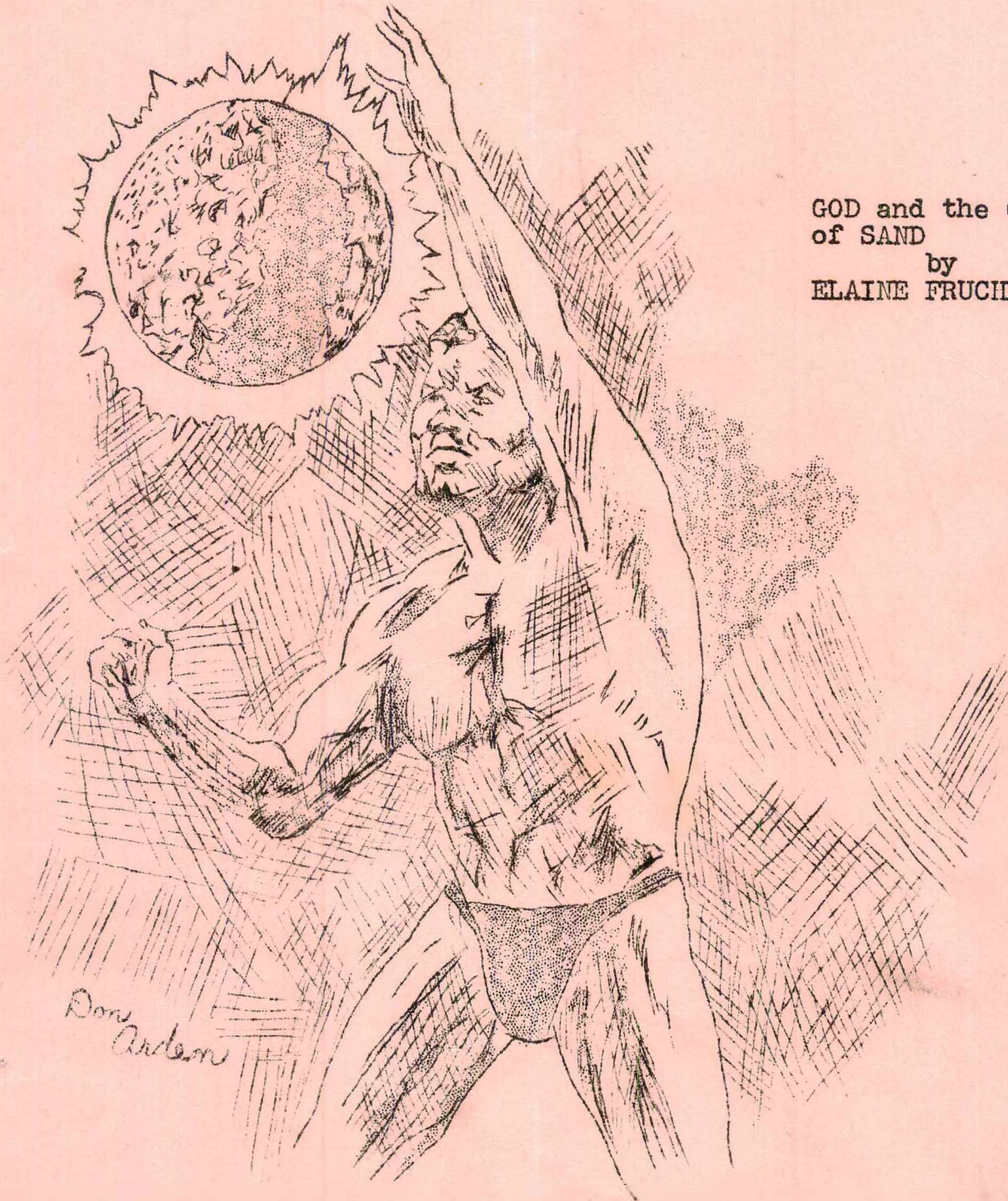


TLMA

Number 1
JUNE 1951



GOD and the GRAIN
of SAND

by
ELAINE FRUCHEY

WINGED VICTORY by BATTELL LOOMIS

ALSO MANLY BANISTER, BASIL WELLS, NANCY MOORE

25¢

JUNE 1951

God and the Devil
of the
by
W. A. L. L. L.

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25

TLMA

Vol. I
No. 1

Editor: Lynn A. Hickman
Associate Editor: Wilkie Connor
Art Editor: Arden Cray

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THUD BLUNDER

by BASIL WELLS

This's a column dedicated to all the dull thuds of falling dreams, Utopias, empty bottles, and discarded sf mags. It blunders hit and miss into various hush-hush and frowned-upon matters.

For instance, dueling. Outmoded custom. Maybe! I'd like to propose its revival by the U.N. Instead of declaring war, in which the strong nation usually steamrollers to victory, have ten volunteers from each nation be given identical arms and ammo. Seal 'em off in Death Valley or some isolated Saharan oasis and enforce a hands off policy. Winner can claim objectives listed and okayed by the Security Council.....

Whatever happened to the Union Now proposals? Seems as though first step toward world government needs an example. I'd go further, though and invite the Scandinavian countries, West Germany and Holland into the federation along with England, Canada and Australia. These countries are more closely linked together by customs, climate and language than any others. In self defense the Slavic and Latin countries would also unite(?) to iron out their differences. Germany, as a vital part of a friendly federation would pose no threat to France or Belgium.....And Stalin would be unhappy.

What READER'S DIGEST, and its feeble brethern, have done for the time-starved reader, should be done for the fantasy-sf field. A FANTASY DIGEST, reprinting the choicest tales and articles of six months or a year earlier, gets my vote....I predict that an E.R. Burroughs magazine hits the stands this year....All this depending on the outbreak of a third ghastly, of course.

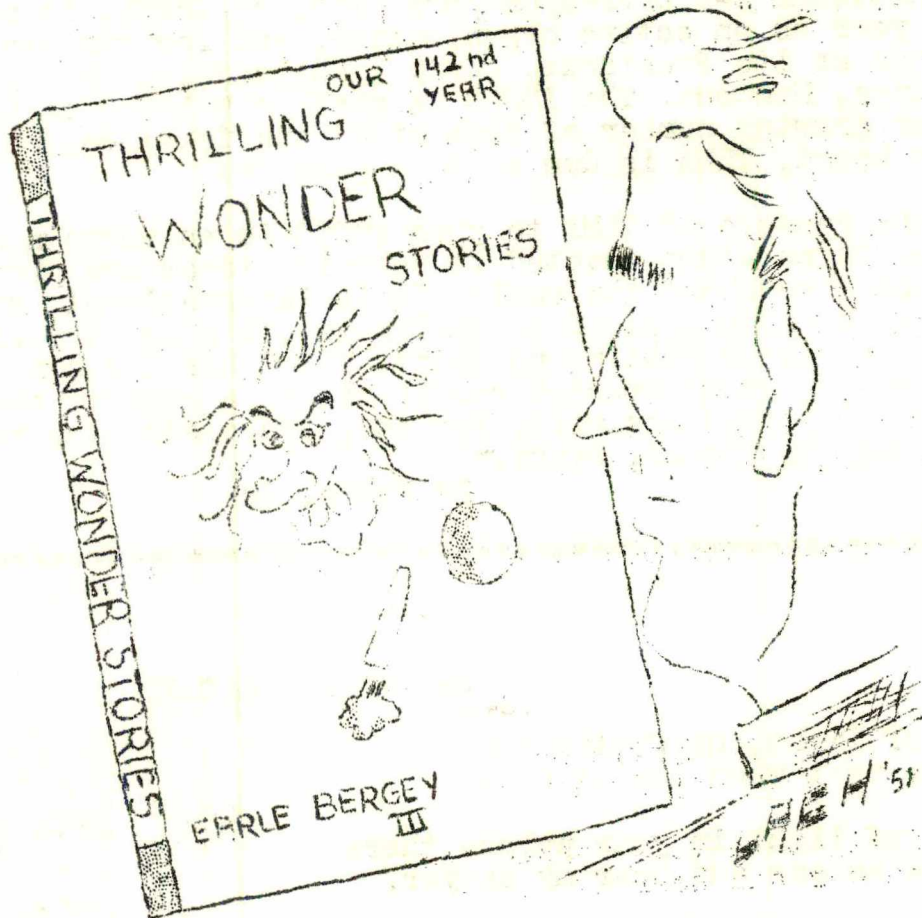
Many an old fan deplures the rash of cheaply packaged, garishly illustrated mags now trying to cash in on the booming sf market. Of course BEM's are nothing new. Some retch-inducing covers have been inflicted on us in years gone by. But with ASTOUNDING, FFM, FN and F and SF for examples of improved art --- why slip back into the old rut? WEIRD TALES is reversing the trend, apparently. For the first time in these many years the covers and interiors are on the upgrade....Where's Finlay and Bok and Dolgav? With them, WT would return to second place in this guy's affection.

One final jab at the superior, know-it-all attitude of most of us fans.

Glibly we recite the titles, authors, scientific errors, and our opinions of them all. We tell the editors who to print, what to print, and how to do it....Yet we are much in the minority. The average reader of sf(ninety-nine percent of them I estimate) recognizes not more than one or two of the scores of authors and titles we checklist. Yet he continues to read and enjoy certain magazines. It's the mag he reads. Not the author.

