

THE FANTASY FAN

The Fans' Own Magazine

Editor: Charles D. Hornig
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OUR READERS SAY

"The second number looks to me even more interesting than the first. Smith's tale was splendid. The remunerative editors were certainly fools to turn it down. Glad to see that a number of readers are showing up Ackerman. People like Ackerman are peculiarly ridiculous—one can plainly see that this type of thing is merely egotistic and a gesture to call attention to themselves. However, most people out-grow this stage. Glad you were able to get something from young Barlow—he's distinctly worth encouraging." H. P. Lovecraft

Clark Ashton Smith informs us that Astounding Stories has just accepted one of his tales, "The Demon of the Flowers," and Weird Tales has just taken "The Tomb Spaw." He tells us that we will find a surprise in connection with his story, "The Weaver in the Vault" in the January, 1934, Weird Tales.

"Your editorial was a corker, the various departments okay, and Smith's yarn was worthy of Weird Tales." Allen Glasser. Mr. Glasser is attempting to make a living at writing—and isn't doing so bad at it. The editor prefers to call him "the Arthur J. Burks of the younger

generation." He has sold stories to dozens of magazines, including science-fiction.

"The second issue was swell. I'd like to see more stories by Clark Ashton Smith in future issues of the mag. Yep, 20 pages of excellent articles and stories." -- Ted Lawton. Clark Ashton Smith is a regular contributor to THE FANTASY FAN.

Kenneth B. Pritchard, although he liked the second number immensely, reminds us that we omitted several things that we promised in the September issue. Here's the reason: many articles were crowded out of this number, and others were postponed to make room for a number of much better articles which came in the last minute. Everything promised will be published in good time, though.

Lloyd Fowler wants us to keep using the grade of paper that we use, instead of cutting down the number of pages in order to afford a better grade.

"THE FANTASY FAN is starting out well." --Ralph Milne Farley

From A. Merritt, whom everybody knows, we hear that he had started a sequel to "Thru The Dragon Glass," but abandoned it because he didn't like to write sequels. Our belief is that great authors don't need to write sequels.

SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE

by H. P. Lovecraft

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Part Two

Because we remember pain and the menace of death more vividly than pleasure, and because our feelings toward the lustrous aspects of the unknown have from the first been captured and formalised by conventional religious rituals, it has fallen to the lot of the darker and more malevolent side of cosmic mystery to figure chiefly in our popular supernatural folklore. The tendency, too, is naturally enhanced by the fact that uncertainty and danger are closely allied; thus making any kind of an unknown world, a world of peril and evil possibilities. When to this sense of fear and evil the inevitable fascination of wonder and curiosity is superadded, there is born a composite body of keen emotion and imaginative provocation whose vitality must of necessity endure as long as the human race itself. Children will always be afraid of the dark, and men with minds sensitive to hereditary impulse will always tremble at the thought of the hidden and fathomless worlds or strange life which may pulsate in the gulfs beyond the stars, or peep hideously upon our own globe in unholy dimensions which only the dead and the moonstruck can glimpse.

With this foundation, no one need wonder at the existence of a literature of cosmic fear. It has always existed, and always will exist; and no better evidence of its tenacious vigour can be cited than the impulse which now and then drives writers of totally opposite

SEQUELS--BY POPULAR DEMAND

by Walt Z. Rusjuchi

Part three - Conclusion

Science Wonder Stories (now *Wonder Stories*) published a 2-part serial by Edwards in 1930, "A Rescue from Jupiter" and its sequel, "The Return from Jupiter" appeared the following year.

Many characters have been so liked that their author creators have written a number of sequel-stories around them in which they are plunged into a series of exciting adventures. The most popular are Keller's *Tales of San Francisco*, Meek's *Dr. Bird*, Quinn's *Jules de Grandin*, Gilmore's *Hawk Carse*, Burroughs' *Tarzan* & John Carter, Wright's *Commander Hanson*, and Pezandie's *Dr. Hackensaw*.

Of course, it is realized that only the surface of this subject has been skinned, but if the reader is further interested in sequels, he may idle away many an interesting hour considering why stories have sequels, and what stories should have them.

leanings to try their hands at it in isolated tales, as if to discharge from their minds certain phantasmal shapes which would otherwise haunt them. Thus did Dickens write several comic narratives; Browning the hideous poem, "Child Holbad"; Henry James, "The Turn of the Screw"; Dr. Holmes, the subtle novel "Blue Vener"; F. Marion Crawford, "The Upper Berth" and a number of other examples; Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, social worker, "The Yellow Wall Paper"; whilst the humorist, W.W. Jacobs, produced that able melodramatic hit called "The Monkey's Paw."

