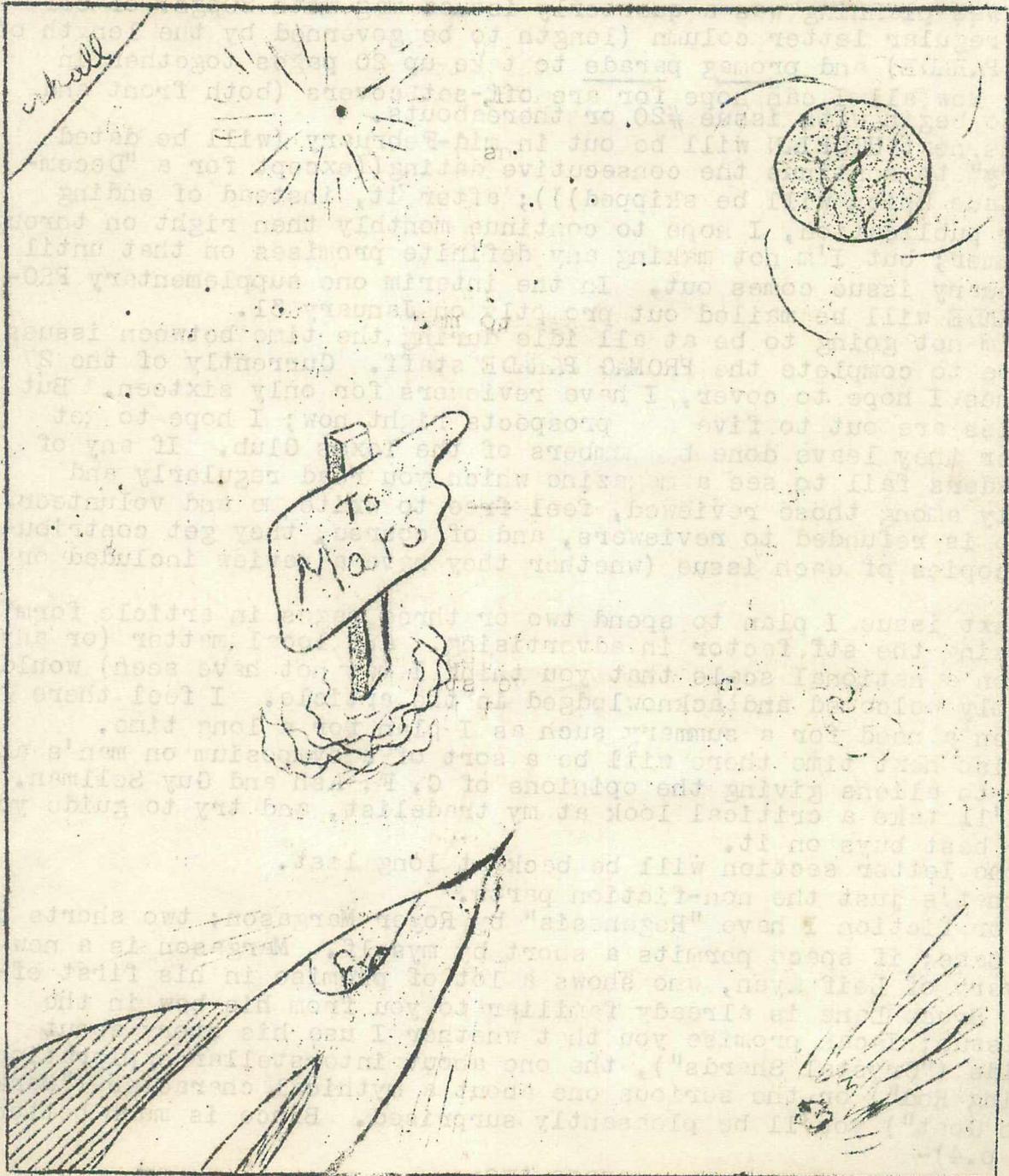


UTOPIAN

fiction by -
BANKS - DE VANE - DONNEL - NEWLIN



THE VULTURE'S NEST
by Leif Ayen

KRISS-KROSSES (puzzles)
by Sandy Charnoff

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

There is a great similarity between Forest de Vane's story in this issue, and Neal Reynolds's in the last. Both feature an alien spy who comes more or less to do our world in, but changes his mind in time to save us. Both are very good.

With next issue I will have finished off my backlog of fiction, except for about a half-dozen stories I had hoped to present in a photo-offset newdeal UTOPIAN. But it looks as if that is not to be. It would have required about 300 new paying subscribers (a fantastic number, judging from past fan history) to present the type mag I intended as a starting point toward an eventual 100pg. all-offset mag. What I was planning was a quarterly issued mag with 20pgs. of off-set; a regular letter column (length to be governed by the length of PROMAG PARADE) and promag parade to take up 20 pages together in mimeo. Now all I can hope for are off-set covers (both front and back) to begin with issue #20 or thereabouts.

The next UTOPIAN will be out in mid-February (will be dated "January" to continue the consecutive dating ((except for a "December" issue which will be skipped))); after it, instead of ending monthly publication, I hope to continue monthly then right on through the summer; but I'm not making any definite promises on that until the January issue comes out. In the interim one supplementary PROMAG PARADE will be mailed out promptly on January 31.

I'm not going to be at all idle during the time between issues, but hope to complete the PROMAG PARADE staff. Currently of the 27 magazines I hope to cover, I have reviewers for only sixteen. But inquiries are out to five new prospects right now; I hope to get whatever they leave done by members of the Texas Club. If any of you readers fail to see a magazine which you read regularly and promptly among those reviewed, feel free to write me and volunteer. Postage is refunded to reviewers, and of course, they get contributors' copies of each issue (whether they have a review included or not).

Next issue I plan to spend two or three pages in article form discussing the stf factor in advertising. Any local matter (or anything on a national scale that you think I may not have seen) would be warmly welcomed and acknowledged in the article. I feel there has been a need for a summary such as I plan for a long time.

Also next time there will be a sort of a symposium on man's attitude to aliens giving the opinions of C. F. Ash and Guy Sellman.

I'll take a critical look at my tradelist, and try to guide you to the best buys on it.

The letter section will be back at long last.

That's just the non-fiction parts.

For fiction I have "Regenesis" by Roger Margason; two shorts by Bruce Lane; if space permits a short by myself. Margason is a new discovery of Leif Aven, who shows a lot of promise in his first effort. Bruce Lane is already familiar to you from his bow in the last issue; I can promise you that whether I use his story about androids ("Crystal Shards"), the one about interstellar exploration ("Seeing Red") or the serious one about a mythical character ("Mark of the Goat") you'll be pleasantly surprised. Bruce is much better
-(see p.4)-

THE THING

A SEQUEL TO BRUCE LANE'S
"THE GRIFFIN'S REPORT"

THE GRIFFIN HAD BEEN FLYING ONE OF HIS REGULAR, MONOTONOUS PATROLS when he found them, the two of them, and the Thing, crouched in the bowl of a tree. Oh, what horror! He had guarded them as best he could, and signaled for the Rok (nominal head of the Legends' government since their return to Earth). Full realization of the horror he had uncovered dawned gradually. It might well mean that the Legends would have to leave fair Earth again for the barren wastes of Legend-Land. His scaly body shivered all the way down to the tip end of his tail.

When the Rok arrived, he was even more taken aback than the poor, bedraggled Griffin. All his assumed authority flowed from him as swiftly as the sweet nectar flowed on Mt. Olympus. Unable, for a moment, to control his fear, he actually squawked like his degenerate descendant, the domesticated chicken.

Seeing his erstwhile ruler "cracking" (to use an expression of the Mortals) under the great stress, the Griffin's natural mental and emotional balance returned and he saw his duty, as clearly as through Merlin's crystal. He asked fearfully, "Sir, do you feel up to a short flight?"

"Yes, but why? Where?" asked the Rok bewilderedly glad at the opportunity of leaving the presence of this Thing.

"It is clear, Sir, that neither of us is able to do anything about this menace! But since something must be done, someone must make the necessary decisions, and that someone should be King Oberon! Do you agree?"

"Yes, yes, you're right, of course," answered the Rok, ready to grasp at any chance of any easy solution. He flapped noisily off in the direction of the Emerald Isle, and the Griffin returned to his guard duty.

As the Rok flew away and left him with the two offenders and the evil they had spawned, the Griffin's now-found courage flew from him with precisely the same speed, but he was true to his cause, and guarded his charges carefully. This---this horror---could mean untold hardship for his kind, or even worse, for on scattered occasions the Legends (nominally immortal, but subject to violent death) had been known to lose their lives to these creatures. And since the Legends were forbidden to take life of any sort, there was no defense against them, save fear. Thus were built up the various tales of the bloody deeds done among Men by the Legends. The ferocious, man-eating dragons were just fierce-looking vegetarians; all the fire-breathers emitted a very dangerous-looking flame, which, while it was deadly to vegetable life (something to do with the chlorophyll), was quite harmless to all members of the animal kingdom; and, in the case of the higher orders, was actually healing to many discomforts; in fact, not even the murderous looking claws, fangs, and tentacles sported by many of the Legends were in the least dangerous to any living creature. But his thoughts were interrupted by the sudden return of the Rok, with King Oberon seated majestically upon his back.

THE RE-INSTATED MONARCH WAS AS QUICK AND AS RUTHLESS IN HIS HANDLING of this offense as he was to later be with others of a like nature. While nothing that would actually harm the offenders and the Thing could be done, indirect harm was easily affected.

Knowing that the Griffin was already exhausted from his fearful vigil, Oberon assigned the Rok to the first task. He was to fly with the Man-child to the Great Ocean; and not to drop him, but to place him gingerly on the surface over the deepest depths.

Picking the Thing up in his great beak, the Rok went stoically about his deadly business. He did a fine job too, even though it had been aeons since he had carried his only previous human passenger, Sinbad the Sailor.

Then, the place where the Griffin had found the evil pair being too isolated a spot to hold court, King Oberon caused the group--- by that time, quite a number of the Legends (mostly those equipped with wings) had gathered---to be removed to a more congenial setting.

After hearing all the evidence presented by the Griffin and the Rok, King Oberon prepared to pass judgement:

"We had thought," he boomed in a voice that seemed doubly thunderous when one noticed his small, elfin body, "that when the Mortals exterminated themselves, our troubles were over. We had thought to live in peace with the lesser, less aggressive animals. But now, you, the most complacent of the wild creatures, have proven traitorous! You two, of course, must be exterminated, and I make no doubt that the same must needs fall to the others of your kin, in view of this day's work!" On and on went the good King's speech, through all the day and half the night; finally ending with "Why, oh why, did you have to start it over?"

The two monkeys stood timidly in the wrath of King Oberon, not kenning that he was pronouncing their doom. One, the female, chewed playfully at a banana.

R. J. Banks, Jr.

THE EDITOR SPEAKS (continued from p. 2):

at writing science fiction than his first effort would indicate. Remember how much improvement "One of Two" in the last issue showed over "The Car" in #9? You'll find that Neal Reynolds's improvement from one tale to the next is pretty well paralleled by Bruce Lane's.

You'll notice that this issue is a couple of pages longer than the last few. Reasons: I'm reprinting the bacover ad booming the contest for deciding on a new name for "The Fantasy Outlook" by Ev Winne (which will also be back next time, as I forgot to say when listing non-fiction for next ish); this issue (because of delays in getting materials during the Christmas rush) will be a bit later and I've had time in the interim to read and review the new WSA.

Future numbers for some time will have to stay pretty close to the 40pg. minimum.

Show your last few copies of UTOPIAN to your friends and ask them to at least send for a sample. The more new subscribers, the more pages of offset.

One rule of thumb is being violated in this issue, and another is being instituted. The violated one is the humorous front cover by Claude Hall, of the Texas fan club; ordinarily only serious art will go on the front covers, with a mixture of humorous and serious
-(see page 16)-

PLANET UNDESIRABLE

BY FOREST DE VANE

A SAUCERLIKE SPACESHIP Flashed into the crimson atmosphere of Mars from outer space, leaving a trail of blue flame from her jets to mark her swift progress to the surface of the planet. A bright beam of magnetic force shot out from below, as her jets were cut out, to take the ship in a viselike grip and bring it down to a gentle landing in a snug cradle.

An army of mechanics swarmed over it as the airlock swung open to emit Captain Lot-Lother. Lot-Lother was a tall man with great bulging muscles which more than once had saved his life. He hailed an aircab which swiftly took him to the Solar Council Building, where he sought out the office of the Solar Patrol Commander, Cal-Dartha.

"Captain Lot-Lother reporting, sir." The Commandant sat behind his glassite desk, toying with a model Patrol Cruiser. At last his gaze slid from the snip to the young captain's set features. Lot-Lother endured it as the Commandant looked him up and down, seeming to seek out every last detail of his physique. Finally, he spoke in a hard, impersonal voice.

"Be seated, Captain."

When Lot was seated, the Commandant went on. "I see that you lost no time in getting here from---" he glanced down at a paper on his desk, "from Saturn. I like prompt and efficient officers. I hope you are efficient, for I have a somewhat difficult mission for you."

"I'll do my best, as I have always done," the young captain said. At this, the Commandant smiled, much to the young man's surprise, for the Commandant was known for his sobriety, and for the fact that he rarely smiled when on duty. When the Commandant spoke this time it was in a more friendly and personal tone of voice. "I am sure that I have no worries, now that you are being assigned to this mission. I have just been looking over your record; it's an extraordinary one. You have risen very rapidly in the Patrol. You are a fighter, and you won't let Heaven or Hell stand in your way and that's the kind that I like."

