

Dup

Dup

WARRIORS

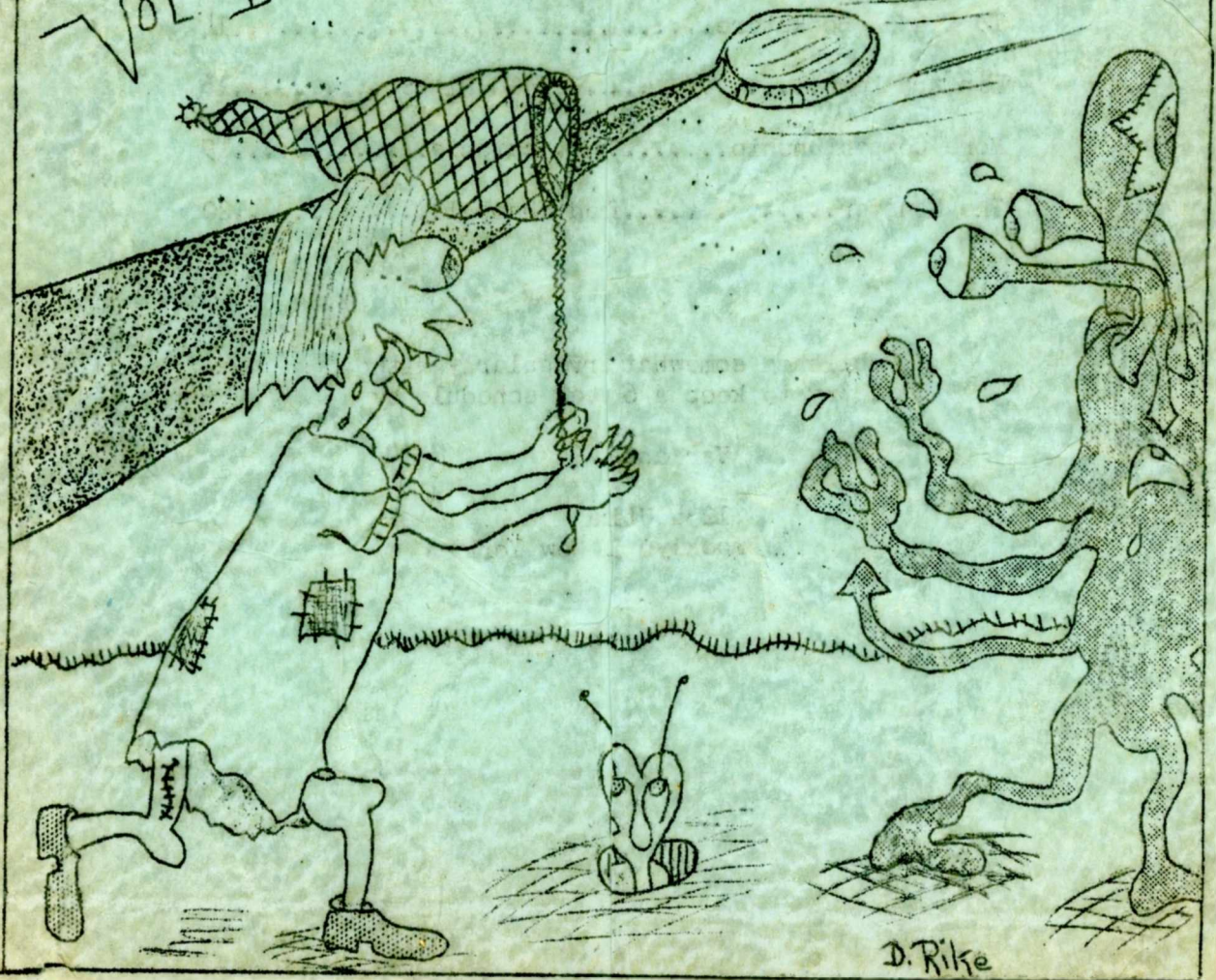
WORLD

VOL I No II

15¢

MAY

1952



D. Rike

VARIANT WRITS

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Published somewhat irregularly altho
we try to keep a 6 week schedule by

Variants

1234 Utica
Brooklyn 1, New York

VARIANTS

Now that the Variants have been in existence since November, I think it's about time elections were held. I think that we have enuf members to warrant this.

Before elections are held, there is the matter of a Constitution for the Variants. The proposed Constitution will run something like this:

- Article I - Name of Club
- Article II - Membership in club (including age limit)
- Article III - Purpose of Club
- Article IV - Dues
- Article V - Officers and duties of Officers
- Article VI - Elections (when and how)
- Article VII - Amendments to Constitution

That is the proposed Constitution. Would anybody like to help me write it? Any suggestions and/or contributions are also welcome.

Offices being held open are: President, Vice-President, Publicity Manager, and anything else that might come up. I'm leaving the office of Secretary and Ed-Treasurer closed for the time being because of two things: (1) I know the policy of V.W. and a new Ed may foul it up. (2) My Secretary has been with me since the beginning, and besides which, she lives near me so that I can get in touch with her by 'phone.

Sr. Sidney J. Hooker, Cukra Dev. Co., Bluefields, Nicaragua, Central America, wants correspondents. Write him by Air Mail as regular mail takes almost a month to get to him. I haven't written to him myself as yet, but I hear he's a great guy.

Corrections and Change of Address:

- Gerald Hibbs - Box 4385, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
- Gregg Calkins - 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah
- Marian Cox - 79A.B. Square, Sioux City, Iowa
- Wilkie Conner - 1514 Postan Circle, Gastonia, N.C.
- George Dold - 5424 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

Notice our new way of folding? It makes it much easier to turn pages.

There's a great little fanzine called Oopsla being put out by Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City, Utah. Only costs a buck for 9 ish (8 plus the annish) and is well worth it.

