

THE FANTASY FAN

THE FANS' OWN MAGAZINE

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OUR READERS SAY

"I missed Bob Tucker's column in the December issue. Better luck next month. By the way, who wrote the last piece of poetry in that issue?"

-- Kenneth S. Pritchard

The editor wishes to confess that he is guilty for overlooking that appears in TFF unassigned. We are forced to tell you this, so that you won't blame it on someone else.

"After reading the fourth issue of TFF, I feel compelled to take time out to let you know my reactions. It seems to me that in this little magazine, you have succeeded, by your choice and arrangement of material, in creating the illusion of an intensely humorous, keenly interested gathering of real people. I actually get something of this impression from perusing its pages -- the imaginary sensation of sitting in on such a group -- and it is this which prompts me to a note of appreciation. You have been able to offer a welcome medium of expression and interchange of ideas to us devotees of the fantastic in fiction and the success of TFF should be assured if you can maintain this standard of interest."

-- Richard F. Searight

This letter is satisfactory proof to us

that our efforts are not being entirely wasted. It is our purpose to live up to slogan, "the fan's own magazine" and make it as personal and interesting as possible.

"Lovercraft's tales certainly hit the spot. R. H. Barlow's 'Annals of the Jinn' are great and show a seriousness and depth of that which is not expressed easily in writing. When his series is completed, try to get more of his tales. I am glad to see Derleth in our pages, and this Woolley person certainly did a very nice job with her story."

"I don't believe the January issue of the magazine was up to standard. Too much space was devoted to the Bolling Point and the readers' columns. I still lack the installments of Lovecraft's article are too short."

-- H. Koenig

We are cutting out the Bolling Point entirely and intend to cut down on the readers' column.

"Smith's 'The Ghoul' is better than 'The Kingdom of the Worm' and should devour the latter in replete satisfaction. I hope to see another fantasy by Lovecraft soon."

-- Robert Nelson

You will notice one of Lovecraft's stories in this issue. We have several more of his on hand for future publications.

"The various articles in the January

issue were very interesting with the exception of 'The Boiling Point' which is becoming monotonous. On the whole, however, you are doing a fine job, and I hope it will not be necessary for you to cut down the size of the magazine as published less often." -- Philip Bridges

"I liked Derleth's little tale in the December number, and I second Mr. Koenig's criticism that the installments of 'Supernatural Horror in Literature' are too short." -- Clark Ashton Smith

Forrest J. Ackerman reminds us of two typographical errors in TFF that changed the entire meaning of a couple of statements. In the December "Boiling Point" it was stated that haxxoisite people to like him, when it should have stated that he does not tell people to like him. In his collection article, it was claimed that he had the original manuscript of Flagg's "Lancer in the Crystal" instead of "Dancer," which made quite a pun out of it.

"Birdie's 'Twelfth Corpse' was indeed a gem in spite of its shortness. Perhaps August W. Derleth would write some poetry for you. I saw one of his in the 'Dritwood.' R. H. Barlow seems to get better all the time. Let's have more of the 'Annals of the Jinn'."

-- Duane W. Rimey

"I think the FF is fine. It only needs time to grow larger, which it will do as soon as more people find out about it. Don't have a contents page -- save that extra room for the fans. Thank you for the privilege of being one of your contributors." -- Natalie M. Wooley

Thank you for contributing to THE FANTASY FAN.

"The January issue of TFF was very good indeed! I believe that the issues

MY FAVORITE FANTASY STORY

by Julius Schwartz

It's really impossible to name one's favorite fantasy story without taking into account not only the merit of the story but also the mood of the reader at the time he read it. I, therefore, have no one favorite story, but rather a list of stories that I liked immensely at the time I read them; they gripped, fascinated, and held me. They are those stories that can be read and reread dozens of times without finding a lack of interest in them. Four of these stories are, "The Blood Spot," by Hall and First; "The Man Who Evolved," by Hamilton; "The Second Deluge" by Stevins; and "Short Wave Castle" by Calvin Ferguson. These four tales may not be the best I've read, but they're certainly way up near the top of the list. [Let us know what you consider your favorite fantasy story.]

have improved greatly since the first one was published, quite some time ago, too. Mr. Smith is one of your finest, if not your finest, author. Mr. Ackerman's articles I find very interesting. 'Supernatural Horror in Literature' by H. P. Lovecraft is an excellent article. Mr. Lovecraft has succeeded in condensing the ancient horror and weirdness into a great article. I admire very much the fine writing of Mr. Lovecraft."

-- Fred John Walton

Write your opinions and suggestions into "Our Readers Say," and we want to run the magazine the way you like it best. As a special feature in next month's issue, we are presenting a full-page original illustration by Moroy.

