



DESTINY

The Stearn Room

WHERE THE EDITORS BLOW UP

The Rocket ship rested silently upon the velvet lawn, its silver fins pointed in trembling anticipation toward the cold fire of the interstellar night. Slowly, a faint golden crescent swung above the darkened trestops, to bathe the wild scene in a shower of ghostly dreams.

Malcolm Willits, co-editor of DESTINY emerged from the shadows of the waiting trees, and carefully measured the moon's zenith. He then handed his yardstick to Jim Bradley, his friend and co-editor.

"In one minute, Malcolm announced, "the moon will be in such a position that we may fire our ship! Jim produced a cork bottle, and carefully poured their secret fuel into the tiny rocket. He then alighted a nearby tree.

"We are on the threshold of a new era," cried Malcolm from his observation post in the garage can. "Man is about to reach upward; to the PLANETS!"

A blinding explosion shook the front yard. When the smoke had cleared, their rocket ship still regarded them, silently resting on the velvet lawn.

"We have failed, failed", screamed Jim. "This will retard rocket development for a thousand years."

"Not so", replied Malcolm. "What do you mean?" "Simple". He kissed their creation tenderly. "Our space-ship is SO fast, that it got back before it started!"

They withdrew to the corner drug-store, and celebrated far into the night.

Thanks! We say thanks because it is you readers which have made this issue of DESTINY possible. In our last editorial we asked for support, both in time and in money. The money came in, to the tune of more than \$45 in subscriptions, so that this issue is within \$10 of breaking even—something unheard of in the fanzine world. So you can see why we're proud of ourselves, and proud of our readers who, by the way, are some of the nicest people in the world.

We also received plenty of support other than money, and the list is long of those who contributed material for this issue. We all should thank such people as W. Max Kessler, who on an extremely short notice, illustrated our cover, D. C. Richardson, who contributed two fine articles which would grace any pro-zine, George Wetzel, who must work day and night to produce such staggering results, Pat Eaton, our up-and-coming author, Robert Briny, who's been with us since our first issue, Lee Ramsey, for his much-needed help, Henry Ackermann, Andrew Duane, D. Bruce Berry, the list seems endless. To them, and our subscribers, we can only say again and again—THANKS!

Sincerely, your editors,

MALCOLM
WILLITS

Jim Bradley

DESTINY

EDITORS

MALCOLM WILLITS
and
JIM BRADLEY

VOLUME I

WINTER 1951 & SPRING 1952

NUMBER VI

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the Temple of Destiny

by Andrew Duane



The crystal dome lent a harsh, glassy appearance to the frozen night outside, where the colored stars wheeled above a barren landscape. Within, men sat around small tables, drinking and talking of home and women. The air was heavy with the fumes of liquor and tobacco, and filled with the voices of the men. At one table, a young man was speaking earnestly to an older companion, evidently trying, and with little success, to convince him of something.

"I saw it I tell you!" he was saying. "Why won't you believe me?" "Because it's preposterous, that's why", retorted the older man. "You're actually trying to tell me that you found a mysterious book that told you what your future would be? It told of the discovery of uranium deposit on your land-claim before you'd even brought a Geiger to the place? Impossible! Have another drink, have something, only for God's sake, stop that crazy talk!"

"But I did find the temple!" The younger man almost shouted in desperation. "I was cruising over the ice-fields beyond the Kamen range, away from the regularly traveled routes..."

Jay Selby groaned inwardly. "Here we go again," he thought. Young Carstairs had told him the same fantastic tale before, about finding the unexplored crevasse in the ice, somewhere out beyond the edge of nowhere, and about the hidden temple in the chasm, and the mysterious book with the temple. Sure, Pluto wasn't half explored yet, and some damned queer things had been found in the remote places of other planets. Men had changed quite a few of their precious preconceptions about nature and the physical sciences when they reached beyond the gravity-bound surfaces of old Mother Earth. But everything they had found on the other planets had followed natural laws, laws that could be learned and understood. A book that would come up with pictures of your future whenever you touched it, even with a heavily gloved hand, was an entirely different thing!

Carstairs rumbled on, and Selby pretended to listen, all the while speculating as to what had twisted the younger man's mind—for he could not doubt that Carstairs was mentally deranged. No sane man could, or would, babble on like he was doing. Perhaps it was the sud-

den wealth that had done it, or perhaps the taint had lurked in his mind for years, waiting to be awakened by some strain, some excitement.

He grew aware suddenly that Carstairs had ceased speaking. He glanced upward, meeting the other's gaze. Carstairs' eyes glowed with an unnatural light. He leaned across the table, speaking in a grating whisper that set Selby's nerves on edge.

"You still don't believe, do you? Well, I'll prove that what I have said is the truth. I'll take you there!"

Selby sat bunched up in the left half of the wide seat of the little scout ship, wondering uneasily why he had ever consented to come. Carstairs was mad, he knew. And they were heading directly toward the cause of that madness, with the man growing more excited with every mile they covered. Across the wide frozen plains they had flown, over fantastically sharp-peaked mountains, past giant craters and mounds of crumbling meteor-stone, above great rifts in the ice sheet that covered the planet to a depth



of several miles. Finally the ship slowed in its headlong flight, and settled toward a black, gaping chasm in the surface of the planet.

Selby watched the jagged walls crawl upward past the ports of the little ship. He wished fervently that he had never entered its tiny cabin, that he had never seen the flushed face of young Carstairs or heard him sobbing out his story over bottles of Martian wine. But it was too late now for regrets.

Sheer white walls, gleaming with a lustre that was not entirely due to their coating of ice, reared upward in the beams of the helmet-light from his space-suit. Selby was so astonished that he completely forgot to even breathe for the several seconds that he stood dumb-founded before the great doors of the gleaming white temple. He finally heard Carstairs chuchling softly to himself over the inter-suit 'phone, and that brought him back to reality. So what if there was a temple here? That didn't make the rest of the story true. But still he was more than slightly afraid when the younger man led the way into the vast building.

"The book is in a room at the center of the temple," whispered Carstairs, with a proprietary air that lent still another touch of madness to the whole adventure. "All you have to do is touch one of the metal pages, and a picture of your future—some important event or condition will appear upon it. You must take that page away with you, for once a picture appears, it will never go away."

In silence they proceeded along titanic corridors lined with soaring columns, through vaulted rooms

whose walls were hidden in shadows that had not been disturbed for a millennia. They slowed their pace as a great arch opened before them onto a room filled with silence and shadow, where an eon-old book rested on a platform of stone.

Carstairs held back an impulse to dash forward by an almost visible effort of will. His voice, when he spoke through the inter-suit 'phone, was harsh and strange, filled with a mocking courtesy that stung Selby's fear and disbelief.

"The pleasure is yours," said Carstairs softly. "Find out what the future holds for you."

As in a dream Selby moved forward to the stone table. He reached toward the book that lay there; reached and drew back his hand, afraid to touch the thin metallic leaves which seemed to quiver at the nearness of his hand.

"Take it you fool, take it!" cried Carstairs.

Selby reached out and grasped one of the metal leaves in a clumsy gloved hand. He stepped back, not looking at it.

Carstairs held himself back no longer. He leaped to the book and tore off another of the leaves.

"Another look..." Selby heard him mutter.

Selby found himself shaking uncontrollably as he began to turn his eyes downward to the sheet of metal in his hand. As his gaze finally came to rest upon the metal page, a terrified scream rang through the headphones. He turned, to see Carstairs sinking slowly to the floor, where he sprawled limply, like a disconnected mannikin. A slight glow settled about the crumpled figure, and weirdly pulsed, as if



fed by some unseen life force, until but a small bundle of slimy rags remained.