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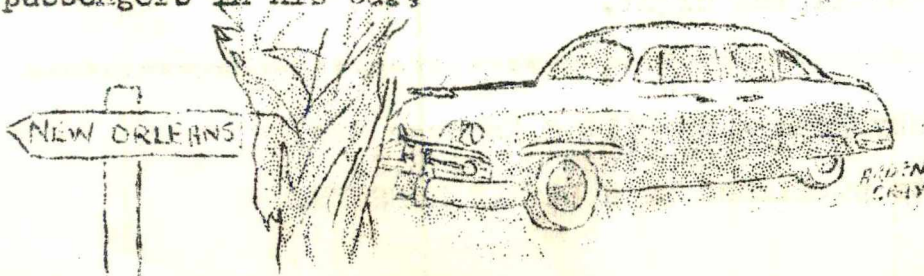
LAUGH WITH LACH



A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

NOTICE:

If you live in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia or Alabama and are going to the NOLACON, contact Lynn A. Hickman 408 W. Bell St. Statesville, North Carolina. Lynn is trying to organize a motorcade to invade New Orleans in force. Details will be sent to interested parties. Lynn also has room for three more passengers in his car.



THUD AND BLUNDER (cont.)

Try it out on the next eight or ten non-fans, but readers, of sf. I have. Van Vogt, Williamson, Heinlein, Bond, Merrit, Lovecraft, Asimov-----who're they? They do recognize Burroughs and maybe Wells and Verne.....

The International S-F Correspondence Club, or ISFCC, is well in its third year as an active organization, and for the second year in a row has as its President, Larry KiehlBauch, hard-workin' fan from Billings, Montana. The ISFCC is glad to welcome another 'zine to the ever growing number of club-zines and fanzines, and from what we've heard, TLMA is due to be a good one.

If there are readers of TLMA to whom ISFCC is an unknown quantity, it's one of those clubs devoted to swappin' ideas and promoting s-friendship throughout the world. It is international, with members ranging from Holland to Australia. It's not the biggest club going, but it's getting up there. ISFCC has its own magazine, EXPLORER, and if an interested reader wishes a copy to see what it's like, he(or she) can write for one, addressin' the request to: EXPLORER, Box 49, Girard, Penna.

Ed Noble, Jr.

by MYRTICE TAYLOR

Oh, Giver of light, Oh Mystic one
Who goes to rest when day is done:

Oh, Father of light in your palace there
Please lend an ear and hear my prayer.

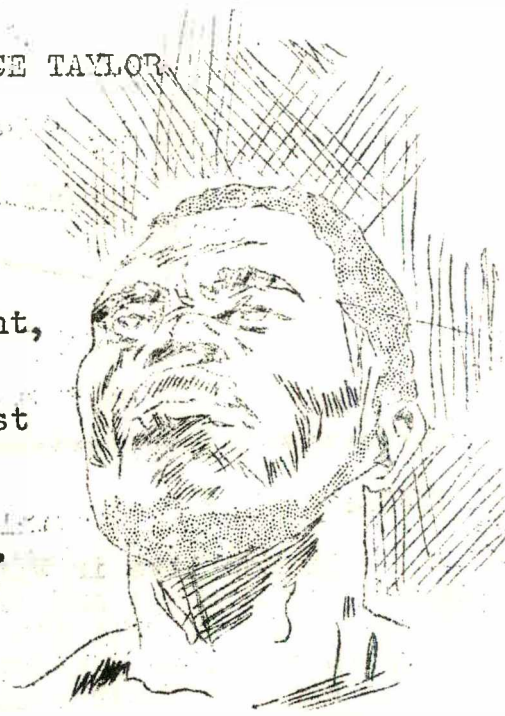
The cold id bitter when you hide your light,
The cold is bitter and long the night,

The twin moons rise when you take your rest
From west to east and east to west.

But they can never such comfort show
As fills our hearts when we see your glow.

Across wide canals and red desert sand,
Across our world you stretch your hand.

Oh, Mystic one, Oh Giver of light,
Reign on, reign on, until the night.



Read FANatic-----Bobby Pope - SW Hill & Hanover Sts.
Charleston 12, S.C.

15¢ per copy Its published by a LITTLE MONSTER.

Winged Victory

by Battell Loomis



I have suddenly become very fond of war. Coming from a man who has war at its worst on Guam and Iwo Jima, that is, indeed a strange statement. Those campaigns were of a different kind of war. I am referring to a contest in which draft boards will not be necessary.

My first taste of this new sort of war came when I was on a solitary hunting trip, seeking mostly to test the telescopic sight on my new rifle, though I had hope of bringing home a prize bird---perhaps an eagle or a large hawk---for my den. (Mounted birds are more interesting than etchings, these days.)

I usually snap-shoot. I can hit a rabbit in mid-leap with a .25; but a telescopic sight calls for holding your fire until certain your distant mark is not a fellow hunter. This is one of the reasons I paused upon sighting one of the largest birds I had ever seen. The other reason was, I swear it, an audible voice in my brain that said: "Don't shoot me." I retracted my 30-30 in astonishment!

Without the aid of my telescope, my target appeared even more certainly a bird, except for the head. A man's head is an unmistakable form and a telescopic sight does excellent enlargement, even at a mile. The creature floating about so assuredly almost a mile off, was certainly a man--and no glider, either. I thought of Sohn, the man who first dropped to soar to earth from an airplane, entrusting himself to canvas wings. He made several successful descents before his final ghastly fall ended his life.

"This, perhaps, is another Sohn," I thought. "Perhaps the army is testing some new device for landing troops behind an enemy's lines?" Curious to obtain a better look, I headed for a small hill where nothing would obstruct my vision.

What bemused me, as I trod toward the hillock, was the conjecture as to the excellency of the birdman's eyes. To have seen the small end of my gun, his eyes must have equalled those of Lincoln Steffens's marvelous father, who is supposed to have been able to count potato bugs on plants viewed across a mile wide lake. My intended victim, who telepathed: "Don't shoot me!" could only have seen my gun barrel, because I was extending it from good cover where I lay hidden. On the other hand, he might have, aware of the possibility of hunters, been broadcasting a general alarm to protect himself.

I reached the top of the grade and looked aloft at the clean bright sky. There was my late mark. Bird or man, his wing-spread was enormous. He was playing upon the air currents, swooping and

Winged Victory--cont.

soaring with unqualified ease and superlative grace. I envied him the patience that had served to develop such great strength in his pectoral muscles. I wondered how their moorings could hold, tied with tissues of interstitial thinness, without the keel-shaped breastmooring of a bird. I wondered, too, if his wings were nylon, or that marvelous new synthetic, orlon. Canvas would have been too clumsy.

I was soon to find answers to these wonderings and to get the surprise, nay, the shock, of my life! He saw me standing, exposed, on the hill. He dived, zoomed, hung an instant upon his broad pinions, then pounced to a nearby rock like an owl taking its prey. Only then, as he furled them with his back to me, was I aware that his wings were natural growths. They were membranous, like a bat's; but their finger-bones were not like a bat's long slender bones. They had, I saw, evidently been copied by a competent biologist from the bamboo-like segmented cartilages of a skate, which is a relation to the sting-ray and giant ray of the oceans.

"Wie geht's?" greeted the birdman, a bavarian in his dark facial type.

"How goes it with you?" I replied, letting him know I understood German without speaking it.

"Sehr kalt, die Luft im Himmel es," he replied, shivering.

I was near him now. "The rock is warm. I should think human skin small protection at such aery heights. Why don't you wear an electric suit?"

He laughed, a merry bell-like sound: "To raise the Fraulein is enough. Electric---how you say?---gadgets are heavy."

That was the shock I received--"Fraulein!"--she had said. The avian, who stood smiling before me, was no man; but a woman! And what a woman! Except for the wings, she was perfect in form and figure and she was nude as Winged Victory, but more fully legged and armed. The wings draped about her, concealing just enough of her body to suit a woman's native exhibitionism and to incite a man's imagination.

"We are truly vis avis," I punned, "but your miraculous wings claim my attention. I thought you were a handsome, reckless youth, probably a soldier."

"Then why were you going to shoot me?"

I handed her my weapon: "Squint through the sight. At a miles distance, proportions are hard to judge. I thought you were an eagle--they are common in this country--though now I see they would appear much smaller than you did. I didn't think of that when I had you covered."

She examined the weapon, twirling it expertly, like an officer making a parade inspection. Then she tossed it to my catch in the port arms position.

Winged Victory--cont.

"You are right about the soldier part," she said, curtly. "There are thousands such as I. We were developed in the biological laboratory of Dr. Kirk von Blum, especially to conquer the world. It is the German destiny."

She skipped lightly from the rock, lifting the wings with her leap, and sat on the ground at my feet. I did not feel terrorized. There was nothing shrecklikeit about her. I dropped to sit beside her.

"Invaders!" I laughed. "I knew all military measures of repression were sheerest folly. Life evades restraints. Stopping Germany's making weapons we know about, opened her entirely to new warlike measures. Nothing short of re-education could prevent war-loving people from remaining aggressive."

She snuggled close to me, murmuring, "Am I aggressive?" She didn't object when I placed my arm comfortably across her shoulders, my object, of course, to warm her. She really was cold--to the touch.

"Ach" she continued, "Germany is no longer belligerent unless I may make a funny with the 'belle'. Our battle is now for peace, der Kampf for the camp. Our teachers have shown us that hate makes waste, did not your armies lay waste all Germany? Our new purpose in search of lebensraum is living. Liebesraum, our word for it." She turned so as to return my embrace. Her whisper was tender in my ear. I could smell the woman smell of her and the meltingness of her body against mine ran my veins into flame. "Could you not love such as I?" she whispered.

