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VENUS

VOL. 1

NO. 1

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EDITORIAL

Here, at last is Venus. It would probably have been coming out for another six months or a year, but Charles Burbee was kind enough to lend us a typewriter. He called me late one Sunday evening, demanded explicit directions for finding my home, and after various trials and tribulations with busses, arrived slightly blown. We immediately went to work, and in two weeks, Venus was done.

We have been warned that first issues never receive much comment, and we will have to go through this three or four times before anyone wakes up and realized that there is such a mag. We are forestalling that by enclosing the postal cards and we feel that since the thing didn't cost you anything in the first place, you can at least find energy enough to drop the card in the nearest mail box, with the various items suitably checked.

We are proud to have Leigh Brackett's SHADOWS IN THE WOODS and are still stunned that she upped and handed it to us so promptly, receiving only a short note from us asking for it. Without it, Venus would have died on the vine, as it were. (Now don't immediately rush out and strangle her as the sole purpet... perp...(hell, you know what I mean) of this thing.) But seriously, after she had been kind enough to let us have it, we just had to publish it.

We wish, also, to thank Joe Gibson for the beautiful VENUSIREN that is our back cover, and it is a VENUSIREN to end all VENUSIRENS. In other words, there will not be nood wimmen dribbling over the pages of the 2nd Venus. (Note, Joe, we did litho it. ((he said no one ever did litho his work)) and anything else you might let us have, we would do likewise.)

To Bob Tucker, our thanks, and the story which we lost and have now found will be in the second issue of Venus. Also to Forest J Ackerman for his article, his Editor's note and cutting the stencils, to James Kepner for his poetry and stencils, and to Morajo, Fran Laney and All who contributed so nobly in labor to Venus, goes our sincere appreciation.

We have not lived up to our own expectations, but at least we've stopped talking long enough to produce. And we have also decided that there will be more issues of Venus. We are setting our publishing date for the 2nd issue at September, 1941, in hopes that we can have it out by the 15th of August, 1944.

We would greatly appreciate material, which we will try to present neatly, and if you have something you want published that you want done in a certain way, send it to us with instructions on how you want it and if we accept it, we will endeavor to do it your way.

Until we decided on the name VENUS, there was a great flood of things and stuff about said planet, and it immediately turned off into the fourth dimension or something when we wanted it. So ideas and art and stories on Venus will be greatly appreciated.

Our FAINT BRAYS FROM A TIED JACKASS department is for you fans to air your opinions in. There is no rule about length or subject. Please, you fans who write and draw, send us things.

Continued on page 30.

OUR FAINT BRAYS FROM A TIED JACKASS DEPARTMENT



bob

Tucker's

"DRESSED-UP

WESTERNS"

How often have you heard that, put forward by this or that opponent of science fiction as literature? "Science Fiction Yarns," they claim cynically, "are nothing but westerns transferred to Mars, or the interstellar distances." Supposedly, the horse becomes a rocketship, the six-gun an atom pistol and Montana Mike becomes Phobos Pete, et. al.

This humble one, heretofore sitting silently and happily on the sidelines, wishes to insert a timid foot into the fray. I'd like to tell of an instance where such a thing happened --- in reverse.

Last summer I wrote a Martian adventure yarn. It was strikingly putrid, as Martian Adventure yarns go. I must have been thinking of something else at the time. It ran about 4000 words and detailed the adventures of Phobos Pete, who worked for a diamond mining company on Mars. In the course of events, a female outlaw killed a man and stole a huge diamond from him, and was in turn captured by our hero, Phobos Pete. He slings the gal into his sand sled and

starts back to civilization with her and the diamond.

He doesn't get there with either of them. The girl tricks him, steals back the gem, throws him out of the sled and takes off. Meanwhile, our poor hero, marooned on the desert, is about to be devoured by a horrible monster. You guessed the ending, of course. The girl returns in time to run down the monster.

My agent lost no time in returning the yarn, explaining how corny it was. "It's nothing but a dressed-up western," he complained, so I filed it away in a drawer full of similiar stock.

A couple of weeks went by before the obvious struck me between the eyes. Now the agent has a western yarn he is confident of selling.

I eliminated the sand sled and the monster, changed the action from Mars to Oklahoma---nearby Arkansas has a diamond mine---Phobos Pete became Arkansas Al, a lawman on the trail of the stolen gem. Presto! Science Fiction into western. Let the cynics sneer!



ODD JOHN

FACT OR
FICTION

by

Glen Daniels

Fact or fiction? Take what you will, but it will leave a lot of questions unanswered. True, it answered some of the questions that have been in my mind for some time but not all of the answers do I like.

The book filled me with loathing; not at John and his valiant followers, but at man's inherent and consistent inability to grasp the fundamental principle of their belief, their knowledge, which is today, more than ever before, self evident.

Is John really a creature of imagination? You, the followers of STF, Fandom, what you will, can look deep within yourselves and find truths not discernable by the average mind.

Telepathy, for a brief instance: certainly a proven fact, not only by our Occidental world, but a known and practiced art in the east for generations.

According to Stapledon's premise, Odd John was the final and complete evolution of our species. Unfortunately, the author gave birth to something not quite up to our preconceived notions of the Homo Superior.

Can I prove that Odd John is wholly fiction? Can I definitely state that he is already here? No, but I can, and do contend that if he is typical of our future race, we have a lot of them running around in this slightly over-cluttered world, at the moment. Child prodigies? They are a dime a dozen

(Ed. note: The above article introduces a new writer to fandom. This is his first article for a fanzine. We hope you like it, and want to see more of his work.)

but their minds, after a few years, lose that intangible something that makes them stand out from the mob. and they sink into oblivion, and quite often end up in an institute for the mentally unbalanced.

The author of Odd John deals in generalities. I will admit that if he had met a future man, he would be incapable of understanding the alien concept of such a being, but under actual circumstances, he could have at least set down some of the alien's beliefs and thoughts.

Mr. Stapledon plays around with words beautifully, but, and perhaps this is because of his English reserve, I was never exactly sure whether the boy was going to turn out to be erotic, bisexual, or presumably normal. It may be that is the author's concept of our future civilization, but I am sure that the greater intelligence of the future will not be spent in promiscuous finding out about sex.

The moral aspect of John and his followers is a question that could arouse a lot of comment. It seemed to him that morals were merely 'that which is good for me and my own growing'. Just what are morals, not as man's rigid conventions set them forth, but as the actual lessons nature teaches us? As I once heard said, "The human body is, in itself, the best of moralists. Too much liquor, or promiscuous sex, or any thing that is wrong for the body, will show in the body's aspect and well-being, and therefore, the body, in itself, lays down our moral standards."

The author was shocked, although claiming no condemnation, at John's callous slaying of humans. John, in his mind, had no more feeling about killing a human than we have at killing birds, insects or animals. He was more deeply moved at killing a deer than at

killing a policeman. Were not John and the deer one? Both were not tarnished by man-made civilization or restraint. John was surrounding himself with nature, and both John and the deer carried that same feeling of wonder at man's seeming disinterest in nature.

Unfortunately, the book was not of John, but about John. Tragically, the author was not able to define the truths he could only give a vague, unclear image of, and one blunders through a veil of suggestion and intimation of what might be, feeling rather frustrated that he is not able to see more clearly.

That, plus the general description of the Homo Superiors, I found distressing, and my revulsion at their physical appearance is purely the mind of Homo Sapien revolting against the possibility of an appearance that does not flatter the ego.

One more point I would like to understand. We, as a whole, look up to and admire those who have a talent or superior mind that sets them apart from the mine-run of humanity. Only rarely does someone become mentally unbalanced and let their envy drive them to violence. Is it then, necessary to suppose that humanity, on the whole, would naturally want to destroy Homo Superior? Humanity, as it now stands, is a herd of sheep that will follow any leader. Is it not natural to suppose that Homo Superior would, with his greater intelligence, realize that, and make himself beloved and trusted of man and they, his willing slaves for his greater good, rather than his enemies?

So let us consider Odd John for the most part, fiction, for his intelligence was not greater than Homo Sapiens, since he could not perceive that simple fact. Odd John was no more or less than the book title says, "Odd John".

