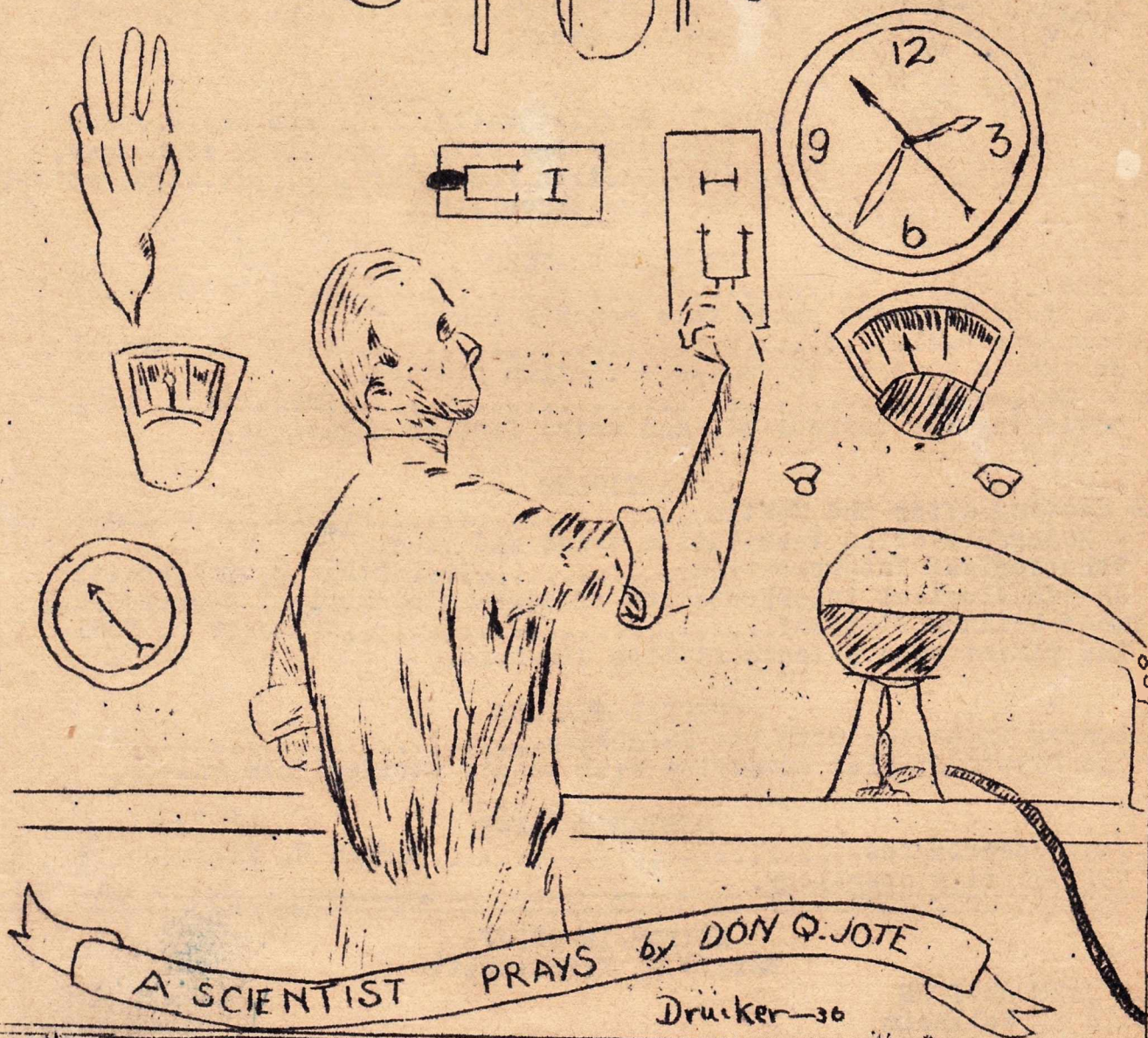


# ARCTURUS



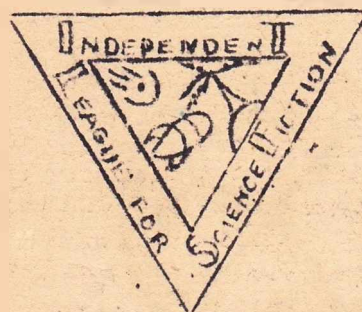
INDEPENDENT LEAGUE  
for Science Fiction



# ARCTURUS

April, 1936

Vol. I; No. 4



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## A SCIENTIST PLAYS

by

DON Q. JOTE

The huge room was dark except for the flickering light given off by a shielded bunsen burner. A figure could be seen dimly by that light, bending over a table some distance away, while in the corner, some metallic object of great size, cast weird reflections on the walls nearby.

A Jacob's Ladder went into action briefly, lighting the room before it was switched off. The light had, however, been sufficient to reveal that the figure bending over the work table was that of a man dressed in white gown and cap.

Close inspection might have revealed the fact that the white-robed one wore rubber gloves, but there was none present to make the inspection.

The man worked feverishly, evidently knowing his way about perfectly, as he flitted from table to table, glancing at the contents of each, stopping a moment to do something at one, then passing on quickly, but always returning after a moment to the table in the center of the room.

Suddenly he dropped to his knees beside the table and raised supplicating hands to the ceiling. His words echoed from every wall of the large laboratory as he cried,

"Oh, God, say that this time it will come true. For twenty long years I've fought, starved, suffered a thousand indignities, waiting for the moment when I can say that I have persevered and conquered. Grant me this one prayer; I shall never ask more of you. No man can say that I do not deserve this. I have been generous; I have been abstinent; I have been kind to my fellow man. By my men and women have blessed my name; will you not bless my work?"