Selby stood frozen, until the awesome silence of the ancient temple so engulfed him with dread, that he found himself stumbling madly down the darkened corridors, as if pursued by a thousand nameless terrors. Upon emerging from the temple he sent his small scout ship, with a single crimson blast, hurtling insanely off into the cold Plutonian night.

For years afterward in his troubled dreams, he relived that last horrible tableau in the chamber of the book. He stood again in the awful silence after Carstairs' scream, and he looked again from the metal leaf in his own hand, with its picture of himself standing over a body sprawled on a stone floor, to the leaf clutched in the hand of the fallen Carstairs. He again saw the light of his helmet-lamp reflected from the sheet of metal in the dead man's hand—saw the light throw back mockingly at him from its completely blank, featureless surface!

The End

THE FATHER OF JOHN CARTER AND TARZAN

(A TRIBUTE TO EDGAR
RICE BURROUGHS)

RICE BURROUGHS)

by Derrall C. Richardson



Mr. Richardson with original painting by St. John

In a sense he was a creator...because his phenomenal imagination created the most widely known character ever to "swing through" the pages of fiction. No literary creation has ever attained such universal renown as Tarzan of the Apes. Tarzan is a household word on every continent and in practically every nation on earth. More than that Tarzan is now a new American word—and in Webster's New International Dictionary Tarzan is defined as, "the hero of a series of stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs. He is a white man, of prodigious strength and chivalrous instincts, reared by African apes." Two U.S. post offices have been named for Tarzan, Tarzana, California and Tarzan, Texas.

Today the more than 30,000,000 copies of Tarzan books in fifty-six languages and dialects makes Burroughs the most widely read writer on earth.

"Tarzan of the Apes" first appeared as a novel in the October 1912 **NEWTON'S STORY MAGAZINE**. It was his second published story and the third tale he had ever written. Previously, "Under the Moons of Mars" had appeared serially in

the same publication. For this first story he had used the pseudonym Norman Bean. "Tarzan of the Apes" was an immediate hit, and its publication in book form in 1914 started its author on the path to fame and fortune. Today, Tarzan has established his durability, and is more popular than ever. Through movies, radio, comic strip, and television he had been introduced to a prodigious world-wide public. It is estimated that the aggregate circulation of the 291 newspapers that carry Tarzan is 15,672,000. This is exclusive of newspapers in twenty-eight foreign countries which carry Tarzan. There have been 564 Tarzan Radio programs. Since 1918 twenty-five Tarzan movies have been filmed. It is estimated that over a half million people have seen Tarzan on the screen. There have been ten movie Tarzans. Tex Barker is the latest. The others were Elmo Lincoln, Gene Pollar, P. Dempsey Tabler, James H. Pierce, Frank Merrill, Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Herman Erik, and Glenn Morris. In addition, Kamaela Seakles played the part of Korak in "The Son of Tarzan."

Kipling liked Tarzan and always thought he was patterned after Kipling of **THE JUNGLE BOOK**. According to Burroughs, however, Tarzan is a literary descendant of Romulus and Remus, the mythological founders of Rome who were reared by a she-wolf. There have been 24 Tarzan books in all, and three Tarzan tales are yet to be placed between hard-covers. ("Tarzan and the Champion," "Tarzan and the Jungle Murders," and "The Quest of Tarzan")

It is impossible to estimate the tremendous influence that Burroughs has had on the entire field of science fiction and fantasy. With the possible exceptions of Jules Verne, and H. G. Wells, Burroughs has done more to popularize the imaginative story than any other writer.

Even more popular than Tarzan with the fantasy aficionado is John Carter of Mars. The first three Martian books "A Princess of Mars," "The Gods of Mars," and "The Warlord of Mars" are considered classics in their field. There is an "other world" magic in those tales that create an atmosphere of reality in the most impossible situations. After twenty years of reading thousands of science fiction stories, I still think of Mars as the planet Barsoom—populated with Tarz Tarzan and his green men, the red men of Helium, Gahan of Gathol, the headless Hydrans, the Holy Thorns, The Black Firians, the Throats and Zithlers, Tmavia, Gathoris, Drajh Thoria, and John Carter, the Warlord of Barsoom. I believe that the magnificent illustrations for this series by J. Allen St. John has done much to make these the prototype of all fantasies. These have been the invention of countless interplanetary yams, though hosts of imitators have failed to capture the spirit of the original.

The rest of the Martian series were obtained for publication by Ray Palmer when he was editor of **PLANETARY STORIES** and **PLANETARY ADVENTURES**. One of these, "S'olon" "on of Jupiter" was the beginning of a new John Carter series

which was never completed.

Demonstrating an equal flight of fancy are the stories featuring David Innes of "Pallucidor", that strange principal land at the earth's core. Carson of Venus is another and newer science fiction hero. In addition to these, I believe Burroughs wrote at least three books that stand out as classics of fantasy. I refer to "The Land that Time Forgot," "The Moon Maid," and "The Eternal Lover."

And now through the medium of the radio and the press, the world has learned that Tarzan's creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs, is dead. It has come as a shock to millions of us readers, young and old, because we had almost come to hope that he was immortal like his own fantastic creations.

I hope this article is considered a personal tribute to a great man. For Edgar Rice Burroughs will always be considered as an outstanding example of what may be accomplished with the opportunities of the American way of life. He took merely his incredible imagination and with it he earned a fortune of over \$10,000,000. In good years, royalties from his books and their byproducts have amounted to more than double the President's salary.

I have what is considered to be the most complete collection of the works of Burroughs. In the world—at least he considered it so. I once reminded Burroughs of a couple of stories he had forgotten he had written. I prepared an index of his stories years ago, which has been kept on file at Tarzana, California to aid in answering the many questions that pour in from the fans. On one occasion, he learned that I lacked foreign editions of his books in six different languages. He sent them to me with his personal compliments. He has always been kind and gracious. I feel his death as a personal loss.

Burroughs never claimed that his stories had any great literary value. He was modest to a fault. An editorial in

A Lovecraft Randomonium

by
George
Wetzel



A good many of Lovecraft's tales read like mystery stories due to the fact Lovecraft dropped hints or "clues" throughout some story; which many times had its horror or mystery only solved in a superficial way, the remaining piece of the puzzle being left to the reader to put together from recurrent implications in such a tale. Even then there remained in such tales as "The Rats In The Walls" and "The Outsider" many unanswered questions combined with the fact that the central horrors in these stories still were not fully revealed. An interpreter of Lovecraft's prose must therefore assume the methods of a detective in order to unravel many such seemingly nebulous endings. In my study "The Ghoul-Chang'ling" I undertook this approach and was gratified to find it workable.

It is curious that Lovecraft, a writer in the type of literature styled Gothic, manifests such a quality of mystifying his readers even beyond his stories' endings, for the "mystery" or "detection" elements inherent in his prose are found in the historic Gothic Novel.

Paraphratically, I should like to take difference with a remark made by Mr. Berleth in his book "H. P. Lovecraft: A Memoir". Mr. Berleth states that beyond one or two stories Lovecraft has no similarities to Poe as he, Lovecraft, wrote originally in the Gothic tradition. However Poe's prose is the summation and apotheosis, albeit better constructed, of all the Gothic styled effluvia and trash of the 19th

century, which point a reading of Montague Summers' "The Gothic Quest" clearly proves. Lovecraft owed much to Poe as regards technique, as for example the idea of a discordant note sounded at the opening of many a Poe tale. Lovecraft carried the "discordant beginning" farther, as many of his stories, from the first ominous dissonance to the final hideous clangor of his endings, are studies in an unbelievably maintained feverish crescendo of horror. These qualities along with his repetitive use of minor "stock" horrors, like the references to Cthulhu, give his writings a quasi-symphonic likeness.

