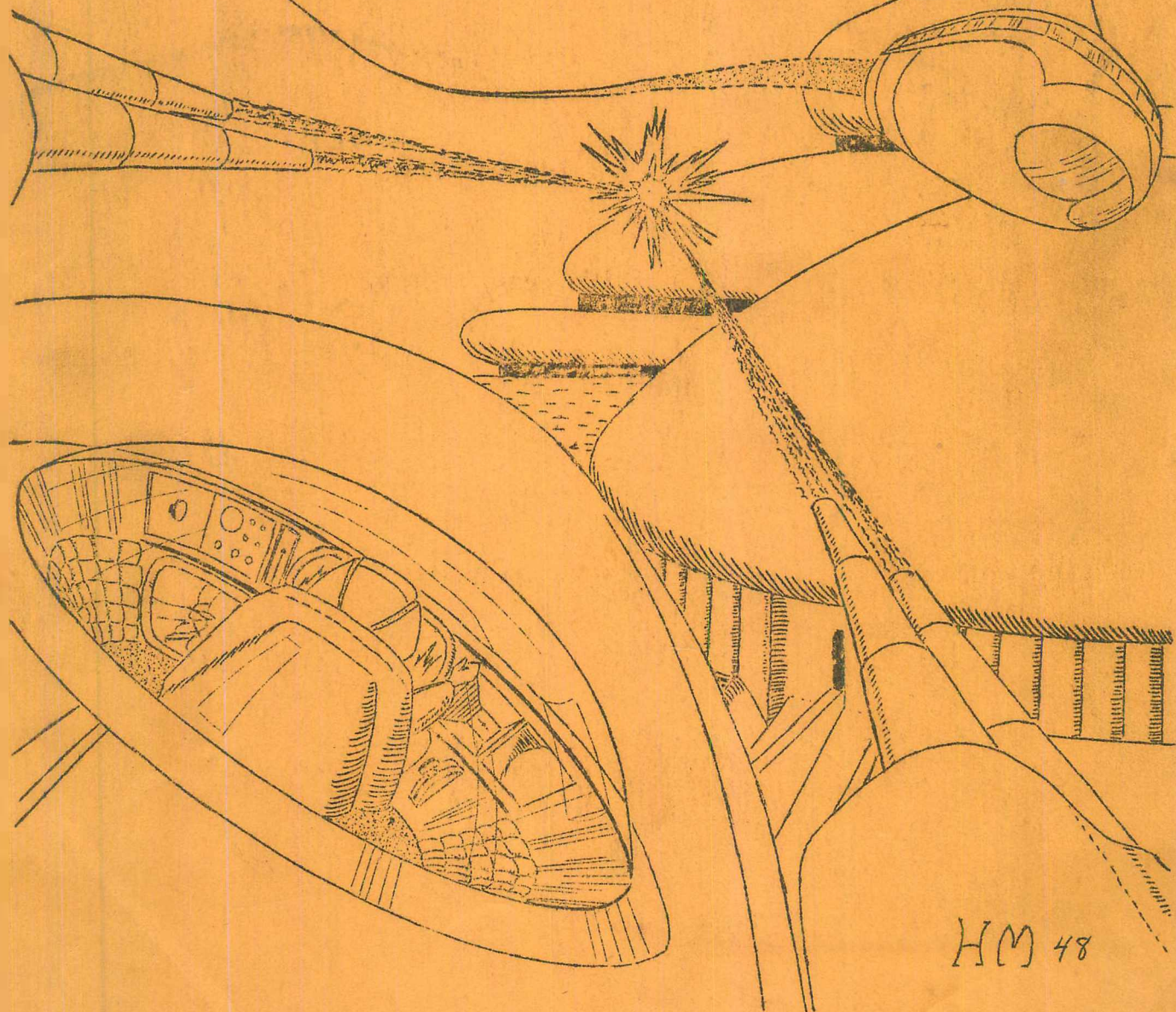
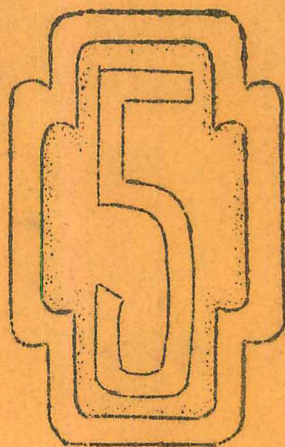
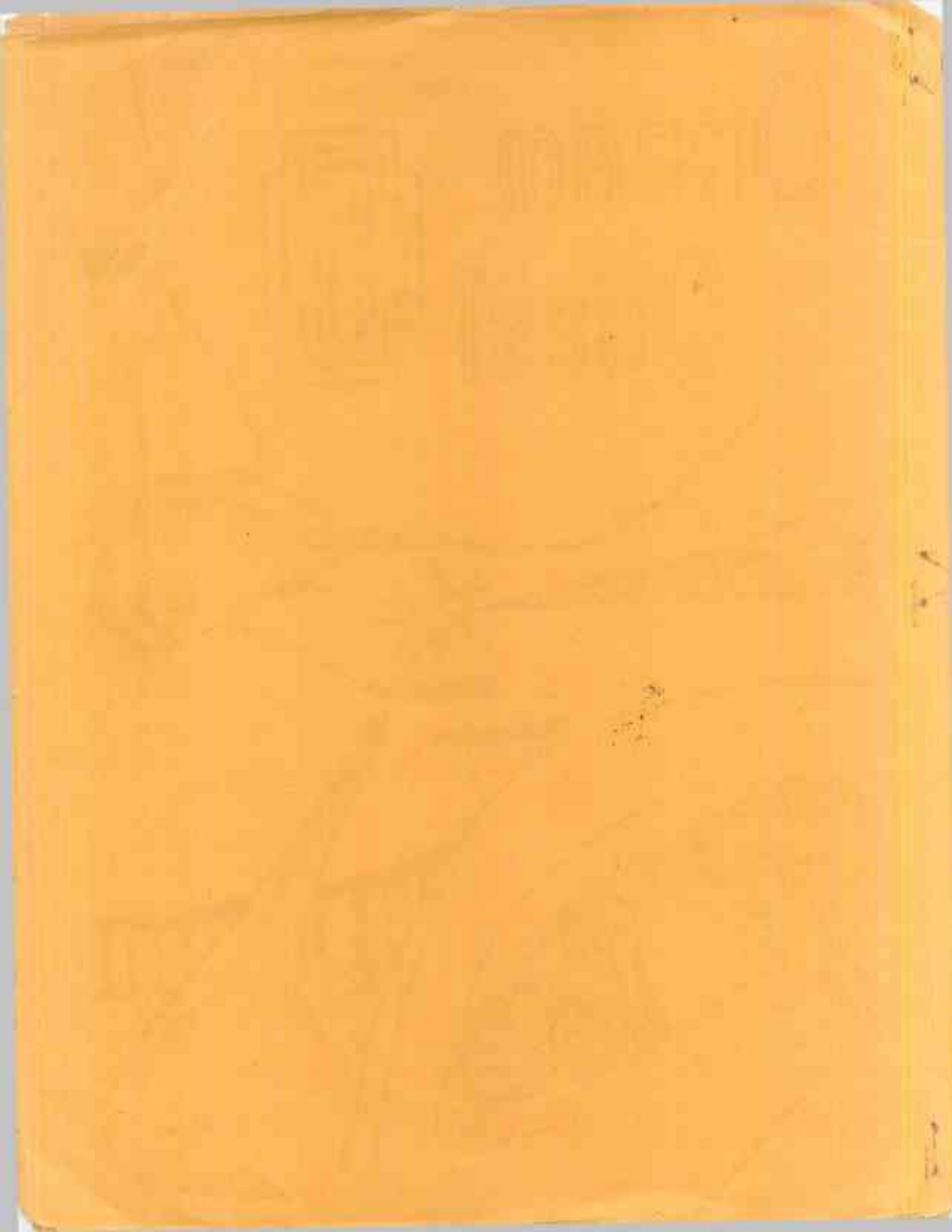


DREAM

Quest



HM 48



DreamQuest

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Philip Gray, Arkham House editor; Howard Miller, art editor
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* * *
DREAM QUEST is an amateur publication for fans of science fiction, fantasy, and weird fiction. It is published irregularly at 495 North Third St., Banning, California. Price: 15¢ per copy, 2 for 25¢, 4 for 50¢, 8 for \$1.00. Trades gladly arranged with other fanzines. We welcome material; the only payment is a free copy of Dream Quest for each accepted unit of material. Opinions expressed by contributors and correspondents are their own, and do not necessarily reflect the views of any of Dream Quest's staff. All letters sent here are subject to publication unless specifically requested otherwise. If a check appears here _____ you had better send some cash if you want more issues of this magazine. ###

the GAS *Jet*

Back in the palmy days of The Acolyte, a triangular correspondence between E. Hoffmann Price, Stuart Boland, and myself led to Boland's transcribing most of H. P. Lovecraft's letters to Price, for eventual publication in Acolyte. A difference of opinion between Boland and myself held them up for some time. He wanted them run verbatim and complete; I wanted to excerpt out the many articles they contained and suppress the extraneous portions of the letters -- the detailed discussions of the weather, minutiae about cats, and the like. By the time Boland finally agreed to let me edit them in order to present the best portions of the correspondence at its best, Acolyte had folded and I had no outlet for the material. But it seems a pity that this material, which so many fans will enjoy, be kept mouldering in the dark; so I'm turning my rights to it over to the most promising general fanzine I can find, the magazine that I expect will in time be #1 in the polls. I hope you all enjoy this material as much as I did when I first read it.

--FRANCIS T. LANEY.

* * * * *

I might say in passing that Stuart Boland wrote an article to introduce the series of letters. However, he apparently wrote it before he had agreed that the series was to consist of articles excerpted from letters, rather than letters printed verbatim. Boland's article consisted of a biography of E. Hoffmann Price, plus some random observations; E. Hoffmann Price pointed out the fallacies in Boland's description of his life, and as the sum total of erroneous statements exceeded the fact, we decided not to run the article. In actuality, it had little relation to the subject, and little value in relation to the projected series of articles. And Price has scuttled any possible value it might have had intrinsically. We decided that you would be bored by pages and pages of unfactual biography followed by pages and pages of Price's corrections, so the article will not be run. Brief excerpts will, however, appear.

The articles by H. P. Lovecraft which you will be seeing from time to time in future issues are excerpted from the Boland transcripts by me; I shall endeavor to make the articles of fantasy interest at all times; when interest is exhausted, no more articles will appear. I do not see any point in overdoing it, or in printing things by Lovecraft that I'd have rejected had anyone else written them; Lovecraftians are assured of plenty of fare from Arkham House, and publication of extraneous material merely because of the name attached thereto will serve no conceivable purpose. ' ' Thanks by the bushel are extended to Laney for passing us along all this fine material. We wish we could repay him in something besides egoboo.

Ref the Laney Histo-Map of fandom, we plead guilty to a couple of errors in stenciling. On the extreme upper right-hand corner of the second page of the map, there should be a diagonal line extending parallel to the jog in the line representing the PSFS, drawn from approximately the location of the "1939" upward and to the left on the map. This line, which represents the tapering off and extinction of the SFL, was unintentionally left off in the stenciling, and it should be added by you to make the map complete. You can see where it should go by continuing the SFL trend from the bottom of page 1 of the map to the top of page 2. " On the last page of the map, the section representing the NFFF tapers off more than it should toward the bottom of the map; this is due to a slip in stenciling the lines, and, as there is no way to correct it, it must be mentioned here. The NFFF was intended to continue on with no change in width and/or importance. We apologize for these errors; anyone sincerely interested can note them and correct one of them easily. " Errors in representing trends, importance of various groups, timing, etc., suggestions, comments, and analyses should be brought to Laney's attention via Cave of the Winds. If anyone wishes to compose a more complete, detailed, or accurate histo-map, we would be only too glad to receive and publish it. Several people, among them Speer, should be able to do a commendable job.

Various people have asked me to give them plugs. Bob Stein has re-founded Fantasy Illustrated in folio format; he wants 150 copies of any color mimeo artwork run off for fanzines, paper and ink to be paid for by him; he wishes to buy 150 copies of any litho art done in fandom; mimeo artwork done in black is apparently unacceptable, though he wishes the stencils cleaned and sent him for re-mimeoing in color. I think this is a commendable project. Don Hutchison wants a plug for his Macabre; first issue, out, is nice, and I wish him luck. Rick Sneary and Rex Ward have hatched the idea of holding the 1958 convention in South Gate, using the slogan "South Gate in '58"; if they, fandom, South Gate, and the world -- and stef, of course -- are all around in 1958, I'll be seeing you all there. Howard Miller can use stencil art for his new FAPazine, Celephais; his address is 1421 W George St., Banning, Calif.