DON'T FORGET TO SEND YOUR BUCK FOR THE CHICON TO - The World S-F Convention, Box 1422, Chicago 90, Illinois.

For any fan that doesn't know wota BEM is (chu drench him), translated it's BUG EYED MONSTER (one, just one doesn't know.)

Varianta (cont.)

I've welcomed Ron Friedman into the Variants. I have to, it's his mimeo that this is printed on.

My thanks really go out to the three people who have made V.W. possible:

Mrs. Honey Wood, who has so kindly done the stencils for me (and a damn good job too.)

Joan Willig, my lovely secretary, who's been kind enuf to take some of the paper work off my hands and give me some spare time, and, last but not least.

Mrs. Yetta Pinsky, who, tho not a stfer has done admirable work in transcribing the BEM scrawls that some of us (including me) call writing.

I'd like to apologize for the lateness of #1. Unfortunately there were difficulties that couldn't be helped such as the lateness of material and Honey Wood's illness.

For the benefit of those who paid their subs in early, all subs paid before the pubbing of #1 have been accounted as starting with #1.

SEND IN MATERIAL! I want to put out a fmz of decent length all the time.

Comment by author of "Strategy in Hyperspace".....Did I write that? I'm afraid so...ed.

WANTED: Trading Column manager.

There is no longer an upper age limit for the Variants. Anybody 15 years of age or older is welcome to join.

Another Correction: Alfred Mazzarelli Jr., Akan, VC-6 Supply, N.A.S. Patuxent River, Maryland.

If you wish to contribute to V.W. I'd appreciate it if you'd try to send a duplicate copy along. It makes it much easier on me if I want to have the thing illoed as I have to send a copy to the artist. It also helps in case I might lose the article (as has happened already----without a duplicate.)

Thassall.....

Shel.

A COMPANION TO ANOTHER COMPANION
By A. Charles Catania

I'm here again. Maybe you'll be interested (And maybe not.)

Actually, I haven't decided yet what I'm going to write about. Shall I philosophize? Shall I lecture? Shall I just ramble along?

Rambling is easier.

There is a certain type of fossil someplace (or maybe there isn't but this gives me something to write about) which lived several hundreds of thousands of years ago in the Carboniferous Era. (If I was right about the date, it was pure guesswork.) This particular creature was a nemesis to all dinosaurs. Most dinosaurs were either big, or strong or fast. But this little creature was different. (No, I am not thinking of the first mammals.) It just stood there with a frightened look in it's face.

It didn't resist the beasts. It didn't scare them away. And it didn't run from them.

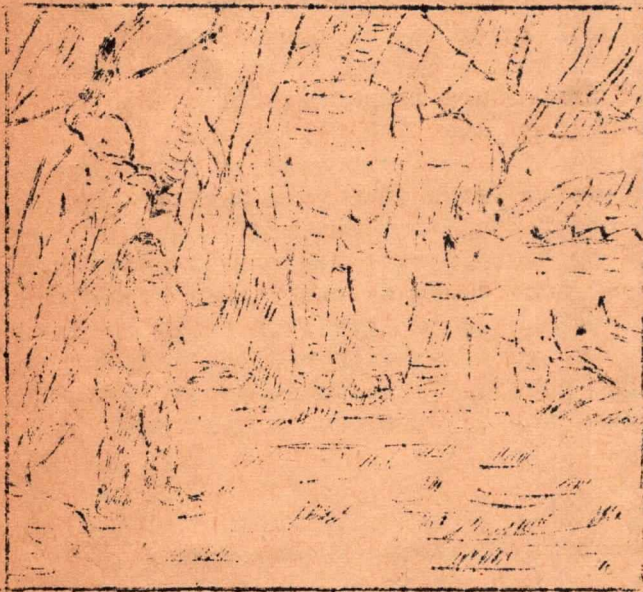
It just stood there, frightened.

This particular fossil was brilliant. (Compared to the minds of that time, of course.)

By just standing there, frightened, it aroused the sympathy of the dinosaurs.

They would look at it, and they realized that if they began to kill the members of that species, it would soon become extinct.

Knowing what it was like to be extinct, they just didn't have the heart to do it. Not having the heart to do it, they let the little beast just stand there.



And it stood there, frightened.

You wonder why it doesn't exist any more? Well, that's simple enough.

Think about it a minute. Isn't it obvious?

No?

Well, then, I guess I'd better tell you.

If you want me to.

You do?

Okay, the, Here it comes.

The poor little creature fell prey to the heartless attack of....a man-eating plant!

SCIENCE FICTION OF THE FUTURE

by George Dold

With the rapid progress of science fiction nowadays, the machines, foods, social life and travel read about in the world of science fiction, will become a reality someday. Let your thoughts go back 20 - 30 years when science-fiction was in it's infancy. We read then of Atomic Bombs, Rockets, Radar and many other things which at the time seemed far into the future.

With such a change in so few years, the science-fiction author will be hard pressed to think of any new devices to use in his stories. Then what will he write about? But we readers won't have to worry about that. As long as there are men like DeCamp, Smith, Heinlein, Phillips and etc., the field of science-fiction will stay ahead of the progress of the field of science.

