

THE

*Southern
Star*

MARCH, 1945

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE SOUTHERN STAR

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Panurge
Bob Tucker
Graph Waldeyer

On Our Next Voyage:

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R S E !
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THE LOG THIS TRIP

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COVERS BY JENKINS

THE SOUTHERN STAR is, said he, kneeling tenderly and lifting up his eyes unto heaven, the defunct organ of the DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION, which is now as dead as any duck you ever saw in your life. This last issue is distributed free to fandom through the generosity of Harry Warner, Jr who, unfortunate lad, was also saddled with the task of stapling and minceing the damn thing. Our heart goes out to him.

THE EDITORS WOULD APPRECIATE your letters of comment, sour and sweet, loud or low, positive or negative. Gilbert can always be reached at 1805 Hampton St., Columbia, South Carolina, from where mail will be forwarded; Jenkins at 2409 Santee, same town. So if you liked this last little fling (or didn't) won't you please let us know. We'll do our damndest to pass your comments onto the contributors; anything to bring a little simple pleasure into their drab lives. If any of them are reading this, by the by — thanks a multitude, Fellows, you were swell throughout the voyage. Never got bored once during the journey. You drop us a line, too, huh?

So long! . . .

FROM THE DUAL CARDINAL TO THE DUAL CONTINUAL

by . . .

THE EDITORS

"Parting is such
sweet sorrow"

During the first half of a two week leave allowed me here at my home, I conducted a thorough clean-out process of all letters, stray fan items, ad infinitum, in our garage, cutting three boxes of the (forgive me) trash down to one small cardboard container. During this procedure I found some eleven stencils behind a castaway trunk -- Star stencils for the fifth issue, which is this you hold, and the last --

Many of these stencils were in bad shape; two had to be discarded, many which should have been there were not. Harry had three others in a roughly usable state.

Sunday of this week (this is Thursday night, eleven o'clock and a fraction) idea occurred: Why not put out a final edition of the Star? -- and the idea stuck. Investigation followed. Everything available, except the Rayn autobiog, the editorials, the contents page, was dummied, including a Tucker Mumblings intended for the Ann issue. Fine; only I wouldn't be able to start stenciling until Tuesday and Saturday I had to leave for my assignment in New Orleans. Which meant 26 stencils (I estimated) had to be cut in three days. Well, they were cut.

Ironie, eh? The Star being delayed slightly for these last three absentee war years, then appearing in three days. Well, we was allus unpredictable.

There were some difficulties. Only three pages of the Passenger Lounge could I discover, and the last of the three was, confession: continued on a stencil I could not find. That meant that to balance the page the last line and a half had to come off. It came off. Difficulty that then arose was: who wrote the damn thing? Memory despaired. The name you can't read thru those three coats of correction fluid is "Horatio J. Blow, Sr." I plead a stricken expediency. Consoling that remains that whoever wrote the letter had, if he possessed a pleasant name, that pleasantness emphasized. If the name was not a pretty one, the contrast should be comforting.

The correction fluid brush disintegrated. I improvised one from a matchstick, a piece of twine, an unraveling cord. Tho the results to me seemed even better, you yet can not look upon my handiwork and pronounce it good . . . I'm sorry. --Between the condition of the old stencils, a jury-rigged brush and strictly--from--hunger correction fluid, my haste, I'm afraid this issue will not be a lush sight. To repeat, I'm sorry. My best was all that it was possible to do.

So, dammit, here it is. You ignore the mention of a Wright cover in the Passenger Lounge, a few abruptly ending passages, a few anachronisms of the age and you have a quite decent, I think, particularly under the circumstances, fanzine. Cherish it, this last defiant, dying gasp of your ever lovin' Columbia Camp. With all our others, it
(Concluded on page 24)

JENKINS AT THE HELM

THAT'S ALL THERE IS, there ain't no more. Aforementioned words flippantly pilfered from a ditty popular several decades ago, in all

There were no wild lamentations, no tearful regrets, no incantations for the dead at the supposed demise of the Star a year or so ago. That, dear friends, was quite agreeable. We would have it so. However there has been a rather perspiring resuscitation, and we are having a last Ephemeral fling.

With your kind attention, we would like to engage in a wee bit of soporific retrospection. Way back in the dark, unenlightened era of 1941, fandom had no Star. Southern fandom, the infant that bawled lustily to heedless ears, kicked the slats out of the cradle and grasped a mimeo handle. A Star was spawned. The first issue featured two very fine columns, "From The Starport" by Fred W. Fischer, and "The Munsey Panorama" by that lovable bibliophile, Panurge.

The fanzine, the Star grew in magnitude, and in its second issue glowed in a colored brightness. There crept into its pages a villainous varlet, the bloom of Bloomington, ne Bob Tucker. Through infinite wisdom imparted to him by that venerable sage of the East, Hoy Ping Pong, Tucker consorted and contrived to lead the Star's readers away from the strait and narrow path of virtue, morality, and virginity. We loved him well.

Along came other issues, and supernumerary troubles. Such vicissitudes assumed the material forms of hectic adventures with a new mimeo, resulting in the loss of an editor's euphemism and the adoption of a pro-profanity stand. There was poltergeistic activity impeding the progress of a good magazine . . . ink mysteriously dripping on the decaying roller, pages being printed upside down, and downside up. Aye, the editors as the underfed and over-worked ass, bore a pack of troubles on their weakened back. Surprisingly the results were a little gratifying. Fandom seemed to like the Star.

After four obese issues, anemic editors hid themselves to field afar. Gilbert perambulated himself to the maritime service; Eastman jumped off into the paratroops. Jenkins trudged into University life, pulling his little red wagon behind him. He let it rest in the midst of collegiate activities and found it to his liking.

The Star laid in an unmourned grave, bodecked by no flowers save those of a few reflective memories in the minds of its editors and the fans who enjoyed its columns. In mental retrogression, those who had given birth to the publication visited the bier at intervals to inspect the epitaph: "Them Were The Days".

Came the day of the resuscitation. The Star was revived; enough mimeo ink injected into its veins to instill life sufficient for another issue. This is it.

"And the beginning shall be the end; and the end the beginning. Fan friends, fan of all states — that's all there is, there ain't no more. We loved you, too.



--- BEAT ACKERMANIA! ---

(Song sung by the gallant Dixiefans withstanding the Ackermaniacs)

-- 1 --

Onward, Dixie Soldiers,
Marching out to war,
With the Ackermenace
Lessening by far . . .
Gilbert laughs most heartily
As the news comes in,
Acki-armies have been blasted
From this world of sin ---
Onward Dixie Fan-troops,
Hope of all our dreams;
Crush the High and Mighty
Acky War-Machine.

-- 2 --

Onward, Dixie Soldiers!
Save the prostrate fan.
Smash the Ackermenace
So we'll understand...
Jenkins doubles up with mirth
As the news comes home;
Acke-soldiers, in the heat,
Have slowly turned to stone.
Onward Dixie Soldiers!
Fight with little fear!
With Gilbert, mighty Gilbert,
Marching in the rear!

-- 3 --

Onward, Dixie Heroes!
Out to meet the foe . . .
With the hordes of Acky
Sinking far below.
Eastman bangs out poetry
As the news-boys hint
Heavy reinforcements
For our soldiers have been so
Onward, Dixie Heroes,
Chase them to their lair,
Ackerman is bumpily
Sliding to despair.

-- 4 --

Onward, Dixie fan-boys,
Polish up those swords ...
We are out to stop the
Ackermistic hordes.
Mac is startled, suddenly,
As the news leaks out,
Super-blitzkriegs by the foe
Have turned into a rout!
Call out all the dog men,
Battle fierce and well --
Trip the light fantastic
Over hill and dale.

"A History of the Future,
A Warning to You!"

MEIN CAMP

by Raymond

CHAPTER I Washington

The Growing Evil

In the beer cellar of a certain cafe in Los Angeles, a number of grim cadaverous faces ringed a huge oaken table, great waxy candles flickering in front of their leader. That this was no idle party was evident by the set of their faces. For theirs was the task of bringing the great New Order to the rest of the Fanation, steeped in superstition and conventions. They were cold and silent.

Their leader stood up, overturning his chair dramatically. It crashed behind him, raising clouds of dust from the bricks.

As the Leader stood, eyes blazing, each seated person raised a goblet of 7-Up to him. These were drained quickly, and hurled across the cellar to break against the wall. Then they turned to hear the words of their leader.

He reached inside a bulging tunic to bring forth sixty-nine sheets of crumbling parpyrus. "Here is the result of Widner's latest poll." He bit his fist to hide his agitation. "Widner's poll reveals that the two top fans are Lowndes and Wollheim. I — I am third. Not only do the fans refuse to accept the New Order -- they vote me out of first place!

"But we will not give up. Before we are through every fan will knuckle under!"

Kerman G. Daugherty, beefy, medal-covered, most trusted lieutenant of the Ackermenace, rose slowly, panting through slack lips: "We must sacrifice to the cause! Stinkbombs before stencils!"

"Stinkbombs before stencils!" echoed the cry.

"Daugherty is right," Ackorman, the leader, said tonelessly. "We must make many sacrifices to the cause. This path of hardships and Spartan endurance with smash lax, un-united fandom. We shall knock off our enemies one by one, until the last one is gone."

A timid voice far down the table piped timidly: "Leader, what is our cause?"

Ferry scratched his head. "Well," he muttered, "You see. it's sorta, uh —" He regained composure. "You have no right to question our principles! You will do as you are told, and not think unless you

are told to think." Daugherty heaved up. "Of course our principles are not to be questioned! Think when you are told and not until then!" The men cowed under his lashing tongue. Forry, a self-satisfied grin on his cherubic face, slipped his lieutenant another medal under the table. Daugherty grinned weak appreciation, but inwardly he despaired. He had so many medals. Where would this one go?

The band quieted, waited like sheep to hear the leader's next words. "As you know, we do not have enough fan-power to overpower the fanation, loosely bound together and sloppy as it is. Our agents have already undermined the IFFF, our greatest potential enemy, and it will fall through when I choose to shove.