Polaris

by H. P. Lovecraft

Into the north window of my chamber glows the Pole Star with uncanny light. All through the long hellish hours of blackness it shines there. And in the course of the year, when the winds from the north cease and whine, and the red-leaved trees of the swamp mutter things to one another in the small hours of the morning, under the horned waning moon, I sit by the casement and watch that star. Down from the heights reels the glittering Cassiopeia as the hours wear on, while Charles' Wain lumbers up from behind the vapour-soaked swamp trees that sway in the night wind. Just before dawn Arcturus winks ruddily from above the cemetery on the low hillock, and Coma Berenice shimmers weirdly afar off in the mysterious east; but still the Pole Star looks down from the same place in the black vault, winking hideously like an intense watching eye which strives to convey some strange message, yet recalls nothing save that it once had a message to convey. Sometimes, when it is cloudy, I can sleep.

Well do I remember the night of the great Aurora, when over the swamp played the shocking illuminations of the daemon light. After the beam came clouds, and then I slept.

And it was under a horned waning moon that I saw the city for the first time. Still and somewhat did it lie, on a strange plateau to a hollow betwixt strange peaks. Of ghastly marble were its walls and its towers, its columns, domes, and pavements. In the marble

streets were marble pillars, the upper parts of which were carved into the images of grave bearded men. The air was warm and stirred not. And overhead, scarce ten degrees from the zenith, glowed that watching Pole Star. Long did I gaze on the city, but the day came out. When the red Aldebaran, which blinked low in the sky but never set, had crawled a quarter of the way around the horizon, I saw light and motion in the houses and the streets. Forms strongly robed, but at once noble and familiar, walked abroad and under the horned waning moon men talked wisdom in a tongue which I understood, though it was unlike any language I had ever known. And when the red Aldebaran had crawled more than halfway around the horizon, there were again darkness and silence.

When I awoke, I was not as I had been. Upon my memory was graven the vision of the city, and within my soul had arisen another and vaguer recollection, of whose nature I was not then certain. Thereafter, on the cloudy nights when I could sleep, I saw the city often; sometimes under that horned waning moon, and sometimes under the hot yellow rays of a sun which did not set, but which wheeled low around the horizon. And on the clear nights the Pole Star looked as never before.

Gradually I came to wonder what might be my place in that city on the strange plateau betwixt strange peaks. At first content to view the scene as an observant uncorporeal presence, I now

desired to define my relation to it, and to speak my mind amongst the grave men who conversed each day in the public squares. I said to myself, "This is no dream, for by what means can I prove the greater reality of that other life in the house of stone and brick south of the violet swamp and the cemetery on the low hillock, where the Pole Star peeps into my north window each night?"

One night as I listened to the discourse in the large square containing many statues, I felt a change, and perceived that I had at last a bodily form. Nor was a stranger in the streets of Olatboe, which lies on the plateau of Sarkis, betwixt the peaks Noton and Kadiphonok. It was my friend Alos who spoke, and his speech was one that pleased my soul, for it was the speech of a true hero and patriot. That night had the news come of Dalkos' fall, and of the advance of the Inutos; that, belated yellow fiends who five years ago had appeared out of the unknown west to ravage the confines of our kingdom and finally to besiege our towns. Having taken the fortified places at the foot of the mountains, their way now lay open to the plateau, unless every citizen could resist with the strength of ten men. For the square creamers were mighty in the arts of war, and knew not the scruples of honour which held back our tall, gray-eyed men of Lomar from ruthless conquest.

Alos, my friend, was commander of all the forces on the plateau, and in him lay the last hope of our country. On this occasion he spoke of the perils to be faced and exhorted the men of Olatboe, bravest of the Lomarians, to withstand the traitors of their ancestors, who when forced to move southward from Zobae before the advance of the great ice sheet, (even as

our descendants must some day flee from the land of Lomar) valiantly and victoriously swept aside the hairy, long-armed, cannibal Gnophkels that stood in their way. To me Alos denied a warrior's part, for I was feeble and given to strange thoughts when subjected to stress and hardships. But my eyes were the keenest in the city, despite the long hours I gave each day to the study of the Drakotic manuscripts and the wisdom of the Zobanian Fathers; so my friend, desiring not to doom me to inaction, rewarded me with that duty which was second in nothing in importance. To the watch-tower of Thaparn he sent me, there to serve as the eyes of our army. Should the Inutos attempt to gird the citadel by the narrow pass behind the peak Noton and thereby surprise the garrison, I was to give the signal of fire which would warn the waiting soldiers and save the town from immediate disaster.

Alone I mounted the tower, for every man of stout body was needed in the passes below. My brain was sore dazed with excitement and fatigue, for I had not slept in many days; yet was my purpose firm, for I loved my native land of Lomar, and the marble city Olatboe that lies betwixt the peaks of Noton and Kadiphonok.

