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WERNER'S THOUGHTFUL THEORIES ON TIME TRAVELLING

From the editor's typewriter

This issue of Paradox ain't what she was meant to be. No litho, no wealth of pages and material, few colored headings. The only promise I've lived up to is in featuring time-travel material only.

There's a reason for the retrogression. One, a scarcity of time-travel material -- that's unimportant. I was prepared to use several articles and Raymblins (which will appear in next Paradox) to make up the difference. More important, this issue is already three months late. If I were to make it a super-super, it would be another three, maybe even six, months late. Next week, I intend to visit Official Editor Larry Shaw. To save a little postage while having a good time, I've decided to get an issue out, even if a much smaller one than usual, to take with me. It's almost entirely stenciled now; it'll be mimeo'd before long. Future issues will be as compact, with perhaps a few more pages, but there'll be a variety of material, and thenceforth, publication will be as regular as possible, which should mean an issue of Paradox in every mailing. Now, just because Paradox is Fapa, please, please don't limit comment to Fapazine reviews -- let's have those letters of comment and -- yes -- material.

Paucity of space makes extensive review of my visit to Schenectady in May, and the trip to New York with Larry Shaw in June, impossible. I had a swell time, though, and maybe, someday, I will do a brief sketch of what happened. I took a few fotos, too, which will be published eventually.

Pray tell, have you subscribed to Fan Journalist yet? First issue, five cents. Second issue, now in preparation, will, for reasons recounted therein, retail for ten cents. Three issues for a quarter. Material also needed. Title should explain the type of material desired -- stuff of interest to fan and would-be pro authors, artists and even editors, besides articles pertaining to fan publishing in general.

And, finally, thanks to those who contributed: our subscribers whom we love, each and every one; to Fapa, who will write to us, we hope; and to Harry Warner, Jr, for permission to reprint "Song of the Time Travellers", which originally appeared in Spaceways.

Special thanks to Leonard Marlow, who, to outdo our beloved Meliano of the sixth issue, drew, stenciled and mimeographed our two-color cover last issue -- an especially fine example of fan-art.

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This issue has turned out a mess - the curse of 20 lb. paper. Therefore, no charge to subscribers. O.K.?

TUCKER'S THOUGHTFUL THEORIES on TIME TRAVELLING

(Proving that it is impossible to kill Grandfather.)

By Bob Tucker, TTD

Having become thoroly intrigued and enmeshed by the various data and articles on time travelling appearing in Paradox and a recent Fapa Mailing, the author (a noted authority on the transfigiting of tempus) herewith attempts to explain to the uninitiated his cosmic conception of the art. For it is an art. Not just anyone can pop up and shove off on a journey thru time, any more than just anyone can paint a good picture.

To begin, flatly, any one capable of killing his Grandfather will not be able to time-travel; not travel into the past, anyway. The Supreme Mechanics will see to that. Imagine the embarrassment to them if someone did succeed in bumping off the old gentleman. The deed would be equal to throwing a monkey wrench into the Universal Gears. Time would go smash.

From this fact it has been deduced that any fan harboring thoughts of such an act may as well give up his time-travelling dreams at once. He has killed his own chances of such a venture by his own thoughts. But, you say, supposing a fan did not have such thoughts, and travelled back thru time, and the idea popped into his head on the spur of the moment, Ah--- consider the attached diagram for a moment, and you will see that this too is absolutely impossible.

You must view the problem from Grandfather's angle, not yours, for after all, the fact that you exist now proves he lived to do his part in producing you. Like this: Grandfather is living merely along when all of a sudden something happens to him. (Point A). It may be a knifing in a dark alley, it may be a runaway horse. Point A is where you tried to kill him. You didn't succeed, for he hasn't yet performed the necessary with Grandmother, to put it brutally.

However, let us say your knifing very nearly succeeded (Bear in mind that he does not know it is you; he has no idea that such as you will ever exist). He has been attacked. He totters home. If conception has taken place, he can die on the front porch, in the old rocking chair, or anywhere he takes a notion. You have been successful. If conception has not taken place, he will not die until it has. You have failed in that point. You have proof of it. You exist.

Point A shows his lifeline as a jagged mark. You can try your knifing act anywhere along that lifeline but you will not be successful until after conception. You may then bump him off at will.