"Now here is my master plan for raising an invincible fan-army which shall by sheer weight of numbers crush our enemies." His voice droned on while the listeners leaned forward in rapt attention.

CHAPTER II

The Fusher of Fandom

Joe Fann lived in Onchorsetown, South Dakota. He was a very ordinary guy. He worked at the railroad office, had a wife and two kids, and read Science Fiction as a hobby. He belonged to a great majority of readers. It was pleasant, after a hard day's work, to come home and curl up in his easy chair with a science fiction magazine and let his earth-bound mind wander among stars and dimensions and such things. It was his hobby. It made life worth living. Joe grumbled about taxes, the price of food, and the way the government was running things, but he was satisfied with his lot. He was content.

That is, he was until he received the mimeographed circulars.

He had just knocked off at six that fateful day, and was coughing the carbon smoke out of his lungs, the clanging bells ringing in his ears. He jumped into his flivver and rode toward home, stopping at the postoffice. Anything in the afternoon delivery? Yes, for once. Sort of advertising circular, it seemed. Studying the odd characters of the variable Ackerman typewriter, he shoved it into his pocket. Then he drove on home.

After supper, Joe settled back to read the paper. Abruptly he thought of the circular. Grunting, he pulled it out and broke the scotch tape. A mimeographed sheet fell out into his hands. He frowned upon it in mild interest. That interest sharpened. Hmm. It was from some fellow named Forrest J Ackerman, in Los Angeles. It gave opinions on the latest magazines out. It gave "inside dope" on the authors, "Just to you, because I really like anybody in your section who reads Science Fiction. Don't tell anybody else what I told U!" Joe Fann was pleased. He was on the inside. He was above the other fellows who read science fiction. They didn't know, for instance, that L. Sprague de Heinlein won Hubbard was born in Yorkshire, Illinois, or that Palmer la Kampbell liked fried foods best. He was truly on the inside. The sheet concluded with:

"If U care 2 keep on recieving these bulotins, ples send your name, age, & other vital statistics."

Joe sent in the required information. Twice a week he received bulletins. He became immensely pleased with himself, although something continually troubled him. He was never allowed complete satisfaction. Each bulletin hinted at vast things in store for him if his spirit was right, and heavily veiled promises kept him in growing suspense. The bulletins were, in truth, designed and written by a master strategist, one who probed all the mysteries of the mind, who appealed to the basest instincts of Joe Fanns all over the country, who inflated their ego constantly with the statement that every bulletin was written "especially for you."

Months rolled by, and little by little Joe Fanns throughout the continent became enslaved. Curiosity made their life unbearable. Hints at something called "Active Fandom" preyed on their minds through their working hours. Elaborately vague announcements made them wonder if they were not, after all, apart from their fellow mortals?

And then, one day, these Joe Fanns received an urgent notice to withdraw all their available money and rush to Met. Station as fast as they could get there. The propaganda had so undermined them, so whetted their curiosity, so enflamed their imagination . . . that they obeyed. They poured into Los Angeles in torrents, in floods. The Ackerman workers labored night and day to put them up. And still they came. Endlessly -----

Leader Torry grew a small blond moustache to match the forelock over his left eye. He was Feuhrer of Fandom! And the Feuhrer had an army!

CHAPTER III

Ackermania Acts

Excerpt from an unsigned editorial in "X", Futurian Publication:

"It appears that there are still a great number of fans who refuse to realize the militaristic trends of the West Coast fans. They are dissatisfied with the present state of fandom. That is nothing new, for a part of the field is still not supporting the NFFF. But the NFFF is an essentially democratic institution, while the methods used by Ackerman and his bunch are nothing less than shocking. If any substance is to be granted to various rumors and reports, Ackerman, jilted from first place by Lowndes and Wollheim, plans to gain control of all fandom by any methods that will gain his end. Although propaganda and circulars may constitute a large part of his effort, there are many verified statements to the effect that he has behind him a giant army of semi- and outer-circle fans, whom he has enticed by strange methods to bring their money, valuables and prozines to Los Angeles. Those fans are being converted by propaganda of the most insidious kind, and at last become absolute slaves to the Ackermanaco.

"France faced a similar situation once. You know what happened to her. Those spies and espionage agents are in our midst. The NFFF, though democratic, as stated, may be undermined itself. That is the fault of all democracies-- they insist on freedom of speech. No fan in Los Angeles could openly try to spread rebellion and dissatisfaction among the LASTE. It would never be allowed. And yet -- the dissenters

in most of the important fan-clubs are tolerated because these clubs are founded on democratic principles. And so we go sloppily on our way, with the termites of the LASFS boring our organization into a seive, blissssfully unaware of what is before us.

"Wake up, wake up, wake up! Don't listen to the LASFS fanatics who tell you that we are war-mongers! They turn us against each other. They take advantage of our weaknesses to weaken us further. They continue to mass in force. But there is still hope. Oust the dissenters. Build up our armies! WAKE UP, FAN-ATICS!"

Excerpt from SPACEWAYS, commenting on editorial in "X":

"I can not deny that various disturbing elements are abroad in fandom. Also, at this time of year, sun spots are prevailing which cause human behavior to take a downward sweep. But if we continue to use a sane, reasoning viewpoint, we will fare much better in the face of whatever events may come.

"Spaceways is, and will remain, the voice of neutral fandom. Spaceways will not encourage controversies of any sort. Let us attempt to bring about conciliation between the members of fandom who do not understand each other and make little attempt to do so."

Excerpt from NOVA, midwest organ:

"We, the fans of the Mid-West, admire Harry Warner's sane viewpoint in the light of recent happenings. It does appear that a struggle is eminent, but this need not be a necessarily physical combat. The fans have always been broad-minded ((Woo-woo! JG)) and we have always thought that we could see both sides of the question. Let us hope that this rationality will prevail over primitive passions in this time of trial."

Excerpt from LeZOMBIE:

"Now is the time for all good fans to come to the aid of the NFFF, and check the Ackermenace before it is too late. We fans are essentially peace-loving, despite minor feuds previously condemned by E. Everett Evans and the Michifans. We believe that fandom should be united, but in the most democratic fashion possible. The scheme that Ackerman intends to impose is nothing short of an iron-clad dictatorship which would kill all individual enterprise, abolish the free fan press, and grow until it encompassed every fan, no matter how far removed or obscure. The prime objective of the new LASFS is to destroy active fandom as a whole, subjugate its members, and add to the already colossal collection of the club. Not to mention re-instating Ackerman into the position of undisputed master of fandom.

"Scattered fans are now rushing desperately for one side or another, excluding, of course, the two great neutrals, the Midwesterners and the Southerners. There is a big fight coming and nothing can prevent it. LeZombie will forever oppose the LASFS. Our column, 'Mumblings', was cut out of the Southern Star as it tried to reveal to the readers the desperate character of the situation without violating the editorial policy of strictest neutrality. We tried to be very, very subtle, but what subtle hints that were passed by the editors were far too subtle for the reader to grasp. We repeat the warning of "X": Wake up, Fanation!"

Excerpt from the the SCIENCE FICTION FAN:

"The editors of this publication are in far greater danger than most of the fanation, being closer to the west coast. We realize that we are helpless to stem the tide here at Denver, so after leaving a number of delayed-action bombs in our dens, and evacuating to the South we will proceed northward to Tuckertown and conduct future publication there.

"Perhaps you wonder that we speak so calmly of the coming calamity. We have seen the Handwriting on the Wall and have read the Signs of the Times. A great revolution is coming, and great battles which will severely test our mettle."

Excerpt from SCIENTIFUN:

"There is a terrible fight ahead. I stand with the DFT, for I had rather drink Pepsi-Colas and read than fight the Ackerarmy."

Excerpt from TYCHO:

"There can be little doubt that a terrific struggle is coming in the near future."

Excerpt from VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION, official organ of the IASFS, enslaved ASTRA publications and controlled press of the West Coast:

"We fans, we must have living space,
With lots of elbow room;
Our Lebensuarm is coming, friends,
To you and you and you.
(2 U and U and U)."

FLASH! Unger's FANTASY FICTION FIELD!

"Flash! Smarting under the mounting storm of criticism, Forrest J Ackerman, self-appointed leader of the New Order movement, sent a huge army of fans against Illinois! Scattered fans report that the surprise move, autos and busses and pogo-sticks loaded with grim faced fans, was aimed, apparently, at a gigantic pincers movement on Chicago. Most of the fan outposts are reporting an ever-increasing stream, sweeping futile resistance before it. Loyal fans are moving to Chicago, where Korshak has planned a last-ditch defense.

"At last it has come to pass. Ackerman's war machine has gone into action!"

CHAPTER IV

The Fight For Fandom

WITH THE FUTURIAN MECHANIZED DIVISIONS ON THE MID-WEST FRONT, March 11, Via Special Messenger to FFF:

This is being written in the rumbleseat of a bumping roadster, speeding with all haste to the battlefield in the Middle West, where advancing Ackerarmies have already swept through many towns, capturing prozines, fanzines, and original drawings from helpless fans on the way. There are quite a number of cars filled with fans speeding to stem the tide, and before long we hope to have the situation well in hand. Our ammunition? Pepsicola bottle and rolled up editions of Captain Futur — is plentiful, as are our supplies of powdered hot-dogs and concentrated watermelon.

"The battle lines are not far ahead ——— now we come to a screeching stop on the outskirts of Peoria, where a long column has battered its way almost to the city itself. A thin red line of heroes is holding them off desperately, and they cheer as we arrive to reinforce their garrison.

.....
 "Several hours have passed. We are certain that we can hold them back. The Midwest fans have finally awakened, and their anger is high.. Reinforcements continue to pour into the city, and spasmodic bombardment is our only annoyance."

Flash! Hilty's Mag:

"A barrage of special reports indicate the the sudden treacherous stab at Illinois was only a feint. Another great LASFS army has roared across the Iowa border, crushing resistance. The enemy holds the initiative — he can choose the place to strike, and concentrate his forces at that particular point so as to win local superiority. Then, carloads of fresh fans sweep forward, and more towns are taken. We are conducting a stubborn and brilliant defense, assisted by the Midwest fans, but we can only hope to slow up the advancing hordes until we work out a master plan of strategy. Meanwhile we are retreating, our lines in a fluid state, burning all bridges behind us. We need reinforcements from everywhere! Look, you Dixie boys, won't you help us? Surely you're not fooled any longer. If we're finished off, you're next!