But as I stood in the tower's remotest chamber, I beheld the horned winged moon, red and sinister, quivering through the vapours that hovered over the distant valley of Benot. And through an opening in the roof glittered the pale Pole Star, harrowing as if alive, and bearing like a head and temple. Methought a spirit whispered evil counsel, soothing me to traitorous remembrance with a demurely rhythmical promise which it repeated over

and war:

"Slumber, watcher, till the spheres,
Six and twenty thousand years
Have revolv'd, and I return
To the spot where now I burn
Other stars anon shall rise
To the axis of the skies;
Start that marks and stars that bless
With a sweet forgetfulness:
Only when my round is o'er
Shall the past disturb thy door."
Vainly did I struggle with my dream-
ness, seeking to connect these strange
words with some lore of the kind which
I had learnt from the Ptolemaic manu-
scripts. My head, heavy and reeling,
drooped in my breast, and when next I
looked up it was in a dream; with the
Pole Star gazing at me through a win-
dow from over the horrible swaying trees
of a dream swamp. And I am still
dreaming.

In my shame and despair I sometimes
scream frantically, joggling the dream-crea-
tures round me to waken me ere the
Triton steal up the pass behind the peak
Naton and take the citadel by surprise;
but these aspirations are illusory, for they
laugh at me and tell me I am not dream-
ing. They mock me whilst I sleep, and
whilst the aquas yellow fee may be creep-
ing silently upon us. I have failed in my
duty and betrayed the marble city of Ol-
sthee; I have proven false to Alos, my
friend and commander. But still these
shadowy of my dreams deride me. They
say there is no land of Tomar, save in
my nocturnal imagings; that in those
realms where the Pole Star shines high,
and the Alchazan crawls low around the
horizon, there has been caught save ice
and snow for thousands of years, and never
a mossy sward, yellow cressets, blight-

FACTS AND PROPHECY

W. A. Conrad, assistant professor in
mathematics at the United States Naval
Academy, says that a trip to the moon
is a ruckus to possible. According to
him, it would cost as much as two bat-
tlehips—\$100,000,000, but it would be
worth it. The biggest obstacle in aviat-
coma would be the fuel problem, he de-
clares. It would take a huge amount
of oxygen to make the trip. Other prob-
lems would be dodging meteors and over-
coming the falling-in-an-elevator leaving.
He lists the benefits derived from such
a voyage, to those derived from Colum-
bus' trip across the Atlantic.

During the National Inventor's Con-
gress in Cleveland, September 5 to 9,
Arthur Shendelein, of Oakland, Califor-
nia, exhibited a motor which he claims
will carry passengers to Mars, or any
other planet in record time. He de-
clared his motor will go 100,000 miles
without gasoline.

ed by the cold, whom they call
"Esquimaux."

And as I write in my gaily agony,
trusting to save the ship whose port cray
moment grows, and vainly striving to shake
off this monstrous dream of a boom of
tears and brick tooth at a dinner swamp
and a cemetery as a low hillock; the
Pole Star, evil and unmerciful, leans down
from the black vault, winking hideously
like an insane watching eye which strives
to convey some message, yet recalls
nothing save that it once had a message
to convey.

Watch for another story by H. P.

Lavastrel in an early issue

HOWLS FROM THE ETHER

by The Spacehound

Some copies of the August, 1929, *Amazing Stories* contained "Out of the Void" printed twice and "The Grim Inheritance" omitted. This happens every so often in the binding of magazines, when one of the several sections is left out and two of another inserted. In the above case, this means that several issues of the magazine contained an "Out of the Void," and two copies of "The Grim Inheritance"... Voltaire's "Micro-megas" is an excellent interplanetary story concerning a Sigan's visit to Saturn and Earth... In the days of "Science Fiction" (the pamphlet mimeographed in Cleveland), Hugh Langley was the pseudonym for the joint efforts of Jerome Siegel and Bernard Kanton... P. S. Miller mentions working on his "Archenius Horror" in an early 1930 mag. "Disvelation's War" an excellent science fiction tale was, in *Top-Notch* a short while ago. They present stories of this type at odd intervals... Roy Rockwood's "Great Miracle" series have been retained... An English newspaper runs science fiction regularly. Roy's "Prince of Atlantis," while a stiff classic is also a subtle treatise on sociology... *Radio Guide* carried an illustrated feature on Buck Rogers... The December 1932 *Happy Hours Magazine* carried an editorial on "Science Fiction in the Dime Novels," by Ralph P. Smith... O. O. Melnyk and Philip Wylie are good friends... In regards to the question in the August 1932 *Time Traveller*, "The Nib Man," by Homer Bon Finer, was written especially for the *Amazing Quarterly*... The *Due Savage* magazine is running a number of good adventure sci-