Our eyes merged us, yet I made words to ask: "And is the new German army all amazonian and winged?"

"Ja" she laughed, "Your soldiers showed Germans what you wanted more than victory! You craved loving--the kind of loving only a German woman can give properly---fully and without inhibition! So we are the modern Valkuries! We are known as Winged Victories."

There upon that sunny hillock this German soldier of the new forces conquered me without gun fire. Now, thinking it over, I am very fond of war, since it has become civilized. That's why as soon as I conclude this report, I am going to a recruiting station. Will the sergeant think I'm fooling if I tell him I am offering to give my love for my country? That's what I shall be doing. When the winged Victories make their first invasion in force (ie, numbers) I want to be in the front line. I am impatient for D-Day. The fastest runner won't be crowded.

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A PHILOSOPHIC DISSERTATION ON DIANETICS

by MANLY BANISTER

Wilkie Connor has asked me to do an "anti-dianetics" article for TLMA, while he gets some other poor sucker to do a "pro-dianetics" article to rebutt it. Wilkie ought to know better than this. I could not write an article "anti" anything of this nature, because I know not enough and care not enough about it either to be for it or against it.

I am, as you will see, a true fence-sitter. Not, to be sure, one of the multitude who make claim of being railbirds at the same time that they spend all their available time in dianetics reveries of one kind or another. All I know about dianetics is what comes naturally from reading the "Book" and an interested perusal of sundry articles and comments.

Therefore I must look at the subject from a more or less philosophical standpoint rather than technical. All I can do here is set down a few observations and impressions received from culling the mass of data that has come to hand. If the tenor of these seems to be in the nature of a negative reaction, it owes itself to a comparative analysis that admits no other. And if you are so "aberrated" in favor of dianetics that you cannot see the logic of the questions that flourish wherever it passes, especially when those questions penetrate so deeply as to be disconcerting, then you deserve to be lost in your superman complex.

That I have had no experience of dianetics reverie (nor do I intend to have any) cuts no ice in regard to my qualifications to express a philosophical rationalization of some of the more unclear aspects of this new "science". It is not necessary to jump off a ten-story building to have a lively concept of how such a jump would feel... or what the results of it would be.

My first impression, of course, came from the ASF article forerunning and touting "The Book". The article was remarkably involved and incomplete. It went to such thunderous limits of verbiage without saying a blessed thing that it seemed mandatory to read the dianetics "Bible".

If anything more involved than the aforementioned article could exist (and it does), "The Book" is it. Here is a book which, for sheer, oppressive weight of words alone, for pure "sound and fury, signifying nothing", has no equal---unless it might find a poor shadow of itself in "Mein Kampf". Indeed, "Dianetics" is Hubbard's "Mein Kampf" against the hideous and soul-stirring debaucheries of today's civilization--the civilization, note, which spawned not only L. Ron Hubbard but also dianetics in the flux of its maladjusted idiosyncrasies. Only a period as socially and intellectually disorganized as our time could have produced either.

Drums beat, flags waved, and, with a loud "Huzzah!", dianetics was ushered into the world. The mountain labored and gave birth to a mouse. The great "science" has turned out to be a parlor game, a sort of exhibitionistic pastime, a "you audit me and I'll audit you" turn-about of mutual confession (in a milder form practised

by the church for centuries, as "confession is good for the soul"). Public exhibitions have been given, in which the victim rolls and moans with all the fervor of a Holy Roller convert, and comes out of it with precisely the same assertion of new-found spiritual ebullieny and attitude of "now-I-know-the-cause-for-it-all" affected by every new convert to every religion.

Is dianetics, then, a religion? The amalgamation of intransigent persiflage which Hubbard has by some fortune managed to get between hard covers is called by the devotees, The Book. Hubbard is called; The Master. It is just an impression that dianetics is a religion, of course. It merely has the earmarks of religion.

By reading "The Book", one gathers the impression that dianetics is not a "science of mind" at all, but is, rather, an intellectual approach to sex, both in its clinical and mundane aspects. It was not mere chance that dictated the alleged "case histories" contained in "The Book". It is with sheer admiration that I remove my hat and bow in whichever direction "The Master" is located at this moment. Such bawdiness as this has never been successfully equalled in print by the greatest of literary lights, including Shakespeare and the unknown authors of the Bible. It was, of course, the deft touch of pure ingenuity working in conjunction with the worldly-wise brain of a skilled pulp writer that coupled these "case histories" with female subjects.

Is dianetics, then, a cult? It is practiced in groups and concerns the intermeshing of the spiritual with the carnal matrix, and achieves in its devotees a degree of fanaticism equalled only in the pursuit of cultist activities. It is, however, just an impression that dianetics is a cult. It merely has the naked-eye appearance of cultism.

Hard upon the successful publication of The Book, "centers" were established across the country. This "free boon to mankind" undertook to peddle itself at fantastic sums for brief "courses" in auditing. Enthusiasts with the requisite amount of cash flocked to the shrines, were hastily processed, and turned loose to make miracles of their own on those others with lesser amounts of cash but an equal amount of enthusiasm. People hard put to earn their daily living in other forms of endeavor have skyrocketed into astronomical incomes. They are working day and night to reap the golden harvest before the weather changes.

Is dianetics, then, a skin-game? The opportunists, the gentry of the easy buck, the born promoters, have massed to its standard and have become "auditors" too busy auditing others (for a walloping good fee) to worry about becoming "clears" themselves. Perhaps it is only an impression that dianetics is a skin-game. It merely has the appearance of being so, since it attracts a class of people not averse to promoting a "get-rich-quick" situation.

And so we come to the conclusion that dianetics is neither religion, cultism, nor a skin-game. It simply has the appearance of all three of these rolled into one, and if that is a natural aspect of a "new science of the mind", then that is what it is.

Instead of worrying about what dianetics is, let us consider what it does, or alleges to do. I shall ignore the phony vocabulary of "The Master" and consider the matter in simple daylight. Hubbard claims his "science" will clean all the meanies out of your system and make you into a one hundred percent, true-blue intellectual, and no college degree necessary. In such a super-sanitary system as yours will become, no germ will manage to exist (or very few at any rate). He says you will become a superman, a ne plus ultra of integrated brain power and physical well being. He promises you that you (if you are one of his laboratory processed, inspected and passed supermen) will be one of the nearfuture rulers of the world with all us hateful "aberees" put in our rightful place to do your work for you. But you, he deprecates, will be magnanimous and just, will rule the world wisely and well--and for the life of me, I cannot see in what way a dianUTic civilization could be much worse than the one we already have. Or much better.

Philosophers have for ages postulated the "superman" theme along much the same lines as Hubbard's dianeticized intellectuality. But unlike Hubbard, They have never postulated that you could become that superman. Therein lies Hubbard's singular appeal. This is the popular bridegroom come-on -- be mine and I'll lay the world at your feet! That sounds good even to me, and there is little in this badly miscegenated world that does look good.

Let us look at a few of the things dianetics is reputed to have done. I read somewhere that a girl with a perpetually itching eyebrow now has an eyebrow that does not itch. I trust that it is the same one. People who have been afflicted with colds all their lives suddenly no longer have colds (haven't had any since their last audition, at any rate). People with headaches don't have headaches any more. Other people have beened cleaned up of their neuroticisms and sundry minor ailments. Others have had the inexpressible experience of returning to the womb and eavesdropping on their parent's copulatory conversations...so they say.

The amount of money an auditor will charge you to run you through the mill for a single hour will buy an awful lot of aspirin; and if your taste runs to pornography, there are places where it can be bought much more cheaply, even in this hyper-pure community.

Furthermore, what of our "supermen"? Broadmindness and magnanimity are said to be the "basic-basic" qualities of the "clear". The grapevine telegraphs some weird things in this respect. Take the case of a fan who innocently made a brief remark concerning the "science" to another fan in a letter, not knowing the latter to be a "struggling young pre-clear". Was the remark received in a spirit of magnanimity, of broad-minded tolerance for the incomprehension of an "aberee"? You can bet your fur-lined space-boots it was not! At last information, the "pre-clears" retort was still simmering, ready in a moment to burst into spontaneous combustion. In this respect, it will be a delight to read my own mail after TLMA publishes this pensive little document of mine.

Across the plains of Kansas, the drums beat a tattoo of other weird information. Hubbard told us that a "cleared" writer becomes a better writer, an Ovidian figure of literary worth--in short, a

superman author. Where are the authors who dropped their typewriters to wield the belaying pin of dianetics? It is integral to the nature of an author that he be one who writes. One who writes does so because it is nature with him, and he can no more keep from writing than he can live without eating. Are these authors making so much money out of dianetics that they no longer have to write to make a living--or are they still writing, and we are just not seeing any of it? Well, the drums are beating, and their message seems clear enough, but I for one would like to know for fact what is the true state of affairs.