Excerpt from STF HASH, FAPA Publication of Harry Jenkins, Jr.:

"We regret that the Dixie Fantasy Federation cannot answer the call for aid from the Futurians. We maintain strictest neutrality on the issues involved. For, to quote Gilbert, when this mess is over, someone sane and unprejudiced will be needed to pick up the pieces and attempt to put them together again. Selah."

WITH THE MICHIFAN ARMY IN IOWA, via carrier pigeon to LeZOMBIE

"The surprise enemy thrust into Iowa, accomplished in the dead of night, has struck deeply and hard, smashing and battering aside the Iowa fans. A long curving salient has thrust into Muscatine, Iowa, where Harry Schwarje, through brilliant sabotage work, cleared a path for them. According to our secret service, reward promised Schwarje was full page in VoM for his dripping his drool. This latest drive threatens the entire southern flank of our army. Fighting in blustery, bitter winter winds, we have slowed up the main advance to a considerable extent. But reinforcements are vital. HEAH ME TALKIN', GILBERT?"

Flash Bulletin, Unger's FFF: Latest reports indicate that the Michifan army in Iowa is not faring well. The enemy continues to drive forward, encircling isolated pockets of Michifans, who are numerically inferior. Commander Evans, defending Davenport, has been captured."

CHAPTER V

The Long Line of Dunkirks

Eye Witness report on the Battle of Detroit, recorded directly on records and sent around the Fanation:

"Iowa is now thoroughly subdued by the iron-shod legions of Ackerman. Hugh supplies of fanzines, prozines, stamps, and envelopes

were captured. These supplies are being pooled and put to immediate use. Great portions, however, are flowing back to Los Angeles.

"But all is not lost. Reinforcements continue to move into Michigan in preparation for a quick thrust toward Detroit by the enemy. It is expected that the Ackerarmy has already infiltrated our territory to a considerable extent. Scouts report that advance units are on the way . . .

"And they are attacking! The assault has come much sooner than expected. Car after car of enemy fans roar forward . . . wave after wave of them. The attack is being met with clever preparations. Tanks littered on the road beforehand, along with carefully prepared oil slicks, have blown out the tires and upset the pogo sticks of the fan-krieg, forcing them out into the open fields, where huge battles are under way.

"The defending commanders, Bridges and Kuhn, are holding them off with back numbers of Amazing. These mags are being hurled with deadly ferocity into the midst of the enemy, where they spread terror and confusion among the superfans. Reinforcements from Chicago are expected immediately. But for Tao's sake hurry!

Flash! Milt's Mag:

"Reinforcements for the embattled Detroit garrison are, unfortunately, lacking. Korshak and Reinsberg were planning to rush out via train immediately. Palmer, however, wanted a story ten minutes before train time, and they managed to finish it just before the deadline . . . but because of the delay they missed their train by five minutes. They bit their fingernails off waiting for another train and had to be confined to the hospital with an infection. It is to be hoped that the Detroit garrison can hold out until help arrives from some other quarter."

Special 6-page edition of VoM:

"Now the tale can be told! Detroit is in the hands of our army! The stupid defenders were mowed down. Let that be an example to all those foolish enough to resist.

"In spite of our efforts, some people still do not appreciate what we are attempting to do for them. We can bring the great New Order to U, & U should open your arms to us. We note that most of U R really on our side, but held enslaved by a few powerful leaders who do not allow freedom of speech.

"These powerful leaders note that with our victory they will no longer have power, that power will be returned to the fans. That is our mission & we will accomplish it in spite of futile resistance by those who oppress U. They are using the great masses of fans to protect themselves, so they can continue to oppress U. Surrender, for our cause is noble, our ideals untarnished & our army invincible!"

Eye witness report on the Battle of Chicago:

"The few fans who escaped Detroit are now fighting a hopeless rear guard defense. The battle of Chicago was short and fierce, with the defenders outnumbered as usual. VoM states -- and if we, despairing, agree, who is to blame us? -- that this is only the first of a long line of disastrous defeats which will, in time, smash our

forces."

CHAPTER VI

Chaos!

Communique issued by Tucker after fall of Chicago:

"We were compelled to retreat in many sectors of the front today under heavy local superiority obtained by the enemy. Our fans checked the advance at a number of points, while retreat was made in good order. We are retiring to Weehawken without confusion. Our next stand will be made there."

Communique from Ackermania:

"Today our fansoldiers advanced on most sectors of the front, encountering scattered & disorganized resistance. Our occupation offices in Chicago report little disturbance, only a dull helpless apathy on the part of the conquered fans. The enemy is broken. We will catch up with him and annihilate him. WE R INVINCIBLE!"

LoZOMBIE report on the Battle of New York:

"In a daring attempt to disorganize the enemy, Lowndes promised to accept stories by every member of Ackerman's army. This caused considerable dissension in the ranks, and almost brought wholesale desertion. At a considerable cost, however, Ackerman started a slick publication of his own, accepting stories at a furious rate. So Lowndes' magnificently desperate attempt was thwarted."

"The fall of New York represents the most serious defeat we have yet had to face. The enemy grows more and more powerful, crushing city after city, while the Dixie boys turn their backs to our desperation. THE TIME HAS COME FOR EVERY FAN-ATIC TO FACE REALITY. We are in imminent danger of defeat. This is a bare fact and I will repeat it. The thwarted genius of Forrest J Ackerman is so great that he can and will continue to crush all resistance unless our master strategists cease their neutrality policies and lend aid. We are taking the brunt of the assaults and it is more than we can bear. The Ackerarmy is not human. It presses on relentlessly."

"This fact was supposed to have been withheld, but there is no time for that now: eight tenths of the Futurian army has been encircled and annihilated. The Midwest fans are utterly defeated. Insidious propaganda somehow seeps into every fanzine. Half of the remaining fans are either blinded by the neutrality policy or divided among themselves by the enemy. Unite now! There is still hope!"

Special Communique issued by Tucker:

"As the Futurians fled New York, several surviving Mid-west fans with them, they were heavily attacked by massed waves of pogo-stick-riding Ackifans. In the resulting carnage two-thirds of our total forces were destroyed, many fighting gallantly on while the remaining third withdrew. Their sacrifice saved our last forces."

"Retreat! retreat! retreat! We have laid a hundred Ackifans unconscious on the green, and still they come. Their numbers are legion! They are driving in all directions in a mad effort to gain control of all the north. Denver has fallen long ago, as has Minneapolis and

Boston. A smashing column has reached Philadelphia, imprisoning Ruste-bar and Madle; another pushed through to the western front, bringing reinforcements to the enemy. Warner has been taken prisoner! Too late he paid the price of innocence! And still they come, relentless, a blind, mad typhoon against which no fan may stand."

Special Bulletin from Unger:

"The Ackermania army, driving forward in all directions with limitless power, has now crushed all remaining resistance -- COMPLETE VICTORY IS THEIRS -- and they are even now roaring into Dixie! The last hope of Ackerfied fandom!"

CHAPTER VII

The Battle of the Army Gaddon

Special edition Unger's FFF, now suppressed, but bootlegged throughout conquered fandom:

"Dixie! Last hope of a hundred thousand conquered fans! Dixie, the neutral, the idealistic, peace-loving land so far from the ravages of war. Dixie, you are our last chance. The Ackerman Army has crushed the finest, bravest fans that we have brought against it! How can you, alone, stand off the enemy? The odds are so much against you. Fair land of Hope -- can you stem the tide? Can you turn them back? Is it too late? Our hope of tomorrow rests upon you. If by some miracle you are able to withstand the storm, you will be hailed for a thousand years as the greatest liberator of our time! Destiny is yours. Do it justice in these terrible last days."

WITH THE ACKER-ARMY ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT, April 13, via Robot Soldier to Los Angeles Headquarters:

"Our magnificent Wermacht is striking hard & clean blows at the evil land of Dixie, cancerous growth of strife, opresion, & misrabil fan-slaves of the monstrous Dixie Fantasy Federation. Our galant soldiers even now have surrounded Chauvenet's lair, accumulating huge stocks of prozines, fanzines, stamps & the usual paraphernaliz. According to a well-conceivd plan, our surprise stroke has neircld sevrl dozn fan-atics befor they cud shrug off their habitual logarthty. Giant stocks of Pepsi-Colas and walnut wafers have been brot in."

CONTINUQUE FROM COLUMBIA -- Here is a copy of the short but inspiring speech Gilbert made to all DFF members:

"Dear Southern Fans:

Today the Ackermenace has struck savagely and without warning into our peaceful land. Other fan-armies they have met and routed.. Nothing so far has been able to slow their advance.

"They have met the cream of the fans and defeated them. City after city has fallen to them. We pursued a policy of honorable neutrality to this menace. Never in any word or deed have we cast SLANIDEL upon them. There was no reason for this sneak rabbit-punch.

"Even when the Mid-West neutrals were attacked and defeated we closed our eyes, wishing to prevent further bloodshed.

"Then, with the entire fanation under his thumb, he hurls hi robot legions against our South. Such blundering brutality can no longer be tolerated. We will strike back! With every weapon at our cor

mand we will throw back the enemy and free our country as we go. Now is the time to act!

"Yes, we can all do this -- if only we are united. The rest of fandom was not united. They are now Ackified hopelessly. Quislings among them undermined their resolve. Is there a quisling among us?

"NO!

"And so, in closing, I say that we will win the fight, but it will be long and hard. For now and in the immediate future I can see nothing but retreat and temporary defeat. The massed weight of the enemy is too strong. And so we must contest every inch of ground, leaving nothing behind of any possible value. Prozines, fanzines, Pepsi-Colas, everything valuable must be moved. What can not be moved must be burned!

"This means parting with many of our prized possessions. It will be difficult to do, but we must and will do it. The Acky hordes will never lay their grim hands on anything of value.

"It will be a time of tribulation for us all, but at the same time we shall have our chance to prove ourselves worthy of the glorious task of defeating Ackermania and freeing enslaved fandom.