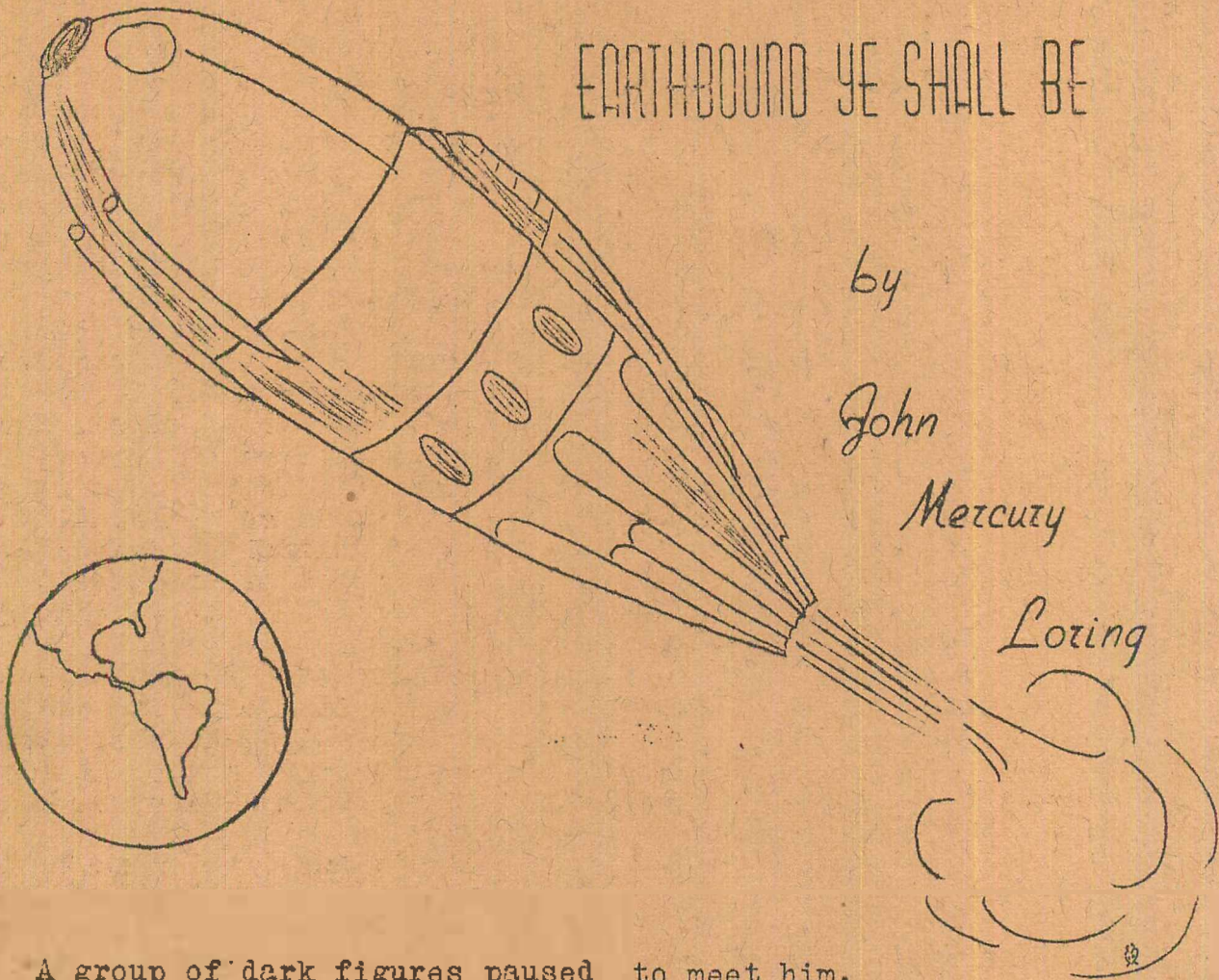
EARTHBOUND YE SHALL BE

by

John

Mercury

Loring



A group of dark figures paused in the doorway, and one of them spoke in a low voice. "Remember your orders," he said softly. "You are simply to break in, and using as little violence as possible, subdue the entire group with paralysis rays, and go away, leaving me alone with them."

"But sir, will you be safe?" one of the men demanded. "These men are rebels. They are dangerous and violent. They will tear you apart when the ray wears off."

"You have your orders!" The one in authority snapped.

In rebellious agreement, the group moved away, leaving their leader in the doorway to watch from a distance as they descended upon the dark building that loomed ahead. There was a sudden sharp crash, a muffled sound of shouts and curses, and abrupt silence.

The dark figure moved forward then, met the man who was coming

to meet him.

"It is done. No one was hurt."

"You may go now," He silenced him with a gesture when he started to protest. "Go to your posts and forget what has happened."

He stood thoughtfully watching them until they turned a corner and were lost from sight, then made his way to the open door and entered, closing and bolting it after him. Turning, he surveyed the room, the men who crowded it, stiff and still under the grip of the paralysis ray.

As he made his way between them to the front of the room, he could feel their eyes upon him, and a chill from the force of their hate settled over him.

At the front of the room, he mounted the three short steps to the platform where a man leaned on a table, only his eyes alive and filled with surprise.

"I am sorry, my son," he said,

his voice gentle. "There was no other way that I could speak to all of you. Twice I had asked you to bring some of your friends to see me, but you refused."

He took a short, snub-nosed weapon from his belt and trained it on the youth who leaned on the table, he stood erect.

"So you would betray your own son to the World Council!" It was a statement, rather than a question.

"The Council has known of your activities since the beginning," the older man replied. "No, you are not betrayed. I came here to talk to you. All I ask is that all of you listen. If, when I am finished, you do not choose to believe, then I shall let the Council deal with you as it sees fit."

"Must my friends remain like this?" The younger man asked as he threw out his arm in a gesture that encompassed the room.

Silently the older man handed him the weapon that had released him from his paralysis.

There was silence as the youth used the counter-ray, broken only by the movement of bodies straightening from cramped positions. A full five minutes passed, while the older man waited, and watched, then the youth turned and faced him.

"Father, we will listen to you and what you have to say. We make no promise to heed, or obey your will. We will only listen." He stepped aside and sat down with his companions.

Ken Teris surveyed the sea of young, sullen faces upturned to him, his fingers strayed to the thin ribbon of telescript that lay on the table.

"Rob Ames was sentenced to ten years in Gobi Prison, today," he said gently, "for attempting to build a spaceship."

"Sentenced to death, you mean, for no man returns from Gobi." A voice came from the rear of the room.

"True, but remember, Rob knew the Law, and he broke it." the

older man's voice was grave.

"How can a law be just when it holds back all attempts at progress?" Another voice demanded. "What is the World Council, but the voice of the people? By what right do they make a law that impedes man's attempts to better himself? It was over just such things as this that the War of Hate was fought. Are we going to have to fight again, to release man from the rule of the Council?"

"Every law the Council makes is for the good of the people of Earth. The War of Hate was fought to forever release mankind from the rule of selfish individuals."

There was a murmur of dissent through the room, then some one else spoke.

"What is the reason for the law? Why is it a crime to try to build a spaceship? The whole thing is ridiculous. We have the fuel, why does the Council keep us bound to Earth?"

"That is why I am here," Ken told them. "You telepaths have banded together for the betterment of the world, and mankind. Now it is time that all of you learned that progress cannot be made by breaking the law as Rob Ames did."

"You are surprised that I know that you are telepaths? The World Council knows all there is to know about you... Listen to what I have to say, then make your own decision for we are sure that it will be the right one. If it is not, you will have to be dealt with."

I am the only man on this earth whose feet have trod the floor of Tycho's crater...

It was in the year 2058 that I piloted the spaceship, "Star Passage," in the first successful flight to the moon. Others had tried, but I succeeded.

What I thought and felt on that first journey through space or my landing and subsequent explorations is not important. The only thing that is important is the man I met as I crossed the floor of one of the lesser craters.

He appeared before me, took me by the hand and led me like a child to the crater wall, and touching the bare rock, opened a door leading into a long, dark passage. I was too paralyzed with amazement to protest or ask questions, but followed him down the passage to a large laboratory. He turned and faced me, his eyes met mine and a vast darkness whirled down upon me.

When I regained my senses, I was seated in a chair and he stood before me. How can I describe him? There are no words in our language or thoughts in our minds. I only know that he was wisdom and knowledge, goodness and purity of thought. He smiled, and his mind reached out and spoke to me.

"I am the Keeper of the Records. In order to be able to tell you what you must know, I have had to open your mind to mine." He gestured to the helmet that lay beside me, on a table.

"When you return to Earth," he went on, "You will find yourself changed. You are a telepath, not like those being born on Earth now, for their ability is a gift of nature, and yours is a curse of knowledge. You will not be able to close your mind at will, as those to whom the faculty is born, but for as long as you shall live, all men's minds will be yours to know, and explore."

Do you realize now, why I isolate myself from mankind? All thoughts are mine. When I am in a crowd, my brain is a mad babble of man's hopes and dreams, lusts and desires. But forgive me, I wander from the subject.

The Keeper of the Records gave me a smile, and I saw pity in his eyes. "Know then," he said softly, "The things that you, of all Earth men, are destined to know."

The room was darkened suddenly, and upon one wall grew a glow-

ing screen of light, which grew and dissolved into pictures.

I saw the Force that Creates reach out and form the Sun, and the planets... saw them brought to life. Eleven of them there were, and I shall name them by the names you know. There was Mercury, Venus, Mars, Neptune, Uranus, Pluto, Saturn and Jupiter, and the twelfth was known as Avar, which was destroyed later, and whose fragments form the rings of Saturn and the asteroids.

The tenth, I shall not name, for it is the invisible world, the world peopled by the horrors that man has made into gods, and it is guarded well, lest these nameless things break forth and conquer.

You know the history of Earth. Thus was the history of each of the planets.... man strove to conquer, to lay up great riches for himself. There were wars, disease, all the evils that we have known. And then, the Eleventh Planet was born. It is strange that our Earth should be the product of hate and greed. A man who wanted to conquer all of the planets was exiled, stripped of his powers, and in his rage and hate, he plotted the death of the Solar System.

His plan was to blow up the Sun, and he nearly succeeded. Man and civilizations fell, so great was the wrenching of space. But he did not destroy, he only tore a great mass from the Sun, and thus the Earth was born.

As the ages passed, and our world was cool and able to support life, it became the battleground of the Solar System. Each planet sent their colonies. The men of Saturn came, and founded the colony of Lemuria. The men of Uranus built the great Pyramid. Then Jupiter, Avar and Pluto wanted their share.

Can you imagine a whole solar system at war? Mars was ready to fight for her colonies in what was China, before our World Federation, Avar for her colonies in Central

America, Uranus for Africa, Saturn for the beautiful continent of Mu.

Cities were destroyed, men and women died, fire and plague and hate were loosed, and finally, the forces of nature. Avar was wiped out in a mighty explosion that shook the solar system with destruction.

A huge fragment fell on Mu, and it was wiped from the face of the Earth by the waters of the Pacific. Another fragment glanced against the dark side of Mercury and caused her to reel in her orbit, sending shocks through the whole solar system. The smaller bits formed the rings of Saturn.

Still the war raged, until there were none left to fight, and sanity returned out of chaos. The men of science from each world met and peace was declared. All humans in the solar system were counted, and examined, and all of them who bore in their minds the seeds of hate and greed and lust were taken to prison;... the greatest prison ever devised,... this earth.

Those of Jupiter that were judged not fit to live were given the north of Europe and became the Vikings of our history until their knowledge degenerated.

Those of Saturn were given Central Europe and their judges were stern, for they were given no weapons, no personal goods, only their hands and the will to survive.

Plutonian outcasts were given Asia Minor, while those of Uranus remained in Egypt.

The Neptunians were set down in the chain of Islands that remained of Mu, while Mars was given Asia. Last, all who remained from Avar were given the Americas.

The rest of the solar system went about the business of living, leaving the scum of humanity upon this world, to fight among themselves, to make their own destiny.

