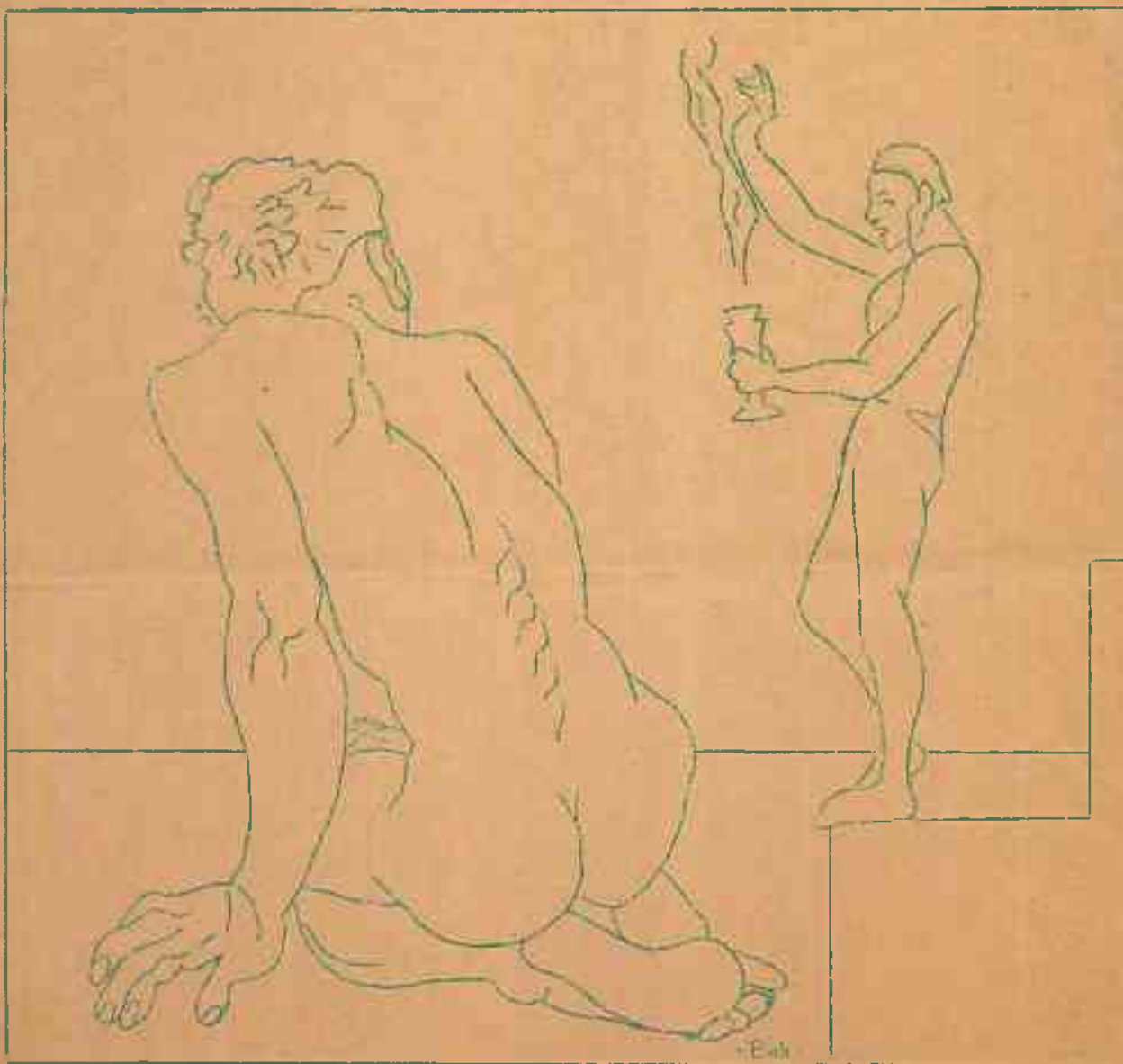


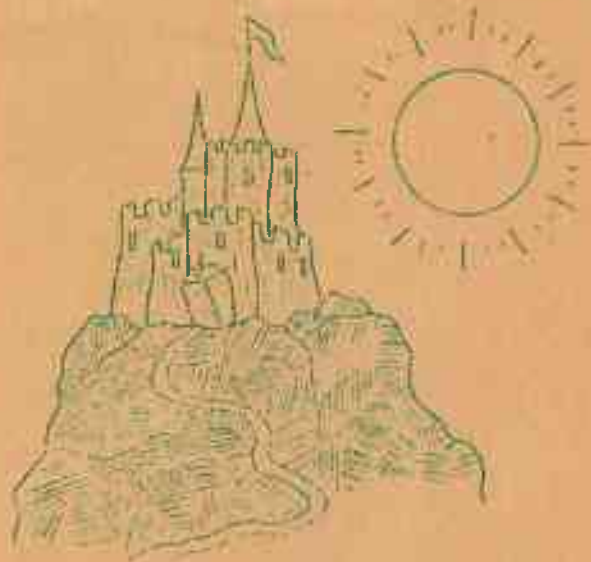
# PHILSTAR

VOL 1 NO 2

MARCH 1940



# SHANGRI-LA



LOS ANGELES'  
OFFICIAL  
PUBLICATION  
*presented soon*



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March, 1940

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Cover by Hans Bok  
Courtesy of- Futuria Fantasia