However, a warning: one bright young student thought he would outsmart me and upset this theory by not failing to kill his grandfather before conception. Grandfather was too smart for the lad. Grandfather shot and killed him. Now the lad died back in 1880 and I have his 1944 diary to prove it. (His time machine, like a trusty horse, came home by itself.)

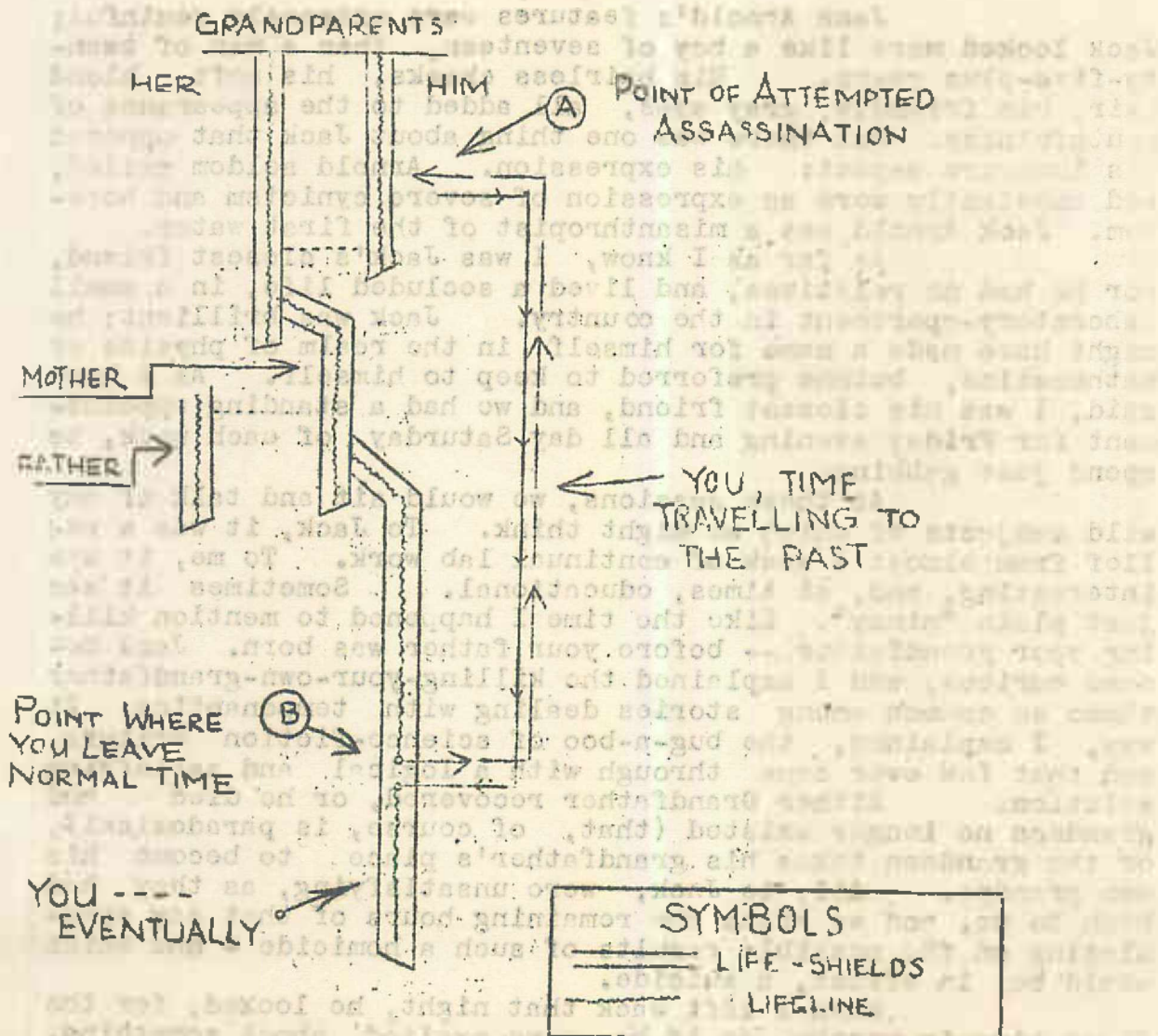
Let this be a lesson to you.

