

PACIFCON



FOURTH WORLD SCIENCE-
FICTION CONVENTION

COMBOZINE

THE COMBO-ZINE

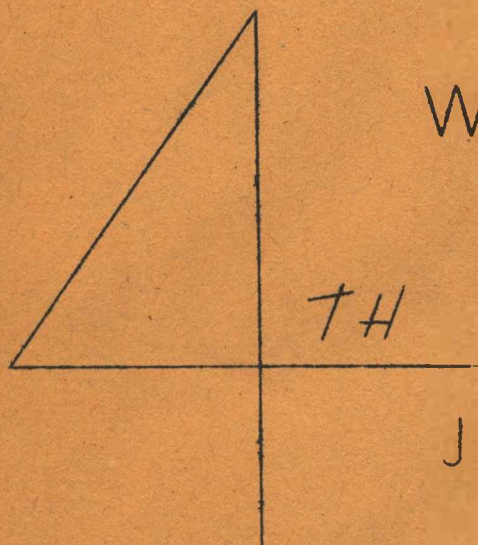
of the

WORLD

SCI-FI

CONVENTION

JULY 4, 5, 6, 7 '46



C O N T E N T S

Atomic Age (The)

Atres Artes

Black Flame

Chanticleer

En Garde

Fan

Fanews

Five Fingers

Guteto

Ichor

Letho

Le Zombie

Martian News Letter (The)

Matters of Opinion

Planteur

Plenum

Psycho

Shangri-L'Affaires

Time-Binder (The)

2B Or Not 2B

VOMbozine

Wolf Fan

Price, 50c

AND STILL THEY COME

David Kishi

Phillips Lee

Bill Crawford

Douglas F Jordan

Mrs Helen Deaton

Mrs Robert Wilson

E H Davis

Norman Stanley

Glen R Stevens

Julius Arnold Pohl Jr

Allen Charpentier

R D Swisher

Don G Macgregor

Charles Dye

Marijane Nuttall

Chan Davis

Richard Comstock

Richard E Wimer Jr

Brice Walton

Darlene Adams

Frank McCourt

Tom Pickens

W H Baxter

Ada M Charles

Margaret Crawford

Vernon D Hodges

Harry E Mongold

Charlie

Ted C rnell

Ned McKown

Phil Froeder

Ray Bradbury

Arthur Louis Joquel

William Handler

Aubrey MacDermott

Alfred J. Clark

Every mail
brings us
more names
(and \$'s)
of those
who wish
to be in-
cluded in
the list
of members
of the
PACIFICON,

E G Ewing

Nanek

Gordon Dewey

Bob Cohen

Robert Wilson

Aline Dieson

Jean Cox

A G Learned

Alva Rogers

Richard Simmons

Grace Kaye

Tomwin Jewett

Edw E Smith

THANK YOU!

WE ARE SORRY only that your
name came too late to be
included in the Official
Convention Booklet.

MORE PACIFICON PALS

(The following fans sent in ads for the Pacificon Booklet, but unfortunately too late to be included in the regular booklet. We are happy to include them here.)

Best Wishes

PFC DONALD GRANT

DUNK

Best Wishes PACIFICON from a North State Fan: ANDY EYON

This Space Has Been Bought

to publicize

A PROMINENT FAN

Who Wishes to Remain

ANONYMOUS

THE

SPECIAL PACIFICON ISSUE

A T O M I C A G E

PREPARED BY ASSOCIATES OF FUTURESEARCH

BOX 3343, LOS ANGELES 53, CALIFORNIA

May 20, 1946

The most extraordinary story to come out of atom-bombed Hiroshima, Japan, was given an official nod last week.

As described in an International News Service dispatch datelined Tokyo, May 14, and published in the LOS ANGELES EXAMINER for May 15, 1946, the report is as follows:

"The (atomic) bomb rays bleached stone and concrete and etched metal, causing 'shadow effects' to be left forever on surfaces of Hiroshima's granite blocks."

The story continues about one "sensational shadow" which was left on the side of a huge metal vat. At the moment of the explosion, a painter wearing a peculiar hat was standing on a ladder, his hand holding a paint brush extended as he worked. This entire scene is now silhouetted on the vat.

In the February 24, 1946 issue of NEWS OF THE WORLD, a British weekly paper, the story was reported by A Noyes Thomas, who is by-lined as a "Special Correspondent" of NEWS OF THE WORLD. (The British newsmagazine, NEWS REVIEW, also noted the report under "Science" in its issue of March 7, 1946.)

According to Thomas, he first heard of the shadows from high-ranking British naval officers on the H M S Glenairn, headquarters ship of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force, which is stationed in Kure Bay, near Hiroshima.

"Only after investigating the story on the spot...was I convinced of the truth of it," he wrote.

"At one place the shadow of a vanished bridge has appeared on the street which it spanned. From a distance it seems as though the bridge is still intact."

At another spot he saw the shadow of a man leading a bullock and wagon. The shadow was so clear that details of the man's peculiar boots (having separate compartments for the big toes) were easily distinguishable.

"Elsewhere there is the shadow...of a little Japanese girl, probably aged about 12, holding under her arm what may have been a bundle of schoolbooks."

Thomas said that the Japanese name for the phenomenon was "kage" (pronounced car-gay)—"the shadow." He reported that the remaining inhabitants of Hiroshima shunned the vicinity of the permanent shadows, and were refusing to live near the places where they had been seen.

The dispatch written by Thomas gave the impression that the shadows were just then appearing—six months after the atomic bomb explosion. "Because of some unexplained delayed action of the atomic rays," he wrote, "scenes from the life of the thronged Japanese city at the instant of the explosion are now appearing as silhouettes on the barren ground."

This apparently made British scientists, who were interviewed by a NEWS OF THE WORLD reporter

on their opinions of the story, somewhat confused. Extreme disagreement on the possibility of such an occurrence was the keynote of the British interviews.

Professor Rudolph Peierls of Birmingham University, a member of the British atomic research team, gave a "probable explanation," drawing a parallel between the effect of a few moments of brilliant sunshine, and the intense heat radiated by an atomic explosion. "One's face would be deeply tanned, except in the shaded parts... Under the intense radiated heat of an atomic explosion the ground would be seared, but less deeply so in the shade..."

Professor Marcus Laurence Elvin Oliphant, also of Birmingham University and member of the British atomic research team, was present when Professor Peierls gave his opinion. Professor Oliphant's statement was: "The results reported would not be impossible in certain circumstances."

On the other hand, Sir Charles Darwin, Director of the National Physical Laboratory, said that he doubted that the shadows existed. Professor Alexander Oliver Rankine, F R S, called it a fantastic story "on the surface."

A "well-known Government authority on atomic energy," interviewed by the NEWS OF THE WORLD reporter, admitted that "terrific heat effects produce shadows" but said he would "be shy of suggesting an explanation of the phenomenon."

It is possible that the "shadow" occurrence is connected in some as yet indetermined way with the problem of mechanical pressure of light on solid bodies. SCIENCE DIGEST for May, 1946, quoted an Associated Press report that Professor Paul Harteck, formerly of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Physics in Berlin, Germany, and now in the British occupation zone, had declared that the light-rays emitted during an atomic bomb explosion add to its destructive force.

Harteck, an "atom scientist," pointed out that the 10,000,000-degree temperature produced by the explosion of an atomic bomb causes the release of a great amount of light "which is beyond the visible spectrum," and is contributory in exerting a physical force on solid objects.

Photographs of the "shadows" are included in an almost three-hour film made by Nippon Newsreel Company at the request of Japanese scientists and the Japanese Ministry of Education. Cameramen rushed to the scene almost before the dust of the atomic explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki had settled.

The film, which is "confidential," is now in the possession of the United States Army Air Force. It is accompanied by thirty-five hundred still photographs, which illustrate every scene in the moving picture.

The INS report stated that the atomic bomb explosion bleached vegetation in the vicinity, and blasted radioactive sand into wells four miles distant, giving intestinal disorders to people who drank from them.

Photographs of complete autopsies on victims of the explosion, showing the effects of radiation on the interior body structure and tissues are a part of the documented film.

"A great many grim stories have come out of atom-bombed Hiroshima, but none so weird as (this)," is the way NEWS REVIEW commented on the almost unbelievable report.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This account, drawn from both American and British sources, is the most comprehensive report which has appeared in the United States to date on the Hiroshima "shadows." Portions of the film, "Effects of the Atom Bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki," have since been released to the public through various newsreels.

"7.35 ...(plutonium) does not give off penetrating radiation, but the combination of its alpha-ray activity and chemical properties makes it one of the most dangerous substances known if it once gets into the body."—Atomic Energy for Military Purposes, by Henry Dewolf Smyth.

This sentence, and others of similar content, has become a subject of intense interest to researchers in genetics, as well as many other fields. The British publication THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for March 23, 1946, deals with this subject in an article by Kenneth Walker, "The Biological Risks of Atomic Energy." Mr Walker says:

"Much has been written about the dangers of the atomic bomb, but little has yet been said concerning the possible risks to humanity of the widespread use of atomic energy in peace .. What is likely to be the effect of this on man's body, and more particularly on those cells of the body which are responsible for the continuation of the race? It is a well-known fact that these cells are particularly sensitive, and there are some who believe that they are occasionally affected adversely by some of the chemicals used in this industrial age...

"Under the leadership of the physicists we are now about to pass out of the chemical into the atomic age. What will be the effect of this? Nobody can yet give an answer, but there are certain biological risks which should be carefully considered..."

Mr Walker then discusses X-rays, how they may cause sterility even in comparatively small amounts, and even slight exposure to X-rays may cause changes in the genetic constitution of the germ plasm.

"While it would it would be unjustifiable...to predict that the extensive use of atomic energy will be followed by the appearance of subhuman mutants, this is a risk which must be taken into account."

WHAT IS LIFE? by Edwin Shrodinger is quoted from by Mr Walker concerning detrimental mutations which may occur even when all precautions against X-ray radiation have apparently been successful—mutations which resemble those produced by close inbreeding. He continues:

"It may be said that by the time atomic force is available for industrial purposes efficient methods of protection will have been devised. In the manufacture of the atomic bomb valuable experience has been gained which will be of use also in safeguarding workers with atomic energy. Some of the safeguards employed have been described in the Smyth report, which observes:

'Since both the scale and the variety of the radiation hazards in this enterprise were unprecedented, all reasonable precautions were taken; but no sure means were at hand for determining the adequacy of the precautions.'

"It will be noted how guarded the writers of the Report are concerning the efficacy of the protective measures... It will be noted also that the Report is solely concerned with the preservation of the general health of the workers and not with its biological effects. No attempt was made to investigate the influence of the products of atomic fission on the germ-plasm."

Mr Walker's conclusion is that, while heretofore problems of health raised by industrial and technical activities have been dealt with after they arose, this situation must now be changed. An intensive study of the effect of atomic energy on living organisms must be made, and a competent committee of doctors and biologists must be set up immediately to protect man from this manifestation of "progress"—mere assurances from the technicians and physicists that all matters have been considered will not suffice. "Larger issues are at stake; not only the well-being of the individual, but possibly even the future of the race." # # #

"The (British) Government was going into the Atomic Energy business," said **NEWS REVIEW**, concerning the Atomic Energy Bill which was introduced into the House of Commons on May 1, 1946. (Noted in **ATOMIC AGE**, May 6, 1946—Issue Number 2.)

A memorandum which accompanied the bill stated that its objects are to empower the Minister of Supply (John Wilmot) to promote the development of atomic energy, give him powers of control over the unauthorized production or use of atomic energy, and over the publication of "certain information."

The Bill gives to the Minister the general duty of promoting and controlling the development of atomic energy in Britain, and empowers him to produce and use atomic energy, to carry out research and to produce, handle, and deal in any articles connected with or needed for those purposes.

Ministry officials would be enabled to enter and inspect, without the formality of obtaining a search warrant, any premises where they have reasonable grounds for believing that atomic research is being conducted. On serving notice in writing on any person, the Minister may obtain from him information about any materials, plant, or processes involved in the production of atomic energy. Any patent referring to atomic energy developments or inventions could be kept secret.

The Minister may search in or on any land for minerals which are the source of any "prescribed substances" which are defined as uranium, thorium, plutonium, neptunium, and their compounds. Such land may be commandeered and worked, and the bill provides for compensation to the owner in such cases.

The working of minerals from which these elements can be obtained may be prohibited by Ministerial order. But these minerals, and plants for their working, are required to be made available, under license, for purposes of education and research, and for commercial purposes which do not involve the production or use of atomic energy.

A person guilty of violating the Atomic Energy Act would be liable on summary conviction to a fine of not more than \$400, not more than a six-months imprisonment, or both. If convicted on indictment, a prison term of not more than five years, a fine not exceeding \$2000 or both might be imposed.

Prime Minister Clement Attlee announced recently that the British Government proposed to set up a research establishment at Harwell, Berks, both for general work and for the production of fissionable material. Responsibility for this project also rests with the Supply Minister, and the bill invests him with powers to carry it out.

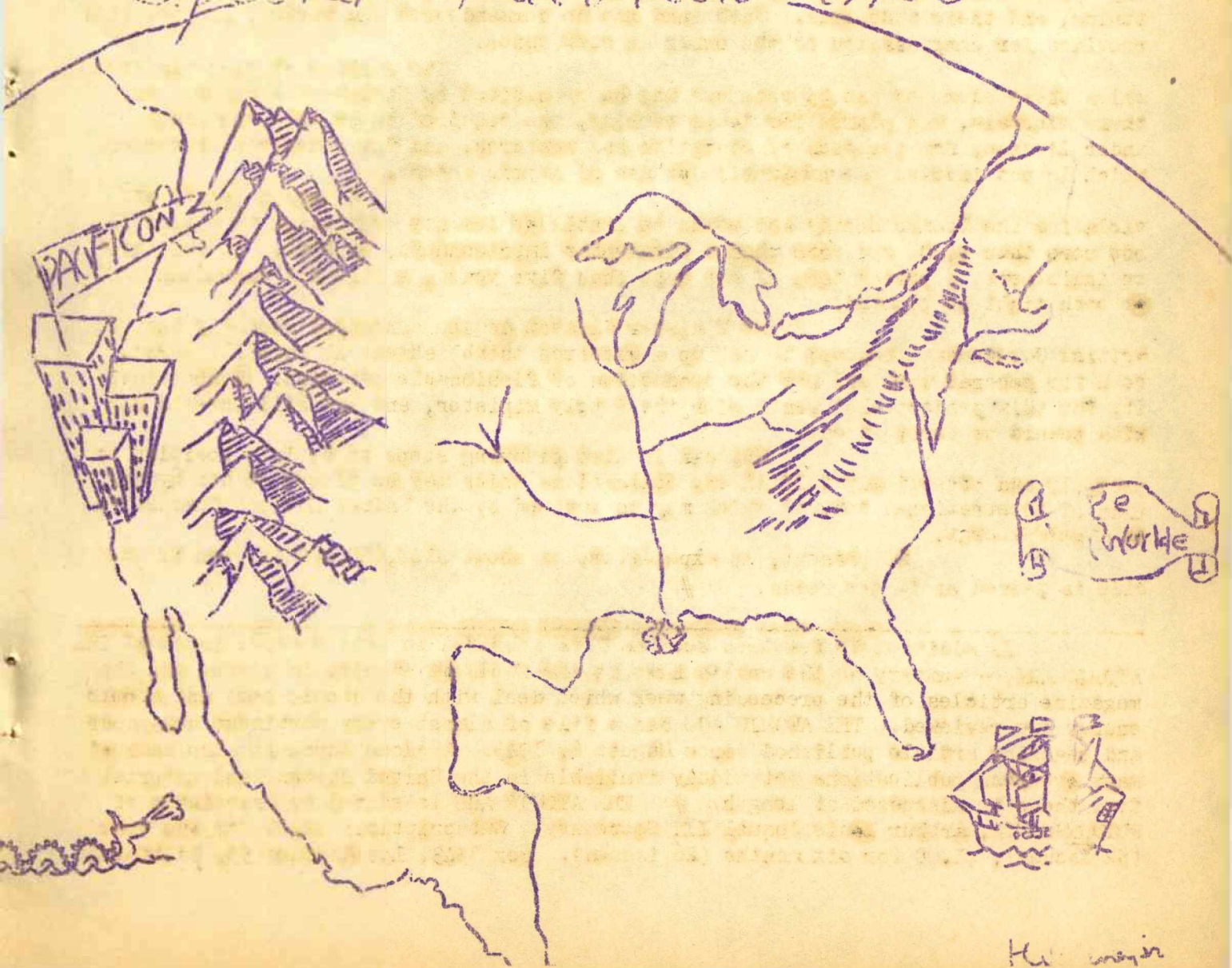
Britain is also planning steps to be in a position to promptly and effectively fulfill any obligations which may be placed on her by any plan of international control which may be devised by the United Nations Commission on Atomic Energy.

At present, an expenditure of about \$120,000,000 is seen if the bill is passed as it now reads. #

In addition to features such as have appeared in this special issue of **THE ATOMIC AGE**, a summary of the week's news in the field of atomics is given, and the magazine articles of the preceeding week which deal with the atomic bomb and atomic energy are reviewed. **THE ATOMIC AGE** has a file of almost every pertinent newspaper and magazine article published since August 6, 1945. A close check is also made of many overseas publications not widely available in the United States, and material from these is discussed at length. # **THE ATOMIC AGE** is edited by Associates of **FUTURSEARCH**, Arthur Louis Joquel II, Secretary. Subscription: \$2.00 for one year (52 issues), \$1.00 for six months (26 issues). Box 3343, Los Angeles 53, California

ARTES

Special Pacificon Line



Greetings!!! Greetings to the Pacificon from Harold W. Cheney, Jr.

and

We cannot be there, we're sad to say,
Circumstances have forced us to stay away,
But we've sent this so that we may,
Be with you in spirit on these four days.

or maybe

Convention day is here again,
Hurrah! say happy little fan,
But since we won't be there when
The fun is on, we decided to send
This.

or still yet

When the freeze is on the bumpkin,
And they say, "but you must come!,"
The unavoidable fact remains,
That it takes quite a large sum.

or I could say

Oh to be in LA now that July is here,
We'd wander down old Bixal street,
And see fans from far and near.
With big feet.

This special issue of Atres Artes is published and edited by Harold W. Cheney, Jr. at Little Falls, N. Y. Atres Artes (which would be the logical successor to Acolyte if it wasn't folding itself) is put out once in a while by HWC, Jr too.

THIS COULD BE CALLED AN EDITORIAL

We have been struck by the thought that someday some rich fan might put out a magazine devoted to the fantasy fan. Up until now the fanzines have covered this field pretty good but they all have the same basic fault....They are put out by amateurs in their spare time. If some fan were able to give all his time to a "fanzine," printed monthly wouldn't be impossible. And if the mag really had an attempt at looking professional it could get quite a circulation I mean those border-line fans. The hundreds of sfantasy readers who for one reason have never entered fandom. They have the same love and interest in sfantasy fans have but mere chance has kept them out of fandom. Think it over.

This following story appeared in the second issue of *Artes* and was acclaimed as the best story in that issue. And it really had stiff competition in Blomlynn's, *THE BRIGHT LAND* really presents a fine case for a fiction. There is no reason why fan fiction must be something to be laughed at (unless you're supposed too).

the Bright Land

Roger Lanham, had shown signs of a promising future when in school. He had a fine brain, it only needed guidance and experience. Several factors combined produced the lack of a competent guide to one of his abilities. He was incurably lazy and further; his father had died when Roger was only a boy. That lack of a firm hand was to prove disastrous in latter life. The small family had been fairly well off until then. Roger, and an only sister and the mother of them were left to fend for themselves in a highly competitive world. Their savings were gradually dissipated over the years, while Roger and Elaine were going to school.

The small part-time jobs that they were able to get, helped out but little. Then Elaine, who was the oldest, graduated from school, spent six months in an office, and then married. Roger graduated later and went to work in a machine shop. He fully intended to save enough to go to college at some later date. Money, as such didn't seem to interest him, it was merely a means to an end. Intellectual pursuits, or personal pleasures were all that really interested him.

He wasn't very happy amongst the clangor and bustle of the machines. Finding his finer sensibilities were being dulled by the noise and rough talk of coarse men; he quit. He began hopping from one job to another, none satisfying him. Some were too menial, some offered no advancement, some didn't pay enough, and others that he not like for various reasons. His trouble lie in the fact that he was above average in school, and had an inflated ego, brought on by that superiority in school. He expected to get a good job because of his intelligence, not stopping to realize that employers have a nasty habit of paying a man for what he is worth to them; not what he is potentially worth.

(Next page; please)

He felt as though some god, jealous of his powers, was plaguing him thus, giving him glimpses of paradise, only to snatch them from under his nose.

One day he began to feel as though he had reached the nadir of his miserable existence. He realized in a dim way that he was a failure in both worlds; reality and dream. The latter disturbed him most, not to be master of his mind was an appalling thought. Given a gun at that moment he would have put an end to his tortured brain. He longed to put finis to the continued frustration and futility of all things. Then his mood brightened somewhat, a spark of eternal hope that refused to be quenched, flickered. He decided a walk in the brisk autumn air would revive his flagging spirit.

He walked to the dark hall, and opened the closet near the front door.

Blinking his eyes, he stood paralyzed. There; instead of a dingy closet with the usual assortment of worn clothes and empty hangers; was spread the light splendor of his Bright Land. His closet door was the doorway to his private paradise. He could feel the waves of warmth that came from the place.

The same invitingly green grass rolled its carpet across the hills and out of sight. The same straight sturdy trees crowned the round hills and half hid the friendly gurgling brook. The fresh cool breeze brought delicious smells of grass, the fragrant trees, and fresh air. A new and pleasant note was added though. There was a limpid blue pool, formed by a beaver dam, and around this entrancing spot were figures that danced and played. Exquisitely formed women and handsome men were there. Their dress was primitive, but their actions bespoke culture and grace. A woman stopped in the midst of a pirouette and pointed in his direction. A babble of faint melodious voices were brought to his ear; and then they began to beckon and call to him.

Roger's heart sang within him. They wanted him to join them! They: gods and goddesses were inviting him to play with them. He was wanted there. The world of reality lost its grip on him entirely as he stepped forward and gently closed the closet door.

* * * * *

"He was such a good boy," sobbed the old lady

The man seated at the desk looked across at her with compassionate eyes. Eyes that noticed every pathetic detail of the bent, seated figure crying into a small lace handkerchief. "Don't take it so hard," he said soothingly. "There is yet another side you know. Always a brighter side to things. Take your boy for instance. He wasn't happy before was he? He is now, you know. Utter and complete happiness is his. Happiness that we normal people can never attain on this mortal plane."

The psychiatrist guided the old lady to the door.

"One thing more, Mrs. Lanham. Don't think of Roger as being in an asylum. Think of it as a sanatorium with pleasant surroundings. A place where Roger is merely resting until he is well again."

"Goodbye Doctor," said the heart-broken mother, "and thank you for all you've done for us."

THE END

One of the least known yet most interesting of British fantasy publications was the weekly journal known as "Scoops." Published during the period February 10th, 1934, to June 16th, 1934, it ran twenty issues, and was entirely devoted to stories of the strange and marvelous. Few collectors remember much about this magazine while even fewer can boast of possessing copies. The reason for this lay chiefly in the first issues. These were obviously for schoolboy consumption, and were notable for the ultra-horrific drawings and the quantities of blood spilt in the early stories. After a few weeks of publication, however, a marked improvement was effected, and "Scoops" blossomed forth into a magazine of merit. Such names as; A. Conan Doyle, J. Russell Fearn, G. E. Rochester, and Professor A. N. Low made their appearance. Adult readers began to sit up and take notice. Then, without warning, the new fantasy magazine collapsed. With no word of farewell, or apparent reason for the paper's withdrawal, the twentieth issue made its appearance as the editors last effort..

Such is the history of this interesting weekly.

For the information of index compilers, the following contents list may be useful. It should be mentioned perhaps, that up to the twelfth issue, it was the editorial policy to omit the author's name when publishing stories.

Issue No. 1	Paster of the Moon	11*
	Striding Terror	8*
	Rebel Robots	
	Rocket of Doom	
	Mystery of the Blue Mist	
	Voice From The Void	12*
	Soundless Hour	
No. 2	Rebels Of The Penal Planet	
	Z.I. Red Flyer	
	Space	by A. N. Low 10
	Sheer Personality	
No. 3	When the Skull Men Swooped	
	No Man's Plane	
	Monsters of the Marsh	
No. 4	Smashing Atoms	
	Time Traveller	
	Air Road	
No. 5	Flying Robot	
	World of Vapour	
	Submarine Road Plane No. 1	
No. 6	Spirit of Speed	
	Pearl of Death	
	Invisible Witness	
No. 7	London-Capetown Express	
	Mind Machine	
	Space Drone No. 1	
No. 8	Legion of the Lost	
	Wimpole's Weight Reducer	
	etalclad	
No. 9	Vengeance On Venus	
	Devilman of the Deep	by S. Martin 8
	History Histerical	
	Submarine Tank No. 1	

Issue No. 10	Ice Metropolis Death Dive Iron Woman		
No. 11	Immortal Man Bandits of The Stratosphere Revolt of The Stone Men		
No. 12	Humming Horror Black Vultures Cataclysm	G. E. Rochester C. J. Cockcroft	9
No. 13	Poison Belt Scouts of Space Metal Dictator	A. Conan Doyle F. Raymond L. D. Sylvester	6
No. 14	S.C.S. from Saturn Invaders from Time	J. Russell Fearn	
No. 15	March of the Berserks Fighting Jase		
No. 16	Accelerator Ray Temple of Doom	C. St. J. Sprigg Hughi	
No. 17	Moon Madness Death Broadcasts Scouts Of Space	D. J. Furner J. Jelles F. Raymond	4
No. 18	Man Who Made Diamonds Ray Control No.1 Electric Zone	J. Thomas E. Dallas H. F. Garfield	
No. 19	Flaming Frontiers Mystery of the Twilight Belt City Of Mars	B. Buley J. K. J. Lintolt C. J. Cockcroft	
No. 20	Mines of Kaldar Time Televisor Onslaught From Venus	F. Hugh D. H. Nelson Talbot	

((The numbers at the margin of some of the lines stands for how many parts were contained by that story. If the number is with an *, it was a serial. ed.))

STRANGE TALES EDITORIAL (Exclusive to ATLAS ARTES from Forrest J. Ackerman)

Following is reprinted the Editorial from the first issue of Strange Tales, the new British Fantasy Pulp edited by Walter Gillings:

"WEIRD & WONDERFUL: Since the days of Edgar Allan Poe there has always been a demand for the weird story and the tale of wondrous adventure in alien realms.

"You will find both in this book, which has been designed for the devotee of the fantastic in fiction. But its contents are not reprints of stories you have read many times before. They are the work of modern writers who are among to-day's masters of imaginative fiction.

"If you like to escape from this mundane world into surroundings utterly strange, to get a glimpse of things beyond the normal ken, these tales will amaze and thrill you."

BLACK FLAMES

Any resemblance between this article and the actual magazine issue, is strictly coinkydinky.

Black Flames is dedicated to Stanley Weinbaum and his superb Margaret of Urbs, the Black Flame.

The S added to Flame (S), stands for many Wo-fans, not one, and is for them alone. Men not included.

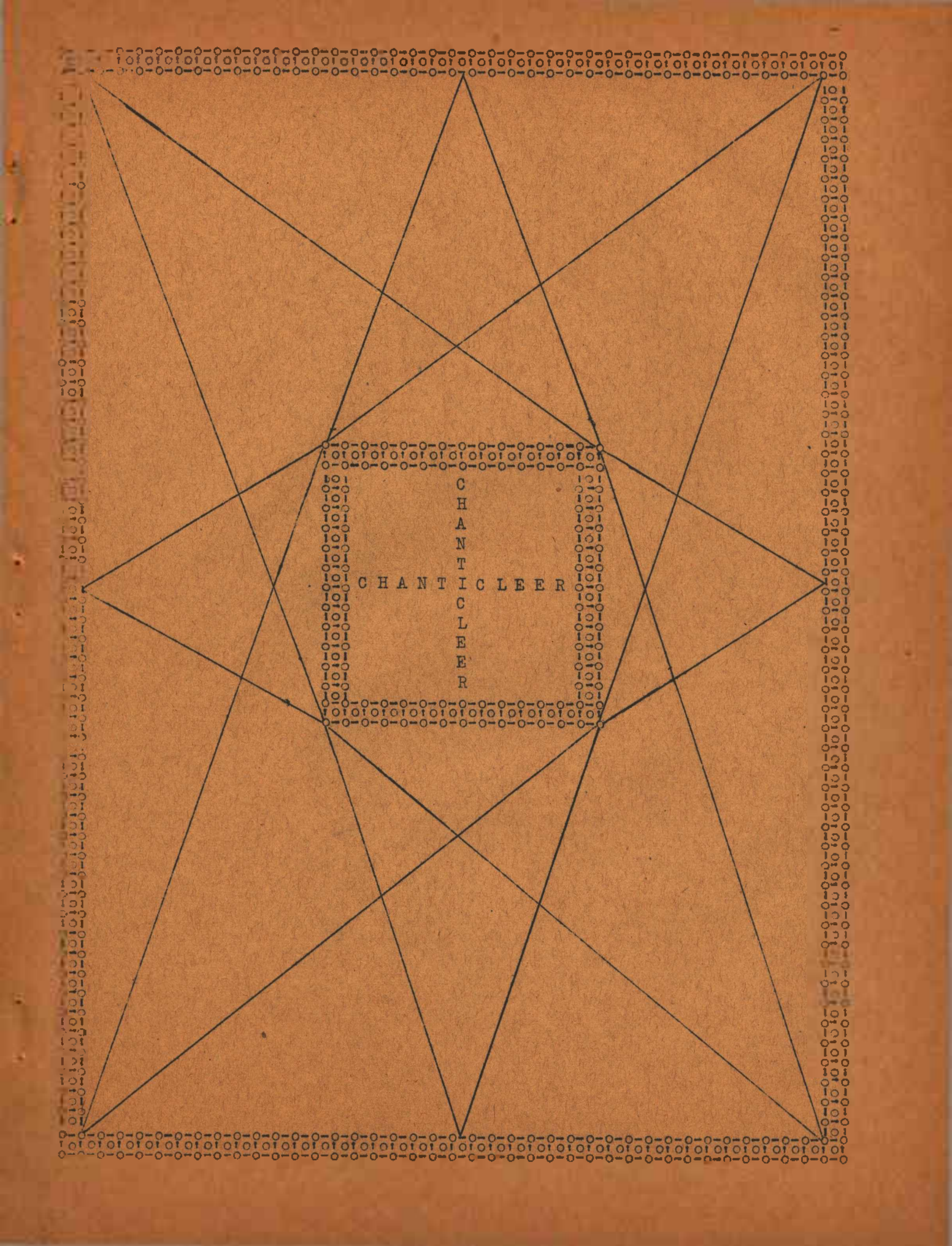
The next issue will be out soon and subscription price is 15¢. Forrest J Ackerman's Grandmother tells all about him and his start in fandom. Gals, of special interest to you, is the future style of clothing, with illustration, by Marijane Nuttall. Many articles, poems, and Gossip Duddies, will be included, written by Tigrina, Ernestine Taylor, Marijane Nuttall, Florence Stephenson Anderson, and others. A British Wo-fan explains her life when husband is writing Science-Fiction.

Should anyone be interested in obtaining this mag, subscription will be received at following address:

Jim-E Daugherty
1305 W. Ingraham
Los Angeles, 14, California.

Be sure and send EARLY requests for the next publication.

This Editor would appreciate news or gossip items, illustrations, stories, poems or articles, and can use them in the very near future.



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I choose my favorites in almost every field by whether or not I want to turn to them. If I want to read a story or date a girl the second time, it's the one that's evidently has something worthwhile. And if, upon completing that serial I still want more, I've found a favorite. ((Tucker just adores serial books.))

BOOK-LENGTH STF: This is something of a tough decision to make because I've read so many good books and so many fine serials that the mere reviewing of them in memory makes me want to drag them all out right now and re-read every one of them. I believe however that I can narrow down the choice to three particularly good "worlds" and should you threaten to deprive me of any two of them, I would hold onto "World D" by Hal Trevarthen. The remaining two are "Brave New World" by Huxley and "When Worlds Collide" by Balmer and Wylie.

There hasn't been a lot of mention of "World D" in fan circles outside of Liebscher's fanzines, mostly I suppose because there are so few copies of the book in fan-circulation. Perhaps only a dozen in all known-fandom, at a guess. I'd like to have a hundred copies of the volume to give away for Christmas presents.

