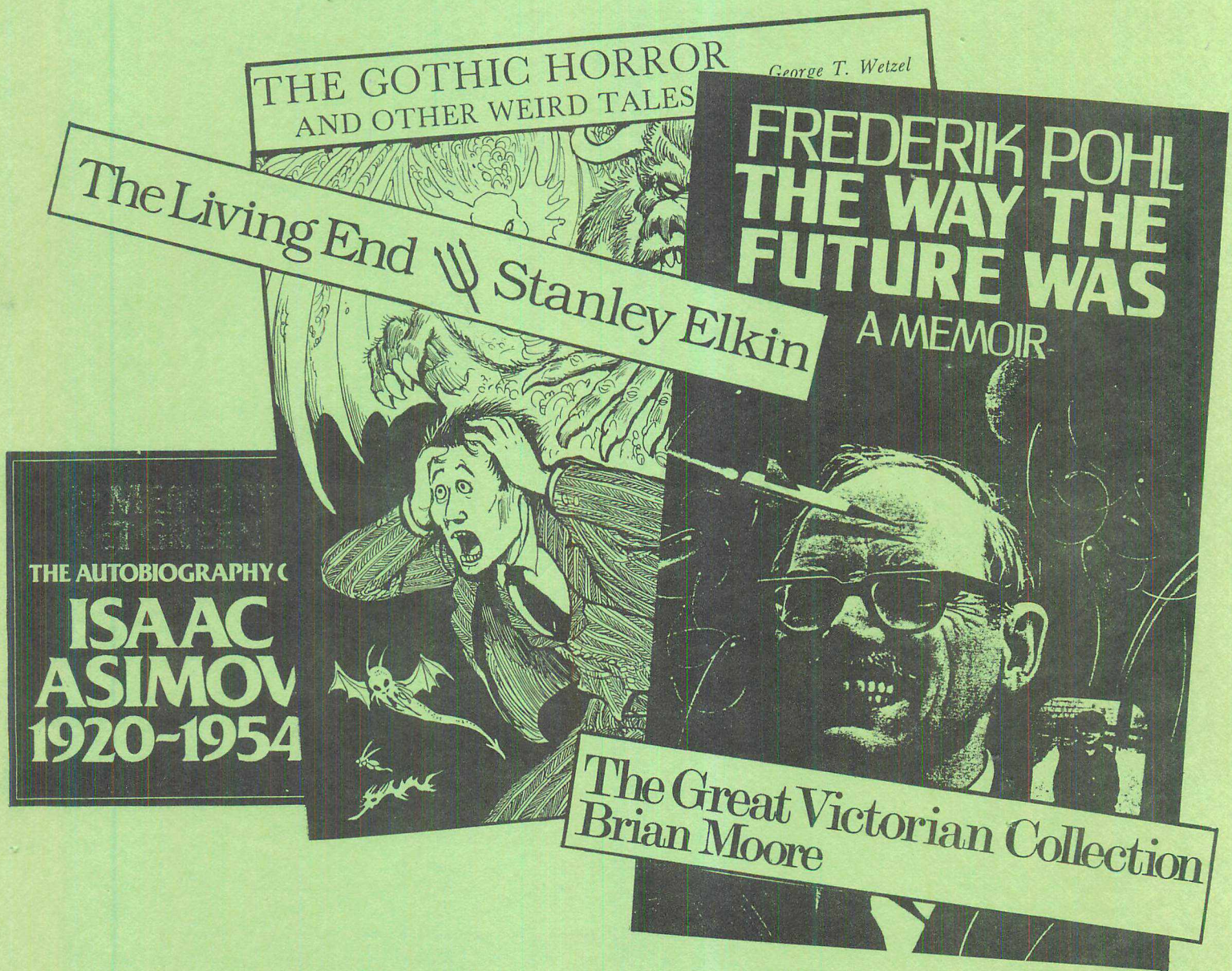
FANTASY COMMENTATOR



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Articles

'Plus Ultra': an Unknown Science-Fiction Utopia	A. Langley Searles	51
Man's Future	W. Olaf Stapledon	62
Peace and Olaf Stapledon	Sam Moskowitz	72
Some Thoughts on C. L. Moore	Sam Moskowitz	85
Edward Lucas White: Notes for a Biography - I	George T. Wetzel	94
Matthew H. Onderdonk, 1910-1979	A. Langley Searles	120

Verse

Sonnets for the Space Age	Lee Becker	60
Tom o' Bedlam's Song	Francis Thompson	69
The Dance	Edward Lucas White	114

