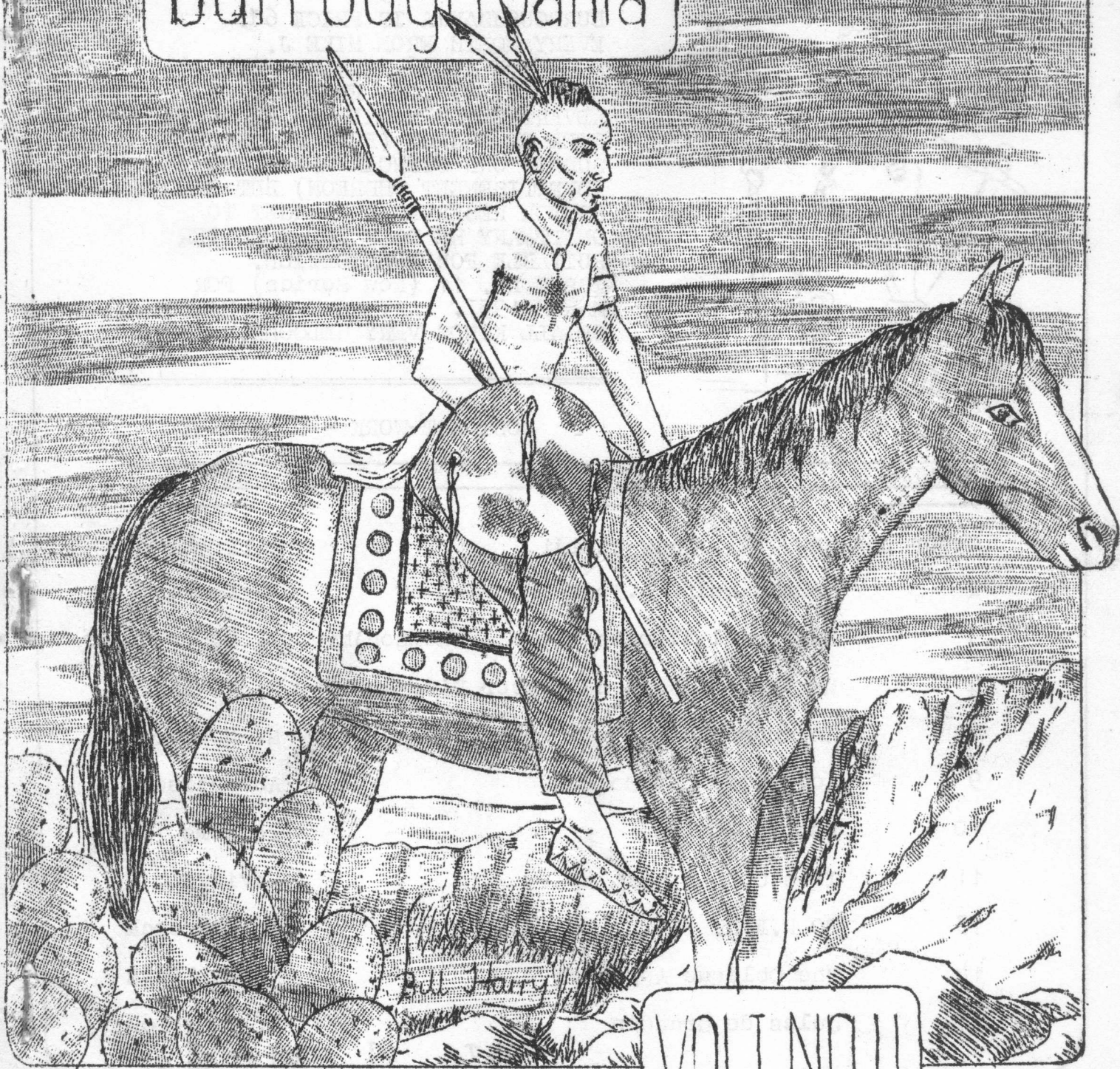


BURROUGHS
burroughs Sania



VOLI, NO. II.

INDEX



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 EVERY MONTH FROM MIKE J.
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 ISSUE NO. 11 (New Series) FOR
 MARCH 1957. ART-WORK AND MATERIAL
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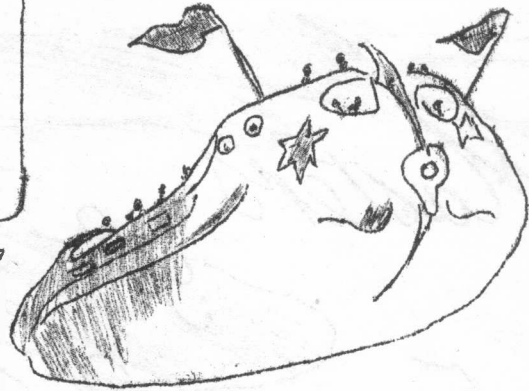
MOST ART-WORK - R. LUMLEY

PAGE NUMBER	ITEM	AUTHOR
	Cover Design	Shoz Dijiji
		Bill Harry
2	Index design	A.Thomson drawn by
		R. Lumley
3	Editorial (illustration A. Thomson)by	
		M. Moorcock
4	Masters of Fantasy Number Five	
		F. V. Lay
6	An appreciation of Frank Owen	
		M. Moorcock
9	Advertisement Column	
		Advertisers
10	Letter Column	
		Readers
11	It's Out At Last	
		Review
13	TO R.E.H.	
		M. Moorcock
14	The Oblique Approach	
		A. Sellings
17	Jules de Grandin	
		M. Moorcock

Vol. 1. No. 11.

burroughsania

March 10th 1957



Dear Readers,

As you have probably noticed by now, I have decided to call this issue the FANTASY AUTHOR APPRECIATION ISSUE and for only one reason - I have enough material to merit such an issue. Not much Burroughs this month, I'm afraid only a review of Vern Coriell's BURROUGHS BULLETIN, I am almost running out of ideas, I think it's up to you to supply me with some articles about ERF as I don't want to have to reprint anything from BURROUGHS BULLETIN unless I really have to.