As his ringing appeal died out, he slowly let his hands fall to the floor, and as slowly regained his

feet. He looked up wearily, and suddenly was transfixed.

A weird light played over his central work-bench, and, as he watched, the light seemed to coalesce and become semi-solid. Slowly, then, it resolved itself into a hand four fingers of which were upraised with the thumb tucked down into the palm. A minute he stood thus, as the blood alternately flooded and left his face. Again there was movement, and now only three fingers were upraised. A flash of inspiration caused him to leap to his central work-table, where he pressed a button. On the wall before him, an electric clock sprang into being, and its radium-glinted, second hand began moving rapidly.

Again the spectral hand moved, and now only two fingers were held up. He noted the position of the second hand, 20. With the blood pounding madly at his temples and throat he watched the second hand move along: 60, 10, 15, 17 -- would it ever reach 20? Then it touched the 20 and now there was only one finger held upright. With the motion the white-robed figure was galvanized into action. His hand flew out and threw a switch over. Instantly the sound of a functioning generator broke into the silent room. This rose rapidly to a crescendo, and then settled into its normal throbbing hum. The second hand stood at 45 now.

It seemed to move more slowly as it approached 50. Then 60, and was barely moving at all as it passed 10. The white-robed figure was trembling, now. His hands reached out and settled themselves on the table ready to put the final touches to his great work; 17, 18, 19, BANG! Switches flew open, the wall clock and the burner flame disappeared simultaneously as light flooded the room.

The tired, but happy, scientist slumped into a chair. The spectral hand had disappeared. He brushed his work-cap from his head, and wearily dragged his rubber gloves off his hands. He sighed and stood up, then walked slowly across (Cont'd p.7.)



WILLY

THE

WESP

# 13

1. F. ORLIN THURMAINE. Red-headed, the most difficult editor of all to approach. Is said to be wary of authors and writers and to have a quick temper when it's aroused. Very enthusiastic over ASTOUNDING and gives it his personal attention, which he does not give in as great extent to any of the halfdozen other S & S magazines he edits. Is approachable easily by rabid s-f fans as he likes 'em.

2. CLARK ASHTON SMITH. Virtually lives a hermit's life in the mountains of California. Lives there for his health. A writer of great ability, Smith is also a weird artist of excellence, and at present doing fine work in eldritch sculpture out of soft stone. Those who see his works may count themselves lucky.

3. CHESTER D. CUTHBERT. A young man, with an ability to write. Has the slow patience and pains-taking work that shows eventual success. Cuthbert is employed by a Winnipeg Insurance Company, but is American by nationality. Has good literary taste.

4. W. W. BARLOW. This young Floridian possesses the usual complete files of the stf. magazines, but is primarily a weirdist. He's about 18, amateur publisher of weird works, with considerable talent for writing and art. Some of his works show really fine ability.

5. P. SCHUYLER MILLER. Although Executive Director of the SFL, Miller has never been paid yet for some of his yarns in WONDER STORIES. Miller is deeply interested in archaeology and engaged mainly in that work. He is one fan who has blossomed out into a first class writer.

6. JIM BLISH. This young chap, who although an active Chicago fan, never was at a meeting of the Chicago

S.F.L., is now living permanently, in East Orange, N.J. His is putting much time and money into his PLANETARY RER Magazine, a most promising and nicely turned out magazine. About 16, we judge, well educated, and well spoken. Under GhuGhu, Archbishop of East Orange, claiming eighteen converts.

7. STANLEY G. WEINBAUM. This column takes this opportunity to express its deep regrets at his untimely death. While he lived, he became one of stf.'s best liked writers. His meteoric rise was unprecedented. His ability was good. Even though it is true he turned out numerous poor hack yarns, these never got into print, and his best was better than much of what had gone before him.

8. DANIEL MCPHAIL. This young chap, was a big fan of several years ago who, after dropping out for a while is making his return. McPhail's pet hobby is collecting fan magazines, of which he has an A-1 collection. Started the Oklahoma Scientifiction Association, and edits the Science Fiction News, which is carbon-copied now, but may be printed in a few months.

9. WILLIAM ROTHLEDER. Head of the Monticello S.F.L., he can't stand too much nonsense and foolishness at meeting, so he dissolved it. He is about 18 or 19, heavily built, interested in practical experiment and science work. Interested in micro-biology and astronomy. Archbishop of Monticello under GhuGhu.

10. P. E. GLEATOR. Head of the British Interplanetary Society, expert on rocketry, he wrote a column on rocket news for "Scoops". Writer, and acquainted with the publishing business. Has just had his book "Rockets Through Space" published.

11. EDWARD J. CARNELL. 24 years old, dance band guitarist and vocalizer, table-tennis near-champion. Over 6 feet tall, lean and mustached, this Reserve London Bobby is the English correspondent of ARCTURUS. He seems to have an American complex (as we suspect many of our English friends have.)

(Cont'd page 7)

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW  
WITH  
LEO MARGULIES  
(Editor of Wonder Stories)

Entering the outer offices of Standard Magazines, Inc., we gave our names to the young lady at the switchboard, and cooled our heels for about fifteen minutes, speculating on the possible appearance of Leo Margulies, WONDER STORIES' new editor. Before we could make any serious blunders about the appearance and personality of the unsuspecting Mr. Margulies, we were told we might go in. To be sure, we toyed with the idea of making him wait awhile, but not being able to think of any good and sufficient reason for doing so, we gave it up.