Earth's moon was selected as the place of records, for logic told them that if the people of

Earth ever progressed far enough above the passions that had outcast them, to attempt space flight that the Moon would be their first goal.

There, on the Moon, are the machines that will destroy this planet, if man ever attempts to conquer space before he has attained the moral right.

Then I was shown the planets as they are today. I saw the opalescent cliffs of Venus, known as the Wall of Fear, and the bright blue flowers that grown at its base.

I saw the glory that is Mars, the majesty and the beauty of their way of life.

On Mercury, land of heat and natural violence, where the little black men live, I was shown metal so malleable that one small splinter could be spun between the fingers until it was thread finer than our richest silk. I touched rock that was as soft as the rubber we spin into cushions.

I sailed an out-rigger on the blue seas of Neptune, planet of dreams come true, where life is an aching perfection of beauty and there is no land but tiny islands where the brown-skinned natives laugh, and play, and love. I am sick inside to see again the rainbow fish that leap from the blue waters, to hear a native maiden's laughter, to see the red-skinned, god-built men of Uranus who hunt the madathon on swift xnats across the grassy plains, who are a part of the giant forests, who live so simply, so gracefully.

And the rest; Pluto's olive-skinned people, with their rich love of creating beauty with their hands, and the jewel cities of Jupiter and Saturn, where men and machine has blended together in perfection and knowledge and whose people forever seek the unattainable and make it become a reality.

These things, the Keeper of the Records gave to me. From his

(continued on Page 30.)



a song of love and lament

For years Dame Love eluded me,
And none told me her hiding place.
But that, beloved was e'er I'd known
Thy welcome face.

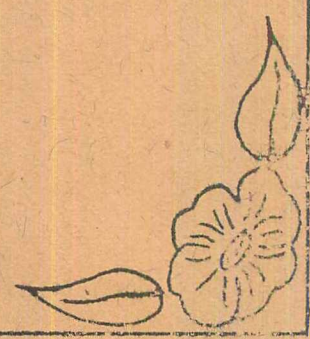
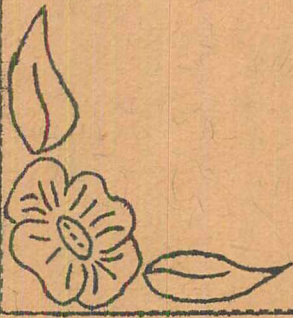
I knew not passion so divine,
And doubted that it could exist,
Until you came and brought me all
That I had missed.

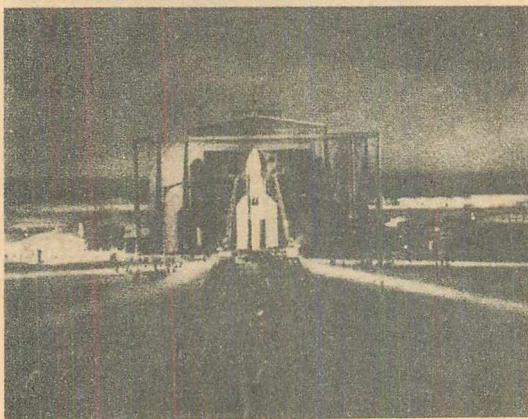
I hadn't felt the fires of
A heart aflame with ecstasy
Until you came, and with your love
Brought heav'n to me.

Yet from the world's forbidding eyes
Must love lay hidden, unfulfilled;
Was it a flaw in making us,
Or nature's will?

Why can't a place for us be found
Where we may live and unafraid?
Must yet by drops of blood and tears
That place be made?

Jon Arnold

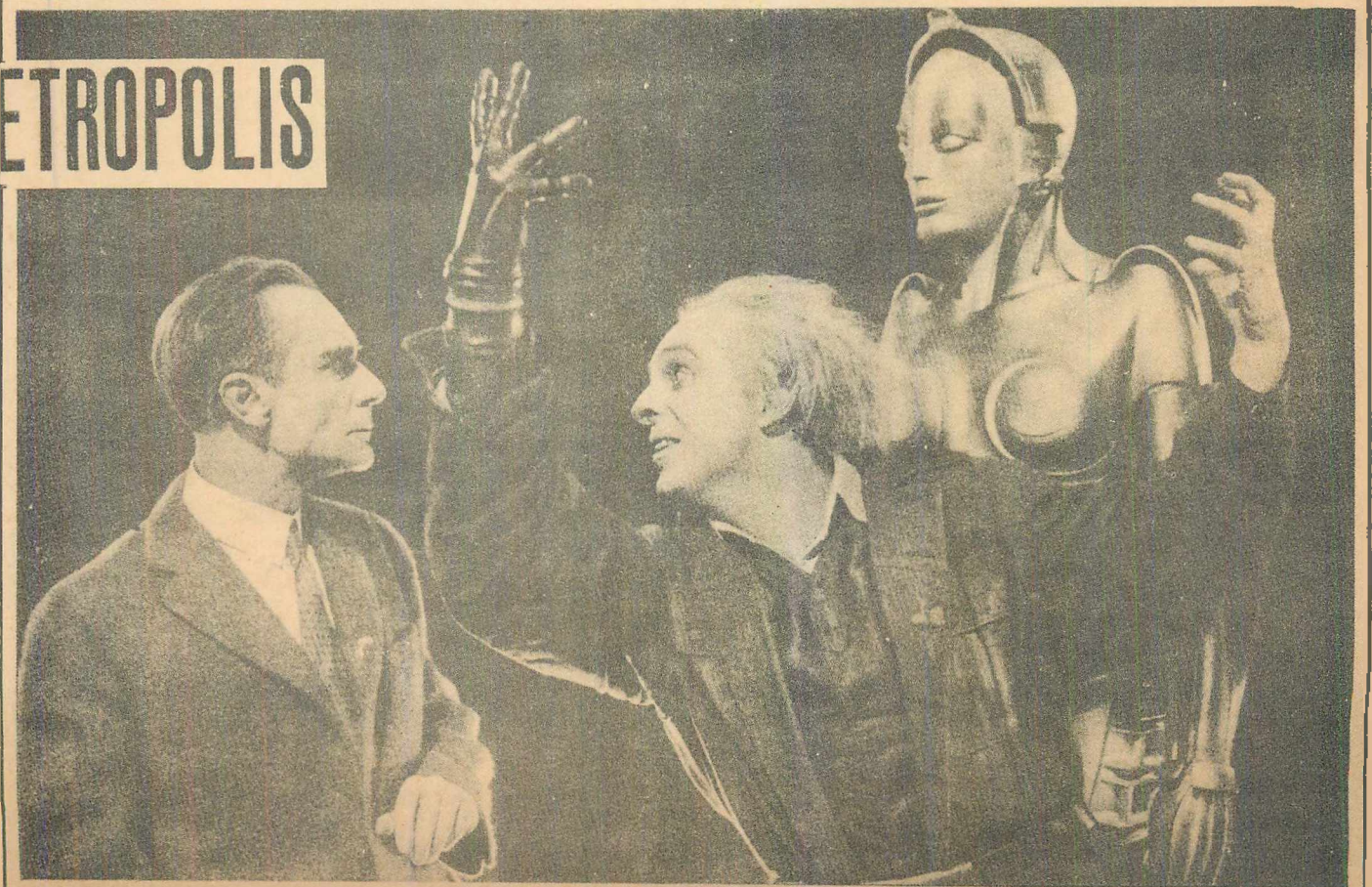




To
 Forest J. A. Kennedy
 with kindest regards
 Fritz Lang

Berlin 4 Nov. 31.

METROPOLIS



AT LANG LAST

by FORREST J. ACKERMAN

(Editor's Note: Forry Ackerman has met most of the prominent persons of our field of our time. E.E. Smith, Dr. Keller, Virgil Finlay, Frank R. Paul, John W. Campbell Jr. And he has interviewed probably more important figures than any other fan: A. Merritt. Austin Hall. Catherine Moore. Robert A. Heinlein. Margaret Prundage. H.G. Wells. Now he shares with us the experience of meeting, recently, a man whose work he has admired for 15 years—more than half his life—and whom he has finally succeeded in seeing: "Scientifilm maestro", to borrow one of 4e Ackerman's coined expressions, FRITZ LANG.)

"I am going to New York and kick Campbell in the pants!" declared Fritz Lang a few minutes after I met him. Lang had seen my advance copy of Astounding, which John had failed to forward him. Lang is a science fiction fan. Fantasy, too; for he has been used to reading Unknown regularly. I knew that thru Bob Heinlein who learned it when he and Leslyn entertained Lang in their Hollywood home the year before last.

But let us go back to the beginning, back a Lang, Lang time (the pronunciation is broad "a") to the day I saw "Siegfried". I was a knickerbockered school-boy about 12 years old, then, and I'm sure I paid no attention whatsoever to who directed the film, but I was fascinated by it. For years I vividly remembered the flame-breathing dragon...the invisible gnome...the men who turned to stone...the fire-encircled mountain...and the other special effects of the picture, which had a very special effect indeed on my imaginative mind. I wondered if indeed a man might not be able to understand the language of the birds, if he might not become invisible and invulnerable, as Siegfried.

Then I saw Lang's "METROPOLIS", and nearly died of ecstasy.

I got the book from which his "Spies" was produced, and, later, many papers featured reviews of and facts about his "Frau im Mond". I knew by now who Fritz Lang was. And after that wonderful nite when "Siegfried" was revived in San Francisco, where I lived at the time, I wrote Lang a letter care of UFA ("oofah"—magic name!) in Deutschland. Accompanying his response came a letter in Deutsch from his "sekretariat", which, when translated, I found to contain thanks for my appreciation of his work. Along with this letter came a small sepia foto, inscribed "To Forrest J. Ackerman with kindest regards. Fritz Lang Berlin. 4. Nov. 31." Lang certainly looked like a scientifilm director in the picture: A monocled man in three-quarters profile, hunched forward, dynamic-appearing in a black open-throat shirt.

Timz Marches On...

