

# TESSERACTIONAL

## UPWARD GAZE

Some day, Moon  
You will not be so far away.  
Humans, like little ants,  
Will crawl all about you  
And lick the honey from your horns.  
THEN they will crow beneath the headless  
    looming shoulders of the Night!  
You planets and you, stars!  
Do not laugh at this tiny spectacle,  
For YOU are not untouchable!

Jack Cadrell

FIRST NUMBER

1939

---

TESSERACTION ANNUAL

---

CONTENTS

"UPWARD GAZE" by Jack Cadrell - - - - -	cover
EDITORIAL - - - - -	2.
"TYPHOON OF SPACE" by Milton Asquith - - - - -	3.
"THE CRAWLING CHAOS" by H.P.Lovecraft & W.V.Jackson - - -	5.
"CHICKEN PIZZA" by Franklin Hancock - - - - -	9.
"ATLANTIS" and "WHITE DEATH" by Clark Ashton Smith - - -	11 & 12
"THE CORE" by Max Bart - - - - -	13.
"FANTASY ARTISTS" by Peter Duncan - - - - -	14.

NOVEL SECTION

"LUNAR NIGHT" by James Blish - - - - -	15.
Men who didn't breathe were impossible, of course---	
"CHARON'S LANDING" by Joseph Jackson - - - - -	21.
Deep intrigue and famous men in the Borderland- and Perkins.	

---

ADVERTISEMENTS - - - - -	14.
--------------------------	-----

---

TESSERACTION ANNUAL, published by Raymond Van Houten, 26 Seelye St., Paterson N.J. 25¢ per copy. Vol. 1, No. 1, 1939. This issue made possible by the confidence of some 45 fans, who pledged themselves to pay 25¢ for this magazine when and if it was issued.  
Edition of 72 for this issue.

---

At this time there is no hope that another issue of TA will appear. However, I will accept pledges for it, and if I receive enough, will think about Volume 1, Number 2 of TESSERACTION ANNUAL. This system has worked with the issue you now hold, and I hope that it will make possible further numbers. But you must pledge! 40, I find, is the absolute minimum; so if and when I get 40 post-cards saying, "I'll take the second issue of TA at 25¢ when it comes out.", you'll get another issue of the Annual. It all depends on you.

Inexpressible thanks are due to Mr. Arthur Geilfuss, for his abortive attempt to run off the original stencils for TA, which thru no fault of his, turned out to be inadequate; to Mr. James Gabelle for his kindness in putting his printing shop at my disposal to his own discomfort; to Mr. Howard Greenwald, for the mine of printing lore he turned out to be; to Mr. Leander Leitner, for courteously extending the use of his cuts. But most of all, thanks are due all those trusting fans who kept their pledges. Thanks again, all!



# EDITORIAL.

At last TESSERACT ANNUAL has come out!

Explanations are in order. The history of the formation of the copy of TA you now read is two years long, and as turbulent as the rise of the Roman Empire. Thinking back over those two years, I wonder why I didn't give up the ghost many times.

First, as you no doubt already know, I bought 72---get that, 52---stencils. Well, I typed out a 70 page maga or thought I typed it out, and then sent the works to Mr. Arthur Geulfruss, who very kindly offered to run them off for me. A week or so later I got a letter from him, enclosing a sample, and I almost fainted! The stencils had been of a very poor quality to begin with, and to finish the job in the worst possible style, I had typed them much, much too lightly. The air-castles hit the dust with a resounding thwack.

Then, in a totally unexpected occurrence, I got the opportunity to print TA! Mr. James Gabelle graciously allowed me the use of his extensive printing equipment, and I once more plunged into the business of integrating a magazine. My enthusiasm mounted along with the pile of finished work as I saw the realization of a dream I had never dared dream. A printed TA! I was deeply enmeshed in Paradise---a fool's Paradise, tho, it turned out to be. After completing the 12 pages you see hereinafter, Mr. Gabelle's own business crowded me once more into inactivity. However, I was just 12 glorious pages nearer the end.

Right then was the closest to giving up I ever came. I was even to the point of finding ways and means of refunding the \$7 I had taken in up to that time. TA had cost me about \$7.34 so far.

Nothing happened until April 4, 1940, when I decided to take one last plunge and make a mighty effort to fulfill my obligations. I had obtained material which would have been criminal to waste. I figured on buying 12 stencils, typing them out, and sending them to Jimmy Taurasi to run off. I bought the stencils, and while I was in the midst of cutting them, something happened which sublimated the situation into the simplest of components.

I obtained a mimeograph machine.

Almost nothing that could have happened, short of inheriting a million dollars, could have been happier than that. The road was now clear to the culmination of two years of disappointing labor.

The finished product is now in your possession. I only hope your enjoyment of TA justifies the toil and worry it has cost me---and the money.....

I honestly believe, and I know you will agree with me, that I have obtained the very best fan fiction that was ever written. The Lovecraft story, of course, is after all a Lovecraft Story, and that's all that need be said. "Lunar Night" may have sold to any of the more adventurous professional magazines without a doubt. "Typhoon of Space" is a true "Mutant" story, and "Charon's Landing" is one of the most enjoyable pieces of fiction I have ever had the intense pleasure of reading. The other material speaks for itself.

Take special notice of the linoleum cuts which adorn "Chicken Eggs" and Clark Ashton Smith's wonderful poetry. They are the work of Leanne Leitner, who has published several books of his art and poems.

Without more ado, I give you---TESSERACT ANNUAL---!

# THE TYPHOON OF SPACE

by  
Milton Asquith

We know now that the end has come. Yesterday the Sun sank to make way for a stranger glory than was ever before witnessed by men. As its last rays shone over the jagged skyline that had once been Greater New York, I observed that in all the city but a handful of humanity remains----- a few scientists, several women and children, my wife and myself, gathered here atop this mound of debris for what we are certain will be the last time.

With the knowledge at its disposal, civilization chose self-destruction rather than face en masse what we, the survivors, were now to face alone. Five years before, the tidings of certain doom had confounded the race; five years, in which hell and high water had raged relentlessly over the globe. No need to tell the details of the climax of 3941, when the last bloody conflict was fought; nor the tale of the self-destruction of the last great metropolis----- nor of our survival.

How to recount the last nights of the Typhoon? We who had chosen to watch this fast-approaching Nemesis rather than succumb to the impulses of the millions, huddled in a little group and gazed, stricken, at the fearful scene. With the sinking of the sun, we were left in darkness, since there hadn't been electric power for months. Somewhere amongst us a woman sobbed, and a child wailed and whined; otherwise there was silence.

Did I say we were left in darkness? We were quickly reminded that we still had the light of the stars. And what stars! They shine as tiny discs of light now. Far to the West, they are lost in the all-encroaching blackness of Timeless eternity, and halfway from the invisible horizon to the zenith they glared brilliantly. The planets gleamed in unparalleled splendor.