### EDITORIAL ILLUMINATION

Thank you, fellow fans, for your kind words about Polaris--we appreciate them more than we can say, and will do everything in our power to make Polaris more enjoyable for you. We feel that we have been fortunate in securing some excellent material for this, our second issue; please write and tell us how you liked it, and which seemed best.

Again we must issue an appeal for more material. If enough contributions are received within the next two months, Polaris will be enlarged to twenty pages with the third issue; if not, we may have to make it even smaller than it is now. It is entirely up to

(Continued on Page 15)



# THE FORGOTTEN

by Robert W Lowndes

I think my name is Allyn, but it is so difficult to be sure of anything now. That is why I am writing this: I want something to which I can refer -- later. Already it has become difficult to recall the when and where of it -- and I fear I shall never know the why.

One thing remains clear, the name of whoever it was who was first in my heart. Catherine. She must have been beautiful --- lovely -- because how else would I recall her when everything else has gone. What could she have been like, I wonder? I sit here and watch the parade of men and women going by this window, gaze carefully at the lovely women who pass by this window and try to pretend: she was like this one. Sometimes I say: yes, Catherine looked like this. This was the way she walked, with the loveliness of her filling the air like the aura of some rare and wondrous flower; her voice must have had a mellow, caressing tone like that voice; her eyes must have been starry pools of warmth and tenderness like these eyes; she must have clung to me the way that woman clings to that man there. But, then, I cannot be sure...

What sort of man was I? There is only the clue of my appearance in the mirror, the furnishings of this room, the facile way these words seem to flow from the typewriter to paper. I think I was a literary person, perhaps a writer of no small distinction.

I know what you are thinking: I am a victim of amnesia. I have lost my memory through some physical or mental accident. In a way, you are right. But mine has been a most singular amnesia. I will try to relate what I can recall.

It was -- it must have been -- some weeks ago that it began. At that time, I was in no way abnormal. But at that time I began to notice certain abnormalities in the people surrounding me. I know that I had an appointment, a rather important appointment, with a person of prominence. That he (or she) was prominent there can be little doubt because I went to his (or her) office in the heart of the city, in an exclusive building. I went there, presented my card to the receptionist and waited. In a little while she returned, somewhat puzzledly, asking me if I had an appointment.

I told her my name (at that time there was no difficulty in recalling personal data) and cited the occasion for the appointment. She went into an inner office, and, a moment later, returned with the person whom I was to see. I knew him (or her); I spoke to him (or her) by name and told him (or her) the purpose of the appointment. But he (or she) merely looked blankly at me and said: "I am sorry, but I do not recall you."

It was a shock -- a very great shock. You see, I had called on this person before at this very same office. We had had a most cordial and satisfactory meeting. In fact, I had expected that the receptionist would remember me. But now, this person was saying, puzzledly: "I am afraid you have made a mistake: I am sure we have not met before."

What could I do? I apologized and departed. Then I telephoned to a fairly intimate acquaintance who lived a few blocks away, telling him what had happened and asking if he could meet me short-

ly thereafter. There was a rather awkward silence at the other end of the phone, then I heard this acquaintance's voice saying: "Who did you say you were?"

It was the same experience all over again.

I'd rather not go into detail about the rest of that day. There were no less than a dozen repetitions of the events of that morning. Storekeepers, waitresses in my favorite restaurants, business associates, friends -- no one knew me.

That night, I went out and became very drunk.

It was a difficult thing to return that night. I was afraid that they would question me at the hotel. And I was right: the doorman looked at me as if he had never seen me before; the desk clerk had to look up my name in the register. Oh, they were courteous and apologetic enough when I showed them my name in the book and indicated the date on which I had arrived. But, nonetheless, it was torture.

The next morning, the porter came in to my room, then stared at me as if he had seen a ghost. Poor fellow -- we had been very friendly, for he had poetic talents and I had often given him criticisms. I do not know if poetry was my line, but I did have a considerable knowledge of the subject. But now -- he stared embarrassedly and said he didn't know the room was occupied.

How odd that the worst of all did not occur to me then.

I was to meet Catherine -- oh, I'm sure her name was Catherine -- that morning. We were to go riding in the park, then a tour to the top of the Empire State Building -- I think I received inspiration for my work there -- and later dinner in a Chinese restaurant and a play. A little holiday to celebrate something that had happened to me recently. (Could it have been a book I had had published? I have looked carefully over the lists of new books recently appearing, but no one seems more familiar than any other.)

