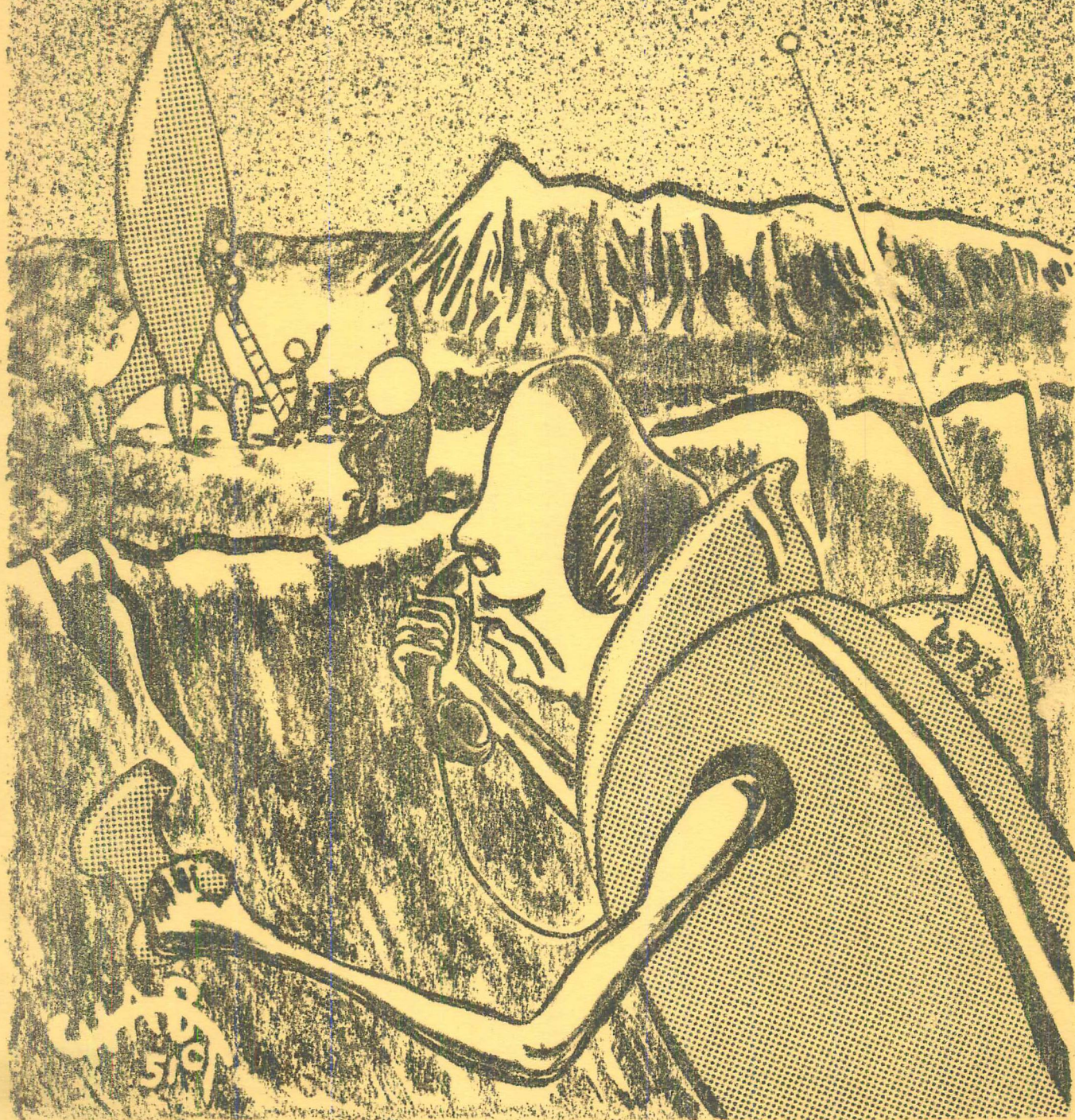


# asmodeus

fall 1951

15 cents









# Asmodeus

combined with GARGOYLE

number two -- Fall 1951

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# Flibbertigibbetings

As you may have noticed, this issue is a bit late, about a year. If you're curious as to what happened I'll list the major difficulties in order of their occurrence: lack of good material; merger with GARGOYLE (which cleared up problem one for the time being but created a number of new difficulties); lethargy of the editors; inability to use the mimeo machine which we had planned to use; search for another machine; stencils being locked in a closet, for safekeeping, in the office in which the mimeo machine we had originally planned to use was located; inability to open said closet; trying to get in contact with person who had key to said closet; etc., and so on.

But in spite of all difficulty, hardship, and disappointment, thru thick and thin by toil and trouble, we finally got ASMODEUS #2 out. And as Cicero said, "The greater the difficulty, the greater the glory." Three cheers and two beers!

Opinions about this issue will be most welcome. Suggestions as to changes, improvements, etc., will be disregarded. This magazine is produced solely for the gratification of the editors. If you like ASMODEUS we agree with your fine taste. If you don't like ASMODEUS we're sorry. Beyond that we're indifferent. If every magazine, professional or amateur, adjusted its policy to suit its readers we would have a batch of common denominator mags with the same authors, the same illustrators, the same departments, ad nauseum. If you don't like ASMODEUS learn to like it or don't buy it!

Looking over the pages that have already been run off, I feel that this issue is a pretty good job of mimeography. There is a bit of show-through but that's mainly due to the ink we're using. This issue is being run off by Henry Chabot at his place of em-

ployment, I suppose he should get some sort of credit. A few typos escaped us in the proof-reading, mainly homonyms, don't blame the author if such is the case; it's just my absent-minded typing. Enough of trivialities.

You might notice that one of the characters in Henry Steiner's story goes by the name of the author. "This was not egotism," Steiner claims, "I did it that way for effect."

By the bye, the cover drawing, which was put on stencil by a new electronic method, is by Chabot.

The next issue is scheduled to appear at about Thanksgiving, this year. We have some good material on hand including a terrific story by Ray Clancy and a fine article on Lycanthropy. However we don't have enough to fill up an issue of this size, and we have no stock for future issues. Therefore good people I am requesting contributions; stories, poems, articles, essays, and what have you. We have no fixed policy, material need not be restricted to subjects directly related to Science-fiction, Fantasy, or the Weird. Needless to say there will be no payment for accepted material except a copy of the issue in which your work appears.

In the next issue we will also start a letter department. Letters received on any topic which happen to strike the editors' fancy will be published.

If anyone would like to correspond with this half of the editorial staff, the address is 1475 Townsend Ave. New York 52, N. Y.

Lastly I would like to thank Joel Markman and Mort Paley for their slight, but helpful, assistance. I'd also like to thank my brother Irwin whose continued insistence that ASMODEUS, fandom, and Science-fiction is a waste of time increased my determination to get this damn issue out.

— Alan H. Pesetsky



# Gargurplings

A lot of water has gone under the bridge since the last Gargurplings appeared in GARGOYLE #1 a year ago. To all practical intents and purposes, GARGOYLE is no more; however, Gargoyle Press is far from dead, and is now in the process of producing publications which will contain better material and artwork than a certain widely-distributed and much-touted professional magazine; we regret that we have been unable to obtain enough CHAMPION KROMENOTE COVER STOCK to make our triumph complete. We will try to compensate for this disability by attending to such minor considerations as the quantity and quality of the material used.

Without malice aforethought, we would like to point out to the stalwart adherents of Dianetics the not inconsequential fact that a number of leading Dianeticists (including the discoverer of this 'mental science' and the editor who gave the fad its initial impetus) have been subject to such personal disturbances as were guaranteed a swift cure by these same promulgators of Dianetics, and which cannot be traced to the harassing of government psychiatrists, enemy spies, or flying saucers. This fact may perhaps be taken as an editorial judgement on all such people who run about claiming that everyone who has not had the benefit of their preposterous treatment is aberrant. It seems to us to be merely a matter of the learned physician being unable to cure himself.