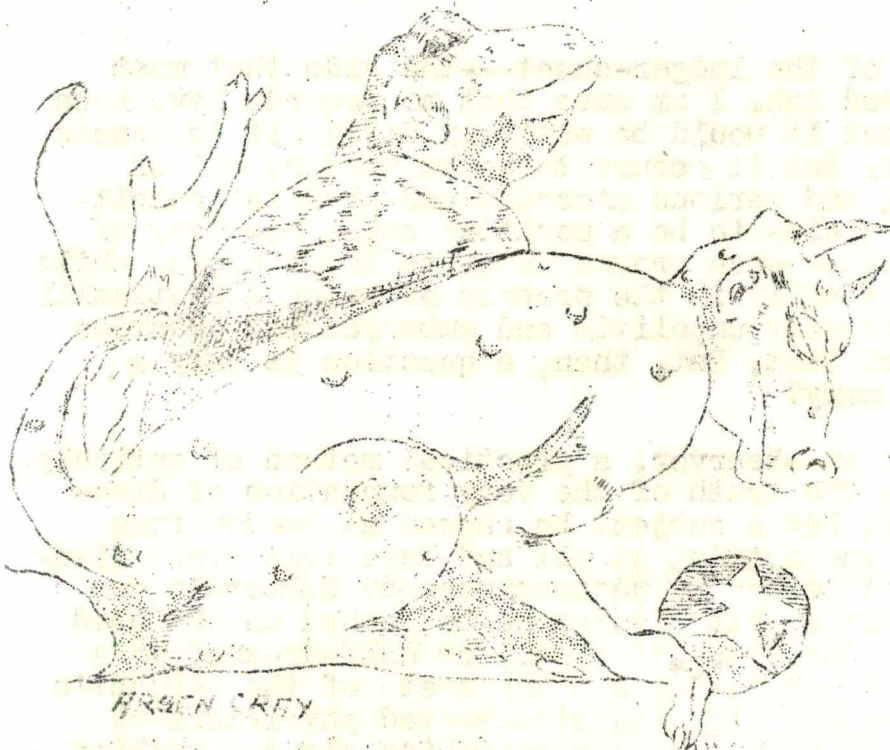
Now about the other side of the ledger-sheet---the side that most business houses post in red ink. I am sure that no records have been kept, and equally sure that it would be entirely difficult to assess any figures in the matter. But it occurs to me to wonder, out of the list of both piddling and serious diseases and physical conditions for which dianetics claims to be a positive cure, how many of these--and in how many cases--have proved fatal to their hosts, while the latter were enthusiastically in the process of being dianetically "cleared"? This is an extremely unpolitic and embarrassing question to pose, and I am aware of that. But, then, a question is only a question, after all. How many?

In spite of my being only an observer, a practical method of entirely, once and for all, proving the truth of the very foundation of dianetics, has occurred to me. Let a subject be chosen at random from the great mass of people who nothing at all and care less about dianetics. Permit this subject to become unconscious--by Hubbard's own indication, it won't matter a whit whether he be bashed on the head with a club, submitted to the fumes of ether, or half-drowned in a bathtub full of alcohol. In any case, let the state of the subject's consciousness be passed upon by three disinterested physicians of accredited standing. Let Hubbard then say something aloud, anything whatever, within the subject's hearing. The subject has now received an "engram". Let the subject be revived, placed in reverie, and "cleared" of that engram, during which process he is to repeat verbatim the words as originally spoken, and no collusion. If a subject with little difficulty can retreat forty years into the womb and repeat reams of amorous conversation "heard" at that time, it should be no trick at all to go back ten minutes and pull half a dozen words directed at him from the "banks" of the "reactive mind".

It appears that it avails nothing to temporize or resort to reason with the adherents of this New Canaan. You either are in the swim or out of it. There is no halfway point between being saved and being damned. Those not for the project are against it. In this respect, Hubbard neatly barricades his position by stating that if you do not ipso facto and at once accept dianetics without question, you are utterly aberrated. This is supposed to shame you, if not into joining the ranks, at least into keeping your lip buttoned while the play is going on. I should like to have a barricade as strongly buttressed as this one, but Hubbard has already removed the props from under me. Therefore I shall lean on the other side of his own wall. I confess without an iota of shame, that, in the view of dianuts everywhere, I am an aberee, and dang it! I'm proud of it!

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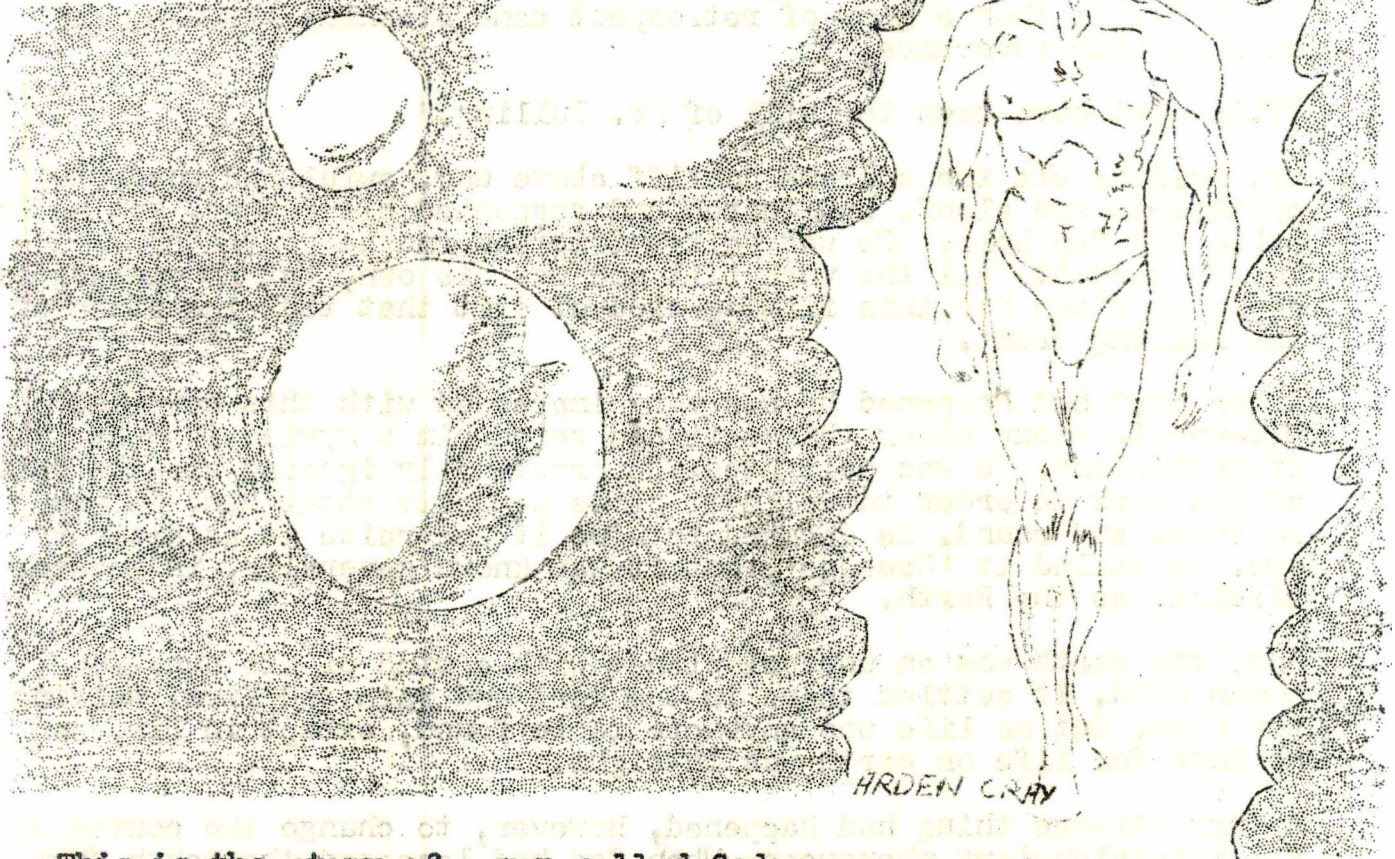
Amidst the historic splendor of OLD Charleston, the Little Monsters of America held a two day meeting at the Fort Sumter Hotel.

The meeting was presided over by Master Monster Lynn A. Hickman of Statesville, N.C. and Vice Master Monster Willie Connor of Gastonia, N.C.

The main discussions at the meeting were the future developments and memberships in the club and the club's fanzine *WIMA*. Bobby Fone of Charleston, S.C. was admitted to the club and future issues of his fanzine "PANatic" were also discussed.

by ELAINE
FRUCHEY

GOD and the
GRAIN of SAND



This is the story of a man called God;

There is no time where God is. There is no moon, no day and night... no sun, no stars. The vapors of endlessness float softly about the mind that is God. Here lounges in deep thought seeing all, knowing just about all,...and wanting very little. The planets explode, but there is no sound. Raging fires do not disturb his peace, for he no longer hears or sees the physical. That has left him now... it was so long ago. Great quietude is his, and everything is at rest. The creatures of long ago exist only in his memory, but he remembers well. It seems like only yesterday when he had so much trouble on his favorite project. He was young and enthusiastic back in the time when there was life other than his own, and his stamina for patience was incomparable. He used to sit right on top of the sun and watch the globes turn about in their orbits...watch every little twist and turn, and things used to go wrong. The excitement kept his interest, and it made him think with scrutiny.

The explosions were terrible disasters, and on occasion God had actually worried about his atomic composure. Once when the tidal wave of gas seemed at its lowest ebb in centuries, a little orbit contracted a convulsive fit and started going the other way. Well, you can imagine the commotion. The rumble practically knocked its maker off the sun. He had to cling desperately to the sides. In his struggle to remain aloft, he clawed off a chip, and the tiny bit of matter went soaring out into his well calculated orbits, lunging directly toward the convulsive one. There is small need to say that the poor thing was knocked into oblivion. God was surprised.