(next month)

The Other Gods

by H. P. Lovecraft

Atop the tallest of earth's peaks dwell the gods of earth, and suffer no man to tell that he hath looked upon them. Lesser peaks they once inhabited; but ever the men from the plains would scale the slopes of rock and snow, driving the gods to higher and higher mountains till now only the last remains. When they left their older peaks they took with them all signs of themselves, save once, it is said, when they left a carved image on the face of the mountain which they called Ngranek.

But now they have betaken themselves to unknown Kadath in the cold waste where no man treads, and are grown stern, having no higher peak whereto to flee at the coming of men. They are grown stern, and where once they suffered men to displace them, they now forbid men to come; or coming, to depart. It is well for men that they know not of Kadath in the cold waste, else they would seek injudiciously to scale it.

Sometimes when earth's gods are homesick they visit in the still night the peaks where once they dwelt, and weep softly as they try to play in the olden way on remembered slopes. Men have felt the tears of the gods on white-capped Thurai, though they have thought it rain; and have heard the sighs of the gods in the plaintive dawn-winds of Lerion. In cloud-ships the gods are wont to travel, and wise cotiers have legends that keep them from certain high peaks at night when it is cloudy, for the gods are not lulled as of old.

In Ulthar, which lies beyond the river

Skai, once dwelt an old man avid to behold the gods of earth; a man deeply learned in the seven cryptical books of earth; and familiar with the Psaitotic Manuscripts of distant and frozen Lomat. His name was Barzai the Wise, and the villagers tell of how he went up a mountain on the night of the strange eclipse.

Barzai knew so much of the gods that he could tell of their comings and goings, and guessed so many of their secrets that he was deemed half a god himself. It was he who wisely advised the burghesses of Ulthar when they passed their remarkable law against the slaying of cats, and who first told the young priest Atal where it is that black cats go at midnight on St. John's Eve. Barzai was learned in the lore of earth's gods, and had gained a desire to look upon their faces. He believed that his great secret knowledge of gods could shield him from their wrath, so resolved to go up to the summit of high and rocky Hatbeg-Kla on a night when he knew the gods would be there.

Hatbeg-Kla is far in the stony desert beyond Hatbeg, for which it is named, and rises like a rock statue in a silent temple. Around its peak the mists play always mournfully, for mists are the memories of the gods, and the gods loved Hatbeg-Kla when they dwelt upon it in the old days. Often the gods of earth visit Hatbeg-Kla in their ships of cloud, casting pale vapours over the slopes as they dance reminiscently on the summit under a clear moon. The villagers of Hatbeg say it is ill to climb Hatbeg-Kla at any time, and deadly to climb it by

nights when pale vapours hide the summit and the moon; but Barzai heeded them not when he came from neighboring Ulthar with the young priest Atal, who was his disciple. Atal was truly the son of an innkeeper, and was sometimes afraid; but Barzai's father had been a landgrave who dwelt in an ancient castle, so he had no common superstition in his blood, and only laughed at the fearful cowers.

Barzai and Atal went out of Hatbeg into the stony desert despite the prayers of peasants, and talked of earth's gods by their campfires at night. Many days they travelled, and from afar saw lofty Hatbeg-Kla with his anechole of mournful mist. On the thirtieth day they reached the mountain's lonely base, and Atal spoke of his fears. But Barzai was old and learned and had no fears, so led the way boldly up the slope that no man had scaled since the time of Sansu, who is written of with fright in the mouldy Pnakotic Manuscripts.

The way was rocky, and made perilous by chasms, cliffs, and falling stones. Later it grew cold and snowy; and Barzai and Atal often slipped and fell as they bowed and plodded upward with staves and axes. Finally the air grew thin, and the sky changed colour, and the climbers found it hard to breathe; but still they toiled up and up, marvelling at the strange near of the scene and thrilling at the thought of what would happen on the summit when the moon was out and the pale vapours spread around. For three days they climbed higher, and higher toward the roof of the world; then they camped to wait for the clouding of the moon.

For four nights no clouds came, and

the moon shone down cold through the thin mournful mists around the silent pinnacle. Then on the fifth night, which was the night of the full moon, Barzai saw some dense clouds far to the north, and stayed up with Atal to watch them draw near. Thick and majestic they sailed, slowly and deliberately onward, ranging themselves round the peak high above the watchers, and hiding the moon and the summit from view. For a long hour the 'watchers' gazed, whilst the vapours swirled and the screen of clouds grew thicker and more restless. Barzai was wise in the lore of earth's gods, and listened hard for certain sounds, but Atal felt the chill of the vapours and the awe of the night, and feared much. And when Barzai began to climb higher and beckon eagerly, it was long before Atal would follow.

