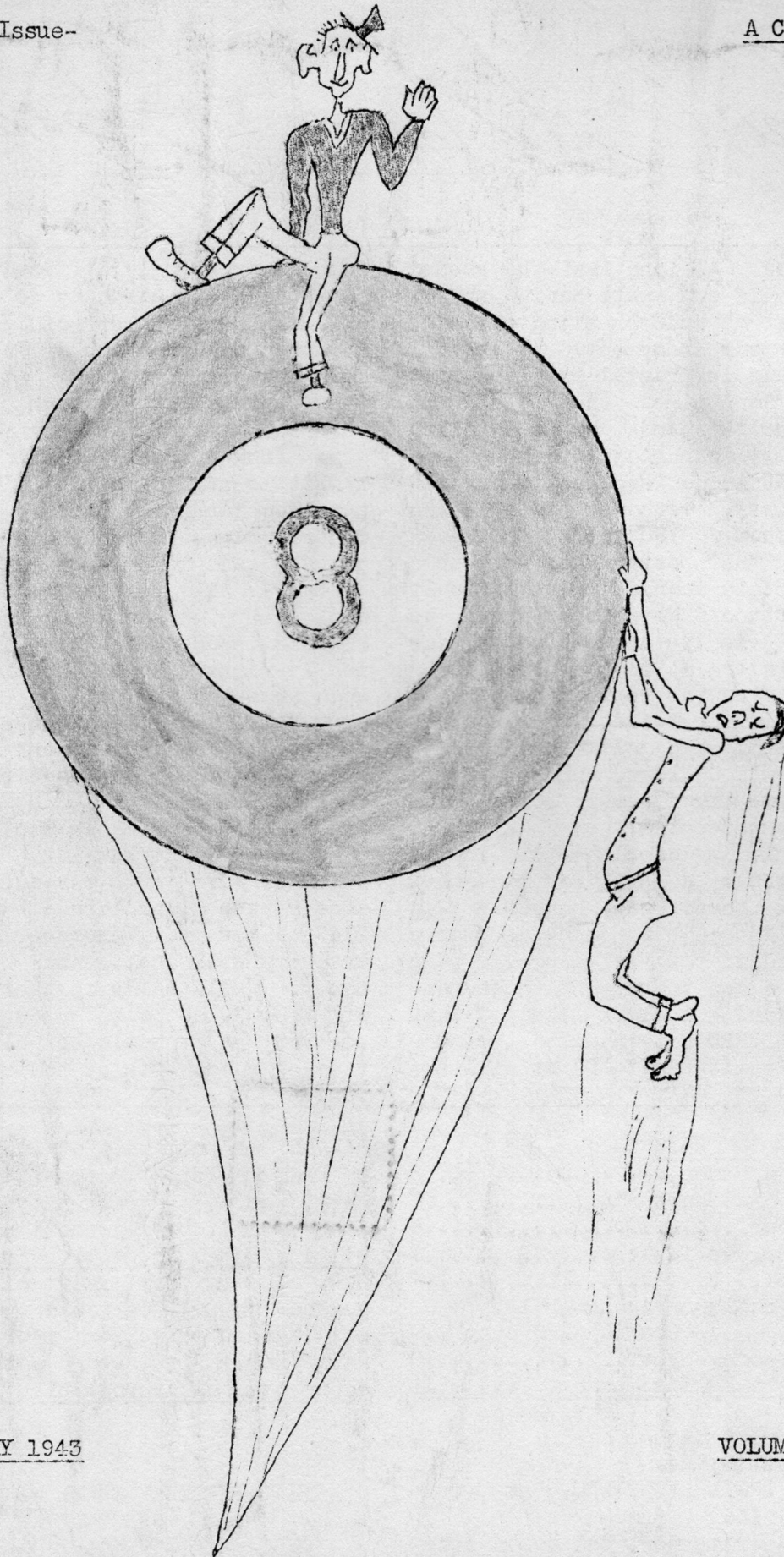


In this Issue-
Hurter
Mason
Croutch
Grant

A CAPP PUBLICATION!



MAY 1943

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2.

The Editor Speaks.

Hello fan(s). At long last the second issue of 8-BALL is out, well behind schedule, crammed full of uninteresting articles and stories for your annoyance. Special note; this issue is printed on extra-soft paper. (If you don't get the point just write in and we'll send you a detailed working plan. ED) Joking aside, though, we believe that this issue is a great improvement over the first, both as to printing and contents. What do YOU think?

We realize that postage has gone up a cent, and that it is increasingly difficult to go into a post office without having to buy a bond, but is it too much to ask our reader(s) to write a letter once in a while. We guarantee a reply, sooner or later, and would appreciate hearing from anybody interested. You all know the address - St Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario. Special note to Hurter: Postage due letters no longer accepted.

No Editorial is complete (at least, ours aren't) without a plea for more material. We thank those who have sent in their contributions, but there is plenty of space unfilled in the next issue. Can it be that Canada can't support three fan-mags? It's beginning to look that way. And now with CENSORED returning to the market (it is isn't it Fred? ED) it will be-

come increasingly difficult to keep up our low standard. Somebody do something!