FANTASY AUTHOR APPRECIATION
ISSUE

Four authors are written about in Number Eleven - WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON, RONALD FRAZER, SEABURY QUINN and FRANK OWEN. W.H.H. is in the popular MASTERS OF FANTASY series by Frank Vernon-Lay and is, in my opinion, one of the best yet to be published. RONALD FRAZER is the subject of Arthur Ley's article, the other two are by myself. Arthur Ley is probably better known to you as Arthur Sellings, a popular science-fantasy author in his own right since his first story, TIME TRANSFER, appeared some years ago. He has been the author of some 30 s-f yarns and has had a bound book published under the title TIME TRANSFER, this was published during 1956 by Michael Joseph and is an anthology. I can recommend it, having it in my own collection. Mr. Sellings is currently working on a novel. Among the magazines featuring his stories are GALAXY and FANTASTIC UNIVERSE.

TYPO is now out and features items by Ron Bennett, Alan Dodd, John Berry, Bill Harry, Jim Linwood and myself, the art-work is by Alan Date, Bill Rotsler and a few bits and pieces by Arthur Thomson and myself (very nasty bits by me, unfortunately). Copies are available at 2/- a year for 4 issues but only send 6d for No. 1 as it's better to wait until a second issue comes out before subscribing - not that I don't expect TYPO to come out a second time - it's just a precaution. Trades are welcome from anyone not already trading with me for Burroughsania. From now on B'ania will endeavour to be a 'sericon' collector's zine and leave fannish material to TYPO's department. A happy arrangement. But I must have MATERIAL for both. And lots of Art-work, I'm running low.

Hopefully, *Mine*

Masters

5

of Fantasy

By FRANK VERNON-LAY

WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON

William Hope Hodgson, until recently, was one of the most neglected fantasy writers of the twentieth century and only the constant adulation of his qualities by H.C.Koenig in U.S.A. and Dennis Wheatley here have caused a change in this attitude.

On original publication, his works received very flattering notices and the consequent neglect by compilers of anthologies and by such masters of the subject as Montague Summers and H.P.Lovecraft is exceedingly strange. It is true that in the final version of H.P.L's SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE several flattering pages are devoted to Hodgson's work and only appear in the revised version in THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS and the separate volume published by Abramson in New York.

He was born in 1875, the son of an Essex clergyman. At an early age he went to sea for eight years and his seafaring experiences had a great influence on his writing. In the first World War he was commissioned in the 171st Brigade of Royal Field Artillery and in 1918 was killed whilst on active service.

In his works he covers practically the whole gamut of the weird and fantastic from ghosts and elementals to swinemen, telepathy intelligent tree forms of life, gigantic slugs and inhuman monsters. His visions of the future of the solar system would conceivably have inspired such writers as Olaf Stapledon and Fowler Wright. In the words of that modern master of the genre, Clark Ashton Smith - Hodgson's book THE NIGHT LAND - "In all literature, there are few works so sheerly remarkable, so purely creative as "THE NIGHT LAND" It impresses the reader as being the ultimate saga of a world beleaguered by eternal night and by

MASTERS OF FANTASY NUMBER FIVE, 2

the unvisageble spawn of darkness" Lovecraft describes it as one of the most potent pieces of macabre imagination ever written.

His books were for many years out of print and exceedingly scarce but three of his stories (two of them abridged) appeared in Famous Fantastic Mysteries THE DERELICT (December 1943) THE GHOST PIRATES (March 1944) and THE BOATS OF THE 'GLEN CARRIG' in June 1945. Others were reprinted in the Avon Fantasy Readers three of which were THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT (No.1) from "Men of Deep Waters", THE DERELICT (No. 4) again from "Men of the Deep Waters", THE STONE SHIP (No. 9) from "Luck of the Strong". In 1946 August Derleth published from Arkham House an omnibus volume containing THE GHOST PIRATES and THE BOATS OF THE 'GLEN CARRIG' and also THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND and THE NIGHT LAND. This volume at five dollars is very fine value indeed and is thoroughly recommended to all lovers of the fantastic in literature. A later volume also published by Arkham House under the aegis of Mycroft and Moran is CARNACKI, THE GHOST-FINDER. Carnacki is a psychic detective on the lines of Algernon Blackwood's John Silence and Quinn's Jules de Grandin and whilst it contains many scenes of great power it cannot rank amongst Hodgson's best work. It is fairly easy to pick up THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND in second-hand shops in the States and some fantasy dealers in Britain have ex-libris or second-hand copies for sale.



