

SEPTEMBER 2039

# Time

54  
copy

# Annihilator

Mur The Daring  
by  
Bernard Seufert

HAVE IT — TOO LATE FOR  
AS BAD LUCK WOULD

Blackie's Annihilator Time

BY GEORGE ALAN ENGLISH  
REVIEW OF M.T.A.  
by  
N. Wingers

Language For California Travelers  
by  
B. Hoy Scouts deCampe

EDITORIAL

MY TIME ANNIHILATOR was the name of a story in one of the early Argonys. I thought that would be a fitting title for a new fan magazine, so here it is. It is really a continuation of Scenes of Fantasy, which, on it's seventh issue, passed on. Of course the general size and format is different from that of "Sofie".

I am presenting herein the reprint of Blenkins in Jackermanopia which appeared in the last Scenes of Fantasy. That issue reached only a very few fans and many (or a few) are requesting it. Also you'll find a tale, "Mur the Daring" a reprint from an unknown fanmag, The ASTEROID. That mag, by the way was published by Bernard Soufert, also of Rochester. A very few fans possess a copy of that mag, and I think the story is so good, that I'm reprinting it.

The Reader's Column is very brief, as usual, but I think it will grow as time annihilates.

Though this is irrelevant, the sister mag of M.T.A., OUTRE' will now appear 1ge. size, about 16 or 18 pages, and the price will be increased to 10¢. I'm sorry, but either the price goes up or OUTRE' annihilates itself.

Associate Ed. Larry Farsaci has finally made up his mind to help along with the msgs, so I think you'll find an article from him once in a while. In fact, I think that you'll find something by him in this issue. THASS ALL.

# My TIME Annihilator

54

8/22

Formerly Scenes of Fantasy

Sept. 2039

Vol. 1 No. 1

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AS BAD LUCK WOULD  
HAVE IT — TOO LATE FOR  
INCLUSION IN THIS ISSUE :

*Larry's REVIEW OF "M.T.A.",  
BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND!!*

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## BLINKINS ANNIHILATES TIME.

by  
N. Winters

Blenkins was a very able science-fictionist. He was especially interested in time-traveling, though he couldn't understand the paradoxes connected with it (or sump'n). He thought that if he were to once more go forward in time to Jackermanopia, he might destroy 'The Brain' and therefore, everything that took place in his last adventure would not have happened. He had just finished reading a very popular t. t. yarn, "The Branches of Time" and, he saw a way out for everything. Maybe time does have branches. Nevertheless, he wanted to find out.

He entered his laboratory in which was housed his "Time Machine". There he found it among a pile of equipment (mostly junk). Blenkins looked the thing over to see if it was all there. Satisfied, he began the task of twirling dials and moving levers. A tremendous roar answered his labor. The time-machine was in motion. 'Twas a very fast instrument n Blenkins had to hop on as quick as he could.

As usual, he was momentarily lost in oblivion. He awoke to find himself lying on the same velvety moss. He looked around, but could not find the nymph that he encountered on his first trip. Sump'n fishy here.....

Nevertheless he started walking, this time he headed straight for the Central Tower in which was housed 'The Brain'. He was met by a score of robots who all bowed on sight of him. A strange language filled the room, being the voiceings of the robots, no doubt. The "Brain" wasn't anywhere to be seen.

"I demand to know what year this is!" Blenkins spoke up.

The strange language answered his inquiry, Blenkins understanding it to be Esperanto. Blenkins knew quite a bit about that language, therefore he didn't find it hard to understand

them.

Translated: ... "This is 1,994,433 A.D. The "Brain" is no more. IT was destroyed months ago by you! At that, Blenkins fainted.

In other words, Blenkins had already been here and..... The poor man was at a loss to explain himself.

The voice went on. (after Blenkins recovered) "After the Brain died, we immediately adopted esperanto as our language. We now have no ruler. We r no longer slaves.

"Wait!" Blenkins cried, "Now that the Brain's gone. I think I'll be ruler here. Let me see..... Where's Umph( the nymph )?"

"Umph was killed by the Martians a week ago."

"Martians, eh?" Blenkins had plenty of trouble with the Martians already and he'd do anything to spite them.

There was but one thing to do. He knew he must have Umph as partner here, if he was to be dictator( on sump'n).

But she was dead '!

He knew time went in circles or cycles or something like that, and, thinking of time's branches, he knew that he might be able to do somethin. All he had to do was board his time-traveler and visit the previous week.

He soon found that he couldn't do that. His Time-machine was gone!

Not a robot was to be seen either. Whilst he was day-dreaming, the beasts must have played a trick on him and catapulted themselves into time.

Blenkins fainted again. But not for long, for he was awakened upon a glorious sight which appeared before his orbs (eyes). There in the heavens was a beautiful astellite. NO, wasn't in the sky, n wasn't a satellite either. 'Twas Umph!