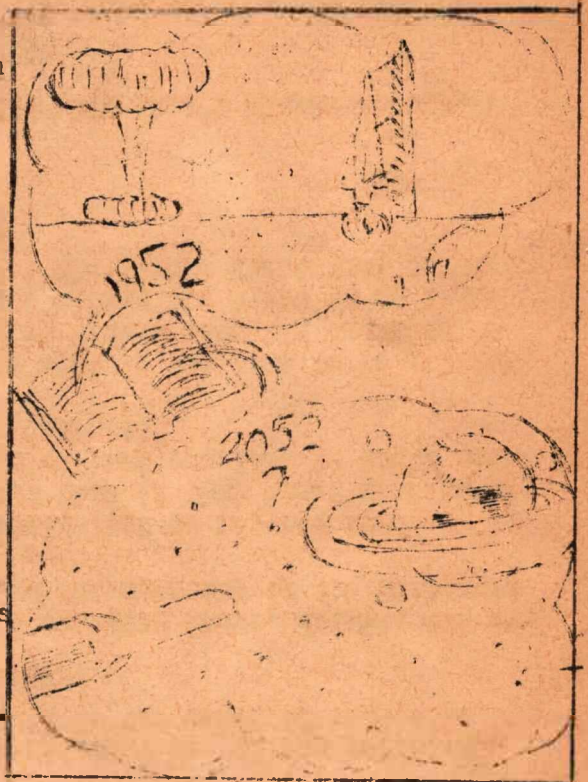
The type of stories may change a little. With the prospect of rocket travel into space getting nearer, some of the Space stories will become non-fiction. The eyes of the whole world will be on the first men who make the first rocket trip, probably to the moon. When and if they return and you can be sure every provision will be made to insure their safe return, their stories of the trip will be sold out as fast as published.

So, instead of reading, as we do now, of Joe Doakes roaring into space to battle the cruel, slimy creatures of a hot steamy planet, we will read of Bill Smith's adventures of the first to see the wonders of space, unhindered by the dust and clouds of Earth. His feelings of insignificance when he sees how small his world looks when compared to the vastness which surrounds us.

You say there will always be science-fiction? Yes, there will be, but it will be like the modern fiction stories. True in generalized facts, but still fiction in the same way.

As man penetrates further into space to other planets and eventually to other stars, the stories would keep pace in being true as to facts, type of social life encountered, and the social life of the ones who eventually go to colonize each new world.

The only fields which would still be imaginary would be the ones of other dimensions, time travel, and the far future.



NIGHTMARE IN GREEN
by Marion Cox

I have a BEM. No, I don't mean my younger sister. I mean a real honest-to-goodness BEM. His name is Cookie. That's an unlikely name for a BEM, I know, but don't ask me where he got it. I don't know and he won't tell me.

As you may have guessed, Cookie is unusual, even for a BEM. He's a soft green color and has two heads. Even after you get used to him he's something of a nightmare. That's where the title of this comes in. It's not really a title; it's a description of Cookie.

Cookie likes to hink of himself as some thing pretty special in the way of a BEM. His two heads are not a natural arrangement. He just recently grew the second one. It's even worse than the first one, if that's possible. "After all," he says, chuckling at his own cleverness, "Two heads are better than one." In his case I'm not so sure.

Cookie is a very talented BEM. Needless to say, his mastery of the art of teleportation keeps me in a happy state of suspense. It also keeps me on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I never know where he may pop up next.

He is also an expert when it comes to invisibility, fortunately for the sanity of my family and friends. He's usually very thoughtful about practicing this art when people are around. Of course, he forgets occasionally. There was the time my uncle came in late and---well, never mind. But my uncle swears he hasn't touched a drop since.

My uncle, however, had an explanation for it. The case was a little different with my old maid aunt. She still hasn't quite recovered from that episode.

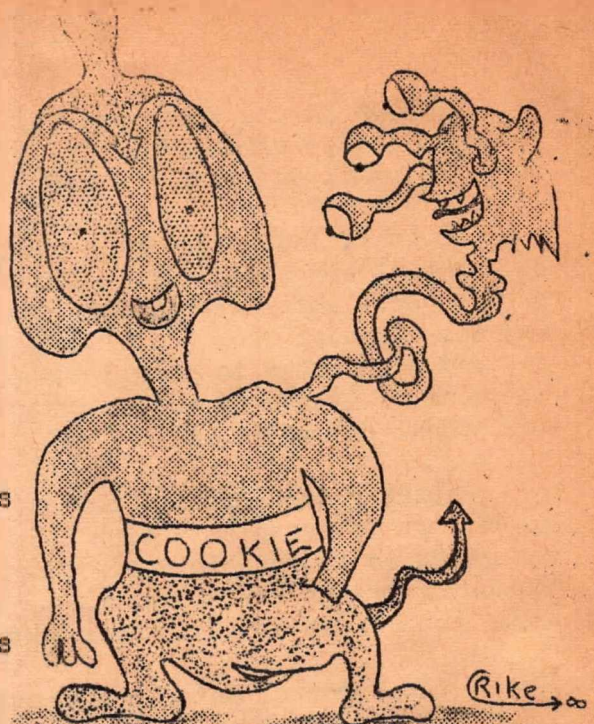
I suppose you're wondering just how I met Cookie. To make a long story short, I didn't. He met me. We had just moved into a new house and I was carrying some things up to the attic. I turned around and there he was. It took me quite awhile to get used to him, but, being a reader of science-fiction, I was prepared to accept almost anything. Cookie certainly comes under the heading of almost anything. He can look like almost anything if you have a good imagination. I have.

I've had quite a time keeping my family from meeting Cookie. I'm certain that they wouldn't approve of him. They'd say he's a freak. That's what I said the first time I saw him, and he's never quite forgiven me. He hates to be called that. Of course, he really is a freak, but he prefers to be called a BEM.

Cookie is a lot of help with persistent salesmen, and I've taught him to dry dishes for me. I guess he's handy to have around, but there are times.

Oh, well. I don't really mind. I'd miss him if something happened to him.

He's calling me now. If you'll excuse me, I'll go see what he wants. Suppose I tell you some more about him next time. Okay?



SCIENCE-FICTION IN CANADA

For some little while now science-fiction groups have been notably absent from the cities of Canada. True, there have been people and fan that have read stf. but until one year ago stf. clubs were nil here.