In the present essay I will try to enlighten chiefly with my humble opinions certain facts of Lovecraft's "Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath", though occasionally I shall digress in reference to other of his writings.

One will search fruitlessly elsewhere in Lovecraft's works to find a second such story like his dream novel of unknown Kadath. Only in some of his letters and an essay like "Vermonth: A First Impression" does he revel in glowing pastoral description and serenity. The moralistic ending of this novel with its emphasis on the beauties of New England is both unique and suggestive of spiritual antiobscenity—this last especially as it was written after Lovecraft's New York clericalities and sojourn. It has other technical curiosities, such as its plot structure which resulted I believe from Lovecraft's literally dumping together many ideas, unused and dormant, from his Common Place Book. Careful and slow study of both the dream novel and the Common Place Book will confirm my assertion; as such a similar process of comparing both the "Rings From Yggdrasil" sonnets and the Common Place Book proves also that that cycle of poetry was not the tour

* Note 1. "The Ghoul-chang'ling" is to appear in the next issue of the "Fanzine Commentator".



PHILLIPS

de force of inspiration it would seem from the fact Lovecraft wrote them in about one week, but instead a wholesale using of previously recorded ideas. I have thus far traced 15 of the 36 sonnets to quotable ideas in the *Common Place Book*. The sonnets themselves to be cruelly frank are for the majority not poems but metred prose. And this act of rifling his notebook, or the dumping together of many ideas, can be seen in a few tales like "The Unnameable" where internal examination proves it loaded with a plethora of story puns.

The "Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath" apparently proves the literary expression that a novel is but an expanded short story because it bears many similarities to Lovecraft's short story "Celephais" with the exception of their individual endings. But the motivating desire of the main character in the dream novel was conceived separately, perhaps; Lovecraft has jotted it down in his *Common Place Book* as a place visited in a sunset which cannot be found again.

One of the most original concepts in weird or any style of literature is that of the dream-gate and its various guises in the dream novel. Though this concept does not form any part in the action, it plays in the novel under discussion an intrinsic part in the eerie atmosphere, hinting of possible stories unwritten by Lovecraft. There is strong suspicion in my mind that the episode, where Carter climbs out of the pit the top of which a thing peers over like a gargyle (an effective bit of word painting) and of his meeting with the ghoul Richard Pickman, was part of one such tale tentatively separately planned; with maybe some horrible climax wherein Carter awoke from sleep to find himself crawling out of a church yard. And the dream-gate concept itself—that is places where the terrain of dream-land border the waking world—is a wondrous imaginative idea; from which I deduce that by it Lovecraft would explain the temporary appearances of demons and ancient races in the Cthulhu myths in the waking world. By it he also might have explained the nightmarish horrors that crept through a more darkness gate beneath churchyards-ghouls and ghoul-changelings. He does prefigure this darkness gate in his poem "Nemesis" (circa 1918) where he rhymes the idea of "sleep's gateways guarded by ghouls."

The obscurity and mystery about the earlier short story "The Statement of Randolph Carter" is solved by the dream novel, specifically by that part of the novel just mentioned. It should be known now what happened to the unfortunate Harley Warren in that story and who or what answered on the other end of the telephone that "Warren was dead" to a frenzied listener.

Of all such dream gates that one opening upon the physical world in the Antarctic is the one most elaborately described both in the dream novel and

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"At the Mountains of Madness". This terra incognita has in one spot an opening into the great abyss beneath Sarkocond, and here I wonder if Poe's "Manuscript Found in a Bottle" did not enter as an influence upon Lovecraft along with Poe's narrative of "Arthur Gordon Pym"; because in the first Poe tale there are hints of a similar planetary abyss, opening in the North Polar region!

The arch demon Nyarlathotep, who reigned in this icy, nordic-type hell of the fallen gods, was and still is another Lovecraft mystery still not clearly revealed. In the prose poem "Nyarlathotep", Lovecraft speaks of this dark god rising out of 27 centuries in Egypt, which would place this act of resurrection during the 25th or Ethiopian Dynasty of that ancient country; and describes him as snarling, black, and having Pharaonic features. This suggests some association with the invasion and rule of Egypt by the negroid Ethiopians. Furthermore to this is given by the etymological study of Nyarlathotep. The suffix, "thotep", is Egyptian, probably meaning "lord" or "master". Whereas "Nyarlathotep" is an obvious negroid influence as is seen in the name of the Ashanti sky god "Nyarlathotep", among other similar african negroid words many of which have the prefix "nyar".

Lovecraft finally in "The Monster of the Darg" speaks of Nyarlathotep as being capable of demonic possession; so probably he might have considered this hidden invasion of Egypt to have been instigated in some way by the dark god's avatar.

Since Lovecraft's "ghoul-changeling" there was spoken previously herein, it is german to remark upon its possible beginnings. In Lovecraft's "Marginalia" there appears his study "Some Backgrounds of Fairland", wherein he inquires anthropologically "who or what the 'little people' were. Lovecraft was familiar also with W. B. Yeats

and Lady Wilde (whose "Kil-na-greina" in "Ancient Legends of Ireland" may have suggested the idea behind H.P.L.'s "The Moon-Bug"), both of whom wrote books upon fairy belief. It was Lady Wilde, says W. B. Yeats in "Irish Fairy & Folk Tales" who imputed sinister sacrifice of fairy stolen children. Then of course MacRitchie in his "Testimony of Tradition" theorizes that a dwarf race living in the barrows of the Northern British Isles gave rise in later times to fairy belief. However, Ferguson's "Rude Stone Monuments" states that the fairy mounds were burial mounds and supports such archaeological. The natural conclusion which mediates between the two theories is that at one time a dwarf race did reside in the marked graves. I have discovered many instances of Lovecraft's erudition in curious matters before, therefore defer

CONTINUED—Page 29





A LOOK AT THE FUTURE—Lynn Hickman, amateur science fiction editor, looks over one of the many original paintings in his collection. It appeared as the January, 1949, issue cover of Super Science magazine. (Staff photo.)

Machinery Salesman Heads--Of All Things--Science Fiction Fan Club

BY ED LONG (Reprinted from the Statesville Daily Record, 12/20/51)
 Record Staff Writer

Eating habits lead to many strange things, and Lynn Hickman's has brought about one of the most unusual hobbies in Statesville.

Hickman, a 25-year-old farm machinery salesman, is an avid fan of science fiction and fantasy-stories of the future and of things that can happen but most likely never will. He has been a fan since he was nine years old.

During his travels as a salesman, he has his meals alone so much that he has picked up the habit of reading as he

eats. And most of his fare is science fiction.

Often, seated in a restaurant booth, he has been approached by waiters and waitresses who almost recoil in horror at the books and magazines which always accompany him.

"They looked at me", he says, "as if I were nothing but a little monster. So I decided to become one."

And that was the beginning of the little Monsters of America, a science fiction fan club which has members in

most of the 48 states and in many foreign countries.

Science fiction readers who once find themselves in the field nearly always go whole hog to the exclusion of any other literary interests. To anti-STP (an abbreviation for scientific fiction) forces they are exactly what their name says: little monsters.

Hickman is president of the group, along with being editor and publisher of the club's two official magazines, *TMA*, short form of the club name, and the *Little Comuscula*.

On weekends, after covering the western half of the state for Turner Manufacturing company, Hickman settles down in his room to write editorial comments, read manuscripts submitted for publication, prepare them for printing and finally get around to the actual job of printing.

Neither magazine has any set publication date; Hickman notes that both come out every two or three months, at the discretion of the editor.

The publications themselves carry science fiction stories by professional writers who have taken the club under their wings or by amateur writers attempting to use the club as a stepping stone to professional writing.