That far-reaching band of pearly light, the Milky Way, now forms a scintillating backdrop

for the nearer stars of the galaxy. It spreads across the full dome of the heavens and illuminates the dead city eerily. And we know that not far behind the spectacle in the heavens lies the Great Andromedan Nebula. Other galaxies lay not far beyond that, but without instruments they are lost in the glare of our own.

In the space of half an hour it was evident that the structure of the Milky Way had altered. The nearer stars shone with unwinking, malignant intensity.

The ticking of a clock that we had somehow saved pricked my ears. Meanwhile we watched, fascinated by the sight in the heavens. And within another half-hour the starry mass had approached so close that its splendor was increased tenfold, and the sky was ablaze with light.

Hours later. Why we continue to exist, I do not know. Eight hours ago we witnessed the destruction of the rim of our galaxy. By our rude calculations, the Solar System should have been engulfed in half that time. Yet here it is, two-twenty in the morning, and still the Earth exists! Are we to be spared? It hardly seems possible, with what we have seen in the night sky.

We have witnessed the most terrifying sight ever afforded to Man! We have seen the stars of our galaxy go plunging down the heavens like meteors. We have beheld the broad swath of the Milky Way caught up in something invisible, swept up in whirlwind and carried from sight---all in a fairy sky that defies description. As I write these observations---the last that will ever be written---a cry goes forth that Andromeda is looming large in the fast-emptying heavens.

What a sight! Yes, it is true; an island universe from unthinkable light years away is riding higher and higher across the heavens. If ever we had occasion to doubt our reason, surely this is it!

Like fireworks, all the sky is blazing and rushing into Nothingness. The radiation has raised the temperature to an almost unbearable height, yet this is insignificant in the face of what is happening over our heads.

We have seen the proof in the sky, and know that we are doomed. We know that it is not half-



ucination, for we have found confirmation of the original theory of the destruction of the cosmos which Dr. Jonson predicted so tactlessly.

Yes, with the clearing away of the galaxies we saw it. A luminous arc that creeps from the darkness of no-where in the far depths of Infinity. It looms larger as the minutes fly by. The complete sphere is lost in the black of space, because it is something far, far greater than the greatest galaxy. Like a crescent moon, it hangs in the Western sky dreamy in its faraway distances, mysterious and foreboding.

Earlier theories that the universe may be likened to a bubble, with the film constituting intergalactic space, are correct. And what we are now witnessing is the approach of another Universe!

The earth beneath our huddled group is trembling. Soon the last life will be gone--- gone with the earth, the system, the galaxy and many others. Perhaps at this time, if time is intrauniversal there may be living creatures in the approaching universe who must undergo the same horrible thing. But that, however, is wild speculation. We shall never know.

The discovery of a second luminous sphere, low over the southern horizon does not surprise me. It serves to settle the fact that three universes are converging, causing a vortex in No-space that may be compared to a tornado. Spatial strains are acting, and gravitic forces are breaking up the universes.

Yes, doomed we are! I am needed elsewhere now. There is little else to do than remain huddled, and face the inevitable with fortitude. My wife demands that I stop writing---and so I shall for one final time resign to her pitiful wish. The Earth is rocking, and the last of Andromeda has flared by, like the end of a comet's radiant flight. Directly over us hangs No-dimension, into which we are plunging---

That is all. The world is falling. The time has come---

VAN HOUTEN SAYS --- With the disappearance of the hektograph, the fan mag reaches a newer, and let us hope fewer, level of development.

*Greetings!*

to the

## INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION

NEW YORK CITY  
1939

# THE CRAWLING CHAOS

by

H. P. Lovecraft & W. V. Jackson

Of the pleasures and pains of opium much has been written. The ecstasies and horrors of DeQuincey and the *paralis artificialis* of Baudelaire are preserved and interpreted with an art that makes them immortal, and the world knows well the beauty, the terror, and the mystery of those obscure realms into which the inspired dreamer is transported. But, man as has been told, no man has yet dared to intimate the *nature* of the phantasms thus unfolded to the mind, or the *direction* of the unheard-of roads along whose ornate and exotic courses the partaker of the drug is so irresistibly drawn. DeQuincey was borne back into Asia, land of teeming shadows whose hideous antiquity is so impressive that "the vast age of the race and the name overpowers the senses of youth in the individual," but further than that he dared not go. Those who have gone farther have seldom returned; and if they did, they were either silent, or quite mad. I took opium but once--in the year of the plague, when doctors sought to deaden agonies they could not cure. There was an overdose--my physician was worn out with horror and exertion--and I traveled very far indeed. In the end I returned and lived, but my nights are filled with strange memories, and I have never permitted a doctor to give me opium again.

The pain and pounding in my head had been quite unendurable when the drug was administered. Of the future I had no heed; to escape, whether by cure, unconsciousness, or death, was all that concerned me. I was partly delirious, so that it is hard to place the exact moment of transition, but I think the effect must have begun shortly after the pounding in my head ceased to be painful. As I have said, there was an overdose; my react-

ions were prodly far from normal. The sensation of falling, curiously dissociated from the idea of gravity or direction, was paramount; though there was a subsidiary impression of unseen throngs in incalculable profusion, throngs of infinite diversity, but somehow all related to me. Sometimes it seemed less as though I were falling, than the ages were falling past me. Suddenly my pain ceased, and I began to associate the pounding with an external force. The falling ceased also, giving place to a sensation of uneasy, temporary rest; and when I listened closely, the pounding was that of the vast, inscrutable sea as its sinister, colossal breakers lacerated some desolate shore after a storm of titanic magnitude. Then I opened my eyes.

For a moment my surroundings seemed confused, like a projected image hopelessly out of focus, but gradually I realized my solitary presence in a strange and beautiful room lighted by many windows. Of the exact nature of the apartment, I could form no idea, for my thoughts were far from settled, but I noticed vari-colored rugs and draperies, elaborately fashioned tables, ottomans, divans, and delicate vases and ornaments that conveyed a suggestion of the exotic without being actually alien. Slowly but inexorably crawling upon my consciousness came a dizzying fear of the unknown; a fear all the greater because I could not analyze it, seeming to contain a stealthily approaching menace; not death, but some nameless unheard-of thing inexpressibly more ghastly and abhorrent.

