

ALCHEMIS



The Alchemist

Volume 2

Winter 1947

Number 2

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The Alchemist is published quarterly at 1301 Ogden Street Denver 3, Colorado. Charles Ford Hansen, Coordinating Editor. Subscriptions: 15¢ each or 4 issues - one year - for 50¢. 1¢ and 3¢ stamps will be accepted. No subscriptions for more than one year please.

Advertising: 1¢ per word, 30¢ half page, 50¢ full page or by trade with other fan magazines. The Alchemist is an amateur and non-profit magazine and does not pay for material used. Opinions expressed in material other than editorial are those of the writer and not necessarily shared by the editors of The Alchemist. Right is reserved to reject any material considered unsuitable for any reason. Contributors will receive a free copy of all issues containing their material. Subscribers will have one issue added to their subscription. The Alchemist is willing and eager to trade with other fan magazines, write us and we'll work out a deal. Material is desired for the future issues. Articles on science fiction and fantasy subjects or general fan interest, verse, fiction if well written and short enough. Al #3 due on or about May 1. . .

AS THE ALCHEMIST SEES IT BY CHUCK HANSEN

Before we get on with the editorial this issue we'd like to rattle the sword for a minute. The object of the editorial wrath is Dr. A. Langley Searles editor of Fantasy Commentator, an outstanding fanzine, and well known to all fandom.

Probably everyone knows of the antagonism that has existed between Searles and Ackerman, the we never heard of 4e making any nasty cracks about Searles, it seems to be all the other way. We don't pretend to know what's behind it but when Searles, in his FAPAzine labled Ackerman 'a pitiable parasite on fandom' this quaint bit of namecalling seemed to us to be not only without any basis in fact, but in extremely poor taste. We can't take the space we'd need to thrash this thing out to our own satisfaction so let it suffice to say we consider the whole affair rather silly.

It would be diffecult to name anyone in fandom who has contributed more to it in more ways than Forry. It would take the whole mag to detail these not merely the two pages we have at our disposal. If Forry is able to make a financial success of something so pleasant we should congratulate not condemn him. He is not harming fans nor fandom in any way, in truth thru his agents service he can be of further service to fans. In our dictionary one who actively supports fandom,

and aids fans to enter the pro field, etc and makes a financial success of it is no parasite, the relationship is interdependant, a symbiosis. From where we sit Dr. Searles is way off-side.

On to more pleasant matters. We do hereby announce that Al is sponsoring a contest and we hope all you fan writers will come in. We have not been receiving material as we had hoped. Except for the material specifically requested from fans only fe and Joe Kennedy have answered our call for material. Our deepest thanks to these sterling gentlemen and to those who so faithfully came thru whenever we requested it. Because material is so slow in coming in, and a good deal is required we make this offer. The contest is open to all fans not actually on the Alchemist staff, so regular columnists are eligible. Fan interest stuff, articles, verse, or even fiction if of suitable length and quality is acceptable. The deadline for entries is March 31. There will be three prizes and winners names will be announced in the next issue. All entries will become property of the Alchemist, whether they win or not. Anything not desired will be returned and if the volume of material received is sufficient even very good material might be returned rather than impound it for a long period waiting publication when it might better serve elsewhere. Judges for the contest will be members of the Editorial staff and of the CFS. Prizes are a copy of Harre's Creeps By Night, Forum edition, like new, Stern's The Moonlight Traveler, ditto, and a brand new copy of the latest Live-right edition (\$2.50) of A. Merritt's immortal 'The Moon Pool'.

FANDOM IS WORTHLESS UNQUOTE BY BOB TUCKER



Each and every time some disgusted individual up and quits fandom in a huff, he manages to leave with a blast of self-righteous condemnation of the people being cast behind him; and he goes to great length to assure himself by shouting at his public that fandom ain't no damned good anyhow and he is better off out of it. To which I always agree he is better off out of it. And so are we.

Just what it is in the way of an oil well or a gold mine such people expect to find in fan society when they enter, is something I'll never fathom. They seem to be seeking the bluebird of happiness and the inevitable happens. In recrimination then, they blast away at the rest of us and the loose organization we happen to be, heaping all sort of moronic insults upon our heads because we failed to provide them with the oil well for which they were seeking. Fandom is nuts, they exclaim, and fans are dolts. We are a silly bunch of buggers wasting our lives idolizing a false god. Why don't we go out and shoot ourselves to come to our senses?

I suggest the gentleman is unbal--

anced.

It is extremely doubtful if anyone invited him in, in the first place. He probably jumped in with a bunch of whacky letters to the prozines and perhaps an abortive attempt at a fanzine. And I've yet to see a sign in fandom reading: Get our Oil Wells Here. To be sure, the oil wells are to be had. Some sixty or seventy fans can testify to that, although a goodly number of them will probably not credit fandom with the dredging of those wells. But a large number can credit their fan writing as the beginnings of what they went on to.

A Group of us sitting around in Los Angeles one night, pondering the question of the number of fans who had (and perhaps are still selling) fiction and artwork to the professional magazines, made a tally. The sum figure comes to sixty-eight. And there are undoubtedly others who escaped our attention. Sixty-eight fans who sold to the prozines. And fandom is no damned good for anything.

If you've the patience to wade through the list, cast your eyes on the following, being sure to keep a sharp lookout for your name:

Representing the New York and general Eastern area, and incidentally many of these birds are still at it, are: Robert Lowndes, Damon Knight, Donald A. Kollmeier, James Blish, John Michel. Walt Kubilius, Fred Pohl, Dorothy Les Tina, Johannes Bok, Sam Moskowitz, Dave Kyle, Mort Weisinger, Julius Schwartz, Art

Widner, Henery Andrew Ackermann, Tom Gardner, Robert Swisher, what is Asimov's first name?, John Giunta, Milton Kaletsky Dirk Wylie, this chap Dolgov who seems to lack an earlier name, Leslie Perri, Chester Cohen, James Taurasi, Allen Glasser, and Scott Feldman.

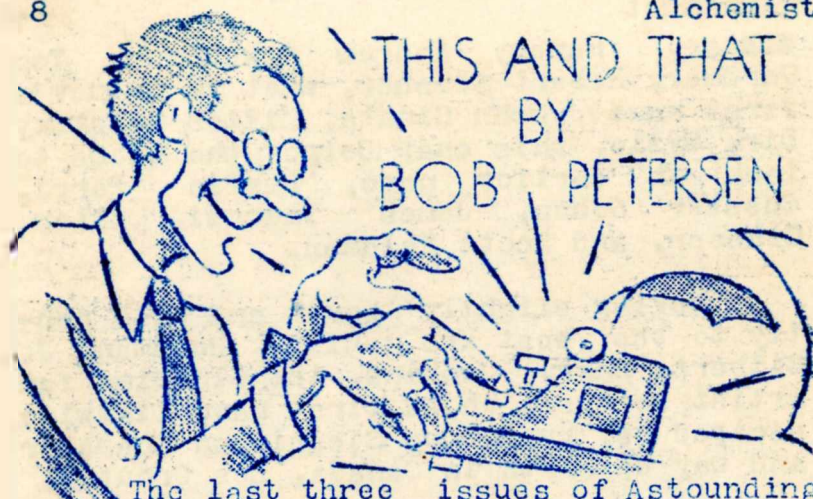
Moving slightly south and also gently to the west are: Milt Rothman, Joe Gilbert, Harry Jenkins, the old-time fan artist Ferguson whose first name likewise escaped us, super-men Siegel and Schuster and way up north in Canada, Les Crouch.