Oh god -- I can't describe it. The burning shame of it. She -- Catherine did not know me. Her eyes -- I think they were dark and full of secret fire -- were kind but more than her sympathetic words they said: who is this poor man?

Why did they have to find me before the poison could work? Why can't I die now? The doctors are kind, but firm. They will not let me be alone. Even now a nurse is sitting at the other end of the room. And -- mockery -- she constantly has to refer to her charts in order to recall who I am. She is worried, too. I assure her that it is all right -- my name: I think it is Allyn something. I mustn't ask her, let her know that I, too, have forgotten...

How odd, I cannot remember my own face any more. There are mirrors in the room. Often I go to one and look in -- only to look around searching for the man whose image looks out at me. Well, at least I am not an illusion. I am here -- alive. I pricked myself deliberately a little while ago. There is blood -- and pain.

Someone is calling the nurse. Perhaps -- can I dare hope -- she will forget I am here. It is not a long walk to the river. And, I do not think they will miss me soon enough. Now she has gone. Her footsteps die away. I wish I could say goodbye to her and thank her for her kindness to me. But this opportunity must not be lost.

People are still passing by this window. Old people, young people. Men, women, children. Lovely young women with dark eyes. Perhaps some of them knew me -- once.



I must write no more. The sun is bright, a wisp of cloud lingers in the sky. The river is a bright jewel lying in the heart of the city. It will not fail me -- it must not. Perhaps when I am going down for the last time, I will remember.

Catherine ... Catherine ...

THE END  
- - -

## THE MAIDEN OF JIRBU

*by Bob Tucker and Ray Bradbury*

I found her in Jirbu on one of my many journeys about the world--she who was as beautiful and as glorious as her native land; tall and perfect, reflecting the coolness of the icy blue sky, fair of hair like the bending, billowing wheat through which the wind crept on invisible feet, eyes mysterious and brooding, yet capable of a sudden clear sparkling like the moonlight on the waters of the lake, skin smooth and tan, glowing with health. Indeed a fairer maiden could not greet a weary wanderer, a fairer city could not beckon from the horizon with shimmering alabaster walls.

Jirbu held no lovelier one than this maiden who had sprung from its snow encrusted peaks, its celadon velvet plains, its misty pounding shorelines. She was soft and luscious, yet strong as its most enduring warrior.

Therefore I took this creature of the soil for my mate, made her the bride of eternity. From her homeland we set sail. Great silken sails filled with the wind and carried us from her land and her peoples back to my strange Atlantis, lying lush and moist under tropical suns. She was loathe to go from her land and wept until the sea craft scraped upon the beach and we had arrived. She had begged me to stay within the city of her birth, to swim and play in the cool waters, to dance beneath the ashen moon and glory in the incense of the wind from the plains.

I would not listen! I left her in Atlantis among my riches, with boats to cross the steaming rivers, with jewels and gold and perfumes I bestowed upon her. Then I continued my nomadic adventuring about the ancient world. Therefore I lost her while searching for yet rarer treasures.

While in far Turin I chanced across an odd and evil looking document -- the Book of The Dead! Upon idly perusing its wrinkled musty pages I found her name inscribed in blood across a yellowed leaf. Hastily I departed, set sail across the mighty Eastern! But I was late! My fertile Atlantis existed no more. Beneath the waves it had disappeared, sunk down into the deeps of the sea gods, beneath pounding waves that smote with angry strength and enveloped all; my land, my home, and with it my child wife of the earth, returned to Nature, the fairest of all Jirbu.

THE END  
- - -

# THE ROOT-GATHERERS

A SKETCH

by R. H. Barlow

The red sun was nearly lost behind a welter of dark trees, and night thickened about us. It was then I first noticed that my mother had a dim fear of the ancient lost place through which we must go. I did not mind seeing ruined buildings; in truth rumours of the corpse-town had fascinated my young ears. You see, I had accompanied her only a few times to hunt food-roots, and had never before gone the way lying directly through the city. Tubers grew well in the clay caverns beyond that place of ruins, and in order that no one else might find them, my mother always chose a time when she could go unobserved. This was in the brief period before nightfall, while the tribe was engaged in cooking.

About us spread once cultivated fields where straggling bean and pea-vines persisted after a time past reckoning, but since man did not care for them, or fight the weeds, few plants bore anything edible. A horde of pale blossoms, hued like the summer evening, and bearing five points, overspread leagues of unused soil and crowded onto the rotten highway. This land about us, these ancient, sun-covered fields, we know had once been great and flourishing; but in a forgotten time something wrong had happened. We are the children of the old race, but no one cares now about the ancient things and the world of dead memories. Such things they say are of no use, for they cannot help us to obtain food. Only two or three of us take interest in the past. Perhaps it is a fortunate thing, because those who do are half-restive in the life about them.