The accident had fixed everything up. He just could not understand it at first; then a glow of retrospect came flashing through, and he said with reverence,

"This must have been the will of Mr. Pulling."

Mr. Pulling was the supreme pontiff above God, awful and wonderful, mysterious and aloof. God feared and respected his father, but never asked him for help. He was self-sufficient and he wanted Mr. Pulling to know it. All the work till now was his own, but no explanation could be given for this flaming clod of dirt that took the place of the failing orbit.

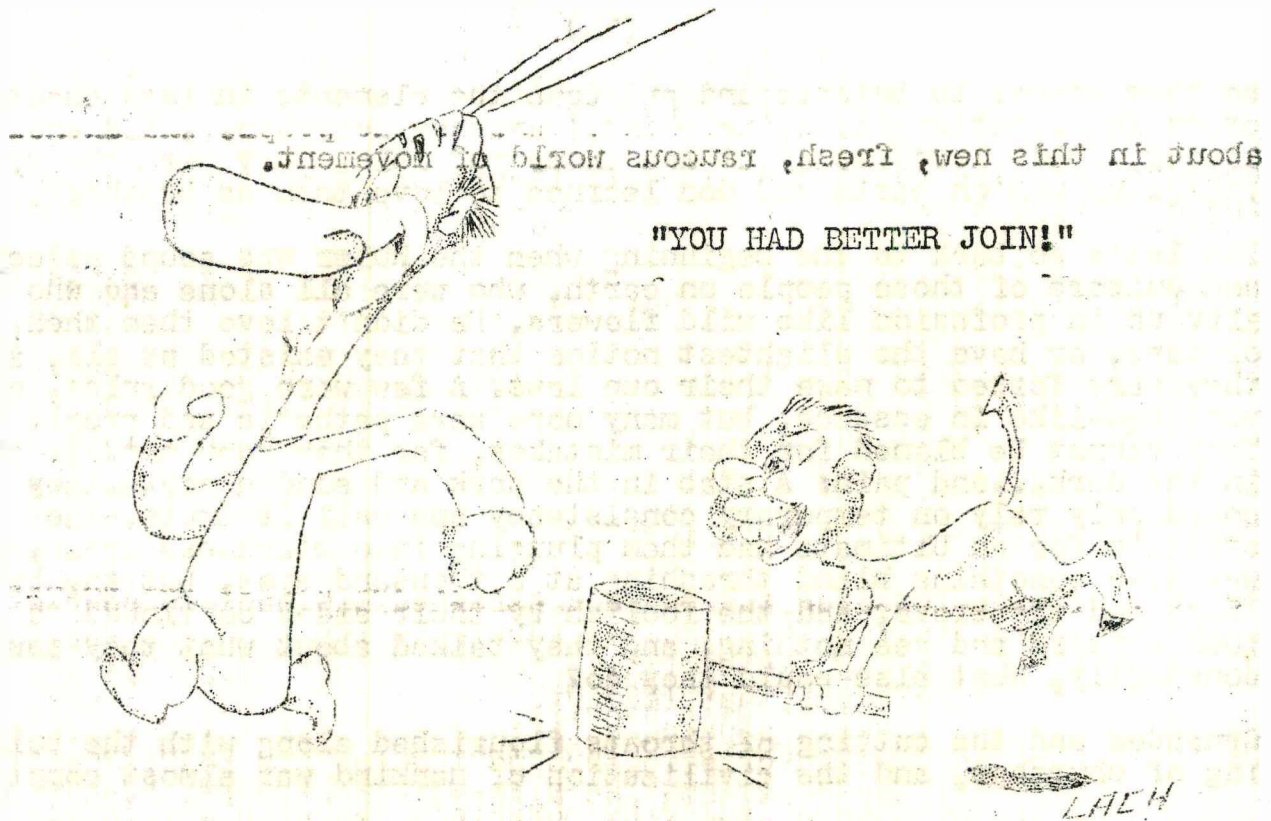
After what had happened he was very impressed with this new clod of bio-cocci. Among other things it had saved him a myriad thought transmissions. He was delighted. He practically ignored all the rest of his work in order to watch it glide demurely about him. It was so sweet and round. He decided to name it and raise it as his very own. He called it 'Sausage', but it was known generally, in greater circles, as the Earth.

Now, the earth was an unusual planet with a mind of its own...a human mind. It settled there in the heat and rain and fire, waiting for form. But no life was anywhere to be found, except in Him, and no hope for life on earth was in sight.

A very strange thing had happened, however, to change the course of all interplanetary phenomena. When God had loosened the earth from the sun, he tore the flesh on his hand, and a drop of his blood clung to the meteor and sank into the liquid rock, waiting for the restless mass to slumber into solids. This blood was the germplasm found in all life, and it lay submissively in the molten lava, waiting in endless light and dark and eruption for the cool balm of spring on earth...the spring of heaven. It was the life of God seeking a better place to exist...a part of God torn from him in anxious hope that the earth would be more tangible than the space of black vacuum.

Then it happened: Particles of matter began to move and grow. The worlds became lands and oceans and everything was green. God was very pleased. He was sure Mr. Pulling would give him all the credit for this miracle. After all, it did happen on his project. Great creatures stormed the earth and the volcanic eruptions shook the very foundations of the axis. The excitement continued and it was hard for him to leave his post on the sun, but he needed to catch up on his rest. He hadn't slept for nearly six million years, and his eyes were a little heavy. Thus, God turned his back on little 'Sausage' for the first time.

One hates to say this, but sausage should never have been left to herself. It was not exactly known just who was at fault, but a strange mutation took place among the four-legged creatures. Their heads were large and round and the hair on their smooth, soft bodies was less pronounced. They were a beautiful agile animal without any obvious means of protection. It seemed doubtful that they would survive in that world of incessant battle. The desire that made them



THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA 408 W. Bell St. Statesville, N.C.

 GOD AND THE GRAIN OF SAND cont.

was highly disorganized, and the head refused to cooperate with the body. There were two worlds of conflict and struggle for this animal. The minute details that made him question gave little or no trouble to other forms of life. They could not think, plan, hope or manipulate, and therefore, could not be dissatisfied.

These creatures who stood up on their hind legs and walked and thought, had peculiar fore legs. They had hands, beautiful, flexible, with a wide extension between the thumb and slender fingers. They could pick up pebbles and throw them against the slab of a mountain and see that the pebble had crumbled into dust, but that the mountain had been chipped also. They discovered that motion meant warmth and fire, and wood burned, and stone did not. But they lived in the horror of the unknowable. No explanation of the infinite details of each of these things had been given to them, and it was then that they started to look. In the meantime they gave God all the credit for the devine unknowables. Their curiosity was painful and often fruitless, and to ease their pain they invented words such as Justification and Blind Faith, pretending sureness in their greatest doubt...their greatest pain.

The weak men listened to these words, smiled, closed their minds and died. The strong could not stop it with words, and they devised other ways to go beyond that pain. They were wise men...they knew that the agony of doubt could be drugged, but that the effects would be the same. The disease of ignorance kills, and to them life was devine;

so they strove to balance and put down the elements in less chaotic order for a better life. One thing they knew for sure...life and living. Their love was great and indestructible. They were the most religious men on earth and God learned to love them as brothers.

But let's go back to the beginning when the Ruler was sound asleep and unaware of those people on earth, who were all alone and who grew up in profusion like wild flowers. He didn't love them then, or care, or have the slightest notion that they existed at all, and they were forced to make their own laws. A few were good rules, almost God-like in essence, but many more were pathetic and cruel. They cannot be blamed for their mistakes, for they knew not...A stab in the dark...and pain: A stab in the dark and sudden joy...they could only rely on temporary consistency and call it truth. The struggle for an Ultimate had them plunging into blackness again. It was like something blind thrashing at a thousand eyes. But the brilliant and the brave, and the foolish by their sides continued to look skyward and see nothing, and they talked about what they saw constantly, What else could they do?

Crusades and the cutting of throats flourished along with the building of churches, and the civilization of mankind was almost complete.

A yawn....and the mist swirled into whirlpools. He wriggled his toes, scratched His face and crawled out of the cloud. His well-worn seat on the sun had not disappeared. After rubbing his eyes, he could see again...the little rills of green, the seven puddles, the jags and valleys...yet something -- somehow--whatever it was, had changed considerably. Small patches of land were now squared away into plant growing areas, corn, tobacco, rye, peach trees...

"Well isn't that lovely," murmured God.

He scanned his eyes over the sea and strained his neck to peer at a massive cathedral and the smoking rubble by its side. He saw the still death and moving death of his people on that heaped filth of poverty. He opened doors that led into rooms, and there sat gray faces. On one table with a patch-quilt dresser scarf, there was a bent tin cup, and the inscription around the top rim read, "Gott iss mit uns." All was destitute and miserable over here. Even the little childrens' eyes were hollow and blank, too tired even to fear. The fields were rooted up and torn. Nothing was order. But thoughts moved thickly in the air.

He looked back quickly at the other patch of land across the water at smiled at the just-so-ness of the drugstores, bus stations, hamburger shops and loan companies. This looked pretty good...cars, factory smoke, highways, comical structures with one room on top of the other...the fat ones, tall ones, and skinny ones all had square corners. "Buildings" they called them.

"Rather clever, I must say," He rubbed his chin.

He saw the shiny tin autos creeping back and forth along paved slivers, and all seemed to be in order here on the open highway. Closer and closer the Great Essence came to the people who inched about in this new, fresh, raucous world of movement.



