

LETHE

grotesque! such imagination! monstrosity! marvelous
what is it? impossible! obscene nauseating INcredible
insane! REvolting! fantastic! sheer artistry emotional
utterly mad not art fabulous madness
it isn't even finished!

shux

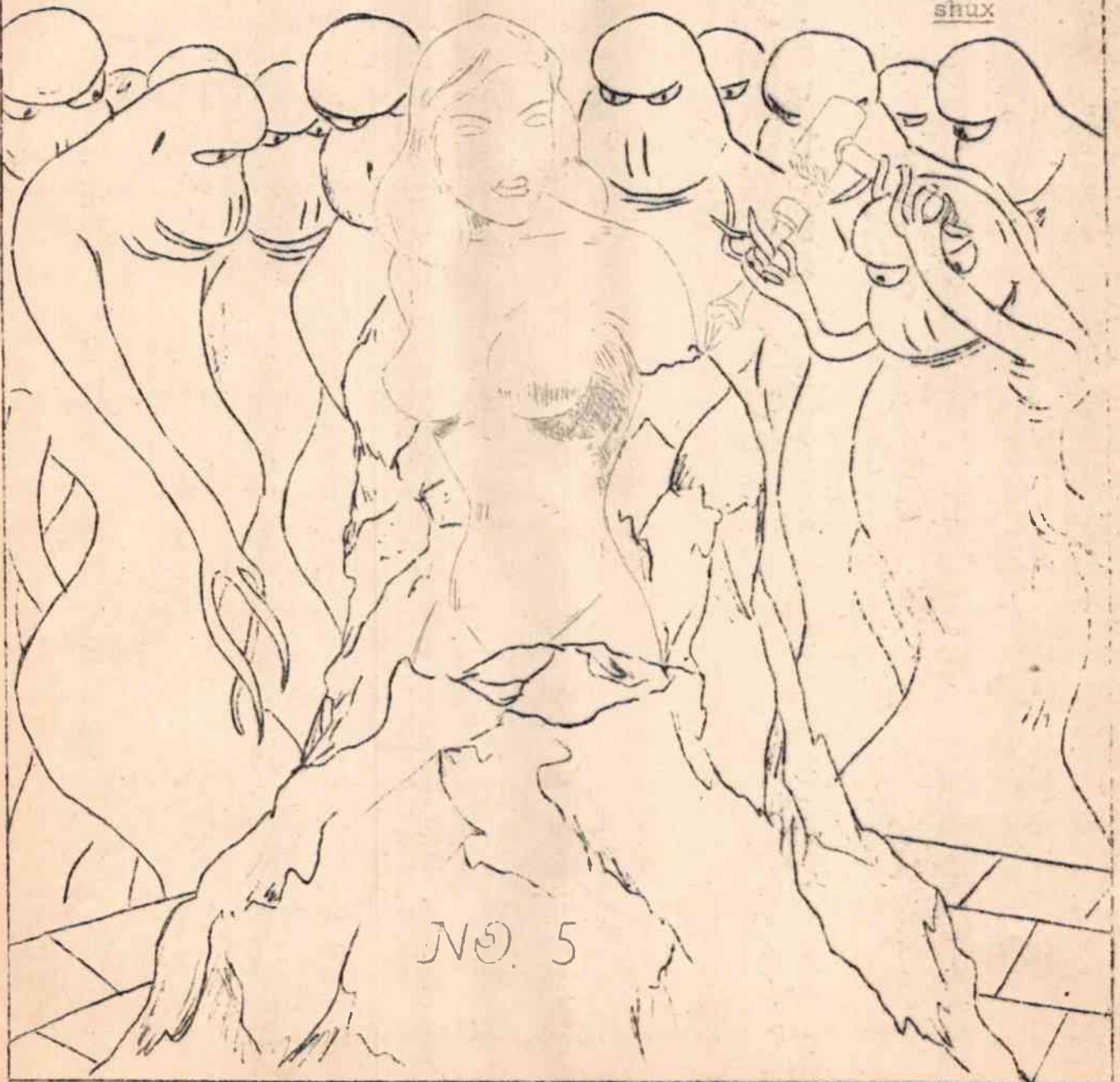


Table of Contents

No. 5

January 1947

FICTION:

Requiescant _____ by Anthony Boucher
Flames of Life _____ by Everett Wyers

ARTICLE:

The Cave Men — by — Herman Meader

BOOK REVIEW:

After the Afternoon _____ by Arthur MacArthur and reviewed
by Tigrina

COVER and Interior decorating by Jack Riggs

Lethe is published whenever he feels like it by Jack Riggs, 1620 Chestnut St. Berkeley-2-Calif. The price is one nickel per copy. Weird, unknownish-type fiction needed, also articles along this line; subject of course, to the editors pencil and possible banishment to the NFFF Manuscript Bureau unless otherwise stated.

ye olde Editoriale

We wonder if this issue will hit the mailboxes here and there over the countryside shortly after New Year's Day or not. Our ambition is a peculiar thing. Strangely enough we don't feel like going to work every week-day, but unfortunately we weren't born rich, so we are forced to. We are not forced to do anything with Lethe, we can publish it whenever we have the necessary ambition to do so.

Pondering on motion pictures in general with our numerous acquaintances, we have arrived at the same conclusion, most of them are odiferous. Movies that have a science-fiction or fantasy plot take an awful beating from the producers. We are inclined to be a bit of an Anglophobe anyway, but Britain has produced my favorite science-fiction and fantasy films to this date. The "Uninvited" is just about the lone American exception. Did the readers of Lethe see "Things to Come" the best stf movie ever? Or the best "Unknown-type" film I've ever seen, "In Dead of Night"? "Dead of Night" is a recent release and a must-see.

