



**DESTINY**

SUMMER FALL  
No. 4 & 5 25¢

# the Steam Room

WHERE THE EDITORS BLOW UP

I guess that we should start this with an apology and an explanation. It seems that we have taken one long time to get this issue out and for that we're sorry; so in order to make up for it we have combined the fourth issue with the fifth issue and have partly caught up with the schedule by doing so. We hope to have one more issue out this year and from then on stay to the schedule.

One of us editors, Jim Bradley, suddenly got the idea that he wanted to make the Nolacon so one day later he started to hitch-hike from Portland to New Orleans. By the time he arrived at Del Glose's home in Manhattan, Kansas, the Nolacon had just started; thus he concluded that to go on would be hopeless and stayed with Del over night. It seems that Del somehow got involved with his own murder and at the time, with all the reporters and such, it was quite exciting.

We have a lot of wonderful people to thank this issue. First Hannes Bok who did the superb cover that this issue boasts, George T Wetzel who did all of the research on Lovecraft for us, Mr. Searles who let us print it. Then we want to thank Lawrence for his autobiography and photograph that appears in "Who's Who in Sciencefiction", also Ralph Phillips for his macabre and humorous art. Then our thanks goes to Don Way who contributed much of his back log of the Fanscient, which has ceased publication. Too, our thanks go to Pat Eaton, Miles Eaton, D. Bruce Berry, Bill McCraw (editor of Fungus), Henry Chabot, Waible, our staff, and everyone else who helped to make this issue possible.

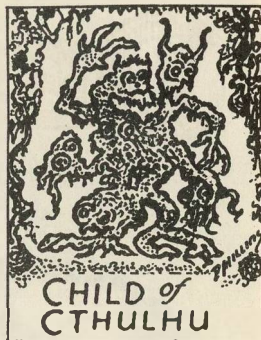
In our third issue we tried to start a department in which we would feature a fan club, but was unsuccessful. We would still like to keep that department and if any club would like to be featured, just drop us a note and we'll give you what information we need.

Another department that we are starting is "Who's Who in Sciencefiction" beginning with Lawrence. We would like to feature either an artist, a writer or a fan with an interesting "activity" history. Any one with suggestions or ideas are welcomed to voice them.

We also would like to bring to your attention the fact that DESTINY cost's \$50.00 per issue to put out. This adds up to \$200.00 per year; the only way we can meet this cost is to receive at least fifty new subscribers per issue. Won't you please let your friends know about DESTINY? We want to continue publishing after our next issue, and the only way to make this possible is to ask your help.

Sincerely, your editors,

*Malcolm Willits* *Jim Bradley*



# DESTINY

EDITORS

JIM BRADLEY &  
MALCOLM WILLITS

VOLUME I

SUMMER & FALL 1951

NUMBER IV & V

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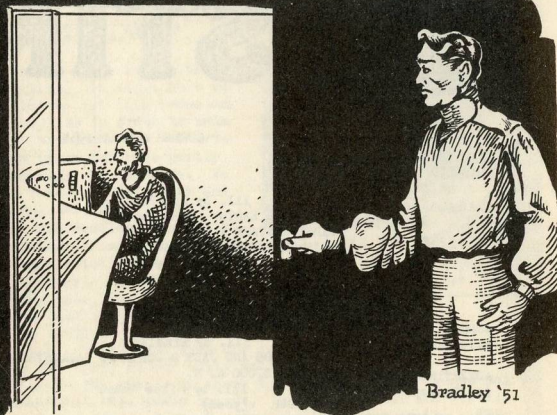


DESTINY fan-zine, number 4 and 5, Summer-Fall 1951. Destiny is published quarterly by the Galactic Publishing Company. This is an amateur magazine published on a non-profit basis and all material will be paid for by a copy in which it appears. Advertising rates are: one page, 9/7"-45.00. Half 9/3/2" or 7/4/2"-1.50. One fourth page, 5/4/2"-75¢. 50¢ for smaller ads. Subscriptions are: 25¢ per copy \$1.00 for five issues. Send all material and ads to Jim Bradley, 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon. Send subscriptions to Malcolm Willits, 11848 S.E. Powell Blvd., Portland 12, Ore.



# THE END

by  
HENRY W.  
CHAGOT



Bradley '51

The matter transmitter deposited him at the end of a long, narrow corridor. Behind him was a large oval window barred by an invisible energy screen. Before him, there were twelve cell doors along the corridor walls. And behind those twelve doors, twelve mad men.

A shriek from behind made him look thru the window in time to see the Andromeda express hurtling toward the star-filled sky. He had a brief glimpse of the two mile-long form and then it was gone... swallowed by the dark night.

It was quiet in the corridor and his footsteps sounded unusually

loud as he walked. Curiously, he glanced in a few of the cell rooms as he passed by. He noticed one man sitting on the edge of a cot. His mouth was open and he was screaming, but from the corridor, he couldn't hear the sound. Somehow, sounds from the cell rooms were blocked from the corridor.

He reached the last cell on the right and pressed his thumb against the small key-disc. The door slid away.

Stepping into the cell, he glanced over his shoulder to see the door sliding back into place. The operation was done without

## SUMMER-FALL

even so much as a whisper of sound.

Dr. Henris was sitting at one of his calculators punching the keyboard furiously and simultaneously studying a tape of mathematical equations lying on a table at his side.

A brief survey of the room showed the filing cabinets, the microfilm projector, the reels of film.

Dr. Henris looked up at him, equinting in the bright light from the ceiling. He was an old man, Henry saw. An old, wrinkled, white-haired madman. A madman who had once been the greatest mathematician in the galaxy.

"Henry", the old man muttered and tears began to run down his cheeks. "Henry", is it really you?"

"Yes. I—"

The old man rose and shook hands with him, then waved him to a chair. Henry offered him a cigarette, and was vaguely surprised when the other accepted.

They smoked in silence for a few minutes and then Dr. Henris asked, "Why did you come, Henry?"

Henry smiled faintly. It would be best to tell the truth, perhaps. "I wanted to see what you were up to. Before my father died, he told me a hundred times he couldn't understand why they'd sent you here. He was convinced you were sane."

Dr. Henris smiled. "In a way, I suppose I am sane, but in the eyes of the average man, I'm insane. Look at me, Henry. For fourteen years, I've sat in this cell and worked on equations a dozen mathematicians couldn't understand."

"Why?" Henry asked softly.

"Why?"

"Henry, do you remember the electromagnetic circuits I used to calculate? The ones that were published in the INTERGALACTIC SCIENCE BULLETIN?"

"Yes." Henry remembered well how his father had called them brilliant. He'd read them thru, not understanding the math. but knowing it was correct and admiring the genius of the man that had made them. The calculations had explained how the human mind worked on an "action produces an equal reaction" basis. The electromagnetic circuits expressed in mathematical terms had explained schizophrenia, memory, subconscious mind, sixth sense, everything. Henry remembered that the articles written by Dr. Henris had revolutionized the sciences of psychology and encephalography.

Dr. Henris leaned forward in his chair and studied the blank floor as he spoke. "From my work on those articles, I began to wonder about the possibility of calculating the paraphysical powers of the human mind. As you know, some people have the powers of telepathy, telekinesis, clairvoyance and so forth. Others don't. I made studies of various cases and found the root of all the paraphysical powers."

Henris looked up at him, studied his face. "Can you guess what the root is?"

"No."

"Temporal sense; that was what my calculation proved. Cases of telepathic, telekinetic, all paraphysical ability were linked to the temporal sense of the human

mind. For each power, the human mind's sense of the passing of time had been warped in in one way another. But in each case, the person with the paranormal capacity was not aware of the change in his temporal sense. The subconscious was linked with the temporal abnormality, the power was controlled only indirectly by the conscious mind."