Some years later he came to Hollywood and I wrote him a letter of welcome, to which he responded with recognition. After I saw the revival of "Metropolis" in '39, prior to its showing at the First World Science Fiction Convention, I made the maglet called Metropolis, of course sent Lang a copy, and elicited another letter. I had for some time had an invitation to visit him at his Santa Monica establishment, but I never found this possible. In Hollywood he directed "Fury", "You and Me", "Return of Jesse James", "Hangmen Also Die", but no new scientifilms.

Sep. 9th, at a meeting of the LASFS, Walt Daugherty showed me a clipping from the day's Hollywood Reporter stating that the next nite Lang was to speak at a special showing of early German films, including "Caligari". I was not familiar with the place named---the American Contemporary Guild---so I went to the phone to find out where it was and further details. The information was disheartening. One first had to be a member of the Guild, only persons connected with the film industry being eligible for membership, which was \$3 a year--well, I might qualify for that on the technicality that a couple years ago I had worked for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences; but single seats were not sold, one had to buy a series ticket, 8 showings for \$10, on Friday nites. I am not ordinarily able to get out of Ft. MacArthur on Friday nites. At any rate, it looked like it would cost me \$13 to attend---I could hardly afford to spend that. I rather gave up at the time.

But the next day the idea kept growing on me. I could not convince myself that if I got a pass, went up to Hollywood, explained how I'd had to go clear up to the Captain to get out, was making a 60 mile round trip, had been 2 hours on the way, spent a buck or more, had waited 15 years to see the guest speaker and was willing to stand in the audience or sit in the projection booth...I couldn't believe they'd refuse me admittance. Failing all else, I'd throw myself on their patriotism as a SERVICE MAN.

So I determined to go.

I got to L.A. about 7 o'clock, when I realized with a shock I could not remember the name of the place! "Gallery" was all that glimmered back to me. I couldn't get hold of Daugherty. I checked the phone book but didn't stumble across the name. But, as I recalled, the lady had said it was located across from the Chinese Theater. Also, she had said they seated only 50. And once before I had gone almost across from the Chinese, to the Roosevelt Hotel, to a room holding 50, to see a revival of "The Lost World". So that was where I headed.

Seeker of Shangri-Lang

But at several information sources at the Roosevelt they denied any knowledge of a film-showing or talk by Lang. I walked to directly across from the Chinese, only to find millinery establishments, a drugstore, etc. A ray of hope as on the block I found a London Book Gallery, I believe it was. At least Gallery was there --maybe in the back of this shoppe was where they were going to show the pictures. But neither the proprietress nor her husband knew anything about that for which I sought.

I tried phoning the Hollywood Reporter, where the announcement had appeared. No response.

Maybe the lady had said Egyptian instead of Chinese Theater. It was only about a block and a half away. The time was nearly 8. I headed there.

I passed Virginia "Jimmy" Laney, one-time member of the LASFS, looking more beautiful than ever. I had not seen her for several years. But I had not seen Lang in 27 years, so I did not stop to speak to Laney.

In the next block I saw Ron Clyno browsing in a bookstore. Is that news to you, Ron? Nothing had to deter me from my date with Fritz Lang.

Across from the Egyptian I finally found it, the Gallery, up a passageway leading between shops selling artists' materials, to a little cubicle with a small silver screen and a half hundred chairs. Here the lady in charge l i s t e n e d

to my story and said she was sorry, the only thing she could do was let me wait. and if at a quarter of 9 there was a vacant seat, she'd let me in as a guest. If I wanted to wait. I said, "Lady, what's 45 minutes after 15 years?" She saw my point.

There weren't enough seats for those who'd paid admission, but I was able to stand just outside the door and get a view down the aisle. Of "Das Cabinet des Dr Caligari", and a reel, one of the most spectacular ones, I suspect, from one of the early versions of "The Golem". This picture was not directed by Lang so perhaps I shouldn't digress to describe it, but this entire article up to now is concerned only obliquely with the director, so perhaps I may as well. Well, "The Golem", as you may know, is a legendary figure, a stone statue about 7 feet tall, which could be called to life to aid a persecuted people, the Jews. In the sequence I saw, a sorcerer and his apprentice formed a pentagram and evoked a demon to divulge the word which would animate the Golem. A circle of fire sprang up about the pair, fire gobs danced in the air about their heads, and a horrendous Harryhausenic or Huntean thing-face appeared from empty space and spoke the Word from its smoking mouth: "AEMEER". And the terrifying Golem was given life and great strength.

During intermission a Dietrich-looking woman, presumably Lang's secretary, arrived to inform he was still directing ("Ministry of Fear") but would be here by the time the show was over.

Conrad Veidt, in the insane, surrealistic, somnambulistic classic, "Caligari" was shown.

And Fritz Lang showed.

Audience Spiel-bound

His talk was of the intensest interest. He said Deutsch films dealt so extensively with death, the supernatural and supermen because for 500 years the race had not known freedom. Not the common people; and the motion picture was necessarily the medium of the masses. A painting or a piece of sculpture may be made for one rich man, but no movies are made for single men, or several men. And the people had no fear of death, but rather welcomed it, as surcease from their sorry lot. They built fantasies of some superbeing--a Nietzschean, not American superman--or supernatural being--"Se Goilem", as Lang pronounced it--freeing them from slavery.

"'Metropolis'," said Lang, "which I rather regret today, was inhuman. The Mabuse series, about the supercriminal, if you want my honest opinion: Inhuman, also. In 'Frau im Mond' one critic paid me the compliment that I was able to put a sliver of steel across space more easily than I was able to portray human emotions. I admit I was more interested in the mechanical aspects of the Rocket than the emotional."

In '35, when he still thot protesting against Naziism could be effective, Lang produced "The Last Will of Dr Mabuse", putting into the mouth of a madman all the Nazi slogans. The Gestapo butchered the French version, finally being released around the USA; and Lang says he has heard of a print of the Deutsch having been shown in London. As for "Rocket to the Moon", he fears agents destroyed the New York UFA office's print many years ago.

After his talk, questions were asked from the floor. And later, a narrowing down to a small group. In the group I noticed Paul Froehafer's semifan roommate, Adrian Mosser, but, chorus, "We know, you didn't indicate recognition, nothing could deter you from your purpose!" Right! My ultimate aim, to get Lang alone,

So I stayed incognito in the background while others interrogated The Great Man. He told how "M" came to be made: That at a time when he wished to retire from filmdom and become a chemist, people kept pestering him to make them a picture. Finally he was offered a blank contract and a free hand in anything he might wish to direct, so he produced his pet idea about the child-murderer--which set Europe shrieking in terror, shot Lorre to stardom overnight and is still making money at revivals. Scientifilms, he said, are generally too costly for the returns they garner. Yet he is sincerely interested in them. He conducted an investigation on the subject of scientifiction sales, so he could present his findings to possible producers of good scientifilms; but didn't have the heart when, at his most optimistic estimate, he determined there were no more than 500,000 stf readers....a meaningless molecule to filmmakers who think in terms of audiences of millions. The idea of 2-reel fantafilms was also advanced but deemed unsaleable by Lang.

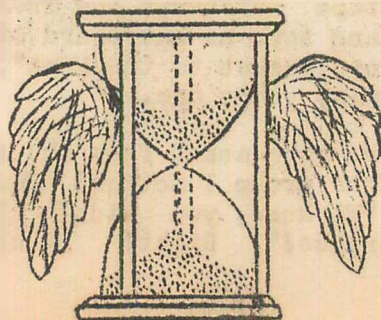
At Lang Last--Fritz Krieg!

FINALLY...Lang and the lovely lady wended their way alone down a darkened Hollywood Blvd. Or so they thot--that they were alone. Actually, a lurking figure slunk along behind, ready to waylay them. Directly they hit a well-lit shopwindow, Forry tapped Lang on the shoulder, thrust the 1931 photo before him and asked "Does this recall anything to you?" The lady laughed explosively when she saw it and slapped Lang on the back. Lang expostulated "You're Ackerman!" and began an animated resumé to the Marlene-like one, of years and miles and letters that had passed between the two. "And look at these!" Lang wondered, as he fingered the copies of "Metropolis" and "By Rocket". Then: "What's this?" as he noticed the advance Astounding. "Why haven't I got this yet? I'm going to New York and--" and this is where you came in!

Lang answered numerous questions. About Thea von Harbou's "Isle of the Immortals", he explained this was not a science fiction novel, but a story about a boy and girl, t.b. sufferers, who ran away together to an isolated island and made a life of their own. In "Frau im Mond" he had pictured a lunar civilization long dead and crumbling away, vague remnants visible of the works of a winged people--who, in a sequence he never got to develop, he had wished to show as earth-worshippers. About "Spaceship Number One Starts", Bavarian film announced for production in '37, he knew nothing. He inscribed 4e's copy of "The Rocket to the Moon": "To remember the day when we finally met! Fritz Lang Hollywood Sept 10th 1943."

The hour lacked but a few minutes of midnite. "Do you have any stills from 'Rocket'?" asked Lang. Forry thot: "Maybe he doesn't have any himself! Wait'll I answer 'Yes, I have about 10.'" But Fritz was not flabbergasted. "Good!" he replied; "I have about 400! I will show them to you!" And at that they firmly clasped hands, Lang impressed upon Ackerman to get in touch with him 2 months hence when he would be back, "because," he said, "we have so much in common to talk about, you and I."

So Forry urges, "fly, time, fly!"