Within that great hunk of stuff commonly called the Midwest are these scintillating lights, Chan Davis, Oliver Saari, Ray Palmer, Bill Hamling, Murky Reinsberg, D. B. Thompson, John Chapman, Roy Paetzke, Ronald Clyne, Walter Marconetto, Roy Hunt, Bill Brudy, Howard Funk, Chester Geier, Paul Carter, Richard Wilson, Cyril Kornbluth. Oh yes--almost forgot me.

Finally the West, the Far West, and the Southwest, not to mention the North-West: Graph Waldeyer, E.E. Evans, Forrest Jay Ackerman, Tigrina, Duane Rimel, Henry Hasse, Ray Bradbury, Chas. McNutt, Francis Totem Lanye, Elmer Perdue, Paul Freehafer, and Lou Goldstone.

That leaves England and France: Walt Gillings, Ted Carnell, Frank Parker, F.A. Arnold, Arthur Clarke, and the Frenchman, Gallet.

I'll bet a dime, without stopping to
(continued on page 20)



The last three issues of Astounding have produced some good stories, but nothing really outstanding unless Kuttner's latest Padgett story turns out to be one. In the November issue Simak's story 'Hobbies' stands out as the best. His whole 'City' series is the type of story that I like to read. This story really carries one to the future. Simak deserves more acclaim than he has received. Sturgeon's 'Hewhu's Jet' is good, but is nothing exceptional. His characters seem stereotyped. For a new writer Mark Champion has done a good job. Astounding has presented several new writers with promise lately. Chandler's story is better than average for a short. His psychology and philosophy stands out in this story. Van Vogt has done a very good job in his dimensional story, 'The Chronicler'. He always seems to be trying to put something over to the reader. In this story it is his views on the correction of poor eyesight; in the 'World of A' it was semantics. While 'World of A' may not be voted the best story of 1944, it at least caused the most comment of any story.

In the December issue 'Metamorphosite' was well done, and had a rather surprising ending. The good old earthmen always seem to come out on top. Kahn's story in this issue and in the January issue point to his becoming one of Astounding's top authors. He has a very pleasing style and has something worth writing about. 'For the Public' while just carrying the ideas of other authors further, adds something to the annals of space travel. 'Hand of the Gods' is the best of van Vogt's latest series, but is still not up to his usual par. It seems to me that authors are making too much of mutations due to atomic radiation. It will be interesting to see what will result from our recent atomic bombs; I have heard of no unusual births in Japan yet. Smith's space opera was passable. I don't go much for his stuff. Padgett's story was entertaining, as his always are. The new cover artist did a good job.

Smith's 'The Undamned' was better than his usually are. He is usually too technical for me. Command was a good space opera. The two time stories, 'Housing Shortage' and 'Time to Die', although very improbable were very entertaining. I have a liking for all time travel stories even though I am sure they can't take place. 'Sinecure 6' was a fairly good space opera for a newcomer. Politics rears its ugly head again. I didn't care for Chandler's 'Bad Patch' very much. It was similar to two others by him that used the same theme -- that of an author and his character becoming interchanged or intermingled.

Someone has mentioned recently that very little book science-fiction is available. I realize that not very much can be found, but if one looks around in his local library, he may be surprised at what he will find. In the last few years I have found several in different libraries while I was moving around with the army. In Ft. Myers, Fla. I found Taine's Purple Sapphire, In Indianapolis, Ind, I found Shiel's Purple Cloud, and London's Star Rover. In Laramie, Wyo. I found Serviss' A Columbus of Space, in addition to Wells, Verne, Burroughs, etc. In Las Vegas, Nev. I found Balmer and Wylie's After Worlds Collide, and Gail's By Rocket to the Moon. In Estes Park Colo. I found more of Serviss and books by C.S. Lewis. Here in Denver I have found Stapledon's Last and First Men, Sugar in the Air, and several others, including some Taine and Merritt. Therefore, it seems to me that it pays to look over any library.

We were looking over some old Amazings and Wonders at Mullen's the other night and agreed that some excellent stories of bygone years were 'Paradise and Iron' by Breuer in the Summer 1930 ASQ and 'The Purple Plague' by Hays in the Feb. 1931 Amazing. My favorite period of stf. are the 1931-2 Amazing and 1934-5 Wonder.

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X
Ghoul scanning the Obituary Column
of daily newspaper: . .

"Well, gnaw news is good news!"

-- Rare Old Corn



The prozines have shied away from publishing stories that deal with the life of Jesus Christ. It is understandable, to a certain extent, although the magazines have not hesitated to print fiction which denies almost everything else in the Bible. But what can't be put between the covers of a pulp magazine can appear in book form without ruining the publisher. Sometimes, in fact, it makes him very prosperous. Without pretending to make an exhaustive survey of the situation, I seek in this article to review briefly a half-dozen of the most famous books based on the life of Christ.

When you come to think of it, writing a new account of the life of Christ is not heretical, even if you're an ardent believer. Unless one insists that everything in the Bible, and all that has happened to the Bible through centuries of editing and translating, is divinely inspired, it's possible to look at the situation sanely. The four gospels which now constitute the Biblical story of Christ have survived to our day, but are not the only "gospels" that once existed. The others fell by the wayside for one reason or another, and are not included

in the Bible today. It is probable that at least several of the four were not written by the Disciples to whom they are attributed, and that they were written many decades after Christ's preaching. One theory is that all four of the present gospels are elaborations of an early, perhaps contemporaneous, story of Christ's life which has since been lost. They contradict one another, sometimes in important details. They also contain non-sequiturs, such as Mathew's quotation of Christ's words at the time when the Disciples were all sleeping. That very Gibraltar of Christianity, "The Sermon on the Mount", contradicts itself, quoting Christ in one place as urging his followers to make their good deeds known, and a few minutes later, precisely the opposite thing. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.....Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when you doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee.....Ane when thou prayest.....enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret...." A modern author who tells his version of Christ's life, and departs from the accepted Biblical accounts, is probably doing precisely what Matthew, Mark, Luke and John did.

But in literary circles, George Moore went considerably farther than this. The most famous book of the kind since Renan's "Life of Jesus" was written by

this Irishman, and he gave it just as innocent sounding a title, "The Brook Kerith". The reception convinced the author of something that most fans realize from the very beginning - the writer might as well limit his reading public to the people who will know what he's trying to do. He decided to limit the editions of his books in the future.

"The Brook Kerith" isn't considered to be a really superlative novel, now that it's 30 years old and the sound and fury have subsided. The usual verdict is that it's superbly written, but slightly dull. The volume is based on a theory which Moore did not originate - the suspicion that Christ did not die of his crucifixion. George Moore's book pictures him after the crucifixion, protected and nursed back to health by the Joseph who in the Bible receives and cares for the body. In "The Brook Kerith", Christ returns to his native lands, and undergoes a slow recovery from the mental fury that impelled him to go forth and preach. He has no desire to attempt to return to proclaim the coming of the kingdom of men. Then Paul comes along. The fanatical Paul refuses to believe in the reality of the Christ who stands before him, puts more trust in the visions of a resurrected Christ that he has had, in the passage that is considered the high-spot of the book. Paul continues his way to convert the world to Christianity, and Jesus remains the simple shepherd. Moore also wrote a literary drama "The Apostle" on the same theme. In this work, Paul finds Christ in a monastery and kills him when he learns that Christ did not die on

the cross and rise again.

