FANTASY COMMENTATOR

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

A. Langley Searles
editor and publisher

contributing editors:
William H. Evans, Thyril L. Ladd, Sam Moskowitz,
Matthew H. Onderdonk, Richard Witter

Vol. II, No. 2 ---oOo--- Spring 1947

CONTENTS

This is the fourteenth number of Fantasy Commentator, an amateur, non-profit periodical of limited circulation appearing at quarterly intervals. Subscription rates: 25¢ per copy, five issues for $1. This magazine does not accept advertising, nor does it exchange subscriptions with other amateur publications except by specific editorial arrangement. All opinions expressed herein are the individual authors' own, and do not necessarily reflect those of staff members. Although Fantasy Commentator publishes no fiction, descriptive and critical manuscripts dealing with any phase of imaginative literature are welcomed from all readers. Address communications to the editor at 19 E. 235th St., N.Y. City 66.

This-'n'-That

Without ado let us proceed to list those new titles of fantasy fiction which have appeared since the last installment of this column. Most of them are of 1946 vintage. The Breaking of the Seal by Francis Ashton (Dakers, 9/6) is a novel of prehistoric times; it is neither better nor worse than most others of its ilk. The Flight and the Song: a tale of old Devon by L. M. Anderson and Sister Mary Catherine (Longmans, $2) retells a mildly fantastic old legend---and retells it very well indeed. A borderline psychological study of developing insanity is Ethol Sexton's Count Me Among the Living (Harper, $2¾), as is Anne Kavan's Asylum Piece (Doubleday, $2½); the latter author's name is a pseudonym, the true one being Mrs. Helen (Woods) Edmonds. Sweet River in the Morning by Winston Clewes (Appleton-Century, $2½) is a strange ghost story in which the main character relives the life of an old English mansion; it is quite well done. My Bird Sings by Oriel Malet (Doubleday, $2½) is a tender and compelling tale of the childhood of three little French girls, long since dead, told through reflected scenes seen in an old greenish mirror found in a French chateau. John Romenham's Lurking Shadow (Macdonald, 8/6) deals unoriginally with a mad scientist. There Were Two Pirates: a comedy of diversion by James Branch Cabell (Farrar, Straus, $3) is neither a comedy nor at all diverting; it gains mention here solely to inform readers that it barely makes the grade as fantasy (dealing with the legendary figure of José Gasparilla) as well as to warn them that it is Cabell at his worst---which is boring indeed. The Maniac's Dream by F. Horace Rose (Duckworth, 8/6) is an inferior variation on the Jekyll and Hyde theme. In Adam's Fall by Mrs. Constance (Woodbury) Dodge (Macrae-Smith, $2¾) tells of Salem in its seventeenth century witch-hunting days as seen through the eyes of one of the "afflicted" children who began the trouble. And of 1945 vintage---sneaking into this column quite late!---is George H. Bushnell's Handful of Ghosts (St. Andrews University Press, 2/-), a Scottish paper-bound collection of supernatural tales. "No Exit" and "The Flies" two plays of Jean-Paul Satre translated by Stuart Gilbert (Knopf, $2½) happen to be fantasy as well as to carry on the author's philosophy of extentialism. The Weapon Makers, a novel by A. E. Van Vogt (Hadley, $3) is an excellent novel of the future. Its chief fault is a beginning in medias res without introducing the reader to the tale's background; fortunately this may be overcome by perusing first "The Weapons Shop," a short story by the author using the same locale, which is available in Adventures in Time and Space (1946) edited by Healy and McComas. "Mind at the End of Its Tether" and "The Happy Turning" by H. G. Wells (Didier, $2½) consists of two extremely inferior Wells tales, neither of which should ever have been printed; the second can be classed as a satirical fantasy. A brighter note is struck by Mervyn Wall's Unfortunate Fursey (Pilot, 8/6; Crown, $2¾), a well-written novel novel that tells of a tenth century Irish monk's scandalous and hilarious adventures with a sylph, a poltergeist, a couple of witches and the devil himself. People of the Twilight and The Sun Queen, both authored by H. Kaner (Kaner, 8/6), are juvenile adventure tales; don't touch them! While admittedly told on a competent literary level and containing some interesting philosophical speculations, H. F. Heard's Doppelgangers: an episode of the fourth, the psychological, revolution, 1997 (Vanguard, $2¾) is in no other respect much of an improvement upon the average "pulp" science-fiction story of 1928-32. A Little Confab with Socrates by J. M. Simkins (Meador, $1½) has a self-explanatory title. Mervyn Peake's Titus Groane: a Gothic novel is gloomy enough and torturously written besides, but contains no supernatural episodes whatsoever; the book's claim to a fantasy fan's attention rests precariously on occasional episodes of mundane horror and whatever allegorical adumbrations he may choose to read into the prose. If The Bear that Wasn't rates as fantasy, I can see no reason why Corey Ford's Horse of Another Color (Holt, $2½), a turnabout tale of animals and man, should be excluded from the genre; besides the drawings by John Falter included there are too delightfully apt to pass unnoticed. The Aerodrome by Rex Warner (Lippincott,

New Fiction

(continued on page 62)

Half a Century of Writing

by
Lt. Col. David H. Keller, M. D.

Sometime, before/after I have gone West, some courageous publisher will venture to bring forth a selection of Keller stories and search for some one who knew Keller to write an introduction. There are only a few who know anything about this man and none who know everything so perhaps it will not be amiss to tell you about the growth of this writer/author.

I feel deeply that there is a vast void between the writer and the author. The writer spends many words for which he receives ample reward. His stories are usually published once and read once. They contain nothing that receives anything but temporary recognition as a form of time-passing that can be classified as a form of anesthesia, such as the movies and the radio afford. The author, on the other hand, strives for immortality. He judges the grade of his writing by the number of reprints, the number of stories that are read twice or more by the same person, the spread of his work to other countries, and the appreciation of his work by the superior adult rather than by the average reader of twelve years' mentality.

In addition, the author writes for the pleasure of writing while the writer turns out his stories for financial reward. Obviously the man trying to become an author has to have other sources of income besides that derived from the sale of his work or he dies early from starvation or disillusionment. Dickens, Tolstoy and their kind I feel to be writers; so, in the field of fantasy, are Burks and Williamson. Eddison, however, took thirty years to write The Worm Ouroborus which showed him immediately to be an author. He's written other novels since but none of them as good. Lovecraft, here and there, is an author, too. One book will make a man an author. In fact, I think a single paragraph will sometimes do so.

It must be admitted that when the spur of necessity drove hard into my posterior I deliberately assumed the position of a writer, but did so with little pleasure and abandoned the role as soon as the need ceased. For I've always wanted and tried to be an author.

I was born on December 23, 1880 in Philadelphia. When I was six, my parents sent me to public school. I was sent home after remaining in grade one half a day. For, being unable to talk intelligently in English or in any other known language, I was diagnosed an idiot. My next three years were spent in a small private school where three old ladies endeavored to teach me the English language which I learned very much as a traveller from Mars. Thus words became very important as a means of conveying thought. I had to think in English before I could talk in it. In conversation there were periods of hesitation caused by uncertainty concerning the proper word to convey my thought. Psychologists would probably say I had a "block." And my family was frequently annoyed by my hesitation in speaking. Much of this background you will find in my story "The Lost Language."

Before men wrote stories they told stories. Writing is relatively new and printing is almost a modern art. And very early in life, perhaps before I learned to speak English, I put myself to sleep with stories in most of which I was the hero. Finally, at the age of fifteen, I wrote one and had it published in a country newspaper. It was "Aunt Martha."

But I am getting a bit ahead of myself. At the age of nine I was reentered in grammar school, where I went through the first twelve grades--believe it or not---in five years. It was during this period, too, that I "discovered" books. (Up until then I had been exposed only to the limited offerings of a Sunday school library.) A branch of the Carnegie Library opened near my home, and, like Benjamin Franklin upon entering the French Bibliothèque Nationale, I at once

resolved to read everything in it. It did not take me long to find that life was too short for that, but by the time I entered high school I was familiar with Dickens, Thackery, Poe, Kipling, Emerson and Tennyson. I had read the "jungle tales" in St. Nicholas, and was well acquainted with Jules Verne, A. Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells and the New England poets. Always I was hunting for new words and new thoughts.

In my fourteenth year I entered the Philadelphia Central High School for boys. Beside the school was the Apprentice's Library which, I believe, was founded by Benjamin Franklin. I spent as much time in it as I could---for as usual I wanted to read all the books there. In my second year in this school I wrote my first long mystery story, "Anima Postia" ("Life after Death"); the manuscript---some eighty pages in longhand---is still in my library, having survived fifty years of extensive travel. One of my stories was published in The Mirror, the school paper. There were also some poems in this period, for I was fond of this form of expression. That is about all that happened in the four years of high school: certainly not very much.

The fall of 1899 found me a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. This was to my great regret, for I wanted to attend Princeton and take a cultural course. My father would not finance that desire, however. Had I followed my own wishes at the time I believe I would have gone through life as a college professor, avoiding much trouble but probably missing great adventures. Teaching is something I have come to love. But---I studied medicine and was graduated in 1903.

In the meantime, of course, I had kept on writing. In my library is a bound volume of some stories written while at college. One ("University Story") was published in a church paper, and two others ("Judge Not"and"The Silent One") appeared in the college paper Red and Blue. "Shadows and Reality," a short novel, was never published, but is interesting in that it shows the influence of Marvel on my style. I had read and greatly enjoyed his Dream Life and Reveries of a Bachelor. At that time Frank Stockton was also one of my favorite authors, and we were beginning to hear of the de Maupassant short story and the O. Henry ending.

In 1901 I fell in with a group of literary optimists who believed that they could start a new magazine. At that time The Black Cat was the outstanding publisher of the short story in America. So we named our venture The White Owl. It lasted seven issues, long enough to print five of my stories, for which I employed the pen name of Henry Cecil. Despite the hard work involved---we editors plugged it personally among the newsdealers---it was great fun. Perhaps my experiences as co-editor of this publication have made me sympathetic toward producers of fan magazines; at least I can share with them their hopes when their journals are born and their grief when they die.

After four years of college and one of internship I became, to all intents and purposes, a physician. And after two years more of city life I began the great adventure of being a horse-and-buggy doctor in Russell, Pa., a general practitioner in a town having a population of three hundred. There are two manuscript novels in my library which tell in part how and why I went there and what I accomplished. These are "Wanderers in Spain" and "The Fighting Woman." It was a sorry, thinly-populated region of little valleys between barren hills. Those who may be interested will find that I have sketched in this town as the background to my story "The Bridle."

During these eight years of country practice I wrote very little but read a great deal. The town's most prosperous man had a library of five thousand volumes, and every Sunday afternoon I would visit it to borrow the next week's reading. It seemed that I never could find time enough to read all I wanted to. This desire has been a constant benefit/curse to me all my life. Even now the two problems remain: the buying of new books and finding room for them.

There followed a bitter year as a physician in Pleasantville, New Jersey. After that I spent almost a year as a junior physician in the Anna State Hospital of Illinois. There I wrote some stories about the abnormals. Then came World War I, in which I served as First Lieutenant and Captain in the Medical Corps. Following peace I applied for and received a commission in the Medical Reserves, which I held long enough to be ordered to active duty as a Lieutenant Colonel on August 1, 1941. I remained on duty until September, 1945. (I still am an officer in the reserves, on retired pay.) The army life was hard but pleasant. There was some writing, chiefly a primer and first reader for use in my school for illiterates at Camp Lee, Virginia.

Following my discharge from active service on February 28, 1919 I went from New Mexico's Camp Codie to Pineville, Louisiana. There I spent nearly ten years as physician and assistant superintendant in the state hospital. When Huey Long came in, I resigned; as I remember, other doctors there left soon after, also---though they didn't resign.

It was while at Louisiana that I became obsessed with the idea of writing the great American novel. I wrote prodigiously---over five thousand pages of manuscript. At the time, I never tried to sell any of it. During these years I wrote such novels as "The Lady Decides," "The Adorable Fool," "The Fighting Woman," "Wanderers in Spain," "Life Is What You Make It," "The Gentle Pirate," "The Sign of the Burning Hart," "The Stone Fence" and "A Stranger in Kunkletown," A family history, The Kellers of Hamilton Township, also appeared then. Some of these have an interesting history.

"The Stone Fence" and "A Stranger in Kunkletown" were later consolidated and sold to Simon and Schuster as The Devil and the Doctor. This was published in 1940, with an excellent format and fine illustrations. It received favorable reviews, but the company advertised it but once---and then quickly dropped it as though it contained TNT. Shortly after publication, Simon and Schuster refused booksellers' orders for the volume, claiming it to be "unavailable." Yet this was before their stock was sold for paper costs to "remainder" firms. Precisely what was behind all this I don't know. Possibly applied pressure of orthodox religious groups stopped distribution of the book. I think it deserved a better fate. In any event, it evoked many letters to me from people who enjoyed it---and who, on their own words, had many stone fences of their own.

"The Sign of the Burning Hart" is composed of four connected stories. The leading one I submitted to a Harpers Magazine prize contest. They wanted to buy and print it, but said I would have to tell them what it meant, for no two of their readers saw the same thing in it. I refused to draw blue prints explaining that a humming bird is beautiful alive but that dead and dissected by an anatomist it loses its beauty. They wrote again, but I remained obdurate, and thus lost my one and only chance of appearing in a slick magazine. Later on, however, all four of the stories were published for me in France by my very good friend Regis Messac, appearing in an edition of one hundred copies (1938).

The Kellers of Hamilton Township was privately published in Louisiana in an edition limited to five hundred copies (1922). It is one of the few family histories accepted as 100% correct by the D.A.R., as all its facts are documented.

Around this time, too, my Songs of a Spanish Lover appeared, in an edition limited to fifty copies (1924). I used the Henry Cecil pseudonym for this title. As might be guessed, this is a book of poems; some of these were, I must confess, foisted on readers as being "translated from the Chinese."

All these---and later---writings were written without thought of sale, either sheerly for self-expression and the satisfaction, often, of seeing them in print, or simply because I had to write them to get them out of my system. Then late in 1926 my wife showed me a copy of Amazing Stories, and suggested that I try to sell some work. So I wrote "The Revolt of the Pedestrians" and submitted

it. Gernsback promptly accepted it, and offered to take a dozen more of my stories at forty dollars each. Before I had a chance to reply I received another letter from him, this time offering sixty dollars apiece. I accepted, though at the time I had no idea that I could write more, and was not at all certain that Gernsback thought I could, either. (He told me later that he felt every writer had one good story in him, and that afterwards he wrote poor stuff.)

"The Revolt of the Pedestrians" was published in February, 1928. During the rest of the year Amazing printed six more of my stories. As two of them ("The Psychophonic Nurse" and "The Stenographer's Hands") were subsequently published twice in France, Gernsback was evidently mistaken when he thought that I had shot my bolt with the first acceptance.