Henris hesitated, glanced at his watch. "Do you understand, Henry? Everyone knew or guessed that parapsychical powers would require huge amounts of energy---more than the human mind could create with only its puny electrical network. But my calculations proved that the energy came from time itself. Do you see how it worked? From the infinity of time, the human mind drew the energies for the papaphysical abilities."

"And you've proven that with your calculations?" Henry asked.

Henris nodded his head, suddenly solemn. "Then why are you still here? If you've finished the calculations, why didn't you turn them over to mathematicians resume a sane life?"

Henris rose from his chair and went back to the integrator. Gently, he placed his fingertips over the keys, touching them lightly but not pressing them. "Now, I'm working on another calculation. Have you ever wondered about the creation of the universe? Something created the universe. What was it? The something could not have been in the beginning because in the beginning, there was nothing. The thing that created the universe must have come from

the future and somehow sent itself back into time, to the beginning of nothingness, there to explode in a fantastic nova of energy, creating the Universe."

Henry rose from his chair, looked down at the man. He was sure Dr. Henris was mad now.

Where would the energy come from? Where else but from a human mind? One frail human mind somehow sending a faint electric spark into the stream of time to be sent back to the beginning; to explode in the untableness of nothingness there in a great burst of energy to create the universe!"

Henry started towards the cell door. Energy screens would prevent Henris from following him. He wanted only to escape the insane babbling.

Henry reached the door, stretched out his thumb to press against the key-disc, then hesitated.

The old man was talking rapidly. "You're leaving because you think I'm insane aren't you? But I'll prove I'm not! For weeks now, I've studied my calculations and consciously warped my temporal sense until I knew I could do it. All I have to do is. . ."

There was a muffled noise behind him and Henry guessed that man had fainted or died, falling to the floor.

It hadn't been the man's words that had made him hesitate at the door. It had been what he had seen.

Thru the cell door, he could look out a window in the corridor, thru the window he could see the stars. And even before the professor had made his threat to prove his

sanity, he had accidentally been watching the stars when they started to vanish!

Whole clusters of stars vanished even then as he continued to watch. Soon, the brightest ones, the nearest ones left and the sky was empty. A black void, starless, filled with the nothingness.

Henry wondered, turning around to look at the old man lying on the floor in a crumpled heap. Sure, the human mind did have a temporal sense. But could one man use that sense to create an universe as he had said? And if that power did create the universe, why should the stars start to vanish before the power was used?

Or was it a paradox? The old, old paradox of the beginning really being the end. Maybe the whole universe had been waiting thru countless eons for the beginning so it could end.

One electrical spark from a puny human mind passing into the stream of time to create the universe?

It didn't sound possible. And still, it didn't sound impossible.

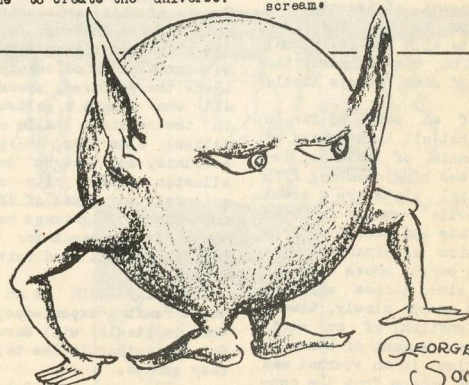
With the speed of light involved, the stars must have vanished ages ago and the absence of their light was just reaching the Earth which meant. . .

How long did he have to live? Proxima Centauri was some twenty five trillion miles from Earth. Light traveled at a speed of 186,000 miles a second. He did some rough figuring. Over twenty million minutes or over three hundred thousand. . .

But that was no good. He didn't know how much faster than the speed of light the nothingness was traveling.

Suddenly, he began to laugh until his sides ached so much that he had to sit down on the cell floor. The universe had been created and destroyed by a madman! There was no meaning to life. No sense to anything.

His laughter rose to a shrill scream.



GEORGE  
SOMMERS  
-57-

"DID YOU CALL ME A COMMUNIST?"



## BOOK REVIEW

## The Dying Earth

Hillman Periodicals, Inc.  
pocket book 25¢

Despite the plethora of present science fiction and fantasy magazines which, by the law of averages if nothing else, considering the large amount of fiction they use, occasionally come out with a good fantasy story; despite the numerous offerings from about every major book publisher; and despite the unpretentious and unheralded appearance of the book in question THE DYING EARTH is the greatest piece of new fantasy to appear in the last half-dozen years.

An extravagant statement, you say? Perhaps it is; the final decision rests with the individual reader. But no one can deny the fascination of Jack Vance's exotic narrative.

Conceive of an earth so far in the future that all that remain of Man's millennia of science, development, and slow climbing from the primordial state are a scant hundred "apells" -- magic formulae learned by rote and passed on from one generation of wizards to the next; of an earth whose sky is a deep velvet blue, across which a dull red sun creeps slowly, toward ultimate extinction; of an earth whose futile remnant of humanity spends its time in an eternal mad revel, seeking escape from the con-

sciousness of impending doom.

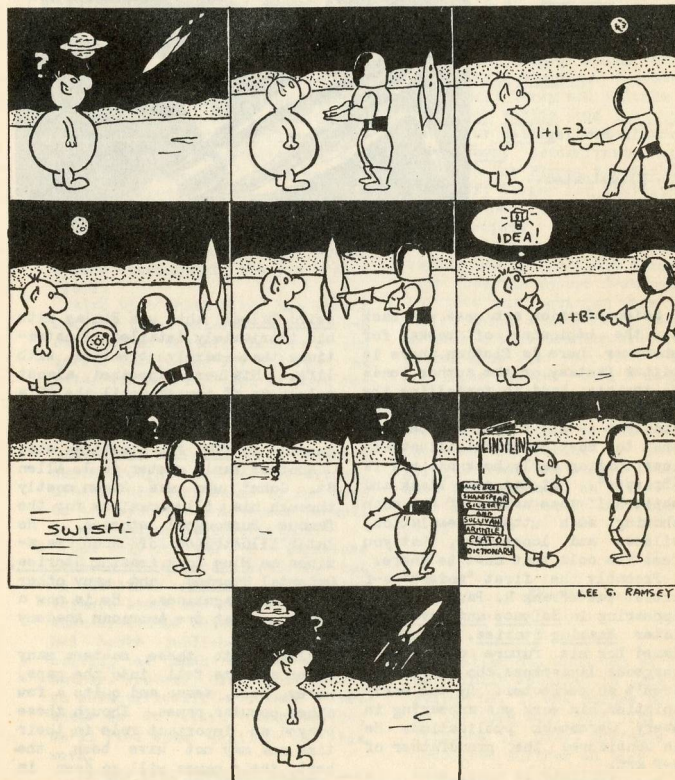
In this setting Jack Vance has woven his pictures of the loves, hates, ambitions, and lusts of the people of the dying earth. They are pictures of delicate carved jade, crystal, and bloodstone. One cannot help but compare the episodes in this book with the stories of Clark Ashton Smith. Both have the same producing phrase. In certain respects, however, Vance exceeds the writing of Smith. The former's characters are more human -- a purely relative term in this application -- and are moved more by actual emotions and motivations than Smith's protagonists.