Also included are readers sections, with letters, and articles and artwork. The artwork department is where Hickman really excels. Most of the drawings for the first issues of both magazines were signed by four artists, Lynn Hickman, Arden Gray, Don Arden and LACH—but all of them are Hickman. He has lately added work by other artists, much of it good work.

At first both magazines, known to STP fans as fanzines as opposed to newspaper products, prozines, were mimeographed, but recently Hickman purchased a multigraph machine, which turns out in less time better looking results.

His club's list of members is growing monthly and he now has the second largest club in the country. It has

been recognized on several occasions by the professional magazines as one of the best of its kind.

Hickman, who lives on Bell street, does not confine his outside interests to the Little Monsters. He is also president of two other clubs and is an annual attendant at the World Science Fiction convention. The convention was held this year at New Orleans and more than 300 editors, writers and fans were present.

His interests, too, extend into the collection side of science fiction. He has many original paintings and illustrations done by the more famous artists of the profession trade for their magazines. He also has about 7,000 copies of all kinds of science fiction and fantasy magazines, dating back to the earliest days of the art.

Hickman is a native of Ohio, where his parents now live in Napoleon. He has been with Turner since May, 1950, having worked in Mississippi before being transferred here.

His schooling included some time at an art school, but he learned from his father, who also has been a Turner salesman, that there is more money in farm machinery than in painting.

Thus during the week, farming is the big thing for Lynn Hickman, but science fiction takes over when he gets back to Statesville.



FAN MAGS

by
ROBERT BLOCH

At the present time, according to the latest World Almanac, there are 11,569 different fan magazines being published in the United States alone. This same source estimates that there are only 1157 active fans. This means that they have to do a great deal of collecting. Remember, too, that some of these mags come out monthly, some semi-monthly, some weekly, and some come out when they can see their shadows.

Your dyed-in-the-wellheim fans hate the professional publications, because 1. They are printed without typographical errors. 2. The contents are written in English, or a reasonable facsimile. 3. They contain stories and such stuff, thus taking up valuable space which could otherwise be devoted to letters from fans. 4. All professionally written fantastic fiction is an insult to the intelligence of fandom because it deals with imaginative happenings. Fans as you know, are so-called because they are interested only in sex, religion, scientific formulae and equations, politics, and each other. 5. Worst of all, no professional publication has yet been devised so that it can be mailed folded into 18 parts, stapled 12 times, sealed all over, and bent so that it arrives in ribbons. 6. Of course this doesn't mean your regular publications are out of the picture. They are valuable for collection and trading purposes. A copy of a 1920 WEIRD TALES or a June 1924 TERRIBLE WOMEN would fetch a high price today. So would a 1945 UNKNOWN WORLDS, for that matter.

For example of a fan mag we will take one named NAMELESS. Its editor, one Sidney Kidney, is only 7

years old. This Master Kidney, although only 7, has the mind of a child of 3. Well, what do we find when we open a copy of NAMELESS? First of all, we find that the pages fall apart. The editorial, written by of all people, the editor, states...

"I apologize because the July issue of NAMELESS, scheduled for publication in October, has been delayed until February. Our original plan of publishing a 60 page anniversary issue didn't work out, but these 4 pages should do the trick. We wish to thank our able assistants, Cecil Slotch, and Edgar Poop, whose efforts enabled us to get this mag out in almost twice the time it would have taken if we did it alone."

Page two consists of the usual fan story. This one, obviously in imitation of the tale appearing in a pro publication, is entitled; "I REMEMBER AMNESIA." Also one Weaver Wrong offers, "Avon Pocket Reprints of MERIT act, originally 25¢, now \$15.00 and up. With covers, \$35.00 and up. Autographed by Mr. Avon himself, \$50.00 and up."

Page three, a rival fan mag announces, "REPULSIVE STORIES will change its name to PUTRID TALES in the forthcoming issue, which will probably not be forthcoming. Grand new stories by E.A. Poe, H.P. Lovecraft, Bill Shakespeare, and Daglez."

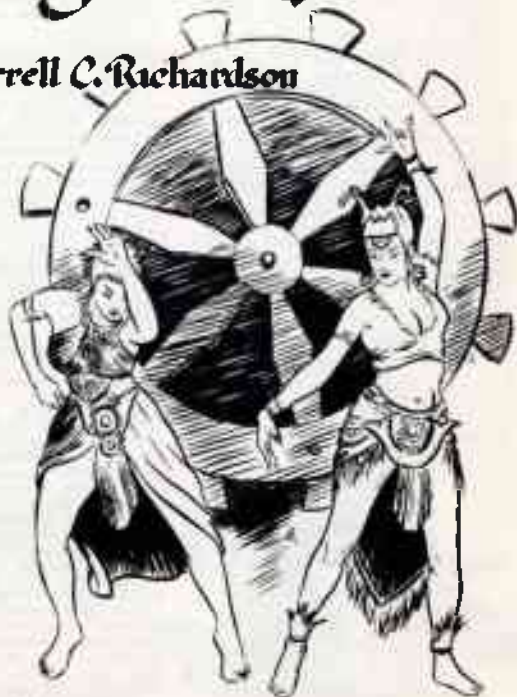
It is not any wonder—in the face of such evidence, that many people believe some of these fan mags be preserved for the sake of posterity.

It has often been suggested that certain fan mags be sealed away in time-capsules. I can only add that it would be a damn good ideal if they sealed away some of the fan publishers in time-capsules, too.

(Reprinted from the CHANTICLEER)

The Wheel as a Religious Symbol

by Darrell C. Richardson



Illustrated
by

RASKHU D.
RICHARDSON

"Adoration of the Wheel" (First-Century Buddhists in Central India)

Who invented the wheel? Nobody knows. It is not even known when it was developed. We can only use conjecture. No doubt in the dim prehistoric past a man watched a section of a tree trunk roll down the hill. He observed how easily and swiftly it tumbled. He noted that rolling required less effort than dragging. It is probable that a rough sled with wooden runners preceded the wheeled wagon. We can use our imagination and deduce that this was attached rough wooden wheels to his crude cart and thus the wheel came into being. An entire book could be written on the impact that the wheel has made on transportation and on civilization in general. This would make a fascinating study. However, we are concerned here with the wheel as a fantastic symbol in religion and superstition.

Among the many strange ideas in superstition and religion none seems to me so curious as that mechanical devotion called a prayer-wheel. It seems to be peculiar to those countries where Buddha holds sway, but is not found in all Buddhist countries. For example, prayer-wheels are not used in the temples of Ceylon. Buddha is worshipped

as the Chakravarti Rajah, or "King of the Wheel."

These wheels are believed to have been in use for at least fifteen centuries. They originated in the idea that it was an act of merit to continually recite portions of the writings of Buddha. For the benefit of the unlearned who did not read or write, it was allowable to merely turn over the rolled manuscripts containing the precious precepts. This simple substitute was found to save so much trouble that the custom rapidly spread. The action, in time, was further simplified by the invention of wheels, called tschu-chor, great egg-shaped barrels full of prayers, with a cord attached to the base of the barrel, which when pulled, set the cylinder twirling.

As you near Northern India and penetrate the mighty mountain ranges of the Himalayas, you will observe men twirling little brass cylinders as they climb the narrow, precipitous paths along the dizzy heights. These cylinders contain mystic sentences written many thousands of times on strips of cloth which are wound around a spindle. The end of the spindle forms a handle for the miniature wheel. From the cen-

terprises the impetus which causes the little prayer-wheel to twirl with the slightest exertion. As it goes on grinding out its thousands of scrupulous acts of homage to Buddha, a tiny bell marks each revolution. Of course, the mind of the worshipper is supposed to be absorbed in meditation during all this time. But this is really too much to expect, so it suffices if he repeats the prayer aloud at the beginning and the end of his devotions.