A last reflection from the sky spread a golden mantle over the fields as we came to the wood of black fir-trees which hinted at the nearness of the first ruin. Their foliage shut out the ending glory of the sun, and for a breathless period we hastened through premature night. I pushed my way among the bushes, following my mother, and soon the ebbing daylight sparkled rewardingly again in leaves of summer greenery.

When we were beyond the trees I looked at the small figure beside me, and felt a pang because of half-recollections of our ancient grandeur, when we had made cities like the dead one before us, and did not fear storms and animals. But then a glimpse of the most outlying ruin changed my thoughts, and wonder and astonishment hid from me the knowledge that we were frail and lonely and trivial amid surroundings that thought of a vanished day.

Forgotten now was our humble errand and the dust of the road. Before us lay a fallen tower, very nearly complete, girt with thin pillars like fingers clasped about it. The base of this brick spire lay near us and the little wood, but what remained of the highest tier was half buried, very far away. It had been fashioned strongly, and had fallen like a chimney, intact save where a few centuried pines (lean and tortured) found root-hold in the encircling facade.

There was nothing to show the purpose for which it had been made, and tradition only knew of it that men had drawn the lightning there in magical ways, and sent out again the glory of the skies in a throbbing halo. My regret that we have no memories is a pang more difficult than hunger, for hunger can be satisfied, but



for the nostalgic beckoning of old centuries there is no assuagement. I would like so much to fill out the gap of years which binds us to the past, when men built that old city; and to know the hues and forms of a life vanished utterly. But there are only ruins on which to speculate, fragments of a life existing nowhere, and the people of that place are lonely in the desolate grave of night. A rain of centuries has obliterated most of the traditions about them and all that I may ever recapture is as nothing when it is weighed against the ignorance of our time. Forest and wooded glen, and tales of ancient huntings are the joys of my race.

There are two ruins which even yet hold for me the greatest lure, and I saw them both, that day, now likewise gone into the forgotten abyss of time. The first is that Gargantuan tower of slim embracing pillars, whose foundation--jagged on the sky--seemed to my childish eyes much like a crowd of vultures, and the other, a metal bridge farther on the way, seen only as one nears the city. The bridge is not so great in height as the tower must have been, but it spans a great sluggish river. Men have used it forever when they wished to go into the place of ruins, and wild things scurry over the perilous span in darkness. Sometimes apes and bears are tracked across the old bridge, and slain upon it, though since my youth these are grown scarce.

We came to it later, when the broken tower was out of sight. It was lost overhead in perspective and darkness, and I beheld the corroded girders with a vague fear. The end near us was choked with trees, and beneath it the river flowed green, with spots of diseased yellow. There were five arches upon pillars of old brick, for the river is wide in that part, and had been that way even when the city was built. The woody stream forms a lagoon where great rushes and lilies grow, and there is only a stirring of the tired water. It is a vivid and chromatic scene that I remember--the dead green surface and the vague glitter of the bridge at dusk--though years have gone since I was there last.

I looked about as we started across the ruinous structure, and saw a few pale stars where a girder had fallen away overhead. They watched like indifferent eyes, through the faint evening, from a timeless vantage point. Vague emotions moved in me, and I felt again the regret that ruins must lie unpeopled and forgotten. It was a brief sensation that the noises of a dying thing might arouse; not pity, for pity is then of no use, but an ineffable emotion as near to sorrow as the mist is to rain. It was not sharp enough to analyze, but I have kept the memory of a child who felt, beyond the netted, broken girders, the regard of those unseeing stars.

There was only in places a floor, so for the most part we walked on iron beams. In the blackness under us water rustled past some obstruction which I did not see, and on the curving shores was a cluster of stooping trees. The far end of the bridge was in shadow, but I knew from my mother's words that we should come out between the metal ankles of a guarding statue into the vast silent ruins of a city. Tottering in the gloom, the old bridge was like a man whose ribs are sharpened by the years. As we traversed it, I looked up in apprehension, and saw that above us tons of insensate metal swayed like a broken spider web. I feared that it would fall, but it had been suspended in that fashion before memory, and yet the cables are intact and the girders whole.

Then we came into the city, passing below the mute colossus.



These downward gaze had the frightening indifference of all ancient things. There was an aspect of waiting about the metal statue, white head touched the darkness and the increasing stars. No one has guessed when it was made and set there as guardian of the bridge. It is of the same material, and built of curving segments, rather than sculptured. Looking briefly at the high, indistinct face, I turned away from the bridge and the nameless crouching giant to go into the ruinous streets.

Here was Doom. The shards of a city that once knew merchants and toilers and the glittering rich--peopled now with memories and shadows and the whisper of the breeze. Silent now were the streets whose paving had sounded with the trample of multitudes; silent also the tumbled houses. There were no high structures, these had fallen unmarked during years of neglect. The air was stagnant and weary, and the dark holes in the street and buildings were like the orifices of a nameless skull.

A moon had come up out of the chaos of stars, and swung above the fretted outline of the ruined city, where an immemorial silence reigned. No throb of bird-wing, no rustle of furred feet disturbed the still evening. There were only stars attendant on the moon, and a bluish silence which filled the town like water.