ence. Recent issues have had "The Load of Terror," and a tale of adventure at the North Pole among several others, including one about super-giants attempting to conquer a nation... And keep an eye on *Thrilling Adventure* and the new companion mag to Nick's Detective... Austin Hall had a humorous western in a recent *Argosy*... You cover fans keep an eye on the fine work Paul is doing for *Science and Mechanics*, the sister magazine of *Wonder Stories*... One of H. G. Wells' latest contributions is "Love on Mars" in a romance magazine... "Conflict," a new magazine issued by the Central Pub. Co. at the old *Miracle Stories* address, will use "weird adventure stories". R. F. Starzl had a review of the science fiction market in the *Author and Journalist* over two years ago... The staff of the *Dolla Journal* etherized the first chapter of Burroughs' "A Fighting Man at Mars" over WFAA last June... Edison's last work is said to have been on a machine to communicate with the dead... Your scribe is No. 1 in the Jules Verne Prize Club... Two recent radio fantasies are "The Man with the Golden Head" and Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"... An excellent satire on interplanetary stories ran through the comic sheets of the AP newspapers, which showed Sappo and Professor Whattsonomble going through adventures on Mars and Venus... A vote taken in the early days of *Amazing Stories* showed 32,644 in favor of a bi-weekly publication, and 498 who thought otherwise... Edgar Wallace's "The Pan-ich Plague" is a good scientific mystery novel.

...O.X.O... ..O.X.O...

Come over to "Our Readers Say"

A VISIT TO JULES DE GRANDIN

by Marianne Ferguson

I got off the train at the Harknessville Railroad Station, filled with mixed feelings, for I was to visit the world renowned detective, Jules de Grandin, and Dr. Trowbridge. As I walked uncertainly up the street, I inquired of a policeman, who directed me to Jules de Grandin's house.

I am afraid that I knocked at the door somewhat timidly, and I soon heard foot steps coming down the hall. The door opened, and there stood a tall, dark man.

"Is this where Mr. de Grandin lives?" I asked rather ably, for I had been anticipating this eventful visit for several months, during which time I had metted this scene many times.

"Yes," the man replied. "I am Dr. Trowbridge. Will you please come in?"

I entered, just as a voice from within called out, "Who was it, Friend Trowbridge?"

We entered a large, cherry room, and seated in a deep study chair, I saw Jules de Grandin, his blond hair sleek and shining. He looked up from the magazine had been reading, and seeing me, arose, and stretching his blond moustache, said, "What can we do for you, my dear young lady?"

Suddenly, my knees trembled in terror. "Mr. de Grandin," I managed to whisper, "I have always wanted to see you in person; I hope you will forgive my intrusion."

Jules de Grandin waved me to a seat with his long, artistic hand, and seeing a silver-tipped walking stick in the cor-

ner, I asked, "Is that the famous walking stick which conquered the world walk in 'The Thing in the Fog'?"

"Oh, alas, of a truth, my young friend," he admitted. "If it were not for the concealed sword in the center, I would have been in too many right places for comfort."

"Mr. de Grandin, will you please tell how many years you have been interested in this line of investigation?" I asked.

"O, stars, my young lady, I have been actively engaged for the past eight years in this thrilling occupation."

"I am sure that I wasn't acquainted with your adventures right from the start," I confessed. "Would you speak in some of the gruesome cases such as 'The Bleeding Mammy' and the 'Band of Glory'?"

"Oh, bless," he answered, "my friend, if one allows himself to let fear enter his heart, he is already defeated, and I know that I have the Good One in my favor."

"Well, Mr. de Grandin and Dr. Trowbridge, thank you for this delightful talk," I began, when a blood-curdling moan echoed through the house. De Grandin, Dr. Trowbridge, and I ran to where the moan seemed to come from, but nothing was there. I imagine that I must have turned pale, for Dr. Trowbridge caught hold of my arm and gave me a glass of water containing some sort of sedative. As I began to feel better, my notes tumbled back and de Grandin said, "My friend, your train leaves in twenty minutes, so, Friend Trowbridge, get out your car and take the young lady to the station."

[continued on page 96]

WINDS

Richard F. Seagrife

The North Wind hares, a gelid, ice-born roar,
Down from the arctic wastes where are the ghosts
Of our first Odin, bloody-handed Thor,
To frost-bound silence with their warrior hosts.

The East Wind murmurs softly through the night
Of diana and unisome things, and evil lore
Old in the days when Astart rose to might,
And Chaldic magic ruled a world of gore.

The South Wind breathes a pestilential dirge.
It whispers of corruption and the tombs
Of life in death, and mankind's being urge
To gain the secrets hidden in Time's womb.

The West Wind keeps a warning cry of woe,
As, from the boundless voids of sea and sky,
It sweeps upon a face bowed low by fate,
Yet striving still to gain the heights or die.

THE DWELLER

by William Lumley

Dread and potent broods a Dweller
In an evil twilight space,
Formless as a daemon's shadow,
Void of members and of face.

Heeding not the shaped or formless,
Past the reach of thee or lawless
Never may our minds conceive it
Save as clouds of fright and awe.

When it crawls malignly draped;
Let but mist of leaden grey,
Rising vaguely in the distance,
Vail its hideous bulk away.

And its mutterings of horror,
In the ore of charnel ground,
Lose themselves in troubled chatters
That trem for horizons round.

THE WEIRD WORKS OF
M. R. JAMES

by Clark Ashton Smith

The four books of short stories written by Montague Rhodes James, Provost of Eton College, have been collected in a single but not overly bulky volume under the imprint of Longmans, Green & Co. One can heartily recommend the acquisition of this volume to all lovers of the weird and supernatural who are not already familiar with its contents.