"I always try to carry out my orders to the letter, sir; unless they are unwise."

The Commandant's eyebrows raised at this announcement, "A bit impertinent, aren't you?"

"I only state the truth, sir. I see no harm in that since I have always done so."

The Commandant smiled broader than ever, leaned over and gave Lot a resounding slap on the back. "I can see why you're such a good spaceman, my boy, and I'm all for you. I know that you'll give

your all to this mission. I know what they all say about me, and I guess I deserve it but it's a mighty hard job, keeping an organization like this going. Especially, when I can't go on these missions myself. I want you to know that I have complete faith in you and your judgement. When you came in that door I supposed that you were just another ambitious officer, who let others plan and think for him, but now I know that you are not such a person. You stand up for what you know is right. That's the only kind of person that I respect. My luck goes with you on this mission, and you'll need it."

"What is the mission, sir? You have led me up to a high point of anticipation."

"You know the general facts of the planet Earth, I presume, Lot. Almost everyone in the patrol knows them by now."

Lot leaned forward in interested anticipation as he spoke. "Yes, I do know everything that is known. A promising planet, I hear, except that they seem to delight in continual warfare."

"Yes, that's right. So far we've observed from a distance, now we want first hand information on the people themselves. We intend using the usual procedure with a planet in such circumstances. You'll go there as soon as possible, and as inconspicuously. This you will do alone. You shouldn't have a very difficult time in passing as an Earthman. We must know how they think and how they live. You'll be equipped with a portable translator, so you need not worry about their multiplicity of languages."

"That's a pretty big job, sir," Lot said, "but I'll try to justify your confidence. When will I leave?"

The Commandant was grave once again, "In three hours you'll be headed for Earth in a small hydro-atomic ship. It's designed after the same outward pattern as their Earthships, but that's as far as the similarity goes. In case of any trouble, you'll be able to escape easily, but I must warn you of one very important thing. If there is any chance of the ship falling into the Earthmen's hands, destroy it. That's all I have to say, Captain, except good luck and God-speed."

The young captain arose from his seat and extended his hand. "Goodbye, sir, I hope that I'll be back soon but in case I don't return, I want you to know that I'll always be glad to know that I have you for a friend."

They shook hands and, farewells over, the tall young officer left the office and the building. Outside he hailed another aircab, which took him to the spaceport. There he found his ship and supplies waiting. He said goodbye to his crew and climbed aboard the new ship.

Fifteen minutes later he was streaking up through the crimson-hued atmosphere and out into space with his ship pointed toward a green speck in the surrounding, velvety blackness of space.

He was glad that the trip wouldn't be long, for he didn't like the cramped quarters. He wondered how the Earthmen could endure such discomfort which was so unnecessary. They must be funny people, he thought, warring on each other all the time. He knew that it must be a very young civilization compared to that of Mars, which was ages old. He tested his numerous instruments and weapons just to make sure that they would work in case he needed them when he reached Earth. He knew from the reports that Earthmen were ex-

tremely antagonistic toward visitors from outer space. He remembered the unfortunate report of the unavoidable destruction of one of the Earthships. It was very unfortunate indeed that the ship which had attacked a friendly exploration vessel had to be destroyed. All members of the crew had felt it a very regrettable incident.

He remembered the ancient history of his own planet. The Martians had been like the Earthmen when their minds were younger and as yet unwise. They had almost destroyed themselves with a terrible weapon, but the scientists had stepped in at the last moment to take over the planet. They had always blamed themselves for giving the terrible scientific secrets to those who governed the planet at that time. To this very day the scientists still held control over Mars. That is the way the civilization of Lot's planet reached and held the high point in its development.

There were now no more wars on Mars, everyone was at peace with his fellows. Practically everyone was a scientist of some sort. Lot himself was an astronomer, besides being a captain in the Solar Patrol.

Three days later his ship swooped down into the blue atmosphere of Earth. He played tag with a few planes which had been lurking in the vicinity of his entrance just for a little sport. After the trip he was a little bored and decided to have himself a little fun at the Earthmen's expense. They took frequent dives at him in an attempt to down his ship but each time he pulled away at a tremendous rate of acceleration. After a few such experiences they became discouraged and sped off in broken formation. He knew that they had been greatly surprised by his bursts of speed.

He dove down through the clouds in a great swooping dive which took him dangerously close to the surface of the planet. His orders had been to make his appearance as inconspicuous as possible and here he was showing off to a few Earthships and making spectacular dives at the ground with heaven-knows-who watching. He decided to cut out the antics and find a nice deserted spot to land in.

A minute's cruising took him halfway around the planet to a continent which the reports said were known to Earth as North America. This was where the regrettable destruction of an Earthship had taken place. He hoped that he wouldn't have to have a similar occurrence. After some looking he found a spot in a region known as New England. He soon had his ship resting in a small field surrounded by forests.

He recognized the vegetation as that which had been reported by the exploration ships. On all the planets to which he'd traveled, he'd never seen such beauty, nor smelled such fragrance as here upon Earth. He wondered how the Earthmen could find it in their hearts to hate each other the way they apparently did. Again he thought they must be funny people with strange thoughts in their heads. He wondered if he could possibly help them in any way towards peace and love among themselves even though it wasn't his job to play the part of big brother to the people of an alien planet. Well, he'd soon know just what he could do.

He thought it wisest to hide his ship from the prying eyes of any Earthships that might pass overhead, and this task he soon accomplished. Then he set off through the forest in search of an

Earth village, town or city, or whatever they called them. He had a set plan in his mind which was the standard procedure used by all first-hand observers. This had been tested and proven to be best over many centuries of observation. He must have hiked for some two hours when he came to the outskirts of a small town. The buildings were just as he had expected from the reports, the exploration teams rarely missed a detail.

Unhesitatingly he started down the main street which wasn't overly crowded. The people here seemed to be taking their time, just strolling along while here and there children laughed and played as if no one upon the planet had ever thought of war. He was greatly surprised at their attitude toward each other. They greeted each other like the best of friends, sometimes stopping to chat with one another. He listened to some of their comments.

"I tell you, Mabel, that isn't the right way to make beef stew. Now my recipe is much better, just let me write it down here and you can try it for yourself." That didn't sound a bit hostile; on the contrary, it seemed that the person was trying to be of some help. He spied two men who were talking earnestly, the one seemed to be trying to convince the other of something. He strolled over near them and listened to their conversation. "Bill, just let me help you, a few hundred would do a lot of good and you could take your time about paying me back. We been friends a long time and I'll be darned if I'll sit by without trying to help when you're in a jam. I just couldn't feel right if I did. Now com'on and let me lend you a coupla hundred bucks, just until you're back on your feet a-gain." The other looked somewhat undecided.

"Well, I don't know whether I oughta, Jim. I don't know how long it will be before I can pay you back. Why I may never be able to get that much money for you. I just don't know."

"Aw com'on, Bill, I'm willing to take that chance. And anyway, it's only fair that I help you now, since you helped me last year when I need help the most."

"Yes, but that was different. I didn't give you money to help out." This conversation was really getting interesting, Lot thought to himself. The man named Bill spoke again:

"I don't think it's fair that I should accept money from you now."

"But think of Mary. She's got to eat and she's got a child coming. At least take my help for her sake." At that the man named Bill thought for a moment. When he spoke again it was with firm decision in his voice. "All right, I'll take the money, but it's only for Mary's and the baby's sake that I'm doing it."

"Now you're showing some sense, Bill. And don't worry about paying it back. I can spare it, so take all the time that you want."

Lot walked on but now he was more thoughtful than before. These couldn't be people that delight in waging war, he thought. There must be some mistake, I must find out. And so he toured the whole town in the course of one day. That night, back in the forest with his ship, he collected his thoughts and recalled the things he'd heard and seen that day.

His mission was almost finished now. He'd heard many things, including talk of war. From what he'd heard and seen, he now had a

good idea of the situation upon this planet Earth. Now that he was almost ready to leave he felt a little sorry at the prospect of leaving these Earthmen, even though he had only been among them for one day.

As he had everything that he would need to make the decision on whether or not Earth was suitable for interplanetary contact, he decided that he might as well get his report out quickly. So in half an hour he was flashing out into space again. As soon as he was far enough out to be able to contact Mars without any chance of his message being picked up on Earth, he did so.

It was but the work of a few moments to establish contact with the Solar Patrol Commandant on Mars. The Commandant's stern face lit up as he recognized Lot in the visi-screen.

"What have you to report, Lot?" he asked at once.

"The planet Earth is undesirable for interplanetary contact at this time, but---" he hesitated for a moment before continuing, "with a little help they might soon be able to assume the responsibility of a membership on the Solar Council."

"If I may suggest, Sir, someone should be given the job of going to Earth and giving that needed help. And if you should decide to accept that suggestion, I should like to be the first to volunteer for it."

"As I said before, Lot, you are a man I can trust! If you say the peoples of need help, then help they shall have.

"Since you were the first to volunteer, and considering that you already have some experience in Earth affairs, you are hereby assigned the mission of assisting the Earthmen toward peace among themselves. We on Mars shall give you all the help possible."

"Thank you, Sir!" Lot's gratitude was entirely genuine. "I feel that it would be a shame to let them destroy themselves, when there are so many who wish for peace. I have also found that there are some who envision a universe of united planets like the Solar Council. I saw books with pictures of space ships upon their covers. I haven't found out much about these books except that the branch of literature to which they belong is simply termed 'science-fiction'."

"Investigate that more thoroughly. You may find it a valuable source of help toward accomplishing your mission. But don't disclose your true identity to anyone.

"If ever you are in need of help, contact us in the same manner as this time; we will have someone listening at all times for your signal. Is there anything that you need now?"

"No, Sir. If you have no further instructions, I would like to sign off and get back to Earth as soon as possible. I don't want to waste any time before getting to work."

The Commandant smiled from ear to ear. "It would seem that these Earthmen have gained themselves an eager protector! I have nothing more to say, except: good luck! And I have an idea that you will need it." He broke the connection.

Lot switched the screen off, and immediately swung his ship around to head back toward Earth. That prominent star off his bow

THE POOL OF THOUGHT

- EARL NEWLIN

OUTSIDE, The voice of the wind moaned. It moaned about the concrete building in much the same manner as it had moaned ages previous to the construction of the building, and as it will ages after the building and Man who built it, have vanished. The wind had paused for a moment, to caress a leafy, shivering tree, only to leave it and whip its insubstantial fingers nervously on this cracker-box construction. Through the brightly lighted windows which were like closed doors to the late spring night, could be seen two---no, three figures. They were surrounded with rather impressive machines, test tubes, and metal tables. Yes, outside, the wind was blowing.

Inside, oblivious to the wind, were Prof. Armour Freemont and his friend, Fletcher Raymond.

And something else.

The two men were staring at this "something else". Freemont with evident pride, and Raymond with incredulity. He looked at Freemont's partly bald head, with its square-shaped face, and the thin eyebrows framing a thin nose above a thin mouth. He turned and again inspected the figure on the slanting metal table. It was the figure of a man, with thin eyebrows framing a thin nose above a thin mouth. Square face, with balding head.

Raymond sat down on a bare wooden chair. The bright laboratory lights outlined everything in the room so clearly as to give an impression of unreality.

"You didn't overlook a thing, did you? Even that scar you got in Frisco is right there on the robot." At Raymond's mention of the scar, Freemont winced a bit, remembering the brawl he was in. Raymond continued, "When you gave me the news that you were going to show me a robot, I expected at the best to see only a metal thing, if not some new type of remote control. But why did you make it look so human? Why did you want another 'you'?"

"Another me? Egoism, loneliness---but there are more practical reasons. Twenty years ago they made 'mechanical men' that were just that, mechanical men. They had no reasoning, were operated by a man at a control panel. Now the casual observer will have the visible proof that this is no ordinary tin can. Why the skin even sunburns!"

"Would you make him---it---do something?" Raymond asked haltingly.

"There's one little detail to take care of first. You see, I didn't do this all alone. I had twelve assistants working for eight months on it."

"What little detail? Christ, he looks like a dead man."

"I'll show you." Freemont walked to a door, unlocked it, and disappeared inside. In a moment he returned, rolling before him what looked to be a combination of two beauty-parlor hair-dryers. "This," he said, "is the climax of my project. When I am sitting in

in one of these chairs, and the robot in the other, with this device attached to our craniums, my every thought will be duplicated in his brain. This part I did myself, as I couldn't trust my assistants; it is so-o-o delicate. The robot's brain is not mechanical but actually a chemically created mass protoplasm, corresponding in size and properties with an adult human brain---the only thing lacking is billions of thought-wrinkles recording everything I know consciously, and my subconscious and habits too."

Raymond's mouth hung open in wonderment, like that of a common idiot, the man Freemont was amazing! He continued, "The operation of the machine, which I call a brain duplicator, is simple; but I shall be unconscious during the whole operation."

Then with a few quick instructions and gestures, he showed Raymond how to operate the machine. Freemont had picked good old, non-scientific Raymond for the job because he would be one of the few men he knew untrained enough in electronics to duplicate the machine either for his own use or for resale. Radical new principles were used in the mechanism that could set the scientific and psychiatric world ahead dozens, maybe hundreds, of years. He had no doubt that he would eventually be acclaimed the greatest scientist of all times. Greater even than Einstein, he had actually put his theories to work, where Einstein had only built more and more complicated theories.

Then, Raymond was thoroughly briefed on what to do, Freemont personally adjusted the machine to the head of the robot, then to his own, and then blissfully lost consciousness as it hummed to life.