RL

Hodgson's description of the future of the earth and final destruction of the solar system in THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND once read are not easily forgotten and the frequent passages of great beauty in all his books more than compensate for the occasional lapse into conventional sentiment.

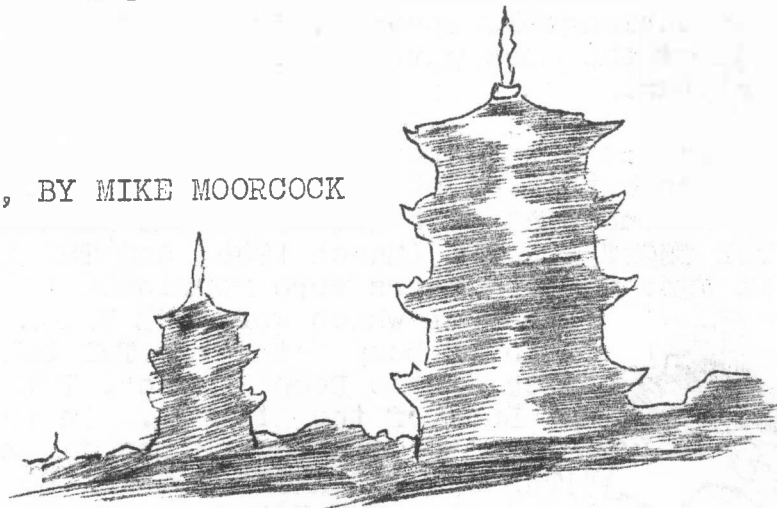
Here is a brief Bibliography of William Hope Hodgson's work to aid you if you are lucky enough ever to come across some. All published in England and copyrighted in the United States:

THE BOATS OF THE 'GLEN CARRIG' v	1907
THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND	1908
THE GHOST PIRATES	1909
THE NIGHT LAND	1912
CARNACKI, THE GHOST-FINDER	1913
MEN OF DEEP WATERS	1914
THE LUCK OF THE STRONG	1916
CAPTAIN GAULT	1917.

and sundry other short books of poems and stories.

Frank Vernon-Lay.

A SHORT APPRECIATION, BY MIKE MOORCOCK



To the lover of literature centred around the Orient, and in particular China, the name of Frank Owen is familiar. He has had at least one hard cover book published, and probably more. The Frank Owen of this article is not to be confused with the Frank Owen residing in this country, editor of various Newspapers and magazines including the Evening News and Daily Mail.

I read my first Owen story in an Avon S-F and Fantasy Reader (No. 1 for January 1953). This was ONE MAN GOD and I at once hunted through my collection of Fantasy mags in the hope of finding more Owen stories. I found one in a war-time WEIRD, THE MAN WHO AMAZED FISH (May 1943) which tells how a certain Japanese general applies to a learned doctor and philosopher for a potion which will enable his troops to live underwater. You will remember that the Japs had over-run China at the time, and were being drowned

when the Chinese opened up their dikes and dams with that intantion. The Chinese doctor agrees to make a potion in return for which, he asks that the people of China be fed with Japanese rice. Eventually the General agrees and the learned doctor gives him enough pills to supply the whole Japanese army. Sure enough, the General finds he can breathe underwater and spends more and more of his time in the rivers and lakes. All the time he is developing gills on both sides of his head, but he doesn't realise this. The same things happens to the entire Japanese soldiery and in a witty ending, Owen describes how one day all the invaders disappear into the waters, never to be seen again. I shall always remember that story.

Frank

Owen

FRANK OWEN APPRECIATION. 2

After reading THE MAN WHO AMAZED FISH, I began to find quite a few Owen yarns, which I had previously ignored for what I had considered at the time 'bigger game'. For Owen, as far as I know, has never had a feature 'novel' in any magazine. He is purely a short-story writer with the accent on the adjective. All of the stories I found, nearly all in WEIRD TALES, I read avidly and enjoyed thoroughly.

Frank Owen has never visited China, yet Oriental critics of his works have told him that he embodies in his stories all the true atmosphere and romance of China and her people, for Owen, unlike other writers of Oriental tales, does not only write of mandarins and magicians, some of his best are of simple peasants.

THE PURPLE SEA is the title of the collection of short stories in hard-covers I mentioned. This was published in 1930 (U.S.A.) and I think other books have since appeared.

Donald Wollheim said of him in an introduction to one of his stories:-

"Connoisseurs of fantasy have long admired the hand of Frank Owen, spinner of Chinese legendry. His wonderful little tales, filled with the colour and scented imagery of the Orient, are much sought after and prized."

Owen has written a great deal for WEIRD TALES, THE MAN WHO OWNED THE WORLD was his first story to be published therein, this was in October 1923, his last was THE UNICORN in November 1952. He has written regularly for WEIRD for nearly 30 years.

But it is not my intention, here, to give you a number of titles and dates in the guise of an article - it is short enough as it is - I want to tell you a little more about the kind of stories Frank Owen writes. They are penned with great sincerity and feeling, the prose nearing poetry in many instances. Satirical and pathetic, witty and sorrowful, his stories never become morbid, are never cynical, the pen is handled delicately and the tales flow from it smoothly whether telling of splendid and magnificent happenings or humble, seemingly insignificant passages in the lives of ordinary Chinamen.