Many are too poor to afford the luxury of owning their own prayer-wheel. To provide for the devotions of these, a large prayer-wheel is set up in the center of a village for public use. These colossal prayer-wheels resemble a very large barrel, and are turned by an iron crank. They are usually about twelve feet high by eight feet in diameter and are quite ornate. It is be-

lieved that with each revolution of the wheel the worshipper is laying up much treasure of heavenly praise.

Prayer-wheels are usually found at the doors of the better dwellings where everyone entering can give them a spin for the good of the house. In the monasteries, there are many rows of small cylinders, so arranged that any passer-by can set them all whirling by just drawing his hand along as he passes.

Prayer-wheels are also placed so that they are turned by wind or water power. The former use the principle of the windmill, which the latter are placed over streams, so that the running water can ceaselessly turn out prayers. At the Lama Temple in Darjeeling the wind is used to make prayers for the dead. Flags bearing sacred formula are fastened to poles forty feet high. As these flutter in the breeze they are supposed to be offering endless adoration on behalf of the dead.

You will find that invariably the prayer-wheels are arranged so as to turn from right to left, following the course of the sun. To invert this order would not only bring bad luck but would be sinful. This will be understood by those versed in old Scottish lore which taught that a widdershins turn (a course contrary to that of the sun) was made only in invoking a curse.

In Tibet many of the prayer-wheels contain a strip of paper or cloth on which is written a short but comprehensive prayer in Tibetan, a prayer for the six classes of living creatures; namely, the souls in heaven, the evil spirits in the air, man, animals, souls in purgatory, and souls in hell.

The Po-ists of China pin their faith on the magic word sum-ni-to-foh, which is one of the many titles of Buddha. A devout Po-ist desires to repeat this word at least a half million times during the course of his life. Naturally, the use of the prayer-wheel speeds up his devotions. Many priests shut themselves up in the temples for months, with no other occupation than repeating this magic word over and over again day

and night.

The title Aum or Om is not peculiar to the worshippers of Buddha. In fact, it is equivalent to the Hebrew Jah, the holiest title of the Almighty. The Brahmins consider this title so holy they will not utter it aloud. The Yains will whisper it with deepest reverence only after they have laid their hands across their mouths.

This same word (Aum or Om) was used by the ancient Celts to express the holy and mystic name of God. It seems more than a mere coincidence that these two races, separated widely by time and distance, should not only have praised the Supreme Being under the same name, but also have symbolized their worship by the use of figures representing the revolving sun, under the image of a wheel.

This might well be the key to the use of the wheel and of various other ceremonies by the Buddhists. It points back toward some remote age, when these dead customs were instinct with life, symbols of the great and glorious God, Creator of the Sun.

Many early races revered the revolving wheel of light as the most appropriate emblem of the Sun-god. A wheel, representing the Sun, was turned as an act of worship in the temples of the ancient Greeks. They called their Sun-god Helios. The Greeks in turn de-



HAND PRAYER-WHEEL (TIBET)



WATER PRAYER-WHEEL (TIBET)

ANONYMOUS

by GEORGE WETZEL & MALCOLM WILLITS

Inhabitants of that strange twilight region still speak with dread and dislike of ancient covered bridges, certain Palladian-windowed houses and even of occasional unsocial families which live their lives alone, among the tombs and legends of their forefathers. These inhabitants, whether fat, dirty tobacco farmers, or lean hungry youths, if asked by passing strangers, can give no basis for their ill-feeling, save that their fathers, and their fathers before them spoke of a timeless evil within their tide-water region.

I was a stranger here; the stagnant tidal swamps of Southern Maryland being a new experience for my wandering soul. My profession, that of a simple, unromantic office worker had again given way to my zealous hobby; that of amateur archaeology. My summers for the past five years had been spent in search of the strange, the weird, and the unusual; digging in ancient mounds, tracking down half-forgotten legends, deciphering crumbling maps, yellow with age and decadence.

This day found me within the region described above, searching for the weedy sites of extinct Potomac River towns. Having quickly discovered the region to be rich with inherited superstitions, I obtained some faulty directions from one of its more withered inhabitants and set forth across the low-lying hills.

I had traveled some two miles or more; across wide unkempt fields, past sagging black fences and sluggish insect-invested pools, when the twilight sky filled with rain squalls. Since

swamp oaks offer little in the way of protection from the elements, I searched desperately about for some other means of shelter. With difficulty (for the sky was now quite dark, and the rain descending in vast silver sheets) I was able to discern the dim remains of a 17th century Maryland Manor-house. Since the slimy swamp waters were already rising, I resolved at once to make for these ruins, hoping against hope that some portion of that dilapidated mansion would prove to be dry.

It was while thus preoccupied, that my gaze happened to chance upon what first appeared to be a hill-side cave. Lying low against the sheltered hill, guarded by two married trees and a collection of mossy boulders. The cave might never have been visible to one passing by during an ordinary day, so well did it blend with its natural surroundings. Tonight however, the wind played tricks with the scurrying clouds, so that the whole world was engulfed in a weird green light which made the cave stand out, black and naked against the twisted sky. Naturally I chose this more accessible place of refuge, and arrived therein after dashing a few hundred yards through the turbulent waters.

My sanctuary, I discovered upon plunging through its sagging portals, was not a cave at all, but rather a centuried tomb, filled with the silence and the shadows of the dead. As my eyes grew accustomed to its stale darkness, I was better able to conceive my surroundings. Although the tomb had not the most wholesome roof, still, the

interior was relatively dry and free of the wind and rain which thrashed about outside. The walls were great heavy slabs of granite, the roof, the same, being upheld by two squat stone columns. As the greenish light from the storm outside penetrated into the new-found chamber, the shadows were slowly lifted, so that my view was extended still further into the recesses of that strange refuge.

A giant granite sarcophagus rested upon a crude stone platform at the farther end of the tomb. Swathed in an intricate maze of cobwebs, the coffin lay half hidden by heavy black shadows which seemingly stood guard like solemn imps from Hell.

My mind, as I advanced toward the apparent owner of that musty tomb, played with my fervent imagination until the very atmosphere was peopled with ghosts and ghouls, and other fantastic creatures. Indeed, as I laid my hand upon its cold, hard surface, I fully believed to see a thin, pasty-white hand slip forth from the great stone sarcophagus, and two watery orbs peer upward at me with a soulless hate which knew no home on earth. But my half-hearted fears proved useless, for the coffin was empty, the lid in two great broken segments at its side. The body, if there had ever been one, was gone, and all its curses and legends with it, so if it had been grave robbers (for the lid alone would strain three husky men) they had long ago withered and died crying in vain his name whose tomb they had despoiled.

However, in relaxing against this granite sarcophagus, I discovered a notebook of damp, discolored pages written in an odd, rectilinear hand. My surprise at finding such a book in such a place was second only to that of the message which it contained, and although memory has mercifully spared me from much that transpired that dread late-afternoon, I will do my best to

partially re-construct its message which survived even beyond the grave.

The notebook was a curious manuscript, being a diary of sorts of the experimental results with engulfed drugs which its author had partaken of some two hundred years before. The pages were close, and the lines small, the writing of short, choppy sentences which often degenerated into series of smudged ink splashes and mediaeval Germanic terms. Several pages were devoted to great lists of long-forgotten herbs, and witch-craft books unsought for since the days when sorcery ruled the earth. The writer seemed to have full knowledge of the occult sciences, and to have practiced them long hours in the dead of night. Certain strange remarks concerning a dark onondy once used in the legendary drowned city of Ys were scrawled within the margins, as well as references to age-old Egyptian beliefs and oils. Occasionally there were revealing flashes of the writer's metaphysical point of view, one instance that intrigued me being his experiments basic hypothesis of a drug-cadaveron or simultaneous imbibence of several drugs. The authors words were strange, and his handwriting, as I slowly pried loose the archaic pages, became more and more that of a hurried scrawl, as if its author had time now for only jotted notes, so intense was his search for some mystic truth which always seemed so near.