He awoke slowly, gradually coming to note that the position of the room seemed to have altered slightly, subtly. Then he looked across the room and saw Raymond and himself. Himself! It was a shock to see the robot standing as a person. But it was alive!! He hadn't counted on the robot coming to before he. He opened his mouth to say, "Even now that it's happened, I can hardly believe it," but stopped, wonderingly, when he heard the robot, a split second before him, utter the exact words. This startled him only briefly, after all, the robot would think of things about the same way he did.

Raymond turned to the robot beside him. "It's a great achievement, Freemont. I feel honored, and awed, to witness it."

"Raymond," said the figure on the other side of the room, with a trace of panic in the voice of Freemont, "what do you mean? Look at me! I'm Freemont; he's the ro---"

Raymond looked at him, then at the man by his side. "Why, it thinks that it's human."

"Yes, Raymond, I forgot about that possibility. . ."

Fear crept slowly into the eyes of the thing standing alone, on the other side of the room. He realized, dully, futilely, that he was the robot, and that the other was the real, human Freemont; the fact twisted and turned its way into his mind like the expertly wielded knife of a veteran torturer. With each passing millisecond, the torture doubled and redoubled itself within him; then finally, it was too much! His mind---the mind of a genius without peer, save one that must always remain above him, his master, his creator-----broke under the terrible, unbearable strain.

THE CHILD

by: DON
HOWARD
DONNEL

The child wandered through the gutted ruin of the city, marveling at the utter blackness of the crumbling structures. The burnt black fingers of the buildings jutted brokenly into the sky, reaching for something unknowable, unattainable. The horizon was a clear, even blue, and the early October breeze pushed gently against the child as he walked, neither encouraging nor reprimanding him for his curiosity. The brilliant orb of the sun glinted from his pale blond hair, and his simple, uncomprehending face wore a look of faint bewilderment, not being able to quite understand what had happened. Wide blue eyes skimmed over the wreckage and chaos not believing what they saw, and wondering why they saw, and wondering at what they saw. The six-year-old said nothing, but walked and looked and explored. He scuffled through the thick moss-like ashes that spread out like a soft carpet of darkness over the hard coldness of that which had passed from existence. Pools of greenish, dirty looking water had collected in depressions, rippling only slightly in the soft breeze. The bright red of a broken fire-hydrant shouted garishly for attention which no one but the child gave it, and soon it passed from sight, erasing the last symbol of reality from the dazed mind of the young boy, and the blackness returned, embracing everything.

The child wandered on. He went down a pitted avenue that had black charcoal lumps in strange positions all along its broad countenance. He avoided these things with a puzzled feeling of something ominous; with new and different feelings racking his emotions, he kept walking and staring, but without fear. He was glad of this. After all that had happened, he was not afraid.

Something made him search, something made him look, an inner something drove him through the lifeless streets on a quest that he knew nothing of, and only felt. He was searching when night came, with its shadows to veil and hide things from him, and to make the walking harder, and to raise a fear in him; to make him afraid! He was not. He continued to walk.

Masses of weirdly glowing matter lighted his way, casting tinted shadows, and making the white sticks that protruded from the black lumps shine with a weak light. His feet sank springily into the moss-like blackness that had replaced the hard stone he had been used to walking on. He noted with his simple childish logic that the rearing machines that moved along the streets no longer reared or moved, nor were there people walking briskly past him, and the brightly colored signs that used to wink on and off at him no longer were bright and no longer winked; and knowing this, he did not realize why, but knew only that they did not. There was no noise. There was nothing. Nothing at all.

The power poles dropped their rotting tentacles into the next boulevard he wandered into, and the windows of the stores seemed to have turned to water and run down over the sidewalks, hardened there, glowing now with a rich forest hue offset by lighter gleams from indeterminate blobs scattered about. The night's cool air carried

a sweetish scent to it, and the child's eyes became wider, his nostrils dilated, while a whimper came to his throat and stuck there, and he stopped at last, wondering what to do and where to go. To his questioning gaze the scene seemed never to change, and everything was alike, and naught was different. He turned and ran back a ways, stopped; ran forward, to the side, then sat down, looking into each dark crevasse, shrinking from the green glow that was present all up and down the street; shuddering at the lumps, gagging with the smell in the air; mind confused, emotions mixed and taut, heart breaking.....

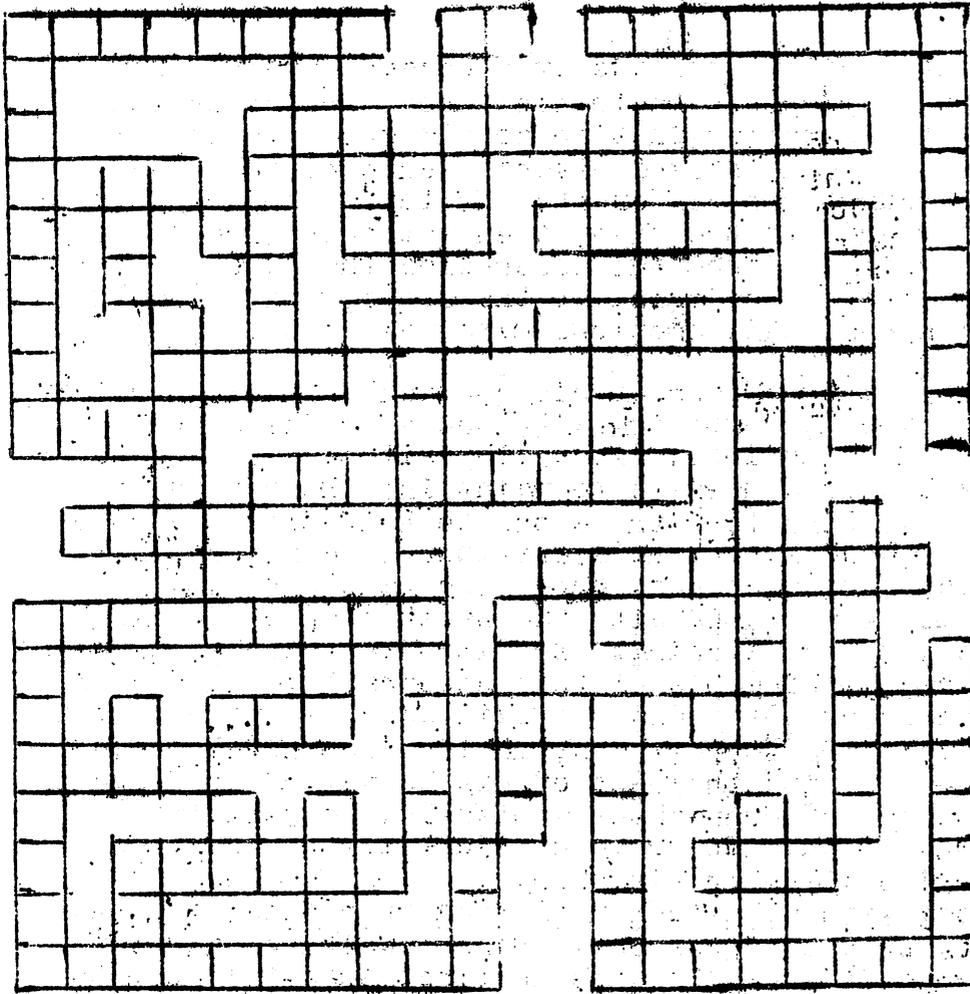
Hunger seared the empty cavern of his stomach, climbing the walls that led to his mouth, combining with the sour juices of digestion, assimilating his emotions, disrupting with a gurgling sound whatever balance his body had managed to maintain. He got quietly sick on that silent side street, with no one to help him, and no one to care for him. He was weak, and he slept there, near another thing that slept, slept in a deeper, more assured sleep.....

When morning came to wake him with the harsh slap of falling rain against his face, he was itching. The itch was sticky, unclean and it covered his body, making his clothes unbearable, and soon had a thin layer of flesh under them, and his skin was raw from scratching. The rain came into the sore places, making them hurt more, while his scalp joined in with the rest of his body, and itched with a determination that made him run about aimlessly, bumping into things and causing more pain. The rain had just let up when the first blister raised itself under his skin.

He was naked now, with all thought of food abandoned, and the itching subsided to a bearable presence. He was walking again, not really caring, but content to follow the instinct that told him to. His shocked consciousness stopped not even to puzzle at what had happened to bring all this pain to him, and all this loneliness to the city. He saw that the charred fingers still clawed skyward, and felt the carpet that was an oozing slime sucking at his feet, and knew now that the charcoal lumps were more horrible and more abundant. Once in his aimless journey he came upon a big open space where the things were piled as far as he could see, and the sickening sweet smell was coming from them, and the sun was bouncing reflections from the white sticks that were everywhere, and he did not know the reason for all of this, but was glad to leave the pile and continue his nameless search.

His whole existence was pain now, and the pain seemed to grow more intense as he walked, and the moisture came to his eyes and ran down his dirty cheeks slowly, with cruel malice; he would not cry. He looked down at the sores that covered him and noticed with a patience acquired from suffering that they were open and leprous, and beginning to ooze a dark liquid that was unpleasant to the nose, and he wanted to stop the running, but had nothing to do it with so he endured the unclean feeling it gave him. He knew, also, that he was sick, sick to his stomach. Nobody said anything to him like they used to when he was sick; no one gave him the medicine that stopped the sickness. There was no one to do all this. No one at all.

He wished with a feeling of abstracted emotion that he knew what the lumps were. He stumbled over them now, unable to see them because everything was weaving and blurring, and he couldn't stand



See p. 44
for answer.

THE CHILD (concluded from preceding page):

straight, but kept falling. He got sick again, several times; retching miserably onto the darkish ashes. Soon, he was crawling.

His body hurt with a pain like fire, and the sickness came and went in exhausting waves. He was sleepy of a sudden. Sleepy like the time he had stayed up long past his bed-time, and sleepy like the time he had missed his nap to play with the boy next door. He was so sleepy he could hardly hold his eyes open. He stopped crawling and strained every fibre of his once-healthy body in the effort to stay on the tide of drowsiness that was sweeping over him. It wasn't even time for his nap yet.....

He lay down on his back and stared into the quiet blue sky above him, his long quest abandoned, his wandering ceased. Then, as the sleep came to take him, something welled up within him, and once again the tears came to his eyes. He remembered what he had once been looking for. He remembered.....

"Mommy," he cried, "Mommy..."

N 3 F F E N

K R I S S K R O S S

S A N D Y

C H A R N O F F

2 LETTER WORDS

A L
E D
G R
J L
S A

5 LETTER WORDS

D I E T Z
J A S O N
K R O L L
M O O R E
S H A W L

8 LETTER WORDS

A C K E R M A N
A N D E R S O N
A R F S T R O M
B R E W S T E R
C O C K R O F T
C U M M I N G S
G R O S S M A N
P E D E R S O N

3 LETTER WORDS

A R T
C O N
C O X
D O N
E V A
F D A
J O N
L I N
R I X
W A C

6 LETTER WORDS

C A R T E R
S L A T E R
S Y K O R A
W I L S O N

9 LETTER WORDS

B E A R D S L E E
C L E V E N G E R
F I R E S T O N E
M O S K O W I T Z

7 LETTER WORDS

C A R L S O N
C O S L E T T *
G A U G E R A N
J O H N S O N
S P E N C E R

10 LETTER WORD

R I C H A R D S O N

4 LETTER WORDS

B E C K
J O K E
P A R O
R O W E
V I C K
W O O D
W R A I

12 LETTER WORD

D U N K E L B E R G E R

* Correct name has only one "T" -Ed.

STF AND FANTASY

ONE WORD TITLES

3 LETTER WORDS

CUP
JAR
MAN
Q.U.R.