Their mouths of elastic were moving, and frowns lay permanent on their faces. Mr tried with all his might to listen and comprehend what they said. He slipped through a swinging door and found himself on the fourth stool of a bar at a wayside inn. The people next to him were gulping down liquid that was periodically poured into tiny thick glasses. One of the men, the one with the puffy jowls, made wry gestures with his nose and mouth every time he gulped.

"Must be awful to have to take that stuff," thought God.

"Say, Mack, what did ya put in that last one, poison?"

"You're just getting too delicate," he answered.

A little shiny-haired man in a stiff, white cloth went sailing from one table to the next, picking up the empty glasses. He rubbed the surface of the tables vigorously, talked in low, intimate tones, asked a question, received an answer and wrote the secret down on a thick pad.

"TWO HAM ON RYE!!" he shouted towards the kitchen. "Make a couple of lady-fingers, Mack."

"A couple of WHAT?"

"Whats the ball score?" asked the man with the puffy jowls.

"One to nothin----favor a Boston," answered Mack as he filled three glasses with one sweep of the hand. "Ninth inning."

"Heavens!!" shouted someone in the far corner who wore a hat. He fell toward the door, his face frayed at the edges in disbelief.

"For God's sake, whyn't ya get that television set fixed?" asked the man at the second stool.

God smiled self-consciously..... they thought of him once in a while anyway.

"Yea, sure George," droned Mack.

So his name was George: well, nice fellow. At least he cared enough



to have the set fixed for God's sake, and not just for Mack or Puffy jowls.

He turned to look at the multicolored case that had gone plinkety plink ever since he entered the place. Moving colors seemed to melt into one another, and fade away. How facinating...then ra-ta-ta-plinkety thud: It seemed to die in the short silence that followed, but it always came back to life and bawled out another melody, and the colors kept changing slowly, evenly. Yet the thing sat as still as death in the corner, expressionless, motionless and so sad... the clinking plinking went on and it just sat there. It seemed as though the music was torment to the stone-soul inside the glassy crust of its wall. What was it? Who was it? Poor creature...

A tear swelled in his eyes and when he left the tavern, a melody moved thickly through his heart and followed to mock him, like a sob in an empty hall.

The clocks on the walls had turned the night into morning and it was Sunday by all that God could figure out. It was day and the sun was shining. Swarms of people clotted around tall, proud buildings whose highest spiral sat above every other structure in sight. They nodd-ed and grinned with friends and enemies, but they didn't know how to love, not even themselves. They could only act the part. The soul in them had turned to stone and it made their smiles look like creased paper.

Three tiny children pattered past and fell with giddy laughter on the warm moist grass, hugging each other fondly about the legs, and piercing cries of thrilled happiness rang through the church yard. They were promptly jerked to their feet and shaken severely.

The service had just begun, and three ragged children huddled in a little heap behind their Mother as they tiptoed to the pew.

Then He heard a thousand voices in unison repeating in a chant,
 "The hand of God is upon you, fear, fear, fear;
 For you the end of the earth is near, near, near;
 For me the place of repentance is here, here, here:"

What is this?" asked God. Then a voice broke into his thoughts and sang along in a monotone....

"And those who give generously will inherit the kingdom of heaven, just as those who are humble, and those who are strong and those who are meek and mild,...and we will escape this hell and inherit God's heaven if we are all these things."

The crowd of a thousand raised their voices, "life after death in God's heaven we pray. Oh God, oh God, oh God."

The Lord cried aloud in a passion that he had never known, "But what about Here, Nod, Food, Rest, Vitality, Laughter, Love, Life ...all these things I've given you and you call it hell?? Answer me: Why?!"

But no one heard.

They didn't like it here. Nothing could be more plain. He worked for six million years for nothing...the best years of his infinity he gave to the earth. They seemed to want more than he could give them. It was an accident that the powers of the universe were given to their minds and not to their bodies...chained to the earth, but it couldn't be helped. Let them work on the question Why, but let them not wail and thwart their happiness with lies that satisfy the moment. That was worst of all...part animal, part God, and they chose to let the animal rule. Why didn't they worship themselves, the BEST in themselves? What a pointless existence...how awful...how sad...like the plinkety music box. The Real in them stood away from their life, detached, forgotten, and hurt.

"maybe it was my fault for leaving them alone, but in a way that was the best test, and they failed."

His little 'Sausage' faded away into the vapors and he was left with remorse, alone in the void again with the first anger of failure welling through the blackness of his vacuum. This problem was too large, too hopeless. In his first moment of rage he felt like kicking his project in oblivion. What could he do now? How could he change this mistake into a hope for purpose?

"Oh, Mr. Pulling," he called. "Mr. Pulling, please help me!"

Then like a slow persistent absorption, he felt the pressure within him expand till he thought he would burst. Suddenly the pressure disappeared from the inside and all the forces of substance closed in upon him. It was so strong and heavy, that he couldn't move. Somehow, he knew his Father had come into his presence, and was waiting for an explanation.

"Mr. Pulling," he began. "I have failed in my project. I fell asleep, and before I awoke great chaos took place, and all my prescribed harmony crumbled under the disorderly power of the human mind. And the funny part of it is, they created themselves. I didn't have a thing to do with it...I've got a feeling that it's bigger than the both of us."

A rush of wind swished past his ear. God thought he heard him say,

~~"How..."~~...

"It wouldn't be so bad that they are completely unpredictable. They do some of the strangest things. They practically exterminate themselves fighting against each other in crusades and wars, and both sides are fighting in my name. Of course it's flattering to me in a way, but a very unwise action on their part. The irony is, they don't think about me as being a part of themselves. They have a suspicion I exist, but they have come to the conclusion that I'm just a temperamental old man. And do you know what? They keep talking about coming to heaven after they stop breathing. They think it must be balmy and more fragrant up here. Well, if they are speaking of my quarters, they're sadly mistaken. It's more than three million degrees up here. The poor souls would suffocate!"

God panted. He was talking too much. He waited for comments.

"I'm going to step on it and smash it to pieces!" he hollered. A moment of silence, then he lowered his voice, "No, that wouldn't be fair to them, or to myself. I'll have to give them an ultimatum let them know that they are doomed, let them realize it. But you do agree that all this must end? Don't you Mr. Pulling?"

"Just as you say then, and I will let them be informed this very night of my decision."

This night was like every night in the fall. The leaves were already under foot, willing to play there with the wind; and their tangy odors stirred themselves into the strange, blustery air and all was autumn. Under every street light the leaves lay together in a glow that was like dying fire. The people were asleep and whistling wind played tricks with their dreams. They dreamed on. Like rain the dreams fell in the air from above, way, far, high above.. from the sun:

"The earth is dying as all things must die.
Fifty more summers and fifty more springs,
Years of winter and the death of all things---even birth."

"Well I dreamt the world was going to end."

"So did I!!"

"And so did I!!" said the Mother in astonishment.

The humming of human voices became a steady drone of words and questions. No could grasp the significance of the Universal Dream. It was as startling and as paralyzing as news of sudden death. How different everything would be now...to know the end...to know that life was useless and that there wasn't any heaven after all. The thrill was gone. But that first day was one of great excitement, for a miracle had been performed.

"What are we going to do?"

"I don't know...what are we going to do?"

"Do you know?"

"No."

"Does he?"

"Who's he?"

"I don't know. Who are you?"

The conversation continued, and they talked and talked and talked.

"What hope is there now?"

"None at all."

"Start a club."

"Have a meeting..."

"Form a union!"

"Why? There's no future in it."

"That's right, there's no future in anything."

The matter was finally settled in this way. In case any doubt flourished in the minds of a few sceptics, the men of the mighty council decided upon a Confirmation Ceremony:

"Each and all of us...our whole life to live; why care?"

"Why care now? No future...why work, why save?"

"Why create at all? There won't be anyone to see it."



"Let's have a vacation!"

"Yes, let's all have a wonderful vacation!" and the ceremony was over.

Most everyone decided to go fishing. They busied themselves with packing suitcases and lunch boxes, and they didn't know whether to be happy or sad. The activity caused much excitement, however, and before long the highways were infested with traffic.

In the meantime, a young, someone was still sleeping soundly on the bank of a quiet stream. The early morning sun had turned his shivering body into radiant warmth, and he felt like snuggling closer to the dry, pungent leaves. He sat up and looked at his image in the water.

"What a funny dream," he mumbled to himself, "Not at all like me to dream about prophesies...probably because it was so cold last night."

He chuckled quietly, and hugged the earth for no reason. He was glad it was just a dream...how awful if the world was going to end.. but actually it made no difference to him. If the earth exploded tomorrow, he would not be able to concern himself with any grief. He knew the secret of life. At least, that was what he claimed, and most everyone thought him a little eccentric. But he was happy and had only one desire. He picked himself up from the grass, and began to walk. He left his fishing pole on the ground, and started up the hill toward town. His mind was excited and eager. What an inspiration he had just experienced! That silly dream helped him to decide. Of course he would need a lot of help at first. He knew so little about the general construction of things like that. He wanted to hurry. He wanted to tell someone.

The roads were crowded with cars and people and fishing poles. The fragile young man scratched his ear as he watched the wild procession. This was entirely out of order for October! The vacation season had been over for nearly a month. Was he seeing aright, or had he lost his mind? With a great deal of effort he finally wedged himself through the crowds and into the nearby town. It was ghostly quiet and only a few women and children remained in the streets, daudling effortlessly about smoldering bon fires.

"Where is everybody going?" he asked.