Pictorial

Drawings for "Tom o' Bedlam's Song"	Norman Lindsay	68,70
Photograph of Olaf Stapledon	Bruce Hopkins	76
Photographs of Edward Lucas White and His Home		107

Regular Features

Book Reviews:		
Pohl's "Way the Future Was"	Edward Wood	65
Shiel's "Empress of the Earth"	Sam Moskowitz	71
Asimov's "In Memory Yet Green"	Lincoln Van Rose	90
Tips on Tales	staff	81
Open House	Our Readers	115

This is the thirtieth number of *Fantasy Commentator*, a periodical devoted to articles, book reviews and verse in the area of science-fiction and fantasy, published annually. Subscription rate: $3 a copy, three issues for $8. All opinions expressed herein are the individual contributor's own and do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Submissions are subject to minimal editorial revision if necessary.

'Plus Ultra'

An Unknown Science-Fiction Utopia

by A. LANGLEY SEARLES

I

Half a century ago the name of the author Edward Lucas White was well known. He first attracted attention in the early 1900's as a poet and short story writer, and then scored a major triumph in 1916 with *El Supremo*, a long historical novel about nineteenth century Paraguay. Over the next dozen years he produced several popular works about ancient Rome which kept him in the public eye. Today he is remembered chiefly in the fantasy field for his two short story collections *The Song of the Sirens* (1919) and *Lukundoo* (1927). The latter in particular is of high quality, and entries from it have been widely reprinted. But very few people know that White also wrote a long, ambitious work of utopian science-fiction which has never been published.

I learned of this in 1951 through George T. Wetzel. In an article on White, "Weaver of Nightmares," (1)* Wetzel described it as "a 500,000-word novel . . . whose length caused it to be rejected by a number of publishing houses." The manuscript was in The Johns Hopkins University library, among the author's other papers, none of which were available to the general public.

As a member of the academic community---I was on the faculty of New York University at that time---I thought it might be possible to obtain the work for examination and study as a interuniversity loan. Early in 1952 I approached the director of the college's University Heights Library, Dr. Paul J. Neumann, who was happy to help me. After a discouraging start---there was considerable opposition from some members of the Johns Hopkins faculty to lending it---a short loan of the manuscript was finally arranged. There were certain restrictions, however. It was to be lent for a limited period (six weeks, if I recall correctly), and never released to my personal possession, but housed only in the Heights library. Dr. Neumann very kindly set aside a private room there I could work in camera.

*Footnotes for this article will be found on page 59.

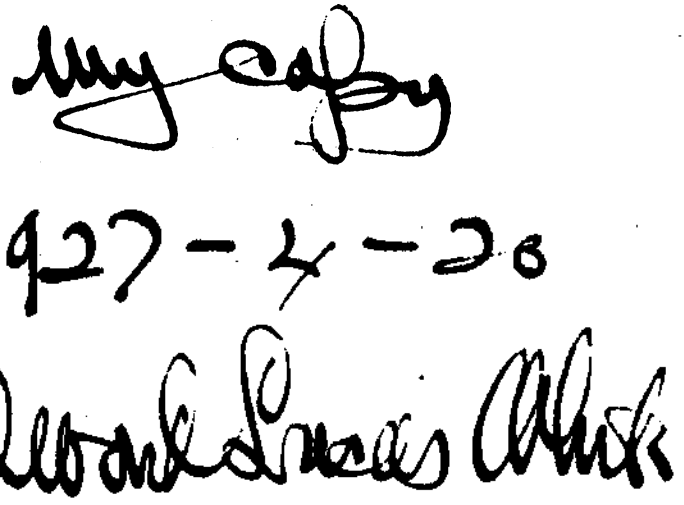
This was before the days of the Xerox process, and no photoduplication facilities were available, so all notes and quotations had to be laboriously made by hand. I spent most of the month of July, 1952 at this task.

Plus Ultra proved to be extremely interesting, and I intended ultimately to compose a descriptive and critical article about it. However, various circumstances brought about a halt to the appearance of this magazine, where publication was planned, and my notes were filed away. In the interim since then White's name has completed its slide to obscurity; I have been unable to locate a single article about the man in the past quarter-century, even in the centenary of his birth, 1966. (2)

Henceforth the situation will certainly improve. Firstly, this article will delineate White's major contribution to the field of science-fiction. Secondly, I am pleased to report that George Wetzel has obtained deserved scholarly access to the White papers, and has begun work on a detailed biography of the man. (The initial results of his studies are recounted on page 94 of this issue of *Fantasy Commentator*.) Hopefully these will make his importance and stature clear, and show also the extent of his acquaintance with other fantasy writers, about which today we know so little.