Also on the agenda is this old chestnut about watches and clocks stopping, when being carried thru time. Banana oil. The

things stop no more than you cease to live. No more than any other mechanical device in the time-traveller stops. Oh, the watch may lose an hour or two -- no daylight saving time back there you know. You can re-set the watch, altho there is a more complex way some students employ to re-gain the hour after it has been lost. They re-set the watch as mentioned above and then the machine one hour ahead into time. This puts them on a firm footing again, and if they wish they can then turn the watch back. Is this clear?

And this business about meeting yourself. Over two thousand successful trips back into time have been made without one such actual case. It is sheer nonsense. You can only be in one place anywhen. The single instance in which such an apparent case was reported turned out to be a mistake. The traveller met his twin brother and thought it was himself.

Tomorrow we will discuss travelling faster than light and disappearing.



To cancel had a line
Jack Engel



Jack Arnold's features were extremely youthful; Jack looked more like a boy of seventeen, than a man of twenty-five-plus years. His hairless cheeks, his soft, blond hair, his friendly, gray eyes, all added to the appearance of youthfulness. But there was one thing about Jack that opposed his immature aspect: his expression. Arnold seldom smiled, and constantly wore an expression of severe cynicism and boredom. Jack Arnold was a misanthropist of the first water.

As far as I know, I was Jack's closest friend, for he had no relatives, and lived a secluded life, in a small laboratory-apartment in the country. Jack was brilliant; he might have made a name for himself in the realm of physics or mathematics, but he preferred to keep to himself. As I have said, I was his closest friend, and we had a standing appointment for Friday evening and all day Saturday of each week, to spend just gabbing.

At these sessions, we would sit and talk of any wild subjects of which we might think. To Jack, it was a relief from almost a week of continual lab work. To me, it was interesting, and, at times, educational. Sometimes it was just plain "mimsy". Like the time I happened to mention killing your grandfather -- before your father was born. Jack became curious, and I explained the killing-your-own-grandfather theme so common among stories dealing with temponautics. It was, I explained, the bug-a-boo of science-fiction writers, and that few ever came through with a logical and satisfying solution.

Either Grandfather recovered, or he died and grandson no longer existed (that, of course, is paradoxical), or the grandson takes his grandfather's place to become his own grandpa. All, to Jack, were unsatisfying, as they had been to me, and we spent the remaining hours of that day speculating on the possible results of such a homicide - one which would be, in effect, a suicide.

When I left Jack that night, he looked, for the first time in months, as if he were excited about something. For the next week, upon my entrance, he ushered me

to his work-room, all the while chattering merrily away.

In the center of the room, surrounded by insulated cables, and generators and motors, stood a large metal cube. It had, I noticed, a small, glass door built into one side. Walking around it, I discovered that each of the other three sides had similar doors.

Peering in through one of the doors, I saw that there was inside a chair among a complicated jumble of wires, dials, and switches, and, at the top and bottom sides were a pair of transparent trap doors. Turning away, I was confronted by a smiling, triumphant-looking youngster. "You know what it is?" he asked proudly.

I shook my head.

Jack stopped to the cube, and opened one of the doors. "It's a time-machine," he explained, "the result of our talk last week about grandfathers. I intend to kill mine."

"You must be nuts," I replied. "That stuff about grandfathers and temponautics is strictly from fiction. Time machines just aren't possible."

Jack had a gun in his hand now, and he entered the cube. "It is possible," he said. "I've tested it, and I fully intend to go through with the experiment." He seated himself after closing the door, and flipped several switches.

"Jack!" I shouted, pounding on the door with my fists.

Then the machine was gone. No growing transparent, no shimmering or flickering. It just went.

I stepped from its vicinity, and waited. A few moments later, the cube snapped back into view. A weary young man stepped from the cube, and threw his revolver into a table-drawer; he seated himself. His eyes were very sad.

I asked what had happened.

"I couldn't do it," he sighed. "I couldn't kill a man."

* * * *

Next week, Jack looked even sadder. He had a strange story to relate. He had finally decided to kill his grandfather -- he had screwed his courage to the sticking-place, as it were, and had returned to the past. He had searched out his grandfather again. All was still, strangely, and nothing moved. This time, he fired; and the bullet bounced from his unmoving grandfather's chest. He had emptied his gun at the old gentleman, before he realized the truth. He had entered the past, literally -- he had arrived at one moment, and existed only in that one moment. To him, all was immovable statue-like.