The next number of the Ball will not appear until sometime in July. I won't be able to work on the rag at all until after the final exams, although I will have time to answer any correspondence addressed this way. From reports sent in on the last ish my little number and Child's masterpiece are battling for first place, while Frome's contribution is running a poor third. No one has said anything about The Universe.. Pardon - Child mentioned that it was good. One ardent fan has even sent in his rating of THIS issue. The thing is, he was practically right. Would he please tell me what number three will be like?

Well, I guess that's just about all for now. I'd like to work in an ad. for Croutch's LIGHT, but what's the use. Anyone who reads 8-BALL must surely have read his effort. For those who haven't, he may be contacted at Box 121, Parry Sound, Ont. Price is five cents per copy. MEPHISTO has also appeared, published by Alan Child at 2647 Willow St. Vancouver B.C. Both mags are very well done, and well worth the money. Child tells me that the next issue of MEPHISTO won't be out until September however, so it would be well to await further announcements as to date of publication.

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8-BALL is published at St Andrew's College by Beak Taylor. Price - five cents per page copy, or six for twenty five. The next issue will appear sometime in July. We are willing to exchange with any fan-mag.

N.B. We are very short of suitable covers and cartoons. We would welcome any rough drawings suitable for reproduction on a gestetner. Also needed is a slogan. Send ideas as soon as possible.

In the next issue -
VOYAGE - John Hollis Mason
THE HELL WHICH VIRGIL DESCRIBED, as condensed by Alan Child.

More needed - write now, and avoid congestion later.

WHAT THE HELL SHALL WE PUT IN HERE?

Fred Hurter Jr!

SOME WORDS

BY F.S. GRANT THE A DEMON

"Listen to me," insisted the Demon over my shoulder, "the regions of which I speak are in the shades of Azrael, into which no being CORPOREAL has penetrated. The great shadow, I say, is matter in its infinite state."

I was profoundly startled, and made efforts to turn and question him who had uttered this, but I could not speak, nor even move my head, but sat rigidly, gazing upon the unnaturally wild landscape before me. Amid a vast barren tract of mountains, the height of whose summits inspired at once the deepest awe, we sat on a towering ledge, high on a windy pinnacle that out-topped the loftiest; tiny clouds eddied about our feet, and the characters engraved on its peak in coruscating quartz were -- SOLITUDE. Suddenly a laxity overcame me as if a curse had been lifted, and once more I was able to move and talk.

"Doubtless," I ventured crisply, "you are confusing the idea of shadow with that of spirit."

"Not at all," continued he, "although perhaps I may confuse you. You are acquainted, probably, with the rudimentary surface scratches you mortals have made upon physics. 'Spirit,' in the ultimate life, has come to mean a quality, or conception of the essence of quality; 'shadow,' as I have said, is the ultra-infinite, or ultimately perfected state of matter, but not matter as you conceive it."

"But if the matter of which you speak is beyond our conception or appreciation, then it is no longer an entity."

"You are right," replied the Demon thoughtfully, "and yet you are wrong. It cannot be termed 'matter' in full accordance with the narrowly limiting standards that comprise your scope of conception, and yet to us, the unreal, as you might say, who can perceive the entire of which you are aware of only a part relative to

yourself, it is clearly in the category of completeness, that you, being unable to comprehend, have called 'spirit' and 'infinity'."

"You say, in a category of completeness?"

"Yes. Take, for instance, from your knowledge of physics, the light-bearing ether. When such a fine degree of rarity is attained, it is the propensity of mankind to associate it with spirit, or nihilism, were it not for obscure proofs of its atomic structure.

"Actually, then, to the greatest of your knowledge you have arrived at here the ultimate rarity of matter; yet if you proceed beyond this, you will eventually arrive at a mass that in rarity compares with the luminiferous ether as does ether with adamant or iron. This, then, is a mass unparticled and indivisible -- one -- the complete state of matter."

"Is this, therefore," I queried, "the shadow of which you speak -- the ultimately complete state of matter."

"The shadow, yes," pursued he, "but thereafter you confuse your ideas. It is the complete state of matter, certainly, but not the ultimate"

"But," I interrupted, "you have said that the shadow is matter in its complete state."

"That is true," sighed the Demon, "inasmuch as you choose to call it so. To us there is no infinity; but to you, matter perfected has attained a point that lies beyond your imagination, but which you call infinite, or infinity. Allow me to proceed. Matter, to attain its ultimate state, passes through a focus, as it were, and becomes thereby converted into vibratory motion."

"I do not comprehend."

"When matter ceases to be such, it becomes energy. The vibratory motion is

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in turn applied to the mind, and may be interpreted as thought. When the senses are excited, a vibratory energy is set in motion by the brain, and permeates the mind and being. It is of this I speak. The perfected, unparticled matter in its ultimate and vibratory state is the Great Creative Spirit, or God."

"Sacrilege!" I shouted.

"But," persisted the Demon, "why should the mind be not more reverenced than the body? God, although not a corporate being yet impels all mankind; and certainly man is thereby fashioned in the image of that which he is a part. Say what you will, man is individualized only insofar as a part of the vibratory motion you call thought, but is in reality God is invested in a Corporeate being which we call the Man; but when this falls decaying from the essential being, the vibratory energy becomes thereby converted into perfected state of matter indivisible."

"In other words, you say man's soul becomes again a part of the spirit which generated it."