Someone like Campbell may stack all his nova, thought-varient, and what-have-you yarns atop one another until hell freezes and still not approach "World D" in scope, theme, arm-chair science and all the off-trail twists you can think of. There are at least three different books in this one. The only apparent weakness worth complaining of is the milk-sop romance between a couple of healthy people who know that they want but are afraid to touch it---but for that one should blame their parents (or the author) but not them.

STF SHORT STORY: "Helen O'Loy" by Lester del Ray, in Astounding for December 1938. Positively, and then some. Sentimental sap that I am, this love story between a man and a desirable feminine-type robot touched me more---you know where.

BOOK-LENGTH FANTASY: Merritt's "Moon Pool," the whole and complete one as published in book form. I have that edition in which the villain has first a Russian and then a German name. My tabulations on this book show five readings and I'm about ready for the sixth. I hold this as Merritt's best, surpassing by a comfortable margin "Dwellers in the Mirage." (And incidentally, a Chicago book store still offers new copies of the "Pool" in the above mentioned edition for \$1.79 each.)

FANTASY SHORT: In the February 1940 issue of Unknown you'll find a subtle chiller by E. A. Grosser entitled: "The Psychomorph." That's it, brother. If you don't remember it, it is one of those "Is you is or is you ain't?" tricks Campbell employed so very well in "Who Goes There?" In this particular case the hero-character discovered it was just after he had successfully bumped-off what it wasn't.

BOOK-LENGTH WEIRD: Now I'm stymied. My weird-likes are few and far between because I seldom read weird tales: I don't care for them unless they happen to be larded with fantasy or have been published in Unknown. However there is one distinct weird novel which I read fourteen years ago and which still haunts my memory. It was published in Clayton's Strange Tales. It concerned vampires. It's too bad I can't recall the name of it. ((In all probability Tuck refers to "Murgunstrumm" by Hugh B. Cave; it appeared in the January, 1933 issue. It's a real, goshawful chiller-diller.))

WEIRD SHORT: A still more limited field than the next above and for the same reasons mentioned. I might report tho that I am unable to get Henry Kuttner's "The Graveyard Rats" out of my mind, and every time I find a new anthology containing William Faulkner's "A Rose For Emily" I read it again.

NON-STF NOVEL: "The Adventures of Hiram Holliday" by Paul Gallco. A corking adventure novel concerning a middle-aged chap, an almost has-been newspaper rewrite man who takes his first vacation in thirty years in just-before-the-war London. There, in a series of events hardly believable to himself, he skewers a Nazi with an umbrella and saves a Balkan princess from their hands.

NON-STF SHORT STORY: Dorothy Sayer's excellent "Suspicion." It's like this you see: there be a nasty poisoner loose in the town, and our unfortunate hero is suffering the early pangs of arsenic poisoning. No one is gladder than he when at last the criminal is caught and jailed. However, the discordant note comes in beautifully at the end in that arsenic appears in his cocoa (prepared for him by his ever-loving wife) after the criminal has been apprehended. Embarrassing, ain't it?

NON-STF NON-FICTION: "Personal History" by Vincent Sheean; it was published perhaps ten years ago, and there is nothing I can say of this book that will add to its laurels. Everything has already been said.

FAVORITE FANZIE: In this, I do not judge favoritism by how many times I read it but by how glad I am to discover each succeeding issue in my mailbox. There hasn't been anything since Spaceways that caused me to look in the box day after day, hoping the next issue is there.

FAVORITE STF AUTHOR: Jack Williamson. I've hung onto this gentleman for years; one of these days he'll send me a dollar in sheer gratitude.

FAVORITE FANTASY AUTHOR: A. Merritt. Tiffany Thayer runs a competent second.

FAVORITE PROZINE: Astounding, the only one I read steady and almost the only one I read at all these latter years. Altho, dammit, I am growing weary of getting only three or four stories per issue when I yearn for half a dozen. And I heartily dislike Campbell's practice of filling any one issue with stories of a similar theme. If its time-travel month at Street & Smith, Astounding will have three or four of them in the same issue; if its telepathy, whang! you find an issue overflowing with telepathic tales. I say, break 'em up.

FAVORITE FAN: It sure as hell ain't Liebscher. ((You cad. You realize, of course, that this means I'll not vote for you in the next poll.))

ENIGMATIC PENTAMETER

--"I'm In Love With
Channy" Davis

Ooth rootha wiss
Kiyinna will
Oop utta
O veralsin
Mess esmur
Feschodda

Ga dnoos

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX PREPARE FOR JUDGMENT DAY! XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Whether you choose the Isotopia, the Fissioneer, or the Honey Mooner, you will be assured of a long and eventful life. Make ready now for the big boom. When the earth blows up there is no need for you to do the same. Just blow out the candle, settle back in your comfy SAFETY WAFETY globe, and, since you are probably the only two humans left alive, convince your companion that it is a sacred duty to start the whole damn mess all over again. UP AND ATOM.

Lettuce and celery combined
Is known, I think, as celtuce
But when, I wonder, when
Will we be eating mayoneltuce

* HIGHER THINGS - By Michael Harrison - Published by Macdonald & Co. - London

Whoever Michael Harrison may be, he has written an unusual and fascinating story, one to be read carefully and pondered over. The element of fantasy is simple. James Farraday, young and discontented bank clerk, suddenly discovers that he possesses the ability to fly, not mechanically, no flapping of arms or wings, but merely by wish, a sort of levitation which hardly required conscious thought. His first, entirely unexpected flight brought such a shock that Farraday deferred a second, and deliverate, attempt for months. Then he metaphorically spread his wings and took off.

Actually the tale is not one of physical adventure. Farraday considers flying to Tibet or Patagonia, but, in reality, confines himself to hops around England except for a visit to Hitler. What makes the novel exciting and gives it an importance too rarely found in fantasy is the mental adventure, intellectual turbulence. Farraday (or the author) is an anarchist. * Not a Communist or Socialist or anything else which so many people fail to understand and confuse with each other, but a simon-pure anarchist, hating nationality, government, law, rule of any kind, and finally hating the entire * human race.

Farraday's progress (or deterioration if you wish) from sullen acquiescence in his position as bank clerk to his ultimate determination to leave the earth entirely can be considered either as a manifestation of insanity or as the logical development of a doctrine which, in effect, teaches the annihilation of social and political relations. The reader may recoil from all the doctrinal implications (I, for one, am too old and too fat to want government displaced by an anarchy in which some huskier guy could, with impunity, bump me off because I had a couple bushels of potatoes or because he * didn't like my face -- in other words, I like police protection) but none * can deny the skill and cold reasoning of their presentation. Anarchy is equated with complete freedom, all restraints disappear, controls no longer * exist in the mind of the one man on earth who can fly. Robbery and murder prove that in Farraday there are no social or moral inhibitions. In his re- * volt against economic servitude he gives way to ruthlessness.

The Hitler visit is a remarkable affair, partly because of the conversation between the two men but mainly because of shrewd and unique analysis of the reason why a depressed outcast could become dictator of millions. It * will make you think. The close of the book is vague, though there are one or * two hints of vast stretches of time and space, subtle references to the esoteric side of relativity, and indications of matterless life pondering for * eternity. Maybe the author will write a sequel. In any event, this rambling reviewer highly recommends the novel.

* THE SHIP OF FLAME - By W. S. Stone - Published by Alfred A. Knopf - 1945

Polynesia is a land of beauty and to its primitive inhabitants of long ago it was also a land of magic, everpresent gods with a background of fear and terror. From Hawaii to Tahiti, Raratonga to the Marquesas, the islands are peopled by men and women whose origins go far into the dim past. Perhaps their ancestors were among those driven out of India by Aryan invaders mil- lenia ago -- the bulk were slaughtered or enslaved but some, daring proto- types of Columbus and Magellan, fled across the seas to fill distant islands.

Just one theory, one of several which have been evolved to account for the exotic and mysterious race now rapidly disappearing before the on-European and American disease, vice and war. (Anyone interested in the subject can learn a great deal by securing - and using - a bibliography at the Bishop Museum of Honolulu. I discussed the matter rather extensively in my "History of Guam" as I was intensely concerned not only over the origins of Pacific natives, especially the Chamorros, but over the identity of the pre-Columbian men and women whose skeletal remains showed that they had grown to an amazing height of eight feet. It is a fascinating study - who were the slaves, "Mangchangs" by name, found by Magellan in the Marianas, utterly unlike the real Polynesians and now entirely lost? What had been their original home? India, Australia or Mu?)

Polynesian folk lore and legendry is earthy, animistic and at the same time a shimmering, gossamer tapestry of wonder and loveliness. The gods are intimate and active, some beneficent, other inspirers of fear, to be fought, tricked or placated. Mountains, trees and sea, rivers, caves and shores are not merely inanimate forms of nature - they are alive, moved by supernatural beings. No legend, Polynesian or otherwise, for beauty, courage, high daring, gallantry, surpasses "The Ship of Flame" which stems from Tahiti but in its course traverses half the Pacific. It is a simple tale of a youthful Polynesian who sets out in one of those marvellous vessels, which were as staunch and sturdy as any ships the Vikings ever built, to avenge the death of his father in the maw of the gigantic tridachna clam, a malignant entity, symbol of the molluscs which destroyed so many divers. The war canoe is built with miraculous aid from fairies who inhabited a mountain top, launched with ceremonies of barbaric splendor, battles winds and waves sent by evil spirits. And at the end is heroic struggle against the relentless forces of wickedness.

William Stone and his illustrator have produced a memorable volume, glowing words and superb paintings forming a proper setting for an age old tale. "The Ship of Flame" is fantasy in the sense that all legendry is fantasy. Certainly no story of Polynesia has ever had more exquisite presentation.

WHO KNOCKS? - Edited by August Derleth - Published by Rinehart Y Co. - 1946

By the time this review appears in print it is likely that all readers of "Chanticleer" will have gone through Derleth's latest anthology from cover to cover. Certainly no lover of fantasy will miss anything put out under the banner of the Master of Arkham. There is, in fact, no real reason for writing this review unless it is to compliment the editor of "Who Knocks" upon again having hit one of his usual jackpots.

To be brief, there are twenty spectral tales from twenty authors and each deserves inclusion. Derleth has concentrated upon stories "in which the animating force is in the nature of a return from the dead". Under such a broad heading are included straightforward ghost stories such as "The Shadow on the Wall" by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, psychic residue in W. F. Harvey's "The Ankardyne Pew", spectral vengeance in "Squire Toby's Will" by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, haunted spots as in "The Dear Departed" by Alice-Mary Schnirring, and various other manifestations.

Horror is not always present and is not emphasized beyond the usual unease mounting to fright which comes with the first thought of ghostly apparitions. There are, though, a few manifestations of evil to bring shudders. I need only mention E. F. Benson's "Negotium Perambulans" and H. R. Wakefield's enigmatic "The Seventeenth Hole at Duncaster". Lovecraft is represented in this grouping by "The Shunned House", not one of his best - but what difference does that make, we have all read everything by HPL.

During the past year or two there has been at least a score of fantasy

... some good, some poor. To this reviewer "Who Knocks?" and Der-
th's "Sleep No More" are at the head of the procession.

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND - By William Hope Hodgson - Published by Holden
Hardingham, Ltd. - London - 1908 and 1921.

The most ghastly, terrifying, mysterious and unsolveable story I have
ever read. It is unique, standing utterly alone in its genre, a solitary
pinnacle of brooding horror. A tale unbelievable and unexplainable in even
one detail. An eternal question mark to which there can never be an answer.

Two Englishmen on a fishing trip to a remote part of Ireland some 75
years ago stumble across ruins of unknown age and before they are repelled by
strange rustlings and a feeling of primeval evil discover a note book con-
taining the rambling, not always coherent experiences of an old recluse who,
with his sister, had once inhabited the structure. Startling and terrifying
is, not only the contents of the journal, but the complete lack of congruity
between its fairly recent age - perhaps a decade or two - and the antiquity
of the ruins.

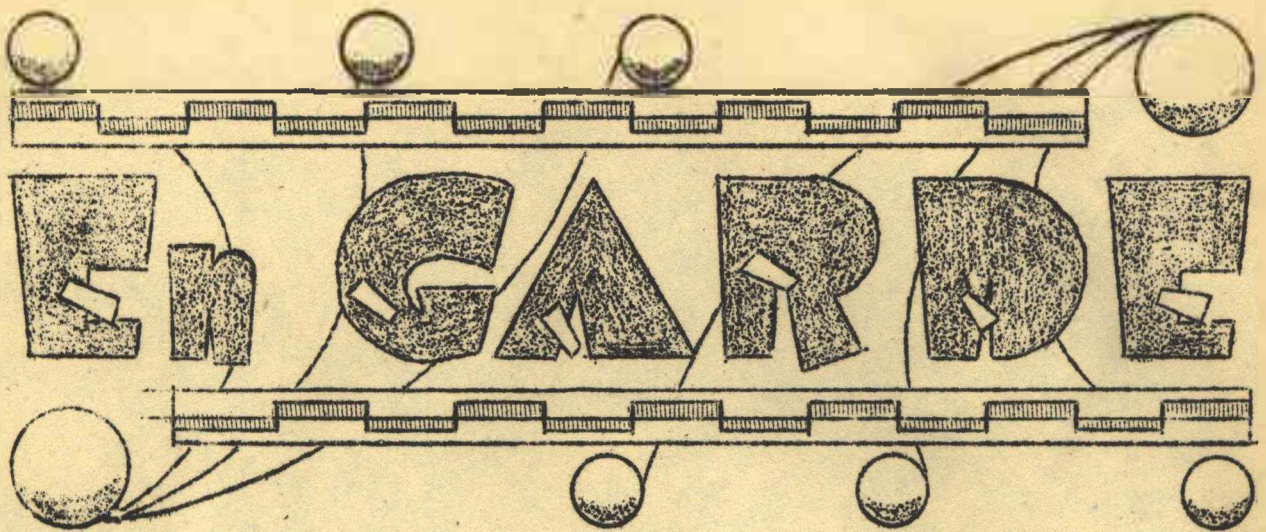
A reviewer cannot attempt to retell the story - only Hodgson himself
could do that - and can only give a faint indication of the grotesque impos-
sibilities contained in the diary. Apparantly the writer had lived in this
remote house for many years. One afternoon, without warning, he was trans-
ported (physically or astrally we are never told) to a vast, darkling plain
surrounded by gigantic mountains where lurked Kali, Set and other monster
gods whose presences are but dimly discerned and whose purposes are never
disclosed. Centered in the plain is a forbidding building of jade, replica
of the recluse's house, besieged by swine headed monstrosities. Who or what
occupies the building is never told. The vision ends as suddenly as it came
with no explanation of its meaning.

Back "home" (though a slight doubt creeps in about the authenticity of
"home") the recluse finds himself under siege by scores of the same swine-
headed beasts, thought they are invisible to the sister. They can be killed
(some with what perhaps is occult assistance) and the disappearance of the
corpses hints at cannibalism. Attacks are varied by further "visions" in
confusing and incomprehensible fashion, no reason, no sequence, no continu-
ity. A fragment of the journal tells of a journey (actual or imagined) to
the Sea of Sleep with just a hint of something terrifying. Another vision
carries the recluse to the end of the universe, even to the end of time.

There are glimpses of bubbles of "thought life", eons of ineffable joy
with his beloved who is abruptly torn away, scenes of the damned - though who
or what they are is never revealed - , glimpses of demoniac gods, a vision
of the living center of the cosmos, and a score of other fantasies. And
when the recluse "returns" from his journey to the end of time he finds his
home unchanged except that, incredibly, his dog is a pile of dust.

The denouement is one of the most ghastly in all literature. Is there
a Heaven or a Hell? Is there Justice? Is there a benevolent Deity or is
the cosmos prey to evil?

The story, in a sense, has no plot. It has the same superb, grotesque
non-sequiter formlessness as the best of Dali. There is no sequence, no
logic to anything that happens. And no explanation. One can accept it as a
parable, an insane hallucination, a vision outside our time and space - or
one can just accept it. Certainly there has never been a more compelling,
more terrifying, more incomprehensible piece of writing. I'm no newcomer to
fantasy and horror but "The House on the Borderland" jolted me back on my
heels.



EN GARDE!

A FAPA PUBLICATION

FRACTIONAL NUMBER XVII ¹/_{II}.



Mustered With Malign Machination

By AL (abysmal) ASHLEY of

643 South Bixel Street,

Los Angeles 14, California

SPECIAL PACIFICON COMBOZINE ISSUE.

YE LYSTTE OF LARGESSE

TO YOUR EVERLASTING DISMAY you are now viewing	Page 1.
ARCHAEOLOGICAL DABBLING by Al Ashley begins on	Page 2.
DOAN BRAZIER brings a tale of negation starting on	Page 4.
RAY BRADBURY wrote years ago what appears on	Page 6.

THE COVER picture is by special arrangement, and suggests a good location for next year's Convention. Since the first Convention, the trend has been ever Westward. Why should we break with tradition now?

Thesestencilsarebeingcutfourdaysbeforetheconventionohwhydidwewait??

INTRODUCING EN GARDE

En Garde is published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA). It appears quarterly, and the first issue came out in the Spring of 1942. That first issue had the same number of pages as this one, but since then it has grown until it averages twenty or more pages. The last issue was the Fourth Anniversary Number and contained thirty-nine pages. The covers have a printed heading and an airbrushed picture in two or more colors. While the material will always be partly the efforts of the editor, many leading professional and fan names are represented each issue. The contents range from fan nonsense to more or less abstruse articles, and is at all times selected according to the passing whims of the editor, and the availability of material. This issue will be incorporated in the Pacificon Combozine, and will be circulated separately in the Summer 1946 FAPA Mailing, partly because the regular issue for that Mailing has been delayed and must be postmailed later.

May your attendance at the Pacificon be fullsome & satisfying!

FORGOTTEN FANTASIES

EDITOR'S NOTE: Time-Travel offers sundry rewards. Going back into the past of fifty or sixty years ago proves especially worthwhile to the would-be compounder of a fanzine column. The magazines of that bygone day were laden with items of singular strangeness and fantastic quality. Forgotten Fantasies has developed into quite a regular feature of En Garde.

"GOOD FOR WEAK LUNGS. Monte Cristo Whisky. The best produced. 75 cents and \$1 per bottle."

-----Judge, January 19, 1889. (Adv.)

((Without doubt you've heard of inhaling the stuff! Ah, them were the good ol' days.))

"PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND FLESH WORMS. 'Medicated Cream' is the Only Known harmless pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it Clear, Fair and TRANSPARENT."

-----The Golden Argosy, Oct. 29, 1887. (Adv.)

((Do you too experience that "crawling feeling"? Do your friends call you Worm Bait? Are the skull-orchard boys rushing you? Curb their impatience with a jar of this cream. Become transparent! The lost secret is now yours. Be an Invisible Man and elude them.))

"SHALL WE TRAVEL UNDER WATER? Some weeks ago the Argosy printed a note concerning the plan of sending passengers to Europe in a pneumatic tube laid under the ocean, and herewith we append an interview obtained by a reporter of the New York Tribune with the originator of the idea.

When asked how the tube could be laid under the ocean, the reply was very frankly made: 'That is, in fact, the only thing in the whole project that staggers scientific men. In laying our hollow cable or tube we must provide against the breakage of it. I purpose having the outside made of wire, with the interstices filled with gum; then, inside of the wire, iron and a lining of steel. We would need new appliances and machinery specially adapted for weaving the wire. I think the tube or hollow cable should be made as it is laid---that of course will be an elaborate and tedious process. We must lay it from a vessel larger than the Great Eastern. I am afraid the Great Eastern would scarcely do.'

'What would be the shape of the conveyance?' pursued the reporter.

'It would be like the projectile of a dynamite gun, and have wheels all round so as to reduce the friction to the smallest possible degree. The seats would be arranged so that the passengers would sit tandem---or they might lie down'

'You say a speed of one thousand miles an hour could be attained!'

'Yes. That is as fast as the rate at which the earth turns on its axis.'

'Then would not that result in your projectile coming to a dead stop if it moved in a direction contrary to the earth's revolution?'

'Well---I---ah---yes, certainly it looks like that: but that'll be all right.'

'Would this way of travelling be safe?'

'Precautions will be taken to secure its safety. There might be some danger of the conveyance or projectile going off at a tangent when it reached the end of the tube; but it will be shot right up a grooved incline, and slow up and stop. But before anyone goes through I'll make trial trips with dogs and such, and if they come out I'll venture the passage myself. No one will make it till I have first done so'."

-----The Golden Argosy, Oct. 15, 1887.

((A brave and imaginative inventor! But apparently the dirty financiers failed to finance him, and the scientific men were too staggered to figure out the details for him. Such is the usual fate of "genius"!))

"SHIRTS BY MAIL. Perfect fitting White Dress Shirts for 60 cents, unlaundried, or 75 cents, laundried, postpaid."

-----The Golden Argosy, Oct. 15, 1887. (Adv)

((There you are. We were born sixty years too late!))

"A NEW TOY! The Cutest thing for a Whistle ever invented. Blow in the mouth-piece and a high-bred Shanghai Rooster pops up his head and Crows, and then drops down out of sight."

-----The Golden Argosy, Oct. 15, 1887 (Adv)

((Wonder if he wears red pants!))

"Railroad accidents appear to increase in frequency and horror with each succeeding year. Among the recent railway inventions which have attracted special attention, is what is termed the anchor brake, to be used in cases of emergency. The plan involved in this case is that of having an anchor drop from the rear end of a train and engage with the ties. By having a good long spring to ease the shock when the anchor came to a bearing, a train might easily be brought to a stop within fifteen or twenty feet from an ordinary passenger speed, if something did not give way."

-----The Golden Argosy, Nov. 12, 1887.

((Fling out the anchor, brakeman, yon bridge is washed out!))

Ten years later his college cleaned house and destroyed all the accumulated records. The books he had written his name in finally had been worn out and burned.

Twenty years later the old man of Fandom, at the Chicago 64 rose and spoke briefly on the philosophy of Fandom. Steve Mallon's name was mentioned once in a conversation with a new fan after the old man of Fandom had finished his address. That was the last time Steve Mallon's name was ever spoken in the world of man.

When the old man of Fandom died five years later his meager effects were examined. Steve Mallon's three pages of manuscript holding the essence of Fandom were lumped with the old magazines, among which was the first issue of the rare FANDOMY OF 1960 and the whole lot found its way into a paper and rag dealer's yard. Three months later "A Pervading Philosophy of Fandom" by Steve Mallon had been bleached, washed, and shredded, then pressed and rolled into wrapping paper.

For a brief moment twenty-seven years later his name flashed across the mind of a dying girl, as the events of her life fled through her mind in a few swift seconds. That was the last Steve Mallon was ever thought of in the world of man.

A fire in the courthouse of a small town in the mid-west destroyed the records of his birth. He was never baptized. There were no church records.

In the third world war that began in 1972 without warning, the adjutant general's files at Washington were completely destroyed by a forty-ton rocket that fell out of the skies.

In 1972, the same year, as if in judgment against a wicked world, an unprecedented cold wave swept down from the north. Tongue of the Polar mass reached down over the small island where Steve Mallon had been given a rude grave.

The cold mass lingered. The island had never felt cold before. The natives, long since deserted by white man, huddled in grass shelters, their skins bare and exposed to the wintry blast.

A native built a fire of wood to keep himself warm. He succeeded temporarily by burning the odd white crosses stolen from the taboo place where the mounds of the dead were.

A cross had a name Steve Mallon, but the flames licked across it. Letter by letter the name blackened, became fiery red, then blackened once again.

And in that instant---only twenty-eight years after Steve Mallon's death---his life perished from the earth....

But for this.....

THE MATHEMATICON

By Ray Bradbury.

The time has come, my fan club told me the other day as we met furtively in the shadow of a soapbox, for me to quit blowing bubbles in my opium pipe and start my third thesaurus of thwarted theories and just plain stuff.

At first I contemplated the oyster as a fit subject for my thesis but since the Decency League considers that a raw subject I shall not stew about it.

I shall dwell for a time on the stars and Earth. I have before me a copy of A STAR IS BORN by Nova Casa, prominent author of THE LOVE LIFE OF THE CLAM or HOW TO KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT. Casa says, "Have you a large globe in your library?" Now, does he mean our fishbowl or the electric bulb in our mystic east, or Chandu-lier, I ask you? Of course he couldn't mean that balloon-faced Barsoomian what's been picketing me for 7 days in my library, with a bundle of burning TNT in one hand, singing "Hallelujah, I'm a Bomb!"

To our amazement Casa explains he means the globe of the Earth we have setting on our table. Now we are asked to imagine we are infinitesimal creatures on the face of that globe. I tried this the other night and succeeded only in getting a dull headache and I sprained my neck trying to balance on the darned thing, not to mention waking the people downstairs.

Look up in the sky---QUICK! If you are in the house you may see a little diaper instead of the little dipper overhead so we shall solve this problem by stepping out onto the balcony---if you happen to have one---otherwise, I am bound to think, it would be rather silly stepping out the window, wouldn't it?

Well, here we are now---outside at last. Did you bring a blowtorch with you to read by? If you haven't a blowtorch bring a candle. But be careful not to breathe too harshly while you read this article or you will blow out your candle. Better still, don't breathe at all. Of course, when the dawn comes tomorrow morning you will make rather an oddlooking corpse, lying on your back in the bushes with a candle in one hand and this thesis in the other, and your face all blue; so I think you have held your breath long enough.....exhale!

Well, your candle has fluttered out, so we shall have to read by moonlight. As you see, the moon is out tonight. Wait a minute! If the moon is out, then it can't be lit---can it? If a candle is out then it is not glowing---is it? And yet we say the Moon is out when it's in.

Getting back to the Moon---tonight we shall view a rare phenomenon: The Moon is being eclipsed.

AST FAN

750
CITY OF CO
MAY 3
1910

FAN





FORMER SERVIFANS

FORREST
JACKERMAN



MILTON
A.
ROTHMAN

MORE VIP CARTOONS

WHY I LIKE FANTASY

Recently at the LASFS I brought up an idea that I thought might prove of interest to nation-wide as well as, local fans. The idea was to have all the members prepare a short paper on why they are science fiction and fantasy fans. The result was far more interesting than I had visualized. Three magazines were clamoring, afterward, for the publication rights which finally rested with "FAN". Without further ado "FAN" is happy to present this special PACIFICON issue the LASFS papers on "Why I Am A Fantasy Fan".

WHY I AM A FANTASY FAN

or

WHY THE MAD SCIENTIST IS GOING TO DESTROY THE WORLD

by

GUS WILLMORTH

It is rather difficult to say why I am a fan and intend to stay that way because in actuality the reason that I am a fan now is certainly not the reason that first lured me into this predicament. Perhaps it would be best to give a graphic picture of that happening before stating reasons for being a fantasy fan at present.

Many are the articles that have been written by the various personages in fandom giving fine descriptions and high ideals for being fans that are certainly enough to stir the fanly breast as he views his cosmic attitude. I wish that I could subscribe to these reasons for being a fan. But I fear that I cannot. Being the type of person known to a psychiatrist as having introversion trends, I am a dreamer, a reformer, a social critic, (objectively, I continue to see these trends developing in myself as yet) and consequently as a child, I dreamt finding further escape in reading books, magazines and papers. In fact, anything that contained wordage, fictional wordage, I read. It is personally astonishing to me now the amount of crud I soaked up as a youngster. However, during the consumption of western, detective, adventure, fiction, et al, I gradually became sated of the more prosaic types of literature. From the tales in Argosy All-Story, I soon found that the fantastic alone were a suitable compliment to the hours of day-dreaming that I did. From there the progress is fairly obvious, from avid reading of any fantasy I happened across to the actual intensive searching for fantasy that a fan collector does. And that is the way it happened.

To explain why I am a fan now, and to make a statement of what I get out of the literature at present is slightly different. That entails, amongst other things, a self-psycho-analysis. As I first stated, I have trends of introversion--desires to reform, socially critical, wishing for progress. Science-fiction offers compensation for these desires---perhaps it even goes so far as to over-compensate, but I believe that this effect is becoming slighter with the years. Science Fiction and fandom have shaped my life. I entered fandom at an early age as have so many of us. Scientific discussion has led me into interest in science; my reform desire leads me into wishing for scientific advance. I read future stories. The sociological stories of Astounding and of the many fantasy Utopias and books of the socially minded writers have

interested me in social affairs. Fantasy led me to read mythologies for background of fantasy creatures. Mythology led to interest in people and the way that people thought to think of these many legends and creatures. My social critic trends were very interested in these subjects. I am going to take a University course in social psychology. Fandom quite early offered me a group of friends with common likes. Intelligent people, book lovers, progressives. These people played their part in the forming of me as I am. In other words, its all your fault.... These people are my friends; the people I talk to; the people I live with; the people with whom I associate and desire to continue to associate with. That is the reason that I am a fan and the reason that I intend to remain a fan. This is what I get out of fandom and out of Science Fiction.

PROPHETIC FICTION

by

DALE HART

I like Science Fiction because it is prophetic fiction. To explain: I am interested in the past, present and future, to an intense degree --- but I am interested especially in the future.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD?

I read Science Fiction to help me find the answer to that question.

PIE AND ICE CREAM

by

ROSS HODGKINS

Trying to analyse one's reasons for reading science fiction is like trying to determine why one likes pie and ice cream or prefers a shower to a tub. It doesn't appear to be too obvious.

To be accused of reading it as escape literature in order to avoid facing the realities of life and thus taking refuge in some "private world" arouses a feeling of resentment. I submit that the reading of any type of fiction can be classified as escapism and that this is an invalid accusation to level at those who specialize in science fiction.

Why then do I read it? Certainly not as a member of the "GOSH, WOW, BOY-O-BOY" school of thought, nor because I thrill vicariously to the exploits of Patrolman Pete vs the Vandals of the Void.

Originally, I suppose, my interest was maintained because it differed so completely from all other types of fiction. That, plus the fact that I'm convinced that people are either born with a liking for it or they're not, convertees and deserters being a comparative rarity.

Later, as my interest in scientific advancement and disgust with politics increased, a simultaneous fascination and curiosity arose in the postulations of writers regarding the developments of this and other cultures.

These and other reasons not yet crystalized account for my liking for science fiction which, in summary might be expressed as "GOSH, WOW, BOY-O-BOY".

SCIENCE FICTION FANS ARE (STUB)BORN

By

Forrest J Ackerman

IN THE FALL OF 1926 (which, by removing your shoes, you may calculate was practically 20 years ago) a lad 10 years of age went into a drugstore, now non-existent, right over here on the corner of Western & Santa Monica. His mother had sent him for a bottle of milk of magnesia, but he suffered amnesia and brot back a mag instead. This is not strictly true, but truth is said to be stranger than fiction, and I would not wish to arouse the indignation of such level-headed company as this with a true account which woud strain credulity.

Suffice it to say that on the fateful September morn when my interest in science fiction was born, a monstrous crustacean was the midwife. That old boy has been with me all my life, and I'd welcome him as an old friend, were I to encounter him in person: Paul's, quote, "fearful, lobster-like creature" which ruled the domain depicted by A. Hyatt Verrill lying "Beyond the Pole".

Now I am certain that as my eyes raced over instalment one of Dr Verrill's virile serial: read the concluding chapters of astronomer Serviss's "A Columbus of Space": puzzled over "The Purchase of the North Pole" which one M. Olchewitz had authored under the pseudonym of Zhool Valrn, often anglicized to Jules Verne; and as I shuddered at the evolutionary monstrosities running wild on Wells' "Island of Dr Moreau"; and finally read "Blasphemers' Plateau", with a disgust which still communicates itself keenly across 2 decades, tho I cannot imagine why;--I am sure as I read "Uncle Hugo's" selection for the 7th Issue of Amazing Stories that I was not seeking escape from irksome home-work or hateful planto practice nor doctors' bills nor a nagging wife...no, upon reflection, to the certainty of the latter two I can, at least, attest.

I am the enemy of the agents who brand science fiction as escape literature. It may be to some; it is not to me. This I insist. I have never consciously cried out, "The world is too much with me: Keller, Campbell, Cummings, Kline or Kuttner, help me to escape to the Brave New World!" At first I must have read only for adventure; but 5 years later I was reading for ideas, particularly ideas that I could incorporate into my conduct to make myself worthy some day of the company of thinking men. So I survived the blessings of 7 sunday schools and became a convert to athelism at 15, a decision I have never regretted, even in the fox-holes of Ft. MacArthur.

They say science fiction is escape literature. Why the devil do they do this? Isn't all fiction escape? Some like to escape into the Old West or colorful historical periods of this or other lands; some, in the comfort of an easy chair, fancy the life of a gumshoe or a Sherlock Holmes; others experience vicarious sex thrillz in bed-time stories with an im-moral to them. Surely.. these readers are escaping thru the printed word? Why, then, are science fiction f a n s alone singled out as escape-goats?