However, last February a group of fans under the leadership of Mr. Chester D. Buthbert organized a fan club here in Winnipeg. The aim of the club was to promote stf. interests in this city and to re-organize stf. activities in Canada. Members soon numbered 15 in the city. Then the Newsletter was brought out and circulated to people whose names had been carefully gathered from hundreds of issues of stf. and fantasy magazines. To this circulation 100 additional fan wrote in.

During the last few months, I had the privilege of going to Vancouver to attempt to organize a club there. As in most cities in Canada, the raw materials is there only supervision in constructing clubs are needed. The Vancouver branch has had newspaper notices and radio broadcasts as well to help form local firms so that their club is also growing.

In Toronto, Ontario a group has come out of secrecy and published a fanzine which has been well received. The Club numbers around 20. All over Canada various clubs can be seen to be sprouting up. At long last that sleeping giant, stf has awakened.

Doug. Mitchell

MORE MEMBERS

- Eleanor Tootell, Box 522, New London, Conn.
- Roy C. Seiler (last address known to ye ed.) 1351 "N" St., Fresno, Calif.
- Mark Curilovic, 943 Royal Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
- James (Jim) Schreiber, 4118 West 143rd St., Cleveland 11, Ohio
- Lyle Kessler, 2450 76 Ave., Philadelphia 38, Pa.
- Stephanie Szold, 4558 Mary Ellen Ave., Van Nuys, Calif.
- Ira Kantrowitz, 4603 Snyder Ave., Brooklyn 3, New York
- Joan Willig, 1580 East 19th St., Brooklyn, New York.
- Robert (Bob) Barth, 35 Glenhill rd., Mattapan 26, Mass.
- Frank Sherrill, 315 San Juan Ave., Santa Cruz, Calif.
- Henry Moskowitz, Three Bridges, New Jersey
- Doule Whiteaker, Star Route 2 (wot an address for a stfan) Littlefield, Texas
- Jerry Hopkins, 15 Friends Ave., Haddonfield, N.J.
- Curio Shop, 106-A Court St., Brooklyn 2, New York
- Ronald S. Friedman, 1980 East 8th St., Brooklyn 25, New York



EGO BOO AND DREAMLOGS

by Fred Chappell



This is a column. By Fred Chappell. Fred Chappell is me. Therefore the column is by me.

I am writing this column purely for egoboo. If you want a good column go to hell, or don't read the column, or something. I'm sure I don't care what you do.....

Ghods

A remark by Lee Hoffman at the Nolcon gave birth to a thought that has preyed on my mind for some time; so, this being a column written by me I will give the thought public birth. The remark was: "Let's not fall into the ranks of these fans who worship Bradbury. Let's not have ghods." May I make a remark? Well, I will anyway." "Bah."

There are ghods and ghods. (This is a favorite saying of mine.) For a moment turning toward the innocent Cosmag, let us say that Ian Macauley worships Lee Hoffman. In fact, Cosmag almost (before it went into the second digest-size ish) became The Magazine For The Proper Appreciation of Lee Hoffman. This, if she did not know it before, should bolster her ego a lot. Now, let us turn to the not-so-innocent Quandry. I have read only two issues of that magazine. But anyone who says that Lee Hoffman does not worship Bob Tucker is sadly mistaken. An examination of either Q#14 or Q#17 will bear this out. Now, let us turn to the magnificent himself, Tucker.

Tucker, undoubtedly, has his ghods, also. Although, I think Tucker's one ghod is.....Tucker.

*** *** *** The World Of The Future

I am deathly afraid of The World of The Future. I don't want to be conquered by television and other inimical devices that will be devised by The Men Of The Future. These are purely devices and inventions that are made to snare me. I like to read better than to watch TV. I'd rather listen to some intelligent music than listen to popular songs. I'd rather watch a play than watch TV.

However, I must admit TV is a powerful adversary. It's strongest weapon is hypnotism. For one whole month I was in the clutches of this monster. Nightly, I watched it. I paid dutiful homage. I didn't read over three words of leisure reading. I even let fanzines pile up unread. This was unprecedented for me.

Finally I woke up and escaped, but it almost had me.

Now I have built up my resistance to the point where I can disdainfully cross the living room without so much as glancing at the screen, be it darkened or putting forth the best (definition: Nauseating) antics of Uncle Miltie.

In my room there is a batch of magazines. I am saving these up to read at a future date----I expect the end of reading material any millenium now. I am keeping these mags and books to read.

MONSTER NUMBER 7x6231

by

Stephanie Szold

She looked up.

It came stealthily into the room. A black hairy monster. The scales on its face were an ugly metallic color. As he faced the seated girl his red eyes shone. His claws flexed,

"Jenny cocked her head at him inquisitively, then spoke.

"Well, whatever you are don't just stand there all day! I'm much too busy to waste my time on bems."

The monster blinked, collected itself, and resumed its menacing crouch. He crept toward her. When she showed no terror he halted. His voice rusty from long earthly disuse spoke.

"A Bem?"

"Yes", Jenny answered. "A bug eyed monster, of course. Anyone looking like you is a natural for a stf BEM. Aren't you?"

The monster's adams' apple bobbed up and down several times. Then with a do-or-die look he resumed where he had been interrupted.

"You are in peril, foolish mortal," he informed her in menacing tones.

Silence.

"Well," he snarled. "Aren't you going to scream?"

"Should I?" Jenny queried complacently.

By now he sounded a little less sure of himself, but he answered.

"They generally do." Then he drew himself up with an air of resolution, then said.

"But whether you will or not, I, Juxupix Monster No. 7x6231 am about to kill you."

"Really?"

Jenny's reply was a polite question. "Well, be quick about it. We writers are terribly busy people. I have a deadline to meet you know."

The monster's voice sounded almost pathetic.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No!"

He cast himself into an overstuffed chair, softly swearing.



Rike →

continued on page 11

Monster Number x 21 (Com)

"Well I'll be damned!"

"You probably already are" Jenny assured him, then resumed her writing.

The monster glared at her.