The manuscript dragged almost pedantically on, with seemingly preposterous accounts of what the drug camper allegedly performed when added to that notorious drug-childron. Then, as if the personality of the writer had undergone a severe emotional upheaval, the hastily scrawled notes took on a new and sinister tone. The writer, so he claimed, had succeeded in his ultimate experiment, that of freeing his dream soul from all earthly limitations during a period of drugged slumber. Then, in the ravings of an obvious madman, the writer described his escape from his own body, his first brief moments of elating flight, that golden moment of indescribable beauty when his dream soul was completely free, and made to wander above all men and things, into the very structure of the universe itself.

The twilight, the storm, and the tomb about me were all forgotten in my frenzied reading of that astounding document. Things I had never seen nor heard were there before me in that notebook, experiments, accounts, and finally relations which man has never experienced before in all his fumbling quests toward the final sciences. Indeed, I was as far from the thoughts of the everyday world as the farthest star, and time itself lost all meaning for me as I read and lived the message which that book contained, written by some unknown man some two-hundred years before.

From the fantastic relations which the writer had experienced in his mad wanderings from his drugged body, came periods of equally intense depression, when his riotous soul was again forced to resume it's physical limitations. The drugs, wrote the writer, were only temporary; their power being short-lived and useless for his intended wanderings into the ethereal plain. Some new drug whose power was inexhaustible would have to be found, one which

THE TALES OF
CLARK ASHTON SMITH

A Bibliography comprising all of that master's work which appeared in book and magazine form. Published and printed by Thomas G. L. Cookcroft, 1 Stilling Street, Melling, Lower Hut, New Zealand.

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might preserve his frail body for weeks at a time which his dream soul roamed the cosmos. There followed pages of intensive research, black experiments performed with only dead for company, frequent brushes with the law as his increasing demands violated everything sacred to the human race. Into his mad experiments he poured not only his hopes and dreams, but also his money, his friends, and his country estates, so that when the drug was finally found, his fortunes had dwindled until they comprised but one run-down manor house, and a handful of servants. But such earthly misfortunes bothered him little so that within a few days of his initial discovery, the all-powerful drug, for which he had dedicated his life, lay waiting before him.

It was here that the fear of the writer of being mistaken as dead when deep in drugged oblivion first presented itself. His planned sojourn into the nether regions could not be measured in earthly terms of days or weeks, hence precautions would have to be taken to assure the safety of his body. An old servant was instructed in the simple cares which his body would require during his questionable absence, then the two of them were secluded within the upper rooms of the manor house. Shutters were closed, and doors bolted, so that when the writer laid himself down, and partook of his fabulous discovery, none knew the plans for his death-like sleep, save his faithful servant man.

The calligraphy upon the remaining few pages was strikingly different, discordant in their form, as if made by another or, I forcefully thought, by the same original hand now hindered by some physical anomaly that caused it to careen and fumble the lettering. With difficulty I deciphered this yet stranger handwriting, and immediately the very impact of it's terrifying significance left me weak and gasping.

What he had long feared, the alchemist wrote, had happened. His drugged state had lasted far beyond his wildest expectations, and when his servant man had died, a suspicious populace had broken into the manor house and found him, cold and still, the color of death upon his limped features. But he was not dead, but his drugged state had so fooled the doctors that he was entombed within the hillside, and a marker placed before the door. Here he had lain, for a year, a decade, a century, an eon, until his maddened soul had lost all sense of time and place. A brief account of his final tortured escape followed, made all the more terrible by what it pointedly left out. Then the crazy over-large script began, with but a hint of the present nameless condition of the writer, before it expired into a sinister illegibility with a claw-like mark or smudge extending a faint and unpleasant fetidness.

The whole thing was.....fantastic I thought as I wiped away the perspiration from my trembling hands. Fiction; the notebook was fiction, it had to be, for whoever heard of taking drugs to release the dream soul from human bondage? And a drug, which when taken, would render this same soul free from the ravages of time for hundreds of years; was such a thing possible? Was this ancient notebook simply the mad babblings of an 18th century lunatic, or the journal of a learned scientist whose daring of the unknown had surpassed that of any other man since time

Solitude

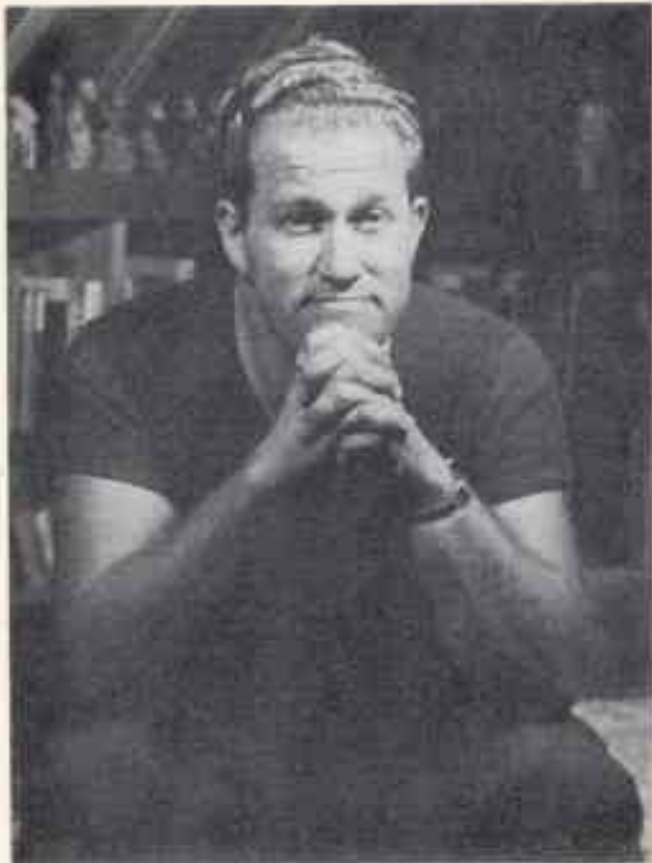
When the deepness of man's soul
Is likened to a bottomless pit
His hopes which he sendeth forth
Return only as echoes
And the earth about him
An empty blanket of vastness

...by Helen Suchl

immortal? If those words, if those formulas, and tests, and experiments were correct, if they were true and could be repeated,.....man might again approach those realms forbidden to him for the past ten thousand years.

At that instant, while I pondered thusly, there came an awkward movement from somewhere within the tomb. Startled, I glanced toward the sagging door, half expecting to view some woodland creature there, driven like myself from the storm outside. The doorway stood empty, and the space beyond, so that the fear within my heaving breast was quieted and I even smiled at my superstitious thoughts. My smile however, was short-lived, for in breathing easily again, I detected a foul, unexplainable odor within the tomb. My senses reeled as my fluttering mind compared this new, almost over-powering stench with that fetid atmosphere of the ancient notebook within my hand. They were the same; and this fetidness grew as again came that stumbling noise-closer, out from the shadows hiding the forgotten sarcophagus. As a tidal wave of incomprehensible fear washed over me, I turned, to face the shadows and the thing behind me.

CONTINUED—Page 29



Who's Who In Science Fiction

—Prepared by ROBERT BRIDLEY

August Derleth.

