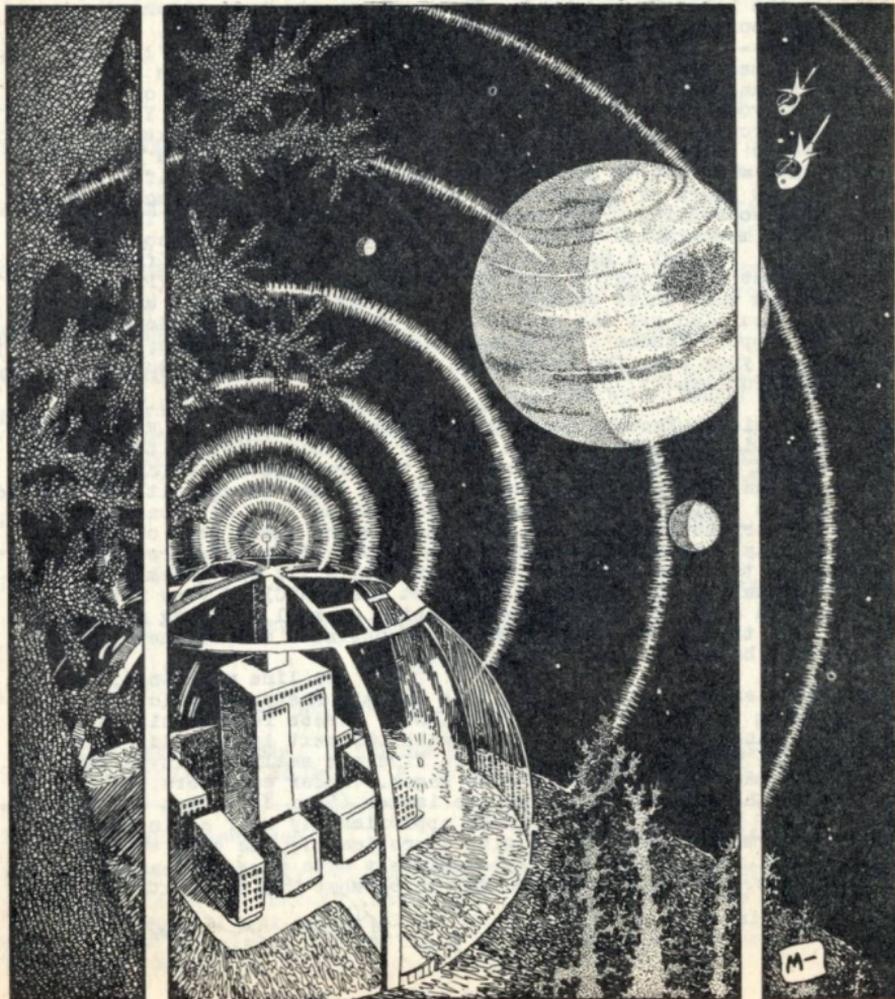


the FANSCIENT

25¢

No. 10

WINTER, 1950



After the 64 pages of the last issue, going back to our regular 32 pages rather gives us claustrophobia. Considering that the average fanzine has only 6 to 20 pages, 32 ought to be plenty, but still a number of good items got crowded out. They'll be in next time along with Theodore Sturgeon in the AUTHOR, AUTHOR spotlight.

By this time most of you have heard that Portland got the 1950 World Science-Fiction Convention. It will be known as the NORWESCON and will be held on the Labor Day weekend. Those of you who have attended one or more past conventions won't have to be told much about it, but for the others--- It's the fan event of the year. There you'll have a chance to meet your favorite authors, swap fangab with fen you've heard of (and maybe corresponded with), there'll be talks on all phases of your interests and a variety of entertainment. You can buy original prozine illustrations and all manner of rare books and other collector's items at the auction. Until you've attended a con, you won't know what you've missed. The PACIFICON made an actin fan out of me after 20 years of inactivity. Now naturally it takes money to put on a good convention. The dough for the preliminary work is raised by selling memberships in the Convention Committee. The cost is a mere buck. You get a Membership Card, the pre-convention fanzines telling what's cooking, a copy of the souvenir Convention Program Booklet and some other things. All together it's a sweet bargain for a buck. You also get the satisfaction of knowing you've done YOUR part to support fandom's #1 annual event. Come if you can; in any case, send your buck for membership to Ruth Newbury, Treasurer, Box 8517, Portland 7, Ore.

You may have noted that the by-line of the Portland Science-Fantasy Society no longer appears on The FANSCIENT. In preparation for the Con, the PSPS at a special meeting took stock, and decided on a number of changes in the organization which were incorporated in a new constitution. Among other things, it was decided that a more typical "club magazine" was wanted. It was considered unwise to try to maintain two publications and there were objections to radically changing The FANSCIENT's editorial policies, so when I offered to take The FANSCIENT over personally, it was quickly agreed upon. Actually, the change will affect The FANSCIENT very little as I have been editing it from the beginning as well as doing most of the work. The things you've liked will be continued and further improvements will be made as rapidly as possible.

In line with this, we are sending to each subscriber with this issue a Postcard Ballot to vote on changing the format of The FANSCIENT. Please return this at once, as if a change is made, it will be with the next issue which starts Volume IV. We know that many people find our small size type hard to read, but many like the small size pages. Under consideration is a return to the size of our first two issues (5 1/2 x 8 1/2"), but all lithoed this time. The type size would be approximately half again as large. In this format 24 pages would give approximately the same wordage as at present. Send in your vote immediately with your vote and your suggestions. We want The FANSCIENT to be what YOU think it should be.

Don Day

Volume 3,
Number 4.

the FANSCIENT

Whole Number 10
WINTER, 1950

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The FANSCIENT is an amateur magazine published for those interested in science-fiction and fantasy literature. No payment is made for material used beyond a copy of the issue containing such material. Stories and articles pertaining to the field are welcome with preference given to shorter material.

The Castle Beyond the World



By LIN CARTER

Illustrated by D. Bruce Berry

IT WAS A MORNING early in the Year of the Peacock, when Aethis the Tall, Knight Valiant of the Order of the Dolphin, and titular Defender of the Queen's Honor, rose from his bed and spake to his lady, saying: "I will now rise and take me far, to quest for the Silver Sword, for I have done all that a Knight may do—save only this." And speaking thus, he clad him in mail of scarlet, and girt to his loins the brand Golnoth, a sword not unknown to the students of legend. Then he mounted his steed and rode out into the morning, leaving his lady to weep behind.

Think you not, now, that this was done upon no graver impulse than a moments' whim; indeed Aethis had lusted to own that fabulous blade since first he heard of it. Before undertaking this journey he had made many preparations, and consulted learned sages on the advisability of this and the folly of that. From them he had learned, as is common knowledge among the troubadours and singers of songs, the famous tale of the Gnome Kings who warred for a thousand years against the Centaurs. In the famous seige of Zolthak-Kolda, they were not conquered or overwhelmed in battle, but rather fell back to their ancient Castle at the Edge of the World and there declared a truce with the Centaurs. They swore they would never war again, but would dwell in the Castle and walk not the land until the last of the Centaurs was dead. And he learned too, of their greatest weapon, that fabulous blade that the Gnome Wizards fashioned out of one huggred and thirty spells and incantations, that whoever held it

could not be conquered.

So did Aethis learn of the Silver Sword.

"And it is there in their Castle they dwell to this day," the bearded sages told him, nodding their grey heads together wisely, "And there they guard unsleeping their greatest treasure, the Silver Sword, which may not be taken from them by any force of arms."

"But," mused Aethis, "It could be procured from them by stealth. One could find one's way into their Castle and take it by cunning....." And he rose without thanking them, and walked thoughtfully away muttering to himself. The greybeards looked after him sadly and pondered amongst themselves on the vanity of pride.

BUT NOW AS AETHIS RODE through the morning, tall and proud in his scarlet mail upon his milkwhite-charger, a gilt banner fluttering from his lancepoint, his mind was not disturbed with the greybeards' cautious words and muttered warnings. But think him not wholly blinded by his pride and avarice, for as he rode, he mused on their colorful tale. The Castle of the Gnomes, they had told him (each combing his beard with a withered hand), lies beyond the world in that dim gulf over the World's Edge, and partway to the moon. It is held to these Lands of Dream by many stout chains of brass, lest it drift to the Moon. No bridge spans that airy moat, nor is it to be reached in any such manner, for the Gnomes have little traffic with the Lands We Know.

"How then," thought Aethis as he rode, "How then to reach it? And how to pass the terrible guardians

that watch forever the one entrance, that legend calls the Forte Impassabile."

