

PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE

No. 6: 1981

ISSN 0157-5430

Past, Present and Future, a quarterly for inquiry and reflection on science fiction, is produced for limited free distribution by Graham Stone, GPO Box 4440, Sydney 2001, Australia.

= 33 = THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE STORIES, by NAT SCHACHNER

(See also Topic 3: Nat Schachner and Thought-Variants)

Art Widner writes (YHOS 17, May 1980, FAPA 171, p. 18): "I'd like to know if a vague memory of a Schachner 'Thought-Variant' is accurate or not. I think he wrote one of the first anti-racist stories, where the protagonist visits a planet or time where an extraordinary variety of 'freaks' are living in peace and harmony and can't understand why Earthmen make such a fuss over small differences in skin color, type of noses, etc."

You are right: this was *City of the Cosmic Rays*, in *Astounding* July 1939. It's the fourth in Schachner's *Past, Present and Future* series. It was foreordained that sooner or later I'd say something about this earlier use of our title, so now seems the time.

All five stories in the series ran in *Astounding* in its late-thirties transitional period, and fit smoothly into the developments going on.

First is *Past, Present and Future* in Sept 1937, which does little more than introduce the setting for an open-ended series. A somewhat elaborately contrived setting. Kleon, a widely travelled and sophisticated Greek commander serving Alexander, sails to the remote east and implausibly ends up in Guatemala where he is stranded. His Egyptian sailors have understandably had enough after a voyage like that, and vote to burn the ship and settle down to live the life of Hotep as priestly retainers to the Greek whom the natives choose to hail as a predicted fair god. Now, just to complicate matters it develops that Kleon has previously been to central Asia's Roof of the World and met some survivors of a pre-glacial civilisation loaded with wisdom of the ancients. Conveniently they had the secret of radium-powered suspended animation which Kleon picked up just in case it should ever prove handy, and now he decides to try sleeping a few thousand years to try his luck in the distant future, rather than vegetate among the savages. So he has a suitable tomb built and takes to bed.

Well, that was just the prolog. In the next segment we're in the 20'th century, and who should happen on the tomb -- pursued by irate locals who shut him up in it -- but the Ivy League backgrounded American adventurer Sam Ward. Without disturbing Kleon he inadvertantly joins him in suspension till further notice. Just about as both are due for revival the tomb is discovered by miners and they revive in the advanced city of Hispan.

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So far, so good. But Hispan is no utopia. It is a static culture, implying a high degree of control and oppression to keep it that way. There is a rigidly stratified caste system with brutalised workers on the bottom, layers of successively more privileged skilled trades, idle Olgarchs (not Oligarchs) on top. It is easy to see potential here for Morlocks and Eloi given time. Meanwhile, this was all very well as long as there was no outside influence. Hispan knows of no other cities. It is thought (or asserted officially) to be all there is left of humanity, protected by a neutronium dome when a great cataclysm destroyed all the rest millenia before. But two voices out of the ancient past, articulate critics with experience of diverse cultures and ideologies who can immediately see what is wrong with the system, look like a problem for the establishment. Kleon and Sam find themselves unwelcome and in line for silencing, and together with the friendly renegade Olgarch Beltan they find a way out of Hispan to take their chances in an unknown world.

Past, Present and Future is not as simple as this description might suggest, and neither are the sequels. Schachner clearly wrote from an understanding of political philosophy and social realities that left anyone else writing in SF at the time far behind, and he had a lot of thoughts to put across. Granted that it's old stuff now, but we've lived through interesting times and even the youth of today are more aware of these matters than SF readers were then.

Some of the rest of that issue is forgettable and forgotten, but there is the first part of Smith's Galactic Patrol which is not to be sneezed at; and the conclusion of Williamson's Released Entropy which, though it made little impression then, strikes me for one as impressive on rereading. Incidentally, with its theme of an attempt to reverse entropy it rates as a Thought-Variant though the Schachner series do not. Thought-Variants were concerned not much with human affairs, but mainly with disturbances in fundamental laws and cosmic forces.

In City of the Rocket Horde, in Dec 1937, the trio are wandering through South America and come on the first possibility for an acceptable human community in the Andes. Unfortunately it is immediately obvious that the city of Harg is a terminally militaristic state which for want of enemies on Earth is working on crossing space to annex the planets. The visit soon ends in flight with Harg's troops not far behind, converted into a menace to whatever other civilisations are to be found.