For centuries the vines and roots of jungle things had accumulated about the city, enveloping it and gnawing at outlying districts. For centuries the bubbling hues of sunset had glazed with yellow lacquer those dark streets, and crept along unseen walls. Throughout the multitudinous days of its collapse there had been clouds over it and bright skies and rains: the thunder of the elements had beaten down on it, and sun and storm had battled, each claiming it his fortress. But that night, all was fled save silence.

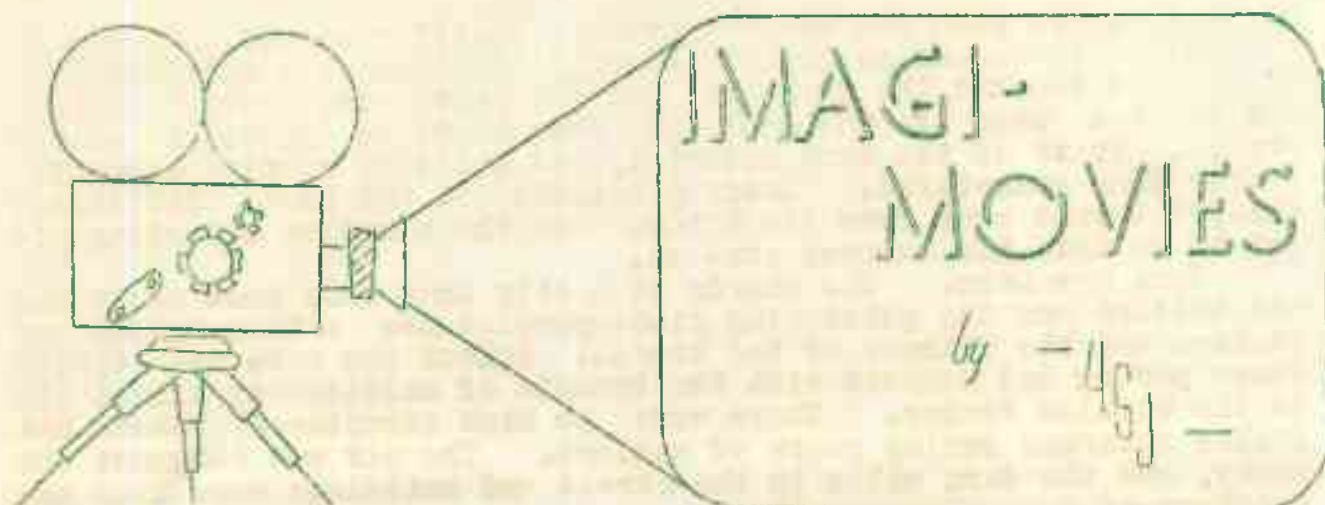
I saw what once had been a shop--the front was crumbled, and a rotten beam lay half across the opening, but there was a litter of incredible wreckage within--goods that had been fashioned for purchasers dead a thousand years, despised even by the beast. Someone had come there and sorted out the useful, undamaged things, but like the rest, these lay in an unclaimed pile. Perhaps the scavenger was there a day before us--perhaps he had become the prey of some animal eight hundred years ago. There was nothing to tell why he had not borne off his spoil.

I would have liked to go into some of the buildings which ranged spectrally along the road. Now one, and then another took my fancy, but we had no time if we meant to end our mission by a safe hour. There was one pile of white marble standing alone in a little field, as if it had been a temple or a strong man's house. And I saw another; round, with many bordering pillars, like an immense spider; whose purpose I could not understand. I would have explored these had there been no hurry. But I knew that we must get back before there was too much moonlight, and the beasts came out. They are very terrible at such times.

And so we went on, and found many roots in the caverns beyond the city.

THE END

Watch for SHAGORI-LA!



DARKNESS & DAWN to be developed into a screenplay? Sorta looks that way! Had a call the other day at the Academy from Roach Studios (now producing "1,000,000 BC") who askt me about a bk publisht approx'ly 20 yrs ago which from the description I identifyd as the classic England trilogy.

I also understand thru Shep's Stf Shop (main back-no. imagi-magmart of Hollywood) that one the Eastern authors was in recently investigating Argosyarns for an interested Studio that seems inKlined to produce a Planet of Peril pic.

"Day Dreams", an early English silent with Elsa "Bride of Frankenstein" Lanchester & Chas "Dr Moreau-Hunchback" Laughton in the leading roles, recently revived at the Academy Review Theater, H'wood. From the story "Blue Bottle" by HGWells.

A depiction of the advances of science & invention 2 decades hence is the future-fare in the Columbia short subject based on the "futura" at the World Fair, entitled "World of 1960".

A new Tarzan pic in prep at MGM.

Orson Welles to do a sykological melodrama, "Smiler with a Knife", a la Lorre's macabre "M", it seems.

