

Vol. 1, No. 1

SUPRAMUNDANE STORIES

NILS H. FROME
Editor



*Congratulations
on a singular
magazine,
J. Harvey Haggard*



LIONEL DILBECK

//////
/In presenting this vivid and well worked out/
/yarn we feel a measure of venial pride, which/
/does not merely come out of enthusiasm, which/
/by no mean is lacking, in its right place, of /
/course, of sending "SUPRA" away on her maiden/
/voyage (you cannot imagine the how the Ed- /
/itor has lucubrated to this end). If this /
/tale seems somewhat on the weird side there /
/is not the slightest doubt with us that you /
/will anything but enjoy this, our first story /
/A really unconfuted, truly supramundane story /
//////

Forward

The members of the Five Year Club held their third reunion since the organization of the club: fifteen years ago they had met and become acquainted while upon a British liner bound for New York. Finding mutual interests and not wishing to loose tract of each other entirely, they had hit upon the idea of meeting upon the first of each fifth year at Gibbs' Long Island home. The club was composed of five members—Putnam, the artist; Beekly, the explorer; Amsben, the middle-aged novelist; Gibbs, the retired banker; and lastly, Hatfield, the adventurer, still in his prime and cursed with the wanderlust more strongly than the others.

Dinner had just been served, follow by several rounds of refreshments that did not take prohibition into consideration, and now, comfortably relaxed in easy chairs, conversation had begun to lag.

"WE GO NOW, EARTHLING; PERHAPS WE RETURN," SAID
THE VAMPIRE, VANISHING

"Here's something you might find interesting," spoke up Bleekly, taking a tattered and worn notebook from his pocket. "I found it while I was up in norther Canada last summer. It was in a rather crude igloo and there were four skeletons nearby. It sounds pretty wild and there may not be anything to it; but the circumstances under which I found it agree with the incidents described in the story. Here, see what you think of it." He handed it to Gibbs who cleared his throat, and began to read aloud:

CHAPTER 1

I have very little hope of anyone ever finding this. If, by accident, this hut is ever discovered, it will be years from now and will be too late to help me. I am not writing under the delusion that it will be read, no, but merely because I must do something or I shall go completely mad. Would that I had been the first to go, rather than to have to experience the horror of seeing my companions one by one succumb to the frigid embrace of the Alians. That is the only word I can think of that even remotely fits the Things. But I must go back to the begining....

Walter Duree was the guib-
ing hand behind the expedi-
tion --not that I blame him
for our predicam-
ent for we were
always glad to
accompany him upon
his trips.

Duree was fin-
ancially independ-
ent and could
afford to gratify
his every whim, and
as we were close
friends of his, he
usually took Henry
, Don, and I, (Edgar
Stevens) along

with him

We were all

sitting in his library, reading, when it started.

"Some imagination that guy Manning's got," Walt remarked as he tossed a magazine at me "Read that first story."

I looked at it and discovered that he referred to "the Call of the Mech-Men", in the current issue of a science fiction magazine. Being rather interested in this type of story, I put my book aside and began to read the story he referred to.

"So what?" I asked as I finish it and passed the magazine on to Henry who had been fidgeting for several minutes.

"The North Magnetic Pole is our next stop," said Walt impressively. "I know it's just fiction but I think of the idea that I'm going to start north immediately. Are you fellows coming or do I have to go alone?"

"Oh hell," I muttered disgustedly. "Do you mean to say you're going off on a wild goose chase like that, just on account of a dizzy story?"

"The man's a mite daft," Don politely observed. "I don't know what the story is about, but it couldn't be worth three or four thousand mile's worth of frost-bitten ears, e-t-o, in the article."

"It's a crazy idea of course," agreed Henry, looking up from his magazine, "but when do we start? I've known Walt long enough to know that once he gets head set on anything, there's no use trying to reason with him."

"But it's absolutely silly", Don broke in.

"That seems to be the general opinion," Walter smiled, glancing up at us, "but the thing, the idea of an unearthly cause for what has always been reckoned natural and earthly, enthral's me, and is irresistible— don't you realize that those ice-bound wastes are the last outposts of mystery? Didn't you chaps read in the papers about the scientific expedition that reported back from those icy wastes, of seeing a full-sized dinosaur carrying a big bone in its mouth? Well?"

"Oh, I suppose so," Don grumbled, but I still don't like the idea."

"Of course we'll go," said Henry and I nodded agreement.

"In that case you'd better get some sleep." we leave early in the morning."

"Why so soon? How can we get all the equipment in so short a time?" I asked.

H. P. LOVECRAFT

coming

"Because I'm in a hurry," he answered evasively. "You fellows turn in and I'll attend to the equipment."

Bidding him goodnight we three retired to our respective rooms leaving him busily engaged in a telephone conversation with his secretary.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING dawned bright and clear and we were ~~up~~ ~~ready~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~ ~~off~~ ~~on~~ ~~schedule~~ us speedily to the airport where our ship was waiting. The sky was very clear and the sun shone warmly; soon the spirit of adventure seized us. We came no longer, suddenly, to regard it as the better the sooner done and, as if in the lazy warmth from the cabin's heater, our regrets for coming rapidly dissolved into no more than snow flakes annihilated by a flame.... Into the th-

ule. Duree had our equipment neatly stowed away in a huge biplane and before 8 o'clock we were soaring through the stratosphere.

The voyage was uneventful until about an hour after we had left the last fueling station; then with a suddenness that left us gasping, the storm struck. It was only the

C. A S H T O N S M I T H

matter of a few minutes from the time we were smoothly, serenely flying along until we were in the thick of it.