In the present again, he worked out necessary improvements, and returned. This time, he found, people moved at the same rate as he, but they were, for all purposes, non-existent. He could put his hands through them. They would walk through him. He and they were mutually unsubstantial.

Again, Jack changed his machine. He had waited for my arrival before trying for a fourth time to achieve his end. (!)

I watched nervously as he wrenched the machine

into the past. Only a few seconds had elapsed before he returned. His weapon, I could see, was still smoking. This time, he was puzzled, unbelieving.

"I did it," he said rather loudly. "I stopped him, talked to him, then shot him. I saw him die, with a bullet through his head, but I'm still here. I still exist. But I shouldn't -- I don't understand it."

I could think of nothing to say, so I remained silent. Jack paced the laboratory floor, smoothing his hair with long, tapering fingers. Gradually, he became less fretful, and finally scooped up the pistol and a box of cartridges and leaped into the time-machine. He smiled gaily at me, waved his hand, and was gone.

That was the last I ever saw of Jack Arnold, but I did hear from him not long ago. He had been gone for a number of years, and I had come into possession of his house. He had provided for that in the event of his disappearance -- for he had believed that, upon killing his grandpore he would become a nonentity -- some time before his experiments.

I had kept the space once occupied by the time-cube clear, and one day I found the machine standing there. It was empty, but there was a short note pinned to the chair.

"Dear Art" It began.

"I have intended for you to occupy my home, so this should reach you without any trouble. You'd slipped my mind for these last few years -- then, just yesterday, I realized that I really owe you an explanation. You've probably been wondering about my grandfather, and what's happened to me since I left. I'll clear the former up, first. I was just as ignorant of why my grandfather's death had no effect upon me, as you must have been. Slowly, though, I began to get an idea of what must have been true. I wasn't very sure; in fact, I'd arrived at only a very vague conclusion, so I took myself into the past again -- this time the very distant past. I visited several different pasts, and found I had been on the right track: my time machine took me, not into the past, but into a past. A past that might have been, had history been made differently. I found that by killing my grandfather, I had merely created another of those worlds, one in which I did not exist. Really a very simple solution.

"Where am I now? I'm in Atlantis -- yep, the old mythical island herself. I'm a big man here, though that isn't very important. This land is beautiful. Beautiful pastoral scenery, unpretentious buildings, friendly, innocent people. It's all that any democracy-loving man would dream of -- and more. On top of that, there's a very beautiful girl here, and I....."

Well, anyhow, that's enough to give you the general idea of what happened. The rest is rather personal. Jack Arnold was a mis-fit in the twentieth century world. Now he is where, or when, he should have been.

Me? I've been trying to master the workings of the time machine. Treasures of past ages, untold power, fabulous lands, beautiful women, splendid cities, all rest in a seven-foot cube in the laboratory next this room. If only I could learn to use it.....

The Chronion

No reader contributions, so a one-page Chronion this issue. Not that one is necessary, in an all t-t issue, anyway. There is an acute shortage of space, too. I'll have something to say about t-t, and Chronion policy, next time. Meanwhile, why not get whatever you think about the subject, off your chest. Short story by Robert Shaw, courtesy Bib Brother Larry. Story sic -- from Larry's scrap-book.

Professor Smith had invented a time machine. This time-machine was different than most because it consisted of merely of one big globe such as the common street light.

He decided to try it out in his laboratory so he put it in the back of his truck. It was loose in the back and when he rounded a corner the machine fell out.

It was found in the gutter by a street light repair crew. Thinking it was their's they replaced a burnt out light with it.

Jimmy Jones was going to a basketball game at his college. He walked from the bus stop and passed under the light (time-machine). As he did he felt a slight shock and wondered what had happened but soon forgot about it. He reached the school and found it locked. He waited and when no one came decided the game had been called off. On the way home he looked at a clock and saw that it was 11:45.

"That's funny", he thought "It was 6:45 when I left home

When he reached home he found his daily papers and saw one dated February 1 five days after he had left. He wondered what had happened when he remembered the shock under the light. HE went back determined to find out what happened. He looked at the light and saw something unusual in an unexplainable way.