~~The~~The robots, on reaching their destination (a week ago), vacated, and Umph, not yet killed by the Martians, took the machine as a way out from the fate that she sensed would be hers.

( Continued Page Six )

NEWS FROM  
WONDER

Here's up-to-the-minute information regarding Thrilling Wonder and Startling Stories.

For THRILLING WONDER, they've just finished scheduling a line-up of complete novels for the following year, wherein the most popular authors in Science-Fiction will be represented. Important novels by such writers as Manley Wade Wellman, Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr., Clifford D. Simak, Carl Jacobi, and Jack Williamson. And don't forget-- each of these novels will be published in their special scientific section, illustrated profusely by Paul Brown, Finlay, and Wesso.

New sequels are coming up: Remember THE MAN WITHOUT A WORLD, by the sons of Edgar Rice Burroughs, John Coleman and Hullbert, which was published in their Tenth Anniversary Issue? They've written an excellent sequel to their first yarn, THE LIGHTNING MEN, and it will be featured in a very early issue. Gordon A. Giles will continue his "Via" series. And, if you want the series continued, Kelvin Fent will follow up with the future adventures of Pete Marx, time-traveler.

Speaking of series, they're soon planning to publish Robert Arthur's streamlined interplanetary story, LONG AT TWILIGHT, featuring the first in the exploits of the Andy Hardy family of the future.

Recall the unique cover of the Tenth Anniversary Issue? At that time, Ray Cummings wrote an interesting article explaining its possible interpretation. Well, Ray has done even better. He's written a special story based on the cover, "Shadow - Gold", and it's slated for early publication. Watch for it.

You won't want to miss the January number of STARTLING STORIES. If you're a Hamilton fan, you'll find

the issue doubly attractive, for the booklength novel is THE THREE PLANNETARS, written, of course, by Hamilton. It's one of the most dramatic novels they've presented in a long while, and Virgil Finlay's masterful illustrations do the story justice. Cover for the January issue will be by Brown.

MUR THE DARING.

by  
Bernard Soufert

(Note: This story is reprinted from Volume 1 Number 1 "The Asteroid".)

How the cunning of Jag, the Crippled One and the Brawn of Mur enabled the latter to trap the fiercest reptile and win as a mate the daughter of Cor, made a legend that was handed down by countless generations of the Cave People until it became lost in the swirling veils of Time.

Mur the Daring, and Jag stood in the lush steepy grass looking at the great hole they had dug in the earth. Four spans length deep and two spans length across at the top it's hard-packed sides, unbroken, but for hand and foot holds dropped away to a narrow bottom. Thicketly covered with small logs and long strands of grass, Jag had calculated that it would trap the great killer beast.

But a scant few days away was the setting moon, the night of the Spring Dance. On this night all the unmarried men would vie for the eligible women. Those with great exploits to their credit would have first choice with the fairest.

Mur had desired Yanna, most beautiful of the cave women. Her father, Cor, had stated she would mate with none but the most daring. Vainly had Mur, Corok, Jib and

(Continued Page 7)

## BLENKINS IN JACKERMANOPIA

Blenkins invented the new ray capable of sending himself bodily to any point via radio. Very absent-minded person was he. The weird machine was a conglomeration of switches, levers and mirrors. The latter being a convenience since he often forgot who he was. "Let me see now. I think it's this lever." Brrrrrrrr - Phrrrrrrrrrrrr.

Blenkins was momentarily lost in oblivion. He awoke to find himself lying on a soft, velvety moss. About him stretched a flat plain which receded far in the distance. Myriads of squat, mushroom trees were scattered about.

Suddenly, a rustle in the long-bladed grass brought him to a start. (Grass! I thought there wasn't any.) He was amazed to discover a beautiful pink-skinned girl approaching him. He don't usually like girls, but, this was different. She looked more like she escaped from Weird Tales. Nude, but for a mossy fur across her bosom and a brief loincloth about her exquisitely molded hips, she was an epitome of loveliness. (What is this! An other sea story?)

"Where am I?" Blenkins questioned the nymph.

"Oitnnyunuf mujubtu." was the unexpected reply.

"You'll have to speak English. I'm no Martian."

"Martian? Wuts at, a nu kine f sandy?"

"Oh, so you do speak English!"

"Shur, Jackerman English."

"What! I thought they annihilated him long ago. Where am I anyway? This don't look anything like Mars."

"Mars! That's ben a'stooyed lon ago. N'astroid cum frn space n brok t up n litl peeces."

"What! But in H year is this anyway? Aint it 1965?"

"No, tis yere f 1,994,432 A.D. Yur n Urth."

Blenkins fainted at that. 'Twas too much to stand.