"No, for that is absurdity. The vibratory particle has a distinguishing PERSONALITY that influences its motion. I say personality in order to bring out the full meaning of the word as you use it. The souls, as you might say, return to their nascent existence, but taken collectively cannot form a common Spirit. Thus the matter is restored to completeness, and being so, everything is thereby perceptible to it."

"I do not follow."

"And it is impossible for you to do so. But allow me to illustrate. Are you cognizant of the fact that you are able to see less of yourself than does any living being around you? You look from the inside out, and are able to see only a fraction of your own body; your vision is thus obstructed and limited. In a like manner, your capacity for perception is cut to a quarter, speaking of rudimentary, material existence. However, when the soul is released, being uncaged from the body, it is able to perceive throughout its entire being, the whole being set in motion; and therefore becomes aware of all secrets but divine volition. It remains in this state of 'universal perception' until such a time as it is to be again caged."

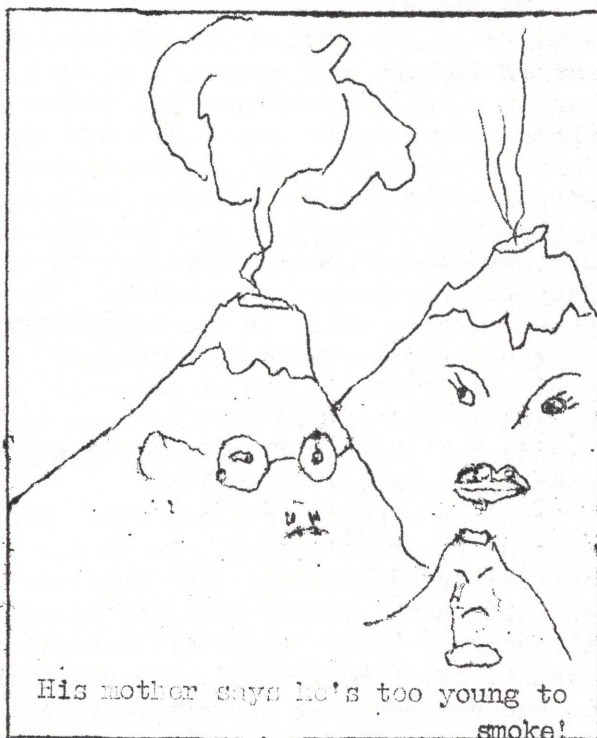
"You say that the soul is to be re-incarnated?"

"Not exactly. It is rather impersonal

re-incarnation, and yet the vibratory motion is essentially the same. Thus, perhaps a century from now there will be a being on this earth who will exhibit the identical traits of personality that you have done during your lifetime. The life of man is a focus between two lenses; the one, birth - the other, death. Consider parallel rays of energy between the two; at both extremities they will be refracted to a focal point, and so cross to infinity. The first of these is the infinite point at which matter becomes motion, and expands until, passing through birth, it has fully pervaded the being. Following death, the energy of the motion diminishes until, through the second focal point, it ceases and again becomes matter perfected. Thus life is an entity complete within itself, with a beginning and an end, but of what precedes the beginning and follows the end, you know nothing."

And when he had said this, he laughed a long sonorous laugh that reverberated throughout the hills, and again the paralysis seized me. But when he breathed on my face there came to my nostrils the detestable putrescence of a thousand decaying bodies in the catacombs of Ptolemais, and immediately there ensued a violent storm that threatened to dislodge the ledge on which I was seated, and he fled on the wings of its onslaught.

The End.



STUFF AND SQUEECH

by
Fred
Hurter
jr.

Well, so I've decided to write a department for 8-BALL. So what? So it is to be a department of odds and ends that come to my attention, as I float amiably down the stream of Time, inhaling its fragrant --- but enough of this; I intend to write a department (?) not a poem (?)

The first item that attracted my attention was the story 'The Barrier' from AST Sept. /39. No, it wasn't the quality of the story that caused me to sit up and gaze at it, amazed, nor was it the extremely illogical conception of time-travel used by the author. I was astounded by the fact that not even Shakespeare seems immune from plagiarism, that Campbell would let through a passage lifted directly from Julius Caesar. Listen to this:

(The Barrier)

Three citizens of the mob halted him as he stepped forth.

"What bees your name?"

"Where be you going?"

"When do you come from?"

"Answer every man directly."

The solly writer hesitated. "I be going to amphitheatre."

"When do you come from?"

"Why from now?"

"What bees your name?"

"John--"

"Ha!" the first citizen yelled. "Tear him to pieces; he bees traveller."

"No, truly. I be no traveller. I be writer of sollies!"

One of the citizens chortled cruelly. "Tear him for his bad sollies."

(Julius Caesar)

Cinna: 'I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth,'

Enter Citizens

First Cit: What is your name?

Sec Cit: Where are you going?

Third Cit: Where do you dwell?

Sec Cit: Answer every man directly.

Cinna: I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Cit: As a friend or enemy?

Cinna: As a friend.

Third Cit: Your name sir, truly.

Cinna: Truly my name is Cinna.

First Cit: Tear him to pieces, he's a con-spirator.

Cinna: I am Cinna the poet. I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit: Tear him for his bad verses!
Tear him for his bad verses!

Seewhat I mean? Really, if he wanted to do a bit of plagiarizing, Boucher should have used a slightly less known author than Shakespeare.