CONGRATULATIONS

TO

MEMES

FROM THE EDITORS OF

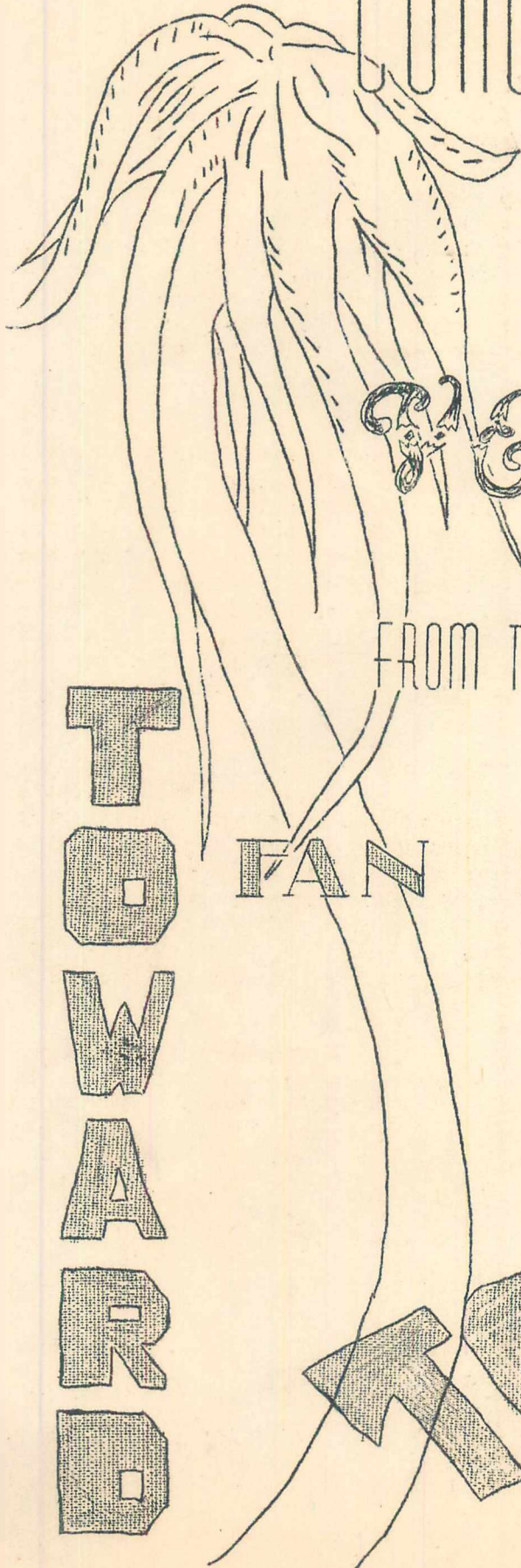
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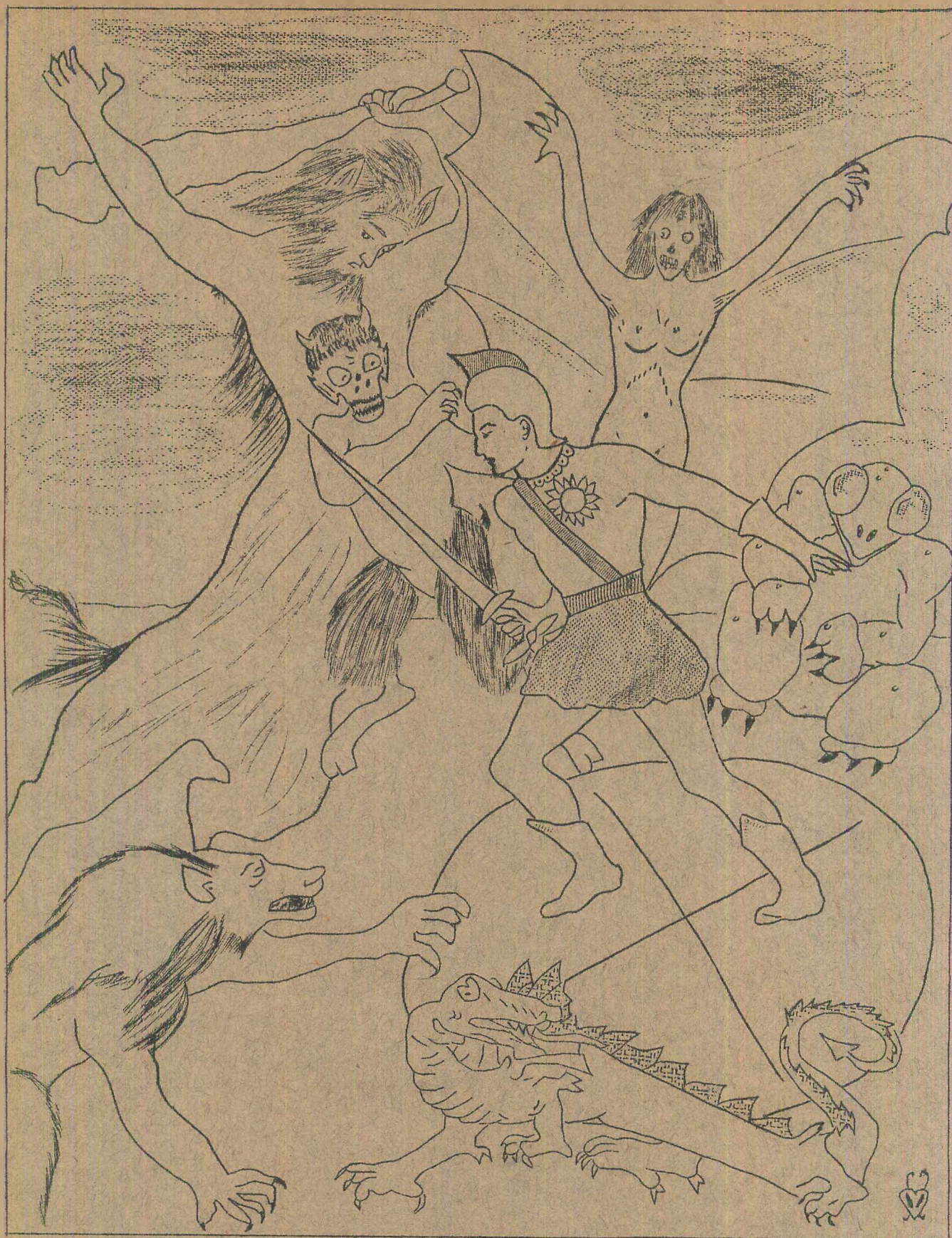
TOMORROW

OUTSIDER PUBLICATIONS









"Shapes of nightmare, beast and man like Centaurs, but without beauty. Crawling things with the eyes of madmen, creatures hoofed and horned and laughing, winged forms with taloned paws....."


SHADOWS IN THE WOODS

by LEIGH BRACKETT

And I say unto you, Beware! For there are creatures in the new lands that you know not of: creatures whose dam was the Earth, whose sire was the storm-wind, who can never be brought beneath the yoke of man. They hate you, because you are wholly men, as they are neither beast nor man. They will fight you, because you destroy their freedom, which is to them as the worship of the Almighty is to us.

Beware the snares they will set for you! For as we have a soul-force which, as beasts, they lack, they have knowledge which, as men, we lack. They are powerful, for they are born of the primal forces of the earth. Again I say, Beware! lest you be overthrown, and the world forever lost.

from the sayings of the Prophet Cihw.

 ATLA, THE MAYA prince, laughed aloud and flung his strength against the galley's bucking tiller.

"Land!" he shouted, "Look ahead there, you sons! Land!"

The drumbeat wavered, the rowers turned on their benches, letting the weary stroke go wild. Beyond the carved snake at the prow lay a long blue shadow, stretching north and south as far as the eye could see. Land! New land, where no human foot had trod since the Day of Creation.

Atla took one hand from the tiller to grasp the shoulders of the woman beside him, a tall woman one of the northern tribe, sea-eyed and sun-haired, but Atla towered a full head above her. "We've come a long way, Hedi," he said. "The Mother land lies leagues of

ocean and a whole continent behind us, and ahead..." he laughed, boy-like. "Ahead there is a new Empire colony, and you, Hedi, shall plant the Sun of Mu upon it!"

Hedi drew his dark hawk head down to her lips. Beyond them, the drums were picking up the beat again, and the galley quivered to the sweeps. Hedi's hands came down from Atla's wide shoulders to rest beside his on the tiller, and there was a sudden shadow across her face.

"What will we find there, in that new land, Atla? Not men, for the Sacred Writings teach us that no man walks, save where we of Mu have gone. But surely there must be something."

Atla's answer was slow in coming. It was as though he had heard something, far off, and was

listening for it again. Then he shrugged and laughed.

"There will be something. There always is! That is so that men may not grow soft, and forget what it is to come home to a woman. Smile, Hedi. Our sons will king it in that place.

But Hedi did not smile. She saw Atla quarter the wind like an eager hound, and there was a chill fog mist before her eyes.

It was noon before the galley slid to rest in a forest-circled harbor, and the boats put out to score the first human marks on virgin land. Atla sucked in the air, heavy with warm, green earth scents, shouting and laughing with the men in the other boats. Only Hedi was silent, holding a great silken banner with a flaming sun worked in gold threads on the blue.

The waves showed shallow water. Atla leaped impatiently overboard, caught Hedi in his arms and splashed ahead of the boats, wetting his scarlet kilt and his cuirass of shells and golden links, his black mane flopped with foam. He set Hedi gently on dry sand and stood back.

"Now," he said, and dropped to one knee. Men came splashing from the boats as Hedi raised the banner, and Atla's voice rang out clear and solemn to them.

"In the name of RA'MU, Lord of the Empire of the Sun, I claim this land for the Children of the Sun!"

A deep-voiced shout went up from the men. That meant that soon their women would come, and there would be new cities built in the wilderness. Then they broke, boisterously, to make camp against the night, and the weeks of exploration to come.

Atla rose slowly, turned toward the rich, brooding forest that hid the flat interior--all lands were flat in those ages before the mountains were born--and filled his great chest with the

fecund air. A strange fascination came to him with the breeze, so that he could not take his eyes away. So intense was he that he started when Hedi spoke beside him.

"You are drawn to the forest, Atla."

Unaccountably, her calm statement irritated him. "What would you have?" he demanded curtly. "Are you so used to finding new continents that you don't bother to look at them?"

"It's more than that," Hedi's eyes were wide, unseeing, staring past him at the cryptic trees. "The forest calls, and you will answer. Someone waits there. I see fires and strange shadows on the grass, and...." She brought her hands tightly to her breast. "And danger... danger!"

Atla shivered and swore. "You northerners give a man the terror! I tell you, Hedi, it's only that.. would you have me turn my back upon my kingdom?" he finished in lame defiance.