Quite different are two famous books by Sholem Asch. They have been more widely read in the last few years, but will probably disappear from the literary histories more rapidly than Moore's writing. "The Nazarene" created a big rum-pus when it appeared in 1939, but not, like "The Brook Kerith", in ecclesiastical circles - rather in the best seller lists. Asch took comparatively few liberties with the Bible, although he did describe Pontius Pilate as seeking the death of Christ, and pictured the Romans as the real villains in the plot. A few accusations that he was trying to claim Christ for the Hebrew race went up. "The Nazarene" tells the great drama from three separate standpoints. The first is from the lips of a man who claims to be a reincarnation of a Roman military governor. The second is a "lost gospel" written by Judas Iscariot. The last is another reincarnation account, this time by the modern editions of one of the disciples of the Pharisees. Critics praised the huge amount of research and fine writing, but some of them thought that the triple framework was clumsy and a hindrance.

Asch later put forth "The Apostle". This doesn't come too strictly in the province of this article, since it begins some weeks after the crucifixion. The chief character is Paul, and it recounts with considerable detail what he and the other disciples did to help the spread of Christianity.

Even less shocking is another recent novel, this time by a Congregational

clergyman, J. R. Perkins' "The Emperor's Physician". It recounts the adventures of several Romans who are in Palestine-trying to improve the health of that sector. They continually encounter Christ, whose miracles succeed where their medical knowledge fails. I can't say too much for it; it's essentially nothing more than a series of miracles at which everyone gapes in awe. It was condensed in the August 1944 Omnibook.

The most curious of them all is a volume which has just recently appeared, "King Jesus" by Robert Graves. Graves seems to have been serious in his belief, expressed in this novel, that Christ was actually the literal king of the Jews, the son of Prince Antipater, grandson of Herod the Great, heir to the throne of Israel and the Herodian line. Graves turns Christ into a being definitely possessing supernatural powers, but says that because of too much pride, he was condemned to the Role of an "earth-bound spirit" after the crucifixion. Graves also believes that Christ's real mission was to "destroy the power of the Female", which accounts for the encounters with Mary Magdalene and Lazarus' sister. This "Female" was worshipped quite strenuously with prostitution strong among the rituals. All of which makes it possible to account for a number of puzzling things in the Gospels, like the inscription on the cross, and Christ's words, "one of you shall betray me", which Graves takes to be a command, rather than a prophecy. Graves seems to have been far more convinced that he has the right ideas than any of the other writers I've mentioned.

Time Magazine pointed out that he did an immense amount of research, and used some evidence to support his claims, but that his system of establishing the truth about the matter could be compared with a biography of Abraham Lincoln based on Confederate cartoons.

Of course, there have been even more excellent books based on other parts of the Bible, but this article is entirely too long already. . . .



Old Lemurian Rhyme

Professor I. Q. Zero, D.D.T.*

Shaver shivers,
Shaver shakes--
What Shaver writes,
Amazing takes.

Amazing sinks
To lower levels--
Shaver's digging for
New Devils.

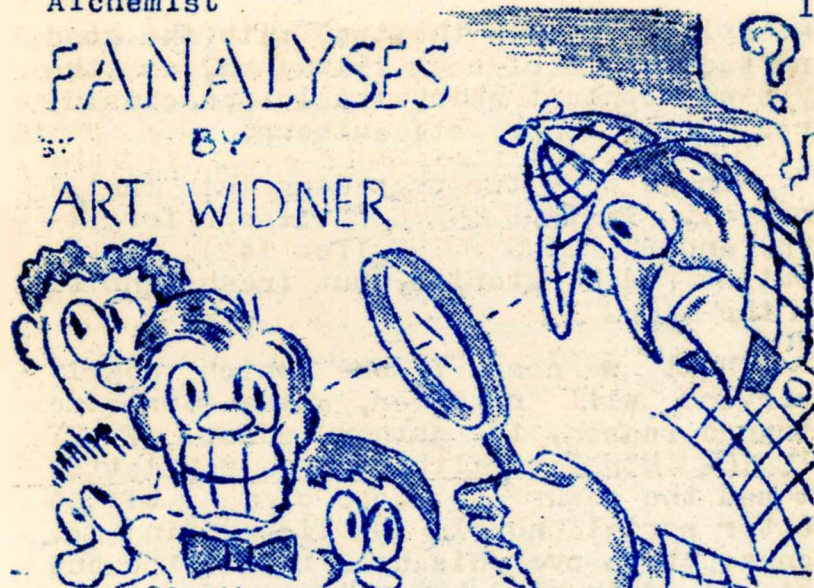
Shaver shivers,
Shaver shakes--
Amazing loves
The Shaver-phakes **

*Doctor of Derotology, Pseudonym of the
Sage of Grove Street

**Spelling dubious (?) Pronounce phone-
tically, as in phony.

FANALYSES

BY
ART WIDNER



Of the many sf authors who have been cussed & discussed in the fan press during the past year or so, there is one good one who seems to have been overlooked. Not as brilliant as Heinlein, Hubbard or de Camp perhaps, but in the absence of this mighty triumvirate, certainly one of the best in the present Campbell string. Better, in my opinion, than the greatly over-rated van Vogt, or the electronix-gobbledygooking Geosmith. I refer to Raymond F. Jones.

My collection of ASF has some holes in it back around '42 & '43, but I think I have most of Jones' stories at hand.

Beginning in Apr. '43 with SWIMMING LESSON we have a first-rate space opera which does not depend upon mere action for its interest. We are treated to a sugar-coated psychologic and philosophic examination of two radically different types of human mind; the military & the academically scientific. The conflict &

interplay between the two, with the good and bad points of each illumined, is the type of content which should be considered more often by stf authors.

There were two preceding this that I know of. TEST OF THE GODS (issue forgotten) and STARTING POINT (Feb '42). Both routine "idea" stories, but fresh & novel at the time.

Next we come to one which nearly everyone will remember, altho for some strange reason, the author is not. FIFTY MILLION MONKEYS, altho only a novelette, it had the power and scope of many of the better serial novels published in ASF. Jones got in over his head toward the end but it detracted but little from the breath-taking sweep of his imagination and gripping narrative ability which made it one of those "not-to-be-put-down-until-finished" yarns, of which there are seldom more than a dozen per year.

With RENAISSANCE, his first and only attempt at the longer form, we see for the first time that Jones is no lightweight, or flash in the pan. With the concept of the Karildex, and the carefully thought-out Kronwold civilization, REF shows that he has a keen perception of anthropology, a science that has been used but little in the production of stf, but which is becoming the most important of all in stf and in reality.

It is in Jones' parallels - the parallels he draws between his story backgrounds and contemporary events and situations - that I find the greatest enjoyment and interest. It has become in-

creasingly evident in his later stories which appeared this year. In fact, it has almost assumed the appearance of a propaganda campaign, with the story having only secondary consideration. I hope that he doesn't carry it too far. Witness FORECAST, BLACK MARKET, CAT AND THE KING, and TOYMAKER. There are those who do not care for such coldly logical analyses of the status quo, and who would take steps to silence such unwelcome criticism.

To those who would reply that they object to having their thinking done for them, I agree. But Jones is not presenting what is solely his individual viewpoint, or even that of any particular group. The man's vision is too far-reaching for factionalization. What he is really doing, is presenting a pattern, now from this angle, now from that, building it up into a unified whole and making predictions about that pattern, which is certainly in the best tradition of stf.

There remain two other stories which do not fall into this category. DEADLY HOST and CORRESPONDENCE COURSE. The first is a better than average short because of the intriguing idea and speculations suggested by the Dingbats. The second rates a place in my permanent top ten short stories. The spirit of co-operation has never been illustrated more aptly or with such a strange beauty as it was in this story. It is proof to me that the mind of Raymond F. Jones is clear, honest, and sees not only the goal of mankind (a vision many of us share)

but the path that leads to it -- which most of us do not see, and many are unable to see.

