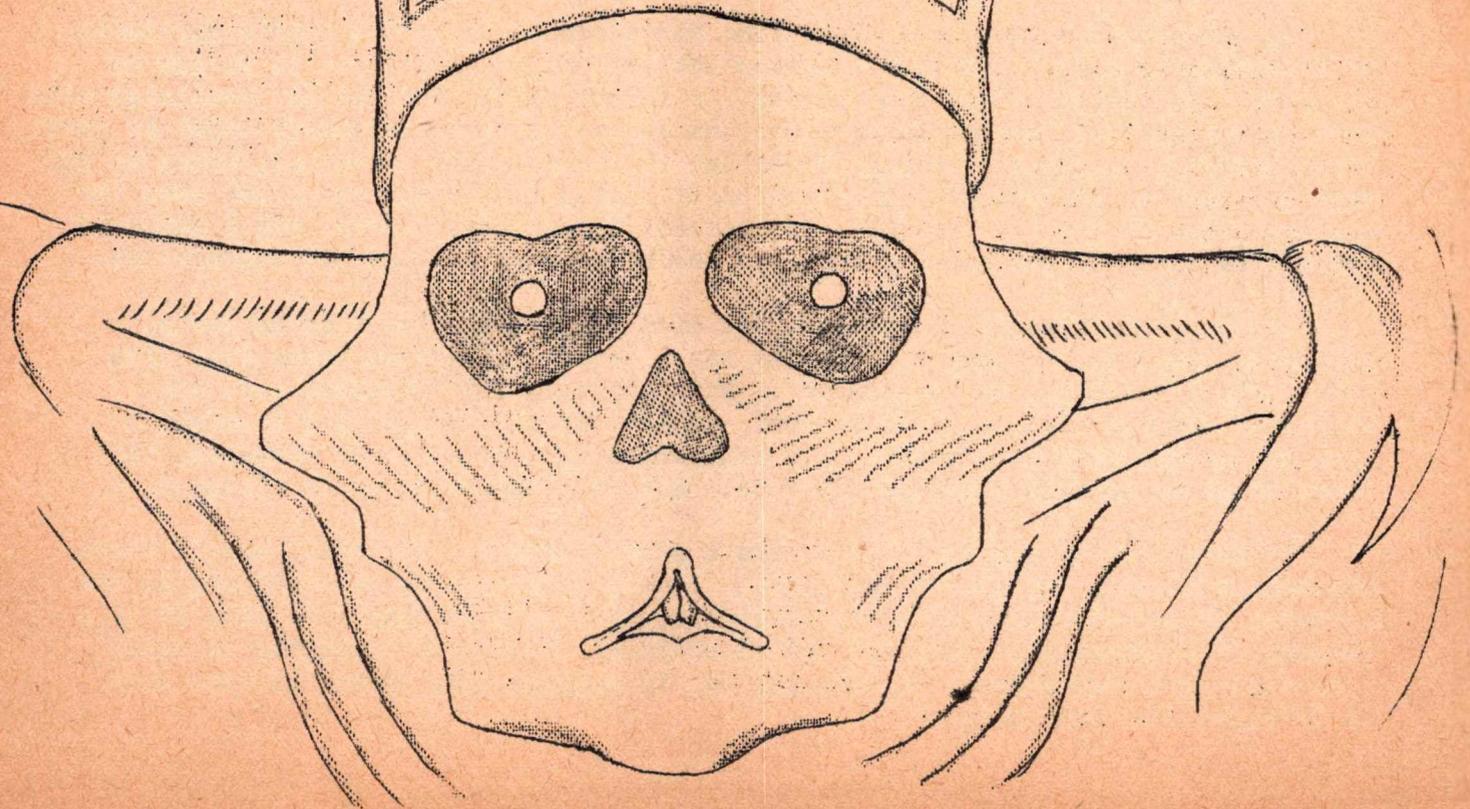
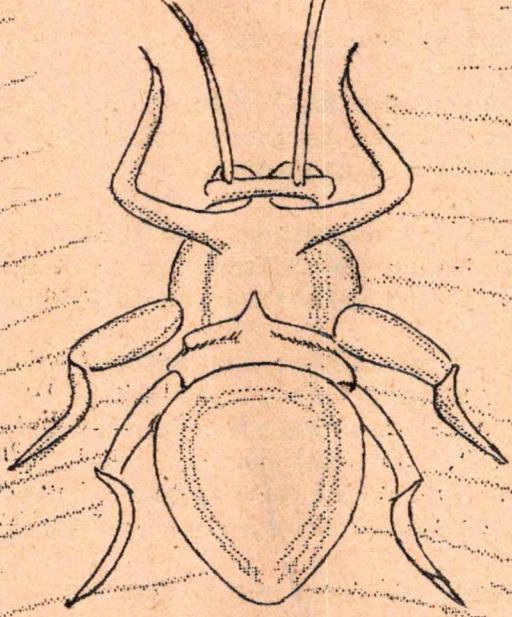