So thick were the vapours that the way was hard, and though Atal followed on at last, he could scarce see the grey shape of Barzai on the dim slope above in the clouded moonlight. Barzai forged very far ahead, and seemed despite his age to climb more easily than Atal; fearing not the steepness that began to grow too great for any save a strong and dauntless man, nor pausing at wide black chasms that Atal could scarce leap. And so they went up wildly over rocks and gulfs, slipping and stumbling, and sometimes awed at the vastness and horrible silence of bleak ice pinnacles and mute granite steeps.

Very suddenly Barzai went out of Atal's sight, scaling a hideous cliff that seemed to bulge outward and block the path for any climber not inspired of earth's gods. Atal was far below, and planning what he should do when he reached the place, when suddenly he noticed that the light

had grown strong, as if the cloudless peak and moonlit meeting-place of the gods were very near. And as he scrambled on to ward the bulging cliff and liten sky he felt fears more shocking than any he had known before. Then through the high mist he heard the voice of unseen Barzai shouting wildly in delight:

"I have heard the gods! I have heard earth's gods singing in revelry on Hatheg-Kla! The voices of earth's gods are known to Barzai the Prophet! The mist is thin and the moon is bright, and I shall see the gods dancing wildly on Hatheg-Kla that they loved in youth. The wisdom of Barzai hath made him greater than earth's gods, and against his will their spells and barriers are naught; Barzai will behold the gods, the proud gods, the secret gods, the gods of earth who spurn the sight of man!"

Atal could not hear the voices Barzai heard, but he was now close to the bulging cliff and scanning it for footholds. Then he heard Barzai's voice grow shriller and louder:

"The mist is very thin, and the moon casts shadows on the slope; the voice of earth's gods are high and wild, and they fear the coming of Barzai the Wise, who is greater than they...The moon's light flickers, as earth's gods dance against it; I shall see the dancing forms of the gods that leap and howl in the moonlight...The light is dimmer and the gods are afraid..."

Whilst Barzai was shouting these things Atal felt a spectral change in all the air, as if the laws of earth were bowing to greater laws; for though the way was steeper than ever, the upward path was now grown fearlessly easy, and the bulging cliff proved scarce an obstacle when

he reached it and slid perilously up its convex face. The light of the moon had strangely failed, and as Atal plunged upward through the mist he heard Barzai the Wise shrieking in the shadows:

"The moon is dark, and the gods dance in the night; there is terror in the sky, for upon the moon hath sunk an eclipse foretold in no books of men or of earth's gods.. There is unknown magic on Hatheg-Kla, for the screams of the frightened gods have turned to laughter, and the slopes of ice shoot up rudlessly into the black heavens whither I am plunging...Hes! Hoi! At! last! In the dim light I behold the gods of earth!"

And now Atal, slipping dizzily up over inconceivable steps, heard in the dark a lutesome laughing, mixed with such a cry as no man the ever heard save in the Phlegeron of unrelatable nightmares: a cry wherein reverberated the horror and anguish of a haunted lifetime pecked into one atrocious moment:

"The Other gods! The Other gods! The gods of the water bells that guard the feeble gods of earth. Look away.. Go back..Do not see! Do not see! The vengeance of the infinite abysses..That cursed, that damnable pit..Merciful gods of earth, I am falling into the sky!"

And as Atal shut his eyes and stopped his ears and stopped his eyes and stopped his ears and tried to pump downward against the frightful pull from unknown heights, there resounded on Hatheg-Kla that terrible peal of thunder which awaked the good centers of the plains and the honest burgesses of Hatheg, Nir and Ulthar, and caused them to behold through the clouds that strange eclipse of the moon that no book ever predicted. And when the moon came out at last Atal was able on

the lower snows of the mountain without sight of earth's gods, or of the Other gods.

Now it is told in the mouldy Pnakotic Manuscripts that Samsu found naught but wordless ice and rock when he did climb Hatheg-Ela in the youth of the world. Yet when the men of Ulthar and Nir and Hatheg crushed their fears and scaled that haunted steep by day in search of Barzai the Wise, they found graven in the naked stone of the summit a curious and Cyclopean symbol fifty cubits wide, as if the rock had been riven by some titanic chisel. And the symbol was like to one that learned men have discerned in those frightful parts of the Pnakotic Manuscripts which were too ancient to be read. This they found.

Barzai the Wise they never found, nor could the holy priest Atal ever be persuaded to pray for his soul's repose. Moreover, to this day the people of Ulthar and Nir and Hatheg fear eclipses, and pray by night when pale vapours hide the mountain-top and the moon. And above the mists on Hatheg-Ela, earth's gods sometimes dance reminiscently; for they know they are safe, and love to come from unknown Kadath in ships of cloud and play in the olden way, as they did when earth was new and men not given to the climbing of inaccessible places.

INFORMATION

If you are puzzled by any fact connected with fantasy fiction, send your questions in to us, and we will do our best to answer them. Any question sent in by you and not answered in this issue was received too late and will appear in our next issue.