That is why I like him so much . . .

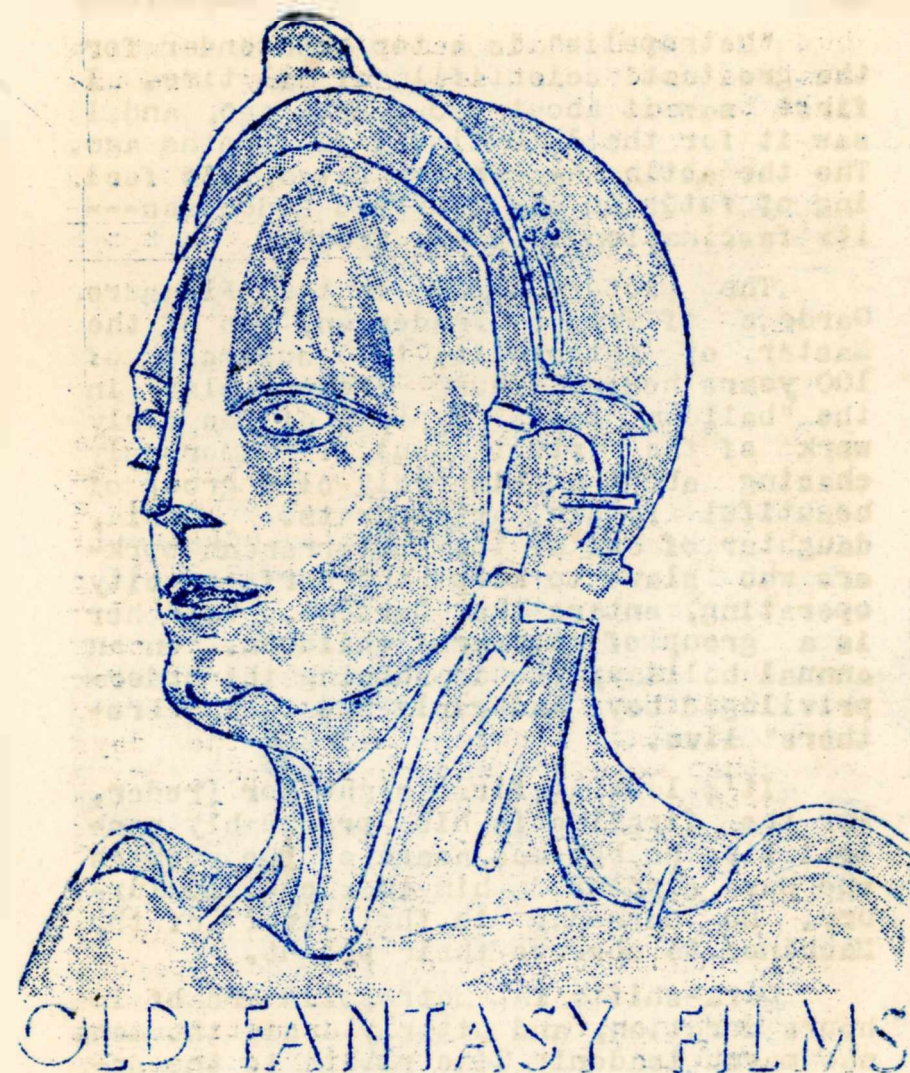
FANDOM IS WORTHLESS -- UNQUOTE!

Bob Tucker

(Continued from page 7)

count back now, that the list is more than 68 names long. But no matter, I've proven my point: fandom ain't worth a stinking dam and we are all better off out of it. Let's all resign in a huff. .
x - x - x - x - x - x - x - x - x - x - x - x

One of the finest stf books to come our way in many moons is the first book to come from Fantasy Press. A classic from Amazing Stories back in the days when that magazine was really good, Dr. E. E. Smith's "Spacehounds of IPC" is well known to many fans. It's a wonderful story in a very fine format. The book is richly bound in blue buckram with gold lettering. Within are over 250 pages of easily readable print on fine book paper. The dust jacket is by A. J. Donnell as are the three full page illustrations and the smaller chapter headings. And, by Kiono's whiskers, they illustrate the story. It is a beautiful book deserving a place in any stfans library. If you haven't already procured a copy then for Ghu's sake don't hesitate or you will be left out. Send \$3.00 to Fantasy Press, Reading, Pennsylvania. Do it today.



"METROPOLIS"

Review by Forry Ackerman

(The above cut was traced from a 'still' from the great motion picture, directed by Fritz Lang.

"Metropolis" is a top contender for the greatest scientifiilm of all time. I first saw it about 20 years ago, and I saw it for the 10th time a few months ago. Tho the acting has become dated, its feeling of futurism has survived 2 decades---its fascination is still fresh.

The picture opens in the Pleasure Gardens of Freder Fredersen, son of the Master of Metropolis, the supercity of 100 years hence. Young Freder, clad in the "balloon pants" typical of the early work of the artist Paul, is amorously chasing about a bizarrely-clad group of beautiful female aristocrats. Maria, daughter of one of the subterranean workers who slave to keep the surface city operating, enters the Gardens. With her is a group of workers' children. On an annual holiday, she is showing the underprivileged boys and girls how their "brothers" live.

It's love at first sight for Freder. For the firsttime in his presumably wastrel life he becomes aware of the workers who have supported him in such idle luxury. He descends to the level of the Machines to observe their plight.

Work-shifts in Metropolis are of 10 hours duration, and utterly drain the men, who march leadenly like robots to the descending elevators at the end of their work period. Freder is dwarfed by the mammoth machines which are providing power to a city of (van Vogt's estimate) 30 million, and watches awestruck at their operation. The men operating them become mere automatons as they toil to keep up with the required adjustments.

One weary worker, unable to tend his job further, sees with horror an indicator rising to the danger mark.

Suddenly the gigantic machine explodes! Steam spurts from its seams. The very floors are shaken. Corpses fly thru the air. Freder witnessing this disaster, is dazed. Before his shocked eyes the smouldering machine seems to take on the form of a monster-god with gaping jaws. Moloch! He imagines he sees slaves being whipped up stairs and into the fiery maw of the machine-demon.

The workers, their spirits long dulled by subservience, are unaroused. Methodically the dead and maimed are removed, repairs to the Machine commenced, new drones take the place of the missing men. Freder rushes in alarm to his father. High in his citadel, John Fredersen directs the destiny of the mighty Metropolis uncaring for the downtrodden poor who make his luxury and power possible. There is only one word for the magnificent city itself with its aerial traffic arteries and stratoscrapers: Overwhelming.

Freder babbles forth of the tragedy he has just witnessed. His father is cold to the suffering of the subterraneans. He is merely annoyed that his son should have seen this incident, and been so affected by it. Freder is appalled at his father's callousness.

Determined to help right the wrongs of his father, Freder again descends to the level of the machines. Here in the steam-murky atmosphere he comes across a man feverishly attempting to meet the demands of a clock-like machine. The mach-



ine is man-tall, with perhaps 60 bulbs on its circular surface. It has 3 movable hands. As bulbs flash on, the man must move the nearest hand to one. This, for 10 hours at a time.

The overstrained worker collapses in Freder's arms. Freder takes his place. Unused to such exertion, before long he is in agony and crying aloud, "I did not know 10 hours could be such torture!"

* * *

For some time John Fredersen's spies have been bringing him mysterious scraps of paper, seeming to show some catacombs below the city. These sheets have been found on the bodies of dead workers, killed in accidents, or when inadvertently dropped. Puzzled by them, Fredersen decides to visit Rotwang the inventor to get his opinion on their meaning.