"Death to the heartless Robot Hordes!"

QUIBYSHEV, DIXIE, April 15:

"During the first few days of sudden conflict, our lightly armed border troops have covered themselves with glory. Holding out hour after hour against superior odds, they are conducting a brilliant hit-and-run defense, slowing up the enemy until his carefully laid plans are all off schedule. Already the time-table of the heel-clicking Herman Daugherty is shot. And heavier reinforcements continue to arrive for both sides.

"Great numbers of Ackifans have been stricken ill suddenly. This 'strange malady', as the enemy calls it, was caused by rat poison left in the Popsicolas and walnut wafers captured by the enemy in the first few hours of conflict. Eighteen cases of Pepsi-Colas and sixty-four cartons of crackers were captured, but half of them were poisoned and a hollow victory it is indeed for our foes!

"We retreat slowly, making them pay dearly for every yard gained."

Communiqué issued April 18 from the headquarters of Dixie-land, Columbia, South Carolina:

In the past forty-eight hours, history-making battles have been fought. These titanic struggles raged across several states, as circulars called recumbent Southern fans to the colors. Everywhere is excitement and orderly confusion. But on the inside is a cold rage; a stern resolve to defeat the enemy, cost what it may.

"We are outnumbered in every sector of the front, and although eighty-nine fans were wiped out at the very start of the conflict, we have rallied and inflicted heartbreaking losses on the enemy. But surprise is gone now, and each fan-soldier sees his duty and does it.

unflinchingly.

"For several nights our fans fought the enemy along the entire front, and no substantial change in the battlelines was reported. But two days ago Ackorman's forces started a second surprise offensive, raging onward through piles of their own inert soldiers. Our Pepsi-Cola bottles whiz with deadly aim, and although we are retreating steadily, we are inflicting tremendous losses. Fanzines, prozines, and stamps are being burned. Pepsi-Cola bottles are being broken. No loot will fall into the hands of the Ackifans."

Flash Bulletin from VoM:

"The main forces of the enemy have been destroyed, but the wily Gilbert suddenly threw a huge, completely fresh reserve army into the battle yesterday. We countered this by calling six more divisions from occupied fandom. Enemy losses have been astounding. Victory will soon be ours!"

Communique direct from Gilbert's headquarters:

"We threw a gigantic army into battle yesterday — our reserve group, named the Army Goddon for lack of a better name.

"This force inflicted truly staggering casualties on the Ackermanian troops. Sixty more enemy fans were put completely out of the battle. Amid heavy fighting we retire in an orderly manner, sure of the eventual outcome."

CHAPTER VIII

Hail, Columbia!

Excerpt from Editorial in SOUTHERN STAR, Dixie Press Organ, and Voice of the Dixie Fantasy Federation:

"Fan Folk of Dixie!"

"The enemy has advanced far in his ruthless campaign of lightning warfare, and the fan-krieg has been encountered with stubborn courage. Precious little material the Mad Genius, Ackorman, has been able to wrest from the areas he has devastated, and without vital stamps, stencils, mimeograph equipment, he can not keep enslaved fandom doped up on his propaganda. At present he is still on the upgrade, he still retains the initiative, but the time will come when we will clip him — we'll mow him down.

"I have wonderful news! One of our cleverest spies has discovered a basic weakness of the Ackermanian robot hordes: they are susceptible to heat. The master scientists and propagandists of the Acky Regime have so perfected their slaves that they have become too highly specialized . . . they were made to fight best in cold, for the vanity of their master never considered that his super-war might last into the Spring.

"So -- hold the enemy until Spring! Hold him, keep him back from Columbia! Many important regions have been lost to the Ackifans, but we all expect to win them back. In the meantime . . .

"Hold them until summer! You are the hope of the fan world!"

War Bulletin from Ackermania's headquarters:

"The gravity of the situation increases for the enemy. He is out-flanked, encircled, and outfought. We have the superior numbers, equipment, and fighting experience, and will surely win before summer.

"Our salients have now driven much closer to Columbia. This city will be hard to take, but when it is taken, the rest will be comparatively simple. Even now, several car-loads of our fan soldiers have occupied strategic points less than eight miles from Columbia!"

Fanzine Review Dept., Unger's FFF, still bootlegged through underground fandom!

We have on hand an issue of FanArt. This issue is devoted, appropriately enough, to caricatures of the Ackermaniacs. A number of free mimeographed duplicates have been placed at my disposal -- you may obtain one for yourself through the usual channels."

Special bulletin from Columbia:

"Today

The unbeatable fan-boys of Dixie

Destroyed 342 Ackifans

Captured 79 prozines from one regiment;

Halted the enemy advance in six sectors

With Pepsi-Cola bottles. Our orderly retreat continues."

Daily Communique from Ackermania:

"Today

The invincible Ackermanian Army

Advanced in most sectors . . .

Destroyed 6,940,012 Dixiefans;

Captured 6,522 pro and fanzines . . .

The battle lines

Grow closer to Columbia!

This is the final fight!

We R risking all in this 1 gigantic attempt

And we R winning."

CHAPTER IX

The End of the Acky RegimeEve-witness broadcast, via records, of the Battle of Columbia:

"Before me, on the fields and highways outside Columbia, the greatest battle the world has ever seen is about to be fought. The Battle of Columbia. Everywhere, in the hearts of downtrodden fans, hope arises once more, as the distant sounds of battle echo across underground grapevines to the enslaved creatures of occupied fandom.

"More Ackerman is going to gamble everything on the chance of a quick victory over the last great opponent of the New Order.

"I am seated in the top of a great tree outside immediate danger, but in full view of the contestants. My recording apparatus is strapped around my back. . . . Now comes fresh skirmishes. Ackermanian soldiers have just tried a heavy flanking thrust into our lines. That military genius Joseph (G) Gilbert ((Who? Me? JG)), brewed a Pen-At

of well-equipped fans to block them, then methodically eliminated them with pop bottles. Ackermania has lost the first round already --

"But the final push begins. . . . As far as the eye can see limitless hordes of fan soldiers from the far-off land known to grisly legend as Ackermania! Wave after countless wave -- crushing, battering . . . now the real battle is beginning in earnest!

"The mechanized divisions lead the terrible attack! And from concealed spring-boards hundreds of copies of Amazings, Captain Futures, and Thrilling Wonders are hurled into our defenders . . . they are made of steel, but nothing surely could withstand such an onslaught as that. Gas masks are worse than useless. Our fans blindly retreat, rubbing water out of their blistered eyes, their faces pale green, screaming for death to release them from the horrible nauseous agony, . . . in a final desperate counter-attack our first lines of gassed fans hurl everything against the mechanized robots assaulting them.... the cars are halted . . . but from behind, rushing onward, row on row, comes the infantry. Their numbers are legion, limitless. They come ever onward, marching with an earth shaking tread -- all is desperate confusion as a final, killing volley of the prozines just mentioned and Scientifun, along with other things too horrible to contemplate, hurtle into the midst of our men.

"By the way, summer has come upon us! So engrossed were we in the battles, though, that we never noticed. . . . A marked weakening in the vitality of the Ackifans can be discerned, but we are in truly terrible shape ourselves as a result of attack after heartless attack.

"All seems lost! Vapours reach me even here! They are revolting beyond description . . . Confusion everywhere. Ackifans rush in on all sides, through our crumbling lines . . .

"But -- can it be so -- no, surely not. Impossible, but still -- a wild, incredible hope . . .

"The enemy retreats! A new reserve force, held thus far in check by the Genius Gilbert, is now unloosed! And . . . and -- incredible as it may seem . . . THE ACKIFANS ARE RETREATING! THEY ARE BEATEN! They are the crush', the defeat'!

"I do not know how the camp has done it, but . . . I am proud, proud beyond measure to have been on their side! Mine Camp! You have won the greatest battle of all, and will free the whole of fandom from Ackerman's clutches, and be sung about insong and story in all the ages to come! Mine Camp! You have defeated the enemy!"

CHAPTER X

The Millenium

Stern faces lined the now quiet battlefield outside of Columbia. The world was again at peace. Two months after the disastrous defeat at Columbia, the last Acki-supporter had been rounded up. Revolts in the occupied fan-fields had aided immeasurably the final victory promised with unfaltering faith by Gilbert during the dark days of the campaigns. After the terrible defeat, the Ackimistic War Machine

quickly fallen to pieces. Of the remaining Joe Fanns who had served on Ackerman's side, most were at a loss to understand it all.

"It was like a nightmare," Joe Fann of Onehorsetown, South Dakota said, "I — I wasn't myself at all. I had no will. Just like in one of them science fiction stories, where the Martian takes over the hero's mind and he can't struggle. It was like that, and I had to do what I was told. Sometimes I would sort of come out of it and be ashamed and horrified because of what I was doing, and then those blazin' eyes of Mr Ackerman — how we got to hate him sometimes! — would drag me back under. We are all glad to get out of here and go back home. Only from now on I'm reading western stories as a hobby."

McQueen and Jenkins kept plucking at Gilbert's sleeve, while Eastman, always forceful, assisted by kicking rythmically at the most obvious spot. Jenkins voiced the question. "One thing we don't understand: those reserve fans. Where did they come from? Why weren't they, too, overcome by the fumes? Who are they?"

There was momentary silence under the majestic arches of leafy trees budding forth in spring. Conflict and hatreds seemed a million miles away. Clouds rode high in an azure sky as Gilbert licked his lips, twisted his hat into shapelessness, and explained:

"Oh, I just thought those fans would try something like that, so I prepared for it. None of us could have stood up to it, for we realize what it . . . uh . . . is. BUT" (he continued loudly), "A new fan — outer circle chap — would thrive on it. I collected all the first stage fans I could find — including Dave Miller of Georgia, Jack Townsend of North Carolina, Billy Jenkins of Columbia, Raym Washington of Florida . . . and held them for the supreme moment. Then, when we seemed lost, they went in through the poisonous fumes, which stimulated them, and did their jobs, and did them well, too. . . . It warn't nuthin', really."