When we entered, he waved us to seats, and we started in by discussing trivialities, i.e., the S.F.L. Meanwhile we had an opportunity to examine him: About 35, dark-haired and mustached, he stands about 5'6" in his socks, although we couldn't be too sure of that, since he was wearing shoes and seated when we saw him. Of the S.F.L. he knows little or nothing, as yet, he said. The details were in the hands of Mortimer Weisinger. Asked if Mr. Weisinger might be able to help us, he said no that that worthy gentleman could take no steps without consulting him the Editor. He wasn't even sure that the S.F.L. would be continued, and was not aware that there had been any trouble in the League.

Giving that up as a bad job, we next tackled the question of the magazine itself. The artists are to be Brown for the cover and Marchioni for the story illustrations. Both ASTOUNDING artists as you'll notice. So if you see what you think are two ASTOUNDINGS of the same date but of different cover themes, why you can guess the reason. The Reader's Department will be cut to the bone, only the contents of the letters being given, if there is any. That leaves out little friend Forrest J. Ackerman out, because he never says anything worth repeating anyway. And

it also lets Jack Darrow out.

We received quite a shock when we asked about the content of the stories. Back to the blood-and-thunder days, said Mr. Margulies, in effect. Science in the stories will be secondary, and the Science Fiction fan, that peculiar variety of the genus homo sapiens will positively not be catered to. "They are a small minority and they make a lot of noise," were his words. It is evident that he is making a play for readers of the Doc Savage variety, although he didn't say so in so many words. He said definitely that the stories would be action, action, action. The Tarzan type, for example.

He was good enough to supply us with a list of stories that will appear in the first issue, or in the first and part of the second: Otis Adelbert Kline-"The Revenge of the Robot"; Mortimer Weisinger-"The 11th Degree"; Carl Jacobi-"The World in a Box"; Stanley G. Weinbaum-"The Horrific Menace"; Hal K. Wells-"New Jewels for Kothar"; Arthur L. Zagat-"The Land where Time Stood Still". Others by Hamilton, Cummings, Ernst, and Lovecraft is doing a story for them, and A. Merritt has sold them his "The Drone Man".

The Prize Contest started by Gernsback will not be continued, that is, the last story of the Prize Winners, by Morris Miller, will not be printed. Too bad, Morris. There is, however, a ray of sunshine for all young authors when Standard accepts a story, they pay. The author is sent a check within a week of acceptance of the story.

The price and number of pages will be the same. That is, 15¢ and 128 pages, so that in that respect the new Wonder will resemble the old. But it will have many innovations, we've no doubt, and when it appears on the stands in another two months or so, you fans are in for a number of surprises, whether good or bad, we can't say.

We will know about the S.F.L. in about a month, that is, a month before the magazine comes out, so you'll hear about it, hot off the grid. Keep your eyes on ARCTURUS.



# ARCTURUS V. SYLVESTER D.S.C., A.A.A., B.V.D.

AT LAST! MY MENTALITY EXCHANGER IS COMPLETED.

NOW TO FIND SOMEONE TO TRY IT ON.

I'LL ASK YOUR FATHER RIGHT AWAY DARLING.

HECTOR POPS THE QUESTION TO GWYLADYSSE.

HECTOR TURNS ON THE MACHINE.

HMM, HE ISN'T HERE YET.

HEY DOPE LOOK OUT! YOU'LL GET US BOTH IN DUTCH!

I WONDER WHAT THAT MACHINE IS?

CLICK!

BANG

DOG GONE!

ARE ARE ARE!

YOU

Drucker-3

CONTINUED



## THIRTEEN

Continued from page 4.

12. OLON F. WIGGINS. The former head of the Denver S.F.L., who recently announced that he is going to dissolve that chapter. (Editor's note: He did, on March 26, and has asked for charter in the I.L.S.F.) Member of the TFG, old hand at the same. His first name is misspelled more often than that of any other fiction fan.

13. LEROY CHRISTIAN BASHORE. This is that chapt Tucker always refers to when he begins to froth at the mouth. Bashore served as spy for both sides in the First Staple War, and incurred both sides' distaste. Has the nasty habit of forwarding letters from one person to another. LeRoy claims to be 18, but his writing and thought seem to be of 12 average. Member of the National Union for Social Justice. Head of LeW banon S.F.L. with itch to become Executive Director. Many good fans and true fume at mention of his name.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

## A SCIENTIST PRAYS

Continued from page three.

the room. At the far corner, he touched a button, and a panel slide silently open, revealing a large mirror. He stared at his image, at his smooth, unlined face, with the clear skin of a child. A long moment he stood thus, staring, then he turned and walked purposefully back to his central work-table.

There he picked up a beaker, and put it carefully under the mouth of a tall burette standing there. Fifteen drops of a clear, brown, viscous fluid he let fall into the beaker; then turned to a retort and a table nearby. By means of an eyedropper, he measured out fifteen drops of the colorless liquid contained in that vessel. He held the beaker up to the light, and watched it bubble and hiss a moment.

Back at the mirror, he glanced again at his image, then dipped a

finger into the beaker and proceeded to rub the droplets of liquid into a portion of his face. With a dry finger, he massaged the same spot, and examined his reflection to see the result, if any.

Evidently satisfied, he washed his hand thoroughly at a washstand in the corner, then poured the contents of the tumbler down the drain. One last glance in the mirror, and he slid the panel shut.

Another panel slid open to reveal a disconnected telephone, which he connected with deft fingers. He dialed a number and waited a moment, then spoke.