Presently I recognized that the direct symbol and excitant of my fears was the pounding whose hideous, incessant reverberations throbbed maddeningly against my exhausted brain. It seemed to come from a point outside and below the edifice in which I stood, and to associate itself with the most terrifying mental images. I felt that some horrible scene or object lurked beyond the silk-hung walls and shrank from glancing through the arched, latticed windows that opened bewilderingly on every hand. Perceiving shutters fastened there I closed them all, averting my eyes from



the exterior as I did so. Then, employing a flint and steel which I found on one of the smaller tables, I lit the multitude of candles that reposed in arabesqued sconces about the walls. The added sense of security brought about by closed shutters and artificial light calmed my nerves to a degree, but I could not shut out the monotonous pounding. Now that I was calmer, the sound became as fascinating as it was fearful, and I felt a contradictory urge to seek out its source despite my still powerful shrinking. Opening a portiere at the side of the room nearest the pounding, I beheld a richly draped corridor that ended in a carved door and a large oriole window. To this window I was irresistibly drawn, though my ill-defined apprehensions seemed almost equally bent on holding me back. As I approached it I saw a chaotic whirl of waters in the distance. Then, as I attained it and looked out on all sides, the stupendous picture of my surroundings burst upon me with full and devastating force.

I beheld such a sight that I never beheld before, and which no human being could see save in the delirium of fever or the inferno of opium. The building stood on a narrow point of land or what was *now* a narrow point of land---fully three hundred feet of what must have lately been a whorling vortex of mad water. On either side of the house there fell away a newly washed precipice of red earth, while ahead of me the hideous waves were still rolling in frightfully, eating away the land with ghastly monotony and deliberation. Out a mile or so there rose and fell menacing breakers at least fifty feet high, and on the far horizon ghoulish clouds of grotesque black contour rested like unwholesome vultures. The waves were dark and purplish, almost black, and clutched at the yielding red mud as if with uncouth greedy hands. I could not but feel that some noxious marine mind had declared a war of extermination upon the solid ground, perhaps abetted by the angry sky.

Recovering at length from the stupor into which this unnatural spectacle had thrown me, I realized that my actual physical danger was acute. Even whilst I gazed the bank had lost many feet, and it could not be long before the house would

fall undermined into the pit of rushing waves. Accordingly I hastened to the other side of the edifice, and finding a door, emerged at once, locking it after me with a curious key which had been hanging inside. I now beheld more of the strange region about me, and marked a singular division which seemed to exist in the hostile ocean and firmament. On each side of the jutting promontory different conditions held sway. At my left as I faced inland was a gently heaving sea with great green waves rolling peacefully in under a brightly shining sun. Something about that sun's nature and position made me shudder, but I could not tell then, and I cannot tell now, what it was. At my right was also the sea, but it was blue, calm, and only slightly undulating, while the sky above it was darker and the washed-out bank was more whitish than red.

I now turned my attention to the land, and found occasion for fresh surprise; for the vegetation resembled nothing I had ever seen or read about. It was apparently tropical, or at least semi-tropical---a conclusion borne out by the intense heat in the air. Sometimes I thought that I could trace strange analogies with the flora of my native land, fancying that the familiar plants and shrubs might assume such shapes under a radical change in climate; but the gigantic and omnipresent palms were plainly foreign. The house I had just left was very small---hardly more than a cottage---but its material was evidently marble, and its architecture was weird and composite, involving a quaint fusion of Western and Eastern forms. At the corners were Corinthian columns, but the red tile roof was that of a Chinese pagoda. From the door inland stretched a path of singularly white sand, about four feet wide, and lined on either side with stately palms and flowering shrubs of unidentifiable species. It lay toward the side of the promontory where the sea was blue and the bank whitish. Down this path I felt impelled to flee, as if pursued by a malignant spirit from the pounding ocean. At first it was slightly uphill; then I reached a gentle crest. Behind me I could see the scene I had just left; the entire point with cottage and water, with the green sea on one side and the blue on the other, and a curse unnameable

lowering over it all.

As I have intimated, the path ran along the right hand shore as one went inland. Ahead and to the left I now viewed a magnificent valley comprising thousands of acres, and covered with a waving growth of tropical grass taller than my head. Almost at the limit of my vision was a colossal palm tree which seemed to fascinate me and beckon. By this time wonder and escape from the imperiled peninsula had largely dissipated my fears, but as I paused and sank wearied to the path, a new and acute sense of danger seized me. Some terror in the tall, swishing grass seemed added to that of the diabolically pounding sea, and I started up crying aloud and disjointedly, "Tiger? Tiger? Is it tiger? Beast? Is it a Beast I fear?" My mind wandered back to an ancient and classical story of tigers which I had read; I strove to recall the author, but had difficulty. Then in the midst of my fear I remembered that it had been Rudyard Kipling; nor did the grotesqueness of deeming him an ancient author strike me. I wished for the volume containing this story, and had almost started back to the doomed cottage to procure it when my better sense and the lure of the palm prevented me.

Whether I could have resisted the backward lure without the counter-attraction of the giant palm, I do not know. This attraction was now dominant, and I left the path and crawled on hands and knees down the valley's slope despite my fear of the grass and the serpents it might contain. I resolved to fight for life and reason as long as possible against all the menaces of land and sea, though I sometimes feared immediate defeat as the maddening swish of the uncanny grasses joined the still audible and irritating pounding of the distant breakers. I would frequently pause and put my hands to my ears for relief, but could never quite shut out the detestable sound. It was, it seemed to me, only after ages that I dragged myself to the beckoning palm tree and lay quiet in its protecting shade.

There now ensued a series of incidents which transported me between the opposite extremes of of ecstasy and horror; incidents which I tremble to recall and dare not seek to explain. No soon-

er had I crawled beneath the overhanging branches of the tree, there dropped from its foliage a young child of such beauty as I have never seen. Though ragged and dusty, this being bore the features of a faun or demi-god, and seemed almost to diffuse a radiance in the dense shadow of the tree. It smiled and extended its hand, but before I could arise and speak I heard in the upper air the exquisite melody of singing; notes high and lowblent with a sublime and ethereal harmoniousness. The sun had by this time sunk below the horizon, and in the twilight I saw that an aureola of corruscant light encircled the child's head. Then in tones of liquid silver it addressed me: "This is the end. They have come down from the stars in the gloaming. Now it is all over, and beyond the Arinurian streams we shall dwell blissfully in Teloe." As the child spoke, I beheld a soft radiance among the leaves of the palm tree, and rising, greeted a pair whom I knew must be the chief singers of the group I had heard. A god and goddess they must have been, for such beauty is not mortal; and they took my hands, saying, "Come, you have heard the voices, and all is well. In Teloe beyond the Arinurian streams and the Milky Way are cities of amber and chalcedony. And upon their domes of many facets glisten the beams of strange and beautiful stars. Under the ivory bridges flow rivers bearing the pleasure barges bound for blossomy Cytharion of the Seven Suns. And in Teloe and Cytharion dwell only youth, beauty, and pleasure; nor are any sounds heard save those of laughter, song, and the music of the lute. Only the Gods dwell in Teloe by the golden rivers, but among them thou also shalt dwell."