As a stf. fan, I thought I had heard just about everything along the lines of the fantastic. But here's a true one, that our Physics professor told us during one of his lectures. As you probably know by now, about six thousand dollars worth of radium in an aluminium pellet was stolen from a lab near Montreal. Well, our professor was called in to help look for it. He sent for a Geiger Counter (an instrument used to count cosmic rays, and allied radiations.) When it finally arrived, he went to the Dominion Engineering Lab, and covered the room where the radium had last been. It wasn't in the building.

He then suggested that it be mounted on a truck and driven through the city, as the Geiger Counter could pick up radiations from a distance of three hundred feet. The police wouldn't believe this, and he wasted a whole day proving it to them. He lined eight mounted police in a row, with some radium held in a lead case by the last one. The counter picked him out. Then they brought out their heaviest lead case, and placed some radium on it. The Geiger picked up the radiations right through the lead without any trouble. Finally they decided that maybe our physics professor (who is one of the top physicists in Canada) was right. Now. Here's the fantastic twist to it. A certain Montreal alderman (our professor would not give his name) has invented a sort of machine, part electrical, part mechanical, and part physic. If you hold a map in front of this machine it can tell you where gold can be found. If you want to know how your relatives feel on the other side of the world, the machine can tell you. It is also a sort of divining rod. Well, this alderman also arrived on the scene. His claims were immediately believed. The contraption looked impressive anyway, our professor said. The alderman went into the building in which the radium had been last seen, and after twiddling with his machine, announced that he was within twenty feet of the radium. (This after the Geiger Counter had detected no radiations). Then the alderman asked in

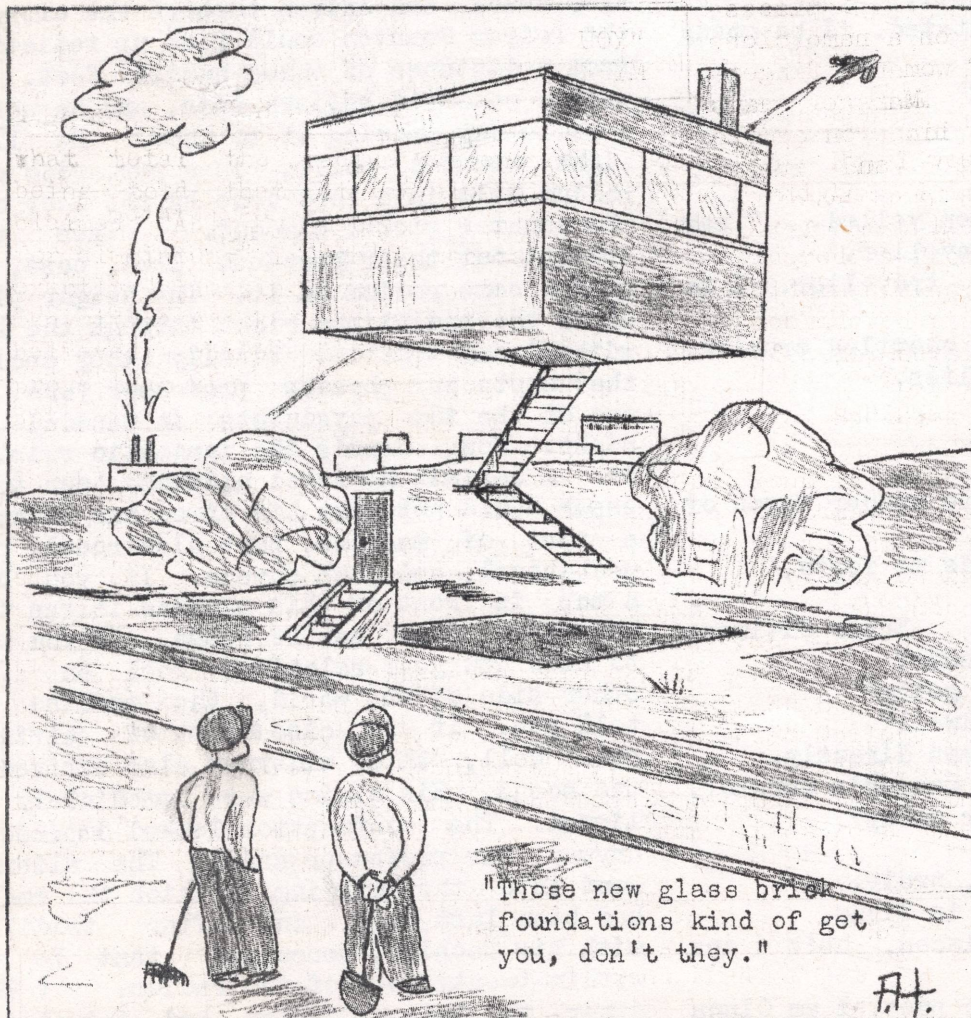
what metal the radium was encased. Upon being told that it was aluminium, he exclaimed, "Ah! My machine isn't adjusted for aluminium. I can't locate the radium exactly." Amazing, you say, that an alderman with a crackpot contraption should be believed, while a top physicist must first prove that his precision instrument works. But here's the payoff.

Remember that submarine plague we had in the St Lawrence a short time ago? Yup! You guessed it. This same alderman approached the government, claiming that this same contraption could detect submarines at ten to twenty miles! A ship was put at his disposal by the government, and subchasers stood by while he located submarines with his machine. He would tell the chasers where the subs were, and when they didn't find any sub there, he would simply say that it had moved. And thus it went on. You can imagine the nice fat fee he got for it.