He got a ladder and climbed up not caring what happened. He began to unstraw the light when an officer who had come along asked him what he was doing. This made Jimmy drop the light which broke into a thousand pieces.

THE END

THE CONQUEST OF TIME

By Edward C. Connor

I dream of a city of the future and a city of the past,
And I dream of walking through their streets
Yesterday, tomorrow, or today -- it matters not.
I have no fear of the paradox may hold;
And the Time Machine may blot me out forever, I am told.

This morning could be tomorrow, or this afternoon last year,
If the paradox were conquered, and the veil of time made clear;
The passing frame of the ages would unfold before my eyes,
And the science of the future, reaching to the skies.
But at the fatal moment, only my past flashes to my mind--

And so one dies.

Paraducky



Norman Stanley:

The chestnut about dissolving the spring in acid is an oldie. I don't think there's much of any question about it. The usual explanation has it that the individual atoms of the spring when loosened from the crystal structure of the metal by the solvent action of the acid pop off into the solution with a higher velocity than they would if dissolved from an undistorted crystal structure, and thus carry off the energy of the spring as kinetic energy of the ions formed by solution of the metal. This added motion of these ions soon becomes random motion due to collision with the other ions of the solution, and the result is that the solution has become warmer. So the end product is random molecular (or ionic) motion -- in other words, heat. Of course if ya wanna get technical about it and find out why the atoms should pop off more energetically from the distorted structure, we could go on and on discussing the electrostatic field of the structure and how the hydrogen ion of the acid takes up electrons from that structure to unbalance the electrostatic field and cause it to shove the surface layers of atoms away from itself, and how when a spring is bent this field is distorted so that a greater unbalance of forces arises when an electron is abstracted from the structure, than is the case with an undistorted structure, and so on. Really very simple. But I prefer to think of it as summat like buttons popping off an over-occupied vest. Anyhow, I'm inclined to question if one could bind a spring so cunningly that it could go to the point of complete dissolution without breaking somewhere along the line and making a splash in the acid.

Raym's a smart lad. He has it "topological". The story in Amazing to which he refers had it "topographical" throughout. Raym's right, of course. Topography wouldn't have helped Horsesense Hank much to get outa the predicament Nelson Bond and his Nazti spies got him into. Imagine that! A scientific error in Amazing Stories. Palmer, how could you?

James Russell Gray:

Rusty Bill Watson has printed some of my poetic efforts, and yet his letter in the current Paradox hits me right in the neck -- for I have been guilty of dragging witches, ghouls, etc., into my stuff. And the thing is, Bill's right. But what in the world CAN a person write about to make his work fantastic if he doesn't do that? Suggestions will be very welcome. This Sylvia Moore poem you printed is swell, in a

stream-of-consciousness style. The poem was really excellent; rates high as fan poetry. And I will admit I can't write in this style, even if I wanted to -- this sort of hazy, mood-creating stuff that carries the reader along with beautiful words, yet doesn't mean much of anything. I have a lot of room for improvement, I realize. But I'm in there trying, and who knows, maybe I'll develop into a fair poet before I'm done.

...I like your covers, front and back. The front one appeals to me more, probably because it is so suggestive. I can imagine the poor guy dying on a strange, unfriendly world. The gases in the air, the gravity, the water -- some thing, maybe all of them, were not right for him, so he kicks off.

Who is this Rimel guy, His story is certainly well written. The content is OK, though not particularly new. I mean, how many times have you read of a scientist who invents something fantastic, and his assistant kills him for it, but gets destroyed in turn by something about the invention which he does not understand,

My criticisms aren't really meant for criticism -- I'm comparing things to professional work, you understand. And in spite of these little weaknesses I'm pointing out, the contents of Paradox this time still measure up very well. Rimel's story, for instance, is handled in a manner that would be a credit to any promag.

Bronson's Fairy Tale is -- well, something special. I like the way he plays on words. And Warner's discussion of Wagner is something to be proud of. I had heard that Harry was a musician. Someone, probably D. B. Thompson, told me Harry has written music himself. That article is educational -- and how many fanzine articles can make that claim? The time travel discussions were very interesting. But I just can't believe in time travel, except the suspended animation sort. Sometimes I like time travel stories, though, since I can believe in almost anything, temporarily, for the sake of a story.

