F A N T A S Y C O M M E N T A T O R

...covering the field of imaginative literature...

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C O N T E N T S

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December, 1948: 75 copies reprinted and stencils destroyed

This-'n'-That

New Fiction Two leading authors, one American the other English, have produced trilogy-completing works within the past few months. Vardis Fisher's Intimations of Eve (Vanguard, $2¾), which continues his saga of prehistoric man, is the first of these, and is equal in quality to the pair of novels which preceeded it. The second is That Hideous Strength of C. S. Lewis (Macmillan, $3; Lane, 8/6); the author continues his basic theme of the struggle between good and evil, this time eschewing Mars and Venus for a terrestrial locale, and falling short of the quality attained in Perelandra and Out of the Silent Planet. Back with us after a considerable absence is Dorothy Macardle, who attempts with The Unforeseen (Doubleday, $2½) to duplicate the success of her earlier novel. This new effort deals with extra-sensory perception, is suspensefully written, and leads to an exciting climax---but it does not quite match The Uninvited. Two of June's arrivals deal more or less seriously with occult-like topics: Four Great Oaks by Mildred McNaughton (Creative Age, $2¾) is a smoothly-written variant on the Berkely Square reincarnation theme; Agnes Rothery's Balm of Gilead (Dodd, Mead, $2½), on the other hand, furnishes an example of hardy Cape Cod ghosts who seem more substantial than the author's real people.

Borderline Stuff Noted here for the record as well as for the benefit of those who may be completists are three titles. James Phelan's Moon on the River (Wyn, $2½) toys with superstition and black magic, but never quitemakes clear whether dark powers of evil frequently hinted at are actually playing leading roles. Murder Strikes an Atomic Unit by Theodora Du Bois (Doubleday-Doran, $2) reeks faintly of super-science. And The Snake Pit of Mary Jane Ward (Random House, $2½) is a psychiatric history transformed into a well-done, dramatic novel, and is also, incidentally, now a best-seller.

Anthologies, Non-Fiction, Reprints 33 Sardonics, edited by Tiffany Thayer (Philosophical Library, $3½), includes several Fortean fantasies in addition to a few tales of horror and the supernatural. Newton Arvin edits Hawthorne's Short Stories (Knopf, $3), which includes all his familiar fantastics as well as such little-known ones as well as "A Virtuoso's Collection" and "The Celestial Railroad." The Doctor to the Dead: Grotesque Legends and Folk-Tales of Old Charleston (Rinehart, $2½), collected by John Bennett, is composed mostly of supernatural stories. A few are also found in A. L. Rowse's West-Country Stories (Macmillan, $2½), which come from "a land thick with folk rumor and fairy tales and ghosts." If you like authentic history well laced with the supernatural, try Voodoo in New Orleans by Robert Tallant (Macmillan, $2½). The Portable Oscar Wilde edited by Richard Aldington (Viking, $2) includes a reprint of The Picture of Dorian Gray, as well as an authoritative discussion of its background. The Life and Death of the Wicked Lady Skelton of Madelene King-Hall, which appeared two years ago in Britain, has finally been published in this country (Rinehart, $2½).

Radio Much fantasy has occupied the airlanes of late, and this column has admittedly made no attempt to report on it, for the winnowing of the mature fare from the overpowering mass of juvenilia extant did not seem worth the expended effort that would have been necessary. But it is pleasant to report here at this time that "Lights Out," NBC's famous decade-old feature, is rebroadcasting at 10 P.M. Saturdays (Eastern time) the best from applauded shows of the past. Don't miss this series!

Now and Later Despite having increased the size of this issue to 36 pages---we hope you noticed it!---the letter section was crowded out. A lengthy installment of this regular feature will be included in the next issue. And with Fantasy Commentator #12 ends volume one, so an index thereof will doubtless be published too. ---Which emphasizes the fact that "FC" is all of three years old; but we're too tired to celebrate! ---A.L.S.

The Far Future of Science-Fiction

by
Jack Speer

(Editorial note: To some of this magazine's readers the phrase "decimal classification" may be new. As might be guessed, however, it refers to a Dewey-like system for classifying all types of imaginative fiction, each one being assigned a given numerical figure. The advantages of such a systematizing scheme are obvious, and, once its minor disadvantages are eliminated, such an index should prove invaluable to collectors and casual readers alike. The most recent draft of this author's system---one of several that have been proposed, incidentally---may be found in The Acolyte for Winter, 1946; further information may be had by addressing Mr. Speer himself at 4518 16th NE, Seattle 5, Washington. ---A.L.S.)

> But now, on the threshold of 1945, we have finally realized that the future has caught up with us.... It has become increasingly evident that Hugo Gernsback's magazine is becoming the magazine of today, is being outstripped in its fiction by fact. ---the sayings of Saint Assiduity.

In the past, predictions have been made that an art form, science, or social idea has reached the limit of its development, only to have later events show the predictions laughably wrong, so often that we tend to suppose that such predictions must always prove false. But there are enough examples in which they have proven true, that we should be cautious about making such assumptions.

Let us take the present-day varieties of science-fiction and see what may have happened to them in that far future when science is advanced as far beyond present knowledge as are we beyond that of, say, 1700. For convenience I shall use the categories of my currently revised decimal classification.

10. The Supernatural: This group is beyond the scope of this article but a word may be said. Stories which are frankly contrary to accepted belief will continue to be written and enjoyed regardless of the advance of science. But increase of knowledge and dissemination of the scientific way of thinking may attenuate the link which still binds our emotions to such imaginary occurrences---the thought that for all we know, such stories just might be true; at least there are many literate people who do believe in such things. Weird fiction will probably become assimilated to pure fantasy as far as material is concerned, and the light-headed Unknown-ish type of fantasy may predominate.

31. Extrapolations on Geography and Geology: Our stories of imaginary countries in Europe and Asia are based more upon the incompleteness of the common readers' education than upon actual gaps in our geographic knowledge. Educational advances which we may hope for, together with photographic mapping of the entire world, must banish the possibility of any large-scale isolated civilizations on the earth's surface. It may be noted that already the hidden lands which Tarzan is continually finding in Africa have passed into improbability approaching pure fantasy. As for geological extrapolations, tales of life at the center of the earth must presently be relegated to the flatly impossible (if we are to accept that degree of certainty in science which justifies calling ideas impossible---as that the moon is made of green cheese). Subterranean life, on the other hand, will be a continuing if far-fetched possibility; we will probably have other worlds to map before we get around to ascertaining the extent of caverns all over the earth. And undersea civilizations, either of the glass-dome or water-breathing types, will be good for many generations of hacks.

32. Dimensional: It probably won't be possible to disprove the existence of other planes of being, since it is unlikely that we shall ever invent means to go and see. Authors may therefore continue to ring the changes on Other

Space, tesseract-men, Plane People, and the like. But pseudo explanations of how it's done should become increasingly difficult as the tools of semantic criticism become diffused among the masses of readers.

33. Adventures in Size: The atomic microcosm is already twenty years out of date, and has not been used much by Campbell's magazine. With that discredited, macrocosm also must disappear from serious extrapolating. Mere littleness, down to the limit set by the largeness of molecules and smallness of neurones, etc., can continue to provide story ideas, so long as the authors can device means of shrinking their characters to Lilliputian size with some pretence of plausibility. Enlarging them, on the other hand, must be relegated to the comic magazines; the structural weakness that goes with large size will prevent the magnified creatures from doing most of the things that go to make up a story.

34. Extrapolations on Psychology and Biology Relative to Men: After behaviorists and others have demonstrated the exact mechanism of thought, there will be little room for extrapolating on hypnotism and similar phenomena. My private belief is that extra-sensory perception is due to be exploded. If there actually is anything in telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, etc., it should have been delimited by the time of this far future we're talking about. Perhaps there will remain some area of uncertainty for latter-day science-fictionists to disport in. Mind transference must go out the window as indefensible psychologically and semantically, except in the form of brain transplantation. Supermen are an ever-continuing possibility for speculation. Even if the race pulls itself out of its present bog and evolves higher, it will always be able to imagine a human being superior to itself. Rejuvenation and various types of supersurgery will probably be commonplace eventually; in actual immortality and such tasks as resuscitation of the six-seconds-dead, indefinite approximation of a limit should continue to challenge scientists. Androids of the type built up from the elements haven't appeared much of late; perhaps the reason is that control of natural processes is more promising. Designing flesh-and-blood robots and other specialized anthropoids, and the consequences on ethical thinking, looks like an interesting field.

35. Extrapolations on Psychology and Biology Not Relating to Man: Animals scientifically aided to attain a degree of intelligence look interesting. We are not likely to fear human termites or other superbugs on Earth any more. Strange creatures can be invented for other worlds, but such stories will become largely assimilated by tales of further astronomical exploration. Concerning non-carbon life, we should first be clear as to what we mean by life, and then examine the possibilities of lifelong phenomena arising in crystals, force-vortexes, and so on. I'm not well enough informed to guess.

Concerning extrapolations on chemistry, physics and technology we must go into more detail.

36.1 Robots: For the most part these will pass out of fiction into common life. Thinking machines, like supermen, may remain in the imagination one jump ahead of reality.

36.2 Gadgets That Do Common Things: Unless he changes greatly, homo sapiens will always seek simpler ways of doing some things, even after he rebels against mechanization of certain beneficial activities. However, it is possible even today to invent any of large classes of gadgets on demand, and we don't consider Popular Mechanics a science-fiction magazine. This sphere will be greatly enlarged in the future.

36.5 Rays: Hardly a whisper has been heard about rays for a long time. Get the electromagnetic spectrum well mapped out, with characteristics as predictable as in the table of elements, and there go your rays---unless you want to say that special combinations of vibrations will do peculiar things, or that there may be something in the "Sixth Column" idea about untouched fields of elec-

trogravitic and magneto-gravitic vibrations.

36.8 Atomic Energy: Need I discuss this?

37.1 Mentally Molded Matter: In its purest sense, this is probably impossible; we must wait upon the behaviorists before making a final declaration. But men will ever look for better means to impose the forms of our minds upon matter. Present inventions along this general line include the painter's airbrush, the electric organ, plastic for home furnishings, multitudinous types of steel, woodcarving tools, new duplicators, hybridization of plants, and so on ad infinitum. Obviously, there must be better ways to do the thing that each of these is designed for.

37.2 Duplication of Persons: See the following.

37.3 Matter-Radio: With apologies to George O. Smith, I don't think it can be done. Several pieces of data about each electron in the object must, n'est-ce pas, be transmitted from projector to receiver, far beyond the capacity of even very high frequency waves to carry in any reasonable length of time. Perhaps I'm on dangerous ground in asserting that human ingenuity will never find a way of getting around the difficulty, but future authors who yarn about matter-transmission will have to talk fast to be convincing.

37.4 Television, Spy Ray and Image Projector: The latter two are possible subjects for stories until and if, like television, they are accomplished.

37.6 Invisibility: Many of the methods of achieving invisibility in the past are obviously absurd, but I know of no positive bar to this time out of mind favorite concept of the imaginative.

37.7 Time-Rate Differences: Dr. Swisher's discourse in Escape points out some embarrassing by-products of super-speed. I doubt that a very good story can be written which takes care of the objections he raised without getting into the temponautical.

41. Economic, Social and Political Life in the Future: We may suppose that science-fictionists will continue to speculate on the possibilities of their future, now or a thousand years from now. Some of the particular subdivisions of this subject, such as "The Revolt of the Pedestrians" type of world, are out of date now, but others can take their place.

42. Catastrophes to Civilization: Assuming, as I have done in this article, that our civilization will survive, speculations about its possible downfall should continue to interest our descendants. The spread of man to several planets would profoundly affect the range of causes and results. A couple of subdivisions here are already out of date: Loss of a strategic material, whether iron or petroleum, which in the case of iron has never been explained plausibly and in either case would not be fatal; and glacializations and sun-dimmings such as Gernsback worried about before it was generally known that we live in an ice age and old Sol is good for quite a while yet.

43. Extraordinary Astronomical Phenomena: We are not likely to have the moon falling into the Pacific Ocean (as it naively did in a Science Fiction Series pamphlet), but many of the imaginable occurrences are likely to remain in the realm of possibility. Imaginations may be somewhat more strained when the average reader realizes how little statistical chance of collisions there is. Planetary engineering is a concept that should challenge the minds of 2200 A.D.

44. Extra-Torrestrial Life and Adventures on Other Planets: Assuming that we are on the eve of interplanetary flight, our distant descendants will look upon this type of fantasy somewhat as we look upon stories of lost lands in South America. And if the planets and moons are as forbidding to human life as they seem to be, the type of adventures that may take place will be severely limited (no Plutonian princesses, intrigues in the Tritonian court, etc.). As for interstellar travel, a modest advance of science should provide such confir-

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DOYLE, Arthur Conan (1859-1930)

The Captain of the "Pole Star" and Other Tales

London: Longmans, Green & Co.; 1890. 315pp. 19½cm. 6/-.