Hedi's eyes met his, and he dropped his head and growled. His brain felt as though he had set all night drinking wine, and the sun was setting the fumes afire. Hedi was right, and yet...

"You are a priest as well as a prince," Hedi was saying, "After the fashion of your tribe. You are not priestly, but your faith is strong. Stronger even than that is your love for me. These are your sword and shield. But the One in the forest has mighty weapons, and the Veil is drawn before the ending." She reached up and kissed his lips, in a way Atla had never known before, a way that was even stranger than her words.

"With this kiss, I give my soul to you, Atla, for as long as you need it. It will strengthen yours."

Atla saw her face, pale and set, like a thing of snow. Then, hardly knowing that he did so, he turned and strode toward the

trees. For a moment the snake on the golden diadem about his head shone like fire in the sun. Then the shadows dropped over him, hid him from Hedi, and the ship, from the world of men.

 HE WARM, rich breath of the forest surged through him, sent his feet striding faster and faster over the yielding earth. Dim sunbeams spilled down through the heavy green roof, and somewhere, far ahead, he heard a wild fluting. Several times he stopped to listen. Each time he plunged on again more furiously, aware that the sound was not in his ears but in his brain. Louder and louder it grew, until every nerve and muscle quivered with it; and faster and faster ran Atla, until his breath groaned in his throat, and his body gleamed with sweat.

For a sultry green eternity he ran. And then the piping rose to a crescendo that shook all the sane knowledge from his heart, so that he cried aloud..... Silence! a waiting, pregnant quiet.

Atla stopped. Ahead the trees opened to a grassy clearing, drenched with filtered, greenish sunlight. A broad stream ran between rushy banks, and standing waist-deep in the water....

A woman! Even in his strange chaotic state, Atla remembered the Sacred Writings, knew that Hedi was the first woman to walk this land. Yet there she stood, naked, sentient ivory, laving her rounded arms and strong shoulders and her high little breasts. Atla felt something within him that Hedi's pale loveliness had never waked. A song, this woman was, a wild, pagan song fluted in a godless forest; a thing of sweeping ivory curves and black hair like a storm cloud down her back.

She turned her face to him and smiled, and her eyes were green and brown, like the forest. Atla knew, then, that she had been the fascination and the far off music,

the warm wind that called him on. He stepped closer, unsteadily, his mind in a crazy turmoil of emotion, and she laughed, a high, wild shrilling that struck through him like a silver sword.


Shining with water drops on her skin and her midnight hair, she came toward him through the stream with a strangely undulant gait, and the water rippled and shoaled as it never could with a human form. Black, glistening curves broke the surface, and there was a ring of hoofs on rock.

Atla screamed and shrank away, sick with a cold, sudden fear. Yet there was a wild sweet piping in the air again, close now and indefinitely soft. His nerves quivered with the smell of danger; there was a sensation in his body as of light, strong bonds tightening and trapping him. As from the other side of the universe, he heard a voice, Hedi's voice, calling his name.

The piping drowned it out, and now there was another voice, a throaty sibilance like a summer wind. "I am Beudag, the Centauress."

"Demon's work!" whispered Atla hoarsely and sought to tear his eyes away from that ivory splendor that merged at the waist into the body of the beast; a beautiful, vital, satin-skinned beast, with a black banner of a tail that matched the sable cloud on the woman's head. A silken mesh of wizardry mazed his brain, caught his gaze to the wonder of green-brown eyes and little pointed ears with silky black tufts at their tips. Again his feet bore him faltering forward.

Beudag laughed, and the eerie sound drained all strength from him. The world fled away on a midnight tide, and Atla pitched heavily forward, the wild mirth of the beast-thing ringing in his ears.

 IT WAS night, and fires flared in the clearing, so that the stream was a running flame.

Atla sat up and stared about, all the madness burned out of his brain, leaving him weary and a little afraid. Hedi's words came back to him-- "I see fires, and danger!"

The place was full of shadows; leaping, whirling shadows made by the creatures who danced to the music of a pagan flute. The flames made an arabesque of gleaming motion against the forest. Human faces, human shoulders swaying, sleek beast-bodies rearing and prancing to the heady song; bronze and ivory and sorrel, white and bay and cinnabar. In spite of himself, Atla's breath quickened. He half rose, looking for Beudag.

Black and beautiful, she came between the trees. Atla leaped up, his heart thudding to a well-remembered pulsing in his veins. But even as his pulses quickened, Hedi's face came unbidden to his mind. A swift revulsion shook him. The curve of Beudag's sleek flank in the fireglow was suddenly repugnant to him, and he cried "Beast!" and stepped back, grasping his sword.

The creature laughed, high and shrill, and abruptly the flute was silent and the dancer's hoofs were still. Mighty, vital bodies closed in around the Maya. Atla threw his head back and met the challenge of forest-colored eyes.

"Come, Man," whispered a voice like wind in the branches, "I would show you my kingdom," white arms reached out, and in Atla's mind the image of Hedi swirled in a tide of magic strangeness. Almost without volition he stepped forward, and suddenly he was lifted, sent bodily through the air.

Warm satin hide was under his bare knees, and a sense of wild, magnificent strength. Again he heard the shrilling laugh, and great smooth muscles leaped into life beneath him. He clutched frantically for support, found naked shoulders beyond a whipping cloud of hair. The clearing was

gone, the forest fled by them into darkness. Ahead was a moon-drenched faery maze, and Atla found himself laughing aloud into the wind.

He did not know how long he rode. Only he remembered secret glades and still pools that caught the moonbeams, silver mists and leafy darkness all a-rustle with hidden life, and most of all, the wild, unfettered splendor of the life that thrilled under his hands and knees. Something of the alien entered his soul. Life surged in his veins, a free, mad ferment like fire running through wine. A glamoured vision spread before him, an enchanted dream that had no place for Hedi or the men or the Banner of the Sun.

To race the warm wind down the glades; to dive for moonbeams in a hidden pool; to lie in bondless, timeless freedom on a mossy bank of turf, with a pair of ivory arms about his shoulders and a pair of leaf-green eyes laughing down from a tumbled storm-cloud of ebon hair. There was a kingdom a man might give his soul for!

Maddeningly, unwanted, Hedi's face rose before him, shattering the vision. The wind beat mockingly in his ears: "With this kiss--- give my soul---as long as you need it."

Bewildered, boy-like, Atla cried out. And then they were back in the clearing with the fires and the running stream, and the still, waiting creatures that ringed him round. He slid from the black withers, suddenly cold and trembling, afraid as he had never been in his life before. The hilt of his sword under his hand steadied him. He braced his feet, and knew that he was saying, over and over again, "Hedi... Hedi..."

Forest-colored eyes blazed into his, full of a hate that shocked his brain like an axe-blow. Hate and rage, an elemental spate of them, pouring out of her pagan being. For one dizzy, awful moment Atla saw the abyss that had

been open beneath his feet, realized how close he had come to falling into it. That mad ride through the forest--bait for the trap! A soul-trap, baited with life and glorious freedom, but leading in the end to horror and everlasting death.

"The pale woman!" The voice was like the sliding of a serpent over grass. "We shall see, Man, whether the pale witch in your heart is stronger than I!"

The taut circle drew in closing solid ranks behind the wicked black-and-ivory beauty of the Centauress. Atla's blade hissed from its scabbard, and she laughed.

"Yes, Man, a battle. But not with swords." The fires painted her naked body, put lambent flames in her eyes. "The battle of the Half-world with the world of Man, the struggle of the Shadows with the Light."

She moved forward. "You know nothing of the three Worlds, do you, Man? The World of Darkness, where the evil things flap and crawl; the World of Light, which is your own; and the World of Shadows, which is ours? We live in a place of our own, taking something from both Light and Darkness but belonging to neither. We are not born as you are, but as the beasts are, from the raw life-stuff of the maiden earth. What prank of the gods it was that gave us our form, I know not; but they gave us also a love of life that is a flame within us. We are brothers to the wind, sisters to the lightning! And we are not alone. There are the Satyr-folk, and the winged men of Kaaron, and the beings that swim in the sea.

"We are alike in this; we must be free!"

Beudag's breath was hot on Atla's cheek, her white breast heaving.

"You men, you Children of the Sun, you crowd us from all sides. You build cities and roads, and fence the free land. You crowd us

to our death. We fight you, but we are driven ever back, because you of the Light have something we lack. A nameless thing, a soul-force that conquers those who will be slaves, and destroys those who will not. Half the world belongs to you. The other half shall not!"

"You cannot stop us," Atla said quietly. Beudag laughed.

"But we can! You are the symbol, the first human to set foot on this land. If we can conquer you...."

Atla shook his head. "Others will come. The Children of the Sun are men, and they will come."

Beudag's eyes burned into his. "You do not understand. I said men had a soul-force that we lack, a spark of the Light that created you different from all other creatures. If we of the Shadows can once tap that force, can once capture that spark, to kindle as we will; if we can place the soul of a human symbol in bondage, Man can never quite overwhelm us! That much we have learned from the Darkness.

"For the mystic forces would be a sword in our hands, a sword that could pierce any armor Man might wear. The Darkness has taught us how to strengthen that sword, how to sharpen it and forge it to an arm of might. until it is destructive lightning!"

She drew back a bit and smiled, her lips red as cinnabar in the firelight. "That is why I tempted you with my kingdom. I want your soul, to build a wall against your fellows! The white witch has saved you so far. Let us see if she can match my power now!"

Atla threw his dark head erect and smiled. The fear had left him now. There was something open to fight, and he knew where he stood. With a sudden motion he drew the point of his sword in a circle about him, barring raw earth under the grass, and gashed a simple cross within it.

"The Sun-disc," he said, "The symbol of the Almighty, and the sign of His Four Great Forces. They are my shield, and Hedi is my sword." He flung his blade high. "I am ready!"

The green eyes darkened fleetingly, and Atla laughed. A point lost, a point gained. The circled cross was under his feet, his sword was in his hand, and somewhere by the sea Hedi waited for him. He laughed again, and whirled the glinting blade.