Ghostorys galore sked-ed. "Haunted House" is on Monogram's mind as a Karloffilm. Following success of mysteryarn "The Cat & The Canary" Para is producing "The Ghost-Breaker". "Beware Spooks!" is a Columbia product. "The Headless Horseman" to be a UA release. "Ghostman" & "The Ghost Comes Home" are on the pan at MGM. Also there is "The Frightend Ghost"...

A man who can soar naturally (or quite unnaturally, if U will) is the subject of "The Flying Yorkshireman", fantasyarn pland for filming in the '40-'41 season.

If public reaction to "Dr Cyclops" (nutsed!) is satisfactory Para proposes a "sequel-in-reverse", owning, as Studio does, Wells' super-size story, "Food of the Gods", film-title: "Food of the GREAT".

Sex Rohmer's insidious fantasy character returns in "Drums of Fu Man-chu", recently completed by Mono.

A rather well-noen fact in stfan

circles is that Ray Cummings once was sec'y to Edison. MGM is filming "Edison the Man". Therefore, there has been considerable conjecture as to whether the sec'y woud have a part in the pic, & hence someone portray Ray! However, I just checkt on that today with Loew's publicity dept & sad to say Leo's flackery reports the film only concerns Edison's early manhood, in his days of poverty bfor he coud aford a sec'y!

What she may have meant by it I coud not undertake to interpret but MAKLENE DIETKICH, autografing at the preview of her new picture, as she signd her name on a copy of my colaberation with Catherine L Moore in the 39 Dec Weird exclaimed: "Nymph of Darkness--O, that's wonderful!" As Morojo is my witness, these were the Blond Venus' enigmatic words about Nyusa, the invisible Venusian girl.

Kweeriosity: There is a Katharine Leslie Moore whose novel "The Peacock Feather" was made into a movie! "Peace On Earth" is a Things-to-Come-like technicolor cartoon, wherein mankind at last blows itself to bits in the War of Armageddon, leaving the animals to inherit the earth. The story, briefly: Several little squirrels, singing "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men" at Xmastime, pause to wonder what "men" are. They never have seen one. So they ask their Grandpop, who remembers men--most uncomplimentarily. "They wuz th' orneriest, dagnabbest, downright cussedest critters!" & fearsome to behold: great khaki-clad creatures with vitreous eyes, snouts that extended into their stomachs--altogether, quite like Carnell's famous co-creation of "The Man from Earth" on the back-cover of the Science-fiction Assn's organ New Worlds last Aug. These hate-saturated homo-saps allowed their sectional scraps to encircle the globe til in one terrificlimax they succeeded in blasting themselves to scraps, & the squirrels replaced the nuts... Dr Daugherty, Director of the Los Angeles Science Fictioneers, has seen "POE" no less'n 8 times to date. It is indeed a lovely lesson--!

Don't go rong on "Dawter of Kong": It's an orientale & not a sequel to the "Son".

Similarly, I have reason to believe "Men Without Souls" is a prison pic & not a story of synthesisism, zombiism, or such subjects as title woud suggest to the fantasy fan. Veddy soddy!

On the other hand, "First Love" (please bear with me, pal, I'm not going to give U a dissertation on Deanna Durbin!) is the name of a prehistoric picture to be filmd in France. & the French have a von Stroheimer titled "Prisoner of Heaven" which sounds like it's along our line, n'est-ce pas?

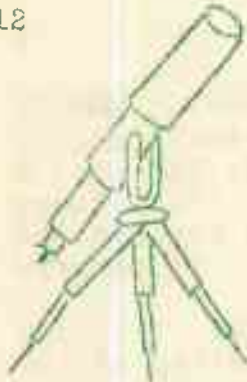
Twas recently learnd the Russians once made a version of the fantasti-classic "Thief of Bagdad".

An immortalityarn is on the lists for production on the Paramount lot, "The Man in Half-Moon St", story of a centenarian scientist who must kill to insure the supply of glands he must have for eternal life.

Antigravityarn "The Earl of Hell" (bk noen to all stf bibliotiles) is in the hands of an Eastern agent with a view to marketing it to the movies.

Well, that's about all. See U next Bank Nite!





# OBSERVATIONS

by the Fans

Bob Madle writes: Just received the first issue of POLARIS and have read it thoroly. As a fan magazine, it is very good, and as a first issue, it is excellent. All three stories were interesting and well-written, with, perhaps, Lowndes' piece having a slight edge on the other two. Ackerman supplied me with some interesting fantasy-film news; have him write more of this type. The entire makeup of the magazine is extremely neat, especially the cover-printing. One kick: Lowndes' cover illustration was not so good. Fantastic, true--but the execution was rather poor.

