

✓ IIU

APOLLO




VOLUME ¹ **TWO** NUMBER ⁴
APOLLO



EDITED

JOE HENSLEY

 **ASSOCIATES**

LEN MARLOW

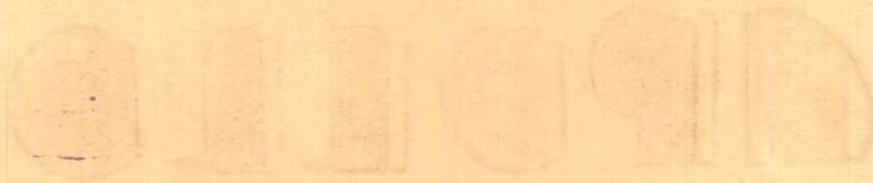
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LIONEL INNMAN

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tice due to a group of men known a s t h e DRAFT BOARD

AN X HERE MEANS, YOU KNCW
WHAT

VOLUME 15 NUMBER 1



WINTER

1954

JOE HENRIEY

ASSOCIATES

LEW LARSON

&

LEWIS LARSON

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AN X HERE MEANS, YOU KNOW
WHAT

APOLLO

N. 4

THE ELECTRIC EYE

XX

Even while writing this we can't be sure that APOLLO will ever get to you. The army is due to catch up with me about the middle of APRIL and I don't know whether I'll get this issue finished.

But, if I do and you get this issue, I think you may find quite a few improvements. The material we got for this ish was much better on the whole, than any we have had yet. Witness the poetry by Earle Franklin Baker and the article by Don Grant. Also the airsprays give the mag an air (stinks doesn't it). However even with the improvements we can still detect ever so many things the matter with APOLLO.

You'll probably notice that we have no letter section in this issssssh (speakey Japanesey). We recieved plenty, but one Saturday night we went on a binge and lost the letters. I think I wared them up and tried to light a bottle of beer with them. Tch, Tch, well we won't let it happen again. So write in your opinions of this issue and if that guy who said that about No. 3 says the same thing about 4 then we are going to tell Deglerogers on him. So there.

In to see me a few weeks ago was Bob Jones of Columbus O. publishers of Pegasus and a member of FAPA. Bob had been in the army and has been given an honorable discharge. He is planning to enter active fandom again. We hear that Pegasus was a darn good mag.

I was up to Indianapolis a few days ago to see Marlow. We weren't able to get together though because I had to take my Navy Volounteers test. Didn't pass, by the way, my eyes are too bad. If the army takes me it will have to be on a limited service basis, so I may be able to publish a 'zine anyway.

Plans in the offing are a trip to Schenectady with Lem. Or I might go west this summer. I've always wanted to see the west coast. Well, bye now. My Cosmic Circle Commentator just came in and I've got to catch up on the rape and war news...

THOUGHTS

by

Martin Harmas

xx

All of my teachers in University seem to be striving for clearer, more lucid thinking. One particularly do I recall who will remark, when I hand in a sloppy theme or begin to talk in circles, "Mr Harmas, please organize." And sometimes when I am talking well and pause for a moments thought she will say, "Proceed Mr. Harmas, you are organized; Proceed!"

When first I became interested in fandom it was through the help of Mr. Hensley, who loaned me his and Marlow's fan magazines. These I industriously read. Also I read all the Cosmic Circle propaganda and some of the other propaganda for other organizations. Here is what I have decided. I am very much against any attempts to improve fandom by the so-called "national" organizations. I will try to explain a bit on my stand.

Fandom has existed for some time now. Quite a few figured it would fold up because of the war but instead we find it stronger than ever. Many new fanzines are appearing. Some of them are poor but improve with age. Others, such as Fanslants, Toward Tomorrow, The Acolyte, etc. already have that grown up appearance so looked for by fan.

Fandom, at least those of the older variety, seem to sheer away from all attempts at organization--and with cause. Too many organizations that showed promise have flopped. The Cosmic Circle is one prime example of this. Fan must realize that the world is a chaotic place. Things are unsettled and in a turmoil now. Any attempts at organization can only throw fandom into a state of bad feeling against one another, because each person has his or her ideas for organization and hell and highwater can't change them.

Fandom is an escape. As a hobby it is very interesting, and shows signs of great postwar development along these lines. But as a lifetime occupation, as some Newcastle idealistic farmer is trying to make it, it has no future.

If you do not believe that fans are individualists then look at the scrap that is just now going on in the lasfs. It is split into two, or more factions. Perhaps the factions will split into factions and so on. Pretty soon--no club at all. Enuf for organizations.