Shrieking and howling like a thousand demons, the raging wind tossed the huge airship about as easily as if it were a feather. Over and over the plane was hurled and then dashed earthward with sickening speed. For hundreds of feet we fell, the ship absolutely out of control, and then we were through the worst of it. But the snow-covered ground was only a few feet away....

With superb skill Henry was able to land the plane without serious injury to any of us. The plane was a total wreck but outside of a gash in my leg and a few minor cuts and bruises we were uninjured.

But... we were marooned here in the icy desolation with no means of getting back to civilization. And worse yet, our radio sending set had been smashed beyond repair.

"Well, it looks as though we're out of luck so far as outside help is concerned," Don observed, picking himself up and examining the wreck ruefully. "With our sending set ruined and no one knowing our whereabouts we are in a

THE BUILDING OF THE ICE HUT

"YES, but it could have been a lot worse," I informed him; "we could all have been killed, instead we got a few bruises. That's something we got to be thankful for if you stop to think of it. We still have our provisions and weapons intact, and we should be able to find our way back to civilization without too much difficulty.

"We're not far from the Pole, so how about building an igloo and making our headquarters here until we decide what to do," said Walter after bandaging our cuts as best he could with what our rather inadequate first aid equipment afforded.

"Okay by me," Don answered.

Henry and I agreed, so we started at once. "It's plain to see that none of us have had very much experience at this sort of thing," Henry smiled as he stepped back and eyed the hut critically.

The structure was a rather ludicrous looking object with jagged walls and a roughly oval shape. Don had conceived the idea of making a window of a thin sheet of ice. It wasn't any too transparent but it was better than no window at all.

"Well, I'll admit it's not any too nice looking but at least it's fairly substantial," Durce replied. "And seeing as how it's been about twenty hours since we've had any sleep, what say turn in?"

"Personally I feel pretty lank," Don said. "How about some cats first?"

The rest of us were hungry, too, but had been too busy to notice it until he had mentioned it; so we decided to prepare another meal before retiring.

THE INITIAL HORROR

"I'LL BE BACK in a minute, fellows," Henry exclaimed as we sat down to eat. "I forgot my cigarettes. Go ahead with you're eating; I'll be right back." And crawling through the small doorway of the igloo, he set off briskly toward the wreckage.

The ship had crashed a few hundred feet from the site we had selected for the snow-house; so we expected him back in a few minutes; but the moments continued to drag on and still he did not return. As he had not put in his appearance by the time we finished eating, we three went down to see what was detaining him.

He was not in sight, at

*January

first; and we were over half-way there before we saw him sprawled out at full length on the snow. Breaking into a trot, we hurried up to see what was wrong. To our surprise and consternation he was dead....

THE PROTEAN PEOPLE

FOR SOME TIME we stood frozen into immobility by surprise and horror. Don was the first to have presence of mind enough to examine the corpse.

Tenderly turning him over, we examined his body for wounds. There was no sign of even a scratch upon his entire body that might account for his strange death. His features were frozen into a mask of horror and fear and his body was as stiff and hard as though composed of stone but otherwise he was unchanged.

Dumbfounded we gazed at our comrade who had been so alive and active a few minutes ago.

I don't know what caused me to look up just then, but it was fortunate that I did.

Above and falling rapidly toward us was a huge mass of what looked to be snow-flakes. Swirling and spinning the particles alternately contracted and expanded, forming vague and ever-changing shapes. Sometimes it seemed

that it was composed of flakes and then a second later it seemed to be solid. Glittering whitely and pulsating rhythmically, the thing gave the impression of aliveness as it descended upon us. Shouting a warning to the others, I turned and ran for the somewhat dubious shelter of the ice-hut.

After one look at the oncoming Thing, Walter and Don raced after me.

We had covered only a few yards when Don suddenly screamed. Glancing over my shoulder I saw that the monster had overtaken and enveloped him in a wreath-like embrace.

Turning back, Walter and I tried to assist him; but some strange power prevented us from even touching him. A repulsive force was emanating from the creature which kept us from approaching closer than two or three feet from it.

Don's face, twitching convulsively and indicating that he was in great pain, was still partially visible through the Thing's body and exerting himself to the utmost he was able to say in a faltering voice that sounded strangely muffled due to the Thing's body: "Get back... it's....the Thing....cold....sucking...my life.Run....."

Before he could say more, his

body stiffened and he pitched forward on his face.

The Thing, whatever such a creature may be called, disengaged itself from his body and soared upwards. A dozen or so feet in the air it turned and darted straight at Walter.

Whirling, he started to flee but it was useless. The Creature was much too swift and before he had taken more than a dozen steps, it was upon him.

Seeing that he was lost, he yelled at me to run and tried to fight off his assailant. He didn't have a chance and I started to aid him, but realizing that it was useless, I fled to the igloo instead.

Diving inside, I barricaded the entrance as best I could and looked out through the ice-window at the drama being enacted outside. Duree had no more of a chance than the other two and soon he too was stretched out cold and lifeless.

Apparently satisfied with its work of destruction, the monster swirled up and away --vanishing in the murky sky.

THE COMING DOOM

BEARING THAT it had left I ventured outside to the corpses of my friends and, scooping out trenches in the thick blanket of snow, I buried

them as best I could; although I knew that my work would be pitifully inadequate to keep away the wolves that would soon come.

This gruesome task over, I returned to the snow-house and barricaded the entrance once more.

I have remained inside ever since, but my food supply is almost exhausted; and soon, if ever, I must venture outside for the wound in my leg has become infected. I know that I can never reach civilization without help; but I shall try for looking day after day at the endless expanse of snow and ice and eternal silence, broken only occasionally by the howling of the wolves is fast driving me insane.