James is perhaps unsurpassed in originality by any living writer; and he has made a salient contribution to the technique of his genre as well as to the enriching of its treasury of permanent masterpieces. His work is marked by rare intellectual skill and ingenuity, by power rising at times above the reaches of mere intellect, and by a sheer fitness of writing that will bear almost endless study. It has a peculiar charm, wholly different from the diabolic grimace of Bierce, or the accumulative atmospheric terror and rounded elusiveness of Machen. Here there is nothing of the feverish but logical hallucinations, the macabre and exotic beauty achieved by Poe; nor is there any blockiness in the fine poetic weaving and character nuances of Walter de la Mare, or the far-reaching, penetrative psychism of Blackwood, or the frightful antiquities and ultra-istone menaces of Lovecraft.

The style of these stories is rather equal and unobtrusive. The rhythms of the prose are high and pedestrian, and the phrasing is notable for directness and incisiveness rather than for those vague, rumormongering statements which beguile one's inner ear in the prose of fiction-writers who are also poets. Usually

there is a more or less humdrum setting, often with a background of folklore and long past happenings whose dim webwork provides a depth of shadow from which, as from a recessed cavern, the central horror emerges into the no-man's-land of the present. Things and occurrences, names (these without obvious off-hand relationship, are grouped meaningfully, forcing the reader onsway to some frightful deduction; as there is an artful linkings of events seemingly harmless in themselves, that leave him confronted, at a sudden turn with some ghastly specter as night descends.

The minutiae of modern life, humor, character-drawing, scenic and characteristical description, are used as a foil to heighten the abnormal, but are never allowed to usurp a disproportionate interest. Always there is no element of supernatural menace, whose value is never impeded by scientific or spiritualistic explanation. Sometimes it is brought forth at the climax into full light; and sometimes, even then, it is merely half-revealed, its life undefined but perhaps all the more alarming. In any case, the presence of some unnatural but objective reality is assumed and established.

The goblins and phantoms devised by James are truly creative and are presented through images often so keen and vivid as to evoke an actual physical shock. Sight, smell, hearing, tension, all are played upon with well nigh surgical accuracy, by impromptu calculations to touch the shuddering quiver of horror.

Some of the images are strikingly simple and are more outstanding, and spring surely from the same noble inspiration of the highest genre. For instance, take the nameless thing in *The Uncommon*

Trayer Book, which resembles "a great roll of old, shabby, white flannel," with a blot of lace in the upper end, and which falls forward on a man's shoulder and hides this face in his neck like a terror attacking a rabbit. Then, in *Mr. Humphrey and his Inheritance* (one of subtle and more infernal tales) there is the form "with a burnt human face" and "black arms", that emerges from an inexplicable hole in the paper plan of a garden maze "with the odorous workings of a wasp creeping up of a rotten apple." In *The Tractate Middoth* one meets an apocalyptic web thick with webs over its eyes—the lich or specter of a man who, obedient to his own rather occult instructions, had been buried sitting at a table in an underground room. And when, upon reading *The Diary of Mr. Poynter*, can fail to share Denton's revulsion when he seizes out, thinking that a dog is beside his chair, and seizes a crawling figure covered with "long, wavy, Absalom like tresses? Who, too, can shake off the horror of Dennistown, in *Canon Albaric's Scrap Book*, when a demon's hand appears from hence on the table, suggesting momentarily a pen wiper, a tail, and a large spider?

Reading and re-reading these tales, one notes a predilection for certain milieus and motifs. Backgrounds of scholastic or ecclesiastic life are frequent; and some of the best tales are laid in cathedral towns, in many of the supernatural stories, there recurs insistently "the character of extreme and repulsive hairiness. Often the apparatus is connected with, as evoked by, some material object, such as the brauze whistle from the "mine of the Templars' preceptory in *and I'll Come to You*."

drawing of King Solomon and the night demon in *Canon Albaric's Scrap Book*; the silver Anglo-Saxon crown worn on the ancestral barrow in *A Warning to the Curious*; and the strange certain-pattern in *The Diary of Mr. Poynter* which had "a subtlety in its drawing."

In several stories there are hints of bygone Satanism and wizardry whose malign wreaths or conjured spirits linger obscurely in modern time; and in at least one tale, *Castling the Runes*, the wizard is a living figure. In other tales, the larger and vanishing phantasms of old crimes cry out their mindless pain, or peer for an instant from familiar pools and shrubberies. The personnel of James' *Pandemonium* is far from monotonous; one finds a "styg" dwelling in a cathedral tomb; a corvax rat-like monster that comes to life when touched by a necromancer's hand; a mouldy swelling sack-like object in an walls wall, which suddenly puts its arms around the neck of a treasure-seeker; a cloaked and hooded shape with a tentacle in lieu of arms; a lewd, hideously talented actor, with a jaw "shallow as that of a beetle;" dolls that repeat crime and tragedy; creatures that are dog-like but not dogs; a saw fly tall as a man, set in a dim room full of bustling insects; and even a weak, ancient thing, "which, being wholly bodiless and incorporeal, makes for itself a body out of crumpled paper."