"That isn't funny. I'll have you know I'm strictly free lance. My soul's my own."

He took a last look around him.

"Well....goodby. Hey! You, yes you! Look up from that manuscript a moment. I worked a long time to get this disappearance perfected. You can't just sit there and not watch!"

With an impatient sigh Jenny put down her pencil and watched.

He stood in the middle of the room and folded his arms majestically. From his feet blossoming upward came a cloak of red smoke, completely enveloping him. There was a bright flash, small thunder clap and smell of brimstone, and he was gone.

Condescendingly Jenny remarked.

"Pretty good."

" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Down below monster 7x6231 model B. Pat. Pend. was facing an extremely irritated Satan.

"Boss, I tell you I did everything in the manual. We just waited to long to launch a general attach upon the human race. You know fear is our only weapon and evidently they've become completely fearless.

The Devil swished his tail exasperatedly. The monster let out a yell and jumped two feet.

"Hey Boss", he complained. "Watch out where you fling that stinger."

The Devil taking no notice of his neophyte's discomfort, continued his deliberations.

"Two thousand years wasted on this measily planet, all for nought. Well, pack up boys! Looks like it's time to move on. I hear that Mercury has some pretty hot night life."

" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Jenny looked up as the door opened. A kindly looking man and his assistant entered. She jumped up to meet him.

"Oh, hello Doctor Jennings." She greeted.

"Well, how are you today Jenny?" he inquired. "It looks as though you've gotten quite a bit of writing done, but you do look slightly pale. No more hallucinations?"

Monster Number ,x0231 (cont.)

She looked down. "I'm afraid so, doctor. I just had one." Then she looked up at him eagerly. "But I did just as you told me. I wasn't afraid and I didn't scream. Then it went away."

The doctor patted her approvingly on the shoulder.

"Good girl. You're improving every day. We'll have you out of here in no time! You see they're all figments of your imagination."

"You're right of course." Jenny answered. "And yet, this one seemed so....well, real!" *11*

11

Egoboo and Dreamdust (cont.)

On my allowance, this keeps me continually broke, but isn't it worth it? I have two unread Merritt's these will be a treat. I am saving them for the day that FFM Folds forever. I have a Lovecraft that I am saving for the demise of WT. Also a Van Vogt to be read at the end of ASF. Have quite a few detectives that I will spread out for a long time after the death of every detective magazine in existence. There is one remaining chapter left in THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. I don't know how long I can resist reading this, but I have quite a few other philosophical books I can read.

This is my defense against the World Of The Future. I consider it too adequate. I could step up my buying power, but what if the World Of The Future still has a few mags left? A horrible thought. Then, I'd be stuck with all these mags. Anyway, I have them and if this menace doesn't come out the way I think it will, well, that's too bad, but it's just as bad if it does turn out the way I think it will. A paradox, wot?

I think I've egobood enough....so.....

11

For you members who want correspondence, or members for your own club, or something, write to:

Al Mazzarelli, Jr. AKAN
VC - 6 Supply
N.A.S.
Pataxent River, Maryland

A HELLUVA STORY*
a satire by I. Kantrowitz

I was sitting by the radiator drinking myself sober, (don't aske me, I do it all the time) when the steam valve popped and the thing appeared.

Corkey was so scared he dove under the bed taking a bottle of whiskey with him. My best scotch too!

It stood there blinking its eyes on and off like a theatre marquee and scratching its belly. The face on its scales was metallically ugly.

I got up and bowed from the waist. "Doctor Livingstone, I presume?"

Corkey by now had drunk enough courage to poke one eye out.

"NO! Rastor," it replied, in a high falsetto. Then it assumed a pose reminiscent of a Science Fiction Magazine. "Human, your time has come."

"Look, can't you come back tomorrow? That's Halloween. It's then you're supposed to appear. Remember?"

It stared at me. "Well aren't you going to scream?"

"No, How about a drink?"

"No" screamed Corkey.

From Rastor, "But it's traditional for you to scream. Aren't you afraid of me?"

"Yes," from Corkey. Rastor got interested, "Ahh, what was that?"

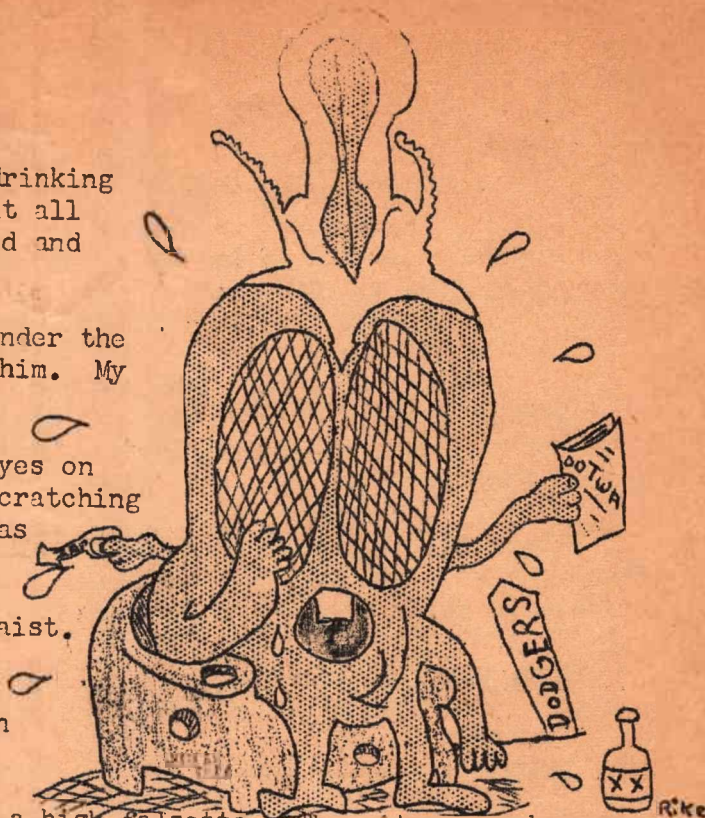
"Oh, that's Corkey. Anyway, tomorrow, I'll wake up, you'll be gone, and will I have a Hangover." "Besides, I've seen worse when the Dodgers play the Giants."

