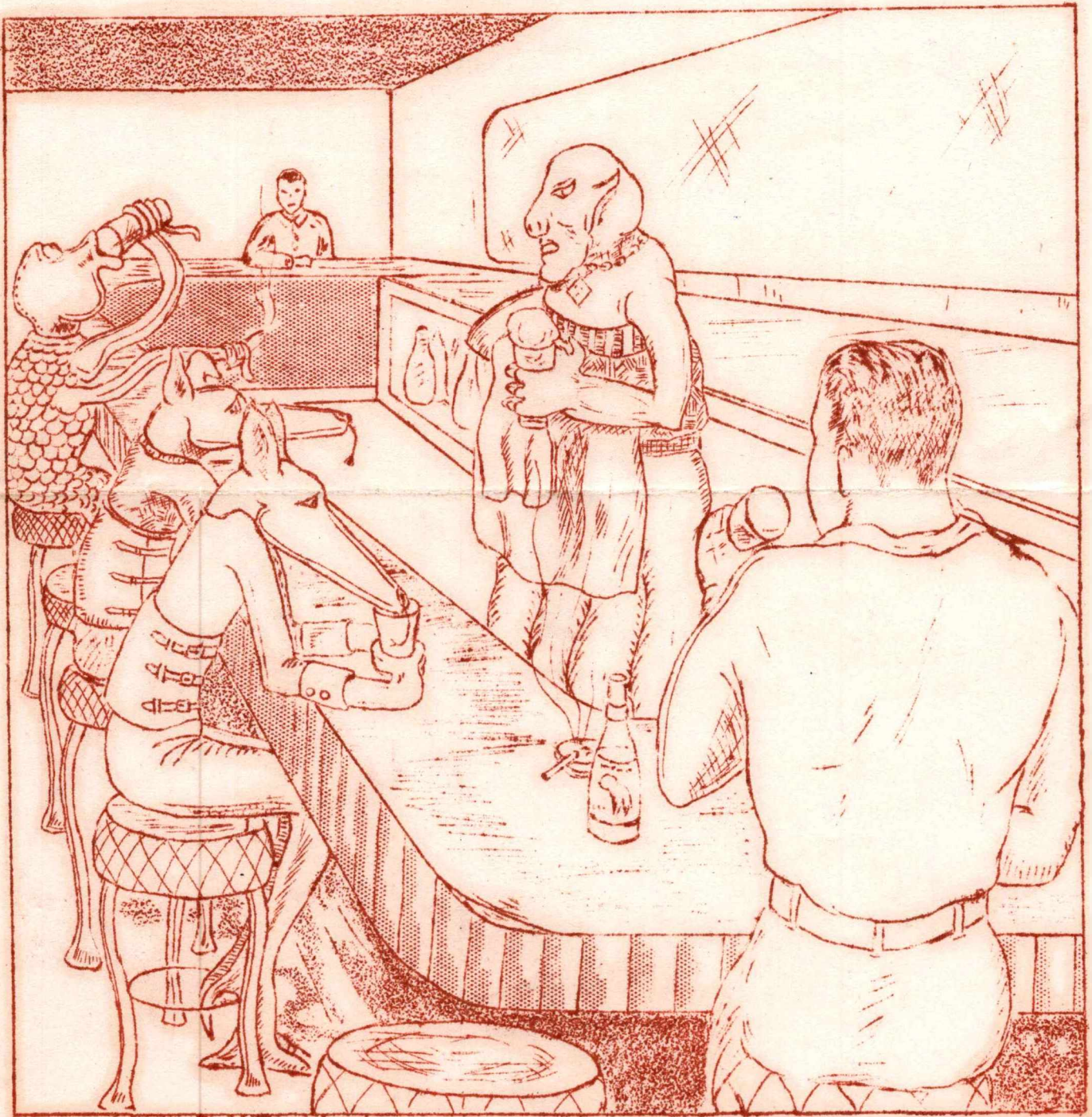


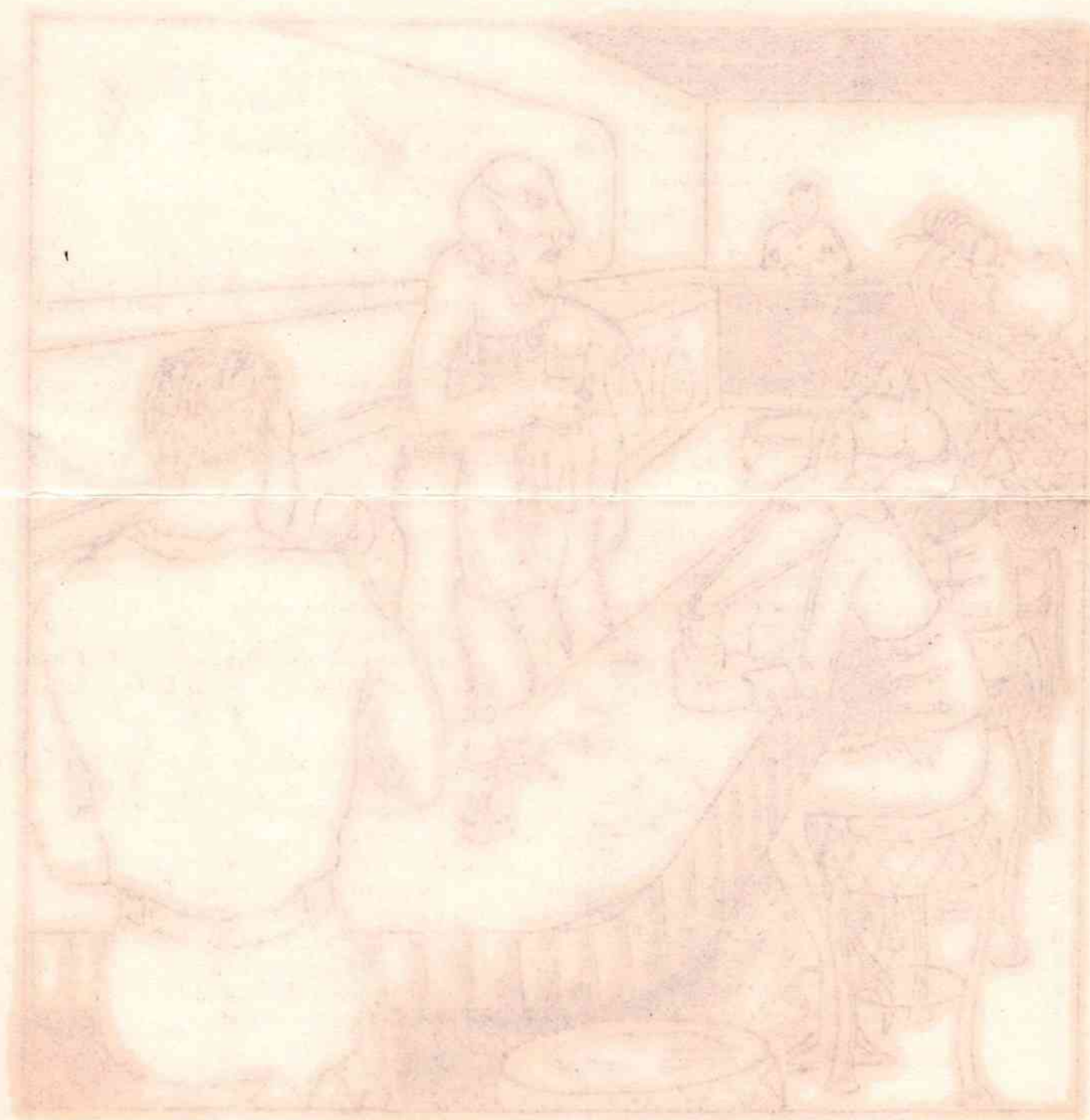
PM TO 42

LEJHE



No 8

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# LETHE

February-March 1948 issue whole number 8 F.F.P. number 1

## The Insides

Lovecraftiana--an article-- by Jay Edwards p.2  
Dreams--fiction not worth it--by Herman Header p.6  
Letters--of praise naturally--by Readers p.8  
Table of Contents of Tales of Wonder by Riggs p.10  
Decorations done by Riggs

## Editorial

This will be short as possible because of limited space. We'd like to give our opinions on various F.F.P. magazines that arrived in a tremendous bundle this February, there were some nice ones, best mail in a long time.

This issue of Lethe is the last one that will be distributed outside of F.F.P. except for trading purposes and the filling of subscriptions. We are disappointed in this issue, specially after the last one, but no one sent any contributions in, so we are using all the material at hand in order to appear at all.

Lethe was five centavos a copy. To you who receive this wasted issue we address an appeal for material. Each accepted article or bit of fiction entitles you to three free copies. (We talk as tho' it were really something to receive a copy, don't we? We sincerely don't mean it that way at all.) Lethe prefers articles about anything of interest to the general science-fiction enthusiast or fantast or weird addict. We would like some humorous stf short fiction, humorous or serious fantasy.

Of local events around the Bay Area, there isn't much to report. Tired of being director of the Golden Gate Fantasy Society, we turned the reins over to Gordon Kull, editor of the defunct "Vortex." Month or four ago. Haven't heard a peep since. Guess the GGFS is defunct along with "Vortex." Ed Clinton, publisher of the Trover Hall publication "Puzzle Box" by the mysterious Anthony More has found that being a publisher isn't healthy financially. Their next scheduled book was "Voyage in the Dark" by Ed Clinton. Money is now being refunded for it; step right up and get yours. Ex-fantast Bill Watson sold a story to Esquire recently; just mentioned it because some of you old F.F.P.s probably remember him and even know him.