"Hello. New York Globe?... Dr. Andrews speaking?... Yes, Dr. Edward Andrews ..... I wish to have an announcement printed... Thank you. You may say that Dr. Edward Andrews has completed his life's work and is retiring from the world of science. ..What's that?... Yes, I've grown a mustache."

-THE END-

## NEXT MONTH

Another story by Don Q. Jote

A story by a charter member of the Insane Writers' Guild.

Cartoons by Drucker.

Articles on ethnology and cosmogony.

GHUGHUISM by GHUGHU

And other interesting features. Watch for it.

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WHY WALK AROUND HALF-DEAD?

Why?

WHY?

W H Y ?

Y?

CAN YOU WRITE? YOU CAN?!!  
THEN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

JOIN THE I.W.G.

JOIN THE I.W.G.

JOIN THE INSANE WRITERS' GUILD  
APPLY ARCTURUS.

# AN ETHNOLOGICAL INTERPRETATION OF CERTAIN HISTORICAL OCCURRENCES IN ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL TIMES.

by

ARTHUR L. SELIKOWITZ

Much is heard nowadays about the relative intelligence of the races of mankind. A Dictator vaunts the superiority of the "Aryan" race; the people of a Great Power proclaim the inferiority of the "White" race; prominent persons imply that certain races are good only as laborers; and other laymen make grave pronouncements on the matter. Conversely, historians emphatically state that race has no effect on brain power. When confronted with the obviously lesser achievements of some races, they qualify their statements, dividing mankind into three or four varieties, within which intelligence is equally distributed.

Yet, this division is largely artificial; it is based on language, culture, and egotism, and very little on ethnology. A better division would be based on the definition: A race is a body of people with similar anatomical characteristics.

According to the new definition, the peoples of Eurasia may be divided into six races: the Semites, the Nordics, the Slavs, the Turkomen, the Mongolians, and the Mediterraneans. It is with the Mediterraneans that this paper will deal primarily.

This race is peculiar in that the area which it now inhabits was originally the home of many similar races, which, in prehistoric times, mixed so that the individuality of each was absorbed.

A Mediterranean people known as the Sumerians settled in prehistoric times in the valley of Mesopotamia, then, as now, the most fertile land in the North Temperate Zone. At the dawn of history, we find them as the first people to domesticate

the horse, to use iron, to use money, and to develop cuneiform writing. This is remarkable, but still more remarkable is the fact that in the seven milleniums following, they made not one new discovery.

Greek civilization presents a contrast. The acme of Greek achievement was the Golden Age, whose accomplishments were legion. Then, mysteriously, a decline set in. Greek attainments grew less and less, until the Hellenes were no greater than any of their contemporaries.

Rome is similar to Greece; so similar that common causes must be suspected. The transition from pure democracy to the serfdom of the plebeians, and the establishment, first of absolute monarchy, and then of military rule, show a directly comparable degradation. However, at the nadir of Rome's ebb, invading hordes from the North infused new life into the degenerate empire.

Similarly, when Mohammed's followers spilled out of Arabia, and overflowed North Africa, Spain, the "Golden Crescent", and Iran, they fathered a civilization second only to the Greek among its predecessors. The first advances in algebra and chemistry, the renaissance of philosophy, the revival of the fine arts and the re-establishment of industry may be credited to the industrious Arabs -- yet, all this took place in less than two centuries. Then the curtain of ignorance was once more lowered and progress of the Moslems wiped out. The condition of Spain and North Africa have endured, but the remains of the Caliphate underwent another change.

During the early thirteenth century, a small group of tribes under Jenghiz Khan conquered half Eurasia. The arts again flourished and industry was renewed. There was, however, a subsequent retrogression of the part of most of these regions.

( Continued next month )



## LONDON NEWS-REEL

by

EDWARD J. CARNELL.

To the initiated, there is a strong under-current of rumour and fact, that England is about to break forth into s-f fever, probably as great as it is in the States. In the absence of any governing body for s-f in this country, the leading fans are linked together by correspondence, and the news has gone round, officially, that in the near future England will have its own monthly s-f mag. Also, following this closely will be published the first fan mag. Details are at the moment a close secret as to the publishers of both.

The first English S.F.D. Chapter paper has just come out. Called "Novae Terrae" and compiled by members of the Muneaton squad, No. 12---Director Maurice Hanson. This paper isn't a bad effort, about half the size of ARCTURUS and dealing mainly with s-f publications in this country, although there are several interesting articles as well.

Going back to the new s-f mag, for moment, some of the old-timers may remember "Scoops" and the one or two other mags published here in the past. The new publication will be of similar format to the leading s-f mags, and definitely not like "Scoops".

Also in the news is the British Interplanetary Society who are making a big drive for new members before taking on big experiments in rocketry. This Society, who have on their governing board a celebrated list of famous men, is somewhat similar to the American Rocket Society. Mr Cleator, the President, is just publishing a book, called "Rockets Through Space," which will be on sale in your country soon and which should do very well received. I advocate to you by a copy as soon as you are able. I have read the advance press re-

ports of the book, and they are decidedly good.

The biggest thing that has hit London recently is Mr. Wells' film "Things to Come". It has caused a furor among the critics and is acclaimed the masterpiece of the age, not so much for the acting in it as for its technical side. "...Sheer triumphant filmcraft..." "...Remarkable technical feat..." "Tremendous, awe-inspiring and challengingly imaginative..." are but a few of the reports.