(Pliz turn to page 14)

REQUIESCANT



"I can scarcely remember how I came to that little town," said the man with the mask.

At least Martin thought it was a mask; it might have been merely the shadow cast by the grotesque hat. Martin could not be sure. He sympathized with the stranger's vague memory, since he himself was exerting his best efforts to remember how he had happened into this bar.

The man continued. "Nor am I sure what impulse prompted me to explore the outskirts of the village that evening, unless it was a natural desire to avoid its inhabitants, who seemed...."

But Martin's attention was distracted from the doubtless effective description of those inhabitants by the realization that the bourbon was much stronger than he had supposed. Out of spite he took another gulp.

"Before I continue," the man was saying when Martin's attention returned to him, "I had best give you my card. My name is a peculiar one, and you must know it to appreciate fully my story."

Martin looked circularly at the cards which were wandering among his various right hands and finally made out the name, Xavier van Ruysdael Ritter. He realized more than ever the strength of the bourbon.

"I had wandered far from the town," the narrator went on, "and was strolling along through what might have seemed an uncultivated field, had not occasional stony fragments given evidence of earlier mortal occupation. Before me stood a tree of great age. I approached it with a kind of fascination, and then, in its bark, I saw a freshly cut lover's heart, with intertwined initials."

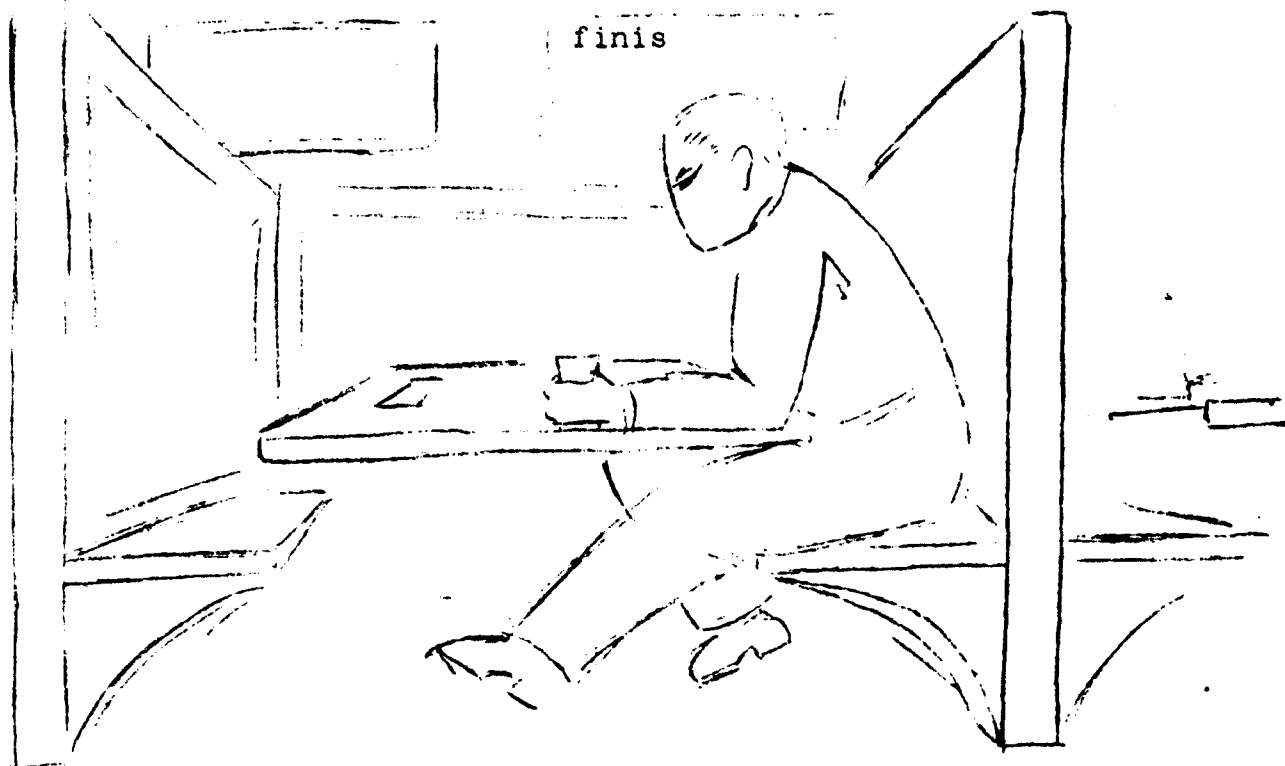
Martin began to express indistinct but unmistakably maudlin sentiments.

"I too," Ritter cut in, "was moved by such touching thoughts until I noticed that the upper set of letters was X.v.R.R.--my own initials! The accidental recurrence of this odd combination in another's name seemed too fantastic, and I looked at the initials with mild wonder. The other set was E.B.L.-initials quite strange to me: then."

Martin noticed vaguely that his companion's glass was untouched.

"I had spent several moments in idle amazement," the man continued, as the dark mask or shadow seemed, to Martin's dazed eyes, to advance down his face. "I stood there staring, and then I looked down. I observed that the tree grew up from a long deserted grave, upon whose crumbling headstone I could make out the initials E.B.L.--the initials intertwined with my own....."

Ivor Wynyard, who entered the barroom a moment later, was shocked to find Martin talking aloud, although he was alone at a table on which reposed a quite blank visiting card.