Lethe is edited and published  
by Jack Riggs, 1620 Chestnut  
St. Berkeley-2-California.  
.. strictly amateurish job.



# LOVECRAFTIANA

by Jay Edwards

In the last issue of Lethe I gave an account of a Lovecraft "history"; a history of Earth from dim past to distant future. There were dates, place names and a list of "historical" events. This time I have a few scraps of the Cthulhu mythos that put together make fairly interesting reading. Practically everyone who has ever heard of Lovecraft has heard of the infamous Necronomicon, a book penned by the mad Arab, Abdul Alhazred; and Cthulhu. In several of his stories Lovecraft actually gave direct quotes from the Necronomicon.

Many fictitious books have enhanced Lovecraft's tales and here is a partial list of those that have served at one time or another to give that ring of plausibility:

Image du Monde by Gauthier de Metz  
Cultes des Goules by the Comte d'Erlette  
De Vermis Mysteriis by Ludvig Prinn  
Unaussprechlichen Kulten by von Junzt  
Liber Ivonis .... ?  
Daemonolatrea by Remigius Poligraphia by Trithemius  
De Furtivis Literarum by Giambattista Porta  
Traite des Chiffres by De Vigenere  
Cryptomenysis by Falconer Kryptographic by Klüber  
Book of Eibon  
Book of Dzyan

Book of Thoth  
Necronomicon by Abdul Alhazred  
Pnakotic Manuscript

The Pnakotic Manuscript is the most mentioned aside from the Necronomicon; it was compiled by the Great Race who were rulers of Earth before the advent of man. Just hints of the contents are given here and there. In Lomar, which is a long forgotten polar land, some scholars had possession of the Pnakotic Manuscript.

Sansu, a powerful magician when the world was young is mentioned with fright in it. It is also recorded there that Sansu climbed the mountain of Hatheg-kla on a stony desert and found nothing there tho' at one time it was the home of the Earth Gods.

There is also a symbol in the Pnakotic Manuscript that is the symbol of the vengeance of the Earth Gods.

Hints of the ceremony to unlock one of the Gateways to the secrets of space and time are there also.

(Before I go farther it must be noted that all of this material plus what was in the last issue was in the hands of the editor at one time. Riggs decided to cut this article in two parts and the arranging is his. Riggs made a fairly decent linoleum cut of Cthulhu from the following description. The illustration, I feel, should have been saved until this issue.)

A statue of Cthulhu was found and it showed that Cthulhu has a vaguely anthropoid outline, but with an octo-



pus-like head whose face is a mass of feelers, a scaly, rubbery-looking body, prodigious claws on hind and forefeet, with long narrow wings. It depicted Him squatting on a rectangular pedestal covered with undecipherable characters. The tips of His wings touched the back edge of the block, the seat occupied the center, and the long, curved claws of the doubled up, crouching hind legs gripped the front edge and extended a fourth of the way down the block. The head was bent forward so that the ends of the facial feelers brushed the backs of huge forepaws which clasped the crouchers elevated knees.

Cthulhu is more or less the High Priest of the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were any men, and who came to this young world from another plane of existence. These Old Ones are not alive now, yet are not dead. They "live" in a kind of suspended animation in the sunken city of R'lyeh. Through thought transference they told their secrets in dreams to the first man, who formed a cult which has never died. The cult will exist until the time when Cthulhu from his dark tomb in R'lyeh shall rise and bring the Earth again beneath his sway.

Some day he will call to the cultists when the stars are right and the secret cult will be waiting to liberate him and he in turn will release the Great Old Ones.

R'lyeh's location is given as South Latitude 47° 9' West Longitude 126° 43'.

There are arts which can revive them when the stars return again to the right position in the cycle of eternity. When the stars are Right they can plunge from world to world; but when the stars are wrong they cannot use their power. The breakthrough of these evil forces is accomplished by the Dho-Hna formula and other rites. These

must be said by a human or mixed human. The chanter must also know all the formulae between the yr and Nhhngr. It is a long chant and can be found on page 751 of the original and complete Necronomicon. Dr. Dee's English version is somewhat incomplete and will not do for the actual ceremony.

On page 751 or thereabouts is written: "Yog-Sothoth knows the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, present, and future, all are one in Yog-Sothoth. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and knows where they shall break through again..... "Great Cthulhu is their cousin, yet can he spy them only dimly I! Shub-Niggurath!... Man rules now where they ruled once: they shall soon rule where man rules now..... They wait patient and potent, for here shall they reign again."

In the original Necronomicon the rites begin thus: "Ph'nglui mglw' nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgan' nagl fhtagn."