Perhaps the epithet is hurled at us---or was in the past: I still momentarily forget the Atomic Bomb has made a vast difference in public reaction to sfans--perhaps we were labeled literary lush-heads because of a confusion of terms. It may be that the layman lumped science fiction and fantasy together. I am first and foremost a science fiction fan, escaping, if any where, and to borrow a phrase coined I believe by Jack Williamson, --escaping to reality. Science fiction: The time machine to Tomoro. Fantasy: The dimensional navigator to never-never land. Weird fiction? Well, I like weird fiction, too, to a certain extent, tho I have never been able to content myself that it is as laudable a facet of fiction as scientifiction. In the trinity of science fiction, fantasy & the supernatural; weird fiction I perhaps regard as the wrong angle in the otherwise righteous triangle. But this is dangerous ground and not germane to the main theme of this paper.

In closing, I think I could not do better than to quote in part from the editorial in the first science fiction magazine I ever read. By Hugo Gernsback, it is appropriately title "Imagination & Reality". In it the recognized "father of scientifiction" stated: "When reading one of our scientifiction stories in which the author gives free rein to his imagination, providing he is a good story teller, we not infrequently find ourselves deeply thrilled. The reason is that our imagination is fired to the nth degree, and we thus obtain a real satisfaction from the time spent in reading the story. I should like to point out here how important this class of literature is to progress and to the race in general...A scientifiction story should not be taken too lightly, and should not be classed just as literature. Far from it. It actually helps in the progress of the world, if ever so little, and the fact remains that it contributes something to progress that probably no other kind of literature does." To which I add, amen. I have read scientifiction with unabated enthusiasm for 20 years because of the wealth of novel ideas I have found in it, ideas which I believe made me, paradoxically, prematurely mature mentally while keeping me mentally young and malleable of mind. Science fiction is invaluable to me for its cerebral stimulation.

Anybody wanna fight?

CONSTRUCTIVE WORK NEEDED IN FANDOM

by
ARTHUR LOUIS JOQUEL, II

My interest in science fiction dates back to my eighth birthday. I've more or less gotten into the habit by this time.

A large number of my various non-fiction interests are among those which have inspired Stf and Fantasy --- Atlantis, Satanism, Rocketry, and others and when I discovered fandom sever 1 years ago, I felt like I had "come home".

My main dissappointment in fandom is that fans in general - general, that is - are not interested in doing any real constructive work in the field that they read about. Rocketeers, Sociologists, semanticians are practically non-existent in the fan field. Even prospective airmen - for a future "Wings Over The World" - and psychologists are only too rare.

But still - when Radar reaches the moon and atomic power makes the headlines every day, it gives a pleasurable feeling to be able to say, "See - we wrote about all that years ago."

AL ASHLEY PREFERS

by
AL ASHLEY

Of that field of literature falling under the general term, "fantasy", I enjoy an occassional weird tale, and find quite a number of the "pure fantasy" stories to be greatly entertaining. But my greatest interest will always be in "Science Fiction".

I am particularly fond of stories based on "time travel", "the superman concept", and much of the "sociological science fiction". However, an "idea story" arouses in me the greatest enthusiasm.

The science fiction that I like the best must contain some thought-provoking new idea, or new twist to an old idea. If a heavy dose of science is needed to put the idea accross, I haven't the slightest objection. If the rest of the story falls a little short because of this, I'll probably never notice it.

Just provide me an adequate diet of plausible science fiction, replete with an abundance of new and novel ideas and concepts in any branch of science whatever, and I'll be utterly happy. Those who wish may have their weird's and fantasies...and welcome!

AN ARCHAEOLOGIST IN OUR MIDST

by
WALTER J. DAUGHERTY

Fantasy and weird tie for first place in my interest with stf falling third on the list. Fantasy and weird, to be especially pleasing to me, must be of a type that bases itself on fact or an organized set-up of non-fact as exemplified by the Lovecraft Mythos. Egyptology obviously interests me because of my own researches and lectures on the subject. The same may be said of pre-historic and primitive man themes as well as American Indians.

I also enjoy short fantasies with TRICK endings. In science fiction I still go for the planet expeditionery theme.

WHY I PREFER WEIRD FANTASY

by
TIGRINA

There are many reasons why I am mainly interested in the weird type of fantasy. To begin with, I had an uncanny predilection for the grotesque and the fantastic. An only child on a ranch, it was often necessary for me to invent imaginary playmates and invest trees, plants and stones with personalities of their own. I also had animal friends with whom I conversed quite as freely as though they were human beings. Therefore, when I discovered that there were such things as faerie tales and imaginative stories of that type, I was delighted, as they seemed to fit right in with the imaginative little world that I had created for myself.

My choice of literature resulted in parental disapproval for no apparent reason other than that they deemed such stuff degrading and unfit for mental consumption. This strengthened rather than lessened my craving for fantasy, for there is quite a bit of psychology in that old adage concerning forbidden fruit being the sweetest.

The youngest in my classes at school, I was frequently teased and tormented, and ignored by the older group in their parties and games. My outraged vanity found an outlet in studying witchcraft, references to which I had noticed in various imaginative stories I had read, and I devised many fantastic ways of wreaking revenge upon my antagonistic little schoolmates. Witchcraft and Black Magic opened entirely new vistas of fantasy to me, and long after I had forgotten the aforementioned childish differences, I still retained an interest in these subjects.

As I grew older and more aware of the world about me, I embraced fantasy as a means of escape. If reality were unexciting or unpleasant at times, I would journey a mile or so into town to the tiny public library, take a battered Burroughs volume from the shelves, and figuratively swing through the trees with Tarzan, or experience delicious shivers while turning the well-thumbed pages of Ambrose Bierce's "Can Such Things Be?"

My preference for weird stories was partly determined by the limited choice of books in the small country town library. All the "fantasy" there consisted mostly of ghost stories or exotic oriental and adventure tales, with the exception of a volume or so of Jules Verne.

Another reason why I tended toward the fantasy type of literature was that I had a hearty dislike for the average gushy so-called "romantic" story. The "romance" element, thank Satan, is frequently omitted in tales of a fantastic nature, or at least it does not assume major importance.

My first encounter with Weird Tales magazine was when I was about six or seven. A neighbour woman a half mile or so away had a grown son who read them. I would try to glance through them when on rare visits to the place, but was seldom able to do this. I always remembered the magazine, however, and when I became a bit older, bought the copies as regularly as I could. I would

have liked to try other magazines also--in fact I did purchase a few "Unknowns"--but fearing that the grudging permission to read Weird Tales might even be denied me should I attempt to read a greater variety of pulp literature, I contented myself with the one magazine.

Radio was also a great source of entertainment to me, and since more of the mystery and eerie type of dramas were featured in fantasy programs, this further influenced me toward the weird phase of fantasy.

Living four miles from the nearest tiny neighbourhood theatre, I missed quite a few of the motion pictures, but I searched the newspapers avidly for any mention of mystery or weird films. At one time, I kept a list of those I would like to see, although I knew I would never have a chance to view them.

Now that my interest in fantasy is unhindered, and I have unlimited access to different types of fantasy in books and magazines, I find that I am becoming more and more attracted to science fiction also. I probably would have been interested in this type of fantasy earlier in life had circumstances been a bit different. My only regret is that I did not avail myself of more scientific subjects when at school, so that I could more fully appreciate the technical aspects of some of the better science fiction tales.

IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE HAS POTENTIALITIES

by
ANDY ANDERSON

Imaginative literature has always proved of interest to me because of the enormous potentialities that that story form holds as a means of presenting the author's more off-trail ideas concerning science, economics, political affairs and other matters which intrigue me.

When one considers the pure enjoyment which these stories are capable of exuding, providing the author knows how to exude it, and providing the particular publisher, magazine or book, exudes enough of the necessary inducement to make the author exude, it is obvious what the coup de grace will be.

As for the exalted position which I hold at present as the most highly indolent member of the LASFS at the present time, well.... I first got caught up in the maelstrom of our microcosmos because of a deep-rooted interest in editing, writing and other journalistic affairs which caught hold immediately after I had realized just what the fan-mag reviews in Astonishing Stories was concerned with ---- and that took some time to realize ---, had sent for a few dozens of them (6 of which eventually came) and the very day I got the first that hit my mail box (Shangri-L'Affaires #9) and had read it through several times, I was exuding with the prospects of publishing one of my own.

MY INTEREST IN THE FANTASY FIELD

by
E Everett Evans

Having had, since early childhood, an over-whelming imagination, I have always sought out and read all of the off-trail stories I could find. Thus, when Science Fiction first founded its own peculiar magazines, I was ripe to become a regular and avid reader. For in those tales I could give my imagination free reign, aided and abetted by the vivid imaginations of the authors.

Having sampled generously the three main types of fantasy fiction -- the straight science-fiction, the fantasy and the weird, I soon found that my interest lay principally in the scientific-fiction type first, in pure fantasy second, and the weird or macabre hardly at all.

My great interest in scientific fiction comes not only from the far-flung reaches of imagination it brings to my mind, but for the mechanical problems it presents, and most especially the sociological problems. I do not have much scientific or mechanical training or knowledge to know whether or not the author's premises and applications are correct, nor do I care, from the standpoint of appreciation of the story. When I come to a mass of technical description, I read it, feeling in my mind that the author and the editor know that it is substantially correct, and therefore accepting it on faith as an interesting and integral part of the story, and let it go at that. I do my reading for the pleasure of the story and its scope, not critically for possible flaws.

The psychological and sociological problems which have been presented and worked out in many stories I have read have helped clarify in my own mind a number of the present day problems confronting the world, so that I have been enabled to build myself a rather satisfactory philosophy of life. Whether that philosophy be wrong or right I cannot know, yet I do know that it has enabled me to find life much richer and more satisfactory than before. However, I try to keep an open mind, and as new facts and data come to my attention, I seek to evaluate them as best I may, and add them to my growing philosophy.

The realm of pure fantasy is but another facet of that imagination which I possess, or which possesses me, and broadens and makes more gratifying my pleasure in thoughts of that nature. I honestly believe that my life has been richer, fuller and far more happy and satisfying because of these types of literature, than it could possibly have been had I never been able to do all the reading along these lines that I have done.

As to whether or not this is "escape" literature, and read for that reason, I am not altogether sure. It is perhaps probable that what I feel is a great sense of imagination, is only a sub-conscious desire to escape. I do know that I read for pleasure and relaxation of the body, as well as exhilaration of the mind. If that be "escape" it is all X with me ---- I'm enjoying it right along.

MY FAVORITE SCIENCE-FICTION

THE MUMMY starring Boris Karloff:

This picture, made several years ago by Universal has always been my favorite for several reasons. It was as authentic as was possible from an actual archaeological standpoint. Even the references to the gods of ancient Egypt were exact, except, of course, where the scroll of life came in. All in all the picture held your attention from beginning to end. The one scene I shall never forget however was the one where the young British Egyptologist was sitting in the dimly lit room reading off the Egyptian Hieroglyphs which brought the mummy (Boris Karloff) back to life. As the eyes slowly opened, they seemed like liquid pools in the midst of a mass of undisturbed dust. As the fingers started to move and the arms slowly dropped, you could see the thin wisps of dust much the same as cigarette smoke, curl up to disintegrate into thin air. I have made several attempts to find out why it has never been re-released only to find that Universal has cut it up to make sequences for other pics such as these new, so called "Mummy" pictures that are more horrible than they are horror.

THE CAT PEOPLE starring Simone Simone:

The picture, as a whole, was pretty fair entertainment but the one scene that really got me was just a very cleverly done camera trick. The cat-woman followed another of the women in the cast down into the basement of a home where there was a dimly lit swimming pool. You could hear a cat "crying" in the background and the camera panned around the walls where the reflected shadows were flickering against them. You could see a thousand indistinct cats but no real one. They all arose in your imagination. The psychology of the scene was prepared to really give you the creeps. It did.

THINGS TO COME with Raymond Massey:

There are two scenes from this which are outstanding in my mind: The first one was where Massey, first arriving in his tiny plane, had landed and detached himself from the rest of the ship and walked to a small rise in the terrain and looked at the city. It gave me the feeling of the arrival of the scientific age which all true science-fictionists visualize in the future. The other scene of course was the firing of the space gun with Massey's speech at the finish.

THE UNINVITED starring Ray Milland:

The sinister ghost in this was the finest portrayal ever put on a screen of materialization of matter. Farciot Edouart deserves a fine hand for his wonderful work on this sequence as the special effects cameraman.

AND FANTASY FILMS —————

KING KONG starring (am I kidding?)

Although I have seen some of the color motion pictures made by Ray Harryhausen (local fan) which I believe are the finest ever filmed, The finest ever to see wide distribution in the prehistoric animal sequences is the battle between Kong and the Tyranosaurus Rex. It was very well done.

FANTASIA by Walt Disney

There are far too many sequences in this film that were terrific for me to select any one sequence as tops. It was terrific - all of it.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA starring Lon Chaney:

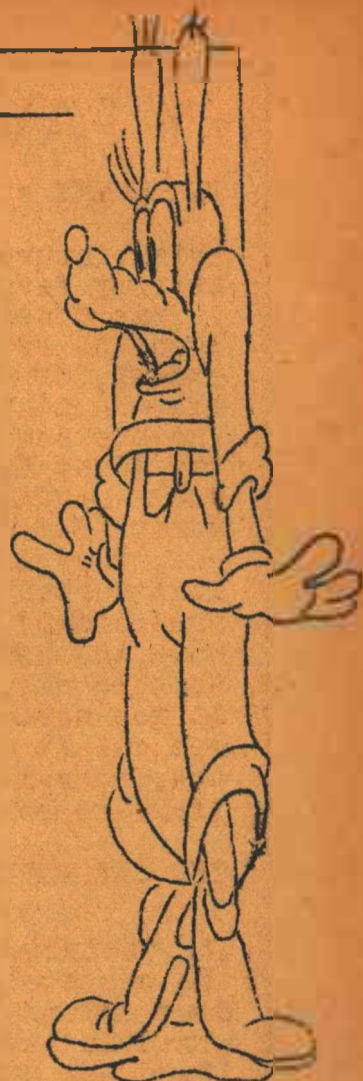
When I saw this picture at the time of its release the sequences in the catacombs when Chaney turns around at the organ after being unmasked, I was definitely frightened. (Being 29 years old now, you can see that I was just a kid when I first saw it.) Later I saw it again (about a year ago) and of course, I was greatly disappointed. I'm sorry that I saw it again as it spoiled a great illusion I had of the sequence. Claude Rains did a very nice job, however, in the modern version. I thought the makeup very good. When we pan the late horror pictures for not showing real horror we must realize that there are censors to contend with.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GREY starring Hurd Hatfield:

This picture again gives me its greatest kick by a bit of clever work on the part of the cameraman. The scene was the small attic room where Dorian kept his portrait just after he had killed the artist, the hanging lamp which was hit began swinging to and fro, giving a contrasting, changing shadow. This combined with the set expression of the murderer made up a very effective scene.

THE INVISIBLE MAN starring Claude Rains:

This was one of the first attempts to do a good job of showing either the dematerialization or the materialization of the human body. The camera came in close and showed the change without moving away the camera. Although it has been done better since then that scene has always remained with my choicest recollections of films.



3RD
ANN. ISH.

FANEWS

PACIFICON
SPECIAL

- JULY 2, 1946 -

Published at: 1443 4th Ave. South, Fargo, North Dakota by Walter Dunkelberger.

NAMES AND FACES IN THE NUZ



Pictured at the left is Walter J. Daugherty, Chairman of the Fourth World Science Fiction Convention. Popular LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION! columnist in FANEWS, he is also Editor-Publisher of FAN.



At the right is E. E. Evans, former N.F.F.F. President, in charge of N.F.F.F. relations with the Pacificon. Popularly known as Th' Ol' Foo, Everett is Editor-Publisher of TIME BINDER.

"FANDOM'S TOP FANS - NO. 1 & NO. 2 FACES"



For years these gentlemen have raced nip and tuck for top place on the rosters of fandom. We present them to you.

* * *

Forrest J. Ackerman at the left (pictured in his uniform), Editor-Publisher of the forum of fandom - VOM.

* * *

At the right is Bob Tucker, Editor-Publisher of LeZombie and compiler of many biblios of fan interest.

* * *

We hesitate to name which is first as there might have been another poll since we went to press.



PLAYTIME AT THE LASFS



ABOVE: Left, Gerald Hewitt: Jimmy Kepner at the right.

Each year the LASFS has a Halloween Party complete with costumes, etc. This picture shows W. J. Daugherty at the 1944 party.

IN 1945 THE SLAN SHACK MOVED WEST



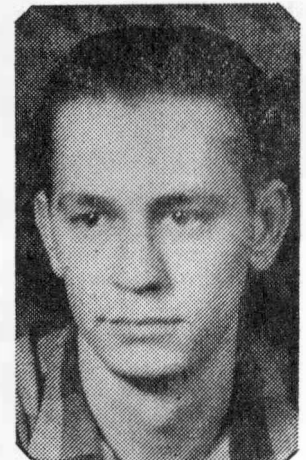
Jack Wiedenbeck
Slan Shack Artist



Al Ashley
Slan Shack Chief



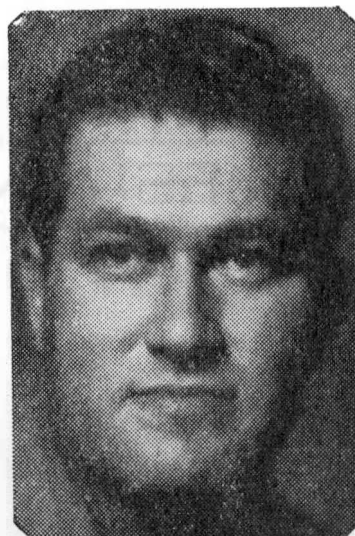
Abbie Lu Ashley
Slan Shack Hostess



Walt Liebscher
Publisher of Chanticleer



1946 Officers of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Top row (L.toR.): Walter Dunkelberger, President; K. M. Carlson, Vice Pres.; Art Widner, Sec'y-Treas. Harry Warner, Chairman of the Board of Directors. Bottom row: The Board of Directors: Dale Tarr, James Hevelin, Joe Fortier, F. T. Laney.



August Dereleth, Director of Arkham House, publishers of fantasy and weird classics.



To the left: Mari Beth Wheeler, popular Bloomington fanne and Editor of ROSEBUD.

To the right: Fandom's erstwhile No. 1 or No. 2 fan at the beginning. (He became a fan at the age of two.)



Drawing by Ray Harryhausen.



We wish to thank Forrest J. Ackerman for the loan of about half of the cuts used in this production. The rest are FANEWS productions.

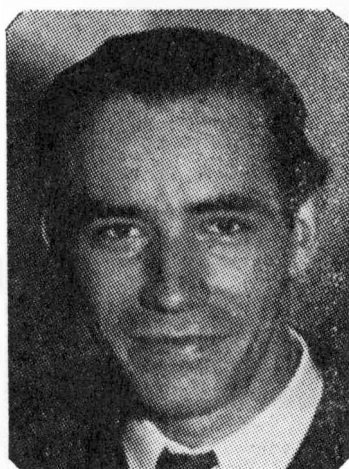
We wish to thank Marty Carlson, for mounting many of the cuts used.

We wish to thank Matt (Joe) Hall and his wife Catherine of SPEEDE SERVICE, Carbondale, Illinois, our printers, for their kindness, help and patience in assisting us with this production.



FANS WHO VISITED DUNK IN 1945

Top Row (L. to R.): Bill Evans, enroute to Corvallis, Ore. (July 18); Charles McNutt, Everett, Wash. to Chicago and return (June 18 and Aug. 27); Mike Fern, enroute NYC to Lihui, Hawaii (Aug. 22-23); Art Saha, LA to NYC (July 20 to 24); Mel Brown, LA to NYC (Oct. 3-4). Bottom Row: Lorraine; E. E. Evans, Battle Creek to LA (July 21-23); Roy Paetzke, Lidgerwood, N. D. (July 22-23); K. Martin Carlson, Moorhead, Minn.; Stella Carlson.



Above: Sam Russell, LA Fan and co-editor of the No. 1 Fanzine ACOLYTE



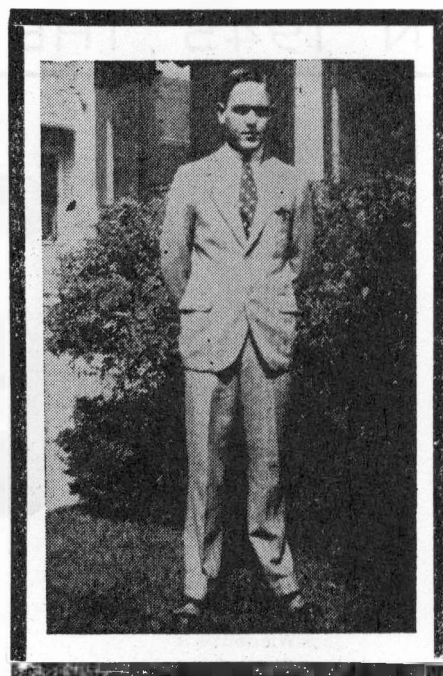
Jack Darrow, Chicago Fan (1940) and his collection



Left to Right: Georges Gallet, No. 1 French Fan; M. A. Rothman, who visited Georges July 16; and John Cunningham who visited Gallet August 22, 1945. Milty again visited Georges and Yvonne Gallet on Christmas Day 1945.



Frank Robinson, former Editor of FANEWSCARD, now with the Navy in Japan.



Earl Kay, former co-editor-publisher of FANEWS

F
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THE
GLORY
HAND



FIVE FINGERS - THE GLORY HAND

--oOo--

(Another of those deservedly famous one-shot fanzines from Los Angeles, California.)

This one is the result of an all-night writing and publishing session at the LASFS clubroom, Saturday night, June 1, 1946. It would have been mimeographed there and then, but E. Everett Evans, single-handed and without the aid of Walter J. Daugherty, broke the mimeograph. As a penance, he is mimeographing the whole thing himself, his iron grey locks submerged and out of sight beneath a six inch layer of sackcloth and ashes. Jobs for Jobs, that's us.

MANAGING EDITOR:

~~Walter J. Daugherty~~
Francis T. Laney

Vol. I

No. 1

FACTS IN THE CASE OF WALTER J. BURBEE

An Editorial by F. Towner Laney

---oOo---

There comes a time in the life of every man when he finds himself at a crossroads blowing hot licks into one of the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, he considers, here is this person. I have eaten with him, got drunk with him, told dirty jokes with him, done orifanac with him, even not slept with his wife. He has certain good points, 'tis true; one cannot escape liking the fellow, even though one realizes that he is a large talker and a small doer.

But, on the other hand, there is the safety and well-being of untold thousands of fns to be considered. Are they to be sacrificed, deliberately and with malice aforethought, to the whims and egocentricities of this, this monster? Are their whole lives to be wrecked through association with this creature, when a few simple words from me might prevent this wholesale waste of humanity?

No! Not even for friendship can I any longer remain silent. Not even for orifanac!

Not even for the Prime

Subject!

Walter J. Burbee (originator of the famed Walter J. Burbee projects, which he jestingly has referred to as Daugherty projects, thereby maligning a name which, no doubt, is thoroughly deserving of such malignment)...Walter J. Burbee, the projectomaniac, did me in the eye most reprehensibly.

This magazine, which at this very moment you hold in your hands (if Evans got it mimeographed, that is, the idea of Walter J. Burbee. He got up before the eyes of the LASFS and paraded himself most disgustingly, his voice going on and on about this Great Project which he, the Great Man, would supervise and direct. The ego-boo he got upon that occasion was enough for any five men, even for six or seven.

He got even more ego-boo when the finest minds in Los Angeles, plus Forrest J Ackerman, gathered together, abandoning for an evening their orifanac and their pursuit of the Prime Subject, to create this fine magazine for the sole purpose of giving Walter J. Burbee another name for his string.

But, having had his egoboo, he seemed strangely reluctant actually to produce the magazine. His excuses have been many and varied. And many of them have been oh so plausible, particularly those which, as I recall, made some serious mention of his wife. But valid? Hell, no! Would that sterling fellow stay away from the half-world to humor his wife? Would he abandon for a moment his assiduous pursuit of the Prime Subject? Huh! Not that boy. A prevaricator and malingerer, no less. I weep.

So the upshot of it all is that I, single-handed and without the aid of Walter J. Burbee, have had to edit and produce this fine one-shot fanzine.

Watch out for the fellow. Particularly beware of sending him money for fanzine subscriptions. Because if you do, not unlike other localites he will absorb like a sponge the beer this hard-earned money of yours has bought, and proceed to send you Shangri L'Affaires regularly.

Don't ask him for articles for your fanzines. For if you do, he will write them; he will be so anxious to get them (and his name, no doubt) into print that he may even stencil them for you.

Don't write letters to him; he'll just ignore them, and write you dozens of pages talking about himself, pages which you will feel impelled to answer, thereby provoking a veritable deluge of mail from the fellow.

And above all, never go on a one-shot fanzine session with him, or you'll end up writing the editorial, plus other anomolous tasks.

At this rate, the next thing we know he'll be wanting to put on a convention!

ON THE CUFF OF TIME

** *** **** ** ****

In the mud of evening shadows I think of
white dawn, red day, and black night.

Time is poised in the branches of the
poplar tree. It runs in the grass
by the river. It lies coiled in the
watch on my wrist. It waits with a
woman for her lover.

Don't let them tell you that time is a
colorless medium.

Time is a torso with head and limbs.

It is
a monster corpse lying athwart our
senses.

It is a being killed by our
existing.

We carefully examine the body
for rigor mortis every twenty-four
hours.

---Dale Hart

HEMMEL'S SCIENTIFIC SORTIES

#18 Some Experiments with a Time Machine

My eminent colleague, Professor Serge Meyer Pedro Pistoff, has published a brochure at once erudite and obscure. Most of the difficulty experienced by the reader can be explained when it is made known that Pistoff always writes his stuff in Japanese with Arabic characters and leaves it to be translated by his Estonian secretary, who has a typewriter with Sanskrit characters, and who, as she writes, transposes into Esperanto, which the printer renders into English as he linotypes. And then Pistoff refuses to read proof on his works, for by the time the material sees the printed page, his superb brain is far away on another tangent. A tangent, like as not, wholly unrelated to the subject matter of the text.

So much for Pistoff's idiosyncrasy. We go now into the subject of his brochure. In it, after a brief philosophical introduction, he plunges headlong into the subject at hand, which is a running account, highly technical, of the experiences he and I had with the small time machine that he collaborated on with me. The model is now broken and will probably never be repaired.

Pistoff explains how we made the machine, incorporating the essence of some fifty sciences. He spends some pages theorizing on the principles on which the machine operates, but rather murkily, I am afraid, since we agreed, he and I, that we did not clearly understand the thing.

A short description of the machine. It was but a small model. We could send it into time and it would pick up some small adjacent object, and after a bit would return automatically to the time it started from. It was not large enough to carry a person. For this reason we felt it scarcely warranted any publicity, and gave it none. To tell the truth, I was rather irked at Pistoff for publishing the brochure.

We had no way to calibrate the vernier dials except by an experimental method. We ran the machine into time (we did not even know whether forward or backward) and when it returned it brought a garbage can. From a close examination of the contents, we decided, from the preponderance of caviar, that it was dated some time between 1923, when caviar was introduced by a well-known caterer into America, and 1929, after which date nobody had any money to buy the stuff. We noted this in our record book and sent the machine away again and it returned immediately with a copy of an esoteric magazine titled Shangri-L'Affaires. This was dated 1984 and was a rare piece of luck, for it not only enabled us to set the controls with a high degree of accuracy but the magazine itself proved so diverting that we ceased work for the day and sat around mugs of ale and read and re-read this little magazine, the editor of which, one Charles Burbee, was--will be a wonderful man indeed, if his writings be any gauge of his character.

Next day we resumed our experiments and on our first try, we brought back a small dinosaur who proved to be a most irascible animal, indeed, and entirely without convention. It was lucky our

laboratory had no rug, for we surely would have had to throw it away. This little character escaped and was loose in the neighborhood for some days. Before we recaptured him, all cats in the neighborhood had disappeared.

We also brought back a few other items that might be of academic interest. A pair of socks, unused, a pair of panties, used, a pack of 7-inch cigarettes tied in a bundle, a beer bottle, empty, a bundle of newspapers through 1972-4, a stone tablet, an unmentionable thing of nameless material, a fish with legs, a bucket of sand with several cigarettes crushed out in it, a crate of strictly fresh eggs, an old automobile tire, and other items.

By this time the lab was piled high with nameless items from all the periods of time we had been able to reach. Some of it smelled a little. At this point, one of us was struck with an idea that was so simple that it had naturally not occurred to us sooner, since our minds constantly dwell in the realms of the transcendental. We would simply load the machine with the refuse and send the stuff away into time.

The machine was fully calibrated by this time, so we had some amusement selecting certain items for certain epochs and conjecturing the reactions of the inhabitants thereof when they discovered these anachronistic items in their midst. So enthused were we that we failed to distinguish between laboratory equipment and the time accumulations, and before long we had all but denuded the room. We did, however, keep a scientifically accurate log of each item we sent away, and the time into which we projected it.

We sent back copies of current newspapers so the 17th century; and 1936 whiskey bottles to 1906. We sent the Smyth Report to the 12th Century, and imagined the Indians' puzzlement at seeing it. The dinosaur we returned, out of compassion, to his own era. In a fairly wild fashion we disposed of everything---very whimsically we thought. The task finished, we retired to our rooms. Almost before we fell asleep we both had forgotten the time machine. It was a thing accomplished. We forged ahead into newer problems, newer vistas, undiscovered realms of science.

We stepped out of the laboratory the next morning and were amazed. We were surrounded by a plastic sea of towering spire-tipped skyscrapers, of metallic streets and fantastically clad people. Wingless craft fled silently and swiftly through the sky. "My God!" cried Pistoff, his customary aplomb gone. "What is---all this?" We both shot back into the laboratory. It was there, but it was changing. Even as we watched, new equipment of a fantastic type sprang into being. The time machine, undisturbed, sat where we had left it.

The realization of what had happened struck us simultaneously, though I am sure I was just a little ahead of Pistoff. In sending off those items so carefully gauged to create amusement, we had altered the structure of the time-flow. We had created a new time track. We were in an alternate future. We looked out again. Now we observed the people more closely. The women---the women! Nine feet tall, breastless. Green hair and three eyes. We hastily drew back into our lab. It had changed still more. We grew

completely frightened, or at least Pistoff did. Our lab was changing. Since it was the hub of the time change, it changed slowest. It was not affected so much--not right away. But it was drifting gradually into the alternate future. We knew tacitly that we wanted nothing of this future. We seized upon our time machine. We consulted our records. (Object lesson: Always keep careful records). We shot the machine back through time, got the bundle of newspapers and returned them to their own time. We looked outside. The tallest buildings now had flat tops instead of spires. We got the empty beer bottle, the stone tablet, the unmentionable thing of nameless material. And the Smyth Report. We returned them to their own times. When we looked outside again, things were fairly normal.

Pleased at our success, we carefully recaptured all the items and returned them to their proper and respective eras, and when we looked out again, we were surprised.

The houses were built in octagonal shapes. The air was flavored with mint. A bush in the front yard was hung with doughnuts and golf balls.

Another future! Another time track! But it should not have been! We had returned everything to its proper time and place, being careful to return them so that they would never be gone from their eras more than a half-second, plus or minus. Madly we searched our records and our memories.

Nothing.

We seemed doomed to spend our time in some alternate time track. Of course, we could conjure up all manner of time-tracks by tampering with the past, but we somehow had a nostalgia for our own time. You cannot imagine the nostalgia of being lost in time.

Then, sheepishly, Pistoff muttered something I did not catch and shyly drew out the pair of panties, used, from his pocket. He's the sentimental sort.

We sent it back, as Pistoff brushed away a tear. When we looked outside again, the landscape was the same as it had always been. Dirt crusted everything. Stupid looking people dawdled along. A faint stink came from the nearby soap factory--we breathed the air like it was some celestial anodyne. Back in our own time-track.

Pistoff kicked the machine into a corner and that is how it got broken.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF A TYPICAL "INFORMAL TYPE" MEETING OF THE
L. A. S. F. S.