Later, in the same shady battleground, where only an occasional half-buried Pepsi-Cola bottle reminded one of the grim carnage that had taken place earlier, the trial was held: The Trial of Ackerman, guiding genius of militaristic Ackormanis:

Gilbert, after many hours, in which Forry stood firm and haughty, yellow Aryan hair waving slightly in the wind, pronounced sentence, with virtually every important personage in fandom looking on:

"Ackerman, we find you guilty, as charged, and sentence you to -- READ SCIENTIFUN EVERY ISSUE!" A dead silence followed. Forry broke down completely, and every assembled fan agreed that no intelligent being, regardless of his crimes, should be handed such a terrible sentence. "O, U R not human!" Forry wailed. Gilbert's face was a mask. He saw his duty and intended to carry it out.

Abruptly, Forry, frantic, broke away, and tried to drown himself in the lake nearby. And there, in that moment, every heart went out to him, even those persecuted and ruined by his mad tyranny, as they each realized the bitter irony of the frustration of his suicide attempt; even as he, broken in spirit by this last Black disappointment, climbed drippingly on shore and stumbled forward to meet his fate — realizing that he could swim . . .

• • • by--

Yet I went through that same sort of breathless inner ecstasy when I saw my first issue of Amazing Stories on a newsstand, featuring "Off On a Comet," by Jules Verne. I was excited because I had long since decided that the cream of the works to be found in Weird Tales was comprised of science-fiction stories, and I had taken this to be my own particular favorite type of tale, but without any hope that any magazine would ever devote itself exclusively to scientifi~~ction~~fiction. Amazing Stories answered my unmentinned prayers precisely, and I still feel a personal debt to Mr. Hugo Gernsback, the man who fostered a magazine which was to be the vanguard for a host of imitators. Now there are many publications dealing strictly in science-fiction -- so many, in fact, that the genera is subdivided into science-fiction, future-fiction, mutants, and other breakdowns, and magazines are on the market which cater exclusively to even finer classifications.

Twice, then, have I experienced terrific literary thrills of discovery. I cannot now see a possible future discovery of equal magnitude or equal interest to me. I would like to think that there might be, just beyond the horizon, the realization of some unrevealed dream of mine in the fields of scientifiction, but I cannot imagine what form it would take. A check, perhaps, for a story sold —! That, now, would certainly provide a third great moment.

A moment which might even surpass in elation that first Weird Tales, or that first Amazing Stories. Back in those days I cried for more fantasy and yet more. Today I wonder at yesterday's enthusiasm and cry for less. There are so many fantasy magazines on the market that the editors have to take even mediocre contributions at times, in order to fill up the issues.

Some people have asked me what type of scientifiction story I prefer, and that's rather hard to answer. I've reached the stage where I like almost any good adventure story, whether fantasy or not. I'm omniverous. I read everything good and bad I can get my hands on and find time for, but when I hibernate for a few hours of uninterrupted reading it's generally an off-the-trailer I select for my companion.

I started reading scientifiction back before the "Blind Spot". I read Verne's "From The Earth To The Moon" at eight, and I suppose that was my downfall. When other boys were reading about Spunky Skunk or Peter Possum I was wading through "Murders In The Rue Morgue", "The Telltale Heart", "The Pit And The Pendulum", "The Masque of The Red Death", and all the Horatio Algiers I could get my hands on. I thoroughly enjoyed "Sink Or Swim", "Dive Or Drown", and all those other "Do Or Don't" books by Alger, Optic, and the other success writers. Today we think of Dale Carnegie as the man who tells us how to succeed. Why he's just a grown-up version of Alger, who appealed to the kids of twenty and thirty years ago, and showed them how to get ahead by being friendly, energetic, and self-reliant.

All through grammar school I read my indiscriminate way, going through the "Bobbsey Twins", "Tom Swift", "Radio Boys", and so forth and finally graduating into "Tarzan", George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark" books, and then later, Sax Rohmer's scarer-darers. But all along I continued to read the Argosy and its sister publications, all of which featured scientifiction or "different" stories occasionally. Not often enough, of course.

So when Weird Tales came along, I was standing there with my tongue hanging out as I have related. I raked and scraped together my fare every month for a ride to wonderland with the ghosts and vampires and other plug-uglies rampant in the pages of "The Unique Magazine". And was ripe for something more particularized when Amazing appeared. Gernsback ran a lot of reprints in with his original stuff, probably for reasons of economy, but I believe on the whole the magazine maintained a pretty fair standard of value. It would have been worthwhile to me if only for the poems of Leland S. Copeland which appeared in the early numbers, lilting verse such as:

LIGHT OF LIFE

The Disk of Day, a lonely star,
Shines in the Milky Way,
And leads its light through spatial fate
A million miles a day.

As on it sweeps with never fear
Of blackened suns or bright,
Its splendors ray the dotted day
Of universal night.

To all the speeding stars that form
A vast white wheel of light,
It flashes hope, as on they slope
Through everlasting night.

And though the earth at last may know
The WHY no man can say,
The spinning sun will not be done
For eons and a day.

If any of you folks care for Copeland, there are plenty more where that one came from. I don't know whether the poems are copyrighted or not, but if they are and if I knew where to write for permission to revive them here, I would take all possible precautions not to infringe on anybody's rights. Since I have such a profound admiration for Copeland's verse, however, and since my intentions are obviously complimentary, I am sure that even the author of "Light of Life" would be only too happy to allow me to use it for your enjoyment.

But just in case I'm forced hereafter to stick to quotations no longer young enough to require legal guardianship, how do you like this eight-line description of a comet from Byron's "Manfred"?:

The hour arrived -- and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course.
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!

If you find poetic quotations too dull, here's a brief excerpt from Sartor Resartus, Book III, Chapter 8, "Natural Supernaturalism", which shows you that Thomas Carlyle gave a few of his contemporary writers a good basis for writing a time-travel tale -- but they didn't take him up on it, mainly because in the past people didn't write time-travel tales. They used to clap citizens in the looney-bins for even less serious lapses than the writing of escape literature. But listen:

"-- Deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your grand fundamental world--enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME . . . In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavor to strip them off; you can, at best, but rend them asunder for a moment and look thru. ((The abbreviated "through" is sic, and presumably Carlyle's. Are you listenin', 4e? JG)).

"Fortunatus had a wishing hat, which when he put it on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was there. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no where, but all was Here. Is the past annihilated, then, or only spart; Is the Future non-extant or only future? The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both

The Devil's Stamping Ground

BY PHIL SCHUMANN

The Prince of Darkness marches nightly in the flatlands of North Carolina. He chose an eerie spot in the western part of Chatham county near Highpoint long years ago, and to this day his evil self marches at night.

At least that is what the natives of the territory actually believe, and then, too, there is the conclusive evidence of the earth itself.

If you travel approximately ten miles from Old Silver City to Harper's Cross Roads, you will come upon a narrow old country road. Within fifty yards from the mouth of this road one comes upon a smooth cleared path, forming a perfect circle about forty feet in diameter. This circle is surrounded almost completely by stately trees, some of them young, some old, some little more than shrubs. But the path that forms the circumference is as bare as a billiard ball, and inside this diabolical circle nothing grows save scattered wire grass.

As far back into the past as mortal man can remember, that smooth, clear circle, free entirely of vegetation, has stood there defiantly daring men to solve its secret. As far back into the past as mortal man can remember, nothing has grown within the circle but wire grass. All efforts to transplant that wire grass elsewhere have failed. All efforts to make any other vegetation grown on the smooth circle have also failed.

Any obstacles placed during the day across the path which form the circle's circumference have vanished from sight the following morning. Natives of the area will tell you that hounds of hunters approaching this weird spot will suddenly hesitate, tremble, and finally flee. In this area no birds sing. There is no wild life of any sort. These fantastic phenomena have been witnessed a thousand times, they say.

The tales are not new ones — they have been passed along from generation to generation. There have been many, many attempts to explain away this eerie mockery of nature. Some say Indian braves tramped down the section in great war dances, generations of gyrating moccasin-clad feet tramping the earth barren. Some say it is the burial place of the great Indian chief Croatan, watched over by Indian gods.

Some believe that buried pirate treasure is under the circle, and many have dug for it — although none have retrieved one particle of wealth. Some say a sugar mill once stood there, and horses' hoofs beat down the earth in treading a circle to turn the machinery.

Yet these are merely legends and suppositions. There is no logical explanation of this circle — the path in which no vegetation will grow despite repeated efforts. These reports are not merely fancy — they are fact, cold and blunt. Recently the State Highway Commission erected signs directing visitors to this haunt of the underlord. I have seen photographs of this place — and I have seen these pictures to be more diabolically illogical and horrible than any fantastic motie picture that has ever been; for this is reality, and homo sapiens Joe not, dares not believe in the supernatural. And yet . . .

OL' DOC PANURGE PRESENTS

*The
Munsely
Panorama*

THE YOGI'S CURSE, by Walt McDougall. 9pp, July 6, 1912.

Young Porter McGregor is transformed within a few hours into a white haired, feeble old man; forced to beg for a living, because a curse has been put upon him by the yogi Rama Sindh. He regains his youth at last through the help of a friend, who forces the yogi to withdraw the curse.

IN THE HAUNTED GRANGE, by E. M. Dinns. P. 343, July 27, 1912.
Poem.

IN 2112, by J. U. Giesy and James B. Smith. 3pp, Aug. 10, 1912.

The professor sends Bill Jones two hundred years into the future. Bill notes many changes in everyday life, falls in love with a girl named Maida, returns to the nineteenth century with a distinct bump.

Any Esperanto fans in the house? The three pages of the English text of this story are followed by the same story in Esperanto.

PROHIBITION, by C. W. Hayes. 13pp, Aug. 24, 1912.

Here a clever writer of 1912 looks into the future and sees an America that countenances both prohibition and votes for women, and though his humorous prophecy goes astray in some respects, it is pretty accurate in others.

Jones had been in South America for twenty years, and though he had heard that America was bone dry, he didn't know they'd clap him in jail for the mere mention of an intoxicant. Absolutely extinct were alcoholics. Convivial gentlemen were getting "high" on ham and eggs or chicken. Jones learned that drunkenness is only a state of mind combined with overindulgence, and proved an apt pupil when friends showed him how to get pleasantly illuminated on a piece of fowl.