II

The manuscript of *Plus Ultra* arrived from Johns Hopkins by express in a box about two feet square and eighteen inches high. It consisted almost entirely of booklets, nine inches wide by five inches high by a quarter to a half inch thick. These were bound in boards and labelled in blue and red. Fourteen were devoted to background notes, the remaining 93 to the text of the work itself. In his "Weaver of Nightmares" Wetzel noted that these take up "four running feet of shelf space"; I never measured them, but this estimate seems about right. All are in longhand, written in soft, black pencil. White's calligraphy is large---there are seldom over fifty words on a page, more usually twenty or thirty, written on one side of the paper only. Art-gum erasures are more common than overwriting and crossings-out. After a little practice I did not find his handwriting difficult to read. Here is a sample: (3)



The backs of the pages in these booklets were sometimes written on, but in another hand. From the context I infer that they were originally examination sheets that White had obtained from the schools where he taught. Every booklet is dated, so

that we know exactly when White wrote it. In addition, at the end of each appears the phrase "read over" followed by a date---usually twice; the latter sometimes is rubber-stamped.

Starting about a third of the way through the holograph manuscript, the booklets occasionally also bear the page number of the typed draft that was made from them. Providentially I happened to receive with the booklets a few pages of this typescript. From these two sources of information I could estimate how long the work was: between 360,000 and 370,000 words. That makes *Plus Ultra* White's bulkiest production---almost half again longer than his *El Supremo*, which runs to some 270,000. (For comparison, *Gone with the Wind* has 425,000 words, and Austin Wright's *Islandia*, another famous fantasy utopia, was cut for publication from nearly 600,000 words to 400,000.) White prepared a typed original and a carbon copy from the booklets himself. (4) For a time it was feared that all or parts of both were lost. (I understand that the care and attention White's papers have received since his death leave much to be desired.) It now appears, however, that they still exist. (4) It is not yet known whether White ever actually submitted his manuscript to any publishers; if he did, they apparently rejected it.

Edward Lucas White was a meticulous craftsman, and made systematic notes of most of his background research for *Plus Ultra*. Further, he apparently kept almost all of them. This is less surprising than it may at first seem, since the work was literally over half a century in the making. White clearly regarded it as his magnum opus, and retention of notes for anything so important and so long in progress would be both expected and necessary. From these notes, a few additional facts known about White's life, and from its preface and afterword we can trace *Plus Ultra* back to its earliest beginnings.

In 1879, when he was not yet fourteen, White read Charles Darwin's *Origins of Species* and soon after, his *Descent of Man*. Since then White's imagination, he said, was "irresistably led to gloat over the possible, the probable, the almost certain felicity of mankind for a very long period in its far future at the acme of social development." (5) Shortly thereafter he perused other views of the future: More's *Utopia*, Bulwer-Lytton's *Coming Race*, Plato's *Republic*, "and everything else of the sort on which I could lay my hands."

> These, like Butler's *Erehwon* and Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, read later, stimulated me chiefly by the antipathy of their general tone and my dissatisfaction with their apparent deficiencies, defects and imprefections. To me they seemed as they now seem, all alike in one respect. Each appears to me to take the random, ill-founded personal preferences of the author and the more or less accidental, ephemeral and transitory usages and fads of his locality and period, project them into the future, and intensify and indurate them. I wanted to get away from my personal dislikes and likes, from the compulsion of what I happened to be habituated to, from the customs of amid which I had grown up to look at them, and the world at large, and mankind collectively, detachedly and without prejudice or bias of any kind and to find some stable and secure foundation for a convincingly verisimilar forecast of what was most likely to result from genuine progress, from successful efforts of mankind to attain the possible optimum of rational, intellectual, emotional and spiritual welfare and comfort. I struggled to achieve such detachment, poise and such a cosmopolitan attitude of mind. (5)

White also admitted that these ponderings conjured up only "vague mental conceptions" until two things happened. In 1882 he read a translation of "The Limits of Human Knowledge," an address delivered by Professor C. von Nageli to the Munich meeting of the German Association. (6)