As I listened, enchanted, I suddenly became aware of a change in my surroundings. The palm tree, so lately overshadowing my exhausted form, was now some distance to my left and below me. I was obviously floating in the atmosphere; accompanied not only by the child and the wondrous pair, but by an ever-increasing, half-luminous group of vine-crowned youths and maidens with wind-blown hair and joyful countenances. We slowly ascended together, as if borne on a fragrant breeze, not from earth but from a silver nebula, and the child whispered in my ear that I must



look ever upward to the pathways of light, and never backward to the sphere I had just left. The youths and maidens now chaunted mellifluous chorambics to the accompaniment of lutes, and I was enveloped in a peace and happiness more profound than any I had in me imagined, when the intrusion of a single sound altered my destiny and shattered my soul. Thru the ravishing strains of the singers and the lutenists, as if in mocking, demoniac concord, throbbed from gulfs below the damnable, the detestable, pounding of that hideous ocean. And as those black breakers beat their message into my brain I forgot the words of the child and looked back, down upon the doomed scene from which I had just escaped.

Down thru the aether I saw a cursed earth slowly turning, with angry and tempestuous seas gnawing at desolate shores and dashing foam against the tottering towers of deserted cities. And under a ghastly moon there gleamed sights I can never describe, sights I will never forget; deserts of corpse-like clay and jungles of ruin and decadence where once stretched the populous plains and villages of my native land, and maelstroms of frothing oceans where once rose the mighty temples of my forefathers. Around the northern pole steamed a morass of noisome growths and miasmal vapors, hissing before the onslaught of the ever mounting waves that curled and fretted from the shuddering deep. Then a rending report clave the darkness, and across the desert of deserts appeared a smoking rift. Still the black ocean foamed and gnawed, eating away the desert on either side as the rift in the middle widened.

There was now no land left but the desert, and still the ocean ate and ate. All at once I felt that even the pounding seas were afraid of something, afraid of dark gods in the earth that are greater than the evil de-

ities of waters, but it could not turn back, and the desert had suffered too much under those nightmare waves to help it now. So the ocean ate the last of the land and poured into the smoking gulf, thereby giving up all it had ever conquered. From the new-flooded lands it flowed again, uncovering death and decay; and from its ancient and immemorable bed it trickled loathsomely, uncovering nighted secrets of the years when Time was young and the gods unborn. Above the waves rose weedy, remembered spires. The moon laid pale lilies of flight on dead London, and Paris stood up in its damp grave to be sanctified with stardust. Then rose spires that were weedy but unre-membered; terrible monoliths of lands that men never knew were lands.

There was no pounding now, but only the unearthly roaring and hissing of waters tumbling into the rift. The smoke of that gulf had turned to steam, and almost hid the dying world as it grew denser and denser. It seared my face and hands, and when I looked to see how it was affecting my companions, I found they had all vanished. Then, very suddenly, it ended, and I knew no more until I awoke on a bed of convalescence. As the cloud of steam from the Plutonic depths finally hid the entire surface from my sight, all the firmament shrieked at a sudden agony of mad reverberations that shook the trembling aether. In one delirious flash and burst it happened, one blinding, deafening holocaust of fire, smoke and thunder that dissolved the wan moon as it fled outward to the void.

And when the smoke had cleared away, and I sought to look upon the Earth, I beheld against the backdrop of the cold, humorous stars only the dying sun and the pale, mournful planets searching for their sister.



# CHICHEN

# ITZA

by Franklin Hancock

Linoleum cuts by LEANDER LEITNER

Chichen Itza, a large and prosperous city of the Mayas, was founded in 452 A. D. by settlers from the tribe of Itza. The name Chichen Itza means, "mouths of the wells of the Itzas", the wells being two large cenotes just outside the city.

It was in the year 300 A. D. that the first Mayas were forced by starvation to migrate to Yucatan. They encountered a race of semi-civilized natives but after much trouble they finally subdued these people and established themselves



on the land. Within a short time several large cities had been formed, among them Chichen. The first inhabitants of the city had a hard time, for work took up most of their energies, and it was a hundred years before the first big stone temples were built. About this time the Itzas deserted their city for apparently no reason at all and moved to a city on the west coast. After living there peaceably for several centuries they were expelled by a hostile tribe and returned to





Chichen, which soon became the greatest city in the empire. Good location was not the only reason for this growth of power. Chichen was a holy city for it was believed that the rain god lived in the larger cenote. This god was a very bloodthirsty one, for every year the most beautiful maiden was thrown into the cenote to be his bride.

Among other Mayan gods were the wind god, the god of corn, the sun god, the harvest god, the god of death, and many more, but most important was Kukulcan, or Quetzalcoatl, the feathered serpent. Kukulcan was a conquered chief who was thrown into the cenote and came back alive. Kukulcan did many good things, one of them being the founding of the League of Mayan. Roads were built, and trading from Colom-

bia to New Mexico. Peace did not last, though, and the League conquered Chichen. After that Chichen was ruled by a Toltec governor, and the Temple of Warriors, the most beautiful building in Chichen, was built.

Though the Toltecs gave glory to Chichen, the Itzas rose up against Mayapan and killed its ruling family.

But they again deserted the city, and Chichen lost its importance. The last inhabitants were driven from the once-glorious city by a hurricane leaving Chichen forgotten until its recent discovery by archeologists.





Clark Ashton Smith

## ATLANTIS

Above its domes the gulfs accumulate  
To where the sea-winds trumpet forth their scream;  
But here the buried waters take no heed---  
Deaf, and with welded lips from press of weight  
Imposed by ocean. Dim, inanimate  
On temples of an unremembered creed,  
Involved in long, slow tentacles of weed,  
The dead tide lies, immovable as fate.



From out the pond-rout-oiled ocean dome  
A cloudy light is questionably shed  
On alters of a Goddess garlanded  
With blossoms of some wend and hueless vine;  
And winged, fleet, thru skies beneath the foam,  
Like silent birds the sea things dart and shine.



# THE CORE

by Max Bart

Thruout the aeons the Core had lain quiescent, acted upon by the mighty forces at the center of the earth. Weightless, yet representing the whole weight of the globe, it lay unmoving.

But within it changes of an unbelievable nature were taking effect. Its atoms were slowly rearranging, its molecules finally approaching the ultimate in complexity.

Thinking is merely a function of highly organized matter, and the Core thought, and then began to more than think, its super-organization progressing higher and higher.

The Core perceived with its strange senses the outside Universe, and a powerful longing stirred its molten amorphity. To blaze the star-skies, unlimited by the clinging shell of matter that held it immovable! To search out its brothers in the stars --- they were there! He had heard them.