"The Menace" initiated a series of stories about Taine of San Francisco, my favorite detective. He has appeared in print frequently since, continuing to work in his quiet, unassuming way. In contrast to the fictional detective of the present day he is not a tough, hard-drinking, powerful brute. He simply brings the criminal to justice without fanfare of trumpets. Married and the father of several daughters, he unfailingly gives his wife ten per cent of his earnings which she donates to the local church society, thus remaining its president. I suspect that Taine uses his skill as a detective as an excuse for remaining away from his feminine family, as some great writers such as Burton, Paul and Perry have done. In one of his unpublished adventures he refuses to arrest the criminal, and I believe that those who read the story will not blame him.

Some of my experiences with Gernsback were happy, some were not. But he owes me no money---a fact I mention with reluctance, since other authors may wonder how I managed to do it! In the fall of 1928 I visited the man in New York and met his brother Sidney. Gernsback tried to "sell" me New York, but I would have none of it. In fact, ever since then I've tried to destroy it. That started with "The Revolt of the Pedestrians" and continued on through "The Metal Doom," in which I did a rather thorough job of it.

Sidney Gernsback was starting a new magazine along popular medical lines at the time of my visit, and he asked me for a series of articles on psychoanalysis, which I agreed to write. Thus began my writing medical articles in a language that could be understood by the common man. In the course of several years I produced nearly seven hundred of them, a ten volume set of books, a long essay on anatomy and literally thousands of letters. The work was interesting but time-consuming. During a period of forty-nine consecutive days, for example, I wrote some 300,000 words.

Along about this time I found myself turning out some fiction that did not fit into any category I had previously tried my hand at. One, "The Little Husbands," I sent to Farnsworth Wright of Weird Tales magazine. He bought it and also the next three stories I submitted. Then I sent him in one mail the first three of the Cornwall stories, "The Tailed Man of Cornwall," "The Battle of the Toads" and "No Other Man," which Wright accepted en masse. When I met him soon after he told me he had taken my first stories as fillers, not thinking that they showed much ability, but that my Cornwall stories definitely established me as an author. (These stories were inspired by a branch of my mother's family, which came from Cornwall in southwest England. Some have not yet been printed, but the last one, called "Heredity," is scheduled to appear in an English periodical this spring.) I always remembered his words, for no one had ever called me an author before. From then on, Wright published anything worthwhile I sent him. Our meeting was the beginning for me of a very pleasant friendship with a very remarkable editor. Much of that story is confidential, but I can reveal that I was able to attain for him a wife and child in spite of his serious handicaps. I always look back at Weird Tales with great pleasure, and I do not think it has been the same since Farnsworth Wright's death.

Once starting in the fantasy and weird field I found it as interesting as science-fiction, sometimes more so. Twenty-two of my stories have been printed in Weird Tales, and some of these have been reprinted in the Not at Night anthologies in England. The most popular is "The Thing in the Cellar," which has been reprinted five times---one London newspaper going so far as to pirate it.

When I first started writing science-fiction one of my ardent fans was Regis Messac, then a professor in Montreal, Canada. Upon returning to France, he and several others founded the periodical Les Premieres, which was to present to the cultured French a comprehensive view of literature by living authors. Each editor had a certain field, Messac's being science-fiction. He was to pick out the best living science-fiction author; then choose his best story and translate it. He selected me, and "The Stenographer's Hands." This magazine published four more of my stories, financed a book containing three of them, and started to print my novel "The Eternal Conflict" in serial form. Before the latter was concluded World War II started. Messac was interned, and later died as so many other great men died. Les Premieres came to an end, and that finished my French adventure. One of the stories published in France, "Pourquoi," has never been printed in English.

I have Messac's book on Edgar Allan Poe. In his presentation inscription he calls me "the spiritual grandson of Edgar Allan Poe." When he translated and printed "The Flying Fool" he said that I was as great a satirist as Voltaire but kindlier because I always loved and pitied those I made sport of. Had the war not intervened I might have become well known in French literature. There is one other view of Messac that might be of interest to readers. He once wrote me that my English was very easy to translate into French because I wrote as if I first thought in French and then translated my thought into English, and all he had to do was translate it back into French once more. In this connection you might recall my story "The Lost Language."

From Louisiana I went to Tennessee, where I spent a very hard year in the hospital at Bolivar. The background there has been used in my later story, "The Tree of Evil." Thence I arrived at the state hospital for the feeble-minded at Pennhurst, Pennsylvania, where I remained as assistant superintendant for four and a half years. Much of my spare time was spent in medical writing for Gernsback, but I continued producing stories and an occasional bit of poetry.

By late 1929 I began to wonder about the questionable prophecies of science-fiction and the beautiful fancies of weird fiction. It seemed to me that I wasn't writing enough about real life and real people. It was then that I began a series of stories about the little people such as the A. & P. salesman, the bank clerk, and so on. Many have not been printed, but fifteen found a place in Ten Story Book magazine under the pen name of Amy Worth. The first one, "Eight, Sixty-Seven," was printed in the November, 1929 issue. These stories were so utterly different in style from my usual ones that no one ever identified Amy without my help. These tales netted me six dollars apiece except for the last one, "The Mystery of the Thirty-Three Stolen Idiots," for which I received double that. My wife, incidentally, had told me that such stories would never sell.

After leaving Pennhurst I came back to my ancestral home in Pennsylvania's Monroe County, where the Kellers have lived since 1736. There I determined to die, making use of my late years in spoiling many pages of white paper with black letters. I wrote a long account of my twenty-five years with abnormals of society, calling it Through the Back Door. I sold The Devil and the Doctor. I was then called to active duty, and served most of the time as Medical Professor on the faculty of the Army Chaplain's School at Harvard. Here I taught over six thousand clergymen of all denominations. My army duties gave me little time for writing, and what little I produced had difficulty in finding a market. Wright and Sloane had gone West, and the new editors either did not know me or, knowing me, were unwilling to see anything worthwhile in my plots or my style. Now, back

back in my home at Underwood, South Stroudsberg ("the big house at the top of the hill"), possessed as always by the daemon of composition, I am working on a novel centering around an idea that as far as I know is absolutely new to modern literature. This brings me up to date---exactly fifty-one years since my first story was printed.

How do I write a story? To my mind, a story has to have three important parts. First, an idea. Sometimes it's very hard to get a new idea, but once you have it, you've gone half the distance. Most of mine have answered apparently simple questions. What would happen to civilization if all metal disappeared? Could babies be raised more successfully by machinery than by human parents? What would be the result of life without disease, crime or death? And so on. Second, a story must have a good beginning. It is important because the reader must be made interested immediately. Third, there is the ending. This to me is as essential as the other two requirements. I must have all three clearly in mind before I start to write. My newest novel, for example, waited for a year to get written simply because I had no ending for it; then one night I got that by means of a dream. In endings, moreover, one has to know when to stop. In between, my formula is to avoid unnecessary words and try always to keep the reader interested. I let the prose flow as fast as I can type, trying to express the thought as clearly and beautifully as possible with simple words. The shorter the word the better, if it gives my exact meaning.

Perhaps there should be an element of suspense. This certainly is present in "The Thing in the Cellar," "The Dead Woman," "The Parents." The new editors call loud and long for action; they want scripts timed to radio, air travel and the cinema. Personally, I do not care for such a style, though occasionally I do write rapid action. In my novels I am more inclined to meander in the manner of Laurence Sterne---but who would publish his Tristam Shandy today?

It appears to be the custom of schools for writers to encourage pupils to read "type" stories of various known writers and then try to imitate their styles. How many thousands have tried to produce another "Lady or the Tiger?" I have found that if a man ever hopes to arrive in literature he must create his own style. And when my critics say that my work is hopeless because no other "pulp" writer writes as I do, I consider I have attained one of my objectives.

As you can see, my life has been a busy one of unusual adventures. What future years will bring is a very pertinent question. I look forward with interest to the answer. It may be that I will dream more stories and write fewer pages. But inspite of the hard work I have had ample reward in the pleasure of trying to become an author.

Bibliography

(Note: This checklist of my writings includes a few stories that are not fantasy ---the Amy Worth ones. The medical articles, over 700 in number, are however omitted as being of no interest to fantasy readers despite their constituting the bulk of my published work. Following the list of titles is one of magazine names, each magazine being followed by a set of numbers; these numbers refer to the titles given in the first part of the bibliography.)

Titles

1. "Air Lines," Amazing Stories, Jan., 1930
2. "The Ambidexter," Amazing Stories, April, 1931.
3. "Aunt Martha," Bath Weekly, 1895
4. "The Battle of the Toads," Weird Tales, October, 1929
5. "Bindings de Luxe," Marvel Tales, May, 1934; Weird Tales, January, 1943
6. "The Birth of a Soul," The White Owl, January, 1902
7. "A Biological Experiment," Amazing Stories, June, 1928

8. "The Bloodless War," Air Wonder Stories, July, 1929
9. "The Boneless Horror," Science Wonder Stories, July, 1929; Startling Stories, November, 1941
10. "Boomeranging Round the Moon," Amazing Stories Quarterly, Fall, 1930
11. "The Bride Well," Weird Tales, October, 1930
12. "The Bridle," Weird Tales, September, 1942
13. "Burning Water," Amazing Detective Tales, June, 1930
14. "Calypso Island," Stirring Science Stories, April, 1941
15. "The Cerebral Library," Amazing Stories, May, 1931
16. "The Chestnut Mare," Scienti-Snaps, April and Summer, 1940 (two parts); under the title "Speed Shall Be My Bride," Uncanny Stories, April, 1941
17. "The Conquerors," Science Wonder Stories, December, 1929 and January 1930
18. "Cosmos": chapter two, "The Emigrants", New York, 1933 (issued as a supplement to Science Fiction Digest)
19. "Creation Unforgivable," Weird Tales, April, 1930
20. "The Damsel and Her Cat," Weird Tales, April, 1929
21. "The Dead Woman," Fantasy Magazine, April, 1934; Strange Stories, Apr., 1939; Nightmare by Daylight, London, 1936
22. "Death of the Kraken," Weird Tales, March, 1942
23. The Devil and the Doctor, New York: Simon & Schuster, 1940
24. "The Dogs of Salem," Weird Tales, September, 1928
25. "The Doorbell," Wonder Stories, June, 1934
26. "Dust in the House," Weird Tales, July, 1938
27. "Eight, Sixty-Seven," Ten Story Book, November, 1929 Autumn, 1938
28. "The Eternal Professors," Amazing Stories, August, 1929; Tales of Wonder,
29. "The Eternal Conflict," Les Premières, July, Aug., Sep,, Oct., 1939
30. "Euthanasia, Limited," Amazing Stories Quarterly, Fall, 1929
31. "The Evening Star," Science Wonder Stories, April and May, 1930 (two parts)
32. "The Feminine Metamorphosis," Science Wonder Stories, August, 1929
33. "The Fireless Age," Amazing Stories, August and October, 1937 (two parts)
34. "The Flying Fool," Amazing Stories, July, 1929; Les Premières, July and August, 1937 (two parts)
35. "The Flying Threat," Amazing Stories Quarterly, Spring, 1930
36. "Free as the Air," Amazing Stories, June, 1931
37. "The Garnet Mine," Ten Story Book, November, 1929
38. "The Great American Pie House," The White Owl, April, 1902
39. "The Greatness of Duval," Ursinus Weekly, October, 1902
40. "The Goddess of Zion," Weird Tales, January, 1941
41. "The Golden Bough," Marvel Tales, vol. I no. 3 (1935)
42. "The Growing Wall," Science Fiction Quarterly, Winter, 1942
43. "Half Mile Hill," Amazing Stories Quarterly, Summer, 1931
44. "The Headsman," Ten Story Book,
45. "Helen of Troy," The Futurian, January, 1939
46. "The Hidden Monster," Oriental Stories, Summer, 1932
47. "The Horrible Pantomine," Scienti-Tales, January, 1939
48. "The Human Termites," Science Wonder Stories, Sep., Oct., Nov., 1939 (three parts)
49. "The Island of White Mice," Amazing Stories, February, 1935
50. "The Ivy War," Amazing Stories, May, 1930; Les Premieres, July, August, September, 1935 (three parts); The Best of Science Fiction, 1946.
51. "I Want to Be an Author!", Scientifiction, March, 1938
52. "The Jolly Fish," Weird Tales, January, 1929
53. "Judge Not," The Red and Blue, November, 1899
54. "The Key to Cornwall," Stirring Science Stories, February, 1941
55. "Keller Interviewed by Himself," Science Fiction Digest, July, 1933
56. "The Last Magician," Weird Tales, May, 1932
57. "The Life Detour," Wonder Stories, February, 1935
58. "Life Everlasting," Amazing Stories, July and August, 1934 (two parts)

59. "Lilith's Left Hand," Helios, October, 1937
60. "The Little Husbands," Weird Tales, July, 1928
61. "The Literary Corkscrew," Wonder Stories, March, 1934; Startling Stories, May, 1941
62. "The Living Machine," Wonder Stories, May, 1935
63. "Lords of the Ice," Weird Tales, October, 1937
64. "The Lost Language," Amazing Stories, January, 1934
65. "A 1950 Marriage," Paris Nights, December, 1939
66. "Men of Avalon" (pamphlet), Everett, Pa., 1935
67. "The Menace," Amazing Stories Quarterly, Summer, 1928; same, Winter, 1933
68. "Menacing Claws," Amazing Detective Tales, September, 1930
69. "The Metal Doom," Amazing Stories, May, June and July, 1932 (three parts)
70. "The Mist," Galleon, October, 1935
71. "Mr. Summer's Adventure," Ten Story Book, January, 1930
72. "The Moon Artist," Cosmic Tales, Summer, 1939; Stirring Science Stories,
73. "Moon Rays," Wonder Stories Quarterly, Summer, 1930 June, 1941
74. "Mother Newhouse," The White Owl, May, 1902
75. "The Mother," Fantascience Digest, January, 1938
76. "The Mystery of the 33 Stolen Idiots," Ten Story Book, September, 1932
77. "No More Friction," Thrilling Wonder Stories, June, 1939
78. "No More Tomorrows," Amazing Stories, December, 1932
79. "No Other Man," Weird Tales, December, 1929
80. "One Way Tunnel," Wonder Stories, January, 1935
81. "On the Beezer," Ten Story Book, September, 1933
82. "The Parents," Ten Story Book, January, 1931
83. "The Perpetual Honeymoon," Science-Fantasy Correspondent, November, 1936; Les Premières, June, 1938
84. "The Personality of a Library," Reading and Collecting, August, 1937
85. "The Rent House," Amazing Stories, February, 1932
86. "Phases of Science-Fiction," The International Observer, November, 1935
87. "Phenomenon of the Stars," The Mirror, 1897
88. "A Piece of Linoleum," Ten Story Book, December, 1933
89. "The Pit of Doom," Future Fiction, February, 1942
90. "Pourquoi," Les Premieres, February, 1937
91. "The Psychophonic Nurse," Amazing Stories, November, 1928
92. "The Rat Racket," Amazing Stories, November, 1931
93. "The Red Death," Cosmic Science Stories, July, 1941
94. "The Revolt of the Pedestrians," Amazing Stories, February, 1928
95. "Rider by Night," The Fantasy Fan, July, 1934
96. "Science-Fiction and Society," The International Observer, January, 1937
97. "Scientific Widowhood," Science-Detective Monthly, February, 1930
98. "Seeds of Death," Weird Tales, June, 1931; At Dead of Night, London, 1931
99. "A Serious Error," Ten Story Book, January, 1931
100. "Service First," Amazing Stories Quarterly, Winter, 1931
100a. The Sign of the Burning Hart, Paris, 1938
101. "The Silent One," The Red and Blue, November, 1900
102. "The Sleeping War," Wonder Stories, February, 1931
103. "The Solitary Hunters," Weird Tales, January, February, March, 1934 (3 parts)
104. "The Steam Shovel," Amazing Stories, September, 1931
105. "The Stenographer's Hands," Amazing Stories Quarterly, Fall, 1928; Tales of Wonder, no. 2; Les Premieres, January, February, March, 1932 (3 parts)
106. "The Tailed Man of Cornwall," Weird Tales, November, 1929
107. "The Telephone," Ten Story Book, January, 1932
108. "The Television Detective" (pamphlet)
109. "The Thing in the Cellar," Weird Tales, March, 1932; The Kensington News & West London Times, April 10, 1936; as a pamphlet with "An Essay on Fear," a biographical interview and two poems, Millheim, Pa., 1940; Grim Death,