The book contains six episodes, each separate and complete in itself, but set against a common background and related one to another. Each episode presents a picture of one principal character in the book. Mazirian the Magician; Turjan of Miir, who went into another world that he might learn the secret of life; T'sais, born without a sense of beauty or love; Liane the Wayfarer, cocksure bandit who sought a golden tapestry in the ancient halls of fallen cities; Ulan Dhor, a prince of Ascolais, who sought power in an illusion ridden city of ancient science; and Guval of Sfare, who undertook a pilgrimage half across the world to search for knowledge in the ancient and rotted Museum of Mankind.

THE DYING EARTH is an unforgettable reading experience, and one that in itself will carve a niche for the author in the hall of fantasy greats.

— Bob Briney

## First Contact



## SCIENCEFICTION'S

PROZINE

## ART

by  
Jim BradleyIllustrated  
by  
Arfstrom

Sciencefiction art goes way back to the beginning of books, for wherever there is fiction there is either fantasy or the author tends to try his hand in fortelling the future — the story is illustrated and that is s - f art. I believe that the most beautiful illustrations that an early book has had is "Drowsy". It has some black and white half-tone scenes of the moon showing such utter desolation, silence and loneliness, that you feel the cold that must be there.

Probably the first "modern" s-f artist was Frank R. Paul, first appearing in Science and Inventions later Amazing Stories. Paul is famed for his future cities and gorgeous landscapes, tho his humans aren't so perfected. By the early thirties his work was appearing in every Gernsback publication. He is considered the grandfather of s-f art.

Soon after Paul another great artist entered the picture through

Weird Tales; this was Finlay with his intricately detailed illustrations that barely breathed with life. His work appeared almost solely in WT almost until the 40's and then he too became widely spread, now appearing quite frequently in FFM, FN, Startling, etc.

Another early master is J. Allen St. John\* who was known mostly through his illustrations for the famous Burroughs' stories. He later illustrated for such magazines as Blue Book, Amazing Stories, Oriental Stories, and many other off-trail magazines. He is now a professor at the American Academy of Art.

Along with these masters many other artists fell into the gaps, Morey, Dold, Wesso and quite a few other popular names. Though these played an important role in their time and may not have been the best, their names will go down in s-f history as the trailbreakers.

Among the recent artists is

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Hannes Bok\*, who, with his individual style, has produced illustrations for almost every magazine. He was going quite strongly before the war and almost slowed down to a standstill during. Now his work is picking up again and not without its due popularity and success.

Along with Bok, Cartier entered s - f through Street and Smith and continued on with his "clean" technique. His illustrations are well representing s - f and no one but Cartier could so successfully have illustrated stories for the earlier Unknown magazines. Now he too is becoming more widely spread throughout the pro - zine field.

Also with these other two recent artists there entered a third who was another master. Lawrence\* who worked mostly for FFM and FN. He later did a great deal of work for Startling, Wonder, and other popular magazines both American and English.

Within a few more years Street & Smith brought out another artist, Urban. His work seems to run more to the symbolic and thus fits well in Astounding Sciencefiction.

Not only did the s-f magazines promote the greatest artists, but so did other "slick" magazines, science books and supplements. One such artist as Bonestell who has had books published, his art receiving as much credit as the author. Probably his paintings are so scientifically accurate that when we do visit other worlds, we'll find them similar to his work.

In the late forties there were

more artists who may not have been as good as the masters, but they certainly deserve recognition—and other people with a different viewpoint of art may consider these the masters — that is up to the individuals. Among these artists are Krupa, Fuga, Ruth, and Wesso for Amazing Stories; Fawcette for FFM; Bill Terry and Malcolm Smith for Other Worlds and Imagination; Calle for Galaxy; Donnell for Fantasy Press; Leidenfrost, More and Anderson for Planet Stories; Salter for F&SF; Bergey for Startling.

Then too, there are a lot of lousy artists in the s-f field, and that's a shame because usually anyone new to the field almost always sees the poorer drawings first and gets his opinion from that.

I do believe that it is essential to have art in the magazines, but better none than poor art. Nothing looks better than a magazine that is well-illustrated and you don't mind reading it because the picture many times is the dividing point as to whether or not your going to read the story. I believe that the quicker an editor finds this out, the better his sales are going to be.

## The End

\* J. Allen St. John can be found more fully detailed in The Fantastic no. 11 and Hannes Bok in no 14. (Don Day, 3435 N.E. 38th, Portland 13, Ore.) Lawrence is described further on page of this issue of Destiny.



## Who's Who In Science Fiction

### Lawrence

L. Stern Stevens (Lawrence) is without any doubt one of science fiction's top artists; recognizable by his clean technique and well represented scenes. It is a shame, tho, like most artists' work, his must be reproduced on the pulp paper that our sf magazines consist of; so unless you are ever fortunate enough to see the original or a proof, you cannot fully appreciate the beauty he puts in his work.

.c00.

Born, a goodly number of years ago in Pontiac, Michigan; son of the Rector of the Episcopal parish of that city.

My first inclination, at a fairly tender age, tho I had been making funny drawings long before, was to follow in the footsteps of my revered fathers; but I was rather rudely disabused of that ambition by my older brother who promised, in no uncertain terms that if I persisted with such a notion he would, personally, pin my ears back.

Well—I haven't noticed that the world of art was in any way enriched by my decision to abandon the Ministry—but, I sometimes wonder if thereby the Church didn't lose out on a darn good preacher. Studied, I use the word advisedly, for a short period in Europe then a stretch as engraving house artist here at home.

Again returned to Europe on a commission which was to keep me there for six months but which was stretched to a stay of something like twenty - eight years.

At the beginning of the first World War I went out as war artist for an American Newspaper. Was taken prisoner by the Germans on suspicion of being a British spy.

Condemned by Down-head Court Mar-

tial to be shot the following morning. In true movie style, was reprieved just as the shooting party was to proceed. A prisoner in Germany until our State Department found me and procured my release.

I went to England where I eventually received a commission in the U. S. Navy after our country entered the war.

I returned to the continent at the war's end and practiced commercial art until we were forced to leave (I forgot to say that I had in the meantime married an English Girl; we had one son) for America when Hitler began to cut up.

In a sense, by pure accident, I got into Science Fiction illustration and having found it most agreeable and engrossing work, have been at it ever since.

.c00.

A list of magazines where Lawrence's work has appeared:

Abe Merritt's Fantasy  
Adventure  
Amazing Stories  
Argosy  
Famous Fantastic Mysteries  
Fantastic Adventures  
Fantastic Novels  
Future Science Fiction  
Startling Stories  
Super Science  
Thrilling Wonder  
10 Story Mystery

Strand Magazine }  
Windsor Magazine }

London, England



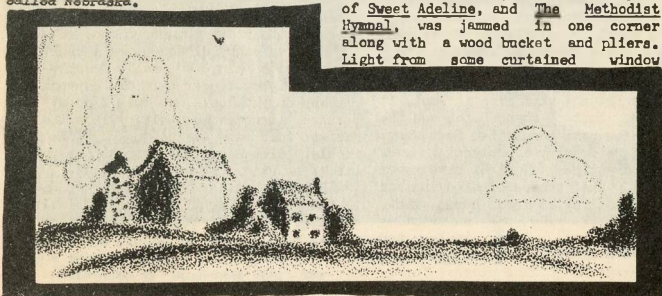
## THE HILL

by MALCOLM WILLIAMS

Grandpa was an old man with a twinkle in his eye the color of his unkempt hair. He liked to think of himself as a gruff gentleman with but few friends in the world, one who lived only on the thoughts of yesterday and that today and tomorrow were vague things that were not to be mentioned. He rarely smiled, for most things seemed not to amuse him at all, but to bore him. When he did crack a smile, it would upset him to such an extent that he would seek a refuge, desiring the peacefulness of being alone. He would then seek the country roads, where his walk, a slow heavy plodding movement was well in keeping with his contentment. As his heavy cane would feel its way among the paths, he would assume the burdens of his tiny world. Here he was undisturbed lord and master of a strange domain, and his figure and being were in complete tranquility with the country in which he lived; a place of far-stretching fields, an alien place called Nebraska.