Further information: The contents consists of ten short stories: "The Captain of the 'Pole Star'," "The Great Keinplatz Experiment," "J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement," "The Man from Archangel," "That Little Square Box," "The Ring of Thoth," "John Huxford's Hiatus," "Cyrian Overbeck Wells," "Elias B. Hopkins," "John Barrington Cowles." The data given above is for the first English edition; later printings in some cases substituto "A Literary Mosaic" and "The Parson of Jackman's Gulch" for "Cyrian Overbeck Wells" and "Elias B. Hopkins"; some tales have been reprinted in a collection titled The Great Keinplatz Experiment; and all of them may be found in The Conan Doyle Stories. Well over a dozen varied editions of the original, both paper- and cloth-covered, have appeared.

Synoptic review: This volume of early work by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle contains a number of weird stories of high quality. Only four of those included can qualify as supernatural tales; however, there are elements of mystery and suspense in several more that recommend them also to readers of fantastic literature.

Perhaps the best known of those in this collection is the title story, "The Captain of the 'Pole Star'." A ghost story written along traditional lines, it succeeds in making one overlook its basic unoriginality of plot by an eerie and suspenseful atmosphere. Presented as "an extract from the singular journal of John M'Allister Ray, student of medicine," it tells of a strange horror amid the ice floes of the Arctic. In Ray's diary are recorded the events which lead to a powerful climax. An ice-bound ship, a half-mad and violent captain, and supernatural visitations during the stillness of the polar night are skillfully woven together until they end in tragedy and death.

As a relief from this tale of terror is a comical fantasy. In "The Great Keinplatz Experiment" Professor Alexis Von Baumgarten performs an experiment to prove that it is possible for the human spirit to exist apart from its body for a time and then return to it once again. What happens when the good professor's and a scapegrace student's spirits exchange bodies while they are mesmorized makes an hilarious narrative---pure slapstick, but good fun.

Next we come upon a highly original and complex story. "John Barrington Cowles" is extremely effective in producing the physical reaction which is the test of all horror tales. Written in a careful, restrained style, this introduces us to Catherine Norcott, a beautiful young woman. Three men have been engaged to her, but each has separated from her on the eve of marriage to meet later with ruin and death. Doyle subtly hints at the request which she made of her lovers that sent them flying in horror and revulsion, suggesting a form of vampirism or lycanthropy. Taken as a whole, this strikes one as belonging in the very first rank of all the tales on this theme that have been written.

"The Ring of Thoth" deals with familiar material but the author gives it a characteristically original treatment. This tells of an Egyptian who discovers the secret of everlasting life in the time of the pharaohs and spends the thousands of years of his existence in search of the elixir---contained in the ring of Thoth---which will release him from what he realizes is a terrible curse. The story is told with an excellent blend of pathos and humor; it suffers only slightly from the use of a stereotyped character (the narrator) who appears in many of Doyle's other tales.

Among the remaining stories in this collection are "J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement," which involves a meteoric rock of strange influence, and "Cyr-

ian Overbeck Wells" in which all the great writers of the past assemble in a dream to help an unsuccessful author write a novel. Most of the other non-supernatural tales are rather meretricious---though they are not without a certain charm. There is one notable exception, however: "The Man from Archangel" is probably the finest story in the volume. Its violent portrayal of clashing wills and emotions, its beautiful descriptive passages and its fitting ending make one regretful that the widespread admiration for Sir Arthur's detective tales has so obscured his many other excellent works. ---Maynard Solomon.

---oOo---

Spring-Heeled Jack

by
St. John Hamund

I daren't go through the meadow,
I daren't go out of sight,
I know there's a man in a long black cloak
Who waits for me tonight.
His eyes are like balls of fire,
His hands are like bars of lead,
His face is bright with a still grey light,
His lips are the lips of the Dead.
Once in the hush of the churchyard,
A day and a year ago,
I met him there with my babe so fair---
He waits for me now, I know.

He took my child from my bosom,
He carries him with him now,
He is gaunt and weird, with a tangled beard,
And a mark is on his brow.
His heels are light and shod with steel,
His arms are thin and worn,
He buttons his coat to the height of his throat,
But the sleeves are short and torn.
The sleeves are short and tattered and torn,
His feet are swift and light,
And there in the sheen of the moonlight green
He waits for me tonight!

---oOo---

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mation of the Einstein and association theories as to place extra-solar worlds beyond the reach of any but Howard-Jordan sort of expeditions (cf. "Methuselah's Children" and "Universe").

45. Space Travel: While interplanetary travel remains an unusual thing, fantasites of the future may enjoy stories of a still further future in which it has become common. After that---well, how many present-day science-fictionists avidly follow Smilin' Jack or Flyin' Jenny in their slightly super airplanes?

50. The Prehistoric Past: A good theory of the origin of the Earth, and further discoveries filling in the gaps of archeological knowledge should both limit and enrich this field of extrapolation. Realism of the sort that has

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Forgotten Creators of Ghosts

by
A. Langley Searles

VI - William Fryer Harvey

I

The repeated anthologizing of his "August Heat" and "The Beast with Five Fingers" has made even the casual follower of supernatural fiction aware of Dr. Harvey as a skillful explorer of outré themes. Connoisseurs of the genre realize, however, that the author's popularity need not rest on but two stories alone, since before his death in 1937 he had written nearly two dozen in this vein. These are scattered through three collections: Midnight House and Other Tales (1910), The Beast with Five Fingers and Other Tales (1928) and Moods and Tenses (1932). (The best are to be found in the second title, which is happily the least rare of the trio.) Hence, though his name is familiar to many readers, William Fryer Harvey yet gains mention in this series as a forgotten creator of ghosts because the bulk of his writings remains relatively unknown.

Probably the most striking characteristic of his supernatural fiction is its widely diversified nature. As a rule, when dealing with a specialized field, an author expresses himself in a single and individual thematic fashion which varies---if at all---but mildly, and then usually in chronological sequence. Thus we have come to associate with Blackwood a psychic tale having a subjective turning-point; with Hodgson and E. F. Benson, one firmly rooted in our everyday physical world and hinging most often on the objective; with Lovecraft, a wedding of modern space-time concepts to traditional legendary beliefs. And Benson's preoccupation with spiritualism, as well as Lovecraft's early experimentation with Poesque and Dunsanian forms, are variations conforming to recognizable chronological patterns. Harvey, on the other hand, runs the gamut of ghostly extremes. He seems equally at home at all times in a story of frightening coincidence, one featuring an authentic spectre, or in a fragment of pure fantasy. On the surface this would appear to smack of a dilettante's dabbling, but perusal of his work shows it to be of expert construction and of unquestioned merit.

Such literary dexterity complicates a critic's task. As a result, the most that can be said about Harvey's themes is that they as a rule show derivation from forms of tradition, and that their force of presentation can be traced to under- rather than overstatement. Reason exists also to suspect that the author was somewhat fond of the "surprise ending". It would be risky to venture more generalities than these.

Since a writer's style is so often intimately associated with its exploitation of an individual theme, it is naturally rather difficult to typify this one precisely. In general, however, one notes freedom from flamboyance and artificiality, and a quiet naturalness that reflects the mind of a mature storyteller who is keenly aware of his readers' reactions; the narration is circumstantial and matter-of-fact, seasoned with objective figures of speech. Harvey employs adjectives frugally, achieving lightness and modernity of texture without sacrificing a solid literary scaffolding in his prose. If pressed for comparison with other workers in the field, I would nominate the fellow Englishman A. M. Burrage as showing closest similarity, though one can detect also stylistic echoes of E. F. Benson and Walter de la Mare.

Because of the few recognizable chronological trends apparent in Harvey's weird fiction his stories are most easily classified according to their subject-matter. When this has been done, they are found to fall into five groups, which, while more or less distinct, nevertheless cannot be termed wholly dis-

crete, for members of each may sometimes be regarded as the intervening divisional gaps.

II

The first of these groups comprises those tales where there is not only no direct reference to the supernatural, but where it need not necessarily be introduced to explain the phenomena described. The fact that they exist in close proximity to stories where the supernatural is undeniably present, as well as that supernormal agencies might conceivably be postulated to account for the events depicted, however, leads to consideration of such tales here. They may be referred to as stories of coincidence, and if this definition is understood to include such a work as "The Monkey's Paw" of W. W. Jacobs, it becomes immediately obvious why they warrent discussion.

Dr. Harvey wrote seven tales of this variety: "August Heat," "The Follower," "Unwinding," "Six to Six-Thirty," "Full Circle," "Mrs. Ormerod" and "Midnight House." The first is of course the most widely known, and is also probably the best. On a hot August day an artist is suddenly inspired to produce a hurried sketch. It depicts a condemned criminal in the dock just after the judge has pronounced sentence---a fat, bald fellow, gripping the rail with his short, clumsy fingers, his expression one of hopelessness and collapse. After finishing the drawing, the artist sets out on an aimless walk, letting his steps lead him where they may. Having proceeded some miles he feels impelled to enter a near-by monument-cutter's workshop, and there meets the owner, who is putting the finishing touches to the inscription on a marble tombstone; the name engraved there is the artist's own, with the birthdate correctly given---and the one of his death named as today's. The marble cutter (who is immediately recognizable as the subject of the mysterious sketch) can furnish no explanation for the coincidence, having never met the artist, and having chosen the name and dates at random for a sample monument. Determined to avoid all encounters that might make his death materialize, the artist decides to remain with his new acquaintance for the remainder of the evening, and the two men await the hour of midnight, talking listlessly....

> It is after eleven now. I shall be gone in less than an hour.
>
> But the heat is stifling.
>
> It is enough to send a man mad.

One cannot deny that "August Heat" is ably written, and that technically it is quite ingenious. The story's claim to being considered supernatural lies not so much in the double coincidence described, of course, as in the individual reader's interpretation of its fascinating suspended climax. The author has been very careful to avoid divulging his own particular preference---granting that he had one---which is precisely why the work has attained a success comparing favorably with that of Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger?," which depends on a similar literary device. It is worth noting that Harvey's very characters maintain the desired uncertainty to the tale's end, where the artist writes the cleverly ambiguous statement quoted above: "I shall be gone in less than an hour." Gone from the house? Or---dead?

"The Follower" and "Six to Six-Thirty" have slighter coincidental bases, and merit no extended discussion. The theme of coincidence met with in "Midnight House" is not distastefully mingled with atmospheric horror, treating as it does the strange aura which clings about an isolated rural inn. A traveller who stops there one night is troubled by fearful nightmares, sensing "a spirit of evil abroad, an ugly, horrible spirit...trying to enter the house" which forms a lurid background for his dreams. That very night a new-born child there dies but a half-hour after birth. "Unwinding" gains more than passing mention simply be-

cause it skirts telepathy as a possible explanation for certain odd events that arise from an innocent parlor game; the encountering of such a topic, considered akin to spiritualism during the first decade of the century (when the story was composed), throws an interesting sidelight on Harvey's use of the latter in others of his works which will be cited later. "Mrs. Ormerod" deals with the influence of a strange housekeeper on her employers, and of the tales so far noted admits most easily of a purely mundane explanation. The climax of "Full Circle," where a practical joke turns out to have a sinister rather than a humerous denoument, is excellently contrived; indeed, this story, next to "August Heat," is is probably the outstanding in the group.

Since none of these tales is poorly written, reader-reaction seems to be wholly a function of individual preference. If one enjoys fiction where the author does not suggest an explanation of the climax, he will experience pleasant entertainment; but, to those who dislike an amount of vagueness greater than that usually encountered in the average unequivocally supernatural tale, better fare can be found elsewhere in Professor Harvey's work. This critic is inclined to join the latter group, feeling that the object of an author in this genre should be the production of a definite shudder, and not merely a mild mental titillation. The shudder is lasting, but the titillation is not.

III

The next group of tales is characterized by the fact that while no reference to a supernatural agency as such is ever made, this agency seems so strongly hinted as to be inescapable. To admit that coincidence alone is responsible for the events which occur would be manifestly incorrect. Indeed, some of the very characters one meets are suspiciously of the ghostly variety, though they never assert their spectral nature in forthright terms.

The four stories in this catagory are "Sambo," "Miss Avenal," "Peter Levisham" and "The Heart of the Fire." "Peter Levisham" is the least distinguished, but is interesting in that it bridges the gap between those and the ones of the first group; the element of coincidence is present, but the supernormal is accentuated, a mundane explanation being almost completely edged out of the picture. "Sambo" tells of a little English girl who is sent an African doll. Its influence causes her to neglect her other toys, although she loves them and hates the newcomer. Sambo's influence prevails, however, and she finally burns her other dolls. Her father witnesses this act, and learns that she fears Sambo and cannot help herself. After being taken to the British Museum in an effort to determine its nature and origin, the malevolent doll is mysteriously stolen, only to turn up later in an African expedition. Harvey handles the theme unusually well, turning the child-motif to his advantage with a deft avoidance of cloying sentiment.

Even more effective is "The Heart of the Fire." The keeper of a lonely inn murders a chance night guest for the money he carries, burying the body beneath the hearthstone of the fireplace. As he grows older, he becomes more and more obsessed with the belief that his only safety from supernatural revenge lies in never allowing the flames there to die, and eventually, as old age is upon him, he remains always in the room, seldom stirring from his fireside chair. One day he overhears that it is intended, after his death, to take down the chimney and pull up the hearthstone; seized with fright, he sinks to the floor, unable to move or speak aloud. Gradually the fire dies, and as the last spark disappears there comes a sharp double knock on the door, even as when the murdered stranger first arrived. The guilty innkeeper cries out in mortal terror, and sinks back motionless upon the cold hearthstone.... Saturating this tale is a certain inexorable feeling of fate itself lying in wait, and the character of its luckless

victim, who progressively becomes more morose and taciturn, eventually losing himself in a morass of Calvinistic gloom as he sees his fortune slip away and his family disintegrate around him, is excellently portrayed.