STARTLING FACT

Many readers have asked the Editor where they could secure such books as the "Necronomicon," "The Book of Eibon" and other books of medieval sorcery mentioned in the stories of Clark Ashton Smith, H. P. Lovecraft, and other authors of weird tales.

Upon these requests, the Editor wrote to Clark Ashton Smith, inquiring of him whether these books had been translated into English as yet or not, whereupon, Mr. Smith informs us as follows:

"'Necronomicon,' 'Book of Eibon,' etc., I am sorry to say, are all fictitious. Lovecraft invented the first, I the second. Howard, I believe, fathered the German work on the Nameless Cults. It is really too bad that they don't exist as objective, bonafide compilations of the elder and darker Lore! I have been trying to remedy this, in some small measure, by cooking up a whole chapter of Eibon. It is still unfinished, and I am now entitled to 'The Coming of the White Worm'... This worm mentioned in Eibon is Rlim Shaktorth, and comes from beyond the pole on a strange, gigantic iceberg with a temperature of absolute zero."

We'll bet that most Smith and Lovecraft fans really believed in the existence of these books (as did the editor). A reader informs us that in the July issue of *Weird Tales*, these books were mentioned in three stories.

This incident only goes to prove that Smith and Lovecraft have the gift of creating the "illusion of reality," the phrase defined in the 1924 Anniversary Number of *Weird Tales*.

For more information to subscribe to TFF.

ANNALS OF THE INNIS

by R. H. Barlow

2 - The Shadow From Above

A midsummer day in the hamlet of Droom. The villagers went about their various tasks, and within the tiny market-square the spice-vendors and the people from the hills with their exotic burdens of gay fruits created a pleasant hum of busy occupation. Sleeping dogs lay contentedly in the warm sunlight, and the equat beams of burden ambled about peacefully upon their six stowless paws, their grotesque faces slit with toad-like gries. All was, no one could have deemed, entirely calm.

Then one of the dogs lying in a doorway sprang suddenly and emitted a sharp bark. At the same moment a dark cloud apparently obscured the sun. In a short time it had passed unnoticed save for the dog. But his owner--an old cove to a voluminous black hood--peered intently at the clear and vacant sky, and started chattering in an excited tone. Soon the whole population was out of doors looking upwards at that which could not be seen yet which cast a deep shadow. Nothing was to be perceived in the expanse of blue, yet upon the square cobblestones of the quaint little village an irregular black form wavered back and forth. Then it grew larger. Whatever it may have been, it was settling. The people drew back, frightened. Slowly the swinging motion ceased, and the thing drove near. A deep, heavy panting was distinctly audible, much like that of a great beast, and with a dull impact as though it was of great weight, it alighted upon a grassy plot before the Chancellor's house. For a long time it lay

there, staring. And still nothing could be seen save the indentation of the grass nor ought heard but the heavy breathing.

Then, to the terror of the white-faced and nervous citizens, it rose on giant feet and tramped down a lane. Thud.. Thud..Thud..Thud.. The sound grew monotonous in its deliberation. Before its path lay a sleeping hound. It was lifted as if in a vast claw, and vanished among horrid rending sounds. A single drop of blood flecked the earth...Its note momentarily waned, the thing paused and turned.

It took some moments for reason to replace the stark terror of the townsfolk. Then there was a mad and frantic rush for the nearest houses. Those to first gain entrance barred the doors upon their comrades. In a moment the street was apparently bare-- save for the unseen monster.

All that afternoon and night it pried at doors, scratched at roofs, muzzled windows and upset fruit-casts inquiringly. But the people of Droom had built well. It did not gain entrance during the night, although few slept, when they heard the constant breathing before their homes, and the dull clumping sounds as it waded its way upon the shops of the marketplace.

It was high noon before any dared unbar their doors and venture forth. Nothing unusual greeted their blanched faces, and silently, apprehensively they stole to their tasks. Soon all activity again commenced.

The burser had gone.

Come near to "Our Readers Say" and "The Bailing Point" and join in the comment.

THE BOILING POINT

Herewith we continue the Ackerman-Smith debate, which is waxing hot.

"The Ackerman-Smith controversy assumes all the aspects of a mad comedy. To assault and reprehend the writings of Clark Ashton Smith is as preposterous and futile as a dwarf transporting a huge mountain peak upon the tip of his tiny finger. Either Forrest J. Ackerman is dull or an imbecile or a notoriety-seeking clown and knave. Clark Ashton Smith stands alone in the realm of present-day weird and fantastic literature, and, therefore, above all his contemporaries. He is still King; and has yet to be dethroned."—Robert Nelson.