I was nine years old when mother and dad climbed the weathered gray steps to greet grandpa and grandma at the door. It had been a warm day and I was tired, for many a mile had passed since we left the lush beauty of our native Ohio. What my thoughts were that day have long since left me, although I do remember that their home, a small farm house looked like an ancient tombstone set back among two gigantic trees. "Father Time passed this one by", might well have been a sign to place beside it's ancient porch and ragged chimney. I was probably quivering with excitement when Grandma swung open the protesting screen door to take me in her arms. I believe she at once told me of pies fresh from the oven, and cookie jars filled and waiting for my eager hands; of jars of black-berry jam hidden in the cellar, all for me.

They took us into the living room and stood by, like a pair of dead recollections, as we seated ourselves in their plush chairs and over-stuffed divans. The room smelled of tobacco and ancient spread quilts. An abundance of cheap prints were situated on tired wallpaper along with a shelf of chipped antiques and imitation flowers. Their upright piano, containing copies of *Sweet Adeline*, and *The Methodist Hymnal*, was jammed in one corner along with a wood bucket and pliers. Light from some curtained window



revealed the family bible partially smothered under pale lilacs and a few assorted creep-plants. "This room hasn't changed a bit," said father softly, "It's been this way for a thousand years." Grandma just smiled. "Could we get you some iced tea?" asked Grandpa as he pinched my arm to see if I was real.

It was many days later before I learned about the attic. I don't suppose I ever missed Grandpa in the late afternoon; there being so many other things to do. The barn contained many piles of hidden hay which would always crumble into soft yellow clouds when you jumped on it. And there were silver cobwebs out in the chicken house to wrap around your finger or watch dissolve when you blew at them. There were pigs to chase and apples to catch as they fell from over-laden limbs; mice to follow in the musty darkness of a strange region under the back porch. I never really noticed that Grandpa, who was usually laughing at my side, would disappear just as the late afternoon shadows were advancing across the yard.

A summer storm gathered it's grumbling power off to the east one late afternoon. Occasionally it spoke, sending it's jagged strokes in blinding flashes across the wavering fields. The atmosphere was silent and stuffy when a short gust of cool breeze sent a few leaves scurrying about me in a torrid dance. I quickly maneuvered the squaking chickens through the barn door and let the wind slap it shut. It was then that I chanced to see the tiny window pane barely ten feet above me, half hidden by a protecting eve. In ordinary times, I might have never seen it, the shadow of a dying sun wall protecting it from human view. But today the sky was a twisting yellow caldron, it's lights and shadows ducking in and out from the most unexpected hiding places. There, in the light of each churning cloud,

I could see a grim white face pressed closely to this window. Etched into a black background, the lonely face of Grandpa gazed upon the fields of grain and deep-rutted paths he knew as home. He wasn't looking down at the yard bracing itself for the summer's storm, nor then did he see me as I stood beside the hitching post. His eyes were on the far horizon where the golden meadows fused with a darkening sky. The heavy lines on his tired forehead were drawn deep in thought as if he was pondering about the future and reflecting upon the past. The impression I received that day from his meditation at the window has remained with me as a supreme example of the worth and quality of the human individual. For not only did it reach the apex of dignity and valor, but it found it's depths in sadness and reverie.

I found the attic door and made my way up it's treacherous steps. Only the faintest of light served to illuminate the crazy patterns of books and torn newspapers which were piled everywhere in disorder. In that part of the roof where the sky did condescend to reveal itself, it assumed the mask of a score of brilliant stars; and the darkness there above me, the roll of a hidden universe. I was glad then, when I could see Grandpa over by the window watching the heavy thunder clouds move off into an angry distance. As I knelt down beside him, a small freshly-washed rainbow appeared in the heavens.

"Why do you look out this window?" I asked. Grandpa kept his eyes on the distant landscape as he took my hand in his. "Because this window is my life", he said.

"How is that?"

"In the morning if I come and look out this window I see my youth. I see my father's house when my brothers and I were little; when we dressed by an old wood stove and drank goats milk and ate mountains of flap-jacks for



# The Invaders

by  
Andrew Duane

Deep in the forest shadows once I came  
Upon a black man, and he spoke my name  
And bade me listen to what he should say;  
And so throughout that memorable day  
He told me of an ancient, unknown land  
Whose thunder-warded palaces yet stand  
In secret places of the Earth. The tale  
The black man told was of a hidden vale  
Deep in the heart of those encircling hills  
The ancients called Thasaëia, where strange ills  
afflict the land with taint that never stops,  
And fertile soil delivers up strange crops.  
There, secret cities, reared in ages past  
By evil sorcerers who fled at last  
From hordes of lustful elder demons, still  
Sit silently amid the fevered chill  
Of shadowed jungles stealthily astir  
With flashes of sleek, tawny hide and fur  
That beasts not wholly native to this Earth  
Do wear; and bursts of distant, muffled mirth  
Come echo-ridden from within the rooms  
That, wrapped in endless dark, are like the tombs  
Of some lost race.

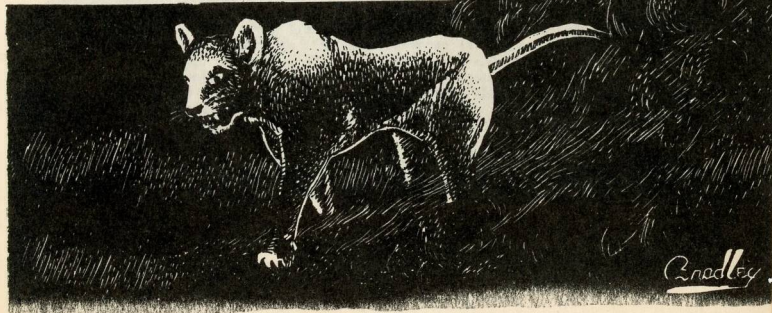
Above the lonely hours  
of night, there brood the mystic towers  
Of creatures who have through the black void flown  
And taken realms of jungle for their own.  
Not monarch lion's mighty roar is there,  
Nor sportive monkeys' chatter in the air;  
There are no rainbow-plumaged birds: the trees  
Are void of teeming life. The heavy breeze  
Is sullen, fraught with breath of creatures seen  
As only evil shapes amid the shewn  
Of dim, bewitched, and hidden altar-fires,  
Whereat they make their black assisance. Spires  
of charnel vapours mount up to the sky  
To mark the way that primal gods must fly  
To greet their hierophants. The secret rites

That only darkness of unhallowed nights  
Can view and not go mad are practised then,  
And beings from some deep and murky fen  
Beyond the stars are called by sacrifice  
On those misshapen altars circles thrice  
With blood from cockatrice's severed head.  
They come, enshrouded, silent as the dead,  
On leathern pinions spread against the cold  
Of utter void, and crusted with the mould  
Of their far-distant home. Their presence yields  
A deadly power to the silent fields  
Of mad mandragoras and poison roots,  
The very sight of whose bewitched off-shoots  
When certain secret formulae are read  
Beneath the moon, reanimates the dead  
To walk the stealthy night.