FRANK OWEN APPRECIATION 3

I have not waded painstakingly through my collection to quote you a passage as an illustration of Owen's work. I have picked a story from THE PURPLE SEA - "The Golden Hour of Kwoh Fan, reprinted in Avon Fantasy No. 11. Just to give you some idea of his style. The opening paragraphs, though finely written, are not suitable for my purpose, so I am reproducing the last few paragraphs as a better all-round example although Owen's tales can not be appreciated fully unless read in entirety:-

" Coutts Cummings crouched on the cushions. His eyes were wide with wonder. And now he beheld his gorgeous girl, the girl who had made prisoner his consciousness, dissolving into the very air. He emitted a wild cry and rushed to the window, just as the perfumed mist of the little dancer floated silently past. He grasped frantically at her form. As he did so he leaned far out of the window, so far that he lost his balance and fell. Down, down, down his body dropped until it was grasped in the cool soft arms of the river far below.

" Kwoh Fan remained by the window. He gazed far off toward the stars. At last his anger had vanished. It had floated away like the mist of perfume. Kwoh Fan was a great philosopher. Throughout China his fame was legendary. He had devoted years of his life to study and profound meditation. He had lived for that one perfect hour when he would be able to view the visions which lay hidden in the jar. And now that hour had come and gone. The pictures had been before him but he had seen them not. He had always loved beauty, endeavored to drench himself in it. Yet in the supreme moment of his existence his hatred quite outweighed his love.

" Kwoh Fan sighed softly. He returned to the tearoom.

"Life," he reflected "is very strange." And he poured himself a cup of pearl-ochid scented tea."

You will note that a white-man is mentioned in the above piece, it is very rarely in a story I have read that a European is brought into it.

In his very short, but somehow just-the-right-length, stories, Owen conveys to us the whole ancient and wonderful philosophy of the Chinese, his style takes on that of the old Chinese legends, seems to typify CHINA in every syllable and rich word painting.

FRANK OWEN APPRECIATION 4

A story about China by Owen, ideallistic fantasy though it may be, warms you, stirs nostalgic chords for no appanent reason, and makes you want to read more. They are the kind of stories to read on hot summer afternoons in the shade of cool, green trees on the grassy banks of a stream. They are, in an undefinable way, unlike any other fantasy stories; they are colourful, nostalgic - and they are undoubtably beautiful.

+ + + + +

ADVERTISEMENTS

First an announcement that the glossaries written by Witty Whitmarsh are being revised and will appear at a later date.

PLUS BOOKS of 131 Caledonian Rd., (TERminus 9260) Have a really good selection of Fantasy magazines. All the latest American s-f and pre-war mags a'plenty. Also all kinds of back numbered and current American magazines. Take my tip, write to PLUS BOOKS now. Recommended by the Editor.

BRIAN BURGESS of 138a, Kenley Rd., Merton Park, S.W.19. has a typed copy (professionally done) of Resurrection of Jimber Jaw. He wants 10/ or a near offer for it.

Ed Kisch c/o Mike Moorcock (acting as his British agent) can supply over 350 different 8x10 glossy stills from the Tarzan films for only 25c a piece, 5 for a dollar. Send money to Mike, who will convert it into books Ed. Wants and send these onto him. Name the film you want stills from, or the artist you want stills of (i.e Johnny Weismuller, Elmo Lincoln etc.)

Here's a brief list of what I want: (at time of typing - 9th March 1957) AVON FANTASY READERS Nos:

5,6,7,13,15,16,17,18.

Although if you have any others, let me know as a number of my friends want them.

AVON -S-F READER No. 3.

AVON S-F AND FANTASY READER 2.

WEIRD TALES quite a few numbers wanted for the 1932-36 period but let me know if you have

ANY WEIRDS AT ALL and the price you are asking.

A few issues of PLANET STORIES still needed - No 3 and 4

especially wanted to complete early run - but again let me know if you have ANY as I

have friends anxious to obtain some numbers.

APACHE DEVIL and THE MOON MAID desperately wanted. Please!

Also wanted TALES OF CONAN.

CONAN THE BARBARIAN.

TYP0 is now on sale, price 6d. per copy, no subs. accepted

until Number 2 is out. 6d.

a copy from Mike J. Moorcock.

The companion zine to this one. (And just as messy).

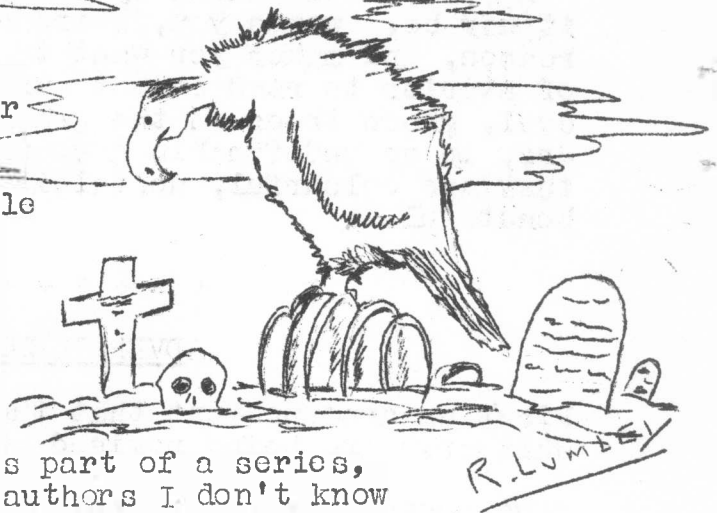
DON'T FORGET THAT ADS ARE FREE

LETTER COLUMN

A very short letter column this month owing to other material rather pushing it out. The title THE HEAT IS ON has been transferred to TYPO number two as a more suitable name for a fanzine letter col. OK?