HATFIELD SPEAKS

"PREPOSTEROUS of course," said Gibbs as he finished, "but interesting nevertheless."

"This is certainly a surprise to me," answered Hatfield, "but I have every reason to believe it is a true story. If it had not been for your reading this account I would probably not have had the courage to tell my story. Now I feel more like telling it. You may not believe me when I'm through"

S T O R Y F O R E C A S T
for the next issue:

H.P.Lovecraft leads the next issue with a weird short masterpiece about protean Nyarlathotep.

"NYARLATHOTEP"

Next is Hils H. Fremé's tale of the emergence of life here in this universe;and of how an asteroid waited aeons to fulfil its cosmic destiny.

"INTO THE VIOLET FLAME"
+++++

Vacton Well continues his story of realms strangely and obliquely separated by no palpable barrier—one that threw for a loss all Earth's 3303 science.

Part Two

"THE THOUGHT GOD CALLS"
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Star amature author Daune W. Rimel writes of the horror following "THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR"

Lionel Dilbeck and Alex

Morgan

but I assure you every word of it is true, no matter how strange and unbelievable it may sound."

Lighting a fresh cigar and shifting his position in the chain, he began:

CHAPTER 8'

THE ADVENTURE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Wherein the periastral protean People's Lair is revealed. A Question if Earth is good snow arises

I had foolishly bet a couple of friends that I could unaided scale an "unclimable mountain" in the very northern part of Italy. We had stopped at the foot of the mountain at a little inn by the side of the road that served as a highway, and I start out bright and early the next morning.

At the last moment, seeing that I was really in earnest, they had tried to persuade me not to try it; but I had refused to listen to reason. The result was that the evening found me less than halfway to the top and rapidly becoming discouraged.

The cold was intense and the bitterly piercing winds swept around the snow-clad ledges, biting through the heavy clothing I wore; only stubbornness had made me stick this long.

As I thought of the pleasant warmth of the inn some thousands of feet below, I was almost ready to give up when a gust of wind

wanted down a most unusual sound—mysterious, weirdly beautiful music in this desolate spot.

It was far too cold for even the hardiest of peasant families to live at this altitude and I had been told that there was no habitation of any kind within ten miles of here except for the tourist tavern at the foot of the mountain.

Raising my goggled eyes, I looked around in all directions, striving to discern the source of so untoward a sound. There was no sign of a dwelling place as far as I could see in any direction.

It seemed that the sounds originated above and to my left, so I began to work my way in that direction. Minute after grueling minute passed and still no sign of anyone; although the sounds continued and the volume had increased quite noticeably.

I was becoming discouraged and had just about decided to retrace my steps when I came suddenly upon a flat level of space about thirty feet in diameter and roughly circular. The strange music seemed to be coming from this direction; so I cautiously advanced. I thought I had gone but a few steps when the ground fell away beneath me and I tumbled downward.

THE TUNNEL OF THE DARK VEIL

THE FALL, although seemingly lasting for several seconds, could not have been far for the shock of landing was not great. I upright and stood looking dazedly about me. I had fallen into an opening several feet across. Light streaming through the hole in the roof about ten feet overhead dimly illuminated the place and I discovered that a tunnel led off to the right. It was high enough to allow me to walk upright; so, as I had had the foresight of having a flash with me, I removed it from my pack and sprayed the beams ahead of me into the tunnel. It was a powerful light and should have penetrated for several hundred feet but I was surprised to see that it illuminated only for about twenty feet.

The light showed no obstruction in the tunnel; it merely fizzed out. As I advanced, the light did not penetrate further but stopped at the same place as before.

The music seemed to be coming from beyond the lightless zone, so I pushed on. As I neared the area, the light went out completely. Suspecting a burned out bulb, I put it back in the pack. Groping with hands in front, feeling

my way, I advanced down the corridor.

I was not conscious of just when it began, but after walking a few yards I was aware of the astonishing fact that the blackness **COULD ACTUALLY BE FELT**. There was a noticeable resistance to my progress, not that it appeared to be solid, but it seemed as though I were pushing my way through some medium of about the density of water.

The air was still good, and I experienced little difficulty in breathing, but an actual barrier to my progress was there in front of me, resisting most of my efforts to advance.

Somewhat inured to surprises by now, I resolutely pushed my way forward step by step.

The darkness inside the tunnel was absolute; never had I experienced anything like it. As I forced my way onward, I had vivid mental images of stepping off into bottomless abysses or running into equally dangerous circumstances.

I had gone perhaps fifty steps through the palpable darkness when it began to dim, or rather, it became slightly less dark. At the opening of the tunnel it had it had suddenly appeared, as

though the darkness were a wall, but now it gradually became lighter and lighter. With the faint streaks of phosphorescence came a lessening of the density of the air, and I could move with more freedom.

THE SOURCE OF THE MUSIC

BY THE TIME it had become light enough for me to see with fair distinctness, the tunnel had widened out into a room immense and filled with masses of machinery. At first I could distinguish no occupants, but in a moment I noticed a large shapeless blob of green suspended in mid-air by the side of one of the machines. Looking closely I discerned others in various positions about the room.

As I looked, one of them moved toward me and I discovered that it was alive. **But—living gas! Impossible!** Anyway, I soon had reason to know that it was very much alive. A streamer of—well, it looked more like condensed light than gas but I could not be certain; sometimes it seemed to be composed of tiny particles—shot out from the body of the Thing and curled about a switch on one of the machines and then returned to the main body, pulling the switch as it did so.