"Personally, I thought that 'The Light From Beyond' was very good, and I saw nothing weird about it. It was fantasy and not sci., but some of the greatest classics of so-called science fiction have been almost pure fantasy. Witness: Merritt's 'Snake Mother' and 'Moon Pool,' and Taine's 'Time Stream.' Ackerman's objections to this were particularly obnoxious to me, as I thought it one of the best stories ever written. Certainly, there should be something more to science fiction than rays, machines, villains, heroines (composed of lipstick and leg), as Mr. Barlow rather bitterly expressed it, as has been stressed so greatly of late. There should be an element of mystery, strong characters, and a well-developed plot in addition. The lack of those is why so many weird story lovers (like Mr. Barlow) can find so much fault with sci. I do not blame him. I, myself, as a reader, will stop reading sci. when the fantasy element is dropped completely." William Crawford.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Here are the answers to the questions we asked you in September. How many could you answer without looking them up?

1. David H. Keller's first story was "The Revolt of the Pedestrians" in the February, 1928 issue of *Amazing*.
2. Tom Jenkins was the leading character in "In 20,000 A.D." and "Back to 20,000 A.D." by Schachner and Zagar, in the Sept., 1930 and March, 1931 issues of *Wonder*, respectively.
3. A. Hyatt Verrill lays most of his plots in Central and South America.
4. "Through the Veil" by Leslie F. Stone in May, 1930 *Amazing*, gave a scientific explanation of the fairy myth.
5. Clement F. Gaudin wrote the "Dr. Harkness's Secrets" stories, a series in the old *Electrical Experimenter*, and early issues of *Science and Invention*.

"Not so much in rebuttal to Mr. Ackerman as to toss another stick onto the fire, let me confess that the scientific fiction type of literature seems to me among the duller written. I avoid whenever possible, except in such cases where it passes the boundaries into the weird and horrible. Of course, the work of Wells is an exception. This may be blasphemy to most of your readers, but there it is. To return to Mr. Ackerman's complaint: I fail to see why it is any more deplorable for *Wonder Stories* to publish Clark Ashton Smith's horror story than for *Weird Tales* to publish Edmond Hamilton's pseudo-scientific effusions. And it was *Amazing Stories* that had the honor to publish "The Colour Out of Space" by America's master of the weird, Lovecraft." Richard E. Morse.

A DREAM OF THE ABYSS

by Clark Ashton Smith

I seemed at the sheer end:
Albeit mine eyes, in mystery and night
Shrouded as with the thick profundity of death,
Or as if underneath Lethæan lentos drowned,
Saw never lamp nor star nor dead star's wreath of light,
Yet seemed I at the world's sheer end;
And fearfully and slowly I drew breath
From silent gulfs of all uncertainty and dread,
Precipitate to Nadir from around;
Nor trusted I on any side to tread
One pace, lest I should overstep the brink
And infinitely and forever sink
Past eye-shot of the Cyclopean sun,
When from the bulwark of the world adown oblivion,
He on the morrow should stare after me.

Swift from infinity,
The black, unformed, enormous Fear that lives between the stars,
Clutched with the cold, great darkness at my heart.
Then from the gulf across a whispering,
And taste as of Silence on the wing,
To stay and stand
Ancient at my right hand;
What Powers abysmal, born o' the blind black air,
What nameless demons of the nether deep
That 'scape the sun and from the moonlight live apart,
Came and conspired against me there
I heard not, ere the whispering
Ceased, and a heavier darkness seemed to spring
Upon me, and I felt the silence leap
And clasp me closer, and the sweep
Of all the abyss reach up and drag
Body and feet from the crumbling uttermost erag
To the plumb and infinite emptiness unknown:
Nor knew I, in tumult of the rapid air,
If me did Azrael or Abaddon bear,
Or if I fell alone.

HOW TO COLLECT
FANTASY FICTION

by Julius Schwartz.

Part Three

Volume one number one of *Mind Magic*, a magazine dealing with the occult, was June 1931. It lasted until the end of the year, December, 1931 issue. (The last two issues were published under the title of *My Self Magazine*.) Another selective fiction magazine, *Miracle, Science and Fantasy Stories*, disappeared after issuing two numbers, the April-May and June-July 1931. The 1931 publisher of this magazine, Harry Hershey, printed some good fantasies in *Ghost Stories*. Exact dates of this magazine are unknown to the writer, but the magazine gave up its ghost sometime in 1932.

Hugo Gernsback, editor of *Wonder Stories*, put out two magazines that expired within a year. The first, *Air Wonder Stories* (July, 1929 to May, 1930) dealt with aviation of the future, mostly. It combined with *Science and Wonder Stories* in June, 1930 to form the present *Wonder Stories*. The other, *Scientific Detective Monthly*, appeared in January, 1930, and after changing its name to *Amazing Detective Tales* in June collapsed with the October, 1930 issue.