JAN 48

SOIPDALGEIF



SOIPDALGEIF BY REWARD

The following is the explanation for the unusual title of this one-shot fanzine, SOIPDALGEIF:

The "five great minds" were at a loss as to a name for their product. For a half hour they rested in their own heads, and it is doubtful that they were concentrated completely on concocting a title.

Then Roger Graham, who writes for AMAZING STORIES, who is an author, and thus who should have numerous ideas abounding in his head, solved the dilemma by picking up an evening paper containing an account of the recent assassination of Mohandas Gandhi.

He took a sharpened pencil (a pin was not available) and stabbed fiercely at the page of the account of the Indian ruler's passing away. The sharp point of the pencil by some chance hit the letter "S"; then he did this again, while Howard Miller took down the letters. The next one was O, and the next one was I. The process was repeated the next letter struck being P; the next letter was D, the next one A, then L, then G, then E, then I, then F. When the letters were put together we found we had SOIPDALGEIF.

Thus the origination of the odd title.

UNIVERSE OF \bar{E}

R P Graham

My surroundings grew dim. Four fine minds receded into the remote emptiness of intergalactic space and time, growing smaller and smaller---was it merely an illusion? A compulsion drove me onward. I fought feebly against it, realizing with what sanity was left to me that compulsions are a symptom of insanity---yet it grew more powerful than my will to fight against it. Helplessly I drifted, drawn by the vast currents of mind-stuff into a region of null- \bar{E} time-space where not even the ancient gods had dared to travel. Neither did I, for that matter, but I could do nothing to force my way back against the powerful currents that had captured me.

Giving up my struggle I relaxed. My mind groped vaguely--instinctively, analyzingly--searching for---what? Why was I here? Where were those four fine minds that I had clung to for comfort? Had they actually retreated into the distance? Or was distance an illusion? Surely, if a distance is a line and a line is an aggregate of elements of a line which have no distance whatever, then there could be no such thing as distance. But if there could be no distance---

By an effort of supreme will I made a second effort. Why was I here? There had been a reason. Of that I felt sure. I must be in search of something in the Universe of null- \bar{E} . From that starting point it should be simple to find it by a process of elimination. What did null- \bar{E} contain? It was an aggregate of point-sets such that each element of each set was in \bar{E} -space, yet no two of them were in \bar{E} -space. Not only that---

The next effort to pull myself back was feebler. I had almost lost the instinct that had guided me thus far. Without that I would become as--as what? I looked curiously about me. I was in a sargasso sea in which floated flotsam hoary with the rime and encrustations of eternities in senseless pattern. None of it made any sense. Yet I noticed after a time that everything seemed to be drifting slowly in the same direction---toward something just beyond the range of vision.