On the subject of this year's World Science Fiction Convention: It will be of great interest to this editor to discover whether there were both WHITE and COLORED entrances to the convention-hall this year, for the tenets of the sovereign state of Louisiana and the noble city of New Orleans strictly forbid the mingling of 'Caucasian and non-

Caucasian races' in such public buildings as are usually the sites of conventions. Just as a clinical study, let's review the case.

We know that the basis for the persecution, discrimination, and segregation of and against the Negro in the Southern U. S. is an economic one. It is profitable for the Southern bourgeoisie (if we may borrow a work from the Marxist lexicon) to oppress the Negro and other minority groups. The only way in which to fight this racist fascism is to make it extremely unprofitable for the South to pursue this racist policy.

Cities like Miami Beach and New Orleans derive a sufficient sum from the tourist trade (which includes the many convention dollars spent, not at the auction, but on such relative nonessentials as food and lodging) to make them review with alacrity the necessity of maintaining feudal laws in the face of a serious decrease in this income. Therefore, we must look upon the South's financial dependency on the tourist trade as a weapon which democratic Americans from more enlightened sections of the country must use, as a club if need be, against the forces of bourgeois reaction and open fascism in the South.

Many progressives are foregoing the annual vacation-trip to Miami Beach, in the hope that this will graphically inform the business interests in the South who profit from such vacation-trips that democratic dollars shall not be spent to uphold the strengthen an undemocratic system.

It is up to the fans who will vote on future convention site to make sure that all fans will be able to have an equally good time, regardless of the racial, national, or religious differences that may be evident to the eye of a sovereign state or a noble city.

—Michael DeAngelis



EDITORS NOTE: Beginning in this issue, we reprint some of the more famous articles from fandom's primitive phase. The first reprint, selected by Robert Silverberg, is an excerpt from Volume Five, Series Two, Part One, Chapter XIV of Daniel A. Walheim's

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF FANDOM\*

"In the last chapter we detailed the growth of fandom during the sudden boom of 1953, when war restrictions on paper were unexpectedly lifted after perfection of the Sykora process for making high-grade pulp out of old fanzines. The resultant flood of paper was such that, despite the exigencies of the war, there was too much to go around.

Ziff-Davis immediately expanded AMAZING STORIES to its former 276 pages, and elevated AMAZING ADVENTURES to promag status. Popular Publications revived the A. MERRITT FANTASY MAGAZINE, and also introduced six new magazines: FAMOUS ARGOSY CLASSICS, FAMOUS CLASSICS OF ARGOSY, ARGOSY'S GREATEST FANTASY MAGAZINE, FAMOUS FANTASTIC ARGOSY STORIES, ARGOSY NOVELS MAGAZINE, and MUNSEY MASTERPIECES. These were originally devoted to ARGOSY stories, but the supply disappeared within a year and it was found necessary to use reprints of stories written by the Futurian Club between 1941 and 1943. This supply had not dwindled in the six years intervening.

Standard revived SCIENCE WONDER STORIES, which was edited jointly by Sam Merwin and Hugo Gernsback. All other publishing companies entered the science fiction field when COLLIERS left the general field and became RAY BRADBURY'S FANTASY MAGAZINE; in late 1952 it was the 63 promag on sale.

\*copyright 1977 by the NFFF

At the same time, the fan magazines were expanding rapidly. Your writer once again became active in the fanzine field, turning Avon's OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES into a mimeographed fanzine with a hekto comic insert. About the same time Forrest Ackerman shocked the world by announcing: "I have made enough money as a fantasy agent; having no more desire to earn money I am turning my authors over to Scot Meredith and will revive Voice of the Imagi-Nation".



Then in spring of 1954, the picture changed rapidly. The cold war became painfully hot when an atom bomb exploded over Queens, totally obliterating the Sykora home. Since the Mikado of Long Island had neglected to make public his secret for making paper, it died with him and the pulps felt the pinch again.

Popular Publications' seven ARGOSY-reprint magazines folded first, whereupon the eight surviving Futurians enlisted in the army. Your writer spent four consecutive days reading nothing but promags, whereupon he damaged his eyesight to such an extent that he was again deferred.

OTHER WORLDS, which, by this time, was a 50¢ weekly, folded



next, followed by **AMAZING STORIES**. When these two passed away, Roger Graham leaped from the upper parapet of the Ziff-Davis building. Fandom mourned his untimely passing.



Within a few months there were hardly any magazines left. **ASTOUNDING** came out for six months in a corrugated-cardboard edition 100 pages, 3x5, and then folded, to reappear a year later as **THE AUDITOR'S MONTHLY JOURNAL**.

The Futurian Group, nine magazines edited by Cyril Cornbluth, S. D. Gottesman, Kenneth Falconer, Cecil Corwin, and Damon Knight, were next to fold when the editors joined the Marines. Other Futurians entering the army were Wilfred Owen Morley, Paul Dennis Lavond, Hugh Raymond, Lawrence Wood, Mallory Kent, Millard Verne Gordon, and Martin Pearson. The only members of the club not in the armed service were Robert Loondes and Daniel Walheim.

Within another week, Hugo Gernsback joined the army and his three magazines, including the revived **AIR WONDER STORIES**, were dead. Fandom was reduced to three magazines after sixty had folded.

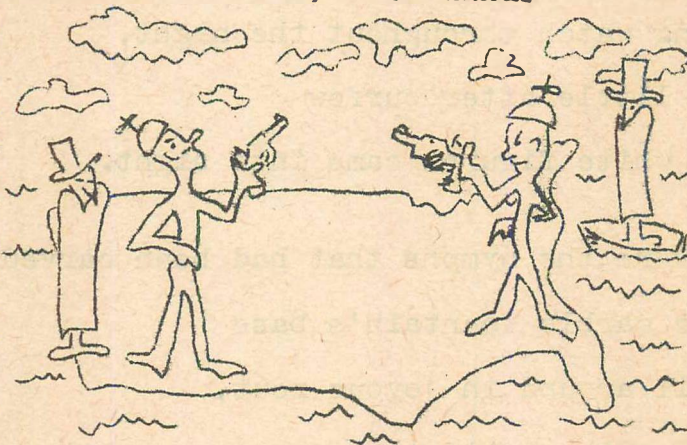
The three were **OTHER WORLDS** (now appearing every ten days printed on Ray Palmer's old photographs); **FUTURE COMBINED WITH SCIENCE FICTION COMBINED WITH WORLDS BEYOND COMBINED WITH SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY COMBINED WITH FUTURIAN NEWS COMBINED WITH FANTASY-TIMES** (edited by Loondes and printed in the blank backs of accepted Futurian manuscripts);

and the third magazine was **MARVEL TALES** which had returned to its prewar policy as used on the December 1939 and May 1940 issues, and was now printed on asbestos.

There was only one fanzine left after the confiscation of mimeograph machines by the local commissars! Laney's revived **Acolyte** which thrived solely on reprinting the fictional work of August Derleth and Red Boggs.

**Cosmic Circle Commentator** folded when Delger was awarded a medal by Vishinsky for "excellent collaboration", whereupon Delger died of embarrassment. John York and John Chrisman attempted to carry on the magazine but were unsuccessful.

Fandom had entered its lowest days. It now existed only as an underground organization which passed around copies of the three promags and the fanzine from hand to hand.



New York received the Tenth World Convention by default, and a small group met in 1955 in Queens on the former site of the Sykora home. Unfortunately for the New York fans, the site was still radioactive.

Los Angeles immediately set up a rival convention under the supervision of Sam Moskowitz, and this was followed by the assassination of five members of **LASFA** during a backstage argument.

The part that fandom played in leading the Counter-Revolution, the part that the New York fan played in fighting the First Mutational War, and the eventual setting up of the World State under the leadership of Rick Sneary, will be treated upon in following chapters."

----- end excerpt -----



## THE PAGAN FOUNTAIN

Those who rose at dawn found footprints  
All around the fountain's edge,  
Small wet footprints had trod lightly  
Ending at the marble ledge.