Seeing that I had apparent

ly been discovered, I decided to move forward; but—I was unable to move a millimeter. The throwing of the switch had in some way caused the solidification of the peculiar substance in the atmosphere, leaving me trapped and as helpless as a fly in a spider's web. I was unable to breathe normally but by exerting myself to the utmost I was able to suck enough oxygen into my lungs to retain consciousness. It was impossible though for me to move a single pace either forward or backward, strain and exert myself though I would.

The alien creature who was responsible for my predicament flowed slowly through the air until he was suspended directly in front of me. I could feel that he was examining me although I could distinguish no eye organs.

It was while I was in this position that I discovered the source of the music. There was a radio over against one of the walls. It was considerably larger and far more complicated than an ordinary one but was still recognizable as a radio nevertheless.

A radio in such a God-forsaken place was in itself very unusual but this was no ordinary receiving set, I was certain. There were several

differences, notably that it had no visible dial nor antenna. And I was positive that the sounds coming from it were not made by any terrestrial musical instrument. At times it seemed to have a definite rhythm but at other times it seemed to be a succession of notes ranging the entire scale of audible vibrations; and at times it was silent, as though vibrations of a frequency above or below the audibility of the human ear were being received.

THE CREATURE SPEAKS

THE exceedingly strange appearance of the creature regarding me, and of the others tending the various machines in the vast room, convinced me that they were inhabitants of some other planet. But where were they from? Mars? Venus? One of the Major Planets? I thought not. The conditions on the planets of the Solar System vary considerably, of course, but there did not seem enough difference to spawn such alien creatures as these.

My train of thought was abruptly interrupted by the misty being in front of me.

"Why are you here?" Though I heard no sound, I was distinctly aware that the question had been asked.

"Why, I....," I began, looking up and discovering that the Thing was no longer motionless. It was swaying slightly, its body a veritable rainbow of pulsating colors.

"Never mind speaking; I can read your thoughts easily. Oh, I see. You happened here—a silly wager—climbing this

POSSIBILITIES GALORE

By
NILS H. FROME

UNDOUBTEDLY we have an egotism that is not beset to our scientific ideals; and it is the reason we haven't so you'd notice it doffed the egregious idea that our's is the form of Life!

Creatures as Mr. Dilbeck's could have been and probably were more justified in that same oversight.

It must be remembered that the human body and indeed, the mind owes its evolution to the array of forces belligerent Nature has vainly erected to defeat Man before he defeated it!—Then it is not hard to picture an unthinkably far and alien world as imbuing living bodies in such harmony with the mind that what to us is a long racial evolution, is speeded up until it becomes a matter of individual volition.

mountain by yourself." |

"Uh, yes, but...."

"You are wondering who we are and what we are doing here," the Creature again interrupted. "Well, I doubt if a being so low in the scale of evolution as you will be able to understand more than a minute fraction of what I tell you, but we shall see. We haven't fully measured the intelligence of earthlings yet, so we can finish our experiments by seeing how much you are able to comprehend."

Moving again to the machine which had trapped me, it reversed the switch, causing the paralysis to leave me.

"Come," he commanded, and wonderingly I followed him to another large machine somewhat resembling a television set with a screen about five feet square.

"This," he elucidated, "serves a double purpose. It can be what you call a television set (which does not require a sending unit but can pick up scenes anywhere in the universe at the will of the operator) and it can also be a tele-mental set. That is, I or any of my companions can project mental images upon the screen."

"But where are you from and what are you doing here?"

LOVECRAFT in the NEXT ISSUE!

"You're surely not from the solar system," I thought, and as usual the strange light-creature answered my question before my tongue could utter the words.

"We are not of your solar system or even your universe. As a matter of fact, we do not belong to any universe. We originated in the depths of space between this island universe and the one you know as Andromeda.

"Our race is incredibly ancient as time is measured on this planet. We have been in existence for countless billions of your earth years, ever since the Creation of the universe.

"During the millions upon millions we have evolved into the most intellectual race of beings in existence. For several hundred million years we have been able to traverse space. Not by means of space ships as the inhabitants of some solar systems do, but by means of cosmic rays which we generate near our birth place and which penetrate to the farthest corner of the most isolated island universe.

"As our bodies are not composed of matter as you understand the term, we can, by exerting our will power, travel along a stream of these cosmic rays at many times the speed of light.

"But come, you might be interested in seeing what is happening in various parts of your earth."

As he finished, a half-dozen tentacles shot out from his body and gripping the controls, made several adjustments.

The screen, which had been a darkish brown color, was shot through with flicker streaks of bluish-red and yellow. Then it brightened fully, depicting a scene unusual for a television picture. The mirrored there was remarkably clear and sharp picture of two men tramping through a vast field of chaparral. The copper-colored sun beat down mercilessly on the vast wasteland, sending visible waves of heat to mount upwards, adding to the discomfort of the two men.

As I watched, one of the strange cosmic visitors appeared in the air above them. For a few seconds it hovered there and then with a swoop it pounced upon one of them.

Alighting upon his head, the monster curled itself snugly about his head and neck. Instantly the man stopped stock-still and tumbled stiffly forward.

Detaching itself, the creature attacked the other man and before he knew what was

[all about, he too was stretch-
ed motionless upon the sandy
floor of the desert .

The killer rose high into
the air and sped swiftly
away.

My captor again manipulated
the controls and followed the
flight of the other. It moved
with incredible speed about
the earth's surface; stopping
from time to time, to commit
another murder.

I wondered how he could
keep track of so swift a flight
but he did not explain.

I had witnessed these atrocities
with a sort of numbing
horror that had temporarily
paralyzed my speech organs
but now I found my voice and
cried: "Stop! Shut off that
damnable machine!"