Rotwang, a brilliant eccentric, lives in an old house in the middle of the city. The 5-pointed star, ancient symbol of the alchemist, appears in various places around his house. He shows Fredersen his latest invention: A robot. More properly it should be termed a robotrix--a mechanical woman--for the beautiful metallic body is femininely fashioned. Rotwang commands his creation to rise. It slowly walks forward, extends a hand to Fredersen who is greatly impressed.

Meanwhile, Fredersen's son, having donned a worker's clothes and been accepted as one of them, learns the meaning of the secret sheets. They are directions for the meeting place where Maria, the worker's daughter with whom he has fallen in love, preaches to the workers. He at-

tends a gathering in the catacombs, hears Maria tell the tale of the construction of the Tower of Babel. This is graphically pictured. We see the noble dream of an ancient skyscraper to reach to heaven. But the men who conceived the super-building had no care for the hands which would have to construct it. At last the slaves revolted and tore down the tremendous edifice. "Halfway between the head and the hands must the heart be" was the moral of Maria's tale. Freder listened entranced.

John Fredersen, led to a secret observation vantage by Rotwang, also heard Maria's lecture. He did not like it. He instructed the inventor: "capture Maria. Make the robot into her likeness. Send it among the workers to stir up revolt."

[I must interject myself into this synopsis at this point to state that the picture does not make sense. This is probably the fault of the American editor who cut 4 reels from the original script by Thea von Harbou (then the wife of director Fritz Lang) and made a version of his own. I only report what one sees, without always being able to explain the ways and wherefores.]

The workers disperse. Freder is left alone with Maria, who recognises him greets him with modest affection. They part after arranging to meet again on the morrow.

Rotwang comes from hiding, pursues Maria. Her flight from Rotwang's flashlight in the stygian dark, bone-strewn catacombs, is really scary stuff. At last she is captured, taken to the lab-

oratory.

Laboratories in American scientifilms have become pretty well standardized in the past 10 or 15 years, patterning pretty much after the original "Frankenstein" lab. But the "Metropolis" lab was Gorman conceived and about twice as complicated as any of them. And much more imaginative. There is this one tremendous sequence where, with halos of fluorescent light encompassing the robot, moving up and down and bathing it from head to foot with radiations, the physical form of unconscious Maria is transferred to the metallic body.

Young Frederesen, attracted to the inventor's house by Maria's screams when she was struggling to escape participation in the experiment, has been a prisoner of Rotwang and unaware of what has gone on. Rotwang sends the robot-Maria to John Frederesen for inspection. Frederesen at last escapes and, arriving at his father's office, sees what he takes to be his sweetheart in his father's embrace. At this the world seems to explode in Freder's face (shown on the screen) and the floor opens up and he falls into a bottomless pit. In a delirium he dreams that Rotwang invites a number of aristocrats to see the robot-Maria perform, to convince them of her lifelike qualities. The robot, looking exactly like Freder's flesh and blood sweetheart, does a licentious dance. The witnesses of this exhibition are hot-eyed, dry-lipped, convinced of Rotwang's genius in creating a simulacrum of a woman. Freder's delirium comes to an end as he sees statues of the 7 Deadly Sins come to life.

As Death approaches him, playing on a bone as upon a flute, he wakes.

The picture's climax is approaching. The robot-Maria has returned to the catacombs to stir up revolt among the workers. She spurs them to the destruction of the machines, heedless of the fact that in doing so they will endanger their subterranean city. In these scenes I thought Maria superb. Maria was played by Brigitte Helm, who I understand was only 16 at the time. She later appeared in a number of films of a fantastic theme. Her acting as the machine controlled by the mad inventor was both evil and robotic. This is not to say that she walked like a sleepwalker, jerkily, or mechanically; on the contrary she was intensely active and supple; but somehow -- inhuman. Like Catherine Moore's later Deirdre, -- "the taint of metal was upon her" --.

As electricity plays all over the screen and the great dynamos and other mechanisms explode, it is nite-time above and the lighting of Metropolis begins to assume crazy flashing patterns. The Master is alarmed. He is called to his televisor by the superintendent of the machines, who inform him the workers have gone mad.

A further consequence of the workers' mad actions is that the water mains burst and begin to flood the subterranean city. All the children's lives are endangered. The real Maria escapes, makes her way to the underground city to rescue the children. Freder finds her there. Together they direct the exodus from the doomed workers' world, which is rapidly flooding.

After being driven by the robot to destroy the machines, the workers are suddenly brought to realize the result of their rash action. Where are their children? Drowned, no doubt! And who is responsible? Maria! "Death to the witch!"

The robot (believed by all to be a real woman) is dragged to a city square. A number of autos are piled up and the "witch" tied to a stake atop them. The cars are set afire. Rotwang watches from a hidden corner of a cathedral. Suddenly he spies Maria. If the crowd sees two of them, he believes, they will realize the deception, turn on him. They must not see her. He attempts to capture her. She flees to the top of the church.

As the flames mount about the robot-Maria, the synthetic flesh burns away to reveal the metallic body. The crowd draws away in fright. Suddenly attention is attracted to the top of the church, where the real Maria is menaced by the inventor. John Fredersen is now in the crowd, watching all. His son runs to the rescue. A breathless fight high above, and Rotwang is at last flung to the streets far below.

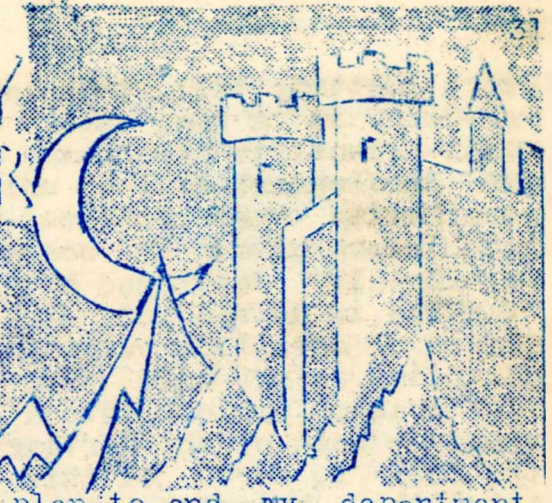
Last scene of all: Freder acts as the "heart" between his father--the "head"--and the machine superintendant--"the hands"--in a scene symbolic of the new understanding that has been born between the workers and rulers of Metropolis.

First Ghost: "What is this cereal we're eating?"

Second Ghost: "Ghosttoasties!" --Rare corn

EBONY TOWER

BY
STANLEY
MULLEN



Since I plan to end my department this time with a resume of books published or republished during 1945 (or late 1945), space limitation necessitate the omission of my usual gossipy introduction.

First I would like to drag down from my groaning bookshelves two apparently little-known non-fiction works and blow the dust off them. Both were published in this country about 15 years ago, and both are translations from the German; they could be classified as borderline anthropology, probably not completely acceptable to the more hidebound scientific prelates, but still of unusual interest to fans -- especially to those strange and delightful people who enjoy Charles Fort and Olaf Stapledon. These books are rich in stimulating hypotheses, full of cosmic drama and spectacle, and pregnant with curious and esoteric speculation upon the nature, origins, and development of man, his character, and his probable fate in this hostile universe.