Another thing I hate in fandom are the jerks who write to a fanzine editor and grumble because that editor chooses to print fanfiction and fan poetry in his magazine. I would like to know where they expect us to read our off-trail fiction, if not in a fanzine. Astounding has one every once and a while but where else can you find it? So I say fnz. editors, keep up with the printing of stories.

Oh well, enuf of my griping. I certainly agree with all of you in thinking that fandom is a fine hobby and noone I suppose, will want to argue with me on that...

E n D

LOVECRAFTIANA by Don Grant

Providence: W. T. Scott, Literary Editor of The Providence Journal, spoke here on the evening of Feb. 20. His topic of lecture, H. P. Lovecraft, was very appealing to the small crowd of about forty gathered at the Providence Public Library.

In his lecture, Scott made a very astonishing announcement. He revealed that a New York Publisher, Bartholomew, has definitely foretold the appearance of a few of Lovecraft's stories in a pocketbook. In addition to this book, the army will get a book of Lovecraft stories printed on very thin paper.

The speaker, Scott, told many facts about Lovecraft's early life. He then gave almost a complete biography of the life of Lovecraft.

Progressing onward in his talk, Scott told something about HPL's writings. He spoke profusely of THE COLOR OUT OF SPACE. He seemed to like the story and I agree with him. The story, I think, was entirely new to everyone in the audience except Mr. Scott and myself.

At the same time as the lecture, the greater part of the manuscripts owned by Brown University, were shown in the library. The exhibit consisted of manuscripts, artistries by Robert F. Loch, and a few magazines and books, along with some personal items.

I think Mr. Scott's interest in Lovecraft is from a local pt only. He seems interested in Local landmarks and those originated by HPL in his stories. He thinks that Lovecraft cannot really be compared with other authors until his best works are published in one volume.

I have made a copy of all the material on display at the library and I will send a complete list of it for publication in AFOLLO

-----DON GRANT-----

THIS

IS A LIST OF MATERIAL WHICH WAS DISPLAYED AT THE LOVECRAFT
EXHIBIT AT THE PROVIDENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY

XX
Laboriously collected by Don Grant
XX

DRAWINGS

ARTIST

Abdul Alhazred
Dream Thing
Explorer
Lurking Fear
Sabath
Yagoth
The Feast
Kadath
Whisperer In the Darkness
Dine and Dance
The Ghoul
Seven Eyes
&
Two Untitled Drawings

Robert Bloch
" "
" "
" "
" "
" "
" "
" "
" "
" "
Fischer
Robert Bloch

BOOKS

1. THE OUTSIDER
2. BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP -- TWO COPIES
3. SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH
4. Goethe's FAUST (2)
5. Poe's TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION
6. Walpole's CASTLE OF ORANTO (2)
7. Wilde's PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (2)
8. Dunsany's BOOK OF WONDER
9. Dunsany's LAST BOOK OF WONDER
10. Haggard's SHE AND ALLAN
11. Hawthorne's DOCTOR GRIMSHAWES SECRET
12. Hawthorne's THE MARBLE FAUN
13. M. R. James's THIN GHOST
14. Freeman's WIND IN THE ROSEBUSH (2)
15. Hawthorne's HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES
16. Machen's GREAT GOD PAN
17. Stoker's DRACULA
18. Dunsany's DON RODRIQUEZ
19. Stevenson's DOCTOR JEKYLL AND Mr. HYDE

MANUSCRIPTS

SOME TYPED, SOME WRITTEN

1. WHITE SHIP
2. DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH
3. THE HOUND
4. THE NAMELESS CITY
5. THE BEAST IN THE CAVE
6. TRANSITION OF JAUN ROMERO

MANUSCRIPTS
CONTINUED

7. THE OTHER GODS
8. HE
9. QUEST OF IRANON
10. AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS
11. LORD DUNSANY AND HIS WORKS
11. THROUGHT THE GATES OF THE SILVER KEY
13. WEIRD STORY PLOTS
14. CALL OF CTHULHU
15. SWEET BRAMINGATE (by Percy Simple)

VARIED ARTICLES

A picture of the old Fairbanks House in Mass.
together with an account of HPL's stay there.

Two long, profusely illustrated letters.

several poems, PROVIDENCE, OF A GRECIAN COLUMNADE
& EAST INDIA BRICK ROW all by H. P. LOVECRAFT.

Two sculptures by Clark Ashton Smith

Several fanzines containing Lovecraft material.

several other articles by or about HPL.