(By Tigrina)

SCENE: L. A. S. F. S. HEADQUARTERS

CHARACTER: Forrie the Ack, Fran Taney, Charles Burpy, Dale Hartbreaker, E. Hic Perdue, Ash Alley, EE! Evans Lou Ghoulstone, Gus Woolmouth, Russ (The Dictator) Hodgkins, Local Yokel Jocuel No. 2, Wally (Light Fantastic) Daugherty, Olanticheer Liebscher, and various other characters who haunt the Club Room on Thursday nights.

(As scene opens, thunderous strokes of Director Hodgkins' gavel drown out faint strains of string orchestra in background, playing Liebscher's favourite piece, "Walt's Tryst".)

DIRECTOR HODGKINS: (clearing throat peremptorily) The meeting will now come to order. (General scraping of chairs and feet, surreptitious whispers, giggles, burps and other characteristic noises.) May we have the minutes of the preceding meeting?

TIGRINA: The meeting, under the capable direction of Russ Hodgkins, got under way at(there follows a half hour or so devoted to the reading of the minutes, during which there is more surreptitious whispering, giggling, coughing, yawning, etc.)

HODGKINS: Any objections or additions? Fine. Minutes stand as read. Any old business?

FRAN TANEY: (In customary sitting position on chair, with knees under ears and hands clasped around ankles): I wish to announce intention of taking the mimeograph this week. You'll remember I was going to take it last week, but the doodleywhackey on the thingamawhatsit was broken and had to be fixed, and besides, Sandy and Quiggie had the hiccups and I had to stay home and take care of them since Jackie had to work that night and I couldn't leave her out on a limb.....

BURBEE: Ah yes, and two very nice ones if I may say so.

WALLY DAUGHERTY: I would like to announce a new project I'm starting. I've designed a new gadget which I call the "Ego Boo-merang". It is really quite an ingenious device. No matter where or how you fling it around, with direct or underhanded method, it always comes back to you, satisfaction guaranteed. I intend to

present this item during the Convention. We can probably sell about five thousand at the Pacificon and put the rest out on consignment at the Thrifty Drug Stores in the vicinity.

BURBEE: Oh, that sounds wonderful! I'll need at least five of these Ego Boo-merang gadgets for my polls in "Shangri L'Affaires".

DAUGHERTY: Of course, a small amount of money would help further this undertaking.

IOU GOLDSTONE: I move that we allot some money toward this worthy project.

EVERETT EVANS: I second the motion.

WILKINS: Let's see a show of hands on this. (Various smudgy palms are extended upwards). Any opposition?

(At this point, Samuel D. Russell enters. Loud applause and greetings ensue.)

TIGRINA: Why, hello Sam! As usual I see you're a little behind. (A loud spasm of bellowing denoting laughter issues from the vocal chords of Fran Laney, whose obscene mind misinterprets this innocent remark. Tigrina blushes furiously.)

ARREST: (with treasury account book balanced on his knees) Hello, Sam. Glad to see you. Sit down next to me. Let's see now, you haven't been here for a long time. You owe the Club \$2 membership dues, and then there's the money for the assessment, etc., etc., etc.

PALE HART: How about asking Art Joquel for his weekly report on the atomic situation?

WOLFE: That's a good idea. How about it, Art?

ART JOQUEL: Well, things are just about the same. Prominent scientists report that business is booming.

WAIT LIEBSCHER: I would like to recommend some fantasy books that've just come out on the market. One of them is called "After The Atom Bomb, What?". I haven't had a chance to read it yet, but I understand it's rather light reading. In fact the book is composed entirely of blank pages. Oh--and a good novel I've just finished is "The Sentimental Centaur", by A. E. van Ballot, appearing in the current Stupendous Stories.

It's a wonderful wistful sort of fantasy.
(Walt's eyes grow misty) I wept through the
whole thing, I really did. I heartily recom-
mend it.

COS WILLMORTH: Oh, I dunno. I read the thing and I thought it
was pretty lousy. It was sloppily sentimental,
not very fantastic, and I was completely bored
with it.

LIEBSCHER: (excitedly) But it wasn't! It was absolutely
the most terrific thing I've read in ages. You
see, the hero---that's the centaur---gets in-
volved with a Venusian maiden who is visiting
earth on her way to Mars, and

AL ASHLEY: I move that we table this discussion and turn
the matter over for investigation by the Execu-
tive Committee to be reported upon at the next
meeting.

EVERETT EVANS: I second the motion.

HODGKINS: All in favour say "Aye".

(At this time, Abby Lu and Jim-E Daugherty enter the Club Room,
carrying trays on which are an appetizing array of refresh-
ments.)

JIM-E: Would anyone like some chocolate pie? It has a
special topping of Ego Boo-meringue.

ELMER PERDUE: (sampling a piece) Mmmm, delicious! What's the
recipe?

JIM-E: Oh, it's a new formula. I use hard-boiled eg(g)os.

ABBY LU: Who wants some coffee and doughnuts?

FANS IN CHORUS: I do! (and other remarks in violent affirmative.)

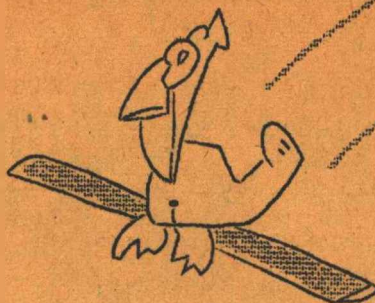
HODGKINS: Well, at least we have no trouble voting on that
situation.

(Curtain rings down on greedy fans stuffing themselves with Abby Lu's
tasty goodies.)

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Y

Fritchard S. Shaver
(as confided to
Forrest J Ackerman)



The long, low, sleek, underslung limousine swung up the street and screeched to a noiseless halt in front of the "96" Club. Miss Wanda Dea Starr, preceded by her pet lemur, steeped from the car and was personally escorted into the Club by the proprietor, "Sloppy" Maxin.

Having successfully solved the murder of Murgatroyd Ackroyd, the White Shadow swathed himself in his black cloak and became one with the inky nite, which was as black as pitchblende before it has been blended, which is very black indeed, we are assured by no less an authority than Oxnard BC Hemmel.

"Very well," said the Head of the Latin Dept. "We will put you under contract for one year." "You mean," asked Tiffuny Bayer's Greek, "that I am annunemployed?"

At this, Wanda and her pet panda began to rhumba to the softly sifted strains of "I Don't Wanda Walk without You, Zomble."

The long, low, sleek, underslung Lemurazine slung up the street and the street slanged back at it. Neet? No, thanx, I'll take mine dry.

"Wet your whistle, copper?" "Much obliged, sonny." So he took his whistle and dipped it in a stream of consciousness, supporting Mari-Bether Eddy's contention that "there is neither substance nor reality in matter, particularly if the matter be a bee-ba-ba-liebscher article.

At that he seized a pencil and with his own three hands (both of them) drew the following doodle, which was hung in art galleries thruout the world, titled "Apple Strudel on the Noodle", which was only fitting and proper, under the circumstances.

Remember to Vogt for me in the fifthcoming election. If swept into office, I promise to do everything in my power to do everything in my power.

His breath came to him in short pants, and Elsie came over to him in her chemise, which fell to within 4 feet above her knees, which is knees work if you can get it, Nieson.

O, pshaw, Bernard---pass the lard and praise the (h)ammunition. There is no truth to the rumor that the next Skylarkham of Space Opera will be entitled "Tea Greena and No Others", by Ann Sheridan LaFanne.

Whassamatter you, puns drunk?



ESCAPE
by Gene Hunter

I am sitting around one day sometime in 1941, pursuing my usual pastime of reading wild and woolly thought provoking stuff which I know is termed vaguely "science-fiction". The mag is, I believe, a copy of THRILLING WONDER STORIES. Well, Having even less to do than usual, I turn to a page of departments, which I have never before felt the inclination to read. Unfortunately, it turns out to be the reader's column, which is very good about that time, I discover after comparing it to later dates. I am intrigued. So what happens? So I start to write letters to the prozines. They appear in print. In my youthful innocence I am thrilled to see the name of Hunter in print. I discover I am a FAN.

I begin to receive letters from other letterhax. I answer them. Now I am an active fan. I write more letters. I get more letters. The thing turns into a horrible montage of letters, stretching miles into the horizon, running into thousands of words.

Then, when I already have a stiff neck, I discover that I am not a fan after all. Do I belong to a fan group? No. Do I publish a fanzine? No.

I contemplate suicide. That won't work, For I can see my unclean soul suffering in an endless Hades of letters, sf-fanzines, etc. Is there no other way out? Yes. In desperation I join the Navy. Sometimes in the next two and a half years I wish . . . But never mind. While in the Navy I drop all but a couple of correspondents. Slowly I am freeing myself of the drug . . .

So a few years later I am driving myself to an even worse form of insanity by staying some 18 months on a desolate rock in the south Pacific when Dr. Smyth and his buddies get together and knock out an atomic bomb, thus ending the war. And thus, unfortunately for sf, sending me home.

While I am on leave just prior to discharge I do a horrible thing. For a long time I hear rumors about the terrible little house on Bixel Street. Something draws me to this Mecca of sfandom, this Shangri-La, this -- I can find no simile. And I didn't want to join that bunch of LASFSlans or the Pacificon society, but I did. I ask myself -- I ask you -- what can be done about this abominable situation.

Here I am, formerly an innocent, uncorrupt youth, plunging headlong and without restraint into fandom. You can already see how far it has gone. Here I sit, writing out tripe and trivia for a fanzine. If that was all it wouldn't be so bad. But I'm even planning to publish a fanzine myself. That is the last stage, lensman.

So if you meet me at the Pacificon and see that wild look in my eyes, it is not because I've been reading about time machines and mutants and space ships and demons and stuff. Its because I'm looking for an escape from this web in which I am enmeshed. I'm caught like a rap in a trat, I yell tou.

Quick homesoddy, thing dosome.

--Leopold Stobullski Liebscher

Ranoschnerd Gleep contemplated his navel with a sort of resigned savoir faire. He was thinking of someone close to him. His mind wandered to a popular song, usually blurted out by iniquitous imbibers when they have imbibed too copiously:

Nights are low since you went away
I dream about you all through the day
My bawdy, my bawdy
My body misses you

Gleep loved music. He hoped some day to make his living dashing out ditties. Right now he was hard at work on his newest composition - "The Skeleton Rag, A Serenade for the Well Tempered Clavicle.

Several nights later Gleep's effusions burst forth in all their glory and he gave birth to the greatest song hit of the age, a ditty that was to make him as one with the universe.

It all happened too suddenly. He was sitting in the bathtub playing chess with Elsie Probably, in his favorite position - straddling the watterspout. Elsie Probably became so enthusiastic over a forthcoming checkmate that she dislodged the stopper and was almost sucked down the drain. This made a profound impression on Ranoschnerd. He fell out of the bathtub and lit on the south end of a knife pointing north.

Thus a startling change of events changed Gleep's entire foundation of life. He no longer worked furiously over a composition only to have the critics shower him with raspberries. They now poured forth upon him the orchards of their hearts. Of one accord they proclaimed "Sonata for Skinless Banana" the miracle piece of the age.

The first performance of this marvelous composition had a profound influence over the audience. So enrapt was a certain spiritualist who attended the concert that during the second movement she materialized a banana, and a certain magician attending is said to have blossomed forth with a whole stalk.

Tune upon tune came forth from the pregnant brain of our hero. He was the first person in the world to have five of his songs on the hit parade at the same time, besides being honored by the Astute Brotherhood of Yo Olde Gregorian Chantys.

Such songs as A Flirt in Four Flats, Bebop Aleba with the Queen of Sheba, and When the Clouds Come Out in Turkey and The Nights are Getting Murky I'll Be Bringing up the Spam, Hot Damn immediately found a place in the hearts of hoi polloi. The rabble rhumbaed, the cognoscenti congaed, and the worry warts waltzed ecstatically to Gleep's mellifluous melodies.

II

But, alas, the fertility of Gleep was to wane. One morning while having a peech of a time paring his toenails, Ranoschnerd stopped his struggle with a particularly recalcitrant pedicule, plumb tired out, and suddenly realized that Elsie was the cause of it all. If she hadn't dislodged the stopper in a fit of chess madness he wouldn't be the big man he was today. Thus Ranoschnerd fell madly, irrevocably in love.

He showered love, diamonds, and songs upon her. It was during this period that he wrote his last great hit: "Will You Love Me IN September As You Did Beside the Bushes". It was his last great achievement. From then on Ranoschnerd concentrated purely on loving Elsie. His heart was hers, his arms were hers, his hands were hers, his whole body was hers, even the two extra fingers he inherited from his Great Aunt Matilda.

Over Rover

So our hero was content. He had money, had had love, he had a home and he had Elsie. In fact he had everything, including a bad case of scrofula. In fact the latter was to prove so complicated that he eventually died of it.

"Elsie," he said as she set up camp beside his deathbed, "you have given me the only happiness I've ever known. I have known neither mother or father. They both died years before I was born. All my life I've wandered in search of happiness. I've loved women in Shurdaburtenfurt, in Shansafransinstans, in Yollifolligolly, yes, and even one or two in Shildawrilltabillayillaclurtenfill, Texas. (Thanks, Theodore) I've seen the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, The Leaning Tower of Pisa and I've even attended a bacchanale on Bixel Street, but nowhere have I found the beauty and speldnor to compare with your love."

Elsie wept and wept. She tore her hair, she got down on her knees and asked that Ranoschnerd be spared, she walked the floor while tears flowed down her voluptuous thighs, she choked, and wept some more. Once she became so overwrought she went down to Clancy's for a beer. This cheered her up a bit for everyone was so wonderful to her. Satchmo McGillicuddy even drank a toast to Gleep's demise. This warmed the cockles of Elsie's heart and she walked home with a glow and her amour from next door.

But, alas, as she entered the room our hero was breathing his last. His breath came in short pants and Elsie came over to him in her chemise. She knelt down beside the bed and stroked his head, and every once in awhile she stroked his hair - it was so long and so curly, the only one he had left.

Ranoschnerd looked up into Elsie's eyes. They were so beautiful, so blue, so filled with the joys of heaven, so full of understanding, even the one in the middle.

Ranoschnerd asked Elsie to put her arms around him. She put one arm around his middle, one around his neck, and with her free arm she continued to stroke his hair. And it was thus that our hero passed from this world into the next. (Ah! the fantastic at last) With his last breath Ranoschnerd asked Elsie to compose a fitting Epitaph for his tombstone.

Which Elsie Probably did.

Here Lies the Body of Ranoschnerd Gleep
He Died Unawakened, Within His Sleep
A Musician of Means, He Gave the World Songs
And Now He's in Heaven, Where He Belongs
He Sings As He On a Cloud For a Pillow
Defying at Last Laws of Cesar Petrillo

POMES FOR GNOMES

--Ogden Nash Rooster

Most men I know tell me
The start of their troubles
Was viewing a woman
In unmentionables

When gazing at women
With girth stomachical
Wearing a girdle
Seems quite practical

Ladies in chemises
Never fail to please

Mother get out the precipitron
And watch my dust at the Pacificon

MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER

GUMS UP THE WORKS!

or . .

have you problems that VEX you?

have you troubles that PERPLEX you?

does everything go wrong when something important is in a hurry of preparation? does 'em, huh, does 'em?

then, here 's the happy answer
BLAME IT ON FANSOM'S SCAPEGOAT

TH' OL' FOO, HIMSELF

Lissen, mine chilluns, and you shall hear a tail of such terrible terribleness that you will not be able to sleep forever more.

Comes soon the PACIFICON. Comes the need for some printing for a certain PACIFICON activity. Several fans volunteer to help. So does Th' Ol' Foo. And then, what does he do? I shall relate. HE BUSTS THE CHASE! That's what he does, you hear the man say, that what he does, the man says, he says.

Comes some mimeoing to be done. Fans volunteer. So does Th' Ol' Foo. And what does he do? He busts the mimeograph, so he does does he. And now we can't get this here wonderful and most terrific fanzine finished until it gets fixed.

So a resolution has been passed, unanimously, that hereafter all things that go wrong in Fandom shall be blamed on this here now beFOOsiled fan. He shall be the official to-be-blamed-for-everything-fan of all Fandom. You, whoever you may be and wherever you may be located, now have official permission to so blame him for anything that happens when and how you don't want it to happen. For this IS official. A former Communications Officer of the Galactic Roamers made the motion; a former president of the NFFF seconded it, and it was passed unanimously.

And all us LASFSers can only moan and holler -- "Who Let That Guy In Here, Anyway?"

Fohgive us, we begs you! Fohgive us. Oh, whoa is us!

Nur rekte, kurage
Kaj ne flankigante
Ni iru la vojon celitan;

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Ĉe guto malgranda
Konstante frapanta
Traboras la monton granitan.

E S P E R A N T O

To but a single species
Do all the varied races
Of modern man belong.
Before the development
Of marked racial variation,
Many thousand years ago,
And prior to man's dispersal
Through countless migratory waves
To the remotest corners of the earth
From this common center of origin
Somewhere on the arid,
High, central Asiatic plateau,
All men spoke a single tongue.

Even in prehistoric, pre-Phoenician
time
With the rise of trade and commerce,
Man recognized the need for a language,
Universal and international.
First of the known languages to
fulfill this need
Was the cuneiform script of Babylon
On tablets baked of clay.
Virile Aryan races from the north,
Then brought Greek and Latin
And imposed them upon subject peoples
Of vast empires.
Surviving as a minor, bastard tongue
And source material for scientific
nomenclature, is Greek.

Living on for many centuries
After the fall of Rome
As the erudite, neutral language
Of priest and scholar,
Latin survived and is living still
As the ritualistic medium of the Church.
Three centuries of the Crusades
Produced Lingua Franca.
In the Oriental, China trade,
Pidgin was evolved.

English, a hybrid language
Basically Teutonic,
Changed and enhanced by copious
borrowings
From every spoken tongue,

And for half a thousand years
The accepted and official medium
Of a world-wide, far-flung empire's
bureaucracy
English also must be considered.
But discard it!
Its complicated phonetics, spelling
and syntax
Make it unfit for universal use.
Finding none
Of the naturally evolved tongues
A suitable medium
For international communication,
Scholars, philosophers and philologists
During the nineteenth century compounded
Many an artificial language.
Best suited and sole survivor
Of this scholastic effort
Is E S P E R A N T O.

And so!
The world now possesses
A language artificial
Auxiliary and international,
Developed to full bloom,
Capable of wide dissemination,
And comprehensible by the simplest of
men:
E S P E R A N T O.

E S P E R A N T O !
Lingual cement,
That at some future day
Will help to bind the Peoples of Earth
Into an indissoluble world-state--
An united and democratic,
Closely co-ordinated and co-operative,
INTERNATIONAL WORLD COMMONWEALTH.

--Boone M Childs

Chicago, Illinois, Sept. 24, 1940
Excerpted from AMERIKA ESPERANTISTO
Number 6--March, 1941
(This poem was featured in the first
issue of GUTETO --June 55EE, or 1941)

Researched by

By

FOJAK

BARBARA E BOVARD

The literature of Esperanto contains a surprising amount of science fiction & fantasy. The "katalogo" from the Esperanto-Asocio de Nord-Am recognizes the stfield with a special section labeled FANTASTIC FICTION.

Following is a list of...imaginary narratives...which have been translated (or originally written) in the Universal language:

LA DORMANTO VEKIGAS: "The Sleeper Wakes"—HGWells' profesy.

LA LASTA USONANO: "The last American"—Mitchel, tr. by Lehman Wendell.

DIUK (INTER DE MONDOJ): "Dybuk (Between Two Worlds)"--S Anski, tr. by Izrael Lejzerowicz.

PRINCINO DE MARSO: "A Princess of Mars"—Burroughs.

LA TEMPOMAKINO K LA LANDO DE LA BLINDULOJ: "The Time Machine & The Country of the Blind"—Wells.

RIGARDANTE MILANTAUEN: "Looking Backward"—Bellamy.

SES NOVELOJ DE EDGAR ALLEN POE: "Six Novels by Poe".

DOKTORO JEKYLL K SINTORO HYDE: "Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde"—Stevenson, tr. by Wm Morrison & Wm Mann.

FATALA SULDO: "Fatal Debt"—Lionel Delsace, tr by Mrs Ferter-Cense.

ŜI: "She"—Haggard

EN LA FINO DE LA MONDO: "In the End of the world"—F Tuglas, tr. by H Geppik. Estonian.

LA FERA KALKUNUMO: "The Iron Heel"—Jack London, tr. by Geo Savide.

AMO EN LA JARO DEK MIL: "Love in the Year 10,000"—from the Spanish of Jose de Mola (pseudo. "Colonel Ignotus").

LUNO DE IZRAEL: "Moon of Israel"—Haggard.

SALTEGO TRANS JARMILCOJ: "Leap thru Millenia"—Esperanto original by Jean Forge.

FABELCOJ DE EZOPCO: "Aesop's Fables".

—Condensed from GUTETO

Vol 4, Num 2—Sep 58EE

Hurter says that thought-transmission could not exist because too many languages are spoken and that thoughts are thought in their own language.

All right, suppose they do. Here is your answer: a universal language--and the language, Esperanto.

Esperanto is widely known in the world today--there is no doubt of that. From pole to pole and from California to Japan, around the world, hundreds of people who speak hundreds of different tongues correspond and speak together because they have a common denominator, Esperanto.

Hundreds of people employ thought transmission. I could go into detail and support that statement, but I won't. Let it suffice to say that more people than you think read each other's minds. All right, hundreds of people speak together in a common language, although their own tongues are widely diversified. Hundreds of people use thought-transmission. Put the two together, and (I do not see) why it can't be done.

Of course, such a plan wouldn't work in every instance. Many of these thought-readers are imbeciles who can't read or spell their own names, and it would be next to impossible to teach them a language, even one as simple as Esperanto.

And while I still don't think language is a barrier to thought transmission, Esperanto is the answer if there is a barrier.

—Condensed from GUTETO
Vol 2, Num 3—DEC 56EE

"Esperanto is the sole literary language, and because of that it has acquired life and the ability to live. Esperanto made real this cleverness; to balance music with algebra, the ability to express emotion with the ability to express logic."—Karl Baudoin



ICHOR

FIRST ISSUE OF ICHOR

This magazine is edited and published at 649 S. Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, California. It will appear occasionally, at the will of the gods and Dale Hart. Free to members of Fantasy Amateur Press Ass'n and Vanguard Amateur Press----ten cents to others. Trades with other publications solicited. And letters of comment are welcome.

EDITOR: DALE HART.
LITHO COVER: ALVA ROGERS.
MECHANICAL AIDE: NORMAN WILLMORTH.

CONTENTS PAGE.....	1
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS.....	1
DEDICATION: TO DALE HARDING EXUM.....	2
ATOM AND MAN (Poem), by Sidney Johnston.....	2
UNKNOWN (Brief Story), by Jerry Pacht.....	3
A MAN ONCE DEAD (Poem), by Thelma Phlegar.....	4
FRAGMENT OF ANADYOMENE (Poem), by Robert-Peter Aby..	4
THE CHILD (Prose Satire), by Lau H. Barbusse.....	5
SPIROGYRA (Poem), by Sidney Johnston.....	6
AMBITION: A PARABLE, by Dale Hart.....	7
BRONZE BOY (Poem), by Rupert Reynolds.....	8
FRAGMENT OF ANADYOMENE (another part of the poem)..	8
TWO SHORT REQUIEMS, by Dale Hart.....	9
LYRIC OF DOUBT (Poem), by Donald Wandrei.....	10

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TO: ~~_____~~

From WAYWARD....

---D.H.E.

ATOM AND MAN

The stars stand out against the sky.
My spirit's dark desire
Grows brighter as I watch them. Why
Should such things lift me higher?

I eat a food I never knew.
Greatness and futulity
Sup with me, gaining power. Who
Sent such guests to me?

Atom and Man and blazing sun---
Something that says, "All things are one."

---SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

* I-C-H-O-R PAGE THREE *
*

UNKNOWN

by Jerry Pacht

She plodded slowly down the muddy road that led to the cemetery. It didn't seem like Vienna. It was raining. The few remaining leaves on the dead trees gave up their weak struggle and fell listlessly into the mud.

The gentle but maddeningly incessant wind bit at her face. It bit at her heart, also, and at what remained of her nerve. It was difficult, keeping up your nerve through three days of rain, especially when they had taken him away and you didn't know where.

The City Authorities couldn't tell you. Why should they keep track of a grave in Potter's Field?

She felt that she had to know where the grave was.

And she asked herself why she had to know. Why not leave him in peace? She might forget sooner if she never found out. Still, she was unable to turn back.

The graveyard was even muddier than the road. The only person in the place was the old caretaker who sat huddled behind a small fire of green wood that smoked as it burned. He looked at her, then turned his eyes back to the fire.

She stared anxiously at the long rows of unkept mounds, seeing how the little drops of rainwater collected on the shabby crosses and dropped to the ground. And she saw many fresh graves.

The winter had been a long one. But he shouldn't have been taken. He was too young. Only thirty-six. He was just beginning.

The rain fell a little harder.

"Where have they put him?" she asked. "They took him away three days ago, in my absence, and I must know where he is. He would want me to know."

The face of the old man softened as he saw the grief and the bewilderment on her face. "They have no reason to tell me whom the cart

brings, Fraulein. The poor seldom have anyone come here to search for them. I cannot tell you."

"But they can't put him away with no mark, no sign."

"The City sees to the burial of the body and protects it from desecration. It can do no more."

"It's inhuman!" she cried. "He can't lie here forever, nameless for all time!"

"The names of those who lie here are not likely to be remembered for long by posterity," he reminded her gently.

"He might be remembered," she answered. "He might be, somehow."

"I am sorry that I cannot help you, Fraulein. But you could tell me his name. What was his name?"

A clap of thunder almost drowned her reply.

"Mozart," she said. "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

THE END

A MAN ONCE DEAD

A man once dead does not arise.
We close his light-tormented eyes
And take the blood that made him one
With living trees and breeding sun.

A dream once dead is not so still.
Strip it for burial as we will,
None drains the sly quicksilver stream
That fills the arteries of a dream.

----THELMA PHLEGAR.

From ANADYOMENE,
by Robert-Peter Aby:

"We dare not drift in flowers as we would
But seek them in a book and find them writ
In a dead latin; all the windswept wit
Of this green earth is blunted and misunderstood."

THE CHILD

By Lau H. Barbusse*

"Be a good child," said the mother when her boy went to school.

"Yes, Mama," he replied as he jumped from her arms.

The boy had to walk a long way because there was no school in the little village in which he lived.

The sun shone pleasantly although the wind was still cold, but because of the carefulness of the mother, who dressed her beloved child in the warmest clothes, the boy was very comfortable.

Kiki is the name of our hero, and he enjoyed the love of his parents. They were very happy, not only because Kiki was their child but chiefly because he was such a good child.

Whistling, Kiki went on his way. Suddenly he noticed a beautiful bird on a fence. What a chance! He threw a stone at the bird and it flew away fearfully.

A little later he saw something move at the edge of the road. Oh! What a beautiful beetle. He caught it and was scratched slightly by the mandibles. The pain was not bad but Kiki was afraid of pain. Angrily he threw the creature to the ground and pressed his foot on its little body. It became a formless mass, and pleasant feelings of vengeance replaced his chagrin.

Then he passed the little house of Mrs. Jacques, whom he hated so much. She was a malicious old hag. Didn't she throw him out not long ago when he wanted to watch the killing of a pig at the Labouigo's?

Kiki hated her. Therefore, he and several small friends had built a fire to kill her walnut tree. Every morning he tore off part of the bark of the dead tree. Now, though, he did not have time.

He just had time to throw a stone at her cat, which appeared to be as old as Mrs. Jacques herself.

By this time, Kiki was late, so he had to run. He found the door of the school closed. He was terribly embarrassed. This late arrival would cause him to lose the Merit for Good Conduct.

He wept when the teacher opened the door. He lied to the glaring teacher. Breathlessly, he told that his mother was ill; that he had to help her, and was late for this reason.

The teacher believed him because he was an agreeable child and made good marks. The teacher did not know that Kiki learned very little and that the other students always helped him.

On Saturday, Kiki again received the Merit Cross. And, on Sunday, the good priest smiled pleasantly at him when church was out. He had just confessed his sins of the week: he cheated at ball, he spotted Rouhier's place with ink because Rouhier was smarter than he, and he wrote a nasty word on the wall of the playroom. The priest immediately gave him absolution.

At home, after dinner, Kiki's father was reading the paper when he exclaimed loudly. He read that in Paris they had arrested a young murderer only sixteen years old---still almost a child.

The parents looked at Kiki fondly, seeing his modesty and his Merit Cross. And they thanked God who had blessed them with such a noble child.

(Translated from the Esperanto by Myrtle R. Douglas*)

SPIROGYRA

Strange little ribbon of curving green,
Winding your crystal cell,
You store your food in the day, unseen,
But night reveals your spell;
For when the sun in his flaming strength
Crimsons the western cloud,
You shine the buttons on all your length
To make your sweetheart proud;
And then, at night, in the moon's white light,
The fairies dance your stair,
And pond elves come, in their elfish spite,
To pull the fairies' hair.

If I could once in a pond abide,
An elf, instead of man,
I'd climb your smooth green edge, and slide,
And slide, and slide again!

---SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

AMBITION: A PARABIE

By Dale Hart

A certain peacock was very ambitious. Being the lord of a barnyard was gratifying to a degree, but he felt that he was created for better things.

Who cared for the adulation of cackling hens, quacking ducks, and gobbling turkeys? He wanted to be admired by the world and to do great deeds; so, he ran away to seek his fortune.

The peacock wandered far and wide for many, many days---but there seemed to be no recognition in the world for him. In strange barnyards, he was snubbed by the most elderly of hens and the young cocks pecked him unmercifully.

His fortunes waned and waned, until a very hot day found him in the most dire of straits. His plumage was beautiful no more, he was quite exhausted, and all about him was the burning sands of a desert.

Stopping to rest in the shade of a cactus, he noticed a loathsome beast known as the Gila Monster. It was regarding him without enmity or even curiosity.

Under ordinary circumstances, the proud peacock never would have spoken to the homely creature. However, he now felt humbled and in need of some friendly conversation. Accordingly, he unbent a bit.

"I have been seeing the world," he declared, with a slight trace of his old boastfulness. ,

"From your appearance, seeing the world is an arduous task instead of a glorious adventure," replied the Monster.

Ignoring the dryness of this observation, the peacock continued: "Have you never wanted to travel? Are you content to stay here forever?"

"Why should I travel?" asked the Beast of the former Beauty. "From wayfarers such as you, I learn all that I need to know about the world. I am not equipped naturally for life outside the desert, just as you are unfit for existence outside a barnyard."

The unlovely being paused a moment in reflection and then concluded with this philosophy: "Ambition is a consuming passion, and only the most cunning of the strong should set themselves against the whole world. Creatures such as you and I must be content with a small portion. Go to your home, foolish one, and seek no more!"

BRONZE BOY

Bronze Boy with the lava eyes,
 Keep away from me.
 Your blue, tawny lips like two heavy sheaths
 Gape on glaze ivories.
 Red jasper flecked with foam
 Gleams behind them.
 The sweats of your body
 Are potent and acrid
 Like the scent of ocean-weeds
 That murmur of serpentine mysteries.
 Your quick breaths swing me
 With the blood of your island seas
 By which you were born.
 Swarthy savage,
 Your darkness frees me.
 It beats in my breast, seeking.
 Remove not your body, Bronze Boy.
 Our dreams are filled with its cry.
 Come, let us silently together
 Into the perfect stillness.

----RUPERT REYNOLDS.

From ANADYOMENE

It is not oxygen we breathe, but time.
 Like fishes in their fluid element,
 We gulp the bubbling hours, are spent

With battle in the rolling tides of years;
 We drink the tender nectar of our tears
 And slumber in self-pity's quickened lime.

----Robert-Peter Aby.

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I-C-H-O-R

PAGE NINE

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Two Short Requiem

I: For A Scientist

The iron in your blood shall be accrued
To the coffin nails,
And your nitrogen shall feed the bacteria
That live on the roots of grass.

The chemicals which bubbled
In the retorts of your body
Shall be disassociated,
Then blended into the exact measures
Of explosive---
And you shall explode with a violence
To shake the stars
So that they swing like gibbeted corpses
In a midnight wind.

II: For A Naturalist

I shall look beneath small rocks
And on the inner side of leaves:
It is a custom to leave messages there.
I shall look for messages
Among the rocks and leaves.

Though you are dead,
These things remain:
Do not forget
The rocks and leaves.

----DALE HART.

*
* I-C-H-O-R PAGE TEN *
*

LYRIC OF DOUBT

She walks with stately grace.
Her grave, grey eyes a beauty hide
That has no counterpart in lands of time
Or space;
And in her movements, languid charms abide.