4 LETTER WORDS

BORE
CURE
GULF
HERO
MAZE
NOON
RULL
STAR

5 LETTER WORDS

AMINA
BRAIN
CABAL
IDEAL
LOGIC
MANNA
MUTEN
OMEGA

6 LETTER WORDS

AFFRAID
MEMORY
MERMAN
NEEDLE
NERVES
PLAGUE
TILLIE

7 LETTER WORDS

ABSALOM
BLUNDER
DORMANT
QUIETUS
REQUIEM

8 LETTER WORDS

ADAPTION
CATARACT
CASTAWAY
COLONIAL
DERELICT
HOBBYIST
INVASION
NOCTURNE
TWILIGHT

9 LETTER WORDS

AUTOMATON
BLINDNESS
CHRYSALIS
CONSULATE
COSMETICS
ITERATION

10 LETTER WORDS

AMPHISKIOS
APPRENTICE
ARISTOCRAT
BRAINSTORM
PERELANDRA
SYMBIOTICA

11 LETTER WORDS

ANASTOMOSIS
ELIMINATION
ENVIRONMENT
INHERITANCE

-(see next page)-

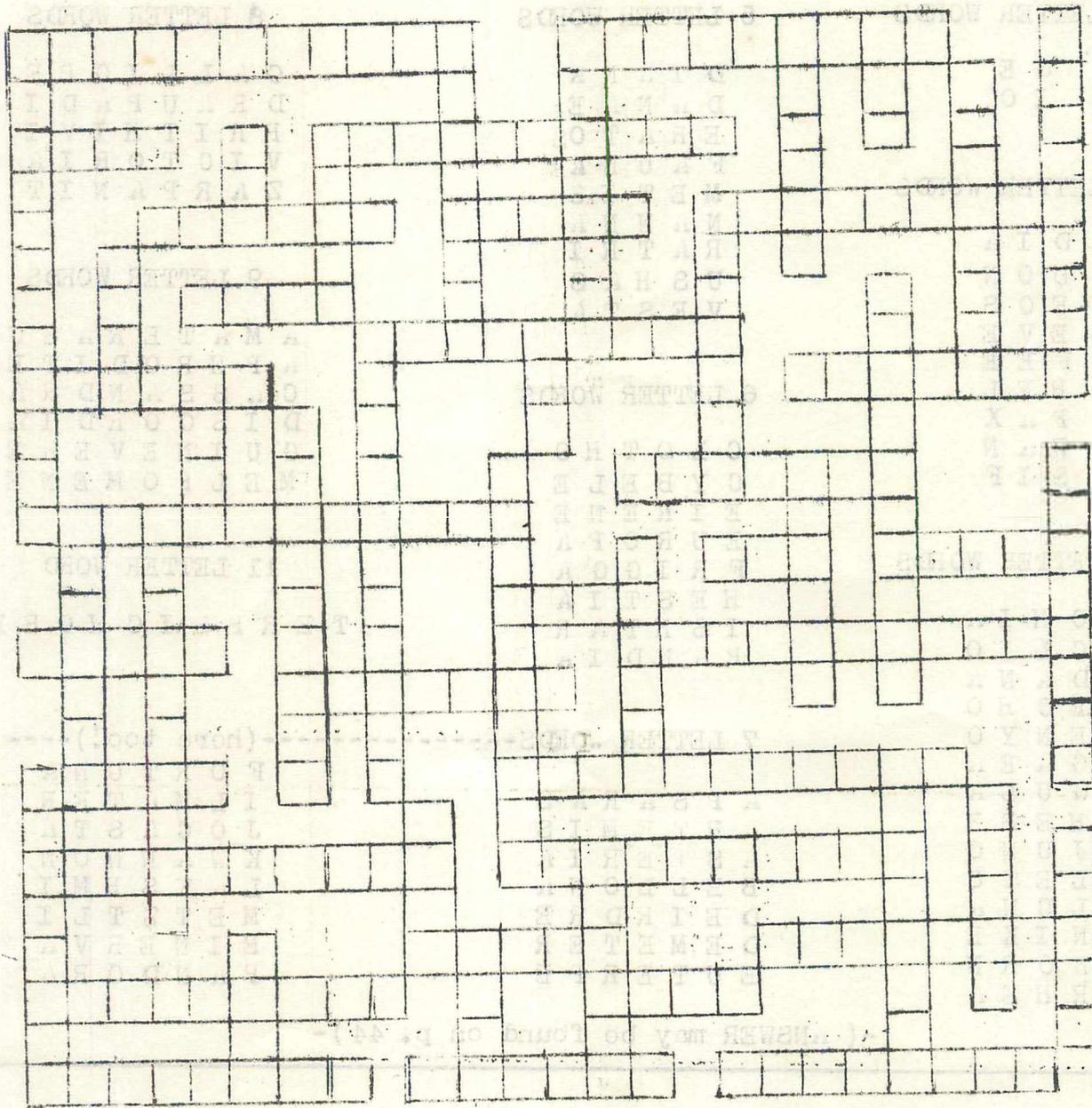
THE EDITOR SPEAKS (continued from p. 4):

art on the bacover. The reason I am violating the rule is that I must repeat the ad about the contest; and yet I have plugged the contents on the margin of the cover picture....Also, I have no serious work on hand (on stencil).

The new rule that is being instituted is the location (which will be used in all future issues) of the contents page on the inside back cover (or, as the few promags which place illustrations or special features there usually say, the 3rd cover).

-(see page 18)-

KIRTS KROSS SANDY CHARNOFF



12 LETTER WORDS

-(ANSWER may be found on p.)-

ENCROACHMENT
TRIPLANETARY

--this is page seventeen

WOMEN IN MYTHOLOGY AND LEGEND

2 LETTER WORDS

GE
IO

3 LETTER WORDS

DIA
DON
DOS
EVE
FEE
HEL
PAX
RAN
SIF

4 LETTER WORDS

CHIA
CLIO
DANA
ECHO
ENYO
GAEA
GULA
HEBE
JUNO
LETO
LUNA
NIKE
NORN
RHEA

5 LETTER WORDS

DIANA
DANA
ERATO
FAUNA
METIS
NANNA
RATRI
USHAS
VESTA

6 LETTER WORDS

CLOTHO
CYBELE
EIRENE
EUROPA
FRIGGA
HESTIA
ISHTAR
PANDIA

7 LETTER WORDS

APSARAS
ARTEMIS
ASTERIA
BELLONA
DEIRDRE
DEMETER
EUTERPE

8 LETTER WORDS

CALLIOPE
DRAUPADI
PRITHIVI
VICTORIA
ZARPANIT

9 LETTER WORDS

AMATERASU
APHRODITE
CASSANDRA
DISCORDIA
GUINEVERE
MELPOMENE

11 LETTER WORD

TERPSICHOE

7 LETTER WORDS------(here too!)-----

FORTUNA
ILMATER
JOCASTA
KWANNON
LAKSHMI
METZTLI
MINERVA
PANDORA

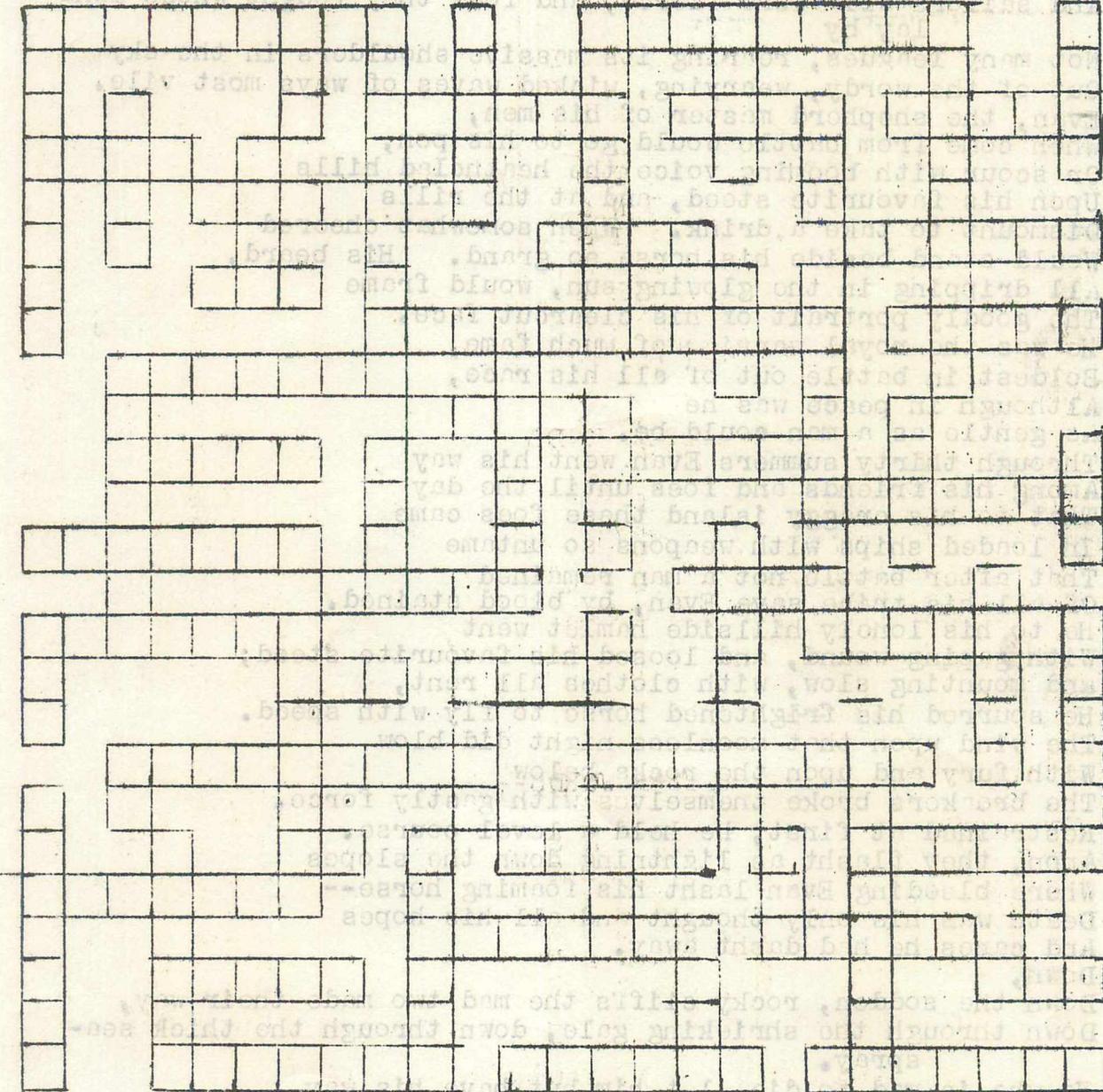
-(ANSWER may be found on p. 44)-

THE EDITOR SPEAKS (continued from p. 16):

Richard Bergeron, whose artistic talents are well known and appreciated by most of you, has volunteered to join my art staff, as soon as the covers go to photo-offset. Another treat you have in store is the fine bacover pic from Jim Adams (bacover on the Sept. UTOPIAN) which did not reproduce satisfactorily in mimeo will appear again on an early p-o cover. But perhaps the (see next page)

KRIS KROSS

SANDY CHARNOFF



best new thing I can announce in the way of artists this time is Bobby Gene Warner. I don't take back a thing I have said in praise of Tom Reamy, but right here and now I will tell you all that Bobby Warner is going to give him a hard time to maintain the reputation I've been building up for him.....One other art not: Orv Mosher of

THE LAST RIDE

Warrior Evan dwelt in distant Surfur in the Sea.
 The greatest, bravest, wisest of his hardy tribe was he.
 His kinsmen, roughened roamers of that roaring, rocky isle--
 And sailors all--were fierce, and foes they fought whose land
 lay by

Not many leagues, rearing its massive shoulders in the sky
 Out of the wordy, wearying, wicked waves of ways most vile.
 Evan, the shepherd master of his men,
 When come from battle would go to his pen,
 Or scour with booming voice the heathclad hills
 Upon his favourite steed, and at the rills
 Dismount to take a drink. When somewhat cheered
 Would stand beside his horse so grand. His beard,
 All dripping in the glowing sun, would frame
 The goodly portrait of his clearcut face.
 He was the royal warrior of much fame,
 Boldest in battle out of all his race,
 Although in peace was he
 As gentle as a man could be.

Through thirty summers Evan went his way
 Among his friends and foes until the day
 That to his craggy island these foes came
 In loaded ships with weapons so untame
 That after battle not a man remained
 Of all his tribe save Evan, by blood stained.
 He to his lonely hillside hamlet went
 With gaping wound, and loosed his favourite steed;
 And mounting slow, with clothes all rent,
 He spurred his frightened horse to fly with speed.
 The wind upon that moonless night did blow
 With fury and upon the rocks below
 The breakers broke themselves with gastly force.
 Restrained at first, he held a level course.
 Anon, they flasht as lightning down the slopes
 Where bleeding Evan lasht his foaming horse--
 Death was his only thought and all his hopes
 And cares he had dasht away.

Down,
 Down the sodden, rocky cliffs the mad two made their way,
 Down through the shrieking gale, down through the thick sea-
 spray.

He who is mad to die, let him but have his way.
 And so he found his end,
 The greatest of the Surfurs he--
 The last of all his tribe to die.
 Now, to this day, the sheep in Surfur penned
 Are seed of his; and you may see
 The boulders under which his fragments lie.

--is this time devoted to what Leif calls a "simon-pure" biography of Edgar Allan Poe. His motive is revealed in the letter which accompanied these stencils: "It has sometimes amused me and at other times annoyed me to see the attitude of some fans in re. "the father of the short story", and one of the all-time greats in the fcy and stf fields."

EDGAR A. POE: HIS LIFE

As with all writers: "to understand the man is to understand his works." This can be said of Poe, perhaps more than of most. Much has been written on his works, but out of it very little of worth. Too many scholars--educators especially--tend to give a great author the stature of a god, cloaking their literary favorite in romantic pink mysticism or (in Poe's case) with the hottest flames in Hell.

Alas, this is not their only crime. They have, as well, the strange habit of reading into an author's work, things at which he, if alive, would stand aghast. Indeed, it is interesting and occasionally entertaining to read the scholarly treatise of some literary savant on the whys and hows of a masterpiece, which may be the utter antithesis of the author's original intent.

This and the gigantic wall of myth surrounding Poe's name tend to becloud much of the facts, fragmentary though some of them may be, and give rise to much false data from both a biographical and critical standpoint. There is such an astounding mass of material and much of it of so conflicting a nature as to overwhelm any student rash enough to attempt any assimilation.

Happily enough, however, after wading through much informative material as well as "tripe", the student comes up with a small body of information that seems to stand all the tests of fact and truth. The first of these: (1) That to have any real estimate of Poe's worksmibe must know something of Poe, himself; and (2) that Poe was a human being and a man in the fullest sense of the world about him, but not a god. Poe's life is not the background for his stories; his stories are merely the result of his life. With this in mind it becomes easier to understand both Poe and his works and have some yardstick with which to evaluate them.

Poe had the unhappy misfortune to arrive on the literary scene when literature was going through the birth pangs of the novel. The novel was popular and the authors were paid substantial sums. Poe never wrote a novel. He had to go and write short stories--horror stories, at that! But luckily he was a critic, too. That saved him...for a while.

In 1805 Elizabeth Arnold married David Poe, Jr., a traveling player, who had given up a career in law in favor of the stage. The Poes, Mrs. Poe especially were considered very fine actors. They were versatile, as well, playing in roles ranging from Shakespeare to Sheridan. Until her death in 1811 at the age of twenty-four she had played some two hundred parts.