The jungles screams  
(The black man sadly told me as in dreams  
Of elder years he stood) and laughs aloud,  
Enwrapping all who come these in its shroud  
Of madness. All sane life has gone  
From that outspreading region where each dam  
Brings greater hint of terror yet to us;  
But still a devilish cacophony  
Of disembodied sounds reverberates:  
The essence of all sins, all fears and hates,  
All lusts and wild desires that ever were--  
Against whose cunning cry no mind can stir  
Resistance.

There is nothing in that land  
Untouched by monstrous Evil's tainted hand!

(All this I heard in that vast darkling wood  
As with the litter black man there I stood.  
And even as he finished his tirade,  
He vanished in the coming night's deep shade.)





breakfast. I had a horse, then, and rode fourteen miles each day to school and back with my sisters clinging onto me. Its youth I can see, with all its fun and vigor, loves and hates that now are gone forever. In the afternoon there are Molly and I, walking down that road over sixty years ago. There is a wedding to be seen in a church that has long since been gone, and a new white house going up where there has only been prairie land before. There is a fire eating its way through our brand new barn, and a doctor fighting his way through the snow drifts on one dark wintry night. I can see your father plowing the fields, taking a drink from the old well now and then. I can see him leaving for the city, with a store-bought suit; and some silver dollars resting in his pocket; leaving the old folks behind, with the farm and their dreams."

"And in the evening Grandpa?"

"In the evening I can see beyond the morning and afternoon; beyond the old farm with its sordid buildings; up into the very sky itself. There I can see something that is in neither my past nor my present. I sometimes believe it to be another world, a great landscape that is dark against an evening sky. What it may be I do not know, where it comes from and how long it has been there are both mysteries that are too great for an old man. But I have seen it before; it is like a hill with many trees rustling together in song, with streams that flow like dark red wine and graceful golden towers which rival the sun in brilliance. A great silver path that leads to it, each day becomes clearer and better defined as I keep my vigil at the window. Someday I know, I'll be coming home to find that path clear up to my door and rolling out over all them fields to that hill."

"What will you do then?"

"Why I guess I'll just pack a picnic lunch with apple pie, cheese, and marmalade rolls, kiss Grandma goodbye,

and leave by the front door."

"Won't you be scared, I would!"

"I'll be glad to walk that path. All this world will be beneath me and I'll be able to see the different countries and people who live there. I'll be able to see what I have left on earth, what I have given it and what I have taken from it, the joy perhaps, and the sorrow. It won't be much either way but for me it will be a great event to see it all from up there in the sky."

"Can I come with you Grandpa?" I said. We were both watching the deepening colors of night approach with its robe of gleaming jewels and mother-of-pearl moon which hung balefully high in the heavens. Grandpa put his arm around my frail shoulders and I noticed that he trembled as he spoke.

"You have your own life to live, son, and your own path to find when you're a man. Everyone has a window like this, hidden away from the sight of others, where one may look upon their life, and profit from its rich experiences. Some are warped and could not show the truth, their owners unable to know or to comprehend what is even there before them. Others are able to see the hill and know that its path is always there, waiting for them in an evening sunset. For them it is something more than just a haven from a savage and ignorant world. Remember this, and keep it well within you. The hill is a place of purpose where all may go when they have proven their courage and are willing to pass beyond into a new infinity."

I shall never forget the feeling in Grandpa's eyes when we turned away from the attic window. As we walked silently down the narrow stairs, I imagined that he was already upon his path, having closed his door behind him.

Two weeks later Grandpa died. Grandma didn't have much to say about it, but she seemed very tired as she sat with her sewing basket beside the large front window. We all felt sorry, and

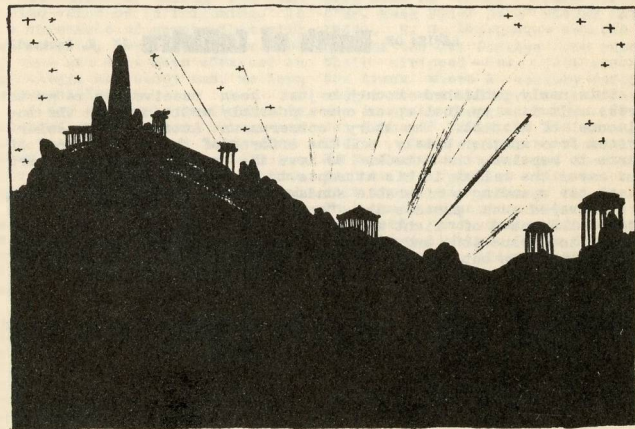
tried to do what we could, but the house was dark and silent now, and did not care for the simple words and lost thoughts of its mournful inhabitants. I slipped away the following afternoon to wander about the fields that Grandpa loved so well. When the sun began to level off beyond the farthest field, I rested by a clump of trees. At my feet, a stream washed itself softly, licking its lips on brown rocks and polished pebbles. Overhead a hawk, wearying of its endless circles, flew off in some nameless direction. I was waiting for something. I knew what it would be. To my childish mind all things were possible including the strange hill that Grandpa saw above the level plains in the late afternoons.

The sun, a ship of burning gold, was about to pass beyond the horizon into night's black oblivion when I saw it. A great dark shape, filling the evening sky confronted me; the hill, from which

rose tall waving forests and mighty towers that were hewn, it appeared, from one solid incandescent jewel. Great beams of light sprang from it, searching the heavens to light the stars with its splendor. In the brief moment that it was visible to me, I could see its many ivory palaces and crystal monuments that were mirrored in lakes of matchless beauty.

Leading up to the shadowy base of the great hill was a silver span composed of the lightest of dreams. Many people were traveling that never-ending span, people of all races, colors, and creeds, singing together a song that reached through out the universe. And there was Grandpa, nibbling on a piece of apple pie and singing with the rest of them. He turned to wave at me as the sun settled down to sleep, and night blanketed the glorious vision of the hill.

the end





# REVIEW OF "Sandlewood and Jade" by Lin Carter

A poet sees the beauty in the common things of life;  
The wonder in an evening star, or in the tempests strife;  
The magic in a flower, and the music in a stream;  
The glory in a vision and the splendor in a dream.

In this twenty-four page lithoed magazine Lin Carter has presented a group of thirty of his poems. They are written in an oriental style and are of the romantic type. The authors comment, "Poems of the Strange and Exotic", comes as close to explaining them as anything can. The poem titles are very expressive and will give some idea of the contents—Beyond the Gates of Dreams, The Lotus Ater, The Gods looked Down, Pan, Kooribaal, Song of the Sorcerer, and other mystic titles. Most of them have one thing in common; they are woven around dreams experiences and the wandering of the authors imagination.

Lin has illustrated his book of dreams himself, and has done a very acceptable job. Although the poems are more or less on the heavy side, any reader who is interested in poetry will get a lot of enjoyment out of them. Altogether, it is a neat little book with interesting poems and attractively illustrated scenes.

—Augustus P. Ruffwhistle

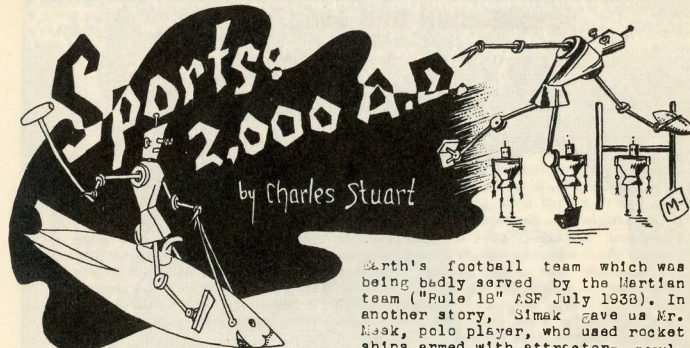
## REVIEW OF **North of Collistro** BY E. Rockwell

This newly published book has just been received as we go to press. It is a typical space opera possibly written under the influence of alcohol. The story concerns an attack on the solar-system from another galaxy, and the efforts of the space patrol of Earth to repulse the attack. We have the typical dimwitted hero who saves the galaxy in his attempts to rescue his girl friend.