CAVE MEN

by Herman Meader

Neanderthal was more animal than man. He lived in caves, could not talk and didn't possess fire. Then a mutation occurred and Cro-Magnon Man was born who later supplanted Neanderthal Man because he was more intelligent, faster on his feet and stronger physically. Another mutation occurred in Cro-Magnon and Modern Man was born. The above statements are a mixture of fact and falsehoods, mostly falsehoods. At any rate I used to believe that story until fairly recently.

It seems that in 1907 a Dr. Otto Schoetensack of the University of Heidelberg was one of many who were probing around a large sand pit about seven miles from the city of Heidelberg. In the pit almost eighty feet below the ground level was found the famous Heidelberg Jaw, almost a million years old. The Heidelberg Man was the probable parental form of Neanderthal Man. The jaw was more ape-like than human, but the teeth proved it definitely human.

Thirty-nine years have rolled by and by now anthropologists have a fairly clear picture of what Neanderthal himself looked like, as almost complete skeletons have been found, among other things. The Neanderthals actually buried their dead under the floor of their caves together with stone tools, pointing to their possessing a religion of sorts. To clinch the matter of religion, a row of cave-bear skulls was found in one Neanderthal cave plainly serving as a shrine. They undoubtedly had the power of speech as is indicated by formation of the inside of the mouth and other features, whether they actually talked is another matter, although it seems probable that they had an extremely crude language of some sort. Their stone working was excellent for that period in which they lived. The Neanderthals of the caves lived at the very end of the Lower Paleolithic (perhaps from 100,000 B.C. to 50,000 B.C.) and killed the cold-weather animals of that period, during which the fourth and last glacier was making its advance southward and reaching its peak.

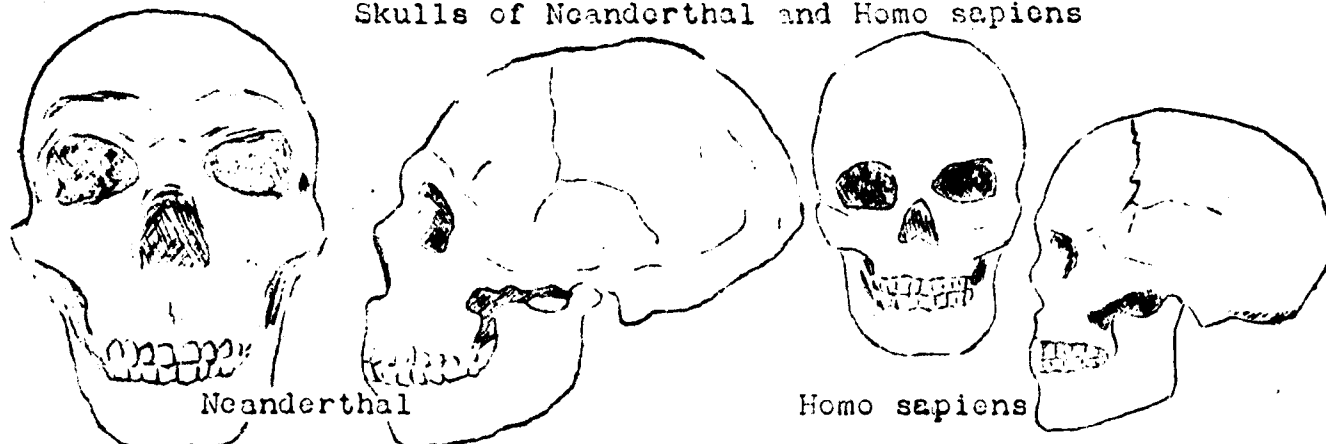
Neanderthal Man's remains have been found all over Western Europe (excepting the British Isles), in Yugoslavia, Palestine, Malta, Russia, North Africa, and Italy. Some of the remains differ in size and shape according to whatever area they are found, pointing to the possibility of their being divided into races.

Neanderthal's head was not balanced like ours but hung forward in a primitive manner, somewhat like an ape's. Our spine tilts slightly back at the top of the neck vertebrae whereas theirs tilted forward. The forehead sloped back from the heavy, bony brow ridge over the eyes. The nose was immense with something of a bridge and he had a large mouth and no chin at all. A brutish-looking specimen whom I wouldn't care to meet in a dark alley, although he just might pass as a modern human with a hair cut and a shave. He was squat, standing a little over five feet and the females just under that; was heavily built and had great strength especially in his arms. A much stronger man physically than Cro-Magnon or Modern Man. His lower

legs and forearms were relatively short, a special characteristic of him. His strength in his arms came from the fact that where our two lower arm bones are straight and slender, his were bowed outward in their mid-sections which means they accommodated powerful muscles. His fingers were probably less adapted for delicate or skillful work than ours are, due to this peculiarity.

Damaging at first glance to the ego is the fact that the Neanderthal brain was perhaps larger than our own brain, but of course that does not mean they had the capacity to be more intelligent, and they probably weren't. They had 50,000 years to become, shall we say civilized (?) and didn't. (That last sentence is strictly my own interpretation.)