Three children were born to them, Edgar being the second. He was born in Boston on January 19, 1809. Recurrent illness and David's unemployment confronted them much of the time. The death of her husband (the date is uncertain) and the birth of a daughter, Rosalie, led to her final illness. And in the Richmond Enquirer for November 29, 1811 appeared the following pathetic announcement:

¹
"TO THE HUMANE HEART."

"On this night Mrs. Poe, lingering on the bed of disease and surrounded by her children, asks your assistance, and asks it, perhaps, for the last time. The generosity of a Richmond audience can need no other appeal." And on December 10th: "Died, on last Sunday morning, Mrs. Poe, one of the actresses of the company at present playing on the Richmond boards. By the death of this lady the stage has been deprived of one of its chief ornaments; and to say the least of her, she was an interesting actress, and never failed to catch the applause and command the admiration of the beholder."

How very ironic it was that both these paragraphs were to be reproduced again. The former as Virginia lay dying in most hideous poverty, and the latter on Poe's own tragic death.

After the death of Elizabeth Poe, William (the first son) was taken by his grandfather, General Poe, of Baltimore; Rosalie and Edger were sought out by two Scotch gentlemen, a Mr. Mackenzie and John Allan. Allan's home was in Richmond and the two-year-old Edgar was reared in one of the best culture centres of the South.

Much has been written that Poe lived in the "lap of luxury" during his youth and was spoiled by his foster parents. Nothing could be further from the truth. Actually John Allan had a small business and made a modest income from it. It was not until he returned from England that he managed to increase his wealth through canny business ventures.

In 1815, John Allan, his wife, her sister, and Edgar sailed for a short business trip to England, but as it turned out it lasted five years. And their return was only at the insistence of Mrs. Allan, who had been troubled by the damp climate.

For Edgar England was to be one of the most fruitful of his many experiences and left impressions that he was never to forget. He attended the Manor House School at Stoke-Newington. There in the "long, narrow, high-ceilinged, gothic-windowed" schoolroom he gained his deep feeling for the spirit of the past that he was to use so well in "William Wilson".

At length the Allens returned to Virginia and home. And it is here that another myth must be destroyed--that Edgar was a lonely, bookish child who had few boyhood contacts. Indeed, the opposite was true! Colonel T. H. Ellis, son of the senior member of the firm of Ellis and Allan of "Virginia Leaf", in his memoir of Poe states:

²"No boy ever had a greater influence over me than he had. He was, indeed, a leader among his playmates; but my admiration for him scarcely knew bounds. The consequence was, he led me to do many a forbidden thing, for which I was duly punished. The only whipping I ever knew Mr. Allan to give him was for carrying me into the fields and woods beyond 'Belvidere', adjacent to what is now Hollywood Cemetery, one Saturday, and keeping me there all day and shooting at a lot of domestic fowls, belonging to the proprietor of 'Belvidere,'...He taught me to shoot, to swim, to skate, to play bendy; and I ought to mention that he once saved me from drowning."

This sketch forms a remarkably lifelike picture of Poe's boyhood--that of any other happy child. It might be said, too, that this was the last time he was to be found fully happy in the real sense of that word.

Poe's older brother had by this time run away to sea. His sister, Rosalie, had proved to be mentally retarded, and died shortly thereafter. But the stigma of her madness remained in the mind of Edgar and festered.

In 1826 Edgar Allan Poe matriculated at the new University of Virginia, the 136th to do so. That he was a superior student there was no doubt. He always managed to place well at the top of any list of outstanding pupils that the various teachers made at the end of each term. He excelled especially in languages, particularly in Latin and French.

Something should be mentioned of Poe's relationship with his foster father, John Allan. Allan was childless and had been living with a mistress, by whom he had two children. She was probably not the first nor the last of his infidelities.

At the time Poe entered the university, he was seventeen. If he had any knowledge of Allan's conduct at this time it is not known. But perhaps, partly through a feeling of guilt and partly from his tightfistedness, he sent Edgar to school with barely enough money to cover his tuition expenses, not to mention the clothing or pocket money he needed. This was the first serious estrangement between them. It is not hard to picture Poe's humility at barely being able to subsist on the meagre of allowances, so impoverished was he that he had to "borrow" his roommate's washerwoman.

Much to-do has been made of Poe's drinking and gambling while at school. It is best to say that such conduct belonged to all the students at that time, as it still does. That Edgar was a libertine while there is one of the grossest lies ever to have been perpetrated. His withdrawal from the university was over a debt of honor. He had fallen into the hands of Charlottesville loan-sharks. These gentlemen presented Allan with a "bill" for about \$200; but he refused to pay it. When Poe wrote begging him to pay, explaining his circumstances, he still remained adamant, and in 1827 Poe left school.

Nothing more is known of Poe until the appearance in Boston of a tiny volume: "Tamerlane and Other Poems". The disappearance of this item and its subsequent rareness have been subjects for speculation over the years. The title poem was a Byronic imitation, but it contained faint hints of the later Poe with its brief allusions and mysticism.

In that same year Poe enlisted in the army under the name of Edgar A. Perry, working his way up to sergeant-major. In 1829 he made his circumstances known to Allan, and learned that Mrs. Allan had died. He obtained a leave of absence and returned to Richmond. He met with a cordial reception and received a little money from Allan.

Shortly his second volume of poetry appeared: "Al Aaraaf", based upon a misinterpreted passage from the Koran and the newly discovered super-nova of Tycho Brahe, which made a brief spectacular appearance, then faded. Reviews of the volume were favorable, but many professed not to understand it.

At this time Poe wrote to his father for money to buy his way out of the army. Receiving no reply he managed to do so anyway. He then went about securing a West Point position--which gave a salary of \$28 a month, besides subsistence and instruction. He obtained letters from a number of prominent men. Finally he obtained the appointment and entered at the age of twenty-one, although he gave his age as nineteen, since he was over the legal age limit.

Unfortunately he soon began to chafe under the routine, for no other reason than probably he was annoyed with the stupid cadet routine, and he had been a sergeant. Aside from this Poe made ready friendships at the Academy, taking part in some typical cadet pranks and even writing and circulating satirical poems about a few of the disliked officers. But his interest waned, after missing several church meetings and being absent from several drills (O, heinous crimes!), he was "drummed out of the corps"! It was a deliberate attempt, without doubt, on his part to get dismissed.

The period following his West Point adventure is referred to as his "lost years" by some biographers, and some have even gone as far as to dream up the tale that he resided in Paris, and gleaned the ideas for his later detective stories. Poe did much, himself, to help spread these legends. The best information about this time is a series of letters from his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, with whom he resided in Baltimore, telling of his work upon a series of tales, his "Tales of the Folio Club", which was to have been comprised of several early tales and his prizewinning, "Manuscript Found in a Bottle".

Not long after, Allen died, leaving all his money to a second wife. Poe was unmentioned in the will. Thrown now completely upon his own resources, Poe turned to publish his "Tales of the Folio Club", but they were rejected.

While living with his aunt, Poe fell in love with his cousin, Virginia, and with Mrs. Clemm's consent were licensed to marry on September 22, 1834. They subsequently removed to Richmond where Poe, first as a contributor, then as its literary editor, worked on the "Southern Literary Messenger".

During this time he wrote and contributed an amazing amount of material. Beginning at \$20 a year, his salary was later increased to the fabulous sum of \$800! His reputation was increasing in the South. The subsequent severance of relationships between Poe and White, the owner of the magazine, has never been satisfactorily explained, but was probably due to some jealousy on the part of White with the magazine's rise in subscribers.

Poe removed again. This time to Philadelphia, which was fast becoming the intellectual entre of the United States, during the late thirties and forties. Here he met his Evil Genius, the Reverend Rufus Griswold, who was to do more harm to Poe than anyone before or since.

In Philadelphia he was fortunate enough to meet George Graham, through William Burton, the actor. He shortly thereafter became editor of the new "Gentleman's Magazine", which had been combined with Graham's earlier "Casket". From 5,000 subscribers (the total of both magazines) Poe raised it to over 37,000. The later break between the editor and publisher was not caused by the then prevalent, slanders of Griswold (that Poe had been drunk most of the time), but rather by a quarrel over editorial policy. Even so the two remained

XX

friends, and later he sent Graham a story and received \$50 for it. The story remained on Graham's desk for over a year, when Poe again appeared and begged for its return that he might try for a prize offered by the "Dollar Magazine" for \$100. He gave it back. And thus "The Gold-Bug" won first prize and \$100 for Poe.

It is very hard to give any real idea of how Poe suffered under the awful poverty of those years even as editor of the various magazines. In one letter to a publisher, offering his "Tales" for only \$75 (which was refused), he added one of the most pathetic postscripts in American literature. After begging them for their earliest reply, he wrote: "P. S. I am poor."

But even in the midst of dire want Poe began the formation of a literary idea that was to last a long, long time. D. H. Lawrence wrote:

"Poe was interested in the disintegrating and sloughing of the old consciousness" (and) the forming of a new consciousness underneath."

Critics have often reviled Poe for an undue morbidity and concern with death. Moralists (whoever they might be!) tend to raise a hue-and-cry over his disgusting (sic) use of the horror motif--the atmosphere of decay and rotting terror that ever lurks in the depths of the mind--the child-fear of the dark and the dead--of revenge and hate. They, they prate, should not be used in polite literature. Why not? What is wrong with it? The critics and moralists have never bothered to tell why they dislike his outre passages--the bottle of Amontillado, a cap that ever jingles with the bells, silver bells--hate and Nemo me impune lacessit!

And all the others--black cats, premature burials, crumbling houses and lurid tarns--blackness and darkness, the absence of light, always darkness, ALWAYS COME, DARKNESS! This, then, is the theme of his stories. This theme that runs like a thread of night through all his great tales. This is what the critics fear--fear itself--that early fear of death and darkness that runs through the minds of children and old men alone at night and closes in upon them.

What was Poe's own fear? Death? Yes, his fear was death--the death of a beautiful woman--his wife. And the darkness? It was despair. That was Poe's darkness. The darkness of his own poverty and despair. Yet, in spite of his great misery, he was able to work out a coldly scientific doctrine to apply to the realm of literature. He grasped the fundamentals of the novel as wholly distinct from the short story, from the beginning. If lacking in plot the novel must hold to a second distinction; it must be "a work of genuine realism". Of plot he wrote, "that in which no part can be displaced without ruin to the whole." He divided literature into two groups: one of intellect, the other of emotion. In the short story he laid down the rules that have since changed but very little: that it must produce a single effect or evoke a particular mood. Its prime distinction being its completeness and unity and that every word should contribute to that effect.

Having once laid down his foundation for literature, Poe seldom deviated from it. Though there was an inclination for archaisms, each tale fell into the

form, leading to the final effect.

Poe's concept of poetry was greatly different from his theory of the story. He believed that all poetry should be of a lyrical quality; that it should have a "sense of the beautiful, of the sublime, and of the mystical." Herein lay all his concepts of beauty and the death of a perfect woman. Although they were pendentic they did fit lyrical poetry to a great extent. These concepts, to a lesser extent employed in his stories, fall into the logical frameworks of ~~the~~ flesh and muscle.

It was while he was editor of Graham's magazine that Poe's Great Dream came into existence. He had always wished to publish and edit a magazine of his own, "an octavo of over 90 pages--the type will be new, clear and bold, with distinct face. The matter will be disposed in single column. The price will be \$5." ⁵ Many times he came close to his dream, and almost had it in his grasp, only to have it fade away.

Some mention should be made of Griswold. He was a Baptist minister, dividing his time between literature and religion. He was a historian, editor, and biographer. But the work for which he has received immortality--"an immortality of infamy", as Graham called it--are "The Works of Edgar A. Poe; Poems, Tales, and Miscellanies; with a Memoir;" two volumes, 1849, followed by a third that contained the terrible biography, and a final fourth volume. And why did Griswold hate Poe? Rufus Griswold had one weak spot--he considered himself a poet of great attainments, and Poe put his finger on that spot and twisted it. Alas for Poe! Griswold never forgot, and when Poe's will named him executor, he seized his chance to perpetrate one of the grossest literary offenses ever done.

The year 1839 was an important one in the life of Poe, remarkable for a great irony. First came the publication of "The Conchologist's First Book", a trade edition and popularization of shell collecting. The ironic part was that while this book went through three editions, his second volume that year went through only one edition in his lifetime and sold poorly. And today that volume, "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" (in two volumes), commands a premium of \$20,000!

In the twenty-five tales therein published are to be found every facet of the genius that was Poe--the tales of terror and conscience; the Germanic horror story; the science-fiction wonders and fantasies; the humorous grotesques and their barbed satire; and the allegories and fables of life and death. The only genre missing was the tale of detection.

But now mention must be made of the other side of the literary Mr. Poe--Edgar A. Poe: the Critic. As a critic Poe was never the emotionalist. James Lowell came the closest of any to realizing Poe's quality, not only as a critic, either. "Poe has two prime qualities of genius, (he wrote) a faculty of vigorous yet minute analysis, and a wonderful fecundity of imagination."

It was his great use of his "natural" logic that made him the shrewdest man in the literary field of his time, and it was the selfsame logic that was his greatest fault. Poe's use of systematic reasoning hurt many a fine writer

the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity. I had, indeed, nearly abandoned all hope of a permanent cure, when I found one in the death of my wife. (Virginia died January 30, 1847)...In the death of what was my life, then, I received a new but--Oh God!--how melancholy an existence."

The letter speaks for itself. No further explanation of Poe's agony in those years is necessary. Poe's greatest horror story had become his own life.