London, 1932; The Coronation Omnibus, London, no date.
110. "The Third Generation," Ten Story Book, September, 1931
111. "The Thirty and One," Marvel Science Stories, November, 1938
112. "The Thought Projector" (pamphlet), New York, 1929
113. "Throat of the Robot," Science Wonder Stories, June, 1929
114. "A Three Link Tale," The White Owl, March, 1902
115. "Tiger Cat," Weird Tales, July, 1938
116. "The Time Projector," Wonder Stories, July and August, 1931 (two parts)
117. "The Toad God," Strange Stories, January, 1939
118. "The Tom-Cat Reforms," Ten Story Book, March, 1934
119. "The Tree of Evil," Wonder Stories, September, 1934
120. "The Tree Terror," Amazing Stories, October, 1933
121. "The Turn of the Wheel," Ten Story Book, October, 1930
122. "A Twentieth Century Homunculus," Amazing Stories, February, 1930
123. "Twin Beds," Ten Story Book, January, 1930
124. "Types of Science-Fiction," Science Fiction Digest, March, 1933
125. "The Typewriter," Fanciful Tales, Fall, 1936
126. "A University Story," Presbyterian J., December, 1901
127. "Unlocking the Past," Amazing Stories, September, 1928
128. "Unto Us a Child is Born," Amazing Stories, July, 1933
129. "The Valley of Bones," Weird Tales, January, 1938
130. "The Value of Imagination," The Meteor, March, 1933
131. "The Virgin," Ten Story Book, September, 1930
132. "The waters of Lethe" (pamphlet), 1937
133. "White Collars," Amazing Stories Quarterly, Summer, 1929
134. "Winning the Bride," The White Owl, March, 1902
135. "Wolf Hollow Bubbles" (pamphlet), New York, no date.
136. "Women Are that Way," Ten Story Book, 1931
137. "The Worm," Amazing Stories, March, 1929
138. "The White City," Amazing Stories, May, 1935
139. "The Yeast Men," Amazing Stories, April, 1928; Tales of Wonder, Summer, 1937

Magazines

---oOo---

Tips on Tales

by
A. Langley Searles

Jane and Robert Speller's Adam's First Wife (1929): This is the story of Adam---or Admu, as he was known in his own time---told by Lilith, who still lives today in the flush of youth, although she is the oldest woman in the world. Five thousand years before Christ this novel begins, in the city of Bab-Urech in Sumeria. This was a land colonized from Atlantis, and ruled over by an aristocracy that had discovered the secret of longevity. By eating the flesh of a certain mushroom-like fungus every seven years, a man could exist as long as ten centuries; women, however, were not permitted to share this privilege---partly because the fungus caused them to become sterile and partly because it enabled them to escape death altogether. How Lilith came to be Adam's chosen wife when he ascended the throne, how she attained virtual immortality, how she learned the priesthood's secrets, and how Adam's second wife, Eve, entered the scene---these events are woven into an ingenious and well-told tale. The authors give vivid sketches of a civilization that had mastered such problems as artificial lighting and wireless communication, where astrology was an exact science. Adam's First Wife is certainly not without faults, however. Motivations are sometimes haphazard and once or twice even clumsy; the leading characters somehow lack authentic depth, and the supporting cast is colorlessly two-dimensional; and colloquialism, that delicate spice of fiction, is overused frequently. Yet I recommend the book despite these shortcomings, for the authors impress me as aiming at no higher purpose than pleasant, light entertainment, and they have certainly hit the mark. If you are seeking meaty reading fare this is to be shied away from; but if you wish merely to while away a few leisure hours, Jane and Robert Speller's sprightly prose is the fitting answer to your need.

John Kendrick Bangs' Alice in Blunderland (1907): This slim work, subtitled "an Iridescent Dream," tells how Alice, falling asleep in her nursery in the accepted Lewis Carroll fashion, dreams of the country of Blunderland. Here, miscellaneous Carroll characters are dragged by Mr. Bangs through 124 pages of sheer boredom. It is to be doubted that either their allegedly humorous conversation or some ineptly banal satire on municipal politics could have been interesting even forty years ago, when the book first appeared. The illustrations by Albert Levering are undistinguished, but they are yet so much better than the context as to seem almost mediocre by comparison. Bangs never sired a more miserable abortion than this one.

R. DeWitt Miller's Forgotten Mysteries (1947): Readers of fantasy probably remember Mr. Miller as the author of several science-fiction stories; but he is known to a wider audience as the writer of one of Coronet magazine's most popular columns, which bore the same title as this book. Like the works of the late Charles Fort, Forgotten Mysteries is a collection of strange happenings, stubborn and unconventional anachronisms that will not conform to the order of a modern

(concluded on page 58)

The Immortal Storm

A History of Science-Fiction Fandom

by
Sam Moskowitz

(part 7)

XIX
The Rise of British Fandom

We have read allusions to Britain's growing strength in the science-fiction fan world. What then of England? How had she progressed since the early days of 1938 when her only organization was the British Science Fiction Association, merely a closed circle of correspondents which had glorified itself with a title?

Many of the country's writers whose work had appeared in American fantasy magazines were real fans of tremendous enthusiasm. Such names as John Russell Fearn, John Beynon Harris, Festus Pragnell and A. M. Low were in evidence.

Much science-fiction and fantasy fiction had seen British publication in book form, but otherwise it was confined to juvenilities in "penny dreadfuls.". For example, the British author Eric Frank Russell, addressing a fan gathering in the United States during his visit in 1939, cited an edition of Mickey Mouse Magazine as the chief exponent of the science-fiction art in preiodical form prior to the inception of Gillings' Tales of Wonder.

Early in 1934 there appeared on the scene a letter-sized weekly publication known as Scoops. The only weekly professional science-fiction periodical to appear, it staggered through some twenty consecutive issues before its collapse. In most of the early numbers the authors of the stories were not given, British writers apparently preferring anonymity to having their names---or even nom de plumes---associated with material of this nature. Toward the end of its existence Scoops improved the quality of its fiction and took on a less juvenile air. About this time, too, such recognized authors as A. Conan Doyle, A. M. Low, John Russell Fearn and P. E. Cleator commenced to appear in its pages. But the early taint of sensationalism and juvenility had turned many readers irrevocably against the magazine. The editor claimed to have been gradually building up an entirely new clientele, and felt that had he been allowed to continue a bit longer he would have been catering to a stable fan audience---but the shift of policy was too late. Too late, too, the editor had begun to organize a fan club through the magazine, similar in nature to America's Science Fiction League. By so narrow a margin did Britain lose an earlier fandom.

Thus, the only outlet for active British fans prior to 1936 was participation in American activities, and this was obviously difficult. However, John Russell Fearn ran numerous columns in Fantasy Magazine on "scientifilms" and the state of science-fiction in his country. And in the latter issues of the same journal Gillings had a regular column on British affairs having a fantasy slant. Edward J. Carnell was also active, contributing material to The Science Fiction Critic, Arcturus and The Science Fiction News.

But British fandom as we know it did not spring into life until Wonder Stories began its Science Fiction League. Many British fans, sometimes through devious means, obtained and read regularly the American fantasy magazines, and when the SFL was announced they did not lose their chance to organize. Douglas Mayer of Leeds was the first to apply for a charter for a British chapter. By early 1935 he had his chapter running with such prominent fans as J.Michael Rosenblum, Harold Gottcliffe and C. Bloom on its roster. The Leeds SFL soon became the largest and most active chapter in the British Isles as a result.

By mid-1935 the Nuneaton chapter, headed by Maurice K. Hanson, had been formed. About the same time the Liverpool chapter, which was of importance only

insofar as it solidified British fandom as a whole, was also organized.

An additional large chapter was formed a little later. This was headed by Jack Beaumont of Yorkshire. Beaumont had been a member of the American ISA, and had for a time even planned to start a British chapter of that organization. By early 1937 he had obtained six members for his SFL chapter. This was unique among British groups inasmuch as it was predominately composed of science-hobbyists. And, similar to like American groups attempting to subordinate science-fiction to the active practice of science, this one soon collapsed under its own inertia. Indeed, the closest approach of science-hobbyists to being an important force in British fandom was the British Interplanetary Society, which was subscribed to by many of the country's prominent fans.

Once organization had been begun, it was but a matter of time before England's first fan magazine put in its appearance. One might have expected it to come from the chapter first formed---Leeds---but it did not. In March, 1936 Maurice K. hanson and Dennis A. Jacques of the Nuneaton SFL founded Novae Terrae and captured the honors. While in no ways comparable to The Time Traveller and Fantasy Magazine, Novae Terrae did compare extremely favorably with such American efforts as The Science Fiction Critic, The Science Fiction News, etc. It had the advantage of being edited by fans averaging four or more years older than typical American fans of the time. The magazine appeared on a religiously monthly schedule, its mimeographed pages and quarto size giving it a unique personality. To the younger members of chaotic American fandom in 1937 it appeared a bit too stiff, dry and formal; this, of course, was because fans in the United States were gradually turning away from science-fiction in general and becoming interested in fans as personalities. The prominent British enthusiasts of the day were contributors to Novae Terrae. Walter H. Gillings, Edward J. Carnell, Leslie J. Johnson, D. R. Smith, Douglas W. F. Mayer, Eric Frank Russell, J. Michael Rosenblum, Festus Pragnell and John Russell Fearn were among them. The weight of the majority of the country's fans was behind the publication, and British fandom lacked neither writing nor analytical ability.

Proud of their progress, certain of their future, English fans did not hesitate to criticize their American cousins when the need arose. They found their opportunity when Forrest J. Ackerman contributed an article titled "Esperanto: its Relation to Scientifiction" to the August, 1936 issue of Novae Terrae. In this, Ackerman exhorted British fans to turn to Esperanto, warning them that if the entire planet did not speak one common language by the time the Martians made their first landing the results would be disastrous; for the Martians, undoubtedly of an older civilization, would have anything but respect for peoples having dozens of different languages with no hard and fast rules of pronunciation and words meaning three or four different things. It was essential for the world to Esperantoize immediately, so that the Martians would be able to comprehend this simple, new language when they arrived, etc., etc.

British fans were as one in indignation at Ackerman's article. They felt that he was in some obscure fashion showing his contempt for them by presenting an article no intelligent mind could stomach. Spearheading this rapidly assembled opposition was no less a light than Carnell. He maintained that

> ...if Forrest J. Ackerman can write scientifilm notes for a society calling itself the World Girdlers' International Science League Correspondence Club, surely all the fans in England are worthy of more than a mere Esperanto article. After all, the British Esperanto Association spreads its propaganda thoroughly over these isles. ...because we aren't a very progressive science-fiction country as yet, American fans are apt to treat us too lightly, forgetting that any news of science-fiction happenings in their country is eagerly sought after here, so that we may build this country into as enthusiastic a body as the U. S.....

Carnell went on to say that he had heard Ackerman would not write an article unless he were paid for it, and that fans were "already asking" how much he had received for this one. (Needless to say, the World Girdlers' International Science League Correspondence Club was a classic of absurdity; nothing ever came of it.)

The December, 1936 issue of Novae Terrae printed "Whither Ackermankind," in which Ackerman turned on his opposition. In reply to D.R. Smith, who had attacked his distortion and clipping of the language in an article entitled "Hands Off English" (which was later reprinted in the American Science Fiction Critic), he offered the weak defense that the tremendous amount of work he did necessitated his using every short cut available, and that he felt Time magazine, for example, did more coining andcorrupting in a week than he could hope to accomplish in a year. He stated his intention, moreover, of "filosofically" carrying on, introducing inevitable "futuristic forms." To the accusation of demanding payment for articles in fan magazines he made the only defense in print that this historian has ever seen:

> It seems, unfortunate, one receives considerable erroneous information. Person who told you I never write article unless paid was uninformed or misinformed optimist! I only wish it were true! Picture yourself in my position: approx thirty amateur imaginative mags already in existence; new pamfs popping up at frequent intervals. And publishers of about every one of these periodicals writing me---friendly, but fundless---requesting articles on Esperanto or fantascience films or allied subjects.
>
> What am I expected to do dear friend? Ten years now, I've been effervescently enthusiastic about stf. and, after college, commenced putting into practice idea I'd conceived some time long before---briefly that of "hanging out my shingle" as world's first professional "scientifictionist"! Meaning to make living as authority on scientifiction field. I've enlarged that since to scientifantasy field as outlined. But it's 'floppo'! For this pioneer in newest and most noble profession is expected to give away gratis products of time and 'training'.

The staff of Novae Terrae called a halt to the debate, stating that both sides of the question had been represented. But the damage had been done, and in England as well as the United States Ackerman had become unpopular with the new group of fans.

In Leeds, meanwhile, Douglas Mayer was supporting the idea of holding the first science-fiction conference. At first more centralized sites than Leeds were considered, but these were finally abandoned since this chapter, having the largest membership of any in England and being composed, perhaps, of the country's most active fans could more easily make arrangements in its own city. There was to be no fee for entry to this convention. However, fans were required to write in advance for tickets. Publicity and speakers were arranged for, many of the nation's most prominent fantasy authors promising to attend. There were many pressing problems before British fandom, and there seemed little doubt but that this conference would unify all its elements, leaving the group free to work cooperatively toward a common goal.

On Sunday, January 3, 1937, then, the first British science-fiction conference was held. Hopes for a banner turn-out were blasted, however, by an epidemic of influenza then prevalent. Many prominent authors and fans decidedat the last moment not to attend because of this. But to the young, growing British fandom an attendance of twenty was virtually equal to a thousand. At 10:30 that morning Herbert Warnes, the chairman, called the proceedings to order and

then asked Douglas W. F. Mayer to read messages to the delegates which had been received from Professor A. M. Low, Dr. Olaf Stapledon, the Oklahoma Scientifiction Association, John Russell Fearn, Vestus Pragnell and H. G. Wells.

