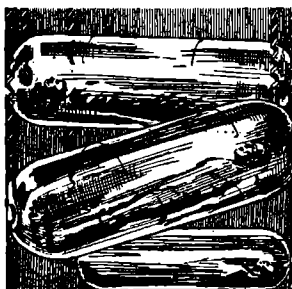


THRILLING WONDER STORIES

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A Novel of the Future

THE SLEEPER IS A REBEL

By BRYCE WALTON

Because he is branded a misfit, Deker volunteers for Nirvana—which brings him surcease for aeons—but at each awakening he is again tormented by evil reality! 13

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Cover Painting by Earle Bergey—Illustrating "The Sleeper Is a Rebel"

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Read Our Companion Science Fiction Magazine—STARTLING STORIES

THE READER SPEAKS

(Continued from page 10)

LOVECRAFTANIA

by Mrs. Muriel E. Eddy

Dear Sir: In the OCTOBER issue of "Thrilling Wonder Stories" I was intrigued by a letter from B. De Revere, in which he (or she?) mentioned liking H. P. Lovecraft's horror tales. As my husband and I knew H. P. L. personally, (he lived in Providence all of his life) I want to publicly thank B. De Revere for all the nice things said re: Lovecraft.

If you, dear editor, had known the man as we did . . . of his passionate love for cats, his dislike of all fish, and his hatred of daylight, you perhaps would realize that anything he wrote in the "weird" or fantastic line, he really "lived" . . . and I used the word "live" advisedly . . . even when he lay dying in the hospital, he asked the nurse for a pencil and paper and vividly recorded (for the doctor's benefit) exactly how he felt while dying.

Lovecraft was a tall, spare man. His skin was the color of tallow. His handclasp was firm but his hands were always ice-cold. He despised sunshine, and adored utter darkness. He wrote his best horror tales after midnight. His favorite food was sweet chocolate . . . he consumed pounds of it, and cheese and fruit. He loved coffee smothered with sugar . . . as strong as love and as black as sin!

Lovecraft's marriage was short-lived and his divorce was conducted quietly and without press notices. We sympathized with him in his every mood, because we knew him intimately and well—we often visit his unmarked grave in beautiful Swan Point cemetery in Providence, where a huge shaft in the center of the burial plot proclaims that his parents sleep there. His grave was somewhat sunken, last time we visited it, and covered with creeping green myrtle vines. His very spirit seemed hovering over his grave as we stood there in silent prayer for a man whose genius shall ever live, after his bones have crumbled into dust.

During his lifetime, we used to tell him that his

stories rivalled those of Edgar Allan Poe. He "pooh-poohed" the very notion! He considered his work nothing at all, and never displayed any vanity. He wrote simply because he HAD to write from an inner urge that would not let him sleep. May he rest in peace!—125 Pearl Street, Providence 7, Rhode Island.

After reading this letter we cannot but feel a certain sense of remorse at some of the flip things we have uttered in this column about the late HPL. Like him, we lay claim to a fondness for cats and a completely reverse sentiment toward creatures of the sea.

Thanks, Mrs. Eddy, for a fine tribute to a figure whose stature, despite adverse opinions of a goodly portion of his work by such carping souls are ours, has grown steadily larger since his passing. You were greatly privileged to have known him in life.