ARTICLES

IBID by HPL
HERITAGE OF MODERNISM by HPL
W. T. SCOTT's ARTICLE ON HPL.

&

TRAVEL

MANUSCRIPTS

1. TRAVELS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
2. CHARLESTON
3. A DESCRIPTION OF QUEBEC

E N D

XX

M E T A P H O R

To walk the crowded city streets

And see each face go by--
And know as time so softly fleets

Each one must rot and die.

JADE

BY

Thomas M. M. M.

The sun had slipped beyond the distant horizon were just beginning to twinkle furiously in the sky. My study was dark and the book I held in my hand had been unread for the last hour. A strange lassitude had overcome me in its paralytic grip. The dripping of rain from the eaves of the night gave the streetlights an almost ghostly air as if eyes peering in the twilight. I knew eventually I must rise. A dinner engagement with the Irons. I would have to listen to their imbecilic chatter instead of, instead of thinking...

pered stealthily beyond the horizon and the stars to twinkle furiously. My study was dark and my hand had been taken me and held in a grip. The dripping and the faint mist through the twinkling, most ghostly air as to the growing twilight.

Ah well, at least it may help me to forget. "Forget, yes I must... If I don't forget I'll go mad."

I stared at the shattered fragments of the broken Jade Box. Why could I not have died instead of living. Never to know again the wonderful warmth of her lips or the touch of her hand...

I stared again at the Jade fragments that had once been a part of the beautiful geisha green cask. The Box of Memories!

I remembered the day I had bought it, from a philandering, wandering merchant. It was a beautiful thing, its green Jade bound in faded time-eroded Teakwood.

The old chinaman who sold it to me was as faded and ancient as the box itself. San Francisco was full of these time blackened Chinese. He must have been one of them. He never disclosed where he had gotten the box only would he say that he must sell it so that he might get enough money to return to China, "To die."

In the end, I bought it, for a fraction of its value and the old chinaman left, praising his Gods. The old box remained on my desk for several days before I got a chance to examine it thoroughly. When I found time, one rainy afternoon, I noticed there was an odd sort of a writing on the bottom painted in antique characters.

To my amazement it was not Chinese, as I had at first thought it to be. Instead it was in some vastly older, archaic language. I arose from my desk and brought a magnifying glass. With it the letters became cleared, and more distinct. Even though the writing was vivid I could not determine in what language it was written. ((cont. next pp))

JADE

Most assuredly it was not Chinese. Perhaps Phoenician. Its symbols seemed to correspond roughly with the phonetic alphabet of Phoenicia.

Engrossed as I was I did not seem to notice the passing of time. All sensation seemed to be blocked out of my mind. Within me, impinging itself on the scarlet maze that was my consciousness there was a great ebbing and soaring roar as of the sea. I heard a song, rhythmic and ancient, as turbulent and pounding as the sea itself, a song of fighting men. A great passionate longing possessed my soul. There came a blackness that soothed the pain inside me.

When I awoke I lay on the hard, rough, rockcovered surface of an Island beach. I must have swum an infinite distance. My arms were leaden things as I pulled myself farther upon the sandy, uneven shore. Slowly my consciousness ebbed again. My arms slowly relaxed. In one of my hands I felt the cold chill of something I had held grasped firmly even in my unconsciousness.

When I awoke again it was evening. My head lay in the shifting sand and it was with much effort that I arose. In my hand I held a longsword, bright and steely. Perhaps I had pulled it out of the sea. Perhaps it was already lying on the beach when I crawled out of the miasmic abyss of the sea. I never knew. Ahead in the dim twilight I could discern two dim colosusses rising into the night. Behind among the trees behind the statues was a great time eroded wall. I gazed up. The top towered high above my head. Behind the wall I could hear the weird throb of some gigantic drum. Perhaps there was a civilization here. Someone must have built the wall and someplace there must be a gate.

I started walking, slowly at first, but faster and faster as my strength came back. The sky above me was strange. Certainly, I thought, this is not the sky of our world but that of another. Perhaps that sky of a vastly different period.

Far ahead I spied the glimmering, as of moonlite on some incredibly fantastic gate. The moon on its rusted timeblackened surface seemed to reflect the mystery of the Island surrounding me. There was, I saw, no ornamentation on its ebon surface, except an erosion that time was responsible for. It might have been there a million years. I placed my hand on its verdisgris covered surface and pushed with all my might. The door slowly swung inward. The crack between the door and the wall was sufficient for me to squeeze through.