Slowly, a plan formed. It drew around itself a framework of protecting metals, encircling itself and the fiery stuff around it. It lay for a time, gathering energy for the final effort, thundering in anticipation. At last it was ready. In one mighty heave, as a monster roc bursts from its gigantic egg, it hurtled outward with inconceivable velocity into far space, leaving behind a shattered stone husk.

NOVEL SECTION

LUNAR NIGHT

by

Jim Blish

"We have gone," stated Anthony, eyeing the chronometer judiciously, "somewhere in the neighborhood of 238,450 miles. The time has come for the first step to cut loose---now we'll be able to see ahead." Two wrinkles appeared on Rita Bennett's forehead.

"Somewhere in the neighborhood---hadn't you better be sure?"

"Not necessary. The calculations were all made for me, you know. I just follow instructions. I can figure by the clock how far we've gone at any time. The first two steps went out automatically when the fuel ran out of them, and according to the clock, Number Three is due off any minute. So why bother about being accurate? We're just observers. How about it, Oscar?"

There was a sudden jerk of deceleration, and the space suit fastened to the wall nodded grotesquely. A brilliant beam of light suddenly poured up thru the bottom port and reflected blindingly from the metal ceiling. Anthony squinted in the glare, snatched the dark circle of glass from the frame on Oscar's faceplate, and held it over the bullseye. Together they peered out.

Occupying almost the entire field of view, the face of the waning moon lay glittering in the sunlight, scarcely four hundred miles below now. Just vanishing over the rim on the sunlit side was a tiny, shining meteor, the section which had just been released.

"That will miss completely," Anthony explained. "Going too fast. It'll probably become a satellite."

Rita straightened and stretched exuberantly, her eyes misty and sparkling.

"The moon!" she cried. "On the moon, Tony! The first ones!"

For an instant Tony looked at her fondly. She was uncommonly lovely, her hair tossed back, the scanty, weight-saving harness she was wearing accentuating the lithe lines of her young body. Tony's thoughts at that moment were not particularly scientific. He frowned.

"Yeah," he concurred. "You'll be the first one. I still don't like that, Rita. If Oscars only weren't so heavy---we could have brought another suit. It'll be plenty dangerous locating those two automatic ships. We only know their approximate locations, too."

"We've had all this out before," Rita objected impatiently. "If you were going someplace where---where you might not come back---I wanted to go with you! And now that I'm here, there's no sense in my sitting helplessly inside and letting you---oh!"

The floor suddenly trembled violently beneath their sandal-shod feet, and a sickening surge of deceleration flattened them to their hands and knees.

"Time to---uh!---cut off the automatic and---land her---uh!"

Tony grunted, laboriously forcing himself to his feet and staggering



along the wall to the instrument board. "Pull yourself to the port and help me out."

Rita flattened herself thankfully to the floor and pressed her nose against the thick glass.

Tony sat down heavily before the controls, perspiration starting out in fine drops on his forehead.

"How are we situated?" he asked as he twirled the shut-off valve half-way back in its bed. The pressure of the floor against their feet immediately eased off.

"Don't do that!" Rita snapped from the port. "We're only up about 25,000 feet! More power---quick---!"

The valve spun like a gyroscope, and weight poured over them in a glutinous flood. With tremendous effort Tony kept his hands on the wheels.

"That's---better---uh! 15,000 now---ten---eight, uh!---five.... O.K., ease off!"

They gasped gratefully for air as the muted thunder of the jets dropped down the scale, and they floated down for the surface of the moon upon a cushioning blast of superheated gas. Tony jumped from his seat to claim a place at the porthole, and rocketed to the ceiling.

Steadily the ground approached---five hundred feet---four hundred. "This was too easy," Tony murmured uneasily.

At twenty-five feet a rim nozzle burnt out and the unbalanced snip slid like a toboggan to the rock surface. The hull rang deafeningly like a great bell as they struck, and then there was silence.

"We seem to have arrived," announced Tony, struggling to his knees and rubbing nose thoughtfully. Oscar wobbled his head drunkenly from the wall, as the two clasped their hands together and rose to meet the enigmatical world upon which they had landed.

## II.

"First on the program," declared Tony, "is locating those supply ships. That's your job, Rita, but---."

She laughingly put a finger to his lips.

"All right," he shrugged. "Look here." He spread out a chart of the moon's visible hemisphere.

"This one's the closest," he said, pointing out a red circle. In the neighborhood of Ptolemy. "You can take the long trek after you've gotten some experience. The first ship is somewhere in that circle; there's about 314 square miles to be searched."

Rita nodded. "Then from there I go to this one by Copernicus---"

"You do not!" commanded Tony with emphasis. "You come straight home to me. Your air won't last forever, you know. There's only twelve hours in this tank. You should make the round trip in about seven."

Together they unstrapped the heavy metal spacesuit from the wall.

"Shirt and pants first," Tony directed, holding the mentioned garments whilst Rita slipped into them. "Then---the boots, sealed to the rest---so!" He stomped back and eyed her anxiously. "Your figure's not too pretty, and your head is way too small for the rest of you, but that's easily fixed." He slipped the spherical helmet over her head, and screwed it down into its socket. "Can you see out okay?" He stepped to the controls and flipped a switch.

"---a word you're saying!" the radio blared abruptly.

"Now can you?"

"Yes. It's close in here!"

"Turn the air on."

Tony slid the door back, and she bent over to enter the airlock, but he caught her by the arm.

"What's the matter?"

"I forgot something," said Tony, unscrewing the helmet again. He kissed her and replaced it.

Once more she entered the lock, and the door shut behind her.

"All right, kid?" asked Tony's voice thru the earphones.

"Sure!" her voice boomed strangely in the confines of the helmet. She was trembling with excitement, and her stomach felt queerly vacant. She was going to tread a new soil which no man had ever touched before!

Suddenly the outer door swung open, and before her was an oval opening to this new world. For an instant she crouched, her heart beating wildly; then she stepped resolutely out. She made a long jump to the peak of an immense boulder and surveyed the landscape.

Everything was white and black. Great masses of mountains rose to the left and right, up into a velvet sky in which the gibbous Earth floated. Shadows stretched to enormous proportions in the Earth-light. When the sun was up, as it had been for a brief time after they had landed, those shadows would be jet-black and as sharply defined as a silhouette; but now, with the cold light of the star-blanket pouring in from all directions, they faded into one another, and there were no definite regions of light and dark, except on the higher pinnacles, where the sun still struck.

"It's---it's all dead out here!" she whispered.

"Hardly any cows grazing," agreed the earphones, and she jumped in fright.

"I'd forgotten you," she admitted, laughing nervously. "Lord, this gravity makes me feel strong. Shall I move the ship?"

"Eighty tons on earth is ten tons here. Can you lift ten tons?"

"I feel like it!" Jumping lightly from her perch, she seized a rock as large as herself and flung it a good thirty feet. A n earsplitting crash made her recoil in surprise.