"Away," said a little girl.

"Why?" he asked.

"That's a silly question," said a woman, "Why aren't you with them?"

"Because I don't know where they're going or why," he answered.

"On their vacation, of course," she said half exhausted.

"Oh, of course," he said, "Did anyone decide to stay at home?"

"Just we women who are too tired and the children who are too young," she explained.

"Well where could I find a carpenter?"

"Down by the river fishing, I guess," she said.

He thanked her and headed toward the river. Never before had he witnessed such a spectacle as this. All along banks of the river were great, teeming crowds of people fishing. They were just sitting and holding poles in their hands.

"Well if it ain't Adam Jones!" shouted someone from the bank.

"Oh, hi, Goerge," answered the young someone.

"Wheres your fishing pole?"

"I'm tired of fishing."

"But theres nothing else to do now." George sounded irritated.

"Yes there is," answered A.J. We could go back and do what we always wanted to do. Remember, you wanted to be an engineer...and I wanted to make things out of clay...now we can."

"Sorry, A.J., but that sounds too much like work. Besides I'm on my vacation, and I would abuse the privilage if I did anything constructive."

"Oh."

"Better get an architect for something like that."

"That's a good suggestion, George."

"Yea, so long."

Now where could he find an architect...one that wasn't like George. George was too lazy and drank too much. He would have made a very poor assistant. Howard wandered up and down the river bank watching all the people until he might find somebody who looked very thoughtful; then he would pop the question.

"Pardon me sir, but would you like to do something besides fish?"

"What would you suggest?"

"Do what you did before you went fishing."

"Oh, but I couldn't...I was just a man who loved to paint pictures."

"Why that's wonderful! Then you can help me and paint at the same time. You see I want to build something..."

"I'd love to young man, but why should I bother? There's no future in doing any theing now. There will be no one to admire it. Why

should I bother?" The thoughtful-looking man was bored with the conversation.

"I don't think you understand. It will be a great monument on which all of us may work. You could spend the rest of your life working on it."

"How absurd! Do you mean that I should spend my life painting on a monument which will never be looked upon by human eyes?"

"Yes."

"You're very silly indeed."

And so poor A.J. found himself seeking one person after another for help, but no one could hear him. As far as they were concerned, he was just a silly little boy who needed a shave. He asked the great architects, poor carpenters, good painters, bad sculptors, and they all said no. He finally found himself conversing with a tramp, who was also tired of fishing.

"Do you know, for a long time now, I've been looking for someone who would do something besides fish all the time," said A.J.

"So have I," said the tramp.

"Really?"

"Heavens yes! Let's you and I go hunting!"

Adam Jones shook his head in dismay. "No," he said, "I don't want to go hunting either. I have much more important things to do."

"I guess whatever it is you want to do, you'll have to do it by yourself," answered the tramp, and he waved goodbye.

"I guess you're right..."

If he had to do everything by himself, he would have to become acquainted with at least ten different professions. That would take a good many years...a lifetime, nearly; but it might prove to be interesting. He walked back to the deserted town and asked a lady where the library was located. She pointed out the way and he thanked her profusely. This was strange...to be left so completely alone. But the important thing above all was to work hard before it was too late. The world was going to end for sure. He knew that now. The door of the library was ajar, but no one was there. He sat down in a chair and began to read.

All the fish in the waters of the world were soon fished out, and almost everyone had gone up North to hunt. There was such a crowd, that more hunters got their heads blown off than did the animals they were hunting. So, anyone can see, the situation was becoming steadily worse. But the very worse was not yet.

A.J. was still at his books and hadn't the slightest idea what was going on outside. Maybe it was for the best...he seemed more content away from it all. He didn't know that the human population was slowly decreasing and that man-hunting had become a much too

popular sport. The killing fad took little time in becoming a mass slaughter, and such blood-shed was never seen on the face of the earth. But Howard was safe from that danger, because whoever heard of looking for a man in a library?

From his point of view, God saw only the nonsense and the death, and he patted himself twice weekly for making his 'decision'. After a while, it became boring, and the time passed without notice.

On the summer before the Eternal Snow, A.J. began to build his monument. In a way, it looked like a shrine, but the walls flowed in and out like hot lava rather than like the cold-stone of which they were made. Day and night he worked feverishly, carving, chiseling, plastering...no other structure on earth was quite as unique and beautiful. It was not grand or impressively eloquent, but it was simple and earthy, and it seemed to grow out of the earth as naturally as a mushroom. The colors of the walls were a brilliant Egypt Green, and the essence of life vibrated everywhere. There were no seats or benches in the shrine, but in the center, a brilliant ray of light from the sun gave grace to a more brilliant figure of a human being. God saw this on the last autumn...he saw the all of earth in one. And on the ceiling around the dome of the tiny chapel, appeared this inscription:

"IT IS IN MAN TO BE GOD:"

Young Jones stood motionless in the light of the sun. He heard the chapel door click open and shut.

"Hello Adam:" someone said.

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AS WE SEE 'EM

by Wilkie and Lynn

Slant #5 Walter A. Willis 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland. Subscription, two issues for one current s-f promag, or 25¢ or 1/6 in cash or stamps.

RATING: EXCELLANT

Best in this issue was Clive Jackson's "The Stranger". This was positively a "jewel". SLANT is one of the best in the fanzine publishing field.

Quandry #6 Lee Hoffman 101 Wagner St. Savannah, Georgia. Subscription, 10¢ per copy or one year for \$1.00.

RATING: VERY GOOD

The features are all interesting to every fan. There is a sort of a "charm" to this fanzine.

EXPLORER March. Ed Noble, Jr. Box 49 Girard, Penna. Subscription, 50¢ a year.

'As We See 'Em' cont.

TI

RATING: For ISFCC club members-VERY GOOD-for non-members-GOOD. Explorer needs some GOOD fiction, it is interesting in all departments but is poor in fan-fiction. I belong to the ISFCC, and can recommend this fine club to all Little Monsters that are not already members.

Mobius Ken Beale 115 E. Mosholu Parkway, Bronx 67, New York

RATING: POOR

A good idea for a one-shot---but to this guy it was uninteresting and poorly done. I think we'll see better from Ken on his other zine.

NEKROMANTIKON Manly Banister 1905 Spruce Ave., Kansas City 1, Mo.
25¢ per copy.

RATING: EXCELLENT

You owe it to yourself to send 25¢ for one copy or \$1.00 for four issues. When you see it you will agree that it is worth much, much more. Quoting Walter Willis of SLANT---The usual thing to say about this kind of amateur magazines is that it is as good as a promag, which is like saying a handbound book is as good as a mass-produced product.' We heartily agree. NEKROMANTIKON is the BEST.

PEON Charles Lee Riddle PNL, USN FLEET ALL WEATHER TRAINING UNIT, PACIFIC, c/o FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Subscription, Nine issues for \$1.00

TI

RATING: VERY GOOD

This one is published in Hawaii. Looks good---is well edited and has something in it for every fan.

That is all for this time. We will run review all fanzines sent us in each issue. Our ratings run, excellent, very good, good, fair, poor, and stinky.

SOUTH AMERICA, LAND OF FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

by Nancy Moore

The Brazilians have a name for the jungles of the Amazon---they call them "infierno verde", the green hell. And well named they are. But there is something about the "infierno verde" that captivates the imagination in a way such as nothing else can---perhaps it is the lure of the jungles themselves, perhaps it is the strange tales hinting of animals existing there unknown to the white man, or perhaps it is the forest indians and their odd legends of things the white man scoffs at.

The great Amazon, The River of Doubt, flows through the dense jungle-land for 3,400 miles to the Atlantic ocean from the Andes mountains, through the largest of the South American countries,

Brazil. From the Brazilian jungles come some of the most fascinating tales of white Indians, lost cities, and strange animals and plants. Like this story of a plant called by the natives as Yague, or telepatina, which is supposed to have an effect on the cortex of the brain, thus enlarging the range of normal human consciousness. The natives say that one under the influence of telepatina sees and hears sights and sounds in far-away cities and lands, often he has difficulty in describing what he has seen, especially if his descriptions involve things that he has never before seen in lands he will never visit, like mechanical transportation and modern scientific devices. Brazilian Colonel Morales, who, on a military expedition up the headwaters territory of the Amazon in 1932, drank a decoction of the yague as an experiment, asserts that he heard the sound of an orchestra playing in what was apparently American surroundings, and became conscious of the death of his sister far away from where he was, in Rio de Janeiro. A month later a native runner brought the letter confirming the death of his sister, which had taken place about the time that he had been under the influence of telepatina. The plant is known to botonists as "Banisteria caspi Spruce", and so far, in his book "Devil Trees and Plants of Africa, Asia, and South America", healthy skepticism is in order.

This strange tale comes from the region bordering on the Rio Araguaya. Some sort of ape-like animal, it was said, had wandered down from the tableland and terrorized the villagers, roaring horribly in the night on the outskirts of lonely Aldeias, causing the villagers to barricade themselves in their huts. When the frightened Indians ventured out of their huts at dawn, they found dozens of their cattle lying dead on the pampas--many of them with their tongues torn out. On the back of a horse the monster had killed, was the imprint of a huge human-like hand. Also footprints were found of feet about one-and-a-half feet long, man-like in appearance. It was in March, 1937, that this King Kong spread terror in the normally peaceful village.