Rex Ward was unable to do "Calendar" this time; you'll see another installment in #6. You people yelled so loud that I had to keep Pro-Phile; if all goes well, however, this will be my last Pro-Phile. I am going to hand it around to various fans. If you like to do reviews and would be willing to buy and read all the prozines for a period covering 2 or 3 months, you might get in touch with me. Contributing editors are people who have donated large amounts of material or assistance. You can qualify if you send large amounts of material, donate a litho cover or 2, &c; anyone interested? I am fortunate in having engaged Philip Gray as Arkham House editor; his function is to review Arkham House publications as they appear.

Anyone who thinks he would like to act as a reviewer for the productions of Fantasy Press, FPCI, and the rest, should get a place on the staff.

Let me know what you think of the new heading policy, and please make more suggestions about format. We need suggestions. We endeavor to please you by following them. See you subsequently. --Don Wilson

THE STEIN UTOPIA

BY ROBERT L. STEIN

Thinking it over, Utopia is an interesting idea. The best I've seen in the way of fictional utopias was Heinlein's "Beyond This Horizon--", which had about everything. One thing you must remember, however -- many of its main points are hopelessly at odds with present day folklore. Those are socialized medicine, free meals to everyone who wants them, and of course the carrying of personal weapons. I agree with all three. The main result of laws like the Sullivan Act is to take arms out of the hands of honest men and put them in the hands of criminals -- or rather, to leave them in the hands of criminals.

However nice Utopia may be, the main points -- that are seldom touched upon -- are How, When, and/or Where. The last two are occasionally attempted to be answered. But the how of it is generally not given too much thought. Of course the how of it is not too hard if one considers an extremely small group, but when applied to all of mankind it assumes monstrous proportions. For one must remember that to get Utopia (assuming that your definition is a society in which all the basic human rights are guaranteed in practice), these rights must actually be given to all people, all of mankind, any and every human being.

What are these rights? The right to three square meals a day, all containing everything that is necessary to health. Or, to enlarge that, the right to everything that is necessary to the health of the individual is guaranteed. That would include free meals, housing, and medical attention. And of course there is mental health, pleasant surroundings,. # Everything the individual wants and needs -- hobbies, education, free speech/press, the wife he wants, as many children as he wants. The limits are the extent to which he could go without his privileges becoming harmful to society. In return, the individual would work along the lines his talents indicate to the best of his ability, as much as the society needs and/or as much or as little as is good for his mental health.

You must realize that there are many who like things the way they are, and that like it because of their positions, which are for the most part quite powerful. The leaders of present-day society would oppose social change -- as, for a mild example, in England, where the doctors are fighting socialized medicine, or here in the U. S. where the American Medical Association is also fighting it. Other examples can be found if you want. These people, because they own or control the main means of communication, can and do make us believe that any change made would automatically be for the worse.

Therefore changes either have to take place over centuries, one small obvious fault corrected at a time by convincing the legislators, people, &c., that their best interests are with the change, or they

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have to be made without the consent of the majority of the people --- which of course places those responsible for social change in the treasonous class.

If conditions are bad enough, the general population will attempt to throw out the ruling group by force. But, as can be seen by studying revolutions (of the people, not by rival groups within the "palace", minorities in the ruling group, etc.), the situation has to get pretty bad. Today, what with efficient militia, revolutions of the people are not practical. Even well armed minority groups cannot hope to lead the people to a victory, much less win out alone. They simply cannot muster the equipment that the army can, especially the army of a major power.

Revolutions do work, however, if one commands the army. The dictators of the recent past worked it that way. They accomplished nothing until they got control of the army.

HOWEVER, assuming our Utopia to be here, the work of establishing it is long in the past. The world is one universal state. Public utilities are owned by the state -- free meals cannot be given otherwise. Very small or non-essential industries will still be privately owned. Private property will still be with us; there will probably be a limit on the amount one can own -- some limiting factor will be found. Inheritance tax will be 100%. Each child will start out with the same opportunities -- the best possible.

The things supplied to everyone free will be food (fairly standardized), clothing, and shelter. Education will be supplied free to children; later education to the limit of one's abilities. Unusual talent will of course be given special training. After a certain number of years of training, some will go to special schools; others, not capable of absorbing, will go into the simpler types of work. Possibly eight hours of work a week will be required of everyone. Special privileges will be obtained by credits for extra work; all private property would be acquired in this manner. # Non-perishable goods that are obtained free will be obtained with credits that are distributed for the compulsory work.

Certain types of work that are less measurable, such as that done by authors, poets, painters, etc., would be more difficult to reward. Probably the best method would be to give them the minimum rights until they started producing. While complications as to what is worthwhile and what is not come up here, even if a man were ejected from the artists' colony, an eight-hour work week would give him plenty of time to work on his chosen hobby. For an author -- if he could find even a small group that admired his work, they could have the use of a duplicating machine and publish the man's work in an edition to the extent that they could save up credits for materials. Use of the duplicator would be free to any group of, say, over 10 people, who wanted to use it. Or, more likely, a man in charge of the machine could run it off for them.

For artists -- weekly-changing exhibitions of contemporary art would hang at the community centers, restaurants, libraries, and other

types of public buildings. The artist would put his own price on them. Inventors, full or part time, would be rewarded in proportion to the importance of their inventions.

Most important, and almost forgotten. Elections would be held by large groups, somewhat like unions today, to send delegates to a meeting at which they would select/elect men from among themselves to govern the geographic-political territory. These in turn would elect higher officers, and so on.

This could take place every four years, or at any other arbitrarily chosen interval. Small occupational groups and geographic groups could govern themselves on the local level, a la town meeting. Small towns, for instance, could constitute a group eligible to elect a delegate. Large factories would have unions in which the workers could get together periodically and go over problems with the management, and in which, at voting time, they would elect their delegate.

A person would be eligible to vote only for one delegate, and could represent but one group. Where people work as individuals they could have trade unions. Meeting regularly, for instance, the authors' union could discuss problems of writing, publishing, etc., and at voting time, elect their delegate.

Classes in schools would be represented in much the same way. The classes/grades would each send a delegate to take part in the selection of the delegate who would represent the school.

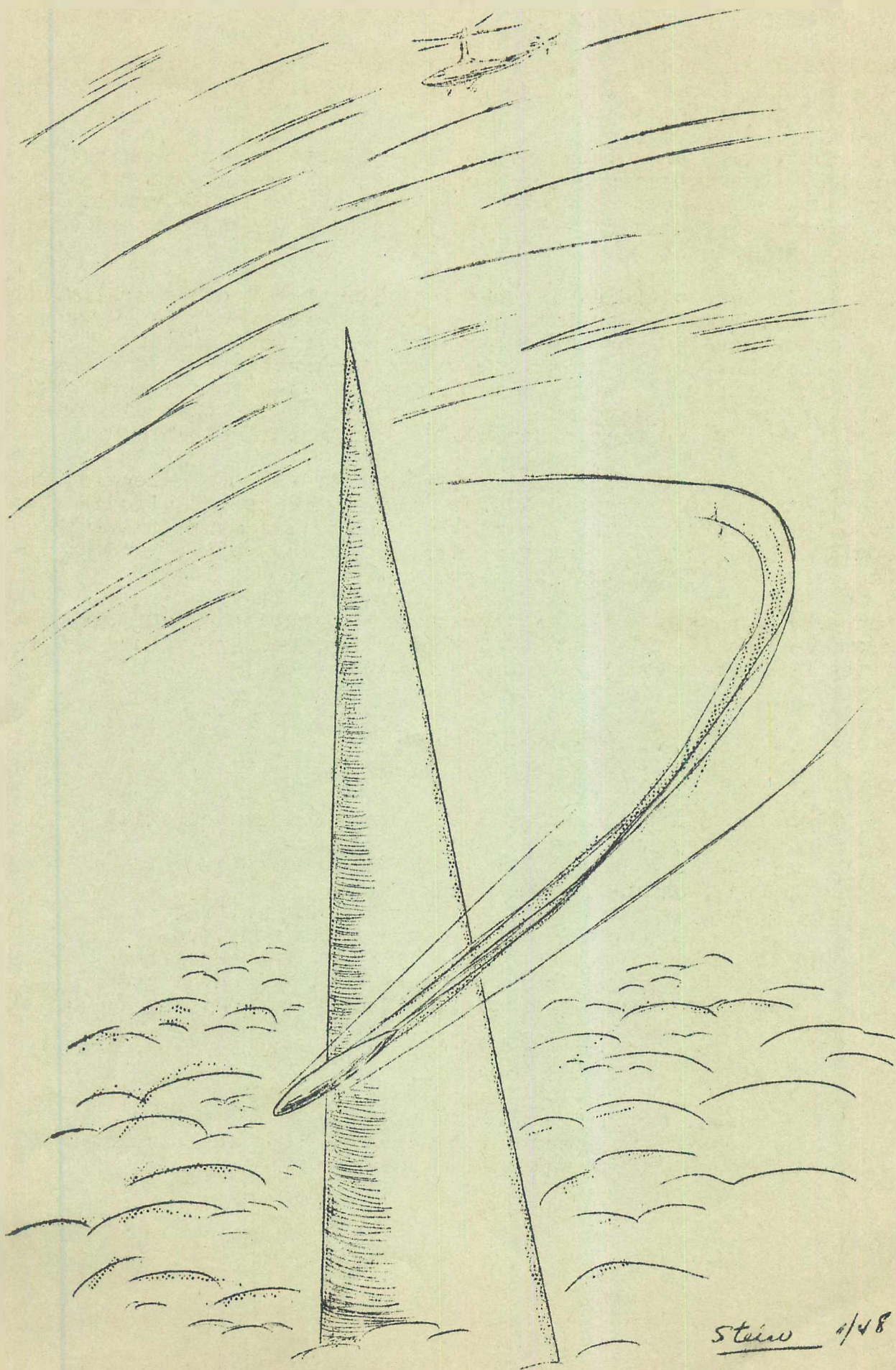
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SONG OUT OF SPACE

by Theophilus Alvor

When the spaceship skims inertialess, it stands still
and the stars walk in a crazy blur.
I see you in a crazy blur, Klia, and you smile,
and your words are a crazy blur,
and of course the thick stars stride too swift
and the shafts and the gears speak too loud,
but it might have been "hello again!", white-teethed
and friendly, "hello again!" with blue eyes and
a toss of cloudy hair in a crazy blur.
Will I ever hear "hello again!" from an open window
in Dome City or under a dripping brim in the
glassy blizzards of April,
or only "hello again!", white-teethed and friendly,
"hello again!" with blue eyes and a toss of
cloudy hair, when the spaceship skims inertialess
and the stars walk in a crazy blur?

- ### -



Stew 1/48

A HISTO-MAP OF FANDOM

by Francis T. Laney

In mid-1945, Jack Speer used the back cover of one of his Sustaining Programs to publish rough sketches of various histo-maps of a ste-fanal nature. Monkey see; monkey do. Andy Anderson and I got off on this tangent immediately, and worked out rough drafts of extremely elaborate histo-maps both of fandom as a whole and of the LASFS. They gathered dust in my files for over two years. Then I got Virus X. Whether it was that the bromo-quinine put me out of my head or that this is merely another symptom of the dissolution of a once fine mind (Burbee inclines to the latter view), I finished one of them up. And here it is.

Histomaps generally are of great utility for the person who wishes to get a birdseye view of broad general trends. A histomap cannot show much detail, and hence presumpses that its user will have a fair knowledge of the subject matter it covers. But to point up the evolution of various movements in which one is interested, to show the influence of the minor factors involved, and to etch sharply the relative contemporary importance of different trends, an accurate histomap is unsurpassed.

Of course, to a certain extend any histomap is a reflection of the opinions of its compiler. This is equally true of written history, the most impartial of which is bound to show a faint amount of bias, even though it may only reveal itself in the relative amount of space given to different things.

The present histomap definitely reflects two biases on my own part. Foremost is the fact that my entire activity in the microcosmos has been on the west coast, so that I tend to show very minor offshoots here (such as the Harbor Fantasy Society of San Pedro) and omit perhaps more important developments elsewhere -- simply through not knowing so much about them and hence tending to assume them of slight moment. The other bias is my pronounced disbelief in national fan organizations. A Carlson or an Evans would probably show scarcely any "unorganized body of fandom" if he were to compile a histomap, but would instead show a great ballooning monstrosity labelled NFFF.

My criterion for the amount of space given to an organization or a movement was simply to consider whether the activity of its members was primarily focussed through the organization or apart from it. FAPA members work primarily through their organization, publishing for the mailings, and often taking little or no part in outside fandom. And the members of a local club usually work largely through their

group, often indeed having little connection with fandom other than to attend their local meetings, hold local offices and perhaps receive fanzines. But consider the NFFF. Though its burgeoning membership list includes most of the names known in fandom today, only a microscopic portion of these people actually work through the organization, through holding office or otherwise taking part in NFFF affairs. Most of them carry on their fan activity strictly on their own, just as they would if the NFFF did not exist. Even most of the NFFF projects are in actuality individual jobs, whose producers have donated an unearned credit-line to NFFF for something the organization did not do. Consequently, the space that is NFFF on the map reflects only the work of the officers and others working directly on NFFF projects.