Writing Unlimited

August Derleth is well known to science fiction and fantasy fans in several capacities: as the author of some of the best supernatural and weird tales that have appeared in the various fantasy magazines; as founder and editorial director of Arkham House, the first publishing company to be devoted entirely to fantasy books; and as the biographer and literary executor of the late great H. P. Lovecraft. It should be no surprise to most aficionados that he is just as well known in any of a dozen other fields—regional literature (specifically Wisconsin, which is the subject of his monumental *Sac Prairie Saga*, a series of about fifty books designed to portray the economic and social life and history of a typical Wisconsin village from 1830 to 1950; approximately half of the projected fifty books have been published), poetry, historical novels, mysteries, essays, critical prose and reviews, and detective fiction (the *Solar Pans* stories, pastiches of Sherlock Holmes). In fact, outside of western fiction and confession stories, it would be difficult to name a field in which he hasn't written, and with marked success, for despite his incredible prolificity his work is seldom shallow or superficial. How he can find the time for the enormous amount of writing he does, besides his work in connection with the three publishing houses (Arkham House, Nycraft & Moran, and Stenton & Lee, all of Sauk City, Wisconsin), and his hobbies of

fencing, swimming, hiking, chess, stamp collecting, and collecting comic strips, is as thorough a puzzle as any of the mysteries that ever confronted Judge Peck or Solar Pans.

Derleth was born February 24, 1909, in Sauk City, Wisconsin; took his B.A. at the University of Wisconsin in 1930. The following paragraphs reprinted from the *Unicorn Mystery Book Club News* for August 1951 gives an interesting picture of Derleth by the person who knows him best—August Derleth:

"My first published story was written in 1923 when I was fourteen years old, while I was recovering from the mumps. It was actually the eighteenth story I had written. That was the beginning; the end does not yet seem in sight.

"As for writing about myself, I find that difficult. I'm afraid I'm a genuine provincial. I live out here at the edge of town (the *Sac Prairie* of my fiction) with a record library of 2500, ranging from Bach to boogie (I do a respectably good jitter-bug myself,) a mouthwatering mystery novel and supernatural story collection, a top-flight regional literature library, and a general library totalling 10,000 volumes, with the world's largest collection of comics, ranging from 1894 to the present (the subject of a book in progress *COMICS IN AMERICA*, a history and analysis). I keep a finger in village government, local school affairs, and what have you?

"For a writer who needs time in which to write, I'm unconfortably gregarious, and my house is invaded by young people of high school age out to dance, study, or read (I serve on a county juvenile delinquent committee and as parole officer in addition), and I see thus pretty well handicapped.

"And yet, I don't know. One month two years or so ago I had to do thirty supernatural stories under my own and some pen names. Since I had a novel in progress, I couldn't use the daytime for this; so I began usually about nine or nine-thirty P. M. and finished a story every night anywhere from midnight to two in the morning. Most of the time I was constantly beset by young people shooting questions out of a bull-session on the lounge in my study, or running in from the adjoining room wanting to know where Mesopotamia was or who Bullfuss was and the like. I managed my thirty stories in thirty evenings—under distinct pressure, I'd say.

"My attitude toward writing is complex. I have to write; I have no alternative—but I rather think I write only when I can't find any excuse to get out of it. Obviously, I haven't found many excuses. I do several books at a time and just recently, I finished a book of true crimes, WISCONSIN MURDERS; a book of Anctory verse, PSYCHE; an historical novel for young readers, and am at present working on two novels, both on social problems."

FEMIS

...a complete checklist of Mr. Dorleth's literary works (comprising some ten mimeographed pages) can be obtained from Jim Bradley, 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon. This list, which proved too long to be included in this issue of DESTINY, has been sent free to all subscribers, and can be bought by the general public for 10¢ per copy..

ARTICLES AND ESSAYS BY AUGUST DERLETH

Addenda to H.P.L.: A MEMOIR	SOMETHING ABOUT CATS		1949
Lovecraft's Sensitivity			
Lovecraft's Conservatism			
Arkham House: a Thumbnaill History	The Fossile	Oct.	1950
Arkham House Faces Its Eight Year	Fantasy Fiction Field	Dec. 8	1945
Building of Arkham House, The	Fantasy Review	June	1947
David Keller: an Appreciation	Spearhead	Sept.	1949
Doomed by Curses That Last for Centuries	True Mystic Crimes	March	1931
Ghosts Who Return and Re-Enact Their Crimes	"	March	1931
H.P.L.: A MEMOIR	Argus Books		1945
Horror Fiction	The Writer	May	1945
Introductions:			
BEST SUPERNATURAL STORIES by H.P.L.	World Publishing Co.		1945
THE DUNBACH HORROR AND OTHER WEIRD TALES by H.P.L.	Armed Services Edit.		1945
ORIGEN TEA & OTHER GHOST STORIES by J. S. LeFauu	Arkham House		1945
THE MAMMOT OF THE DARK & OTHER TAKES OF HORROR by H.P.L.	Collance (London)		1921
OUT OF SPACE AND TIME by Clark Ashton Smith	Arkham House		1942
THE OUSIDER AND OTHERS by H.P.L.	"	"	1939
THE PUNGILL PAPERS by J. Sheridan LeFauu	" -to be published	"	1949
SOMETHING ABOUT CATS & OTHER PIECES by H.P.L.	Abramsco		1945
SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE by H.P.L.	"		1945
I've Seen the Living Dead of the Black Island	True Mystic Crimes	April	1931
Let's Have a Ghost for Christmas	McClurg's Book News	Dec.	1942
Lovecraft and Music	Utopia	May	1945

Lovecraft as a Formative Influence	MARGINALIA		1944
Master of the Macabre, A (HPL)	Reading and Collecting	August	1937
My Favorite Forgotten Book: THE HILL OF DREAMS	Tomorrow	June	1951
My Favorite Ghoul	The Wisconsin Octopus	Jan.	1947
Myths about Lovecraft	The Lovecraft Collector	May	1949
Note about THE OUSIDER, A	Alchemist	Dec.	1946
Note on Arthur Machan, A	Reading and Collecting	Nov.	1947
Notes on Writing Fantasy	The Chimerical Review	June	1951
Recognition to Charles Williams	Dallas Times Herald	May 8	1949
They Saw into the Future	True Mystic Crimes	April	1931
This Great Lover Won Women by Magic Powers	"	April	1931
Weird Tale in English Since 1890, The	The Ghost	May	1945
When the Night and the House Are Still	SOMEONE IN THE DARK (q.v.)		1941
Your Picture Can Be Your Death Warrant	True Mystic Crimes	April	1931

ANTHOLOGIES EDITED, AND WITH INTRODUCTIONS, BY AUGUST DERLETH

Beyond Time and Space (sf)	Pellegrini and Cudshy	1950
Dark of the Moon (fantasy poems)	Arkham House	1947
Far Boundaries (sf)	Pellegrini and Cudshy	1951
The Night Side (weird)	Rinehart and Company	1947
Night's Taming Peal (weird)	Pellegrini and Cudshy	1952
The Other Side of the Moon (sf)	"	1949
The Outer Reaches (sf)	"	1951
Sleep No More (weird)	Farrer and Rinehart	1944
The Sleeping and the Dead (weird)	Pellegrini and Cudshy	1947
Strange Ports of Call (sf)	"	1948
What Dreams May Come (sf) (tentative title)	"	1952
Who Knocks? (weird)	Rinehart and Company	1946

FANTASY POETRY BY AUGUST DERLETH

Bart Hinch	Driftwood	June	1943
Elagy: Providence in the Spring	RANK ON THE WIND		1938
Lois Malone	Driftwood	June	1943
Man and the Cosmos	Wonder Stories	April	1935
Man at the Window	WIND IN THE ELMS		1941
Mark of Man—Mark of Beast	WIND IN THE ELMS		1941
Omega	Wonder Stories	November	1934
"Only Deserted..."	The Phantograph	March	1937
Pool in the Wood, The	Arkham Sampler	Winter	1949
Providence: Do Gentlemen Meet at Midnight	Arkham Sampler	Autumn	1948
The Shores of Night	THE EDGE OF NIGHT		1945
Stranger in the Night	WIND IN THE ELMS		1941
Ted Birkett	Driftwood	June	1943
To a Spaceship	Wonder Stories	March	1934
Waldon House	RIND OF EARTH		1942

Four of Destiny's top stories have been scheduled for appearance in the forthcoming anthology, "The Worst of Science Fictions", Stupendous Publications, Inc. The stories appearing are: "Just for Gold", "The Thing That Crawls", "The End", and "To Not Be Worthy". For only \$3.50 we will rush your copy, free of charge.