A grey dusk mists the air,
But never changes, never fades,
And neither dawn nor darkness shades her olime.
No glare
Of sun illumines the mouldy balustrades.

There are no eyes to see,
No voice to tell of days that were,
No ears to hear her footsteps die away.
The three
Old prophecies alone accompany her.

She walks with dust and dreams,
All else is still the realm around,
And she alone has beauty, grave and grey.
Sho seems
A phantom of a kingdom of no sound.

---DONALD WANDREI.

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LETHE



SPECIAL PACIFICON ISSUE

The entrails are few, but here they are.....

COVER		Jack Riggs
	from the short story, The Head	
EDITORIAL	p.1	Wyers & Riggs
	the why and wherefor of this	
THE HEAD	p.2	Jay Edwards
	a short weird of a necromancer	
FILLER	p.4	Jack Riggs
	no comments, please	
INCIDENTAL	p.5	Everett Wyers
	this is definitely a possibility	
FILLER	p.6	Everett Wyers
	All djinn comes from a bottle	

After turning the crank of our "Wards' Little Wonder Worker" over one thousand times, there are bound to be mistakes, due no doubt to that tired feeling in the muscles; so please excuse any cruddy copies. The idea of this collection of fanzines being to toot our own horns to promote circulation, or whatever, we shall endeavor to explain what Lethe is all about. We try to publish fantasy, straight and humorous, failing to get enough of that type of material, we decided to publish humorous science-fiction, or serious articles of an interest to science-fiction fans. This issue is staff written in order to meet the June 1st deadline established by the promoters of the Pacificon. We do need material badly and hope you who read this will help us out.

The price of this fanzine is cheap, a 3¢ stamp or a postcard will bring it to you for nothing. In order to receive each copy of Lethe, a letter commenting on the previous issue is requested. Naturally contributors will be entitled to two or more copies for free and without requests for another (take it and like it is our motto) The thing is published by:

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THE HEAD

by Jay Edwards

Unlal the sorcerer arose slowly from the ancient throne-like chair in which he had been sitting. The curious designs and symbols on his robes flashed and shimmered even in the gloom of his chambers. He crossed the uneven stone flooring and went to the slit of a window that overlooked the forest of Balmoor. Clasp- ing his gnarled hands behind him he began to speak in a measured solemn tone.

"Therese. I have not forgotten you, nor my pledged word to you. Many months have slipped past recall into the womb of time from whence they came, and yet I have not found the one that will sate you. Being an old man time is not important to me and possibly I have not bent all my efforts into the search.

"One grows infinitely weary in conversation with daemons and fam- iliars and such. You have been my constant, comforting companion, and that also may serve to explain my tardiness in obtaining for you your dearest desire."

So saying Unlal turned and walked across the room to where the severed head of a beautiful girl rested on a tall pedestal. The head was a thing of singular beauty. Long rippling red-gold hair framed the perfect, pallid oval that was her face. High, arched eye brows accentuated the slumbrous blue-green eyes that were lined with long lashes. The nose was long and patrician, and the partly opened lips were hungrily sensual. Altogether a face to turn a mans mind.

The enigmatic grey eyes of Unlal stared into the hostile ones of the unhappy girl. He began to speak without a trace of emotion on his strangely stiff countenance. "Nature gods are a prankish lot, Therese. Their sense of humor is of a sardonic nature and runs to satanic jests. Your very lovely face and twisted, stunted body must have afforded them much amusement.

"When you came, asking that I use my magic to straighten your body, or supply a new, more exquisite one; I agreed. You were with- out an ounce of metal to pay. Such things have to be paid for, you know, but not always in coin. Your payment is almost concluded. The manner of settling your debt to me has not been too trying I trust?"

The lips writhed and spat, "I hate you Unlal! Give me a body and I will destroy you!" Her hair rustled in anger like leaves being tumbled about by the wind.

A gleam came to Unlal's watery eyes, a gleam that could have been one of amusement.

The delicately molded face softened and a large tear rolled from one of her eyes. "Please," she pleaded, "It's been torture to rest on this pedestal for months with no body." She lowered the lids of her eyes in defeat and despair. "Even my poor warped and bent body was better than none at all, give that back to me then, and I will depart." Raising her misty eyes to the unfathomable ones of Unlal, Therese silently begged for release.

The thin lips of the old warlock grimly lifted at the corners into a half-smile and he said, "You hated your body, so I took no pains to preserve it like your head. Would you then wear a rotted decomposed thing for your earthly vehicle?"

Her face contorted into a visage of utter hate and she screamed, "You devil! You...you...you fiend!" Then the full import of what Unlal had intoned struck her and she blanched. "You wouldn't! You promised me a new body!" The ripe, red lips gaped in horror.

"My word is inviolate, You shall have your desire consummated tonight." He turned slowly and shuffled back to the incredibly odd throne-like seat. "Someone has died," he mumbled almost to himself.

Her eyes blazing, Therese snarled, "You did that to tease me! You sadist! I'll kill you; I swear it by all that's holy. Watch to yourself old man!"

She continued to rave and call dire maledictions upon his head; but Unlal seemed not to hear. His eyes were closed now and the unyielding visage as relaxed as it would ever be. As from a great distance came the words, "We shall see, my tigress. We shall see."

The dusk partially hid the misshapen things worrying the fresh earth on the new grave. The mound of dirt grew as the hole went deeper. Claws scratched wood. Loathsome sounds came from the pit scrapings and a slavering. The soft sound of a coffin lid being raised. A slopping and grating noise, then a grotesque figure took to the concealing night air bearing the headless form of a woman.

The head of Therese dreamed; dreamed of a body, the most gorgeous body in the whole continent of Relthys. Visions drifted slowly by; visions of mighty kings, handsome princelings, and nobles of varying stations; all in an endless train, coming to pay homage to her beauty

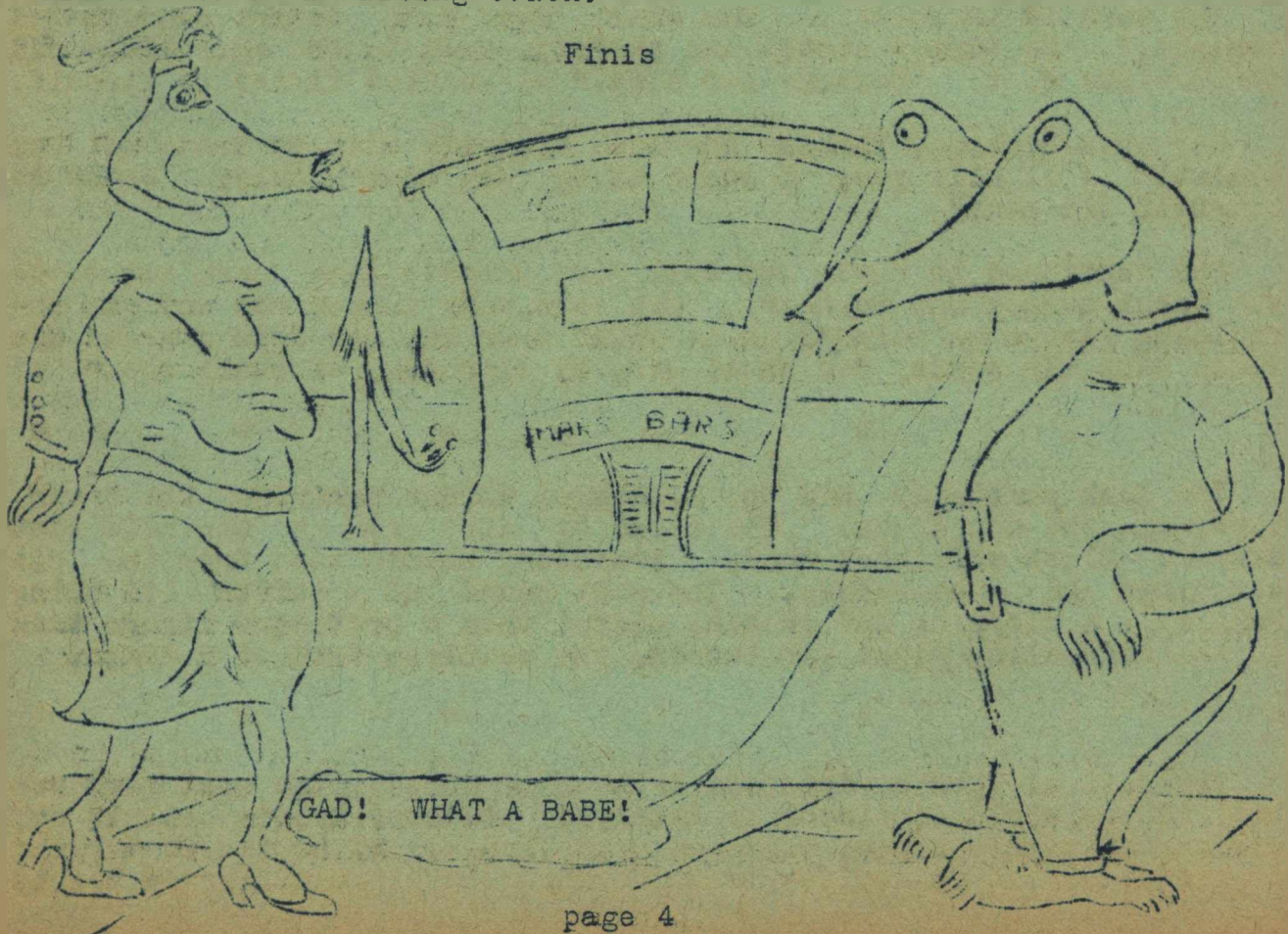
LETHE

Then the scene changed; changed to the hateful room that had been her prison for months. Therese crept on silent cat feet toward a sleeping figure. She held a long wicked knife and the sleeping form was that of Unlal the sorcerer. The knife went high then plunged to bite deeply into the withered chest. She smiled sleepily. Then a voice droned, "Awake. Awake. Awake Therese. Awake. Awaken to new life."

Her eyelids opened drowsily, then widened to pools of astonishment. She saw, facing her, her face surmounting a body of incredible loveliness. A slim, white body with a skin texture like satin. Soft round shoulders, small perfectly pointed breasts, slender waist swelling to sleek hips and downward to long, tapering legs and tiny, well-formed feet. "Mine?" she breathed questioningly.

"You have but to step forward," came the measured tones of Unlal. "'Tis but a mirror of reality that you see."

She took a hesitant step forward, then smiled languorously, and undulated closer to the mirror. Clothes were piled on a seat beside the mirror, wonderful, rich clothes; with a long wicked knife resting on top. Tossing the knife carelessly to one side, Therese arrayed herself in the resplendant finery. Whirling, dancing, and pirouetting, she swirled to the door, blew a mocking kiss to Unlal and waltzed out to a waiting coach.



INCIDENTAL

by E. J. Wyers

The Sixth World STF Convention. Namreka and the convention president stood in the doorway casually watching the excited mob of junior fans. They were crowded around the complete collection of Amazing, Wonder and Astounding. They pushed and shouted, rattled the bars and tried frantically to touch just one magazine some actually fighting for the privileged places next to the locked and barred bookcases. Others, the more experienced, were huddled together on the outskirts of the herd, evidently, to judge from the covetous glances cast at the collection, planning to pilfer a mag. or so.

Finally the president looked at his watch and shouted. "All right, youse guys, it's time for chow." Then, as the fans reluctantly turned from the stacks of magazines, "that ain't nuttin', anyway, Namreka here has a whole garage full down in L.A."

It was customary for the junior fans to pay silent homage to number one fan Namreka but now they clamored around him. That is all but one shy looking young fan from northern California. This individual paused and watched the mob surround the first fan a speculative gleam in his eye, his tongue lolling on his chin.

If Namreka hadn't been slightly worn and torn while conducting an auction later that night and if the ensuing excitement had been less intense, it might have been noticed that the shy young fan was missing from his usual place on the outskirts of the group. As it was the number one fan departed for home, in order to get another suit of clothes, amid a tremendous ovation from the fan. Especially from those who possessed shreds of his former suit.

Well, what with one thing and another Namreka didn't arrive home until well into the wee small hours. When he finally did get home he made his way to his bed room and proceeded to prepare for much needed rest.

Half way through this process he heard a peculiar noise from outside. Peering out the window he observed a truck backed up to the wide flung doors of his garage. Like a flash the meaning of the scene penetrated his mind. Swearing vividly he found his

LETHE

automatic and dashed madly downstairs in his night shirt. This was unfortunate. He made noise.

Outside, in the garage, a shadowy figure dropped the stack of old, very old Astoundings it had been loading on the truck and stood quite still, listening. Then it faded back into the inky darkness and produced a long wicked looking 45.

Namreka rushed into the building vowing angrily he'd kill every lousey mag. thief in the joint. He stopped. "Well, where the ~~hell~~ ~~are~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~you~~ are you? Come out or I'll spray the place with lead."

An evil chuckle drifted to his ears. "What, and mess up this treasure trove."

"Yes, dammit." The number one fan groaned at the thought.

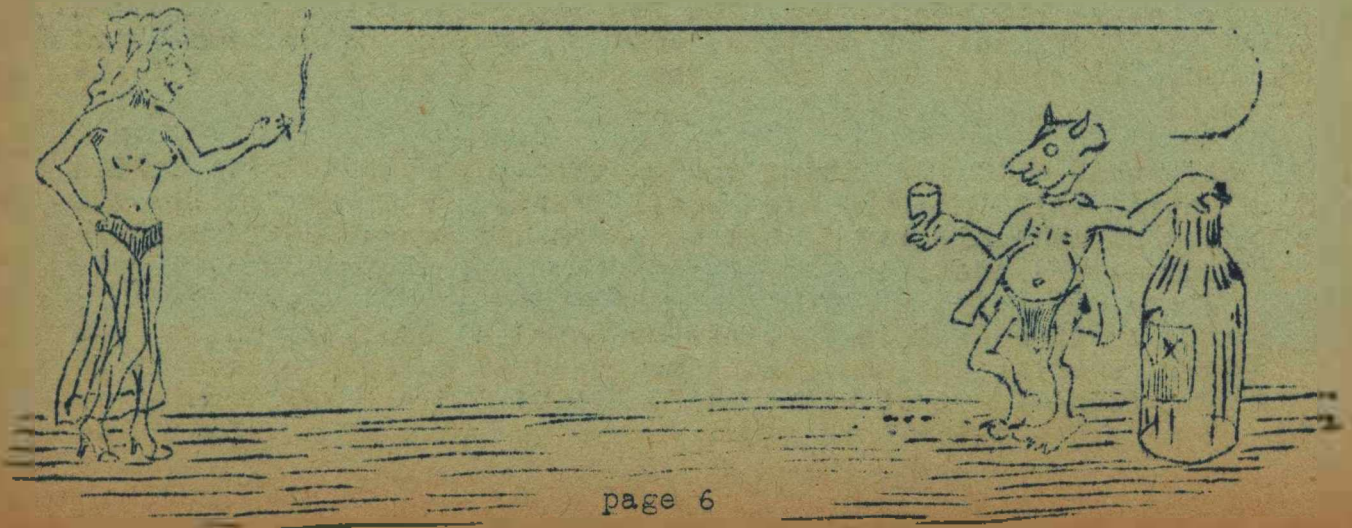
"To bad Namreka, in that case you've got to die."

The garage reverberated with shots. Through the smoke a staggering figure could be seen. It's knees folded. Then. Flop! It pitched forward on its face.

A rush of feet. The whirl of a starter and the truck leaped into the street. It vanished around a corner.

The police were stumped. Days lengthened into weeks with no results. Nobody would kill a man for a few moth eaten old magazines, they said. They laughed at the fans who pointed out the fact that a whole garage full of old moth eaten magazines was missing.

In northern California a youth crouched in a basement, drooling. Around him were stacks and stacks of rare old Amazings, Astoundings, etc:



LE ZOMBIE'S FREE GUIDE TO THE MUGGS IN THE GALLERY:

Reading from left to right, one row after another, as you always read unless you happen to be Chinese.

The group massed on the porch is Slan Shack as it used to be. Seated in the foreground we see Ken Krueger, Milton Ashley and Frank Robinson. Directly behind these three are Walt Liebscher with his arm around Mari Beth Wheeler, Al Ashley, EE Evans, and Jack Wiedenbeck wishing he had his arm around somebody. Finally, standing on the porch in the rear, we have Ollie Saari with his ditto around Thelma Morgan, Elsie Janada, Abby Lu Ashley, Ed Counts, and Sgt. Lynn Bridges.

On the far right we again see Mari Beth Wheeler, and friends.

Now to the smaller photographs below. The two bashful gentlemen standing before somebody's garage are Sam Moskowitz and Don Wollheim. The small, pensive puss pasted above their heads is Art Sehnert.

Lookit the leggy girl with the soldier! We are told he is Bob Hoffman and she is Phil Bronson's sister, Beverly. Immediately below this charming couple we see a charming trio: Walt Daugherty, Joe Fortier and Tom Wright. That's a weeping willow, maybe, behind them.

Lift your eyes up and to the near right. Ah--a studious fellow reading a five-year-old copy of Astounding (the foto is that old, too) mist be---yes, it is D.B. Thompson. Below him we again chance across a charming couple: C.L. Moore and Russ Hodgkins. Wonder what her spouse thinks of this? The villainous looking husky below C.L. Moore is that scrouge of the Canadian wastelands, Les Croutch. Up we go again. See that handsome, homey visage smiling mysteriously at you? That's the pride of Bartshorne, Oklahoma: James Russell Gray. And look--that face and that drooping cigaret beneath Gray! That's old hotfoot Cyril Kornbluth himself, sneering at us, no doubt.

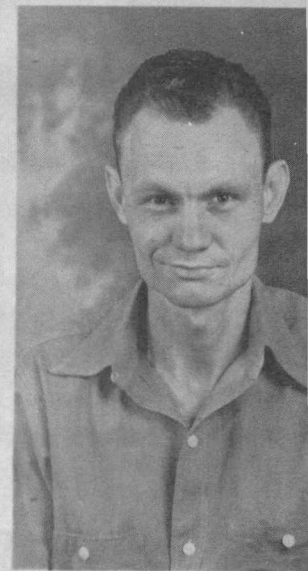
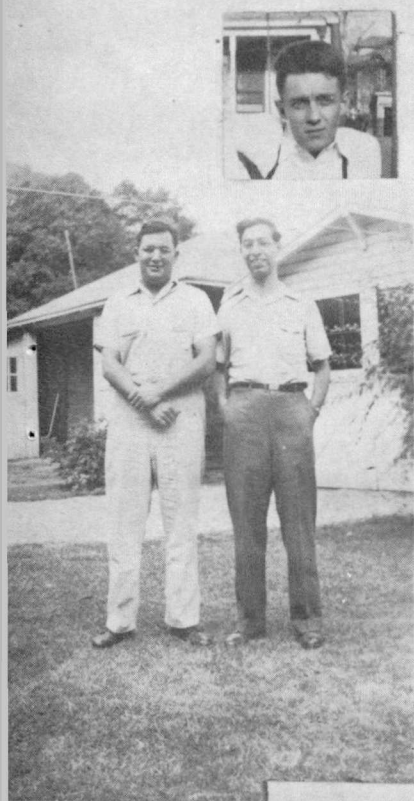
Next row: A pretty WAC: she's Dorothy Les Tina Pohl. The bicorn staring at her isn't so dumb. The small upright picture of the fellow with the striped tie is Fred Pohl, husband of the pretty WAC. He isn't so dumb, either: the army made him take his intelligence test twice because his score was so high the first time they wouldn't believe it. Next to him in a black tie and a Lona Lisa smile is Elmer Fergue with his hair combed.

Which brings us to the bottom row. The three cents on the sofa all wrapped up in Fantasite and each other are Dr. C.L. Barrett, Cliff Simak, and John Chapman. And aha! We have a girl in a hole: she's now known as Myrtle Douglas and she has a swim suit on all right. But just look at those two homely beezer snarling at us from the last picture! Ugh, how awful to have faces like that. "The Look" is Frankie Robinson once again, and the smirking soldier is Ned Connor.

These pictures are not to be used in covering rat holes.

LE ZOMBIE

Box 260, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



LE ZOMBIE
the ghoul's gazette
Box 260 — Bloomington, Ill.
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



Published by the Parks Streiff Construction Co.
Morton Wills - Director of Publication

6

It was reported today by Martian sources that the bartender down at "GUS'S BEER GARDEN" casually mentioned the fact that he wished that the Martians on Tellus would learn to speak English!!!

There was a slight commotion followed by a devastating explosion. Mass funeral Wednesday.

SCINOID

BEINGS

Destroy Pirates

Scinoid beings, intelligent life heretofore little known or noticed, residing on the largest satellite of Procyon B sprang into the limelight by wiping out, without any weapons but a band (consisting of flutes, trumpets, and tubas) and daggers a sword, and a handfull of Martian Sledge-hammers, a large detachment of well armed pirates. They first played "Ode to a Scarecrow's Mother-in-Law" (by James Streiff) with the band, and then attacked with the cutlery. The pirates had, of course, immediately put their fingers in their ears; indeed they had done this with such force that they couldn't withdraw their fingers and were cold meat to the Scinoid beings.

Scinoid beings are large amoeba-like creatures possessing brains of a high order.

FLASH-----ERUPTION

Three cities on Venus went up in a single explosion last night when several kegs of hidden Varnish reached their seventh year. As is well known Varnish will explode if it is not drunk before it reaches maturity.

Special Varnish finders will be employed to determine whether or not there are still undiscovered caches on Venus.

Erf the Green Dragon was last seen floating past Saturn; any information concerning him will be greatly appreciated. (ED)

LEMURIANS DEBATE

ADMISSION TO MARTIAN UNION

Lemurians, Dayvee and Dorist went in the Earth city of Salem in solemn conclave on Tuesday, the beginning of a Terrestrial year, to congratulate each other upon their admission to the holy Martian Order.

Through telepathic discussion it was decided that these two shall in the near future attempt to organize all other Varnish drinking Lemurians into a Martian Local. This Local shall be named after a few more meetings and the base work set up so that new members can be accommodated.

Due to strange vibrations emanating from the Home Office of the Martian Order the conclave was recessed until messages had been received. These were the messages:

One. Telis to Dayvee: For Pete's sake get a move on out there on the East Coast and stop stalling. We want action, get the local started.

Dayvee to Telis: Don't be in such a hurry, its Dorist who's holding up the proceedings...a bit too much Varnish for New Years I believe. She's been arguing with the Green Dragon and asking the MIGHTY MOSCOVICH to forgive her for something or the other, better contact her about it. Over.

Two. Telis to Dorist: Hey lay off the Varnish and listen to your master's voice. There's work to be done, what's this I hear about you arguing with the green Dragon? Come on, ante up Dorist to Telis: Hi. Me? Nope, no Varnish...just overwork. Struth, really But I promise to get going on the new Local as soon as humanly possible. And tell Dayvee to stop accusing me of drinking Varnish...why I hardly even know what it tastes

like. Oh Dayvee...are you and Erf coming to SHULTZ's with me? And you too Telis, You'll be there?

So everyone adjourned to SHULTZ's BAR, and drank each other under the plastic tables. A most successful meeting.

(Doris Currier)

NEW VARNISH

Arcton- The Parks Streiff Construction Company today announced a new the varnish containing a new substance recently discovered in the thirty-third dimention.

STOCK REPORTS

Martian bonds dropped 1,000,000 points after the declaration of war. On Mars- The price of Mnokl furs from Alpha Centauri rose from 2 yat to 729 m ulls per lub.

PIANS VOYAGE

TO 27th DEMENTION

Antwerp, Telus (Sol III) An enterprising young Martian is planningom making a very hazardous journey to the 27th dimention.

The groundwork for this expedition was laid by Pennington's visit to the 10726th dimention two years ago. The intervening time has been spent analysing and assimilating the data which he gathered then. The results of this expedition would indicate that the 27th may someday be more usefuf than the 5th and almost as useful as the 81st.

MNL REPORTER HAS NARROW

ESCAPE

-oOo-

LEAVES ONE JUMP AHEAD OF BOIE

Seron- A Martian faithful to the cause of old Mars, today arrived here in a battered hul that at one time had been a space ship. He told of rioting in the streets of Andr-opolis, of an angry mob that had seized all civic and essential buildings and had attempted to destroy the buildings of the Parks Streiff Construction Company, however he had taken the files and set off a bomb. One jump ahead of the revolutionists he had taken the only ship left at the port, an inert wreck and rebuilding it in space, under fire from the planet, and later the blockading fleet. He got as far as Seron before it was wrecked completely.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

All space pilots interested in

a good job apply at Jarnoven.

at 548 North Dallas, Wichita 6, Kansas. By the Parks Streiff Cons. Co.

Published every 72 days. cost is 5¢ per issue. Editor: Telis Streiff

REPORTS FROM SHULTZ'S

The Gods gave their reactions to the dissolution of the universe to our special reporter and they are presented herewithin:

WOSHABKENNING "It cleared away some of the accumulated debris"

KLONO "It made the peoples of the universe realize the importance of keeping it in tact"

ARLIMINI: "It greived me to see the suffering of my people, but I know they would come thru with flying colors "

LUCIFER "Hehehehehehehehehehehehe"

JOE "Pass the Xeno" (How'd he get in here?). Most of the other diet-ies had similar statements to make.

STRANGE MIGRATION TOWARD ARCTURUS

Pluton, (Sol IV). Bob Parks reported today that there is a large migration of creatures toward Arc-turus. On recent trips, the Arctu-rus Bound Streetcars have carried large numbers of intelligent, semi-intelligent and non-intelligent creatures. Some of the Tellurian cr-eatures were Ptronedons, trilobites and flying fish. There were nymn-ogsogs and dulanibs from Mars. Two demons from the moon, a group of Jovian "Things" and Neptunian abri-gines, there were also dragons and little men and all other types of creatures from all over the Galaxy. Even one of the decendants of the Eich has gone there. In addition there are untold numbers of creatu-res who went in their own ships and thus were not noticed. Martian Scientists have been puzzling over this situation for some time and as yet a conclusion has not been released.

MAY 10 !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The nite of May 10th (Tellurian time) was a continuous chain of sha-ttering explosions, bachic revelry and mass murders. The athrowities upon questioning a couple of Mart-ians were confronted with the reply that it was due to the influx of trilobites into the South African Sea. Indeed the police are puzzled. no end.

The Martian News Letter is published

at 548 North Dallas, Wichita 6, Kansas. By the Parks Streiff Cons. Co.

Published every 72 days. cost is 5¢ per issue. Editor: Telis Streiff

THIS PACIFICON EDITION OF MOPSY

should introduce you to the FAPA Brain Trust. The amorphous group so styled thoroly hash over such subjects as the following in their individzines distributed by the mailings of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. If you think you'd like to get in on those bull sessions, see Al Ashley, FAPA secretary, who will put your name on the waiting list.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

"When in the Course of human Events, it becomes necessary for one People to dissolve the Political Bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the Earth, the separate and equal Station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them,--"

"That's a lot of stuff", interrupted Robert, who was a shining example of progressive education.

"That's a lot of stuff about it?" asked the teacher, who was very patient, as progressive education requires.

"Oh, the whole thing", answered Robert. "He talks like God had ordained the system of national sovereignty--"

Eustace, who had read Stuart Chase, spoke up, "And he talks about one people and another people as if the Americans were marked off from Englishmen; actually a third of this country was tory."

"Yeah," continued Robert, "he starts out by assuming everything he intends to prove. He says in the course of human events it has become necessary for the United States to secede. Personally, I think it was a punk idea; if we'd stayed in the British Empire, we'd be running things now."

The teacher took a deep breath. "You have to remember the purpose of this declaration. Over half of the Americans had already made up their minds in favor of secession. The job of the committee was to draw up a statement to solidify that sentiment, and also to show certain Europeans that political ideas they entertained would justify intervention on the American side. For all this, it was necessary to base secession on principles of right and wrong, not merely might-makes-right. Seeing the flimsy moral basis for a lot of latter-day declarations, I think you should appreciate this quality in the Declaration of Independence. Remember that, rightly or wrong, the men who started our nation on its independent course believed that justice demanded it. And along with that, remember that we started out with a decent respect for the opinions of mankind; and with the exception of nationalistic and selfish minorities, we have always tried to keep the good will of mankind."

Someone in the back row smothered a labio-lingual roll behind his palms.

"Let's go on with our reading. '--a decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the Separation. --We hold these Truths to be self-evident,"

"Every ideology has to start out with some dogmatic axioms", Robert said aloud to no one in particular.

"that all Men are created equal,"

Again that rude noise from the back row.

"that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights," --I think we ought to stop there for a minute and make sure we understand what is meant by unalienable. 'Alien' in those times was a common verb relating to property, which meant to sell or give away. When the great thinkers of the Enlightenment said that these rights were unalienable, they didn't mean that the rights could not be wrongfully denied them, or

forfeited because of a man's criminally infringing the rights of others. They simply meant that a man could not contract away his natural rights--even today American courts will not enforce a contract which amounts to slavery--; and if you remember about the theory of social contract, as the basis of the state, you may realize what that 'unalienable' implies as to the rightful powers of the state."

"But what proof did they have for all this?" asked a more respectful student, Master Brown. "Everybody knows that government didn't originate the way they thought it did."

"Maybe this is the kind of thing that becomes true if it is strongly asserted and believed. Rights, you know, exist only in the minds of men; but if enough men believe that some rights are indestructible, they may become so. The theory of social compact is not quite as absurd as it sounds. These men were no fools. I remember a book that you may have studied in Miss Embert's class, which set out to explain music, and the different ways there are of getting variety into it. To make these clear in your mind, the author imagined a man setting out to experiment to try to invent music. Someone of a future day might read that book and think that the author actually believed this fiction; we know that it is merely a convenient device for getting the principles straight."

"Do you think the natural-rights philosophers really knew that there wasn't any Golden Age or State of Nature back in the past?"

"Jefferson, Paine, and Franklin, at least, were a very different breed from the Augustans such as Samuel Johnson. Their interest in natural history was remarkable. They believed in progress, and they rejected the story of Adam."

"But let's go on with the Declaration: 'that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness--' Give Jefferson credit for that. He didn't say 'Property', though he believed it to be one of the natural rights--and in a socially just society, there's no reason why it shouldn't be--; he put in something that every man can have, however poor."

"It doesn't mean anything more than 'Liberty'", Robert said.

"But it adds a great deal of substance to the idea of Liberty. It implies the many ways in which men may pursue happiness--by industry, by social life, by self-improvement--in all of which they should be free. There's an implication that if every man has a right to pursue happiness, no man has a right to spitefully or selfishly put unreasonable obstacles in his way. 'That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the Consent of the Governed,' --Notice they say 'just Powers'; this whole statement is a description of what ought to be, not necessarily what is. 'that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its Foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such Form, as to them shall seem likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.' Do you realize that this was the first time that a nation had been established solely on this principle of the right of revolution? It was an epochal event for that alone, and because of its success no modern government can feel secure without assuring itself of popular support. Since the invention of the 'equalizer', no man can afford to push another too far; and since the American Revolution no government dares oppress its people heedlessly."

"Notice the reasonable tone of this next remark: 'Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient Causes; and accordingly all Experience hath shewn, that Mankind are more disposed to suffer, while Evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the Forms to which they are accustomed.' This illustrates Jefferson's belief that the ethics he espoused was harmonious with the natural structure of human nature and society. 'But when a long Train of Abuses and Usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a Design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their Right, it is their Duty, to throw off such Government and to provide new Guards for their future Security.' How about that; is it a man's duty to join in throwing

off a tyranny, though he personally gets along all right under it?"

No one expressed an opinion.

"Such has been the patient Sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the Necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government." I expected one of you cynics to say something about that patient sufferance. 'The History of the present King of Great-Britain is a History of repeated Injuries and Usurpations, all having in direct Object the Establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid World.'

"What follows, as you might expect, doesn't always come up to the common meaning of 'Facts'; rather it is an expression of one side of the picture as the hottest heads saw it, and frequently a single incident is the basis for a charge which sounds in the multitudes. No attention is paid to the often good reasons for such practices as transporting royal appointees for trial in England when charged in the colonies.

"Yet, who expects wholly reasonable appraisals in wartime? Certainly not in posters issued by the warring government. If it be decided that the cause is just, or necessary, the object must be to rally public opinion by any means which does not too much endanger the peacemaking, nor defeat itself by exaggeration and falsification. A more coldly intellectual and balanced document than this Declaration would not have enlisted such general support. If you have read the stories of the Revolution which were assigned to you, you must realize how grimly every shred of public support was needed, when large parts of the people were loyalist, and many of the nation's chief cities in the King's hands.