They thought some child had waded there,  
Slipped beneath the lily leaves,  
They sought in vain, but not a trace  
Of child, of elves, or of thieves.

And then one hid amid the flowers  
Keeping watch throughout the night,  
And a little after curfew  
Small white figures came into sight.

They were the nymphs that had been carved  
On the marble fountain's base  
And all around in joyous rout,  
Danced with captivating grace.

When the last star paled in the sky  
And the morning wind blew chill,  
They danced back on the lily leaves;  
Once more were carvings, cold and still.

— Isabelle Dinwiddie



"To sail? To venture out on the water?  
"Man, you are crazed — the demons —  
"Are squeezing your brains, and the juice  
"Runs out of your eyes, invisible,  
"But we know it is there.  
"No man has ventured on the great water.  
"No man will go.  
"Come, brothers, let us leave this fool—  
"And polish the stones for our spears."

— Raymond L. Clancy

#### THE SOWER

(From Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer)

My life is like an untilled field;  
At my touch the flowers wither;  
Still, before my fatal trail,  
Someone sows the bane and bale  
That I must gather.

— Translated by  
Clark Ashton Smith



# ABOUT

# C. A. SMITH

Clark Ashton Smith was born on January 13, 1893, in Long Valley, California, of Norman-French Huguenot and English Cavalier ancestry. He springs from titled lineage, being the descendent of Norman-French counts and barons and Lancashire baronets and Crusaders. His paternal grandfather, a wealthy millowner of Lancashire, married into the old noted Ashton family, one of whom was beheaded for implication in the Gunpowder Plot. His mother's family, Gaylords, came to New England in 1630; their name was originally Gaillard, and, being Huguenots, they fled from France at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settling in Devonshire, where the name was Anglaicised.

This varied ancestry may account for C. A. Smith's lifelong record as a rebel and a non-conformist. He is wholly self-educated, apart from five years in the grammar grades. He was offered a Guggenheim scholarship but refused it, preferring to conduct his own education.

Smith began to write fiction at the age of eleven, and verse at thirteen. His first book of poetry, THE STAR-TREADER AND OTHER POEMS, published in 1912 at the age of 19, caused him to be hailed by critics as a youthful prodigy superior to Bryant, Chatterton, and Rossetti. Its publication, however, was followed by 8 years of ill-health: a nervous breakdown and inceptent tuberculosis. Throughout this



harrassing period he wrote the poems for EBONY AND CRYSTAL, which have been compared to Hugo and Baudelaire.

Smith was a close friend of the late George Sterling. A member of the Lovecraft Circle, he came in contact with such lights of the science-fantasy world as Donald Wandrei, Frank Belknap Long, E. Hoffman Price, Robert E. Howard, and, of course, he was a close friend and correspondent of Lovecraft himself. HPL's verse addressed to Smith may be found elsewhere in this issue.

When past 35, Smith recommenced the writing of weird fiction, with THE END OF THE STORY, which was published in WEIRD TALES in 1928. This fantasy set in the mythical land of Averroigne which is as well known to the fantasy reader as Lovecraft's Arkham, was an immediate success, and more of his work began to appear in WEIRD TALES and other fantasy magazines. Smith's verse and prose has appeared in 40 or 50 magazines, such as THE YALE REVIEW, LONDON ACADEMY, MUNSEY'S PHILLIPINE MAGAZINE, LONDON MERCURY, ASIA, WINGS, POETRY, THE LYRIC WEST, BUCCANEER, WEIRD TALES, AINSLEE'S, TEN STORY BOOK, LIVE STORIES, THE WANDERER, THE RECLUSE, THE THRILL BOOK, AMAZING STORIES, WONDER STORIES, ASTOUNDING STORIES, STRANGE TALES, THE SONNET, INTERLUDES, MENKEN'S SMART SET, and STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES. He also contributed generously to such amateur publications as THE PHANTAGRAPH, THE FANTASY FAN, FANTASY MAGAZINE, etc..

Not satisfied with the printed word as a fantasy medium, Smith is a painter and sculptor whose outré and exotic carvings and paintings have been exhibited in San Francisco. His paintings have been rated above those of Odilon Redon, the celebrated French symbolist, and have drawn high praise from Parisian art reviewers. His sculptures, mostly carved from strange and unusual minerals, have



been compared to pre-Columbian art, and have found numerous purchasers. Having shown his excellence in English prose and poetry, he has written many poems in French and Spanish, and has translated some French and Spanish poetry into English, notably that of Baudelaire. Smith's Baudelaire translations have been included in an anthology of THE FLOWERS OF EVIL privately printed by The Limited Editions Club of New York with numerous illustrations by Jacob Epstein, the famous London sculptor and artist.

Although his artistic accomplishments smack of an ivory-tower existence, Clark Ashton Smith has not led the sheltered life that some of his more idyllic prose might hint of. In addition to his four arts, he was a journalist for several years, and has worked on and off at several manual occupations; he has picked and packed fruit, has chopped firewood, has typed bills, has mixed and poured cement, and has been a gardener, a hard-rock miner, mucker, and windlasser.

After 1943, less and less of Smith's work appeared in the magazines, and there was some fear that his talent might be neglected in favor of such rising stars as Ray Bradbury, A. E. van Vogt, Fritz Leiber Jr., etc.. Previous to 1942, the only collection of Smith's tales was THE DOUBLE SHADOW AND OTHER FANTASIES, which was privately published in a limited edition, and which was soon well-nigh unobtainable. In 1942, however, ARKHAM HOUSE chose as their third publishing project a collection of Smith's work which was called OUT OF SPACE AND TIME. This was followed in 1944 by a second collection, LOST WORLDS, and by a third in 1948 entitled GENIUS LOCI AND OTHER TALES. A fourth collection, THE ABOMINATIONS OF YONDO, has been scheduled by ARKHAM HOUSE for 1951 or 1952, and a collection of Smith's best poetry is due in the not-too-distant future from that concern.



At the present, Smith is confining himself to poetry, concentrating especially on Spanish poems and translations of Spanish poets. There is, however, 12,000 words of an unfinished novel waiting to be finished, and we can only hope that this gem of weird-fantasy (a truly great weird novel is rare; this novel beginning seems to have all the qualifications) will soon be finished and published.

Thus ASMODEUS salutes a master of fantasy. However, no better tribute to C. A. Smith can be made than that which the late George Sterling wrote:

"Because he has lent himself the more innocently to the whispers of his subconscious daemon, and because he has set those murmers to purer and harder crystals than we others, by so much the the longer will the poems of Clark Ashton Smith endure."

---

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TO CLARK ASHTON SMITH, ESQ.

A time-black tower against dim banks of cloud;  
Around its base the pathless, pressing wood.  
Shadow and silence, moss and mold, enshroud  
Grey, age-felled slabs that once as cromlechs stood.  
No fall of foot, no song of bird awakes  
The lethal sisles of sempiternal night,  
Tho' oft with stir of wings the dense air shakes,  
As in the tower there glows a pallid light.

For here, apart, dwells one whose hands have wrought  
Strange eidola that chill the world with fear;  
Whose graven runes in tones of dread have taught  
What shapes beyond the star-gulfs lurk and leer.  
Dark Lord of Averroigne — whose windows stare  
On pits of dream no other gaze could bare!

— H. P. Lovecraft



## THE CUP-BEARER

(To Clark Ashton Smith)

The light of other worlds is in his eyes,  
His voice is like a sunken temple chime,  
And many a moon that sings before it dies  
Has heard him in the catacombs of time.

Such souls come only when the cycles close,  
When the dark wine of ages mellowed long,  
Blends terribly the tiger and the rose,  
Seraph and satyr, savagery and song.

Such souls come only when the dreamer wakes  
Alone beneath a decomposing sky,  
Before the dream dissolves in crystal flakes  
To hold new lamps for gods to travel by.