5th AND DEARBORN

by Pat Rizzo

It's a wet, dreary night. A steady rain is beating a monotonous tattoo on the cracked sidewalk. Light from the dim streetlamp glistens on the slick asphalt pavement. A lone car approaches—the intersection, its headlights momentarily illuminating a small, white sign reading 5th and Dearborn. The car makes a left turn and slup slups away into the darkness.

Further along Dearborn the Roxy is disgorging a crowd of theater goers who begin making their godden way to parked autos or up this way to Al's all night Cafe. Laughing about an amusing incident in the show, a couple reach the corner and prepare to cross 5th. An electrical tension fills the air, they seem to feel it and pause. Somewhere far above a scream cuts the air, in a split-second draws nearer, and is cut off by the sound of a heavy object striking the wet cement.

They whirl around to find the body of a girl sprawled on the sidewalk behind them. She does not move, her wide open eyes stare in eternal fascination at the dark sky. The man is suddenly occupied in supporting the limp body of his companion. A crowd begins to form. Someone, eager to display his knowledge of first aid, examines the body, finds no sign of life, and starts up to await the ambulance and police.

..The ambulance arrives and its white-coated internes remove the body. Officer Barnes is collecting information from the tragedy's only two witnesses while the rain slowly washes the blood from the sidewalk and into the gutter. "She must have fallen at least fifteen stories", remarks Officer Barnes as he recalls with a shudder the numerous fractures.

"Yes, but where from?" inquires a practical bystander.

"I don't know. I just don't know", Barnes mutters as he stares with wonder at the empty, weed-choked lot on the corner of 5th and Dearborn.



A LOVECRAFT RANDOMNIUM (continued)

think it far fetched to say "he was acquainted with the foregoing". His sole essay into comparative mythology (spoken of in this paragraph's beginning) furthers such an assumption.

Concluding this rambling essay I would like to add unmistakable sources of Lovecraft's "The Shunned House". In "Myths and Myth-Makers" by John Miske, page 124 there appears the true, historic case of demented Jacques Roulet who believed himself a werewolf. Lovecraft used his case entirely, the only change being that of making Roulet a vampire. Then there is in "Myths and Legends of Our Land", by Charles Skinner, Volume I, page 76, an American folktale called "The Green Picture". Here again Lovecraft lifted bodily the entire description of a mould silhouette graving over a cellar grave and used it in "The Shunned House".

THE END



MONDOQUE (continued)

I cannot describe what I saw, there in the half shadows and the greenish light, for instant madness gripped me, and I ran blindly from that terrible tomb, never to return. But in my dreams, my haunted dreams, I still see that decayed figure outlined against the murky light, that horrible disturber whose figurations were mercifully shadowed. I still see that vision of a hideous resurrection, and although time will ease these wounds, I know that I shall never forget that night within the tomb. Nor shall I ever forget that tragic knowledge which I gained, for I know now what crumbling, fleshy abode awaits the dream-soul of a living sleeper, a dream-soul which has tarried elsewhere too long and too far.

THE END

THE FATHER OF JOHN CARTER AND TARZAN

FORTUNE MAGAZINE quoted Burroughs as saying "that some of his stories are not so hot but reminds you pertinently that they sell—an argument that admits of no rebuttal." But Burroughs was a great spinner of yarns. He had stories to tell and he told them with artistry. There are pages in his books which have the authentic touch of story-telling genius. He has always had this unique ability to attract the interest of the multitudes. When asked about his rules for writing back in 1945, Burroughs replied, "In all these years I have not learned one single rule for writing fiction or anything else. I still write as I did thirty years ago: stories which I feel would entertain me and give me mental relaxation, knowing that there are millions of people just like me who will like the same things that I like."

You will agree with me that his judgment was correct. And I know that I speak for millions of fans when I say that we will sincerely miss him. However, his spirit, his ideas, and his creations will live on to entertain and inspire this generation and the next and the next.

THE END

WANTED

by
DARRELL C. RICHARDSON,
6 Silver Avenue, Covington, Ky.

Books by Edgar Rice Burroughs:

The Man Without a Soul (British) 1st.W
Tarzan the Invincible, 1st.(With 5 illus)
Tarzan and the City of Gold, Mint 1st
Tarzan and the Leopard Men, Mint 1st
Tarzan and the Lost Empire (B-L-B)
Tarzan Triumphant, Mint 1st
The Son of Tarzan (Mint A.L.Burt edition)

Comic Books

Back Rogers #1, Spaulker Comics #10 to #30, The Warnings #1 to 38, The Top Comics #1 to 50, Comics on Parade #1 to 60, Hi-Spot Comics #1 to 80, Popular Comics and Crack-Up-Jack Comics (Any issues with BS tales)

The wheel (CONTINUED)

rived the custom from the Egyptians who carved wheels on many objects as a symbol of the sun. Often a winged griffin with the head of a cock and a coil of serpents forming the tail, is shown rolling a wheel which is represented as the wheel of eternity.

The Scandinavians represented their god of time as holding a wheel in one hand and flowers in the other. The image of the Saxon Sun-god also bears a wheel of fire. This is also thought to be the idea back of the wheels of the car of Jagannath and other idol-cars of India which are brought out and drawn in a circuit, symbolical of the course of the heavenly bodies. Multitudes have thrown themselves under these sun-wheels in order to secure a quick transition to the world of light. Jagannath is another name for Vishnu, who, in another incarnation is called Krishna, the Sun-god. The temples of Vishnu are invariably marked by a mystic wheel in the same way the temples of Siva are marked by the trident.

Shintoism, until recently the established religion of Japan, is based on the worship of the deceased mikados and their ancestress, the Sun-goddess. The image of the Sun-goddess in the form of a circular mirror of polished metal, is the only object of worship on the altar of a Shinto temple.

Incidentally, the prayer-wheels to be found in China and Japan have it on the prayer-wheels of Tibet, because instead of containing sentences of scripture, they contain whole libraries of sacred Buddhist scriptures. Each cylinder contains many books, and when a worshipper turns these wheels he has acquired the merit of reciting in one revolution a whole Buddhist library!

Indeed, there can be little doubt that the use of the wheel as a religious symbol, sprang from the same original wide-spread reverence for the

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sun, the great wheel of light. This worship of the God of nature seems to be an attribute of man, wherever we find him, since the dawn of creation.

THE END

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We chase the ghoulish Whop;
And hunt the Isness of the What
Through forests of the Then.
Into the Inner Consciousness
We track the crafty Where;
We spear the Ego through, and heard
The Selfhood in his lair.

(Anonymous)

With lessons of the brain we catch
The leness of the Was;
And in the copans of the Whence
We hear the think bees buzz.
We climb the slippery whichbark tree
To watch the thynness roll!
And pause betimes in gnostic rimes
To woo the Over Soul