But he was not one to worry over musty legends or to be frightened by mumbled warnings; like all vain men, he had a great and abiding faith in the strength of his arm to overcome all dangers. A faith partially proved, it must be admitted, by the fact that he had so far got himself out of every dangerous corner his restless greed drove him into. And so he forgot his worries, and sat even taller in his jewel-studded saddle, and left such problems to his Gods.

It was in such a fashion that he rode through the Hills of Yres and down past the griffin-guarded walls of Kemis-of-the-Hundred-Gates, where he forded the Saan's rushing flood. He challenged and bested a Knight of the Green Tower whom he came upon in the grassy glens of Neth, and once he caught sight of a hippogriff preening itself on the sky tall peaks of Ibikk. He later rode by Shai in the dark of night and the far sounds of revelry and debauch tempted him to pause and refresh himself, but he rode on with the vision of the Silver Sword before him. Once as he passed the City of Yem, the moon came out suddenly from behind her nest of clouds, and the watchful archers, sighting the frosty gleam of moonlight on his armor, called upon him to halt and shot their venom-soaked arrows at him until he was out of sight. Again, as he passed the ruins of Cid and forded the cold rivers of melted ice that fall in thundering cataracts from the high mountains of the North, he was attacked by two thieves who sought to waylay him and strip him of his purse and armour. He left their heads upon high, sharpened poles overlooking the scene, as a warning to others of the same ancient profession.

At last he came to Katroi, which

meant half his journey was over. Aethis stayed for a night in that fair city, a guest of the dark-skinned Shann, and rode on in the morning refreshed. And from Katroi, he came to the proud City of Tlan, that lies beyond the Forest Muor. They feasted him in Nool, and in fabulous Kash he bested the King's Champion in a tournament held in his honor. But he went on, despite the King's tempting promise of a Dukedom if he would remain and guard the realm.

He wrapped himself in a cloak of dark wool and muffled his charger's hooves as he slipped by the City of Sorcerers and crossed the icy Tharness fearful of the grim tales of that which befalleth travelers there; and none saw him as he crossed the plains of Tlo and climbed the steep escarpments of Yoom. For now he rode only by night and took to little-trod roads, so the Gnomes might not be aware of his coming. He was now very near his goal. The watchmen on the tall towers of Noldees spied his dim shape, but dismissed it as a phantom; and once, as he slipped by the misty battlements of Thang, he thought he glimpsed a shadow watching him from the walls.

AND IT WAS IN THUS A FASHION that Aethis, Knight Valiant of the Order of the Dolphin, came to the World's Edge.

He dismounted hurriedly, tied his panting charger to an oak, and wormed his way as silently as he could through the thick hedges and coarse brush that hid the abyss from his view. Oh, but he was cautious now! His scarlet mail was coated with tar, so that the Moon might catch no errant gleam from it. His scabbard was wrapped and his accoutrements were muffled to guard against any unwary sound.

The Knight crouched and peered long over the abyss, and felt his sanity totter at the colossal view.

But, gathering a tight rein on his emotions, he looked away... and spied the Castle of the Gnomes! It lay far beyond him, a tall, black cluster of ancient, grotesque towers silhouetted against a gibbous moon. No light of torch or lantern shone in the narrow windows that were placed high on the sheer walls. The Castle looked older than the ages.

Aethis stood, and gazed at the Castle, and measured with his eye the several brass chains that were welded to great rings set firmly in the bed-rock of the Edge. They swung far, far out over the gulf to the base of the castle steps. The cold moonlight drew lines of chill fire from their taut lengths, and the icy winds that blow Beyond the World swung them slowly to and fro.

It was this frail bridge Aethis must cross to steal the Silver Sword.

Even a god might quail at the task of crossing that vast gulf, hand over hand by those slender

chains, but greed and pride are sometimes stronger even than fear or the gods, and so he began. Clutching the cold links of the thickest chain in his powerful hands, Aethis swung over the edge and began to climb. For one sickening moment he felt his sweaty palms slip on the cold links, but he held on and tightened his grip, and began the tortuous hand over hand progress. His arms soon ached with the weight of his beefy body, his palms grew damp with sweat and slipped and slid on the cold metal, but somehow he managed to continue.

The vast winds blew with icy breath, and he swung like some ghastly pendulum with only his weary, cold hands to hold him from all eternity below. There were

times when the howling winds swept around him with such force that it seemed he must at any moment be plucked from the chains and hurled into the chasm; there were times when all his soul cried out to him



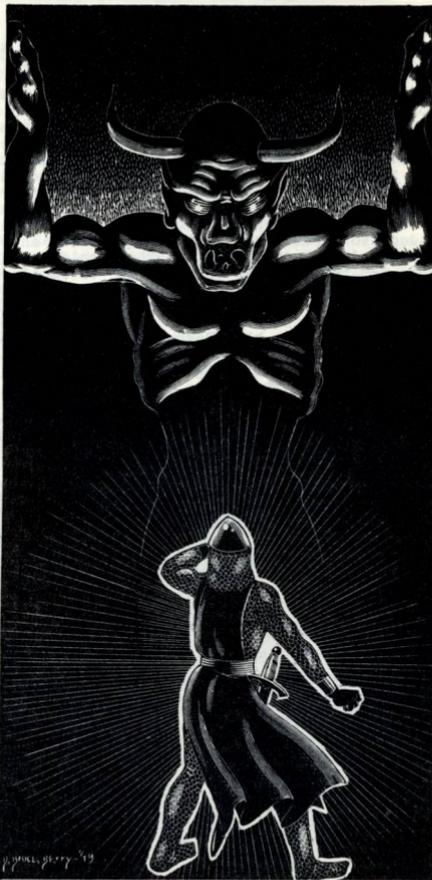
to turn back, but the voices of greed and avarice drowned it out and he went on.

At the end of a thousand years, his numb feet touched the steps and he loosened his half-frozen fingers and collapsed, sobbing, on the cold stone pave. Safe! What ecstasy to feel the solid stone beneath him instead of the dark, empty gulf! For long, precious minutes he lay there, gulping in great lungfuls of air and clasping the stone steps close to him, but at long last he gathered his strength and stood up. He was all right! He had crossed the abyss! Now all that stood between him and the object of his quest were things his sword and battle-mace could stand against.

Firmly he mounted the steps and stood before the fabulous Porte Impassable. Stealth would avail him nothing now, for there was no way to enter save through this portal. The few windows were set high on the sheer stone walls, and the very thought of another climb with that awful chasm beneath him, chilled the Knight to his soul.

Drawing the Brand Golnoth from its muffled scabbard, he lifted the great knocker and let it fall.

The echoes thundered through the dark halls and murmured against the battlements and went whispering away to the



stars.

Then silence.

Silence!

Aethis waited long with drawn sword, but no one came. He was about to swing his stout mace, cleave the door in twain, and enter, come what would, when he heard those dragging, slow footsteps beyond the Porte Impassable. The Knight readied his blade to meet whatever approached, for he was sure he could overcome it, be it

god, man or demon. There was a muffled sound of clanking, as of a bolt being drawn and then the great door swung slowly open....

AND WHEN AETHIS SAW what stood tall, gaunt and terrible just within the musty shadows, he knew, with that utter, chilling certainty that all men know in the hour of their death, that he would never steal the Silver Sword....

THE END

1948 FANTASY ANNUAL. Published by Forrest J. Ackerman, Box 6151, Los Angeles 55, Calif. for the FANTASY FOUNDATION. 1949. \$1.00

This heir and successor to Joe Kennedy's FANTASY REVIEWS (1945 & 1946) fills a long-felt need for a complete summary of all the important events of the fantasy year. Within a lithoed cover of the quality we have come to expect from John Crossman, are 120 neatly mimeographed pages, to make a volume of exceptional attractiveness.

The volume leads off with a summary of the EVENTS OF THE YEAR by Redd Boggs, covering virtually all happenings of fan interest.

Section II, FANS AND FANZINES is based largely on the results of the 1948 DREAMLAND OPINIONATOR poll. Leading off with a section on TOP FAN JOURNALISTS, it gives around 100 words each, on the top 15 (1st-Redd Boggs, by a mile) and the voting in such categories as Fan Writers, Critics, Fictionists, Humorists, Editors, Publishers and Article Writers. The ten top FAN ARTISTS are each covered by a brief sketch. (1st-John Crossman, well ahead of the field.) Redd Boggs was tops in Fan Popularity also.

The section on TOP FANZINES describes and evaluates the top 25 zines. The FANSCIANT carried off top honors closely followed by DREAM QUEST, FANTASY COMMENTATOR

and GORGON, with the rest of the field some distance behind. Also present is a section on FAN BOOKS. The FANS AND FANZINES department is by Don Wilson and Redd Boggs.

Rick Sneary edits a section on the FAN ORGANIZATIONS with reports on most of the leading clubs.