The poor man soon recovered and to his good fortune, for a horde of giant bees were coming his way, humming to the tune of "The Three Little Pishes." Blenkins quickly got to his

feet and started running. He ran for three miles. There wasn't any place to hide. He spotted an elliptical object a few hundred feet distant. An opening was seen in its side. "Ah! A rocket ship."

He continued running and was soon upon it. To his surprise he saw the form of an earthman in the doorway. Welcome sight, that. "Oh!..."

Blenkins was again sent into oblivion. For what he saw was too much for mortal eyes to stand.

There in the doorway was none other than the creator of Jackerman English, Orris F. Jackerman.

It took two weeks for Blenkins to fully recover from the shock, only to be shocked again by a metallic clanking which emanated from the hallway of his glassite hut.

"What's the meaning of this intrusion?"

A metallic clatter answered his inquiry. "I've ben sent bi th 'Brain'. It seeks confurance ith yu. Cum, We go."

Blenkins found himself taken to the Central Tower. In this was housed the abode of 'The Brain'. The latter he saw, was encased in a huge globe of purple liquid (Hectograph-ink, no doubt) and a small plate near the thing was impressed with the name of the brain.

"Brain of Orris Jackerman the 56th."

A high-pitched voice spoke, seeming to emanate from the globe.

"I, the Brain a supreme ruler f th solr sistz."

"So What?" retorted Blenkins.

"I d'mand tht yu return to yu own tize. We f Jackermanopia hve no room fr priat'ives f th past. We r n highly advanc'd race n such threcks nite prove dangerous tu us."

"What! I d'mand n pology. Oh! you got me talkin that way now."

Well, Blenkins returned to his own tize and for so doing was rewarded by the 'Brain'. For with him was the nymph-like girl who had first met him n th nu wrld.

THE END.

(Note: If the reader has any difficulty in decoding the above jumbled English, I suggest that he write to

# LANGUAGE FOR CALIFORNIA TRAVELERS.

by

B. Boy Scouts deLampe

When Prester John, after putting entire China under his thumb in the closing of the twelfth century, turn his whiskey weakened eyes upon the dark shores of the mysterious east, the country to be called America in the far distant future then didnt know it, but its fate was then hewed out for it. For Prester John was no man's monkey, and no man to ape around with. America (to be) was to know a conqueror from Cathay!

It is to be rejoiced over that John landed in California-to-be. Otherwise, if he had landed some other such place as Oregon-to-be, or Minnesota-to-be, his mark and his tongue would have been left in these strange places. As it was, John touched his bark upon the sandy shores of California-to-be, and the natives, not yet then turned Indians, sent the local Rotarian greeting committee down to see him in. This was a diplomatic mistake, Prester John being what he was and being a man of his word, promptly seized the Rotarians for the good name of Civilization and Christianity. It is to be remarked that the Rotarians never quite got over it, and in time spread the 'touch' of civilization to others, namely Elks, Lions, and Muskrata.

John the Bull(Headed) didn't care for the language of the Californians-to-be, it seems, and issued a proclamation declaring that henceforth all Californians-to-be should speak his language, "the civilized tongue". It seems he didn't have a name for it and being loath to term it "John's slang" he named it in honor of an Egyptian princess whom he converted in the eleventh century, "Boop Dara Esper An Toe". This later revolved into the shorter name, "Esper-an-to", for the then Californians-to-be who were later to be called Indians could not pronounce the long name of the

best slogans were "I y American" & "Speak American"; to be using a foreign tongue - even that of a princess - palled on them. Hence, American pride and the California (to-be) language was born in those dark centuries before Columbus ever dreamed of building sky-scraper with the baby blocks.

It is to be remarked in passing that some few decades later Prester John again set forth from California-to-be shores in search of her adventure; having just heard of a new country just discovered called "Sweden", he rightly figured that perhaps they might be in the market for a new language and a little Christianity. He set sail, never again to return to the American(to-be) shore. Those he left behind him promptly revolted against his laws and his tongue, and taking to the forests, became Indians. The tongue he left behind was written down on papyrus, for the behovalment of coming posterity, and buried in a lead-box near a holly woods, the Christmas season then being over.

The End

\*\*\*\*\*

## BLENKINS ANNIVILATES TIME. (Concluded)

Blenkins and Umph-lived happily ever after. He(Blenkins) decided to stay in this future ~~life~~ life instead of returning to his own time. (Who wouldnt,..... Especially with Umph.)

\*\*\*\*\*

DEAR READERS, WE ARE, AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, VERY SORRY TO ANNOUNCE AT THE LAST MOMENT, THAT IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO CONTINUE PUBLICATION OF "mta" HEREAFTER, BUT WE WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE THE TITLS CARRIED ON

\*\*\*\*\*

(Continued from Page 5)  
-Orrie Jackerman the first, of HOLLYWOOD.)