Next is Island of the Individualists in May 1938. The little volcanic island of Asto in mid-Pacific has a radically different culture, a non-community of mental giants each immersed in his own contemplation of the universe. In appearance they are the standard big-headed dwarf species familiar from many early SF stories of the remote future when evolution has wrought changes in a race shielded by technology from hardships and need for physical competence. Their material culture is refined to versatile automatic underground mechanisms that deliver anything needed on mental command, and no permanent constructions are to be seen on the surface, only veiling force-fields surrounding each thinker. The attacking swarm of individually rocket-powered fighters from Harg is something they can fight off easily without even working together, until the islander Ras decides to join the invaders. The three adventurers manage to get away while the battle rages, writing off another unsatisfactory line of development as they carry on their search for a tolerable life style.

City of the Cosmic Rays is the flying city of Dadelon, levitated some thirty miles up on the geomagnetic field. Due to the mutation rate from the high radiation level -- a fairly new idea then -- its people are enormously variable, no two alike. "One was tall and willowy, with a tiny head that swayed like a fragile flower in a breeze. Another was short and squat, a powerful torso supported by stubby legs that moved with uncanny rapidity. One was apple-green in color; another a deep vermilion. A huge yellowish beard swept the ground on one; next to him was a woman with hairless, egg-shaped dome. There were those with a fine down covering that made a feathery fluff of their bodies; and there were those whose skins seemed hard and chitinous. One man in particular had great compound eyes that twirled their many facets round and round with swift dexterity. A half-grown girl -- if girl she could be called -- had shovellike hands, without thumbs or fingers, and hollowed like scoops that could hold a good quart of water..." And all people, a carefree community of equals.

As the three fugitives fly below nearby they are caught and hauled up for examination, and the variants find three unmutated specimens of homo sapiens a strange sight. The first response is amazement and laughter. On reflection one explains: "...you are as alike as one electron to another. Were it not for your curious garments the three of you would appear merely as a bad dream, thrice repeated. And your proportions! Pardon the rudeness, but if any artist among us should have painted creatures with heads and limbs and general color schemes such as yours, we should have thought him mad..."

Life in Dadelon is peaceful, relaxed and tolerant. Without the extreme and ascetic concentration on self-improvement of Asto, the Dadelonians do their own thing one by one and are not good at working together, neither do they have the islanders' mental powers and mastery of natural forces, so their resistance to the destructive force of Harg when it arrives is poor and the flying city is destroyed.

Last in the series is City of the Corporate Mind in Dec 1939. The submarine city of Lyv in the Mediterranean has gone to another extreme, a closely integrated system that works like a higher-order living organism with specialised units analogous to organs and cells of their own bodies. Naturally individuals have no rights or personal life as such, and few pleasures. A group of mentally interacting thinkers form the city's brain, large-headed midgets very like the Astonians but instead thinking in harmony to generate a higher level of consciousness. Harg's attack are a serious threat to Lyv but one it can resist and probably survive -- and the opportunist Ras changes sides again to insinuate himself into the linked group of controlling minds which promptly assimilates him.

Schachner left the series there. He was near the end of his SF writing as other spheres claimed more of his attention, and it must have become increasingly hard to write in this vein. Not hard to visualise new extremes, but to imagine a free society that could resist and resolve them. The stories are interesting reading for the conflicts of ideals and some ingenious projections of 20th century trends, although there is overemphasis on the device of ancient and modern experience contrasted with the distant future and three explorers become very much stock characters. The original Past, Present and Future has been reprinted in Asimov's admirable collection Before the Golden Age (*), but they could well be collected as a book, even at this late date.

ADDENDA

= 34 = CULT OF THE PERSONALITY? (see Topics 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and elsewhere)

Back on p. 2 of PPF I stated as a basic postulate: "The identity of the author must be one of the essentials for any consideration of any branch of literature." Jack Speer comments (Synapse, FAPA 170, p. 8) that this is "a forthright statement of a debatable proposition." If I draw protests at remarks like this I'm achieving part of my aim in publishing PPF. But to me it does seem quite fundamental. Whatever is creative and original in literature is the writer's own interpretation of his subject, and thorough study of the work requires some knowledge of him. At the very least we should try to establish who and what he was so that the work can be seen in relation to what else he wrote and did, to his milieu and the events going on about him when he was writing. It is not always possible, or easy, to get at the writer's identity. Some like Hansen and Wede whom we have considered in these pages have concealed their identities effectively. Exemples could be multiplied indeed. Some however are obscure not as a result of care to avoid discovery on their part but merely due to the passage of time and lack of early enough research. I am trying to direct attention to cases where not enough facts seem to be known, in the hope that something will come to light -- with some success, as will be seen below in this issue.