Tucker's stuff, as usual, was tops. He really is a gifted critter, a swell writer. The letter section was interesting, as always. I'm partial to fan letters, be they in pro or fan zines. But the most readable thing in Paradox was probably Raymond Washington's column. He has a conversational, flowing style that is pleasing to me. He could write about digging a ditch and make it interesting, I believe.

Andy Andy Anderson:

Tell Karden for me that I must admit that certain parts of my article did sound like a politician spouting off, but I really am in deadly earnest about science-fiction helping to improve the world of the future. I very definitely do not believe that fandom will rise to the fore and lead humanity to Utopia, but it is my contention that science-fiction, as perhaps the most progressive and adaptable of all literature, influences the individual reader towards free-thinking and democratic expression. Of course, it is utterly silly to think that science-fiction alone can do this: it only helps

do it.

Before its effect can be noticeable over any considerable portion of the world's people, it will have to grow a bit. It will have to graduate from the lowly pulp and carefully regulate itself so as not to bring down the scorn of the haughty conservatives; its authors will have to sweat more over their efforts (and should get much better pay for their efforts) in order to make them something more than hack; it will have to overcome a great deal of the adverse publicity it has received in the past.

In regards to that last, I might say that a great deal of that load will fall on fandom's shoulders, which is only natural, as fandom has been the cause of much of this adverse publicity. I certainly do not expedite fans submitting articles to Liberty, Life, Collier's, etcetera, as is suggested by the esteemed Mr. Degler, but I must say that we must refrain from such things as exclusion acts and petty squabbles that seem always to cause such bad write-ups in magazines such as Time. (The New Yorker item cannot be rated in this manner. It always treats things that way.) Furthermore, we must very solidly squelch any such adverse publicity agents, as one I can think of before they thoroughly deglerize our entire set-up.

Your series of discussions on time travel is proving to be of great interest to me, even though I don't generally like that type of story. As yet you haven't come across any new ideas on the subject, though Stanley and Warner have devised clever twists and Waldeyer has done a very good job of materially picturing his pet theory on the subject. Personally I dislike the "Worlds of If" idea; why, I'm afraid I couldn't say. Perhaps the thought of so many infinite branches as would be formed is too confusing for my undernourished brain-cells to conceive of this possibility. And yet, this might explain the reason we have never had a run-in with a time traveler; our branch is not honored by one. I much prefer Graph Waldeyer's idea to the effect that everything exists right now, and we could travel in time if we could get free of our current now and move along in some type of neutral channel.

Commentin on Raymblings of two issues ago is

Bill Bill Evans:

Raymblings: I agree with Raym on editing, poems especially. Fiction, too, should be handled with care. Also, articles may be entirely changed in meaning by a little editing. (Try leaving out a "not" in some sentence sometime!)

May I stick my neck into the question of what happens to the energy in the spring dissolved in acid. It's quite simple. The temperature of the solution containing the coiled spring would be a little higher than the one without coiling. But, since the heat of the solution of such a metal is so great compared to the energy stored in the spring, the effect is usually unnoticed, or merely considered in the experimental errors.

Song of the Time Travellers

by Don Galterio

Come leave your ken, you Time-bound men,
Come leap the walls of Time:
See Earth expire in nova fire,
And wade in pristine slime!

See Greece and Tyre, and the towers of fire
At the gates of feared Kayrak,
And watch the birth of Mother Earth;
Then we'll turn our Time Ship back.

To the future we'll waft in our Time-spanning craft
Past Nineteen Forty-Two;
We'll pause some hours by the porcelain towers,
Where dwell the Itorloo.

And we shall not miss the cloudy Abyss
Where albino Merucaans dwell,
Nor the episode of the rolling road
When the rotor men rebel!

We'll see the day when men in gray
Patrol the spangled void;
We'll watch the defeat of the Boskone fleet
That Star A Star deceived.

We'll range afar to bright Jonbar
In dim Futurity;
We'll see its heights in the purple nights
With queenly Lethonee.

Come leave your ken, you Time-trussed men,
Be young like us, and free!
Be a voyager in the worlds that were
And worlds of yet-to-be!