> With space we do not far better than with time. We naturally wish to imagine the universe as of fimite extent in space and thus make it accessible to our conception. But as the space filled with matter can but everywhere be limited by more space filled with matter, we arrive at the absurd deduction that the world in its circumference is bordered by itself. But if we allow infinity to universal space, and according to our ideas of space it must be infinite, then heavenly bodies follow upon heavenly bodies without end, in different stages of development. Now as size, composition, and stages of development move within finite limits, the combinations which are possible constitute, of course, to our ideas, an infinitely great, but yet not endless number. If this number is exhausted the same combinations must repeat themselves. We cannot deny this, even with the conviction that centillions upon centillions of heavenly bodies or systems of heavenly bodies would not suffice to complete the number of possible combinations. Because centillions compared to endlessness are less than a drop of water compared to the ocean we thereforearrive at the mathematically correct, but to our reason most absurd, deduction that our earth, just as it is now, must occur several times, indeed an infinite number of times, in the universe, and that also the jubilee festival, which we celebrate today, is celebrated just in the same way upon many other Earths.

As I shall later describe, this device was to furnish White with the method for introducing the reader into the world of 50,000 A.D., where the action in *Plus Ultra* takes place.

The second event was his encounter with Lester Ward's *Dynamic Sociology* (1883), which White read late in 1883 or early 1884. Ward classified the influences which governed the behavior of human beings in communities into two categories: those which were essential and permenently abiding, and those he felt were inessential, ephemeral and transitory. (7) The book was doubtless helpful in other ways as well. Ward, one of the most formidably learned men of his time, and certainly America's most forward-looking and influential sociologist, was at home in all branches of knowledge, and he wedded his concepts particularly to that in the sciences. (8) White would certainly have found this particularly congenial, for it exactly corresponded to the outlook needed for writing *Plus Ultra*.

By now Edward Lucas White was eighteen. He was prepared for college at a private school, and entered The Johns Hopkins University in the Fall of 1884. At the end of his first year there he took a summer voyage on a sailing vessel to Rio de Janeiro and back. On the first leg of the trip, which took nearly eight weeks, he began the first draft of *Plus Ultra*:

> When I had my sea legs I wrote for some hours daily, in all about 100,000 words or more. On the homeward voyage I read over what I had written and told myself I had a good and apparently original idea, in general and many in particular, but was too young to do anything worthwhile with either the scheme

> of my romance or its details: that I needed to mature and to learn much about cosmology, physics, chemistry, geology, geography, biology, zoology, botany, paleontology, psychology, archeology, history, sociology, economics, agriculture, industry and many more departments of human knowledge. I hove the manuscript overboard and have never regretted the act. (9)

For the next fifteen years the concept of *Plus Ultra* remained in the background as White completed his formal education. He received a B. A. degree from Johns Hopkins in 1888, and then spent three years in its graduate school, as he changed his original plan of becoming a biologist and public lecturer to that of a teacher and writer. He also spent a summer in Europe with his sister in 1889 studying sculpture and architecture. During these years he was forced to acclimate himself to the severe periodic migraine headaches, brought on particularly by reading under artificial light, which afflicted him for the rest of his life.

In 1900 he married. White says that the idea for the first portion of a new introduction to *Plus Ultra* emerged very gradually in his mind between 1901 and 1918. Initially this took the form of a short story he titled "The Kite Capture," which he wrote between 1910 and 1918. The manuscript for this tale was destroyed after his wife typed it, and was therefore not included in the material I examined. It was possible to reconstruct it in part, however, from the succeeding portions of the work.

The time of the story is given as 1905. It deals with UFO's, small winged metal "messengers", whose flight is externally controlled. One of these is briefly captured when it fouls and becomes tangled in a kite-string, another when it wanders into an airship shed. These messengers are lensed, and their lenses show both what they face to their operators, and the operators' surroundings to people who view the lenses from without. The messengers' extra-terrestrial (in fact extra-solar) origin is demonstrated when people see strange creatures and scenes on a planet of a binary star on the lens. The messengers operate on a type of radiation unknown to us which is propagated at many times the speed of light. Exactly what line of narrative action surrounded these concepts I cannot tell.