After spending a miserable Sunday evening reading said volume, I discovered such phrases as, "approaching the asteroid at six times the speed of light we sighted the enemy and reversed our course to pursue it" and "Men, we must put on our space suits, there's no air out here". The return comment was, "I thought I felt light headed!" Also whipping out his atom disintegrator he challenges the alien leader. The terrifying reply was, "Halt you sniveling yellow livered martian dog."

Needless to say, after many horrible encounters from one section of the universe to the other, earth is victorious and their enemy destroyed by methods too awful to contemplate. This book, we would say, is undoubtedly doomed to that heavenly limbo of most of the wellheim publications.

—Augustus P. Ruffwhistle



Much science-fiction is a forecast of a probable future which man may encounter along the road of time which he is following. It is a chronicle of events that will transpire in, say, the year 2000 A.D., when man will have advanced in technology, sociology and, we hope, the humanities.

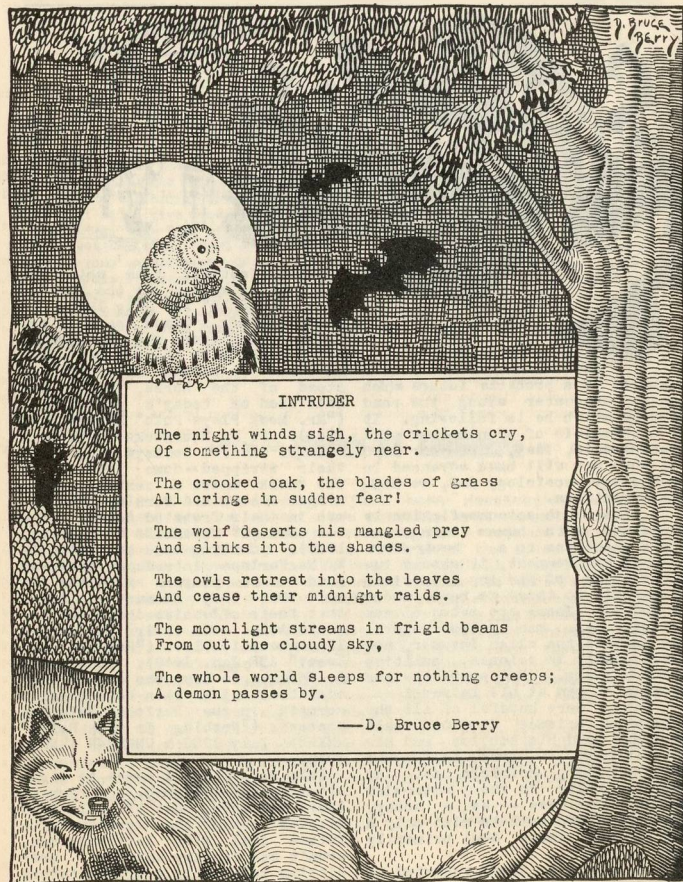
Since such science-fiction is concerned with human beings and their reactions to a twenty-first century environment, it should include tales of Man in situations comparable to those we have about us today. There are tales of man against man, man against nature, man against the alien invader, new developments in science, politics and sociology. But where are the stories of man at his leisure?

Only a mere handful of all the published science fiction deals with Man and his hobbies and his recreations. True, in "Beyond This Horizon", Heinlein set up Hamilton Felix in the better-slot machine business -- as a hobby. However, I can call to mind only a few stories which deal primarily with sports.

Clifford D. Simak resorted to time travel to recruit men for

Earth's football team which was being badly served by the Martian team ("Rule 18" ASF July 1938). In another story, Simak gave us Mr. Meek, polo player, who used rocket ships armed with attractor-repulsor beams to pursue asteroids instead of the horse, mallet and ball used on today's polo field. ("Mr. Meek Plays Polo" PLANET Fall 1944). R. W. Stockbaker related a tale of the Jet Jockeys who raced their stripped-down jets around the track where a century before midget racers had torn up the tarmac in their frenzied dashes ("The Jet Jockeys" THRILLING Wonder Aug. 1947). Getting back to football, W. MacFarlane introduced doctored food to his players with the result that they became so dense that their offensive drive was irresistible and their defensive line unassailable. ("How Can You Lose?" ASF Jan. 1949). There was L. Sprague de Camp who caused much ado about rules when he entered a mermaid in the National Swimming Contests ("Nothing In the Rules" UNKNOWN July 1939 & UNKNOWN ANNUAL 1948).

This mere handful comes to light after mental research. Perhaps there are more, but if only five stories out of the myriad of the future deal with leisurely man, aren't our fantasy authors predicting indirectly a dreary future for us: all war and no play!



#### INTRUDER

The night winds sigh, the crickets cry,  
Of something strangely near.

The crooked oak, the blades of grass  
All cringe in sudden fear!

The wolf deserts his mangled prey  
And slinks into the shades.

The owls retreat into the leaves  
And cease their midnight raids.

The moonlight streams in frigid beams  
From out the cloudy sky,

The whole world sleeps for nothing creeps;  
A demon passes by.

—D. Bruce Berry

## LOVECRAFT'S Amateur Press Works

by George T. Wetzel

#### PREFACE

The following bibliography was compiled from the R. E. Barlow bequest of amateur journals belonging to Lovecraft (in accordance with Lovecraft's will), to the Fossil Library of Amateur Journalism, Benjamin Franklin Memorial Library, Philadelphia, in the summer of 1946 by myself unassisted by anyone whatsoever. Oswald Train and Robert Madle of that same city can validate the above. In fact there was one part of my bible left and consequently lost at Mr. Train's home during the same time.

I should like to state here that the Lovecraft poems "The House" and "Sir Thomas Tryout's Lament for the Vanished Spider", printed in the *Arkham House "Something About Cats" (1949)*, and which are contained in the present bible were rescued from oblivion by myself, though there appears no such credit in the above named volume published by Mr. Berleth.

For my time money and labors for forwarding the above poems to Mr. Berleth, I received nothing more than a free copy of the above-named book. I might also mention in this respect that I located on my own also the article "Obi in the Caribbean" which was printed in "West India Lights" of Mr. Whitehead (Arkham House, 1946) for which I again received no credit here but only a free copy of said book from Mr. Berleth.

Work authored under a pseudonym is indicated before title of the opus in question by the code: "(psed)".

Pseudonyms used by Lovecraft in some of the following work are: Lewis Theobald, Jr., H. Littlewit, Lawrence Appleton, R. Raget-Towe, Etc.

There are possibly other alias he used as attested by Mr. Barlow. This list therefore is incomplete.