The period from 1946 to date is definitely sketchy. I've been out of fandom, except for FAPA, for nearly two years now, and there has been a lot going on that I know nothing whatever about.

Some of you may be wondering why I have omitted the various national conventions, which so definitely played a leading role in steffal history. There probably is some way to show them adequately on this map, but I couldn't figure out any way to do it and still stay within two dimensions. It must be remembered that the conventions have been largely neutral, that opposing factions have usually had pretty much equal influence on each gathering. The resulting cross-lines would have made the map into an incomprehensible mess.

But verbally, here is the dope for an erection you can add third or fourth dimensionally if you so desire. In 1937 and 1938 there were several east-coast gatherings, conferences, in which the Philadelphia and Queens/New Fandom elements were predominant. These culminated in a so-called convention in Philadelphia in 1938 which was intended as a dress rehearsal for the Nycon. Though there was an amazing amount of quarreling between the Queens/New Fandom elements and the Futurian/CPASF elements, all were pretty much concerned in the staging of these get-togethers. The First World Science Fiction Convention (Nycon) was held in New York in 1939 by New Fandom elements. The quarreling between them and the Futurians reached its ultimate when the Futurians were banned from the convention.

In 1940, the Chicon, held at Chicago, was put on by the IFF (Illinois Fantasy Fictioneers), a group which was organized especially for the purpose. This group later evolved into the Galactic Roamers. The Denvention of 1941 was staged by the Colorado Fantasy Society, a group which was organized for the purpose and which disbanded when its object had been accomplished.

The Pacificon (1946) and the Philcon (1947) were sponsored by previously existing local groups, although there was in each case a convention society existing parallel to the parent body.

There are no doubt many other errors both of omission and commission. Maybe after enough of them are brought to light someone can compile a truly definitive histomap. This one is merely intended to point the way. ###

A HISTOMAP OF FANDOM

by Francis T. Laney

ISA
(Sykora, &c)

FANTASY MAGAZINE

SFL
(Wonder Stories)

1935

Terrestrial
Fantascience
Guild, 1935
(DAW & Shepherd)

1936

(various local chapters
and individual members)

Philadelphia SFL

~~Chicago SFL~~ Brooklyn SFL

~~Los Angeles SFL~~ Chicago SFL

Los Angeles SFL

1937

ended 1937

FM folded early 1937

(unorganized survivors, leading into:
Greater New York SFL
and splitting into

Queens SFL

NYFS

Futurian Socy of NY

1938

New Fandom

FAPA

(interregnum)

Committee for the
Political Advance-
ment of Sci-Fic.

Futurians

the unorgan-
ized elements
of fandom

When Wonder changed hands, the SFL became a
mere magazine club and dwindled into in-
significance.

1939

a relatively independent group, beginning
gradually petering out
the ancestor of the LASFS
Hollywood SFL

out of the picture
which gradually faded
a national group, though

1939

1940

1941

1942

1943

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society

Harbor F.S.

Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society

Knaives

1FF 1940-2, Galactic Roamers, Star Shack (Michigan)

Solaroid Club (Westwood, New Jersey)

Strangers Club (Eastern Massachusetts)

Minneapolis Fantasy Society (Minnesota)

Columbia Camp (South Carolina)

Golden Gate Fantasy Society (San Francisco)

Frontier Society (Milwaukee, Wisconsin)

"Decker Dillies" (Decker, Indiana)

unorganized elements
of fandom

unorganized elements
of fandom

Vulcan Group
(Publishers)

SISFA

(Detroit)

Cosmic
Circle
(DeGler)

National Fantasy Fan
Federation

(interregnum)

Futurians

FAPA

Futurians

New
Fandom

Fantasy
Amateur
Press
Assn.

1944

1945

1946

1947

Philadelphia Science Fiction Socy

Los Angeles Science

Fantasy Society

Outsiders

FUSLA (to New York)

Slan Shack (moved en masse to L.A.)

Solaroid Club

Strangers Club

became semi-active and petered

out

Postwar local groups: revivals of the MFS and Frontier Society, establishment of the Hyperboreans (Detroit) etcetera.

the unorganized
body of fandom

Vulcan Group of
publishers

SISFA
(Imman, et al)

Cosmic Circle

The National Fantasy Fan Federation

Futurians

Futurian blowup and extinction

Vanguard Amateur Press Association

The Fantasy Foundation

Fantasy
Amateur
Press
Associa-
tion

TREASURE TROVE

by Thyril Leone Ladd

I suppose every fantasy collector has dreamed of having the luck to chance upon a large quantity of old books untouched by searchers, and of thus finding exciting titles for his collection. I, too, had such dreams, though I never really expected any of them to come true. But once -- just once -- it did so happen!

On a vacation trip to New York City, a number of years ago, my wife and I awoke one morning and looked from the window of the New Yorker, where we were staying, to find it a very rainy and dismal day. We decided to take the tube-train over into New Jersey -- maybe the weather would be a little better there. It wasn't, of course.

A little after noon, wet and tired, my wife decided that she'd be quite happy to go somewhere and rest. We grabbed a bus, and traveled to a certain old bookstore, a store which I had found interesting in 1932 when there. I recalled that I had tried to go up into the loft above the store -- a dusty, shadowy, cobwebbed place, lighted only by one small window -- but the summer heat had made the place unbearable. But now, with the rain coming down in torrents -- well, the bookseller himself suggested that I go up there and see if I could find anything. So I did. Said the owner, as I ducked my head to climb up into the place: "Not a single customer has seen the books up there for over ten years -- I'll guarantee that. You can have anything you find up there for a quarter."

So while my wife rested comfortably in an old easy chair, I probed that loft. And I found some fantasy titles too -- titles I needed, and a group which I thought made well worthwhile my afternoon's hard work, and the resultant dusty and dishevelled condition of my person.

And were those books up there! There were hundreds of them -- lined up on the rough plank shelves, two rows deep. I had to take out the front row to see what was in behind. Furthermore, so thick was the dust, accumulated as it had been for ten years, that I had to rub the backstrips of most of the books just to make out their titles!

It took me about five hours to go through them, and I found 25 books; so now I'll describe those books, since I have by now read all of them.

These are the fantasies I secured from the cobwebbed crannies of the loft---books which had wanted there a decade or more to be brought forth for more pleasant residence in someone's fantasy collection.

The Living Mummy (1910), by Ambrose Pratt -- a bloodcurdling thriller, a tale of the revival from suspended animation of a 3000-year old mummy, and the dreadful happenings which followed bringing the awful thing to life again. ... A curious book, effectively illustrated, and, like all save one or two of the tales discovered, in very good condition.

The Vicarion (1927), by Gardner Hunting -- a new copy in dust-wrapper. This is an odd tale of a mechanism which pictured past events on a screen.

The Flying Legion (1920), by George Allan England. Illustrated, and with dust-wrapper .. a tale of a mighty plane, and its crew of adventurers, and their attempt to steal the holy relics of the city of Mecca.

Two by A. Merritt, both first editions: Burn, Witch, Burn (1933) and Creep Shadow (1924). These need no synopses; they are too well known.

The Glory of Egypt (1926), by Louis Moresby (Beck). This turned out to be a superb story -- a tale of a hidden citadel-temple, in the bleak mountains of northern Thibet; a temple wherein a race of ancient Egyptians, fleeing to this spot in other centuries, worshipped huge jewel-covered idols of their ancient Gods .. and well did they protect their hidden shrine, with weird, other-worldly creatures -- slug-like monstrosities of incredible speed.....

The Scarlet Empire (1906), by David Parry .. a satirical tale of Atlantis, found by a would-be suicide under a crystal shell on the ocean's bottom.

The Jingo (1912), by George Randolph Chester ... an amusing tale of a lost kingdom on an island, and how a shipwrecked American brought modern inventions and thought to this isolated people.

The Land of the Golden Scarabs, by de Pereyra ... a lost race tale, notable for its fine data on the fauna and flora of South America.

The Coming of the Amazons (1931), by Owen Johnson. Entirely satire, this yarn of the far future tells of a young man who is revived from refrigeration in that far day, to discover that the world is entirely under control of women.

She Who Sleeps (1928), by Sax Rohmer. An excellent fantasy of an Egyptian princess, awakened to modern-day life---a good tale, that is, until the author spoils it by explaining everything logically in his final chapter!

Romance Island (1906), by Zona Gale. Dated by its sentimental treatment of the love affair, otherwise this book is fine fantasy -- a tale of an island hidden in the fourth dimension, and of a weird draught which induced immediate old age.

Ralph 124 C 41 Plus (1925), by Hugo Gernsback. An early science-fiction classic, which I was delighted to find. It tells of the far future and describes many scientific advances.

Wonderful Adventures on Venus, by Pope, issued in the '90's. I regret that I have long since traded this title, which I should have kept. It related the doings of a group of explorers on the planet Venus.

Two by Edgar Rice Burroughs -- Jungle Girl (1932) and A Fighting Man of Mars (1931), both with dust-wrappers. I thought that Jungle Girl was a good lost race tale; the other is, of course, one of the John Carter of Mars series.

The Eye of Ishtar, by William Le Queu -- a lost race tale, of a land wherein a living Goddess Ishtar still reigned over her people.

The Nine Unknown, by Talbot Mundy. A very fine tale of a priest who collected all the ancient tomes which bore spells of evil knowledge that, when all were collected, he might destroy them and rid the world of their threat to goodness.

The Prince of Gravas (1898), by Alfred C. Fleckenstein. This is the tale of a lost land of ages gone, and how a rightful prince obtained again his throne. The tale comes from translation of a papyrus found with a mummy of a man, who must have been in life a good seven feet in height.

Jungle Terror (1920), by Harvey Wickham. A tale of space-machine doings, and a thriller.

West Wind Drift, by George Barr McCutcheon. A huge liner, its propellers ruined by time bombs, drifts and drifts, out of control, until it finally lodges itself in a narrow channel between two islands in the far southern Pacific. The people aboard are forced to set up their own civilization on these islands -- and there is a good depiction of the struggle between those who would maintain proper ideas of civilized life and a group which would, if allowed, revert to the primitive.

A Royal Enchantress (1900), by Leo Charles Dessar. Not really fantasy, this one -- a historical tale of the ancient Berbers, but a very interesting story. It has striking illustrations.

Dian of the Lost Land, by Edison Tesla Marshall. A fine lost-race story of a people found in the Antarctic regions.

The Clock-Work Man -- Since I traded this away, I just can't recall the author; it was, however, quite an interesting and amusing tale, of the appearance in an English community of a mechanical man from the far future.

The House of Darkness, by C. E. Scoggins... a very fine tale this, of plane-wrecked Americans in a South American jungle, who dis-

cover an ancient temple, which is still used, with priests and worshippers.

That's what I found, that afternoon -- these 25 books -- and never before or since has it been my luck to acquire 25 titles which I wanted in either a single day or a single place. I came from that loft with blackened hands, dirt on my face, and dirt on my clothes.

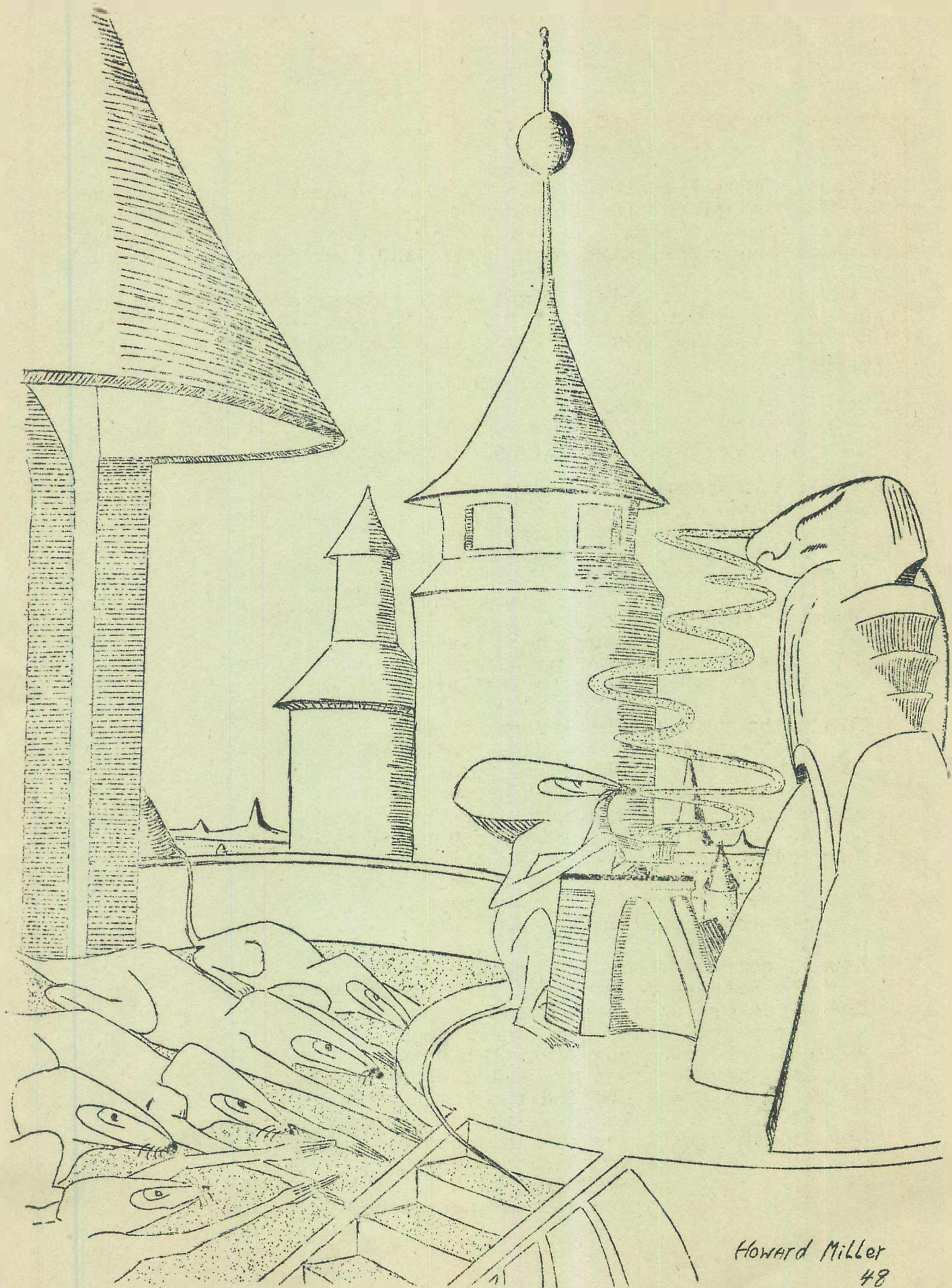
And the odd thing is, right after this adventure, in a store on Fifth Avenue, New York City, if I didn't find --- but I've written to too great length already, I fear, so I shall just say -- "That's another story!"