From Harry Warner, Jr.: Congratulations on POLARIS! Really much better than my high expectations--evidently you're as dubious of the merits of your publications as I! And the duplication could hardly be improved on, at least in my copy. The even edges are a big relief, too, from the ordinary jagged ones--though they're a lot of work, I know. As for material, Lowndes' story I considered best. It is every bit as good as anything Derloth has ever written, and more, has that atmosphere that even pro authors find trouble in acquiring. Barlow's Sonnet should come in second place for honors, I think -- just a little rough here and there, but it can be easily excused. Ackerman interesting-- we need more concise dope on films. And Rimel extremely good, too--in fact, the mag's swell!

Farnsworth Wright makes us very happy: Permit me to express my thanks for sending me volume I, number I of POLARIS. In this day of countless fan magazines, your successor to THE FANTASY FAN stands out by its own merits... I think Lovecraft would have enjoyed this magazine.

Willard Dewey says: Quite neat. I like the green ink. All words are plainly distinguishable--very good. I don't care so much for weird fiction as s-f, but I enjoyed the mag. I liked The Organ best, the other two tie for second place. And, of course, Imagi-Movies was good, with plenty of information. Cover -- simple but fair.

From "Doc" Lowndes: I cannot tell you what a pleasant surprise it was to receive the first issue of POLARIS yesterday. Of course, I knew it would be coming soon--but not so soon. The heading is splendid. I do not know who it was who did it (Russ Hodgkins gets the credit.--Ed.), but it is a thing of taste and neatness little seen in most fanmags. You are indeed fortunate to have those charming Los Angelonos for publishers. (I heartily agree.--Ed.) They have done full justice to your first issue, one entirely commendable not considering my own contributions... I fear I can give you no criticisms on your first issue. It is excellent and I can think of no improvements -- except even better material for future issues and retaining all the distinctive quality you now possess.

H. C. Koenig writes: Thanks very much for the copy of Polaris. It was read with considerable interest and enjoyment. You have gotten off to an auspicious start and I will look forward with considerable anticipation to future issues. Warner, Rimel, and Lowndes all did well with their respective stories. There is only one fly

in the ointment. You guess it. The wonder-boy of the far west. I shuddered when I read the title-Imagi-Movies. How anyone can be amused, edified or fascinated by those damned trick words is beyond me... Into each life some rain must fall -- but please see that it doesn't turn into a cloudburst. If you must have Ackerman--please curb him as much as possible. How can you aid and abet in subjecting the poor reader to such abnormalities as superiffic, lyrickt and scientificinemerry, etc?

From Belle Wyman: I have just read the first Polaris. Cover kind of unique. Seems to me the whole magazine is gotten up in a very nice fashion. Maybe none of your folks do, but I really like the little sonnet. I was thrilled, wondered "How did they ever get this into one of these magazines?" The rhythm and, and--everything! I think it's just beautiful! I liked "The Organ" very much. "The Gourmet"--wasn't it a little far-fetched? "He Who Waits" sure was intriguing; a fine "mystery" story. Might the man have been one of the Adepts? I look forward to seeing all the movies in Mr. Ackerman's list, with the exception of "Eternally Yours" (because I saw it in San Francisco already!)

A note from "Trudy" Hempken: Congratulations! You've done a neat job on POLARIS--it's a dandy piece of mimeo (at least mine is very clear) and the contents themselves are worth the effort that was put into composing the mag. All the fiction is thoroly weird, particularly HWJr's He Who Waits. Mastn't forget The Organ--it's a vampire-ghost affair, so it must please most anyone. Lowndes' Gourmet is thru and thru shuddory -- any tale like that makes me teeth feel awfully cold. For pure horror -- maddening -- it hits the spot, but I don't care for that particular theme.

Still another feminine fan, Gertrude Kuslan, writes: What in the world is the cover supposed to represent? The paper's nice anyway, and the interior is really beautiful! Even tho I have a personal dislike for green... Warner's story was just average fan fiction. Barlow's Sonnet was good and Ackerman always is. I liked the style in which Rimel's tale was written, but the ending was painfully obvious. And the same goes for Lowndes' "Gourmet". It was beautifully written, however... The only real kick I have is about the slimness of the issue. More articles on the fan world would be vastly welcome, and, of course letters.

J. J. Fortier comments: Your Polaris pretty good, quite so for a first attempt. You could have better art work tho. Everything in the issue as a whole very good. HE WHO WAITS by Warner was a nice bit, but it didn't have enough action to it. I didn't care for SONNET, but that's only one person's opinion. IMAGI-MOVIES by 4sj Ackerman interesting as is all of his work. THE ORGAN is one of the best pieces of fan-fiction that I have seen for a very long while. Congrats to Duane W. Rimel. THE GOURMET is perhaps Robert W. Lowndes' best story to date... All-in-all good, but where is your editorial? Your magazine is definitely lacking in atmosphere.