For some reason known only
to itself, my captor chose to
obey my demand and switched
it off.

"Very primitive sort of
life form," he said. "You're
still ruled by emotions. I'm
afraid we won't have much use
for you."

"What do you mean?" I asked,
but we were interrupted before
he had time to answer.

Another of the aliens materialized
in the air before us. I said materialized and I
mean just that—one second we
were alone and the next instant
there it was in mid-air
beside us.

"Have you made sufficient
tests to determine the intelligence
rating of the inhabitants
of this planet?" my instructor
queried.

"Yes," the newcomer answered,
"and the results were very
unsatisfactory. Instead of satisfying
me, the score or so
so persons that I absorbed
have actually impaired my intellectual
facilities. We cannot possibly
have any use for them. I suggest
that we make our report immediately;
it will be millions of years
before they develop mentally to
the point where they will be
useful to us."

THE EXODUS OF THE THINGS

"YOU'RE RIGHT," my captor
agreed and turning to the
machine I still thought was a
radio, he made a few adjustments.
The musical notes ceased and he
thought: "Zanthro reporting. Have
explored the most favorable suns
of the universe 1579 and find
all inhabitants to be extremely
limited in intelligence. We have
visited all but a few hundred
of the youngest suns. Will it be
necessary to continue or shall we
return?"

Almost instantly the reply
came, but so faint that it
barely registered upon my
consciousness: "Return at once.
A very highly developed and
generously populated island"

[universe has been found."

Turning off the device, Zanthro ordered: "Dematerialize these machines, we leave immediately."

Instantly the bodies of his companions began a sort of writhing pulsating motion and their colors began to change. From a deep green they turned a very light greenish-yellow, then to yellow, to orange, and finally to a flaming scarlet. At this stage the machines began to crumble and in a few seconds were but piles of dust.

"We go, earthling; perhaps we return in the far future," said Zanthro and together with his companions his color went rapidly down the scale from red to violet and then, abruptly they were gone.

THE END

"WELL I'LL BE totally damned . . . exploded Gibbs..."

THE END

upon itself would look two dimensional to a Flatlander; a lot of them would create his universe, which would be curved, too—ad infinitum....

THE EDITOR'S WORD

By NILS H. FROME

(Continued from page 22.)

I have guessed and gambled, tried to strike the right note in these pages, wrote to famous authors, turned night into workday, took two months only to PRINT these pages, and in complete disregard for the first rule of good health—and in other ways have held up my end—not that I regret such losses and worries I made my reception which I can prove not many would, the owning a

reputation as an ardent amateur editor, have even thought of; so what: so now the rest is up to you—if you like this issue, say so. If you have any ideas; if you will subscribe; if you can contribute anything, the Editor will be much bucked. And, knowing all his travail not to have come to grief, that he has an audience, he will plan more the emission of—you will gradually find out, if you support me.



WONDERSCOPE NO. 1—The Inundating Dimensions++By

NILS H. FROME—This is an entirely original theory that invites your opinion. One's reason tells one that three dimensions exist, but one cannot put one's finger on any of them. Neither does anyone really comprehend, despite all you hear, the atomic structure of our universe, and no one has yet become more versed in science than the ancient Greeks who imaged the atom as a little ball, save in that it is now known to be smaller than their idea. Briefly, my theory is that the three dimensions are not in our universe. They are like a pyramid with the third at the top. The one dimension folding

upon itself would look two dimensional to a Flatlander; a lot of them would create his universe, which would be curved, too—ad infinitum....

THE THOUGHT GOD CALLS

By VACUUM WELL

Part One

Chapter 1

TERROR RIDES THE THULE

Here is a story
that is several
—you will find

THE pulse of the / much food for / and the sun shin-
World palpitated / thought as the / ing upon it making
when the news got / story progress— / the spectacle in-
around; it was the / es. Mr. Well is / effable. There was
most unusual thing / new to you; so / some fracas, as the
in 3303; and memm- / are his ideas! / Throwbacks would
orial especially / / make, but it never
was it for the anomalous got out of hand. Befor zero
conditions it entailed— hour, Captain Ian stood
which were far weirder for a few interviews, his
than the most liberal of young, acetic face express-
of imaginations could envis- ionless; there was nothing
age—and anon after this to show he was soon to
intelligence introduced: fly away, break a record
or come to grief far from
the nearest liveable
world more than likely."

From the New York Sun:
"The Planeteer cut a
grand figure the other
day, the brilliant sky

THE GREATEST SPACE-TRACKER OF ALL TIME SETS OUT! 17

ALTHOUGH ACERB CLIMES sent the hull barometer down to an abnormal extreme on the dark side, and horrentious heat on that side facing that titan, mighty machines murmuring in the Planeteer's pentralia, rapidly reined and used them; so whereas Man with his huge shortcomings should swiftly have expired, but for the miracle of the advent of Brain, the two who stood looking in to the drusy distances, mentated not too much on the possibility of anything going wrong in the three weeks old king of space, but trying to envisage the things to come.

ONE broke the stillness of the stars: "Soon we'll land. Sid, I wonder what's there—the answer to what we discovered on Uranus? Pluto?"

"If I knew—I would be the wisest man in the System." Sid Ian smiled queerly. "And—Neptune." Sid's shrug betokened his engravement.

THE degree of similarity to Uranus by Neptune was remarkable when they visited them, which had hitherto been impossible.

Here had been a race really great in science, but little, if any behind Tellestrial science—indeed in more than one respect were they amazing!