Certain tribes of Eskimos in Western Greenland know the ritual. Once a Cthulhu cult in Louisiana was broken up. There are undying leaders of the cult in China. The cult is world-wide and some believe that the center of the cult lies in the midst of the trackless deserts of Arabia, near or in the ancient city of Irem.





Irem, City of Pillars, was founded by primitive man. Had prodigious domes, uncounted minarets and a thousand pillars. In Irem is a huge portal with a cyclopean sculptured hand above the keystone of the arch. It was built by the terrific genius of Shaddad and concealed there. It is one of the Gateways to the secrets of time and space; the First Gate in fact. In order to unlock this gate certain rites must be carried out and hints of these rites are to be found in the Pnakotic Manuscript. However a whole chapter in the Necronomicon is devoted to this; I quoted this in the first installment, but shall repeat it again;

"And while there are those who have dared to seek glimpses beyond the Veil, and to accept HIM as guide, they would have been more prudent had they avoided commerce with HIM; for it is written in the Book of Thoth how terrific is the price of a single glimpse. Nor may those who pass ever return, for in the vastnesses transcending our world are shapes of darkness that seize and bind. The Affair that shamleth about in the night, the evil that defieth the Elder Sign, The Herd that stand watch at the secret portal that each tomb is known to have, and that thrive on that which groweth out of the tenants thereof: all these Blacknesses are lesser than HE WHO guardeth the Gateway: HE WHO will guide the rash one beyond all the worlds into the Abyss of unnameable devourers. For HE is 'UMR AT-TAWIL the Most Ancient One, which the scribe rendereth as THE PROLONGED OF LIFE."

Once this 'Umr at-tawil had been an entity of Earth, but millions of years ago, long before man kind. This Guide that guards the First Gate will not harm one who possesses the ancient lore, and will truly guide one to the Ulti-

mate Gate that are prepared for passing it. The Guide is vaguely human in shape and wears a sort of cape or robe. Only 11 have passed the Ultimate Gate of which five were men or resembled men. Once beyond the Ultimate Gate cosmic truths and powers are revealed by an omnipotent Being. A realm of All-in-One and One-in-All of limitless being and self, not merely a thing of one space time continuum but allied to the ultimate animating essence of existence's whole unbounded sweep. A grasp of the whole circle of infinity. It is that state which some secret cults know of as Yog-Sothoth, and which has been a deity under other names: that which the crustaceans of Yuggoth (Pluto) worship as the Beyond One, and which the vaporous brains of the spiral nebulae know by an untranslatable sign.

The Necronomicon has more to say about graves and of outre creatures that lurk about such places. This quote is from Olaus Wormius' forbidden Latin translation.

"The nethermost caverns are not for the fathoming of eyes that see; for their marvels are strange and terrific. Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live now and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Shacabao say, that happy is the tomb where no wizard hath lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumor that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his charnel clay, but farts and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl."

The Necronomicon also carries such useful information like how



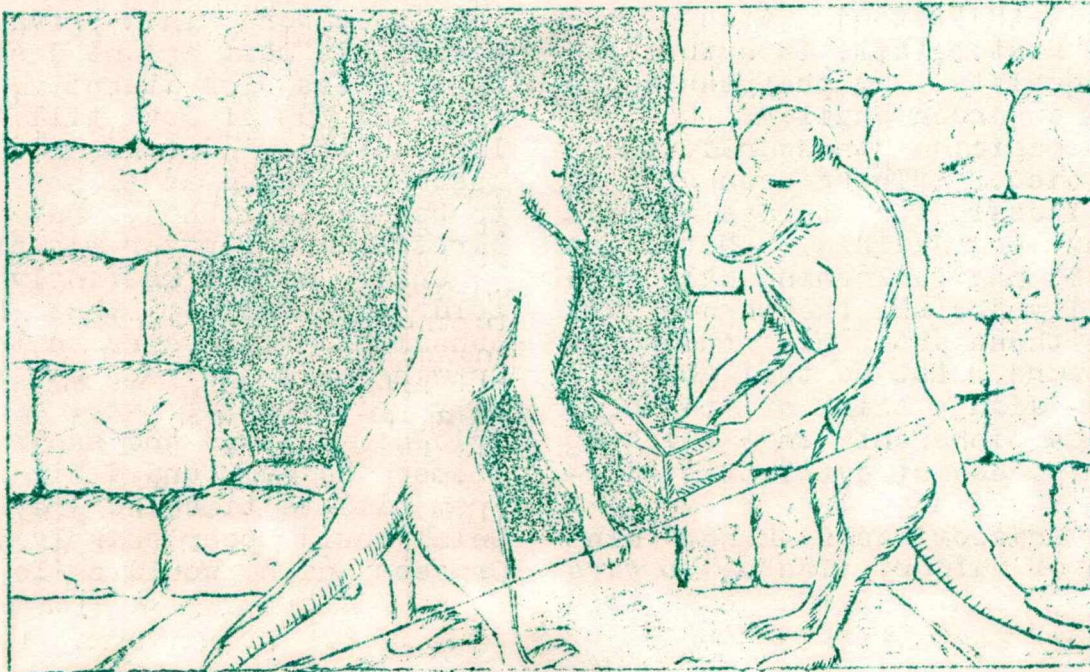
to make the Voerish sign whereby one can see certain invisible things; the formula by which one can live forever by usurping body after body as each one wears out; all this is there, and much more.