CATO LINDBERG of Norway writes:

The cover was well-drawn, and shouldn't it be when it's signed by ATOM? MASTERS OF FANTASY was interesting and I hope this only was part of a series, because there are a lot of fantasy authors I don't know a thing about. Letter column very good and I liked to see literature discussed in the reader's column. That doesn't happen too often in the fanzines of today. As you may know now, a Swedish fan, Bjorn Nyberg, in collaboration with Sprague de Camp has written a continuation of the Conan series called The Return of Conan (of course) to be published in the U.S.A. in June. This is a full-length novel and already sold to the publishers. ((Thanks for the news, Cato))



ALAN DODD of Hoddesdon I saw SANDERS OF THE RIVER years back - in fact you can still see cuts of the film showing natives dancing, fires burning, and me fleeing used in other and later jungle films as 'insert' shots. Jungle Jim and several Hollywood producers have used the same scenes in their films time and time again. Bearsome arrangement of weapons on the cover. I wonder how ATOM get's those large areas of black shading into his stencils - he's done them for me before, but How? ((The reason that No. 10's cover was a little out of alinement (?) was because the stencil fell to pieces on the machine - but it says a lot for Arthur's skill that it is still a good cover))

GEORGE RICHARDS of Wakefield, Yorks I must confess that I am not an ardent ERB fan, and as a matter of fact this is the first copy of a zine concerned with his works that I have seen. Shall be interested to see how you keep the interest going... But I did in part like the mag, and found a couple of interesting articles. Needless to say, the Atom illo was very good and a change for his usual cartoons. Letter col was well put together though I did not of course get the gist of all the letters.

And that's the lot for this month's letter column. Many thanks to all the people who took the trouble to write me nice long comments letters which are always greatly appreciated. A longer letter col will appear next issue and as there were six whole pages of letters last issue, I don't feel too guilty.

FANZINE

IT'S OUT AT LAST

BY

MIKE MOORCOCK

REVIEWED

VERNELL CORIELL'S "BURROUGHS BULLETIN" REVIEWED

Recently, I had the great pleasure of receiving the latest issue of Burroughs Bulletin - Number Twelve. This is the 'Memorial' issue and is devoted solely to articles and items about Tarzan apart from the obvious letters and articles about Edgar Rice Burroughs.

An issue of the Bulletin has not appeared since before Burroughs's death in 1950 and some of the articles seem a little out of place - nearly 7 years later - for they are written just as if Burroughs had died recently. All the articles and letters are written with great sincerity and it is obvious how the contributors feel about Burroughs and his stories.

Personally, I enjoyed THE MASTER OF OTHER WORLDS (which describes how Burroughs dies and is transported to Africa to meet Tarzan, to Mars, Venus, Pellucidar where he meets all the other characters in his series for a few moments. He finally arrives at the Judgement Seat where judgement is passed on him and where all his characters appear, a number of them speaking in his defence). But all the items in this 50 page issue (in small print I might add) are well-worth reading and have increased my knowledge of Burroughs's personality as well as his books and other items linked with his name. It is hard to select any one of the articles for review as they are all of a consistently good standard, interesting and/or informative and nearly all based upon the same themes (i.e. either ERB or Tarzan, or the artists) But perhaps the SCOOP of the issue is the article written by Edgar Rice Burroughs himself WHAT MAKES TARZAN ACT THAT WAY, although it cannot be judged with the other items, Burroughs being a professional writer while the others apart from the letters in the lettercol are not. There is a very unusual illustration on page 17 by Hannes Bok (dated 1947) depicting Tarzan and Jane, both holding bows. This is a stylised rather than a 'straight' illustration.

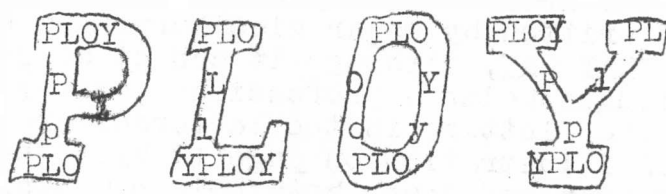
IT'S OUT AT LAST (2)

There are many photographs here - one of Burroughs and the writer of the cover article (Joe McCarthy), a number of different film Tarzan stills and one showing Johnny Weismuller in his TV role of Jungle Jim, one of Rex Maxon also adorns the article on this artist. On the back page is a Memorial photograph of OTTO E. LINKEHELT (Elmo Lincoln, wasn't he ?) which again is a scene from the early TARZAN OF THE APES showing 'Tarzan' with his foot upon his kill voicing the ape-cry (silently in those days) with which film-goers associate Tarzan. All the illustrations were extremely well-done - although two of the full-pagers were done by artists I never shall like - Rex Maxon whose work has always been exceedingly crude in my opinion and John Coleman Burroughs - a very good picture, not 'bad' in any way but it just doesn't appeal to me (this shows a portrait of his father surrounded by some of the characters he created). The only illustrations by JCB I ever liked were those in Llanna of Gathol, the dust-wrapper illo being the best.