The peculiar quality of Mr. R. James, and his greater power, lies in his evoking "evocation of weird, abundant and pictorial phenomena" such as I have mentioned. It is his "by the way" few writers, dead or living, "led him in this formidable proficiency and perhaps no one but 'added him'."

The Tomb of the God

Annals of the Jinns - 5

by R. H. Barlow

For four days, the band of explorers from Phoar had been excavating the ancient and immemorial tomb of Krang on the edge of the desert. The winds had been blowing ceaselessly, even as they had done since before the coming of man to that far land. The tomb was built long before any human walked the face of the world, built by evil powers that had reigned unchecked in that unthinkable ancient day, when all the desert had been a verdant garden through which stalked great yellow giants of small intelligence, but of prodigious strength, that had built the tower and the city of the ancient and most powerful Lord Krang. And even before that Krang had been; he had been for eons, and in turn had come from a strange planet, it was told in tradition and runes inscribed in a dead language, the language of Old Gods, and in the time when dark magical powers had battled for possession of the universe. And Krang had won, Krang the old one, the monstrous brown leathery thing that planned and ruled and malefically twisted the futures of worlds. But the time came that none had foreseen and Krang the ancient fell into a semblance of death, though his flesh rotted not, nor did his aspect change. So the people of the earth gathered together and conveyed him in a giant funeral procession to the evermore tomb cavern from living blue stone in the side of the mountain, and they sealed him in and forever

departed from his company. And the years and the decades and the centuries and the eons unthinkable came and went, and the sands swirled over the mouth of the tomb, and the door was obliterated, and none knew where Krang the Elder God lay in stupendous chamber.

Then audacious mortals had unwittingly found traces of this mausoleum that even legend had discredited; and they had resolved to open it and seek the great body of the old thing that had laid unmoving since the world was young and green, laid while the prolific vegetation died and the sand swept upon its land and laid it into barrenness.

It was said that there had been sealed up in Krang's tomb treasures that made eyes pale and gems the like of which no longer existed, jewels from far worlds of the dawn of time, worlds that had died and an unred ego--and the strange manuscripts with the Hrothian charts upon them, and other equally desirable objects. Therefore, many had set out to reach the far side of the old tomb, but few had reached it. Some had perished, slain by the bareful green devil things that lay beneath the surface of the sand in wait for unwary persons, and that sprang up to drag their victims to a horrible death. Some reached their goal and wrested the and chipped the tight sealed entrance, but it was as the gnawing of saw, and before they could

do more, they had mysteriously vanished from human ken, and had they ever been of steelwards. Yet this did not discourage others from leading, for the desire for power will lead men far, and power there was in the tomb.

So again men were engaged in laboriously chipping away the obstruction and making slight headway, when one of their members chanced upon an orifice in the rock into which he thrust his arm curiously. Beyond he touched something, and lo! The great door groined outwards, inexorably, ruthlessly, and ground him horribly into the stone wall, leaving caught save an unpleasant smear of brown and a dark smell came forth, and the door was upraised. Paralyzed, the survivors did not act until it had swung freely back into place and was immovable save by a reparation of the catastrophe. So, rough they could spare him ill, the others forced one of their brown slave-men from distant Loek to do this suicidal act; and he whimpered, and would have none, but they discouraged this by sublephant bastily improvised tortures, and he eventually complied.

They stepped delicately over the smear and caught the door; placing antabstruction in the way, so that it might easily open. And then they entered, the first living things in that place since their trace had appeared.

The air was foul with the odor of a newly dried sea bed, and the stench was unlike that of anything within the lirkhen. All about the giant vault were great chunks of richly colored gems and intricate mosaics, with cryptic hieroglyphs upon each. But the central object was tomb of Lord Krang, where his great body reposed upon a slab of figured

shalestone. He was terrible gaze upon, for even after the immense period, he still held combances of the horrifying aspect that was traditionally assigned unto him.

And the explorers that had entered gathered around him for a moment in awe, but they were distracted by the infinite wealth that lay carelessly about. They became slightly affected by it, into a type of madness, and with repulsive smug and fetishism, they stroked the jewels and slung unto them.

But what happened then none can tell, for their two fellows standing guard beyond the entrance heard a peculiar sound that seemed as a sither than a steam, then the door shut again, and although the obstructing block was not touched by them, it had moved.

And Lord Krang's tomb was again covered by the drifts; nor even after that brief glimpse of infinite wealth did any man of Phoor venture near.