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D A R K D R E A M E R ...
by Con Pederson

Dim light unwraps its misty fold
 Steeped in mysteries untold,
The light of day, the tune of man,
 Retreads the way across the span,
Then mortal ones of ego bold
 Attempt to see these things so old.
To visualize the sweeping plain
 Of Godly Souls that here have lain
In lofty stems of seeping beams
 In freedom creep as stars' proud gleams.

Dim light unveils the starry paths of doom
 To those that waken from their tomb.
They see at once a thousand fold
 Of stellar beasts that shine as gold!
And hordes of masters that guide them well
 They ~~was~~ they pour and shatter the gates of Hell
They fume and rage and split the spaces
 They die away as other races.
Yet leave in form a different way
 For the wanderers yet must stay.

Now in scarlet fumes the thunder dies
 The Beasts of Hate have left the skies.
The wanderers step back aghast
 For purple studs the lonely past:
A giant form of aeons' growth of flesh
 And thoughts that are all History's mesh!
He whirls his whip behind the beasts
 While flanked behind with black-souled priests.
Now the wanderers see them all as one
 The giant has awakened too to run
And from what the wanderers know as their own world
 But the Great One saw his mad nightmare unfurled!



SOMA FUN, HEY KEED?

ARTHUR H. RAPP

When Margaret St. Clair¹ narrated the hectic misadventures of Oona, Jick, and the Soma Racks² the reaction of quite a few fans was, "Whatinells a Soma Rack?" They've been bothering Merwin about it ever since, despite his explanation that the rack is merely a contrivance for holding empty Soma bottles.

Now Stan Woolston pops up in "The Reader Squeaks" with the info that Soma is Amos backwards.³ It is evident that fandom needs a bit of elucidating, and I'm just the guy who can do it.³

Whilst casually thumbing through a musty volume of classical literchoor the other day, I found staring me in the face a selection from the Hindu Veda entitled "The Oblations Offered at the Somayaga."⁴ So fascinating was the dope contained in the next few paragraphs, particularly since I thought St. Clair had coined the word "soma" herself, just to be funny, that I figured you'd be interested in sharing my discovery.....⁵

First of all, it seems that no self-respecting Brahmin would be caught living in a house that didn't have a Yajnyasala in it. Despite what you are thinking, this is not the Hindu word for john. It is, I understand, an inside room with a serpentine wall about two feet high running through it. The wall, in order to distinguish between it and the room, is called the Yajnyavedi, all except one place which is called the Yoni. On the Yoni they put a bowl, and in the bowl they keep the Soma.

Soma, incidentally, is the juice of the moon-plant. If you don't know what a moon-plant is, I'm unable to help you, since the book calls

1 "The Soma Racks" -- Startling, March '47.

2 TWS, Winter '47, and don't you think my title is more appropriate than the one TWS uses?

3 I read a book, as you will presently see.

4 At once I thought of how to use the word in a sentence: "Somayaga to Florida in the winter; others go to California."

5 Besides, if Don prints this I get a complimentary copy of DQ.

it "Sarcostema viminalis" while the encyclopedia insists that Soma is made from "Aslepias acida".⁶ Soma must be quite a drink, anyway, for the Veda says that it not only intoxicated Sukra⁷ but made even Indra's face turn all awry while he was drinking it. Perhaps somebody slipped a mickey into Indra's glass, but even so, Soma is supposed to have exhilarated him so much that he went out and beat up on all his enemies. Sounds a lot like Bavarian schnapps, the kind the DP's make from potato skins.

The preparation of this joy-juice has several unique features. In the first place, you gotta gather the moon-plants on a moonlight night from the table-land on top of a mountain. You pull 'em up by the roots, strip off the leaves, and lay the bare stems on a cart drawn by two rams or he-gotas. So far so good.

The next step has me a bit confused: I don't see what it has to do with making Soma; but then, I'm no authority on these fancy drinks. Anyway, you muzzle one of the rams⁸ and then everybody gathers around and beats him to death with their fists.⁹ If the animal makes any noise in the process, that snafues the whole proceedings. It might be well to choose a ram of the strong-but-silent type, if you plan on brewing your own Soma..

Well, after disposing of the surplus livestock, you bruise the moon-plant stalks with stones, and then squeeze them between two planks, catching the juice in a strainer made of goat's hair. Throw in a few jiggers of H₂O, and then squeeze the strainer with your fingers, on which you must wear one or two flat gold rings.

You catch your squeezings in the Drona Kalasa, which is the bowl on the Yoni I was telling you about a while back, remember? Add some barley, butter and a little flour, and let the whole mess ferment for about nine days.¹⁰

Now the stuff is ready for the big binge, and to be really high-class about it you gotta serve it up in a ladle carved from the wood of the catechu tree. Providing you can find a catechu tree. This ladle is called a sruch.¹¹

At this point the book broke into poetry, an intriguing but lengthily hunk of free verse (at least in English; I don't know how it looked in the original Sanskrit). The first few lines will give you the general idea:

6 Maybe one kind is for bootleg Soma.

7 Whoever he was.

8 It doesn't say what you do with the other one.

9 This would be a great ice-breaker at the usual stuffy cocktail party.

10 Sounds a lot like Tennessee, minus the revenooers, of course. Maybe while you're sweating it out the nine days you can eat the dead ram.

11 So help me, that's what the book says!

"Adhyaya of the Sama-Veda

O purifying Soma
 The all-pervading, beloved, heaven-descended milky streams of
 juice are being produced over the receiving-vessel
 And the creative priests purify thee
 So that thy large drops fall down through mid-air.
 O thou
 Who art the portion of the Rishis!"

Later on, checking the encyclopedia for more dope on this delightful subject, I found another quotation from the Veda that went:

"We have drunk the Soma
 We have become immortal;
 We have entered into light
 We have known the gods.
 What can an enemy now do to us
 Or what can the malice of any mortal effect?"¹²

The encyclopedia goes on to say that Soma is a draught of immortality, medicine for the sick, and a remedy for blindness and lameness.¹³

After due consideration of the foregoing, I'm forced to the conclusion that Soma must be at least 180-proof, and probably makes you see pink elephants who are seeing pink elephants. Bet it gives you one hell of a hangover, too!

The most vital fact uncovered in my research, however -- the discovery which unmaskes Soma as a virtual fifth-column attack on the ethics of fandom -- I have waited until now to reveal. Hear the heinous truth:

Soma, besides being a drink, is a deity in the Hindu pantheon!

Fandom! Let us rally about our standards! Let us no longer tolerate this heretical beverage in our midst! Down with Soma!

BEER IS THE ONLY TRUE GHOD!

¹² I once wrote a poem about Cuba Libres which was very similar to this. There is something about alcohol which makes an inspired poet of anyone along about the middle of the evening.

¹³ Many people hold the same opinions regarding corn-squeezings.

THE SCIENTISTS MIGHT BE RIGHT

--says

MILTON A. ROTHMAN

THE SCIENTISTS don't really need any defense, but since I have been asked to contribute an article to this sterling fanzine, I thought that I might say a word on their behalf, while incidentally adding a drop of fuel to the conflict that rages around that magazine known in some circles as Amazing Stories, and in other circles as (censored).

The facet of Amazing's attitude that annoys me the most is its anti-scientific propaganda. By this I mean its support of pseudo-scientific theories, its distortion of scientific method, and its stated belief that: "A wise man believes anything until it is disproved. Only a fool refuses to accept anything until it is demonstrated."

This quotation is the very antithesis of scientific method, and its absurdity is apparent with a moment's thought. For according to this statement I must believe that the moon is made of green cheese until proof to the contrary is obtained.

This idea also ignores the possibility that more than one theory may sufficiently explain an observed phenomenon, and requires us to believe in all of these diverse and contradictory theories.

This is not a court of law where the accused is considered innocent unless proved guilty. This is the court of nature, where any tentative hypothesis must be scrutinized with the utmost care, and be subjected to the most rigorous tests before being accepted as a true description of the manner in which nature operates.

For this is what science is: a description of the way in which nature operates. A statement is not part of science unless it represents something which has been observed, or which has been deduced from natural laws whose validity is certain.

No, sir -- to Amazing Stories I reply that only a sucker believes in anything before it is proved. Only the skeptic is able to distinguish between fact and fable, between theories which describe nature as she is and theories which describe only what goes on inside the mind of the theorizer.

It's pretty easy to put the finger on Amazing Stories' pseudo-scientific ideas, for they are quite typical of the line handed out by the so-called scientific dilettantes, a class of people who have been getting into the hair of the professional scientists for quite a long time. They are to be distinguished from the legitimate amateur scientists who have done some quite respectable work, particularly in the fields of astronomy and biology.

The dilettantes make a specialty of concocting ideas which either overthrow all known science, or else explain everything which has not yet been explained. Their sequence of logic goes something like this: (1) All new ideas are good ideas; (2) My idea is a New Idea; (3) Therefore my idea is a good one. (4) Professional scientists won't accept my New Idea. (5) Therefore professional scientists are stupid and never accept any new ideas.

When stated so baldly, the absurdity of this is patent.

In the first place, it is interesting to note that the ideas put forward by the dilettantes are not new at all, but have been thrashed over by the scientists and discarded as being wanting. The dilettantes are still back in the horse and buggy days as far as their mental processes are concerned.

Secondly, professional scientists have been accepting new, revolutionary, and often utterly wild ideas for three hundred years. In the past fifty years physics has accepted the existence of the electron, proton, neutron, positron, meson, neutrino, has accepted the validity of the special and general theories of relativity, and has created an entire new science of quantum mechanics.

These have been accepted on one and only one basis: they explained things that were observed in nature. If a theory can't do that, then it hasn't the chance of a snowball in hell of being accepted by scientists. It is on this point that the scientific dilettantes generally fall down.

It is not to be denied that personal prestige has a part in causing the acceptance of a theory. For example, Dirac put forth a theory involving negative energy levels which was rather wild, but by which he predicted the discovery of the positron. It is possible that Dirac's eminent position, and the knowledge that he is a good man, assisted in the acceptance of the theory, and it is possible that a lesser person would have had more trouble in getting this across.

But on the other hand, the positron was discovered, and it is unlikely that a person of lesser stature could have brought forth this theory.

And here I am approaching the point I want to make.

It is not commonly realized what kind of intellects are possessed by the really great scientists. Scientists come in all grades and brands. In intelligence they run above the average, but in character they run from the angel to the scoundrel. The general run of scientist is an ordinary Joe, even as you and I, but the extraordinary ones, the handful who exist during each generation, must not be considered in the same class. If you read the biographies of men such as Newton, Maxwell, Gauss, Einstein, and Oppenheimer, you discover that these are literally giants, towering prodigiously above the rest of us, whose thought processes soar so far ahead of ours that run as fast as we may, we cannot catch up with them.

(Continued on page 19)

OF THE ARKHAM SAMPLER

-by Philip Gray-

The Arkham Sampler, Vol. I #1, Winter (Jan) 1948; Arkham House: \$1.00

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This, the latest opus from Arkham House, appears to be a cross between a literary review and a vehicle for some choice items of fantasy fiction; and in my opinion the latter holds more merits than the former. In format the Sampler is reminiscent of some of the "high-brow" slicks; the contents are of a general high level for a first attempt.