Of these four stories, "Miss Avenal" is surely the best. It describes the experience of a woman acting as a nurse-companion to a Miss Avenal, who allegedly is recovering from the effects of a nervous breakdown. The two live alone together on the moors, with only a small village near by. Gradually the patient becomes less weak, more active, and no longer spends sleepless nights. Conversely, the nurse progressively develops a dreamy lassitude, falling asleep during the day and remaining helplessly awake at night. In queer daydreams she seems to follow Miss Avenal's voice down long corridors of black marble, or along gloomy avenues of clipped yews. Eventually her malaise becomes complete and she loses consciousness, to awaken days later among friends at her native town; her strength and beauty are gone, and she is left haunted by strange visions which she recognizes as the memories of Miss Avenal herself. It would be a mistake to regard this story as one of metempsychosis: it is, of course, a variant on the vampirism theme---and a most noteworthy one indeed. In Dr. Harvey's hands familiar subject-matter is cleverly transmuted so that what traditionally hinged on a physical concept has been made to depend upon a psychical one. The atmosphere is maintained with skill from beginning to end, and the characterization is acutely real. Miss Avenal is to this critic a far more frightening entity than the widely-praised creations of Stoker, Polidori and Prest; and stories in a similar vein---such as The Parasite of A. Conan Doyle---are simply not in the same class as Harvey's work. That "Miss Avenal" should be so little known to connoisseurs of supernatural fiction is as puzzling as it is deplorable.

There is a strikingly close thematic similarity between the stories in this group and those written by another modern master....

> Ghosts, it is advanced, either do not exist at all, or else, like the stars at noonday, they are there all the time and it is we who cannot see them... This [last] is the ghost-belt that never asserts its spectre, but leaves you in no doubt of his presence... Nobody...has not sometimes surmised the existence of a class of beings of a composition so unstable, yet of so plausible an exterior, that they are hardly known to have been ghosts till they have passed. To some of us these are the most disturbing simulacra of all, not because they contradict nature, but because they actually join hands with it. Surely that voice was a real voice, that touch a real touch? That that passed us in the twilight just now, surely that was substance and not shadow?

So writes Oliver Onions in his "Credo" (Collected Ghost Stories, page ix et passim). And thus it is with Miss Avenal, the horrible Peter Levisham and the doll Sambo: only after they have passed from our ken do we realize that we have indeed met with things which are not all that they seem, those who are not the Real People.

IV

The third group of William Fryer Harvey's tales is fundamentally an extension of the second. Here the supernatural agencies are directly referred to in the fictional structure, but they nevertheless can be characterized only by the effects of their actions; the author is still content to keep his otherworldly creations in the wings of the theater, out of sight of his audience and frequently even those on the stage itself.

Three of the six stories to be found here have a lesser or greater derivation from spiritualistic subjects. "Two and a Third" deals frankly with the results of a seance. In "Sarah Bennet's Possession" one meets a woman unconsciously influenced by the soul of her dead husband, who led a wicked and profligate life. "Miss Cornelius" is an ingenious account of a woman who is responsible for poltergeist-like manifestations, and of how she activates those about her; its development bears certain resemblances to that of the author's non-supernatural "Double Demon."

Both "The Dabblers" and "The Ankardyne Pew" warrant more than passing mention, not only because they are two of Harvey's best efforts, but because they bear the unmistakeable influence of M. R. James. This is manifested less by the first of the pair, which involves survival of a juvenile black mass in a school which was once a monastery possessing an evil reputation; here the similarity is more in the realm of theme, for the style and treatment are very much Harvey's own. The likeness of "The Ankardyne Pew" to James' work is too obvious to be overlooked, however; its subject-matter, treatment and style are all strikingly reminiscent of the late Provost of Eton. The story is told by extracts from letters and a diary, a favorite James device, and takes place in typically Jamesian fashion some thirty years before; it is told, moreover, by one who actually participated in the events. Its sole differing feature is a somewhat conventional religious interpretation of an encounter between forces of good and of evil---though such a circumstance could be construed as echoing the two instances where James used religion as a foil against the supernatural.

In the Ankardyne House lives the sole survivor of what was once a populous family, well known about the countryside. She is a woman of seventy-five, gentle and mild-mannered, being indeed the very opposite type of personality to her deceased relatives, who were notorious for their intemperance, lack of fidelity and domineering ways. Miss Ankardyne has realized for years that her house is haunted by something very horrible connected with pain and fire and a bird; but she has felt pity for it, and by continuing to dwell there feels she is living it down, for the manifestations are becoming weaker as each season passes. The hauntings are characterized by vague cries, "sometimes a human cry with something bird-like in it", heard both within and without the house; and inhabitants of the place frequently awaken with a sensation of burning eyes and a sharp pain in the tongue. What causes these phenomena is eventually discovered by means of a hypnotic vision seen by a chance visitor and through the finding of an anonymous account of the incident itself written in an eighteenth century book. Young Francis Ankardyne, insanely enraged because his favorite cock lost a fight when blasphemously matched with another in the family church pew, cursed the bird and burned out its eyes and tongue with a red-hot wire. Continuing his usual frenzied course of life, he gradually succumbed to an impediment of speech resembling a cock's crow, and eventually suffered progressive loss of sight; in the end he was killed by a bolting horse who took fright at his voice during a hunt.

A beautiful example of how a supernatural tale may be built upon hints and suggestive understatement is to be found in "The Clock." It is brief, and told in the first person. A woman promises her friend to go to the latter's home on a visit to the town where it is located and bring back a travelling clock the friend accidentally left behind on departing for a summer vacation. She lets herself into the house, which is deserted and shuttered barring the return of its occupants, and explores the darkened corridors and rooms. The object of her search is not on the first floor. Ascending to the second, she unlocks the doors of the rooms there, relocking each after examination. In the last chamber, ticking away on the mantelpiece, is the clock. For twelve days the house has been shut and tenantless---but the clock has but recently been wound. On impulse, she bolts the bedroom door behind her. The closets are empty. Nothing is under the

bed. And all the while the clock's ticking echoes louder and louder through the musty stillness. Can she brave the queer feeling in her throat, run back down the dim corridors to the hall below, and fumble for the front-door latch in the darkness? As the fear that she cannot assumes sickening certainty, a noise is heard....

> It was very faint at first, and seemed to be coming from the stairs. It was a curious noise---not the noise of anyone climbing the stairs, but...of something hopping up...like a very big bird would hop. I heard it on the landing; it stopped. Then there was a curious scratching noise against one of the bedroom doors, the sort of noise you can make with the nail of your little finger scratching polished wood. Whatever it was, was coming slowly down the corridor, scratching at the doors as it went.

Unable to bear the suspense, the woman opens the window, throws back the shutters, and manages to leap down to the outside lawn unhurt. After running to the road she looks back, suddenly realizing that she has left the sash open behind her. But a single glance shows that it is now shut.... The chilly feeling that this imparts to the reader is exactly as potent as the ones produced by "The Bad Lands" of John Metcalfe and H. R. Wakefield's "Blind Man's Buff," as well as Harvey's own finest tale which will be cited later in detail.

V

The three stories to be found in the next group are more straightforward and conventional. In each case the ghost is actually seen, and plays an important role. One is aware of him from the outset in both "The Beast with Five Fingers" and "The Devil's Bridge"; in "Across the Moors" the revelation of his identity constitutes the tale's climax.

"The Beast with Five Fingers" is probably too well known to require any paraphrasing here. It deals, of course, with the theme of a supernaturally animated hand which has been severed from the body of a dead man. Such subject-matter is by no means new: one can trace it back with certainty to La Main Enchantée (1855) of Gérard de Nerval, who claimed to have found the story in Belleforest's Tragic Histories, considered one of the sources of Hamlet. Although Harvey's work lacks the sardonic humor which de Nerval employed so well, it is nevertheless more integrated and artistically finished than was his French predecessor's. Its main fault, perhaps, lies in the somewhat bland reaction this horrible entity inspires in those who view it; the characters in "The Beast with Five Fingers" never seem sufficiently awed by what to them, as materialists, should be a stark violation of the world's natural order. Apart from this, the tale warrents little criticism; it is well constructed, logically developed, and provides one with a pleasantly gruesome climax.

So closely does "Across the Moors" follow the prosaic course of a Gothic ghost story that not even a surprise ending can rescue it from the limbo of the ordinary. The plot is simple: Returning home one evening by a lonely moor path, a governess meets a clergyman who is walking in her direction, and, glad of a travelling companion in the gathering darkness, accompanies him. In the ensuing conversation he tells her of an experience he once had in similar circumstances. While meditating upon a coming sermon, he met a ragged stranger who asked him the time; he answered, "Five to nine," seeing too late by the man's expression that the request had been a ruse....

> "...without a word of warning he was upon me. I felt nothing. A flash of lightning ran down my spine.... For a minute I lay

> in perfect happiness watching the lights of the house as they increased in number until the whole heaven shone with twinkling lamps.
>
> "I could not have had a more painless death."

And on looking up the governess finds herself once more alone. She runs to the house in terror, entering the hall in time to hear the stairway clock strike the hour of nine.

"The Devil's Bridge" is not, strictly speaking, a ghost story. In the broad sense of the word it is a supernatural one, but since its otherworldliness does not hinge on the malevolent, one would probably best label it a fantasy. To render this tale in precis and still retain its peculiarly effective flavor would be a difficult task---one one which this writer has no intention of attempting. The theme is familiar even to the casual follower of the outre: a pact with the devil. Obviously, then, to produce a fable of near-classic level---as this one unquestionably is---there must be a primary dependance upon characterization and atmosphere, and these Harvey manages with the utmost dexterity. Most examples of bargains with the devil are either of the Faust variety---with the hapless mortal petitioning heaven in vain as his end approaches, and being seized by a Marlovian satan on the final page---or else of a homier kind, wherein peasant wit is able to triumph over Old Scratch by capitalizing on some clever technicality. Serious and sympathetic treatment has seldom been meted out to the ruler of the nether regions. This being the case, "The Devil's Bridge" is a most welcome addition to Satanic literature. Harvey has sketched the rural French background admirably, and cast against it, his devil gains in realistic stature by sharing with its people some of their own very human frailties. He is not handsome, but disfigured by a puckering facial scar; he accomplishes the building of a bridge by the sweat of his brow rather than with muttered spells; and in his very entrance into the tiny community's life---amid a pelting rain---he remarks, "It's only the blessed saints that can ford bridgeless streams dryshod." His use of supernatural forces is marked always by a quiet rather than a melodramatic touch, and such characteristics make him a far more believable Satan than those one usually encounters in fiction.

VI

The last remaining groups of tales are small, each contributing but two stories to Harvey's total. The first division, which embraces themes of non-supernatural horror, is less important, and necessitates only passing mention. The macabre nature of "Deaf and Dumb" and "The Tortoise" is interesting in that one may relate it to Villiers de L'Isle Adam and the conte cruel school; but Harvey is undistinguished in this vein, falling far short of even the mediocre efforts of its French exponents.

The sixth and last group offers fiction which tends toward the mystical. "Shepards and Kings," the only outrightly allegorical tale so far encountered, veers sharply into a theme of religious mysticism in delineating the experience of a dying New Zealand soldier of World War I. The subject is disarmingly handled, and carries a general rather than a secularized appeal.

Admittedly the classification of "The Tool" as a story of mysticism is open to question; possibly it would be better placed in the third major grouping of the author's fiction which has already been described. However that may be, it nevertheless impresses this critic as being the finest story William Fryer Harvey has written. It is told in the first person by a curate, and describes his strange experience during a Summer walking trip in Devonshire. One day, while alone on a wide expanse of moors, he encounters a large isolated mound of shale, and simultaneously experiences a strong feeling of repulsion, an inner

warning to go away from the spot. But reason triumphs over fear, and he proceeds past the mound. On its farther side is the body of a dead man. The nearest constabulary is in a town ten miles away, and thence the curate directs his steps. On arriving there he discovers that it is not Saturday (as he supposes), but Sunday. How can an entire day have been blotted from his recollection? By a cautiously-managed conversation with the landlady at the inn he discovers that his missing day is the preceeding Wednesday, spent at that very place. Much disturbed, the man decides to bed that night at this same inn. Before retiring he discovers in a book there an illustration showing a minister gazing down at the body of a Syrian sailor he has just murdered, and the pose is disturbingly reminiscent of his own that afternoon on the lonely moor. The sickening suspicion that there may be an even closer similarity between fiction and fact than he is consciously aware of is his last thought before falling asleep. The sun is high in a clear sky when he awakes, and in the reassuring light of day he reexamines the book; but no trace of the illustration which haunted him is to be found. Heartened, he revisits the moorland spot by the shale mound, and upon finding no trace of a dead body becomes convinced that he has been suffering from a sort of hallucination. But that evening at the inn he learns that the day is not Monday, but Tuesday---another twenty-four hours has vinished from his ken by some uncanny means! More, on Monday he was seen to set out for the moor with a spade in hand, as though to bury something; and on careful examination the illustration in the book that worried him is seen to have been carefully torn from the binding.... Convinced that he is unconsciously guilty of murder, the curate gives himself up to the police, who discover the buried body near the shale mound and connect him with the crime. Eventually he is committed to an asylum for the criminally insane, where he writes his story....