Walter H. Gillings gave the first talk of the day, recounting how very close he had come to convincing Newnes, Ltd. of the feasibility of issuing a professional science-fiction magazine. Plans had been abandoned at the eleventh hour because of Newnes' fear of competition in the form of American "pulps" remaindered in Britain. Later on Gillings outlined his plans for a projected printed fan magazine to be titled Scientifiction. This was to be the most elaborate fan effort Britain had yet produced---and, it might be added, the magazine actually did eventually appear.

Edward J. Carnell spent most of his talk belittling American fans and their activities and warning Britons against repeating the blunders of their overseas brethren.

Maurice K. Hanson, editor of Novae Terrae, briefly outlined the history of the Nuneaton SFL chapter and of its publication.

After recessing for dinner the main business of the day was reached. Mayer proposed that "a British non-commercial organization should be formed to further science-fiction"; this motion was promptly seconded by Carnell and passed unanimously. After some discussion it was decided to name the organization "The Science Fiction Association," and Hanson agreed that Novae Terrae should become the new club's official organ. The choice of president was left open (even H.G.Wells being suggested for the post), but Mayer was appointed secretary with Barnes his assistant. The customary high-sounding idealism voiced with the launching of such organizations was forthcoming, and everything proceeded with apparent unanimity, even to the passing of a resolution that fans dissolve all connections with American clubs and throw in their lot with the SFA.

Despite its meager attendance the conference was eminently successful and the plans it decided upon were within a short time to mature. But into the scene now sprang discord. At the January 24, 1937 meeting of the Leeds chapter Mayer moved that the club secede from the Science Fiction League and henceforth call itself the Leeds ScienceFiction Association. He mentioned that cutting all ties with American groups had been stipulated in the SFA prospectus. Then---perhaps for the first time---many of the members began to realize the significance of this resolution. Association with America in the past had been pleasant and often to mutual advantage. Was it necessary to drop these ties in order to show loyalty to the British club? There was opposition, then, to Mayer's motion, but it was passed nevertheless. Opponents promptly rallied under the leadership of J. Michael Rosenblum and Harold Gottcliffe, and when the smoke had cleared there were two clubs in Leeds---one under the SFA banner and the other still flying the old SFL emblem. But when Gottcliffe announced that his group was still behind most of the principles of the SFA and was continuing to solicit memberships for it as usual the initial fires subsided. Nevertheless, members of the new Leeds SFL were in a fashion outcasts from British fandom for a time.

Mayer, on his part, issued a Science Fiction Bibliography, which listed a selection of fantasy books. It was the first of its type to be issued in Britain and the second in fandom as a whole (the first ran serially in the American Science Fiction Digest), and though pitifully incomplete compared to those which were to follow was a strong effort for its period. Mayer's group also paid a visit to the London branch of the SFA (which had been organized since the conference under the leadership of Eric Williams), one of its strongest chapters, which was progressing healthily with such names as Arthur C. Clarke, William F. Temple and Kenneth Chapman on its roster. For a time, several of these London fans rented an apartment together, the first instance recorded of fans banding together in "Futurian House" fashion.

The SFA continued to prosper. The Los Angeles SFL, which entirely ig-

nored the American scene during the chaos of early 1937, sent enough memberships to the SFA to qualify Los Angeles as the first overseas chapter. Thus the only group in the United States powerful enough to grasp leadership during troubled times turned far-sighted eyes away from the local scenes to form a link with the virile new blood of England.

Amateur Science Stories, a legal-sized fan magazine composed of fan-written fiction chosen by a board of review, was another project the SFA consummated. Three issues appeared and several stories it carried were later reprinted by professional publications in Britain and America. The club library was growing steadily and a librarian was busy shuttling books out to members at an ever-increasing rate. British fans had no objection to obtaining their reading-matter gratis and the club library was constantly being utilized---in contrast to American groups, where a club library is a formality, few American fans being satisfied with less than complete ownership of their books and magazines.

With its February, 1937 number Novae Terrae began complete coverage of SFA activities. Plans for printing the magazine professionally had to be abandoned for lack of funds, but despite this England did not lack a fine printed fan journal. Gillings, who had failed by a narrow margin to interest Newnes in publishing a professional science-fiction periodical, had also failed in his second attempt along the same lines when the projected Little Science Stories died before appearing when its financial backer perished in an automobile accident. His announcement at the Leeds conference of a printed fan magazine was not premature, however, for shortly thereafter his Scientifiction: the British Fantasy Review appeared. This was a superb effort, surpassing in clearness of impression and absence of typographical errors all fan productions save America's Amateur Correspondent. The material featured was mostly staff-written. To the American fan of average experience much of the information was a little dated, but for his Eng-cousin it was ideal. Scientifiction indulged in no hazy references or vague generalities, but proceeded on the assumption that the reader knew nothing and must have everything explained. This was done in its news columns, book reviews and other features. Julius Schwartz, who had turned down offers of several American fan magazines to carry on his popular Fantasy Magazine column, "The Science Fiction Eye," virtually offered it to Gillings, who carried it in the magazine's final issues. So again was manifest the tendency for leaders or former leaders in American fandom to let the home boys muddle through as best they could while they jumped on the British band-wagon. Scientifiction also gained distinction by publishing the only biography and photograph of Olaf Stapledon, famous author of Last and First Men, ever to appear in a fan magazine.

It is entirely possible that Gillings, in publishing Scientifiction, intended to use it in approaching publishers as showing his familiarity with fantasy fiction and its background, his ready contacts with its authors, his knowledge of the reading public's tastes. Credence is lent to this view by the announcement a few months later that Gillings had contacted the World's Work firm, which was to publish a quarterly science-fiction magazine to be titled Tales of Wonder.

And so it was that British fandom itself created its own professional science-fiction magazine. This was the clinching argument that the fans themselves, though regularly sneered at by professional editors, were in no way dependent on existing professional periodicals. Few individuals---in fandom or out of it---absorbed this lesson of applied enthusiasm.

In Tales of Wonder Gillings again advanced on the assumption that the reader knew nothing and that all elementary scientific facts must be included in the stories. Advanced "thought-variants" (such as editor Tremaine so successfully used in Astounding Stories in 1934-6) were definitely out. But Gillings was sympathetic to the efforts of the more talented members of British fandom, giving many of them a real boost into professionalism.

In the spring of 1937 the organ of the SFA intended as its "front" appeared. It was entitled Tomorrow, and had as its forerunner several issues of The Science Fiction Gazette. Tomorrow boasted a printed cover, and was mimeographed extremely neatly in purple ink. It carried articles on science and science-fiction and devoted a little space to regular columns. Mayer was editor.

The membership of the Science Fiction Association continued to increase so that by the end of 1937 over eighty fans had enrolled. About two hundred copies of Novae Terrae were being mailed out. The SFA is believed to have gained eventually an international membership of 120---one of the highest ever claimed by a fan club. As 1937 drew to a close British fandom was laying plans for their second conference, to be held in London.

For its size and late start, the British were by all comparisons far ahead of American fandom in unity, quality and general maturity.

XX
Renaissance

In America little rustlings became apparent in the debris of the old order; green plants began to sprout from the rot of dead wood. These were insignificant at first and lacked unified pattern---but they were to be of great importance to science-fiction fandom.

Of the old groups, few had survived. There was, of course, Wollheim, with his comparatively inactive circle of adherents---Michel, Pohl, Dockweiler, Kyle and others---who could be pricked into life long enough to help him in some feud, but who were of little or no general help to fandom at large. There was also the Philadelphia Science-Fiction Society, fronted by Baltadonis and Madle, who were carrying on a vigorous correspondence with other fans scattered throughout the country. Morris Dollens, after a delay of some months, began reissuing The Science Fiction Collector in slightly improved form. However, it still seemed to deal more with the fans themselves than with science-fiction.

In April, 1937 Olon F. Wiggins, still embittered by previous failures, but equally determined to distribute his Science Fiction Fan, revived the magazine in hektographed form---skimpy, uninspired, its Dollens covers its main attraction. With the May, 1937 number Wiggins announced that no subscriptions smaller than one dollar would be accepted. Today, such a note would not seem so unusual, but in those times, with the country scarcely pulling out of a depression long enough to slump into a recession, when a fifteen-dollars-a-week job was considered good pay, and with the average fan having very little spending money---this was an outrageous demand. It was the more so because the fan of 1937 religeously collected every fan journal issued. Nothing was more horrible in the mind of the fan of that day than missing an issue. Not even feuds reached the extreme where one fan would cancel another's subscription and refund him his money. Wiggins, in caustically turning away subscriptions of less than a dollar, made it virtually impossible for many to subscribe. Many fans hated him bitterly on this account, though it was not generally realized that Wiggins sent free copies to many simply because he believed they were sincerely interested in getting the magazine, never remitting a bill. Nevertheless during 1937 Wiggins was not highly thought of, and though he managed to get his Science Fiction Fan out with monthly regularity only Wollheim ever contributed any material to its pages; the rest was scraps culled from chance sources.

Slowly new names began to make themselves apparent---or as apparent as anything could be amid the publishing dearth of the time. The February 14, 1937 issue of The Science Fiction Collector announced that Sam Moskowitz had contributed a story and three articles, and simultaneously Miller's Phantastique carried the notice that Alex Osheroff and Sam Moskowitz, two Newark fans, were to issue a fan magazine entitled Helios. Moskowitz had helped organize the Newark SFL chapter in July, 1935, and had attempted to get into the active stream of fandom

in early 1936 without success. The fourth anniversary issue of Fantasy Magazine (which, it will be recalled, was sent to all SFL members gratis) proved to be an open sesame to the entire fan field, however, and he proceeded to subscribe to every fan journal mentioned. This led to aquaintanceship with Miller and Blish, who lived in neighboring towns, and with Osheroff, who lived around the corner. Though but sixteen years old, Moskowitz possessed a broad background in science-fiction, having---like Madle---collected most of the professionally published magazines and read them all.

At the first convention in New York there had been present a fan known as Richard Wilson. Wilson was a tall, slim, taciturn individual, intelligent in appearance, whom no one of note had seen or heard of in fandom previously. His eighteen years was in contrast to the less mature fans of fifteen or sixteen, and he was one of no mean capabilities.

Wilson helped bring into active fandom another science-fiction reader whose name he had seen in magazines' readers' columns. This was stocky, black haired, blunt James V. Taurasi, whose chief assets seemed to be energy, ambition and ideas, though sadly unqualified for artistic or literary pursuits. Taurasi helped Wilson set type for the latter's Atom, a slim, envelope-sized magazine he was issuing. But friendship of enduring quality between the meticulously correct Wilson and the often uncouth Taurasi seemed out of the question. And it was not long before Wilson's acid comments on Taurasi's failings severed their initial friendship. Like many others after him, Wilson failed to discern that Taurasi, for all his crudities, was an extremely capable and intelligent person, and possessed like himself a very good background in science-fiction.

These three names---Taurasi, Wilson and Moskowitz---were to be the most important in the reconstruction of fandom outside of the Philadelphia group, which worked with them almost as a unit.

Fandom at first attempted to revive the printed journal, patterning its efforts after Wollheim's midget-sized Phantagraph. Wilson issued The Atom on his own press, this being a good effort for a first attempt. Moskowitz and Osheroff paid Wilson three dollars to print their first eight-paged Helios, which boasted a linoleum cut on the cover; this cut was the work of Dollens, with whom Moskowitz had struck up a strong friendship. It, too, was reasonably good for a first number, though following a trend of the times in being more of a magazine about fans than about science-fiction. Kirby, who had failed so conclusively to make a success of his Fantasy Fiction League, now presented a one-paged, printed, monthly news-sheet titled The Science Fiction World; the second issue was promptly reduced to the six by four-and-a-half inch size then prevalent. All three of these titles had one thing in common: they lasted for but two numbers in printed format. The Science Fiction World gave up the ghost without bothering to refund outstanding subscriptions. The Atom folded with a third number partly completed. Helios, after a second issue printed by Stickney, announced that it would henceforth continue as a hektographed journal.

It was obvious that printing was an impossible medium. There simply was not enough support to be had to pay for printing even the most modest fan magazine. The initial cost of mimeographing equipment also was steep in those troubled days. So fans arrived at the conclusion that hektographing was the only solution to their problems.

Morris Dollens then became the center of attraction. For the first time he received sizeable literary and artistic contributions from fans who had few other outlets for their work save his Science Fiction Collector. Because of this sudden prosperity he increased the size and number of pages of the magazine, producing a first anniversary issue that was such an improvement over past numbers as to cause fans to look up and take notice. The next---the thirteenth---number saw the Collector as it should have been---a mature, entertaining, intel-

ligent publication, more than holding its own with others in the field. The contents-page read like a Who's Who of fandom at the time, with material by Stiles, Dollens, Wollheim, Kyle, Beck, Baltadonis, Chapman and Moskowitz. But cooperation had come too late, for the issue also contained an editorial announcing the magazine's discontinuance.

Then did the end of American fandom seem very near indeed. Here, and on all other sides, every attempt ended in collapse. But the darkest hour is always just before the dawn.

Dollens announced that he had given full rights to the title Science Fiction Collector to a prominent fan who wished for a time to keep his identity secret. Finally, however, the facts leaked out. Baltadonis, aspiring Philadelphia artist and former associate editor of The Fantasy Fiction Telegram, was the one who had received all rights to Dollens' Collector. Soon afterward there came word that the first revived issue under new editorship "would be the best hektographed fan magazine ever." This boast was met with much cynicism, and the summer of 1937 dragged on, the slim hope of fandom resting on Baltadonis' energy, ambition and ability, with no rallying-points appearing elsewhere.

Meanwhile, Moskowitz had contacted Corwin Stickney, who lived in Belleville, New Jersey, about five miles from his home. This acquaintanceship was cemented into friendship by the hard cash Moskowitz paid him to print the second number of Helios. Moskowitz's aim was to win Stickney back to fandom's cause, and in this he was moderately successful, becoming an unofficial editor of The Amateur Correspondent in the sense that he had a good deal to say about its policy thenceforward. Science-fiction articles and features began to reappear; a fan magazine review popped back in; art work by fans was accepted; and, in the journal's final issue, the infamous "Hobbyana" column was ousted.

In correspondence Moskowitz carried on a vigorous defense of Stickney's attitude toward Conover, particularly vehement exchanges being made with Wollheim, who was heading the Stickney attackers. In his attitude Moskowitz was guided by the fact that regardless of past events shattered fandom could not afford to lose a magazine like The Amateur Correspondent. In reply to Wollheim's assertion that what Stickney had done was "contemptible and sneaky" he revealed what he had learned of the break with Conover. The deadline for receipt of material for the third number had been reached and passed with nothing for it having been received from Conover, who had ignored repeated pleas. Ordinarily, deadlines for fan journals are flexible in the extreme (if not an editorial affectation), but the Correspondent happened to be one of the very few financed by its advertising, and hence its publication could not be delayed. Stickney therefore scraped together what material he could, writing a story himself under the pen name of Philip Sutter, and proceeded to print the issue. While thus occupied a part of the promised contents belatedly arrived from Conover. Feeling him to be unreliable, however, Stickney severed all ties with him. The hue and cry that arose from Conover filled the fan world with indignation, and since Stickney had at no time made clear his side of the story his silence was accepted as a full confession of guilt. Through publicizing the truth of the matter Moskowitz succeeded in winning over such fans as Madle, Dollens, Baltadonis, Weir and Miller to his side of the controversy.