Oriental Stories, companion magazine to *Weird Tales*, burst forth on the stands September 15, 1930. Some excellent weird and oriental tales made their appearance in this magazine, which afterwards, in January, 1933, became *Magic Carpet*. *Black Cat* magazine (published around 1924) had some weird and sci-fi stories. These issues are particularly hard to obtain.

CLUB NEWS

The Fantasy Fan Fraternity, announced in our September issue, is now well under way, with members in nine different states. The purpose of the organization is to foster fellowship among science-fiction fans by means of correspondence, or where possible, by personal contact in local groups or chapters.

The first such chapter has been established in New York City, where the Scienceers, first fan club of its kind, is functioning as the local Fraternity branch. Meetings are held every week; and membership is open to all metropolitan fans. Further information about this group may be obtained from the secretary, Allen Glasser, 4610 University Avenue, Bronx, New York.

Any reader wishing to join the national F. F. F., or to found a branch in his community, should send six cents in stamps to Mr. Glasser, at the above address, for a membership card and a list of other members with whom to correspond. This small charge, to cover necessary expenses, is the only cost of enrollment into the Fraternity—a nationwide association devoted solely to the interests of fantasy fans. Why not be one of us?

Next month Mr. Schwartz, in "How to Collect Fantasy Fiction," takes up the seven Munsey magazines and the English periodicals containing fantastic fiction. Don't miss part four.

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 'The Fantasy Fan' is the ONLY fan magazine for the readers of weird fiction. Tell your friends about it, and urge them to subscribe.

TRUE GHOST STORIES

(Part Two - Conclusion)

At one time there was a woman of rank living in London who was hated by everyone. When she died, she was not missed, but her spirit haunted her house every night. After a number of years someone saw her approach one side of a room and paw at a wall. Then she disappeared. The wall was removed and many valuable papers were discovered, including one that proved she had murdered her husband. Her ghost never appeared after that. It seemed that at last she had repented her evil existence, and was trying to redeem her soul.

The guard of the London prison tower was making one of his nightly rounds when he discovered a peculiar light emanating from the utmost tower. Upon climbing up he noticed that it was an unearthly blue-white light which permeated everything within, but seemed to have no point of origin. Within this baleful gleam he saw the spirits of those that had died in the London tower through the ages--warriors of the time of Henry the Eighth--and noblemen of all periods. They were marching in a solemn procession. Suddenly everything faded and the guard found himself in utter darkness.

There are many other ghost stories of London--such as phantom hands appearing above the water of the Thames, sworn to by witnesses to be gospel truth--but our reason forces us to reject them.

Recently, the noted Weird Tales author, Elliott O'Donnell, released his
(continued on page 47)

SCIENCE FICTION
IN ENGLISH MAGAZINES

by Bob Tucker

(Series Three)

An all-science-weird magazine started in England to last for just one issue. The title was "Argo Weekly." The number contained various sf stories concerning everything from prehistoric animals to the "End of the World."

A late September number of "The Wizard" carried a fair story of another Martian invasion entitled "Raiders from the Red World." The invaders landed among the native tribes of Africa, instead of New York City, the usual landing place. And, incidently, they were not slugs, giants, or etc., but just ordinary human beings.

"The Skipper" published a humorous story named "Ginger Snapp." In this tale, an old professor invents a contrivance that emits a ray which distorts metal by the push of a button. More toys! The professor's son is surprised to see his dinner disappear while monkeying with the mechanism.

As a rule, English magazines have covers that would make Buffalo Bill or Nick Carter quit work. They are very "aimé novelist" at times, and go to extremes to amaze the reader.

A request has come in for a female sf enthusiast, who would correspond with American readers, so here she is, to you who wish a foreign peepal: Miss Molly Upchurch, 139 Byron Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham, 10, England.

Join "The Fantasy Fan Fraternity." See the "Club News" in this issue for complete information.

MY SCIENCE FICTION
COLLECTION

by Forrest J. Ackerman

Part Three

Reposing in a futuristic box are ninety six autographs. Cummings, Flagg, Olsen, Repp, the three Smiths, Taine, Keller, Brewer, Hamilton, Merritt, Coblenz, Burks, Williamson, Farley, Meek, Paul, Morey, Wesso, Verrill, Leinater -- and half a hundred more. Also, there is a special collection of scientific actors' autographs. These are more difficult to obtain, and some necessitate writing abroad, but to date I have "The Frankenstein Monster," the heroine of "Tarzan;" LN-21 and LN-18 of "Just Imagine," the director of "By Rocket to the Moon" and "Metropolis," "Dracula," Roxor of "Chandu," and many others too numerous to mention. Tho' not a part of the collection, it may prove interesting to readers that I have seen in person "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Dracula," "Dr. Moreau," and "Chandu" (Frederic March, Bela Lugosi, Charles Laughton and Edmund Lowe).