"Well I guess I'll be leaving. Hey! get this disappearance. I practiced it for....."

Black smoke rolled up in a cloud, thunder roared, the house shook, and with a polite burp, he disappeared.

"Hey cut it out. You're dirtying my floor. Besides, Corkey does it better."

"That does it." Rastor whipped out something and a sheet of flame darted out at me. I went into the kitchen, picked up a hot dog, walked back, and toasted it.



continued on page 15

TO FIND A BOOKSTORE

Excerpts from two of my letters...

WHAR I GET MAH MAGS & HOW MUCH....

I pick most of 'em up in-----. The process is somewhat lengthy and difficult & requires extensive lisson observations. But that's secondary.

When I first hit a town I head first off for the parts of town a lil' off the main drag and let my liason experience and Slanular tendencies loose to find what I wish.

Either the aforementioned two or a lot of walking will not mc my quarry (usually a used mag shop.) Then again I use my Slanular tendencies (to the ultra-quotient) to search out Stfzines.

This, usually, takes a short while, because mos' stores have them in a special place with an accordingly high price.

Prices are-----

Which takes care of one letter. Now to the next.

Using my radar nose I drift through the streets looking for a bookstore. My sonar ears listen for the ecstatic cries of fen.

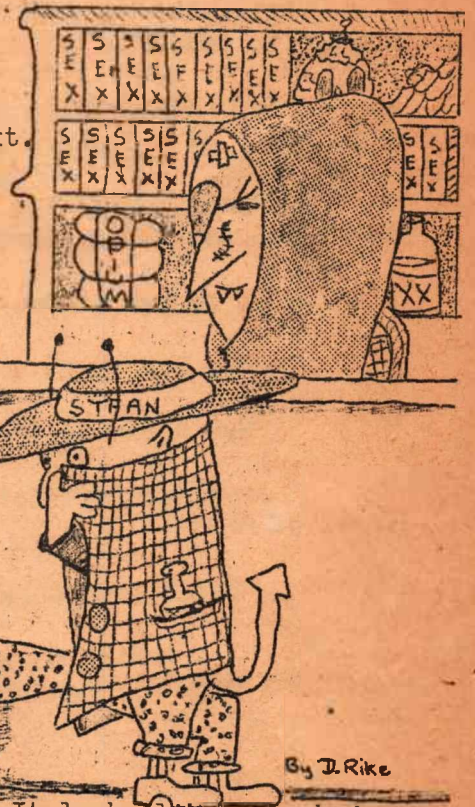
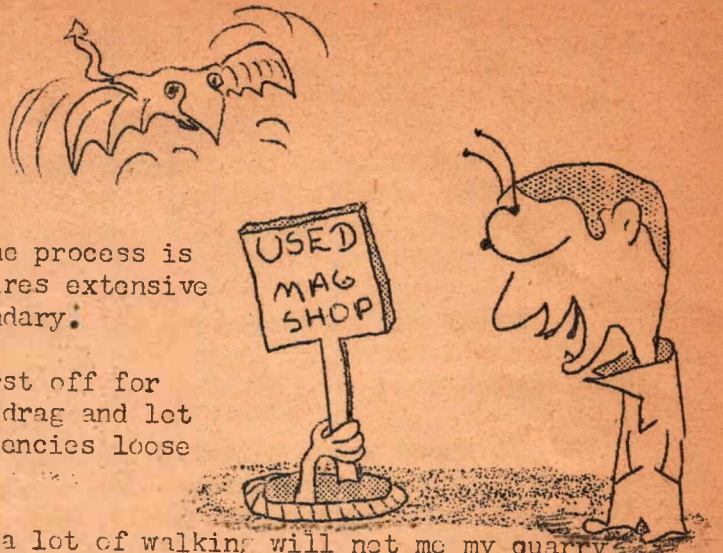
At last I hear something. I drift here, I drift there. Aagh! They're listening to Captain Video.

I try again, circling slowly around a likoly area. The guy doesn't carry stf. In fact, he says anyone who does read stf is crazy. He's right.

Finally a shady looking character sidles up to me and says out of the side of his mouth, "hey bud looking for science-fiction go two blocks west one south knock three times on the left hand door and say Louie sent ya."

So, I follow his advice and find the place. It looks like a bombed out old ruin but; it does have one science-fiction magazine. Only trouble is, I've read it.

So, I go out and try again. after several other attempts, including on hairs-brendta escape when the guy tries to call the lunatic asylum, I finally do find a place.



By D. Rike

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A Helluva Story (cont.)

Rastor sat down in my easy chair and sobbed. "That this should happen to me, a member of monsters unlimited." The tears of sulphuric acid ruined my chair.

I walked over to it, patted it on its shoulder, if it had one. "There, there old man, you can move in with me. I won't tell anyone."

I continued my hiking through the apartment by entering the bedroom to tell Corkey. But he was packing a bag. "I am leaving," he announced. "Deretchin will take me in."

"Okay," I gave him one hour before he returned.

Three quarters of an hour later he returned.

"Well, what happened?" (As if I didn't know. After all I'm writing this.)

"I didn't mind Henry biting me, after all, I can bite harder, but when Cholmondely spat cornflakes in my face, that did it. Besides, he is becoming a Giant fan."

"So you'll put up with Rastor?"

"NO! I am going to a hotel."

Rastor quietly rumbled in, "Please stay."

"Well, okay, but in my opinion you are a Giant fan."