Moskowitz was also courting Claire Beck in an attempt to induce him to let his Science Fiction Critic serve as a rallying-point for American fandom, but Beck's opinion of fans of the time was still low, so that he felt he would be stooping to their level regardless of the cause. Moskowitz did help seal a cooperation pact between Beck and Stickney, however, though he failed in inducing them to go much further. He managed to place his articles in both of their magazines, which, along with appearances in other journals of the time, helped build his reputation as a writer in the fan world. The article in the Critic, titled "Was Weinbaum Great?" (in which Moskowitz decided in the negative), was replied

to by Robert W. Lowndes with an article "Weinbaum Was Great." Although Lowndes' reply was politely formal the incident may have instilled in his mind a subconscious dislike for Moskowitz which was to result in an overt attack at a later date.

In late August, 1937 the first issue of the new Science Fiction Collector appeared under the editorship of Baltadonis and staffed by Train, Madle and Moskowitz. The result set the fan world agog and unified its struggling remnants. For Baltadonis had done the near-impossible: not only was the Collector ahead of the old insofar as quality of material was concerned, but Dollens' hektography had actually been surpassed. Some of the most important names of fandom were contributors, and in the space of one issue the Science Fiction Collector became the leading representative fan journal.

At about the same time the first issue of Cosmic Tales Quarterly, edited and published by James V. Taurasi, made its appearance. Taurasi had attempted to produce Junior Science Fiction earlier in the year, but had never completed the number; however, he mailed out fragments of this abortive journal with the bulky Cosmic Tales Quarterly. This latter contained fiction written by Taurasi, Wilson, Kyle and Edward E. Schmitt (the actual name of a real individual). Wilson's effort in particular showed narrative ability, and the mere thought of the amount of work involved in producing the number was enough to give the magazine a leading position among the scanty ranks of fan publications.

Baltadonis, in an attempt to integrate the numerous titles produced by the PSFS, announced the Comet Publications banner. In addition to the Collector this embraced Imaginative Fiction, originally carbon-copied but now reappearing in small hektographed format; Science Adventure Stories, a brainchild of Dollens which he never issued, but now brought out by Baltadonis; and The Brain, a pamphlet of three stories by Oswald Train, copiously and colorfully illustrated but typographically all but unreadable.

Taurasi followed Baltadonis' lead with Cosmic Publications, whose longevity through many vicissitudes proved phenomenal. He listed under this banner Cosmic Tales, Phantasy World, Future Science Stories, Solar and Tempopossibilities. Aside from the first title, the only one actually to appear was Solar, which won a Fantasy Amateur Press Association award some time later. Taurasi also contemplated further issues of Legion Parade and Phantasy World, as he had taken over the Phantasy Legion from Kyle; however, he soon lost interest in this organization, and nothing ever came of his plans.

Moskowitz now metamorphosed his printed Helios to a hektographed journal of a greater number of pages. This third number had a definite literary tone, and featured contributions from David H. Keller, John Russell Fearn, Clark Ashton Smith and other notables. A collectors' column by Louis C. Smith was begun. The news sections listed over two dozen tales and poems of H. P. Lovecraft to be printed posthumously by Weird Tales, along with the list of stories returned by Amazing Stories to reduce its overstocked condition. There were also critical articles and literary definitions of science-fiction. This number met with some praise, but Moskowitz, realizing that he was publishing material which could not hope to reach the audience preferring it, returned with the next Helios to its former policy of catering to the fans. This reached its culmination in the fifth issue, and caused an immediate rise in the magazine's circulation. If Moskowitz had convinced no one else, he had convinced himself that the fans of 1937 were interested not in the literary side of fantasy fiction or its publishers, but solely in themselves---their personalities, the uniqueness of their type. Many, for example, collected fan magazines exclusively, caring not a bit for the professional fantasy publications. And no doubt a large part of this attitude can be traced to the poor quality of the latter, which were sinking gradually at the time toward a new literary nadir.

(to be continued)

Fantasy---in Top Hat!

by
Thyril L. Ladd

Now and then, fantastic stories have appeared in the "slicks"---the "general type" magazines of large circulation---but when two excellent fantastic tales are found published in a single issue this reader believes it is an occasion really out of the ordinary. This happened in the February 8, 1947 issue of The Saturday Evening Post. One of these stories is very close to being of sensational quality! This is "The Green Hills of Earth," by Robert A. Heinlein, whose name is already familiar to fantasy readers.

Heinlein's story is told with rare skill---a fascinating account of Rhysling, the blind vagabond minstrel of the spaceways. In Rhysling, Heinlein has created a character so appealing that he might well be used as the hero of a series of tales---for it seems a shame for so unusual a characterization to appear in but one. We are told nothing outright of the ancient planet Mars, or of its great, crumbling metropolises. What we do learn is gathered entirely by inference, by chance bits of description and comment given here and there. From these each reader creates his own mental picture of a world which grew in time so old that only the largest structures and engineering works remain to tell of a race that passed away many dim centuries ago.

Fundamentally, "The Green Hills of Earth" is a tale of a great heroism ---or, more properly, of two great heroisms: in one of which Rhysling lost his sight, in the other of which he lost his life, still singing. But, while the story is interesting and exciting, the chief charm lies in the way it is told--- we realize almost within the first few words that we are reading of the far future, but Heinlein uses no bald statement to say that action takes place in such and such a year.

And not to be forgotten is the fact that the story is presented by The Saturday Evening Post with a two-page illustration in colors done by Fred Ludekens; this is one of the most impressive illustrations which this writer has ever seen associated with fantasy fiction. Ludekens' conception of what Mars looked like is attractively logical, and the reader is tempted to spend almost as much time studying this magnificent illustration as in reading the story. In all ways, one feels that "The Green Hills of Earth" is a major achievement in fantasy.

The other fantasy in this issue is "The Thirteenth Trunk" by Vida Jameson, whose father, the late Malcolm Jameson, is also an author well known to readers of the genre. It is a whimsical, amusing tale---yet not without companion elements of strangeness and the unknown. The action takes place in the office of a large coal company during a severe blizzard. On the telephone operator's switchboard only twelve of the trunk lines have ever been connected up by the phone company. So, when the operator inadvertently plugs into the thirteenth and a weird, unearthly voice promptly answers---it is rather uncanny! And from then on the plot really moves. This is a well-written, clever, short story, and is amusingly illustrated in color by Hook.

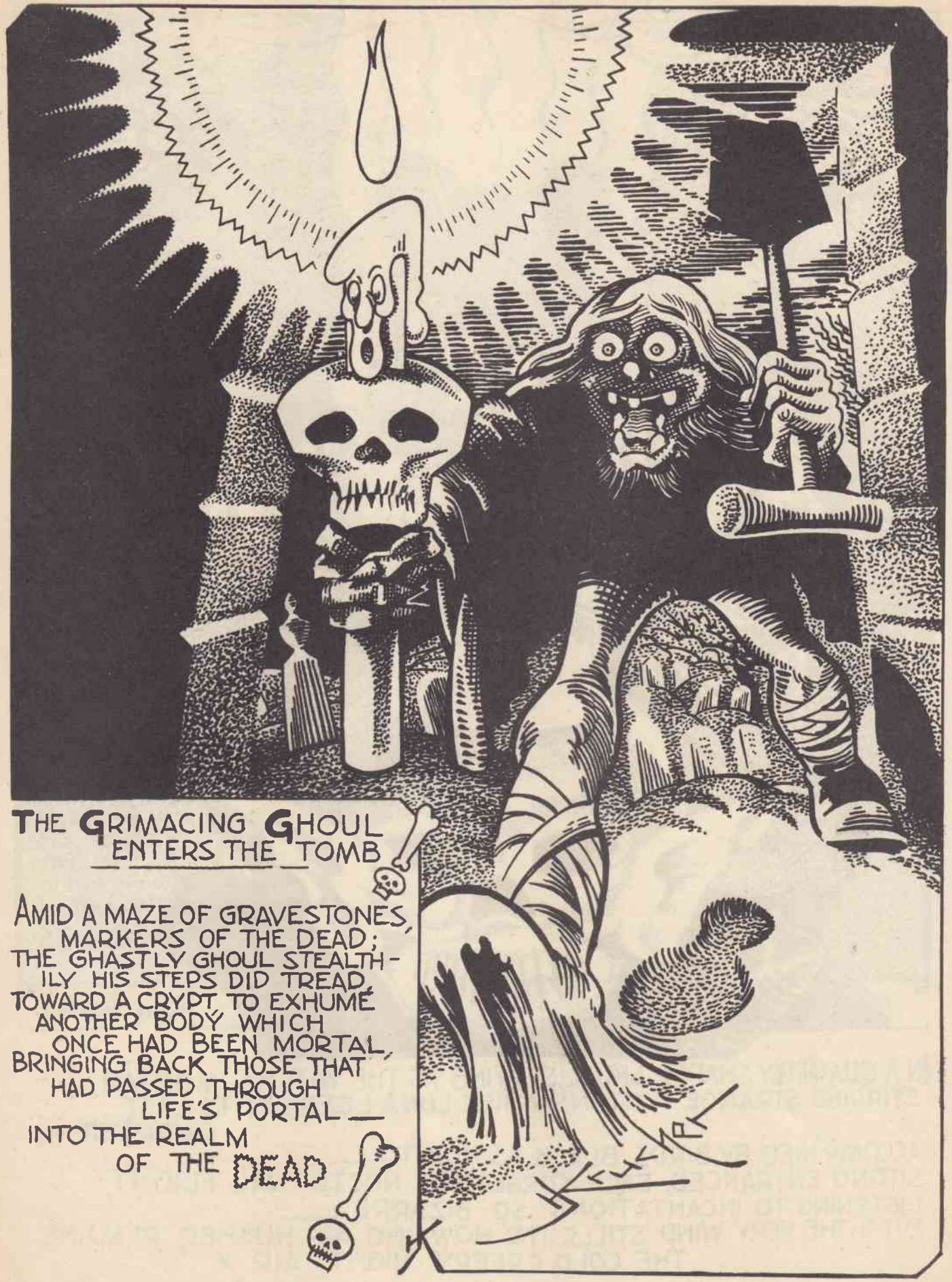
All in all, this issue of the Post is a must for the fantasy collector. In the forepart of the number, moreover, there is a write-up of Heinlein, accompanied by an excellent photograph, as well as a similar account and photograph of Fred Ludekens.

---oOo---

Tips on Tales---concluded from page 48

and reasonable world. They are neatly and authentically documented, and, unlike Fort's, presented in a clear and direct manner with no excess verbiage. Most important of all, however, is the fact that Mr. Miller has no axe to grind. He records the facts as they are, allowing the reader to do his own speculating. Topics already thoroughly hashed over---such as the disappearance of the Marie Celeste---are tastefully eschewed in preference to new material.

IN A QUAINTLY SHAPED SKULL, SERVING AS THE WITCH'S MORTAR,
STIRRING STRANGE POTIONS, WHILE LUNA LEERS IN ITS LAST QUARTER,
ACCOMP'NIED BY BIRDS, BLACK AS NIGHT —
SITTING ENTRANCED, EACH FORGETTING NOCTURNAL FLIGHT,
LISTENING TO INCANTATIONS SO BIZARRE —
EVEN THE VERY WIND STILLS ITS HOWLING — HUSHED, REMAINS
THE COLD, CREEPY NIGHT AIR!



THE GRIMACING GHOUL ENTERS THE TOMB

AMID A MAZE OF GRAVESTONES,
MARKERS OF THE DEAD;
THE GHASTLY GHOUL STEALTH-
ILY HIS STEPS DID TREAD
TOWARD A CRYPT TO EXHUME
ANOTHER BODY WHICH
ONCE HAD BEEN MORTAL,
BRINGING BACK THOSE THAT
HAD PASSED THROUGH
LIFE'S PORTAL —
INTO THE REALM
OF THE DEAD

COBLENTZ, Stanton A.

When the Birds Fly South

Mill Valley, California and New York: The Wings Press, 1945. 223pp. 19 cm. $3.

Review: When listening to the music of Debussy, for example, one has the familiar mental experience of trying to capture the meaning beyond and beneath the surface sounds. Something of this same elusive quality permeates the mind of the reader in perusing the Coblentz novel under discussion. It is poetry, bolstered and refined by a healthy sense of reality as well. The spirit of the story will remind many sensitive persons of Hudson's classic Green Mansions but with this difference: Coblentz lives in no ivory tower. Never in his highest flights of fantasy does one lose the comfortable feeling of the real world surrounding him. This is a minor literary tour-de-force, especially when one considers that the most intimate strings of cosmic fear and mystery are subtly plucked at certain points in the tale.

This could have been just another "lost race" novel. One shudders to think what certain worthies who specialize in this brand of writing might have produced with a similar plot. They eschew all niceties of characterization and atmosphere. Remote plausibility, a rational sense of proportion, even the reader's basic intelligence are all considerations most minor. Out of this familiar Sargasso let us consider for a moment the dogmas and rigid conventions which have appeared and reappeared with such tiresome regularity. There is always a mighty hero, brawny and courageous, to whom gore and strife are as meat and drink. At every turn he is harried by perils---human and otherwise---but he always conquers and escapes by a combination of force, agility and blind luck. Forethought or subtle mental processes are taboo. There must also be a ravishing and exotic heroine with a low forehead but with satisfactory development in all other important parts of her anatomy. In spite of the considerable barriers of different language and a culture frequently millennia older (or younger) than his and utterly alien in concept, these two of necessity reach a rapid and thorough understanding. Religion, royal prerogatives, family, education and cosmically divergent type of mind count for naught with the lovers when weighed against the irresistible power of sweet romance. A prime requisite is a Machiavellian prince, king or high priest who may or may not covet the girl but who inevitably exhausts all efforts to the bitter end in an attempt to throw a discord into their symphony. Needless to add---he always fails! Near the end of the book there must be a great contest of arms between the hero and a beast or warrior. In some cases it may be a battle against a neighboring people of agressive instincts or a struggle against a catastrophic upheaval of nature. In any case the hero---bruised and bloody---emerges triumphant. Somehow the heroine's coiffure is intact and even her slip doesn't show---and the two gaze into a rosy sunset as the tale closes.

When the Birds Fly South spares us these adolescent cliches, and is in addition a most literate piece of writing in itself. That Coblentz is a poet becomes quite evident from the very first page. His prose sings with an inherent beauty and the imagery of some of his descriptions is at times almost exquisite. An aura of cosmic eerieness hovers over certain passages from the time that Prescott first sights the Cyclopean image of the stone woman atop the remote Afghanistan peak till his melancholy wending down the trail from the hidden valley at the end. Pitiless fate and grim tragedy are constantly in the background of the race, the Ibandru, which he discovers there. They are ridden by an insuperable compulsion and an even deeper mystery: their mortal necessity for annual migration southward. All this is integral with their closely-held religion and taboos. It is an enigma which Prescott can neither penetrate nor share. It may be said to the author's credit that nothing is ever finally or definitely revealed. It

must be left for each reader to decide who or what the Ibandru were and how they accomplished the considerable feat of their annual migration. Of this last and greatest puzzle Prescott never gleaned more than an inkling in spite of frenzied and heart-breaking efforts of investigation. The will of the goddess, Yulada, is no easy citadel for conquest.