Undoubtedly there will be much speculation among fandom at large as to why this stranger that defies definite description was conceived. The publishers define it as a means of bringing to their patrons such rare stories as H. P. Lovecraft's "Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath", and will feature in each issue reviews of the latest books that can be loosely grouped under the heading of "fantasy". However, two ulterior motives suggest themselves. The first, considering the high price of the magazine, is an attempt to alleviate the rising costs of publishing overheads; and if the Sampler goes over with any success it certainly should do this. The second reason, one which no one can help noticing, seems to be a desire on the part of August Derleth to "sound off".

For some reason best known to himself, Mr. Derleth sees fit to look down on the various types of science-fiction. With some of his arguments, particularly anent the triteness of many s-f plots, I am inclined to agree; but if this author will look in his own back-yard he will find too much of this same fault; in fact, it can be found in nearly any field of literature one might choose to investigate. And this is as far as I will go with Mr. Derleth; for in my opinion as able authors write science-fiction as any authors in other fields, sometimes better, nor do they have to rely on "gadgets", as charged by him. In his hits at s-f he appears to forget that there is often little difference between stories of this genre and the supernatural type with which he involves himself. Between s-f and fantasy there lies with the former the necessity of explaining why and how the events came about, and between fantasy and weirdisms there is less difference, the injection of a spook or monster easily changing a fantasy to a weird story. The style of writing and any merits the story in question may have depend on the author and not on the type or class chosen. But Derleth is still wont to believe that only fantasy and macabre tales have any claims to literary merit, and here I beg to differ.

In his review of four recent publications which I suggest you read for yourself, he says, quote, "publications of fan presses continue to appear, many of them badly printed and bound...". To which I say this: the binding and printing of one of these publications should make Mr. Derleth and Arkham House look to their laurels.

Other reviews by Robert Bloch are well handled and worth reading, and in the non-fiction section this is all that achieves any great merit and is worthy of mention. HPL's short novel will run as a serial in the first four issues. To my mind this alone is nearly worth the price of these first four issues. A history and chronology of the fabled book of HPL's mythology The Necronomicon is interesting. Two short stories by other Weird Tales contributors and several poems about complete the contents.

Let us hope that Arkham House will have enough success with this magazine extraordinary to continue with it, and, we hope again, lower the price by at least half. It will take no part in fan activities, being solely a literary magazine for the more serious minded. It is worth looking into -- at least once, anyway.

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THE SCIENTISTS MIGHT BE RIGHT, by Milton A. Rothman...cont. from pg. 17

This is not to say that we must accept their word as dogma, slavishly, for such was done with Aristotle, and he happened to be wrong.

What I am saying is that if you wish to show any of the above gentlemen to be wrong, then you have to be goddam good, and damn sure of what you are saying. The chances are a million to one that they have already thought of anything you could have thought of, and have dismissed it as being not important enough to mention.

The one chance out of a million does exist. And occasionally it does happen that an outsider brings up an idea which is accepted by the scientists after some struggle. This happened in France to Fourrier, and in America to Heaviside with his operational calculus.

Nevertheless, I feel quite sure in predicting that unless Amazing Stories changes its attitude toward scientific method, any new contributions it may make towards the literature of science will have precisely zero effect.

Your move, Mr. Graham.

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LOVECRAFT'S UNSUNG MASTERPIECE GORDON ELLIOTT

Recently, August Derleth published the first issue of a magazine called Arkham Sampler, a quarterly journal of fantasy fiction, fact, opinion, and odds and ends. Serialized in the first four issues of this publication is to be one of H. P. Lovecraft's novels, "The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath". I'm certainly glad Derleth decided to serialize this novel; it will be virtually the first publicity the story will have received, apart from its original, very limited edition circulation in Beyond the Wall of Sleep. My only regret is that in its Sampler appearance the novel will again be in a limited edition, since it certainly deserves full popular-edition circulation of the same degree the other great HPL stories have received. Still, I suppose I should rejoice that the thing is reissued at all, even if only in a magazine with a circulation of 1000.

It has always been a source of some wonder to me that "Kadath" is hardly ever mentioned among Lovecraft's great stories. Discussions and lists mention "The Dunwich Horror", "The Whisperer in Darkness", "The Outsider", and his other great Gothic horror-masterpieces, but never, in my experience, do they mention this tale. The reason for this omission is a mystery, at least to me. For I am almost inclined to rate "The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath", if not as HPL's greatest yarn, at least as one of his top five. In the following review I intend trying to express, at least in part, the reasons behind that rash statement. Perhaps I'll even convince some reader that "Kadath" doesn't deserve the obscurity to which it has apparently been consigned, though of course that is extremely unlikely.

It is probable that many of you have read "Kadath" -- indeed, FFM has been begged to reprint it many times, with the usual lack of result -- but, for those who haven't, I'll attempt to give some idea of the story. It is basically different from any of the other great HPL stories. Instead of being a carefully constructed, logically developed weird horror like most of them, it is a pure fantasy, with no traces of careful development. It might even be classified as a travelogue, though that would be an inaccurate classification, carrying with it a connotation of lack of quality, which is certainly the last impression I want to give. There is development and climax, of a sort, but they are inextricably wound up in the travels of the hero, Randolph Carter. The plot is his search for a beautiful Sunset City which he has viewed in his dreams but been unable to visit. He, attempting to find the

city, determines to visit the Gods at Kadath and entreat them to let him visit and tread the streets of his city. His various travels thru dreamland looking for Kadath, and accounts of his adventures while searching, constitute the story.

Obviously, it isn't the plot that makes the story so wonderful. What, then, is it?

For one thing, the difference and the freshness of approach make the reader begin the story with more than the usual amount of curiosity and consequent appreciation. The reader first contacting the yarn, even one who has read all of HPL's other famous stories, will find himself in unfamiliar territory as soon as the first line of "Kadath", and will therefore be more openminded and appreciative -- or at least I was. This may account in very small part for the favorable impression it made.

Approaching the novel with open mind and wise-awake attitude, we are at once impressed by a marvelous descriptive ability, a facility for conveying exotic mood rivaling Merritt's. Lovecraft is the last author we would expect to find possessing this ability -- a weird-horror author whose descriptions have heretofore been confined to objects of revulsion and terror -- but it is there nevertheless. It might be said that the action begins too soon, with insufficient introductory explanation, but that is a minor fault, and one soon forgotten as the main portion of the tale is reached. The story is blessed with a delightful spontaneity totally lacking in the structural masterpieces usually rated as HPL's best stories; also, and this to those unacquainted with Lovecraft except by the Tothic tales would be the most surprising, a whimsical and wry sense of humor makes itself apparent early in the tale, and continues throughout. A gifted imagination is also easily apparent; of course that is only to be expected, though not in the exact form it takes in "Kadath". The same sort of ability that made Will Cuppy say of A. Merritt "...never reaches that Much-too-much stage where the mouth filling marvels degenerate into mere wind and silliness" is present to a great degree in the Lovecraft novel; while it is nothing like any of Merritt's stories, weird beings, cities, wildly impossible events and things are described, and combined in its pages into a plausible sounding story. Only in a very few places does HPL tax the reader's credulity near to the breaking point -- in the section where Carter visits the moon, for one, and in the ending, when Kadath is finally reached. The fault that ruined "The House on the Borderland" and some others -- "cosmic" sweeps of vastly overdone wild and feverish imagination -- doesn't inject itself into "Kadath" enough to do any serious harm. And the fact that the story is of a dream makes this a double selling-point. The quality of a dream is there, of course, but is not overdone to the point of stupidity.

It would be interesting to learn the history of "Kadath", if anyone who knows would care to tell it. Certainly the novel could not have been written with the same end in view as was the case with the other HPL masterpieces. I'm inclined to think he wrote it exclusively for his own amusement, and never intended for anyone else to see it, and certainly not for it ever to be published. Perhaps it is one of his juvenilia, though that is not likely. I doubt, too, if it was re-

vised much, if at all, for the spontaneous quality that makes it unique among Lovecraftian writings has not been damaged to any degree.

"Kadath" is representative of another facet of Lovecraft's personal genius -- and a facet that would be the last anyone who had read only The Outsider and Others would expect to find. It reveals him as a warmly human fellow with a keen sense of humor, certainly at the opposite pole from the morbid and slightly fossilized cadaver that one would be led to expect by his horror tales. It also reveals that he could easily have written, had he cared to, an entirely different type of story, marked by an entirely different type of literary genius than the kind apparent in his famous works. It only confirms what everything else has pointed to -- that he was one of the foremost literary geniuses of our time.

To any of you who have had the misfortune not to be able to read this classic before, I say this: By all means subscribe to The Arkham Sampler and read "The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath". You'll find it a unique reading experience, and one that you will long remember with much pleasure.

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SHOUT EXCALIBUR

We are all sheathed in man-made scabbards,
Of custom, and time, and habit composed;
Only a few have drawn enough steel
To make themselves seen....
The rest of us live out our span
And rust before the sheen
Is e'er exposed...

So.... Shout: "Excalibur!"

Draw forth the Magic Sword,
Frozen in the stone of life
And wave it high!

Blazen your prowess across the sky!

Herald defiance with brazen fife!

Although....methinks, such brave advice
Works only .. for the Hidden Arthurs
Of this Earth.

...The rest of us are doomed...
Our unensorcolled birth betrays us,
Though we strain the full width
Of our girth.

--Marijane Nuttall

ONE WORLD - STF STYLE

-by-

HENRY T. SIMMONS

As science-fictionists we have read innumerable stories which contain such phrases as "Imperial Earth's policy on this" or "The Ter-ran Empire's views on that" -- phrases which blandly imply the existence of a united Earth. But how many stories have we read which portray the individual nations of Earth competing in their efforts to colonize the planets? Not very many. Such a situation is so ludicrously complex as to make it taboo for stf authors.

Just about now, by my calculations, many of you are raising your eyebrows. In fact you are probably wondering what in heck I'm trying to peddle. And of course that is quite natural, so instead of beating around the bush I'll come out with it. Politics -- politics, pure and simple.

Let's take a look at our attitude on atomic power before it actually became a reality. Undoubtedly most of our thought on it was merely theoretical -- even the most rabid among us refused to believe the possibility of atomic fission during our generation, much less during the war. What was our reaction when it was tossed in our laps so unexpectedly? Were we fully prepared to shoulder the responsibility it entailed? No, we were not! Doubtless, many stf fans went about during those days in August of '46 with an I-told-you-so expression. But as for a positive outlook on the problem, many of us must confess that we had little or nothing to offer.

At the present moment atomic fission is useful only as a weapon-- it is too inefficient and dangerous to use for power. Hence its social implications are small. As a weapon, however, its political implications are so vast as to be incalculable. A familiarity bred thru years of steady interest in stf makes us perhaps the best informed group on atomic power in the country, aside from the scientists and statesmen connected with the project. We can safely say that we are more fully cognizant of the bomb's potentiality as a weapon than most people. There are many people who refer to that military maxim: There is no weapon for which a defense cannot be devised. While this is probably quite correct, they seem to forget that we cannot afford to fight an atomic war. The maxim that no perfect defense for any weapon can be created is also quite valid. We simply cannot afford an atomic war because it would mean the utter blacking-out of a large part of our culture and civilization itself.

Perhaps this realization on the part of the various governments in the UNO has produced an influence, admittedly negative, but nevertheless an influence so powerful as to overwhelm the nationalistic

sentiment which would govern their reactions to some of the UNO mandates if the atomic bomb were not an actuality. It seems quite logical therefore to favor a world organization of nations under one government rather than a loose-knit affair such as the one we now have. We cannot legislate nationalism out of existence since it is an emotion much the same as race prejudice. But we can institute closer relations, education and clearer understanding to banish a misguided patriotism.

The negative impulse of the bomb is not the only reason why we should devote ourselves to the strengthening of the UNO. We have a positive goal and that is the eventual conquest of space -- the fundamental dream of all science-fictionists. In view of the tremendous technological strides made on the atomic bomb in thirteen years -- from the cyclotron in 1933 to atomic fission in 1945 -- we must not be caught asleep again. At White Sands, New Mexico, V-2's minus their warheads have been sent up; they have reached altitudes of over 100 miles. It is things like that for which we must always be on the alert. But more -- far more -- important, we must think of the political implications involved. Can we afford to have interplanetary colonization carried out with the same nationalistic spirit which was evident in the colonization of the New World?

The restless urge which drives men to new fields of knowledge and power has been thwarted by the impenetrability of space. But this will not always be so. When the possibility of expansion into space is an actual realization, it can be the greatest boon to mankind in his present moment of turmoil that one could conceive. But this can only be so if we meet interplanetary expansion in a spirit of internationalism. One World -- it can be a key to all of mankind's dreams. But even more, it is a prime necessity for his salvation.

Therefore, let us put in some constructive thought on the problem of interplanetary exploration and colonization. This time we will be prepared to meet it -- not with thrills of delight and I-told-you-so's, but with a positive attitude.

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Seen IF! yet?