For the Lord Krang had roused from his long sleep, and feasted

STORIES TO COME

In response to requests, we are publishing this list of stories which we have on hand:

The Legacy by Kenneth B. Prishard
The Flower God by R. H. Barlow
Gods of the North

by Robert E. Howard
The Ancient Voice by Eando Binder
The Nameless City by H. P. Lovecraft
From Beyond by H. P. Lovecraft
Beyond the Wall of Sleep

by H. P. Lovecraft

(continued on page 96)

THE BOILING POINT

"Donald Alexander's letter caused me to reread carefully my own answer to Forrest Ackerman's epistolary critique. Since my one concern was to meet Mr. Ackerman's arguments on their own ground, I am puzzled by the assercion of Mr. Alexander that I had made a fool of myself by descending to personalities. Ohhand, I should have said that my letter was about as free of that sort of thing as it could conceivably have been. Perhaps there were a few mildly ironic touches; but certainly nothing of an indivivus nature was implied or even intended. I do not think that any good purpose is ever served by abusive personalities. If my letter was derogatively personal, I really wonder how Mr. Alexander's should be classified."

-- Clark Ashton Smith

H. Keenig suggests that we missed a golden opportunity by not supplying the debaters with gloves and entering them in the Golden Glove Contests in Madison Square Garden!

"When you shoot, pertaining to Smith status, 'May the ink dry up in the pen from which they flow!' you affect the refined and sensitive minds of the admirers of beautiful things, and cause them to exclaim, 'Here, indeed, is one who endeavors to be something in words as terrible as in actuality: cleave the head of a genius in twain!' Hence our fitting denunciation of you, Mr. Ackerman, for attempting to backbite one of the greatest writers America has ever produced."

-- Robert Nelson

"When some well meaning person says that Ackerman has more sense than Smith and Lovecraft combined, he is just being

ridiculous. If Clark Ashton Smith has a diseased mind, as Mr. Alexander states, I would for one like to be exposed to the germ." -- Donna W. Rime!

"I have been following with interest the Ackerman adventures in your pages. I am wondering if he ever wrote any stories, besides criticizing them?"

-- Natalie H. Woolley

"The Ackerman-Smith debate amuses me. Of course, I am squarely on Smith's side, and don't understand why you publish the more peculiar of the letters on on the matter, such as the one by Lloyd Fowler." -- August W. Derleth

"The whole argument was caused by Ackerman claiming that Smith's 'Dweller in Mattain Depths' should not have appeared in *Wonder Stories*. Smith should have sent the story to *Weird Tales*, thus avoiding a clash with Ackerman, who, I take it, has no use for weird literature. Or the editor of *Wonder Stories* should have foreseen some catastrophe and promptly returned it to C. A. Smith, who I esteem very highly, by the way."

-- F. Lee Baldwin

We stated last month that the Smith-Ackerman debate would end in this issue --and so it has. Many of our readers have started to get holed with it -- and worse than that, some ill-feeling has been aroused. We go further to state that there will be no more department known as "The Boiling Point." The name implies that everything contained therein should be boiling hot-- and these boiling hot arguments, as we have found out, create an unpleasant atmosphere for many concerned. THE FANTASY FAN is attempting to bind the lovers of science and weird fiction tighter together with

[continued on page 95]

SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE

Part Five

by H. P. Lovecraft

(Copyright 1927, by W. Paul Cook)

Just as all human life found expressive embodiment in poetry, so is it in poetry that we first encounter the permanent entry of the weird into standard literature. Most of the ancient instances, cautiously enough, are in prose; as the werewolf incident in Petronius, the grotesque passages in Apuleius, the brief but celebrated letter of Pliny the younger to Suetz, and the odd compilation "On Wonderful Events" by the Emperor Hadrian's Greek freedman, Phlegon. It is in Phlegon that we first find that hideous trio of the coogan-trio, "Philonian and Machates," later related by Procopius and in modern times forming the inspiration of Goethe's "Bride of Cinth" and Washington Irving's "German Student." But by the time the old Northern myths take literary form, amidst that later time when the weird appears as a steady element in the literature of the day, we find it mostly in poetical address; as indeed we find the greatest part of the strictly imaginative writing of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. "The Scandinavian Eddas and Sagas" founder with cosmic horror and shake with the stark fear of Yggis and his shapeless spawn; while our own Anglo-Saxon "Beowulf" and the later Continental "Nibelung" take us fully of old-time weirdness. Dante's "Inferno" is in the classic capture of the infernal sphere, and in Spencer's "Faery Queen" will be seen more than a touch of that latter-day terror in landscape character. prose literature

MY SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTION

by Forrest J. Ackerman

Part Six -- Conclusion

Lastly there is the third and an extremely interesting part of the scientific division of my collection: the sound discs from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Of an evening, it is a great enjoyment to listen to the Doctor with coughs and groans and in accompaniment of whirling thoughts change into the savage Mr. Hyde or before that, to hear him expound his theory of man being "not one, but truly two;" and later to listen to the final battle in which he is killed. As the records are recorded at two or three times normal speed, it proves most interesting (ordinarily, they must be slowed down by a weight or the hand). Run at record and tempo, one hears characters speaking as they would if they were speaking as so in each story as "A Year in a Day," "The Super-Man of Dr. Jokes," "The Super-Velociter," and "A New Accelerator." The result is startling.