FANTASY BOOKS are covered next by Sam Moskowitz, John Newman and A. Langley Searles. The material is presented under the headings of COMMERCIAL PUBLISHERS, LIMITED EDITION PRESSES and BRITISH FANTASY BOOKS. Poll results give John W. Campbell's "Who Goes There?" top place, with "Sinister Barrier" and "World of A" following closely.

The final section on FANTASY MAGAZINES is ably handled by Repp, Ackerman, Gray, Sneary and Pederson. In addition to summarizing, this section contains such excellent critical analysis that it is regrettable that the various reviews are not individually credited. In the poll, "...and Searching Mind" and "The Players of Nul-A" lead with half again the votes of their nearest contenders. Van Vogt leads the poll for top author. In the poll on PRO ARTISTS, Finlay is top with Ed Cartier close behind.

Any one of the several sections in this book should be well worth the modest price. This is a volume every fantasy fan will want to have and keep.

—Donald B. Day

BURROUGHS collector's items

by Darrell C. Richardson



Illustration by JIM BRADLEY

In two recent articles in this publication, I discussed some of the rarest of the magazine tales of Edgar Rice Burroughs. I dealt with those stories that never reached book publication. Many of Mr. Burroughs' published books, too, are very scarce, especially in the first edition.

A first edition of "Tarzan of the Apes" (A. C. McClurg, 1914) recently brought \$70 in a book auction. Copies can be sold readily at \$25 each. Several years ago Mr. Burroughs, himself, advertised for a copy to fill out his own set of first editions.

Among the rarest of all Burroughs' books are a couple of juveniles: "The Tarzan Twins" (1927) and its sequel, "Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins With Jad-Bal-Ja, the Golden Lion" (1936). The former title was published by the P. F. Volland Co. It is profusely

illustrated in color. The latter title was a Whitman "Big-Big" book which cost 20¢ when new, but which now brings \$10 a copy when available.

One of his non-fantasies, "The Girl From Hollywood", a love tale, is seldom seen. It was published by the Lacauley Company. It appeared originally in LUNSEY'S MAGAZINE in 1922. Among his miscellaneous fiction books, "The Mucker" and "The Land That Time Forgot" are seldom seen in the original McClurg edition. In fact, this is true of all the earlier titles in the "Tarzan", "Martian" and "Pellucidar" series. Some of the more recent books that are out of print and sought after, are "The Lad and the Lion", "Tasar of Pellucidar", "Back to the Stone Age", "Jungle Girl" and "The Okdale Affair and the Rider".

Another little-known Burroughs title between hard covers is "The Illustrated Tarzan Book, No. 1", published by Grosset and Dunlap in 1929. This is a picturized version of "Tarzan of the Apes" drawn by Harold Foster.

We cross the Atlantic to find another rare one. Very few American collectors possess a first edition copy of "The Man Without a Soul". Methuen (London) published this title in 1922, five years after they published the first Tarzan book. ("The Man Without a Soul" is not to be confused with "A Man Without a Soul", which was the original magazine title (ALL-STORY, Nov. 1913) for "The Monster

Men.") The book, "The Man Without a Soul", is the latter half of "The Mucker".

Most Burroughs collectors like to have a few foreign titles in their collection. In my own set I have Burroughs books published in Czechoslovakian, Danish, Dutch, Hungarian, French, Portuguese, Swedish, Esperanto and Braille for the blind. Burroughs' books have also been printed in Arabic, Finnish, Icelandic, Roumanian, Russian and Urdu (Hindustani). It is interesting to observe that a firm in Buenos Aires has published nearly fifty Tarzan books in Spanish. I have translated a number of these titles and about thirty have never appeared in English! The explanation is that the name, "Tarzan", has been plagiarized (as "Sherlock Holmes" has been) all over the world. Such strange and unfamiliar titles have appeared as "Tarzan and the Siniater Forest", "Tarzan and the Pirates", "Tarzan and the Kingdom of Darkness", "Tarzan and the Goddess of the Sea", "The Death of Tarzan", "Tarzan's Grandson", "Tarzan and the Red Moon" and many more. It is interesting to note that Tarzan tales have been printed in French and published in Canada for French-speaking Canadians. One of these tales in my collection is entitled "Tarzan et la Villa d'Ivoire".

It is highly probable that no character of fiction in all his has ever been exploited or commercialized to the extent that Tarzan has. The all-out Burroughs Collector can go after such objects as Tarzan belts, Tarzan hunting knives, Tarzan celluloid buttons, Tarzan bread-wrappers, Tarzan-call records, Tarzan coloring books, Tarzan jig-saw puzzles, Tarzan rubber baseballs, Tarzan balloons, Tarzan bow-and-arrow sets, Tarzan sweat-shirts, Tarzan ice-cream cups, Tarzan bracelets, Tarzan writing tablets, Tarzan salt,

Tarzan photo stamps, Tarzan hatchets, Tarzan jungle helmets, Tarzan crepe paper, Tarzan yo-yos.... and we could go on and on!

There are many more trivial items, all designed to appeal to children. For example, the Whitman company has published seventeen Burroughs "Big-Little" books. The Dell Company has published three more titles in their "Fast Action" series. In addition, these and other companies have published more than a dozen booklets and inexpensive items of a similar nature. One of these little booklets is only two inches high and sold for a nickel. Several short stories about Tarzan have appeared in comic magazines. Several of these are concerned with a character named "Sandy MacTavish" of Glasgow, a reporter friend of Tarzan. It would take several pages to mention all of these trivial children's items. It might be interesting to mention a couple of these however. Pleasure Books, Inc. of Chicago published a book called "New Adventures of Tarzan, Illustrated POP-UP Edition". This book contains four three-dimensional pop-up illustrations in color. Another Tarzan tale that is thought to be only legendary is "Tarzan and the Crystal Vaults of Isis". This is a Tarzan story on 50 Candy Picture Cards, published by the Schutter-Johnson Candy Corporation in 1933. Each card is numbered, has an illustration on one side, and the story printed on the reverse side.

Speaking of scarce Burroughs items—just how rare are book sets? Well, you have heard of books limited to 50 copies or 100 copies or even 1000 copies, but I have a Burroughs book published in a limited edition of one copy! I had Burroughs' short novel, "The Resurrection of Jamber-Jaw", transcribed into Braille for the blind and bound into a limited edition of one copy!

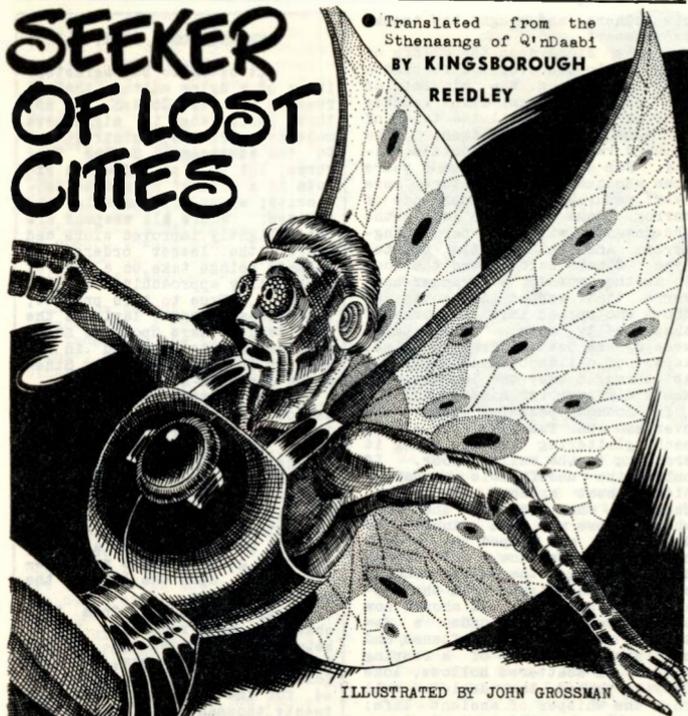
THE END



"Then out from the stones flowed the patters that had been impressed upon them."

SEEKER OF LOST CITIES

Translated from the Sthenanga of Q'nDaabi
BY KINGSBOROUGH
REEDLEY



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROSSMAN

AB PWNNU KNEW NO FEAR of men or gods, so he headed for the forbidden places. He went alone, for he laughingly said, "Between me and me there is no room for error". He was not unconscious of the danger to be met, nor did he reject thorough preparation. He took food, the concentrated chunks of pounded 'ndgg, enough water for several days and his Swii which had stood him like a leman in times past. Then he left the cities of

his fathers and sought the trackless desert.

So he stood upon the cliffs of bNge and looked over the forbidden valley, feeling the miasmata of the centuries crawl like leeches over his body. All the tales of the ages bothered him then. The shunned valley; the desolate valley. For a hundred thousand years none who had dared venture here ever returned with their tale of horror. Some said here laired the Abdenaghoos with the paralyzing-soream and the hypnotic twisted eyes. Others said it was the door to another world, a stranger universe that warped the souls of those who opened it. But none of them really knew. Their tales were dreams out of forgotten time, tales of childhood and senility. Ab' shrugged away the legends. He would discover for himself.