The whole issue is superbly produced and well-written and I only regret it is not published more often. The letter column, by the way, features letters by Ray Bradbury, Sam Peeples, Lex Barker, P.Dempsey Tabler, Elmo Lincoln, Allan Howard, Bruce Bennett, A. Bogdan, Johnny Weismuller, Howard Browne, Gene Pohær and J. Allen St. John - all very interesting, giving a vivid insight into Burroughs's private and public life.

Vernell mentions that he has paid over £100 sterling (300 dollars) to produce this issue (which costs nothing unless you wish to contribute) and I can assure you that the money is well-spent. If I have to wait another 7 years for just such another issue - the wait will be worth it. It says a great deal for Burroughs Bulletin that I typed 4 pages of close small type (smaller than this) in describing it. It is not like me to spend that much energy on a review. I had, naturally to cut it down to two pages as I cannot afford the space. Anyone who wants to know EVERYTHING about the Bulletin is quite welcome to the original article and maybe Vernell has a copy left. Write and ask him. Box 652, Pekin, Illinois, U.S.A. is his address.

+ + + + +



THE FUTILE ATTEMPTS OF SEVERAL INFLUENTIAL FEN TO BAN PLOY HAVE BEEN INEFFECTIVE AND, THOUGH MOST OF THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, PLOY IS A SHILLING FROM RON BENNETT, 7, SOUTHWAY, ARTHURS AVENUE, HARROGATE YORKS. 6 ISSUES FOR 5/-. MARCH ISSUE IS NOW OUT. RECOMMENDATION - NOT A REQUESTED ADVERTISEMENT.

P O E T R Y P A G E (2)

Contrary to my rather well-founded (I thought) expectations, the Poetry Page featured in Number 8 was popular - some people have even sent in contributions. So I thought I would feature another one (every quarter would be a good idea). Thanks to the people who sent in poems and after a little editing they will appear, but poems, as some of you may know, require delicate editing if the poet's style is to stay and I haven't had time to get down to it yet. Here is a little appreciation of mine to Robert E. Howard. I always write my best poetry on buses and trains - s'funny.

T O R. E. H.

Dim, dark shadows of ages past,
Spring into life and light,
Brilliant phrases from first to last,
Conjure words into sights!

Creator! Thou art gone,
But thy creations stay,
Great men, brave and strong,
And Fresh, as each new day.

Deliverer! Frome mundane life,
Who helps us to forget our strife,
And we escape, for too-short hours,
Turning their lives into ours!
We thank you; our Deliverer.

Mike J. Moorcock
28th February 1957.

And while we're on the subject of Robert E. Howard, there is an item to add to my checklist published in Number 9. Please add BLACK HOUND OF DEATH in the November 1936 issue. Also THE BLACK STONE was not listed as a reprint in the November 1953 version (original date of publication was November 1931). THE 'SON' OF THE BATS (June 1927) should be 'SONG' and also THE 'SON' OF THE MAD MINSTREL (February 1931) should be 'SONG'. Forgive the errors as BLACK HOUND OF DEATH has only just been acquired by me and I have only just noticed the other errors. If readers spotted other errors would they kindly write in and inform me as a number of readers are using this checklist to get items for their collections and also making copies of it for easier reference.

MIKE MOORCOCK.

P.S. I might mention here that R.E. Howard has had a Western novel published called THE GENT FROM BEAR CREEK and also had the title story in THE GARDEN OF FEAR (a collection of fantasy stories in a crudely printed paper-back issued in the middle 1940s.)

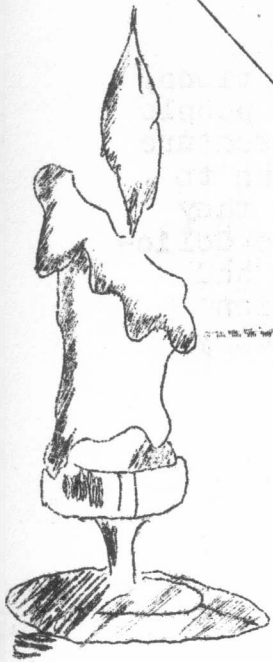
A BRIEF STUDY OF

Bonald Trager

BY

ARTHUR SELLINGS

THE
OBLIQUE
APPROACH



It has always seemed to me that fantasy provides an ideal vehicle for humour - and for humour of a unique variety. It might be called the oblique approach, the erecting of a fantastic universe tangential to this one, in which events not so much larger as other than life, reflect as in a distorting mirror the absurdities and ironies of this one.

This is, after all, the essence of all great humour, the creating of a new universe, whether it be the one of Thurber or the Marx Brothers, of Mark Twain or Sterne. But the fantasy writer, used to the making of a new universe with every new story, has a marked advantage.

That is why Angus Wilson (in his introduction to the anthology A.D. 2500) seems to me to be talking nonsense when he states that fantasy is a poor vehicle for humour, that the introduction of this element into a fantasy story tends to re-erect the reader's disbelief which the writer has to work so hard to suspend. The amount of first-rate humorous fantasy in UNKNOWN disposes of that point - not to mention the work of one of the most brilliant fantasy writers of all, John Collier.