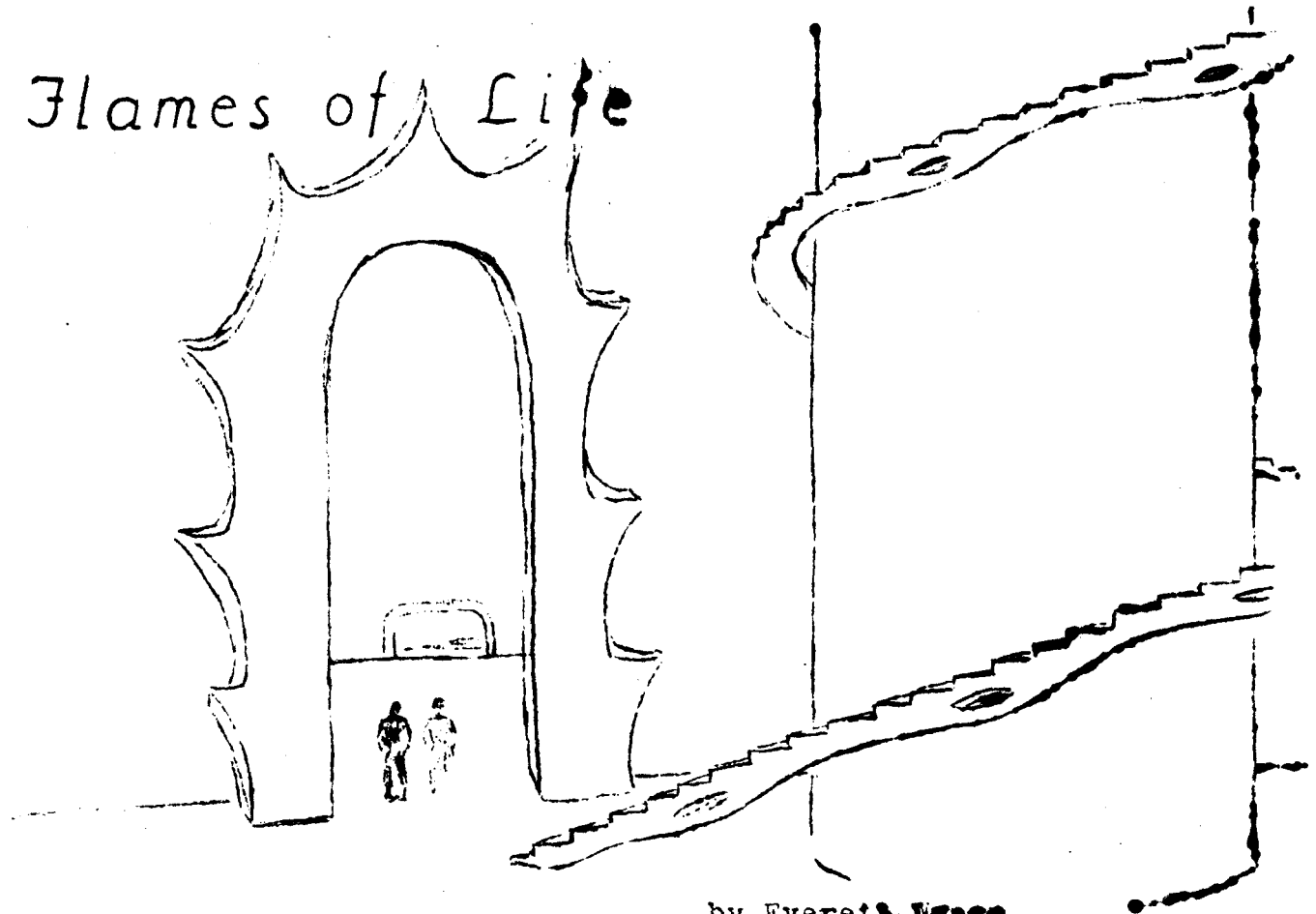
Skulls of Neanderthal and Homo sapiens



There are certain difficulties in placing, or rejecting, Neanderthal as our ancestor. If he was our ancestor why is our head, which is no larger than his, so different in form? Also that forearm of his is a specialized thing, not to be discarded easily by a mutation. Or does he resemble us because both species have responded to the same evolutionary pressures and tend to have large brains and shortened jaws even though we and he have led separate development for ages? Several remains of other pre-Homo sapiens have been found whose shape strongly resembles a mingling of Homo neanderthalis and Homo sapiens, though these might be isolated instances of interracial marriages, or mere chance.

Cro-Magnon according to some anthropologists, is only to be classified as a sub-race of our own primitive, but definitely Homo sapiens ancestors. They are not certain of conditions elsewhere in the world at around 50,000 B.C. but it appears that in Europe of that time that our own sapiens ancestors with their Aurignacian culture which was higher than the Mousterian culture of the Neanderthals, invaded Europe from the southeast and killed off and/or intermarried with the few survivors of the Neanderthals and thus the Neanderthal Man disappeared from the face of the earth. So it seems that our own ancestors and not a separate species (as Cro-Magnon is popularly supposed to be) was the instrument that caused the dissolution of the Neanderthals. The Cro-Magnon sub-race was absorbed by us as the large heads of the Irish and Scandinavians testify, that is according to some anthropologists. The picture is still cloudy.
end.

Flames of Life



by Everett Ruess

"The Anderson Mars Expedition's discoveries while on that planet led to the following conclusions: Mars, at one time was inhabited by a highly intelligent race. They appear, from pictures discovered in the many ruined cities dotting the planet, to have been quite similar physically to our race. Their tremendous waterways and cities gives evidence of a science far ahead of ours. The discovery of what were once Martian spacecraft, has led to the theory that we are the descendants of Martians who fled some terrible peril centuries ago. Throughout three years of exploration, the expedition came across no single instance of life. Whatever peril, or cause, the Martians fled or were destroyed by, has long since perished along with all other life on the globe. Dr. Howard Sharp, noted physicist, and Bret Rand, space pilot, and members of the expedition, perished in a cave-in underneath one of the ancient cities; not through attack by alien life as early rumors stated. Further exploration of Mars will undoubtedly furnish science and - - - -."