At the world premiere here, M. Louis Lumiere, who showed the first film in England in 1894, came specially from Paris to see it, and when it was over congratulated Mr. Wells and Alexandra Korda, saying that it was a realization and more, of what he had only dreamed of, years ago. The opening night was a riot of celebrities, which is an unusual occurrence for this country. (It's an unusual occurrence in any country to have celebrities rioting - Editor.) Having seen the film myself, on the second night, I can say that never have I been so carried away by a film before. The climax, which depicts a flight to the moon, made it well worth while being a s-f fan while the whole of the film makes one imagine that he is living in the future. We shall look forward to Mr. Wells' next two productions with the greatest anticipation, in fact, he couldn't write them quickly enough. Perhaps the movie moguls in Hollywood will have a go and bring us something like this.

Strangely enough, "Transatlantic Tunnel" was not a great success here and only had a short run at the Tivoli, Strand. I believe that it was more than well received in New York. However, that film was not so much science fiction as it was the depiction of an engineering feat.

LATE NEWS; Mar. 26, 1936: I met a number of the foremost English s-f fans last night, and we discussed many things, among them the new s-f and fan mags to come out. Concerning the professional magazine,



THE PRICES WILL BE seven pence or about 15¢, trimmed edges, same size as your mags. Not keen on running a S.F.L. yet, but will do so later if sufficient pressure is brought to bear upon them. I am not permitted to divulge the identity of the Editor or publishers, yet. Sorry. The reason is that they want to take no chances of having a spike put in their wheel by London rivals, or American agents.

The stories are going to be of the simpler variety at first, starting as your own did years ago, and nursing the readers through until they properly understand the type of stories that are being published in WONDER, AMAZING, ASTOUNDING. So they are accepting stories that don't deal with interstellar travel, something like first trip off the earth, etc. The Editor, himself knows nothing about s-f but we'll learn him.

A general discussion ensued in which Gernsback was unanimously denounced. John Russel Fearn was supposed to be present but couldn't make it, or we might have had some choice stories about his not being paid. Fearn is going to be the Editor of our Fan mag with the rest of us who were present at the meeting as authors and co-editors. Each is to cover a separate part of the States, with our correspondents.

Some other interesting items:

Our famous Professor Lowe is a fervent s-f fan (has now been made Vice-President of the B.I.S.) and he promises to get many titled people interested in s-f. So it certainly looks as though s-f in this country is going to get a big boost for a start.

Les Johnson does most of the hard work of the B.I.S. while Mr. Cleator, the President, gets the credit. 22, fair, well spoken, just taken up writing stories for the English publication, in collaboration with Russel. Has cushy job on Ministry of Health, Liverpool, and finds plenty of time for s-f activities. He's single.

Eric Russel is married. About 28 and 6'3". Tough, and has a humorous, forcefully character and an amazingly receptive mind for storing items, etc., about s-f. Can quote authors, stories, and anything one wants to know from memory. A sound lad, with some bright ideas for new s-f stories.

Walter Gillings is also married. About 27. Medium build, fair. Journalist, reporter or columnist, what you will. The most ardent s-f fan I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. Has been writing "On the Other Side of the Pond" for Fantasy for the last five years. In financing the fan magazine which is to follow the s-f mag.

The last fellow, Len Kippen, I found out very little about, in the short time at my disposal. He is an ardent enthusiast, about 30, quiet, well spoken, connected with several fans in America. Believe on of them, our little friend, Forrie.

By the way, I don't believe I mentioned that the new s-f mag will be on the stands in about eight weeks.

And one last remark: My apologies to Willy the Wisp, for stealing his thunder.

#### ADVERTISEMENT

#### ADVERTISEMENT

NEED WE SAY MORE ?

"...A pip!...A really nice job!"

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"...Promises a very bright future!"

--Claire P. Beck

"...Comparable to any O'Learyarn!"

--Forrest J. Ackerman

"...A lot of effort in this growing publication!... A pat on the back to the artist!"

--Philip Johnson

NO -- WE NEEDN'T

(But we will)

Just a few statistics:

Artists: Wm. Miller, Jr., Nils Frome, Erwin Lane.

Format: Mimeographed, with print just around the corner.

Content: Real scientifiction.

Authors here or on the way: Manning, Frome, Celtman, DuMont, Crane Haggard, Blish.

Price: 10¢ an issue.