* Before the Golden Age, a science fiction anthology of the 1930's, ed. Isaac Asimov. Doubleday 1974.

Cult of the Personality?

Writers do not always welcome what they see as invasion of their privacy by the excessively curious. If they are well known to the public, visitors and correspondents rapidly become a serious nuisance, and we can well understand that they do not make themselves too readily available. Some are more sensitive to this than others.

One Australian writer responded to a request for some biographic details in connection with the bibliography of Australian science fiction I have in progress in these words: "I am not really interested in satisfying the nosiness of the public and, believing that biographies are best about dead people, I must protest that I haven't finished yet. If I have to have an entry, it might be appropriate simply to say: ---- is a reclusive closemouthed uncooperative ratbag who seems anxious to maintain a low profile."

After some thought I wrote, saying in part: "You have a point, and too much public attention can be tiresome. Much of the usual biographic details are rather trivial. Yet who can say what is or is not significant? Only time will tell. As you say, you haven't finished yet. But it's not all that simple to distinguish between the living and the dead if you're dealing with people who are not accessible. If we wait till the writer has undoubtedly passed to his just reward it is often too late to get the facts right. I have another thought as well. Why does anyone write for publication? For the money? Generally this is not likely to be enough motivation...The other possibilities are few...It does not seem very logical to avoid attention unduly after taking a lot of trouble to invite it."

He answered this letter at length, with some points that have merit. I quote: "There is, of necessity, a proponderance of guesswork, and historians never get their facts more than partially right; and the words of contemporary and articulate protagonists are invariably biased and/or misinterpreted anyway. One of the saddest things in our endeavour to achieve clarity is to discover ourselves nevertheless being misunderstood, that we might become depressed by those who discover in our work tangential meanings beyond our intent or knowledge to express."

"Why a person writes is a question answerable only through devious psychology. ...To see my name in print strikes me more with curiosity than satisfaction. Writing is no way for an ambitious person to achieve fame. 99% of professional writers are unknown outside their own particular genre, even the richest ones. Name me the top ten scriptwriters in television...Writers do not need pen-names -- they are practically anonymous as it is."

"A turning point for me, a salutary experience, was meeting X" (a much acclaimed SF author) "I tried to treat him like a normal person, but he had gone beyond me and was unreachable. Now he enjoyed his celebrity, and he basked in the admiration he received, and in the deference that he was accorded. Right there and then I decided that he had nothing that I wanted...To be unknown is truly not without its blessing. I may walk the streets without having my autographing fist plagued by pursuers. This is another thing that I have come to resist, the free giving of a sample signature. You will never, I promise, find me in a bookstore promoting copies of a work with obligatory inscriptions."

"So why do I write? Not for the money...But not for vanity either...To date my vanity has been ill served by the results. And I can hardly see the results improving to any degree that might inordinately enhance my self-esteem. No, I rather fancy that I scribble mainly because I have the talent. I write because I can, just as a man who can play the piano will play the piano because he can play the piano. If success concerned me, I would be more worried than I am at my absence of drive and dynamism, I would be less content to do the little writing that I do do, and I would be more hurt by rejection than I am."

This is a position to be respected, and I have ventured to make it known while suppressing the author's name in deference to his wishes.

Some time later I wrote again, this time asking for information not on personality but on his published work which, after all, is open to inspection. I had available what I knew he had printed in books and the regular magazines. But, I said: "I'd better find out if I'm overlooking important stories that I don't know of. Have you been published in odd places as well? I have not recorded any appear-

ances in general media..."

"It never ceases to amaze me," he replied, "how folk will persist to write about what has been written. Even those as obscure as myself would seem to have the words of analyses and dissection grow to outstrip the sum of the work discussed. It is perhaps an unsung benefit that authors, even bad ones, supply an initial fuel that other writers may seize upon to examine for combustability, and to therewith, perhaps, themselves light fires in great disputes concerning meaning, metaphor and merit. Personally I am not particularly interested in the how many, what and where of the stories of mine that have been printed. How 'important' one story may be more than another is something that I cannot say...For this you would require my Compleat Workes, a bibliography that, as I am not yet quite dead, I am unwilling to waste time compiling...Such requests irritate me just a little with their conveyed anticipation of a record for posterity..."