IF! is a neat little half-size dittoed fanzine put out by Con Pederson, 705 W. Kelso St., Inglewood, Calif. 10¢ per issue, 6 for 50¢.. and it is one of the most promising of the new fanzines. Better look into it.

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PRO PHILE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Vol. 220 #28, Jan. 10, 1948. 15¢.

Another Heinlein piece, "The Black Pits of Luna", holds forth on page 30 of this Post. A valiant effort is still being made to place stef before the general public in the form of these tales, but they are all dressed-up mundanes with no particular merit of the type that would attrace outstanding readers toward science fiction -- and as far as the general readers are concerned, no amount of propaganda will ever make them realize that stef isn't something to be ridiculed. Thus the Heinlein stories seem to fail in their apparent purpose. If you want to read stef for value received, pass them up; if you're a completist, get this and add it to your collection; if it doesn't matter to you one way or the other, forget it, which everybody probably will do sooner or later anyway. The public won't be converted to stef by reading mediocre short-shorts, even if they are printed in America's greatest slick.

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY REISSUE, Spring 1948. 35¢.

This time the September, October, and November Amazings are stapled together into a giant book for a vast reduction in cost. If you missed them in monthly form, this is the mag for you -- and with stories like "The Despoilers", you can't lose anyway. Those who don't think AS' monthlies worth buying can get the worthwhile stuff in these quarterlies for even less than it would cost to buy them second-hand, and with no great loss -- the covers aren't worth 40¢ extra.

AMAZING STORIES. Vol. 22 #2, February 1948. 25¢.

A Malcolm Smith the original of which I'd ransom my soul to get decorates the cover of this number; a deep-space scene, painted as only Malcolm Smith can paint deep-space paintings; rave, rave, rave..... But alas, the inside isn't up to the outside, and the lead novel is only another evidence that the possibilities of fictionalization offered by the late SM were near nil. S. J. Byrne returns (some of you may remember his "Music of the Spheres") with "Prometheus II", a novel using Agharti, deros, caves, World War III, and a lot of other stuff jumbled together in as hodge a podge as you'll find anywhere, and its value, as far as I can see, is precisely Zero. It is conceivable that had he stuck to the future war theme he could have made it a classic, but stef and RSS just don't mix. ' ' Bloch and Livingston do the shorter material; Bloch's is entertaining. ' ' Rap has taken to using small-

er type on a lot of the longer stuff--eye-destroying, compared to the normal AS typesize, largest in the pulp field, but still not too tiny. ' ' Two long articles complete the issue; one postulating a new theory of geology I failed to read; the other, by "Queen's Knight", asks "Is This a Four-Dimensional World?" and proceeds to discuss the subject entertainingly. If any of you wish to read the thing, you could doubtless find material worth arguing about.

Astounding SCIENCE FICTION. Vol. XL #5, January 1948. 25¢.

Leading off the issue, Isaac Asimov's "Now You See It" continues the Foundation series, winding up the exploits of the Mule. The 2nd foundation is the main subject under attack -- and it still isn't revealed where or what or why this organization is. I manage to wonder whether Asimov knows himself. Let us hope, however, that the next story in this series locates the second foundation; for the Problem Ending becomes unsatisfactory when carried to too great extremes. ' ' Two shorts are rather good -- "The Helping Hand", by Burt MacFadden, and "Advent", by William Bade, both manage to be worthwhile shorts, though they don't pack a wallop like "Twilight", probably the greatest short ever written. ' ' "Children of the Lens" -- there isn't room here to discuss this story in the detail into which it would be necessary to go to give it the attention it deserved. You are referred to other accounts in FAPA and elsewhere which review the story itself. Let it only be mentioned that it is the ultimate distillation of all that was or is EESmith; that it probably packs more wallop into a comparable amount of space than most anything you could name; that it reaches heights of grandeur and depths of ridiculousness; that the final conflict lacked the supreme punch it could have had had it been made a surprise ending; that there should have been some basic war between natures rather than a mere extension of the previous conflicts; that the power of a woman's love is curiously overestimated in the last part; that it shows evidences in many places of being hurriedly thrown together; and that probably nobody but Doc Smith could have made a half successful attempt at doing the Lensman series. There are defects, sure, but in the final windup there is plenty to justify EEEvans' attitude toward the Grand Old Man of the sf super-physics novel. Any of you that missed it should no longer claim to be stiffs; great stuff, MUST, not to be missed. That's all that can be said here, much as I'd like to go on. ' ' January cover was messed up by being offset a bit. Well painted, however. ' ' An interesting article on servo-mechanisms winds up the issue.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, Vol. 10 #2, February 1948. 25¢.

Jones did his best to make the issue look presentable; Hamling gave the tale a great buildup; but no amount of decoration could hide the fact that "Slaves of the Worm", by RSShaver, is the most miserable stinker of a rotten story Fantastic Adventures has ever had the ill fortune to be coerced into printing. Let the matter ride there. ' ' Rog Phillips' "Twice to Die" is probably the best worked out of his stories to date, and the writing is good enuf to completely cover the fact that it's an old idea. Darn good stuff. ' ' That's all of interest. The Z-D men can thank whatever is responsible for the fact that they have a monopoly on Robert Gibson Jones. He improves every time, and he was the best man long ago; the only one that still beats him is Malcolm Smith with deepspace scenes, and he appears rather seldom. If

looks count, AS and FA are top prozines in the field.

Astounding SCIENCE FICTION, Vol. XL #6, February 1948. 25¢.

Two high-caliber novelettes -- higher caliber than is usually found of late -- are the issue's main attractions. They are "There Is No Defense", by Theodore Sturgeon, and "New Lives for Old", by William Bade, which, despite the hackneyed title, is a well-done story. I have a notion Bade is a new author rather than a pen-name -- several minor aspects of style would seem to indicate that. Sturgeon's novelette deals with a mysterious Alien Invader that destroys the peace of the solar system before its nature is discovered, and the peculiar way nothing at all can cause war to erupt. Bade introduces the Lethe-cure, a rejuvenation method, and the fight of religion and superstition against future Science Centers. One short, John D. MacDonald's "Cosmetics", might be frustrating to many readers. The idea is that a way for humans to alter their physical appearance at will has been developed; the problem is, of course, that the ability of a human to change his face eliminates the necessity of his changing his environment to compensate for his face, and, hence, eliminates progress. From there on it's a Padgettite sort of thing. "Children of the Lens, reviewed above, concludes in this issue. " Campbell's editorial, discussing the true enduring capacity of the city, is of greater interest than most. " Alejandro symbolizes Atomic Power on the cover; it isn't up to his symbolization of man's flight toward the stars, but as far as symbolism goes, it's done well. Technique doesn't seem too slick. A variant symbolic representation of atompower was provided by Arnold Kohn for So Shall Ye Reap last year; it may be interesting to compare the artists' difference of approach. Watch for another Alejandro on Ages Of Man. " "In Times to Come" makes us drool a little. A listing of sf books currently available is a worthwhile service.

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, Vol. 9 #3, February 1948. 25¢.

I can think of several reasons why FFM should ease up on British novels for a spell, not the least being the lead novel of this issue, "The Peacemaker", by the well-known C. S. Forester. It's British to the bottom of its boots. The typical longwinded British approach is present to the Nth degree -- and it all gets blessed boring after a few hours. But the novel is a combination of character study and sociology that, for worthwhileness, has few equals. The picturization of how a little man, for psychological reasons, uses a device that stops magnetism to try to stop wars is as able a psychological study as has been penned, and I imagine no one will find fault with the sociallogical reasoning of Mr. Forester in his prediction of how the world would react to such a situation. Topflight stuff. " "Planet of Sand", by Leinster, entertains with a scientificfictional adventure story. " August Derleth's "The Lonesome Place", right out of Weird Tales, should have stayed in Weird Tales. A rather mediocre weird horror story. " Depts are fine as usual, Lawrence is excellent on the interiors, and Finlay does a nice job of symbolizing the novel on the cover. Biggest quarter's worth on the stands today.

WEIRD TALES, Vol. 40 #3, March 1948, 20¢. 25th anniversary issue.

If this were the 25th anniversary of Ghost Stories, I'd think of some clever pun connected with a ghost of a magazine, but since it is WT this is impossible. I'll have to content myself, instead, with say-

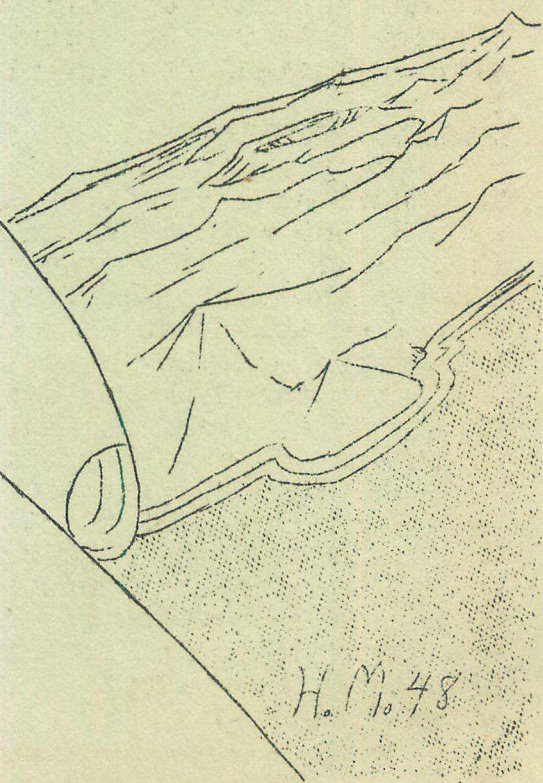
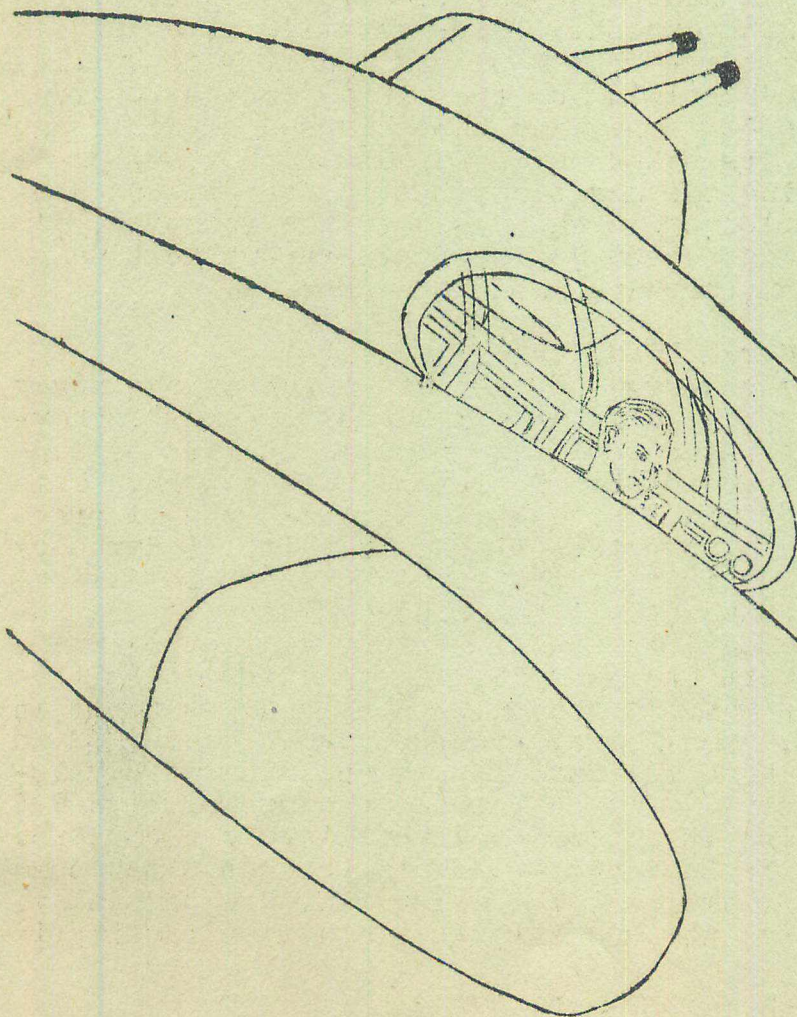
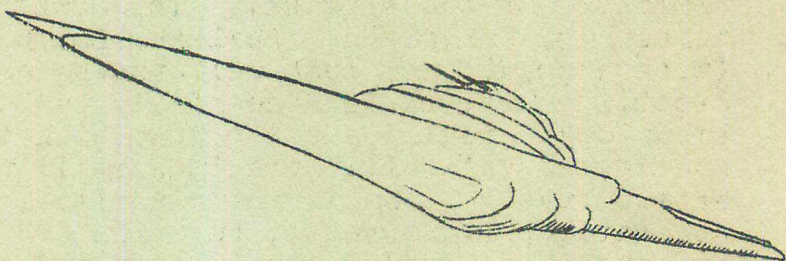
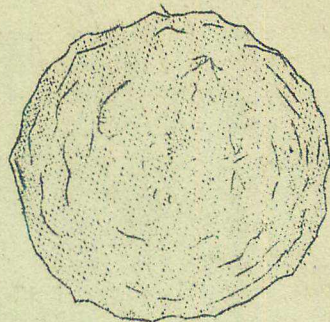
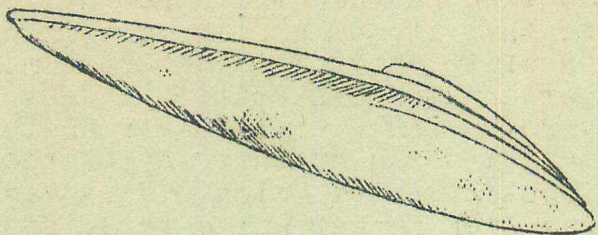
ing that Sam was never righter than when he said Weird had no vigorous editorial spirit, and, in effect, that it was a hulk, a remnant of a magazine. Despite August Derleth's claim that WT is a better magazine today than it was when Farnsworth Wright was its editor, I feel confident of some agreement when I say Weird isn't anything of what it was once, and, much more, that it isn't a tenth of what any of the other mags now under way are as far as fulfilling its "mission" is concerned. There are twelve stories in 96 pages of rather large type, something of a record for lack of length and also for price paid for content received; all of the stories are good, many of them are away above WT's general average; but it is an anniversary issue, and hence the thing to be expected. Incidentally, the amount of gore and stuff seems to be a little greater than usual, for some reason. I preferred Sturgeon's "The Professor's Teddy Bear", Bradbury's "October Game", and Bloch's "Catnip" of the stories. The authors represented include such great names as Wakefield, Derleth, Smith, Quinn, Blackwood, and Lovecraft (with a poem), and such well-knowns as Hamilton, Harding, Wellman, and Jacobi. Artwork is done nicely by Dolgov, and fairly by Giunta; Lee Brown Coye really goes to town with those grotesque crudities of his, and Mr. Coye's illustrations still provoke a completely negative reaction, though I am in the minority in this. "The Eyrie" contains two congratulatory messages, by Quinn and the ever-present Derleth; one is inclined to wonder why the eds had to depend on authors to boost the mag on the occasion of its 25th annish. There is still life left in the old mag -- there is in any mag -- but how long can it keep up like this? Sooner or later the finger holding up the Gibraltar has to give, and I rather feel that before too many eons have elapsed WT will give up a ghost delayed long past its scheduled departure time. Perhaps a vigorous new editor could bring the mag back, but in its present condition keeping up very much longer is sadly out of the question, I'm afraid. Well, congratulations on 25 years of steady publication of often-classical fantasy fiction, anyway. And good luck.