No, I would hardly say we were in an enlightened age. The days when the astrologer was believed and the astronomer considered a fool are not so far past, when an alderman's word on matters of physics is considered to carry more weight than that of a top physicist.

Speaking of physics, I wonder how many stf fans in Canada belong to the Royal Astronomical Society. Membership is only two dollars a year, and includes a subscription to a monthly journal containing excellent articles on Astronomy and Physics, an observers handbook with tables, a set of lectures on Astronomy if you happen to live near one of the centres, and the use of the Society's telescopes. Headquarters at 198 College St, Toronto. Address any correspondence to J.H. Hornig, treasurer of the Society, at that address; anyone interested, it's worth the money.

Adios. Fred Hurter jr.



DAFFYNITIONS

- (1) The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction - a kiss
- (2) A revolving neolite accumulates a negative quantity of cryptogamic vegetation. - A rolling stone gathers no moss.
- (3) Refrain from the contemplation of the facial orifice of a gratuitously donated equine quadruped. - Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

MASH NOTE

A nut at the wheel
A peach at his side
A turn in the road
Fruit Salad.

Little miss Smarty
Went to a party
To join in a big drinking
bout.
Her mother was there
But she didn't care,
'Cause mother'd already
passed out.

"Warped Ear Drums"

A MOVIE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY---

PLASTERING BY - Hazno Cumbac
DIERECTED BY - Penn Anink

SIDEWALKS LAID BY - Always Offsyde
ROAD ROLLING BY - Givmea Shove

Young man in Louis XIV hollow square belching bed, shoeshined hair, forth smoke, flames presses button.

"SAMUELS,
MY BATH."

Three valets with a-ssistant secretaries drain and refill swimming pool six times. Secretaries rush up and down stairs opening a keg of soap on each landing.

"WHERE IS MY
FATHER, THE
CAPTAIN OF
INDUSTRY?"

Head Valet drops dressing gown and decanter throws head far enough back to comfortably gargle a banana. Remains so for five minutes, replies;

"IN WALL STREET
BUYING ROCKET SHIPS"

Fade out. Scene shows heavy-set man in mahogany swivel chair. Stops his watch to save time, by hitting it with a paper knife. Efficiency everywhere. Background through window of chimneys in

General manager with a face like a can of worms.

"WHO SHALL WE
RUIIN TO-DAY?"

President of Amalgamated Space and Earth Transportation Co. takes down file of unruined men, places finger on a name (close up of woman's fingernail). Manager gnaws waist line on centre of cigar and rushes out followed by office boys with hat and more cigars. President paces up and down then draws a picture of Santa Claus on cover of cheque book.

"HER FATHER MUST
BE SUNK!"

Manager hails four taxi-cabs and drives off in all directions. (Insert: - New York sky-line from three mile limit, then Wall St.). He buys Cunard Line, San Francisco Bridge and other bargains. Fade out

BACK FROM JAVA

Yacht passing icebergs and Statue of Liberty. Girl in riding habit, playing house with father on deck. Father stands up and looks alternately at the moon and sun. (Insert: Wall St. then Yale Bowl.) Examines anchor and turns to daughter.

"YOU MUST FORGET
MY ENEMY'S PUP."

Fade out. Young man, patent leather hair, flying furiously through Central Park, passes Plaza Grill, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard. Enters ballroom and greets hostess with lap-full of Pekinese and Belgian Police Dogs.

"MY OWN!
MY SWEET DISH"

Young man and girl necking behind athletic-looking rubber-plant. Action disturbed by girl's father with glass of whiskey. Girl leaks an imperial quart of gly-

erine tears and young man expands his chest ten inches, remembers he is one of the idle rich and shoves out stomach instead.

"YOUR FATHER IS A
DUMB HOOT OWL.
GET OUT!"

Scene shifts to young man's bedroom. Hero registers intense anguish by biting his initials on fire-escape; strips the gears on an Irish Harp, then summons favourite valet and is shown sketch map of house, and location of father's library.

"HE IS RUINED.
DOES SHE STILL GO
BIG WITH YOU?"

Fade out. Large gathering in drawing room. Bride and groom fencing with cake knives, two fathers practising ju-jitsu, guests feeding confetti to goldfish, stout lady being trampled to death by a swarm of dogs.

THE END !!!

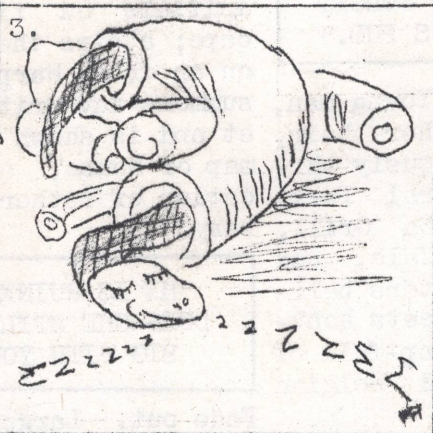
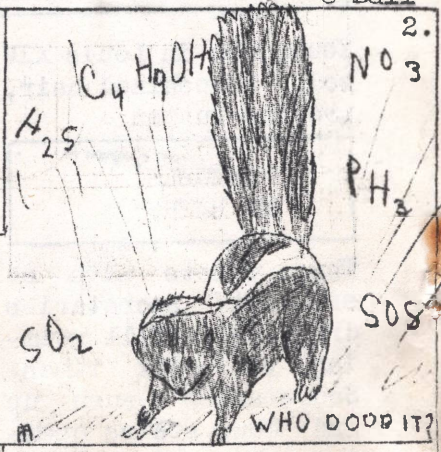
Editors Note - The entire action of this picture was filmed in the twenty fifth century, thanks to the kind cooperation of the Acme Time Travel Company. It is based upon the story by Joe Taylor sr.



one pair is enuff!!