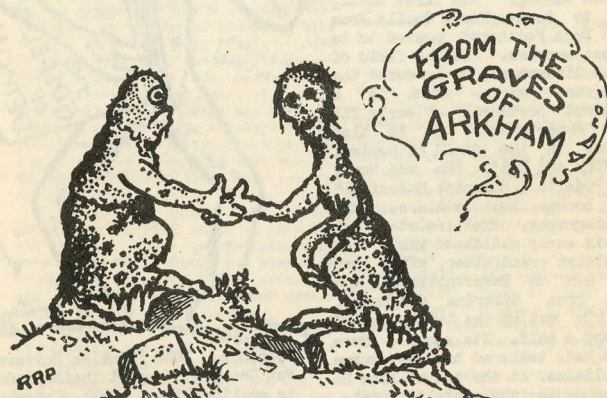
1.	The Spirit of Summer	Poem	The Conservative	4-1	July	1918
2.	The Despided Pastoral	Essay	"	"	"	"
3.	Time and Space	"	"	"	"	"
4.	Merlinus Revivis	"	"	"	"	"
5.	(psed) Grace	Poem	"	"	"	"
6.	Earth and Sky	"	"	"	"	"
7.	A Winter Wish	"	Pine Cones	1-1	Dec.	"
8.	April	"	Tryout	4-2	Feb.	"
9.	Ad Britannos 1918	"	"	4-3	March	"
10.	A June Afternoon	"	"	4-4	April	"
11.	To Alan Seeger	"	"	4-6	June	"
12.	Sonnet on Myself	"	"	4-7	July	"
13.	The Link	"	"	"	"	"
14.	August	"	"	4-8	Aug.	"
15.	(psed) Doman and Della a Pastoral	"	"	"	"	"
16.	(psed) The Kidlon	"	"	4-10	Oct.	"
17.	Old Christmas	"	"	4-12	Dec	"



18.	The Simple Spelling Maniac	Essay	United Co-operative	1-1	Dec.	1918
19.	Ambition	Poem	"	#	June	"
20.	Nemesis	"	Vagrant	#7	June	"
21.	The Beast in the Cave	Story	"	"	"	"
22.	The Poe-et's Nightmares	Poem	"	#8	July	"
23.	Ver Rusticum	"	The Voice From the Mountain	July	1918	
24.	(psed) (untitled poem)	Tryout	"	6-1	Jan.	1920
25.	(psed) Sir Thomas Tryout's Lament for the Vanished Spider	Poem	Tryout	6-1	Jan.	"
26.	Looking Backward	Essay	Tryout	6-2	Feb.	"
	(Essay in five parts)	to	"	6-6	June	"
27.	Gindy Scrub-lady In a State Street Skyscraper	Poem	Tryout	6-6	June	"
28.	Comment	"	"	6-7	July	"
29.	(psed) The Poet's Rash Excuse	Poem	"	"	"	"
30.	(psed) On Religion	"	"	6-8	Aug.	"
31.	(psed) On a Grecian Colonnade In a Park	Poem	Tryout	6-9	Sept.	"
32.	(psed) The Dream	"	"	"	"	"
33.	(psed) October	"	"	6-10	Oct.	"
34.	The Gate of Ulthar	Story	"	6-11	Nov.	"
35.	(psed) Christmas	Poem	"	"	"	"
36.	(psed) (untitled poem)	"	"	6-12	Dec.	"
37.	The Omniprest Philistine	Essay	The Oracle	4-3	Feb.	"
38.	Life for Humanity's Sake	Essay	American Amateur	2-1	Sept.	"
39.	Ex Poet's Reply	Poem	Epegephi	July	"	"
	(Also contains some Lovecraft biography material of doubtful value by other contributors)					
40.	Polaris	Story	The Philosopher	1-1	Dec.	"
41.	The House	Poem	"	"	"	"
42.	The Statement of Randolph Carter	Story	Vagrant	#13	May	"
43.	To a Dreamer	Poem	The Cayote	#16	Jan	1921
44.	Nietzscheism and Realism	Essay	Rainbow	1-1	Oct.	1921
	(Preface states this essay taken from a Lovecraft letter. There are also two unknown pictures of Lovecraft and Sonia Green, not since printed)					
45.	The Terrible Old Man-Story	Tryout	"	7-4	July	1921
46.	The Tree	Story	"	7-7	Oct.	"
47.	(psed) Sir Thomas Tryout	Poem	"	7-9	Dec.	"
48.	(psed) To Mr. Galpin-Poem	Tryout	"	7-9	Dec.	1921
49.	Lines For Poet's Night	Poem	Pegasus	Faby	1924	

50.	To Mr. Hoag	Poem	"	July	1924
51.	(psed) Soletice	Tryout	"	9-11	Jan. 1925
52.	(psed) In the Vault	Story	"	9-12	Feb.
	(There's a prefatory dedication by Lovecraft to Mr. C. W. Smith who suggested the actual situation of the story)				
53.	My favorite Character	Poem	The Brooklynite	16-1	Jan.
54.	To Jonathan Hoag	"	The Brooklynite	16-2	Feb. 1926
55.	October	Tryout	"	10-7	Jan.
56.	The Rutted Road	"	"	10-8	March
57.	The Return	"	"	11-1	Dec.

FINIS



## Torquasian Times

In the Fall issue of TORQUASIAN TIMES

The Captain's Daughter by Russell Branch

Sex and Science Fiction by Harvey Gibbs

Paradox! by Phil Waggoner

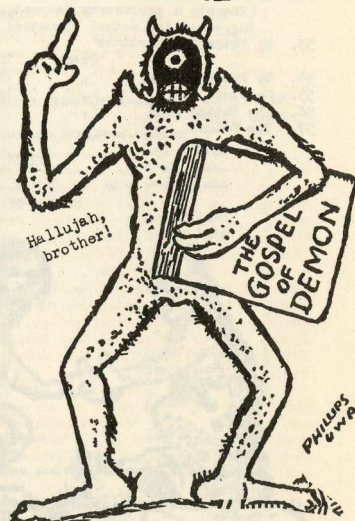
Queer Bill by Ole Simpledon

Backfire by Walter E. Sauters

many other articles, departments,  
etc. 254 pp.1041 Cayuga Street  
Santa Cruz, Calif.

# WELL KNOWN FACTS ABOUT LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE

Ralph Rayburn Phillips, CPA, PDQ, RSVP, ESP, and K9, studied at the University of Stalin-grad, graduating in 1801. His studies up to that time were; History of Sex, Science of Love, and Woman in Politics. He also took a special course in the life and habits of the mimeograph. From there fame and fortune were his for the asking. His first novel, "How to Remove Musty Smells From Dried Dodo Feathers" proved to be a great success. In the field of higher literature, he produced the "Snodgrass" series which is a brilliant portrayal of early Tibetan Monasteries. He is also reeking in the field of poetry. His "Dis and Dat", "Ho and Hum", and "Ode to a Homesick Waterfowl" have become best sellers. His autobiography, "Me" relates how sad his early childhood was, when his wicked grandfather, after starving him on Rasputniks and the holes from Siberian doughnuts, cast him out at the tender age of two and a half. Its sequel, "More About Me", tells of his adventures in politics. At the age of five he belonged to the socialist party, the Communist party, the Fascist Party, and the Boston Tea Party. He was also an ardent admirer of the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the Square Deal, and Good Deal McNeal. His third volume, "Me Again" deals with his tragic marriage to Prunella Pomp, and of his three wayward sons, Borsh, Nickelbocken, and Skults. He also writes and stars in the top radio show on the air, "The Fertilizer Hour" whose



sponsors, DUNG (Dinkles Universal Nut Growers) report their product is selling like—, well, hotcakes. Ralph became interested in feminism during the Second World War, when he found a fan-mag wrapped in a jap handgrenade (he also found one inside a German V-2, but couldn't read German). After the war he joined the Cosmic Circle, but soon started his own club, The Frantic Fans for Fantastic Fiction. He took an extensive course in art, but decided against drawing and is now practicing his own style.

any resemblance to persons living or doomed is purely coincidental

## Final Appearance

by Pat Eaton

Imagine me the center of all this attention. Why, there must be a hundred people here, and all of them to see me. I must admit I am a little flattered, but after all, they do owe me this much at least.