AMAZING STORIES, Vol. 22 #3, March 1948. 25¢.

Do you fellows like adventure? If you are a fan of the Edgar Rice Burroughs school of writing, you'll go for "Gods of Venus", Shaver's 87,000 word novel in this issue -- a tale remarkably free of sadism, sex, and the other poorer aspects of most of Dick's work. This tale is the best Shaver's done, and if you still like ERB you'll probably like this; but if you are beyond that stage, skip it. "Berkeley Livingston explains a possible origin of the flying sassers in "Everything but the Sink". Rather amusing. "Alexander Blade" is the author of a sickening but of occultism called "Flesh Against Spirit", which is notable for the effort necessary to struggle thru it. It's related to the late SM some way. "The Club House" holds forth in the rear portion of the issue, and Palmer promises proof of the SM in the issue to come. Who would have realized it was the last Shaver issue of Amazing? "Jones can still paint covers like a master, and Rod Ruth goes to town on the novel with a new style that I very much like. All they need for perfection is Lawrence -- and they might ditch some of their less adept interior artists, and make freer use of Finlay, Smith at his best, and Rod Ruth, who has come up recently to a surprising level.

STARTLING STORIES. Vol. 17 #1, March 1948; 20¢.

With the increase to 146pp, Merwin's zines undertake the step



H. M. 48

that unquestionably places them in the lead. This seems to be an ideal size -- not liable to the handicaps of insufficient space, such as aSF is at this moment, nor handicapped by the necessity of filling great quantities of space, like the 1942 Amazings, but a happy balance between the two, capable of allowing the very top in quality. "One of Three", by George O. "Wesley Long" Smith, sounded in the advance notices like it was to be a take-off on "Destiny Times Three", but Geo seems to have done a commendable job of reworking the ancient probability worlds theme. In Earth I, our earth, the Alamogordo bomb went off. In Earth II, it set up a chain reaction in Earth; in Earth III, it fizzled. You can readily see the problems. Geosmith turned them into an entertaining and very typical Smithian novel, one which should not go unread by aSF's fans. Frank Belknap Long's "And We Sailed the Mighty Dark" rather impressed me as an anachronism, but it read rather well, and seemed worth the space given it. Remember "The Little Things" and those oh-so-frustrating Padgett shorts? Well, Hank is at it again, in "Don't Look Now", classifiable as an oddity. James Blish's "Mistake Inside" has a very strong flavor of Unknown about it; in fact, it was an Unknown story, pure and not so simple. The nether regions, as might be gathered, play a large part in it. It's amusing and highly entertaining; very well written, and worthy of Unknown. Carter Sprague (could be a pen name of LSdeC?)'s "Climate -- Disordered" is inconsequential. R. C. W. Ettinger, apparently a new author, irritated me with the style in the first 2 pages of his "Penultimate Trump", and the ending might be called too conventional, but there are some things about it which made me rather like parts of it. I guess it wasn't so bad after all. "The Brink of Infinity" -- a mathematical problem; I don't care to argue the fictional merits of mathematical problems in the limited space here. But it is an opportunity for an article, for which I shall put in a plug. Merwin's attempts to outCampbell JWCJR in his editorials misfire this time; he praises Fort. Fort--- The letter column is due for another revamping. It's too much like a YF house organ to suit me entirely. But Mr Merwin's editorial comments justify the tremendous amounts of space given the dept, I suppose. Fanzine review good as ever. II The cover stinks. No possible gripe over interior artwork; SaMJr seems to have gathered one of the top artist staffs in prodom, maybe even exceeding FFM's. Keep them coming. I continue my apparently one-man campaign for a blurb reform.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, Vol. 10 #3, March 1948; 25c.

"If we assume that our world was created by an alien race -- then who created the aliens?" is the theme of "Zero A.D.", by Lee Francis, a 40,000 worder that is one of the top stories FA has ever presented. It's not nearly as effective as the same story handled the other way-- the way van Vogt would have done it, with the True Nature of mankind revealed in a soul-shattering last sentence. But it is excellently written; the theme is powerful, and the handling is good. The only possible fault is the one I have pointed out, that it is handled from the wrong end. I guess you better stay clear of it -- you might sob over what could have been done with it working the other way -- but if you still like an absorbing pure story, it's one of the best of its type. First-rate stuff. The rest of the issue can be passed up; best of them is a devil story by Geoff StReynard, "Make Yourself A

Wish". Shaver and DWReed also do better than average work, though the latter's "Court of Kublai Khan" is a confusing, dreamlike, disordered and annoying darn thing. ' ' Cover wonderful. ZD's "constructive editing" policy produces some positive format changes in the way of chapter headings; fine idea, and the mag is improved by such minor touches.

FANTASTIC NOVELS, Vol. I #6, March 1948; 25¢.

I shall not comment on the revival of this magazine. My views on the subject coincide with yours, I expect. Now all we need is Unknown. I'd be willing to dispense with Astonishing and the rest if I knew it would bring back Unknown. If I could have all 10 of today's prozines or Unknown, I'd take Unknown. But back to the subject: "The Ship of Ishtar" is too well-known to need discussion here. With the exception, possibly, of "Dwellers in the Mirage", it's my personal favorite of the Merritt novels, and it was an ideal choice as opening revival story. I hope the pulp readers don't remember the Avon edition of a year or so ago, however, since knowing that the lead story was a reprint from recent PB edition might prejudice them against the mag. The short, "The Middle Bedroom", failed to impress me; I'm beyond being impressed by horror stories, I suppose. ' ' The cover is a true masterpiece of fantasy art, and if Victor Mature wasn't the hero of it, the cover might be one of the top fantasy paintings of all time. ' ' Interior artwork is good enuf, and would be a credit to, say, Fantastic Adventures. But how Finlay has gone! He has done so much better that these drawings pale into insignificance. ' ' The most enthusiastic of welcome-backs, FN, and long and profitable career to you! The future looks bright, and if the mag fulfills the promise of this first issue, our worries about a topflight pure-fantasy mag should be at least partially over. Keep plugging for Unknown, however, darn it!

NEW WORLDS, Vol. 1 #3, undated, 1/6.

Mention should be made, albeit belatedly and repetitiously, of the aSFish flavor of John K. Aiken's "Dragons' Teeth", an excellent novel/et based on the assumption that passive resistance can bear more fruit than miserable defeat in the midst of piousness. The blurb is a bit in error, however; for the passive resisters were not, in the end, those who succeeded in destroying the enemy. If you dislike people who refuse to fight, you better skip it -- you might get mad and tear up the magazine. ' ' Much of the stuff is notable for being excellently written. None of the other stories, however, qualify for detailed mention here, particularly since they have been mentioned in Tympani and likely in other places. US fans should lay hold of New Worlds; it is considerably better than some of the American prozines, I say with some degree of confidence, and some of these days it is going to fulfill its goal of being the British counterpart of aSF.

----- THE GARROTING

The scream is muffled;
From the tortured nose
Three scarlet birds
Took wing and rose.
Hovered the barest second
In the still air
Then fell and glistened
And refused to mingle
With the assailant's hair.

--Genevieve K. Stephens

-BOOK REVIEW-

Chaos, by Immanuel; World Press, Columbia City, Indiana, \$1.00. 45pp, 8 1/2 x 11".

Printed and published by World Press, with a limp black paper cover, gold stamped, and containing two plays and a story, ads for the other books of Immanuel the author, etc. This is the first book of Chaos, telling what happened "before the Destruction of the World". The second book "The Destruction of the World" is billed as "a never-before-attempted unification of exact science and imaginative fiction, masterful prose and tragedy-dramaturgy". It will contain "True Account of the Garden of Eden and the lives of Adam and Eve", "Sunken Continents of Lemuria, Atlantis, etc", "Creation of the Moon, torn from the bowels of the Pacific", "Psychic phenomena, resurrection, reincarnation", etc., etc., etc. Other "remarkable" books by Immanuel (son of Immanuel, son of Jesus Christ) are "Gospel According to Immanuel", "Epistles of Immanuel", "Immanuel Science" (otherwise known as theotherapy), and the like. Dr. Immanuel also deals in miracles performed by the broadcast telekinetic waves from station YHWH. Miraculous cures are sure to be accomplished in this manner. By the way, I might add that each of the books listed above may be obtained for one dollar from World Press.

"Red", the first play (which metamorphoses into a story after one chapter), is the story of a young American idealist named Paul Petrovka, who goes to Czarist Russia, overthrows the government with intent to set up a Socialist Utopia, and is frustrated by the Bolsheviks. He comes back to the U.S. and gets into politics, becoming a presidential candidate around the time of the 3rd world war. Just as he is about to be elected on a pure government platform (prohibition) and become the savior of the world, he is killed by communists, German-financed capitalists, or just plain American capitalists -- we are never shown just whom. The play ((and the story, I presume --dw)) is very weak, incoherent and jumbled together. The author depends too much on melodrama. The way in which all the heroines get raped, poisoned, and thrown over cliffs is downright silly. Every time you are required to hate a villain -- communist, German capitalist, anti-prohibitionist -- said villain does something to one of the girls in the story.

The other play, "Lupus and Fidus", starts where "Red" leaves off. Lupus murders his business partner, Fidus, the father of Paul, then rapes and poisons the daughter of the family after stealing her heritage. Lupus then takes over the world bit by bit. From coal mines to railroads and steel companies to the domination of the lives of all, finally ending up with having his daughter raped and poisoned, his wife seduced and himself embalmed alive.

To be completely Aristotelian, the book is the production of a crackpot written for crackpots. Impossible to read unless you force yourself like I did -- and it is certainly not worth the price quoted.

---Howard Miller

CAVE OF THE WINDS

- THE GRULZAK OPINES -

The latest Dream Quest is the best of 4 extraordinarily good issues. A neat and intelligently edited job throughout, and I doff my mildewed toppler to you. I'm inclined to agree with Walt Dunkelberger -- of all the fan publications bouncing merrily thru the mails today, DQ comes nearest to my personal ideal of what a science-fiction fanzine should be. From past experience, I realize full well the amount of toil required to publish a mag of this size and scope, and am fervently praying that your enthusiasm for the magazine and your supply of elbow grease will never be exhausted. ((So am I))

Starting in the obvious place, the cover: tasteful and yet eye-catching. The drawing's effectiveness lies in its simplicity. Am I a special customer -- I received two copies of the cover on my copy?! ((Several did. Second sheets are inclined to be hard to separate in the assembling.)) As for the rest of the artwork, Miller's backcover was also good. Skillful use of perspective. Neither of the interior fullpagers seemed up to snuff -- and I respectfully submit that the purchase of a shading screen would be a half-buck well invested. ((Take it up with the art dept.)) You could use more headings, too, on the order of the cartoon for "Pro-Phile", to liven up the proceedings.