> The world, I consider, is governed by God through a hierarchy of spirits...some greater and more wise than others, and to each is given his appointed task. I suppose that for some reason, which I may never know, it was necessary for that sailorman to die. It may have been necessary for his salvation that he should die in a certain way, that his soul at the last night be purged by sudden terror. I cannot say, for I was only the tool. The great and powerful (but not all-powerful) spirit did his work as far as concerned the sailor, and then, with a workman's love for his tool, he thought of me. It was not needful that I should remember what I had done---I had been lent by God, as Job was lent to Satan---but, my work finished, this spirit in his pity took from me all memory of my deed. But, as I said before, he was not omnipotent, and I suppose the longing of the brute in me to see again his handiwork guided me unconsciously to the bank of the shale on the moor, though even at the last minute I had felt something urging me not to go on. That and the chance reading of an idle...story had been my undoing; and, when for the second time I lost my memory, and some power outside myself took control in order to cover up the traces before I revisited the scene, the issue of events had passed into other hands.
>
> Sometimes I find myself wondering who that sailor was and what his life had been.
>
> Nobody knows.

It is, of course, typical of Harvey's artistry to furnish two possible explanations for the phenomenon: is the curate a simple case of insanity---or is there

more to our world than meets the eye? Since each possibility is equally stressed, the choice is up to the reader. Unquestionably this adds to the stature and effectiveness of "The Tool," which probably best exemplifies the author's talent for the dually interpreted climax.

VII

Outside of the popularity gained by "August Heat" and "The Beast with Five Fingers" Harvey's work has been accorded little critical recognition. Neither Dorothy Scarborough's Supernatural in Modern English Fiction nor H. P. Lovecraft's Supernatural Horror in Literature so much as mention these two tales, to say nothing of the author's others. As ample evidence exists to show that both of these critics were well aware of Harvey's efforts, such neglect is difficult to excuse. Newspaper reviewers of Midnight House and Moods and Tenses appear to have been favorably impressed with the stature of his fiction, but somehow their enthusiasm was never shared by either the public at large or that smaller group within it which revels in tales of the uneasy. With the publication of the author's third volume, however, he came into his own in no uncertain fashion. Doubtless the immense popularity and wide anthologizing of the title tale in The Beast with Five Fingers can be held responsible. In any event, the book saw countless reprintings in many editions, and initiated republication of his two earlier collections. To "The Beast with Five Fingers" can likewise be traced an adverse effect: so much attention has been focussed on this story that Harvey's others have not received their due acclaim. It is unjust to cite this as the only mitigating circumstance, however; the subtlety and indirection of plot development of many would be bound to appeal less to the general reading public than those following forthright and conventional patterns.

Their wide variety hinders accurate comparison of Harvey's stories according to quality. Choosing of the better ones is not difficult, but to line up these in one-two-three order would involve considerable exercise of individual taste. "The Tool," "The Ankardyne Pew," "Miss Avenal," "The Clock," "The Devil's Bridge" and "August Heat" all belong in the very first rank of supernatural fiction. Placing "The Tool" in first place has been no easy choice, for praiseworthy qualities of its companions are but slightly inferior; but, after careful consideration, it seems to this writer that it is the one which best combines a unique plot with an admirable stylistic vehicle. To split hairs and list the remaining five stories in order of merit would be an all but impossible task, for they are literally abreast of one another in quality.

A possible influence of Oliver Onions and a certain influence of M. R. James on Harvey's prose has already been noted. As far as this critic is able to judge, the stamp of no other writer of the supernatural can be clearly discerned there. It is true that Walter de la Mare, Edith Wharton, A. M. Burrage and several others have produced similar cloakings of the themes encountered here or ones closely akin to them; but if there were no others, chronological barriers alone would be sufficient to prevent closer identification of these authors with Harvey. And complicating any literary comparison is of course the author's ambidextority, his successful toyings with so many treatments of the outre.

Similarly, these factors operate against attempts to point out more modern authors who might have been influenced by Harvey. This critic feels that he can safely commit himself in only a single instance: it seems quite certain that Clark Ashton Smith's "Return of the Sorceror" shows derivation from "The Beast with Five Fingers." That his other influences on workers in the field are too minor to be perceived is genuinely regrettable, for along with James, Blackwood, Lovecraft, de la Mare and Wakefield, William Fryer Harvey---almost forgotten creator of ghosts though he may be---yet ranks among the half-dozen greatest supernatural writers of the twentieth century.

CHANNING, Mark

White Python

London: Hutchinson & Co., Ltd., 1934. 286pp. 19½cm. 7/6..
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1934. 320pp. 19½cm. $2.00.
London: Hutchinson & Co., 1935. 286pp. 19½cm. 3/6.

Synoptic review: White Python should provide a feast royal for both the lover of the supernatural and for one who likes other types of fantasy as well, for it is a novel that one can review with only the greatest of enthusiasm. Fundamentally it is concerned with the supernatural, treating a theme of ancient serpent worship, and being replete with many phases of Oriental occultism. The hero finds himself an ally of Tibetian adepts, a partaker in magical rites; and so convincingly has the author woven his atmosphere that the reader finds himself believing the truth of the strange phenomena that pass before his mind's eye.

Beneath a blue lake rumored to be bottomless lies an endless series of caverns within which lives a forgotten race of men---men blind from ages of subterranean living, who worship a great white serpent. This serpent is a living, hungry god, receving human sacrifices at periodic intervals.

There is an ancient prophecy, and the hero is identified with the man mentioned therein as coming ruler of this underworld---an underworld destined (if the prophecy is realized) to spread its rule through all the lands above the surface. He meets the woman prophecied to be his bride, the priestess Gynia---Gynia of swift-changing moods, who claims to have lived centuries, versed in ancient evil, who revels in the embrace of the forty-foot serpent and dances nude with serpentine grace before its altar while it crushes its victims to death. Efforts to save from sacrifice a captured English aviatrix, whose plane has been forced down in a nearby Himalyan valley, coupled with a psychic duel between the high priest of the serpent and a monastery llama, bring White Python to a terrific and catastrophic conclusion.

Never once, during all the intrigue and counter-intrigue, does Channing permit the aura of the supernatural to fade, and never does the plot's tension slacken. Seldom have the supernatural and exciting action been so neatly interwoven, so that it is hard indeed to understand why a book of this quality should have failed to receive greater acclaim from fantasy lovers.

---Thyril L. Iadd.

---oOo---

The Far Future of Science-Fiction---continued from page 275

reduced Tyrannosaurus to a carrion-eater is a decided threat. As for the legendary civilizations, Atlantis and its ilk should go by the board, and magic Egypt be fairly well discredited. There would still be room for stories about the quasi-civilizations that must have existed in the lost ages, and romancers could dress them up for any reader-audience that might yet remain backward-looking rather than forward-looking.

60. Temponautics: Like dimensional stories, temponautical tales are unlikely ever to be put to the test, but glossing over means by which time-travelling is accomplished will become more difficult---as it already has. (Present-day time tales which offer no explanations are relying on readers' acquaintance with Wells' classic and the specious stuff about "time as a stream" of fifteen years ago.) Of course, one-way travel from past to future presents no serious difficulties, and may even be actualized. The old-fashioned tempo tale wherein one visits the past or sees the future but is unable to change it will

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Wollheim, Donald A., editor

The Portable Novels of Science

New York: The Viking Press, 1945. 737pp. 17cm. $2.00.

Further information: This omnibus volume reprints four novels, unabridged: "The Shadow out of Time," by H. P. Lovecraft; Odd John, by Olaf Stapledon; Before the Dawn, by John Taine (Eric Temple Bell); and The First Men on the Moon, by H.G.Wells.

Synoptic review: Leading newspaper critics got to this anthology first and gave it such a thorough hiding that science-fiction fan circles, perhaps overawed by the sophisticated air of the professionals, have put up but a weak defense. It is therefore a pleasure for me to state emphatically that The Portable Novels of Science is the best book of science-fiction to appear in 1945. Indeed, it would be an important book in any year.

One critic went so far as to call Wollheim a "literary pretender." If this phrase carries its usual innuendo, it is a telling tip-off to the state of mind of the literary elite. For the closest the editor came to offending this class was the mild remark in his opening introduction: "These lines must also serve to introduce a branch of literature which has been curiously neglected by anthologists and other students of world literature." More than a little disconcerted when Arkham House brought to light first-class supernatural fiction previously unknown to them (and having begrudgingly to admit that at least H.P. Lovecraft has "something on the ball"), professional reviewers are in no frame of mind to be shown up a second time. Rather than admit their almost complete ignorance of the field, they prefer to deny the fact that science-fiction can be literature by discrediting its 1945 representative, The Portable Novels of Science.

In point of fact Wollheim has assumed no authoritative tone in his excellently composed editorial material on any subject but science-fiction. He claims specialized knowledge of but a single branch of the world's diverse literature. Leading critics, on the other hand, tacitly claim well-rounded backgrounds of all types of writing; yet they have shown themselves devoid of the qualifications needed to appraise accurately fantastic literature. Their footing is exceedingly precarious when they cry "Literary pretender!"

It is not so much that the quality of material in this collection is being directly attacked; no, the critics would have a very rough time of proving that these efforts of Wells, Stapledon, Lovecraft and Taine are trash. Indirectly, however, the same effect can be brought about by discrediting the compiler. It was inevitable that Wollheim should be made a whipping-boy when he nonchalantly remarked that the superman mutation theme was rare, even for pulp writers, and then to say, "About the only major worth-while efforts from that sector have been ...Philip Wylie's Gladiator,...Stanley G. Weinbaum's New Adam, Norvel Page's "But Without Horns" and A. E. Van Vogt's Slan. Nearest to the Odd John quality is J. D. Beresford's Hampdonshire Wonder...." Our "experts" had probably never heard of any of these novels. They were scarcely aware that the theme itself existed in literature. But they knew that if it did, and to any degree of quality or quantity, that it would be too important to disregard. The easiest way out of the dilemma, of course, was not to admit their own ignorance, but to label Wollheim a literary pretender.

That narrow-minded prejudice should blind people to the praiseworthy qualities of The Portable Novels of Science is deplorable. The book is an admirable addition to the Viking portable library: its selections are sound, and the introductory material well written and thought out. In short, it is a must for every collector's shelf.

---Sam Moskowitz.

Tips on Tales

by
John C. Nitka

Max Ehrmann's A Fearsome Riddle (1901): Professor Whitmore, the central character of this novel, received his doctor's degree from the University of Berlin, and thereafter spent some time searching through libraries in European seats of learning before returning to his native America. Back in the United States, he accepts a professorship in mathematics---his specialty---at a southern college. The professor is engrossed by the theory that life itself is governed by a mathematical principle, a definite time-rhythm accounting for animal habits. He experiments on birds, lower animals, and finally upon himself, attempting to adjust his sleeping period so that he will awaken ten minutes later each day. By using morphia injections and then chloroform, he eventually reaches the point at which he sleeps just ten minutes short of twenty-four hours a day. If his reasoning is correct, he is at that point when the body should awake and fall asleep again at the same instant---which would mean, of course, that sleep would continue until the organism died of natural causes. He sleeps---but when twenty-four hours have elapsed the professor stirs, and sighs deeply. There was no pulse in his arm---he would indeed sleep forever.... Both the age and obscurity of Ehrmann's book make a little attention to it timely, but once definitely classed in the fantasy kingdom my advice is to let A Fearsome Riddle rest in peace.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick's Third Window (1920): A veteran of World War I returnsto his home, picking up the threads of his former life as best he can. During the war his best friend has been killed, and he courts the man's widow, with whom he had always secretly been in love. But the courtship is hindered by the ghost of the dead husband, whose spirit still lingers about. A seance, conducted by the cousin of the dead man, unnerves the widow considerably, and her nerves start to disintegrate. One night, by accident or design, she takes an overdose of sedative and passes away.... This overlong short story, though though mildly interesting as a dilute psychological counterpart of Wuthering Heights, drags very sadly in spots, and never reaches a high pitch of excitement.