It looked peaceful under the overhead sun. The red sands caught each glittering ray and flung it crashing to the valley floor. If only the undefinable exudation didn't beat against his senses. There at one end lay the city where those who had sinned the deadly sin and tapped the secret of eternal life, now, as living dead, soavenged the valley moaning of rest and release from the emptiness of satiety. It showed now only a few rough mounds, a few tumbled square stones, softened and burnished by years of a rasping wind. In scattered hollows, lone Dy'yina probed the depleted soil for the whisper of ancient life. A horribly beautiful dead place. A place of vision, a place of madness. The heart rose to meet its voice calling—calling the unnamed ancients who dwelt in the days when Hope was proverb. He shook his Tuin as though waking from a dream. From where did these hallucinations come?—he knew without searching. They came from the city in waves of drugged madness

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

It seems to be characteristic of a dying culture that it recalls as its Golden Age not that period when it might have made the greatest contribution to the advancement of the Universe; but that period which exists in a kind of primitive nebosity: where all domiciles are palaces; where all weapons are but slightly improved clubs and where the lesser orders of animate beings take on a sort of personality approaching civilization. True to this premise, the Sthenaagi have lavished the most tender care upon the half-mythical events recorded in the book of Jhyinaa, literally Sthewa on Jhy-1-na-a.

In the latter part of this period and immediately preceding the Literary Revival era when, satiated with power and conquest, the Sthenaagi turned toward a type of cultural subjectivity evidently signifying the maturity of a species. At the time of this recording, the era had not yet accumulated its cloak of glamor, while yet drawing fully upon the lore of the past Golden Age.

Therefore, it is from this obscure, but realistic period between the Golden Age and the Artistic Revival era, that the following selection is translated for the first time from the twenty thousandth volume of the Book of Jhyinaa, section four hundred and seven.

---Kingsborough Reedley

that rose and hammered against his, gnawing at the core of his sanity.

Only a moment did Ab' Pwnnu stand, then he sought for a track down the cliff face. There was a

trail but it marked a decayed way. Parts of it had crumbled and now formed the dust that nourished a serawny Pyygko weed. The rest was roughened with the hammering of a millennium of sand grains that dripped from the rot of centuries. At times he clung with his triumphant fingers to a weary shattered crevice. He beat with his wing tips against the wall, repelling the death beneath him. But the way led down and as he descended, the fountain of indefinable fear spewed upward toward him. But at last he stood on the valley floor and felt the slither of snad under his toes.

And he caught a cry that darted toward him. A cry of words in the old tongue of the fathers. "One night I give you, oh man of the Sthenaang. One night to taste the residue of immortality before your mind goes questing the corridors of madness".

Ab' looked to all sides. The dazzling sun bounded from the rocky walls and peopled the valley with hosts of the past. He saw the clash and tramp of naked armies, the passing of merchants and trauers mesmerized by a lust for gold. But when he shook his treabbling Tuin, he knew it for a lie spanned in the heat dance of the naked city; a lie that spoke with the voice of man. Or was it?

The city lay farther than his sight informed him. He strode toward it, his wings beating a little to aid him in his walking. One hand he kept near the pomnel of his Swiil. If life was the source of danger, he would meet it. As he approached the city it became a mammoth pile, gigantic in its nearness; a travesty of life and the dreams of men, a mookery of the loving hands that build at the beginning of time. Now the sun hastened toward the hills as tho fleeing the horrors of night. Ab' reached the ruins at sundown.



He made a warming fire of the long dead Dy'yina and squatted before a crumbling stone that had once formed a noble portico. Behind him piled a broken ruin that served to protect his rear. Before him the silence of the city rose and danced in the moonlight. Any danger must approach to hiss

any danger must approach to his face. He smiled at the primal instinct that had selected his strong camp site. Scarcely had he settled to wait for day when the rustle of dry sand told of the approach of a visitor. He questioned among the many received impressions, trying to single out the

*Besides the senses of hearing, touch, sight, smell and telepathic images, the Sthenaagi received other projected impressions: such as the pattern of the separate particles of a living organism, the pattern of motion in the atomic dimensions, the pattern of purely wave motion, such as magnetism, vibration, etc.—K. R.



identity. He could find nothing but the undefinable multitude of horrors that crawled from the land of the dead. They made no pattern. Neither did the visitor. Then the sound coming over the sand stopped and he might have been the only life in the valley.

He could not rest as he sat and watched the dim scene before him. The darkness played tricks to his vision as he sat wide-eyed with watching. It seemed the whole city moved. But the motion was not in order. A building vacillated between life and death. At one moment it seemed whole as when it was first formed, then at another it crumbled. The streets took on the same apparent fluctuation and alternated between the madness of clean geometric forms which could not exist in the ruin; forms peopled with hurrying, vital beings; then again the ruin was sane; cool, lifeless, with the

people turned into solid blocks. Then the land too was no longer silent. From a million minds came the distorted crying of a baffled groping populace, the more horrible because the sound was not completely a song of death but contained here and there a joyous note like the frantic singing of a charmed Sprrrw.

Now the vacillations became slower, with the scene dwelling for longer periods in the insanity of geometric order. Whole buildings appeared and remained for a time imbued with the soul of being. The people who again walked the streets did not return to the inanimate solidity of a contorted fallen stone, but retained their life and fleshly luster in the phantom light that arose now and flickered slowly like a polar aurora.

By the new illumination, the horde approached Ab' and danced in the street before him. He wondered at the many costumes, seemingly no two alike. He wondered at the confused impressions that rose from the throng to assail him. Utter madness! He found no pattern that he could resolve into the coherence of reason. But lack of pattern formed new pattern which was a chaos of dissolution and defeat.

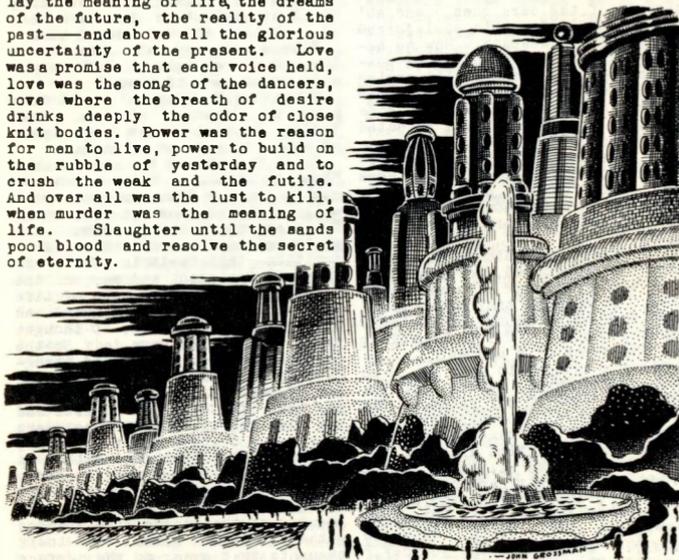
Ab' grasped the pommel of his Swiil. He considered the vision calmly. It could not be real, he knew. It could not exist except in a disordered mind. Other adventurers might spring frantically out into the quiet of the desert, but Ab' was of alloyed stuff. He stayed, stilling his jumping muscles with the bands of determination.

Now before him came the daughters of the land. Daughters of a thousand confused cultures. And they leered at him and beckoned to him and enticed him with the combined lore or eternity. Now down the geometric street raced a re-

turning victorious army, riding their sleek, fast Tlontlis, scattering the populace, crying their wild incoherent cries to the wind. Ab' knew the desolation of longing. He wanted to join them. Whispers of love and laughter sang thru the confusion of impressions. Here lay the meaning of life, the dreams of the future, the reality of the past—and above all the glorious uncertainty of the present. Love was a promise that each voice held, love was the song of the dancers, love where the breath of desire drinks deeply the odor of close knit bodies. Power was the reason for men to live, power to build on the rubble of yesterday and to crush the weak and the futile. And over all was the lust to kill, when murder was the meaning of life. Slaughter until the sands pool blood and resolve the secret of eternity.

bled, blackened stone, safe in the land of the long dead.

He heard again that which he had heard before, the slither of steps on the sand. Laughing away his fears, he plucked his Swiil from its sheath. He leaped to his feet and stood with his tiun quivering



Straight up to Ab' the army raced and flung a cloud of javelins at him. Despite himself he winced as he felt the points of them pierce him. He flung his arm to his head and brushed them away and found it was the sand stinging him. The wind had risen now, keeping a low dirge thru the valley. He blinked once and looked around at the tum-

to catch the whisper of life.