There is another fantasy writer, known but not, I think adequately recognised, who seizes, if that is not too abrupt a verb for such a delicate artist, all those opportunities which fantasy affords for the oblique approach - not only in humour, but in the neighbour directions of pathos and satire. The approach is evident in his very

shape of his conceptions, I refer to Ronald Fraser.

Thus Mr. Codling, The Flying Draper of Fraser's first novel, published in 1924, homo superior though he is, is a figure of pathetic comedy. He is the first of the supermen who couldn't fit in. Unable to stand the intellectual claustrophobia of university life, he tries to hide his talents, and to make a living, as a suburban draper. It doesn't work, of course. The tragedy of Mr. Codling unfolds with comedy, even slapstick, but with poetry and wit, too. Yet the story is tragedy in the classical mould. At the same time it is a telling satire on the bunglings of bureaucracy and on the narrow-mindedness of people in general.

Fraser's next fantasy was Landscape With Figures (1925), a lost-race story set in China. It is told with all of Fraser's obvious respect for the Oriental mind and way of life, and with the elegance and wit which is in all of his work, but seems to me the least of his fantasies. Much more rewarding, I find, is Flower Phantoms (1926), the haunting story of a girl who is more akin to plant life than to animal.

For several years Fraser wrote ordinary novels - not fantasy, that is. But he returned to the genre with The Fiery Gate (1943), written in wartime and set in a blitzed London. This has a theme comparable to The Flying Draper. Its hero is a young greengrocer who discovers suddenly that he has telekinetic powers. The contrast between such supernal capabilities and his humble worldly circumstances is well made, and the story reaches a powerful climax in a bombing raid.

But, for me, the worthy successor to his first masterpiece is Beetle's Career (1951), the most recent of Fraser's fantasies. "Beetle" is the nickname of a singularly unloveable scientist. He invents a device for photographing the human soul. But the device is discovered to have a frightening destructive capacity as well. Combined with extreme portability, the power that it affords its possessor is obvious. The possibilities are beautifully realised, and it is a demonstration of Fraser's skill that Beetle becomes, finally, almost a sympathetic character. This is particularly remarkable because Fraser is obviously no more trusting of scientists than is Bradbury.

This attitude towards science - orthodox Western science, that is, is a keynote of Fraser's work. While he has a guarded respect for its achievements, he is aware always of a world of reality beyond that which orthodox science is capable of measuring. He is, in short, a transcendentalist. But to label a writer can give little more than a guide to the character of his work; it cannot begin to convey the essence of such delicate and many-gifted artist as Fraser. He has his faults, of course; a sometimes irritating reverence for the smart (though not, mercifully, the fashionable) and an equally irritating uneasiness

with the working class - his humbler characters (like Mrs. Budd in The Flying Draper) are little more than caricatures. But his considerable virtues, and his unique quality as a fantasy writer, far outweigh such trifling blemishes.

Perhaps a taste for Fraser is a special one; I don't know. Certainly, he has worked outside the mainstream of fantasy. Perhaps there is not such thing, but, anyway, his work is free of those preconceptions, both in plot and style, that seem common to so many writers. I am not sure whether he was flattered or slightly indignant when, in a letter, I praised him as a science-fiction writer. He told me that he had read very little SF, outside of Verne when he was young, and H.G. Wells, whom he used to know.

But on a basis of five works (he has written a score or so straight novels) he deserves, I believe, the serious interest of the fantasy-lover. His fiction has been composed in the intervals of a busy life in the higher ranks of the Civil Service. It was for his services in that field that he was created a knight, not for his contribution to literature. But I think he has done enough to merit recognition as a knight of fantasy. And in his sixty-ninth year, retired from the Service, he is still creating - so the list may not be completed yet. Let us hope not.

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EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Sir Arthur Ronald Fraser (C.M.G 1934, M.B.E. 1930) was born on the 3rd of November 1888. In 1915 he married Sylvia Blanche Powell and has two sons and two daughters. He served during the 1914/18 War but was disabled in 1916 and sent home. He joined the Foreign Trade Department of the Foreign Office in 1917 and served as the British Representative on the Inter-allied Black List Committee in Paris, 1918. Had various high-ranking positions in the Civil Service and was recently on some Committee or other to do with the Suez Canal (don't know much about that). His first story was the Flying Draper.

The above facts were gleaned a moment ago from the 1944 edition of WHO'S WHO and are all I can tell you about Sir Arthur! But I would like to get hold of some of his fantasy tales if anyone can sell or lend them to me. Please ?

MIKE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO



Jules
de Grandin

Seabury Quinn's vast literary output is remarkable, his stories have appeared in more issues of WEIRD TALES than those of any other author. His first stories, BLUE BEARD and THE PHANTOM FARMHOUSE (both the same issue - an unusual occurrence) appeared in October 1923, in the first year of WEIRD's publication, his last original story in WEIRD was in the November 1951 issue - FLING THE DUST ASIDE, although THE CHAPEL OF MYSTIC HORROR was a reprint, appearing in November 1952.

Quinn was best known for the character he he created in Jules de Grandin, 'occult detective'. Described very aptly once or twice by Farnsworth Wright in introductions to Quian's stories:

"Jules de Grandin occultist and ghost-breaker, mercurial, vain, boastful, quick to wrath, yet altogether lovable - who enlisted the sympathies of the readers at once."