"Well, after all, I am three meters tall." And with this drew himself up to full height, going through the disappearance act dirtying my floor again.

"That," said Corkey, "is the end."

* Author's comment on previous story.

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To Find A Bookstore (cont.)

After delving in the deep, dank recesses of bookstores one may, by rapping on a door, be admitted into a musty old room loaded with BEMs and STF.

Quickly, skimming over the higher priced mags you select one within your price range and slink out with it hidden so that people will think you are still a normal human being.

Once home you hide it from your parents' prying eyes and read it by the dawn's early light. Then, if you're like me, you sell it back for 1/3 the price.

And then, you repeat the procedure until the little men in white coats come and get you.

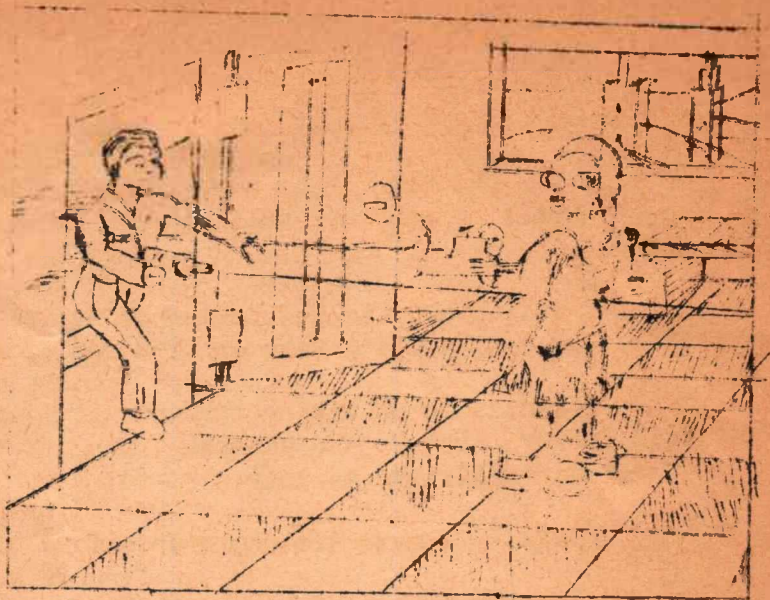
WAR AND PEACE

by

Gerald Hibbs

This is the story of a Revolution. A Revolution that was won- yet lost. Let's start our story with a meeting in the dark of night.

The group of men broke up. They went in various different directions, but the one we are concerned with, 325 by name, headed for the building marked 300. It was a square building with one hundred rooms in it. Just like the other buildings along the street that held the wretched human race in them. His room of course was 325, the last room on level one.



325 was a normal human being as human beings ran those days - male - very muscular - not particularly pretty. He was not very pretty because of the dozen or so beatings he had received. He did have one thing the normal guy didn't have and that was brains.

He worked as did all human beings in one of the many factories run by the government. They produced of course weapons for the wars the government was waging all over the universe. In his particular factory they turned out Mitzi guns, a small ray pistol. He was in the records as one of the hardest workers. Due for a promotion in two years.

He didn't care much about the promotion however. You see 325 was not what he seemed to be. Actually he was one of the group the Government called "Stupid Revolutionists" and stamped as a treat to world peace. Their elimination was quite necessary it seemed. They were modern bandits with a price on their heads.

But our friend 325 was not just one of this outlawed society. No indeed! He was the fabulous leader. He was the man the government had been looking for, for 17 years now. But they hadn't caught him and a miracle it was too. And now it was almost too late.

Almost, let's see - .2300. Four hours more.

You see at three hundred tomorrow this thing they call a city, but which he called a prison, would be a living inferno symbolising revolution. Tomorrow the revolutionists would pull the final straw - the overthrow of the hated government.

Of course 325 had a special reason for overthrowing the government. He had a special reason for leading the people into the revolution. He had a goal to reach - but that later. We're getting ahead of the story.



Win and Lose (cont.)

325 arrived at his apartment, which he immediately entered. The apartment was a square of four barren walls. The furniture consisted of table and chair at one end and a bed at the other. The bed was nothing more than a mattress (and that not very good) over boards.

But there was one thing on the walls. The viewscope. The constant reminder that you couldn't pull anything over on the Government. Its eyes were always open making sure you behaved yourself and if you didn't the citizens' police created for the sole purpose of taking care of people like you would come around.

He knew that ever since he had come into the room he had been carefully observed. But he cared little. He went over to the bed and laid down, not sleeping - just resting, getting his strength for the ordeal. He continued to do this and nothing more till his watch read exactly .0130. Then he got up off the bed and walked across the room to the viewscope. Within a minute he had smashed it to something that you couldn't even use for scraps.

Of course they would notice it and be there within the half hour but he would be gone - he hoped. Then they would try to hunt for him but things would be so hot they would never make it.

He went over to the table. He tore off the top board of the table revealing a hollow center. In it were two Mitzi pistols, several atomic charges, and a belt. He took out the contents and put them in the belt and then strapped it around his waist. It had taken months to smuggle the stuff out and fix it up.

This done he went to the door and opened it softly. He peered about and then things being all clear went on down the hall and down the stairs. He stopped before a door marked "Keeper". It sounded like a name you'd find in a zoo. The keeper was the overseer of the men in this particular building. In a way the name was very fitting.

He took out a couple of the charges and fixed them next to the door. The setting off of those charges would mean the start of the revolution. The start of the thing he had worked for, for so many years. The tension of the minute gripped him and for a minute he didn't move. Then he glanced at his watch.

.0200 on the nose. TIME! He lit the charges and ran. He dashed out the entrance of this zoo and stopped short. Just pulling up in front was a commuter car full of the so-called citizens' police. They saw him at the same time he took out the last remaining charge in his belt.