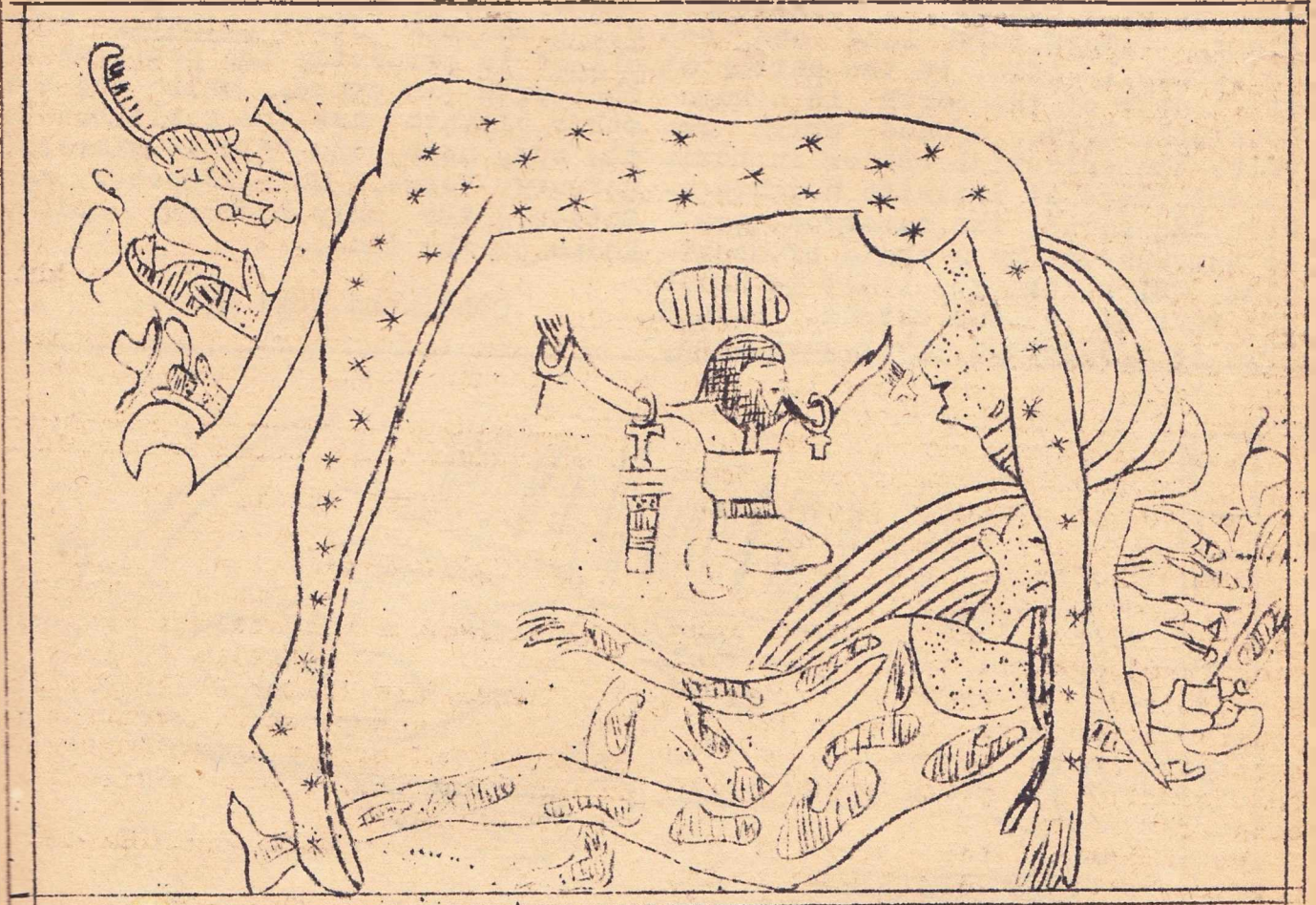
## CURIOUS COSMOLOGIES

by  
HAROLD W. KIRSHENBLIT

## II

A truly succulent bit of cosmology is provided us by the Egyptian thinkers of the Dawn of Civilization. They thought of the universe as a rectangular box, with the longer sides extending to the North and South. It is probable that the original form was that of a cube, but with the increase of Egyptian geo-

sun and other gods, was the celestial river, Ur-Nes, which flowed around the earth. The annual change of altitude of the sun was due to the ebb and flow of the Ur-Nes. "In the beginning, Heaven (Nuit) and earth (Sibu) rested in close embrace in the primordial water (Nun) On the day of creation, a new god, Shu, arose from the waters, seized with both hands the goddess, Nuit, and lifted her up. She now forms the star-strewn firmament, supporting herself on her hands and feet, the four pillars of the firmament. Though the starry body of the goddess extended in space - her head



graphical knowledge, it became apparent that this would not do, hence the altered idea. The ceiling of the world was flat, and supported by four pillars, or four lofty mountain peaks, at the cardinal points, which were connected by a continuous chain of mountains. On over the southern pillar; Thot presided over the ledge, a little below the top of these, carrying the boats of the that of the west and Sapdi ... over that of the east ... " (From Maspero



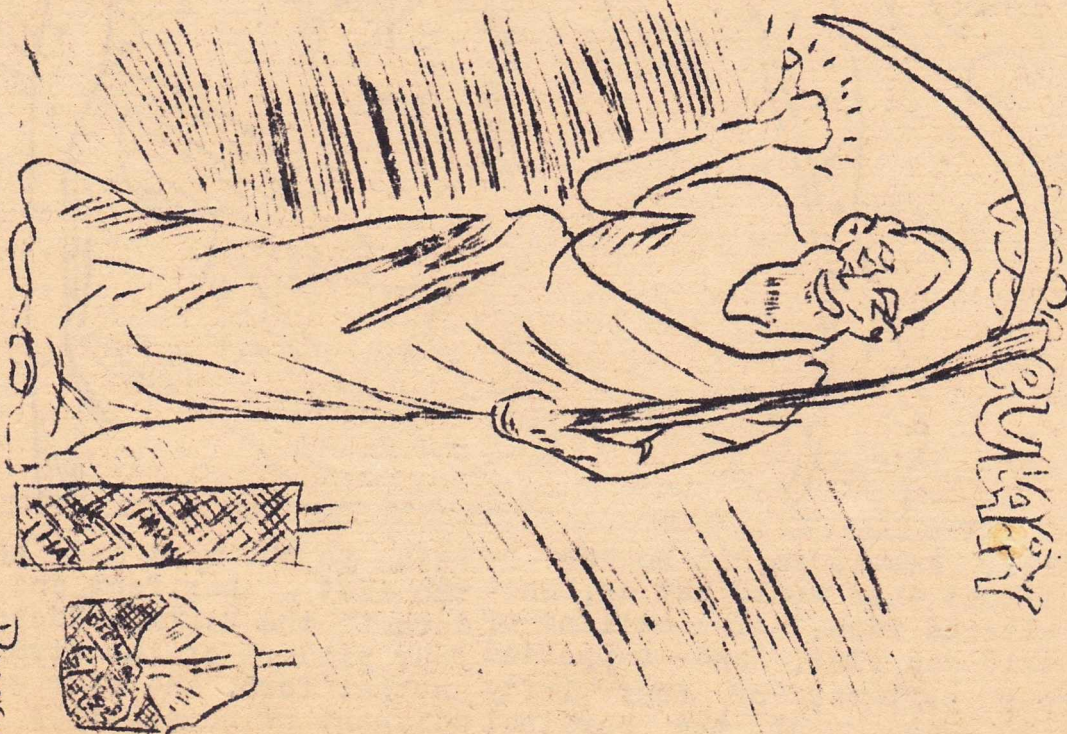
--"The Dawn of Civilization.") The four deities probably were represented by the stars Antares, Aldebaran, Regulus, and Formalhaut respectively. the Indian Hell. Above the earth, are six world-strata, and below it are seven infernal regions. The whole is enclosed in the Cosmic Egg, somewhat like ChuGhu.