But soon the women were crusading again, making campaign issues of "Down with the chicken evil!"

In desperation, the men taught themselves to get jagged by a purely mental process; but at this point Jones decamped. He bought a ticket to Windsor, Canada, and remained there for the rest of his days.

A DESSERT EDEN, by Edwin L. Sabin. Novelette, 34pp, Sept 21, 1912.

As it waited the Mesa of the Enchanted Happy Ones "gently shimmered, blending in ethereal way with the blue sky. . . . It stood alone, as if it might be a gigantic fungus growth."

The reason for this appearance was that the mesa stood on the borderline of the fourth dimension; and on at least one occasion it disappeared completely from human sight.

On this mesa an army plane made a forced landing, and marooned for all practical purposes, were Colonel Bool, his wife, his daughter and the pilot, Danny Daviess.

Exploration revealed a vegetable garden that had been recently watered, a spring, and a cave that was evidently inhabited; but there was no other trace of a human being—not even tracks in the soft earth of the garden.

One by one the four castaways were translated into the fourth dimension. The dweller in the cave was then found to be a priest who had lived there for hundreds of years.

Author attempts humorous buildup, and is fairly successful except in the beginning. Once you are well into the story, it is pleasant reading, and pure fantasy.

THE GOLDEN DELUGE, by Gerald Villiers Stuart. 12pp, Sept. 21, 1912.

—Was not a deluge at all. Here's just another poor laddie, Edward Hearne, who discovered a way to make gold, only to be promptly squelched by the powerful financiers. They hired a surgeon to arrange matters so that Hearne would permanently lose his memory, gave him million dollars under false pretenses, and forgot the whole thing.

THE CLOAK OF LIFE, by Glen Visscher. 3pp, Sept. 28, 1912.

One of those allegorical things that is full of capital letters. A Shape stands before a Woman and says, "Looky here, Biddie, I got two Cloaks. One's pretty and one ain't. Which you want?" And she says "I want the pretty one, you gosh-danged ignorant Puff of Smoke."

But she got tired of the Purty One almost as soon as I did, and the next time she crossed trails with Mr. Shape she said, "Say, Foggie, I'll swap with you for that plain one called Renunciation. I got a yo to be Exalted."

I dunno why I should mention it all. (Anvil chorus: "Neither do we!")

GALATEA THE SECOND, by Fred Jackson. Novelette, 34pp, Oct. 5, 1912.

When Coleman went to take over his late uncle's estate, the most interesting thing he found was a life-size, life-colored statue called Galatea. But this preliminary interest was as nothing compared to his emotions when Galatea came to life.

Though she was a charming lady and learned rapidly, her mind was at first as blank as that of a new-born baby. Not only could she speak no word of any language, but she was not even aware of the law of gravitation.

Though Fred Jackson was known mainly as a writer of love stories you need not shy away from this novelette on that account. It is expertly handled.

BY WAY OF THE BLACK ROAD, by Charlotte Teller. 5pp, Oct. 19, 1912.

"Half an hour before she had come over the black road that the People of the Day call 'Sleep', and now she was sitting on the big rock waiting for him and watching the moon rise over the sea and lift itself up to where it could shine down on the Irish coast. . . . She had never waited for him before. She had let him have the little place on certain nights for a retreat from the daytime. . . . It was the only place where he could get any peace and be alone. . . ."

A STUDY IN SOMNOLISM, by Junius B. Smith. 11pp, Nov. 2, 1912.

All about the depredations of a Mexican hypnotist. One of the worst, gentlemen! Concrete evidence (just as if you'd asked for it that Giesy must have been the guiding hand in the collaborations. Distinctly not recommended. Amateurish.

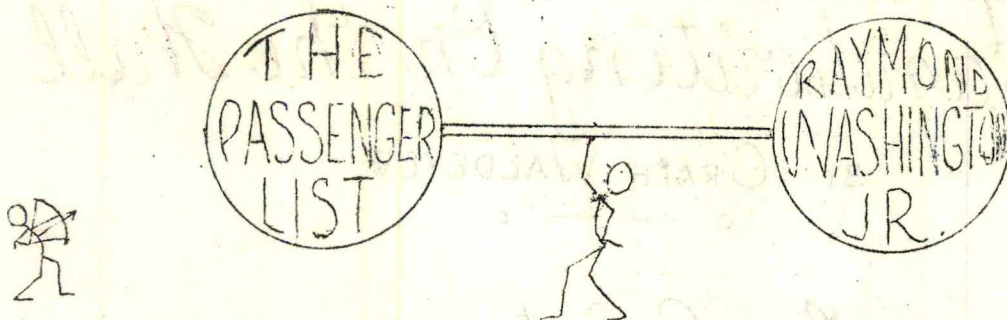
THE INNOCENT SLEEP, by Michael Williams. 13pp, Nov. 9, 1912.

My first acquaintance with this quaint idea: New York is visited by a plague of contagious insomnia! Disaster is averted only by a narrow margin. The author does a lot with this brain child.

THE FORBIDDEN FLOOR, by Alexander Harvey. 10pp, Nov. 23, 1912.

Young Arthur Bowers spent the greater part of his time in see

Agertrudeisasteinisasteinisasteinisasteinisasteinisasteinisasteinisasteinisasteinisast
Ain'tthisahellofawaytofaillopapagebutwhatdyawantfornothingfortunemaga



This fan was born in November, 1926. Start counting your fingers; if you must, take off your shoes when you pass ten.

I am tall and thin, 5' 10" on the last measurement. Weigh something in the vicinity of 118 pounds. Dark brown eyes, brown hair, two legs, etc. I like to torture my sister, Mary Helen, age 9. I make faces; she hits me with great force in the small of my back, meanwhile yelling oaths and defiance and swearing like a sailor. This amuses me greatly, for that is how I am made.

I like to stay up far into the night, pounding out limitless realms of tripe for fans, fanzines, or just for my own amusement. Ham, I've used "amused" twice.

Also like to play checkers, in which I employ exactly the same tactics that Hitler uses. I pick out the weakest point in the enemy's line, then go for it all-out. Keep shoving checkers into the bloody no man's land until the thin red line of heroes cracks . . . and my checker hordes swarm through the gap! Sacrificing my storm troops I burst into the enemy kingdom (keeping my own intact all thru the opening offensive) and get crowned. Then I begin to close in on the backs of the enemy regulars who can only move forward. In a series of brilliant flanking maneuvers I move up behind them and they are caught between the jaws of a giant nut-cracker. Moving swiftly, with everything on schedule and operations proceeding according to plan, I encircle and annihilate all resistance. Sometimes my time table is upset. When this happens I am confused. When my opponent steals the initiative I fall back on defensive tactics and merely jump with no attempt to gain ground.

I get beat lots of time, tho. Blind luck on my opponent's part... or blind stupidity on my own. Drop in for a game sometime.

I am primitive. I like to climb trees. A throwback, no doubt, to the good old days.

Was a child prodigy. Was a fat rascal then, too. Could repeat page after page; sing song after song; read sign after sign at the age of four -- so they say. Now said prodigy's brain is burned out. We weep. You glee.

Early in June, 1941, I ran into a car and wrecked my bicycle. So much for that.

I think that the fans are the most intelligent, most deserving race that has ever inherited the earth. Though strong individualists they all have certain basic qualities that I admire because they are so strong in myself. All that I have met were willing to listen to my theory of time, my theory of the world . . . as I listened to theirs. Most important of all, they have not lost the cosmic Viewpoint: that there is no permanent law but the law of change and to, above all things, keep an open mind, is to advance the human race and keep "In Tune With The Infinite".

The Handwriting On the Wall

BY GRAPH WALDEYES

Lee B. Eastman

Nature was quite lavish in bestowing character traits upon Mr. Eastman. On one side are caution, reticence, emotional reserve, and some repression. On the other are excess energy, a reaching out to many different pursuits, flights of fancy of an alert mind, a sort of coy sense of humor, and even flirtatiousness. This latter, however, seems to be a tendency to flirt with new and novel ideas rather than what the common use of the word implies.

For Mr. Eastman certainly does experiment with the different, the new and unusual. He does so with gusto and enthusiasm. Indeed, it's indicated that a good deal of his energy more or less "blows off in steam", but even so, there is plenty left for solid accomplishment.

The most pronounced single trait shown is of a strong sense of personal independence and pride. He is very self-willed — unlike Icha-bod Crane he can be neither bent nor broken. He has every mental qualification to be an explorer. He has the active mind, the imagination, the vitality to stand up under solitude and hardship. He will make a very interesting individual in social contacts. But while he enjoys such contact, he needs it less than most. He never reveals his innermost thoughts and feelings. What makes him interesting is his personal magnetism, his active imagination and original mind.

L. Russell Chauvenet

The main indications in Mr. Chauvenet's handwriting are of a constructive, precise, materialistic mind, functioning on a cultural and literary plane. His reactions to art and beauty and literature are substantial and solid — nothing nebulous or ethereal about it. He is sensuous. He responds, esthetically, to the vitality and color and the material world.

In literature, likewise, it is the solid values that appeal to him. The literary flair is definitely indicated by the clipped lettering and particularly his use of the Greek "g". This may or may not indicate creative literary ability ((In Chauvenet's case, it definitely does. JG)). What it always does reveal is a background — mental or environmental — of a cultural sort.

The writer appreciates the beauty and color of life, but he is discriminating and selective to a high degree. He is conservative and economical with money or material possessions. He will spend unstintingly for what really appeals to his good taste, but is never wasteful or extravagant. He will be equally economical with words; precise and perhaps slightly dogmatic in expressing ideas.

This doesn't mean he is the least bit orthodox in his views, though there may be a touch of the pedant in his tendency to insist that things are such and so, and that's that. This doesn't mean his views may not be the correct ones, for there is an analytical and penetrating mind that forms the opinions, and also a sharp and satirical wit.