I have autographed photographs from Leslie F. Stone, "Doc" Smith, Ed Earl Repp, Capt. S. P. Meek, Miles J. Brewer, Victor Rousseau, Sewell Peaslee, Charles Willard Diffin, Edmond Hamilton and others. Mr. Wright presented me with a personal sketch of his "Retired Commander Hanson."

I also have photos from the heroine of "High Treason," Frankenstein—the creator, and Fritz Lang, director of German scientific films.

(Next month Mr. Ackerman tells of the collection of original manuscripts.)

CONGLAM(TORIAL

Second in the series...And speaking of the April 1933 Amazing, "Martian and Troglodyte," by Neil R. Jones was printed on the cover, but the story did not appear in the issue. The printing of the editorial, which took two more pages than hitherto, and some of the Discussions were increased in size...The May 1933 Amazing was the first one of 86 not to contain part of a serial. The August-September had none either.. Have you ever wondered what letter of the alphabet authors pick on most as the first one in the title of their stories (omitting articles 'a,' 'the,' and 'an,')? Of course you haven't. Well, I'll tell you, anyway. An average of one-tenth of all the stories written begin with the letter "M," and another tenth with "S." That is their rating in a collection of over 2000 stories...So, Amazing is trying to get rid of the word "scientification" that Gernsback coined, eh?...By the looks of the contents page of the May 1933 Weird, you would think that every story was complete... The May, 1926 Amazing contains two stories by Jules Verne...And the March 1930 Science Wonder had two stories by Frank J. Brueckel...And you can find other similar cases, such as the Amazing Annual containing two stories by A. Merritt, and the June, 1930 Astounding with two of Diffin's yards (one under the pseudonym of C. D. Willard).

If you have any original fan material on hand, we would be pleased to have you submit it for our serious consideration.

HOW TO WRITE A STF STORY

by Hoy Ping Pong

The first thing to remember in writing a science story is originality. You must have that, so the first things to select for your brain-child is a hero, heroine, and villain. No plot is needed. Or, if you desire one, that can be thought up after the story is finished.

Have your hero a tall, slim, old, grey-eyed chap, with an iron jaw, and a sturdy body. He also must know all there is to know about everything. Now for the heroine; she must be a small slim blond, blue-eyed, and be a scientist's daughter. That's the big point, in originality. Nobody has ever thought of her being a scientist's daughter before. Now next comes the villain. He must be tall, dark, with snapping black eyes, and a brush across his upper lip. He must have an impossible name that no one can pronounce, including yourself. I would suggest someone who desires to have world domination. That, also, is original.

The big surprise of your story is this: Your villain must desire the heroine for himself. That is something that is new to STF readers. And, of course, I would politely suggest that the hero also want the girl. That would make a triangle out of it. The hero must chase the villain all over the universe, because the villain has the heroine in his vile clutches. Don't forget the word vile. Nobody has ever used that.

Of course, the invaders from Mars arrive on the scene about this time, also desiring world conquest. It would be a nice point of originality here to have the villain throw in with the Martians.

It wouldn't do to have the whole army overthrow the enemy. The hero must do it himself, singlehanded.

And, a few death rays can be used in the story. Select a fitting color, (some authors prefer pink). I would suggest lavender, which would just match the heroine's pocketbook, and have it wipe out millions by merely a few puffs. However, if you could do it all in a puff and a halt, that would merit you another point. Then you must have the hero invent a ray that stops the lavender death rays. Yellow would be best for this. It makes such an excellent color scheme.

Throw in a few space ships, a couple fights, a shot in the dark, four or five corpses, a high official who turns traitor, a last flight for help, and end it up with a lone man battling hundreds. Mix thoroughly, and type out on paper, forgetting to double-space your lines, as all editors request that you double-space, thereby showing them that you are really original.

No plot is needed, as mentioned in paragraph one, but if you want one, read one of Grimm's Fairy Tales, and borrow a plot. It makes no difference what kind, as they are all fairy tales, anyway. As a final bit of advice, fold the manuscript several times, and send it to the editor with no enclosed postage for its return. By doing this the editor will not have to go to the trouble of returning it to you, and, so long as the Chief Waste Paper Basket Monitor doesn't get snoopy and start reading the refuse, there will be no ill effects on anyone — (providing the editor hadn't read it in the first place—and in 1933)

(continued on page 46)

FAMOUS FANTASY FANS

2 - Conrad H. Ruppert

Heart disease was Chr's means of becoming introduced to science fiction. Confined to bed he was given a copy of Science and Invention which he read and re-read many times, liking its science fiction story, "The Man on the Meteor" by Ray Cummings, best of all. He never lost one whit of his interest in fantasy fiction, and has become a keen judge of what is best in this field.