Of early Indian astronomical philosophy, we know very little. They conceived of the universe as four-cornered and flat. The heaven above the earth was a solid vault to which the stars were fixed. In some portions of the Rigveda, mention is made of a firmament above the sky where the gods and the light abide. Two early Indian treatises give the world as flat, and made up of a number of concentric rings, alternately land and sea. The central isle is the earth; at the center of the earth is a huge mountain, Meru, around which revolve the celestial bodies in horizontal rings at definite heights above the earth. The outermost sea is surrounded by a chain of mountains which form the limit to which the rays of the sun extend. Beyond this is a deserted, ever-dark land.

We finish the first leg of our journey into the past with a brief account of the Zoroastrian cosmology, as shown by the "Avesta", the sacred Persian book. We find little of value here, one or two items about a world surrounded by a huge mountain, Ardriya, behind which all was darkness. Another gives us a notion of another mountain, Gir-Nagur, in the very center of the world, (i.e., universe) between our clima and six other clinata. "Our clima" is evidently the position of the earth in space, while the six other clinata are the positions of the sun, moon, and "fixed" stars, of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, the only heavenly bodies known at the time.

Continued Next Month.

TIME TRAVELLING



SCIENCE FICTION

Drucker - 36



READ 'EM

AND WEEP!

by

FREDERIK G. POHL

titled "The Chrysalis", and "The Cosmo Trap", by D.L. James is a workman-like yarn, even if the science is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever. Which leaves us Warner Van Lorne's "White Adventure" And we'd much rather it didn't.

Earl and Otto Binder rear their heads once more in this month's

AMAZING STORIES is picking up WEIRD TALES. "The Crystal Curse" is slightly. In comparison with their well done, but is too reminiscent of April issue, which was almost pure half a score others for unqualified hack, their latest is an agreeable enjoyment. Doctor Satan returns once surprise. Mr. Bob Olsen has rediscovered more with a chronicle of adventures covered the fourth dimension and beyond the River Styx, in "Beyond allowed one of his characters to Death's Gateway" by Paul Ernst, and use it in an operation on a man's Clark Ashton Smith has produced "The brain. But don't let that scare you Black Abbot of Puthum", a vehicle --the operation forms only a small-lending itself admirably to the ex-part of "The Isle of Juvenescence." exercise of his vocabulary. "The Black The story itself is eminently readable. Abbot" is very nearly the best story able, even if the plot does have a in the issue, being topped only by faint musty odor. Another enjoyable "The Graveyard Rats", a gruesome yarn is "Luvium Under the Sand," a little thing about a ghoul that gets sequel to "Luvium" which A.R. McKen-itself buried alive in a graveyard. zie wrote almost five years ago. You I believe Henry Kuttner, the author may remember that the original of the story, is a newcomer to fan-story ends more or less on a note tastic fiction. He is certainly a of interrogation -- e.g., the hero find, if so. The fourth installment failed to get the girl. Well, "Luv- of "The Hour of the Dragon," Howard's ium Under the Sand" removes all latest Conan story, measures up to doubts on the ultimate outcome. The expectations and even exceeds them. remainder of the issue is nothing As a matter of fact, Howard has yet to write home about, though, except to write a poor story. The last sto-for a poem by Julia Boynton Green. ry in the magazine worthy of mention

ASTOUNDING STORIES still leads is "In the World's Dusk", by Edmond the pack, although falling short of Hamilton. If you demand science with its own record of a year ago. Their young science fiction, you will not new serial, "Spawn of Eternal enjoy this story. Otherwise it's Thought" doesn't appear to be fairly good.

a world-beater. Still, you cannot The last WONDER STORIES to be is-sometimes always tell about the sued under the Gernsback banner con-brothers Binder. They have surprised tains one good story and one fair us more than once by transforming one, a decided improvement over past proxy beginning into an interest-performances. The very good story is holding finale. On the other hand "The Imperfect Guess" by Philip Bar-"At the Mountains of Madness", H.P. Schofsky. Satires like this have been Lovecraft's latest tale, has built all too rare of late. "The Emotion itself up to an awful letdown. First Gas" by George F. Gatter is the only it is neither science fiction, nor other decent work in the issue. ON-anything remotely resembling it, and DER STORIES would have done better, secondly, I read the magazine for to concentrate on the more humorous enjoyment, not to cure insomnia. On aspect of science fiction, to judge the whole, the short stories are far by the type of their best stories, the best part of the magazine.

P. Schuyler Miller has turned in a good, if somewhat vague, short en- CONSENSUS: ASTOUNDING, WEIRD, AMAZ-ING, WONDER, in that order.