And just before the old dream turns to dust  
He holds again the dark, delirious grail,  
The lethean wine of loveliness and lust  
Of tenderness and terror—— should he fail.

The dream would vanish and the wavering world  
Shorn of its wonder, shaken to the core,  
Back to the Never-Has-Been would be hurled——  
Sing with him softly, lest you sing no more.

—— Lilith Lorraine



FOR CLARK ASHTON SMITH

Sage courtesan of Elder lands,  
Who heard the mage's wispered rune  
That floated to the horned moon,  
Where dance the swirling sarabands  
Of maleficient chimerae;  
And hearing, scribe with silver pen,  
and wizard's ink of iridescent fire,  
Such songs as stir the hearts of men  
Who struggle and despair in Life's black mire.

— Michael DeAngelis



TO CLARK ASHTON SMITH

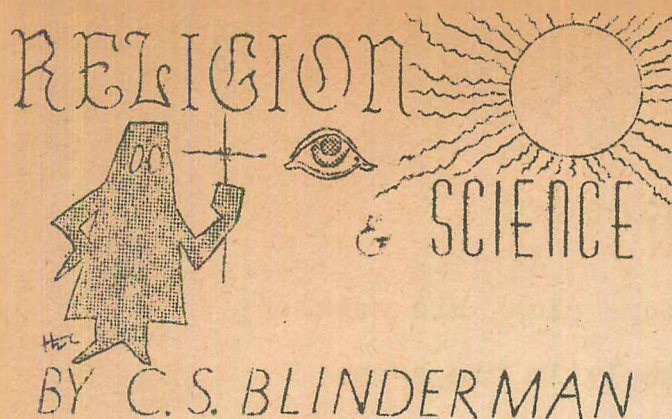
I think quicksilver leaps along his veins,  
And if you look too deeply in his eyes,  
You'll see behind the ice-thin laughter there  
The smouldering glimpse of fateful sorceries.

I think that if you listen while he speaks  
You'll catch a foreign accent on his tongue,  
That hints a language built of stars and wine  
A syntax all with fiery jewels strung.

I think that if you miss him some dark night  
You should not be surprised or wonder where  
He's gone; look up, Arcturus greenly burns—  
Do you not see him on that shining stair?

— Evelyn Thorne





Doubt is faith in the main; but  
faith on the whole is doubt.  
We cannot believe by proof; but  
could we believe without?

—Swinburne, "The Higher  
Pantheism in a Nutshell."

Religion has failed to throw off the shackles of magic and mysticism which were essential in its incipient stage and which also characterized inchoate scientific studies. However, whereas science has had investigators who realized that the burden of superstition would have to be discarded before the discipline could progress, the important men in religion have been those who clarified and elaborated upon the rituals; science has evolved from Ptolemaic geocentricity to the determination of the Solar System in our galaxy, while religion, wherever it has attempted to find truth, has been singularly unfruitful. Today we recognize the fact that religion held a very important position in the mind of primitive man who, unable to cope with the impersonal forces of an antagonistic nature, had to invent gods in his image to give him some semblance of comfort, some reason for his existence. The primitive man had little time to rationalize and philosophize about his milieu, its benevolence or malevolence; he was concerned almost totally with survival and self-preservation and in his wish for an opportunity to appeal to nature he invested humanoid qualities to the objects

of nature. Animism, the first attempt by man to embrace religion, induced rocks and rivers, stones and stars, with the feeling of humans: in his nature-worship, the unsophisticated savage believed he could placate the angry emotions of the spirits which permeated the objects. At this early stage of religious development, the attributes of the spirits did not give it creative or transcendental powers; there was little theology, the belief itself was morphologically held together by faith in the efficacy of obeying taboos. As man developed in thought, and had time for meditating, he extended animism by investing the spirits with personality.

The rituals of animism developed into the polytheism of the Greeks and Romans. The deities were still not creative or transcendental; no external God began the machinations of the universe or operated to control its activities. Religion had progressed, for now there was a hierarchy of gods with specific ceremonies to appease them; The Olympian gods controlled the motion of the planets and other heavenly bodies while the Fates wove the web of human destiny. At the time of the growth of polytheism, which gave poets a bountiful harvest of symbolism, and within the sphere of the Mediterranean world, another religion was taking form; Jupiter and his minions were deposed in favor of the terrible God Yahweh: Monotheism had arrived.

Monotheistic supernaturalism did not discard the magic and mysticism of the primitive and Grecian religions; it elaborated on the rituals and invented a transcendental, omnipotent God who created the world and man in it for predetermined purposes. The Yahweh of the Hebrews became the God of the Christians and direct communication between a supplicant and his God was disavowed in favor



of a "middleman"; i. e., the priests of Greece and Rome were now established as an integral, powerful section whose decisions influenced potently the moral nature of the Christian community, Christianity by necessity has to adopt many of the characteristics of pagan religions; e. g., the adoption of the Teutonic pine trees to represent the birth of Christ and the use of the Zoroastrian Ahriman to account for the evil in the world. The beauty of a Phoebus driving the sun-chariot across the sky, of a Pygmalion exploring the possibilities of creating an ideal woman, and the other fascinating stories of mythology had degenerated into a belief in a single vengeful, jealous God who would not or could not prevent certain unfortunate mortals from spending eternity in an awful Hell. There have been atavistic tendencies and retrograde movements, but monotheistic supernaturalism has shown itself the dominant religious type and has exerted its power to keep itself supreme by attempting to stifle free scientific investigation

In the search for the truth, religions have maintained that their particular method of achieving salvation is the only valid one; the fights among the various religious faiths have manifested themselves in religious wars and persecutions. the battle between religion and science was carried on in a subtle manner; there were no wars to the death between opposing armies and little blood was spilled as a direct result. From various heathen religions, early Christianity adopted the belief that diseases were due to the influence of demons; Church leaders discouraged the elaboration of the theory that sicknesses were due to natural causes, advising their subjects to cure diseases by supernatural supplication rather than by resort to the knowledge

of physicians. This "pastoral medicine" did not disappear with the advent of successful medical methods: it is still extant in the practices of the Christian Scientists.

In its advice to use relics and charms to drive away the evil spirits, the Church ignored investigations that showed the bones to be those of criminals rather than of martyrs, of goats rather than men; the pecuniary aggrandizement immanent in sale of the relics which were supposed to have magical healing power outweighed the obvious falsities, and so it is easy to understand why those pontiffs who accrued large revenues by the sale of relics opposed the rise of medical science which undermined their interests. Although those practising surgery fell into disrepute because of the Church's declaration against dissection (and therefore against physiology and anatomy) of the human body, the hypocrisy of Churchmen is illustrated in their insistence on calling in those very surgeons whom they had previously declaimed. Anatomical dissection, as performed by Vesalius, showed fallacies in the reports of Galen, and brought the forces of ecclesiasticism against the surgeons. Eventually, the rites of the Church Fathers were found to be insufficient, and biological investigation advanced to culminate in the work of Harvey and Pasteur.

The impediments placed in the path of biological advance is typical of what the Church has done in its efforts to keep man from exploiting his intelligence and faculties. In its long history, the Church has left a trail of unsurpassed ignorance, forcing men to perjure themselves and recant their discoveries, and a trail of unexcelled misery, when insane persons were horribly tortured to drive out the demons that were held responsible for their



mental illness; its tactics during the medieval ages should be carefully studied, for if it is given the chance to rise to its former position of pre-eminence, there can be no question that retardation of scientific progress would once again be one of its major aims. Bertrand Russell claims that "... although theology still tries to interfere in medicine where moral issues are supposed to be specially involved, yet over most of the field of battle for the scientific independence of medicine has been won."\*; still, if we pick up today's newspaper we find that the teaching of the doctrine of evolution is prohibited in Tennessee; that movies like "Human Growth" cannot be shown to a large public audience because the Roman Catholic Church believes that sex education should be taught by the family and the pastorate--both institutions having been found misinformed and unqualified, by incomparable Churchian logic it is assumed that they are the best vehicles for imparting such information. A third example of how the Catholic Church has extended its power beyond its domain is perhaps the most insidious one, for it degrades Catholics and presents a danger to society. The insistence that its subjects (i.e., the church's) breed freely has given the penal institutions the largest number of white criminals relative to other sects; those Catholic parents who make a subsistence wage and yet have to support a dozen children are advised by their priests not to practice atheistic birth-control methods since this is contrary to Church doctrine. The detrimental sociological effects of such dogma is obvious.

