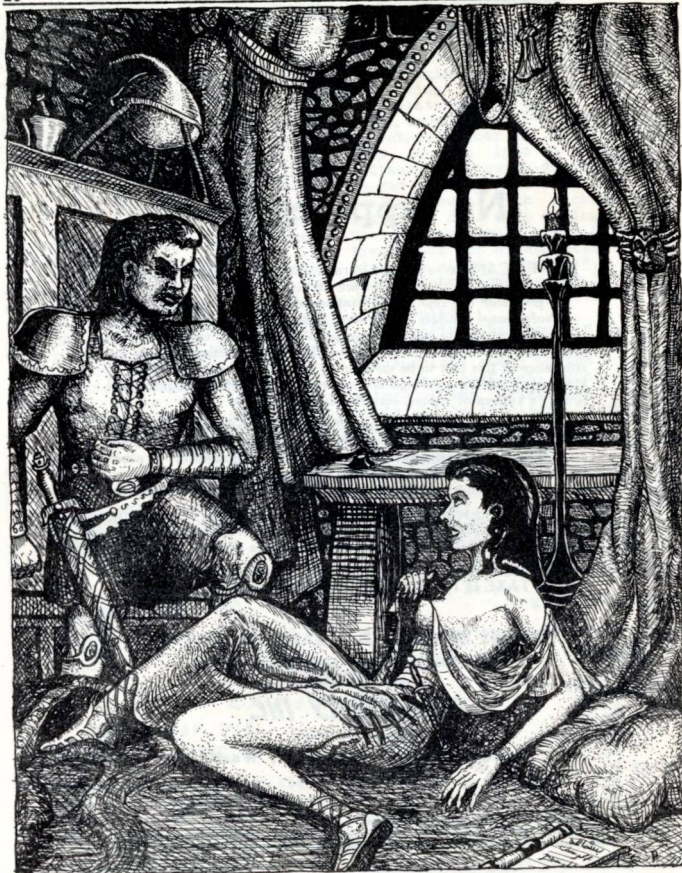
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# -and the STRONG Shall INHERIT

by PHILLIP BARKER

Illustrated by PHILLIP BARKER

PHARUN THE DARK had always had a passion for the beautiful things of life. And when the great lords of Malchairan rode forth in quest of glory, Pharun remained in his chambers engrossed in some scholarly pursuit. With his thin, pale hands he was wont to turn the pages of his beloved tomes and peer nearsightedly into all manner of bookish wisdom. Unlike his brothers was he, and whereas the other four sons of Chaga wore their mail to table and fought amongst themselves and made false promises to the kitchen maidens and spent their time at less savory pursuits, Pharun simply smiled and padded about in a comfortable robe and slippers, with book in hand.

Yet there was one thing else which Pharun layed aside from his books. And that was a woman. Oh yes, met one of the feline, painted, half-naked flirts of Malchairan; a simple, shy maiden from Phantes who wore her robes ample and unadorned. A hostage was she, daughter of the doddering king of

her island home. Not half the fierce warriors of Chaga's stronghold knew she existed, and the other women of the place were wont to snap their pretty fingers and jeer at her provincial ways.

So she was lonely, a frail white little mist of a girl, alone in a nest of enemies. Which is probably why Pharun met her. He had heard her singing one night and had stopped to listen. In this way they had become friends, and Pharun went often to her chambers bearing his books and his writings. To her also he brought his problems, his frustrations and his dreams, and she soothed him, placing her slender fingers upon his brow and singing to him in the sibilant tongue of her own Phantes.

"Indeed," he used to whisper, "It was your singing which first led me to you, and still do I love it best of all your charms."

Then she would smile and shyly close off his lips with her own. And in this way a bond was made between the two lonely ones, making the cold walls take on greater

warmth and carpeting the marble floor with rosy clouds.

Chaga the bloody-handed, upon his throne of gold, looked with disfavor upon this strange and unintelligible being that was given him as a son. Chaga carressed his jewelled sword hilt and pondered mightily upon it. In vain did he prevail upon Pharun to put aside these senseless books and take up the sword and go forth to slay monsters and such indiscriminate enemies as could be found. Also in vain did Chaga offer Pharun wines and gold and the charms of pretty wenches. And when the king grew angry and expostulated at the top of his lusty lungs, as was his habit, Pharun simply paid no attention, his mind fixed on distant wisdom.

At first his brothers were in favor of letting him be. They jeered and teased, as will most intolerant youths, but that got them nothing but a gentle smile. They invited him to join them and got the same gentle smile and a shake of the head.

"Nay now, father," said Goran the eldest, "For long have we permitted this foolishness, and finally something must be done. There lies but one thing to do and that is to snatch away his toys. Only then will he realize that he is not yet a woolgathering gray-beard. 'Twill serve to bring him to his senses."