As medieval alchemists had a "philosopher's stone," Lovecraft used a strangely shining trapezohedron, an oddly cut gem in one story. A Haunter of the Dark was summoned by merely concentrating one's gaze on the thing. The Being was spoken of as holding all knowledge and demanding monstrous sacrifices. However light will banish the thing. The gem came from distant Yuggoth (Pluto), before the Old Ones brought it to Earth. It was treasured and placed in its curious box by the crinoid thing of Antarctica, salvaged from their ruins by the serpent men of Valusia, and peered at ages later in Lemuria by the first human beings. It sank with Atlantis, and was recovered by a Minoan fisherman in a net and sold to swarthy merchants from

dark Khem. The Ithraoh Hephren-Ka built around it a temple with a windowless crypt, and hid that which caused his name to be stricken from all monuments and records. It was recovered from there in fairly recent times to return to the ken of men.

Space is all too limited to list things such as Naacal, a language of Himalayan priests, a primal language; the Mi-Go who lurk amidst the ice and rock pinacles of the Himalayas and are less man-like than the term Abominable Snow-Man suggests. Lovecraft tossed something like that in almost every one of his stories adding in a small way to the Mythos, but mainly for "atmosphere."

So I'd better wind up with a brief mention of the pits of primal life, and of the streams that have trickled down from there; and finally of the tiny rivulet from one of those streams which had become entangled with the destinies of our own Earth. Perhaps leaving you stunned to learn that all of the fearsome things in the arcana of Lovecraft is only a minute trickle, a tiny drop of what is loose in the whole cosmos.





# DREAMS

by Herman Meader

The incandescent flare died a lingering death and it seemed that the room was oborn for a moment. Then sight returned to the two sets of eyes; a wise old pair and a shinning young pair. Then three flickering candles lit the hewn stone walls and the stone table where the dying flame had given birth to a small glittering object.

"Master, oh Most Wise One, will you allow me to also make a small amulet such as that?"

A deep voice answered in the gloom, "Not yet apprentice, for such things are not to be had yet for one so unlearned. In time. In time."

"But Master, time is such a peculiar quality. My progress seems that of a garden snail."

The magician answered in a tired voice. "The reason for an apprenticeship for things magical are many and diverse. Not least of all is the unknowing harm that can easily befall the worker and perhaps those about him from certain powers. Let me tell you of a man who didn't think of the consequences inherent in invoking magic. He sought everlasting happiness.

Now Crassom was a king; King Crassom of Maldor. Incassant wars

had plagued Maldor, droughts had stricken its crops, there were sicknesses abroad and the people of that unhappy country were grumbling. Crassom was tired of all these worries and the constant threat of intrigue and assassination.

From the hinterlands King Crassom called to him Unlal, a magician of no small renown. Unlal was loathe to leave his retreat in the forest of Balmoor for he loved its quietness. The bustle and tumult of Court seemed to divert and scramble his reason; and so it was in a foul mood that he arrived to do the bidding of his Lord Crassom.

King Crassom explained to Unlal when they were in a private chamber of his most ardent desire; to be in bliss for eternity, to sip from the Cup of Joy till the worlds coalesce and form an egg. Crassom was vague as to how this was to be accomplished, but to be a carefree man forever was his wish.

Unlal smiled knowingly and he told King Crassom that he would consummate his desire on the spot. Drawing from his robe several smelly packets of various herbs, dried mammalia, and sundry other items; he compounded his formula. From time to time the grey eyes of Unlal would peer sharply at King Crassom and he would smile a terr-



ible smile

His sorcery complete, Unlal was preparing to leave the room when he was accosted by Ared, King Crassom's Royal Advisor. Ared nearly swooned when he perceived the King enveloped in a pale blue blur and lying stiff and motionless on the royal bed. Unlal cut short any outburst Ared was about to make by saying that his master would be happy till the palace dissolved to dust; the sky turned black and the Earth plunged into the sun. For King Crassom has his wish fulfilled and perhaps it would be a long long time before anyone had the courage to route Unlal from the forest of Balmoor for such trivia. So saying Unlal turned and left.

Maldor; Kingless, fell to a neighboring kingdom, the people put to

slavery and their fine cities put to the torch while Crassom slept on in his very real dream world.