FROM BEYOND the new-gashed circle, beyond the ring of waiting creatures, beyond the fires and the darkling trees, came a moaning rush of wind. No leaf stirred, no flame bent aside, yet the clearing was suddenly full of a roaring surge of force that walled Atla in a vortex of blackness. No further than the circle it came, but the sense of its being, the sound of its mighty spiral rushing shutting him in, dazed and shook him. Everything was blotted from his sight; everything but Beudag's wild, passionate face and burning eyes set against a spinning blackness.

The ground dropped suddenly from under him, leaving him hanging giddily over an unimaginable abyss. Though Atla knew it for a trap set for his mind, though he saw the cross and circle still outlined against the void, he was assailed by a nauseous fear. His head spun, his knees were water-weak.

Emptiness above and below, walled in by a howling cyclone....

Atla grasped his sword and shouted defiance. Blazing green eyes stared into his, stared and deepened and grew, spreading wider and wider until they were great bottomless lakes. His mind was caught, his mazed sight went probing deeper and deeper into an elderich world. Labyrinthine vistas opened before him, queer twisting places shrouded in a leaf-green mist.

Shapes of nightmare, beast and man like centaurs, but without beauty. Crawling things with the eyes of madmen, creatures hoofed and horned and laughing, winged forms with taloned paws and cruel, beaked faces, and the breasts of lovely women.

Up from the green depths they flapped and crawled and pranced, finding a bridge within Atla's mind to cross the barrier of the circle.

Chilled and sick in every muscle, his breath ragged in his throat, Atla swung his blade against them. They came in a surging, endless horde, filling the bounds of the green horizon. They chuckled and mouthed and pawed at him, and their stench choked him like a heavy smoke. He stood alone in a swarming, yeasty mass, and there was no clean human thing in the universe.

Moist warm bodies hugged his legs, so that he was bogged as in mire. The horned and laughing creatures capered and sang, a high wordless shrilling that beat against his soul like lashes on raw flesh. Great bazon pinions beat the air above his head, blinding him, crushing his eardrums with their thunder. Taloned paws rent his flesh, hideous faces shrieked demoniac rage against him.

Again and again the blade of his mighty broadsword sheered through bone and feather, through flesh and viscera. But the things came on, spawning up out of the mad green depths, endless, invincible.

"Hedi," he moaned. "Hedi...." One more blow of his heavy arm against a full-breasted demon who tore at his eyes with her beak.... then he must fall, down and down.. into horror and obscenity.

Perhaps Hedi would know that his last thought was of her.

THE FOUL things before him wavered suddenly and blurred. A mist had come between them, something nebulous and thin as a

cloud at sunrise, touched golden by the light. It grew and thickened, and the Things beat and lurched frantically against it. A whiteness, like the sea foam, blue eyes and hair like pale candles burning in the dawn.

"Hedi," he whispered, "Hedi!" And clear through the unclear noises came a voice:

"I give you my soul, for as long as you need it."

The chilling sickness left him, and there was strength again in his body. He shouted aloud, and sprang forward, sword raised high, to drive the swarming horrors back whence they came.

He stopped, amazed. They were gone, and there was no mark upon his flesh to show where they had torn him.

Hedi's vision faded, and there was Boudag's face, the green eyes narrowed and dark with the anger of defeat.

"She stronger than I," the beast-woman whispered, "Stronger because of what you make of her, Man. I do not understand. My enchantment woke a flame in you, but it died. She kindles a light that lives and does not waver."

"I see a strange world within your heart. It rises from the symbol on the ground. What is it? Love?"

"Love...." The word shook through the Shadow-people like wind in tall grass. Very softly,



the voice of Boudag whispered through it.

"I see now. Love is of the Light itself, the strongest Force of all. Passion is but the moon-beam to the light of the sun, and we are the Shadow-folk, who will die when the full light strikes us."

Her wild head sank forward, the black cloud of her hair hiding her face, her ivory body. Slowly, slowly she turned away, her fellows at her heels, their hoofs soundless on the velvet turf. One by one, sad and silent, they mingled with the shadows of the trees, and were lost.

HERE WAS no life in the forest, no sound but a sorrowing breeze that wept in the branches. Atla went heavily down the empty glades, trailing his naked sword unnoticed in his hand. Some latent instinct led him aright, for the trees thinned to stunted scrub, and there came a smell of salt in the air.

Atla raised his head and stopped. The beach was before him, and there was a fragrance of cooking in the air. A new camp lay under the dawn sun; Hedi stood before one of the tents, tending a big iron pot.

Atla smiled abruptly, and shook the shadows from his heart. His blade clanged home in the scabbard as he ran across the sand.

He squatted boylike beside the pot, holding out his hand for the bowl Hedi gave him. As he took it she bent low and kissed him tenderly on the mouth, and suddenly, remembering, Atla flushed and dropped his head so that he would not meet her eyes.

"Come, love, eat," Hedi said and laughed, "All our kingdom lies waiting. Remember, Atla? And our sons shall king it here and its name shall be Atla'n'tis, after their sire!"

FINIS

VENUS MOON

Of all the mysteries and puzzles of astronomy, none is further from solution than that of the moon of Venus.

Between the years of 1672 and 1791 at least sixteen different observations were made, in which the planet Venus was seen accompanied by another body which appeared and performed exactly as a moon circling an inferior planet would be expected to act. But, between the times of the known observations, and after the date of the last one, no further evidence has come to light which would clarify the problem.

On January 25, 1672, J.D. Cassini the French Astronomer Royal, was observing Venus in the early morning. According to Suteliff, Cassini saw "a small star resembling a crocent like Venus, distant from the southern horn on the western side by a space equal to the diameter of Venus." Proctor, in his "Old and New Astronomy," adds: "It was not so bright nor so well defined as Venus...and appeared to have a diameter equal to one-fourth of hers." On August 28, 1686, Cassini again observed a companion to Venus, this time on the eastern side of the planet and at a distance of about three-fifths of its diameter. Observations were continued for an hour, before sunrise rendered observation impracticable.

Short, the celebrated English optician, observed a body accompanying Venus on November 3, 1740. Unwilling to trust the evidence of a single telescope, he used two, and on the second used eyepieces of 60, 140 and 240 power. Suteliff describes Short's observation as "a small star perfectly defined, but less luminous than the planet from which it was distant 10' - 2" of arc."

A British astronomer named Mayer saw the same appearance in 1759. Montaigne, observing at Limoges, France, saw a companion to Venus on May 3rd, 4th, and 7th, 1764, while Horrobow and several friends observed it on March 10th and 11th, 1764, also on March 16th, 28th and 29th, 1764. And Montaigne still at Limoges, saw the enigmatical companion once more in 1791.

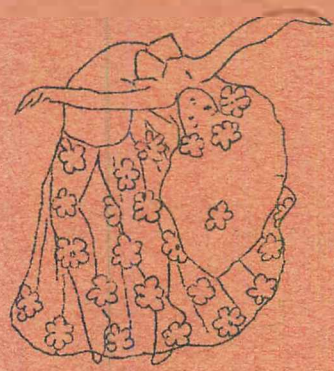
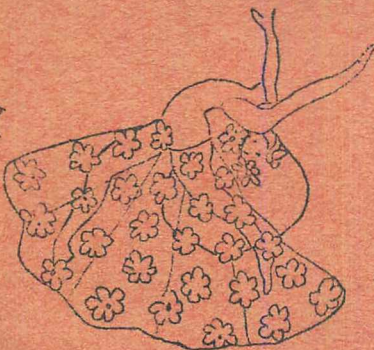
A hypothetical orbit for the supposed moon was worked out by Lambert in 1777, and was intended to reconcile the various observations up to that time. The only difficulty was, Proctor points out, that Lambert was forced to assume for Venus a man ten times as great as she is supposed to have.

A body two thousand miles in diameter--the size of the body as noted by Cassini and Short--would be conspicuous during transits of Venus. During the transit of Venus on June 5, 1761, an astronomer named Schuten reported that he saw such a body, but his statement went uncorroborated by other observers.

Proctor says, "Cassini's observation might be perhaps explained by reflection within the long focused object-lens, and some of those made by the less experienced observers by reflections in the eyepieces...but Scott's observations...with two reflectors...cannot be explained in either of these ways...Noiston's suggestion that there is a small planet travelling in an orbit which passes near to that of Venus...will not bear explanation." Hypotheses of cloud-like masses and gigantic explosions are also rejected.

In Proctor's final words, "The observations are most perplexing."

by Arthur Louis Joquel, "



In the silent grandeur of the lovely
night
A wreath of madness reached out to
envelope me
It tore aside the veil of life itself
Showing me a path no mortal trod.
And taking me beside it—led me through
A maze of beauty.
It touched my eyes and I beheld
Scenes, and sights no man had seen.
It showed me statues come to life,
Of trees and shrubs that changed to
beings.
That mad filled night—willst come again?
So I may once again cavort—play
With Angel-Demon gods?

Lynn
Starr



HOW TO PUBLISH

by Lora Crozetti

It all began one evening last October. I had dropped into Shangri-La to see what was cooking, and became engrossed in one of the magazines in the library. He was answering some of the stacks of letters he forever has to answer and other people were doing various things and stuff.

Suddenly he looked up from his typewriter and said, "Lora, when are you going to publish a fanzine?"

"Who, me?" I replied, "Don't be funny."

"I was never more serious in my life," he told me. "How can you be a true fan if you don't publish a fanzine?"

"Hell," was my answer, "Lots of fans we never even heard of don't publish fanzines."

"That's just it. No one ever heard of them. Don't you want to do something for fandom?"

"Name one thing fandom ever did for me."

"Well," he thought desperately, "You met me."

I snorted and he fell silent for a while. I went back to my book, only to be interrupted again a few moments later.

"Why don't you put out a fanzine?" he wanted to know. "Sooner or later, everyone who is big or important does."

"I don't want to be important," I mumbled, "And don't make cracks about my figure." My hero was being impaled by a Martian sword-plant, and I was chewing my nails, trying to help him out of his predicament.