But it was also evident that it had not until lately been; they found this to be true by that books had only been written here no more than a year; and alongside the space ship the small browed people had been working on, savage's huts had hardly fallen into ruin through disuse, yet.

There had been every sign, as the ship had glided down to the hospitable cradle that had been proffered, as the throngs rped up to them alighting cautiously and in a group, and as they invited them to their glistening castles that were each cities, and a whole skyscraper was a great room, of an abnormal, dream-like enigma.

"Uranus was same as Neptune—but more so.—Why were they so strangely alike—having a like science at a point corresponding in their history—there not being any seeming nexus? The Neptunians had the Disintegrator, and so had Uranus—no coincidence. There must be an answer somewhere—but be blessed if I can find it."

A PENETRATING PIPING had obstreperously started. It evoked instantanous attention in the two who left the sidereal window; they recognized it, and knew nothing now could reflect their own case!

a planet: Pluto! the outermost planet! and their destination at which they could contrive to find out if Mirage, the mythical planet, existed past Pluto....

HOVERING over a world, at last, over that wretched land to raw the power line above microbes, their artificial gravity was cut off for, seemingly, an unpleasurable time; then suddenly--

"YOU see," said Sid to his harder realization, "the same as the Eleventh World War--you remember a cyber was deoperable--because there was a scientific code--while a code had no e; until psychology came on the scene, that was a basis. Nowadays, all you have to do is to press a knob--and her presto, with the intelligence probe--your hyper-adding machine gives you what those beings would devise--with some data combinations and within limitations.

"Get up; then take this, and jump into it!" With his eyes gleam, he said officially, "It's 1-50--highest we can take, and then step it down, but--I hardly think we will have to"....

"Ave, yes, Captain!"

AS SOON AS HE discovered

control board, he went to the engine room, to find it in an uproar. He saw men attacked by hitherto inanimate objects--tools--anything loose; then all the horrible sounds died out....

"I had to do that though it was distastful as it would be to a Nilauranian."

The old Indi of old Nilaura and her thoughts, was solemnly looking at alien ship he had paralysed. It was in a small sphere. It was a thing earthly science could not have fathomed; but that it was the focus of the thought of a race, could not be denied as one observed the weird, leathery, noetic violet color that died about the ball.

"But, O Indi, do you think they are unfriendly?"

"I do not; intelligence is never unfriendly!"

"then...."

The only Indi did not answer; instead he looked down upon the uncanny shapes, that in all the length of the ship were none save Sid nor breathing in the unconsciousness of mild traumas; and then to the powerful amplifiers that reached the waiting Sid despite the vast atmosphere and all the other things that tended to obstruct, his electric psychology flowed in majestic

"Earthman, I am the Indi- and, in the night, know- ledge was poured into their slumbering minds than they could have mentally digested in an aeon otherwise. Then all was over to soon to suit Sid, at least; Mirage loom vast in midnight sidereal offing and their ship been overhauled, altered, and, almost unrecognizable under the flaming floodlights which lit up the field, in lieu of the star-like, sackless sun that dimly divided the hours on this twilight terrain, it was waiting for a pilot.

SID HAD won many friends who had seen in him the spark that here would have evolved into an intellect comparable to their own and were deeply sorry to see him go. There were others too, of the crew, that had gained fast friendships among the Nilaurantians; and now they were all gathered in a great space below the huge shape, looking down from the vast altitudes of the high houses, and retreating down spiraling catwalks from shutting ports, and at last, as rueful looks eyed the retreating Nilaura, they heard the departing suabura and left.

AT LAST THE STARS that filled the fathomless vault of the heavens ended the elusion they had abated hitherto; and once they had shaken the hau-

"Earthman, I am the Indi- Nilaura, the planet you know as Pluto. I shall answer the question you have in your mind: yes, there is a planet beyond this world; Mirage, as you term it, to us Draca. Yet, now that you know you have still farther to go, it is hoped that you will avail yourself of our hospitality. If you wish to start out for Draca, you'll need more fuel, and we'd be glad to refuel you. I see also the suns rays have melted your hull. It would have developed to serious proportions soon. Your ship must be changed, we will give you fuel that will take you away from light. Besides, Draca is far now; but in a few weeks it will be much closer, and then you can go. I am afraid you will have to wait whether you like it or not, as I was afraid when I took control of your ship, altering your machines so that they would be able to change more words, for ordinarily they were so weak, that there would be interference with the machines themselves to worse harm, so I put your men asleep."

IN THE SUCCEEDING FEW DAYS the travelers were met with every kindness a vastly superior race can have for another, less intelligent people; every day they toured from one dizzying city to one more so

Inting sight of crystal, violet towers aglow weirdly beautifully from fascinatingly reflected inner fires and great, grand gardens, which, was etched, eternally upon their minds and seemed loathe to leave their eyes, even now, they turned to their tedious tasks guiding the great ship through a toomness as treacherous as any Sargasso.