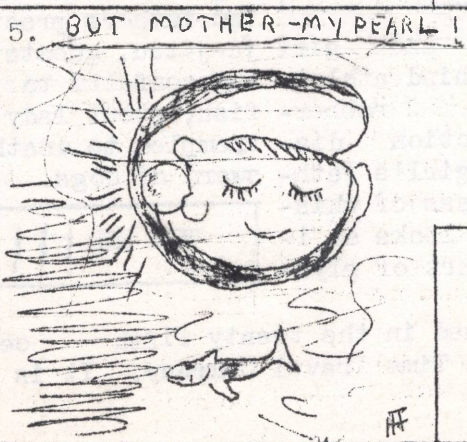
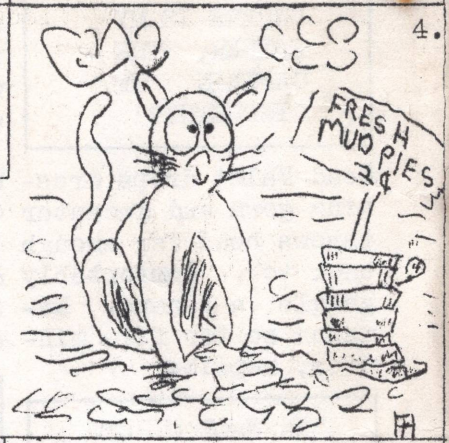
1. An elephant's ear is capable of parking three thousand caterpillars with their knees crossed.

2. The buffalo ranks as one of the ten strongest things on earth. The skunk is superhuman and therefore cannot be ranked.



3. Snakes cannot swim backwards, but once asleep inside of a stick of macaroni will preserve its shape during wet weather.

4. Pumas are found only in Mexico and Norway. They are very absent-minded and are continually wandering around Africa. Several have been unearthed near Mt. Vesuvius, which shows their inclination to play in the mud.



5. The oyster has a natural aversion towards display of any kind and generally conceals its pearls behind the right ear.

6. Seals are very cold-blooded; those which are not afraid of lightning are called electric seals.



SHOCKING ISN'T HE

THE KINDLY OLD GENTLEMAN IN LOWER 13

8-Ball

by Leslie A. Croutch

Page 9

The kindly old gentleman got on at Sudbury and alighted at Toronto. He had no baggage, and he ate nothing in the diner. He sat in his seat, with his hands on his cane, smiling at everybody, and his bright, sparkling eyes seemed to miss nothing. He bought candy and apples and oranges from the newsboy and walked down the aisle feeding them to the children. Soon they were all flocking about him, laughing at the stories he told, stories which children of all lands so delight to hear. He sat them on his knee and chucked them under the chin and pinched their fat little legs. Then he beamed and beamed and beamed. The mothers all smiled and the fathers snorted and hid behind their papers, muttering something about foolish old men in their twilight.

At ten o'clock sharp the porter came to make up lower thirteen for the kindly old gentleman, who, after saying goodnight to everybody, and telling the children a story, disappeared within the confines of his berth.

The passengers thought what a charming personality he was; what a fine old man, and the children all asked if he would talk to them in the morning.

Porters, especially negro porters, are superstitious people, and this one was no exception. Maybe he just imagined it all; maybe he dreamed everything as he sat tilted back in his chair snoring the snores of the righteously weary; for he declared, his big eyes white and rolling, his teeth chattering and his bones shaking that in the night he was aroused by a strange sound. At first he thought he was back home by the chuckling brook, for it was a murmuring, chuckling, happy sound.

Then he traced it to the pullman. Curious he padded softly up the aisle, the sound becoming louder and more distinct as he advanced.

Suddenly he could go no further. No, it wasn't that he didn't want to, it was because he couldn't. Such a fear took hold of him that he became palsied, his limbs shivered and shook, and he could neither force himself to advance or retreat. To his mind came a vision of something he had seen and heard once when he was out hunting with his pappy, dead these many years. Their dogs had run to earth a mountain lion which was feeding on a deer. And there it had lain and snarled its defiance while it mouthed and slobbered over its meal. Somewhere in this pullman, his instinct told him, a beast was at its meal. At least, that's what he said. Of course nobody believed him. That was impossible. Yet he swore that he could hear clearly something chuckling and mouthing as it chewed and tore at something. And sometimes he could hear the cracking of bones, and then a sucking sound as though something was drawing the marrow from them. For a moment or two he had stood listening in horror, then his paralysis had left him, and he fairly flew from the spot.