Poe removed to New York, and in 1845, "The Raven and Other Poems" appeared. And in this year appeared his TALES, and the detective story, like Minerva had sprung from the brow of a literary Jupiter.

After Virginia's death in 1847, under the most pitiful of circumstances, Poe spent a lonely year. But time healed some of the wound and after some unfortunate love affairs, he began his courtship of Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, a Providence widow and one of the best women poets in America at the time.

His courtship proved of no avail, when at the request of over-solitious friends, Mrs. Whitman broke the engagement between Poe and herself. Yet, she along with Mrs. Clemm remained his friend even after death.

In 1849 after a long period of mental anguish and near insanity, half-starved and impoverished, Poe seemed to recover and taken a renewed interest in life. He presented several lectures in Richmond and gave a memorable one on "The Poetic Principle". With the proceeds from his lectures he started for New York, but he never arrived. Stopping en route in Baltimore he was invited to a birthday party. During the course of the meal his hostess pledged with wine, and this set the chain of events in their final swing. He went on a debauch, and a few days later on October 7, 1849 died in a Baltimore hospital.

Thus ended the career of America's first great man of letters. He was like the nova of Tycho Brahe, burning brightly and then gone. But his memory is never gone, and his tales have not yet faded from the printed page.

The End

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3. "Studies in Classic American Literature" by D. H. Lawrence, Boni & Co., 1930, pp. 93-94.
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Royal H. Drummond reviews: Mag. of Fsy. & Sci.-Fic. Dec.
Astounding Science Fic. Dec.
Galaxy Science Fiction Dec.

R. J. Banks, Jr. reviews: Other Worlds Dec. Jan. Feb.
If Jan.
Wonder Story Annual 1953

;with M. McNeil reviews: Famous Fantastic Myst. Feb.

M. McNeil reviews: Weird Tales Jan.

Guy D. Sellman reviews: Space Science Fiction Feb.
Science Fiction Advent. Feb.

THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION Dec. 1952 (rev.: 12/9/'52)

1. To a Ripe Old Age by Wilson Tucker; 2. Quit Zoomin' Those Hands Through the Air by Jack Finney; 3. Frances Harkins by Richard Goggin; 4. The Marble Ear by Gerald Heard; 5. Conroy's Public by Ron Goulart; 6. Happy Landing by Estner Carlson; 7. The Poisoner by Charles L. Harness; 8. The Unidentified Amazon by H. Nearing, Jr.; 9. The Goodly Creatures by C. M. Kornbluth; 10. They Bite by Anthony Boucher.

There was some confusion in the way in which Royal listed the stories, so I have no doubt that the order in which I have them down is far from the way in which he would have had them had he exactly understood the review format. I have fully explained, and no doubt in the next issue (where there should be two reviews---by way of catching up---of each of his assigned magazines) I should be able to present his ratings untrammelled by my own bumbling. One other thing, in his rating, he pointed out that the Finney and Boucher tales were reprinted stories. -Ed. 7

If you can afford only one of the magazines I review this time, make it this one---it's a doozy. It is always difficult to review this particular magazine, because so much enjoyment lies either in the styles of the writers, or in the unusual, wickedly satirical plots. In the first case, it's very difficult to convey the flavor of the writing in the allotted words, and in the second, it is unfair to give away the snappers. Oh, well.

The Marble Ear (19): Personally, I find Heard's style very difficult to wade through, perhaps because it is so leisurely. Nevertheless, this is rewarding for its beautiful solution of the old,

old, yet ever-new problem of the recipient of three wishes all his own.

To a Ripe Old Age (15): George Young (!) awoke one morning, after taking a whiskey bath, to find himself the last man on Earth. A talking dog, a sparrow that cheeps his name, and a blonde---"what that guy Smith would describe as a seven-sector call-out" keep him company for a couple of days, and then.....

Quit Zoomin' Those Hands Through the Air (13): This tells how Ulysses S. Grant lost the battle of Cold Harbor through the faulty reconnaissance of his air force! This story has the best line of the issue: Grant, somewhat tiddly, boasts, ". . . I'm going to take Richmond like---well, I don't know what!"

Frances Harkins (11): FH in her old age tells of the trial of the first spy from Saturn, and her very gentleness casts a chilling light on a future that may very well come true.

Conroy's Public (7); This treats of a very unusual planet whereon a frustrated young writer has solved the problem of unfriendly editors and public. Or so he thought, until.....

Not one of the stories in this issue is below F&SF's usual high standard; the ones underlined above merely happened to tickle my fancy a little more than the others. Actually, all of them are outstanding by any criterion.

The cover, by Bonestell, shows Little America being established on one of Jupiter's largest satellites. It's ok, if you like those pale pastels, but the black, orange, and yellow logotype so dominates the color scheme that it's difficult to look beyond it to the illustration.

There were no book reviews. As this was the last of vol. 3, the index was included.

-RHD

Astounding Science Fiction Dec. 1952 (rev.: 12/9/'52):

1. Noise Level by Raymond F. Jones; 2. Pest by Randall Garrett & Lou Tabakow; 3. Me and Flapjack and the Martians by Mack Reynolds & Frederic Brown; 4. The Impacted Man by Robert Sheckley. Not noted: The Currents of Space by Isaac Asimov (serial--conclusion).

It is only by comparison with other, recent issues of asf that this issue is mediocre (outside the serial). I will not bother to detail plots of the rest of the stories. They're very readable, but that's all. Very little originality of plot is exhibited, and the only noteworthy thing is the pun in the last paragraph of "The Impacted Man".

The article, "The Tiniest Time Traveler" by David Fox, is a discussion of electronic phenomena, replete with diagrams and technical terms. I skipped it. Not so, the very interesting editorial, which discusses intelligence and its increase.

The cover, by Welker is a beautiful blue thing entitled "The First Martian"; is easily one of the three best this year. Interiors are by Orban (4), Pawelka, and van Dongen (1--excluding those for the serial, noted elsewhere).

Books reviewed: Journey Through Utopia, Berneri; The Quest for

Utopia, Negley & Patrick; Robots Have No Tails, Podgett; The Mixed Men, vanVogt; Destination Universe, vanVogt.

Letter writers: Stowell Rounds; Hilaire Hiler; John M. Patrick; Hal J. Martin.

Serial: astounding Science Fiction Oct., Nov., Dec. 1952:

The Currents of Space (163) (illustrations--van Dongen(19)), extremely like Cartier in style, though not quite up to his excellence):

Nearly all the serials now published seem to let down in suspense and pace of writing in the last half of the last part. Probably this is because so much work is put into making the first parts suspenseful that a great deal of explanatory wordage is necessary for a satisfactory solution. This one is no exception--the antepenultimate scene is incredibly long and involved, with much dialogue and little movement; yet, without it, much that has gone before would remain obscure.

Nevertheless, it is still a must--another of Asimov's suspense novels in the Ambler tradition, with Galactic Empire trappings. A year before the story proper opens, a Spatial Analyst disappears. At the same time, an almost mindless, robot of a man appears on Florina, an impoverished, peasant world, which is the Galaxy's only source of the miracle textile, kyrt! It is apparent that he has been subjected to a psycho-probe, by whom, and for what reason, are unknown. He becomes the center of much cloak-and-dagger activity, power politics raising its ugly head between Trantor (yes, again!), aspirant to Galactic empire, and Sark, which holds Florina in unremitting tyranny.

Asimov has this mythos down pat, by now, and never slips in his picturing of the future in its every minor detail. In this he is bested only by Heinlein. Don't miss this yarn.

-RHD

Galaxy Science Fiction Dec. 1952 (rev.: 12/9/'52):

1. The Deep by Isaac Asimov; 2. Homesick by Lyn Venable; 3. Cost of Living by Robert Sheckley; 4. The Reluctant Weapon by Howard L. Myers; 5. The Leech by Phillips Barbee. Not rate Ring Around the Sun by Clifford D. Simak (serial--Part I).

The Deep (22): Buried deep in their planet, circling their burned-out sun, the dwindling population eked out the last supplies of warmth and power. Roi had been chosen as the last forlorn hope, to send his personality to the star that had moved within range of the Rezonizer. Thought fields had been detected, and it was believed that, with luck, Roi could actuate the Receiving Station, which would enable the entire race to move through teleportation to a planet of that sun. Roi's last thought before translation was of Wendra---he awoke to find himself sharing the brain of---?

You'll like this one---a nice treatment of the problem of aliens' inability to share one another's thoughts, and as always with Asimov, a neatly tailored story with no loose ravelings.

Cost of Living (10): "After the Wars" the world has been under the Pax Americana for so long that the high cost of installment buying has been taken care of by a law giving the power to mortgage one's children's earnings, to take care of present purchases. Even with greatly increased longevity, no one can keep up with the consumer-hungry gadget-makers. Has a Gravy Planet flavor, without the gleam of hope that was at the end of that epic.

Homesick (7): A well-told little tale about the reception of the crew of the first interstellar spaceship, and the horrible fate that awaited on their return to Earth. Beautiful mood writing.

Cover--Camouflage--very symbolic and entirely unsatisfying to me. Interiors--Sibley (4), Emsh (6), Ashman (3), Connell--V. Magazine--III. / These ratings should be charged to me, not RHD. -Ed. /

Most of Gold's editorial is taken up with a description of the cover process, which is indeed worthwhile. It's a photograph process which is an amalgamation of the talents of Jack & Bob Strimban and Sam Willig, none of whom are familiar to me.

Physically, this issue is much improved over the last, in which one third of the printing was on the bias, and the last 20 pgs. were misbound so that it was difficult to read the inside columns. No misprints that I saw. Apparently the publishers are now on top of their recent production troubles.

Discussed in the Science Column: Cause of the Ice Age; Questions from: Hartley M. Thompson, Jerome Pierce, Phil Davis, J. O. Curtis, James Brook, Peter Julius, Edward Wellen (this one's a cutie), M. M. Fried, John Westfall, and Lucy Cores. The latter seems to me a detective story writer---isn't this against Guild rules, or something?).

Books reviewed: The Heads of Cerebrus, Stevens; The Creation of the Universe, Gamow; Eidolon, Stern; The Haploids, Sohl; Ship of Destiny, Slater.

-RHD

Other Worlds Dec. 1952 (rev.: 11/20/'52):

1. The Identity of Sue Tenet by Frank Patton; 2. Q-B-B by Alan E. Nourse; 3. Patent Medicine by William C. Bailey; 4. Space Opera by Charles T. Webb. Not rated: Beyond the Barrier by Richard S. Shaver (serial--Part I).

The Identity of Sue Tenet (39): Sue Tenet, after a narrow escape from death in the breakdown of a vi-eng bath (roughly the same, I gather, as the Shaver Mystery's pleasure mech), awoke to find herself an amnesiac murderess. She had been under the control of the master criminal The Hornet, an almost purely energy symbiote, which was bent on making man's galaxy-wide civilization his empire. ST and the Hornet (now in another body) attacked the inventor of a superweapon; but later she escaped and came over to the inventor's side. He (Kyle Renison) led a disastrous attack on the Hornet, but the Terran Federation (at KR's direction) arrived in time to capture TH and his offspring, which were sent to another galaxy in an unmanned spaceship.

Q-B-B (27): Central Communications, the nerve-center of our super-galactic civilization, was making an alarming number of errors; Hanson, an outraged Communications Coordinator of Arcturus VII, was given the job of investigator. Merly Norgaard, his partner on a previous minor investigation, was assigned to work with him. But he did not trust her because of her repeated doublecrosses. He found out part of the trouble, a form of insanity among the mechanical brains which did most of the mental work of the message system; MN found the rest, insanity among the technicians. Then she and the Arcturans tried to take over, but Hanson beat them and was given the chore of decentralizing CC.

Front cover--Smith--I. Back cover--Jones--I. Interiors--Kweskin, Hornstein, Terry, Tillison, MacCauley--V. Magazine--VII.

There were no musts this time, and no really outstanding stories, yet the issue held up surprisingly good. I would evaluate the stories as follows: 1&2 are just about the OW quality norm; 3 is one of those extremely light, quasi-humorous stories which became Rap's trademark at Z-D, and probably was a little too heavily cut, though it is still a good story, all things considered; 4. is a short short falling into the "joke" classification, which definitely should not be confused with the classification of 3---this is a better type of story, to my thought, but a much poorer example of the type. All are readable.

Sprague de Camp's non-fiction book Lost Continents saw chapter 3 of its serial-publication; "The People who Make Other Worlds" introduced Alan E. Nourse. The editorial was the best single item in the issue, as per usual; Rap's other self in "The Man From Tomorrow" patted himself on the back for some correct "guesses", explained away a wrong one; and made only one momentous new prediction. He is now claiming an accuracy average of 75%, and still continuing the feature, though at the start he said that if he could not beat one of his writers in Fate (86% accurate) there couldn't be much to him.

"Personals" took up the usual two pages; fan artist Marilyn Zimmerman did a page of Finlayesque nudes to inaugurate a new one page feature of art by OW readers.

The best cover in OW history, featuring a nude, but handled so well as to arouse no criticism from fandom, graced the front cover; Jones had the best back cover since the series started.

Letter writers: William F. Hall; Klaus Kaufman; C. E. Williams; Charles F. Albrecht Jr.; Eric Simon; Pvt. Gunther Wallenda; Ron Smith; Peter Kreeft; Robert D. McNamara; Albert K. Bender; Rosco Wright; Fred Goetz; Richard Fugett; Tom Reamy; Max B. Miller.