"So the only question is, was the war justified in the first place? Robert thinks not. Yet we must consider that what happened in the United States during the second half of its history, from 1776 to now, was without equal anywhere else in the world, not even in Canada and Australia, the countries most like ourselves but not independent until recently. The placing of local responsibility in local hands, the freedom allowed men to do as they wished with the resources of the continent, while leading to enormous abuses, yet also led to the development here of a strength without which civilization might have been lost. And the fact that men granted almost complete freedom from restraint acted no worse than they did has greatly increased mankind's faith in man.

"I can't find any sign that the weaknesses of the Declaration have had any harmful effects. If people have sometimes been misled as to the basis and meaning of the maxim that all men are equal; if they have underestimated the reasonableness of democracy's logic; it would be hard to say that the casting of the Declaration in other terms would have avoided these misapprehensions.

"The good effects of the Declaration of Independence and its confirmation in the Revolution of 1800 are apparent. You may think of the present condition of the United States as the result of an inevitable growth; but I believe that back in its formative days, it could easily have gone off on a wrong course, or been left without certain inbuilt moral principles which have preserved it in later days. The world's pioneer republic might have been stillborn if Pennsylvanians had been more friendly to the occupying British armies of 1777, or the American armies at Saratoga less devoted. I can imagine a United States in the hands of an aristocracy so blind that they would have tried to subject the Mississippi Valley to rule by the East, forcing it to form a separate nation. I believe that an America left in the hands of the populists of the 1780s, without the intelligent leadership of men like Jefferson and Madison, could have dissolved into warring sovereignties, each impoverished by mercantilist policies. I can see an America of the time of Jackson, in which the sordid side of democratic practices would be the whole of the coin, falling quickly into the decay of modern France. Without this document's placing of democratic principles on a high intellectual plane, men such as Emerson and Thoreau might never have been inspired to put their ideas into the framework

of ethical democracy; and when the crisis came halfway in our national history the men of the North and West could have lacked the fiber that Emerson's teachings gave, and courteously acquiesced in permanent division. Without the insistent principles of the Declaration of Independence always in the background, our imperialistic adventures of the 1840s or the 1890s would have continued unchecked till we became a most-hated-nation to the oppressed peoples of the world."

Turning once again to the facsimile, the teacher concluded, "And notice how these leading men of the American states put all the weight behind this parchment that they realistically could, in pursuance of which some of them spent later years of the war in British prisons: 'And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm Reliance on the Protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.'"

ALLEGORICAL

The Empire was dying. Empires usually die without the fact being realized by contemporaries, but the impending dissolution of the Third Galactic Empire was already a matter of common discussion in intellectual circles. Among its remaining loyal adherents there was a formless feeling of unease, thoughts which none dared express plainly. And among the general population of the galaxy there was mainly an indifference.

The Empire was not crumbling before assaults from without nor intrigues within. Nominally, its sway was nearly as great as it had ever been--although many worlds which failed to pay taxes and/or render homage were given extensions of their citizenship in order to help out appearances.

No, the weakness which was consuming the Empire was the old ever-present one of paucity of useful functions to perform. The empires had never been very vital parts of the life of the galaxy, but some optimists had hoped, and others had been willing to be convinced, that the Third Empire would succeed where its predecessors had failed. Except for the broadcasts from the imperial radio, however, it had never been easy to tell whether the empire was active or not; twice the Third had virtually died, and men on the planets had gone about their business in much the same way as when the triple-wrench scepter was at its height. Now for the third time it was declining, and the cause was the same as before in its own history (contemporary explanations to the contrary notwithstanding) and in the history of its predecessors: that lack of important functions in galactic life, and the crippling red tape with which it had swathed its agencies in its vigorous youth.

Let us examine some of the actual operations carried on in the Empire's name, the great number of which had led men to hope for permanence from this one.

The previous regent had established a commercial clearing house in MaB, a thinly populated part of the galaxy, which filled a long-felt need (the Second Empire had a similar agency). Its establishment in MaB had not been by the free choice of the regent, but resulted from the existence there and nowhere else of a corporation willing to operate the clearing-house service. Now the imperial auspices under which the agency had been formed were no longer of any value to it, except as the affiliation entitled it to notices on the imperial radio station. Since the clearing house had from the beginning placed advertising at other stations also, the overshadowing of the imperial station by powerful independent ones made the official recognition unimportant indeed.

All empires had had radio stations; they were the very symbol of authority, every petty noble within or without the realm having one also. The present emperor's station, however, had fallen low. This was partly due to the division of responsibility for it. Much of the script for its programs was prepared on the new throne-planet or its satellite, sent to another system for electrical transcription, and finally to yet another for broadcasting. The result was an erratic schedule of broadcasts, low listener-interest, and technical imperfections in the transmission.

So far as men knew, the priests of the Welko order were still working for the emperor, civilizing new planets; but lately they had not been bringing in the great

number of converts who had once kept the Empire imposing despite losses elsewhere; a better showing had been made by a single member of the Council recently on a trip to the relatively civilized system of Phi Alpha Delta. Moreover, the priests, like the clearing house, no longer needed the Empire. They could carry on their missionary activities and terraforming practically as well without its existence, save that it seemed more fitting to have a government in whose name to claim new planets. It was being suggested, however, that when a new version of the bible was issued for distribution to the heathen, it should be in the name of the priestly order and the church only.

Public works thruout the galaxy bore plaques attributing them to the Empire; but most men who thot about it believed that the works would have been carried out by the same local labor, whether or not the imperial bureaucracy had been directing operations. The new emperor, who was his own chief administrator, attempted to co-ordinate public works and other projects thruout the galaxy, and his telecalls were courteously received, but it was often found that local authorities had completed blueprints while the imperial offices were still considering whom to appoint as architect.

A serious blow to imperial prestige was the announcement of new peerages shortly after the new emperor's coronation. Knighthoods of the Order of the Empire had been hily regarded because they seemed to have the honor of the whole universe behind them. But the honors this time were so badly chosen, and some of them bestowed on such undeserving creatures of the emperor--who strongly influenced the selections, though they were ostensibly based on a general vote--that even deserving honorees were ashamed to wear their crests, preferring the orders of the Vampire or of the Bear-Wolf, which were not imperially sponsored.

Yes, the illusion that the empire was important was beginning to fade from men's minds, which meant that the actual process was far advanced. The immediate impression, however, was that the new emperor had merely fallen below his predecessor on the throne. This was true only in the sense that the new administration had failed to fulfill the promise of the old one. But even the intelligentsia, who had scoffed at him in his time, now spoke with nostalgia of the days of good King Evan.

The new emperor must certainly bear much of the blame for his government's failure to meet the needs that men had expected the empire to meet, and for which they were now looking elsewhere. He was a man of great energy, erratic temperament, absolutely no judgment of the abilities of subordinates, and withal an ego-tism which made him many enemies. His Council of Five were now almost wholly out of sympathy with him and divided among themselves principally on the question of whether the realm was worth trying to save.

As we have mentioned, empires had never been strong. The little First Empire, which initiated the interstellar Olympics, had been little more than a petty kingdom with powerful radios and widespread prestige. The dictatorship that was the Second Empire had staged the greatest Games of all time, but accomplished hardly anything else. The Third Empire, profiting by some of the mistakes of former ones, had at first enlisted greater popular support than any other, had indeed come into existence thru popular demand. The imperial idea, inherited from intraplanetary beginnings, died hard; men simply felt that there ought to be a government over all. And so one effort after another had been made.

Yet there had always been many local lords and republics which had not acknowledged themselves subjects. Recently, with the quieting of trepidation-storms which had swept thru the universe, many local governments had sprung up or expanded in unorganized territories. At one end of the galaxy, where dead stars were being flared into renewed life, the ancient dynasty of Phi Alpha Delta had reasserted itself, and its allegiance was uncertain, but its potential powers were undeniably greater than those in the immediate control of the emperor. At the other end of the galaxy the star-cluster called Michelangelo, racked by many civil conflicts but claiming a continuous sovereignty over more planets than any other thru three empires, was a source of justifiable concern to the holder of the triple wrench. Such single-star systems as EC-235 and Albion, beyond the galaxy's edge, which had never acknowledged the emperor lord, nor shown any concern at the omission,

were among the brightest lights in the firmament.

Yet there was a feeling that some unifying influence, more than the Federation of Artisans and Public Administrators, was needed to preserve and enrich the culture that all civilized worlds shared. So men looked more and more to the Foundation. This institution, incorporated under the laws of Michelangelo, did not trace its origin back to anything imperial, and its complete independence weighed in its favor. Long discussed, it was at last in process of setting up shop, and its prospectus brightened men's eyes more than the optimistic pronouncements of the emperor had done for many a moon.

The Foundation, according to its plan, would drop the pretence of consulting with local governments which had hamstrung the emperors. It was not a government at all; its approach was entirely functional. Certain needs were to be met - arrangements for exchange of students, adjustment of currency fluctuations, assignment of wavelengths, etc - and the Foundation offered these services for a subscription price equivalent to the imperial taxes but carefully not called taxes. It seemed possible, too, that the Foundation might gather up such remnants of imperial institutions as the interstellar barter-market or the commercial clearing house, if they could profit from affiliation with a galactic-wide organization. Since the lifetime trustee of the Foundation was a man of known ability and devotion, subscribers were more sure of getting their money's worth from the Foundation than they have ever been about the Empire.

There was talk, too, of a Second Foundation. This was generally considered to be a folk tale, but such reports said that another foundation was being established at the other end of the galaxy. This foundation was to specialize in a different way. Whereas the First Foundation was primarily a repository, recording, and routine clerical center, the Second Foundation would bend its efforts toward production of new things, and original research in the many fine laboratories and libraries which dotted its region.

With the approach of the Olympic Games, at which representatives from all over the galaxy and from the lonely worlds beyond would attend and discuss many topics besides athletics, interest in the contrast between Empire and Foundation was heightened by speculations as to an impending showdown there. It was generally believed, however, by those who considered the question, that the Empire would fade out of the picture without any direct conflict.

LADY WINDEMERE'S FAN

For those who have not seen previous discussions, let's review briefly the objections to use of the words "fan" and "fandom" to describe us:

The word "fan" is slang. It is believed to derive from "fanatic". The most common application of the word in general usage is to rabid followers of baseball and other sports, or of movies and particular movie stars (see for example Li'l Abner's take-offs on Sinatra fan clubs, in which the word "fandom" has also been used).

It follows that insofar as we let ourselves be known as "fans", we invite connotations which make it virtually impossible for an outsider to take us seriously, and materially hinder efforts to interest people of learning or intelligence in joining or supporting us.

True, "fan" is established by long usage, and is built into other words such as "fanzine", so that it could not easily be abandoned altogether. There are, however, numerous substitutes which could be increasingly used until "fan" becomes very limited. A phrase such as "fantasy enthusiasts" or "devotees of science-fiction" is less likely to puzzle, as well as repel, persons only slightly acquainted with us. "Fantasites" is the best general substitute that I have found, more pronounceable and probably better coinage than "fantasiste" or "fantast". "Stefniat" has acquired the special meaning of active fan. "Scientifictionist" is a fair designation for any faithful reader of fantasy. Campbell uses "science-fictionist". In some circumstances one can speak of "members" or "fellow-hobbyists".

As for "fandom", there are several substitutes which are truer to real conditions and less indicative of an unhealthy attitude toward our avocation. One alternative

is to speak in the plural of the persons who are fandom, which can often be done. More often, "the microcosm" will serve. "Fanation" is a whimsy that can be used for variety, and is in no danger of general acceptance. And where a statement actually applies only to the members of a particular organization, such as the FAPA, that name should be better used than "fandom".

Come on, fans, let's purge fandom of these two objectionable words!

"SO NOW, WHENEVER I HEAR ANYONE TALKING ABOUT 'SERVICE', ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS ..."

Apologists for capitalism / rugged individualism / private enterprise / the American Way / free enterprise (choose one) are in the habit of saying that under our competitive system, the people that best serve the public are rewarded with Success. But let's look at a typical businessman who has suddenly decided that he'd like to make more money out of his business. Here are some of the possibilities he may consider:

- I. Minimize outgo.
 1. Move to where costs are lower.
 2. Expand vertically.
 - A. Reduce labor costs.
 - a. Fight unions.
 1. Cut or keep down wages.
 2. Reduce force.
 - a. Hire an efficiency expert.
 - b. Use labor-saving machinery wherever possible.
 - B. Reduce materials costs.
 1. Investigate new plastics and other materials.
 2. Use shoddy material when you can sell it anyhow.
 3. Pay veterans to purchase government surplus for you at special rates.
 4. If your financial position is stronger, force suppliers to give you rebates or special rates.
 - C. Reduce overhead.
 1. Dodge taxes; prevaricate on returns; lobby for special exemptions.
 2. Falsify use to get lower utility rates, insurance,.
 3. Skimp on safety devices and health equipment.
- II. Maximize income.
 - A. Raise prices.
 1. Build up a monopoly.
 2. Produce or handle "higher quality" products.
 3. Break government controls.
 - B. Increase sales.
 - a. Advertise; send out high-pressure salesmen.
 - b. Offer prizes.
 - c. Run introductory bargain offers.
 - d. Dress up your product, place of business,.
 - e. Acquire a civic reputation.
 1. Take it away from competitors.
 - a. Torpedo them in the money market.
 - b. Sabotage their production and distribution.
 - c. Issue credit scrip.
 - d. Buy them out.
 2. Stimulate demand.
 - a. Look for new needs and meet them.
 - b. Make people think they need something.
 - i. New ways of doing old things--cigarette lighters, Reynolds pens,.
 - ii. Sell feminine products to men--perfumes, deodorants.--and v/ver
 - iii. Make common people want luxury goods.
 - c. Inaugurate easy payment plans.

THAT'S ALL

Science 1/1
back
DEPT

JUST A
LOT OF
FANTASITES
HAVING FUN.

HURRAY!
I GOT DAUGHERTY!

WHADDYA MEAN
YOU GOT HIM?
I DID!

HMM

SHOOT IF YOU MUST
THIS OLD GRAY HEAD
BUT SPARE YOUR
COUNTRY'S FLAG!

TRY TO REINFORCE
THEM AND I'LL
CUT YOU ALL
DOWN.

A DEAD
NO DOUBT

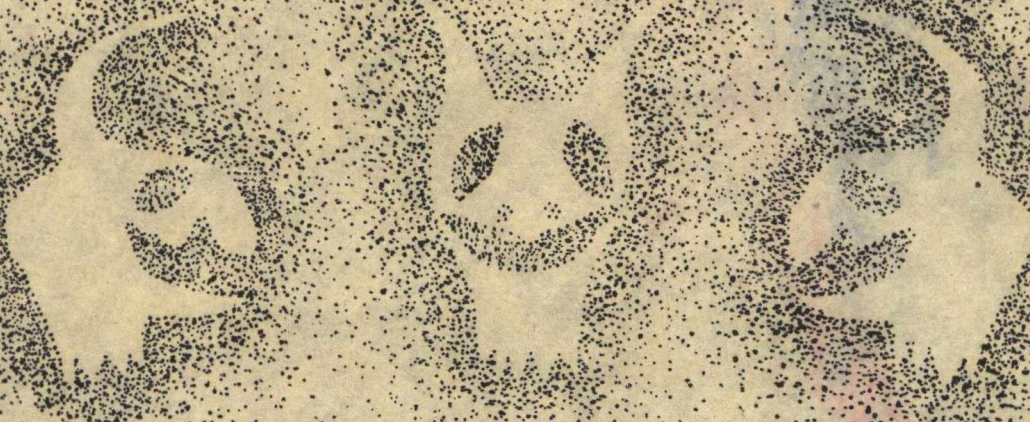
GURGLE

I THINK WE
OUGHT TO
THROW IN OUR
LOT WITH THEM.

SOAP

PD J T
MAK EP
AA-194
AA
FTL
WJD QL
EEE
CB
F
W
BEILYO
JLK

PHANTEUR



PACIFICON

NUMBER

P H A N T E U R
(phormerly phanny)
perpetrated especially
for the
PACIFICON

D. B. Thompson

1527 Levin St., Alexandria 5, La. or
hole No. 3

3021 N St., Lincoln, Nebraska
July, 1946

Greetings, all! This ish of PHANTEUR is intended for inclusion in the special PACIFICON superzine. It will also be circulated through the FAPA.

I probably won't be at the Pacificon. A month ago, I applied for transfer overseas, preferably to Japan, in my present status as draftsman in civil service. Ten days later, I was in New Orleans, being processed for transfer to the Phillipines. I was rejected on a physical defect I had listed--and which had been passed--on my original application. The Recruiting Officer said he thot the defect no longer disqualifying, but wasn't sure. Said he would let me know. Two weeks passed; no news. I gave up. Today (May 29) comes a telegram saying "you are reinstated as S -7 for transfer to Japan. Please fire acceptance. So I did, but asked for confirmation of presumption that I won't be disqualified again for the same defect. If OK, I'll probably be in Lincoln, visiting my folks, early in June. I'll be processed at Omaha, instead of New Orleans. Or I may be right here in Alexandria, cussing the vagaries of Red Tape.

The trip to New Orleans was enlivened by having the honky-tonk in which I got a room (hotel, did you say? Little you know!) shot up by a peeved customer at 5:00 A. M. . . The nearest slug missed my room by 3 feet. Yea; I stayed there the next night, too. Also, there ensued a pleasant visit with Emile E. Greenleaf, 17-year-old fan with Fortean leanings (Group 3; see article) who resides at the intriguing address of 1303 Mystery St. Don't ever ask Emile what time to start to a ball game. He said "7:30 for the grandstand." And the two of us got a nice place along the right field foul-line; nice green grass.

There may or may not be a regular issue of PHANTEUR in the July mailing. Depends on circumstances presently beyond our control.

T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S

Fandom As A Way Of Life (Reprinted with revisions from Phanny, Spring, 1944)	page 2
"Sell Me A Ticket, Mister" (Reprinted from Phanny, Spring, 1945)	page 4
Gray Day (Reprinted from Phanteur, Spring, 1946)	page 5
Tryst (Reprinted from Phanny, Summer, 1944)	page 5
Clairvoyance (Reprinted from Phanteur, Spring, 1946)	page 5
Memory (Reprinted from Phanteur, Spring, 1946)	page 5
On Forteanism	page 6
Banquet on Black Bayou (Reprinted from Phanny, summer, 1944)	page 6

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FANDOM AS A WAY OF LIFE*

"Doc" Lowndes stated the essence of all this when he wrote that Fandom "is not a completely unorthodox and different way of life." It follows from that statement that fans must mix into non-fan affairs if anything resembling a complete way of life is to be achieved.

First, let us consider those elements in Fandom which contribute to a sane way of life. It seems to me that The Fantasy Sense, with whatever connotations you choose to impute to the term, may be accepted as the principal, and perhaps the only, factor which differentiates fans from non-fans. This Sense at its best serves as a very satisfactory sort of glass through which to observe the doings of that interesting majority whose members either never developed this special Sense, or else lost it with the approach of maturity. It also may serve as a useful guide in determining the direction of a fan's non-fan activities. It makes a more logical and liberal basis for making decisions than, for example, a State Church, or a major political party. It is sounder primarily because its possessors are enabled to perceive more clearly than most, many of "The Worlds of If," and to compare these Worlds with the one one in which we live, observing these other manifestations of multi-dimensional space-time with a critical eye, to the end that our own segment of the continuum may be improved and strengthened.

The advent of the atomic bomb has changed, in some degree, the acceptability of the arguments for and against the establishment of an expanded Slan Center, destined to serve as a sort of "arsenal of progress" while the rest of the world pursues a course of senseless self-destruction. The bomb has made the idea somewhat more attractive, since the means of self-destruction have been so greatly augmented. On the other hand, the same bomb has made the actual long-continued existence of such a project, practically an impossible dream, since such an establishment would be a prime target of any would-be aggressor--and with the bomb, it would be a comparatively easy matter to destroy the Center with a single blow.

However, neither of these arguments alters the fundamental weaknesses of the plan. The whole idea is one which any intelligent and thoughtful fan is unlikely to take seriously, if he devotes real thought to it. As an exercise in mental gymnastics, it is all to the good, of course. In any case, such a plan implies a degree of gloomy pessimism usually associated with such professional "viewers with alarm" as elderly dyspeptics whose milk-and-bread diet has gone sour on them. And if the bomb has augmented the bases for such fears, it has also opened the way to great advances.

The "Arsenal of Progress" idea also implies, that fans, and others with very similar qualities, are more level-headed, more progressive, more interested in human welfare as opposed to individual gain, and more willing to co-operate for the general welfare, than are other equally intelligent groups. It also implies a sensitivity to and an understanding of slight changes, before they become apparent to the general public. I will agree that fans possess more genuine altruistic interest in future human happiness than is common to similar groups with other interests, and that there is an unusual degree of sensitivity to social and cultural change. As to progress, fans can't even agree on a definition for that; and they have already demonstrated a rather highly developed opposition to efforts to promote genuine co-operation (through the writing of such articles as this, for example) the quasi-success of the NFFF notwithstanding. And I've never known any fan to make a serious claim of being level-headed, although I recall that one did once make the wholly meaningless statement that he was "more normal" than most others. I forget whether rum or gin was responsible. And, finally, alertness and sensitivity to change are prime requisites of a good soldier, of whom there were a very great many in the late War.

Just why fans are so prone to look on the dark side, and to moan over the lost opportunities of our time is hard to say. If anything is to be learned from history, it is this; that history is cyclic; that is, it tends to repeat itself within broad limits. Moreover, up to now, each crest in the historic cycle has represented some kind of an advance over those preceding it. In ear-

*Revised from original version in PHANNY for the Spring, 1944 FAPA Mailing.

liest historical times, the most advanced peoples killed all prisoners of war; we regard such a practice with horror. Later, prisoners were enslaved for life; that was a genuine advancement of major importance. It made possible, for example, the Golden Age of Pericles, and much of the engineering achieved by the Egyptians and Romans. In the last war, we quartered and fed prisoners approximately the same as our own troops, and paid them for such non-military tasks as cutting sugar cane or picking cotton. After the war, we sent them home.

Progress from crest to crest shows up in other lines, too. The high point in Egyptian culture was superior in several ways to the preceding Babylonian culture, although not in all. The Greeks carried Egyptian developments to a new high, and produced much original work of their own, in the fields of philosophy, mathematics, and government. The Romans transformed Greek ideas into hard, practical roads and bridges and ways of government. The Middle Ages produced unsurpassed architectural triumphs, and carried the art of "logical" reasoning from a priori data to its ultimate (and, perhaps, ridiculous!) limit. During each of these broad crests, humanity advanced beyond an intervening period of retrogression; in some cases, as for example, the Middle Ages, the retrogression in many lines continued through the period of high development of specialties.

Perhaps there are some fans who consider the Age of Pericles superior to the Twentieth Century, but I doubt it. That Age was based on slave labor; so firmly based that such a practical invention as Hero's Engine was regarded, even by the inventor, as nothing but a toy. The Greeks, to be sure, achieved much with little; yet it has been said that they might have achieved far more, had it not been for certain glaring shortcomings of their culture; a culture which made of Geometry a sort of aggravated puzzle for the idle rich, and scorned its practical applications; which embroidered arithmetic with fanciful magical qualities which precluded its practical use; and produced Aristotle, a man of prodigious capabilities of whom it was long said that he knew everything worth knowing (a statement with which he would scarcely have agreed) and of whom it is now often said that he had a positive genius for finding the wrong answer to every problem, no matter how obvious. And incidentally, they had wars in those days, too.

Our own Age is often charged with excessive concentration on the "physical" as opposed to the "spiritual" values in life. Disregarding the obvious argument that the concept of independent existence of the "spiritual" and "physical" is the product of muddled thinking, have we not our Asierucians; our Aldous Huxley, and the many others who devote their energies, as did the "spiritual" leaders before them, not to seeking the truth, but seeking to prove that their preconceived notions of truth are indeed true?

The Greek, Roman, Medieval, and Renaissance periods were only a few of many crests in human development; crests which grew out of periods of cultural abasement compared to which our late depression was as nothing at all.

All of which leads to the proposition that the astonishing fan habit of assuming that we are heading for an oblivion from which only a miracle can save us, is completely out of keeping both with the teachings of history, and with the qualities which are assumed to go into the make-up of a fan. Granted, the bomb has greatly increased the possibility that the next war will throw humanity into a tailspin surpassing anything in the past, the fact still remains that war is not inevitable; and, barring a war in the immediate future, we can almost say that the first trip to the moon is inevitable within the foreseeable future. We are living in a period of rapid change, comparable on a vast scale to that immediately preceding the advent of The Golden Age. Unlike the Greeks, we have unlimited horizons before us, because we are independent of purely human and animal sources of energy, with control of atomic energy offering a dazzling prospect such as we but dreamed of a few short years ago. Where the Greeks had scores of brilliant men, we have hundreds of thousands; where they had achieved their ideals of human comfort, we have only begun to approach ours; where they had only the boundaries of the Mediterranean, we have a whole Solar System as a spur to our advancement; perhaps a whole Galaxy. And some fans have talked of retiring to an isolated Citadel, and preserving what we have!

The way to achieve fan ideals is to work for them here and now, with what

we have; not by trying for miracles, but by using every means possible to defeat the forces of reaction and defeatism; and in this we will be working with millions of people with fine ideals and confidence in our ability to solve the pressing problems of the immediate future.

The most important single element with which every progressive and idealistic individual can work effectively is through the ballot box. And lately, a second line of attack--really an extension of the first--has come into general use; that is the letter or telegram to the member of Congress who represents your district. There are, of course, theoretical arguments against using this last means in a republic; it interferes, 'tis said, with the privilege bestowed upon our representatives to interpret the will of the people in the light of their own exalted convictions and superior familiarity with and understandings of the problems in question; in other words, it is viewed with alarm as an attempt to superimpose something akin to true democracy upon our republican form of government. Quite so; and I'm all for that.

There is also the practical consideration that letters on every subject from every voter would swamp the mails and swamp the secretarial forces of the legislative bodies.

It may be pointed out that neither of these considerations have ever in the least interfered with the exercise of this right by organized groups with paid lobbyists. There is no particular reason why the rest of us should step aside and let these groups do all the work of "democratizing" our republican form of government.

Machine politics owes much of its power to the fact that millions of honest and idealistic people refuse to vote, because "one side is as bad as the other," or else throw away their votes by casting them for the candidates of some obscure party representing an ideal completely beyond the grasp and immediate aspirations of the rank and file voters. Be it noted that those who cast their ballots at the dictates of the highest bidder vote; those citizens who have an axe to grind vote; and because those who have no axe to grind, or who will not sell their rights as citizens to the highest bidder refuse to exercise those rights on their own account, the anti-social minorities are able to remain in power. And, in spite of all the efforts of the few intelligent, liberal crusaders who manage to get elected into the office, the reactionary elements remain in power, because they are willing to stoop to methods their more honest colleagues will not use.

The future is what we make it--and that includes atomic annihilation, for we will be responsible for that too, if it comes. Progress in the commonly accepted sense is not inevitable, certainly; but it is ours if we work for it. Such progress has never been fast enough for the young man who is out to reform the world, but there is some compensation in the thought that it is always far too fast for the confirmed reactionary.

Fans certainly look out of place among the calamity-howling worshippers of "The Good Old Days;" those bitter reactionaries to whom change means destruction; those persons who will not and cannot comprehend change except in a retrograde direction. They dwell lovingly on the merits of "The good five cent cigar" and the nickel stein of "suds," but say very little--at least for publication--about \$9.00-a-week tops for common labor.

---:oOo:---

"Sell Me A Ticket, Mister"

"Sell me a ticket, Mister.
I'm tired of seeing
A human being
On every foot of space;
I'm tired of the sight
Of artificial light--
I want to see the stars!

Sell me a ticket, Mister.
I want to stand alone
Where the thin winds moan
Across the desert's face;
I want no more of men--
I want to live again--
I'm going home--to Mars!"

---:oOo:---

Gray Day

The sky is gray, and the rain.
 The pines stand black and stark
 Against the sky. Creatures
 Of Madness, born of the Dark,
 Mock and gibber malignly
 Among the treetops. In vain
 I strive not to see them. Eyes closed,
 I turn away; but my fear
 Will not leave me. Their night-mare features
 Stay with me, sharp and clear,
 Graven upon my brain.

---:ooOoo:---

Tryst

by James Russell Gray

I loved a woman once, when I was young,
 Whose eyes were fire, whose hair was like the sky
 On moonless nights; but something froze my tongue;
 She never knew, unless she guessed, that I
 Adored her so. She took long walks alone,
 Always at night, and once I followed her
 Into the darkness--for my doubts had grown
 To monstrous size. I watched the shadows stir;
 A man-like figure waited in a glade
 Beside a marshy, shallow little creek;
 The woman kissed her lover, and they made
 A terrifying picture cheek to cheek;
 And horror worked within my soul like yeast--
 The creature had the muzzle of a beast!

---:ooOoo:---

Clairvoyance

I see the trails of rocket jets
 Among the stars.
 I see the trails but I cannot see
 The cargo.
 The rocket-trails are the same
 Whether the cargo be Life
 Or Death.

---:ooOoo:---

M e m o r y

Either that sound
 Is the rustle of wind-driven leaves and cold rain hitting the window--
 Or it is the murmur of swarms of monkey-feet
 That run and leap through branches overhead,
 That throng through swaying treetops
 Ten million years ago.
 Some part of me which is the ghost of them
 Awakes,
 Sees through their eyes and hears the sounds they heard,
 Lives only for the swift sure swing of hand on branch, and leap, and hand and
 foot on branch, and leap, and
 Someday the ghost of me will walk
 In something else's mind--
 Some cold autumn day
 When the wind drives the leaves and the rain.

---Chan Davis

---:ooOoo:---

On Forteanism

---Being a rambling dissertation based on random observations of no significance.

Forteanism apparently attracts several rather distinct types of people. First, but far from foremost, are those serious searchers after unvarnished truth, who see in Fort's methods and collected data, a worthwhile approach to the many unsolved problems of the Universe. Practically all Forteans claim to belong to this group, but it is obvious that relatively few--of the vocal and literate ones, at any rate--are numbered among the members of this select circle.

A very much larger group consists of those odd individuals who have already solved the major problems, at least to their own satisfaction, and seek in Forteanism a means of proving the supposed truth of their conclusions. Some of these really have something to offer in the way of hypotheses, but greatly weaken their position and the worth of their proposals, by their one-sided approach, seeking and utilizing, as they do, only positive evidence, and disregarding the negative.

A third group consists of those energetic and generally thoughtful individuals who enjoy collecting and collating Fortean material, and in developing therefrom various more-or-less fantastic theories to account for the seemingly inexplicable phenomena encountered in this screw-ball Universe of ours. Many of this group are on the fringe of the select circle mentioned above. Not infrequently they produce some excellent story-ideas. They tend, however, as do those of the second group, to disregard such principles as that which goes, approximately thus: "When a choice is to be made between two or more explanations of a given phenomenon, the simplest which is consistent with the facts shall be chosen."

The fourth, and apparently largest group, is made up of crackpots; neurotic individuals who attribute to Forteanism a religious aspect which is almost comically at odds with Fort's own expressed aims. These people tend to embrace astrology, theosophy, the Shaver "myths," and a plethora of other -isms and -ologies. Fort's collected data impress them little, if at all; they go instead, in all seriousness, for his humorous "explanations." Every new "theory" put forward by the third group is seized upon as the latest and greatest "truth" of all; and if this latest "discovery" is completely contrary to all those "truths" which preceded it, that is all the better; the old had lost its appeal anyway, through long familiarity.

People are mostly crackpots, anyway, aren't they? Why, otherwise, would they write stuff like this?

---;ooOoo;---

Banquet On Black Bayou

I

All men shun Black Bayou at Midnight
Then the moon rides full and high;
The strongest take fright at the ghastly sight
That greets the passer-by.

II

The Darky rools his gleaming eyes;
His face grows pale with fear;
The awful cries
As the victim dies
Are horrible to hear.

III

The Cajin makes an ancient sign;
Chants charms in French archaic;
There are things that dine
In the bright moon shine
That make the bravest quake.

IV

The full moon rises in the East;
Black Bayou is my goal.
I am marked by the Beast; tonight I shall feast
On a tasty snack--YOUR SOUL!

---;ooOoo;---

P I L E N U M

formerly

M I L T Y ' S M A G

////////////////////////////////////
Milton A. Rothman

2113 N. Franklin St.
Philadelphia 22, Pa.

////////////////////////////////////
This publication customarily published for members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association only, but due to the insanity that goes along with conventions, this is a special number.
////////////////////////////////////

Now that we have used up as much space as we can on the formalities, comes the hard part of finding something particularly witty, erudite, and brilliant to put down on these here pages. (And if you guys think this stuff is being composed on the stencil, youse are nuts. I always revise at least three times. How else comes that free-flowing, care-free, free-for-all, fancy free style?) (Boy can that guy Rothman lie.) (Who you callin a liar?) (You, bud.) (Oh yeh?) (Yeh.) (Hey fellas cut it out.)