"The Adventure of Mankind" by Eugen

Georg (Dutton, '31), translated by Robert Bok-Gran, is a long work dealing with quasi-scientific hypotheses on the origin and development of the universe and the possibility that previous highly-civilized races of man or beast-man were almost totally destroyed by cataclysm, all of which is delved into exhaustively with masses of detailed evidence pro and con. Atlantis is set back from its Platonic (no cracks) period into a dimly remote epoch -- that of the Tertiary moon -- and the fall to earth of this hypothetical satellite, bringing with it chaos and nearly complete destruction, is vividly described in a manner to thrill the hearts of the less stuffily academic stuffs. Later the repopulation of the earth, with a slow spread of Atlantean culture from the few surviving centers, is explored with much comparison of myth and legend the world over; and the theory of beast-men (mutations which did not quite come off) is examined in some detail with many references to classical and scholarly source-works suggested as corollary evidence. As in all German works of this nature, the author is painstaking and thorough, completely logical and bull-headed, and as always, plunges at last into the vagueness of complete mysticism, ending upon a sour note of optimism and sentimentality not unrelated to theosophy.

Less off-the-track; and for the most part more acceptable scientifically, is "Creation's Doom" by Desiderius Papp (D. Appleton-Century, 1932), translated from "Zukunft und Ende der Welt" By H. J. Stenning, who did an excellent job of the

translating. This book covers an even broader field of knowledge and speculation than Georg's work; and the author refrains from tangling directly with scientifically controversial subject matter; his manner is that of popular historian rather than prophet. The study embraces the entire course of the earth and indirectly the solar system from its probable fiery birth to its eventual destruction, perhaps equally fiery. Within such a range, detail is impossible in a single book; but each situation is given a sound treatment according to the laws of probabilities involved; the book is clear and graphic, and within its limits, a profound study --- analyzing all of those developmental forces which have shaped our planet's destiny thus far, and pushing each to its grimly logical conclusion. Mankind emerges from the eternal springs of life, spends his brief hour in the sun, then marches somberly to his ever dubious destination, always obeying or disobeying certain cosmic laws, shaped by his own nature or that of his environment -- in his turn, he who has been heir to all the ages is superseded by the lowly but efficient insect. The spectacle of man's rise and fall is sublime or ridiculous according to your view point, and at many points this work bears curious relationship to the philosophical novels of Olaf Stapledon. Papp analyzes the various possible cataclysms which may put a period to Creation (at least so far as we are concerned), and ends by accepting that of the fiery dissolution caused by the Sun's becoming a Nova -- though I find myself reluctant to adopt his naive acceptance of the dark nebula theory as

the most likely cause of such a celestial catastrophe. Papp picks his pet cataclysm and you pick yours.

One further point in connection with this book. Peculiarly unsatisfactory are the illustrations (which appear to be very small pen drawings, crudely reproduced and jammed helter-skelter into the text on paper not intended for such things). A profound work of this scope should confine itself to charts, photographs, or accurate diagrams. If art-illustrations must be included, they should be art, and should be put into the hands of a competent artist -- someone capable of visualizing abstract designs to interpret the tremendous concepts involved, someone virile and scientifically imaginative enough to do justice to the subject matter -- for example, Paul, Hunt Bok, (if he could escape his dough-eyed maidens and his maiden-eyed does) or even (to enter the higher income brackets) Lynn Ward, or even Rockwell Kent whose sketches in Life Magazine dealt more conclusively with similar material.

In equally sombre vein; but more frankly imaginative fictionizing, is the novel, "The Pallid Giant", by Pierrepont B. Noyes (Fleming H. Revell Co., 1927), recently re-published with a new title, "Gentlemen, You are Mad", (Baxter - \$1.00 and its original significance considerably heightened by the noisy opening of the atomic age. The original edition bore a pompous subtitle -- A Tale of Yesterday and Tomorrow -- and was not helped by its frontispiece depicting a gooney-eyed damsel with the tongue-twist-

er name, who appeared well-satisfied to be burning the candle at only one end. The story itself is quite good, more or less of a thriller, concerning itself with the mysterious international character who seems desirous of guiding purblind politicians away from political quicksands. Fantasy obtrudes its lovely head when this individual is finally revealed as a survivor of some previous race of men which had destroyed itself through misuse of scientific knowledge crossed with unsound politics. The account of this previous race of men and the rich civilization they had built-up is fanciful and richly poetic, if not wholly convincing, but that of the holocaust which destroyed them is both gripping and tragic. Will the new race of man also destroy itself? "H-m", says the Professor. I agree.

After such grim fare, one turns with relief to lighter stuff. Extra-special for such moods (if you happen to have a copy or can lay hands on one) is Robert V. Chambers' "In Search of the Unknown" (Harpers, 1904), which is a rambling and very good-natured account of the misadventures which beset a young and impressionable Museum dog-robber whose job (and a delightful one) is to search out and check up reported wonders, specifically those of unnatural natural history. The wonders are real wonders, and our friend turns up a choice collection (colossal Spirits of the North Woods, great Auks, invisible or transparent creatures, mammoths, winged reptiles, sea-serpents, women with cat relatives, and last but not least, the fabled ekaf-birds, if you

have a taste for reversed spelling) with whom he gets himself so thoroughly involved that he loses track of his romance of the moment and at times of his job -- always returning in triumph from incident after incident only to find that someone with an "eye to reality" has "beaten his time" with one after another of a series of candy-box cover girls, one of whom leers coyly from the frontispiece, which is typical of the corn of the period. The note is one of exasperated comedy rather than tragedy, and a vein of acid humor, rare in fantasy, gives the reader a real lift, especially that minor gem of satirical verse which leads off the book. However, the real heroine of the book, despite the legions of languishing loves, is Dame Nature Herself, ever capricious in all her curious and wondrous moods, and in the end even the dim-witted protagonist realizes that she is a jealous mistress who will brook no rivals --- and you can't chloroform her and take her home in a cage.

"Thyra -- a Romance of the Polar Pit" by Robert Ames Bennet (Henry Holt, 1901) is a rip-roaring mellerdrammer of adventure among the remnants of a Viking civilization at the North Pole. The illustrations by E.L. Blumenschein are very good of their kind. Bennet's picture of his lost Viking people and their culture is a vivid and authentic one; he makes them sound very pleasant, and their way of life very livable . . . if you remembered to bring along your brass knuckles. Saber-toothed tigers and a lulu of a Sea-Serpent, plus conniving pagan priests and a mysterious shaft leading to a subter-

anean sea beneath the pole make the adventure anything but dull to the explorers. Interesting, and very well written, like a breath of fresh air, it takes me back to those joyous hours of my youth, spent poring over the rousing Argosy serials of yore. At the opposite pole, in more ways than one, is "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder", (anonymous Harpers, 1888), dealing with a Rider Haggardish civilization at the South Pole, partly a satire, partly an allegory, partly a thriller -- the thriller parts very good, the satire amusing, the rest stinko --- and Old Handlebar Mustaches (the HERO) is back with us, reminding of the pictures in the older Wells books and others of the period. But the first third of the book is amazingly good, and it gets good again near the end. Half and half, but worth read-

One more, before I leap into the current confusions, "The Thing From The Lake" by Eleanor M. Ingram (Lippincott, 1931), a recommended item. Tight, well-knit, smoothly written fantasy --- all about a composer who bought a Connecticut farmhouse to get "away from it all" and get on with his Polynesian Symphony (which I would like to hear, with its weird tone combinations, its odd instrumentation, including outlandish primitive instruments) but found that the old place was haunted. Not only the very lush witch-girl ghost from the past, but that oozy Thing from the lake. And bad dreams. Joy. Most of the fantasy remains a mystery, praise Allah!