Then before him stood a strange creature. From where it had sprung he did not know, but he blinked his faceted eyes and knew it for a thing of life, real life. From the sense impressions came the disordered jumble of a man's unguarded thoughts. Once it had been a Sthenaagi, but only the gods

knew what it was now. Its frame was twisted with a horrible subtlety impossible to describe or define. It was utterly foreign as though fused in the furnaces of the damned.

Ab' stood numbly, his Swift quivering before him. Once he met the widely staring eyes, clouded caverns of the dark ones, and Ab' looked away before his soul joined the flight of despair. Now he became aware of the pounding of passions upon him, the shrill crying of those incalculable desires poured off by the city in some strange manner, like a repeated recording of those long dead.

He poised alert, his wings outspread to steady himself. Here was death beyond counting. He spoke no word to show his weakness for silence is more ominous than sound.

The creature watched him for a moment with clouded, tortured eyes then throwing back its misshapen head, it sounded that olden vocal burbling which among our fathers denoted humor. But the burbling was the humor of a madman.

"So you thought to defy us, oh man of Stensang; we who hold the secret of life in our palms. Too late, too late! You can never return. Boldly you came to delve in the secrets of cities and now, oh man, your senses will take flight on the journey that has no ending."

Though a thrill of horror crawled over Ab' 's back and pulsed at the nerves in his brain, he spoke boldly. "I may make the journey," he said, "But I will not travel it unguided. For before I go, the bubble of my Swift will disrupt the atoms of your twisted soul."

The creature laughed and spread an arm to point out the city behind him. "These are my legions, look at my host," he cried, "And feel your strength shrivel within you."

Ab' looked where he pointed and

saw the life that sprang from the inert rocks once more. All joy was now gone from the phantom faces, leaving only the hollow emptiness of the futility of all meaning. Lust mad faces filled with the promise of death, talons that clutched at empty air and were immediately filled with writhing victims; all this he saw before the phantoms crowded toward him.

"These are my children," said the creature again. "Soon you will become one of them."

"Phantoms," cried Ab', "And they have no power. Delusion, fantasies, twisted things like a puff of smoke or a dream of love."

"Real," hissed the creature, "Real as Death. Let me prove to you so you may fear, so your mind will crawl and grovel before them. These are the broken dreams, the shattered ideals, the blasphemed purities that dwell in this city. Once it was glad and gay on the surface, joyous in the sun of life and though it loved and hated and encouraged viciousness, it thought these lusts would pass. So the people lived and worked and struggled to arise and attain some vision of perfection. But the vision was born of their own desires and the desires at the source were rotten. So they built in stone, in everlasting stone, and called up monstrosities from their fingers. And as they hated and fought and killed so much more than they loved, so the stones like sponges gathered this slime of their thoughts that swam on the surface of their culture. For a thousand years, for a million years, the staves drank thirstily of the viciousness. Dead, you say? How little you know." And the ancient creature flung back his head and once more poured out over the city the burblings of his humor. "How can you understand, feeble thing that you are—a victim of ill-

chosen reflex. Each one of these

black, crumbled stones is the recorded matrix of the hatred and futility of untold millions of petty organisms. My stones have a million lives, parodies of your own; lasting, twisted power poured into them by the hosts of the dwellers in futility. And the stones will rise and the stones will kill, and the stones will kill, kill, kill!"

Ab' felt his skin prickle. He drew back in loathing. But he tried to joke as he spoke. "By Shirrah," he quavered, "You are a crazy one. You look like a madman. Stensangi, you talk like a madman. I have seen pictures like this before and as for your wild talk, who needs it? You own these stones that were carved from mountains? They may be other than black, inanimate stones? How funny!"

The other screamed and leapt from the sand. "But I will prove, Oh, I will prove. I own these stones because I am the only one who understands them. I came as a poet, long ago, lustful for knowledge. I saw what you have seen and I stayed to study and stayed for long. And soon they came to know me, these entities in stone, for they are not all evil as the cultures that formed them were not all evil. But I saw the power in the stones to turn the minds of men. I saw the knowledge in the stones where the thoughts of many have run together and fused into a progeny of their own. And I found them to be living forces so I made a pact with them that they might work through me in exchange for knowledge. You see? But now no more." He spoke sharply. "You die to preserve the secret of my power. For from this center out and out, go the twisted patterns of depravity. Come now, little stones," he said in a soothing voice, "Call up your power. Pour out your negation of beauty on this little man. Come little stones, your master

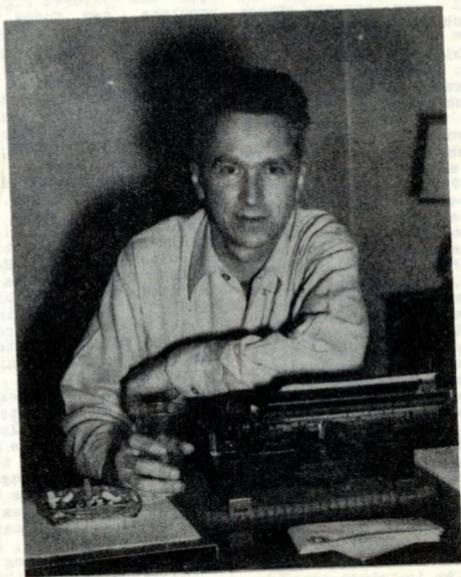
and heir calls."

Then out from the stones flowed the patterns that had been impressed upon them. Ab' watched in horror. He saw recognizable forms; lusts for conquest, lusts for torment; but as they rose and blended with the tortured figures of the populace, new forms arose where the hates and deformities had welded into a thing beyond the imaginings of man. All thoughts of death; all patterns of hate welded into a monstrosity of terror; all greed and cupidity made a hideous deformity of the desire for comfort; and Ab' looked; and they were his own image.

One scream shattered and filled the emptiness of night. Ab' knew it was his own voice screaming. He swung his Swift in a hissing arc and heard the burbling of the mad voice laughing. He flung the useless tool aside as down over his mind swept the blackness of despair. He groped in the mires of hate and aimless struggle as he felt the twisted patterns swarm over him now. Around him thronged the obscene lusts of a thousand cultures from the blackened pits of time. The thoughts of a hundred thousand years lurched from imprisonment in stone and groped among the atoms of his being, a reordering, a rearrangement, to a deformed thing he was to become.

And then he felt from some lost age, the cool, idiot mandate of a long-dead father, "Run, Ab', run!" And he fled screaming into the desert, pressing thru the barriers of his own babbling mind. Tearing his wings and scraping his talons, he scrambled up the crumbled trail that led to the cliff top.

Yet once, behind him, before gaining the plateau, he heard the receding blasphemy of many hate-moulded entities screaming their bafflement like the mind of a mad god cursing.



George O. Smith

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

GEORGE O. SMITH

A comparative new-comer to the ranks of the top favorite science-fiction authors, George O. Smith has made his niche secure with a succession of superlative stories. It was in the October 1942 issue of *ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION* that his first story, "QRM—Interplanetary", appeared. This was followed by other stories in the "Venus Equilateral" series and a host of other tales, both under his own name and under the pen-name, "Wesley Long".

The wide range of versatility displayed in his stories can be traced directly to the man himself. The sound science and technical backgrounds in his stories spring naturally out of his work as radio engineer. The likeable and natural characters that move thru George

O.'s tales come from his liking for and interest in people and the hilarity of his humorous pieces stems from his light-hearted approach to life.

Ever since moving to Philadelphia in 1946, Smith has been active in fan circles, both in the Philadelphia SFS and at numerous fan gatherings. He has been prominently present at the last three World Conventions, contributing much to the programs and general hilarity of the occasions. In the course of this association with fandom, a number of legends have arisen about him (possibly carefully nurtured by George O. Smith), so we are glad to have this opportunity to peer into the flames behind the smoke screen.

This is going to be difficult. I am asked to deliver a couple of thousand well-chosen words about myself, and it obtains that I really haven't lived that long yet. Furthermore, this magazine is expected to go thru the United States Mails and that automatically eliminates about half of it right there. Ergo I shall forgive

anybody who decides to go out for a short beer between the end of this paragraph and the beginning of the next article.

For you who have remained, remember that I gave you fair warning.

The first event of my life was getting born. This occurred at an age when I was too young to re-

member any part of it and so all I know is hearsay evidence. The event took place on 9 April 1911, in the town of Oak Park, Illinois, in the proud parents christened me Wesley Edward Long, which accounts for the pen-name. After contemplating what I might become when I was grown up, they departed and I was adopted and rechristened George O. Smith, which accounts for the name I am most likely to answer to.