The sunlight struck a shining shaft of brilliance from the huge marble pillar. A curving flight of stairs circled the pillar and gave access to a huge dining hall. Two men stood in the massive arched doorway. Their eyes, long accustomed to seeing the marvelous architecture and beauty of Martian buildings, followed the curving wall to an opening marking an ancient elevator shaft and to the massive stairs leading down.

"There it is, Bret," said the short powerful man, indicating the stairwell. His dark eyes flashed with excitement.

The blonde young man crinkled his eyes and murmured assent. They started across the hall. The slow easy strides of the spacepilot matched by the effortless choppy steps of the world renowned physicist brought them to the entrance.

"This should be a cinch, now that we know what to look for, Howard" rumbled Bret Rand.

Sharp said nothing. Together they clumped down the stairs. Past dried, cracked walls, ornate with faded murals and still sharply defined plaques. Through rooms clustered with moldering furniture. Down further. Past shattered laboratories. Further still. Where cold lite still faintly illuminated arched hallways and descending ramps. Past dust-free work rooms and more laboratories, still preserved through thousands of years now.

"Here it is," Dr. Howard Sharp's voice trembled with eagerness. Nervously he ran his hand over his chin and stopped. The astrogator calmly lit a cigarette as the older man pressed his palm to a raised oval on the surface of the wall. An instant and then the heavy time-worn door slid upwards into the ceiling. Light splashed into the hall flooding the two men; casting strange shadows on the opposite wall.

Rand surveyed the room and crossed to a large cabinet whose smashed lock indicated his previous presence. Shortly he was deeply immersed in star charts and astronomical notations centuries old.

Sharp examined again the room and its several machines. His eyes unconsciously tracing the leads. He studied the controls to the huge screen above him. He hadn't quite reconciled himself to the thought of an observatory a mile below surface.

"There must be diagrams of the complete hook-up here," he muttered scratching his chin meditatively. He opened another cabinet and fell to the task of locating a print showing the complete system of telescope, image transporter and viewing screen.

A deep, shadowy silence pervaded the tunnels. For what seemed an eternity the two men so unlike and yet of the same intellectual kinship delved into the mysteries of ancient Mars. They stumbled with the newly deciphered language and puzzled over strange formulae. Over all the living silence of the tomb hung like a black pall. Silence echoing down ancient corridors that had not heard a noise in countless centuries. Or had they?

Softly it stole up the long hall, slipping through the cloying stillness and entering the room like a vagrant breeze. There it hung, sentient, invisible, circling the walls and oozing slowly into the consciousnesses of Bret Rand and Howard Sharp.

Rand and Sharp looked up simultaneously. The silence was broken by a tinkling sigh, faint and far away and echoing dimly through the long gloomy corridors. Faintly, oh so faintly, they discerned a melodious tinkling, an alien pulsing rhythm only half-heard.

"It...it's music," Bret's voice whispered. His face gleamed strangely white beneath his space tan, and he was suddenly afraid.

The doctor listened intently, his head cocked. A hand poised in mid-air, was arrested half-way to his chin.

"Yes, it's music," his voice sounded tired but with a note of triumph in it. "Perhaps our search is over. Perhaps it is life at last. Perhaps.....but no that is impossible. What could be causing it I don't like....." his whispered introspection faded as the inexplicable sound faded into the deadly silence.

Both men now arose and dominated by a single thought, they left the room and turned down old unexplored hallways, as though hypnotized. Once more they moved downward. Swiftly now. The walls, gleaming with their faint light slipped by. Imperceptably the music grew louder. Definite, strange melodies pervaded their minds like groping fingers, and seemed to guide them deeper and deeper still into the very bowels of the planet, ever beckoning like a Lorelei.

They entered regions without light. Neither spoke. Their head lamps cut a bright swath through the blackness almost profanely disturbing the sleeping aeons. Melodies sounded loud now; entwined their slender tendrils about the Terrans. Strange, bizarre, they enthralled the men; kept them striding forward through the pall of darkness. An overpowering compulsion, an overwhelming desire to gaze on the maker of the weird rhythms. A longing, a hunger crept stealthily into their minds. Unaccountably Rand's mind was filled with a blonde vision. A week in New York. The pleasures of that week became one with the complex, entwining rhythms of the music.

They rounded a bend. The music crashed out with the sound of a thousand chimes, the roll of a thousand drums, while a single piercing note climbed higher and higher through it all and vanished beyond the range of hearing; and yet they were conscious of it still, their souls vibrated in sympathy with the narcotic note.

They stood before a huge doorway that loomed massive, menacing, in the light of their lamps. Around them the compelling sounds, soft and loud at the same time, echoed and rebounded from the walls. Expressions of longing touched with ecstasy turned the faces into a strange mask. They passed through the entrance.

There were chaotic impressions that the two thralls vaguely noted. A soft golden radiance. An impression of depth, of vast, incalculable distance. A pillar of shimmering light. Swirling, many-hued mists dotted with winking flashing jewels. Ecstatic music dominating all.

The vast dimensions of the chamber glowed with beauty. Resounded with passions and captivating joys, while unnoticed on the floor lay bones; rotten, mouldering bones.

No comprehending thought showed in Rand's face, his mind was seething with passion interwoven with patterns of beauty. He lived past experiences and future dreams with a clarity and reality, beyond mere mortal life. He appeared in contrast of Dr. Howard Sharp.

The physicist's face reposed in lines of complete calm. His forehead wiped clean of wrinkles. He seemed to radiate knowledge and power. To him the riddles of all science were being explained. His brain followed a thousand years of lore in a second's time. Comprehension dawned as knowledge blossomed and each bit of unfolding data was integrated with the sum total. A wild happiness filled him.