The intervention of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the ages in scientific fields is indicative of what the other organized religions would do had they the opportunity.

\* Religion and Science. (N. Y.: Henry Holt & Co., 1935) p. 112.

the resources and the necessary consolidated membership. For men to be able to tolerate the activities of religion, for religion to continue as an important part of human culture, radical changes must be made in its professed aims. The scientific revolution is a continuous process and every discovery made by the anthropologist and astronomer threatens another of Biblical doctrines, the foundation of Hebraic-Christian religion. We cannot have a "Victorian compromise" between the two great forces that shape our ideas and our civilization, for in the modern world where a Pope blesses both sides of a war and where scientists on both sides are using the same knowledge for reciprocal destruction, the annihilation of human society is in sight. A new religion is imperative, a religion that will recognize that only science can treat matters of fact, and that theology, as a way of feeling, as an esthetic impulse, has certain values which can be extracted from it to enrich the life of man.

Such a religion is naturalistic humanism. In this philosophy the positive value of religion is appreciated as a feeling which arises in man's intellect akin to that produced by poetry. Those experiences which give rise to the religious emotion of awe and profundity are valuable so long as they are not reputed to be observations of truths, so long as they do not threaten scientific investigation of natural phenomena. The exponents of humanism acknowledge the supremacy of science not solely as the only channel through which we can grasp the truth about man and the universe, but also as the guide which will emancipate us from the rule of superstition and naivete and which will provide the enlightenment essential for the fullest possible realization of man's potentialities.

--Charles S. Blinderman



## THE WALKER ON THE WIND

Above the dim and moonlit plain

A weary phantom walks,

Beyond the mist and driving rain,

The silent specter stalks.

He spoke to me, one moonless night,

When all was gray and dim,

And told me of the Phantom Folk

That walk the world's dark rim.

He spoke of lost, forgotten lands,

Whose people once had sinned,

Of cities lost in silent sands—

This Walker on the wind.

And now, when day burns grey and low

Upon the fading rim,

I seek my room, for who shall know

What walks upon the wind?

— Lin Carter



THE SLEEP OF THE CAYMAN

(From the Spanish of José Santos Chocano)

Enormous trunk the waters have dragged along,  
The alligator lies grounded on the strand,  
with spine that seems a rugged cordillera,  
With abysmal gullet and fromidable tail.

The sun enfolds him in a glowing aureole,  
With gleams that ripple over crest and armor—  
A monster of metal that reverberates  
The light in chameleon colors ever-changing.

Immobile like a sacred idol,  
Engirt with serried plates of compact steel  
He remains ecstatic and dark before the water,

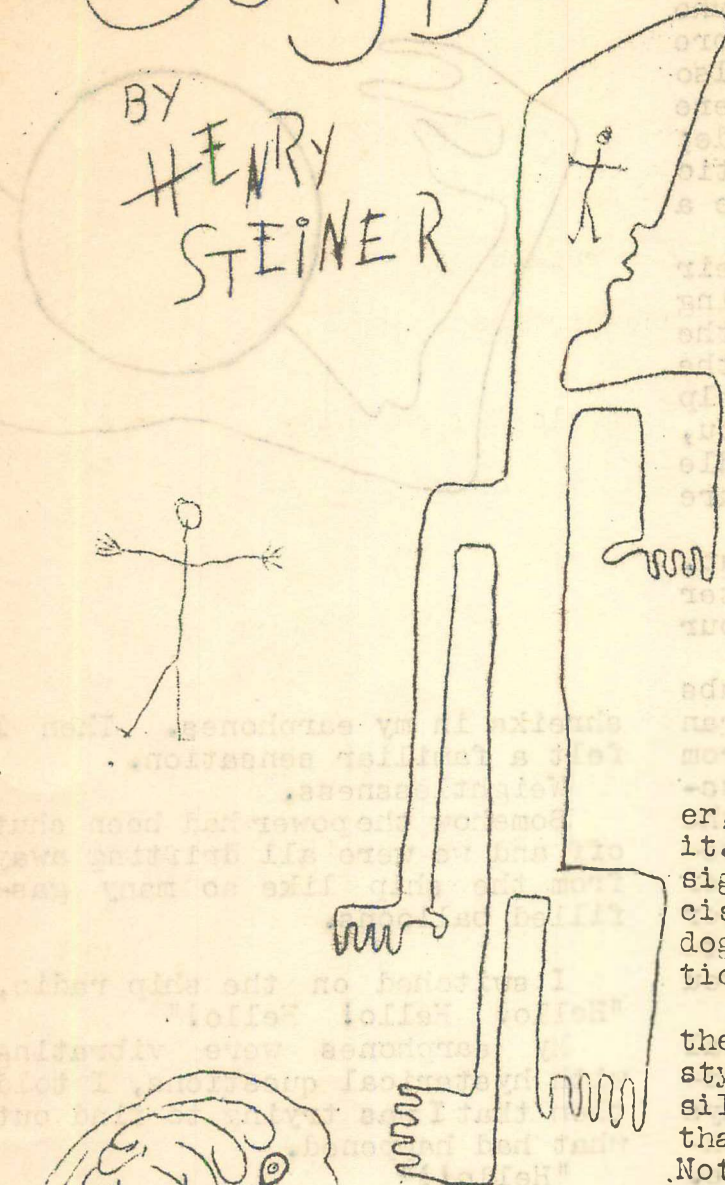
In the manner of some enchanted prince  
Who lives eternally a prisoner  
In the crystal place of a river.

—Translated by  
Clark Ashton Smith



# OUTSIDE ★

BY  
HENRY  
STEINER



Yeah, you could call me a bark-  
er, but there's another word for  
it. I cater to the tourists, the  
sightseers. When I'm not exer-  
cising my larynx I've got a watch-  
dog position in the computer sec-  
tion.

I was on the I. S. Celeste at  
the time; she was one of the old  
style tubs, not the kind of sleek  
silvery job with all conveniences  
that you see everywhere today.  
Not that she wasn't in perfect  
condition, but the Celeste was  
getting old and you can't afford  
to take chances with space ships.  
So we decided to take one more  
round trip to Alpha Centauri and  
scrap the Celeste.

Well, it's this last trip that  
I want to tell you about. Things  
were going smoothly, and we had  
no worries except for a meteor  
swarm we'd have to maneuver around.

We were about half way to Cen-  
taurus when the time came for me  
to give the passengers their first



taste of space.

They were the usual crowd, the kind that'll always travel space; the business man, the poet, the young couple who were going to join one of the colonies, the adventurer, the old woman who wanted to see the universe before she died. There were others, also the usual kind and there were the ones who didn't go outside; the kids, and those unromantic souls who were too busy to give a damn.

I saw to it that they got their space suits on without sitting on the helmets. I spotted the business man fumbling with the valves. When I offered to help him, he grumbled, "No thank you, I know very well how to handle these contraptions, I manufacture them!"

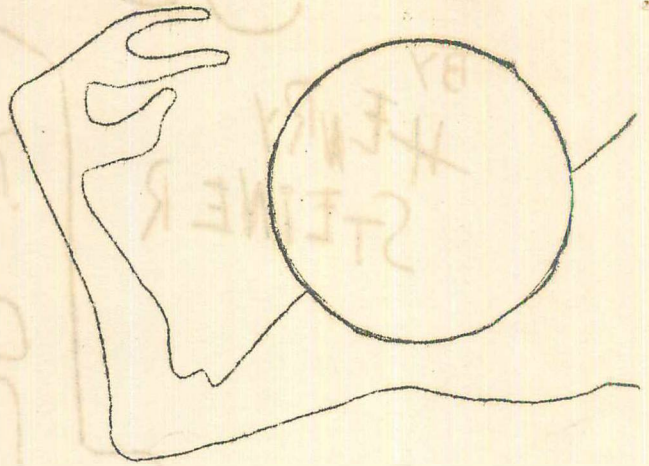
Soon they were all sealed up. We got into the airlock and after decompression we started the tour around the ship.