Stanton A. Coblentz' When the Birds Fly South (1945): A group of explorers is passing through a lonely section of the Afganistan Mountains, when one of their number has a sudden impulse to climb a nearby peak. Enlisting the company of a companion, he trudges wearily toward their goal. In a fog which arises suddenly the two men become separated, and the first explorer's companion manages to reach the main party after fruitless searching. The first, however, breaks his ankle and after spending a painful night alone on the mountainside is found by a group of natives. They take him to their settlement, and nurse him back to health. He stays with this unknown people, and eventually falls in love with one of the girls there. Only through ruses does he finally achieve his goal of marrying her. He arrived in Spring, and by now Fall has come. Mysteriously, now, all of the people disappear into thin air, one by one. The explorer manages to survive the winter, and with Spring the people reappear again as suddenly as they left. He remains happily with his wife and them, but determines that his wife shall stay with him when the the next Winter arrives. His pleadings prevail, and she remains behind despite her natural instinct to be with her people. But after all have gone, she pines unhappily, and falls ill. Before Spring she dies. She has disobeyed the gods of her calling, and failed to fly south with the birds... A dreamy, relaxing fantasy, Coblentz' brief novel is one of the brighter spots in the collector's life. When the Birds Fly South has that same atmosphere that

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The Immortal Storm

A History of Science-Fiction Fandom

by
Sam Moskowitz

(part 4)

During the depression period jobs were extremely difficult to obtain, so Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger struck upon the idea of agenting fantasy stories as a means of earning a living. Weisinger, who had some abilities as an author, began by peddling his own yarns, some of which he eventually sold. The close contacts the two had with all the important authors and editors of the day (as a result of Fantasy Magazine) soon bore fruit, and it was not long before no less a personage than Stanley G. Weinbaum was a client of their Solar Sales Agency. Schwartz and Weisinger sold virtually all of the stories that Weinbaum ever wrote, and the sheaf of correspondence concerning them is one of the most treasured items in Schwartz' files today. Henry Hasse was another author on their list, as were P. Schuyler Miller, J. Harvey Haggard, Dr. David H. Keller, Thomas S. Gardner and others. It was through the Solar Sales Agency that Weisinger first came in contact with Leo Margolies' comparitively new magazine-chain, Standard Publications. And later, when Standard purchased Wonder Stories, events showed that Margolies had not forgotten the young fellow who had continually tried to sell stories to him.

Schwartz took over the agency himself when Margolies left in 1936, and several years later, when newstand fantasy titles were cropping up every month, his reputation as "science-fiction specialist" bore fruit, and his business became even more successful. At times, complete issues of science-fiction magazines were composed of material purchased from the Schwartz agency. His early start in the field had gained for him such popular writers as Eando Binder, John Russell Fearn, Manly Wade Wellman, Malcolm Jameson, Leigh Brackett, Ray Bradbury, David V. Reed, and many, many others. (Later fans turned agent---such as Frederick Pohl, Robert W. Lowndes and Sam Moskowitz---found the pickings lean indeed, and theirs was the harder task of selling the work of new writers.)

Shortly after the inception of the Science Fiction League, Hornig created another new feature for Wonder Stories, "The Science Fiction Swap Column." This column was composed of advertisements of fans who had anything to buy, sell or exchange, and the rate charged (two cents a word) was eminently reasonable. It was through this medium that many readers learned that fan magazines existed, and it was the first important means whereby those fan magazines could reach the attention of new converts.

The column also encouraged fans to issue their own amateur efforts, and a number of such publications did spring up as a result. They were mostly of a a poor grade, however. One was The Science-Fiction Review, edited and published by R. H. Holland, Jr., of Owensboro, Kentucky. Holland's attempt was juvenile in almost every respect---the format, method of duplication and type of material varying with every issue. It can be imagined that the magazine did not have a very large circulation as a result. Nevertheless, by the time Holland reached a sixth number The Science-Fiction Review was at least an interesting commentary on current news, and boasted a single worthwhile column, E. H. Lichtig's "Science-Fiction Film Comment."

However, in November, 1935 one Claire P. Beck of Reno, Nevada advertised a publication of his own in the Wonder Stories Column, this also being entitled The Science-Fiction Review. This small-sized, four-paged, mimeographed affair showed no virtue other than neatness, and immediately incurred the wrath of Holland, who felt he had enough trouble on his hands without the title of his

magazine being appropriated. Beck acceded to Holland's request that a change be made, and thereby did himself one of the greatest favors of his fan career, for he titled his second issue The Science Fiction Critic, thus obligating himself to take a critical view of the field, which he did with a vengeance. The provocative nature of the articles he published made his magazine an immediate success, for there was at that time no other periodical devoted exclusively to constructive or destructive criticism. Beck's Critic quickly became noted for both. The second number inaugurated a department conducted by the editor's brother Clyde, who had won an honorable mention in an Air Wonder Stories contest some six years back. This department was devoted to "smashing idols and eyesores of science-fiction, and welding and shaping the fragments into better form"; the four essays that resulted were later compiled into a neat little pamphlet that carried the column's heading, "Hammer and Tongs." Beck's impartiality to the feuds of that time was characterized by a display of both the TFG and the SFL emblems, side by side, on his magazine's cover. The Beck brothers, who had acquired a hand press, turned out their next issue in printed format, and a neatly executed job it was. Edward J. Carnell's column "Europe Calling" was added, and an article by C. Hamilton Bloomer appeared. Bloomer, as we shall see, was to play an important part in fandom's history.

Holland, meanwhile, was becoming exceedingly dissatisfied with his Science-Fiction Review, and was tiring also of his attempts to dabble in fan feuds of the day, characterized by an attack on the SFL made more out of friendship for Wollheim than because of personal interest. The unfavorable manner in which his magazine compared with the Becks' printed one caused him to seek out means for having The Science-Fiction Review printed also. The Becks were among those contacted in an effort to accomplish this; however, nothing ever came of it, and, feeling he could accomplish little of benefit to fandom in his present medium, Holland finally ceded all rights to The Science-Fiction Review to Wollheim. Wollheim turned out a single carbon-copied number, which is of interest only because it referred to The Canadian Science Fiction Fan, produced "by a chap in Vancouver, B. C., where we least expected a fan to live! A fair little magazine." This constitutes the first and last mention of what appears to have been the first Canadian fan magazine, published in early 1936.

One day in late October, 1935, a number of fans received what is best termed a "thing" from East Orange, N. J. It was titled The Planeteer, and was perpetrated by a fifteen-year-old member of the ICSC, James Blish. The publication consisted of twelve small, readably hectographed pages, and was dated November, 1935. It featured a "complete novel" condensed to six pages and accompanied by some unbelievably crude illustrations. A single pin served as a binder. Just about the only encouragement that Blish received was from Wollheim, who had originally suggested the title to Astounding Stories as suitable for a companion magazine. Ackerman termed Blish's story as "comparable to an O'Leary yarn." And indeed, Blish did show an above-average writing aptitude for his age. Undaunted by the scanty praise coming his way, and though his finances were meager, Blish nevertheless continued to issue and improve his periodical. Its size was enlarged and a mimeograph was procured to duplicate it; William Miller, Jr., a fan who lived nearby, was added to the staff in the art editor's capacity, and several columns introduced. By its sixth monthly number The Planeteer was quite presentable, as fan publications go. Blish's error was similar to that of many other early fans. He, like them, attempted to emulate professional publications---and made a sorry farce of it. Indeed, Blish once went so far as to purchase from Laurence Manning (a professional science-fiction author) a short story entitled "The Coal Thief." The less said about its quality the better, but Manning was paid for the tale at a similar rate as that dispensed by Wonder Stories. Such a

policy was suicidal for a publication which never obtained sufficient subscriptions to pay even for its paper.

It was now obvious that in addition to the first stratum of fandom, prime examples of which were the producers of Fantasy Magazine and Marvel Tales, and the second stratum, which centered about the Terrestrial Fantascience Guild and the International Cosmos Science Club, yet a third fandom was forming. This ranked below the other two in power and importance, and was composed largely of very young fans, who, despite undeveloped talents and little support, were independantly minded enough to refuse to merge their identities with more experienced groups. Beck and Blish, with their Science-Fiction Critic and Planeteer, were typical of the third fandom, and while they at first appeared to drift along with the tide, they and their fellows were soon to strike out on their own and become a major force in fan history.

XI

The SFL-ISA Showdown

As 1935 drew to a close, the tumultous strife between the International Cosmos Science Club and the Science Fiction League entered its final stages following the expulsion of Sykora, Wollheim and Michel from the League roster.

Here it might be propitious to inquire how the ICSC was faring in its relationships with the professionals generally. Was it facing a solid bloc of professional antagonism? Was the SFL really the battle-ground for all the professionals against the fans? The answer to both questions is an emphatic No. Both F. Orlin Tremaine and T. O'Conor Sloane, editors of Wonder Stories' major competitors, had shown far greater wisdom than Hornig in their relations with the organization. When the ICSC asked Sloane for permission to use an emblem symbolizing science-fiction that Amazing Stories had used as a cover illustration, Sloane could find "no objection." Early in existence Tremaine acknowledged a complimentary copy of The International Observer sent him, saying, "I was really surprised at the pretentious presentation of your International Observer. It would seem to me that you're coming forward as a group. I wish you all the luck in the world." Thus, with a few simple words, Tremaine gained the undying gratitude and cooperation of the ICSC. Throughout its existence it maintained the most cordial relations with Astounding Stories, and in the latter magazine news and publicity of the club was occasionally published. Tremaine, editor of a magazine paying the highest rates in the field, had everything to gain by having Gernsback's shoddy ethics contrasted with his own, but it is doubtful if this motivated his actions to any marked extent. It is obvious how easily and simply Hornig might have obtained cooperation from the ICSC instead of firing embers of hate. A few lines of publicity for the club in his letter column, a more tactful reply to its querying letter---and the entire history of the Science Fiction League might have been markedly changed.

In the meantime Will Sykora, who had always cast an envious eye at Raymond A. Palmer's International Scientific Association, now wrote Palmer, urging him to sanction a consolidation of the old ISA with the ICSC, particularly since the ISA had never sounded an official death-knell, rather remaining in a state of suspended animation. By absorbing the older group Sykora saw an opportunity to gain for the ICSC a long, honorable history, a distinguished name, and unquestioned supremacy as the leading fan organization of the time. To Palmer it meant ridding himself of his obligations expeditiously and honorably. So, with its first anniversary issue The International Observer combined with Cosmology and printed a letter from Palmer, in which the latter announced handing over his club lock, stock and barrel to the ICSC. Although the International Cosmos Science Club did not officially change its title, it everywhere publicized itself as the

ISA, becoming so well known by this abbreviation that most fans forgot that there had ever been an older version of the organization.

With this bit of business consummated, the new ISA prepared to launch a counterblow at the SFL for expelling three of its members. For this purpose they resurrected yet another old-time club organ, The Planet, official publication of the Scienceers. Its name was changed to The Scienceer, but continuity with the old volume-numbering was retained, so that the magazine proved eventually to be the final issue of The Planet. (Permission to use the old title, it might be noted, had long since been obtained by Sykora in his abortive attempt to revive the Scienceers prior to formation of the ISA.) It was quite outspokenly termed "the first political fan magazine," and, as a slap at the Fantasy Magazine group, was dedicated to Allan Glasser, "former editor, knifed in the back by his 'best friend'." The exact incident referred to is obscure, but probably is the plaigarism incident in which Glasser was involved.

The Scienceer featured an article titled "The Fall of the New York Science Fiction League," in which Sykora, Wollheim and Michel gave the reasons for the local chapter's lack of success, rehashed again the story of Gernsback's non-payment scandal, and denied that they had been guilty of actions treasonous to the SFL's ideals and purposes, claiming their activities in the field as evidence of their loyalty. To quote from the article---

> ...The SFL has only one purpose and that is to continually broaden the scope and popularize the art of science-fiction. ...Is it treasonous and disloyal to collect from Wonder Stories, the backer of the SFL, what is justly owed? Perhaps it is against the advancement of science-fiction to permit authors to be paid for their work....

To these uncomfortable questions posed by the "outcasts" Charles D. Hornig's reply was not forthcoming. Readers were urged to shun the reshuffled chapter of the New York City SFL, emphasizing its "dictatorial aspects" by inviting them to join instead the local ISA group, titling it "a free man's club."

Had The Scienceer received wider distribution, and had its subject-matter been presented with a trifle more restraint, the results could have been damaging to the league indeed. The magazine is of further interest in that there was published the first official announcement of the ICSC's changing its name to the International Scientific Association. This information was not even mentioned, strangely enough, in the current International Observer---possibly because the issue was stencilled some time in advance of publication.

All this time Sykora and Wollheim had been regular attendants at meetings of the East New York SFL chapter, phonomenally successful offshoot of the the dormant Brooklyn group and publishers of Arcturus. At one of these Hornig happened to be present; indignant at finding expelled members about, he asked that they be barred from attending future gatherings. But Sykora and Wollheim, quite popular with fans of the time, were defended by others present, who demanded that Hornig express his views on the matter more explicitly before they would consent to take any action. Realizing that he was edging into the non-payment angle, however, Hornig wisely did not press his point nor elaborate on his accusations.

But this was the last straw. The spark had reached the magazine, and the long-awaited explosion took place. It was without precedent in drama, and superceded in brute dictatorial force anything the ISA had hitherto resorted to. The second meeting of the reorganized New York chapter was in progress, with Hornig presiding, in a New York school room. Suddenly the clumping of many shoes was heard, and in burst Sykora and Wollheim at the head of eight other youths (not all science-fiction fans) recruited from the streets for rough action if

necessary. Sykora walked up to Julius Schwartz, a member of the audience, and shook a fist under his nose as a gesture of defiance to the Fantasy Magazine group. Then with the aid of his comrades he chased Hornig from the platform. Producing a gavel of his own (one which later became famous, being wielded at many conventions and fan gatherings), Sykora proceeded to call the meeting to order in the name of the New York branch of the International Scientific Association. Such brazen effrontery left the audience too flabbergasted to protest. Wollheim then ascended the platform and vividly outlined his sad experiences with Hugo Gernsback, which he was still in the process of detailing when the building superindent---probably summoned by Hornig---arrived and broke up the gathering.