The door receded, closed. I was alone. Above me great trees thrust their forbidding bulks at the sky. A wind that had seemed imperceptible on the other side gusted hither and thither among the treetops. I began to walk toward the place from which I had heard the weird throbbing drum. The trees blotted out all sight of the moon and the gigantic wall. The forest was dark and eery. Behind I could see a phosphorescent light weaving in the darkness blotted out by the trees only to reappear again--nearer! Hastily I made my way forward. The dim prescence behind me drew closer,

((continued on next page))

and closer. I fled precipitately from it, sometimes colliding with trees and bushes.

At last I came to an open space. There seemed to be an almost perceptible line beyond which nothing grew.. In the center I could discern a statue such as I had seen on the beach--only much, muslim nose and all, more gigantic, towering high above the treetops surrounding it. I fled for it. The presence behind me reached the edge of the forest. Its amorphous-like wanderings were halted. It could not follow beyond the timberline. Even so, I ran toward the statue.

As I approached a sweet blended with moonlite voice called, "Who comes? Is it you Fijref or some creature of the night?"

I replied, "It is I, Pierre Tandray." I strode up the almost black marble steps of the statue. A great green jaded and polished throne shone in the moonlight. On it sat a girl. Her eyes held mine as I strode up the throne steps and onto the transluscent floor surrounding it.

"Hagthor," she cried, "You have come back. But I, my brother, saw you killed by the Sigil yesterday when you ventured into the forest for food."

"I know not of Hagthor," I answered, "Or of the Sigil. I am Pierre Tandray."

Far away the monstrous thrumming had begun again

"What is that," I asked.

"That is the Sigil, the devil worshippers," she replied... They cannot venture beyond the forest edge. All that we fear is Fijref.

I fondled my sword, "I have a weapon."

"Against Fijref there will be little chance. You must hide."

"Nevertheless, I will not hide, I replied.

I studied her. She was very beautiful. Some of the ageless beauty of the place seemed to have been imparted to her. Her face was long and Ivory tinted. Her features were like a cameo in Ivory. She was dressed in thin, sheer black cloak that hardly protected her form from the midnight air. She arose from the throne and seated herself on the step beside me and protectingly I threw an arm around her. For a long while we talked. She had come into this world by accident, too.

She had acquired an ancient jade box, much like mine, in which she kept her jewelry. It was very beautiful. She had noticed the writing on it and tried to learn what it was. The box must have been a key to this dimension or time. She had fallen asleep. When she awoke she was here on this throne.

((continued on last page))

ONE SHIP OF SPACE

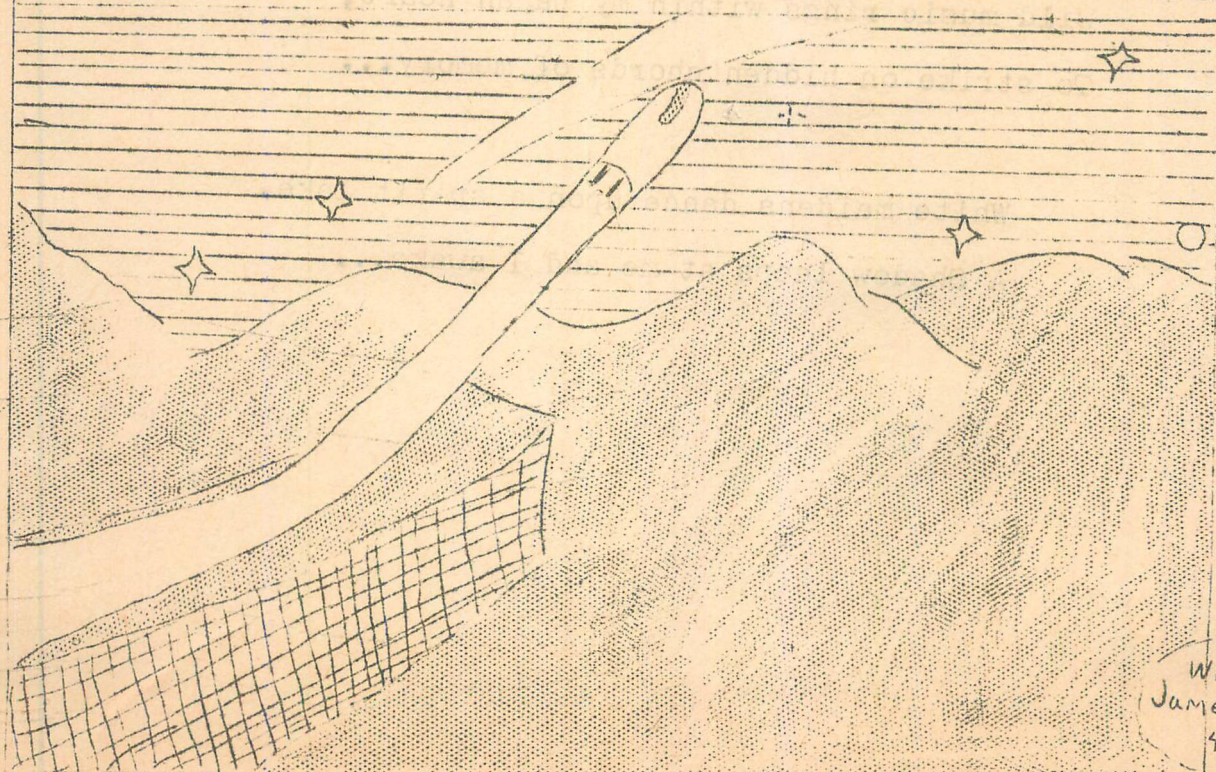
What dreams lie crumbling in the dust,
Live on behind men's shadowed eyes?
What machines are falling into rust,
Go rocketting up to New World skies?

