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**Editor's Corner**

Here is my first attempt at activity in the FAPA. I have been trying to get an issue out every since I joined some six months ago and finally bought a 2nd hand mimeo and found some time and jumped in to work on it. I have been associated with the National and American Amateur Press Associations, and was thru a member of one of these groups that I found out about the FAPA. That person was Bill Groveman who is now stationed at the University of Connecticut. I have been reading and digesting fantasy and science fiction stuff for some years and have found the FAPA just over
what I was looking for.

This issue is far from what I would like it to be, but maybe things will improve with the next issue. "Timeographing is all new to me and I find it a great deal different from printing which is a hobby with me. The printing scattered thru out this was done on an 8x12 Gordon. The linoleum block cuts used were cut by one Ted Payer, a master of the art and a friend who cuts them with an ordinary pocket knife."

To the contributors of this issue, many thanks for your manuscripts. James Gray, "The Log Pullers," writes: "...have a teacher's life certificate. Have never taught, tho. Have been soda jerk, grocery clerk, requisition writer in a government warehouse, file clerk, WPA interviewer, and assistant Postmaster, among other things. Lost most of my jobs because of ill health. I started reading science-fiction when I was about 15. Jules Verne's stuff. Found Edgar Rice Burroughs' "Princess of Mars" a short while later. Started reading the old Argosy mag when it published Burroughs' "Chessman of Mars," and later, "Erritt's "Ship of Ishtar." Can read most anything, but prefer SF and fantasy. Put van Vogt's "Slaan" as the all-time best story in SF. Weinbaum's "The Black Flame" comes a close second. I'm 35 and married." Address--Box 204, Wartshorne, Okla. 1 1 1 Robert S, "sney, "That Old Piano," is a former "ailing" manager of the American Amateur Press Association and editor of PIED TYPE magazine. Rob is now an aviation cadet taking training in LLouisiana. 1 1 1 I guess everyone knows D.R. Thompson. It was his helpful and encouraging letters which got me started on this issue. Don was in Lincoln (Nebr) last Thanksgiving and would have liked to have gone down and seen him but couldn't.

"(continued page 7
That Old Piano
By Robert S. Maney

It's coming from beneath the house--I'll put on my coat and go out and take a look. I kneel down beside the house, turning my back to the icy wind. Black under here; a light would help. It must be coming from here--probably a dead cat, but I can't smell anything now. Do I imagine that smell?

Returning to the door, I rush--it is shut tight, locked. I shiver, suddenly feeling frightened, then select the proper key from my ring and insert it in the lock. Nothing happens. The key simply revolves without catching the tumblers. I try another, another, but still they won't open this door which I had just opened an hour before with one of these keys.

Frantically, I try the keys once more, but in vain. Despite the cold wind, a heavy sweat breaks out on my forehead. I am puzzled and I don't like this strange business. Better try a window. Retracing my steps I reach the front window, pushing upon it with all my force, but it holds fast. With my fist I poke out one pane, reach in to unlock it, my hand is clumsy from cold--as I withdraw it the glass cuts deeply in two places, yet no blood appears. Queer.

I climb in, shut the window, clamber over a dusty old piano to the floor. Accidentally my foot strikes several keys--the strings vibrate dully, as if they were stuffed with rags.

Once again by the cheerful fire: ha ha--I'm laughing at myself for being afraid of the dark, of the locked door, of that horrible smell. I'm not afraid, am I? After a glance about at those flickering ghostly shadows I decide maybe I am a bit afraid.

Just as I threw another log on the fire,
it returns—that smell, I mean. The woodbox—it must be in there; I open the lid but only wood is there, no dead cats. I must find that smell; it’s getting worse as I stand here quivering.

Wish there were something to read...have to keep my mind busy. It is getting worse—that stench...rotten meat...must be a dead skunk in here somewhere. Under the chair—no. I'm getting sick. Under the piano—no. It's getting worse. Under the stairs—no. I'm going mad. The fire...it's getting hot in here, stuffy, smoky, smelly; the window, yes, open it, open it. I clamber over the piano and madly shatter the remaining panes with my fists, cutting deep grooves into the flesh. The wounds hurt...no blood. What goes on, anyway?