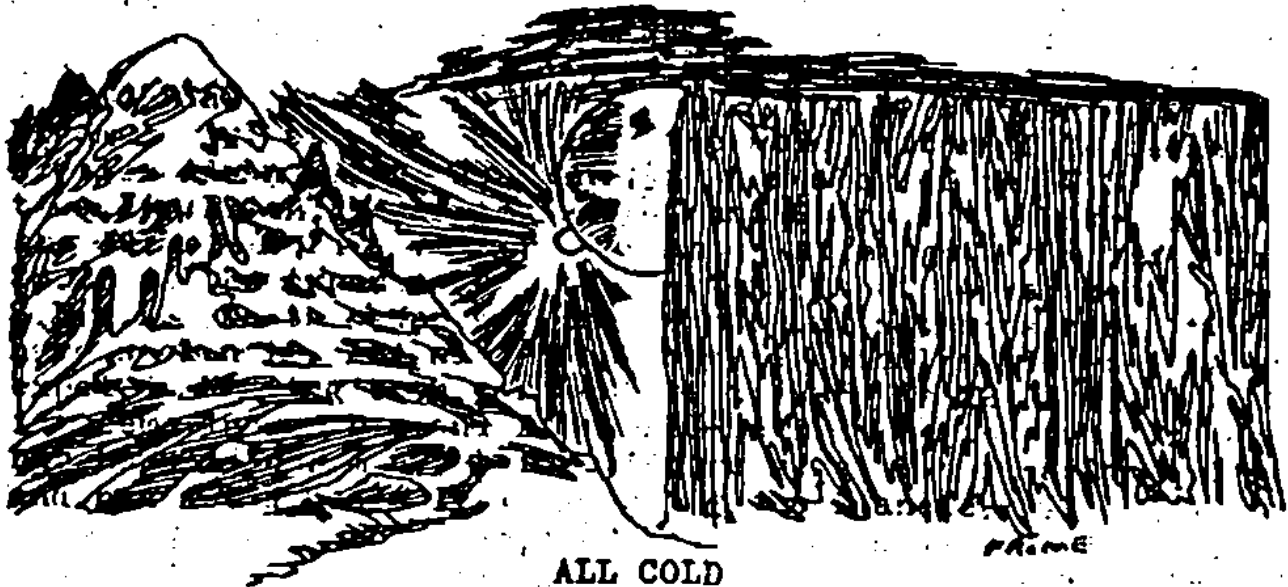
"SIDI! Something has gone wrong!"

"Come here to the telescope and see if I'm mad or nbt."

His pal, Harvey, came with celerity and peered at the scene orbbed by the instrument.

"It must have forth dimensional qualities," gasped Harvey—or it would never have—IT'S BROKEN THROUGH THE LAST M'SCREEN—IT'S DIVING LIKE—"

THE END OF PART ONE



ALL COLD

Lonely little Luna's settled to soulful wait
 Until when her fate will one day slate
 Some cosmic chaos a chance to bring her atmosphere thin
 And give her energy to energize her fires dim;
 But she cringes lest fate connive, pales lest it contrive
 to take her life.
 Her struggle strong for ages long has leured her to
 strife;
 But the fire cooler grows in her inner great brotto,
 And she does not know.

—LIONEL N DWIGHT

It was all strangely silent out in the night under the stars so dreamy now. Naught to interfere; but what was his inly distaste—reluctance? Marry it was strange— Odd.

Naathuthu got all the population of the ancient highly civilized planet Ethoon to remove themselves so nevermore as for aye they would deliver— death. They had no quarrel with Earth, he sighed; it was all a matter of a miserable promise. Foisted on posterity, it had been but their lot to terminate the gease with death—death to them, —death to control boards long misused and humming with evil life, —and death for an endless promise.

So be it. No other way was allowable to Ethoon honor; Naathuthu could not feel he had done misright to help further it.

His radium clock clicked a cycle; there was the cold of zero. They would be waiting for him. He must turn

his switch. A moment..

Far under the full Moon that thrust thru the remote ceiling, he regained his senses, and discovered he was unable to move. A rope held him tight; more, a hellish death seemed staring him in the face. It was hard to retain the degree of coolness to grasp the ethnological puzzle a grimly humorous Feind had left, thinking it a vast jest to put a circle of Mayan words about the steel stool clutching his ankels. One stone only spelled freedom; but there were hundreds....

Dawson was sweating awfully when he made a move and grabed his reward, running like the wind for the door at the far end of the room.

Outside, the wind wailed and whistled. It's esotric threne became as nothing in comparasion with the eldritch, hideous cacinnation that echoed all around.

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STP. INTELLIGENCE

Lovecraft lately worked sixty solid hours on a revision job on one of his stories, a feat of endurance without any sleep.... Fearn's "The Blot That Grew" will probably land soon

...Your favorite, (who have a perfect poem written), J. of H. Haggard conceded was scandalized by the teacher of his Physiology class, who said if his brains were of olden castor oil they wouldn't be enough to phys-ic a flea. He's sold "Renegade", "He Who Mastered Time", "Round About Rigel" to Won.; "Derizens Of Zeron"—Ast.

THE EDITOR'S WORD

By HILLS H. FROME

PRIOR to all else I want to vindicate my self of the onus a certain columnist (it is of no purpose to mention him specifically, as it is not with him my mind is concerned, but with those the inimical impression found lodging) who said— out of an unreasonable, antagonistic, pointless, uncalled-for—but we will leave that undoubted excess out—"I was being (pretty wording, I admit) blown about". Maybe if he does his heavy typesetting himself so his sense of reality, by the habit of putting words wrong so they'll appear right when on paper, has become warped, in print or further, to such a degree that would account for this otherwise inexplicable lack of truth, for it is sans an atom of truth— nor have I ever implied I was an "athouritive author", as he invents so easily. My friend and editor, I want to point out as our only mutual friend who might have had the provocation for doing so and upon my query, he has not done so, he says. The almost justification this columnist has lies in a conversation between the two aforementioned well-known fans wherein my combative fellow fan asked about me, my friend answered, saying I was a partner in The Planeteer (I was for awhile but I regretfully resigned for several reasons), an aspiring author, and a good drawer— and that is all.