But the blaze was to leap still higher. The next meeting of the East New York chapter found all aggrieved parties present, in addition to numerous visitors. It was a banner assembly. Hornig seized upon this opportunity to expose the culprits. He dealt in detail with the campaign they had carried on against Wonder Stories through the TFG and the ISA, citing such incidents as the anonymous letters from "The Fantasiest" sent to heads of many SFL chapters. He claimed that the ISA members were not fighting for democracy, but were actually attempting to seize control of the fan world themselves. But Wollheim's talk at the dramatic meeting mentioned above had evidently proved more effective than was believed possible. The audience scarcely gave Hornig's talk fair consideration. Members conversed among themselves, many not taking the slightest trouble to listen, so firmly were they convinced that he was wrong.

Then William Sykora arose to give his side of the dispute. And in a flash of comprehension the New York fan world realized that the drive against the Science Fiction League had changed leadership. Previously neutral, Sykora was now in the driver's seat, and was forcing the bitter campaign to a short, hard-fought conclusion. Behind-the-scenes plotting, the grand strategy of the campaign against the League as expressed by the last few numbers of The International Observer and The Scienceer, the New York chapter fiasco---all of these were now traceable directly to him. He was the master-mind harnessing Donald Wollheim's fighting rhetoric, with his organizing and political abilities now plainly evident. Argument by Argument, Sykora ripped the salient points of Hornig's appeal to shreds. And the audience, already leaning toward his views, now swung over en masse.

There was but a single attempt to halt the shifting tide of opinion. George Gordon Clark, editor of The Brooklyn Reporter and organizer of the defunct Brooklyn chapter, rose to throw in his lot with Hornig's. The ISA had long suspected him of favoring the Wonder Stories clique, but until then Clark had expressed his views so cleverly that on one occasion an ISA reviewer had remarked in The International Observer that The Brooklyn Reporter did "not seem to show the slightest control by the SFL." Now, however, he sided openly with Hornig against the ISA. He slandered Sykora and Wollheim, his words being so strong that Wollheim threatened to file suit for slander if retraction were not made. Forced later to withdraw his statements, Clark with this action virtually resigned from fan activity. Though Wollheim probably received full credit for driving an opponent from the field, it should also be remembered that he was tiring of fandom anyway, so that loss of face was simply the deciding factor.

The forces of Hornig were now in utter rout, though how complete his defeat was was not apparent for yet another month. At that time Hornig was reduced to offering reinstatement to Sykora, Wollheim and Michel on condition they apologize for past offenses. Sykora at first seemed irreconcilable, though he had been less maligned than Wollheim, who, with Michel, gave serious consideration to the proposal. All three were reinstated at a later date, although it is extremely unlikely that they made amends for anything less flagrant than the breaking up of the New York SFL meeting.

XII
The Decline of the SFL and the ISA's Bid for Power

The February, 1936 Arcturus announced the dissolution of the Eastern New York Science Fiction League chapter by a unanimous vote of the membership. In its place was to be a new organization, the Independant League for Science Fiction. Members listed the following reasons for their action, which was obviously an aftermath of the last SFL-ISA clash: First of all, they felt that the SFL was not altruistic, but purely commercial in nature. In the second place, it was a dictatorship headed by a single individual, with no machinery available for his removal or for the election of new officers, since there was no written constitution. Thirdly, the reputation of Wonder Stories was detrimental to any organization it sponsored. Fourthly, such chapter organs as Arcturus, The Fourteen Leaflet and The Brooklyn Reporter gave fuller, more helpful information about the League than the latter's own column in Wonder Stories. And lastly, because three members had been expelled before being given any opportunity to speak in their own defense. The Eastern New York chapter now termed itself the Brooklyn League for Science Fiction. Its members were Harold Kirschenblit, Donald A. Wollheim, Frederick Pohl, Herman Lovontman, Milton White, Israel Brodsky, Morris Davis, R. Drucker, Morris Miller, Louis Heynick, Irving Posow, William S. Sykora and Bernard Weldt.

The Science Fiction League had now lost control of the last important New York chapter. And in the Independant League for Science Fiction it had a bone stuck permanently in its throat; the newly formed group was a constant reminder to fans of a battle the SFL had lost, a sure guarantee that formation of any new local chapter would be frustrated. Despite this, however, progress continued to be reported from elsewhere in the country, and for a short while it appeared that the ISA's victory was local in character. But that this was far from the truth soon became evident.

In December, 1935 the SFL granted a charter to a group of Denver fans, all of active importance, Olon F. Wiggins, Fred J. Walsen and Mervyn Evans. When informed of the details behind the SFL-ISA fracas, however, they rescinded all League ties, and applied for a local ILSF charter, which was granted. Similarly the Albany chapter headed by A. L. Solikowitz, which included P. Schuyler Miller in its retinue, and the Nassau chapter headed by A. J. Aisenstein also resigned from the Science Fiction League, though small memberships prevented their being given charters from the ILSF. What further progress the organization might have made against the SFL is debatable, but in any event strife was broken off, for with dramatic suddenness Wonder Stories was sold.

In an effort to counteract diminishing circulation, Hugo Gernsback had proposed a scheme whereby readers would receive copies of Wonder Stories directly from the company upon remitting the 15¢ cover price, thus eliminating the publisher's losses on useless unsold copies of the magazine that were returned from newsstands. But the handful of readers who cooperated was insufficient to keep the periodical in existence, even at a slight profit. Disappointed, Gernsback cast about for a purchaser who would take Wonder Stories off his hands, finally completing arrangements with Leo Margolies of Better Publications, Inc.

For four months during mid-1936 the future of the SFL was therefore in doubt, and the very presence of doubt was enough to sever the comparatively tenuous links that bound the scattered chapters to the sponsoring home office. Most of the smaller ones disappeared permanently, and the larger groups---like the Los Angeles and Chicago chapters---marked time anxiously until their new status could be determined.

Then word came through that Weisinger, veteran fan and co-editor of Fantasy Magazine, was to edit a rejuvenated Wonder Stories. Fans breathed a sigh

of relief. Frowns creased their brows anew, however, when they learned that the new magazine was to be titled Thrilling Wonder Stories. Furthermore, Margolies was reported to have stated point-blank that he did not plan on catering to the active fans, who he claimed were "a loud minority." But the SFL would be continued, nevertheless.

Fans naturally wondered how this would effect the Independant League for Science Fiction. The answer was swift in appearing. Despite the fact that the ILSF had no personal argument with the new SFL sponsors, the same aura of commercialism and dictatorship surrounded the latter organization; therefore, although the ILSF would remain ostensibly at peace with the SFL, it would continue its status of an active, independant body. And shortly thereafter it published its constitution. It appeared that fandom had a representative organization at last.

Pride of the greater New York fans was the monthly publication Arturus. From the attractively artistic covers through to last-page advertisements it was a periodical of absorbing interest. "The Circle," by "The Ringmaster," kept fandom informed, in political commentary style, of late developments in the SFL-ISA strife, as well as on other topical items. The magazine carried a column of the most recent science-fiction news of Britain, written by Edward J. Carnell. Articles on early fan magazines, interviews with professionals in the fantasy field, reviews of current science-fiction and occasional fan-written stories were also regularly in evidence. Undoubtedly the most popular feature, however, was a column titled "13," conducted by "Willy the Wisp," a pseudonym of Donald Wollheim. "13" was composed of squibs on thirteen prominent characters or fans in science-fiction---sometimes complimentary, always newsy, frequently barbed. It was the forerunner of a similar, but more detailed, column "As Others See Us," published in The Science Fiction Fan, which proved equally popular.

In the January, 1936 installment of "13" Wollheim had this to say about Forrest J. Ackerman:

> He doesn't know it, but when his name is mentioned in stf circles, it causes considerable snickers and suppressed laughter. This obstreperous author-pester, silly-letter writer, and what-have-you, is now going off half-baked on Esperanto and Universal Languages, a subject which he really doesn't know any too much about. Recently renounced citizenship in the United States by joining the World Society of Nationless People.

Ackerman could scarcely allow such slurs to remain uncommented upon, and he dispatched a heated letter to the editor of Arcturus, condemning "Willy the Wisp" and denying some of his accusations. But in a special two-page reply entitled "Soz You," Wollheim added insult to injury by elaborating in humorous fashion on his previous remarks, retracting only his statement that Ackerman was no longer a United States citizen, though he added that he considered Ackerman hypocritical in joining the World Society of Nationless People if he did not intend to renounce national citizenship. Through inability or disinclination, Ackerman did not counter further, and the incident was duly recorded in fan journals of the period as the Wollheim-Ackerman feud despite the brief period of its duration. That Ackerman was not sufficiently embittered to bear any grudge is indicated by his ready collaboration with Wollheim on several later occasions.

Finally, Arcturus is of historical interest because of the appearance in its pages of some of the earliest examples of "Ghughuism," a mock religion of Wollheim's concoction that might well be relegated to the same position as the previously mentioned SPWSSTFM affair. Wollheim took the god's position in this parody of religion, gathering about him a lavishly titled circle of adherents.

"Ghughuism" endured a longer period than the alphabetical societies, but its tenets were never clarified, nevertheless. In later years when his associates appeared to follow his lead in fan affairs without question, many wondered almost seriously if Wollheim were not actually regarded as a deity in truth.

The collapse of Wonder Stories and its resultant change of ownership was glad news to the ISA members, who had scarcely hoped to have Gernsback and Hornig so completely disposed of. In their gloating they gave themselves the lion's share of credit for the overthrow of the Gernsback crew, forgetting that in many respects their relentless campaign possessed more nuisance value than lethal potency, and that Wonder Stories' failure was primarily due to economic conditions of the time. And in their joy at winning their battle, too, the ISA voiced little criticism of the comparitively inferior policies of Thrilling Wonder Stories, overlooking entirely the unwelcome assurances of editor Margolies that blood-and-thunder juvenility was his fictional aim. This attitude is also an indication of the extent to which personal dislike of Gernsback and Hornig---rather than of their policies---played a part in the ISA campaign.

In the interim, however, attempts were made by the organization to bid for control of many disintegrating SFL chapters. In the May, 1936 number of the International Observer was introduced "The SFL Page," conducted by Alan J. Aisenstein, director of the Nassau SFL; this column carried news of the League chapters (most of which were sadly inactive) in the period when Wonder Stories had suspended appearance, and the ISA hoped by this means to lure at least a small percentage of the science-fictionists and -hobbyists from the ruins of the SFL. Despite the fact that sample copies of The International Observer were dispatched to many of the chapter heads the policy was never particularly successful, and as soon as it was realized that Thrilling Wonder Stories was to continue the SFL column the ISA ceased its efforts altogether.

Not all of the group's activities in this period were politically-minded, however. Aware that it was science-fiction's tenth anniversary of appearance in magazine form, New York members of the ISA arranged a celebration in honor of the event. On Sunday, May 3, 1936 a party consisting of Michel, Goudket, Pohl, Aisenstein, Blish, Kirshenblit, Sykora and Wollheim attended a showing of the splendid film based on H. G. Wells' story, Things to Come. Despite the date, it was one of the first purely social gatherings seen in fandom, meetings being as a rule leavened by business activities.

At a meeting of the New York branch of the ISA George Gordon Clark, no longer active in fandom, was given the final shove toward oblivion when it was unanimously voted to expel him from membership in the local group because of activities treasonous to its best interests. (These were characterized by his attack on the ISA at an ILSF meeting; his alleged Rosicrucianist beliefs, moreover, were never looked upon with favor by other fans thereabouts.) Clark rallied sufficiently to protest that such an action by the ISA smacked of the very procedure that had so embittered members expelled from the SFL, and that it was dictatorial in essence. Secretary Wollheim replied to the effect that ISA meetings were open to the accused, and that he could have been present to defend himself had he so desired. More, the vote had been taken in democratic fashion, and the expulsion was merely from the local branch, not from the ISA itself. As time showed, Clark was insufficiently interested in fandom to renew his membership in that organization when it presently expired.

By now the continued presence of Wollheim's name in fan controversy after fan controversy was becoming noticeable, as was his tendancy to take a few parting shots at opponents after their defeat was obvious. This latter especially was in evidence in his "Sun Spots" column, whose very high news value was then and later impaired by items presented in such a fashion as to prick the hides of downed antagonists.

Throughout 1936 the ISA rode high. Its official organ, The International Observer, continued to appear regularly and to improve in quality. John B. Michel's "Humanity Must Look to the Stars," which was published in the September number of that year has an especial significance, for it revealed clearly Michel's leftist political beliefs, bedrock of the later Michelist movement, of which we will later have more to say. Also again and again in the pages of the International Observer Sykora kept requesting someone who could write as well as Wollheim to volunteer for the position of science-hobbyist reporter. The only answer was a slow but inevitable increase of the magazine's science-fiction content; the great majority of newcomers to the ISA, moreover, were recruited from the ranks of active fandom, names of science-hobbyist members being few and far between.