A vein of irony and healthy cynicism travels through the story. Despite the apparent all-importance of their religion there are skeptics among the Ibandru such as Karem, the brother of the girl Yasma. His belief is far from unwavering but he does not worry and goes along cheerfully with the rest of his people. There is a soothsayer in the person of Hamul-Kammesh who at first tries to break up the affair between Yasma and Prescott but who proves himself the equal of our local ward politician in engineering a "deal" when his power and prestige are imperiled. The devotion of sincere worshippers, arcane tradition and an eon-old prophecy must be compromised when the holy man's job is at stake! Yet Hamul-Kammesh is no charlatan---he just has common sense.

The author's artistry is again exemplified in the soundness of his psychology. The Ibandru are a remote and alien people, and even after Prescott at long last attains a measure of friendly intercourse with them there is always a veil he cannot pierce, a step beyond which he may not tread. His relations with the girl Yasma are a case in point. The normal physical attraction between male and female stirs her deeply but there is ever a mental and spiritual barrier separating them. Only out of resignation and pity for him does she sadly ignore the tenets of her faith and then only with the most terrified reluctance. Yasma, in her profound wisdom, knows the tragic consequences which must ensue; while Prescott, in the blind, egotistical and impetuous ignorance of Western man and his touted science, plunges on to the precipice of sorrow. If the ending is a little reminiscent of Lost Horizon we may still safely affirm that it is more natural and far more convincing than that of the Hilton novel.

Coblentz's work is a book of beauty, depth and quiet power that will be remembered long after the final page is regretfully turned. It is a personal tribute to the author and certainly deserves an honored place in the roster of distinguished novels of fantasy. The reader who looks only at the surface will find an absorbing and suspenseful tale, while he who peers beneath will discover a bright symbolism and a rational approach to mysticism---perhaps even an allegory on mankind and his not too promising future.

---Matthew H. Onderdonk.

---oOo---

This-'n'-That---continued from page 38

$2½), published in Britain in 1942, finally is available domestically; this news is more yawn-provoking than anything else, for the novel isn't really worth your time: it consists mostly of political propaganda, and is made even less palatable by the author's indecisive handling. Frank Baker's Before I Go Hence: fantasia on a novel (Coward-McCann, $2¾) deals with a time-shift, treating a variation on the Berkeley Square theme in capable fashion; for all the careful handling and acute characterization, however, the book yet remains but a pale shadow of the author's earlier Miss Hargreaves, which connoisseurs will remember as one of the classic fantasies of this century. He Dared Not Look Behind by Cledwyn Hughes (Wyn, $2) is a borderline item dealing with psychological horror and insanity. Vardis Fisher has produced the fourth in his series of novels of prehistoric days ---now dignified with the general title "The Testament of Man"---which, sadly to say, gets worse rather than better as it proceeds; this one, Adam and the Serpent (Vanguard, $2¾), proves to be a superficial dramatization of a change from a matriarchal to a patriarchal society. Crow Field by Margaret Currier (Double-

(continued on page 74)

Fantasy in the Munsey Periodicals

compiled by
William H. Evans

(Editor's note: This is the second---and concluding---installment of a bibliography begun in Fantasy Commentator #13. The magazine now being considered is Argosy-All-Story Weekly.)

1928	June 30	World Brigands (6)	Fred MacIsaac
	July 7	You've Killed Privacy!	Garret Smith
	Sep. 8	Madman's Buff	Will McMorrow
	Sep. 22	A Brand New World (6)	Ray Cummings
	Oct. 20	Rain Magic	Erle Stanley Gardner
	Nov. 3	Thirty Years Late (2)	Garret Smith
	Dec. 1	The Girl in the Moon (2)	Garret Smith
	Dec. 29	The Phantom in the Rainbow (6)	Slater LaMaster
1929	Jan. 5	Man o' Dreams	Will McMorrow
	Jan. 12	Buccaneers of the Air	Eustace L. Adams
	Feb. 2	Horror on Owl's Hill	Theodore Roscoe
	Mar. 2	The Sea Girl (6)	Ray Cummings
	Mar. 23	The Woolly Dog (4)	J.U. Giesy & J.B. Smith
	Apr. 27	Menacing Shadows	Bertrand L. Shurtleff
	May 11	The Radio Flyers (5)	Ralph Milne Farley
	June 22	The Shadow Girl (4)	Ray Cummings
		The Black Friar	Theodore Roscoe
	July 20	The Planet of Peril (6)	Otis Adelbert Kline
	July 27	Monkey Eyes	Erle Stanley Gardner
	Sep. 7	Death's Domain (2)	F. Van Wyck Mason
	Sep. 14	Princess of the Atom (6)	Ray Cummings
	Sep. 28	He'd Be His Own Son! (3)	Garret Smith

(name changed to Argosy Weekly)

	Oct. 12	Moon Up	Theodore Roscoe
	Nov. 2	The Snow Girl (2)	Ray Cummings
	Nov. 30	The Darkness on Fifth Avenue	Murray Leinster
	Dec. 7	The Sky's the Limit (2)	Erle Stanley Gardner
	Dec. 21	Maza of the Moon (4)	Otis Adelbert Kline
	Dec. 28	The City of the Blind	Murray Leinster
		The Plumed Serpent (4)	Richard Barry
1930	Feb. 1	The Sapphire Smile	Loring Brent
	Feb. 8	The Man Who Was Two Men (2)	Ray Cummings
	Feb. 22	The Radio Gun-Runners (6)	Ralph Milne Farley
	Mar. 1	The Storm that Had to be Stopped	Murray Leinster
	Mar. 22	The Blue Cat of Buddha	Theodore Roscoe
	Apr. 12	Sky Madness	Garrett Smith
	Apr. 26	The Man in the Jade Mask	Loring Brent
	June 7	The Radio Menace (6)	Ralph Milne Farley
	June 14	The Man Who Put Out the Sun	Murray Leinster
	June 21	That Cargo of Opium (2)	Loring Brent
	July 19	A Year in a Day	Erle Stanley Gardner
	July 26	The Beast Plants	H. Thompson Rich
		The Man of Gold (6)	Fred MacIsaac
	Aug. 2	The Prince of Peril (6)	Otis Adelbert Kline
	Sep. 13	The Red Germ of Courage	R. F. Starzl
	Sep. 27	Spawn of the Comet	Otis Adelbert Kline

1930	Oct. 4	Diamonds in the Rough	Allan K. Echols
	Oct. 25	The Snake Mother (7)	A. Merritt
	Nov. 1	The Hand of Ung	Loring Brent
	Nov. 29	The Walking Shack	H. E. Davis
	Dec. 13	Tama of the Light Country (3)	Ray Cummings
1931	Jan. 3	When Death Went Blind	Garret Smith
	Jan. 17	Caves of Ocean (4)	Ralph Milne Farley
	Jan. 31	The Green Goddess (6)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
	Feb. 21	The Hothouse World (6)	Fred MacIsaac
	Feb. 28	The Master of Money	Allan K. Echols
	Apr. 4	Beyond the Dark Nebula	Harl Vincent
	Apr. 18	Jan of the Jungle (6)	Otis Adelbert Kline
	Apr. 25	Vampire (2)	Loring Brent
	May 30	Chinese for Racket (2)	Loring Brent
		The Unseen Death	Allan K. Echols
	June 6	Out of the Silence	Garret Smith
	June 27	Tama, Princess of Mercury (4)	Ray Cummings
	Aug. 1	The Radio Pirates	Ralph Milne Farley
	Aug. 29	Bandits of the Cylinder	Ray Cummings
	Sep. 12	Red Twilight (3)	Harl Vincent
	Oct. 3	Flyer of Eternal Midnight	Ray Cummings
	Oct. 10	The Voodoo Express	Theodore Roscoe
	Oct. 17	The Moon Drug	R. F. Starzl
	Oct. 31	The Jungle Rebellion (6)	Ray Cummings
	Nov. 21	The Cave of the Blue Scorpion	Loring Brent
	Dec. 19	The Human Zero	Erle Stanley Gardner
1932	Jan. 9	The Disappearance of William Rogers	Ray Cummings
	Jan. 16	The Sleep Gas	Murray Leinster
	Jan. 23	The Dwellers in the Mirage (6)	A. Merritt
	Mar. 5	Prison Planet	R. F. Starzl
	Mar. 12	Tarzan and the City of Gold (6)	Edgar Rice Burroughs
	Apr. 16	The Insect Invasion (5)	Ray Cummings
	May 14	White Oaks	J. Allan Dunn
	May 21	Temple of the Dogs	H. Bedford-Jones
	May 28	Helgvor of Blue River (4)	J.H.Rosny-Aine & Geo. Surdez
	July 2	The Radio War (5)	Ralph Milne Farley
	Aug. 6	Death by the Clock	Ray Cummings
	Aug. 13	The Spot of Life (5)	Austin Hall
	Sep. 17	Pirates of Venus (6)	Edgar Rice Burroughs
	Oct. 22	Burn, Witch, Burn! (6)	A. Merritt
	Nov. 19	The Sting of the Blue Scorpion (5)	Loring Brent
	Dec. 3	Murder on the Mike	Arthur B. Reeves
	Dec. 10	The Man-Hunter	H. Bedford-Jones
	Dec. 17	New Worlds	Erle Stanley Gardner
	Dec. 24	Rats of the Harbor (2)	Ray Cummings
1933	Jan. 7	The Swordsman of Mars (6)	Otis Adelbert Kline
	Feb. 25	The Master Magician	Loring Brent
	Mar. 4	Lost on Venus (7)	Edgar Rice Burroughs
	Mar. 11	The Tyrant of Technocracy (2)	Fred MacIsaac
	Apr. 15	The Earth-Shaker (4)	Murray Leinster
	May 15	The Golden City (6)	Ralph Milne Farley
	June 10	Sapphire Death (6)	Loring Brent
	June 24	The Finger of Doom	Garret Smith
	July 6	World's End (3)	Victor Rousseau
	Aug. 12	The Lost Land of Atzlan (6)	Fred MacIsaac
		The Iron Maiden	William K. Rouse

	Sep. 2	Tarantula Tower	Theodore Roscoe
	Sep. 23	The Fire Planet (3)	Ray Cummings
	Nov. 4	Terror of the Unseen	Ray Cummings
	Nov. 18	The Last Minute	Theodore Roscoe
	Nov. 25	The Outlaws of Mars (7)	Otis Adelbert Kline
1934	Jan. 20	Gallows' Reef	H. Bedford-Jones
	Jan. 27	Brigands of the Unseen	Ray Cummings
	Feb. 10	The Radiant Enemies	R. F. Starzl
	Feb. 17	Death on Seadrome Three	Eustace L. Adams
	Feb. 24	War of the Purple Gas (2)	Murray Leinster
	Mar. 10	Jungle Girl (4)	H. Bedford-Jones
	Mar. 31	The Octopus of Hongkong	Loring Brent
	May 5	Prophet of Death	Allan Vaughn Easton
	May 12	Forbidden Mountain (3)	J. Allan Dunn
	June 2	The Terror (3)	Eustace L. Adams
	June 30	The Ledger of Life (4)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
	July 28	Flood (3)	Ray Cummings
	Aug. 11	Zimwi Crater	Gordon MacCreagh
	Aug. 25	Kingdom of the Lost (5)	Loring Brent
	Sep. 8	Creep, Shadow! (7)	A. Merritt
	Oct. 20	Earth-Mars Voyage 20	Ray Cummings
		Flame of the East	Frank Morgan Mercer
	Nov. 17	The Immortals (6)	Ralph Milne Farley
	Dec. 1	A Grave Must Be Deep	Theodore Roscoe
	Dec. 29	The Rollers	Murray Leinster
1935	Jan. 12	Jan in India (3)	Otis Adelbert Kline
	Feb. 16	The Moon Plot	Ray Cummings
	Feb. 23	The Monster of the Lagoon (6)	George F. Worts
	Apr. 6	Over the Dragon Wall	Loring Brent
	Apr. 13	The Polar Light	Ray Cummings
	Apr. 27	War Declared! (7)	Theodore Roscoe
	June 15	Goblin Trail	J. Allan Dunn
	Aug. 10	The Morrison Monument	Murray Leinster
	Sep. 7	Munumguru	Theodore Roscoe
	Nov. 23	The Monster from Nowhere	Donald Wandrei
	Nov. 30	The Extra Intelligence	Murray Leinster
1936	May 2	The Witch-Makers	Donald Wandrei
	July 18	North of the Stars (4)	Patrick Lee
	Aug. 8	The Devil in Hollywood	Dale Clark
	Aug. 15	Buccaneers International (3)	Arthur H. Carhart
		The Dead Remember	Robert E. Howard
	Sep. 19	Tarzan and the Magic Men (3)	E. R. Burroughs
	Oct. 10	Space Station No. 1	Manly Wade Wellman
	Nov. 7	The Last Crusade (3)	Martin McCall
	Dec. 5	Hades (3)	Lester Dent
1937	Jan. 9	Seven Worlds to Conquer	Edgar Rice Burroughs
	Jan. 16	The Book with the Golden Leaves	Alex Koy
		Eye in the Sky	Dale Clark
	Jan. 30	The Valley of Magic Men	Richard Wormser
	Feb. 6	Confidence Flight	Carl Rathjen
		Z is for Zombie (6)	Theodore Roscoe
	Feb. 20	The Resurrection of Jimber Jaw	Edgar Rice Burroughs
	Feb. 27	Speak to Me of Death	Cornell Woolrich
	Apr. 17	Locusts from Asia (2)	Joel Townsley Rogers
	May 8	Ghost in the House	Dale Clark
	May 29	The Smoking Land (6)	George Challis