Well, no doubt many others hold similar views. I can only say that to me any form of creative effort has a place in the overall human experience however slight. In science fiction we are observing a remarkable innovative movement which seems to me to demand examination in the fullest detail. Every piece of work and every practitioner of the art is an integral part of the whole however slight, and I make no apology for directing attention to the need to pause from overview and synthesis and do more work on the simple facts. We know far too little about why one or other early possibility grew into a firm trend, precisely because we know too little about who was doing what and with what background and motivation.

= 35 = TITLE AND CONTENT (see Topic 2 and Addenda 24, 25)

Jack Speer comments (Synapse, FAPA 170, p. 8) "The Reader and Collector was an appropriate title to carry serious productions, but it seemed a little odd for it also to carry collections of hisses and other nitpicking." Well, the virtue of this title was that although it showed the general intent immediately it left plenty of latitude. Logically its publisher was free to comment as he chose on the matter being read and collected.

The Reader and Collector was produced for some time about 1940 by H. C. Koenig. I sighted I believe only two issues which I now cannot find, but remember them as having excellent stuff. One had a long review of *The Mummy! A Tale of the Twenty-Second Century*, published anonymously (by Jane Webb, later Loudon) in 1827: an unusual work which by the way does not seem to have been reprinted in the current era.

Hisses? It's no longer in vogue, but characters in fiction of the 1930's and 40's often hissed remarks rather than whispering, breathing, gasping, mumbling or even (how ordinary!) saying them. All very well, but some words are not readily hissed. Koenig made it his business to seek out and expose examples in the class of "You unmitigated rat!" she hissed." There were other idiosyncrasies but hisses were his favored target.

Chuck Hanson (Damballa 37, FAPA 168, p. 4) addresses Speer thus: "I think you have rightfully inherited the sacred mantle of the late and revered H. C. Koenig. I hasten to state that I use the term 'late' in reference to the aforementioned in the sense that he is departed and gone from amongst us. Whether he still actually lives on this plane I know not, having heard of him nary a word in lo these many years!"

I note that Moskowitz writes of him as "the late Herman C. Koenig" in referring to his campaign to revive interest in the works of William Hope Hodgson, in introducing the story *The Voice in the Night* in *Science Fiction by Gaslight**, and no doubt used the expression in the usual sense. Koenig presumably died therefore some time in the mid-1960's.

* Moskowitz, Sam, ed. *Science Fiction by Gaslight*, a history and anthology of science fiction in the popular magazines, 1891-1911. World, 1968.

= 36 = WHO WAS L. TAYLOR HANSEN? (see Topic 5 and Addenda 29)

"What does 'Swallow the Anchor' mean?" demands Jack Speer (Synapse, FAPA 170, p. 8) I checked to see if my understanding of the idiom was supported by authority, just in case I had perpetrated some obscenity in speculating that Hansen had swallowed the anchor in 1941 or earlier. Phew, what a relief to find that Partridge (*) gives this explanation: "To settle down -- above all, to loaf -- on shore; nautical, late 19th-20th Century." This of course was on the assumption that Hansen was a seafarer, only a guess to explain his supposed constant absence from the USA on travels elsewhere. So far we do not seem to be any closer to hard facts on this enigmatic author. Any thoughts, anyone?

= 37 = WHO WAS WEDE? (see Topic 6 and Addenda 30)

Speer again (still in Synapse, FAPA 170, p. 9) pounces on two weaknesses in the original piece about the bafflingly pseudonymous author of Death Creeps the Moon. Contemplating odd pen names, I remarked: "One also thinks of Parabellum, Grip, Robot, Chemicus, Taffrail." Speer differs: "I'm not one." Well, perhaps you might instead have thought of Anthos, Amphibius, Navarchus, Nirvana, Vindex, Pruning Knife, String Bag or A Former Resident of The Hub.