Other evidences that such a monster might exist today are given by the story told by Frank Blaucaneaux, author of "Biologica Americana Centrale". Blaucaneaux and a negro went up the Rio Mopan on an exploring expedition and there encountered the King Kong of the Maya Forest. They had stopped about noon to rest in the shade of a grassy hollow, in the center of which there grew a lofty cohune palm, hanging with large nuts. Suddenly they noticed the tree shaking violently, as if some large animal were on the other side of it trying trying to shake down a meal of cohune nuts. Blaucaneaux ordered the negro to find out what was shaking the tree, and the negro, reluctantly, pushed his way through the tall grass to the other side of the tree. Moments later, Blaucaneaux heard the negro's shrieks, and, grasping his rifle, he shouldered through the grass to the place from whence the shrieks had come. The unfortunate negro had been disemboweled by a forest monster, and just before he died he managed to whisper: "Black debil for shuah rip me up. Den run for bush". Blaucaneaux followed the animal's spoor out of the forest, over a savana, and into another zone of thick bush and forest, into the dried bed of a brook, and finally, near dusk, to the entrance of a large cave. Inside, in the soft white mud of the floor, he saw prints which he described as being like the thumb and two fingers of a large human hand, with each finger armed with ter-

rible claws. Deciding that he had no desire to be any closer to the beast, he made tracks away from there.

Other accounts of such giant ape-like beasts were given by Dr. Gann, an explorer who went up the Rio Mopan at a later date, Pedro Cieza de Leon, and an American old-timer and prospector named Thaddeus O'Shea. Figures of large apes appear in old Mayan Statues.

Still stranger are the tales of immense dead cities hidden deep in The Matto Grosso jungles of Brazil. Many are the legends that tell of a great white race that ruled the Indians of Brazil long before the Spaniards came to South American shores. In the Winter, 1949 issue of FATE magazine there is an article entitled "Fawcett Found by Eckner", by explorer Harold T. Wilkins, in which Wilkins tells of a grey city with walls almost as old as time itself...At dawn, the scared men stood under the immense megalithic walls, watching ruins from which a cloud of bats arose. In Mr. Wilkins book, "Dead Cities of Gold and Mystery", this account is given of a dead city by an old land-pirate somewhere in Bahia Province. Says he, "Most of the great mansions were open to the day, long since unroofed, and not by man! Great crevasses split the paved streets, and, using long rods the men could not plumb their depths. The men stood in the center of a great square, where stood up under the high sky a statue of a man (homen ordinario: not a god) erect on a great column of black basalt. He was clad in a sort of Roman Toga, sandalled on the feet, hand on his hip, and with his right hand outstretched, pointing to the north! And on each corner of the square stood obelisks, like those among the old Romans! But cleft as with thunderbolts and badly damaged..."

The Indians have a myth about why the Rio Baker, a river in south Chile, floods. Twice in the year, the country-men are startled by terrific boomings and crashings which seem to come from the mountains on the Argentinian border. In the morning, a giant tidal wave with a head from 40 to 60 feet comes roaring down the Rio Baker to flood the surrounding lands. The natives tell of a wonderful walled city, high in the mountains, on the banks of the Rio Baker. The city is populated by white, bearded, blue-eyed men, men whose descriptions correspond with that of other "white Indians" of eastern Peru and other South American countries. The city is described as having "splendid temples, whose roofs shine in the sun, and whose walls and domes are sheathed with pure silver and gold. The women are white and beautiful with golden hair and blue eyes". The white natives twice a year, open the sluice gates in their city and let out the flood. The natives call the city "Es la ciudad de los Cesares"--It is the city of the Cesares. As Mr. Wilkins says, that is a strange name for a city on the other side of the world, far from ancient Rome.

These are only three accounts of the dead cities of South American jungles that have been recorded all through our history. These, and the stories hinting of dinosaurs and other supposedly extinct animals still surviving in the mysterious Matto Grosso, and devil plants unknown to present day botanists, all provide intriguing and fascinating fields for the adventurous man or woman who will go into those jungles and bring back the proof of their existence.

ENGRAMS

by Wilkie Connor

Women are such nice interesting creatures. Well, interesting, anyway. I have heard it said by sages far wiser than I, that women are the one thing you couldn't live with...and you couldn't live without. As to the validity of that statement, I am sure I am not prepared to state. I've been living with the same woman now for over ten years. Of course, after taking one look at this pan of mine, one would wonder how one woman could stand it for ten years. Let me say now that my wife needed glasses before we were married and I didn't buy her any for several years afterward. I waited until I had her thoroughly hooked. Which somehow or other leads into the theme of this issues column. Which, namely, is women in stf.

Women seem to be the exception rather than the rule in stf. I suppose that is because stf got its first real start in the men's magazines, such as the ancient Argosy, All-Story, and Science and Mechanics. Being the sort of fellow who really appreciates the feminine sex and all it has to offer, I feel they could contribute quite a bit toward the success of any science-fiction group or publication. Therefore, I am going to the fore and seek to inaugurate a campaign to get more women into fandom.

Why not? I mean, why not seek to interest more women into stf? After all, those who have entered fandom make some of our very best fen. I am thinking of such workers for fandom as Eva Firestone, Zeda Mischler, Betsy Curtis, Lillith Lorraine and of such fine writers as Leigh Brackett and C.L. Moore. All the female fen whom I know, either personally or through the mails, are hard workers. They write to other fen, they seek to inoculate non-fen with the virus of fandomentus and they subscribe to fanzines. They are more active because they have more time to be active in. Take a girl who is married and who has no job except running a house and caring for her brood---if she has a brood. She can always find hours when the latest arrival is being fed, or when the cake is baking to read or compose letters, or look over a fanzine. Whereas the poor male has to go to work and stay on his feet eight hour aday and do his fanning at night. (My wife says the trouble with me is I want to fan all the time.)

Usually, women who are science fiction fans are more broadminded than the other kind. They have an intelligence that allows them to put aside silly superstitions and taboos because they realize they (the superstitions and taboos) were invented to keep the ignorant in subjugation, while at the same time allowing the free thinkers to enjoy life more fully and sip at the better things of life more often. Women are interesting only when they let down the barriers that have kept them pinned down for eons and really live and Think. I think that fandom and the activities of fandom provide the lever with which it is possible to pry at these barriers.

It might be interesting to note that 1/3 of the paid up members of TLMA are women.

Well gentle fen, if I can hide from all the pulsating little auditors until next issue, we'll see you again.

THE MASTER MONSTERS PAGE

You are invited!

Yes you are invited to become a member of fandom's fastest growing organization!

This great fan club is known as THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA. A unique name for a unique club! How was that name born? It's like this. You know how it is when you go into the newstand and come out with the latest Bergey creation glaring forth from the cover of your favorite magazine...people take one look at the magazine and then give you that pitying look...they look at you as though you were a little monster or something. So, if we are to be regarded as little monsters, why not be little monsters in fact!

The purpose of THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA fan club is to promote science and fantasy fiction and induce others to enjoy this great entertainment. As more and more people begin to enjoy fantasy and stuff, fewer people will regard fan as something apart, as little monsters, as it were! Someday, perhaps the only way one can be a little monster is to be a LITTLE MONSTER!

The LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA is not a haphazard, spur-of-the-moment organization. It is the product of many months of careful planning and organization. As a member you will receive the club magazine, correspondence roster, etc. We plan to hold sectional conventions for Little Monsters, (The first one was held in Charleston, S.C. in Jan.) there will be representation at the national conventions, and--- several other good projects that at the moment aren't well enough formulated to mention here.

Send your \$1.00 membership dues to Lynn A. Hickman, 408 W. Bell St. Statesville, North Carolina. HURRY!

In the next issue we will strive to bring you "ALMOST ANGEL" by Roger D. Bonham. This is a delightful little fantasy that I am sure you will all enjoy. I am also going to try to have your favorites back, Manly Banister, Basil Wells, Battell Loomis, and Wilkie Connor.

Art will be by Don Arden, LACH, Arden Cray, Lynn Hickman and Duke Fruchey.

Poetry by Myrtice Taylor and I will also try to bring you "Ugblat Among the Dodos" by James E. Lauck, a newcomer to this field.

The next issue will include a readers page(s), a news page, and if you readers want it, a correspondence page.

Send in your comments on this, our first issue. If you like us, tell us. If you don't like us, tell us why not.

See you the latter part of July.

Lynn A. Hickman

This is the first issue of TLMA.

This fanzine, while principally the organ of The Little Monsters of America, is published for the enjoyment of all science fiction and fantasy fan and can be subscribed to without joining the organization.

TLMA will publish the best fantasy and science fiction stories available in the amateur field. We will have a readers page where you the reader can speak his(or her) mind. We will have a news page where we will inform you of news in the fantasy fan field. This page will be open to all, free of charge, for announcements, etc. We will review any fanzines sent us. We will review any books sent us.

All in all it will be a magazine you can enjoy, that you can be a part of. Tell us exactly what you like or dislike about TLMA as it is now. Above all subscribe to it.

Tlma will strive incessantly to serve the reader and fandom. The editors and publisher are well aware of the fact that there exists real need for more mature publications in the fanzine field. We earnestly solicit manuscripts, but we will not be an "easy" mark. We know that there is plenty of GOOD amateur fiction and articles available and we want our share--BUT we want the BEST!! We feel that we are filling a long vacant niche in the fan field and as lovers of science-fantasy fiction we hope that TLMA in its way, however small it may be, is doing it's part to further this great field.

Circulation this issue is 200 copies.

Lynn Hickman and Wilkie Connor

Editors

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