If you really and trully are for prophetic, noetic literature and see something in short anecdotes, etc, to enhance the regular scientifiction fare and occupy atween times, and short thought-provokers boiled down so as to insure against any tedium, articles about science, writing, illustrating, and reading fantastic stories and multifarious other features—then this is your mag. For SUPRAMUNDANE STORIES will have more than any amateur magazine, including crossword puzzles on science and science fiction probably by Roy Teet, and model spaceship plans. You will of course be delighted with the material by Mr. Haggard in this issue; we will strive to have an equally talented, well-know author contribute something ever issue.

Some of the amateur magazines may be rather blue by this time. But why? Scientifiction is a field apart; ordinary rules do not apply here; competition, certainly! if it can be yeleft so the fostering of a noetic lure that is amaranthine and may not be confined, extends infinitely as thought; no, SUPRAMUNDANE STORIES elbows no "rival"— she makes the field more lively.

Stf. Radiations, a reader's department—battlefield for scientifictionbiblomaniaacs begins next issue, which will be out in less than two months.

Written On A Bleak Asteroid

By J. Harvey Haggard

Ye who fate has led hitherto take heed
Upon this threshold other's feet have laid
Into von abyss other's eyes have gazed
Those paths behind by other step were mazed;
And I alone, know other things have trod
On unheard feet, shuffling o'er ragged sod
Where even Sound has fled on disconnected wings
And Sight has merged on unsuspected things.

I stand alone;
I sense some unnamed mental tone
Above that swift decending trail
Leading sheer into infinity
Where Space is folded back, to be unveiled
A lure to natal proolivty;
The rugged path has dipped beyond and gone
Who travels there may never yet return;
The whisper rattles on in nameless talk
Of caution, but as it warns it mocks,
I've write this nameless rune;
It marks my going soon.

Dawson, in a sort of spell of freezing terror, had not a great while to wait. From above fluttered down nothing, no bat—no thing ever known here. There was nothing, no atom of humanness in the horrible incubus.

The entire real world gave a lurch oddly and fled into oblivion; but rather, it seem as if a new, greater sense of reality fowed faster and faster into his mind.

Vision.

Kak-U-Pacat... Historical hour... Below, his fevered eyes saw what he had waited aeons to see; it was extatic! He bowed his head, the fog was so thick....thickening. He jerked into activity, barely escaping a whirlpool of oblivion—tolls of greuling treking, too short rations, sleepless nites in swamps en rioute, had not gone, although recklessly submerged in his great instinct to gain his anchestor's homeland—that accomplished, he reeled weakly...some psychic backbone temporarily

"Are we victorious? Has Hazan been killed and the palace won?" without turning.

"Yes."

"Then I must beury it with all hast."

"Yes; else what the Aliens predicted will come true; The Flaming Sword is in one phase of its evolution now—a comparatively innocuous one—giving power by forming elemental vacuumes that do not draw in all matter because they are not SPACE vacuumes, but extract especial elements from the air—giving almost limitless power—but if we did not isolate it it would develop a power for evil thought and through an enslaved human, would harass the Earth...."

Dawson understood. he came into reality, if the strange being and the effulgent object he held, vaguely like a sword but with an elusive, distant look that it might have been a star, was real.

"Clever, professor Dawson; but I am too intent upon another experiment to let you

C.A. Smith is an artist in crayon and harder stuff, rarely if ever used for sculptures, a well as in words; all grotesque or fantastic—we know his sculptures including such titles as: "Dagon", "The Outsider"—from Lovecraft's tale, "Satan's Borzoi", "Grand Duke of Hades", "The Satyr", "Atlantian Sea God", "Black Pan", "Genius of Guatemala", "Reptile-Man", "Plant Animal of Venus", and will exhibit them at the Crocker Art Gallery in Sacramento early in 1937. He is making casts to sell thru novelty stores. He has no irons in the literary fire at present—save a masterpiece for which we thank him. Due are thanks to H. P. Lovecraft, J. Harvey Haggard, Alex Morgan, Thom-

THE FLAMING SWORD OF YUCATAN
A short story of terror in a Mayan temple; and an anomalous
weapon.

Lest there be doubts as to adequate historical corroboration, the Editor takes it upon himself to supply that: There most certainly was, of old, a "burning sword", as is exeggerated upon below. As Maya history goes, it is a crux: why was a city such as the three hundred-year settled Chan-Putun, now Champotun, at the same time developed some catastrophe we have evidence was not a fire, but no hint save that it was, -and a purposeful, and evidently confident migration to win back, powerful enough to take the three cities, the Capital earlier taken from their forefathers by revolting Mayans in league with foreigners, and the cities Itzamal and Mutul; and exactly, in true-life, what part played by the "flaming sword", won for the disease-stricken, travel-worn, home-coming Mayans the field Chichen-Itza.

Since in no way do facts dispute -only corroborate-, the author, the Editor, shows that this sword could have meant.

By
HILS
H.
FROM

THAT WHICH WAS lasting the atmosphere was by no means imaginary; less was it a phenomenon of the extremely archaic look, sad ruins, inly dust, and forgotten gists, which were so dear to Professor Dawson.

However that was, the full, fathomless new Moon mirrored the kudos of the past.

A restlessness prompted him to get out.

Veiled
Venus

OH fair and winsome lady
Far across the depths of space;
Would that I could for a moment
Catch a glimpse of your sweet face.

Must you always keep it hidden
By your clouds so fleecy white;
Whene'er I chance to see you,
Be it morn or early night?

Is it because of shyness;
Or due to a sense of shame?
Or is your veil a mantle
To hide some cosmic pain?

But be you warm and friendly,
Or cold as a winter y gale;
I would gladly give a fortune
Just to peep behind your veil.

—Lionel Dilbeck