Based on the date of its composition, we can credit White with the creation here of two science-fiction "firsts": One is rationalizing a method of dealing with the limitations of light speed in communication; this antedates the method used in E. E. Smith's *Skylark of Space*---and reads much more plausibly, too. The other is the invention of televising "messengers" which do not appear in the field until the publication of John Campbell's *Mightiest Machine* in 1934. (10)

It is also possible that "The Kite Capture," while it grew out of the concepts underlying *Plus Ultra*, was not initially intended to be part of that work at all, and was simply grafted on later. In any event, its production did stimulate White very shortly afterwards to begin what turned out to be the actual opening portion of the work. "Somewhere during 1918," he says, "I began to conceive this as a separate tale under the title 'From Behind the Stars.' Somewhere along about February, 1919 the idea took final shape: plot, characters and incidents, with the climax. Notes taken during May and June, 1919. Writing began June 1st 1919 ...." (11) White put in thirty-one working days on this segment, finishing it on August 10, 1919. It runs to a little over 52,000 words. The chief characters are:

Ferris, a well-to-do writer of "ingenious fictions." He narrates the story, which is told in the first person.

Novaresco, a Roumanian inventor. He is 34 years old, has black beard and hair. His chief interest is radioactivity. It is his invention that triggers the action of the story.

Diarmid Ettlington, an eccentric multimillionaire.

Ythan, Trillinghast, Reminel, Morland, Gault, Celvert----minor characters who appear supportively in the background throughout the story.

A chapter-by-chapter synopsis of the work follows:

Chapter 1, "The Inventor"
(written June 20, 21, 23, 24, 26; July 4, 5, 1919)

One morning early in the summer of 1913 Novaresco meets Ferris on the platform of a railroad station and asks him how to reach Muir, where Ettlington lives. Ferris offers him a lift there by car. They converse on the way, Novaresco revealing that he had recently spent two days with Ettlington in Bucharest. Muir is located in the "least populated region of western Massachusetts."(12) It is so vast an estate as to be a community, with living quarters, garages, laboratories, sheds, barns with livestock and so on, staffed by mechanics, farmhands, servants and even a French chef. Over lunch Novaresco tells of his background. His parents died before he was grown, "leaving him independantly well off and with a taste for physical sciences." He studied at several European universities, came to America, settled in Washington, D.C., and married. But he has now used up all his funds on an invention that is almost perfected. For the past three weeks he has been subsisting on a few penniesworth of food a day, and has spent his last funds on a ticket to Muir. Novaresco's invention is "a wireless telegraph which can be cheaply and automatically operated no matter what the conditions as to weather or atmospheric electricity; and it promises to be workable . . . no matter what the distance." It is powered by electricity, and is constructed of simple parts except for its "transformer." The transformer, which replaces the antenna used in radio transmission and reception, is what needs further perfecting. Ettlington agrees to help; he has Novaresco inducted into the community, sends for Novaresco's wife and children, and has models of the invention sent to Muir.

Chapter 2, "The Patron"
(written June 1; July 9, 10, 1919)

Ettlington's background is detailed. He was orphaned before the age of three, and later suffered an accident badly injuring one hand. Although he has been left with but a small physical deficit as a result, he still felt maimed and handicapped; this quirk, in combination with his high natural intelligence, drove him to great commercial success. Novaresco's invention is now described in more detail. It operates through reversible conversion of sound, electricity, and a hitherto undiscovered and unsuspected type of radiation, unlike any known. New models are constructed involving two improvements devised by Novaresco: an automatic recording device to take down messages, and an "isolator," which can be used to separate and isolate instruments from each other and enable multiple conversations to proceed simultaneously. Trials show that the invention works even when placed in the deepest mine, and between Muir and such far distant cities as Cape Town, Auckland and Manila. (13)

Chapter 3, "From Behind the Stars" (14)
(written July 7, 13, 15, 17, 18, 1919)

It is planned to subject the invention to final tests, and then show it to Bell, Edison and a number of other coeval inventors. At this point a strange voice is heard on the instrument. It identifies itself as an intelligence three hundred parsecs away, on a planet in another solar system. The intelligence ex-

plains that communication with the Earth is possible because the type of radiant energy powering Novaresco's device is propagated at a rate of over a thousand parsecs a second. The intelligence is not a human being, but an organism whose metabolism uses silicon and fluorine in place of carbon and oxygen. It is multi-appendaged, has several independent modes of vision, and in addition to having organs of touch, taste and smell, posseses others which can monitor changes in electric potential, magnetism, and so on. It is more intelligent than humans, with a mind that can concentrate on several things at once and communicate telepathecally with its fellows. Its average life-span is about 1400 Earth years.