"Tony!" she gasped. "I heard that!"

"So did I," Tony growled. "Stop wasting your air by tossing mountains and get going. Sound travels thru the ground just as well here as it does on the earth."

She consulted the directional guide in her mitten and, flexing the bulbous legs of Oscar, made a wild "westward" leap.

"Easy, easy," the earphones admonished her in mid-flight. She sailed over a jutting rampart and landed head-over-heels in a black void. Once more she jumped, more cautiously this time, and emerged on a broad plain. Gathering caution, she began to take regular leaps of twenty feet.

"I'm doing fine," she said. "There's a sort of mountain range ahead of me."

"That's the wall of our crater. It's a good ten miles yet."

"I should reach it in no time. This is just like flying."

"How's Oscar?"

"Behaving very well, but a little stiff in the joints."

The ship was already lost in the jumbled wilderness of rocks, and the awful emptiness of her position began to oppress her heavily. Shrinking from being left alone with her own thoughts, she kept up a running fire of conversation. The cheery sound of Tony's voice was a welcome connexion to mundane things in the midst of this alien world.



High above, the stars blazed coldly down on the tiny metallic figure toiling across the ruin of the ages, the inquisitive finger of a flashlight beam probing ahead of it into the enigmatic shadows.

### III.

Tony had run out of conversational material and was reading into the microphone from his observational records, punctuating his paragraphs with occasional questions, when Rita finally stopped searching in despair.

"Tony," she broke in, "I can't find it!"

"Look in the craters inside the circle, then," he directed. "There are one or two."

"Yes, there's one in sight. It looks quite close, but in this airless place things are all farther away than they look."

Tony granted non-committedly and proceeded with "The Chemical Analysis of Lunar Soil". Ten minutes later the speaker sounded again.

"Tony!"

Tony dropped the sheaf of papers and sat up with a jerk. There was a note of fright in her voice.

"Are you all right, Rita?" he snapped in alarm.

"Tony! I'm on the crater wall, and---I thought I saw something moving down there!"

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, I know; no air, and all that. I guess it must have been my imagination. My light's about used up. The shadows must have deceived me."

"Go on in and look around, and then come back if there's nothing there and we'll try again. You've been out there too long. It's getting on your nerves---"

"Tony! There is something moving down there! I can't see very well, but I'm sure--- There it is; I see it! It's a man! A man, Tony, out here---!"

"You're crazy!" the man in the space ship shouted, springing to his feet. "Come back right away! You---"

"I'm not! I can see more of them. Tony, Tony! They're chasing me---I can't move---they're giants! Tony---help!---" There was a tremendous crashing and bumping sound, and the radio went dead.

"Rita! Rita!" Tony shouted into the inert phone. "What's happened? Where are you?" He broke off in a string of curses. His end was all right---it was here that had cut out. Maybe she had fallen and smashed her faceplate! Or if those men were real---. Could nature evolve a being that didn't have to breathe?

He paced in a circle around the little cabin, raving helplessly. What could he do; there was no extra spacesuit. She was completely cut off from him---perhaps dying without air right now, or in the hands of some abnormal monstrosity of the Moon!

She had five hours of oxygen left. He had five hours to reach her.

But that was impossible!

Why couldn't there have been another spacesuit? Surely a lighter suit could have been fixed---something smaller than that great, tanklike thing. Or carry it in place of that junk for the observation station.

He stopped in his tracks. Of course! That was the only way! The equipment meant for assembling the observation station---!

In half an hour he had everything in a pile in the middle of the

floor. The welding apparatus, lengths of pipe, a tank of oxygen from the stores, the dark-glass faceplate which originally belonged to Oscar, a blast chamber severed from one of the rocket tubes; and a fuel tank from the same tube. Quickly he set to work, gritting his teeth and controlling his shaking hands with tremendous mental effort.....

An hour---sixty precious minutes---and it was done. The tiny cabin was furnace-hot from the welding rig, but he ignored the discomfort. Pounding thru his head was: "Only three and a half hours....."

Ten more flying minutes, and he was outside, peering thru the dark glass at the bleak terrain. The hiss of oxygen in his ear was supplemented by another hiss, the sound of escaping air thru one knee-joint. The suit was badly insulated; he depended upon a makeshift heater to keep the temperature up. In his hand he clutched his only weapon---a stick of dynamite. Clenching his fists, he was off in a powerful leap.

He landed on his head or his back as often as his feet. He made little attempt to control himself, taking eighty feet at a bound, and falling ten feet more after he landed. The perspiration rivered down his face although it was growing colder by the minute inside the clumsy suit. The dark glass clouded over with his heavy breathing.

He gulped in the thin, icy air as fast as he could, the excess oxygen searing his throat and making him giddy in spite of his superhuman efforts to hold his mind in check. The cold increased steadily. Time was condensed to only one meaning....."two hours".....

#### IV.

Screaming, Rita made one last frantic leap. Her foot caught on a jutting outcrop, and she fell back on the ledge with a deafening crash that nearly stunned her.

For an instant she lay sobbing---then her arms were seized and she was dragged to her feet. As she caught sight of the monsters which surrounded her, she screamed again in terror and began to struggle, but she was firmly pinioned.

From a height of over eight feet, two featureless, corpse-pale heads stared down upon her with single phosphorescent eyes. Their bodies seemed little more than skeletons, but there was iron in the thin arms which twined about her own. Moon-men! No equipment for breathing, eating, hearing!

She was suddenly conscious that she had been crying incoherently into a dead radio. She was momentarily glad that Tony couldn't have heard her. But he was helpless---he had no space suit---no weapons. He didn't even know her location exactly.

With an abrupt jerk, her two captors flung her off the ledge and jumped after her. Their amazing agility thwarted her attempt to run when she hit, and she resigned herself---for the time being, at least.

As her eyes gradually became accustomed to the dim starlight which filtered down into the deep hole, she began to see the weird panorama around her.

Piled up against the far wall was the wreck of the spaceship she had been looking for, almost invisible in the shadow of the overhanging ledges. Swarming around it were hordes of pale, gangling figures, piling rocks around the wreckage. Straining her eyes, she could make out a huge, roughly rectangular boulder which had been moved up to the smashed ship, and it was around this that the lesser rocks were being heaped.

Her guards jerked her to her feet and dragged her to the opposite



side of the pit, where she was forcibly seated in a sort of alcove in the wall. When she looked again, the Moon-men were streaming away from the block and the piled-up rubble, and forming in a mass some distance away and to one side, so that she could still watch the proceedings.

Several, who seemed to be in command, dropped to their knees and bowed their horrible heads heavily on the ground before the square stone. The massed Moon-men immediately followed suit. Again this was repeated, and once more---

It was a kind of ritual, a ritual of worship, and that rugged stone was the altar. An ignorant, savage people, perhaps the last tags of a once-great race, worshipping the thunderbolt from the inscrutable skies! And primitive religions usually embodied---sacrifice!