The conductor pooh-poohed him, yet he investigated. All was silent then. Nothing was amiss. Only one passenger was awake and that was the kindly old gentleman in lower thirteen. He was returning from a drink, looking so contented that the conductor didn't even bother to ask him anything. As he retired, though, the porter swore he saw him wipe the back of his hand across his mouth, but then, many

THE PSYCHO GIRL

page 10.

by Joe Taylor

I had not noticed it before. I knew she could add and subtract, but I was unaware that she had other remarkable powers. Being a young girl of some eighteen years on earth and some thirty summers experience, fond of gin and other domestic animals, there was nothing save her general aroma to tell one that she was in constant communication with the spirit world.

It was about a month ago that she startled me with her gifts. We were slughtering food in the usual manner; I was pouring tea and a heavy line, in fact I had just worked up to my third proposal, when suddenly an intrigued look crossed her face and she stammered: "A man -- hurt downstairs -- had a hemorrhage of green paint -- tell auntie -- quick!" Then she fainted.

Curiously enough we later found that a man had crossed the hotel rotunda with a Pullman car receipt in his hand; the coincidence was remarkable. It would even seem she had been aware of the accident the moment it occurred.

By this time she had resumed her customary poise and we were merrily discussing the Magna Charta, pathology, and slide rules; in fact I had worked myself up into quite a lather over the argument.

I asked if she would have some sugar. Without going into a trance, but by merely

focussing her mind, she calmly exclaimed: "I see something -- there in the Belgian Congo -- a small boy is joining a band of gypsies -- now." Then she resumed her conversation in normal tones and we ordered more toast.

I was astounded. I knew what she said was true; I looked at her. Suddenly I saw it; she had psychic eyes and psychic hair. There was no mistaking it now; she sat gazing blankly at a spoon, alternately inflating and deflating the dimple in her chin; this convinced me.

"Let us go," I suggested, quite unnerved by my discovery.

"Yes, let's hurry," she responded, "I forsee a meeting of the Irish Parliament and do not want to be present," We hurried.

As we entered the elevator a hush fell upon us with a clatter. I seemed to feel the presence of a super-woman. She moved closer to me. I heard the gentle hissings of a free-air station. I judged that a train of thought had wrecked her again.

"Ugh! I'm glad that's over. I shall never take bismuth powders on my applesauce again," she informed me. I was more pleased than surprised. We went home in a taxi.

(The End.)

THE KINDLY OLD GENTLEMAN IN LOWER 13 (cont.)

do after that drink.

The kindly old man got off at Toronto and they saw him no more. He was the first to arise and disembark, so he missed the uproar which started shortly after.

That was when the lady in lower fifteen missed her baby. He was a chubby little tot of two, pink-cheeked, laughing, blueeyed, and had been a favourite with the kindly old gentleman, who had fed him more candy than to any of the rest, had chucked him under the chin, sat him on his knee, and pinched his fat little leg repeatedly. He was gone completely.

They searched the train, but to no avail. Not even the strange items found in lower thirteen aroused their suspicions for they were ordinary people, with no imaginations, and had never heard of such things. They didn't even think anything or connect the occurrences when some of the passengers declared that during the night, they had detected some strange musty odour as of decaying matter, dead leaves, or, as an undertaker's assistant put it, of grave mould.

They had to wipe the disappearance off as unsolved. The child was never found. The kindly old gentleman who had occupied the fateful lower thirteen was never found either. He disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him up. But the porter never forgot him. Never forgot him or lower thirteen, from whence he had heard those strange chuckling, mouthing sounds as of something feeding; from whence the occupant in upper thirteen had detected that strange odour; the berth in which they discovered those strange items.

For among the bedclothes were many green bones, on some of which still clung remnants of flesh, and they were scarred with marks of teeth. There was a thigh bone, the cracked portions of leg bones, of ribs.

They didn't even listen when the undertakers assistant, who should know, declared they resembled the bones of a small child.....

Finis:

SPLIT SECOND

8-Ball

By John Hollis Mason

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Conrad Eldon gazed slowly around the room, as if seeing it for the first time. His gaze went beyond the room to the metropolis and the country he ruled, to the sky and the clouds that were his as much as the earth beneath; and he wondered.....

The strong, hard face twisted in bitter mirth and he shook his head angrily, half contemptuous that he should admit bewilderment. Nothing had ever pierced his mask before, nothing had ever stripped from this powerful man the close-worn veneer of inscrutability that had brought him to the top.

A month before, Conrad Eldon had dissolved the Prime Council, ruling body of the earth. It was all done very punctiliously, of course. The council "resigned". They were "convinced that a man of the ability of Provost Eldon was more fitted for world rule than themselves; conflicting opinions might lead to disagreement in an emergency, whereas Eldon would never falter" --- thus the newscasts. It apparently went unnoticed that the newscasts were controlled by Conrad Eldon. Equally scant attention was given to the abrupt disappearance of the councillors.

Conrad Eldon looked on with a sly smile. Men were fools anyway; they either ruled or were ruled. Early in life he had determined that he would rule all or nothing. Not for him the role of servant. Not for him the compromising sop that blinded other fools to their potentialities. No gate was barred to the man of determination. He worked and schemed, plotted and intrigued. He allowed nothing to divert him from his course and now, at forty-five, he had achieved his objective. Provost Eldon, World Co-ordinator. He smiled to himself. Dictator of the world -- they were one and the same.