"But that would be a most unfatherly thing to do. There must be other ways."

Goran shifted his brawny shoulders beneath his armor. "What matters it? Knew you not that the house of Chaga is laughed at by other great princes? Simply because of that jackass son of yours. They call us now 'the gentle lambs' and 'the Bookish Kings' and even more unpleasant things. He is the disgrace of our family."

"'Tis not as bad as you say, but

the underlying truth is there. Pharun is a disgrace to my name and to the names of our glorious and warlike ancestors. How he came about here is beyond my understanding. A little mouse in a house of lions!"

"Then as I say, sire. A little swift work and it's done." Goran chuckled throatily. "Without his precious toys his mind will turn to more manly arts. 'Twill do him infinite good."

Chaga looked at his son from under the beetling eaves of his eyes and smiled. After all, it was for the boy's own good.

Goran waited patiently, knowing full well that his time would come. It was all he could manage not to mention the plan to Pharun just to watch the look on his face. It would be good.

Indeed, the proper moment came. The bronze-bound portals rumbled open, and Pharun was off to study the beauties of a summer afternoon. His chamber lay empty and unlooked. Swiftly Goran was inside.

His strong, brown hands made short work of sweeping the parchments into the smouldering fireplace. Goran watched the hungry flames lash at the dusty sheets for a moment and then turned to the cabinets lining the wall. The ancient tomes, the lengthy writings, the astrolabes and other instruments of grammar, the little cases of specimens and the delicately bottled drugs—all he hurled into the fireplace. He stamped into the sleeping alcove and tore the hangings from the walls and trampled them beneath booted feet, wild with sheer destructive lust. He did not hear the deer open behind him.

It was the captive princess. Her eyes widened in horror, and a single sob of breath left her lips.

Goran whirled. "What in blazes do you want? Who—?"

"What have you done? Pharun will be—"

With one swift stride Goran was at her side, his heavy hand over her lips. He kicked the door shut with one powerful foot and dragged the girl back into the room.

"Never mind what Pharun will do!" Goran jeered down into her face. "He'll probably just moan a bit and then forget this foolishness."

For a silent moment she looked up at him, and then divining the look in his eyes, she struggled, panting wildly in his calm embrace, flailing wildly with her small fists and kicking the metal greaves with her soft slippers. Goran grinned and eyed her appreciatively. Perhaps Pharun had a better eye for wenches than he had thought.

"Why struggle so? See, I hold you easily enough." Deliberately he tightened his grip so that she was pressed hard against his silvery breastplate. Goran bent and kissed her, fiercely, bruising her lips with his. "Isn't that better than a weakling?" He kissed her again.

Goran moved, still holding her, to Pharun's ornate bed. He threw her on it brutally and began to divest himself of his armor. "Lie still now and be a good girl and don't cry out," he jeered. "You're going to see what a real lever is like."

All this time she had lain motionless. Now she moved like a frightened deer and snatched a bodkin from her waist. Goran eyed her warily, but kept on removing his armor. Too late he saw what she intended. With a frustrated cry Goran leaped for her, but he was too late by seconds. She had plunged the dagger home into her own breast.

Goran stood a moment, his mind dwelling with horrid certainty on what his father would do to him for thus causing the death of a

valuable hostage. He drew one sobbing breath and turned to flee.

Pharun stood in the doorway.

He did not seem to see Goran where he stood in the center of the rubbish-littered floor. His eyes flicked to the bright red splotch upon the breast of his beloved and a grimace of pain passed across his set features. Then silently he turned from Goran to stand, staring, into the fireplace.

For a moment he stood thus, then leaned down. When he rose in his hand was the scorched remnant of a parchment, tightly rolled and tied with a bit of cloth of gold. Quickly his fingers untied the knot and with infinite tenderness unrolled the charred fragment of the scroll.

The characters inscribed on the parchment meant nothing to Goran's staring eyes, but he recognized, close by the charred edge, a representation of the castle of Chaga. A moment's glance at that and then Goran realized that Pharun's eyes were upon him. His rose to meet them.

In Pharun's eyes there was hatred; but more than hatred, sorrow; and more than sorrow, pity.

"You fool...." Pharun whispered, but his eyes spoke volumes as they turned to the window. Hypnotized, Goran's eyes followed his brother's to see, not the rich fields and fertile valleys of his father's kingdom, but.....nothing.

Understanding awakening in his mind, Goran turned again to his brother.

Once again Pharun's eyes were on the pale, cold breast of his loved one; then his hand was over the fire. Deliberately the fingers opened and, with deceptive slowness, the fragment of parchment drifted down toward the consuming flames.



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