What Columbus of space with daring feet;
In a ship of speed will soon depart?
While 'neath each earth-man's breast will beat
Visions of adventure, like a heart?

What man upon this cultured earth
Will bring to bloom his stellar child?
What woman will bring the world in birth
A scientist, progress-voiced and mild?

One ship of space from out this world,
Could turn men's thoughts from futile wars;
On cosmic fields new flags unfurled,
Start future nations on the stars.

...EARLE FRANKLIN BAKER



Will
James
43

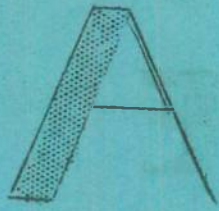
WALPURGIS

EVE

by Joel

A tenuous shape peers at me in my dreams,
And ebon warriors swing their crescent swords:
Dark shadows slip along the light-lost walls,
While priests chant slowly to the aged Gods.
And I, the greatest of the noble race
Walk stealthily along deserted halls,
Wild music rings within my pagan heart,
To strike on hidden chords of memory...

White maidens dance upon a spirit lake.
A Shadow leaps at me and I awake...



REPORT FROM PROVIDENCE

BY
DON GRANT

Today I feel sure that every true Providence fan is at least partially satisfied. On December 26, 1943, the Providence Sunday Journal contained an article, "The Case of Howard Phillips Lovecraft of Providence, Rhode Island." This article was written by W.T. Scott, the literary editor of Providence's only paper. It was a large article complete with two pictures, one of which was a photograph, and the other a drawing. The photograph is the same view that appears on the jacket of the arkham house publication, The Outsider, which I now understand is out of print. The other is an imaginative piece of art showing H. P. Lovecraft in 18th century garments painted by H. Virgil Finlay.

The author, Scott, heaped a great deal of praise on Lovecraft, calling him, "one of the best writers Rhode Is. has produced", and, "perhaps the most remarkable". (of course we think that he is the greatest, but a statement like that from a literary editor is really something). Much data on H P L's life, (some of it new to me), together with many paragraphs of his works, was released. A great deal of credit was given to Derleth and Wandrei of arkham house, the planners and completers of the Lovecraft trilogy. I think that this art. will strongly influence local interest in Lovecraft. As far as I knew, up to the time of the newspaper release there were very few people in Providence interested in H. P Lovecraft.

On the week of the appearance of Scott's art. there was a letter written by a Mrs. Eddy. It seemed that she was some relation to the Eddy who owned the bookshop where Lovecraft loved to browse. W. Paul Cook, in his article in Beyond the wall of Sleep, mentions Eddy's bookshop quite frequently.

Mrs. Eddy, in her letter, tells how Lovecraft often read his manuscripts to her family before submitting them to the editors. The letter tells of his fine reading voice.

I originally had a few of the Scott articles which I was going to send to whatever fans wanted them, but now I have but one copy left. (outside my own collection.) The first comer gets the remaining article. If you want it, my address is: Don Grant, 69 Stamford Ave., Providence, R. I. In the meantime, I'm going to try to get some more copies of the article for you who want it in fandom.