But he had embodied all his early frustrations in the idea of world domination, used every bit of ingenuity to reach that desire. He never thought realistically of what he would do when he attained his goal; never envisioned actually being the dictator of the earth. The desire had served its purpose in his imagination as something to spur him to achievement. Now he was discovering what it was like to try

to live a dream.

The dictator had seen men whose idols came crashing down about them. It wasn't a nice memory. He shuddered as he realized he was now one of their number.

He paced the floor, back and forth back and forth, until the surging, tempestuous emotions within him made him want to scream. He stopped, gripped the edge of his desk until his knuckles were white. After a moment he relaxed and sat down. That was better. But he knew it was only a temporary victory. Disillusionment was permeating his being like a virus, eating away the bulwarks of his resistance. It was only a matter of time.

And then --- he smiled grimly. A mindless, dead thing in the simulacrum of man. That could be the only end unless--- He looked down at the little heat projector on his desk.

Conrad Eldon had always considered this the way of a coward. He hadn't known there were things to which cowardice was preferable.

The dictator picked up the weapon speculatively. He looked at it as if for the first time. It had never occurred to him before that such a tiny thing could blot him out of existence.

After a moment he seemed to gain a trifle of the old resolution. He stood up quickly and walked to the edge of the desk; further, 'till he was in the center of the room. Then he raised the weapon to his head.....

"Stop!" A single word, as from infinite distance. Eldon opened eyes he hadn't been aware were closed. He seemed to be looking down on a motion picture that had stopped. And at the same time he was looking up at the scene. Abruptly, it came to him that he was seeing it from all angles at once. In the center of a large room was a figure, three dimensional, real looking, unmoving. It seemed to have been arrested in mid-motion; poised ready to spring into motion the next second. It was his figure.

"Come out, Conrad Eldon."

And the dictator came out. There was a brief sensation of transition and an impression of great distance, but he could still see the static scene in the room. It

was as if he had retreated from it slightly.

A voice spoke in his mind. "Watch."

His attention became riveted on the scene. For a moment he was aware of terrible tension, of vast forces concentrating --- then the figure in the room was no longer static.

With a clarity of vision never before experienced, the dictator saw the trigger finger contracting. There was a brief flash of brilliance, a tiny cloud of smoke obscuring the head of the figure, then it collapsed.

The picture appeared to speed up. Like the devices earthly authors use to skip lightly over a period of time that has only part bearing on the story, the scenes before him showed only the highlights of action. There was an impression of the passage of time, but he witnessed only the scenes that were shaping the future into actuality.

The world state he had consolidated crumbled like a house of cards. Underlings stepped up to take the coveted role of leader --- and died! Revolution swept the world, dividing the superb organization of humanity. Fifty years passed. The world sank back into a state of nationalism, undoing the work of a thousand.

All this the result of one man's losing faith in himself. The heights to which the dictator --- he couldn't think of that other as in any way connected with himself -- might have brought a united mankind were but phantoms of probability.

The action stopped, became the scene of the dictator's sanctum once more. The latter's figure was again in the center of the room, a tiny weapon gripped in unmoving fingers. This was the moment that would precipitate chaos.

"Where am I? Who are you?" The dictator hurled his questions at those who surrounded him. Their proximity had grown on him so stealthily that he accepted the realization without question. He knew they had been with him watching the play all the time.

"You are outside, Conrad Eldon. We have taken you out of the play. You, your world, your whole existence, are merely images we have fashioned. It is analogous to the motion pictures your fellow beings contrive so cleverly. Your world is our motion picture."

"You say you have taken me 'outside! Do you mean there is no time and space here?" The dictator shot back at them.

Exactly. Time is the necessary element by which the human mind may assign order to change. Here, there is no change, therefore there can be no time. All this is taking place in the split second while your finger closes on the trigger."

The dictator was silent for a short time. "Then why have you brought me 'outside'? Why have you showed me the results of my suicide?"

The answer was immediate. "That we may observe the reaction it produces in you. It was long ago decided that such an experiment would be very interesting, but never before has the opportunity presented itself. You have sufficient perspective to appreciate the significance of what you have seen -- an attribute possessed by none of your predecessors.

Conrad Eldon sensed that the drama was rapidly approaching a climax. He was thinking furiously to himself, shielding those thoughts from the beings around him. He temporised, "And how have I reacted?"

"Admirably. For even while trying to mask your most thoughts from us with the superficial, you are reacting to the situation. From we who are pure thought, no thought is hidden.

The dictator gave up. "All right. It is useless to attempt deception with you. As my methods of strategy have failed, I won't fence with you any longer.

"You know I was trying to get you to return me to earth. With the knowledge of those who will step most readily into my shoes, I know my greatest enemies. And knowing the "secret" of existence, I will hardly commit suicide. Will you help me?"

The answer came without hesitation. "Our experiment has been successful; there is no reason why we shouldn't comply with your request."

Conrad Eldon felt once more that impression of tremendous forces concentrating of transition through immense distance. But even as it was happening he sent a sudden, frantic thought flashing back at the entities:

"Wait! How will I remember this in my own, time-governed universe?"

The static scene of his sanctum was rushing towards him, as, from infinite distance, those last soft words formed in his mind:

"You only asked us to return you to earth, Conrad Eldon; you won't remember, because this never happened."

A split second later his finger tightened on the trigger.....