Always retiring in nature, he first came to notice in a vigorous campaign he conducted for increasing the membership of the International Scientific Association, and for innovating a Science Fiction Week. Hugo Gernsback was so pleased with this latter idea, and with Chr's work in trying to put it over, that Chr was awarded a \$50 prize in the "What I Have Done for Science Fiction" contest that Science Wonder Quarterly conducted at that time.

His pet idea for many years was to issue a science fiction fan magazine. The depression decided him upon the desperate expedient of launching the SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST without adequate preparation. Unwilling to take any credit for the work he appointed Maurice Z. Ingher as the Digest's editor, but when Mr. Ingher was forced to resign because of other duties, he reluctantly took the editorship. There is plenty of testimony to satisfy all as to the success he has attained with his little magazine, the SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST.

As for his age, and other personal points, he is 21, unmarried, and considers life quite thrilling. He is a printer by occupation, being one of the part-

ners of the ARRA Printers, who have given the fans several science fiction pamphlets.

Though he declares he is not modest, he cannot be convinced that he has done anything unusual. It is his courage and determination that has carried the 'Science Fiction Digest' through the rough spots of its career, and it is stern judgement that selects the articles and stories which so please the readers of SFD, or FANTASY Magazine, as it will be called.

 How To Write A Stf Story

(continued from page 45)

case that he did--well, there's places for people like that. New editors are cheap nowadays, anyway.)

The word "weird" as meaning bizarre probably originated with Edgar Allan Poe, who was one of the greatest coiners of words. In his poem "Ulalume," he speaks of the country of "Weir" from which the word "weird" was derived to describe anything horrible or unique.

...*...*

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CELEBRITIES I'VE MET

by Mortimer Weisinger

Dr. T. O' Connor Sloane - who wishes he were related to the owner of 'Sloane's Lotion.'

Hugo Gernsback—who, when commended for his ability to turn out new editorials month after month, modestly shrugged it off with: "It's all in the day's work."

Harry Bates—who evasively answers all questions pertaining to the identity of of Anthony Gilmore by saying, "I'll speak only upon advice from my counsel."

A. Merritt - who, though he is perhaps the greatest man I have ever known, is incredibly unaffected for a person with his success.

Dr. David Henry Keller - who can tell a story almost better than he can write, as witness the tale, "The Dead Woman," told to me in his room at the Hotel New Yorker.

Mrs. David Keller - who enjoys piquing one's curiosity when queried about the name of the magazine for which her husband writes under a nom-de-plume.

Angelica Keller - who is the 'Angelica' of scores of Keller stories, and upon whom Dr. Keller's story, "A Psychological Experiment," was based.

Abner Joseph Getala - who gleefully claims that he wishes the movie magnates would buy each of his stories for the

movies, as they did his "Automaton."

Miss Florence Berhaer, Dr. Sloane's capable secretary, who rightly insists that Bob Olson is the wisest s-f writer.

Leo Morey—one of the most handsome chaps of the science fiction gang, and perhaps the slickest dresser of them all.

H. W. Wesso—who confesses that he knows less about technical science than Homer Eon Flint knows of the sequel to "The Blind Spot."

Miss Miriam Bourne—whose pet diversion is telling Dr. Keller that he is not a real author, in the true sense of the word, although she tells friends that Doctor Keller is the greatest of them all, when he isn't around!

Arthur J. Burke—who reeled off his five thousand word part for the serial, COSMOS, in exactly two hours! I was dazed, Sharlie.

Gowain Edwards, - who when asked to pay only one dollar as initiation fee for membership in the old Sciencears, slapped it down with such contempt as it to say, "What Pikers!"

Charles D. Herrig, a New Jerseyite, who wishes there were dozens of Clark Ashton Smith and also dozens of H. P. Lovecraft

True Ghost Stories

(continued from page 45)

book, "Ghosts of London," which relates further tales of this nature.

THE END

UNUSUAL STORIES

The new magazine of fantastic fiction presents such stories as:

"The White Sybil"

by Clark Ashton Smith

"Countries in the Sea"

by August W. Derleth

"The Sixth Sense"

by Stanton A. Coblentz

"On Board the Space-Ship Terra"

by L. A. Eshtach

"The Strange Case of Tony Rizutti"

by Ralph Milne Farley

"The Doom that Came to Sutorok"

by H. P. Lovecraft

"Tharda, Queen of Vampires"

by Richard Tooker

"The Garden of Fear"

by Robert E. Howard

"Maza Colonizas"

by Miles J. Breuer, M.D.

"When the Waker Sleeps"

by Cyril G. Yates

"The Touch of Lha"

by Joe W. Skidmore

"The Orgs of Space"

by Manly Wade Wellman

"A Diamond Asteroid"

by Lowell H. Morrow

"Binding de Luz"

by Dr. David H. Kettel

"Master of Matter"

by Amelia Reynolds Long

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by P. Schuyler Miller

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by Herl Vincent

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January, 1934 issue

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