THE HORROR ON THE LINKS in October 1925 was the first Jules de Grandin tale, telling of a giant ape, product of a scientist's mad brain, and how it terrorised a community before Jules de Grandin stepped in. It is almost impossible to pick a de Grandin story and name it 'the best', there were so many different types, some plain horror, some subtly built up into macabre climax, some were straight detective stories with the only Weird-ness being in the manner of death of a murder victim. I have few early WEIRDS but of a later period I would say that for sheer horror/suspense, THE JEST OF WARBURG TANTAVAL in September 1934 gets first place. In mild contrast, WITCH HOUSE (November 1936) a more subtle story of a girl who is plagued by the 'familiar' of a long-dead witch. Here, de Grandin uses his power of hypnotism to bring everything back to normal. For a straight detective yarn, I select CONSCIENCE MAKETH COWARDS from the November 1949 issue although THE HOUSE OF THE THREE CORPSES (I can't remember the date) comes a close second.

AND
Seabury
Quinn

HIS CREATOR

BY MIKE MOORCOCK

Like many other fictitious detectives, de Grandin has his assistant, Sherlock Holmes had Watson, Sexton Blake has Tinker, Nick Carter had an assistant if I remember correctly, well Jules de Grandin had Dr. Trowbridge, who, like Watson, relates the stories in the first person. Trowbridge is a direct counterpart of Watson in a great many ways - 'dependable Watson' as Holmes described him can also apply to 'dependable' Trowbridge, who is always giving wise counsel which is rarely taken, an rarely needed. If you must compare de Grandin, think of him as a mixture of Holmes and Poirot, with maybe a dash of Lupin thrown in for good measure. Carnacki and Silence have been mentioned elsewhere in this issue. Then associate him with an atmosphere of eery suspense and horror.

Although de Grandin is one of my WEIRD TALES favourites, another Quinn story is my favourite by that author. This is THE MIRACLE, a story which seems to be written with great sincerity based on a conventional theme of the husband-tempted-by-devil-wife-gives-soul-so-that-husband-need-not-go-to-hell etc. Yet this little tale takes on a new freshness when penned by Quinn. Set in mediaeval times it tells how the Inquisition near the estate and lands of a certain nobleman. Not wishing for his retainers to be terrorised by these fiends in holy robes, he makes a pact with the Devil, giving his soul that his people are allowed to go untroubled. But I won't spoil the story for you as it is fairly easy to obtain and worth getting (May 1943).

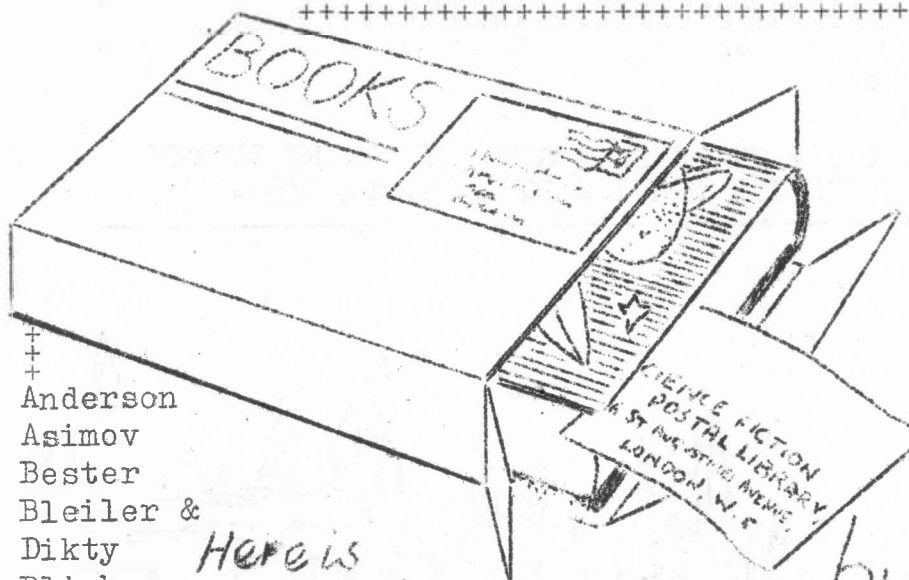
It seems strange that no-one has considered anthologising some of Quinn's best work - I'm sure Jules de Grandin would be popular with present day readers. If there are any bound Quinn stories, I should like to know, but I don't believe any have been published. Quinn, as a matter of interest, had a few stories in JUNGLE STORIES and also other pulp magazines of pre-war, and more recent, years. THE SALEM HORROR a six-part serial in WEIRD TALES for March 1925 until August 1925. This was very good and worth putting between hard-covers.

Other stories I can recommend are:

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| THE CHAPEL OF MYSTIC HORROR | December 1928 and rptd |
| LOTTE | September 1946 |
| THE LAST MAN | May 1950 |
| THE LAST WALTZ | November 1940 |
| GOTTERDAEMMERUNG | May 1938. |
| MANSIONS IN THE SKY | June 1939 |
| THE HOUSE OF THE THREE CORPSES | August 1939 |

And many others impossible to list in the remaining space. HORROR ON THE LINKS, by the way, was reprinted in May 1937, if anyone has this issue for sale I would like to know

MIKE MOORCOCK.



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