## THE MEETING AFTER THE MEETING

by

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

The queer and honored custom known as the "Meeting After the Meeting" or sometimes merely as "The Second Meeting" is one of the oldest and most honored customs of science fiction groups meetings in New York. It began presumably back in ancient time, (stfically speaking). When ten or more years ago, groups of science fiction or weird fiction writers met in New York for an evening's chat, isolated groups of these men would stop off on the way home for a bite in a restaurant. That was the beginning.

The Scienceeers of five or more years ago, first really organized the Meeting after the Meeting in the form in which it has survived to the present day. There would be a meeting held at their usual home. The meeting would continue until about 11:00 P.M. or later. Then the members, leaving in a body for the subway station, would drop in en masse, to a soda fountain. There, ensconced behind tables in the rear each with his ice-cream soda before him, they would remain for sometimes an hour, chatting of this and that, hatching schemes and discussing s-f. Everybody that was at the meeting was at the second meeting also. For it was always as interesting as the first. Here there was informality and bantering. Here schemes and fun were planned. Here the actions of the future were laid out and worked out. (Hear, hear. - Editor)

The Scienceeers collapsed, after many struggles and trials. But the Meeting after ~~never~~ collapsed. The New York Branch of the I.S.A. from the very first day it held a meeting carried out the Second Meeting regularly. It made no difference, whether the first had been held in the afternoon or night, it made no difference whether they broke up at 6:30 or 11:00 P.M., straight to

their picked soda fount they sped, and held their Meeting after. Even the fellow whose house they met in, came along. Nobody misses the Second Meeting.

The first New York SFL observed the Meeting after religiously. In fact, all clubs that were successful followed the custom. The Brooklyn SFL didn't and as a result interest died off. The New York SFL (second edition) doesn't and it remains an unstable and inchoate body. The East New York never made that mistake. The Meeting after is observed rigidly, as the ILSF as well, and the ILS gets along as well as did the SNYSFL.

What difference does it make that we all get refreshments at K.B.'s house during the meeting? (K.B.-Abbr. Kirshenblit - Editor.) Comes 11 or 12 P.M. and off we go to Piv's to congregate in the back over fraps and sodas, and discuss the SFL, the ILS, and Ghuchuism. Here was Ghuchu's Holy Calendar invented; here the Sacred Ghibble is read reverently; here the ILSF gets friendly and confidential and strengthens its foundations. In months past the ILS and SPW held away over these meetings, but regardless of what, the Meeting after the Meeting remains a firm tradition of science fiction fandom.

## NEWS BULLETIN - SLIGHTLY COLD.

The Albany S.F.L. has resigned from the S.F.L. and gone over to the I.L.S.F. Whether or not the new chapter will be granted charter is not known as yet.

## NEWS BULLETIN - SOMEWHAT COLDER

The I.L.S.F. has given up its mimeographing machine for the time being. This is the reason for the lateness of the present issue. The issue is being mimeographed by the I.S.A., and may be printed within the next two issues.



## WHITHER SCIENCE FICTION?

by

FREDERIK G. POHL, IWG

Science Fiction is a glorious branch of literature. We all know that. "But why," we ask ourselves tearfully, "but why must our beloved and revered editors play hob with our finer sensibilities? Why must they substitute wishy-washy pastels for the glaring reds and blinding blues and ghastly greens we have come to love?"

We may not use just those words, but this querulous query is always uppermost in our minds. Even the world-famous PAUL has betrayed us. By actual count of the three latest covers which he has graciously consented to illustrate for his clamoring public, only two required smoked glasses to view. If this deplorable state of affairs continues what will happen to the glass industry of our fair country? Statistics show that paintings of outer space colored black instead of the customary violet or brown (or in the case of the ASTOUNDING, green) reduces the sale of ocular apparatus by a full twenty per cent among s-f fans.

Nor is that all. Our authors, whose reliability we had never previously questioned, have also sacrificed solid conventionality to a tawdry novelty. In a nationwide survey conducted by the editorial staff of ARCTURUS, it was found that of six hundred and twentythree writers interviewed, but six hundred and twelve used the cliché to the exclusion of other types of phraseology. Certain of the more subversive elements have repeatedly and without cause written lines ... whole paragraphs even! in which the heroine (Toots to you) is not suddenly laid low by cancer or leprosy or cosmetic skin for which her male equivalent at the crucial moment develops an antitoxin. These same elements, with whose names it is best not to sully the purity of these pages, have bent every effort to twist and distort the well defin-

ed paths of glory as pointed out by Messiah Gernsback in his "Suggestions to Authors" into new and hideous roads.

This is indeed deplorable. Are we to be forced to endure new Plots? Is our beloved premiere character of Science Fiction, the oviparous yet mammalian Martian princess, to be relegated to extinction? Are we no longer to read with bated breath of the exploits of space buccaneer extraordinary Black Lem Gullible?

Shall we nevermore gasp in a vicarious struggle for breath as we follow the adventures of the hero condemned (unjustly) to extinction in space?

No! A thousand times, no!

In order to combat the rapid spread of this evil there has been formed an organization known as the Gay Pay Oo Tagenblatt Internationale. This really divine sorority was founded (God give us strength to refrain from making a horrible pun as "founded in the street") by a group of died-in-the-wool s-f fans for the purpose of returning science fiction to its primordial state of completely hackneyed writing. (If any of you readers, I hope, fail to see how a thing can be both primordial and hackneyed at one and the same time, just skip it. It's persons like you who stunt the growth of individualism in writing in this country.)

Are you with us? Then join the Gpoti. Remember, science fiction is teetering off the edge of a precipice. Our duty lies clear before us:

GET BEHIND SCIENCE FICTION AND --

PUSH !