"Was 'meand' a deliberate spelling?...you English are inclined to form the past of many more verbs with t than we Americans do." No, I'm quite capable of originating a variant spelling like 'meand' out of sheer perversity, but it was a typo. Attempting to type 'means' (present tense) I hit the adjacent d key. So it goes. English? Perish the thought, I deny it. At least third generation Australian, and half the ancestry Scottish which is not the same thing.

= 38 = WE DO NOT ALWAYS APPEAR QUARTERLY, YOU UNDERSTAND (see Topic 8)

And yet again hawkeye Speer asks (and again in Synapse, FAPA 170, p. 8): "Did you do your table of contents before you did your contents? Tradition and Like That isn't listed." I dummied the intended contents and made up the ToC first. Tradition, and Like That was added on finishing stencilling with a few lines to spare. Call it a bonus. Publication of PPF began later than had been proposed and has got later as time passed. Think nothing of it, we do produce an issue from time to time. Punctuality is admirable, but it's not the only virtue.

= 39 = STELLAR'S SCIENCE FICTION SERIES (see Topic 9)

Some corrections can now be made to the original remarks.

Dan McPhail (Phantasy Press 17/4 (57), Jan 1980, FAPA 170, p. 4): "The inside (page 2) art by Paul was in black and white." Frontispieces then, not covers.

Howard DeVore (Grandfather Stories, FAPA 170, p. 7): "You're wrong in thinking that the Stellar series have not been offered by dealers. Last year I sold a few...at about \$10 each. However, I can't say I 'offered' them in that I didn't list them in a catalogue. I had a query from a collector and when I looked found that I had a few spares." I only said I hadn't noticed any of the series offered, and till recently I rarely scanned dealers' lists carefully. Since writing the original piece I have seen some for sale by Currey and Madle, and have also acquired two (nos. 14 and 18) showing that they are not unobtainable.

Tom Cockcroft has sent a copy of an announcement in Science Wonder, Aug 1929, correcting my statement that the first six were announced in September. When the Moon Fell is listed as by Charles H. Colladay -- but further down he is mentioned as Charles M. I still wonder if this is the same as Morrison Colladay. Any ideas?

* Partridge, Eric. A Dictionary of slang and unconventional English...Routledge. 5th ed. 1961. v. 1 p. 12

PREWAR SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE EDITORIAL STAFF (see Topic 23)

Besides turning up a few details myself in odd places since introducing the subject, I have received helpful letters from Tom Cockcroft and Dennis Lien filling in a number of gaps. Let's run through the list queried again. Note that it was not an exhaustive list of people involved but only of those known or possibly still living about whom I thought we need information. To be sure, it is highly desirable to get more facts about some who have passed on. Douglas M. Dold, for example, who edited *Miracle Science and Fantasy Stories* and is listed as Consulting Editor of *Astounding* from Jan 1930 to July 1931: he was Elliot Dold's brother and was said somewhere to be blind (a blind editor?), beyond that nothing seems known. Incidentally, was it not said that Elliot or Elliott as he also spelled his name retired from illustrating due to deteriorating sight?

"You must know more about at least some of these persons than you are admitting to here!" accuses Cockcroft, citing Desmond Hall (see below); in some cases yes, but my knowledge is meagre and perhaps suspect -- I merely listed them with the barest indication of their place in the field. I have no doubt that there are more names that should have been there, whose contribution was never credited. Let's run through the list.

= 40 = HARRY BATES, editor of *Astounding* Jan 1930-Mch 1933; editor of *Strange Tales*, the Clayton weird magazine of considerable marginal interest.

Still living at last report. Mike Ashley and others have been in touch with him recently. Bates wrote some stories, some as Anthony Gilmour, and I suspect other names. But his work as an editor was extremely valuable. His *Astounding* was vital to early science fiction because it helped it become properly established, modernised, admittedly standardised and formula-ridden but for all that a lively branch of popular fiction with a considerable following. The *Amazing* and *Wonder* groups hadn't done that, and without the third force the movement could easily have faded out in the Depression. Clayton failed, but the magazine had been a good enough title for Street & Smith to revive it. Without it, 1933 might have seen *Amazing* and *Wonder* simply stop instead of going into standard format to get to the public *Astounding* had been reaching.

= 41 = EDWIN BAIRD, editor of *Weird Tales* Mch 1923-May 1924.

Born 1886, died 1957. Weinberg (*1) gives brief indication of his career as editor and journalist which could be pursued: as well as his work -- not apparently very remarkable -- in starting this interesting magazine with notable connections with early SF, he may well have written material of interest historically.