And apprentice....know you that Crassom lives yet, surrounded by fine foods, wines, exotic drugs, beautiful women and other lavish pleasures. The kingdom of Maldor is dust and its people almost forgotten and all for not stopping to consider all possible alternatives for a certain act. Now do you see snivelling apprentice why you must bide your time until your worldly knowledge is ripe for the picking?

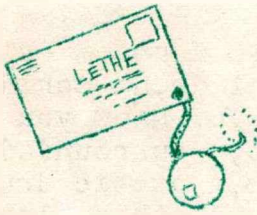
"Yes," came the quavering reply. "But Master...."he plucked the Old Ones robe..."Methinks King Crassom had not such a hard fate. Methinks Master....Methinks I enyy his eternal happiness."

The old Mage threw up his hands in hopelessness.



"my what a nice dog?"  
"Yes. IT'S a bird dog."





# LETTERS



We begin our letter section with a few lines from Burbee, they are rather left-handed as compliments go, but we'll accept them as such. Chas. Burbee: Enjoyed your jolly lil letter about the LA homos and stuff. Liked also your remarks about Shaggy. Lethe, however, is better than Shaggy, or so I believe, though I would never vote it above Shaggy in a poll. Still, it's better. More pix. Cleaner looking. Perhaps the contents are cleaner too.

Next we have two or three pages of comment from the guy who edits the fanzine called Dream quest

Don Wilson: Got the new Lethe recently; haven't had time to read it all, but the HPL history was good, more please, and artwork especially excellent. I see you have trouble with collapsing stencils, like me. Lethe is good--- the thing I like most is the unpretentiousness. Altho most nickelzines aren't so good; you deserve a lot of credit for the thing.

Now here's the sort of people we like; ones who write us voluminous letters, pages and pages and pages and pages of interesting stuff.

Marijane Nuttall: Jay Edwards does well with Lovecraftiana--is it going to be continued in next issue? Strangely enough an outlining of Lovecraft's histories and locations sounds much more intriguing than the actual stories themselves, for my tastes. I like strangeness a la Howard, but not too gruesome. Some of the plots Jay outlined sound good enough to re-use in alien adventures--skipping the overwhelming Lovecraft atmosphere.

So Meader dug up the old letter from de Camp that fascinated me so much too. I went along farther, and wrote that worthy a letter. Got back such an interesting reply that I have kept it. Quote de Camp.

"Speaking of Yoga, I know a little more about it than I did when I wrote the letter to which you refer; the practitioner suffers, not from oxygen excess, but from carbon dioxide deficiency.

"The reincarnationism of India seems to have been introduced as a racket by which the Aryan priesthood kept the lower castes in subjection, by promising promotion in their next life if they were sufficient-



ly humble and obedient in this." Unquote.

Later he spoke of a book he was writing--to be published by Holt--spring '47--mostly debunking - chapters of Magic, E.S.P. etc., Anyone know if it has come out? Haven't seen it myself.

Forry's "Mimsy--" was amusing. Ebey also mentioned seeing Honig at surrealist film show.

Hutchison's "The Island" was good atmosphere stuff. Both it and Bogg's "Seance" were good reading.

The poem should have been entitled "Loup de Garou"--modern translation--wolf--no less. But passible--reminds me of the American Weekly's scandal sheet story about the irresistable man, (shot sooner or later by some irate husband).

I liked the Sept. Astounding cover immensely. Reminded me of super adam, er sumpin'.

Thanks for poetry comment. My output is bout used up to present--- but will think of Lethe when in the mood to produce.

Redd Boggs                      //Lethe#7 is at hand, and maybe it's the best of 2215 Benjamin St. N.E. //the seven. At any rate, it's a neat little fan-Minneapolis-18-Minn. //zine which I enjoyed very much. At last, you've ~~put together~~ put together an issue which comes fairly close to your policy as stated in your Pacificon Combozine number.

"Lovecraftiana" was interesting, if you like Lovecraft -- and I do although I'm not particularly interested in the Mythos background. I guess this article revealed a few things I didn't know, which is about all one could ask. Who is Jay Edwards? Sounds like a scodnim for J. Riggs.

Speaking of which, J. Riggs' linoleum cut of Cthulhu was excellent. More superior artwork of this type is requested. The cover and the rest of the artwork, by the way, was just fair. The mag's quality appearance came mostly from the even edged pages and neat headings.

"Two Letters" was okay, only it seems that a better way to do it would be to excerpt the missives and let whoever was interested go to the mags to read them in full.

Acky's "Mimsy Were the Mumbley-Pegs" was highly amusing, and his description of the surrealist stuff was the most outrageously incomprehensible humor of the year. A classic!

Don Hutchison's fictional effort, "The Island", was a bit of very nice writing wasted on a theme that was mustier than my copy of the Necronomicon.