Perhaps I would find that for which I was searching if I swam ahead in the stream. At least it would be better than just drifting. I reached out in a powerful stroke, to cleave through the junk that hemmed me in on all sides. Occasionally as some bit touched me I shuddered convulsively with revulsion.

The thought insinuated itself into my mind that I was no more than another bit of flotsam in this Cosmic Whorl---no better nor worse than that around me. I thrust the thought away. In that direction lay madness!

From the depths of my being the calm clean arrow of instinct pointed--pointed surely and with confidence toward the Space ahead.

Then I saw it. It burst upon me as the sun exploded above the jagged horizon on the Moon when your space ship emerges from the shadow. It was blinding. Yet I was more puzzled than ever. That for which I had left the Earth and cut my being loose from the Universe of Space and Time,--it lay before me in full nakedness. And it might as well have remained hidden for all time.

It seared into my soul and withered thought itself. Animal reflexes caused me to swerve so that the flotsam around me hid that which I had sought and reached. Little by little the power to think returned. I tried to remember what I had seen. I remembered--and with the remembering came complete cessation of the ability to think. Forgetting, I could think again, and thinking, I could remember. Remembering, I could not think. The alternation of this grew more rapid until I was able to achieve the impossible. My mind alternated between blankness and memory so rapidly that the effect was the same as continuous thinking. In that state of mental alternation I was able to seemingly ponder on the imponderable and recognize what it was. Knowing, my whole being drew back in terror. I knew now why civilizations sprouted and then died without reason. I knew why the finest minds shriveled until they vanished. I knew at last that of all minds that had ever existed I was the last, and that I would soon be gone, with all the Cosmos devoid of Reason.

I recalled the atom bomb, and how Humanity had feared it would be the instrument that would destroy mankind. It had been nothing.

This made all other things pale into insignificance. Yet it was only a---an end product of a science that was in its infancy on Earth. Toyed with by unsuspecting people who didn't realize the horrible destruction lying dormant in the young science. Here, at the ultimate End of All, lay the Weapon---and yet it was nothing more than a solution to an abstract problem in semantics---the combination of letters which, when fed into a fine mind like mine, would destroy all ability to think. You guessed it brother. SOIPDALGEIF.

APOLOGY

I apologize humbly! I apologize humbly. Yes, I apologize. It's horrible---hideous, horrible. The only thing I can say in my defense is that I have, since I am young (I believe), many years to efface this disgrace, in devoted fan activity. I beg of you to forget that I turned out the cover you saw on the front of this magazine. Forget it and all will be well. My life will then be more than an empty mockery....

....Howard Miller

THE ETERNAL ACKERMAN

by DON WILSON

The primal chaos before Fandom began. Infinite antiquity, the cosmic swirl of ultimate nothingness. The slumbering Creator stirred as it tossed in its sleep. The blind thoughts of the Creator pulsed insensately, and presently there was a beginning. Chaotic formlessness became form, amorphousness gathered into concreteness. The random thoughts of the Creator swirled madly, and Fandom was born. Fandom -- no longer inanimate chaos, but forming into something with form, a sort of concreteness. The Thing Called Fandom had its earliest beginnings.

And Forrest J Ackerman was Science Fiction Fan #1.

The Creator awoke slowly from his drugged slumber. It gathered its thoughts together and in a titanic effort the young monster took form and began to move forward. The dim streaks of dawn became the bright rays of early morning; the creator rose and stretched its tremendous self, and the baby Fandom began to grow. It became a youth, and progressed fumblingly along the path toward eventual maturity, its multi-faceted brain beginning to stir and pulse with activity, and soon there were other fans, people named Glasser and Palmer and Ruppert and Weisinger and lots of other things. But despite all this change, metamorphosis, and growth, and despite the Creator's indulgence in all sorts of whimsical experimentation with its Creation, one thing remained the same. One thing never changed. Through fandom's infancy and childhood and adolescence it never altered one iota. During all these periods of pulsation and change Forrest J Ackerman was Science Fiction Fan #1.