He lit it off and threw it all in the same motion and then dropped to the pavement. A second, then something blew up behind him. Debris flying everywhere and then another explosion. He jumped to his feet to find that a few of the police had escaped the explosion. He waited another minute and then a smile spread over his face. The building across the street crumbled and toppled over. And then as far as you could see smoke began to rise and buildings came tumbling down. He knew he didn't have to worry about the police now. The revolution had begun.

Win and Lose (cont.)

He turned and started towards his destination - the Government building. Now, however, there was rioting all over and the going was pretty slow. He got mixed up in two or three fights but he finally reached the entrance to the Government building. Five men were to have met him there, but only three were there. He did not need to stop and ask what happened to them.

He just went on inside, the others following silently behind him. There was already fighting on the main floor. They worked their way towards the stairs leading to the second floor. They got tangled in another short fight and then broke away. He bounded up the stairs, the others following quickly. He was getting close now.

They went up the stairs and came face to face with five police. He knocked one down and charged on down the hall leaving them for the other men to fight. He could not stop now. One of the guards turned and fired at him, but his hurried shot missed and he never got a chance at a second shot. 325 just kept going on down the hall. Finally he came to the door which had been his goal for so many years.

He paused a minute and then gun in hand went crashing through the door. He stood a moment looking at the figure standing before him. The other was holding a gun too, but neither made a move towards firing thme. It was like a spell of some kind had been woven over them. It was the President of the hated Earth government which stood across from 325 and it was he who broke the spell.

"You," he said, and then he fired but 325 fired at the same time and both were direct hits. 325 smiled as he watched the hated figure clatter to the floor and then he himself fell over dead.

Yes, you see the much hated President, the man who had enslaved all of human kind was a robot. A robot, a hunk of metal and wires but created with a mind to think evil thoughts and enslave a world. This was the thing 325 had sought to destroy with such a vengeance. Why? That is obvious. 325 was the man who had created this monster. He could not stop till he had undone his wrong.

I suppose such is the right way. He placed the burden on his fellow beings so I suppose it was up to him to remove it. And the human beings are much better off now. Oh excuse me? I forgot to introduce myself. You see I am the Governor of the 32nd Centaurian Colony known as Earth. In the confusion of the Revolution we Centaurians found it quite easy to move in and remove the threat which Earth had become to the peace and security of the other planets.

And now if you'll excuse me, I have some work to do.

MORE COMEYMENTS

by

A. Charles Catania

Yes, I'm back. What can I do? I'm caught in a heartless trap. Caught, caught, irrevocably caught. Oh woe!

Article after article after article (Five articles, altogether.) There is no rest....none. What shall I do?

(Author's note; Sml, please release me from my promise. I beg you!)

(Ed's Note; Why?) (Author's Note; I can't stand it anymore. I just can't.) (Ed's Note: So What?) (Reader's Note: Shup up, the both of you, and get on with the article!) (Author's Note with growing smile: Egad, they like it. THEY LIKE IT!)

(Author's Note; I know the preceding passages weren't original, but I couldn't resist it.)

And now, on to the article.

This tale shall concern the trapping of extra-terrestrial beasts.

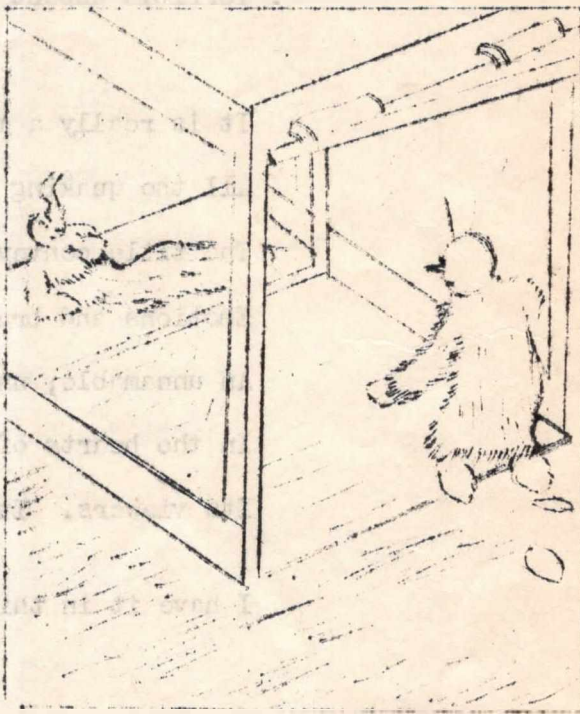
The most widely trapped beast is The Martian Swingplonk, otherwise known as "the walking fur coat." This creature usually lives in caves, and is fairly tame. But it always remains out of sight. The difficulty that really stumps the trappers is that it never knows it is caught, since it is too stupid. So it just walks away.

The first step taken by the human trapper, is to case the area. He remains stiff for long hours, observing the favorite resting places of the beast.

His next step is to educate it, so it knows enough to stay trapped when it's suppose to. The main problem in this step of the procedure is that the beast can get too smart, and trap the trapper!

Once the beast is smart enough, the trapper sets up a box in which the female fur coat is resting, opens the box, and sets it to snap shut when the male enters. The problem at this point is to trap the female fur coat.

Since I am coming very close to the bottom of the page, with little room to explain the methods used by the best of trappers, suffice it to say, it ain't easy!



T H E M O N S T E R

"It's horrible. It blasphemes against  
Nature and all that is real and sane.

The most turbulent and troubled nightmares of Poe.

The weirdest poems of C.A. Smith,

The most secret and horrid writings

Of Lovecraft and Machon can never

Approach Its horror.....the horror

Of Its monstrous visage and

Terrible aspect of Its Alien soul!

It is really a monster---- deserving

All the quaking unweildliness that

The title conveys to our human

Emotions and brains. It inspires

An unnamable, unreasoning fear

In the hearts of any and all of

Its viewers. It is a Monster.

I have it in this paper bag.

Fred Chappell

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