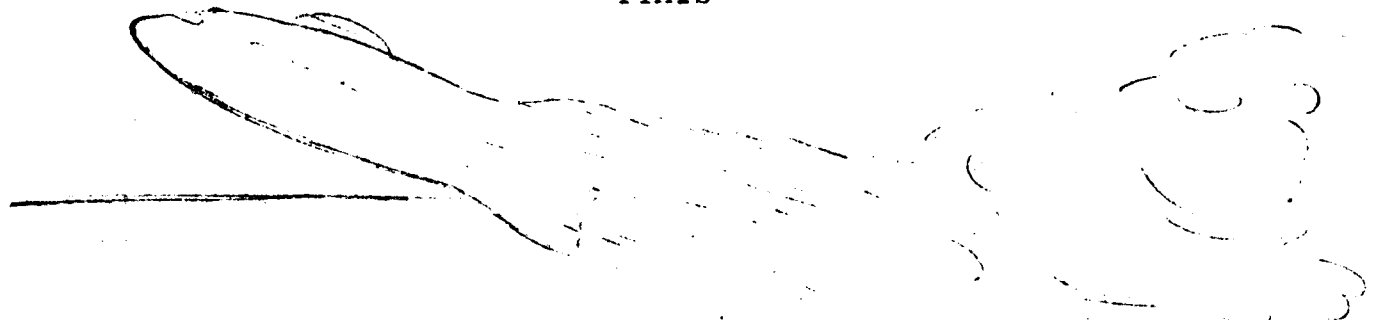
Gradually the two minds were being fused to the flickering flames. Scintillating mists swirled around them. The music rose, fell and permeated them fully, strange thoughts and enticements grew and the last shreds of any resistance faded away. Together they sank down among the rotting bones.

A strange elation filled them. Their bodies began to change. Grew transparent, and shifting colors played on them. Bones showed whitely through that which was no longer flesh. It rippled and flowed! The music mounted into a deep crescendo; died; grew again. A bizarre flowing rhythm grew interspersed with crying tones. Lights flashed a blazing blue, streaked with specks of gold and white. The tonal quality changed into screaming sound; passed beyond the range of hearing. A blast of pure white energy split through everything and there was utter silence once more.

Two misty swirls of impalpable fog floated up. Hovered uncertainly and blazed into joyous color. The consciousnesses of Sharp and Rand reveled in unrelieved ecstasy, coruscated in a fountain of knowledge. A new freedom possessed them, an eternity of life stretched away before their expanded intelligences, a complete integration of all human factors made them inhuman, god-like.

The two super-beings that had once been Bret Rand and Howard Sharp saw with an infinitesimal part of their encompassing brains, the expedition's ship roar into space, her crew resigned to the deaths of two of it's members, but humanity, petty quarelling race that it was, no longer even interested them.

finis



After the Afternoon

by Arthur MacArthur
published by D. Appleton-Century Co.
1941

and reviewed by Tigrina

This is a story of Lykos, a faun, who awakened one afternoon by a bevy of beautiful virgins, falls in love with one of them, and prays at the shrine of Aphrodite that he may claim the girl for his own. Aphrodite, heeding Lykos' plea, interceded for him with Zeus and the other gods and goddesses on Mount Olympus, and causes Lykos to be brought there, where he is transformed from a faun into a human being.

The gods and goddesses endow Lykos with various attributes and powers, including immortality and the ability to change at will from one body to another. However, Ate, the goddess of Discord, limits Lykos' powers by decreeing that when Lykos enters a body, he will not be able to leave it again until it is dead or destroyed, and furthermore, that Lykos will be unable to reveal his identity. These exceptions, of course, create difficulties for the faun later on.

Lykos is then sent back to Earth in his human form, with enough gold to make him independent, and he meets and marries the young girl Aoni, who took his faunish fancy that day in the forest. Aoni dies in bearing Lykos a son.

Shortly afterwards, Lykos accepts service under Princess Ni of Egypt, who anchored her boats at his village while in search of new warriors, presumably for her "Scarlet Guard." Lykos learns later that he has been selected because of his close resemblance to the Pharaoh, Phenkaton, who has not been able to furnish his wife, Queen Tharmis (who was also his sister. Evidently they believed in family affairs in those days), with an heir to the throne. Fearing that the man next in the royal line, who bitterly opposed the King and Queen would claim a right to the throne, Princess Ni and Queen Tharmis had conspired, unknown to the Pharaoh, who dearly loved his wife, to obtain a substitute father for the child, the man to be banished as soon as the mission was accomplished.

The story from here on departs from fantasy for awhile, and the greater part of the book is concerned with court intrigue, lurid descriptions of barbaric splendor, accommodating Lydian slave boys and girls, licentious living, whipping orgies, cruel sports and torture scenes.

Queen Tharmis and Lykos fall in love, or what passed for "love" in those days, and later a little heir to the throne makes its presence known. The Pharaoh suspects, however, and has Lykos poisoned. Lykos' death, of course, releases his immortal spirit, which is then free to

assume another form.

Desiring to be near the queen, Lykos enters the physical abode of the Pharaoh. He tries to make known his identity to Tharmis, but cannot due to the restrictions placed upon him long ago by Ate, the Goddess of Discord, when he was given his human form.

Queen Tharmis, aware that her Pharaoh-husband poisoned Lykos, in turn poisons the Pharaoh, who is really Lykos. (Follow me?) During his dying moments, the Pharaoh---er,---I mean Lykos, is no longer under the compulsion not to reveal his identity, and he tells Tharmis who he is. Tharmis is horrified at what she has done, but it is too late now.