If you've studied the old tubs you know that the gravity line ran down the center of the ship from snout to butt, which made it possible for you to walk around the ship and, at the same time, repelled anything on or in front of the nose. This was our only meteor screen and it was pretty effective except when they came at you from the side.

The power for the artificial gravity was supplied by the plutonium pile, which in those days also supplied everything else including, of course, the drive. Sure, we knew about star-tension then, but we hadn't yet learned to utilize it completely.

Anyhow, they were all standing around on the hull, awed as I pointed out, "Alpha Centauri, our destination—Sol, man's origin," and the rest of the prepared spiel.

In the hull were several port-holes, and most of the passengers, especially the kids, were looking out at us, suddenly all of the lights went out. I heard some



shreiks in my earphones. Then I felt a familiar sensation.

Weightlessness.

Somehow the power had been shut off and we were all drifting away from the ship like so many gas-filled balloons.

I switched on the ship radio, "Hello! Hello! Hello!"

My earphones were vibrating with hysterical questions, I told them that I was trying to find out what had happened.

"Hello!!"

"That you?"

"Steiner, for god's sake, what's happened?"

"Break in the power connections, we're trying to trace it down now."

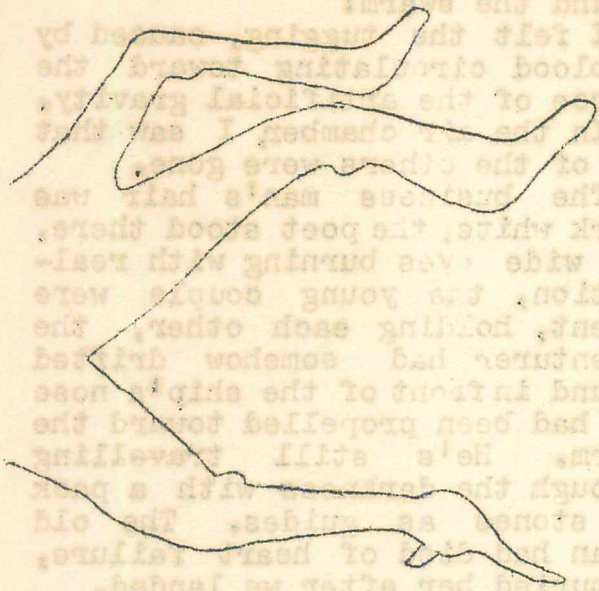
"Can you send a boat out here to pick us up? The bunch is getting panicky!"

"I can't, the meteor swarm is dead ahead—and our power is off."

"But—"

"Don't you see, we're in the





same infernal fix. If I spare one man for the boat it'll take so much longer to find the break. But you're safer out there anyhow. Small scattered objects have less of a chance of getting hit than a big one. Law of Averages. Just one delay and we'll make the rounds of space together but I won't be in a space suit. I've got to hang up now. Goodbye!"

"Steiner, I—"

"Goodbye!"

No matter who you are, no matter how many times you've been out there, space will scare you. And after you've been out there you're never the same again.

The cortical researchers have a lot of explanations, and they're all different. The cortex boys say it's agoraphobia, or autophobia, or maybe taphephobia. But it's not fear of open spaces, or the fear of being alone, or fear of burial alive, or any phobia in the book.

It isn't a fear like any you've ever felt; it doesn't attack the cerebrum or the adrenals, it goes straight to the medulla.

It's the way Jack felt when he got off the beanstalk and stepped onto the Giant's territory. It's the way Gulliver felt when he got to Brobdingnag. It's Peter Rabbit in Farmer Brown's cabbage patch.

You're out there inside a bubble suspended in black nothingness. In the remoteness shine spots of light so far away that it hurts you to look at them. And you're afraid, instinctively afraid. Afraid because you're out of your environment.

Man wasn't bred for space.

We weren't evolved for a vacuum.

The human race isn't meant for infinity.

You're incased in an airtight suit of armor, without legs and without arms. You know you don't belong there and you can't get away.

You're afraid; not of death, but of existing where you shouldn't be.

They were all quiet now, hanging in space around the ship like its moons. They were feeling emptiness outside and emptiness inside, like I was.

Then I felt, rather than saw, something fly past me. We were almost upon the meteors. I was sweating.

Being inside a space suit isn't like being inside a ventilated room. When you sweat the atmosphere gets correspondingly moist. I was out there in a tight, humid little bag, unable to see where I was in the blackness; somebody was mumbling incoherently in the earphones. You can't run and you can't hide and you know that any moment there'll be a hole going straight through you and your warm little nest. I was beginning to feel needles at my nerve endings and along my spine.



Far away, the lights of the ship went on. Steiner's voice, exultant and breathless rang in my earphones, "It's fixed! It's okay! The power's on! As soon as you get on board we'll navigate around the swarm!"

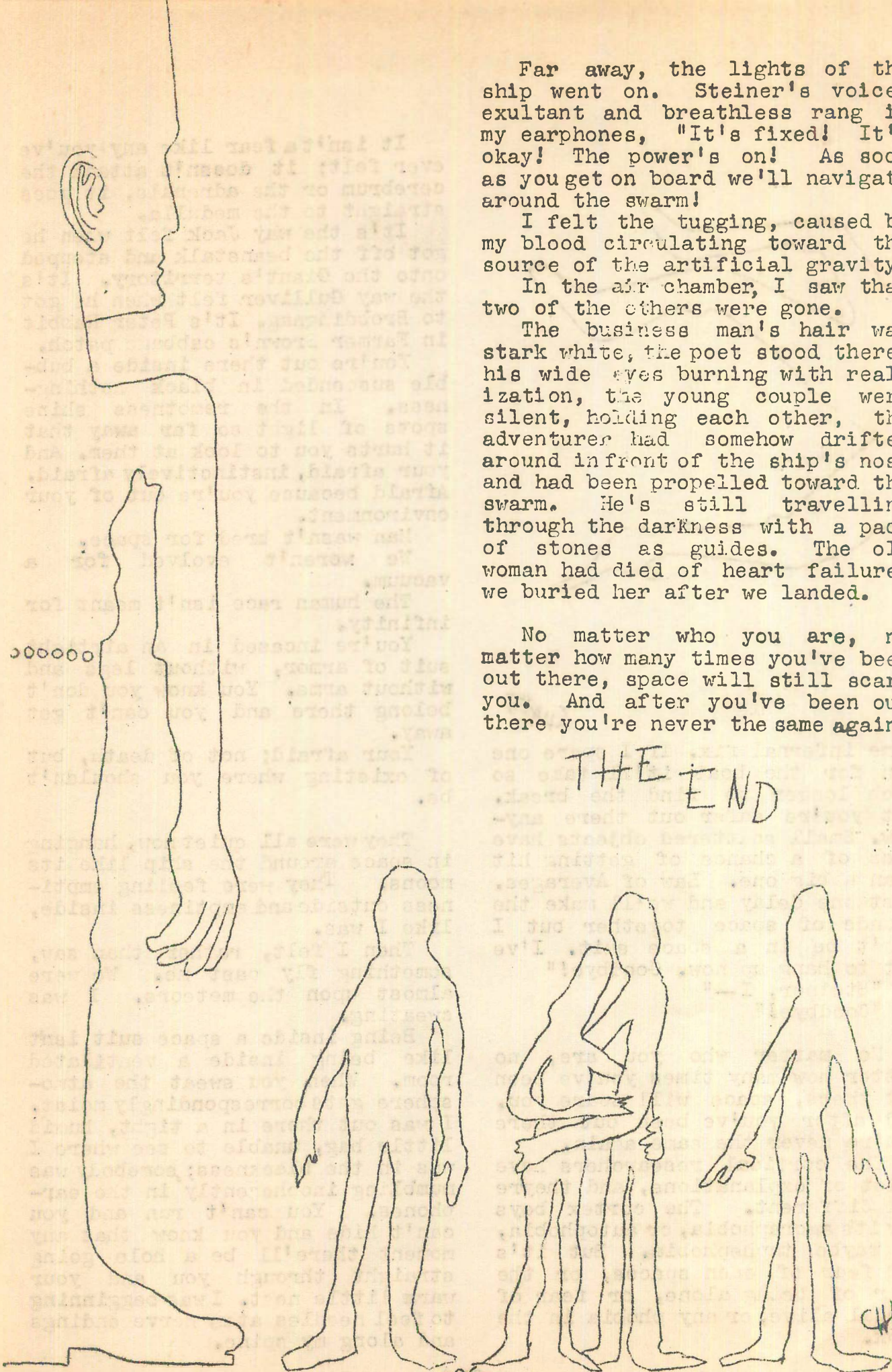
I felt the tugging, caused by my blood circulating toward the source of the artificial gravity.