Chapter 4, "The Proof"
(written July 21, 22, 23, 24, 27, 1919)

Using Novaresco's radiation, whose wave-length is "an infinitesimal fraction" of light, the intelligence's race has explored the galaxy, cataloging and studying more stars than astronomers on Earth have ever seen. By the same means all sentient life within 100,000 parsecs is kept under continual observation. The achievement of civilizations on other planets have been observed and recorded; museums contain, for example, Novaresco-radiation photographs of Earth's cities, buildings, life-forms and important people from the earliest times to the present. When Ettlington and the others express doubt, the voice convinces them by describing in detail what they are doing and their surroundings at Muir.

Chapter 5, "The Conversation"
(written July 28, 29; August 1, 3, 4, 1919)

During this exchange Ettlington reveals that in 1905 he saw two small winged and lensed flying devices on Muir. (15) The intelligence says these are spying devices sent out by beings of yet another planet; they operate on another type of radiation unknown to humans that is not as effective as Novaresco radiation. The intelligence declines to answer questions concerning his race's development, exactly how any of the devices described operate, or even how many stars exist and how many have satellite systems (though he says the number of the latter is small, and that even fewer have developed sentient life). He gives as the reason for his refusal the need to let mankind evolve in its own way, citing examples from human history where social decay followed contact with superior cultures.

Chapter 6, "The Disclosure"
(written August 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 1919)

The intelligence is willing to describe other life that has evolved in the universe. There are five types, classified as different because they have differing chemical compositions. First his own, which occurs least frequently of all. There are two types related to this: one is less developed than his, though more so than humanity; the other has produced sentient organisms, but no intelligent creatures. The fourth kind is most frequent; it is vegetable, immobile, and is based on a carbon-nitrogen-oxygen chemistry. The fifth is like humanity, and exists on some thousands of satellites. (At this point Prof. von Nageli's statement that I have quoted on page 54 is cited to support "an unassailable inference based on solid facts and reasonable deductions" as to the existence of humanity on other planets.) Human beings so similar to Earthlings that they differ only in speech and customs have been observed. Two have had histories virtually identical, "formative, geologic, biologic and topographic" up to that "of your world in 1880." The first is about two hundred years ahead of the Earth in development, the second 100,000. The voice's race is "quite capable" of constructing mechanisms by which they might voyage through interstellar space and visit other stars.

It has not done so because worlds like its own in chemical composition are very rare in space. The more advanced Earthlike people have brought space ships to a high point of development, however; they have explored much of the galaxy, and have visited their less advanced counterparts. The voice says that they regularly converse with his race, having discovered Novaresco radiation.

Chapter 7, "The Upshot"
(written August 9, 10, 1919)

Ettlington and Novaresco, after discussion, agree that the latter's invention should be suppressed. Ythan and Ferris doubt the authenticity of the voice, but fail to persuade Ettlington who, though "rebelliously incredulous" at first, has gradually become convinced. Though violently anti-German, (16) Ettlington will not even consent that the invention be given to the allied governments. In its last conversation with those at Muir, the voice counsels them to remember that there is no limit to knowledge. No matter how far it may progress, "there is always more beyond."

The booklets containing the above material bear no indications of typed manuscript numbers. They do, however, show occasional notes (apart from the text) written in another hand. A plausible conjecture is that they were written by Mrs. White, who habitually typed her husband's manuscripts for him. "From Behind the Stars" is a story entirely separate from *Plus Ultra*, and White thought of it that way. Its length (a bit over 52,000 words) actually makes it a short novel. Did he make any serious effort to sell it? If so, he was unsuccessful, for it never appeared in either magazine or book form. (17) It is not untypical Gernsback- or Munsey-type science-fiction, with considerable wordage used for descriptive domestication of the science; much of chapter three, for example, tells the reader about the solar system, and recounts solar and stellar sizes and distances. One wonders if the author was aware that *Amazing Stories* magazine, a likely market for his novel, was founded only a few years after he wrote it. (18)

"From Behind the Stars" is quite untypical, however, in its anticipation of several seminal concepts that had either not yet surfaced in the field or had been barely touched on. Two of these I have already cited on page 55. In addition, there is portrayal of life based on silicon rather than carbon, (19) use of a single radio channel to carry multiple messages simultaneously; use of radiation that can traverse solid matter for communication purposes (20); and introduction of the term "parsec," which (although a wholly legitimate and useful term in science-fiction) was not utilized until E. E. Smith's *Gray Lensman* series nearly two decades later. (21)

What of the influence of other science-fiction authors on White? Since he is known to have read *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (notes for *Plus Ultra* contain a quotation from it) I should guess that he was aware of Wells's other works in the genre. We know he read Poe; and of course he followed utopian fiction generally. In the latter category there seems but one title whose theme is even vaguely similar to that in "From Behind the Stars." This is Cyrus Cole's *Auroraphone*, which appeared in 1890; (22) here Cole tells of a utopian community on the planet Saturn. (23) We have no evidence that White ever read it, however.