The early years of my life were run according to New England Presbyterian ideas held by Mother Smith and echoed by Father Smith. These early years are eminently uninteresting, consisting of mundane schooling, the smoking of catnip pods behind the barn and the too frequent blowing of the house fuses caused by misinterpretation of a book on electricity that a favored uncle gave me on my eighth birthday. I left home at nine because my parents tried to cut me from three packs of cigarettes to two per day and worked my way thru eighth grade by delivering bathtub gin in milkbottles to the neighbors.

I was not an honor student.

Rumors to the effect that I graduated from grammar school because they razed Chicago's last public school in 1925 are entirely untrue. The razing of schools took place in 1929, when it became evident that four years of high school was not and never would be sufficient to teach George O. Smith how to conjugate a verb or to separate the various parts of speech. During my internship at high school, I discovered the nitration of glycerine, the production of ammonia nitrate smoke and the generation of hydrogen sulphide. There was quite a stink about the latter in certain literary circles. The vial of stuff was later located behind Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" in the school library.

The FANSCIENT

Upon my being told that any further education would take place at my own expense and my own risk, I attempted to work my way thru the University of Chicago, financing this venture by painting signs and lobby show-posters for a string of Chicago theatres. It became evident that this was doomed to failure in 1931, since a man can live on an empty mind so long as he has a full stomach, but the reverse is not true. Further rumors that I was expelled for distilling alcohol in the oen laboratory are as erroneous as the canard that I was expelled for trying to scale the wall into the girl's dormitory. I was never apprehended in either endeavor.

After being expelled-- I mean after ~~being~~ leaving college, I reduced the Rock Island Railroad to bankruptcy by acting as a pencil pusher in the accounting department, ruined several internal combustion engines working as an automobile mechanic, over- and double- and under- exposed many square miles of film as a photographer, dulled several cross-cut saws on rusty nails as a carpenter's assistant, fractured a few thousand nerves as a truck driver, blew out several thousand tubes as a radio repairman and finally discovered that certain manufacturers do pay money for people who design radio equipment.

In the above period I discovered sex and liquor, and to maintain a comfortable standard of living (which includes both), I ran home, polished the slide rule that I'd bought in a book shop thinking it was a burglar's jimmy, and applied for a job as a radio engineer. Times were rigorous then, and the chief engineer decided that they needed a guy around the place to send on errands for line stretchers, directional couplers and whistle suppressors.

By becoming a radio engineer, I

GEORGE O. SMITH Biography

was supplied with the necessities of life (see top of paragraph above) and also imbued with an all-consuming curiosity and a willingness to try almost anything at least once. For instance, I tried to play the guitar. I am not surprised that the Philharmonic has succeeded in getting along without my services. I've dabbled in oil painting. This is a messy occupation. But I cannot see why my messes go unnoticed whilst the same sort of mess gets hung in the museum when Picasso does it. I've also tried marriage. This venture lasted ten years. Then having inherited a typewriter, I essayed writing.

You can blame the Other Smith for this. It was reading the Skylark that fired my ambitions along this line. Frankly, I spent some time spilling lots of words on wasted paper before I wrote something that I enjoyed myself.

I wrote and sold "QRK--Interplanetary".

About the time that my first erudite literary effort began to remodel the reading habits of the Great American Public, a sordid campaign was set by my jealous rivals who went so far as to start a war in their meager efforts to have George O. Smith barred from print. To hamper my genius, many vile diversions were tried. The FBI wanted my fingerprints, the Navy wanted me to join the Army, the Draft Board kept insisting upon their sovereign right to mail me all sorts of ridiculous post-cards and the Government sent me reams and reams of questionnaires, which so well occupied my time that I succeeded in fighting this late war with a fountain pen, and V-lay came without my having ever heard a shot fired in anger. Meanwhile, the OSS heard rumors to the effect that the enemy were spending millions of rubbuckniks and millions of man hours attempting

to make a Military Secret out of "Venus Equilateral" and they urged me to continue confusing the enemy. All too few people know that mingled in these tales of science and fact were written the secrets and lore of radar, the proximity fuse and loran. These items, of course, were edited from the stories and used by the government, which denies my inventive genius to this day. They even refused to honor my application for the position of 4F, claiming that when the enemy saw what they had to contend with upon invasion, they would give up.

Broken in spirit, caring nothing for life, wanting to end it all, I migrated at long last to Philadelphia. In this I was urged by an old friend who saw in my determination to come unglued a chance to offer, for science, a broken semblance of a human being who would gladly test high voltage supplies for lethal effects, taste cadmium plating to ascertain whether the cyanide had been washed off, and between time double in brass between laboratory jester and janitor.

At this point I must explain about my Great Discovery. Men of ambition, Captains of Industry, Bankers and others who work hard, eschewing the temptations and pitfalls of life, are all unhappy, maladjusted and fraught with ulcers. Upon them rest the cares of life. Upon them rests the responsibility for the future of mankind--which thankless brutes will probably get along fine whether we fret about them or not--whereas you must seek out the loafers, the profligate and the hell-raisers ere you locate the man of cheerful mein, satisfied and well rounded in experience.

So now, armed with a bottle-opener and a copy of the "Compleat Werewolf". I refuse to permit my work to interfere with my pleasure. I retain my association with Philco

because it permits me to meet interesting characters and keeps me supplied in typer-paper, typer-ribbons and envelopes, and I continue to write because it helps me to afford my job. I happen to enjoy both.

I am, however, horrified at the number of evil rumors that seem to be circulating about me. I trust that I can clear these away.

For instance, it is circulated widely that "Special Delivery" was written during a lost week end in the Campbell home. This is untrue. John Campbell is not the kind of man who indulges in lost weekends. It is also circulated that George O. does not rewrite. This is a base canard. The two rather egregious errors that turned up in the original copy of "Nomad" are a definite result of having rewritten wisely but not too well.

I am also accused of drinking. This is a long, involved tale, entirely untrue in fact but with the meager evidence enough to convince many others who had already decided in the affirmative. The basis for this erroneous legned stems way back in 1944, when I was parked up in L. Jerome Stanton's bailiwick in New York. I had been working like mad on a novelette called "Trouble" which had for the main character a schizophrenic engineer who was in his alter ego a physicist.

Now it is dusty in New York. And after many hours of hard typing, my throat became dry and I sought the ice box to get a glass of milk. I was surprised to find a small bottle of beer there and no milk, because of course, Jay Stanton does not drink either. But not wanting to run down five flights of stairs for my customary milk, I opened the small bottle of beer and poured one small glass. This cut the dust in my throat and I went on working. Hours later, Jay and friends came home, saw me

writing, saw the half-empty glass of beer on the table beside me and forthwith made up their minds that I was a drinking man. Now when I appear at a gathering, I am forever having a glass of something thrust into my hand because they wish to please. And, I ask you, is it in my realm to be a bad guest to people whose only desire is to please?

At present I have a few projects near and dear to my heart. One, to be called "The Fourth" is a bit of character study about a child's life, beginning at the age of four or five. This is quite a normal kid in every way but one. No mutant he. Just a kid who happened to be the first one to be raised by parents who were smart enough to build the Mechanical Educator. This gadget, employed for years, has never been exploited in a yarn to its fullest and I hope to do it. You see, the trouble is that knowledge might inform you how to play Chopin or build a house or speak French. Knowing how is but one part of learning. A man may know that the process of driving a nail consists of beating it on the head until it is gone in, but have you ever seen an untrained man doing the job with the celebrity and dispatch of an experienced carpenter? The fingers must be trained to follow brain-patterns born of practice before they will make a piano sound off with music; knowing how "filet mignon avec pommes de terre" should sound is not having the tongue trained to speak it. Then, even if he knows as much law as Blackstone, what adult would give a child of six the right to vote, own property, to live in self-reliance? And, friends, the finest education in the world might teach a kid all he needs to know, but until his glands grew up, he would not understand, nor even believe, what he had been taught about Dr.

Kinsey, Freud or Ernest Hemingway. My second project is to get Guy Maynard out of the unhappy hole I left him in at the end of "Nomad". I'll say little about the plot of this since it is a long way in the offing and at the present time is being talked about as a book for the Prime Press (an original), tentatively scheduled for late in 1950, or maybe '51.

Now to fill the remaining space, I'll give you MY answers to the same questions asked other writers. Since each writer seems to have a different answer, you can add mine to theirs' and someday you'll have every possible answer which you can promptly discard since they add up to nothing definite. In mathematics, this is what is known as an application of Maxwell's Law of Random Distribution, which says in so many words that the average velocity of a tub full of fast-moving gas molecules adds up to zero because there are as many going West as there are going East, et cetera.