It is nice to see "Seance" in print. As I doubtless told you when I submitted it, the thing was written in February 1942 for Richard Kuhn's Eclipse. It's bounced around a lot since then in two or three manuscripts under two or three titles, and I wouldn't be surprised to have one of them come back to me about 1953 when Dickkuhn or some other ex-fan cleans the attic and finds the MS among his dusty files of Space ways and Golden Atoms.

Your comment about Willie seems unnecessarily bitter. After all, fandom is merely a hobby and it's beyond me how anyone can waste his spare time. Watson isn't the only fan (or ex-fan) with plenty on the ball, and if your statement is correct there are certainly a lot of guys wasting their time! But most of them are having a good time, too.



# table of contents to Tales of Wonder

Jack Riggs

Tales of Wonder, the British prozine had 16 issues, was edited by Walter H. Gillings, sold for a shilling (25¢) approx., and was the size of Astounding up to the end of 1941. Most issues were quite thick and all I've seen had trimmed edges. The first issued appeared in the Winter of 1937 and was quite regular until the war when it came out sporadically the 16th issue was dated Spring 1942

Most of the tales by American authors appeared in one of the pro mags over here and were reprinted although it never stated so. Some of the titles remain the same, but most of them were changed. I draw those conclusions from the five issues that I own. The illustrations inside were mere cuts about two by three inches. The covers were usually enjoyable and I shall attempt to reproduce one or two of them somewhere on these pages.

1

Winter 1937

Superhuman  
by Geoffrey Armstrong  
Seeds From Space  
by John Russell Fearn  
Revolt on Venus  
by W.P. Cockroft  
Man of the Future  
by Festus Pragnell  
Monsters of the Moon  
by Francis Parnell  
The Prr-r-eet  
by Eric Frank Russell  
Invaders From the Atom  
by Maurice G. Hugi  
The Perfect Creature  
by John Beynon

3

Summer 1938

The World's 8th Wonder  
by Eric F. Russell  
The Man Who Lived Backwards  
by Charles F. Hall  
The Horror in the Telescope  
by Edmond Hamilton  
Satellites of Death  
by L.J. Johnson

2

Spring 1938

Sleepers of Mars  
by John Beynon  
Stenographers Hands  
by David H. Keller M.D.  
Invaders From Venus  
by Benson Herbert M.Sc.  
Super-Senses  
by Maurice G. Hugi  
Through Earths Core  
by John Russell Fearn  
Lunar Lilliput  
by William F. Temple

The Puff Ball Menace  
John Beynon  
The Giant Bacillus  
by HO. Dickinson  
The Lost Lunarians  
John B. Harris  
The Midget From Mars  
by Thomas Sheridan

ARTICLE: Can We Conquer Space? by I.O. Evans

4

Autumn 1938

The Menace From Space  
by John Edwards  
Out of the Past  
by Lloyd Arthur Eshbach  
The Smile of the Sphinx  
by William F. Temple  
The Eternal Professors  
by David H. Keller M.D.  
The Sea Terror  
by Edmond Hamilton  
The Third Vibrator  
by John B. Harris  
The Essence of Life  
by Festus Pragnell



6

Spring 1939

COVER W.J. Roberts

Interiors: Turner

The Mad Planet by  
The Thing In the Ice by  
The Mentality Machine by  
Voyage of Sacrifice by  
Warning From Luna by  
The Alien Error by  
The Gas- Weed by  
The Inner World by

Murray Leinster  
W.I. Cockroft  
Capt. S.P. Meek  
George C Wallis  
Charnock Walsby  
D.J. Foster  
Stanton A Coblentz  
A. Hyatt Verrill

5

Winter 1938

The Planet of Youth  
by Stanton A Coblentz  
Universe of Babel  
by John Edwards  
The Space Beings  
by Edmond Hamilton  
The Chemical Brain  
by Francis Flagg  
The Time Drug  
by Charles F. Hall  
When the Earth Tilted  
by J.M. Walsh  
The Ego of the Ant  
by Alfred Gordon Bennett  
The Orbit Jumpers  
by George C. Wallis  
ARTICLE: Man's Empire of Tomorrow  
by Arthur C. Clarke





7

Summer 1939

COVER: ?

Interiors by Turner

The Venus Adventure

by John Beynon

The Big Cloud

by Coutts Brisbane

City of Machines

by Frank Edward Arnold

The Yeast Men

by David H. Keller M.D.