In the air chamber, I saw that two of the others were gone.

The business man's hair was stark white, the poet stood there, his wide eyes burning with realization, the young couple were silent, holding each other, the adventurer had somehow drifted around in front of the ship's nose and had been propelled toward the swarm. He's still travelling through the darkness with a pack of stones as guides. The old woman had died of heart failure, we buried her after we landed.

No matter who you are, no matter how many times you've been out there, space will still scare you. And after you've been out there you're never the same again.

THE END



CHADOT  
51



## THE TRAIL OF THE COMET

Men clung to a path 'twixt cliff and sea,  
But the stars made a path for the sail.  
So I loose my fingers from off the Earth  
And follow the comet's trail.

The stars, the stars, are a fever within me,  
And I must fare as the comets go,  
Spurning the light years under my window,  
Watching the cosmos ebb and flow.

— Raymond L. Clancy



# the JUDGE

He dreamed, that night, that he traversed the far and lofty halls of Dream, past soaring collonades which stood like black bars against the flaming balas-ruby sunset, between rows of sculptured figures whose faces, good and evil, beautiful and plain, were highlighted by the blazing erubescient conflagration that filled the canvas of the sky.

Soon he became aware that other shapes strode the gleaming corridors, and that other forms glided sonambulistically through the pillared halls. And he saw that a line was forming, a line that stretched for long and long, that was long enough to hold the hosts of the blessed and the legions of the damned; and, in truth, there were both the blessed and the damned in the serried ranks.

Then, there was a vast hall, and lights, and confusion. And a voice that droned out judgement. He was left alone in the great hall, and he saw the back of the Judge, as the Judge turned to leave the hall.

"What about me?", he shouted, filled with the terror and loneliness of the Great Hall.

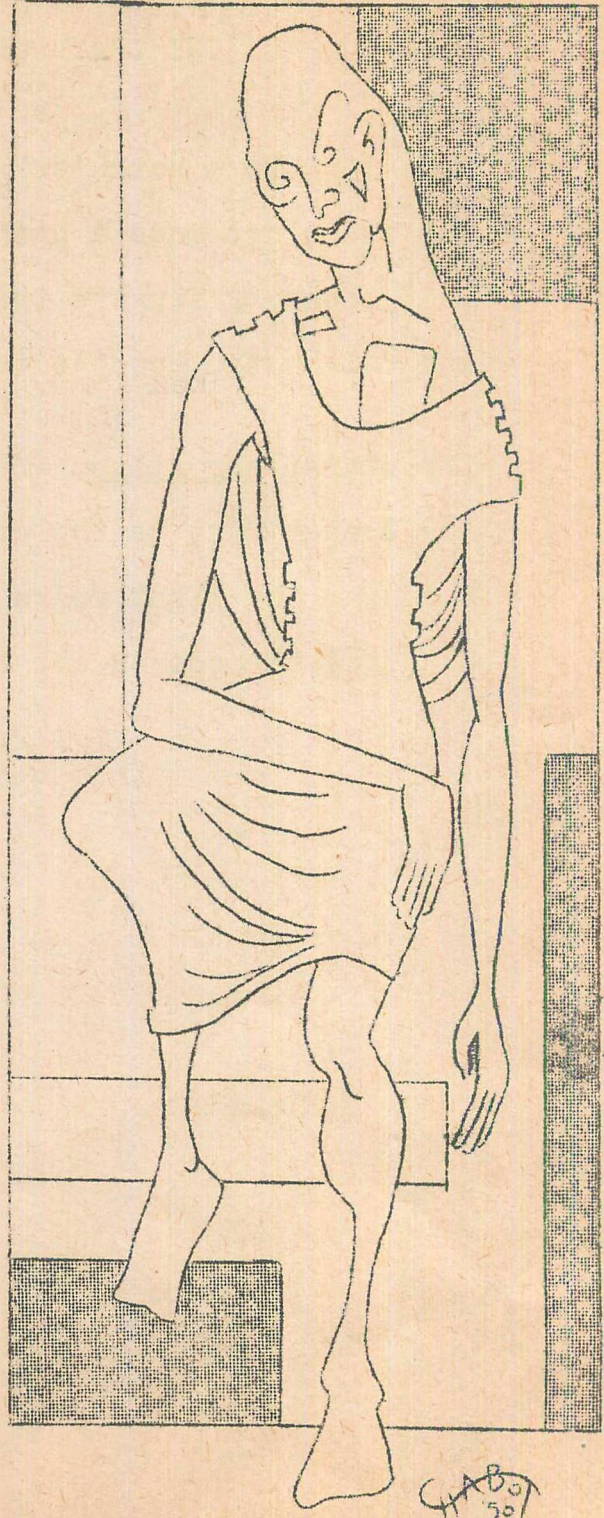
"What about me?"

The Judge turned, his face blank as the formlessness of the precreation Eden.

He said, simply, "You have been judged."

He sits there still, the Dreamer, staring at the setting sun. On his face is the despairing look of one who has known the extinguished flame of hope to fail, and, in his heart, is the cold, dispassionately delivered sentence of judgement, burned in letters of frozen fire. And, in his eyes, is the glare of a sunset that will never darken into the merciful oblivion of Night.

— Michael DeAngelis





# the Hag

The hag is astride  
This night for to ride,  
The devil and she together  
Through thick and through thin,  
Now out, and then in,  
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr  
She takes for a spur,  
With a lash of a bramble she rides now;  
Through brakes and through briars,  
O'er ditches and mires,  
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food  
Dares now range the wood,  
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking;  
While mischiefs by these,  
On land and on seas,  
At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise  
And trouble the skies  
This night; and, more for the wonder  
The ghost from the tomb.  
Affrighted shall come,  
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

— Robert Herrick (1591-1674)



# H. P. LOVECRAFT

## A REVALUATION

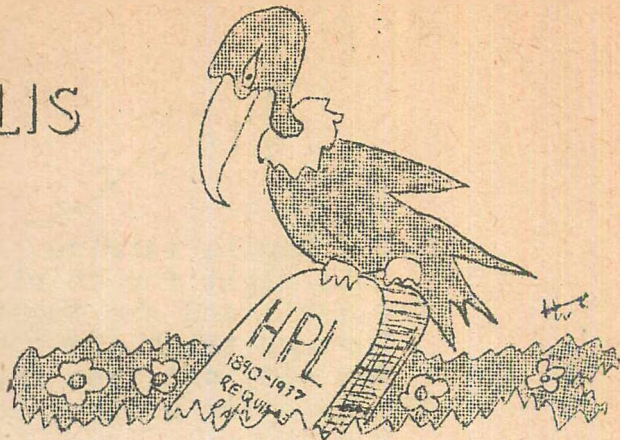
BY MICHAEL DE ANGELIS

It has come to my attention, through certain published articles and conversations, that, in some pseudo-sophisticated circles, Lovecraft is passe. It would seem that it is a popular pastime among fans to minimise his importance in the fantasy field, just as it was equally popular to laud him excessively in the years immediately following his untimely death.