The death of the Pharaoh, Phenkaton, excites the populace, and those opposing the throne having discovered that the royal heir is not legitimate, kill the brat and its unworthy mother, and rouse the people to revolt. Through this melee the spirit of Lykos has remained disembodied, but during the dying moments of Queen Tharmis he enters the body of a friend of his in the "Scarlet Guard" just long enough to deal the death blow to a priest who instigate the revolt and killed the child, thus enabling Tharmis to know revenge before she died, and also to avenge the slaying of his son. Then Lykos, in the body of the soldier, kills himself in order to liberate his spirit again. Just what happens to all the spirits of these persons whom Lykos enters, the author never bothers to explain.

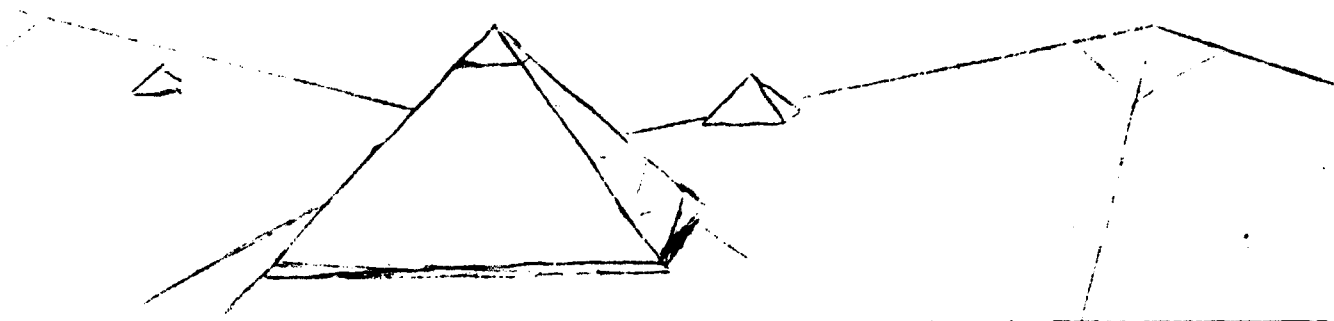
Tired of human life now that he has lost his Queen and her enemies have usurped the throne, Lykos decided to enter a grain of wheat and live a peaceful existence. By an odd coincidence, this particular grain of wheat is later chosen, with others, to be placed in a jar accompanying Pharaoh Phenkaton's mummy to the tomb, which places Lykos in a grave predicament.

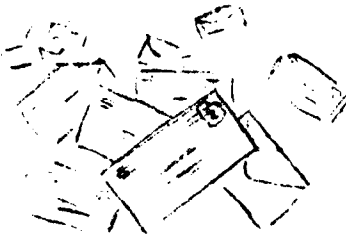
Lykos remains for centuries imprisoned in the grain of wheat, until some explorers chance upon the Pharaoh's tomb. One of the men, seeing the wheat, breaks off a stalk to retain as a souvenir. You guessed it. He broke off the grain of wheat containing Lykos' spirit, which freed our little faun from centuries of imprisonment.

At the conclusion of the story, we see Lykos entering into the body of the younger and more robust of the explorers, and anticipating a journey to the United States.

Some faun, eh?

November 28th '46





LETTERS



Well, to lead off, it seems that sending copies of your fanzine to Art Widner pays off. I sent Lethe #3 to him and he gave it a favorable review in the FANTASY ADVERTISER and here are the guys to asked for sample Lethes as a result. Arthur Levine, P.J. Rasch, "Decil", Garvin Berry, Joseph Krucher, Don Hutchison, O.G. Estes, Joe Gibson, William Rotsler, and so Widner's address is: 121 Norton, North Weymouth-91 Mass., fan pubbers take heed.

Fred Ross Burgess saw Lethe in the Pacificon Combozine as wrote:
115 Aycock "Dear Mr. Lethe:I'll comment briefly;
Chapel Hill, N.C. Cover: Not too bad, not so hot. The artist
you use on the cover (Riggs) could, I believe,
use a bit of knowledge of the anatomy of the head. The body is
okay. The head: Interesting twist. At least she didn't kill the
old geezer like I thot she was gung to. Filler: No comment.
Incidental: Oh my aching typewriter, I actually laughed." And
he winds up with a reference to his forthcoming fanmag, "scarab."

Redd Boggs comments: "Ah, and Lethe: I haven't seen
2215 Benjamin St. NE many fanzines since returning to civil
Minneapolis, Minn life, but this cover on Lethe #4 is easily
the best of all fanmag covers I have seen.
The usual stf-cover motif, of course (gal and monster), but well
done, and the femme is lovelier than any seen on TWS in years.
Who drew it ((not that I want to brag, but I..ed))?The
"Letters" column I didn't like at all, not even as a filler. While
somewhat humorous, I feel some of this was in slightly bad taste.
.....Incidentally I don't care too much for a policy of printing
an issue of fiction. Perhaps, two fiction items and two articles
would make a nicely balanced issue."