Now that the battle with the SFL had ended, leaders of the ISA began to regard the Independant League for Science Fiction as a boulder in the path of their progress. Meetingsof the latter's Brooklyn branch were better attended than were many of the ISA's, and the ILSF's very title sounded as though it were an organization created for science-fiction purists (though in actuality it had many science-hobbyists in its ranks) in contrast to that of the ISA, so that new fans as a rule drifted first into the orbit of the ILSF. Then, too, the ISA had been rather unsuccessful in recruiting members from ex-SFL chapters. Sykora not unnaturally would have very much liked to see his ISA absorb the newer group, and hit upon a plan that would accomplish this very feat. With the same thoroughness and flare for the dramatic that had marked the successful culmination of his plans against the SFL, he mapped out a line of action against the ILSF, keeping his supporters fully informed as to the particulars. The ILSF meeting of Friday, November 6, 1936 was the zero hour.

On that day when Sykora arose to deliver his carefully planned talk he found himself facing a nine-man group composed of Kosow, Drucker, Hornick, Hahan, Loventman, Wollheim, Kyle, Pohl and Kirshenblit. As he began to speak there was a note of sureness in his voice, a confidence that only the knowledge of a well-laid scheme and cooperating minions could inspire. In brief, he stated that members of the ISA (as well as some in the ILSF, including some who belonged to both organizations) believed that meetings of the ILSF were proving of scant value, that the club was drifting into lethargy, and that its only hopeful future required coalition with the ISA.

Dramatic as these words were, the members of the ILSF were not taken completely by surprise. Some propaganda to this effect had been circulated for some time, emanating from those who were also ISA members. And in discussion among themselves they had been forced to concede that ILSF meetings were not indeed all that could be desired; however, they were even more certain that merging with another group would not solve the problem.

At this juncture Kirshenblit asked Sykora why, as an ILSF member, he had not broached his opinion at a prior meeting. So imbued with self-confidence was Sykora that he abandoned all pretense of tact, replying bluntly that his sole reason for joining the group in the first place had been to induce its members to join the ISA, and that since the increasing lethargy of the club had fallen in with his plans he had seen no reason to remedy it. ILSF members were thunderstruck. For the past two years the ISA had come to personify a Sir Lancelot of fandom, striking out in righteous wrath at those who would enslave it. It represented every fan's resistance against blatant, heartless commercialism. But now it was evolving into a monster in its own right. And the unheeded words of Charles D. Hornig, spoken a short time ago in that very room, now seemed to echo out of the emptiness to haunt them---"The ISA is attempting to seize control of fandom itself!"

Now that Kirshenblit had given Sykora to understand that the ILSF was

to refuse his offer---"demand" would probably be a better term---what was to happen? The answer was not long in coming. All members of the ILSF who were also members of the ISA resigned en masse. These were Sykora, Kyle, Wollheim, Michel and Pohl. The loss of five prominent members of such a club as the ILSF, already lethargic, proved ultimately fatal.

Two days later a startling aftermath occurred. These five ex-members held a meeting (of which other ILSF followers were not informed) at which a new ILSF chapter constitution was adopted. (Five individuals not making up a majority of ILSF chapter membership, the adopted constitution was obviously illegal.) Backed up by this spurious constitution, a majority of the five voted to have Pohl---one of their number---refund them the dues they had paid to the organization's treasury, excepting monies remitted in each case for copies of the official organ, Arcturus. But Pohl balked. Dispite hot words, he refused to carry this travesty on legality to such lengths without the express consent of Kirshenblit (director of the club), who was of course not present. Later, indeed, he turned over the ILSF treasury to Kirshenblit intact, and even went so far as to announce his intention of retaining membership,

Kirshenblit, meanwhile, had viewed the mass resignation with anything but calm silence, having tagged the deserters as "cowardly." Wollheim promptly lashed back with a vitriolic answer to this and other epithets, requesting ballots for ISA members who had "resigned." Kirshenblit left it to the membership to decide whether or not the oral resignations constituted legal departures, and the group decided that they did. He further answered Wollheim's missive, clarifying some of his previous epithets but not retracting any, saying that his use of the word "cowardly" referred mainly to Wollheim's and Sykora's disrupting the New York SFL meeting at which Hornig presided. (This, we might note, was the first opposition Wollheim had yet encountered on his record, and it presaged the later general use of this record of controversies by the man's enemies---sometimes to devastating effect.)

Kirshenblit now claimed the chapter purged of its unwelcome adherents, and voiced the opinion that the action would produce a salutary effect. But when the dust had cleared he found himself heading an anemic organization of six members. They managed to issue two more inferior numbers of Arcturus, the last being dated January 1937, before complete collapse. One of the last notes on the ILSF was carried in "Sun Spots" in the November, 1936 International Observer:

> ...The ILSF, which was carried on almost solely by its Brooklyn chapter, is now on the verge of dissolution. If information gathered by our correspondent is correct, the members plan one more issue of their organ, Arcturus, after which it will be dropped. The Brooklyn League will become merely a bunch of fellows engaged in science-experimenting (otherwise known as kidding around---in this writer's opinion).

This brief battle had two important effects. Firstly, their victory over the ILSF was to prove pyrrhic to ISA members; in wantonly destroying what was essentially a friendly organization when its absorption failed the ISA inadvertantly had sown the seeds of its own destruction.

Secondly, Wollheim's parenthetical remark anent science-hobbyists that has been quoted above was---though neither man was probably conscious of it---the first step that led from coolness to open, bitter enmity between him and Sykora. The effect of such sarcastic scoffing on Sykora can be well imagined; to him, who at that time held an unshaking belief in the worth and efficacy of science as a hobby, Wollheim's statement amounted to indirect sabotage of the International Scientific Association's very foundations. The trust he had reposed in the man now smacked of foolhardiness. So, from that time forward, Sykora took Wollheim

less into his confidence. But Wollheim, despite his frequent callousness in wounding the feelings of others, was himself a sensitive person, easily susceptible to hurt; he recognized Sykora's change of attitude almost immediately, and felt at a loss to account for it. Sykora, on his part, met inquiries with evasions, asserting that his own attitude had undergone no change whatsoever. But to Michel he unburdened himself, confessing a distrust for Wollheim, and expressing the belief that his influence was harmful to the club---all this being precipitated by a long discussion with Michel concerning The International Observer's policy. (As might be guessed, it was the same bone of contention all over again ---science-fiction vs. science-hobbying.) Sykora's views, not unnaturally, eventually reached Wollheim's ears, and Wollheim felt there was but one course open to him. This he took, publishing the following open letter to Sykora in the November, 1936 issue of The International Observer:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Feeling that I no longer have the honor of your confidence, I hereby tender my resignation as Acting Treasurer of the International Scientific Association.

Accompanying this resignation was another one by John B. Michel, asking that he be relieved of his editorial duties because of poor health and business matters. Michel's reasons were legitimate, but there is little doubt but that his growing friendship for Wollheim prompted its simultaneous issuance.

Despite everything, Wollheim had unquestionably been a loyal and valuable member of the ISA. He had worked hand in hand with Sykora on previous club projects, had fought side by side with him during ISA battles. Consequently fans were surprised to learn of the apparent rift between the two men.

Sykora accepted Michel's resignation, but refused to accept Wollheim's, claiming that his work for the ISA had been exemplary. Wollheim then withdrew his resignation, and there is no doubt that the strain had been alleviated to some extent. But the seeds of doubt had been sown.

Sykora then appointed Pohl editor of the club periodical in Michel's place. In retrospect this was both a very good and a very bad choice for him to make. It was good because Pohl had a definite talent for editorial work, and the interest of the magazine's contents swerved upward almost immediately. It was bad---from Sykora's point of view, at least---because Pohl was at heart predominately a science-fictionist who cared little for science as a hobby. And soon, where fiction and derived topics had never filled up more than a third of The International Observer, they now took up close to double that amount. The science-hobbyists began to voice faint, uneasy complaints and Sykora began to frown. On this unsteady note the ISA worked toward its greatly important concluding activities in early 1937.

XIII
The Science Fiction Advancement Association

Prior to 1936 the West Coast had been involved in few activities of national scope. The Los Angeles SFL chapter continued to hold meetings on varying scales of interest, and there is no hint in all available records of any serious discord in the group. Though fandom at large envied their sometimes over-reported meetings, members otherwise were well out of the public eye, enjoying the oblivion that is the usual lot of an efficient, well-functioning, localized machine.

Claire P. Beck's Science Fiction Critic was the first attempt by a West Coast fan to launch some project on a national scale, as has already been noted. But Beck was in no way connected with the Los Angeles group, nor was C. Hamilton Bloomer, the second fan from the area to attempt something not merely local in

scope. Bloomer resided in San Francisco, and when Claire Beck moved there to live with his brother Clyde (who was attending college) the two quickly became friends. Bloomer's first appearance in the fan press was a previously mentioned article in The Science Fiction Critic.

There is little available information on Bloomer the man, but he was a chemist by occupation and would appear from the mature cast of his writings to have been older than the average fan of the time. Through association with Beck he was encouraged to strike out on his own; the result was a national organization called The Science Fiction Advancement Association. It was introduced to the fan world through several advertisements in Beck's Critic.

No information as to the aims and ideals of the club are anywhere to be found in its official publication. Apparently its very title was supposed to be self-explanatory. Joining the organization was not even strongly urged. Bloomer merely asked its members to buy their science-fiction magazines from local newsstands rather than purchasing them second-hand, and decried also the practice of clubs buying single copies that were subsequently passed among the memberships. The SFAA offered virtually no advantages to members in exchange for dues of fifty cents, for even the association's official organ cost them extra. Democratic processes were non-existent, for the club had no constitution, merely being carried on under the leadership of Bloomer, who headed a board of directors composed Lee Hertzberg, Claire Beck, Kathryn Kelly and Byron H. Geer.

The SFAA's official organ was called Tesseract, and was the first fan publication to be reproduced by multigraph. Its first (March, 1936) number harbored little material of general interest, the bulk of the issue being taken up with a short story of no outstanding virtue, William Mitchell's "Stone Face on Venus," which significantly contained many fragmentary bits of scientific information, such as formulas pertaining to rockets and the like. Material of the latter type, while it never predominated, nevertheless persisted present during the magazine's entire life. Obviously a portion of the SFAA's membership was composed of science-hobbyists, and Bloomer thus made mild but continuous attempts to capture their support.

As issue after issue of Tesseract appeared, it became obvious that the Science Fiction Advancement Association was to be a success, and its membership list grew rapidly. Apparently there was a widespread desire at the time for a national fan organization, and fans were willing to support any attempt of such a kind. Also it should be strongly emphasized that up until then lack of democracy in a club was never regarded as an unanswerable argument against it. From the very beginning fan organizations had been run by "strong men," and provided that their aim had been the common good of the multitude such procedure was never questioned. Some even went so far as to claim that because of the cameradie among fans and their alleged above-average intelligence and their willingness to work selflessly toward a common goal, no confining rules were needed. Thus we can see that fandom as a whole had an accepted code of behavior, an ethical pattern which was generally acknowledged and conformed to, and which had the same authority as an unwritten law of society. It was felt that fans made up a fraternity rather than a congress, that those who were willing to do the work should receive the titles and the credit. In short, anyone who produced would be almost automatically recognized as the leader. Few if any men attained leadership on a promise to achieve---top positions were gained on the strength of past progress with little electioneering and campaigning present to confuse the issue. This code persisted until shortly before the first World Science Fiction Convention of 1939, when the maligning and invective of bitter feuds caused fans to look upon one another with suspicion that demanded stringent regulations in their official organizational affairs.

(to be continued)

Thumbing the Munsey Files

with William H. Evans

The August, 1906 Argosy printed one of the earliest superman stories. In "Samson the Second," a two-part serial by Lawrence G. Byrd, an unexplained device bestows preternatural strength on the hero. His various adventures until the abnormality disappears are well told. In September, our inventing friend is on hand again; he decides to catch a cyclone, concentrate it, and sell pieces of it for cooling purposes. "Bagley's Coagulated Cyclone" by Howard Dwight Smiley tells what happened when the cyclone broke loose. The story is average.

All-Story for July, 1906 brings a repeat performance, with "Bagley's Automatic Grasshopper" relating of how a giant automatic jumping-machine got out of control on a trial run, wrecking itself at the North Pole. Rating: fair. In August Don Mark Lemon (of "The Scarlet Planet" fame) offers a powerful if brief tale, "?". An artist paints a picture of an imaginary German officer. Later he is amazed to sight the man himself on the open street. And on returning to his studio, he finds that the picture has disappeared from the canvas! Several horrible murders are committed, the attacker's description fitting the officer's. When the picture as mysteriously reappears on the canvas the artist attempts to burn it; only the background is destroyed, however, and the figure steps from the flames and kills the artist himself. A more conventional ghost story appears in the next issue of the magazine: G. D. Goodwin's "Great Green Wave." The body of a murdered seaman is to be buried at sea---but the corpse cannot be thrown overboard. At last, each member of the crew is made to touch the body in turn. When the killer's turn arrives a great wave suddenly sweeps murderer and victim away.

The Scrap Book for August, 1906 reprinted Marcel Prevost's "Woman and the Cat." It is an excellent tale; if you can find it, read it.