Frankly, I pay little attention to the names of my characters, contriving them to sound like ordinary names. I'm twitted occasionally that a name doesn't fit a character. I can only answer that the toughest guy I've ever met was named Harold. John L. Lewis' middle name is Llewellyn and I once dated a gal called Juanita Schultz. When strapped for a name I pick a first name from a telephone book and a last name from the same, so long as neither fits the opposite. (Follow, or is it double-talk again?). I'm asked where I get my plots. Maybe that should be the singular; anyway, there are only about thirteen original plots and pulp fiction wouldn't print more'n half of them. State it this way:

Start with a character. Then because of this character's character, the character gets into trouble. In wriggling out of this

jam, the character's character gets the character into more trouble until it's either the river or cyanide; because of the same set of characteristics the character always had, the character gets himself out of trouble. It's as simple as that. And where do I get my characters? Golly, the woods is full of them, and if you haven't any woods, try the Seventh Avenue Subway, Boston Common, the Lake Street El or the corner store in Lower Inertia, Kansas.

How do I write? That's another tough one to answer. Sometimes the lines come easy, sometimes I sweat out every paragraph. But whether I steam them out of the typer or whether the darn characters take the story in their teeth and make the story come out on paper, the outcome is both ways. I've had toughies lauded and I've had easy jobs roasted to a fare-thee-well. I've sweated over every word and had the thing panned; and I've run off ten thousand words on a single Sunday, put it in the evening mail and had it called fine business. There's no accounting for it.

Ideas? Again the world is full of them. Most of them stem from the self-imposed question of: what happens if such and such were done, or were true, or if this or that weren't really possible? The story "Alien" started when I was sitting on a Boston street car next to a bird as bald as a cannon ball, who was reading a pamphlet from the Department of Agriculture on the "rotation of crops". What his dome needed was a rotation of crops. So we plant feathers for a time. So then what happens when a large gent steps into a bar, takes off his hat and displays a fine head of feathers? Five thousand words!

Finally, I am glad of this chance to ramble on about myself. Normally, I'd rather not, because it is difficult to talk about one-

self without bragging and I do not like braggarts, including myself. But it seems that if I tell the world how smart I am, I am bragging, and if I tell the world how dumb I am, I am just making a statement that I do not believe, and a statement that you will not believe, and that you know that I know you do not believe, and that I know that you know that I know that you know--- seems to me there was a song by that title once.

So far I have only one solemn hope: I hope to die of a ripe old age, leaving the uncompleted manuscript of my ten-thousandth story.

Now, the vital statistics:

AGE: 38
 WEIGHT: 140
 HEIGHT: 5' 10"
 EYES: Blue
 HAIR: Unruly and thick.
 HIDE: Fair
 STATUS: Divorced.
 ATTITUDE: Let's keep it that way.
 HEALTH: Excellent.

WIND: Sound.
 TRACK: Fast.
 WEATHER: Clear.
 LIKES AND LOVES: Women, lim-ericks, scotch, Erie Stanley Gard-ner, women, fillet mignon, archery, rye, women, roller skating, Sibel-ius, women, shaggy-dog stories, rum, ham and eggs, dogs, women, Chesterfields, bum poetry, baked ham, women, beer, swimming, Spike Jones, Roquefort cheese, Beautreast mattresses, bourbon, women, brandy, women and corn likker.

DISLIKES AND HATES: Milk, intolerance, pedants, communists, reformers and do-gooders, pre-cocious brats, Ted Sturgeon's puns, people who douse scotch with Ketch-up or louse scotch with seven-up, street-cars, Detroit, television, singing commercials, tight shoes, boiled shirts, stuffed owls, modern-istic art—and radio engineers who tell me how to write or writ-ers who tell me how to engineer a radio.

—George O. Smith

STORIES by GEORGE O. SMITH

Title	M. Words	Magazine	Date
Alien	5	Astounding S-F	Oct. 1946
Answer, The	5	Astounding S-F	Feb. 1947
Beam Pirate *7	12	Astounding S-F	Oct. 1944
Beam Pirate *7		Astounding BRITISH	Feb. 1945
Blind Time	10	Astounding S-F	Sep. 1946
Calling the Empress *2	10	Astounding S-F	June 1943
Calling the Empress		Astounding BRITISH	June 1943
Catpaw, The	25	Astounding S-F	Sep. 1948
Catpaw, The		Astounding BRITISH	Feb. 1949
Cosmic Jackpot, The	7	Thrilling Wonder	Oct. 1948
Dead Pigeon (Detective)		Hollywood Detective	
Dog's Life, A	5	Thrilling Wonder	Apr. 1948
Elusive Microvolt, The (article)	3	Astounding S-F	Sep. 1945
Fine Feathers	10	Astounding S-F	Jan. 1946
Fire In the Heavens	50	Startling Stories	July 1949
Firing Line *8	12	Astounding S-F	Dec. 1944
Firing Line		Unknown BRITISH	Win. 1945
Identity *12	12	Astounding S-F	Nov. 1945
Impossible Pirate, The	5	Astounding S-F	Dec. 1946
Incredible Invasion, The	5	Astounding S-F	Mar. 1948
In the Cards	10	Thrilling Wonder	Aug. 1947
Journey	5	Startling Stories	May 1948
Kingdom of the Blind, The	50	Startling Stories	July 1947

Long Way, The *6	12	Astounding S-F	Apr. 1944
Lost Art *4	10	Astounding S-F	Dec. 1943
Mad Holiday *11		VENUS EQUILATERAL Prime Press	*48
Meddler's Moon	12	Astounding S-F	Sep. 1947
Meddler's Moon		Astounding BRITISH	Aug. 1948
Minus Danger	10	Super Science Stories	Sep. 1949
Mobius Trail, The	12	Thrilling Wonder	Dec. 1948
NOMAD (Novel)		Prime Press, Philadelphia	1948
Obey That Impulse (article)		Astounding S-F	July 1947
Off the Beam *5	15	Astounding S-F	Feb. 1944
Off the Beam		Astounding BRITISH	June 1944
One Man's Muskie (sports)		Toronto Star Weekly	
Pandora's Millions *10	12	Astounding S-F	June 1945
Pandora's Millions		Astounding BRITISH	Sep. 1945
Pattern For Conquest (3 parts)	80	Astounding S-F	Mar. 1946
PATTERN FOR CONQUEST (Novel)		Gnome Press, New York	1949
Problem in Solid	12	Astounding S-F	Oct. 1947
Problem in Solid		Astounding BRITISH	Oct. 1948
Puck Fever (sports)		All Sports Magazine	
QRM—Interplanetary *1	12	Astounding S-F	Oct. 1942
QRM—Interplanetary		Astounding BRITISH	Jan. 1943
Quarantine	10	Thrilling Wonder	Dec. 1947
Quest to Centaurus	7	Thrilling Wonder	Apr. 1947
Rat Race	5	Astounding S-F	Aug. 1947
Recoll *3	12	Astounding S-F	Nov. 1943
Recoll		Astounding BRITISH	Apr. 1944
Special Delivery *9	12	Astounding S-F	Mar. 1945
Trans-Galactic Twins, The	30	Thrilling Wonder	June 1948
Trouble	10	Astounding S-F	July 1946
Trouble		Astounding BRITISH	June 1947
Trouble Times Two	10	Astounding S-F	Dec. 1945
Trouble Times Two		Astounding BRITISH	May 1946
Unapproachable (article)	3	Astounding S-F	Apr. 1946
Undammed, The	20	Astounding S-F	Jan. 1947
Undammed, The		Astounding BRITISH	June 1948
Vanishing Yankee, The (article)	3	Astounding S-F	Mar. 1944
VENUS EQUILATERAL (Book of Shorts)	10	Prime Press, Philadelphia	1948
Vocation		Astounding S-F	Apr. 1945
Vocation		Astounding BRITISH	Jan. 1946

STORIES under the name of WESLEY LONG

Circle of Confusion	10	Astounding S-F	Mar. 1944
Climate—Incorporated	10	Thrilling Wonder	Aug. 1948
Fixer, The	12	Astounding S-F	May 1945
Fixer, The		Astounding BRITISH	Mar. 1946
Latent Image	12	Astounding S-F	May 1944
Latent Image		Astounding BRITISH	Aug. 1944
Nomad (3 parts)	80	Astounding S-F	Dec. 1944
One of Three	50	Startling Stories	Mar. 1948
Redevelopment	15	Astounding S-F	Nov. 1944

INDEX Data from Donald E. Day, S. C. Norman Ashfield & George O. Smith

*VENUS EQUILATERAL 1-QRM-Interplanetary 2-Calling the Empress 3-Recoll 4-Lost Art 5-Off the Beam 6-The Long Way 7-Beam Pirate 8-Firing Line 9-Special Delivery 10-Pandora's Millions 11-Mad Holiday 12-Identity.

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THE HOMUNCULUS by David H. Keller,
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1949 \$2.50

Colonel Keller has produced
in "The Homunculus" another one of
his delightful fantasies. "The
Devil and the Doctor" is almost
the best fantasy of its type I have
ever read, and altho the Good Doc-
tor does not reach the same level
again, he certainly tells a moving
story that prevents the reader
from laying it down until finished.