Finally, "From Behind the Stars" is unusual in that stories involving interstellar locales and communication before 1920 are notably rare. (This is scarcely surprising, since unexplored areas on our own planet and all other planets in our own solar system made search for isolated or exotic locales unnecessary.) But by a fantastic coincidence one other author was also writing science-fiction of the same unusual scope at almost exactly the same time---for 1919 was the year E. E. Smith composed most of *The Skylark of Space*!

(to be concluded in the next issue)

NOTES

(1) *Fantasy Commentator* III, 161 (1952).
(2) In 1967, however, E. P. Dutton & Co. reissued his *El Supremo* with a new historical introduction by Wayne G. Broehl, Jr. of Dartmouth College.
(3) Furnished through the courtesy of George T. Wetzel.
(4) Personal communication, George T. Wetzel.
(5) Edward Lucas White, "Afterword" to *Plus Ultra*.
(6) *Nature* XVI, 535 (1877).
(7) In broad outline these are:

ESSENTIAL FORCES
- PRESERVATIVE FORCES
  - Positive: gustatory (seeking pleasure)
  - Negative: protective (avoiding pain)
- REPRODUCTIVE FORCES
  - Direct: the sexual and love desires
  - Indirect: parental and family affections

NON-ESSENTIAL FORCES
- Esthetic Forces, seeking beauty
- Emotional Forces, seeking the good
- Intellectual Forces, seeking the truth

(8) Ward's works run to several thousand pages, and contain much intricate, uninviting terminology and prose. For those interested in knowing more about the man's work two excellent summaries are available: *The Sociology of Lester F. Ward* (1930) by Clement Wood, and Henry Steele Commager's *Lester Ward and the Welfare State* (1967). The most recent biography is *Lester Frank Ward* (1976) by Clifford H. Scott.
(9) Edward Lucas White, "Afterword" to *Plus Ultra*.
(10) (a) Here they are named "investigators" or "egg boats".
(b) Philip F. Nowlan's "Armageddon---2419 A.D." (*Amazing Stories*, August, 1928) mentions a similar but cruder device.
(11) E. L. White, ms. booklet titled '"From Behind the Stars"---Notes and Records.'
(12) Probably in the area later flooded to form the Quabbin Reservoir.
(13) Some time between 1928 and 1932 "The Kite Capture" was revised and used with title unchanged as chapter one of *Plus Ultra*. To accomodate this, all chapter numberings as given here subsequently increased by one. Thus "The Inventor" became chapter two, "The Patron" chapter three, and so on.
(14) White later changed this title to "From Beyond the Stars."
(15) These are of course identical to those mentioned in "The Kite Capture."
(16) As was White himself, and most of the country, after World War I.
(17) In the Fall of 1919 White had "friendly discussions" about the work with his publisher, E. P. Dutton & Co. Dutton did not want to publish it, and further asked him (strangely, I think) not to have anyone else do so. Wetzel feels Dutton believed the sales of *El Supremo* would be hurt. This could well be true; White himself said that the idea of *From Behind the Stars* was "too big for the ordinary reader to grasp," and sales were "hardly likely." He may therefore never have submitted it elsewhere.
(18) White sold "Lukundoo" to *Weird Tales*, and was therefore not averse to pulps.
(19) P. Schuyler Miller exploited this concept a dozen years later.
(20) The use of gravity waves for this purpose was suggested early in 1979.
(21) White's concept of a superior race deliberately avoiding or limiting its contacts with a less advanced one was exploited there also.
(22) I am indebted to Sam Moskowitz for reminding me of this.
(23) *The Acolyte* for Winter, 1946 reviews Cole's novel on pp. 22-23.

Sonnets for the Space Age

by LEE BECKER

Brain

Cut sharp and deep. Tear off the sheltering case
  Of hardened bone, then closely scrutinize
Each convolution bared. Here is the place
  Where senses stir and twine, awareness lies,
Where beauty waits, where love and fear are born.
  Cocooned in tissue, nerve-stranded and moist
With lymph and lipid, ideas sleep till drawn
  To sudden birth and given print or voiced.