1937	July 10	At Noon: Beware	Carl Rathjen
	July 31	Drink We Deep (6)	Arthur Leo Zagat
	Aug. 28	Kingdom Come (6)	Martin McCall
	Sep. 25	Death is a Far Country	Bary Boru
	Nov. 27	Genius Jones (6)	Lester Dent
1938	Jan. 8	Carson of Venus (6)	Edgar Rice Burroughs
	Jan. 15	London Skies Are Falling Down (6)	Garnett Radcliffe
		Featherfingers	Richard Wormser
	Feb. 5	Perseus Had a Helmet	Richard Sale
	Feb. 19	The Golden Glyphs	Logan Ancram
	Mar. 5	The Enchanted Mug	Richard Sale
	Mar. 19	The Red Star of Tarzan (6)	Edgar Rice Burroughs
	June 25	Dehydrox	Charles A. Crawford
	July 2	Three Against the Stars (5)	Eric North
		Round Trip	Eustace Cockrell
	July 16	The Invasion of America (6)	Frederick C. Painton
	July 23	Board Fence	Murray Leinster
	Aug. 27	I'll Be Glad When You're Dead	Howard Rigsby
	Sep. 3	Karpen the Jew	Robert N. Leath
	Oct. 1	The Matchless Mr. Mallet	Judson P. Phillips
	Oct. 8	Blue-Beard's Closet	H. Bedford-Jones
		Death Had a Pencil	Richard Sale
	Oct. 29	The Ship of Ishtar (6) (reprint)	A. Merritt
	Nov. 5	The Isle of the Dead	H. Bedford-Jones
	Nov. 19	Cleopatra's Amulet	H. Bedford-Jones
		Peabody's War	Richard Sale
	Nov. 26	Nymphs, Professor	William P. Templeton
	Dec. 10	Black Wings by Night	William de Steiguer
	Dec. 17	Island in the Sky	Arthur Leo Zagat
		Mr. Primrose Goes to the Devil	William P. Templeton
1939	Jan. 7	The Synthetic Men of Mars (6)	Edgar Rice Burroughs
		Snake-Head	Theodore Roscoe
	Jan. 14	The Eye of Doom (4)	Cornell Woolrich
	Jan. 28	Detour	Nard Jones
	Feb. 18	The Man Who Hated Lincoln	Theodore Roscoe
	Feb. 25	Nonstop to Mars	Jack Williamson
	Mar. 4	The Man Next Door	Paul Ernst
	Mar. 11	Seven Out of Time (6)	Arthur Leo Zagat
	Apr. 1	The Magic Monkeys	Garnett Radcliffe
	Apr. 8	Out to Rest	A. M. Burrage
	Apr. 15	Just a Dreamer	Creighton Peet
	Apr. 22	Minions of the Moon (3)	William Grey Bayor
	May 6	Show Me the Way to Go Home	J. A. York
	May 13	The Time Is at Hand	J. A. York
	May 27	Tomorrow	Arthur Leo Zagat
	June 10	The Great Green Serpent	Paul Ernst
		Boomerang	Hugh B. Cave
	June 17	Children of Tomorrow	Arthur Leo Zagat
	June 24	Seven Footprints to Satan (5) (reprint)	A. Merritt
		Corday and the Seven-League Boots	Theodore Roscoe
	July 1	Thunderbolt	J. A. York
	July 29	When the Dyaks Dance	James Francis Dwyer
	Aug. 5	The Ninth Life (4)	Jack Mann
		Hear Them Whistles Blowing!	Richard Sale
	Sep. 2	Blood of the Albacore	Nard Jones
	Sep. 9	Bright Flag of Tomorrow	Arthur Leo Zagat

	Sep. 16	Remember Tomorrow (6)	Theodore Roscoe
	Sep. 23	Lords of Creation (6)	Eando Binder
		The Aztec Heart	Brice Purcell
	Oct. 28	The Lonely World	Richard Sale
		The Temple Cats	Jay Clark
	Nov. 4	Let 'Em Eat Space	William Grey Beyer
	Nov. 18	The Golden Boneyard	David R. Reed
		The Higher They Fly	W. C. Brown
	Nov. 25	Star Bright	Jack Williamson
	Dec. 9	Maker of Shadows (5)	Jack Mann
1940	Jan. 13	Minions of Mars (5)	William Gray Beyer
	Jan. 20	Footsteps Invisible	Robert Arthur
	Feb. 10	The Devil's Well	Kenneth MacNichol
	Feb. 17	The Jest of Namerath	Garnett Radcliffe
	Feb. 24	The Green Flame (4)	Eric North
	Mar. 2	The Mortal Formula	Robert W. Cochran
		The Last Illusion	J. A. York
	Mar. 9	Till Doomsday	Richard Sale
	Mar. 16	Thunder Tomorrow	Arthur Leo Zagat
	May 4	The World that Drowned	Frederick C. Painton
	May 11	The Playful Powerhouse	William P. Templeton
		If You but Wish	Robert Arthur
	May 18	The Flying Eye	Robert Arthur
	June 1	Apart from Himself	William P. Templeton
	June 8	Sunrise Tomorrow (2)	Arthur Leo Zagat
	June 15	Postmarked for Paradise	Robert Arthur
	July 6	Miracle on Main Street	Robert Arthur
	July 20	The Pearls of Madam Podaire	Robert Arthur
	Aug. 31	Minions of Mercury (5)	William Gray Beyer
	Sep. 14	Napoleon of Nothingness	Robert Arthur
	Sep. 21	The Emerald of Isis	H. Bedford-Jones
	Oct. 5	The Golden Empress	Frederick C. Painton
	Oct. 12	Racketeers of the Sky	Jack Williamson
	Nov. 2	Satans on Saturn (5)	Otis A. Kline & E. Hoffman Price
	Nov. 9	The Ruby of France	H. Bedford-Jones
	Nov. 30	The Angry Amethyst	H. Bedford-Jones
	Dec. 14	He Didn't Want Soup	Paul Ernst
1941	Jan. 18	The Sinister Sapphire	H. Bedford-Jones
	Mar. 1	The Long Road to Tomorrow (4)	Arthur Leo Zagat
		And So to Death	Cornell Woolrich
		The Devil's Garden	Robert Arthur
	Mar. 8	Jeopardy's Jewel	H. Bedford-Jones
	Mar. 22	The Perilous Pearl	H. Bedford-Jones
	Apr. 5	To Heaven Standing Up	Paul Ernst
	Apr. 12	Destroyer! (6)	Steve Fisher
	Apr. 19	The Dawn-Seekers (2)	Frederick C. Painton
	Apr. 26	Blind Is the Night	Joel T. Rogers
	May 3	Don't Be a Goose	Robert Arthur
	May 24	Shake Hands with Old Hickory (3)	Theodore Roscoe
	June 7	The Universe Broke Down	Robert Arthur
		Forward into Battle (8)	C. M. Warren
	July 5	Just a Dreamer	Robert Arthur
	July 19	Obstinate Uncle Otis	Robert Arthur
		The Ship that Failed	James Norman
	Aug. 23	The Quest of Tarzan (3)	Edgar Rice Burroughs
	Sep. 6	The Boys from Mars	Robert Arthur
	Sep. 20	Minions of the Shadow (5)	William Gray Beyer

1941	Oct. 14	Killer, Go Home	Robert Arthur
	Dec. 13	Tell Me About Tomorrow	Nelson S. Bond
1942	Jan. 24	The Uninventor	Richard Shattuck
	Feb. 21	The Very Ancient Mariners	James Norman
	Mar. 7	Last Stop---Earth	George Michener
1943	Jan.	There Was an Island	Henry Kuttner
	Feb.	Jungle Interlude	Arthur Leo Zagat
	Apr.	Earth's Last Citadel (4)	C. L. Moore & Henry Kuttner

The Cavalier

1908	Nov.	World Wreckers	Frank L. Pollock
	Dec.	A Flyer in Martians	Jay Stanley Jackson
		An Unnatural Feud	Norman Douglas
1909	Jan.	The Knife and the Painting	Arthur Stanley Weeler
	Mar.	A Triangle of Terror	Grace Tabor
		Across a Thousand Years	Elliot Balestier
	Apr.	The Fire Globe	Norman H. Crowell
	May	The Changelings	W. D. Wattles
	June	Perpetual Youth	W. D. Wattles
		Mr. Popkin's Private Jail	L. H. Robbins
	Sep.	Miss Jack of Tibet (6)	Claude W. Beale
	Nov.	Morning Star (8)	H. Rider Haggard
		Dead Man's Chests	Philip S. Hickborn
	Dec.	Beyond	Grace Tabor
1910	Jan.	The Wizard of the Peak	Thomas E. Grant
	Feb.	The Hawkins Cloud-Climber	Edgar Franklin
	Apr.	The Hawkins Vacu-Ornament	Edgar Franklin
		No Doubt About It	Robert Brown
	May	Her Arabian Night in Washington	Henry G. Paine
	June	Dead for a Day	Burke Jenkins
	July	The Devastator	Robert Keene
		The Curing of Kemilia	Wade Warren Thayer
		Wimple's Fog Piercer	Burke Jenkins
	Aug.	Jim Wiley and the Thought-Recorder	Nevil Giltenshaw
	Sep.	His Wonder Plant	Burke Jenkins
	Oct.	Wimple's Nerve Soother	Burke Jenkins
1911	Jan.	The Chameleon-Haired Man	Robert Keene
	Feb.	The Hawkins Mintette	Edgar Franklin
		The Queen's Husband	Bertram Lebhar
	Mar.	Mr. Scales Backs an Invention	C. Langton Clarke
	June	For $100 Cash	Edwin Baird
	July	The Ribbon of Fate	George Allan England
		The Second Deluge (7)	Garrett P. Serviss
	Aug.	The Elixer of Hate (4)	George Allan England
	Sep.	The White Man's Hope	F. Julian Carroll
		The Singing Devil	Buffington Phillips
		The Feast of Abou Ben Rodo	Henry C. Christie
	Nov.	The Person from the Pyramids	Edgar Franklin
	Dec.	Jim Wilson's Hoodoo	Edwin E. Ludlow
1912	Jan.	Darkness and Dawn (4)	George Allan England

(became The Cavalier Weekly with the Jan. 6th number)

	Jan. 13	The Confession of Charles Linkworth	E. F. Benson
	Feb. 10	The Mystery of the Air	Joe H. Ranson

	Feb. 17	The Devil Ship	H. D. Couzens
		The Occult Detector (3)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
	Feb. 24	Across the Centuries	Edward S. Faust
	Mar. 2	Red O'Rourke's Riches (8)	Katherine Eggleston & F. H. Richardson
	Mar. 9	The Significance of High "D" (3)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
	Mar. 23	The Water of Death	Henry Roemer
	Apr. 6	The Ape at the Helm (4)	Patrick Gallagher
		The Vanishing Cubes (2: concluded May 25)	Crittenden Mariott
	Apr. 13	The White Waterfall (4)	James Francis Dwyer
	Apr. 20	When the Soul Escaped	Gilbert Riddell
	Apr. 27	He, the Undead and I	Will O'Byrne
	May 4	L'Enfant Terrible	John D. Swain
		Voices of the Night	George Rodney
	May 18	The Golden Blight (6)	George Allan England
	May 25	(see Apr. 6, above)	
	June 1	The Wisteria Scarf (3)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
	June 8	The Veil	Fred Jackson
	June 15	The Moon on the Pillow	George M. A. Cain
	June 22	The Idealists	Carl S. Hanson
	June 29	Hermo the Handsome	J. B. Smith & J. U. Giesy
	July 6	The Yogi's Curse	Walt McDougall
	Aug. 10	In 2112; En 2112 (Esperanto version)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
		The Whisper from the Tomb	Michel Corday & André Couvreur
	Aug. 24	Prohibition	C. W. Hayes
	Aug. 31	Ghosts of the Heiau	H. D. Couzens
	Sep. 21	A Desert Eden	Edwin L. Sabin
		The Golden Deluge	Gerald V. Stuart
	Sep. 28	The Cloak of Life	Glen Visscher
	Oct. 5	The Purple Light (3)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
		Galatea the Second	Fred Jackson
	Oct. 19	The Gold-Finder (4)	Annesly Kenealy
		By Way of the Black Road	Charlotte Teller
	Nov. 2	A Study in Somnolism	Junius B. Smith
	Nov. 9	The Innocent Sleep	Michael Williams
	Nov. 23	The Forbidden Door	Alexander Harvey
		Balaco (5)	Gaston Leroux
	Dec. 14	The Kalong Monster	Redfields Ingalls
	Dec. 21	Johnson the Caveman	George L. Knapp
1913	Jan. 4	Beyond the Great Oblivion (6)	George Allan England
	Jan. 11	Fishhead	Irvin S. Cobb
		Into the Fourth Dimension	Frank Blighton
	Jan. 18	The Lure of the Lavendar Trees; La Al-logo de la Lavendaj Arboj (Esperanto version)	Maryland Allen
	Jan. 25	The Master Mind (3)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
	Feb. 15	The Crime Detector	George Allan England
	Feb. 22	At the Stroke of Twelve	Elliot Balestier
	Mar. 29	Halvor Gunderson's Dog	John C. Wade
	May 17	The Spotted Panther (4)	James F. Dwyer
	May 31	The Secret of Her Sleep	Helen E. Haskell
	June 14	The Afterglow (4)	George Allan England
	July 5	The Mummy-Case of Pharaoh (4)	William Holloway
	July 26	Kálitá---the Mysterious	Varic Varardy
	Aug. 2	Kilowatt-Frankenstein Jones	Paul T. Gilbert
	Aug. 16	The Vengeance of Osiris	Hugh Pendexter
	Sep. 6	When the Air Fleet Struck	Alex S. Briscoe
		Birkholz's Molecular Theory	George Hulverson

1913	Sep. 20	The House of the Ego (3)	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
	Oct. 4	The Air Pirate	Alex S. Briscoe
	Nov. 8	The Blue Bomb (3)	J. Ullrich Giesy
		The Bell-Master of Neutzberg	Callis Burke
	Nov. 15	The Wall of St. Mark's	Horatio Winslow
	Dec. 20	The Ghost of a Name	J. U. Giesy & J. B. Smith
1914	Feb. 7	Trail of the Dog Star (2)	Albert M. Treynor
	Feb. 21	All for His Country (4)	J. U. Giesy
	Mar. 7	Hamilton Todd's Fingers	Wolcott LeClear Beard
	Mar. 28	The Trebarfoot Ghost	Annette T. Johnson

(with the May 16, 1914 issue The Cavalier Weekly combined with All-Story Weekly to form All-Story-Cavalier Weekly.)

Live Wire

1908	May	The Scourge of the World	H. A. & G. A. Thompson
	June	The Great Baseball Brainstrom of 2002	Bozeman Bulger
	July	The Burning Image (6)	Crittendon Marriott
	Sep.	The Ray of Hope	Howard Wright Smiley

(with the September 1908 issue Live Wire combined with Scrap Book.)