My lungs gasp in the cloyly air, the heat and smoke dissipates a bit—but the stench... Pheww! Crawling back over the piano, y'foot again strikes several keys which vibrate dully as if stuffed with rags...With rags...the piano. The odor, that awful stench permeating the air, driving me insane, must be coming from that old piano. I clutch the cumbersome black lid, raise it to peer in.

One or two (I don't remember which) corpulently green flies brush past my face; little dark bugs and large white bugs crawl back into the shadows.

I am looking into the face of my body.

THE END

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I would like to exchange copies will all existing Fan-mags. How about it. —Ed.
The Leg Pullers

James Russell Gray

The old trapper spat tobacco juice into the fireplace, and said gravely, "so there I was with no way of escape, and the grizzly killed and ate me."

The stranger nodded, poker-faced, though his eyes twinkled slightly. "These grizzlies seem very dangerous from your mental pictures of them. I've been in your world only a few hours, but still it seems a bit strange for a man to live all alone as you do, so far out here in the mountains and catch animals for their--polts."

The trapper's eyes narrowed. "I'll apologize for that windy I told," he said. "Then you can give me back my leg and we'll call it even. Oh, I get it; you've seen those fantasy and science-fiction magazines on the table over there. All right, I'll play along just for fun. What world are you from?"

"I'm from a place that exists on another plane of vibration," the stranger explained. "We have a king who is interested in science and discovery. So as soon as one of our scientists succeeded in creating a force-field that would enable people of our world to cross over into yours, the king appointed me to come and find out all I could. Are there any questions that you would like to ask?"

The trapper drew down one shaggy eyebrow; this gave his face a sly, quizical expression. "Well, I could maybe think of one or two little things," he said. "For instance, how come you can talk my language if you've been in this world only a few hours?"

The stranger smiled, and his black eyes seemed to give off little sparkles of light.
"I learned your language from you. I've been reading your mind ever since I came into your presence an hour ago. All our people are experts at the mental sciences."

The trapper grinned. "You're an expert, all right. I give up; you can have the championship. That thing in your hand, now. That couldn't be an ordinary flashlight. It's some sort of a ray gun, ain't it?"

"Why, yes it is," the stranger admitted.

He laid the small, shiny cylinder on a stool near the trapper. "It's quite simple, just a heat ray. All you do is press this button here. I'll leave the device for you to use. One of those bears might come in and attack you."

The trapper threw back his head and laughed loudly. "'Ister, you go even with a vengeance. But I hold no grudge. When you get sleepy let me know, and I'll make up a bunj for you."

The stranger got up and stretched like a cat. "Thanks for your food and friendly hospitality. But I must be going. There are many interesting things in your world which I must learn and tell to my king." He took a few swift steps, and was gone.

Chudjling, the trapper picked up the shiny cylinder and turned it over in his hands. Quite a character, that stranger. Smart, too, the way he noticed those magazines and cooked up that outlandish story on the spur of the moment. Must have been a science-fiction fan himself.

Behind him, the door banged open with a crash. Thinking the stranger had returned, the trapper swung around. "Say, pal, you needn't be so........" There, scowling at him fiercely, was a large, mean-looking grizzly!

The bear growled and started toward him. (to next page
The leg pullers *(Con't)*

The trapper's heart sank. His rifle was hanging over the door—and the bear was between him and the weapon. In fact, he had no weapon but his hands to fight this brute with, and he cried wildly, "Your species ought to have been extinct years ago! Only a few left in the mountains, and one of 'em attacks me!"

Suddenly he realized he was still gripping the cylinder which the stranger had left. As a drowning man will grab at a straw, the trapper pressed the button on the thing. A red stream of light came out of the end of its where the red light touched the bear's chest where a sort of whooshing sound, and a round hole suddenly appeared. The bear fell with a floor-shaking thump.

The trapper went over and put his foot on the bear's belly. He stood gazing out into the night, and his eyes held a dreamy, far-away look.

He said, "Well, I'll be...." He did not finish the expression, but just stood there, looking down at the shiny little cylinder in his hands.