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## MUR THE DARING

(Continued from page 4)

others tried to win her for the next two spring moons; Mur was certain that this spring he would claim her unchallenged. Mur, urged by Jag, had decided to wrap the great monster whom all feared more than death itself.

Aided by Jag, whom he had saved from Zatra the great cat-beast, Mur had dug from Fallmoon to spring season. With crude tools, a sharp flake of rock on a stick burned and flattened at one end, the work progressed with the Crippled-one as director.

As Mur silently contemplated his finished task, Gor walked unsteadily toward them and climbed the huge pile of earth taken from the hole. With more deliberation he examined the huge round stone on the top of the heap. Shaking his head and grunting his disapproval of this labor that had not helped the tribe in common, he climbed down shakily and waddled back to his cave.

Mur and Jag, saying nothing, turned back to their cave and crawled in and nestled close together near the fire for a night's sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

A great thrashing and roaring awakened the Cave-People at early dawn. The ground trembled to monstrous bodies and giant tropical trees fell into the nearby clearing with a noise as of thunder.

Mur was first to reach the entrance of the cave in their nearby cave entrance, terrified faces peered toward the scene of conflict. There a giant killer-beast was attacking a "three-horned" beast, which was plainly fighting back. Blood streamed as bodies crashed, horns torn and great four-foot jaws lacerated.

With a yell of triumph Mur dropped to the ground from his cave and shouted to the cave-people that now would show them why he had labored

so long. He would enter the huge animal single-handed. He would kill it. Then at the next full moon he would claim Yanna and none would dare deny him.

Turning, Mur ran easily toward the scene of the death struggle, picking up a round shiny stone as he ran. At a distance of thirty spear-lengths he stopped and with the precision of long-trained muscles, flung the stone at the killer creature. Straight it flew, hit the saucer-like eye. After fighting a few more seconds, the beast pawed ineffectually at its eye with a much too short fore paw and squealed with pain at this new attack. Twisting its great head about toward a heap of earth. At this cessation of the battle Triceratops turned and vanished into the brooding jungle.

Tyrann saurus stared stupidly at tiny Mur. Seconds later it occurred that here was an easy prey; here was food without protective armor, food for the taking. Still a few more moments it took the nerve message to reach the great powerful hind legs. Then clumsily it took after Mur; it covered the ground in great strides of twice the length of a man. Slowly but surely it gained Mur sped as fast as the marshy ground permitted, over toward the concealed pit. Beneath his feet the ground trembled slightly. Behind him he heard a great thudding of rustling feet, a snapping of vicious four-foot jaws armed with great teeth for biting and tearing. Three-quarters of the race nearly over, Mur looked carefully over his shoulder; the great killer was a scant fifty spear-length behind and gaining as it settled down to the chase. Greed and hunger were evident in every line of the colossus. Mur knew if he slipped now on the steady grass all would be ended; a swift pouncing, a snapping of jaws or a sudden ripping of great hind claws.

Dimly he heard and recognized shouted cries of encouragement from Jag and Yanna, then Yanna. Then Yanna

(Continued Page 8)

MUR THE DANING

did care. And Jag loved him as even his own mother had He could not lose now with all at stake; love added wings to his tired feet. But a short distance now, and Tyrannosaurus was close.

Now the edge of the pit; his feet flashed over a small log in the center. On the other side of the trap using the pile of excavated detritus as an automobile uses a banked curve, Mur shot off at right angles to his former course.

Stupidly, magnificently the great beast charged straight on. The optical message of Mur's sudden turn had not yet reached it's pitifully meager brain. On the brink of destruction it tried to swerve as realization finally awoke; but too late. A tremendous weight supporting a thin coating of grass and small logs. With a snapping and crashing sound, it slowly sank into the pit, great powerful back legs vainly seeking a foothold and short front paws of no use. It's great mass slowly wedged the mighty legs and powerful tail into an unmovable position in the bottom of the tapering pit. Try as it would it could not move to such a position in the tapering bottom of the

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as to give it a chance to leap out of its prison.

Having rested a few moments, Mur, joined by Jag, climbed to the top of the little hill and putting their combined weight on the great stone, sent it with ever faster momentum, down on the trapped sea reptile. In vain did tyrannosaurus dodge; he succeeded only in having his head and neck pinned to one side of the pit.

Returning to his cave Mur selected his strongest spears. Approaching as close as he dared, he hurled them into the eyes of the animal. Until night did terrible roarings of pain come from the dying giant. Then only did the tiny brain give up its life to the one spear point that had

reached it.

Then gradually did the cave-people creep from their caves to look at their dead enemy, as terrible as in life.

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In the hard-packed clearing stood Yanna with arm about Mur .....

THE END

GOOD BYE -ANNIE.