-RJB

If Jan. 1953 (rev.: 12/1/'52):

1. The Statue by Mari Wolf;
2. Time Enough At Last by Lynn Venable;
3. Check and Checkmate by Walter Miller, Jr.;
4. Ye of Little Faith by Rog Phillips;
5. The Last Gentleman by Rory McGill;
6. Success Story by Robert Turner;
7. The Peacemakers by Alfred Coppel;
8. The Anglers of Arz by Roger Dee;
9. No Shield from the Dead by Gordon R. Dickson.

Ye of Little Faith (33): Martin Grant developed a perfectly cogent theory on the nature of the universe. The only catch to it was that things did not behave as they should if his theory were fact. But when he started telling it to people, they disappeared. Finally, he too disappeared; then his book was published with an explanation of the theory, and the publishers boomed it by the disappearance publicity. More people disappeared. Very well written, in the Phillips tradition, but (like some of his other recent work) seems to be padded---could have done fully as good with half the pages used.

Check and Checkmate (20): A farcically written story of the far-future, with an extension of the "Cold War" to the point of ridiculousness. Plot and counterplot tread closely upon each other's heels; the thing is beautifully done, where by anyone else it would probably have appeared assinine.

The Statue (14): The story of the last original Martian colonists, and their long-prayed-for return to Earth. This is one of the most beautiful tales I've ever read. I don't run towards sentimentality, but this story had me almost to the point of tears.

Time Enough at Last (8): This is the most tragic tragedy I've ever seen, and is handled with enough delicacy to keep its balance as a short story. An extremely nearsighted hero is the sole survivor of an Atomic-Bombed city. His glasses are miraculously preserved, and he is now assured of his lifelong ambition---he can read all the the great literature that he never had time for before. But.....

Cover--Kurka (suggesting the ultimate re-sowing of the human race)--II. Interiors--Boccham (2), Martin (3), Speicher, Freas--IV. Inside cover feature: two Hayden Planetarium (one of the Earth) views. Magazine--II.

This was a very good issue. Besides the three musts, the 4th and 5th place stories were almost musts; all the rest were extremely readable.

-KJB

Weird Tales Jan. 1953 (rev.: 11/20/'52):

1. The Werewolf of Ponkert by H. Warner Munn*; 2. The Gloves by Garnett Radcliffe; 3. Sexton, Sexton, in the Wall by August Derleth; 4. Wet Straw by Richard Matheson; 5. Six Feet of Willow Green by Carroll F. Michener*; 6. Once There Was a Little Girl by Everil Worrell; 7. Hand of Death by Marjorie Murch Stanley; 8. The Phantom Soldier at Ticonderoga by Dr. Cyrus Macmillan; 9. I Can't Wear White by Suzanne Rickett.

Once There Was a Little Girl (20): This is a well-thought but hopelessly overwritten story of what happens when a girl gets the powers of a witch unintentionally. She has a variety of amorous adventures, and eventually all ends well, etc., etc. Certainly nothing to write 90 words on.

Cover--Freas--III. Interiors--Eberle, Freas, Finlay, Silvey, Napoli, Arfstrom (2), Eberle (again)--V. Rating--VI.

-MM'N

Famous Fantastic Mysteries Feb. 1953 (rev.: 11/20/'52;12/1/'52):

Full Moon by Talbot Mundy (85) illus. by Finlay (4) one of these was a masterpiece, one not quite up to snuff for Virg, and the other two only of his usual excellence:

Blair Warrender, a British policeman in India, reluctantly took the job of finding his vanished friend David Frensham. Wu Tu (a beautifully feminine version of Fu Manchu) arrayed all the powers of her great criminal empire against him; Frensham's daughter would not even help. He thought it was the last straw when his native assistant Cetusingh disappeared. But still he fought and bluffed his way through a maze of Indian myths-come-true to find at least the gateway to the world where Frensham had gone.

I was unable to read the novel, which is undoubtedly the second worst they have ever published. Perhaps it is even worse than "Skull Face". [The summaries here given are by me. The novel did strike me as unreadable, though I heartily agree that it was rather poor for FFM. -rjb.]

The Eyes of Dromu by Cedric R. Montiply (8) illus. by Finlay (1) this was his second best pic of the issue:

Andrew Dexter, retired jet-jockey, saw a flying saucer land on his farm, and inside he found one of Scully's little men---apparently dead. Experimenting with the creature's atmosphere suit, he returned it to life, but not to consciousness. With the help of his hired men, he ran off a couple of Red agents---then he asked for Federal protection; the Feds tried to remove the spaceman's body. Then the Reds returned and burned him out. The fire raised the spaceman's body temperature near enough normal that he could walk around and he managed to escape to his ship (with AD's help).

A very good new story.

Cover--Saunders--IX. Interiors--Finlay; Lawrence--V. Magazine --VII.

A poem "Ekroer of Palorae" was illustrated by Lawrence, and written by Louis M. Hobbs. Very nice two-page spread.

Letter writers: Robert E. Briney; Jim Fleming; T. S. STRIBLING; Calvin Thomas Beck; Larry Farsace; John R. Colombo; Robert F. Hoskins; Fred Goetz; Mrs. C. W. Vallette; Dale E. Ridgeway; Burton Satz; William B. Wilson; Tom A. Cowles; Mrs. Jacquelyn Lewis; Hugh Brock; P. H. Malone;

-MM'N & RJB

Other Worlds Jan. 1953 (rev.: 12/20/'52):

1. Somewhere a Voice by Eric Frank Russell; 2. Fast Passage by H. B. Fyfe. Not rated: Beyond the Barrier by Richard S. Shaver.

Somewhere a Voice (40): The interstellar ship Star Queen foundered in space, only one lifeboat (with eleven aboard) getting away. Two of them were dead when the ship reached the alien soil of Vlamia and the rest died (except a dog named Feeny) during their long wanderings over the planet, in an unsuccessful attempt to reach a rescue station forty miles away. The party (at the onset) contained: 1 Chinese; 1 Jew; 1 Negro; 2 Slavs; and three Anglo-Sax.s. This is told with one of the latter as "hero" and while it is an exciting

and well-told adventure story, it is principally moralizing about the brotherhood of man. This is ill-concealed and might have been better said. But it is to EFR's credit that he did not allow this theme to reach safety---then it would have just been crud. As is, it is nearly a masterpiece, but not quite.

Fast Passage (33): Bill Lanston, the "hero" makes a deal, swapping off his near-worthless trading company for a ditto space freighter on which to get back to Earth from a planet of a very far-away star. He fakes an accident in space so he can be "rescued" by the Nova a luxury liner bound also for Earth. But all is not well with this ship---a new-type gravity system is melting the metal. Meanwhile BL is found out and pressed into crew service (not too much against his will when he sees that there is a real crisis---he seems to be the All-American-boy type underneath his outer shell of small-time criminalness). A precarious transfer of the entire passengers and crew of the liner is made back to BL's ship, but she hardly holds up to make the trip back. Most of them are landed by other ships, but BL and a friend ride his down; to a chance landing that brings him out of all his troubles. Strictly space opera, but so cleverly handled that you don't realize it while you are reading.

Lost Continents by de Camp is in its 4th chapter. I recommend you buy the book, if you are at all financially able; but if not, read it here.

Rap is his usual self in the Editorial and "Nebulosities". I can't, for the life of me, see why he doesn't just combine these and make his editorials 4-5 pages each time. In "The Man From Tomorrow" he deals exclusively with 1953. "Personals" took up about $\frac{1}{2}$ pg. more space than usual. "The People Who Make Other Worlds" introduced Eric Frank Russell. Twin "About" features on facing pages explained the whys and wherefores of both covers.

Letter writers: Jan Gardner; Thomas Granville; Philip J. Castora; "W. M."; John Gaugliano; Larry Balint; Eddie West, Jr.; Will Brooke; Ares Conto; Craig Sutton.

-RJB

The Parade Changes Pace:

The following reviews (at least most of them) will be in the new style I announced last issue. Stories will be listed vertically, with author; number of pages occupied (and word-count where available), illustrator (s) and number of pictures. Two Roman numeral ratings will be posted on each story---the first appraising the story itself, and the second taking up the art work. Former summary length will be drastically cut to allow mention of all stories; summary content will include a note on scientific and/or plot background, summary of the action, and an appraisal of the story. Non-fiction features will be listed (though not necessarily by title); lists of books reviewed and letter writers will be dropped in favor of simple notation of the number in each category. See how you like this new set up.....

If you don't, let me know; if a majority of you don't I'll switch back to the old way. But I believe that this will be best by far...speaking from the experience I've had to date.

You can't expect the switchover to the more efficient type to come off all at once, but it should be accomplished over the span of about three PARADES.

Space Science Fiction Feb. 1953 (rev.: 12/12/'52):

1. Security by Poul Anderson (33), ill. Ebel (1), IV; V.
 2. Exile by H. B. Fyfe (14), ill. Emsch (1), V; II.
 3. The Hunters by William Morrison (15), ill. VanDongen (1), VIII; VIII.
 4. Relativity by John Christopher (5), ill. Emsch (1), IX; VIII.
- Not rated: Ulir Uprising by H. Beam Piper--2 Part Serial; Part 1.

1. U. S. lost WWII, but threw off Red rule; became a dictatorship; regained world leadership. Allen Lancaster, ace experimental scientist, is hoodwinked into helping some revolutionists. He is informed on, and Security Police torture him, but is finally rescued by the revolutionists, and joins them willingly. A tightly written story in the Anderson tradition. There was some room for logical improvement, but the basic premise is sound.

2. Earth has colonized most of the galaxy, but the world Tepokt has been unreachable because of a meteorite blanket which surrounds it. A ship is destroyed, but one Earthman lives to reach the surface of the planet where he is revered by the highly civilized Tepoktans. Many years later another (a criminal) lands safely, but has to be killed. This is the emotional type of story which has become so popular of the last few years. Well done.

3. Two aliens are investigating our world with an eye toward enslaving us. Current social background. They join a zoo-touring school group as little girls, on the way to meet a movie star. They "entertain" him with a too-real imitation of lions, and he destroys them. A sound plot and well-written, but the ending is illogical.

4. British scientists are preparing to test their first H-Bomb. Current background. The test goes off just as scheduled, but a whole super-civilization is born, grows old, and dies, in the super-heavy atoms of the blast which last only a fraction of a second in our time. A good though probably unsound (scientifically) idea. But sketchily written.

Cover--Ebel--V. Magazine--IX. Buy it; and, if you have time, read at least stories 1 & 2.

General comment: Both the cover (though it is probably best for the month) and magazine (though it will easily be in the top six for the month) suffer from comparison with their hyper-perfect predecessors. The cover is only average for this magazine. And the issue is the "worst" yet produced.

Editorial: A one-sided look at immortality (physical variety), passing lightly over the positive benefits, and playing up the disadvantages.

Article: "Solution--Unknown" by Milton A. Rothman is another of those half-story pieces, which you may take or leave alone, strictly as you please.

Book reviews: 6 books; 1 a non-fiction; 1 an anthology.

Letter writers: Glen Munroe; Jon Stopa; James D. Cornette; Gene Moas.

Unusual inclusions: A compassionate obituary for Bergey, and a cartoon reprinted from New York Times.

A comparison of our ratings with the announced cumulative reader ratings on the Sept. issue are presented on next page. Our rating on the left hand side, and theirs on the right. The only quarrel I

have with them on this matter is that they rate only the top five stories when they could just as easily list the entire content, as we do.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The Fence & The Revisor | 1. Moon Blind |
| 2. Moon Blind | 2. A Matter of Faith |
| 3. A Matter of Faith | 3. The Fence |
| 4. The God in the Bowl | 4. The Revisor |
| 5. Official Record | 5. Official Record |
| 6. The Barrier | |
| 7. With Wings | |

-GDS

Science Fiction Adventures Feb. 1953 (rev. 12/18/'52):

1. Final Voyage by George Whitley (43), ill. Ebel (1), I; VII.
2. Forgotten Danger by William Morrison (17), ill. Freas (1), II; II.
3. Farewell to the Lotos by A. Bertram Chandler (47), ill. Orban (2) II; VIII.
4. Peacemaker by Alan E. Nourse (18), ill. Ebel (1), II; IX.
5. Spaceman's Luck by George O. Smith (17), ill. Ebel (1), IV; V.
6. Come Into My Parlor by Charles E. Fritch (7), ill. Orban (1), IV; VIII.

1. Man had spread all over the system, and some few dreamed of the stars. An old tired freighter Thunderchild was making her last run from Earth to Pluto, with colonists, livestock, and the usual freight; after she docked she was to be broken up for scrap. Her master, Capt. Petrie (who had been with her too long to give her up) and his officers did a daring thing. Putting in on an empty asteroid, they landed the passengers, and pushed on out with the ship to Alpha Centauri. This type of thing is what makes me proud that I read science fiction steadily. It is one of the best stories I've read of any type. Read it by all means!

2. "Crusoe", a victim of complete amnesia, found himself wondering about the countryside with a gang of tramps. When he found that he had the ability to work miracles most of them deserted he and his two friends "Angel" (an ex-wrestler) and "the Professor" (an ex-college prof). All he could remember was that there was danger; he got them to take him back to the place where he had been found. There he learned his true identity (an ex-police man) and that one of his friends was an ex-crook. His miracles were explained and he and the other friend escaped just in time in his ship. Very tightly written and suspenseful. It is an old, old theme, but with plenty of a veneer of newness overlaying it.