Skipping ahead ten years, we find All-Story Weekly publishing fantasy quite regularly. The August 5 number has Owen Oliver's "Platinum," an interesting tale of castaways on an island inhabited by beasts of living metal, platinum tentacled; the castaways eventually escape after many intriguing adventures. A week later the three-part serial to "Polaris---of the Snows" began. In Stilson's "Minos of Sardanes" we visit again that little Greek colony in the far Antarctic whose existence is made possible by the warmth from surrounding volcanoes. But when the fire in them expires the tribal priests blame king Minos and the girl he loves; bloodshed follows, and finally war and cold kill all but these two, who are themselves near death when Polaris returns and rescues them. In the same issue is Elmer B. Mason's "Red Tree-Frogs," an early example of the "screwy animal" yarn, laid in the Eastern jungles.

August 19 brings Mary Keegan with an excellent little weird tale, "Twilight Zone." It tells of a woman bringing her husband back from death to a sort of half-life, whither she too must go to meet him. Of an entirely different nature is the four-part serial of C. MacLean Savage which begins in the September 2 number. "The Courtship Superlative" takes place in the year 2016, and is a story of a chemist, a physicist and a baseball player vying for the love of one girl. She decides to marry the one who accomplishes within a year something more remarkable than he has ever done before. The chemist invents a germ-bullet, the physicist a new type of submarine, and the ball player successfully trains a team of apes. Enraged when his chemist-rival wins the girl, the physicist sells his submarine to Brazil, which then attacks the United States. Finally the chemist's invention defeats the enemy. September 23 brings a story that is literally indescribable; it must be read to be fully appreciated. The best I can say is that E. E. Kel's "Patched Reels" is certainly worth your time.

During the same period Argosy's fantasy doldrums were broken by but a single tale. "The Demon of the Whirling Disks" by James Grayson (September 1916)

tells of a drug that makes musical artists relive one of their performances whenever a record of it is played. Since the time is that of the first phonograph boom it quickly drives all the great singers and concert artists mad, ruining the opera entirely. In the end, the whole affair proves to be a hoax, however.

Argosy's sole representative of the genus fantasia ten years later is Fred MacIsaac's anonymously-written "Great Commander," a four-part serial beginning in the July 3, 1926 issue. In this novel---which sounds as if it portrayed 1946 instead of 1933---King J. Nelson, having secured financial control of America, plots to become its ruler by initiating a series of strikes; when the country is thus paralyzed he plans to step in, be granted dictatorial powers, and be crowned by a grateful public after weathering the crisis. However, his daughter and an opposition congressman with whom she is in love successfully conspire with others to kidnap King and foil the scheme. Very entertaining!

The July 18, 1936 Argosy begins a four-part serial by Patrick Lee; in "North of the Stars" we encounter the usual combination of a hidden Arctic land, its beautiful queen, dastardly, gold-greedy Russians, and the young Mountie who foils the villains and, of course, gets the girl. In the August 8 issue is Dale Clark's unusual ghost story, "The Devil in Hollywood," which is quite well done. A week later A. H. Carhart tells in "Buccaneers International" of the period following the second world war, when munition makers attempt to conquer a disarmed world, and are defeated. The same number carries Robert E. Howard's short voodoo tale, "The Dead Remember," while on September 19 an old acquaintance returns in the three-part "Tarzan and the Magic Men." It is inferior Burroughs, sadly.

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The Far Future of Science-Fiction---concluded from page 285

probably all but disappear, as two-dimensional time presents more interesting possibilities and avoids the necessity of getting around the grandfather argument. If sidewise-in-time stories increase in popularity, tales of backward-and-forward travel in two-dimensional time will tend to accept the infinite-valued possibility theory rather than the one whereby a single new line of events splits off from the old one through the activities of the time-traveller. Finally, the unmixed might-have-beens offer a fertile field which has perhaps been explored more outside the usual domain of fantasy than within it; for example, speculations about the course of history if Jesus had pursued different tactics ("Hosanna"), or if the Germans had won in 1940. And finally, there is the lottle fantasy in which one sees the world as it would have been if all the "results" of a certain past occurrence were removed.

Naturally, new extrapolations must be found to replace obsolescent ones. There was a time when a man could take all knowledge for his province, and become outstanding in a number of fields. Needless to say, that time is long gone. At present, ideally, everyone is given the rudiments of all sciences, arts and history. Science-fiction is written to get past the mind with this basic education, and an author doesn't worry much if he knows that what he's suggesting is proved impossible by a recent discovery in a specialized field. What will be the consequence if the total amount of available knowledge continues to increase we can only conjecture. The significance of the discoveries in "Venus Equilateral" is a warning: they may be perfectly clear to technically trained men, but we embyro artists, merchants, lawyers and ditch-diggers have to read the story carefully to spot even one of the potential results. If science evolves into a stratosphere where the importance of new discoveries is not apparent to the average man, stories based on extrapolations of these discoveries may not be able to describe changed living conditions which would affect the ordinary citizen. When that evil day comes, science-fiction for the masses will be in the decline. It may be at its zenith right now.

Fantasy in The Idler Magazine: a Bibliography

compiled by
William H. Evans and A. Langley Searles

Note: The Idler first appeared in February, 1892, and was published on a regular monthly schedule, six numbers to a volume, for exactly two decades, the March, 1911 number being the last. Up until 1902 it was under the editorship of Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr; thenceforward it was edited by Barr alone. In the magazine's heydey---the turn of the century and the half-dozen years following---it boasted the second largest circulation of any periodical in England, maintaining a literary standard of enviable excellence. Besides the list of stories from its pages listed below, The Idler published considerable poetry of fantastic interest, as well as outré art by such recognized masters as Walter Crane, Aubrey Beardsley, Sidney Sime and Odilon Redon; in the interest of keeping the following a bibliography of fiction, however, these have been omitted, as have several articles bearing on fantasy authors and artists.

1892

Mar. Arthur Conan Doyle: "De Profundis"
J. T. Sullivan: "Mr. Prosterton"
Eden Philpotts: "A Spectre's Dilemma"
May Edwin Lester Arnold: "Rutherford the Twiceborn"
Nov. Robert Barr: "The Doom of London"

1893

Apr. W. L. Alden: "Told by the Colonel: XII - The Cat's Revenge"
May Robert Barr: "The Fear of It"
Sep. Coulson Kernahan: "A Dream in the Night"
Dec. W. L. Alden: "A Condensed Ghost"

1894

Feb. Angus Evan Abbott: "The Last Drink"
May Robert Barr: "The Revolt of the ---"
July Henry Seton Merriman: "The Haunted Hand"

1895

Mar. Grant Allen: "The Dead Man Speaks"
June "Q", pseud. (Arthur C. Quiller-Couch): "Tales of Our Coast: III - The Roll Call of the Reef"
Aug. W. L. Alden: "The Professor's Jump"
Oct. J. F. Sullivan: "Chance"
Nov. W. L. Alden: "Professor Wagener's Eye"

1896

Jan. W. L. Alden: "A Ghost Train"
May H. G. Wells: "The Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham"
Aug. A. J. Dawson: "The Ascetic Rake"
Oct. H. G. Wells: "The Apple"
Dec. Allen Upward: "The Horoscope of Pharaoh"
W. L. Alden: "Van Wagener's Flying Cat"

1897

Feb. Fred Whishaw: "Max Tegelstein's Duel"
Apr. Rex Ray: "From an Elephant's Point of View"
May H. G. Wells: "Stories of the Stone Age: I - Ugh-Lomi and the Uya"
June Sidney Sime: "From an Ultimate Dim Thule (a Record of Dreams)" - I

June H. G. Wells: "Stories of the Stone Age: II - Ugh-Lomi and the Cave Bear"
July Sidney Sime: "From an Ultimate Dim Thule" - II
H. G. Wells: "Stories of the Stone Age: III - The First Horseman"
Aug. Sidney Sime: "From an Ultimate Dim Thule" - III
H. G. Wells: "Stories of the Stone Age: IV - The Reign of Uya the Lion"
Sep. Sidney Sime: "From an Ultimate Dim Thule" - IV
Nov. H. G. Wells: "Stories of the Stone Age: V - The Fight in the Lion's Thicket"

1898
Mar. C. Rann Kennedy: "For one Night Only: a psychological study"

1899
Jan. Laurence Hausman: "The Love-Child"
Feb. Henry Hartley: "Told in the Dog's Home"
July Athol Forbes: "A Fight for a Soul: a Legend of Old Spain"

1900
Aug. Bertram Atkey: "From the Crow's Point of View"
Sep. Conrad Weguelin: "The Demon Laundry: an Extravaganza in One Act"
Dec. Herbert Tourtel: "The Golden Gate Express"

1901
Sep. O'Neill Latham: "The Travels of Prince Weary-Heart"

1902
July Hermanie Templeton: "Darby Gill and the Good People"

1903
Feb. Hermanie Templeton: "How the Fairies Came to Ireland"
Apr. " " "Darby O'Gill and the Leprechaun"
Aug. Alan Field: "Azrael and the Amateurs: a Psychic Comedy"
Rose Cecil O'Neill: "The Lady and the Ghost"
Oct. Rene Bache: "The Story of the Invisible Cat"
Dec. T. C. de Leon: "A Glass of Green Chianti"

1904
July Ito Yama: "The Turquoise Ornament"
Nov. Elliott O'Donnell: "The Haunted Spinney"
Dec. Dorothy Whittlesey: "A Visitor"
Elliott O'Donnell: "The Ghost of Belfield Park"
Edward Gordon: "The Ghost of Dundrumlie"

1905
Feb. Robert Barr: "The Doom of London" (repr.)
Mar. J. B. Wallace: "A Persian Shepard"
Dec. Patrick Vaux: "Arms and the Man!"
Lady Margaret Sackville: "The Adventures of Duchess Ingebrun"

1906
Apr. Lady Margaret Sackville: "The Opal Adventure"
June V. L. Whitechurch: "Matchinson's Developer"
Aug. Samuel Seaton: "A Nightly Intruder"
Sep. Guy C. Vachell: "The Weird of Monna Penven"
Lady Margaret Sackville: "The Grey Pastille"
Oct. Robert W. Chambers: "The Tracer of Lost Persons: I - Solomon's Seal"
Nov. " " " " " " " " II - The Case of Mr. Carder" (part 1 of 2)
Dec. same - (conclusion)
Robert Barr: "The Haunting of Shudderham Hall"

1907
Jan. Robert W. Chambers: "The Tracer of Lost Persons: III - Samaris"
Feb. " " " " " " " " IV - The Pursuit of the
Mar. same - (conclusion) Ideal" (part 1 of 2)
Apr. Robert W. Chambers: "The Tracer of Lost Persons: V - Nolens Volens"
May Robert Barr: "The Ghost and the Glass"
Oct. George Dance: "The Molash Adventure"
Dec. Ashley Ford: "In the Balance Room"

1908
July Patrick Vaux: "Marginal Safety---Nil"
Aug. Washington Irving: "The Legend of Prince Ahmend Al Kamel" (repr.)
Sep. Patrick Vaux: "'Red Decks'"
Oct. Washington Irving: "The Legend of the Arabian Astrologer" (repr.)
Patrick Vaux: "The Sinister East and Checkmate"
Dec. George Frankhead: "...Ghosts, Limited..."

1909
Jan. Aleister Crawley: "The Drug"
Kendal Park: "The Penance of Joan Gari"
Washington Irving: "The Legend of the Enchanted Soldier" (repr.)
Feb. Kendal Park: "Count Arnold the Sinister"
John Abbotson: "A Weird Retribution"
Mar. Kendal Park: "The Falcon of Aerona"
May Edwin Wooton: "The Secret of Horeb-Ra-Men"
Patrick Vaux: "Guns of Destiny"
June " " "War and a Woman"
July " " "The Convincing of Captain Arklow"
Aug. " " "Call of the Breed"
Harold Avery: "A Patriarchal Problem"
Oct. T. S. Morton: "The Mermaid"
W. Victor Cook: "The Chateau Mirabelle"
Dec. Patrick Vaux: "The Circumventing of the Deutscher"
J. C. Smyth: "The Connaught Man's Ghost"

1910
Jan. Wm. Hope Hodgson: "Carnacki, the Ghost-Finder: I - The Gateway of the Monster"
Feb. Patrick Vaux: "Before the White Dawn"
Wm. Hope Hodgson: "Carnacki, the Ghost-Finder: II - The House among the Laurels"
Mar. " " " " " " " III - The Whistling Room"
Apr. " " " " " " " IV - The Horse of the In-
June Patrick Vaux: "Lion's Whelp" visible"
Wm. Hope Hodgson: "Carnacki, the Ghost-Finder: V - "The Searcher of the
July Paul Bo'ld: "The Professor's Experiments: I - The Retard- End House"
Aug. Dorothea Preston: "The Clearing Stone" ing Forces"
Paul Bo'ld: "The Professor's Experiments: II - The Magnetic Essence"
Sep. "Ananthai", pseud.: "The Haunted Lotus Lake"
Paul Bo'ld: "The Professor's Experiments: III - The Green Paste"
Oct. " " " " " IV - Matters of Much Gravity"
Nov. " " " " " V - The Biological Burglar"
Dec. " " " " " VI - The Dimension of Time"

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Tips on Tales---concluded from page 287

characterized Lost Horizon, and there are passages that are pleasingly reminiscent of Merritt at his best. This reviewer nominates it as the outstanding fantasy volume of 1945.