"The Gas Jet" proved readable, as always. In response to your plea for verse, I tried writing some stuff with a scientifictional theme, but the results turned out too ludicrous for publication!

Sam Moskowitz's immense knowledge of SF lore and his tremendous enthusiasm for everything he writes about make "The Old Familiar Faces" connect with Sam's usual punch. Again, as usual, Sam has picked a highly interesting and informative subject. Collectors will love yuh for printing this one!

Genevieve Stephens' poem had an unusual theme and contained some apt phrases, but somehow seemed to miss fire. Dunno why; perhaps this is but a subjective illusion. # Some bright-eyed, eager beaver national fantasy fan organization (hrrumph!) ((F. I. A., perhaps?)) should publish a booklet on how to write fantasy poetry, giving all the technicalities of rime and scansion. Sure, the amateur poets could very easily go down to their local libraries and study up on the technical side of verse writing---but, judging from the recent crop of fan poetry, how many of 'em do? # The latter bunch of comments is not intended as a reflection on Mrs. Stephens' poem, by any means -- 'twas just a fleeting thought.

Utopia is hardly an easy book to review, but Elsner seems to have done a commendably competent job on it. The large globs of propaganda for Technocracy Inc. which I had expected are inexplicably absent, and the last paragraph contains very few quibble-able remarks.

The insight of "Pro-Phile" seems keener than ever, and I read the whole thing with enjoyment. I find myself in agreement with nearly all the story comments (judging from the few I've read), a thing which

is indeed surprising. Spent awhile puzzling over the possible identities of the three editors depicted in the cartoon on page 14. The subterranean-looking creature with the spiked mace looks vaguely familiar, but the others...?? ((Aw, you should be able to figger it out))

Rex Ward really has a knock-out of an idea for a column in "Let's Turn the Calendar Back". This installment was all the more fun, since I'd read all the '44 ASFs Rex reviews. Toward the end of the column, following the paragraph beginning "Now everybody yawns...", I suspect Rex was doing some yawning himself, for the clipped prose of the remainder was barely more than a listing of contents-pages. Don't misunderstand me -- the column is good, but I suspect it would be even better if Rex reversed his procedure and let the reader compile the statistics while he drew the conclusions.

"Cave of the Winds" is well worth the space it consumes, and was especially justified this trip by Boggs' well thought out letter.

"Where To, Science Fiction?" -- ahh, a professional contributor! This piece was excellently written, too, although I must confess I nearly got lost in the forest of glittering similes. Despite the fact that Rog made some really apt points ("Time-travel is to science-fiction what Charlie Chaplin was to the silents.." etc.), I'm inclined to disagree with the major premise. Surely "'Where to, SF?' resolves into the question, 'Where to, SCIENCE?'" but if science is constantly opening new avenues as yet unplumbed by stf, why should science-fiction writers delve into what Phillips so neatly terms "the trash heaps and ash cans" of fables and superstition? Any writer who's really a follower of the daily advances and discoveries made by research workers should find himself with enough material to keep him working full time. As an example of the sort of stuff I mean, a couple of weeks ago some scientist proposed the theory that atom-bombing the poles would shift the Earth's axis, possibly eventually turning Antarctica into a jungle, and North America into a wasteland of ice and snow. The Hearst tabloids made a big feature of this at the time, well larding the bones of fact with the flesh of hysteria. Some old-timer may reach into a forgotten Air Wonder and rediscover a story in which the poles are artificially shifted, but offhand I don't recall such a yarn. Can you imagine such a plot in the hands of John Taine or S. Fowler Wright? ... When scientific speculation hints so many terrific ideas for pulp plots, why should the cent-a-word men have to turn to superstition for inspiration?

'Twas a swell issue, and typical of the high-quality stuff we've come to expect from the Thug of Third St. -- Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave, Dover, N. J.

- TOPS IN MIMEOGRAPHING, AT LEAST -

Dream Quest #4 was a beautifully mimeographed mag. Perhaps I received an especially fine copy, but even so, it is surprising that the duplication is so close to perfection on every page. Congratulations on lifting DQ to the top in that department, at least. ((These comments are from one well qualified to speak on the subject!))

In the department of "reader interest" -- after due cogitation, I have concluded that DQ #4 was just a shade behind #3. Not that the issue didn't have much of interest, but the earlier one offered such a diversity of material that it was hard to beat. The length of Moskowitz's article this time was probably the reason that a more varied selection did not appear, so you'll have to be forgiven on that score. Sam's article was worth the space devoted to it.

Yes, "The Old Familiar Faces" was easily the top item in the issue. Informative and completely readable, it was the type of thing that is of particular value to the collector, yet the w.k. "average fan" will find something of interest in it, too. Incidentally, one amateur publication that Sam didn't mention was HPL's The Shunned House, printed by W. Paul Cook. This is the rare book mentioned by Erle Korshak at the Philcon as having been omitted by Derleth from his bibliographical supplements of HPL's works. I'd gladly hear more about this item.

Elsner's book review is solid stuff, without being spectacular. About the only comment I'd dare voice about this article is a tentative, half-smothered exclamation concerning Henry's statement that the Utopian attitude toward enthusiasia is "far more advanced" than our present day ideas on the subject. I have no rockbound opinions on either side of the question, but it seems to me that it behooves a scientific civilization to suppress enthusiasia in deference to the medical profession. Were I dying of some "incurable" disease, I would be ill-advised to accept oblivion to relieve my suffering when science, any year now, may discover a cure for my affliction. Again, if I were crippled in the war, and with enthusiasia readily available, hurriedly decided to end my life, I might lose out on a wonderful future only partially marred by my having to stomp around on artificial limbs.

"Pro-Phile" is, as usual, a feature well worth reading every word of. Even though I'd see it in FAPA, I hope that you'll continue this feature in DQ in some form or other. Perhaps you could have guest editors for the feature, a different fan every issue charged with the task of reviewing the mags as they appeared. This would perpetuate an excellent column and still leave you free to do with "Pro-Phile" what you want in FAPA. ((I like this idea so well I've adopted it. From now on, people, if the column dies you'll have only yourselves to blame!)) I agree with your opinions about "The End Is Not Yet" -- a fine story, but no classic. (But then, I've never held his "Final Blackout" in particularly high esteem, either.) I completely agree with your analysis of the part Connover Banks plays in the yarn; it seems that blaming war on such villains who are throwbacks to the mid-1930's pacifist movement does more harm than good. As for Hubbard's "Ole Doc Methuselah" and its sequels, I sort of like the series, despite the too-true point of their having little point. And your crack about Planet running better stuff better be retracted next issue, suh! ((Why? I still believe it.)) You liked EEE's "Guaranteed", eh? Frankly, I wouldn't have accepted it for my fanzine! The idea that a "guaranteed forever" pen wears out in the remote future is good, but having the future man contact someone in our day to turn in the guarantee is too stupid to comment on. How did the future man propose to show the company that the pen was busted, and how would he collect what-ever-it-is that the guarantee guarantees? Silliest idea of the decade.

Eh, what is this you say, "Schere is another man to watch", implying that he is a new author like Tinde? I haven't got around to his latest, not having more than glanced through that Planet, but Schere has been a man to watch for approximately ten years. Remember "Anachronistic Optics" and its sequel in Astounding about 1938? Since then, the guy's sold perhaps five yarns. I began watching him in 1938 and haven't seen much! ((Okay, okay))

Rex is his usual interesting self in "Let's Turn--" #2. I have a

few arguments about some of his picks for Bests and Worst, particularly on the subject of "Time and Time Again", which he labels the third best time-travel tale of all time. Where, pray tell, does he place "Time Wants a Skeleton", "Rule 18", "Backlash", "Legion of Time", etc.? Incidentally, I note that Rex makes the mistake of assuming the Eric F. Russell of the Australian Futurians is the well-known sf writer. It ain't so, as JWCJR would say. Refer to Graham Stone's letter in Tympani #19, or find the real Eric Frank Russell's letter in Unk where he mentions a series of coincidences he experienced, one of which was receiving a letter or fanzine from the E.F.R. of Down Under. Eric Russell the author lives in England.

For the first two and a half pages of his article, Roger P. kept harping on things we all know and have been told hundreds of times, but in the last page and a half, where he begins to make like an Of Worlds Beyond contributor, he turned in some interesting ideas. A pretty good article, after all.

"Cave of the Winds" was pretty good. I'm a bit surprised that several writers think that I was too hard on Space Tales in my article, "Ludowitz's Folly". I tried to be fair to Ludowitz, but maybe sufficient time has not elapsed in order to provide a historical perspective. It was still a lousy mag even for a teenager. More power to teenagers who have been in the field long enough to assimilate some knowledge of what a fanzine is and how it should operate, but fout on those who burst out with a mag the month after they start reading Amazing! ((Anen)) That, I think, is what Tom Ludowitz did. I suppose you can't blame anyone for becoming enthused and eager to publish as soon as he discovers what fun there is in the fanzine field, but neither can you blame fandom for criticizing such premature efforts. If he has the stuff, it is probable that he'll learn his shortcomings in time, and begin to publish a worthwhile mag. But how much better it would be if he took his time and learned about fanzines and fankind before he plunged into purple print with his own messy mag! You bet there have been some fine teenage fanzines, Joe. How about Tycho, for example? John Gergen mentioned recently that he was only 14 when it first came out. It was a neat, well-done effort. There have been dozens more -- perhaps a majority if you take "teenager" literally, and include all fans up through 19. Such mags as Vampire itself would then be included. I wonder why fandom usually thinks of "teenage" fans as being from 12 to about 16? ((Foo knows)) --Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin St. N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota.

- PLEASE KEEP IT -

PLEASE don't get rid of "Pro-Phile". I just received my first copy of Dream Quest, and it is the type of fanzine I like -- interesting articles, a large section devoted to review of current prozines, and not much space given to reviews of other fanzines.

At the present time I have no intention of publishing a fanzine, so I would not receive the FAPA sendings and would miss "Pro-Phile" if you put it in another magazine. Please continue it just as it is in Dream Quest. --Saul Aronson, Aronson's Dry Goods, Newcastle, Texas.

((This request, I am proud to say, is an example of many similar ones. Since so many of you wish this feature continued, I'll do my best to make sure you continue getting it -- and the fact that others will write it from now on will assure variety

and continued interest. You fans better lay low. I'll be in to you for an installment if I think you're any good -- and that includes most of you. --Ed.))

- STATISTICS OR SPECULATION? -

Your Dream Quest came, and I was impressed a great deal with its nearness -- I can almost see the hours of work you must have put in whipping it into shape. The illos are o.k., but aren't you overdoing the machine angle a little? How about some humans? ((Maybe can do))

"Let's Turn the Calendar Back..." was funny; I expected it to tell of the changes ASF has experienced in three years and dispense with much of the statistics. Instead of this, it gave all of the statistics and none of the speculation which would have been more interesting. It was probably old stuff to those who had the mags and uninteresting to those who didn't ... it was o.k., tho, as far as it went.

"The Old Familiar Faces" was interesting -- even to me, who can never hope to collect some of those rarities and oddities. The best article in the mag was Rog's. It was coherent and hung together -- good punch ending, too.

What you can be doing reviewing an olde booke like that one is more than I know, but it's the first time I've ever read what More thought Utopia should be. Ugh! Some Utopia, I don't think.

The verse had a good idea, but a poor framing.

All in all, your DO is mmmmm good... Looking forward to #5. ---
Kenny Pitchford, 709 N. 15th St., Moorhead, Minnesota.

- A LITTLE OVERBALANCED -

DO #4 was, as always, interesting, though a little overbalanced this time with too much similarity in subject matter. All reviews of one type or another, except Phillips. He did a fairly nice job on "Where To, SF?". Stephens handled the weird angle nicely in the poem, "Jepson's Magic." "Pro-Phile" was a nice piece of reviewing. We agree on most stories, but I thought Bok's "Blue Flamingo" deserved a little more ego-boo than you gave it, especially considering the fact that Merwin cut it so much for Startling. I think the story suffers from the cuts in the uneven progress it showed. I weep from thinking of what I missed by not getting to read an uncut manuscript of "Blue Flamingo". As it was, I found a wonderful combination of mysticism, surrealism, and fantasy strongly contrasting with a realistic, and therefore repulsive gangster element. It is this intentional mingling of the real and unreal that makes it so far different from Merritt's tales. Merritt never put an unglorified character into any of his stories. At first, these rough characters seemed out of place to me in a fantasy, and then I realized that the effort was deliberate on Bok's part -- more than deliberate! It is his effort, in my opinion, to break away from the connection with Merritt and step out on his own merits! Maybe it was a little overdone, but I doubt it. This is Bok!
--Marijane Nuttall, Rte #1 Box 601, Lakeside, Calif.