3. Man has spread his civilization over the galaxy and a policing force is needed to keep him simon pure of alien ideologies. Such is the much maligned Federal Service (known colloquially as "Hoopers Snoopers"). Peter Quilan is irrevocably banned from holding a place on any space crew by the acts of space, and in virtual fact, marooned on Altair VI, when he fails to return to his ship by the scheduled blast-off time. Then he is forced into the "Snoopers" in an undercover capacity. Events force his superior (Jane Haldane, a girl, of course) to reveal their true identities and force there way into a strange cult (not named, but we'll call it the "Lotoslanders")

They almost die therein, for the strange paradise into which they go makes basic psychological changes in them. But they win through to destroy it. Good solid adventure, but not so much else. Chandler has done much better, but this is a very readable story by anyone's measure.

4. Two utterly alien cultures are on the verge of a clash deep in space. One of them sends out an emissary to establish contact with the other, but the mission fails. Orders on the ship that picks him up are to leave him strictly alone until he can be taken back to their civilization for study, but one of the crew tries to kill him. In self-defense he destroys the alien; then has to kill the others, because now they are all against him. Snapper is that these aliens are humans, and the hero is a highly developed giant cat. Very good. Might just as well have rated above the novel as below it; there is actually little to choose between them.

5. The first man to go to the moon has plans to cash in on his trip. They are carefully worked out and quite logical, but they don't quite materialize. This is much better than the type of story usually associated with Smith, and, while he shows a slight ineptness in what is probably his first attempts along these lines, it bodes of better things to come.

6. The old alien-passing-himself-off-as-a-human gimmick---remember Don Wollheim's "Mimic". This time the aliens are gigantic spiders which go from planet to planet via king-sized spider webs. It is well done; but the space could have been much better used.

Cover--Bergey--III. Magazine--V. Buy it and read the must; if you have the time, look over the next three in line. This is probably the last cover we'll see by Bergey, unless some of the mags buy up the several he had under way at the time of his death...I think there would be quite a demand for them, at least among the fans; if they were near enough finished, the common herd would undoubtedly go for them too.

Editorial: Mostly occupied (as is "Coming Up") with the fact that this mag is now monthly.

Article: "It Ool Dependz" by L. S. deCamp, more of the spelling reform idea that was brought up last time by Les del Rey.

Book reviews: 6 books; 3 of them anthologies.

A one page announcement of the 1953 Convention in Philadelphia.

-GDS

Other Worlds Feb. 1953 (rev.:12/20/'52):

1. Disguise by Donald A. Wollheim (5), ill. Terry (1), II; X.
 2. Field of Battle by William F. Temple (62), ill. Hornstein (1), III; VIII.
 3. The Night the General Left Us by Robert Moore Williams (14), ill. Terry (1), VI; VI.
- Not rated: Beyond the Barrier by Richard S. Shaver--4 Part Serial; Part 4.

1. Current time. A group of stf and fsy writers and editors are in the habit of meeting once each week for a bull-session. One of them arrives quite flustered and tells the group of a startling thing that just occurred to him...If an alien came to Earth, the

PLANET UNDESIRABLE (concluded from p. 9):

was to be his new home for a very long time to come. Yet he seemed to feel no remorse at the thought of maybe never seeing his home planet again. Instead, he felt completely at peace with himself, and the rest of humanity....all humanity. For now he knew that he was giving up his career as a space captain that others might someday enjoy the wonders of space. He, like his ancestors, was giving up his freedom, and tying himself to just one of the many planets, so that a now-empty chair would soon be filled in the Solar Council.

These were the thoughts which raced through Lot's mind as his ship sped back toward the ever-growing orb that was Earth.

The End

THE POOL OF THOUGHT (concluded from p. 11):

Now the synthetic body was completely, homicidally insane, bent on murder and suicide. Insane enough to run to a desk drawer where he knew a gun was kept loaded.

A shot!

The thud of a falling body.

Another shot, this time preceded by a brief scream for mercy.

The thud of another falling body.

Finally, a third shot.

And a machine fell to the floor.

The End

PROMAG PARADE (continued from preceding page):

most logical thing for him to do would be to reveal himself to a sf editor. Then another of the group appears, and the flustered one beats a hasty retreat. The newcomer?---the same man, of course. A short short story, artistically done, is the most beautiful fiction form the mind of man has yet created. This fits into that category; there have been better stories in sf in this length, but I could count them off on my digits without removing my shoes. This alone is worth the cost of the mag to any fan.

2. Sometime in the not-to-distant future. The first Earthship lands on Venus in the midst of a monstrous war. Two of the six men aboard are killed, and a third sets out to find the hq of the side which seems to be protecting them. He finds a Venusian girl, and together they search out Senilde, an immortal who runs both sides of the robotic war, and is one of the few living left on the planet. He almost destroys them before they can return to the ship and escape. But they do so and all ends happily. This is as well and entertainingly written as anything Temple has ever done; were it not for the too-often-made mistake of making Venusian life parallel our own, this would have rated fully equal with #1.

3. Current time. A government research center concentrating on a space station struggles under the tyrannical control of an indomitable General. Repeatedly, he crosses the "wrong" man Balder (a mathematician with a passion for machinery); finally is destroyed by Balder's remote control spaceship model. This is not Williams best, but it is readable.

F.cover--Smith--V. B.cover--St.John--I. Magazine--IV. Buy it and read the must at least; the others in order, as you have time.

Author introduced: William F. Temple.

Editorial: 1 1/2 pgs. of valid brags on the next two issues to come; 1/2 pg. of a visit with Ken Arnold and Rich Shaver; just under 1pg. of Ziff-Davis nostalgia and news.

Fortune telling: 2 letters dealing with past forecasts presented and answered; Rap predicts the date of the end of the Korean war, and new famines for Asia.

Personals: 2 1/2 pgs.

7 letters, highlighted by a bitter one from Don Wilson which took over 3 1/2 pgs., and the answer to which took 4 pgs.

Serial: Other Worlds Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., 1952-'53:

Beyond the Barrier (136p-65,500w), ill. Hornstein (6); MacCauley (1), V; IV.

Mutan Mion's wife Arl was kidnapped from the court of Elder goddess Vanue. The Peiraens (an egg-laying, all-female, race) discovers a clue indicating she has been taken beyond the galactic barrier; also they find a way to go through it. Mion is invited to lead their proposed expedition. Averna, goddess of the Peiraens guides them through the barrier; they begin a long series of successful campaigns. Finally they find Arl, and decide to stay on that side of the barrier. Meanwhile, Tyron and the rest of MM's crew have chosen mates from the group of Peiraens, and all settle down to a happy existence. This is a bunch of the old Shaver Mystery characters and backgrounds, but with several new elements thrown in. Rap was obviously a bit too enthusiastic in cutting it, as parts of it read like a story outline; this is possibly as clumsy a Mystery tale as Shaver has ever produced. But it is still a must for Shaver Mystery addicts, and SM haters wouldn't have liked it anyway.

-RJB

Wonder Story Annual 1953 (rev.: 12/28/'52):

1. Jerry is a Man by Robert A. Heinlein (18), ill. Emsh (1), I; IX.
 2. Christmas on Ganymede by Isaac Asimov (11), ill. Poulton (1), I; VII.
 3. Call Him Demon by Henry Suttner (17), ill. Orban (1), I; VIII.
 4. Gateway to Paradise by Jack Williamson (75), ill. Orban (2), III; III.
 5. Find the Sculptor by Samuel Mines (3), ill. Emsh (1), IV; II.
 6. Nothing Sirius by Frederic Brown (11), ill. Orban (1), IV; II.
 7. The Irritated People by Ray Bradbury (10), ill. Finlay (1), IV; I.
1. Far future. Plasto-Biology (forced controlled mutations) has yielded animal wonders. Mrs. Bronson van Vogel (the richest woman in the world) takes it on herself to stop the destruction of the

"Workers" (anthropoid mutations grown for special tasks), when they have passed their usefulness. She wins, with the help of a Shyster. I'd heard a lot about this story so I read it first, then when I'd finished the zine I reread it; and I still rate it above all the others.

2. Reasonably distant future, with mankind in the commercial interplanetary stage; with native populations providing cheap labor. Olaf Johnson told the Ganymedan workers ("Ossies", for their resemblance to ostriches) of Santa Claus; promptly they refused to work unless he should visit them. Exasperated Commander Pelham pressed OJ into service as SC; the visit comes off, with only a few mishaps. I just missed rolling on the floor at several different points in this one. Very, very good.

3. Recent past, with heroine remembering back to her childhood. A monstrous alien invader, thirsting for blood, made the adults of a family remember him as having always been a member of it, but the children were not fooled. They fed him (raw, bloody meat) to protect the family, until the youngest grew tired of the game and decided to win it. In "Who's Who in 1953 W. S. A." Mines says that Kuttner is a master of moods; certainly this story is ample proof of that statement for anyone who still requires it.

4. 2142 A.D. For 200 years America, behind a force-screen, had been the only (known) "spot of life" on the face of a world denuded of its seas and atmosphere by a near miss of a dwarf star. No way had been found to pass through the screen ("Ring") without letting the air out into the vacuum outside. Barry Shane becomes a member of the Ring Guard, longing to go outside; he discovers and captures an invader from an isolated group which managed to survive outside. War and another cosmic tragedy are narrowly averted when the Moon (which had been "stolen" by the dwarf) returns with part of the seas and atmosphere. This story is excellently written (a characteristic of Williamson), but its age is rather too obvious.

5. 1955 A.D. The first time traveler reaches 500 years into the future, returns dead, but with a recorded summary of his adventures. He brings back evidence (a sculpture of himself) of his trip. A monument is erected to him. The snapper is the paradox this time; the tale is excellently written, but cannot be thought a really important piece of sf literature.

6. Far future. Man with a commercial interstellar background. A carnival operator discovers a new planet and explores it with his family and pilot. It is not quite normal: they meet impossible animals, impossible structures; a dead friend. The reason for all this is explained to them by the natives, who wish to keep their planet a secret, and the travelers agree and depart. This is very tightly written, but I fail to see any humor in it. It certainly did not live up to its reputation, at least as far as I'm concerned.

7. 1989 A.D. Weapons of war are outlawed, but a European country is secretly arming. The U.S. engages them in a war of exasperation, which she wins by the narrowest of margins. This is a humor story highly reminiscent of the type that E. A. Poe (one of Bradbury's idols) wrote a hundred years ago; it has all the prose magic of Ray's wonderful serious work, but the humor is strained and the plot ridiculous.

N3F FANS KRISS KROSS (p.18-19):

ANSWER

COCKROFT JL ARFSTROM
 L D A L O
 E CARLSON SHAWL S
 VICK A IO J T K
 E O GR X N MOORE D O
 N N T D H R I W
 G S E CUMMINGS E I
 E PARO N S ART T
 ROWE K O N Z Z
 N FIRESTONE D
 BECK L E C
 E B PEDERSON
 BEARDSLEE K D S S
 R I R R O L G
 E S JON GROSSMAN EVA
 WRAI ELY TU
 S A W R L K J T G
 T WILSON D O COX H
 EA O O R K A
 RICHARDSON ACKERMAN

WOMEN IN MYTHOLOGY & LEGEND
KRISS KROSS (p.18-19):ANSWER

CASSANDRA V DISCORDIA C
 A I P E R L M H
 L E A HESTIA NIKE RATHI
 LUNA H R T U O V T A
 I Y BELLONA P E E
 O O B D DANA EUROPA
 P HEL I D E M A
 E TERPSICHOE USHAS
 DEIRDRE A S L U
 E DANA E P J
 METIS H D CLOTHO U P
 E E O H MINERVA
 METZTLER R O J E O X
 E FAUNA NORN E
 FORTUNA Z C EUTERPE
 E RAN GULA A A I
 E T A R S T R
 GUINEVERE PRITHIVI O E
 K E M A A A I N
 W P IO F NANNA S CYBELE
 APSARAS R I I T E
 N N ILMATER FLORA T
 N DIANA G H R DON
 O I G E I
 N ASTERIA ISHTAR LAKSHMI

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

(concluded, at long last,
from p. 19):

"PROJECT FAN CLUB" fame, who (by his own admission) "cuts a pretty mean illo", will be doing mimeo interiors soon.

Texas will have her first fan convention somewhere in San Antonio on May 30, 31, and June 1. That is all the information available at present, except that the usual fund drive is preceding it (send \$1 to Flavio Trevino, 623 E. Adams, Brownsville, Texas; DO NOT --I repeat, DO NOT!--send money to this magazine for your Con Committee membership), and that plenty of room at the con site will be available to conventioners. I urge everyone to attend (both Texans and "furriners")!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This page of the editorial is being cut on Jan. 28 (two days after the birthday of the greatest living American: General of the Army Douglas MacArthur) and it looks now as if this issue of UTOPIAN may have to be mailed out after the supplementary PROMAG PARADE I announced earlier. I beg your forgiveness, and plead "Flu" and mimeo-trouble. I've had the influenza twice (loss of a little over a week of time that would have gone into UTOPIAN), and had more mimeo-trouble in trying to get Sandy Charnoff's three KRISS KROSSi to reproduce. No matter whether UTOPIAN is ready by Jan. 31, PROMAG PARADE will go out on time....It is being finished up tonight.

UTOPIANally yours.....rjb

UTOPIAN

v2n5, whole # 11, Nov. 1952

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DEADLINE IS THE MAILING DATE OF #12 UTOPLAN; WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN #13, IF ALL GOES WELL, and #14 for sure!

ONLY TWO READERS HAVE TRIED SO FAR, SUBMITTING A TOTAL OF FIVE (5) SUGGESTIONS, SO THERE IS PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY FOR ANYONE.

ALL ENTRIES REMAIN THE JOINT PROPERTY OF THIS FANZINE'S PUBLISHER, and THE WRITER OF THE COLUMN.

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* He will send the winner a list.



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