Munsey's Magazine

1912	May	A Flight to Freedom	E. Rath
1914	Nov.	A Corsican Calls	Frank M. O'Brien
1916	Mar.	The Preincarnation of Mark Forrest	John D. Swain
1917	Feb.	The Return	Zelda Spears
	June	Immortal Andrew (4)	B. Fisher
1919	Jan.	The Golden Scorpion (5)	Sax Rohmer
	Mar.	Renunciation	Achmed Abdullah
	May	The Hand	Theodore Dreiser
1920	Mar.	The Last of His Kind	Svetozar Tonjoroff
	Aug.	The Phantom Tryst	J. Douglas Cessford
	Nov.	His Career	Noel Leslie
1921	Jan.	Toys of Fate	Tod Robbins
	Mar.	Jenkin's Gyroscope	L. H. Robbins
	Apr.	The Athiest	William M. Rouse
	May	The Land of Illusion	Emmet F. Harte
		The Silver Veil	Ray Cummings
	Aug.	Black Truth	Genevieve Winsett
	Sep.	The Magic Pencil	Ray Cummings
		The Dead Man's Thoughts	William M. Rouse
1922	Jan.	Drops of Death	George Allan England
	Feb.	The Mystery of the Shrivelled Hand	Sax Rohmer
	Nov.	The Horror Horn	E. F. Benson
		The Man of the Miracle (5)	Vance Thompson
	Dec.	The Kiss at Large	Margaret P. Montague
1923	Sep.	It Came out of Egypt: 1. The Mark of Set; 2. The Lair of Spiders	Sax Rohmer
	Oct.	Sunken Cities	Douglas Newton
		It Came out of Egypt: 3. The Bats of Meydum; 4. The Flowering of the Lotus	Sax Rohmer
	Nov.	The Last Man on Earth	John D. Swain
		It Came out of Egypt: 5. The Silken Cord; 6. The Book of Thoth	Sax Rohmer

1924	May	Beyond the Pole	Philip M. Fisher, Jr.
	June	Dancing Dust	Herman George Scheffauer
	July	The Magic Picture Book	William Garrett
	Oct.	The Manikin	John D. Swain
	Nov.	I'm Sorry I Committed Suicide	Florence Wobber
1925	Jan.	Corstophine	E. F. Benson
	May	The Last Faun	Hubbard Hutchinson
	Nov.	His Dead Life	Louis L. Stevenson
1928	May	The Ghost Walker	Edgar Wallace
	Sep.	The Invisible Girl	Gelett Burgess
	Nov.	The Temple of Ghosts	Reginald Campbell
1929	Feb.	Icky of Oluk Lake	F. N. White
	Apr.	The Heat Wave	Marion Ryan & Robert Ord
	Oct.	World Without End	Scammon Lockwood
		Out of the Fourth Dimension	Zelda Sears
		The Hamza Formula	H. W. Stokes

(with the Oct., 1929 issue Munsey's Magazine combined with Argosy-All-Story Weekly to form Munsey's All-Story Weekly)

Ocean

1907	Mar.	Sea Gold (4)	George Bronson-Howard
	Aug.	The Passing of the Waters	Edwin C. Diskenson
	Nov.	Bottinger's Mermaid	Thomas R. Ybarra
	Dec.	In the Land of Tomorrow (2)	Epes Winthrop Sargeant

(with the Feb., 1908 number the name of Ocean was changed to Live Wire)

Scrap Book

1906	Mar.	A Descent into the Maelström (reprint)	Edgar Allan Poe
		The Devil and Tom Walker (reprint)	Washington Irving
	Apr.	The Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge (reprint)	Ambrose Bierce
	May	The Tapestried Chamber (reprint)	Walter Scott
		The Man in the Air	Frederick L. Keates
	Aug.	The Woman and the Cat (reprint)	Marcel Prevost
	Oct.	The House and the Brain (reprint)	Edward Bulwer-Lytton
	Dec.	A Christmas Carol (reprint)	Charles Dickens
1907	Feb.	Frankenstein's Monster (reprint)	Mary Shelley
	June	The Apparition of Mrs. Veal (reprint)	Daniel Defoe
	July	The Cask of Amontillada (reprint)	Edgar Allan Poe
		In the Hands of Fear	Harris Summes
	Oct.	The Iron Shroud	William Hudford
		The Human Brick	Mary C. Francis
	Nov.	When Science Warned	Julian Johnson
		The Avatar	Harvey J. O'Higgins
1908	May	The Thing behind the Curtain (5)	Charles Stephens
	Sep.	The Neurasthenic Ghost	Thomas R. Ybarra
	Nov.	Kidnapping Peggy	Frederick Walworth Brown
	Dec.	The Service Invisible	Irwin Thomas
1909	Apr.	The Sky Pirate (6)	Garrett P. Serviss
	Sep.	The House of Transformation (3)	George Allan England
	Nov.	The House without a Shadow (2) (reprint)	Adelbert von Chamisso
	Dec.	Spunkenswald	---
1910	Oct.	In Saturn's Rings	J. Aubrey Tyson

1910	Oct.	The Only Man on Earth	William L. Kentnor
1911	Jan.	The Radium Terrors (8)	Albert Dorrington
	May	H of the Glass Heart	George Allan England
	June	The Horla (reprint)	Guy de Maupassant
	Aug.	Richard Moore's other Self	Buffington Phillips

(with the Jan., 1912 issue Scrap Book was combined with The Cavalier Magazine to form The Cavalier Weekly)

addenda:

All-Story

1918	June 22	The Moon Pool	A. Merritt

The Cavalier

1912	Jan.	The Baby in the Snow	John D. Swain

The Argosy Weekly

1938	Apr. 30	I'd Climb the Highest Mountain (6)	Borden Chase
	July 16	Bells across a Valley	William Hubbell
	Aug. 6	The Pig Was in the Parlor	Richard Sale
	Oct. 15	The Man from Painted Arrow	Paul Ernst

---oOo---

Open House

(letters from our readers)

Writes Ricky Slavin:

I found Laney's article "Backwards in Time" (Fantasy Commentator #12) very good. It leads me, also, to mentioning a few other stories of the same theme that have been published recently.

Anthony Boucher's "Chronokinesis of Jonathon Hull" (Astounding Science Fiction, June, 1946) is based on the theory that time-travel would not be a complete move into a different era, but a living over of a person's life. Hull, in this tale, was thirty years old when he entered his so-called time machine, and he lived his life until seventy, or thereabouts, in a backward fashion. This in no way interfered with his "other" life---which he often observed---until he arrived at the age of thirty. He sometimes even visited his younger self, at which times he was taken for a phantom.

Another instance of inverted time sense is exemplified by "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button," written by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Button was born at the age of seventy, and became younger every day. The tale is satirical, and loses none of its humor despite a rather pedantic writing style.

Then there is Nelson S. Bond's "Fountain," to be found in Mr. Mirgenthwirker's Lobblies (1946). This gives us an interesting concept of the legendary fountain of youth, telling how a magic fountain causes a person to become younger every day. It differs from Fitzgerald's story in that Bond's character loses his memory gradually, while Button does not.

Contributing editor Matt Ondordonk comments:

Wetzel's linking of Lovecraft and Hawthorne seemed rather unconvincing to me. True, there is a slight affinity of atmosphere in that both men looked upon New England as a scene of ghostly horrors, but there the resemblance ends

for all practical purposes. Hawthorne was first and foremost a moralist---all of his works are tinged with this bias and sometimes it becomes so intolerable as to cloud the intrinsic merit of his writings. Lovecraft, on the other hand, is completely amoral with regard to the activities of humanity. There is never the remotest hint in his works that the leading characters could have varied their destinies by behaving differently or "better"---they are doomed from the beginning and their doom was predetermined in the original pattern of the cosmos. Their fate may be hastened by their injudicious meddling, but in the sight of the gods time is meaningless and whether they are destroyed now or ten millenia from now makes not the slightest difference. In other words, to Hawthorne, man is still the temple of God---however tarnished; whereas to Lovecraft man is but an irritating excrescence to those who rule the cosmic scheme of things. The fundamental diversity of outlook between these two writers can never be reconciled.

Wetzel's discussion of the Modus Noisos was most intriguing, however. I believe there is mention of this phenomenon in a new book entitled It's an Old New England Custom....

A brief communication from Robert W. Lowndes is next on the agenda:

While the matter is hardly of cosmic importance, still, Sam Moskowitz' serial article on fandom has struck me so far as being so excellent that I feel inclined to correct a minor error. On page 14 of the Winter 1946-47 number he states: "Wollheim, Sykora, Michel, Goudket, Pohl, Kyle and Hahn, together with Robert W. Lowndes (not previously active in fandom, who had arrived the previous night) were on hand early...." The parenthetical matter is not entirely correct as reference to Jack Speer's Fancyclopedia and to 1935 issues of Wonder Stories will show. I was one of the early members of the SFL, and had formed an abortive chapter of same in Stamford, Connecticut in 1935; furthermore, I'd seen a bit of gentle feuding in the "staple War," being known as Sir Doc Lowndes, Royal Pill Roller of the Tucker society. Consequently, I was known to quite a number of the lads whom I met at the 1937 convention.

Finally, we hear from the author of "The Immortal Storm." Sam Moskowitz writes:

In reading "Open House" in Fantasy Commentator #12 I was glad to see Charlie Hornig finally write a letter to a science-fiction publication of some kind again. I was very interested in some of his comments, though quite disillusioned by others. I want to deal with only one item specifically, however. He says: "I don't know where Sam got the idea that 'much' of my salary went into The Fantasy Fan. It was a financial loss, certainly, but only at the rate of two dollars a week; even on Gernsback's payroll, it was not 'much.'"

First of all, in the writing of "The Immortal Storm" I have to the utmost of my ability tried to be impartial and fair. The truth as I see it has, often, been unkind to many friends of mine---among whom I number Charles Hornig. But this is the price a historian must pay to present a sound perspective of history. In extricating and estimating facts a historian is frequently at the mercy of men's characters; he can accept or reject published statements, weighing them on the balance of the authors' reliability. Until now I had possessed the utmost confidence in the dependability of Mr. Hornig's word. And I am sorely disillusioned---for the source of my information that "much" of Hornig's salary went into The Fantasy Fan is none other than Charles D. Hornig himself. I quote his editorial in the November, 1934 issue of the periodical in question:

> What I started out to say was that I had money to burn when I organized "The Fantasy Fan" and didn't mind it running in the red for a year. And so it has. And so it continues. I kept putting money in, and putting money in,

never taking a cent out---never regretting the loss (nor do I today, nor consider it loss). I have enjoyed sacrificing hundreds of dollars (and that's not sarcasm) and devoting much of my time to gathering and assorting material for each issue.

But---and here's the reason for all this quibbling ---domestic circumstances now prevent me from taking any more money from my own pocket to donate to the cause, and the only way that "the Fantasy Fan" can continue is to pay for itself.

It seems to me that when a person is no longer financially capable of supporting a hobby it means that it is taking too much of his salary.

---oOo---

This-'n'-That---concluded from page 62

day, $2\frac{3}{4}$) is a novel that this writer cannot recommend despite the fact that it is quite fantastic, as he is a simple fellow who prefers a book where the reader can tell what the author is talking about. Three cents per page is rather high to pay for a book, but for Rip Van Winkle's Dream by Jeanette M. Haien (Doubleday, $2\frac{1}{2}$) it is exhorbitant; this happens to be a long philosophic poem of but slight fantasy content. A much happier note is hit by Dark of the Moon: poems of fantasy and the macabre (Arkham House, $3), a fine anthology of outre verse. If a play with a fantastic twist appeals to you, try Moss Hart's Christopher Blake (Random House, $2\frac{1}{2}$), a Broadway success that utilizes intriguing dream sequences. The Platter by A. M. De Jong (Querido, $2\frac{1}{2}$) is a novel originally printed in 1933 in Holland, and now for the first time translated into English by Alfred van Ameyden van Duym; the author---who lost his life in World War II in 1943---has produced an ingratiating little tale about a magic platter. Dark Dominion by Marianne Hauser (Random House, $2\frac{1}{2}$) is primarily a psychoanalytical Gothic novel but it veers very slightly into the field of science-fiction by virtue of a whacky character with a passion for inventing mechanical robots. Finally we have Sydney Fowler Wright's fast-action, behind-the-scenes spy novel which takes place in the year 1990, The Adventure in the Blue Room; it was published under the pseudonym of Sydney Fowler.

The staff of Fantasy Commentator wishes to extend special thanks to Dr. Keller for supplying the bibliography of his published fantasy as well as for the permission to use much of the material in "Half a Century of Writing" which came from his recent address to the Eastern Science Fiction Association. Readers will be interested to learn that an American edition of his Sign of the Burning Hart, heretofore available only in a printing limited to one hundred copies, is being planned. Details will be reported in this column as they materialize.

Regrettably it has become necessary to raise the subscription rate of this magazine. This move---under consideration for some time---has been postponed as long as possible, in the hopes that rising prices of paper, stencils, ink, and all other sine qua non of amateur publishing would become stabilized. These hopes have not been realized. The price of mimeograph paper, for example, has more than doubled since 1943, when Fantasy Commentator was begun. The editor is willing to absorb a reasonable loss, but he cannot continue to run this journal too far in the red. Hence, effective as of now, the subscription price will be 25¢ per copy, five for $1---a figure which should enable me to break even henceforth. Those who have subscribed before this change will continue to get the magazine at the old rate, however, until their subscriptions run out.

In times to come--- Next time "This-'n'-That" will try to finish the task of listing the remaining fantasy volumes that have appeared. Sam Moskowitz will present a critical analysis of an unpublished Weinbaum novel. And there will be plenty of book reviews and critical articles. See you then! ---A.L.S.

"Light-winged Smoke! Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame."

-- Henry David Thoreau,
Walden

"February 19, 1880. Just before 10 p.m. cold and entirely clear again, the show overhead, bearing southwest, of wonderful and crowded magnificence. The moon in her third quarter -- the clusters of the Hyades and Pleiades, with the planet Mars between -- in full crossing sprawl in the sky the great Egyptian X (Sirius, Procyon, and the main stars in the constellations of the Ship, the Dove, and of Orion) just north of east Bootes, and in his knee Arcturus, an hour high, mounting the heaven, ambitiously large and sparkling, as if he meant to challenge with Sirius the stellar supremacy. With the sentiment of the stars and moon such nights I get all the free margins and indefiniteness of music or poetry, fused in geometry's utmost exactness."

-- Walt Whitman,
Specimen Days

Proserpine. Certainly I am not shy. What do you mean?
Marchbanks /Secretly/. You must be: that is the reason there are so few love affairs in the world. We all go about longing for love: it is the first need of our natures, the first prayer of our hearts; but we dare not utter our longing: we are too shy....I go about in search of love; and I find it in unmeasured stores in the bosoms of others. But when I try to ask for it, this horrible shyness strangles me; and I stand dumb, or worse than dumb, saying meaningless things: foolish lies. And I see the affection I am longing for given to dogs and cats and pet birds, because they come and ask for it. It must be asked for: it is like a ghost: it cannot speak unless it is first spoken to. All the love in the world is longing to speak; only it dare not, because it is shy! shy! shy! That is the world's tragedy.

-- George Bernard Shaw,
"Candida," act II

"For moral and religious purposes we need a cosmic Presence which answers our craving for companionship and communion. This the esthetic conception of Aristotle did not do and, therefore, it must be redefined to meet the aching need of the human heart. The God we discover as cosmic control, as mathematical and esthetic genius, is also a God to whom we can pray and whom we can worship. He must be capable of giving love for love and be willing to pity and pardon our failures. No other idea of God will serve. A universe which meets our intellectual demands shall not fail us in meeting our moral and religious demands. We must remember, however, that this organic conception of the universe plays a momentous responsibility upon us for the influences we send out. If no atom can be set in motion without affecting the remotest part of the universe, shall not new impulses in the spiritual field have effect through all time and space? Even now, by sending out noble impulses I may help to save a soul somewhere in the Orion -- not to mention someone nearer."

-- John Elof Boodin,
"God and Cosmic Structure"