*The End*

**EDITOR'S CORNER**

maybe we will have another chance to get together some time.

Pave received two mailings since I joined and would like to comment on some of the papers but space is limited. There were some darn good ones.

Talking of papers—I would like to buy, trade or steal all fantasy papers published prior to September 1943. Am quite a collector (continued page 9
Fans Should Go To College

By D. B. Thompson

All fans should go to college. They should go to college because they can accomplish more in thirty-six months spent in college than in thirty-six months spent in any other way.

I can hear some scoffers. "Present-day colleges are behind the times. Half the stuff they teach is worthless; some of it actually is negative." "A college education isn't worth a dime." I know an Electrical Engineer who has worked all his life as a telephone lineman." "Going to college doesn't educate a man. The best-educated man I know never went past the eighth grade."

Quite right, those statements, as far as they go, but they certainly don't go "a fur piece," as the saying is in the Deep South.

Refusing to go to college because college isn't perfect is just plain stupidity. You don't refuse a stock smothered in mushrooms, just because your host hasn't provided spinach and yellow vegetables. The steak isn't a perfect meal, but it sure helps a lot.

Similarly, a well-planned college course leading to a business, professional, or arts degree isn't perfect, but it is vastly superior to a hit-and-miss individual study program, and that in turn is vastly beyond what most non-college-goers ever accomplish in the way of planned preparation for living and for earning a living. For all its imperfections, college training is the quickest route to your goal.

The Electrical Engineer who remained a telephone lineman did not fail through any fault of the college he attended. His lowly start may have been due to an over-supply of E. E.'s. And he didn't need his training to be a success-

(to next page)
FUL LINEMAN. But that training gave him a tremendous advantage over his associates, when it came to qualifying for promotion. If he failed to use that advantage, it was his fault.

There are many well-educated men who never went to college. There are many uneducated ones who did go. The thing to keep in mind is that, with the advantage of college training, the first-named would probably have advanced both faster and farther. As for the one who failed; well, the colleges aren't perfect, as I said before; if the so-called student was exposed, but turned out to be immune, the college had done its best.

Probably less than half our total population would be benefited by going to college. But practically all fanzines would gain, because fans as a group are imaginative, alert, and intelligent. College training would furnish them many useful tools; tools which they would otherwise acquire, if at all, only in a slow, haphazard fashion.

Think it over, you fans just recently out of high school, and those who are now in the armed services or working in war plants. After the war, Go to College.

THE END

EDITOR'S CORNER still a bit more

of amateur publications and so if you have any you want to get rid of, drop me a line. Am especially anxious to get hold of the issues of Vol. 1, 2, and 5 of the FANTASY AMATEUR to complete my files of it.

And so until the next issue comes forth to break the peace and quiet of FAPA, adieu.
Something for you to read, entitled—

**NIGHTMARE**

I awoke with a start and sat erect. As I did so, my head seemed to swell approximately three and one-half inches! After gaining my balance, I looked again. I'd been to parties before but never had the "morning-after" the night before until now. Oh, well, we all have nightmares and who was I to raise a rumpus just because a huge gorilla was perched at the foot of my bed?

Optimist that I am, I decided I might as well have some fun for I'd soon wake up. So I crawled out of bed and staggered toward my furred friend with the Tony Galento build.

In a failing voice I queried his reason for interrupting my beauty sleep. We looked puzzled but then his mind cleared as he sent me flying thru the air. Knowing very well that I couldn't get hurt in a dream, I picked myself up and proceeded to read the latest copy of *Esquire*, finishing it and throwing it at the boy with the fuzzy complexion.

The apré having made for the nearest window, I resumed my duties as under-cover man and was soon busily dreaming about little pixies and orange elephants with green dots.

When I came out of it the next morning--afternoon, I went to the kitchen for a cup of black coffee and started to browse thru the newspaper as was my usual custom. After assuring myself that Superman had escaped again, I turned to the front page. With a gulp that finished my coffee (cup and all) I read in large print "ESCAPED GORILLA MURDERS TWO BEFORE CAPTURED!"

**THE END**