The year 1946, now past, has been-

rich in the publication of worthy efforts in both fantasy and science fiction. By "publication" I mean the enclosing in permanent book-form of well-beloved works by either old or new writers; since, unfortunately the present crop of magazine fiction does not hold up well in comparison with similar works of the past. Except for a few magazines, specifically Astounding, Startling, Thrilling Wonder, and occasionally Planet, I feel that all of the pro magazines now publishing are definitely on the downgrade. Astounding manages to hold its own with a high general level of fiction and extremely good non-fiction features. Planet, while sporadic, does contain some very good material; TW and Startling are both steadily improving in text if not in illustrations; the covers of all three fairly presentable as far as color and composition are concerned, despite a tiresome overloading of shorts-clad cosmicuties, BEBs and spacemen in bulgy suits; in none of the three does there seem to be the slightest connection between either cover design or interiors and the subject matter of the stories concerned.

In Book publication, our friend Derleth, with Arkham House continues to lead the field. In 1946, we have had an unsteady but constantly accelerating flow of books from this publisher, and most of them have been good. All but two of these books have been reprints of works by classic or near-classic writers of fantasy, generally rescued from fugitive magazine publication in this country. The two omnibus volumes, "Skullface and Others" by Robert E Howard and "The House

on the Borderland" by Wm Hope Hodgson, are the most important; the former being eagerly awaited by hosts of Howard fans and surely no disappointment to any of them; the latter received with mixed opinions and reactions. The Hodgson book contains four novels, all complete; of which two are exceedingly good, one fair, and one a stinker. The title novel is the most satisfying of the group; "Night Land" manages the difficult task of being a very fine and a very bad book at the same time. It is tedious, long-winded, awkwardly written, at times unbearably sentimental; but remains a masterpiece in spite of its defects, simply because of the stupendous pictures it evokes in the mind of the reader; I nominate for some kind of roll of honor anyone determined enough to plough through it word by word to the bitter end. I did and it was worth it, but spent three weeks in a Turkish bath trying to recover by steaming the repititious goo out of my system. The other novels you can judge for yourself. I liked Ghost Pirates fairly well, but could not tolerate "Boats of the Glen Carrig". Most of the Howard stuff is too familiar to all fans to require any blurb from me. Either you like Howard or you don't. I do. Both books are a buy at the price -- \$5.00 each.

To get on: The other Arkham House books are all worth having. First, Derleth's own "Something Near" -- very good. Typical Derleth. It is a '45 publication, as are: Le Fanu's "Green Tea and Others" which will appeal chiefly to fans who like old-fashioned ghost-stories "The Doll" by Algernon Blackwood, good

stuff, but not much (2 short stories) for the money; "Witch House" by Evangeline Walton is unhesitatingly recommended to all hands; and "Lurker on the Threshold" a Lovecraft manuscript finished by Derleth (and very skillfully, for the recognizably Derlethian parts are the best in the book), this is very good of its kind, and of special interest to those interested in the Lovecraftian Mythos. The Arkham House books, aside from the two magnificent omnibus volumes, lead off with Frank Belknap Long's "Hounds of Tindalos", a must for old time readers of Weird Tales; it will bring back old times, now unfortunately past; but is very uneven as to the quality of the stories selected -- some extremely good, a few stinko. Very fine is Henry S. Whitehead's "West India Lights". Latest releases are "The Clock Strikes Twelve" by H.R. Wakefield (long a favorite of mine and, wonder of wonders, all the stories are new to me) and "Fearful Pleasures" by A.E. Coppard, which seems to me to be an unnecessary duplication since most of Coppard's works are fairly accessible to the small group who might be interested in his curious and unsatisfying fantasies. However, all Arkham House books are worth having, even if you already have most of the stories in some other form; format is pleasant and the favorite stories readily available without having to shop through reams of odd volumes or ratty magazines for each item. Next on the list is supposed to be Van Vogt's classic "Blam", which may already be out by the time this goes to press. It is a poor idea to delay if you want any of these books; Arkham House books which have gone out of print

are now bringing fabulous prices if you can believe the booklists.

"Mr. Mergenthwinker's Lobbies and Other Fantastic Tales" by Nelson S. Bond is brought out by another publisher but handled by Arkham House. Bond's stories are always delightful; these have all the virtues and defects of his writings -- a sloppy but very readable style, curious twists of humor, sound plot construction with really original ideas or some unique slant behind each story. I like his work. Price is \$2.75 from your dealer; \$2.85 from Derleth -- why, I don't know.

Best news of the year is publication by New Collectors Group (Bok and O'Connell) of New York of unpublished fragments by the late A. Merritt. One volume, "The Fox Woman", completed by Bok's "The Blue Pagoda", is already out. Price is \$3.00 per volume. Format is curious (probably the result of shortages, etc.) but story and illustrations by Bok are fine. For address and further information see blurb elsewhere in Alchemist.

Hadley Publications put out E. E. Smith's dated but still interesting "Skylark of Space", at \$3.00, in a lousy edition, and the justly praised "Time Stream" by John Taine, in a better format at the same price. Van Vogt's "Weapon Makers" is supposed to come very soon from the same firm, for which we are all grateful. Also, a volume of Shaver is hinted at, for which we are not grateful.

Among the anthologies, best of the year are two worth-while selections of

sciencefiction. Something of the kind has long been needed and both volumes are must-haves. "Best of Science Fiction" (Crown, \$3.00), edited by Groff Conklin, and "Adventures in Time and Space" (Random House, \$2.95), edited by Raymond J. Healy & J. Francis McComas, are both noble efforts, as complete as space permits, top value at the price, and do not duplicate each other at any point. Best yarn in the second is the classic "Who Goes There" by Don A. Stuart (John W. Campbell Jr.) which is a genuine sf thriller, flawlessly constructed, well written, and will (guaranteed) raise your hair. There is scarcely a story in either volume not definitely worth reading.

Reprinted this year is "Beware After Dark", edited by T. Everett Harro, and still the highest quality of the small anthologies. (Emerson, \$2.50) Derleth's "Who Knocks", while heavy on the trite spook angle, is interesting and well-selected, with a few real masterpieces. Who does D. think he's kidding with this Stephen Grendon angle? (See Derleth's supposedly semi-autobiographical novel, "Evening in Spring", which I enjoyed) Best general anthology is Karloff's splendid "And the Darkness Falls" (World \$2.75 which carefully avoids the unnecessary duplication common to most anthologies and selects a parade of horror-hits, not all supernatural fantasy, but all good. A superb addition to any library, thanks to Karloff's good taste and discretion; his comments on authors and individual introductions add much to the book. Best buys (financially) are Avon Ghost Reader

and Avon Fantasy Reader @25¢ -- cream of the crop stuff and worth having if only for the Merrittales; Woman of the Wood especially has been a scarce item.

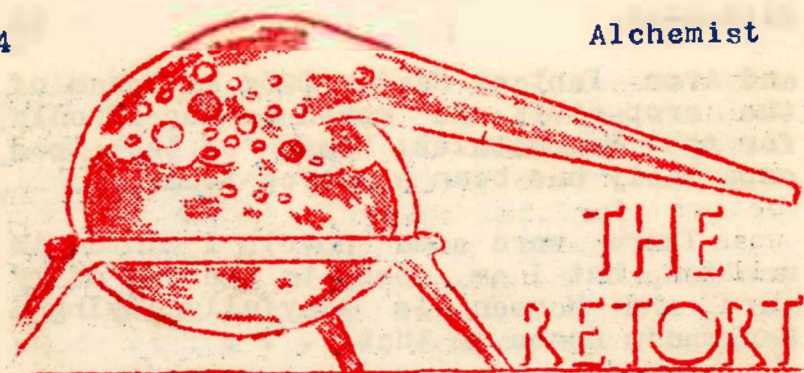
There were some novels I wanted to mention, but I am about to the end of my rope and Hansen is playfully tying a hangman's noose in that. . . .