"Look at the prestige it would give you," he pointed out. "Look what Vom did for me..."

"I thought you were born that way," I told him, after studying him to see what Vom had done for him. "Just what did Vom do for you that a fanzine could do for me?"

"Why, you'd be famous, rich, sought after, your name on the lips of fandom..."

"And have them saying the same sort of things about me that they say about you?"

"There would be wild acclaim every time your name was mentioned," he went on, ignoring me. "Think of the millions of people who would love and revere the name of Crozetti."

"He's off again." Jike gave a groan.

"Again?" I asked. "I can't tell the difference between again and yet."

"Will you listen to reason?" 4e asked. "Stop trying to be funny and pay some attention to me. I am trying to help you."

"Help her what?" Mel wanted to know.

"Help her be one of the rally big people in fandom."

"Hmmm." Mel studied me a moment, shuddered and said, "Trying to improve on nature again? She's the largest member of the LASFS now."

"I was built when meat was cheap and not rationed," I quoted, before someone else could.

"I think it would be a fine thing if she would put out a fanzine. After all, Finn put out one, and she ought to carry on the family tradition, or something."

"I ought to take it out and bury it, the family, I mean," I said bitterly.

"Now, now..." Jike soothed, "He only said..."

"I heard him," I snarled. "Be quiet while I think up a name that fits him, a dirty one. Besides, if I put out a fanzine, everyone will think I did it just because Helen did."

"Nonsense," 4e retorted. "Look, I have this lovely article about my meeting with Fritz Lang, and have some stills from his pictures that I can make up an illustration page you can have lithood, and also I will put the picture Lang sent me from Berlin, personally autographed to me on it, for the star attraction."

"Now look yourself,..." I began.

"Why don't you?" Mel asked, and I know now why he chuckled so fiendishly.

"But," I began.

"And I'll put an ad in Vom for it,"

"But," I began

"And I'll give you an ad in Fan Slants," Mel offered.

"But," I began.

"And you can put neod wimmen in your mag like 4e does," Jike put in.

"And call them Venusirens," 4e said enthusiastically.

"But," I began.

"Hey, folks, Lora's going to publish a fanzine," Mel announced.

"But," I began.

"And I'll give you my mailing list," 4e told me.

"And see if you can't get Ron to do you a front cover..."

That's how I became a publisher. The following Thursday 4e handed me a fish, that is, a fishy-looking woman and said I was to use it as his ad in Venus and demanded an ad for Vom.

Later, he handed me a mailing list and noted on it the names of people who wrote and drew and so forth. I timidly wrote to some of them and the next thing I knew, I had Leigh Brackett's SHADOWS IN THE WOODS. I also recieved several cold nos(NO). One of them even accused me of being a dipsomaniac, and I don't drink much. I don't even get drunk.

Bob Tucker sent me his bit on dressed-up westerns, and then a story that does not appear in Venus for the simple reason that I can't find it. Fassbinder promised me his Constipation on Venus article and said I could have it only if I could get Ron Cline to do a hyper illustration to be a back cover. I got Ron to agree and then Fassbinder decided that the deal was off.

Ed Chamberlin was at the club one Sunday when I groaned and said I'd done hours and hours of work on a Venus painting and then woke up to the fact that my flowers were earth flowers. He began doodling and drew a lovely brain plant, with tendrils, and before the whole thing was over, we had decided that it was a Venusian brain plant, and then a Venus-Vampire and had argued Sam Russell into agreeing to write an article to go with it.

In typical woman-fashion, I nagged poor Samuel D. about it until he quit coming to the club, and I swore a solemn oath to myself to say no more about it to him, and then learned that the reason that he was absent from the meetings was because he was going to the symphony concerts. I started nagging again, but brought no results. Sam, though a bachelor, has learned how to handle women. He agrees with them and then ignores the whole thing until they shut up: I sore I'd pillory him in fandom by calling him Samuel Divan Russell, but I couldn't put that in print, he's too nice a guy to do that way.

So Venus waxed and waned, and I began to wish I was dead or something. I hoped the whole matter would be forgotten, but 4e kept asking me when Venus was coming out, and I began to wish I had nerve enough to us a knife on him, just to see his entrails come out.

Joe Gibson was fool enough to bring all his lovely drawings to the club one Sunday, so 4e and Walt could chizzle them all away from him, and I got up nerve enough to ask for the lovely Venusiren that is the back cover. After that, I was lost.

I took the back and front covers to the lithographer and then I

couldn't back out. I got Jike to show me how to operate the mimeograph and one night put a stencil on the thing and bravely started. Only Jike had forgotten to show me how to put the paper in. After so much mental gymnastics, I figured it out, then inked the roller. After I had the sand-clapper pulled off the danglin' wheel, and was ready to roll, I realized that he had also forgotten to show me how to put it back.

Morojo rescued me.

Then Venus began rolling off the presses while such things as 4e bothered me by coming over and gloating over my labours and going into one of his typical 4esquian songs and dances. "Ha! Ha!" he would burble, "Soon you will become a slave of the machine, and night after night, stand here, turning the crank until you become as big a crank as I am."

"Orph forbid!" I snorted, becoming crankier every minute.

I would have gotten no place faster if I had had a typewriter, instead of this antique Martian printing press that I found in an old deserted fout-house.

Then Glen Daniels showed up and the Vampire in me came to the fore... (God, what a distance it traveled.) and his being a willing, but not too innocent victim made it easier for me to wish the job of co-editor on him. In fact, I'd have wished the whole thing on him, but I had opened my big, fat mouth and had to put the thing out or die the death. He did quite a bit of dummying, only the two column pages were only 27 spaces per column and his 1 column pages were 72 spaces wide. He's been a lot of help.

Now, we suppose, after reading this, you wonder what rain we sprang up after. Ladies ? first.

At the age of 4 months, Loravenusian ate an onion and has been a stinker ever since. She could say that she is a self-made woman, but someone would be sure to scream, "That's what comes of using cheap labor and inferior materials." As for her looks, her grandfather summed them up beautifully when he said, "My dear, no matter what troubles you have, you will always have something to fall back on." And he didn't mean her face.

Glen is the product of a mother, 5 step-mothers, a father and 3 step-fathers, so just let your imagination run riot. When he walks down the street with Lora, people don't say, there goes the long and short of it, they say, "There goes the short and wide of it."

* * * * *

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED FAN SLANTS??

IT IS NOT GOOD FOR LUMBAGO OR ARTHRITIS, BUT IT IS GOOD FOR SOME INTERESTING READING, A CHEERFULL EYE-FUL AND SOME GOOD DEEP BELLY, OOPS, STOMACH LAUGHS.

MEL BROWN, EDITOR

628 So. Bixel,

Los Angeles 14, California

continued from page 9

EARTHBOUND

mind to mine came the living experience of being there, of seeing, and feeling.

I was sent back, to lay my knowledge before the World Council and I was given ample proof that it was true. The Council made the law that any man who attempted space-flight automatically was a criminal, for the protection of man on this earth. We are the outcasts of humanity. We are not fit to associate with the rest of the solar system.

There was a deep quiet in the room, finally broken by Ken Teris' low voice.

"Can you see how the rest of humanity would accept the knowledge I have given you tonight? They would want to fight, and find death. All of mankind must work together, must breed out this thing in us that makes us the rebel souls. We must earn our place in the stars. The Council felt that you were ready for this knowledge.

From now on, it is up to you. You may fight, or lead,... teach man to be worthy so that our children's children may reach the stars; or you may die. Choose.

FINIS

EDITORIAL

Please address all communications, material and stuff to Lora Crozetti, 1542 W. 11th Street, Los Angeles 15, California. Any criticisms will be read and promptly filed in the closest wastebasket.

FANTASIE

by

Jean

Arnold

A tinkling bell
A splashing wave
And happy fantastic dreams

Bright blue sea shell
Bare unkempt grave
Blue sky and the gold sun beams

Crushed hearts forlorn
Cries out at night
Calls Love, and he will not hear

Dark looming form
Despairing sight
Death's triumphant time is near

NOT RECIEVING ANY ADS AT THE USUAL RATES, WE HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU
A LIST OF THOSE WE KNOW OF AND LET YOU TAKE YOUR PICK.

LE ZOMBIE.....BOB TUCKER, Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois
General, Humor, and No. 1 Mag.
DIABLERIE.....BILL WATSON; 1299 California, San Francisco 9,
The best Mag. yet, we think! California
CENTAURI.....ANDY ANDERSON, Pismo Beach, California
General
FANTASITE.....PHIL BRONSON, 1710 Arizona, Santa Monica, Cal.
General
THE ACOLYTE.....FRANCIS T. LANEY, 1104 S. Georgia Street,
Weird & Fantasy Los Angeles 15, California
NOVA.....AL & ABBEY LOU ASHLEY, 24 Poplar, Battle Creek
General Michigan
ROSEBUD.....MARY BETH WHEELER, c/o Bob Tucker
Humor & General
CHLNTICLEER.....WILT LEIBSCHER, 24 Poplar St., Battle Creek,
Michigan
VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION...FORREST J ACKERMAN, Bx 1475, Metro. Sta.
Letters, un-edited. Los Angeles, California
PAN SLANTS.....MEL BROWN, 628 So. Bixel, Los Angeles 14, Cal.
General
TOWARD TOMORROW.....JAMES KEPNER, 628 So. Bixel, LA 14, Cal.
General
CANADIAN FANDOM.....BEAK TAYLOR, St. Andrew's Colloge, Aurora,
Ontario Canada
SHANGRI-LA AFFAIRES.....L.S.F.S (Currently Chas. Burdeo)
637 1/2 So. Bixel, Los Angeles 14, Calif.
THE KNINVE.....c/o T. BRUCE YERKE, 1223 Gordon, Hollywood 38,
Get it if you can, it's tops. California
ARCANA.....HARRY HONIG, San Francisco, California

* * * * *

HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST DEGLER CRUD? YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T GET IT?
PLEASE, LET US IN ON YOUR SECRET, BUT QUICK!

* * * * *

THE ACOLYTE

CONGRATULATES

VENUS