We ran across an amusing literary line of thought just lately when we finally got around to reading Elifony Thayer's introduction to The Books of Charles Fort (Henry Holt & Co., 1941). In that introduction, Thayer knew darn well there would be skeptics and skeptics . . . so he figured a way to beat them in advance. He lists all the types of readers who are most apt to rise up and shout "aw nuts!" after reading the book, and to be on the safe side included a few who wouldn't be so apt. He thought, mayhap, the "aw nuts!" reader would read his preface last (if at all) and, finding himself listed as a breakfast-table scientist, be thoroughly squelched upon being so accurately expected in advanced.

The list of those who would think "aw nuts!" after reading the book, (1) the slow of perception, (2) certain untouchables, (3) the dignified, (4) all sourpusses, (5) the cursory or unobservant, (6) Worshipers at the Shrine of Einstein, (7) some pedagogues, (8) the timid, (9) the gullible, and (10) . . . readers of a group of periodicals such as Merritt's American Weekly. (From which we derive our term of "breakfast-table scientists".)

Checking back over that list we tried to call to mind the various fans who have, at one time or another, denounced Fort in words similar to "aw nuts!" Joe Gilbert, our own dear editor is one. Perhaps you recall the time some ~~page~~ when Astounding reprinted Fort's Lo! in its pages? There were some others, we believe, who objected then, in print. We just can't pin them down now, but we believe they were some of Wollheim's crowd, if not DAW himself. In the great mass of people whom fandom claims as its own, the objecting group have been small.

Which label, we wondered, applied to them? Take Gilbert for instance. (Purely for instance, and as an example, mind you!) Is he: #1. I hardly think so. He doesn't sound like a sot, much less a dead one. #2? If he is slow of perception I'm Mahatma Gandhi's understudy. #3? To judge by his few writings he is about as untouchable as ~~anybody~~ in 1942. #4? Dignified? Gilbert? Heheheheh! #5. He just might be a sourpuss. Ask Jenkins. #6? It hardly seems reasonable, considering the field he is in. #7? We were under the impression that fans had long ago outstripped Einstein. #8? Only once have we heard him trying to teach anybody anything — and he later apologized to the Futurians. #9? Timid? Gilbert? "aw nuts!" #10? Ah! The gullible! At long last we come to the classification. Ninety-nine fans out of a hundred fall into this category! The most gullible people on earth are those who read Amazing, and trailing close behind are fans.

We found ourself in this class too, when we read the preface. And yet we didn't shout "aw nuts!" at the book. As Kuslan mentions in the October SPACEWAYS, it is best to retain final judgement until someone comes along and lifts Fort's material out of whatever "witchcraft" hole it is now buried in, and, by proving a few things, places it in some one or the other of the recognized sciences. Or even creates a new branch of science of it. ((Darn tootin'. Only my quarrel is with Fort and not with his material, which is, in itself, a unique and fascinating collection of offtrail facts. But Fort, in his attacks on the bigots in science, was far more stupidly bigotted and narrowminded than those whom he attacked. Which is not, unfortunately, an unusual occurrence. People attack in others what they most fear in themselves. Fort was certainly no exception. JG)).

Off on a new book now, but still dwelling upon the thought expressed in the last paragraph above. William Seabrook's Witchcraft. Its Power in the World Today (Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1940).

You know without our reminding you what witchcraft was in the world yesterday. And how people, supposedly intelligent, feared it to the point where they committed torturous murder to rid themselves of it. So along comes science and lifts the witch out of witchcraft, and places the barren remainder into science. Could you persuade a gentleman of a bygone day to believe that we have turned his "witchcraft" into extremely productive sciences of today? I doubt it.

And yet we still have witchcraft with us today. Hitler is a witch. Seabrook's exact definition of witchcraft is mental therapy in reverse. A witch stuffed pins in a doll until the enemy died. But — the enemy always knew the pins were being poked in the doll and his own mind did the killing. Hitler's idea of repeating a thing over and over until it "sinks in permanently" is pure witchcraft as she was practiced (No, these brilliant thoughts and theories were not originated by myself. Seabrook must take the credit). Do you desire to get rid of an enemy, read the book. Explicit instructions are enclosed.



The November-December issue of Mulrain's SENTINEL has a thought-provoking little item entitled "Suspect Lists" which was reprinted from a book on the U. S. Secret Service. It recounts how, during the first World War, the Navy maintained a list of one hundred, fifty thousand suspects. Permit us to breathe a trifle easier, knowing as we do that fandom didn't exist (as we know it) during the First World War.

You may suspect, if you wish, that the following is something similar to an outright plug for LE ZOMBIE. But meat for an item was furnished by the "Star Stomper" column in the September issue of LeZ. It concerns that dear old standby, Palmer's Amazing Stories. (How the groans and sneers — plus a few scattered huzzas — will arise upon reading that name!)

Almost everyone has taken a kick at Amazing, somewhere, sometime, some-

now. Those who stand are almost none in the rush to boot its exposed fans. But there is, we think, the outstanding fact that none of us can get around, regardless of our personal opinions. Amazing has the largest circulation of any sf magazine. Now wait — we're not trying to start the Palmer-Campbell circulation war all over again! We can't accept the exhibited opinions of our own 100 (or any such likely figure you'd care to name) fans as being representative of its total readers. Find out for yourself if you're unbiased. Ask any number of newsstand people those who are intelligent enough to note sales trends in anyone which sf magazines sell the best. We went further than that. Knowing our local distributor in a somewhat personal sense, we went direct to him. He supplies the entire country hereabouts, almost. He said Amazing.

We have long suspected it, even tho we used to argue with Reinsberg, when that worthy loyally defended Palmer against every slam thrown in the general direction of Chicago. Perhaps you recall our stating that we had even better proof, the word of an advertiser? We have no reason to believe this advertiser lied to us. His word is untainted. Being an advertiser in professional publications he had access to the "confidential records" of the several pulp magazines. You guessed it, Pal. Amazing again.

Logically, fandom doesn't like Amazing because it ain't what it was or should be in our estimation. So we hurl it to the nethermost depths of hell, which doesn't bother Palmer one whit. We could accomplish more actual "push" if we lined fandom in front of a Dutch windmill and all blew on the vanes in unison. Maybe a vane would quiver, for fans have plenty of vocal chords and unbeatable leather lungs.

Comes the day in 1942 when the Pacificon will have closed; joyous fans and some not-so-joyous will be eagerly hurrying homeward, intent upon a myriad of tasks. People in and about Los Angeles will settle back in contented ease and wait for the fanzines to start rolling in. The fanzines will have in them articles about the convention. What joy... what pure... what pure... the fans have say about your very own convention, just successfully over!

Fandom will read how a good time was enjoyed by all, and how a great amount of real science fiction business will have been accomplished... ..between saloons.

The outside or non-fan reader will not be so enlightened. Suppose Joe Fann's mama picks up a copy of (name your fanzine) the month after the Pacificon. She wanted to see for herself what Joe did in California. End of story.

Every now and then someone sets a precedent in the fan field that is followed religiously by every fan later finding himself on the same path. Such as, for instance, the great number of fanzines using the so-called "Harry Warner system" or "the SPACEWAYS system" of rating material. They request your votes in those exact words. As an offshoot thought it occurs to us that the so-called "Harry Warner system" isn't his system at all; if memory serves us right he borrowed the

how. Those who stand staunchly by it are almost run over in the rush to boot its exposed fanny. But there is, we believe, one outstanding fact that none of us can get around, regardless of our personal opinions. Amazing has the largest circulation of any stf magazine. Now wait -- we're not trying to start the Palmer-Campbell circulation war all over again! We can't accept the embittered opinions of our own 100 (or any such likely figure you'd care to name) fans as being representative of its total readers. Find out for yourself if you're unbiased. Ask any number of newsstand people (those who are intelligent enough to note sales trends in any one line) which stf magazines sell the best. We went further than that. Knowing our local distributor in a somewhat personal sense, we went direct to him. He supplies the entire country hereabouts, almost. He said Amazing.

We have long suspected it, even tho we used to argue with Reinsberg when that worthy loyally defended Palmer against every slam thrown in the general direction of Chicago. Perhaps you recall our stating something to that effect in LoZombie. And what was that line about a plug?

Every now and then someone sets a precedent in the fan field that is followed religiously by every fan later finding himself on the same path. Such as, for instance, the great number of fanzines using the so-called "Harry Warner's system" or "the Spaceways system" of rating material. They request your votes in those exact words. As an off-shoot thought it occurs to us that the so-called "Harry Warner system" isn't his system at all; if memory serves us right he borrowed the neat idea from C. S. Youd of England, who published Fantast.

But the meat of the matter is this: for a long time we wished someone would lay down a precedent governing the demise of fanzines. Too often we sit around on pins and needles, pining away to a mere nothing while awaiting the coming of a favored fanzine to our mailbox ----- and what happens? Why, we usually find out around Christmas time that the darn thing folded in July, and that the editor neglected to inform anyone but his nearest fan-neighbor (who was bored by it anyway). Sun Spots, we are happy to report, did finally set the precedent. They informed all and sundry that somebody had squirted water on their particular spot and that henceforth the Westwood sun would no longer shine.

(Subsequently, of course, the magazine was resumed, but that is beside the point). But their postcard announcement should be set up as a mark of distinction wherever fanzines are published. Inasmuch as "news" of the demise of a fanzine, appearing in some news column of another publication, is quite often overlooked or unbelieved, it would save us dear readers an awful lot of weight-losing worry if you dear editors would but inform the subscribers directly the dire news. A lot of fans will believe that because a fanzine hasn't appeared for three or four months ((Or years. JG)) it's done for. How different the truth really is! ((Yeecaahh, MAN! JG)).

A lot of years ago, but not so many that you can't remember, we began the sticker craze in fandom. At least, we fondly believe we started it. Letterheads were so expensive and so rare that when a fan popped up with some, the amazing fact was duly noted in the gossip columns of the

then-popular fanzines. Try getting a gossip column to mention you having a letterhead today.

There have been times since that early date when we wondered if we did the wise thing in introducing stickers — considering the use made of them now. We have seen many a Godawful sticker these last years, and many Godawful things printed on them. Just lately we ran across the crowning insult to the sticker trade. Had latterheads continued to be the sole medium of self-advertising and expression we would have been spared this, but . . .