Creature of Eternity

by Maurice G. Hugi

Across the Abyss

by George C. Wallis

ARTICLE: We Can Rocket to The  
Moon---Now!

by Arthur C. Clarke

9

Winter 1939

COVER: Caney

Interiors by Turner

The Red Dust

by Murray Leinster

The Planet Wrecker

by Coutts Brisbane

The Invisible City

by Clark Ashton Smith

Men Without Shadows

by Stanton A. Coblentz

ARTICLE: The Insect Threat

by Alfred Gordon Bennett

11

Summer 1940

COVER: Turner

Ints: Turner

Invisible Monster

by John Beynon

The Man Who Saw the Future

by Edmond Hamilton

Experiment in Genius

by William F. Temple

Master of the Asteroid

by Clark Ashton Smith

Under the Dying Sun

by Geo. D. Wallis

The synthetic Entity

by Capt. S.P. Meek

ARTICLE: Can We Conquer Time?

by I.O. Evans

8

Autumn 1939

COVER: Nice

Interiors by Turner

The Comet Doom

by Edmond Hamilton

After a Million Years

by J.M. Walsh

The Metal Man

by Jack Williamson

The Island in the Air

by D.J. Foster

The Crystal Menace

by Geo. C. Wallis

World of Horror

by Clark Ashton Smith

The Man Who Stopped the Dust

by John R. Fearn

ARTICLE: Life on Mars

by Prof. A.M. Low

10

Spring 1940

COVER: W.J. Roberts

Interiors by Turner

City of Singing Flame

by Clark Ashton Smith

The Lunar Missile

by Coutts Brisbane

The Man From Earth

by John B. Harris

Missionaires of Mars

by Stanton A. Coblentz

Worlds to Barter

by John Beynon

FEATURE: War in the Future

12

Autumn 1940

COVER: Roberts

Interiors Turner

Tyrant of the Red World

by Richard Tooker

Machine Man of Ardathia

by Francis Flagg

The Radio Telescope

by Stanton A. Coblentz

I Sky

by Eric Frank Russell

DEPARTMENT: The Conquest of Space

73

Winter 1941

COVER: J. Nicolson  
 Interiors by Turner  
 Wanderers of Time  
     by John Beynon  
 The Book of Worlds  
     by Miles J. Breuer  
 The Power Supreme  
     by George C. Wallis  
 The Law of the Universe  
     by Cutts Brisbane  
 Dimension of Chance  
     by Clark Ashton Smith  
 DEPARTMENT: The Future of Man

74

Spring 1941

Cover J. Nicolson  
 Interiors by Turner  
 Death From the Skies  
     by A. Hyatt Verrill  
 Murder in the 4th Dimension  
     by Clark Ashton Smith  
 The Red Spheres  
     by George C. Wallis  
 Child of Neptune  
     by Miles J. Breuer  
 DEPARTMENT: The Conquest of Time

76

Spring 1942

Cover J. Nicolson  
 Interiors by Turner  
 The Earth Shall Die  
     by Benson Herbert M.Sc.  
 Flight Through Time  
     by Clark Ashton Smith  
 Breath of Utopia  
     by Miles J. Breuer L.D.  
 Beast of the Crater  
     by Marion F. Eadie

If anyone has the table of contents for issue number 15 would they please send it to me and it will be published in the next issue of Lethe.

Of not much help is the schedule for 17: Exiles of Asperus  
     by John Beynon



For ~~BURLINGS~~, and for no other *Leigh*

## How It Began

as deciphered from Lemurian Thot-Records by Scribe Weaver Wright.

The lady known as Leigh was the greatest swing and sway artist of her day. It was "Hips, Hips, Hoo-ray!" when she went to town, which was often. When she walked down Broadwalk, she made Mae West look like a novice, and every burlesqueen turn sea-green with envy. When she crossed the street, the traffic toll increased 10%, as drivers lost control of their mono-cars. Leigh was the backward girl of all the island of Atlantis, and the "Leigh-way" became a legend in its time. No matter how indolently she strolled the streets of old Atlantis, she always had a wiggle on. Hers was a movement that every male followed. Poets sang of her that she was a "Thing of booty and a joy forever." Sisters, sweethearts, wives and mistresses cursed her and prophesied that one day she would become a "sunk-en woman."

But like that Olman River, she jost kept rolling along. She drove men mad as she sauntered along the hi-ways and tri-ways, a-wiggin' and a-waggin', till ONE DAY: A senior at the U. of Southern Atlantis, who had just been hazing some freshmen (or, actually to be accurate, they were fresh women), this impulsive character chanced upon Leigh. Sure enuf, like always, she was swayin' them hips like they was worth they weight in blue chips. The senior

(one Arjo Kell) - well, he just went berserk (there is no other word to describe it: berserk) at this tantalizing sight. Those hips hypnotized him into action (I know I should say galvanized, but Galvan hadn't invented his izer at this point in history.)

Clutching his paddle, Arjo went tearing pellmell after Leigh, who, all unconscious of the impending rear attack, went calmly walkin' round the campus, just a-wiggin' and a-waggin'. And the war-hoop that Arjo ejaculated on that memorable day has survived to modern times in the expression which is currently in vogue:

"I'll fix her wagon."