= 42 = FLORENCE BOTHNER, Secretary to T. O'Connor Sloane and de facto editor of *Amazing* from some time in 1933 or earlier to Apr 1938.

Cockcroft: "You've probably read Moskowitz's article about C. L. Moore in one of the recent *Fantasy Commentators*. One thing regarding this... was that Florence Bothner was probably running the office at *Amazing Stories* when C. L. Moore started to submit stories there -- so how could Miriam Bourne be the one who was letting Schwartz and Weisinger have the run of the place, when they were looking for news items and useful information generally?"

"All I know about the Bothner woman is that in *Scientifiction*, I think, in 1938, commenting on the Ziff-Davis takeover of the magazine, Walter Gillings said that for several years "charming Florence Bothner" had been taking care of things at *Amazing Stories*; well, 'this figured' as they say, I thought when I read it -- for I remembered some of the comments on letters in *Discussions*, e.g. "Another letter from a nice English boy; but they are all nice boys" -- this did not seem to be the sort of comment that one might expect to come from a bumbling, bearded old bafflehead like D. T. O'Connor Sloane appeared to be!"

The reference is to *Thoughts About C. L. Moore* by Sam Moskowitz, in *Fantasy Commentator* iv/2, Winter 1979/80 (FAPA 169) p. 85-90. It has to do with the ac-

*1. Weinberg, Robert. *The Weird Tales Story*. Fax 1977. p. 3-4.

curacy of Moore's account of her dealings with editors early in her writing life, with special reference to what he rightly sees as a baseless complaint against him which he demolishes thoroughly. Other matters of interest are clarified in the article, but the relevant passage here runs as follows:

"The late Mort Weisinger...once did a column titled 'Weird Whisperings' for an amateur magazine called The Fantasy Fan. In its September, 1934 issue he wrote: 'Catherine L. Moore...gleaned a rejection slip from Amazing Stories for the first story she ever penned. And she doesn't blame the editor for spurning the manuscript!' I made a point of seeing Weisinger" after in a 1976 interview Moore denied this "and asked him point-blank where he got this information. He told me that in those days he and Julius Schwartz conducted the Solar Sales Agency together...The two always visited the offices of all the New York magazines regularly. On such occasions Miriam Bourne, the friendly associate editor of Amazing Stories, permitted them access to her correspondence and files, where records of all the stories that had been submitted, and their disposition, were kept. Though this could scarcely happen nowadays, there is no reason to disbelieve Weisinger...In the April and May, 1933 issues of Science Fiction Digest there appears, under his byline, a list of 116 stories accepted by Amazing Stories and lying in their files awaiting publication -- the sort of information he could most plausibly have obtained only in the way he describes."

Well, as Moskowitz remarks later in the same article "Without documentation I should hesitate my own recollection of fifty years ago..." Miriam Bourne was last listed as on the staff with the title of Managing Editor in the November 1932 issue. Florence Bothner, however charming she may have been, was never officially acknowledged as one of the team. When did she join it? Precisely when did Bourne depart -- and did the two work together? By 1976, Weisinger may well have forgotten who was who and when. I have little hope that we can now get the details of this transitional period sorted out.

= 43 = MIRIAM BOURNE, Associate Editor or Managing Editor of Amazing Stories, Oct 1928-Nov 1932.

See above. Lien: "There is a contemporary writer of juvenile books of this name, but she is far too young to be our MB (nor does she appear to be a daughter thereof)." What clues do we have to the rest of her working life?

= 44 = LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor of Weird Tales, Nov. 1942-Sep 1949.

This takes us beyond the prewar period. Of course there are numerous important names who entered the scene after 1940, but the intention was to direct attention to the 20's and 30's for which it is getting very difficult to get information. Lien: "Born 1919. Between 1947 and 1956 he published 13 books on American sports and American history; one of them, A Pictorial History of the Confederacy, was reprinted in 1962, but he seems otherwise to have fallen silent. Possibly he died; possibly he found an easier way of making a living." Well, that's a good start. Can we get to the bottom of this?

= 45 = TOM CHADBURN, Managing Editor of The Witch's Tales, 1936.

No information. This two-shot magazine was a poor man's Weird Tales, of interest mostly for the odd appearance of two SF stories from early Pearson's Magazine. Remotely relevant indeed.

-- to be continued.