From R. H. Barlow: It's a pleasure to see a weird magazine in the field again, after the long absence of such. You'd better keep it up, stressing--as you do--the amateur aspect in opposed to the usual columns of "professional" writers. If you can't find two, Warner's seems to me to have the most imagination and Rimel's the most polish. The cover, with a magazine like this, is all. Nothing else can express his imagination that that one will, so



is hazy and repetitious in spots, and with material that belongs in the climax--such as lines 5-6-7 on p. seven-- could stand a little revision, but it has the compensating element of originality; and the latter makes up for its mildness of theme (mild because not strikingly different from the usual vampire story) by the comparative grace with which it is told. I see that I've overlooked Lowndes in this pompous survey. His story was dramatic, but to me, faintly comic through being too ghoulish.

Rapid-fire comments from Francis Paro: Mimeographing, etc., for a first (or any issue): A plus. Cover crazy, Lowndes looney. Warner whizeroo. Ratings, 1-poor to 10-excellent: Warner, 10; Rimel, 8; Lowndes (story) 7; Ackerman, 9.5; Barlow, 1.5; cover, 1; issue as a whole, 8.5. I really should give the cover .5 or to be more accurate 0. But for the aforementioned cover, I'd give the issue 9. (There's still the poem, you know.) I have a suggestion for improving future issues--more articles, less fiction. The reason: Weird fiction field is wide open. Think of all the inside dope on weird fiction an active editor could secure: News of future stories to appear in WT, Strange, etc., biographies of weird story writers, unusual facts about unusual stories, behind the scenes articles, etc. Above all keep the green ink.

Erlo Korshak writes: Polaris is GOOD...and right from the first issue too. Congratulations, and keep up the good work. Lowndes' cover was a strange thing -- I am sure that everyone else will agree with me that it is beyond comprehension. Why in the Devil can't he stay down to earth on his work? Have him do a cover that is plausible and that we mere mortals can translate with our feeble mental powers... Lowndes' short story was EXCELLENT. I was pleased to read such a good piece of work. 4c was O.K. and in fact the whole issue (notwithstanding the cover) is beyond criticism.

## MOOD

by Duane W Rimel

Life holds nothing more for me.  
The music and the laughter rings  
On ears too dimmed by reverie.

Reality is cold and bleak  
And unforgiving as the dim,  
Pale sunset stars I often seek.

Why live, when misty dreams can bring  
True peace and true security  
That lasts until the trumpets ring?

For death must be a fabled dream  
Wherein the greatest vision lies  
For those who dare to cross the stream.

And so I dare, and may the storm  
Bring winds from golden cities far  
To keep my troubled slumbers warm.



## EDITORIAL ILLUMINATION

(Continued from Page 3)

you--please help both us and your fellow weirdists.

We extend our most grateful thanks to Bob Tucker and Le Zombie for his mention of our first attempt, also to Harry Warner, Jr., for the review in Fantasy-News. And we are grateful to Science Fiction and to Startling Stories--despite the deluge of sample requests, both with and without three-cent stamps. Our apologies go to Francis Litz and Outré for stating that Polaris was the only weird fan mag, for we did not realize at the time our first issue was being published that Outré was to be revived. We are very happy to see the magazine back, and wish it a long and successful life.

Undoubtedly all of our readers have heard about the Lovecraft omnibus, "The Outsider and Others", and probably most of you own copies of the volume. But if any of you have delayed purchasing it, let us urge you to do so as soon as possible. The genius displayed by the great master of the weird tale as well as the beauty of the book itself make it an indispensable item in the library of every weird fan. Its 550 large closely-printed pages make it many times the length of an ordinary novel and one of the finest bargains ever offered to the followers of fantasy. All of you undoubtedly intend to obtain it eventually, but you should do so now for a very important reason: to help ensure the publication of the ensuing volumes of poetry and correspondence. Lovecraft's mastery in the field of weird poetry was as great as in the field of the horror story, and those who have read any of his long and fascinating letters realize their outstanding interest and value. The best of his letters to correspondents all over this country have already been gathered together. We must not let this project fail because of lack of support!

If you already have the volume, I might suggest that you write to August Derleth at Sauk City, Wisconsin, pledging your support for the planned volumes. Your action might be the decisive factor in deciding the future of the project.

It was a painful shock to us to hear that Farnsworth Wright is no longer to be editor of Weird Tales. We sincerely hope that the new editor, Dorothy McIlwraith, will be wise enough to follow the policies laid down by Mr. Wright, & which have made it the outstanding pulp magazine. She has the difficult task of following a great predecessor, and we wish her the utmost success in maintaining Weird Tales' standard of literary excellence. Meantime it would be an irreparable loss to fantasy fiction if Mr. Wright's talents were to be wasted. We can only hope that some publisher will seize this opportunity and that we shall soon see the name of Farnsworth Wright at the mast-head of some new magazine of weird fiction. The best of luck, Mr. Wright!

Personal note to Bob Madle (and the other FAPA officers): We still are extremely anxious to get into the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, bringing Polaris with us as our offering. Perhaps we are too egotistical, but we feel that the delay is not only our loss, but is also the loss of the other FAPA members. Be that as it may, let us hear from you as to our standing, please!

Yours in anticipation,

Paul Freehafer



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