1st Spaceman: "Why do you keep sitting around in this rocket ship when we are in port?"

2nd Spaceman: "I'm aging --- old rocket chair's got me".

-- Green Martian Corn --



To initiate the reader section of The Alchemist this time let's begin with a few choice excerpts from a letter from Al's pre-war editor-in-chief LEW MARTIN!

You are to be commended for the high quality of material, neatness, arrangement, taste and of course, the artwork (but the latter is almost taken for granted by old followers of Al)...this issue can stand alongside any previous issue with no apologies. I'm glad that you guys are insisting on quality...The cover is tops, the editorial is very good, seems to take care of everything in a chatty informal way, Fan Travels was interesting tho I violently disagree with his opinion of Nat Hackner. The article was ok, I presume he has another coming. Book Report ok, Let's Not Get Gay was ok. Got a kick out of it as it comes close to home...Signals From Space was right-on. Best fan fiction I've seen in many moons, he sure had me guessing...I said to myself, this is going to be a floperoo, there just ain't 6 words of any combination to rate such a buildup..But there was. Egyptian-Sorcery by the ol professor was damned good. Well written, informative, and any thing but dogmatic. Old Fantasy Films-

was as usual, candid and humorous. More Ivan please!! I hope you make Ebony Tower a regular department, it is standing in for the Black Arts Dept. and Al is better for the change. Mimeing a bit waak in spots but you'll improve that, all in all a darnad good issue. Enclosed is \$1 for a subscription, a bottle of beer and six straws. lew ((Thanks Lew, we love you. Beer ok too))

GUS WILLMORTH

Congratulations on the new Alchemist. This is better than the old one; the mature note has entered into a chic format, and I herald this as the best thing that has hit the realm of FANDOMANIA since (plug) FANTASY ADVERTISER. Youse guys keep up the good work. Between us all we'll make something out of fandom or twist the arm completely off. ((Thanks Gus for them kind words, about the first comment on Al we received, they warmed out hearts. We'd put ya on our payroll ---- if we had a payroll))

A. LANGLEY SEARLES

Just a line to tell you that I was very favorably impressed with the revived Al I thought the cover excellent - why not use the same cut every issue - just vary the color? It would be a distinguishing characteristic of the magazine. Didn't care overly much for the fiction. As to Ackerman's contribution: I wonder if it ever occurred to him to read the Green House himself to find out if it were fantasy or not? Too complex a mental operation for him no doubt....Peterson's, Hansen's, Hunt's and Mullen's articles all very good. Keep the Ebony Tower in-

regularly, it's a fine dept. And keep the nice format, it's very neat. ((Again thanks for dem kind remarks, we thought we'd work our artist a little, hope you like our cover this time))

RUSTY HEVELIN

A hurried offer of thanks for Al, 'tis a fine effort for a revival issue, which almost amounts to a first. The informative articles such as the reviews and 4c's expose appeal most to me, with Mullen's department being quite interesting so far. Stan also turned out a more than fair fan story. The cuts are good and the cover -- HUNT! The mimeography can stand a bit of improvement and some of the headings were not thru the stencil. A good job and I hope you keep it up.

DONN BRAZIER

Received Al, which is right up there, nostalgically so. Let me plead for articles and departments in preference to fan fiction.

TIGRINA

The first edition of your new series of the magazine Alchemist afforded me with some golden moments indeed. I am very pleased with the Alchemist. The cover is dignified and lends a professional appearance to your magazine. I also like the handy and compact size and the way it is set up, although the duplicating had a tendency to fade away in spots, the page numbers being indecipherable. The material is really worthwhile reading. I especially enjoyed Stanley Mullen's informative contribution anent books on Black Magic and Witchcraft. ((Thanks Tigrina a million, we plead guilty to poor duplic-

ation but we are trying to improve that. Five years is long enough to get rusty when you haven't seen a mimeo. Stan will be featuring more stuff on little known Black Magic books in some future issue))

JOE KENNEDY

The Alchemist received, and a very impressive 'zine it is, too. Compliments on the unusual format --- half-size pages aren't seen very often these days; the whole layout of the mag was excellent, I thought, and its neatness should be an example for (hrumpff) other fan publishers to emulate. I most enjoyed Stan Mullen's column 'Ebony Tower', which proved well-written and informative. Secondly the Ackerman article, third Hunt's amusing review of the Merritt movie. Other orchids to the Egyptian Sorcery article, the fiction and Peterson's travelogue. Ahhhh --- that cover Hyper. One gripe and suggestion, there were several pages in my copy which were mimeo'd gad-awfully. Whoever cranked the mag off shouldn't be so stingy with the ink next time, fandom's collective eyesight must be bad enuf now. The suggestion is that in future Als try to strike a better balance between weird material and science-fiction stuff, too much weird stuff gets kinda heavy in the humble opinion of y'rs truly. The mag is one of the best to pop in the mailbox in - lo these many months, Keep it up. ((Joe we love you for the many kind compliments and for the swell article which is comin up in our next. We will try to get a better balance in our mag if good eggs like youse will help out with the material))

D. B. THOMPSON

I'm very glad to get Al again, and I think the current issue is a good start toward returning to the high level attained in pre-Denvention days. I don't think this issue quite reached that level, but that was hardly to be expected at once. I have one little gripe of course. I am strictly a science fiction devotee, and have a rather active dislike for conventional weird material. And the current Al is just a bit overloaded with stuff pertaining to the weird side. Mullen's bit was well above the average humorous fan fiction, although it was obvious, almost from the first that some such ending was to be expected. I would like to see a good column devoted to prozine material especially to ideas suggested by the more thought provoking stories. I think the general theme of witchcraft and magic is over-emphasized today, both in fiction and in articles on the subject. I don't deny its importance in medieval times, nor its ignorant-superstition-ridden cultures, but I think it never had a power to work in an enlightened or cynical culture, and, however unenlightened, our present set up is cynical. Al is well done and holds real promise for the future. ((We promise to try to even up the proportion of weird and science-fiction whenever the material we have permits it, and thanks for the encouraging praise, we lap it up like kittens do cream))

Let's have more letters, please and by all means don't forget to submit your article for our contest. (see editorial)

WANTED -- WANTED -- WANTED -- WANTED

If you have any of the following books, I am interested in buying them -- or, if you prefer, I will trade copies of early issues of Amazing, Wonder, Science-Wonder, Astounding, etc., including some quarterlies. Let me know price and condition of book in your first letter; also state your magazine wants if you are interested in exchange.

Stapledon, Olaf -- The Stormmaker
 -- Last Men in London
 Smith, Clark Ashton -- Out of Space and Time
 -- Any Poetry
 Buchan, John -- The Moon Endureth
 Dunsany -- A Dreamer's Tales (Sime, illus.)
 -- Book of Wonder (Sime, illus.)
 Moorich, Nicholas -- Altai-Himalaya
 Mundy, Talbot -- Old Ugly Face
 Walton, Evangeline -- Virgin and the Swine
 Leval, Maurice -- Any
 Cline, Leonard -- The Dark Chamber
 Gorman, Herbert -- Place Called Dagon
 Beckford, William -- Episodes of Vathek

Stanley Mullen
 4936 Grove Street,
 Denver, 11, Colorado

WANTED ---

Book editions of A. Merritt's "Face in the Abyss" and "Ship of Ishtar." Please state price and condition.

Charles Ford Hansen
 1301 Ogden Street,
 Denver, Colorado

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