The attitudes of either extreme, when viewed objectively, seem slightly ridiculous. Just because a writer is not the best in his field, does not necessarily mean that he is the worst, or vice versa. Before passing judgement on H. P. L., it would be wise to examine both sides of the ledger.

Lovecraft's wide circle of friends, who, in the main, have supported his posthumous claims to literary greatness, are one of a number of factors influencing his de jure recognition by the non-fantasy reading literati. The energetic crusade of August Derleth, backed up by Mr. Derleth's own literary prestige, has enticed men like the late Stephen Vincent Benet, Winfield Townley Scott, and Vincent Starrett into the Lovecraft fold, where, recognising H. P. L.'s genius, they have remained.

Howard Phillips Lovecraft is the closest science-fantasy author ever to achieve literary distinction within that field. His work shows a power that has been matched by greats such as A. Merritt only in certain descriptive passages, and his influence is acknowledged by many fine fantasy writers.

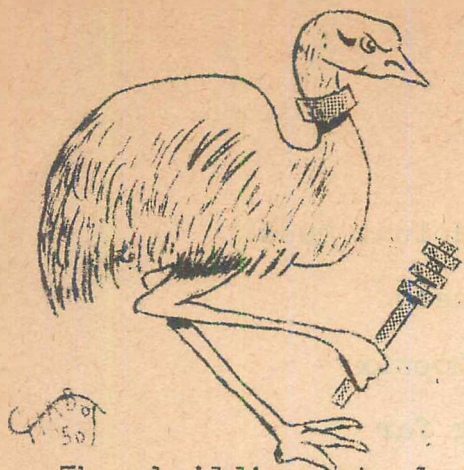


On the other hand, Lovecraft's antiquarianism gave rise to a form of writing which is rapidly becoming obsolete. The avant-garde of science-fantasy, led by modernists such as van Vogt and Bradbury, are writing in such a manner as to overshadow H. P. L.'s work. The chief strike against Lovecraft is that his pen is stilled; the Hemingways and Steinbecks who are writing prolifically are overshadowing the Chaucer who is not.

It is difficult for one to be lukewarm about Lovecraft; he is venerated or minimised, depending on the taste of his critic. It is interesting to note that most of his critics (in the fan field) arrived in fandom after his death, whereas many of his supporters remember Lovecraft as more than a frequent name in crumbling copies of *Weird Tales*. HPL pervaded the fan field, contributing his work to many fan magazines. The fans of today know Lovecraft through cloying appreciations and caustic depreciations. It is a pity that the lofty two-bit fan critics cannot agree with reputable and experienced writers and objective critics.

H. P. Lovecraft, unencumbered by abject adoration or blind animosity, remains the modern aspirant of the mantle of Poe; there are very few who would deny him that





# the BENEFACTORS

BY JAY OPAL

The building stood near the middle of the city. Around it as far as the eye could see were its duplicates. Block after block of evenly spaced buildings, all perfectly rectangular, all gleaming white in the sun. On the sidewalks the emus moved swiftly and orderly. Each knew exactly where it was going and would be there exactly on time.

On the topmost floor of the building a militant old emu was addressing the Bureau for Aid to Backward Birds.

"Gentlebirds, I have discovered a previously uncharted island in the Pacific. Living there in ignorant, slovenly fashion I found a race of sparrows. The miserable creatures sleep in the open air, eat worms which they pull up from the ground and spend their days doing nothing but flying around or singing in the treetops. I know that you will agree it is our duty to enlighten these unfortunate....."

And so, of course, a ship was sent out.

On arriving on the Island the emus were sore struck indeed by the condition of the sparrows. They called upon them to come down from the trees and receive their gifts for them but the sparrows flew away. The emus were not dismayed. They had met with such reactions before and knew that it was ignorance that made their small cousins flee. They set to work with a will and inside of two months had trapped all the sparrows on the island with their multitude of nets and snares. Naturally re-

sistance was futile. The emus were loath to kill but their firearms could easily have destroyed an army of sparrows.

Now began the enlightening process. The sparrow's wings were, of course, clipped. It was a terrible waste of time and energy for them to go wheeling about in the sky and, "Of course," the emus told them, "One feels so much more responsible with one's feet on the ground."

The sparrows were taught to eschew worms and to plant and eat all kinds of vegetables with great nutritional value. And, of course, they were taught to hatch their eggs in thermostatically controlled incubators.

The biggest and the most important part of the task was yet to come. This was to educate the children. As soon as they were hatched the baby sparrows were taken and brought up by the emus. When in a few years the older generation died and the babies grew to maturity the emu task was at last done. This new generation, proud of their clipped wings and their city, could be trusted to pass on their understanding and appreciation of the emu aid to posterity.

As their ship weighed anchor the emus looked back at the city for the last time. Smaller than their own, but no less perfect, the gleaming rows of rectangular buildings stretched out toward the horizon. The emus had shared their utopia with the sparrows. They turned away, with the tired but happy feeling that comes with the end of a job well done.



## WHAT DREAMEST THOU MUSE?

Tell me, what dreamest thou, my indolent muse?  
In some profound, enchanted wilderness  
Hearest and seest the emblazoned phoenix  
Of silver with its crest outshining far  
The gold by griffins guarded?  
Fleest thou, perhaps, from the huge circle of horror  
Where rolls the basilisk in his spiral  
With eyes of bitumen flaming forth their evil?  
Or listenest, against thy will, to the enchanter  
Who calls his demon from the deep cypress grove?  
Beholdest, from some streamless ancient sea,  
In her pool inlaid with nacre,  
The nymph with sunburnt hair  
Like seaweed trailing from an atoll?  
Speakest with her by a halted sun?  
Confrontest thou the terror of thy nightmares—  
The leprous hag in her deadly disire  
Touching thy nipples with her hellish face?—  
The abominable love of the mottled gnome?...

\* \* \*

— My poet, I dream neither of good nor of evil.

—Clark Ashton Smith



### WITCH'S CAULDRON

The terns scudded before the wind  
Striving to mount the blast.  
Breakers carved new faces  
On bold headland and shore,  
While winds howled in demonic glee  
Lashing the waves to foam,  
Making the witch's brew boil  
In the cauldron of the sea.  
They slashed away the rigging  
Of frightened ships,  
Tore them to matchwood.  
Down in the vortex of the whirlpool  
They sank, to keep company  
With other broken hulls.  
Ships to ships and bones to bones  
To be encased in mud and silt.  
But even then they could not rest,  
The ocean's floor was rent  
By the throes of an earthquake,  
Vast chasms opened to engulf them  
As new undersea peaks were born.

— Isabelle Dinwiddie



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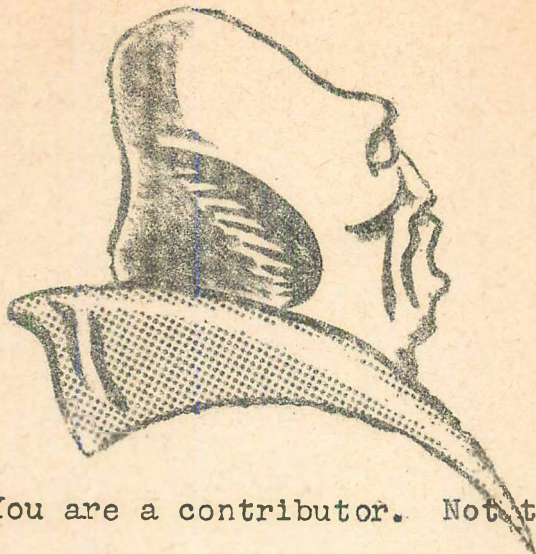












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