F. Lee Baldwin wrote such a short letter, here is the entire
Box 187 thing. "Thanks for sending on LETHE #5.
Grangevill Idaho I've only received #1 in the past so am
short 2,3,& 4. Herewith is 5¢ for 6 when
and if. ((must have the numbers wrong, this ish is only number
five...ed)) Best, by far the best, was Omega's Diary, by Leib-
scher. Heard radio comment other night where some of the boys
are predicting that we can expect anything out of uranium rayed
Japs. By anything the guy said multilimbed and several headed
species. Some fun, eh Riggs?.....ah yes, some fun. Am hoping
for some such thing myself, should be interesting except for the
possibility of Jap "Baldies" or Slans or supermen? anything was
what the man said. How will we know if supermen are being born
over there, they aren't liable to broadcast their abilities?...Ed

"Kay-Mar" Carlson say thusly: "Its been a long time since I
1028 3rd Ave. S. wrote to you to thank you for a swell
Moorhead, Minn. LETHE, but at last I am going to let you
know that I enjoyed No. 4. So many good
stories were in it. Tigrina does nice work on the story "All
Work and No Clay". It ended different than most stories of that
type. Was glad to see that Redd Boggs is active. ((I think the
poor joker just received his discharge no too long ago.)) He is
a former resident of Moorhead, Minn and is now in Mpls. He wrote
to me and joined the NFFF. The Darkening path was real good. He
has good expressions, and holds the interest of the reader. Lets
have more of his stuff in Lethe. Its a change for the better.
((I'd like some more of his stuff for Lethe too; he has promised
a story, but somehow a lot of stories by fans never quite get on
paper, hope his does)). A short humor story in each issue would
be welcome too. Sending you some cash-for more LETHE." ((Ghoo
Ghu the man wants a life sub, he enclosed 30¢ !!!))

Boff Perry writes in a form letter "Jack; Nope no Lethe
68 Madbury Rd #3 yet. please send. Did you get CYGNI #5? I
Durham NH. hope. Lethe #4 very good. Cover very purty.
About as good a color mimeo job as I've ever
seen. Gad. Tigrina is by far, far the best. Your humorous
stuff seems to be tops. Yer doing very well. Z. Schramm: as
WelCom member I talked her into joining N3F and now I notice that
she signed the GGFS anti-NFFF diatribe. Oh goody, comes a change
of administration. Vote for Boff! ((I did)) pseudo-Letter Sec-
tion amusing. Ever Read Tucker's "British" letter in an old
Wonder? ((Nope, but I'll bet twas funny))

Andy Lyon comments are being cut short as I see the
200 Williamsboro St. bottom of the page is in site. "...Front
Oxford, N.C. cover was very good. Haven't gotten up
enough nerve to try a colored cover.
Tigrina's article for ring the bell failed. Which shows how back-
ward I am. The writing and characterization were okay but the
ending fell flat on its snout. A Superstitious Man was undoubt-
edly good, but ancient plot. However, the atmosphere was very
realistic. The best piece by far was Liebscher's contribution.
Bogg's piece was fair to middlin'. Correction: I got more
laughs out of the letters, so this section gets first place.
Looking forward to next issue. ((so am I. Never know whether
there will be one or not. I can't write everything))."

Charles Lucas says in a personal letter to me. "I attended
118 W 7th St. the Queen's Science Fiction League Meeting not
Bridgeport Va. long ago. Campbell was supposed to be Guest
Speaker but didn't show up. His associate
editor, Jerome Stanton gave a nice talk tho'. He also hinted that
if enough letters are sent there might be a possibility of re-
viving UNKNOWN. So a word to the wise. ((wise up fellows, send
'em a letter pronto; Ghoo what a magazine!!!! Best ever...ed))

((I am badly in need of a mint copy of the June 1943 issue of
UNKNOWN WORLDS to complete my set. Seventy-five cents is offered))

Editorial---continued from page one.

We also liked (non-stf, but we are in a reminiscing mood) two Russian films, "Alexander Nevsky" a historical flicker dealing about the period in which Nevsky defeated the Tutoic Knights, and the "Thirteen" a film about a Russian patrol embattled in a Gobi-desert oasis and fighting off a horde of Mongols. On your must-see list is the recent British production of "Henry V" in technicolor, dialogue straight from Shakespeare and a bit difficult to understand for the first five or ten minutes, really good though. "Fantasia" was excellent, and so was ---oh well what the hell, I could go for page after page.

Friend Everett Wyers and we-uns attended a meeting of the University of California Rocket Society t'other day. Surprisingly enough the class room was filled to overflowing with 90-odd people, never thought there was that much interest in the subject. The speaker was a professor of physics who dealt a death-blow to the use of atomics as applied to space-travel. His dissertations on how atomic-power actually works was highly interesting. At present and in the foreseeable future atomic energy can only be used to make steam power. There is even a joker in that. Metallurgical difficulties encountered in containing the Uranium begins to have certain elements in the aluminum alloy (the only feasible one so far) undergo transmutation destroying the properties of that alloy, rendering it useless. The container is necessary because it is immersed in water that must not go over 100 degrees or the transmutation will take place and the Uranium will be carried off in the water. Raw atomic power for rocket propulsion is out too, there isn't an alloy known that will withstand the temperatures involved, temperatures that have to be high for any efficiency, and temperatures that approximate the ones encountered on the surface of the sun! Let's return to liquid-fuel rockets, shall we?

The Golden Gate Futurian Society around the Bay Area here now has over twenty members! If you are looking for any big things from this organization (and I don't know why you should) in 1947, you are doomed to bitter disappointment. We meet to shoot the bull, swap mags, loan books, trade information on things of interest to the fan in movies, magazines, fan-mags, books, and technical information. Nobody seems interested in making the outfit a "live-wire" club. I'm the only officer, and my energy is strictly limited; I was born tired. We have fun though and the majority seems satisfied to keep the status quo, so That's all for this ish kiddies. Goombye for a couple of months.

Yc, me & we.