In conclusion, I have complete files of The Time Traveller (with issue of The which preceded it), *Science Fiction Digest* and Science Fiction. And I'm looking forward to every number of *The Fantasy Fan*. Good luck!

tory's "Monte d'Arbur," in which are presented many ghastly situations taken from early ballad sources--the theft of the sword and silk from the corpse in Chaucel Perilous by Sir Lancelot, the ghost of Sir Gawain, and the tomb-lead seen in Sir Galahad--which once and under circumstances were doubtless set forth in the

[continued on page 96]

FAMOUS FANTASY FICTION

by Emil Petaja

Perhaps the most interesting collection of mystery stories ever brought together under one cover is Dorothy L. Sayers' "Omnibus of Crime." This is of special interest to weird story fans, as of its 1177 pages, over 400 are devoted exclusively to this type. Its authors include A. Conan Doyle, Bram Stoker, Arthur Machen, Ambrose Bierce, and many others whom Fantasy Fans are familiar with. Don't miss reading it.

Among other weird story collections are "Famous Modern Ghost Stories" and "Famous Humorous Ghost Stories," both edited by Dorothy Scarborough. These books are filled with fascinating ghost stories, all by famous authors of all times.

Elliot O'Donnell, famous English author, has written many collections of true ghost stories. His two latest are "Haunted Houses of London" and "More Haunted Houses of London." You will find many of his stories and articles reprinted in various collections. He has also written for *Word Tales*.

Some years ago, The Macaulay Company published a collection under the title, "Beware After Dark." It includes H. P. Lovecraft's "Call of Cthulhu" and Machen's "Novel of the White Powder," and others of note. A splendid addition to your book-shelf.

The Modern Library's collection "Best Ghost Stories" is no doubt familiar to most of you, but it is certainly worth mentioning. It contains an introduction by Arthur B. Reeve, and stories by, Algernon Blackwood, Dr. M. R. James, and Rudyard Kipling.

FANS I'VE MET

by Mortimer Weisinger

Julius Schwartz—who is probably the greatest living authority on all existing science fiction, and who worships Dr. Keller—don't we all!

Michael Fogaris—who holds one of the most brilliant scholastic records held by any sci-fi fan, and who idolizes the writings of A. Merritt—again, don't we all?

Milton Kalitzky—who is the world's greatest torture fiend. He coerced his sister into typing up his first sci-fi story, the 16,000 word "Visit to Alpha Centauri."

Nathan Greenfeld, who, besides being a devout sci-fi fan, is quite adept at painting.

The Boiling Point

[continued from page 93]

friendship, and not to separate them thru dislike of each others ideas. However, to take the place of "The Boiling Point" we are starting a new department next month entitled "Your Views." This will not contain any debates, but the opinions of you, the readers, on various subjects which we will nominate. So, write in to us immediately answering the following questions: "What is there in the 'horror' story as associated with weird and fantastic fiction? Is there any virtue to them? How can they be defended when people will read them and say that they are distasteful to the well and normal mind? Why does a person wish to read a sinister tale of evil or monstrosities? Is it healthy reading? Is it too morbid?" Forrest J. Ackerman has suggested this subject. Let's see what you think about it.

A Visit to Jules de Grandin

[continued from page 87]

"But how about that 'mean'?" I asked.

"*Mon dieu!*" he exclaimed, though less excited than would be expected under the circumstances, "but I, Jules de Grandin, shall soon know out!"

Gathering up my parasol, I arose and gave my hand to de Grandin, then Dr. Trembridge took me to the station.

Safely in my compartment, I suddenly realized how tired I was. So, leaning back in my seat and closing my eyes, I drifted into the land of dreams--into the realm of deathless visions, where busy phantasms of the imagination take one through glorious adventures in which earthly realities become as nothing.

Stories to write [cont. from page 92]

The Epiphany of Death

by Clark Ashton Smith

The Embalmers of Ramville

by M. West Weir

Phantom Light by August W. Detlefs

Madness of Space

by Conrad H. Ruppert

Life and Death by Darwin Lester

The Temple of Nemrod

by Natalie H. Wesley

Supernatural Horror in Literature

[continued from page 94]

cheap and sensational "chapebooks" val-
gantly hawked about and devoured by the
ignorant. In Elizabethan drama, with its
"Dr. Faustus," "The Witch of Endor," "Mac-
beth," and the horrible grossness of
Wagner, Wagner, really directs the strong
bold of the "Macbeth" on the public
mind, the bold intensified by the very real
fearful living witchcraft, whose terrors,
first uttered on the Continent, begin to

take hold in English ears as the witch
hunting woe-winder of James the First gains
headway. To the lurking mystical prose
of the age is added a long line of tree-
studies as witchcraft and necromancy
which aid in exciting the imagination of
the reading world.

(Continued Next Month)

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