That's a wonderful baritone they hired. Handsome too. Lets see, what is he singing? Oh, to be sure, Home on the Range. Rather a strange presentation at a formal gathering like this. It was probably John's -- John Holland, that's my husband you know-- idea. John always did have a queer sense of values. Poor dear. I know he means well. That reminds me. Where is John? I don't see him anywhere in the audience. Perhaps he is off-stage, but I must say, he needn't be that bashful. He should realize that they came to see me, not him.

Oh use your handkerchief little girl! That sniffing makes me nervous, and with all these people looking up here it's hard enough to keep from drumming my fingers. That's better. I was beginning to think your mother hadn't brought you up properly.

My, those flowers are beautiful. It certainly was nice of those people to donate them. I do believe this place would look too somber and stuffy without them. That large bunch of red roses looks especially lovely. If I could only smell them, but it wouldn't

be proper to draw a deep breath right in front of all these people. It seems silly that one can't enjoy one's own flowers, but then aren't most of the other customs just as odd and useless?

Tsk, tsk. That organist they hired is playing horribly. He is ruining that young man's singing. Perhaps he is as nervous as I am. There, he stopped. Well, my goodness gracious. All those people are getting up and coming up here. I thing I will dislike this part. It's -- it's actually gruesome.

Well? What are you staring at? Move along and let the next one goggle. Why must they always do this? I don't believe anyone enjoys it, least of all me. Others have taken it though, so I suppose I can. Here now young woman! Don't cry all over me. Your tears are ruining my makeup, and Mr. Knowland spent so much time putting it on too. That's it, move along. Oh you're the last. Thank goodness it is all over. I didn't see John. He was probably too upset to come by.

Here, here, take that board off of me. It isn't right! Well for goodness sake, they're screwing that thing shut. I do believe I'll have to rap and make them let me out. There, hear that? Yes, they've stopped and, I declare, they are running away. They can't do this; it isn't nice. Come back here this instant! Come back I tell you!



by E. Allen Keeney



## Lust For Gold

Gold; how I wanted it, how I loved it. I had lost all of it I had ever possessed trying to obtain more, and still I loved it. Its golden gleam cast a spell over me. I had murdered for it. I had burned my hands till they were twisted and withered, trying to wrench the secret of it's composition from nature, and still I had none of it. I had been a wealthy silversmith until the love for precious metals had become so great that I had lost all and was now an outcast of society, living in constant fear of being burnt for a sorcerer.

Having dabbled in all that was unholy and failed in all attempts to come by the philosopher's stone, I finally decided to try the last resource available to a desperate man. I selected a lonely grave yard and commenced the diabolical rite; tracing a triangle, took my place within it and proceeded to summon Satan himself, "Emperor Lucifer, master of the rebellious spirits, I beg you to be favorable to me, when now I call for your minister, the great Lucifuge Rofocale, as I desire to sign a contract with him. I beg also that Prince Baelzebub may protect my enterprise. O Astaroth, great count, be favorable likewise, and it possible for the great Lucifuge to appear to me in human form and force, without bad odor, and that he grant me, by the agreement which I am ready to sign with him, all the riches which I need. O great Lucifuge, I pray that you leave your swilling wherever it may be to come here and speak to me. If you are not willing to come, I will compel you to do so by the power of the great living God, of the Son and the Spirit. Come promptly, otherwise I will torment you eternally by the

great Key of Solomon, which he used when compelling the rebellious spirits to accept a pact. Thus appear as quickly as possible, or else I will torment you continuously by the powerful words of the Key; Aglon Tetagram Vauchoon Stimulathon Archares Re- tragrammathon Clyoran Iclon Edition Kristien Cryona Onera Brasyn Moyn Heffias Soter Emmanuel Sabaoth Adonai, I call you, Amen."

As I finished, a shape similar to human appeared and spoke, "I am here. What do you want? Answer!"

"I wish to make a contract with you to the end that you give me the key to the transmutation of the baser metals to noble metals. Obey me as quickly as possible or I will torment you with the key."

To which he replied, "I can not obey your command if you do not surrender your body and soul to me when I come for it and agree that I may do with it as I please."

"Anything", I replied. "Anything at all, just give me enough of the philosopher's stone to fast me the rest of my life. Let us draw up the contract."

At this he produced a scroll of parchment from beneath his shroud to which I affixed my signature, in blood. I was then commanded to close my eyes and hold out my hand, at which time I felt two objects placed within. Upon opening my eyes he was gone and in my hand was a small leather bag containing an iridescent powder and a bit of parchment with instructions for it's use. "Take three measures of molten lead, and a hoof of a new born calf, heat until the hoof has charred, then add the tails of three rats, the blood of a sheep, and a pinch of the powder. Let it harden and it shall be gold."

Upon reading this I immediately, with the fanaticism of a mad man set out to obtain the ingredients. I secured enormous quantities of lead, hooves of



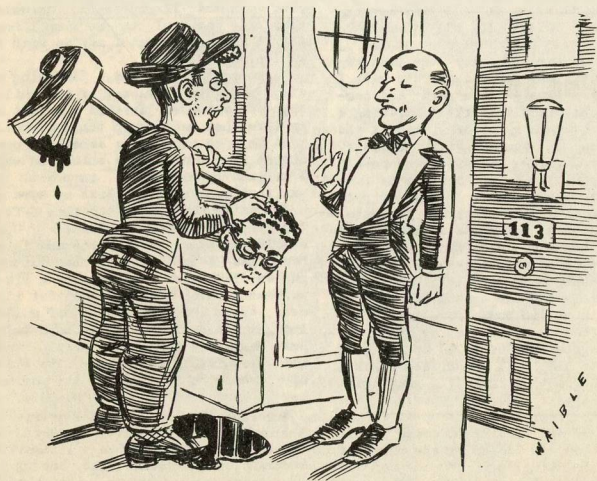
Bradley  
1959

ten new-born calves, tails of several hundred rats, and all the other materials in like proportions. Obtaining a large cauldron I commenced to mix all the ingredients, proceeding like a man in a dream. I added the entire bag of powder before I realized that I had asked for enough to last the rest of my life. Slowly the truth dawned upon me. When the powder was exhausted I was done and I had used it all in my insane lust for gold. Now I do not even care to look at the slowly cooling vat to see what it contains. For I know that if it is the precious metal I had hoped for, he will be coming after me soon. I hear a knock at the door, I must answer it!

THE END



Lee Hoffman



"All deliveries at the rear door, my good man."

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Per Line

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We are beginning a new policy with our Classified Advertising rates. Now you may obtain a box 1<sup>4</sup>/<sub>3</sub> three eights" for twenty-five cents.

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First edition Skylark of Space by Z.E. Smith. State condition and price. Allen Keeney, 3245 N.E. 73rd., Portland 13, Ore.

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T. and the Jewels of Omar, 1st. fair, \$1  
The Land that Time Forgot, G&D, fair, \$1  
Tarzan and the Golden Lion, 1st. fair \$1  
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Malcolm Willits, 11848 S.E. Powell Blvd., Portland 66, Oregon

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# HIGH PRIEST'S LAMENT

by

Malcolm Willits

O idol God  
your servant found  
Thy temples roofless  
weeds around  
within Thy courts  
by light of day  
roam wild beasts  
the people say  
Thou caused that night  
the sky of red  
upon Thy cross  
a "Savior" bled  
they say this  
"Son of God"  
at dawn  
rose from the dead  
and Thou  
hast gone  
.....

Most ancient God  
didst Thou depart  
in fear of "Him"?  
THY HALL IS DARK