THE EPISODE



By
John
Payson
Nicht

Night crept over old Tide lattice walls dens grew sh-fantastic ap-the moon came streets a cat strode in the gut-it stopped an-ively ahead. The hair rose on its back as it turned and slip-perfooted back the way it had come.

swiftly down Graft. The of the gar-adowy took on pearances as out. In the pitch black Boldly along ter. Suddenly peered furit-

Tap, tapping along the street came an old looking man staring after the retreating cat. When it was out of sight he muttered a bit to himself about the ways of animals and men be so alike. Then he proceeded on.

At last he reached the outskirts of the town. He straightened up and continued on his way. No more did he walk like a stooped, pinched, old man but like a youth in the first blooming of manhood. As he walked he drew a bottle out of his pocket and passed some of the ointment it contained over his face rubbing it in slowly. The parched mummylike appearance transformed into a smooth beardless face of a man of thirty years or so.

Ahead he spied a gate. He peered in the gathering gloom to discern the sign set in the stone. Out loud he read "Marmonal Hill Cemetary". Swiftly he tried the gate and finding it locked he climbed over the top of it. Once over he layed down and drew a book out of his coat pocket. With a flashlight he found a place therein and repeated something from the book to himself over and over for some time.

At last he straightened up once more and went to a near by grave. From out of his pocket he pulled an incense burner and lighted it. Over the mounded grave he hung it attaching it to the gravestone. He muttered soft incantations. Then he threw a handful of white powder on the grave at the same time muttering a loud incantation. From out the grave came a loud and thunderous roar. The man drew back, turned, and started to...

...continued on next page...

run...

In the morning the sun shown mercilessly down on something that lay curiously angled into the sun.

They never knew exactly what happened to the man in the cloak. They buried him in the old cemetery. With him they buried the old book they found beside him. Could they have read the title they might have been afraid. Its aged scroll translated read, N E C R O N O M I C O N.

END

MEN OF YESTERDAY
by
Earle Franklin Baker

Motes on the gales of eternity, we ride

With pale moon watching and red hands clutching our
breath,

Where flies buzz slowly, and white tombstones stand

Cooling the feverish blood with the touch of death.

Yesterday we roamed the stars and knew

Our hands were free as the rocker-motor flare,

Take the dawn-star and dig the greater flame...

Move the talisman and loose the eagle on the air.

Never the sweet green sight of Mother Earth again,

The cradling beam running ahead for us to follow

And the great gold town with the new delight...

Red lips with a flower in her warm breast's hollow.

One look back and then on, each muscle taut,

The redlipped girl and great gold town left alone,

And never again the voice of the morning star

Singing on the sparkling stone.

JADE

The Sigil were the dim amorphous things of the forest. When I told her of my adventure with one in the forest she thought I had narrowly escaped death from one. They preyed on the forest creatures and the manlike gorillas that lived in the trees.

Fijref was one of the gorillas. He was an enormous fellow, weighing probably a thousand pounds. Fijref could come within. But Fijref could not come up the steps. Neither could she descend to get food, because he watched all of the time--only waiting...

"When morning comes," she said, "he will be here, and you must fight him. I am afraid for you. He drove Hagther into the forest and the Sigil killed him." Her voice became tender, "I am afraid for you my Pierre." It did not seem strange when I kissed her.

Morning came. The hot sun shone over the distant wall. She awoke me. We stood atop the steps looking at the forest. Far away I could hear a bellowing roar.

"Fijref," she said. He appeared through the opening of the trees. Half beast and half man. But in him the beast was predominant. His armspread was twice again his height. I held my sword tighter as I waited for him to see me. He saw and a great roar of anger came.

"I must fight him now," I thought, "or I will not have the courage to face him on any tomorrow..." Resolutely I strode down the columned stairpath and awaited him.

He must have been puzzled. Who was this puny upstart to fight he, Fijref. He charged and whirled the knotted club he carried at me in a mace like blow. I dived under the mace and sank my sword deep in his breast. But his mace caught me a glancing blow on the head. The world dimmed. I heard the cry of the girl, "Pierre, come back!" I lost consciousness...

When I awoke the broken sword, covered with greenish blood, gave mute evidence to the reality of my, "dream."

It has been ten years now. My hair is beginning to turn, but still I continue to search.

The twilight outside has changed to dark and the moon is a spectre in the cloud banked sky. The time for my engagement is long past.

The jade box was gone when I awoke. Perhaps it will be tomorrow that I will find it. Perhaps it will be ten years more. But I will never cease to search.

Someday...

finis

Editorial Announcement: Don Grant is hereby given the position as Associate Editor along with Innman and Len Marlow.