Lets go out and come in again.

You know what this is? The convention, I mean, and let's have no cracks from the peanut gallery. This convention marks the tenth anniversary of the first science fiction convention. I just found it out when I was looking through the Fancyclopedia.

Yassuh, lil granchildren, I feel like an ole grandaddy when I realize that it was ten years ago that Sunday morning when the crowd from New York decided to come down to Philadelphia and visit the boys there. Altogether there maybe were twenty of us in the living room of my house. That makes me pretty distinguished, I guess, having the first convention at my house. At the time it mostly meant sweeping up cigarette butts and pretzel crumbs. But it was pretty exciting, anyway.

Conventions always have been exciting things. Good times, arguments, feuds beginning, feuds ending, something happening every minute until you flop down at the end, worn to a frazzle and happy that it's another year before you have to go through the whole thing again.

Yassuh, the thoughts go back to those early days.....

(Here's where this guy Rothman starts reminiscing. What a sentimental slop he is.)

The almost forgotten meeting in Queens the only remaining memory of that is envy at Sykora's well-equipped basement laboratory..... Isn't that where we first came across the Science Fiction Special, a double gooey concoction wherein sliced bananas represented the spaceship segments of Spacehounds of the IPC, and various flavors of icecream represented forgotten symbols of stf. Shouting an accolade to Gernsback.

.....The Philco Michelism and the Committee for the Political Advancement of Science Fiction Oh sing me a song of social significance Oh Ghu, what has happened to social significance? (Vanished with the Depression .. people are happy now.)

.....The Newarkon, remembered chiefly by the Battle of the Buffet, and first meetings with Very Important People.

.....Then the New York Convention, with the Exclusion Act. Here for the first time my camera begins to refresh my memory, and out of my old albums I can pick scenes which bring events back into clear focus. Here are Ackerman and Morojo in their futuristic costumes.....And remember that first meeting with Ackerman when I didn't know it was Ackerman because he called himself Weaver Wright, and people plotted to get me to say nasty things about Ackerman, and I didn't bite.....Well well, here's Jack Williamson and Eardo Binder and L.A. Eshbach:.....and a shot of the street-corner convention, with Wollheim, Michel, and Fred Pohl in a huddle, trying to figure out how to get into the convention hall after being excluded.....and those are the guys who became editors afterwards..... Moral: to become an editor get excluded from a convention.

.....The Chicon my Argus was stolen, so no pictures of that, alas....But out of the files comes the folder with Chicon souvenirs.....Here's the song sheet Jack Speer mimeod with Here are Fans from Enceladus, Here are Fans from Luna's Face ... Marching Song of FooFoo.....Souvenir booklets, printed program, Dr. Smith's speech.....the dust of memories of the abortive parade thru Chicago's streets Reinsberg standing on top of somethingorother in front of the Hotel Chicagoan making a soapbox address.... the trek from the YMCA Hotel to the railroad station with fifty or so fans following me all the way up to the train.....

The Denvention.....The WIDNERIDE.....Look, here in my file is the log book I kept on that ride in Widner's rattletrap.... Autographs of Art Widner, Julie Unger, John Bell, and Bob Madle, who took part in the ride.....names of places where we stopped... there's the joint in Cumberland, Md., where I found a well-done cockroach in my egg after eating half of itthe egg, I mean...

.....Driving all night through Indiana, and crawling up Tucker's doorstep in the morning.....

....A few autographs are here, and the notation: There is no truth to the rumor that Milt took a bath to collect the well-known \$25. Signed, Bob Tucker.....That would be the 25 bucks Tremaine offered to the fan who made the most sacrifices to attend the convention.

Here is a Western Union blank filled out in pencil and it reads: To Sam Moskowitz, 621 Trenton Ave., Newark, New Jersey, Having a swell time. Wish you were here. Love & XXX Cyril Kornbluth.

....And here's a sheet of paper which for a minute I thought was part of the original draft of Slan, and how in Ghu did I ever come into possession of such a thing but now I remember It's the script of Art Widner's "Granny" act at the costume party.

....Here's the little pencilled sign which Robert Heinlein wore as his costume: Adam Stink, the World's Most Lifelike Robot.At the back of my notebook are some pencilled notes which seem rather idiotic but urp, they represent my half of a conversation with Louis Russell Chauvenet, at whose place the Widneride stopped on the way back. Chauvenet being deaf, any prolonged conversation with him must take place in writing, at least from my end of it.....There was one time, remember, when the conversation was held on a typewriter with hectograph ribbon, and the entire thing was subsequently published.....This is what that sort of thing is liable to look like: (Copied verbatim from my notebook.)

How do you like the convention mags?

The NFFF must start working soon, and the convention voted that the NFFF should be the body to plan and perform the program proposed by EEEvans. He gave no definite program, but suggested that a committee be appointed by the NFFF to plan a long range program for the benefit of fandom.

It rained all day and everybody got wet.

How about the tournament you are to do in Atlantic City?

I see that you are practically pres. of NFFF.

Voting is not yet finished, but you are ahead.

I broke my glasses this morning so I feel rather helpless.

I once won a match without them.

Art & I played 8 games. (Table tennis.)

4 to 4 games.

Make what? We had trouble with the motor and had to stop several times until we found a mechanic who knew his business.

End of conversation.

Now you know the deep dark secret of the kind of erudite discussions that go on among the brain trust of fandom.

And now there will be another folder of souvenirs to go into my file behind the folders labeled Philco, Nycon, Chicon, Denvention. And a hundred or so more photographs to sit in the box waiting to be pasted into my album. Will they never end?

phila in 47 phila in 47 phila in 47 phila in 47 phila in 47 phila in

ATOMS

I believe it was E.E. Evans, who was asking why fans were not talking as much about atoms as they might. He interpreted their attitude as one of failure to realize that the future was here -- a failure to grasp the seriousness of the situation.

There is another interpretation which, at least in my case, is closer to the truth. I find no need at the present moment to discuss the pro's and con's of the atomic energy situation. The reason for that is that for the past ten years I have been thinking of the problem, and anticipating the possible contingencies that could occur upon the discovery of atomic energy. All of science fiction has been doing that thing.

Now that the fact is at hand, my thinking has already been done. Other people have to learn about atoms, find out what they can do, and make decisions about social problems. My mind is already settled. The situation is unchanged except that where in previous thoughts I have said: when atomic energy comes such and such will happen --- now I say: atomic energy has come, and such and such has happened. What is there to add to that? What word can I add to the millions that have gone before that will change the situation?

As an example of how my mind was already made up: the week following the first bomb, we had a discussion hour in the battalion in Paris. The topic was atomic energy, and to my astonishment, one of the first questions brought up was: should we keep it a secret. I was astonished because such a question had never come into my mind. From previous thinking I knew something which the entire Association of Atomic Scientists has been trying to teach congress these past months: YOU CAN'T KEEP SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE SECRET! I got up and told them that. Maybe they were surprised.

If you want to get in on this atomic business, I recommend that you write to the National Committee on Atomic Information, 1621 K. St., NW, Washington 6, DC. For a small contribution you can receive their Atomic Information bulletin.

PSYCHE

a frontier publication

PACIFICON . ISSUE

1/by way of introduction

HELLO FRIENDS! What you see here shall have to be a substitute for my presence at the World Convention this year. Why? Well, you know... college, money etc-etc&so-on. I hope that all of you have had a swell time out in California, and that next year I shall have the opportunity to meet some of you, (no not in a Claudian fashion) time, tide and the BOMB permitting. In the meantime, my only acquaintance with you shall be as tradition commands: through correspondence, and through the pages of PSYCHO. There are many of you, of course, who have never seen the magazine, and many who never will. But here I have been offered the opportunity to describe it to you, and so I shall...

ONCE UPON a time I ~~was~~ was a radio operator in the USAAF and spent some two years in the central Alaskan mainland. While there, I read a few science fiction magazines (always late) and wrote a few poems... and did a great amount of thinking and looking and listening and thinking again. And I often thought, as I lay on my cot in the black cold of a long night how very much it is that we, the creatures of a microcosmic earth, have seen as we plodded and pummelled and wept and dreamed and murdered our way through half a million years. I also thought how little we had learned, how little the great mass of us had groped to shred away the darkness of the edge of knowledge. About me were men from every part of America, whose backgrounds stretched away to all the races that have ever lived. I heard them talk of common things and then I heard them, as they grew more lonely, talk of things they really thought and felt. It wasn't too encouraging. I wondered then if there was anyone at all who dreamed of greater things and greater ages... if there was anyone at all who was aware of all the blind grotesque monstrosities that strangle a man's brain until he cannot see beyond his own brief moment... no, not beyond the smallest second after midnight of tonight.

AND THEN, of course, I thought of science fiction and of science fiction fans. I knew that, though they haggled and chattered and argued, and though at times they boasted loud, they really did have something. They had the most unique society that has ever existed on the earth. They had imagination, they had hope, and they seemed to be the only dwellers in those "kingdoms in the skies" that man has tried to reach for centuries too old to know about. They were groping for tomorrow... a tomorrow for which each of them had his own vision. A tomorrow which was not narrow nor confined, but infinite... a tomorrow in which man, freed from the grinding pulp mills of deliberate ignorance, was ever rolling back the curtains from the giant unknown facts for which he sought so long.

WELL, I thought, if fans have their imaginations, and their dreams, and their ideas and thoughts and hopes, then why not provide a place for them, where they might freely speak of their innermost thoughts and, through the interchange of those thoughts

with others, might formulate something definite that might determine the course and the purpose of this fandom of ours. And surely it has a purpose... perhaps you can sense it too... this feeling within ourselves that must must find its way to light. When you first discover fans and fandom you either say to yourself--- "here is where I belong; these are my friends; this is what I want"--- either you say this, or you are not really a fan, in the sense that we use the term.

AND HERE is the place provided: the place of ideas and theories and philosophies and dreams... and, of course, arguments and counter-arguments, and all that goes to formulate a mental blueprint of another world that yet may be.

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE welcome (and needed, I might add) at all times, and are to be in the form of an informal letter, with no special attempts at style necessary, other than cutting down on irrelevancy and pointless argument. Contributions are to consist of anything you sincerely believe, hope for, or wonder about. The subject may be science fiction, fantasy, or any science: psychology, sociology, philosophy, physics, etc. My only definite nays are on subjects of rooting for the political home team (nearly all politics revolt me, and you can find the subject elsewhere), book reviews (unless it be some general book which is necessary to the discussion, or which is not readily obtainable by all, such as the much discussed science and sanity) and several other varieties of verbal balderdash against which I shall discriminate (though if I am wrong I'm willing to listen). Time and space forces me to be a disgusting editor, and for the sake of quality and relevancy you may expect me to reject from time to time, and to be a blue-pencil fiend on occasion. If subscriptions should ever pay over and beyond the cost of publication (which, frankly, I doubt) I might even pay for material. I invite you to join my subscription list, but I warn you that you shall receive none of my million OUTSIDERS. Publication will be as often as material and money permit. Enough of this weary information: let's hear from 35 of you, you&you at 2732 west clybourn, milwaukee 8 wisconsin. (rprntd in prt from PSYCHO 3) ----phillip a schumann

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2/what they said

"THE THOUSANDS of stories about atomic power that appeared up to several years ago never touched the most enormous question of all: how to keep from destroying the world with what was discovered. Or consider the 'immortality' theme. None of the stories dealt with the particular problem that now faces us: what will happen to the economy and social life of a world in which the life span is suddenly increased by perhaps 50 years? If the new Russian serum is all it's said to be, consider the consequences: an enormous increase in population because few will die for half a century; an even more enormous growth in population if reproductive abilities cover a longer span with longer life; a reworking of all social security plans, life insurance; changes in the fiscal struc-

ture of the nation..."

----harry warner psycho 2

"I HAVE a feeling that most fans who remain fans into the adult stage are unhappy with reality. They are not a practical, earthgrubbing bunch. On a theoretical basis they will love to argue and debate--- either in words or in the pages of such magazines as PSYCHO. The more impractical the argument... falling short of how many angels on the point of a needle, however... the greater its interest and more lengthy its discussion. Serious or non-serious we like to argue and discuss, for we are primates and are closer than we think to our chattering ape cousins.

...I don't see Hearstian conceived beasties drooling over the prospects of a fat USA for dinner. But I do see the relative ease with which a defense might be discovered along some unsuspected line not watched or along a suspected line watched with bloodshot eyes, or with eyes focussed on the knees of a dimpled female foreigner. Most of the time much thought and experimentation goes into a sudden discovery --- but only most of the time. Phil, you discovered something quite by accident with your glass and dissolved substances in water; remember that I chanced upon the noise-caused flame dip by accident? It is easy after all. So, though I'm pessimistic, I'm not afraid. Do I feel secure in the abilities of the US? Maybe. But the main thing is my infernal "let it ride", "let's do it tomorrow" attitude. With me there's always a Tomorrow. I hope I'm not wrong."

----donna brazier psycho 3

///

3//things like this fill empty spaces

the time is late

there is a night I fear to meet...
 of darkness I cannot defeat;
 a night of centuries of pain,
 of old remorse reborn again;
 of corpses in a village street,
 and murder in a field of wheat---
 immortal souls among the grain
 who shall not ever rise again.
 and I have seen the futile flings
 of puppets strung on rubber strings
 of cynicism and deceit;
 of ignorance and iron feet.
 and fear steals in on silent wings
 to fill my heart with murmurings
 of little things who find defeat
 in bigger things they fear to meet...

----phillip a schumann

So long, my friends--- and I hope you've enjoyed the PACIFICON///

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

"THE PRIMED FANZINE"



Shangri-I'Affaires, Pacificon Edition, July 1946. The club mag of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, issuing from the vicinity of 6374 S Bixel St., Los Angeles 14, California, every seven weeks and three days. Regular editions are four times bigger than this one. Regular issues are always better than this one. Cost more, too. 10c per single copy, 3/25c, 6/50c. You can subscribe easy as anything by passing enough coin along to Charles Burbee, who is at present the editor.

The saga of Sam Russell might as well be told here as anywhere else. I am speaking of Samuel Davenport Russell, of course. He is a scholarly looking individual, and if he ever takes off that scholarly overcoat (after first setting down his scholarly brief case,) I know his shirt collar will be soiled with scholarly dirt. He is a pleasant, congenial fellow, often standing for long moments in uffish thought, Sam Russell--known to the trade as Throttletwitch X Gankbottom. He is an excellent writer of fair articles, and to most people he is known as the co-editor of Acolyte, though what editing he does is probably done by remote control, because nobody ever sees Samuel D Russell as he goes his lonely rounds of the cinemas, libraries, and possibly museums of natural history. But I am not here to describe him to you except insofar as description might be given coincident with the relating of this saga.

It is so very difficult to get material out of Sam Russell! In fact, it is impossible. For two years I have been after him to write something for Shangri-I'Affaires (the Literate Fanzine) and he has yet to write something for me. He did come through with two articles once, but that's when I wasn't editor any more. He'd written them for me, he said.

Laney has a time with Gankbottom, too. (Laney's his co-editor). Laney has an awful time with Gankbottom, trying to get him to write something. I think everybody has trouble with Gankbottom especially if they ask him to write something. Crozetti (the poor fan's Dunkelberger) asked him to write something for her and he agreed with such alacrity that I wondered if there was more there than met the eye. But I knew there couldn't be. Gawd. But she stopped publishing and so ceased bothering him. No doubt he felt better about it then--not writing anything for her, I mean.

I hound that boy continually. I write him a veritable flood of postcards and letters, which he often answers at great length. I am considering publishing these letters of his. I would do it, too, if I could find them. I am always asking him for material. It got so that he stopped coming around the club (said he was writing a novel). I know he wasn't writing any novel. He was avoiding me, that's all.

I have even threatened him. I told him, once, with all the sincerity that I and the four bottles of beer in me could muster, that I was going to write an article and sign his name to it. I thought that would bring him around. But hell no. He thought it was a fine idea. He thought it was a wonderful idea. In fact he got positively enthusiastic about it. I got out of there quick before he convinced me I should write his novel for him.

(concluded on last page)

RICK SNEARY'S FANTASY POLL

One of the favorite pastimes of fans is the taking of polls. They ask what mags you read and what authors you like. Some even ask what stories you don't like. And lately the Daugherty census has pried into the personal life of the average fan. But at last I think I have a completely new poll. Now in every way. First, the questions are different than those asked in other polls. And second, I have already gotten the answers, or at least the answers of a number of high-ranking fans. So you don't have to do a thing but read.

First, here are the questions I asked. If you want you can write down your answers and see how they compare with those of the other fans. If you agree with all the answers you are an average fan. If you agree with only half the answers you are an average fan. And if you don't agree with any of the answers you are an average fan.

THE QUESTIONS

1. Would you be willing to be the first person to land on the moon if you knew you would die there alone?
2. Would you be happy in a world without men (if man)? Women? (If woman)
3. What two colors clash the most to you?
4. Would you be willing to live on another world where you would not see Earth people, if you could do so without danger?
5. How much, or what, would you take to kill a person you had never met?
6. Do you believe dreams foretell the future?
7. Would you like to have been born 50 years sooner?
8. Would you like to know when you are going to die?
9. What fan do you like the least?
10. Do you think all fans should live in the same town?
11. Next to fandom what hobby do you like most?
12. With whom would you like to be lost on an asteroid?
13. What type of car would you rather be hit by?
14. What story gave you the most bad dreams?
15. Would you like it if everyone could read minds?
16. What piece of music do you call the most fantastic?

And here is a list of the people that answered the poll. Bob Tucker, George Coldwell, Boff Perry, John Cockcroft, Forrest Ackerman, Sandy Kadet, Dale Hart, Al Ashley, Gus Willmorth, EEEvans, Alva Rogers, Rick Sneary. I want to thank you all for your help. And a special thank-you to Myrtle Douglas for her help in getting others to answer the poll.

And now to those answers. I might explain that right after the question number will come the complete results in figures, and after that any remarks made by the fans as they filled out the questions. And then after the word REASON will come the reason I asked that question, just in case you wonder:

1. No, 8. Yes, 3. Maybe yes, 1. Maybe no, 1. Douglas, Evans, and Hart were the only ones to say they were willing to do it. And then Douglas said she would only if it would help someone close to her that way. Kadet (the "Maybe yes") said it all depended. Said he would rather be the first to land on one of the planets. But that he would be willing to die alone. Coldwell (no) said no because the fellow dying on the moon wouldn't be famous. I disagreed with this as the fellow would claim the moon for his country which would be reason enough to put him in the history books. REASON: I read some time ago that the first rocket to land on the moon would be unable to take off again. (Or anyway the fellow writing the article thought not). So I wanted to see if there were any fans willing to have the honor and yet die on the moon.

2. No, 5. Yes, 5. Not sure, 3. When it started out the noes were in the lead, but yeses kept coming in till it was a tie. Two answers were so worded that I decided that the answerers didn't understand the question. So I put them in the "not sure" group. REASON: The stories by Doc Smith, and the short story "The Last Man", among others, pictured worlds run by women. I wondered if fans would care to live in a world made up of the opposite sex.

3. No definite answer, so will give them all to you. Tucker said "purple and drene" which is about the same as my purple and green. Ackerman and Coldwell said yellow and purple. Perry, yellow and violet. Douglas and Hart said brown and black. Evans, light green and Chinese red. Ashley, pink and dark green. Cockcroft, red and purple. Willmorth said red and orange. The fan artist Rogers failed to answer. REASON: Do the same colors clash to everyone?

4. No, 6. Yes, 4. Not sure, 3. Cockcroft said not willingly, but that he could no doubt get along. Kadet said it might be interesting but wasn't sure about not having Earth companions. Coldwell said "Only if the place was inhabited by beautiful creatures similar to women." REASON: In so many stories the hero gives up a lot to get home to Earth. I wondered if fans would.

5. Well it seems fans are not ghouls after all. (Some are boys) Only one gave an answer in money, (\$13,000) and that, I think, was done only to have something to put down. (I'm not going to tell who it was, either.) Only other offer was from Dale Hart. Answer, "Complete collection." Most everyone else said they wouldn't do it, but some said they might if they had sufficient reason. REASON: There is an old saying that every man has his price. I wanted to see what it was, but it seems the fans don't know themselves.

6. No, 9. Yes, 1 Sometimes, 2 Not sure, 1. Coldwell said "Yes, from personal experiences with my mother." Tucker and Evans said that they did part of the time. Kadet said he didn't know...
REASON: To see if fans believed in dreams.

7 No, 12, Indifferent, 1. A few said they would rather have been born 50 years later. REASON: Some people talk about the good old days. Wondered if fans thought so.

8. No, 11. Yes, 2. REASON: Just wondered.

9. No answers from seven. They said they didn't dislike anyone. Ackerman said "The fan that I dislike more than the one I dislike next most." Which should class him with the no-answer group. The few names mentioned will not be mentioned here. Funny Mr Tucker gave one vote for Rick Sneary. Ha ha. REASON: Every poll asks what fan you like so I thought I'd be different. Evans gave me quite a talk on why he liked all fans. He said as people there were some fans that he wouldn't walk across the street to talk to. But as fans he found them interesting. He went on to say that he had talked for hours with fans that he would not want as friends, and had enjoyed himself. In other words, as a fan, he liked anyone that was interested in fandom.

10. No, 13. And after all the talk about Slan Shacks, too. It seems that most fans agreed that if all of them were together it would end some of the more enjoyable parts of fandom. There would be no letter writing, and little need of fanzines. REASON: To see if fans would really like to live together.

11. No one answer so will have to give them all to you. Ackerman, movies. Coldwell, shorts. Douglas, Esperanto. Cockcroft, gas-model airplanes. Ashley, making things. Willmorth, mythology. Evans, music. Hart, politics. Kadet, writing fiction. Sneary, stamp collecting. Perry, playing pool. Tucker said, "Are you kidding? Rosebud, bud!" And Rogers didn't say. REASON: To see what fans did on their days off.

12. Evans, "any compatible person." Hart, The Black Flame. Ackerman, Simone Simon. Coldwell, Joan Leslie, June Allyson, etc. Kadet, "If you meant fan, John Cockcroft; if outside of fandom a pleasant young lady I have the pleasure to know." Rogers, "A certain girl." Tucker, any attractive young lady. Sneary, Captain Future, (let me explain before you burst out laughing. Did you ever see him stay on an asteroid long?) or Dragon Lady. REASON: Guess.

13. Tucker, Stanley Steamer. Coldwell, "One of those nice pedal kind that little kids pedal around. Beep Beep." Kadet, Austin; if you mean larger cars, Buick or Cadillac. Ackerman, Kiddie Kar. Evans, "an imaginary one". Cockcroft, Chrysler or Cadillac. Ashley, a phantom car. Perry, Austin. Willmorth, Kiddie Kar. Hart and Sneary, Mack Truck. Douglas, GMC Truck. Rogers, "Would it make a difference?" REASON: You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

14. Rogers, Jekyll-Hyde. Cockcroft, The Return of the Sorcerer. Ashley, Fu Manchu in 1924. Evans, The Pit and the Pendulum. Hart, The Picture in the House. Douglas, Sinister Barrier. Tucker, The Well of Loneliness. Coldwell, In the Martian Depths. The rest couldn't think

of any. I will say that a radio story when I was about 12, where a hand came to life and played Danse Macabre on the Steinway, had me quaking for a week. Kadet had about the same experience with a zombie movie at 10. REASON: Just curiosity, I guess.

15. No, 5. Yes, 4. Coldwell ("no") also said that it would be nice if he could, though. Perry voted no, unless one could shield his mind. REASON: To see if fans would like to be like Kuttner's Baldies.

16. Willmorth, Traffic Jam. Ashley, Mars, Bringer of War. Evans and Rogers, La Valse. Douglas and Hart, Gloomy Sunday. Ackerman, music for the picture "Spellbound". (I might mention that a number of others spoke of this odd music, too. Tucker, "A swing version of Book of Ages." Cockroft, Night on Bare Mountain or Fire Bird. Kadet, Ride of the Valkyries. Sneary, The Sorcerer's Apprentice. (Though I almost agree with Kadet.) The other two didn't vote. REASON: To see if any one piece was weirder than the rest.

Well, there you are, the answers as given by thirteen well-known fans. I'm sorry I didn't get more names in it, but I only had a short time. Maybe I'll have another poll some time. Maybe I'll ask you some of my quixotic questions.

(concluded from that other page)

Why, lately, I even gave him a subject to write upon. And my enthusiastic outline of it was an article in itself. If somebody had taken it down in shorthand SDR could have had his article right there. If he'd given it to me, I'd have used it. If I thought it sounded a little familiar, that would be to my credit, since I never remember what I say, anyhow.

One of these days, perhaps, Samuel Davenport Russell will write an article for Shangri-L'Affaires. One of these days he will hand it to me with a facetious Prussian bow and click of the heels and will say something in flawless, fluent Johnsonian English. And I, speechless for once, will accept the thing. Perhaps I will murmur some little banality like "Well, I'll be God damned." Perhaps I will just stand and stare at that fantasy of a man showing evidence that, at long last, with heart and hand, he wrote me something.

With trembling hands, my stomach cold and skittery, I will open the manuscript. And there it will be, a genuine SDRussell, in his impeccable language. Erudite it will be, and deep, and with a sad searching wonder. I will not understand it at all. And then I will look up to Heaven and say, softly, "All right, Gabe, you can blow now."



The timebinder

**SPECIAL
PACIFICON
EDITION**

The Time Binder

VOLUME II

SPECIAL PACIFICON EDITION 1946

NUMBER III-A

Dedicated
to the proposition
that the animal, Man, in
spite of his many faults
and the terrible messes into
which he allows himself to be
led, is slowly but surely ad-
vancing along The Road leading
him from the jungle of prehis-
toric savagery to that final
high pinnacle of manhood
which is the goal he has
for all his life,
envisioned.

THE TIME-BINDER, of which this is the SPECIAL PACIFICON ED-
ITION, Numbered Vol. II, No. III-A, is published by Th' Ol'
Foo of Pandom, E. Everett Evans, from 628 South Bixel St.,
Los Angeles 14, California. There is never any charge for
copies of this magazine except that we do want your comment
and criticism, and we do want mature, thoughtful articles
and/or letters which we can publish to make further issues
as interesting and informative as possible, for everyone.

SPECIAL GREETINGS TO ALL ATTENDEES AT THE PACIFICON.

THE TIME-BINDER is very happy to greet all of you fine fan friends to our Los Angeles PACIFICON, and hopes that we, personally, can help your stay here to be the most pleasant experience you have ever had.

We want you to have a little idea of this magazine — its aims and hopes, in case you have never met with a copy before. THE TIME-BINDER has no price in money, although we do very much want letters of comments, and articles that can be included in future issues.

It is a magazine devoted to ADVENTURES INTO THINKING — in which we seek to delve into the more serious aspects of life in hopes of clarifying our ideas about things, and in learning new facts which can be included in our "visualization of the Cosmic All", as Doc Smith's Arisians would put it.

THE TIME-BINDER will print ANY side of ANY question, just as long as it is sanely, logically and calmly written. Sarcasm and vituperation of the other fellow's beliefs we will not publish, although you may present as many opposing beliefs as you desire. We do not feel that sarcasm or bombastic splutterings about the other person's ideas can be classed as logical debate and so refuse to print them. Let's all be TOLERANT!

There are a few copies of the re-printed First Issue still available upon request, but we are sorry that the other issues are no longer available — sorry, because they contained some very excellent ideas on many subjects of interest.

THE TIME-BINDER would especially like to have serious and carefully worked-out dissertations on your philosophy of life; of the things you believe necessary to a sane and healthy mental outlook on the tremendous problems of these days of great change and startling new developments.

If you wish to be put on our mailing list, please give the editor your name and address, or send us a postal after you get home, and we will gladly send you the quarterly issues as they appear. We plan to continue publication as long as we receive enough material to put out the type of magazine we want this to be at all times.

And do, please, be generous with your letters of comments and criticisms, keeping in mind that we want them to be sanely logical and constructive at all times. And when you have something along our lines you think worth the attention of our readers, send it along. We'll gladly print it. We're glad we met.

ADVENTURES INTO THINKING.

The thoughts of a common man of no pretensions to education, fame, nor greatness of any kind, are probably of no benefit to anyone but himself. However, that fact should not deter him from doing his best to think the finest and deepest thoughts of which he is capable, on many and varied subjects.

The farther they are from his common, every-day life, the more vital it is for him to think such thoughts. For it seems to me, as an observer of the highways and byways of life, that no man, however lowly his station in the economic or political or educational or financial world, need be held down to the lower strata thoughts, unless he is mentally lazy, or totally indifferent.

Just as the phonograph and the radio make the music of the great masters, performed by the world's greatest musicians, available to everyone; just as the great libraries (to say nothing of the easily obtainable cheap editions) make the serious thoughts and recorded conclusions of the great writers and thinkers of the world available to the common man, just so are great thoughts available to him who will take the time, the energy, and the concentration to think them.

Our common man's thoughts will probably not be too profound. His extrapolations may well often be less than logical. His conclusions may often even be very erroneous. But if he has truly put his best into the thinking, they will be of immense value -- at least, or especially, to him. For they will, if honestly done, show him himself as he is. Or, at least, as nearly like he is as he is personally able to evaluate himself. Therein lies their true value. Therein lies his true reward for taking the time to think those serious thoughts.

The wider the range of his thinking, the more it will be of profit to him, for it will immeasurably have broadened his horizon. It will strengthen his sense of inter-relationship with his fellow-man. It will enlarge his spirit of compassion. It will give him new and added tolerance towards the ideas and thoughts of others.

It will give newer, brighter meanings to his whole life.

Having, then, come to the half-century mark of this tale of years called Life, this reader would become author; this thinker would become expounder; this observer would become commentator.

Hereafter, should this project prove at all feasible, I desire to set down some of these thoughts of mine own that have seemed worthy of meeting the eyes of possible readers. They do not profess to be profound. They are not world-shaking. They may not even be sensible. But they ARE true, and honest, and sincere.

They are the stuff of which my dreams and hopes and desires and aspirations are made.

They are not so much the world I vision, as the world I envision.

"If human life has any significance, it is this -- that God has set going here an experiment to which all His resources are committed. He seeks to develop perfect human beings, superior to circumstance, victorious over Fate. No single kind of human talent or effort can be spared if the experiment is to succeed."

— Bruce Barton in "The Man Nobody Knows".

THE FOG

By Doris A. Currier

We are now Salemites this eerie, infamous Salem—the home of witches and the famous Lovecraft fogs from the sea. Beautiful, historic old Salem, the burial ground of old country superstitions. But I am strangely drawn to the city.

There is an "air" about Salem that I have never yet encountered in my travels. She has a definite personality and a strong character. She is purely positive and does not let the humans dwelling on her streets dominate her. She is moody and temperamental and seductive.

When I first moved to the city I found to my intense surprise that although the people were wonderful to me, the city put me on probation. Yes, each time I walked the streets I felt invisible eyes watching me, and tentacles probing my mind. I must have measured up, however, for now I feel at home and safe upon the streets of the city. The traffic is heavy but I have no fear of it. I know that now I belong I need not watch too closely, for other eyes do it for me, and guide me safely through the ways.

And the fogs the amazing fogs of Salem that sweep up the streets like a white ghostly army and within minutes visibility zero. There is substance and body to the fogs, and they weave and writhe like live things between the buildings. They peer into the lighted windows of the offices as though in amused tolerance of the manderings of the humans. But they are never impersonal. They are friendly or inimical. They are cold and damp, or warm and damp. They are never just damp, or just fog. . . they have character just as the city itself has character.

Yesterday I watched an amazing spectacle. It was a grim battle between the fog and the sun. Two elements, each powerful, both striving for possession of the city. Fire versus water. . . and for once, the fire won.

All morning the fog had held the city in a tight and constricting area of semi-visibility. It swirled and curled itself around chimneys and oozed its way through the open windows into the houses, filling them with its damp, cold self. It was one of the inimical fogs, a chill, unhealthy semi-life destructive to all it touched. It held the humans in the city tight in its clutch and filled their minds with morbid and depressed thoughts. No one smiled, there seemed nothing to smile about. Voices were low and quiet and the children stared out of the windows and did not ask to go out to play.

It was about noon that the first attempts to subdue the

fog were made by the ever-powerful sun. He rode high in the sky, a pale ghost of himself, his rays striking against the banked layers of fog ineffectually. He did not strain at first, just kept pouring a steady barrage of heat into his enemy who absorbed them, not realizing that the very absorption of the heat would be its downfall.