And though his acolytes vanished from the fannish scene, others arrived to take their places. The Creator knocked down mud dolls and set up others; he dissolved plaster dolls; he burned dolls made of wood and shredded those made of cloth. But one of the dolls was made of solid marble, and it never changed. Weather had no effect on it; though it was blasted and defiled by its enemies, the marble doll remained intact; Forrest J Ackerman remained #1 fan.

And in the ancient days, when age fell upon fandom and degeneracy and dissention began to insidiously infiltrate fannish ranks, when fandom began its long downward decline, Ackerman was still #1 fan. At times other minor Dolls rose to titanic heights and overpowered the marble doll. But when their positions on the polls seemed secure and Ackerman was beginning to make ready to quit the LASFS, something always happened to them and they crumbled into nothingness, to soon be forgotten. The marble doll always triumphed; at the end of each period of trial it emerged stronger than before. Forrest J Ackerman was still #1 science fiction fan.

And when the sun sank in the west; when the stars began to come out in terrible brightness; when the fannish world crumbled, and the

wooden, mud and cloth and plaster dolls, dissolved into dust, and were wafted away into the breeze of eternity; when the Creator lost interest in ITS creation and returned to ITS age-long slumber; when the very Foundations of fandom were eaten away and crumbling, one thing still held true. The last ray of the now red ember of a Sun cast a feeble glow on the somewhat tarnished, but not in the least weathered marble doll.

Forrest J Ackerman was Science Fiction Fan #1.

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(The above article was written while my thoughts were divided between trying to write that stinking bit of fictionalization and listening half-heartedly to an argument between Burbee and Ward as to why El Segundo smells like it does. If you claim that it would have been incoherent anyway, you are probably right, but you can hardly blame me for trying to think up a suitable excuse for my folly.

---Don Wilson)

BURBEE SAYS —

Five fine minds are convened. They have put out a fanzine. It was not the original intention of these five fine minds to put out a fanzine. Here were five brains going at top speed as we sat in my spacious apts dining lustily on fruit-cake (food for the True Fan) and gulping coffee (Wilson has a left-handed slurp technique peculiar to people from Banning, 88 miles away). We discussed the probability of nothing being true and also the probability of everything being true. Graham sketched out a plot of a sub-space mimeograph that printed different texts from the same stencil, and gave the plot a still more fantastic ending which I now forget. Personalities were kicked around. Some astounding, amazing, startling, thrilling and weird conclusions were reached. The conversation was of such a content that EEEvans, Ray Palmer, FJAckerman, FTLaney and others would gladly have paid \$4 each to listen to it. Five fine minds were whirring at top speed. And then somebody made a sad remark. "Let's put out a one-shot fanzine" this forgotten person said. The f.f.m's. went blank. No ideas emerged from the bony structure surrounding each fine mind. How did it happen that the words "Let's put out a one-shot fanzine" caused all these brains to short out? This is a mystery, but we agreed that no doubt something of lasting value would eventually fight its way into print in spite of our short-circuited minds, and when this conclusion had been reached, paralysis again set in and we all sat around look at each other's corporeal envelopes (on us they look good) blankly. Eventually something was written and stenciled and run off. This is it. An outstanding example of what can happen to five fine minds which are set a task. If we had let our fine minds cruise untrammelled and unhindered through the luminiferous ether, who knows what heights of perfection we would not have reached? Perhaps we could have solved something ultimate--like why people put out one-shot fanzines.

SOIPDALGEIF (which name I disapprove) is a one-shot fanzine put out jointly for FAPA by Rog Phillips Graham, Howard Miller, Don Wilson, Rex Ward and Charles Burbee. It mostly happened the afternoon of January 31, 1948, and was finished off and readied for distribution the next day by me. This magazine is intended to die stillborn and in this objective, at least, I believe we have succeeded.

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