A certain Doctor Bumble has had
an ambition all his life to
actually carry out the directions
of Paracelsus (15th Century) for
the production of an homunculus by
parthenogenesis. In order to
carry out such an experiment he
needs more than normal aid, so what
better than the sister of Satan,
Lilith, as well as Satan himself.
The Satan myths developed in this
story is not quite as good as the
one in "The Devil and the Doctor",
but is very unique. As any fantasy
reader recalls, Lilith was, and
presumably still is, the most
beautiful of all women, but being
a free-martin, i. e., sterile due
to pre-natal hormone imbalance,
has never had children. The combi-
nation of a free-martin and great
feminine beauty is a contradiction
in this reviewer's opinion. How-
ever, in fantasy anything is pos-
sible. The twins, Satan and Lilith,
under the prosaic names of
Pete and Sarah, are immortal and
of a level sufficiently high to
help create man. They can also be
preognizant of events, aid in the
shaping of events, and finally can
control matter to some extent.

Such a combination makes a good
plot to help out Doctor Bumble
in his experiment. Of course we have
the press well represented by a
particularly obnoxious female, Amy
Worth, whose name smacks of
intrigue beyond this story! Gang-
sters, Russian agents, a stupid

sheriff and good friends who are a
little ashamed of having known the
Doctor and his project finally make
the plot complete. From there on
you have an interesting story of
fantasy and adventure.

Several problems are raised. Our
present work on parthenogenesis
has reached the rabbit stage by
irritation of ova. However,
the plot of Paracelsus and Doctor
Bumble apparently uses male sperm
and heat from the fermentation of
horse manure for development. The
homunculus is born without a navel
out is later found to possess one.
There is implied evidence that the
homunculus was actually nourished
in the womb of Lilith (P. 138) and
by her extra-normal powers trans-
ferred to the bottle for birth.
Removal of the navel was a neces-
sity for the plot. Also a
question I would like to see elu-
cidated is the effect of female sex
hormones on a free-martin. Can
they become fertile by treatment?
The male free-martin is known in
humans also.

It is assumed that the book is
an exposition of the conflict be-
tween man and woman—on a fantas-
tically polite level except for the
insight of Amy Worth! The
conflict insofar as I am concerned
was minor.

A sequel has been written by Dr.
Keller, "The Ivory Tower". How
can any fantasy lover not insist
on its publication? I have not
read it but it should have some
interesting situations for it must
be recalled that the homunculus
might be a hybrid of the extra-
terrestrial Lilith and the human
Dr. Bumble. That permits almost
anything. "The Homunculus" is a
must for the fantasy fan.

—Thomas S. Gardner

WHITE WOLF by Franklin Gregory,
Random House, New York 1941

"White Wolf" is a tale to
satisfy the fantasists who thrilled to
the FFM presentation of "The
Undying Monster" or the Robert E.
Howard variations on the werewolf
theme in WEIRD TALES.

The scene is laid in the valley
of the Pennsylvania Dutch country,
steeped in the superstition of
German folklore and crowded with
tales of supernatural horror.
Sorcery had as great a following
as Christianity and the "hex" is
invoked against the demons plagu-
ing the immigrant farmers.

Sara d'Avesnes is the last of
direct lineage and, unknown to
her, is the seventh descendant of
a tainted ancestor. Pierre d'
Avesnes notices the disquieting
traits in his daughter with mis-
givings: a hatred of cattle and
domesticated beasts, and a passion
for nocturnal strolls.

Terror grips the valley when,
after a series of killings among
the stock and fowls, a child is
attacked and horribly mutilated.
Reports circulate about a huge
snow-white wolf and as the attacks
grow in fury, reports begin to
credit the white wolf with a
smaller, grey companion. The
farmers start muttering "werewolf"
and resorting to hex signs to ward
off the killer. The state police
are helpless to prevent further
murders and grave robberies by the
wolves; the people settle down to
a winter besieged in their homes
by loup garoux.

During these outrages, Pierre
and a neighbor, Manning Trent, are
shocked to find that the incidents
coincide with the nightly walks of
Sara and David Trent. Despite the
discovery that they both lack
shadows, and that Pierre's
ancestry is tainted with other oc-
currences of lycanthropy, Trent
refuses to believe the truth. But

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Portland, Ore.

Sep. 2-4, 1950

when a photograph snapped of the two wolves by daring press photographers shows only a picture of Sara and David, Trent strives to help his son, but to no avail.

Pierre tries various methods to free the couple of their yoke: psychiatric treatment, confinement and then exorcism. They fail, and driven by conscience to end the marauding of the white wolf and her grey consort, Pierre hunts them down over the snowy, moonlit trails. The ending is of unequalled suspense, and surprising.

"White Wolf" is an introduction to American superstition and a classic weird tale in the genre of werewolf fiction.

—Charles Stuart

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Out of Legend LILITH

LILITH or ARDAT LILIT is one of the earliest demoneses. The Sumerians named her first of the Lilitu, Handmaidens of the Wind God Lilu. The later Semetios found she was Adam's first wife.

Lilith and Adam separated when she insisted she was as important in the universe as he. For her presumption, Lilith was afflicted with extreme hairiness.

Elijah met Lilith, but our records recite only the customary propaganda derogatory to Lilith. However, Elijah was alone and, we believe, single, and as he used certain abusive words hardly commensurate with a chance acquaintance, we may infer a more personal understanding.

Lilu followed the demonic prerogative of enticing sleeping women, evidently sufficiently rare then to cause note. So assiduously did Lilith embrace her master's precept that we find a warning to men not to sleep alone. Lilith, indignant at this curtailment of her avocation, began attacking women and children at night. As a result, mothers rocking their babies to sleep crooned the charm, "Lilla abi" (Lilith aveunt)—our "Lullaby".

Thus ostracized from correct society, Lilith and her master, Lilu, still howl in frustration over the sands of the desert.

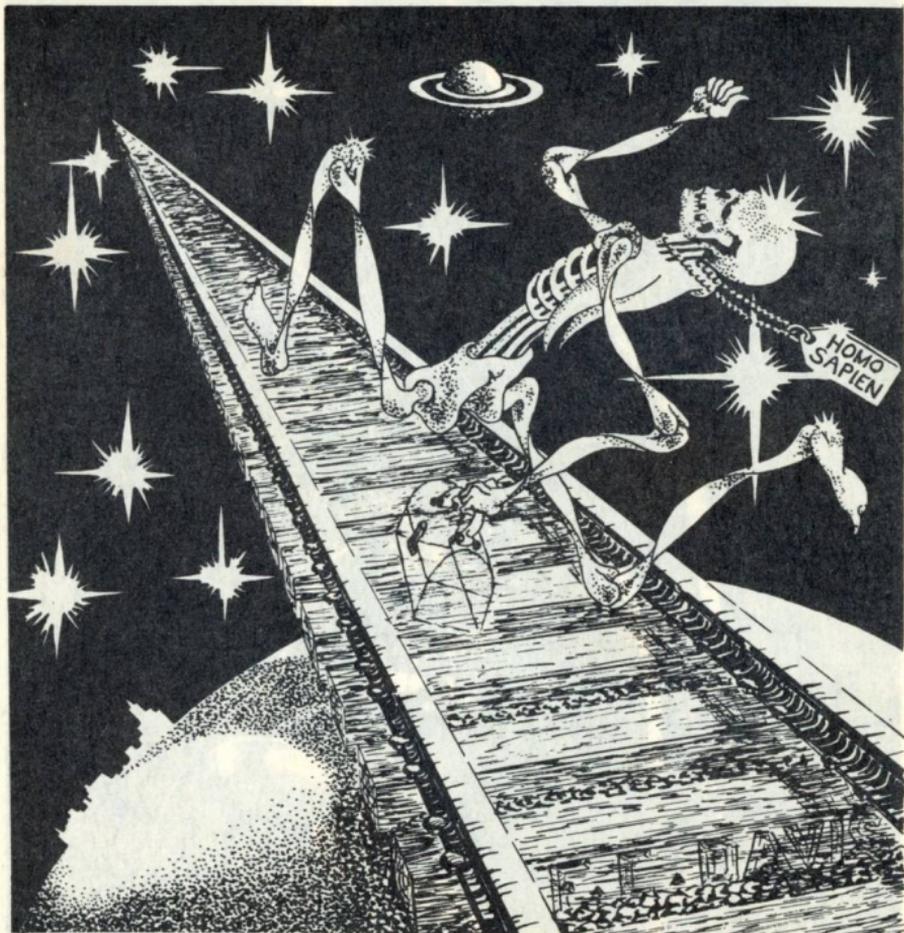
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