There is a chap in Live Oak, Florida who politely informs the world via sticker that he is "Raym of the Star-Flecked Cosmos". The first time we laid eyes on that one, we ran hurriedly to our public library, took down all the astronomy books and star plates and searched somewhat madly and frenziedly for the star-flecked cosmos. We never did find it. Now that we have become more or less inured to this particular bit of stickum paper we are able to receive a letter, with one attached, with a minimum of shuddering.

Next on our list of young public enemies is a chap in Chicago named Morton Handler. His sticker is very dignified, sedate, simple. It simply states: Morton Handler — Author. Nothing very damaging in that. When we read it we began reveiwing our memory train to find the stories he had written. Searching science fiction as we did, we were unable to find a single Handler story. We even considered Amazing since it was logical that his probable sales would be there. No luck. We have now come to the conclusion that either he (a) writes for western mags, or (b) he is the guy who signs his work "Anson MacDonald".

Third and last under consideration is a gentleman whom we knew as Harry Schmarje in Muscatine, Iowa. We used to correspond with Harry, but alas he is no more. One day we received a letter from Muscatine bearing a sticker which told us Harry had passed on to bigger and better things. The sticker said: Harris M. Schmarje, Esq., Author — Columnist — Critique.

We quit.

Feeling in an unnaturally mature state of mind this morning, after awakening from a sixteen hour sleep, we ruminated upon the state of civilization. This, as you must realize, is a horrible example to set for the rest of fandom; because fandom isn't known for solid thinking.

Civilization, they tell us, is going to wrack and ruin because of war. War must be done away with. Even science fiction fans in their fanzine preach this doctrine. Editors, authors, columnists and critiques, even those living Iowa, say that war must go, that peace must be the dominant factor in this world. We want utopia. And, they say in the next breath, science fiction fans are the LOGICAL PERSONS TO BRING ON THIS PEACE, TO LEAD THE WAY TO A FINER, SANER TOMORROW!

And in the same issue of that fanzine will be found a handful of illustrations, small ones or full-page pictures. The theme of these pictures are fights, ray-gun battles, space-ship battles, monster-battles,

Gory war.

Please pardon us if we hold the opinion you've blown your top.

We can remember a time, and you probably can, too, when the Amazing carried articles by now, young, or inexperienced fans and how they met the science fiction problem in their young lives. Of how they happened to catch a glimpse of an Amazing cover on the newsstand, of how they spent their noon lunch money to buy it and drank a lot of water to pretend they had eaten, and how subsequently they smuggled the magazine into their home to read that night in bed, sometimes by no greater illumination than the moon or a block-distant street light.

And how, a complete convert by next day, they took the magazine to school (carefully hiding the cover while riding down on the street car) to exhibit it to their school chums; and how these chums sneered but they staunchly carried on; and how, in final desperation they showed the magazine to the teacher. These teacher's comments were always the same, to wit: "My, my, how interesting, educational and scientific."

The other day, while re-reading some of these articles, we gave thanks to whomever is responsible for not sending us to school, that we had never written any. And we decided upon an experiment. What would happen, we asked, if that very situation occurred today? What would happen if we took an Amazing to school and showed it around. No sooner had we hit upon the idea than we acted.

Buying a copy of Amazing we climbed aboard a street car, taking care to flaunt the gaudy cover whenever possible, held it high above our eye-level so to give the impression were reading it in collaboration with the man over our shoulder, and rode downtown to a public grammar school. Getting off, we rolled up our sleeves, hoisted up a trouser leg, stuck a book in our belt and otherwise disguised ourself as a school boy, and sauntered into the schoolyard, displaying the magazine. We trapped a youth of perhaps fourteen seated on a window casement. Dropping down beside him, we waved the magazine and in a dramatic whisper let him have it:

"Hey! Psssst! Take a look at this thriller. Have you seen it?"

The lad looked at us, looked at the magazine, turned to page 49 and said: "See that story? I wrote it. What's that book you have in your belt? I'm fond of Christopher Morley and Sinclair Lewis." One can only come to the hopeless conclusion that things have changed since the hectic days of our youth.

It has been said by wiser men than you and I that gems of real wisdom drop from the mouths of babes and fools. Now we have a fool in our family, but he is grown up, so it is the babe we wish to speak of here.

This child is sort of bright as children of her age go, pardon the boasting, and she is observant. That is the first clue. The second is that science fiction fans often visit our humble domicile. You should have the complete story there, but don't guess the ending, let me tell you.

(Concluded on page 35)

The Mystery of Creation — of

MAN THE ROBOT

Fred W. Fischer

George Fenton

In laboratories over the face of the world, men of science have been struggling to create life. Just as the alchemists of olden times tried to transmute base metals into gold, so are these researchers of today attempting to solve the secret of sentient existence, and duplicate it in the laboratory. Hearts have been kept beating for long periods in saline solutions; in Russia the head of a dog was kept alive after being severed from the body, cell tissue has been preserved in a healthy state. Bit by bit, in secrecy, life is yielding to inquiring minds an understanding of its functions and processes.

But — is this the first time these things have been known?

Are we so egotistical as to believe that during all the millions of years that this earth has existed, man has never risen to heights of achievement and experimental discovery before? We have a recorded history which we know to date back thousands of years. Before recorded history, time was. The dark ages of prehistory are not necessarily black ages of ignorance, as well. We know that the Chinese had a truly wonderful culture for thousands of years. We know that the Egyptians had a scientific ingenuity which enabled them to erect structures of mathematical perfection. We know that every country has its legends of Atlantis, of Mu, or of some other mythical kingdom of the sea which possessed superlative knowledge, a master race, a golden age.

We have discovered skeletons of men of mystery — the Cro-Magnon men. Men with well-developed skull structures quite capable of having considerable brain power. The Cro-Magnon could have been quite intelligent indeed; he could have been even more intelligent than we men of today. Yet in the shrouding mantle of invisibility which blankets his activities in history, we are defeated at any fact-finding. We can only be sure that for some reason the Cro-Magnon man met his destiny and overnight disappeared from the story of the human race.

Did he advance and advance until he knew too much, or knew more than it was good for man to know away back in the era of steaming earth, monster-ridden days and nights, jungle-haunted unpeopled spaces? Was the Cro-Magnon man entirely human? Or was he another branch on the Tree of Life, experimentally growing along an entirely different offshoot of evolution?

We are by no means advocating the theory that the Cro-Magnon man was an intellectual giant. We're just pointing out the incontrovertible fact that a race of beings might once have lived on this earth about whom we know next to nothing — a race which scaled the heights of invention and authority. Before the time even of fabled Atlantis this race might have been at the peak of their ascendancy. They might hav

discovered atomic power, and might, through the completed and simplified atom smashing then developed, have been able in time to migrate to other worlds, forced outward to the stars by a spirit of conquest beating as fiercely in their hearts as does the lure of discovery to the modern man.

But before this race deserted Earth for older and more livable planets elsewhere, could they not have created something to inherit the glory and the splendor of their cities of steel and plastic and glass? Could they not have created somewhere along the course of their scientific progress, a robot-form animated by a spark of life? Working in their laboratories, as we do today, to discover that most interesting of all nature's secrets — life — might they not have arrived at their goal? And created, under the urging of some concealed ego which invariably urges living animals to consider their own kind the acme of perfection, a duplicate of themselves?

The Robot, Man.

For today we try to fashion living flesh. And being a proud race, we will work on until that day comes when a synthetic man is formed, for our ego would cause us to shape anything of our creation into our own image. We, out of our knowledge of yesterday, that germ of the subconscious, would try to duplicate the feat of our masters.

We, too, would create a robot. A robot, Man.

And thus would have completed another full cycle in the long history of earth and its inhabitants, and just as in a million years and more the mighty cities of our predecessors would have tumbled and crumbled into dust and oblivion, so might our own towers, our own architecture, our own culture, become obliterated. We, the makers, might forsake Earth. Our synthetic men might remain here and multiply as we who might also be synthetic could have remained and multiplied.

In time, our robots could repeat the cycle back to the same beginning. Our confusion grows at the limitless possibilities of such a continuance of existence, not only on the Earth, but out to the most remote planets of the most remote solar system.

Our Book of Books tells of a creating of man — of the doft experiment and purposeful achievement of a Master Builder who Created out of raw elements, a robot — Man. Our Book of Books also tells of a chariot of fire which came to earth to take away one of the men of olden time. Could this chariot have been, perhaps, a rocket-ship? And could not those who witnessed the event, have been awe-stricken and able only to account for such a happening by attributing its occurrence to the act of a Superbeing? Truly a Superbeing, yet perhaps not a supernatural one.

Religion is something apart from science, which cannot be confused with science yet which cannot be extricated or disentangled from it without a cry of sacrilege being aroused. Yet in religion itself we are presented with a problem the solution of which might be yet a further argument presenting the evidence of man's synthetic makeup. For all the races of earth have a story which is similar: the story of a Being, benevolent, who watches man and judges his deeds and his misdeeds, weighing them toward a final reward. Buddha, Allah, Manito, Jove, Jupiter — these beings watch and wait, as does God. And in the final time they take men to their bosom. Could not this have been the promise of those who left so long ago — that when man was ready, man who had been created by them out of symbolical dust — he would be taken by them into the world beyond? The next world!

A world, perhaps, which has been pre-colonized and prepared for man by the "Before-Man". A world on another plane of existence which

Have you ever wondered over the coincidence revealed in the death of those thinkers who have striven to pierce the veil? Not authors only but unknown men in other walks of life, who have had a glimmering of the true things beyond the advisability of our knowing. Not only men like Lovecraft, Bierce, Fort, Hall, Flint, Howard — not only free-thinkers with inquisitive brains and facile pens; but others, many others, about whom we may never have heard. They have all died, these men. The authors, particularly, seemed to have reached a certain stage in their knowledge when their articles and their stories threatened to give a small part of this knowledge to the world. And so they have gone into the country beyond.

The subject is open to endless speculation, and man will always speculate on it, just as man will always seek to duplicate himself in metal and in plastic and in protoplasm until man again creates:

Lumber

[illegible]

12-1-1964

From the

--GRAPH WALDEYER