As if at an unseen signal, the gangling forms moved slowly across in front of the altar block, falling on their knees and hitting their heads unfeelingly on the stone crater floor in a crude rhythm, forming solid ranks before the crushed spaceship and the leaders at the altar. Magically these ranks parted, making a lane to where she was sitting--- and as she recoiled in sudden terror, her two guards caught her up once more and propelled her down the aisle toward the stone and the priests who waited with huge clubs of lava. From the silent files of Moon-men the single eyes stared at her expectantly, and the two beside her led her toward her doom with maddeningly slow, deliberate, ceremonial strides.

And then she was on the ground, weeping hysterically, and the Moon-men were fleeing and vanishing like wraiths on all sides as a terrific concussion rocked the ground. The overhanging ledge shattered into a thousand fragments that plunged down in a majestic avalanche on the crumpled derelict and the priests. A grotesquely metal-encased figure glided down toward her, and a crudely mittened hand raised her, and clamped her to a hard steel chest---

"Rita! Are you all right?" Tony's gasping voice rang in her ears. She nodded voicelessly.

Tony shot a quick glance around at the shadows. "Quick, let's get out of here. This suit of mine won't last---another---hou-r-r-r...." With a suddenness that seemed part of a kaleidoscopic picture, he collapsed at her feet, falling in the slow gravity like a slow-motion picture.

\* \* \* \* \*

A flaming ball shot across Tony's consciousness, swerved viciously at him and burst in his face, showering him with icy water. He groaned and opened his eyes. He found himself staring into Rita's anxious face.

"Tony!" she sighed, gathering him up. "Thank God!"

He struggled to sit up, but she pushed him down. "We're in the ship again, and everything's all right," she soothed.

"You mean---you dragged me all the way back here?" he asked incredulously.

She smiled. "Yes, darling!" she breathed. "I couldn't leave you out there, could I?"

She was pulled down into his crushing embrace.

"Rita," said Tony after a few moments, "look!"

A brilliant spear of greenish Earthlight sprayed thru the top port, bathing them with caressing light. The blessing of Mother Earth!

THE END

CHARON'S LANDING  
by  
Joseph Jackson.

Everybody said that Ed Perkins should have known better than to work on his car with the door shut and the motor running. Of course he knew better. When the wind slammed the door shut he had cursed softly and crawled down from the mudguard. Picking his way thru the litter of tools and parts, he didn't see the smear of grease that threw him off balance. He grabbed wildly for support, and missed. His head thudded against the running board, and there were lights. Then darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two men sat on a grassy spot beside the dusty road. They were dressed in the cocked hats, long coats, knee britches, and white stockings peculiar to the era of the American Revolution, and seemed to be doing nothing in particular. Suddenly the older, and more portly, of the two, who was squinting lackadaisically up the road, remarked, "Here comes another one."

His companion scowled and grunted. "Oh, well. Let's go meet him," he acquiesced surlily.

Together they rose and moved off toward the solitary walker visible in the distance. When the three finally met, the portly gentleman was again the first to speak.

"Good day, sir," he said. "May we be of assistance to you?"

The newcomer looked dazedly at the strange pair.

"Sure---sure," he faltered. "You're the first people I've seen since I---since I came here. My name is Perkins, Ed Perkins."

The spokesman took off his hat and fanned himself.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Perkins," he said. "My name is Ben Franklin. This," he continued by way of addendum, "is Revere, Paul. You must have heard of him---he rode a horse."

Revere grunted sourly.

Perkins mopped his brow with his handkerchief, and started to speak, but Franklin interrupted him.

"Let's rest for a while. There's plenty of time, you know."

They went over to the side of the road and sat down. Revere began plucking absently at one of the large buckles that adorned his shoes, while Franklin chewed a blade of grass with reflection. Perkins eyed them in discomfort. He gulped once or twice and then found his voice.

"Say," he said shakily, with a weak laugh, "would you mind telling me just where I am?"

Ben Franklin carefully selected a fresh blade of grass. Putting it into his mouth, he leaned back on his elbows.

"Well," he began, with the air of one who has told the same story countless times, "You are passing thru what some call the Borderland. This road leads to Charon's landing on the Styx. You can either cross over, or stay on this side, whichever you like. Personally, I like to sit and think a bit, and it gets quite noisy over there sometimes, what with Grant and Lee still arguing, and the Naval Inquiry Board investigating the bids for Charon's new ferry. Paul here is waiting around hoping that some day they might send him thru a horse."



Revere snorted and for the first time broke into the conversation. "See here, Ben Franklin," he said crossly, "I'm not going to stand for any ---."

"Tut-tut-tut!" interrupted the stout personage. "Let's not have vulgar words again. Besides, haven't I helped you look all these years? And at my age, too! I should think you'd be ashamed."

"Aw, go fly another kite!" Revere flounced petulantly over on his stomach and stuck his fingers in his ears. Franklin shook his head and turned sadly to Perkins.

"You mustn't mind him. He really did make a good ride, but the publicity went to his head. If he doesn't find a horse soon," he sighed, "I might as well cross over too. The disappointment makes me very trying at times." He rubbed his head ruefully. "Yesterday he threw stones at me when I told him what I thought of his engraving of the Boston Massacre." He stole a glance at Revere and leaned close to Perkins. "It was pretty terrible, wasn't it?" he whispered.

"Well, I don't---," Perkins was more than a little bewildered. Things had been moving at a dizzy pace for him. The realization that his earthly existence was over had been upsetting enough, but to be casually accosted by two famous historical characters who bickered like something out of Alice-in-Wonderland---well, it was too much!

Franklin leaned back, evidently displeased with Perkins' failure to agree with his criticisms of Paul's artistic abilities.

"I suppose," he said irritably, "you are anxious to continue your journey." He rolled over and poked Revere on the shoulder.

"C'mon," he commanded wearily. "Let's get him started."

Paul Revere set up and scowled darkly. "Why the hell," he grumbled, "you have to wet-nurse all the new ones is beyond me!"

"Somebody has to keep them moving or we wouldn't have any privateers at all!" his companion snapped, peevishly.

The three climbed to their feet and, with the newcomer in the middle, marched off down the road. Perkins had accepted his recent demise philosophically enough; in fact, the more he thought about it, the more comfortable he felt. No more garage---dirty cars; yes there were advantages.