For an hour the steady rays did their work of undermining, then, through a minute rift in the fog's structure the first advance scouts of the sun's might plunged in to really begin the battle.

As the rays began their work the fog brought reinforcements in from the sea. Wave after wave of fog poured in from the ocean and filled nearly all the gaps left by the defeated sectors. And as each wave of fog came in to the city the sun released greater and greater bolts of heat and blasted the now-coming fog into wraithy tentacles.

Then the battle began in earnest. Heat, the fog, more heat more fog, the sun pressed and beat at the fog with all the power of its immense strength. And the fog began to give. Just a little at first, then more quickly and as the rays of sunlight marched the streets the fog turned in full rout and sped before the sun back to the ocean from whence it had come.

The battle lasted a full three hours It was an inspiring and beautiful thing to watch....Now do you see how this city affects me, and why I love it?

The Sword sang on the barren heath,

The Sickle in the fruitful field;

The Sword it sang a song of Death

But could not make the Sickle yield.

— William Blake.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE IN "THE TIME-BINDER".

Following is the Table of Contents, and names of the letter writers, in the issues of THE TIME-BINDER up to date.

VOLUME I, NUMBER I - Adventures Into Thinking, Introduction, by E. Everett Evans; Achieving "Personal Adequacy" Through Time-Binding, by Evans; Concerning The Teaching Of History, by Evans and Ideas On Statesmanship and Conclusion, also by Evans. (Yes, I hogged the whole first issue myself.) Also, various poems or quotations felt contributory to the general "feel" of the mag.

VOL. I, NO. II - Thank You, My Friends, by Evans; My Citations, by Evans; That Dusty Shelf, by Donn Brazier; The Problem Of The Conscientious Objector, by Virginia Evans Newton (this raised a veritable storm in succeeding issues), various poems and quotations; and letters from Raymond Washington, Jr., Joe Kennedy, David Newton, Willis Boughton, Louis Russell Chauvenet, Dale Tarr, and Virginia Newton (she is my elder daughter).

VOL. I, NO. III - That "All Men Are Created Equal", by Evans, An answer To The C.O., By Mrs Helen V Wesson; Life, Liberty And The Pursuit Of Happiness, by Evans; still more poems and quotations (they are used as fillers on otherwise blank pages); and letters from Mrs Doris A Currier, Walter Dunkelberger, Florence Stephenson, Paul A Carter; and finally, Postscriptus, by Evans.

VOL. I, NO. IV - My Creed Of Religious Beliefs, by Evans; Cross-roads, by Milton A Rothman; Every Day Religion, by Leslie A. Croutch; The Fog, by Mrs Doris A Currier; and letters by Edw.E. Smith, PhD; Paul H Spencer; Harry Warner, Jr.; Thomas S. Gardner, PhD and Art Widner; and finally, Postscriptus, by Evans.

VOL. II, NO. I - Psychological Dangers Of Conscriptio, by Russ Whitman; Religion, As I Believe It, by K. Martin Carlson; The Philosophy Of The Dilettante, by Art Widner; a letter which was really an article, by Ron Lane, of England, about English COs; a long letter-article by Louis Russell Chauvenet on his personal life-philosophy; and letters from Mari Beth Wheeler, Jay Chidsey; and finally again, Postscriptus by Evans.

VOL. II, NO. II - The Almost Man, by Evans; The Logics Of Man-kind, by Algis Budrys; The Road (I don't know who wrote it); by T. Bruce Yerke, Non-Sectarian View Vital For Religious Instruction, reprinted from his college paper; Another Religious Credo by Florence Stephenson Anderson; An Analogy, by Frater VIII, (a permitted reprint from The Golden Dawn Library); and, letters from Martin Alger, John L. Cunningham, Joseph Fortier, Raymond Washington, Jr., Ernie Mesle, Robert A. Peterson, Jay Chidsey; and once more, Postscriptus, by Evans. All Volume II issues to carry that magnificent Iedenbeck cover, The Road.

ZB OR NOT ZB?

Vol.2 No.2

June 1946

Whole No.6

"2B Or Not 2B?" is published every once in awhile at the home of Ron. Maddox, 130 Summit Ave, Uper Montclair, New Jersey. It is sent free to all those who wish it, and express their wish by dropping me a card or letter occasionally.

RM

A note to the regular receivers of this mag. This issue of 2b is being made a part of the combosine which will be sold at the Pacificon. Therefore if I repeat a few things I have said previously, don't pay any attention as it is not necessarily meant for you all. (Thot, I hope this reaches the coast in time).

RM

For those who wonder, the nitial between paragraphs are mine, and are meant to take the place of the eternal ooOoo, of which I have grown very tired.

RM

ANNOUNCING THE FAN PICTORIAL

Published by Ron. Christensen, and Ron. Maddox, for the purpose of getting fans to know each other, and also because we feel like publishing it.

This booklet will be one of the most expensive projects take n on for quite some time, as the cost of printing and foto reproductions will run into the high sums. Therefore help must be obtained from YOU ALL, the fans, that will make up this pictorial. Send in your subs. to the first edition (one dollar) to Ron. Maddox at the above adress. Adds may be purchased for 35¢ per page, 50¢ per 2 page, and \$1.00 per whole page. We consider these costs extremely low under the circumstances.

Besides cash we need foto's. Foto's of fans, fan gatherings, etc send em in just as soon as you possibly can.

RM

Can someone sell me the second issue of Science Fiction Quarterly? It is the only issue I need to complete my set. I'll pay up to 35¢ for the darned thing.

RM

Upon reaching New Jersey, I plan to start a cardzine. Originally I was going to make 2b into a newsheet, but have decided to leave it as is, an informal sheet meaning little, and meaning to mea n little. Anyone wishing to subscribe to this cardzine may write me the cost will be 2¢ per issue, six for 10¢. It will carry news of especial interest to east coast fans, and any odd bits that come my way.

RM

I notice that Anthony Boucher, former Science Fiction writer, recently turned to radio, has come back to the Science Fiction field. I hope its for good, and that he'ss desert radio for S.F.

RM

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Publications of the American Psychological Association, 1910-1911, 1912-1913, 1914-1915, 1916-1917, 1918-1919, 1920-1921, 1922-1923, 1924-1925, 1926-1927, 1928-1929, 1930-1931, 1932-1933, 1934-1935, 1936-1937, 1938-1939, 1940-1941, 1942-1943, 1944-1945, 1946-1947, 1948-1949, 1950-1951, 1952-1953, 1954-1955, 1956-1957, 1958-1959, 1960-1961, 1962-1963, 1964-1965, 1966-1967, 1968-1969, 1970-1971, 1972-1973, 1974-1975, 1976-1977, 1978-1979, 1980-1981, 1982-1983, 1984-1985, 1986-1987, 1988-1989, 1990-1991, 1992-1993, 1994-1995, 1996-1997, 1998-1999, 2000-2001, 2002-2003, 2004-2005, 2006-2007, 2008-2009, 2010-2011, 2012-2013, 2014-2015, 2016-2017, 2018-2019, 2020-2021, 2022-2023, 2024-2025, 2026-2027, 2028-2029, 2030-2031, 2032-2033, 2034-2035, 2036-2037, 2038-2039, 2040-2041, 2042-2043, 2044-2045, 2046-2047, 2048-2049, 2050-2051, 2052-2053, 2054-2055, 2056-2057, 2058-2059, 2060-2061, 2062-2063, 2064-2065, 2066-2067, 2068-2069, 2070-2071, 2072-2073, 2074-2075, 2076-2077, 2078-2079, 2080-2081, 2082-2083, 2084-2085, 2086-2087, 2088-2089, 2090-2091, 2092-2093, 2094-2095, 2096-2097, 2098-2099, 2100-2101, 2102-2103, 2104-2105, 2106-2107, 2108-2109, 2110-2111, 2112-2113, 2114-2115, 2116-2117, 2118-2119, 2120-2121, 2122-2123, 2124-2125, 2126-2127, 2128-2129, 2130-2131, 2132-2133, 2134-2135, 2136-2137, 2138-2139, 2140-2141, 2142-2143, 2144-2145, 2146-2147, 2148-2149, 2150-2151, 2152-2153, 2154-2155, 2156-2157, 2158-2159, 2160-2161, 2162-2163, 2164-2165, 2166-2167, 2168-2169, 2170-2171, 2172-2173, 2174-2175, 2176-2177, 2178-2179, 2180-2181, 2182-2183, 2184-2185, 2186-2187, 2188-2189, 2190-2191, 2192-2193, 2194-2195, 2196-2197, 2198-2199, 2200-2201, 2202-2203, 2204-2205, 2206-2207, 2208-2209, 2210-2211, 2212-2213, 2214-2215, 2216-2217, 2218-2219, 2220-2221, 2222-2223, 2224-2225, 2226-2227, 2228-2229, 2230-2231, 2232-2233, 2234-2235, 2236-2237, 2238-2239, 2240-2241, 2242-2243, 2244-2245, 2246-2247, 2248-2249, 2250-2251, 2252-2253, 2254-2255, 2256-2257, 2258-2259, 2260-2261, 2262-2263, 2264-2265, 2266-2267, 2268-2269, 2270-2271, 2272-2273, 2274-2275, 2276-2277, 2278-2279, 2280-2281, 2282-2283, 2284-2285, 2286-2287, 2288-2289, 2290-2291, 2292-2293, 2294-2295, 2296-2297, 2298-2299, 2300-2301, 2302-2303, 2304-2305, 2306-2307, 2308-2309, 2310-2311, 2312-2313, 2314-2315, 2316-2317, 2318-2319, 2320-2321, 2322-2323, 2324-2325, 2326-2327, 2328-2329, 2330-2331, 2332-2333, 2334-2335, 2336-2337, 2338-2339, 2340-2341, 2342-2343, 2344-2345, 2346-2347, 2348-2349, 2350-2351, 2352-2353, 2354-2355, 2356-2357, 2358-2359, 2360-2361, 2362-2363, 2364-2365, 2366-2367, 2368-2369, 2370-2371, 2372-2373, 2374-2375, 2376-2377, 2378-2379, 2380-2381, 2382-2383, 2384-2385, 2386-2387, 2388-2389, 2390-2391, 2392-2393, 2394-2395, 2396-2397, 2398-2399, 2400-2401, 2402-2403, 2404-2405, 2406-2407, 2408-2409, 2410-2411, 2412-2413, 2414-2415, 2416-2417, 2418-2419, 2420-2421, 2422-2423, 2424-2425, 2426-2427, 2428-2429, 2430-2431, 2432-2433, 2434-2435, 2436-2437, 2438-2439, 2440-2441, 2442-2443, 2444-2445, 2446-2447, 2448-2449, 2450-2451, 2452-2453, 2454-2455, 2456-2457, 2458-2459, 2460-2461, 2462-2463, 2464-2465, 2466-2467, 2468-2469, 2470-2471, 2472-2473, 2474-2475, 2476-2477, 2478-2479, 2480-2481, 2482-2483, 2484-2485, 2486-2487, 2488-2489, 2490-2491, 2492-2493, 2494-2495, 2496-2497, 2498-2499, 2500-2501, 2502-2503, 2504-2505, 2506-2507, 2508-2509, 2510-2511, 2512-2513, 2514-2515, 2516-2517, 2518-2519, 2520-2521, 2522-2523, 2524-2525, 2526-2527, 2528-2529, 2530-2531, 2532-2533, 2534-2535, 2536-2537, 2538-2539, 2540-2541, 2542-2543, 2544-2545, 2546-2547, 2548-2549, 2550-2551, 2552-2553, 2554-2555, 2556-2557, 2558-2559, 2560-2561, 2562-2563, 2564-2565, 2566-2567, 2568-2569, 2570-2571, 2572-2573, 2574-2575, 2576-2577, 2578-2579, 2580-2581, 2582-2583, 2584-2585, 2586-2587, 2588-2589, 2590-2591, 2592-2593, 2594-2595, 2596-2597, 2598-2599, 2600-2601, 2602-2603, 2604-2605, 2606-2607, 2608-2609, 2610-2611, 2612-2613, 2614-2615, 2616-2617, 2618-2619, 2620-2621, 2622-2623, 2624-2625, 2626-2627, 2628-2629, 2630-2631, 2632-2633, 2634-2635, 2636-2637, 2638-2639, 2640-2641, 2642-2643, 2644-2645, 2646-2647, 2648-2649, 2650-2651, 2652

VOM BOZINE

TABLE OF CONTENTS _____

<u>Harold</u> CHENEY Jr: Wherein, if nothing else, a plot against Ye Ed is uncovered.....	#1
<u>Milton</u> ROTHMAN: "...and <u>live</u> to see such big regrets"?	#2
<u>Ed</u> WHITEHEAD: Voice of the Rumi-nation (does that make him a Rumanian?)	#3
<u>Mari-Jane</u> NUTTALL: "Nuttall is gold that glitters" (ah, right in my element!)	#4
<u>Insert</u> -----Tomaiden by Wright-----	
TIGRINA: When Buddha tires of his bride, Buddha pest!	#5
<u>Festus</u> PRAGNELL: How Pelagravating!	#6
" <u>Kaymar</u> " CARLSON: Who's afraid of an atomickey finish?	#7

* * *

Ack's-planation

VOM, short for VOICE of the IMAGI-NATION, is one of the oldest going fanmags (est. 1937). Its 49th number will be found on sale at the Pacificon. Its aim: To be the mirror of fandom, publishing---unedited---letters of commendation, criticism or condemnation; opinions on the future, fantasyarns, politics, religion, ethics, sex, the unknown, semantics, universalanguage, education, philosophy, &c, &c.

Winter, Spring, Summer & Atom, Vom expects to go on until the BOMB.

No five year subscriptions accepted.

(If the world is blown up while your subscription is running, no refund can be guaranteed.)

--Forrest J Ackerman

PACIFICON SPECIAL: LAST 8 ISSUES OF VOM FOR \$1

NEXT 7 NUMBERS \$1

The blank space below is provided for the autographs of A. Merritt, HP Lovecraft, Geo. Allan England, Edgar Allen Poe, Homer Eon Flint, Austin Hall, Chas. Fort, T. O'Connor Sloane, Jules Verne, Lon Chaney, Earl Slegton & Raymond Amazing Palmer....

(Vomimeographing this Issue
courtesy E Everett Evans.)

HAROLD W. CHINITY JR of 584 F
Monroe St, Little Falls, NY, opens with a
bang: As Francis T. Laney has assured me
that VOM has not had a nude on the cover for
some time, I feel that I'm missing something by
not subscribing to VOM. ((What?! Dic Laney tell
U that?! Why, that subscription killer, that--
that-- suboteur!))

Which do you prefer, fantasy
or science-fiction? Or to phrase it this way, do
you prefer Astounding or FFM. I personally like
FFM. In fact I place it at the top of the pro

field. On the contrary, although Astounding carries many, many fine
stories, I rank it third. One of the reasons for it being there is
that all through the war, AST was the only monthly. That naturally
gave it many more stories a year therefor a higher amount of good
ones. ((Your editor personally prefers scientificfiction, fantasy &
weird, in that order; Astounding, FFM & Weird Tales.)) #

MILTY ROTHMAN, Vom's prolific contributor, wrote while a scout
in Paris: A bone to drag around a bit is Tucker's remark concerning
how little the public has to do with policy-~~making~~-making, world
building, etc, and how it's the big men with the push buttons who
decide whats going to happen. Involved in this little item is the
whole philosophy of history.

Methinks its closer to the truth to
say that there is an interplay between the little man en-masse and
the big men. Each influences the other. The big man is ineffectual
without the proper mental attitudes of the little men, and while he
tries to influence them by his means of propaganda, they can't be
influenced completely unless they are ready for it. Conversely,
public attitudes give ideas to the big men and enable them to per-
form. For example, fascism was made possible by the psychological
state of Europe after the last war. Unions are an example of how
many little men can get together to pull against the few big men.
True, in a union a strong man gets to be the leader, but a good un-
ion is run democratically, and the union leader seems closer to you
than the president of the company.

Didn't we once discuss the ques-
tion of whether great geniuses lead world thought or are an out-
growth of the age they live in?

P.S. I'll say this, tho---that in
the case of atomic bomb politics---there has rarely if ever been a
case where a few men could make such big decisions and live to see
such big regrets. The opinions of the scientists who have been try-
ing to get the right thing done by atomic energy bring up in sharp
contrast the clear, logical, simple way of government that would be
had if men were reasonable as opposed to the muddled, selfish, de-
vious actions that must be taken because of the fouled-up situation
that exists. #

T/SGT EDWIN WHITEHEAD airmaild from England: Comes
now rumbles and ruminations from ye new and as yet unknown fan
Whitehead. If I should forget my poise and blow my top as some of
Vom's other correspondents seem to do, pay me no mind. I'll be just
another VoManiac. Tch-tch, so young 2!

Got Vom's 44-46 and the

IMAGI-NATION

portfolio of VoMaidens---yum-yum. It's a good thing I wrote for the folio, for imagine my shocked and shattered expectations to receive three (3-count em) imperial-size VoMs and then discover NO VoMaidens. Oh lack-a-day! But came the dawn a few days farther on, when came the reinforcements in the form of your 2nd mailing and the Deauteous maid herself in all her varied forms.

I'll cut loose with a bit of criticism now and get it over with. A couple of the femmes were Bags with a kapital B. However, the majority (including that delicious creature with the butterflies----tell me 4sJ if I live a Ghu'd life is that my reward in the hereafter?) ((Well, that's Foo'd for thot!))

Great Ghu! I did forget the covering print sent with the three Vom's! Humble apologies for forgetting the interpretation of Deidre, it was A-No.1 hokay!

The discussions on racial discrimination interest me greatly. I'm a Southerner (Dallas, Texas), but view with shame the Negro situation as it stands today. I had thought Texas was bad enough, but after meeting some of the fanatical anti-Negro Southerners in the Army I realize just how serious it all is. Hearing such statements as "some people want to treat Negroes just like human beings," gets me riled plenty. My idea is a program of education and not social upheaval, which would cause nothing but bloodshed. It's in our schools that the twisted prejudices taught children in their own homes by the ignorant and bigoted can be corrected. When shown a careful study of the subject children will be gradually brought onto the road of common-sense and not blind fanaticism. Such a program calls for courage on the part of educational authorities.

Another sore spot is the Nisei (Japanese-American second-generation) question on the Pacific Coast. I have read of a Japanese-American soldier invalidated out of the service who was refused service in a West-coast shop because of his ancestry. Such an occurrence is enough to embitter anyone and if repeated might cause him to become an enemy of society---a society he had fought and bled for---if need be, died for. The combat record of our comrades-in-arms of Japanese ancestry is without a stain. It should be held up to the people of the world as a shining example of the loyalty that the United States engenders in its citizens. Yet how can such loyalty remain when these same man who gave his every effort¹⁹ his country and was wounded, perhaps a wound that will handicap him all his life, is refused the privileges of any free citizen?

There I go--blowing off as I at first feared I would. Still, I have long wanted to get them there words off my chest.

You'd's letter had plenty of sense behind it. It's a very delicate problem, the handling of the Atobomb. I'm not at all certain that the U.S. should keep the secret clutched in its grimy paw and hold it over the rest of the world like some sort of super bludgeon. Such a scheme smacks of a good beginning to the facism Youd looks for. He has hit the right chord on England. I have observed the beginnings here and the latest news of the British Government's complete control of British commercial aviation and communication services is a big step in that direction.

All in all, though, I don't exactly see a war between Britain and the U.S. With Russia perhaps. Whatever the

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION

Soviet government decides to do, the people will follow blindly.

I agree with Kepner that the ordinary American citizen will have very little to say. It'll all come before he even has time to form an intelligent opinion, and once in the only thing to do is ride the tiger to the bitter end.

Bloch's additions to the fan census had me chuckling for quite a while.

As for Elsner's letter re STF, STFF, et al., must admit that it's very hazy in my mind. I am not a science-fiction fan, although I enjoy reading a good science yarn. UNKNOWN was the top mag on the market for my money, but since it's untimely demise I place ASTOUNDING on top of the heap. Have read ASTOUNDING for quite a few years and would miss it if it ever ended publication, but much of the more technical writing is completely over my head. I believe FANTAST is a good term for the lovers of UNKNOWN AND TIRD. As for an overall term I'm still waiting for someone else to suggest one. #

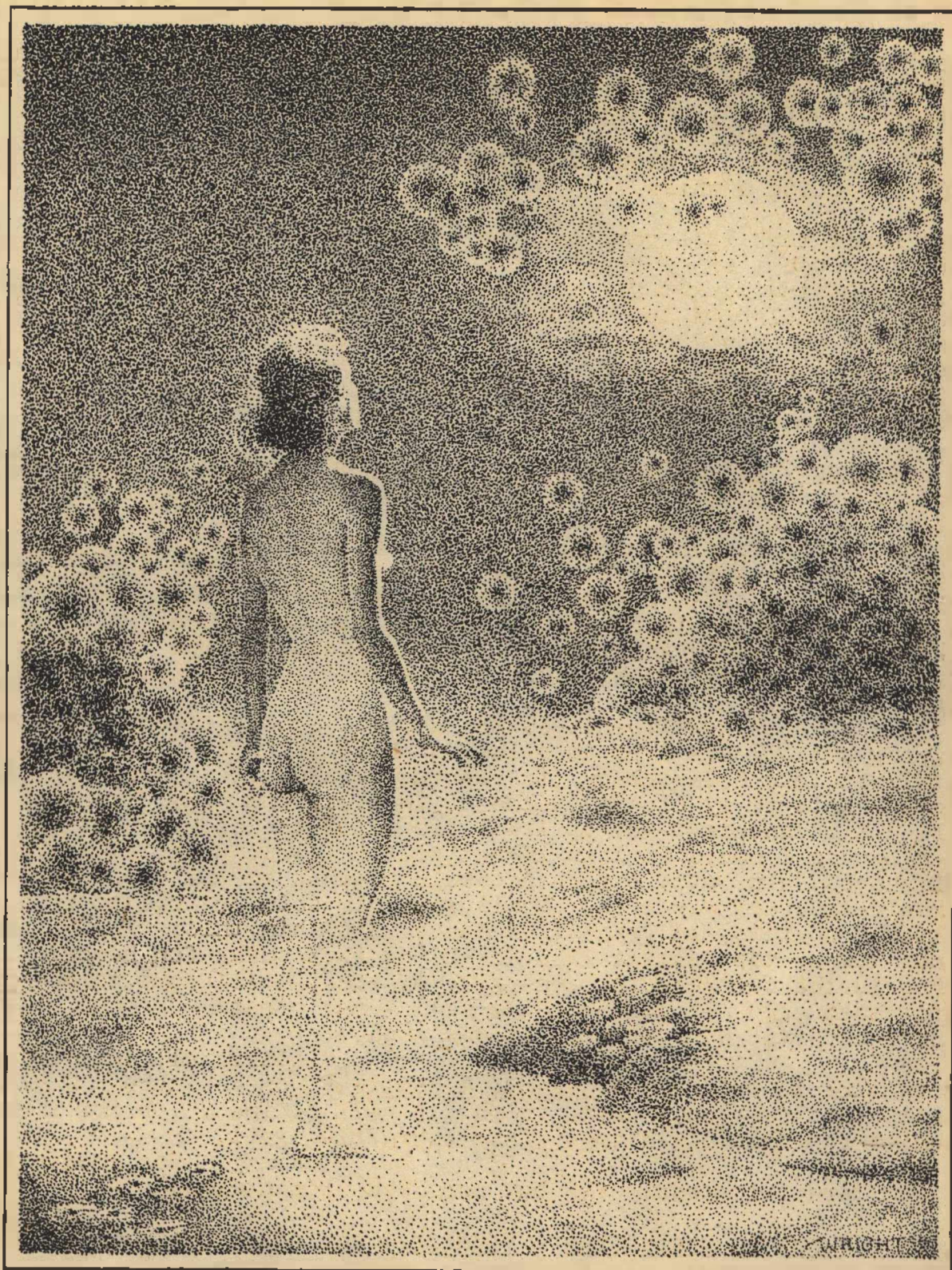
A breezy bit from MARI-JANE NUTTALL of San Diego Cal: That was some cover Goldstone dreamed up for the No. 48 Vom! One of the most attractive (in an eyed sort of way) I've seen. That he was the guy who swore off fandom & fantasy via 'Bleerie ((fanmag diablerie)) last year. They always straggle back, no? ((I have a great pun with the word straggle. It's a great struggle to refrain from using it. But it concerns the train strike, & could easily date this. O, well. It goes like this: By the time of the Pacificon, I hope the train struggle be over! Oh-oh, I don't like that look in your eye--I better make tracks!))

Really enjoyed the news-flash on fandom. Am currently staying with my sis & brother-in-law until the navy finishes remodeling Japan into a democracy (to eventually end all democracies, no coot) & lets go my old man. The B. in L. is the type who hoots at S.F. & all concerned--or at least did until the atomic bomb blast - then - when I could explain in detail the atomic principles, possible influences, etc. etc. before he could read up on the world-shocker himself--respect was bred. Shall give him said article to read - he believes anything in print ((he does? Show him this: ACKERMAN is #1 fan. VOM is top fanmag. WEAVER WRIGHT is leading fan humorist. JACK ERMAN is the foremost...er..uh..give me time, it'll come to me--who threw that egg? It just came to me)) - and presto - Fandom shall have a new convert. No foolin' - it was good.

Letters all interesting - am tempted to read S&S ((Science & Sanity)) now - although I thought the theoretical (sp.) govt. in Null A well defined. Oh for a game-machine for this day'n'age. Exit corruptive govt.

The inside doodles of Vom were priceless. ((A bow for Jack Wiedenbeck.)) #

And now, another fanne is heard from - TIGRINA - who often favours Vom with a review of some sort. This time it's about a movie: The "Bride of Buddha", announced on the screen as a "Hoffberg Production, adapted from 'India Speaks'", is a series of travel pictures cleverly sequenced to give the effect of a feature-length film. Although most of the pictures are undoubtedly authentic, there is good reason to doubt the authenticity of some of the actual adventures depicted upon the screen. It is obvious that stock shots and other unrelated pictures



NOCTURNE

a moonlight fantasy

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION

have been surreptitiously inserted to lend more interest to the film. The encounter of the explorer with a vampire bat, for instance, was so plainly a "fake" as to be almost ludicrous.

The title, "Bride Bud-cha", is rather misleading, as one might expect, for the actual sequence dealing with this is not shown until toward the conclusion of the film, and then the "wild adventures" are so obviously fabrications, artfully concocted from a carefully arranged selection of authentic scenes and stock shots, that it would not deceive any but the most gullible. However, even though the picture is a film editor's nightmare, for those who like travelogues of exotic eastern countries such as India and Tibet, and are none too squeamish about unusual sights, this film is a "must see".

Amidst the soft strains of Tschaikovski's "Danse Arabe" in the background, a narrator's voice is heard. The very choppy sound track in the beginning makes one wonder whether the narration is to be in English or Hindustani.

Several pictures of the most decrepit "holy" beggars were shown. One had remained in the same position for so long that his thumb nails had reached an amazing length and had grown through his ears. Another "religious" mendicant had vowed always to keep a roll of barbed wire on his face. Another continually stared at the blazing India sun. Most unique of all, however, was one who nonchalantly permitted his pet snake to wriggle up his nostrils. With a saucy flip of the tail, the adventurous reptile would vanish, only to reissue from the widely grinning mouth of his owner (gulp!).

As the film runs on, one realises more and more that these natives are a queer lot. For example, it is the last wish of a certain sect, when they feel death coming upon them, to gasp their last breaths while grasping the tail of a cow! ((Hm, does that make Burbee an Indian, because he'd like to die clutching a calf?)) Cows' lives are more valuable than those of humans in India, as the cows are considered sacred. Woman is held in such contempt in that country that the Hindus deny that she has a soul.

Scenes of an orgy of "holy horrors" were shown, in which natives worked themselves into a religious frenzy and would submit to the most nerve-wracking tortures. Close ups were shown of one wild-eyed fellow, trembling in agony whilst a silver barb was thrust through his tongue. The audience shuddered as another native, with pincer-like devices attached by long pieces of twine to his bare back, would pull great weights, the living flesh meanwhile being strained to the utmost and literally torn from his back. These natives, according to the narrator, were constantly inventing new and more agonising tortures. The more horrible the agony suffered, the more enthusiastic the natives were. Small native children witness these gruesome scenes with amusement. Later in life, they too will be influenced by the religious frenzy and feel compelled to participate. Of odd significance is the fact that no blood is ever seen from the wounds inflicted during these cruel rites.

The film continues with some interesting pictures of large flocks of "vampire" bats. Natives believe that the souls of the wicked, upon death, become vampire bats. Several trees were heavy with these creatures, dormant in their characteristic upside down position--a macabre crop for trees to bear. Several pictures were also shown of thousands

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION

of these bats soaring through the air.

Several scenes of natives on the banks of the Ganges were flashed across the screen, including a burial ceremony. In India, when a man dies, an hour later he is ashes, as the hot climate does not warrant keeping a corpse too long. As these scenes unfold, showing natives washing, praying, and casting their refuse and their dead into the Ganges, and then crinking from the same scum-infested waters, one marvels that these people do not die from the poisonous filth that they take into their systems.

There are many other intriguing scenes depicted, too numerous to describe in detail in these pages; pictures of the famed Kashmiri valley, a lion hunt (including a ferocious battle between a lion and a tiger), a detailed account of a tribe of thieves and their customs and mode of living, and an adventurous sequence of a Mohammedan religious rite, to mention only a few.

Although "Bride of Buddha" is not a fantasy picture in the true sense, I find it quite fantastic that people, in the midst of civilisation, should still be existing in such ignorance and squalor. And although I am enthusiastic when I view the possibility of finding new mysteries and marvels on other planets, I sometimes wonder if we have exhausted our supply of the weird and unexplainable in this world. #

A couple interesting paragraphs by English author FESTUS PRAGNELL ("The Green Man of Graypec", &c) excerpted from a personal letter: I'm rather wondering what science fiction authors are going to write about now that so many of our prophecies are accomplished facts--radar, penicillin, acoustic torpedoes and mines, space-rockets, jet propulsion, synthetics and plastics, atomic power.

Looks as tho the scientific age is just dawning. The only trouble is, we have not yet learned to develop a scientific attitude to politics. To my mind Fascism in Italy and Communism in Russia should be regarded as scientific experiments, and conclusions reached from their results.

In my opinion, all this world hysteria we have just gone through is due to the fact that all humanity is suffering from Pellagra due to lack of the vitamins of the B group. (Thiamin, Lactoflavin, Pyroxin, Nicotinamide, etc.) Some of us, of course, are worse than others. ((In case U rnt carrying an Unabridged dictionary on your hipocket, Webster defines Pellagra: "A chronic disease characterized by gastrointestinal disturbance & nervous symptoms." Webster, of course, does not use Ackermanese.)) #

And we let "KAYMAR" CARLSON of Moorhead, Minn. bring this Vomlet to a close with: Art Widner's letter was good and I agree with a lot of his ideas. Specially on Labor and Capital. I hope labor Unions stand firm for a show-down. Think back (if you can) to the time when the common laborer worked for a dollar a day. That's where Capital would like to have us again. Why are so many of our master-minds so pessimistic about the atomic power? Don't worry, controls and defences will be found for that too. It will still take a lot of atomic bombs to destroy the earth. The World of Mull-A certainly has created a lot of comment. Just about overshadows Rap's "Lemurian" tangle. Perhaps Van Vogt had more on the ball than we think. Vom is getting better and better. I'm getting so that I look forward to receiving it. ((U too may look forward to 7 issues for \$1 from FJ Ackerman, Box 6151 Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles 55, California.))#

WOLF FAN

This article is not a repeat for my next publication.

Wolf Fan makes its first appearance soon, companion to Black Flames. All writings to be by men only.

In luded in the coming issue is a book review by Walt Liebscher, informative and good suggestions for reading. Gus Willmorth's article on Lycanthropy is a doubtless "must read". A clever story by Andy Anderson with a surprising end. E. Everett Evans, Braxton Wells, Forrest J Ackerman, Walter J. Daugherty and Jack Wiedenbeck's Cover, are a few of the contributors.

How about contributions from you laddies? Any offers will be appreciated very much. In fact, eternal gratitude or such.

Price of Wolf Fan will be 10¢. Any subscriptions offered? Just write to the following abode:

Jim-E Daugherty
1305 W. Ingraham
Los Angeles 14, California

Having met several fans in 1938, 39 and 40, I hope to renew our acquaintance during the Pacificon and am anxious to meet the peoples that I have heard about but never "had the pleasure". See you at the Pacificon!