After some minutes of silent walking, which Perkins filled with the above ruminations, a turn in the road brought into view a shining expanse of water. Not far away, the road ended in a decrepit and deserted wharf. However, the Styx (Perkins immediately guessed the identity of the river) was not. About two hundred yards out a flat wooden scow was being propelled toward their shore. The boatsman, a short, stocky individual, stood on the rear deck and worked his unweildy craft landward with the aid of a long pole. The trio crossed the sagging timbers of the dock and sat down on the edge to await the coming of the ferry. As the boat came nearer, the ferryman, with the nonchalant assurance of mortal boat-men the world over, gave one last lusty shove on his pole and walked to the bow. The ferry held true to its course, and the fact that its violent arrival nearly precipitated one of the world's greatest statesmen into the waters of the Styx seemed not to bother him at all. He skillfully made fast and clambered up beside the ruffled Franklin.

"Hi, Ben; 'Lo Paul," he greeted. "Only one this trip?"

"Hello, Charon. Only one," Franklin answered with a nod. "How're things on the other side?"

Charon spat expressively into the water. "Lousy," he grunted. "That feller I took over the other day started a lot of talk about NRA's and TVA's, and a lot of other alphabet soup. When I left, him an' Washington an' Tom Jefferson was argyin' so loud that you couldn't hear Gen'ral Grant singin'."

"Tsk, tsk---Jlysses drunk again?"

"Yean, two day s now. Anniversary of a battle, as usual!" Charon turned for the first time and eyed Perkins curiously.

"What's your name?" He queried.

Perkins had listened to the conversation going on around him with interest. Revere had relapsed into his sulk, and was apparently asleep.

"My name is Perkins."

Charon frowned thoughtfully. "I took over a Perkins two-three weeks back. Any relation?"

"I don't think so," smiled the young man.

Perkins was beginning to enjoy his big adventure, his uneasiness almost gone. Aside from Paul Revere's bad humor the whole thing, while a bit fantastic, was rather pleasant. Here he was in the company of two of the most famous figures known to him, and while they were immensely interesting, they certainly weren't awesome. Benjamin Franklin, or rather, his departed shade, was not as portentous as history leads one to believe. Instead, Ben looked like a mild, retired schoolmaster, bullied somewhat by the childish and wilful Paul. Charon was like any one of the dozens of shant-boatmen who lined the river back home.

The ferryman rose, stretched, and nodded to Perkins.

"Ready?" he yawned.

Perkins looked from Revere to Franklin. The erstwhile horseman was snoring gently, and Franklin seemed to be occupied with some weighty problem. He sighed with regret at having to leave his new-found acquaintances, and jumped down into the scow beside Charon. Down on the ferry, the business of casting off was halted by a hiss from Franklin. The two below looked up.

The Philosopher motioned for quiet and very cautiously lowered himself into the boat. Making his way gingerly to Charon's side, he laid a beseeching hand on the short man's arm.

"Please," he whispered pleadingly, "please be quiet---and hurry, before he wakes up!" He glanced nervously at the recumbent Paul.

"I can't stand it any longer," he went on hurriedly, "and this might be my last chance to get away. Oh, dear! Please hurry!"

Charon disengaged the clinging hand, winked at the grinning Perkins, and undid the rope that held the ferry to the dock. Picking up his pole, he placed one end against the dock and pushed. The landing old and heavily falling apart, shuddered from the force of that heave. Paul Revere sat up, removed his hat, and scratched his head absently. Franklin, trying to hide behind Charon, groaned dismally. Charon shrugged his shoulders, and continued to wield his long pole. When Paul spied the cowering Ben, he jumped spluttering to his feet.

"Hey you, Ben Franklin!" he shouted. "You come back here!"

Franklin looked out from behind Charon's shoulder and shook his head mutely.

Revere stamped his foot in rage and began to paw the ground with a fierce intentness. To Franklin that action needed no explanation. Long experience had acquainted him with the only practical action. He dropped ponderously to the bottom of the boat.

"Look out!" he screeched. "He's going to throw stones!"

Charon cursed softly and sought shelter beside Perkins, who had already stretched out below the high side of the ferry.

On shore Paul Revere advanced grimly to the edge of the dock.

"Hey Ben!" he yelled. "You coming back?"

Thoroly frightened and beginning to regret his rash action, Franklin dared not rise from his protected position to answer. That is, he



thought it was a protected position. However, it left much to be desired as a haven of safety. By nature, Ben was of goodly proportions, especially around the middle, and certain portions of his anatomy protruded above the side of the boat. This fact did not escape the attention of the observant Revere, who noted it with grisly satisfaction.

He bent, hands on knees, and squinted, estimating the range with the practised eye of a born marksman. After a bit he straightened and stepped back a pace. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a good-sized stone, and after a short wind-up, sent the missile whizzing on its way. Living in a later age, Paul would have set new records in big-league baseball; his speed and accuracy would have brought ecstasies of joy to the heart of the most skeptical club manager. From across the water came a most unghostly yowl, followed by a string of inspired invectives. The stone-thrower sat down on the rickety landing to enjoy the fruits of his prowess. He sat there until the dimming light had hidden the ferry, and Franklin's shouts had died to a faint murmur. Occasionally he sent a wistful look after the invisible boat. Finally he sighed and got to his feet. He stood for a moment, hands in pockets, staring absently at the ground. After all, how many years was it he had waited? A great many, he knew. Maybe they'd never send him a horse. He looked again in the direction of the opposite shore. Maybe they could use a good man over there. He took off his coat and, using it for a pillow, lay down to await the next coming of Charon's ferry to the landing. Suddenly he sat up, muttering to himself. What was it Charon had said about all the roads being paved over there?

He reached for his hat and climbed to his feet, disappearing in the gathering gloom. A few minutes later he returned and once more stretched out on the improvised bed. This time he was soon sleeping contentedly. Beside him was a generous hatful of nice, round stones.

#### THE END

---

### ADVERTISEMENTS

FANTASY NEWS, 31-51 41st St., Long Island City, N.Y. 3 issues for 10¢.

The unchallenged leader of the news-weeklies. News while it's really hot! Read the Voice of Fandom, The Time Stream, the up-to-date Fan Mag Review. More scoops in one month than the others have in a year.

FANTASCIENCE DIGEST, 333 E. Belgrade St., Phila., Pa. 15¢; 2 for 25¢.

The variety mag. Material from all the best writers. One of the best values for your scientifictional money.

SPACEWAYS, 311 Bryn Place, Hagerstown, Md. 10¢ per issue.

A leader. Regular appearance, consistently good material, and able editorship have all helped to make SPACEWAYS one of the finest.

SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR, 1700 Frankford Av., Phila., Pa. 10¢/issue.

The battleground of science-fiction. The first mag with the courage to accept articles from P. Duncan. Interesting and informative.

NEW FANDOM, 26 Seeley St., Paterson, N.J. Membership---\$1 year

This club put on the World Sci. Convention. 'Nuff sed? Club organ not to be missed. Endorsed by all the "big-shots". To join NEW FANDOM is to assure sci. fandom its rightful place in the sun.