What molecules have captured thought's swift sigh
  In close chelate embrace? Within this lair
What atoms' constellations flare and die?
  No eye, no microscope has seen them there,
For as new knowledge offers keener sight
Each brighter day gives way to darker night.

Venus Probe

The scientists, with guarded, silent pride,
  Watched the decoders translate busily
  Into naked numbers all their wooly,
Tangled data from the cosmic tide.
Temperature, ground-level, at midday:
  Four-seventeen; albedo: oh-point-nine;
  Pressure: eight-six-three, in slow decline---
Neat and crisp dry facts to file away.

But oh! how scant a picture do they limn!
  Unseen by this probe's electronic beat
Are ruined cities crouched by valleys dim
  Where mercury streams flow shimmering in the heat---
A mausoleum bathed in golden light,
With statues of strange creatures poised for flight.

Lost Satellite

Fighting too bravely the planet's undertow
  At some point in the cold, uncharted dark
Her mooring to the distant earth below
  Frayed loose and left this complex metal spark
Sailing free, a tiny spinning star,
  A wanderer who ne'er can heed our call,
Hurtling unguided through the deeps afar
  Towards lonesome fringes of the cosmic all.

How bright her softly polished surface gleams,
  Caressed by cat's paws of celestial wind!
Far on toward the galaxy's edge, where beams
  By meteors' abrading dust are thinned.
How many centuries is she doomed to roam
Before another Earth pulls her to home?

Leave Taking

If of each thousand there can be reprieve
  For only one, let chance decide, said they.
And thus it came to pass that I shall leave,
  While nine hundred and ninety-nine will stay
Upon this world whose cherished history
  And life and beauty now are all foredoomed
To fire, in a cosmic purgatory,
  Save memories in minds and hearts entombed.

Our ship stands ready now. With silent voice
  Amid the solomn throng slow threads our queue
Towards destiny. But were I given choice
  I do not know which I would want to do---
Live for another world as I'm assigned,
Or die with those I love we leave behind.

Derelict Planet

The gantry fingers at an orange sky
  Beside a rusting hanger's broken apse,
And skeletons of crumbling rockets lie
  Amid their hardware, spread in mute collapse.
Beyond, a lifeless city rises high
  And craggèd on an oily sea which laps
Its barren shore in long, slow swells. Near by
  A Geiger counter's ghastly chatter taps.

When at last did Nature cry "Enough!"?
  How late when on deaf ears her warning fell?
How long did toadstool clouds of death sough
  Silently before the final knell?
For here, struck down by his own scimitars,
Lies man, with none to mourn him but the stars.

Man's Future

by OLAF STAPLEDON

Today our knowledge of the "paranormal" aspect of human nature is still very slight and doubtful. It seems fairly well established that *some* sort of "extrasensorory perception" does sometimes occur, but there is disagreement between the champions of telepathy and clairvoyance, each party inclining to accept one power as proven and the other as still doubtful.

Precognition, the direct foreknowing of events still in the future, seems to be well-established by experiment, though there is apparently still some doubt whether it works by telepathy or clairvoyance.

Further, some of the experts believe that some minds can influence physical objects at a distance by some sort of psychic power. Others disagree. According to Dr. J. B. Rhine, this power of "psychokinesis" (PK) and the complementary powers of "extra-sensory perception" (ESP), are the two aspects of a single psychical activity for which R. H. Thouless has suggested the name "psi."

Let us boldly suppose that all these powers are genuine, and that they will all be developed far beyond their present feeble and precarious attainment. In the very early days of the physical sciences Francis Bacon foresaw that man was going to acquire new knowledge and power which would revolutionize society. Let us suppose that the new psychic science is destined to develop as momentously as the physical sciences have done. Can we form any significant guesses about the kind of effect that the new science may have on human affairs?

In a short article it is impossible to cover the whole field. Therefore I shall concentrate on the future of telepathy, ignoring the other paranormal faculties, though their effect may turn out to be equally momentous or even more so. I shall suppose, then, that man's telepathic power will be thoroughly understood, brought under conscious control, and greatly strengthened. Let us imagine that at some future time the telepathic intercourse of ordinary human beings will be much increased and consciously used; and also that some specially gifted and specially trained individuals, whom I shall call the professional "telepathists," will develop telepathy into a far-reaching, precise and potent art. *What then?*

Consider first the effects of a general increase of telepathic intercourse. Some people are horrified at such a prospect. They rebel against the possibility that their thoughts should be open to the inspection of others. That, they say, would indeed be the end of all privacy. We should live in constant dread of ridicule or condemnation. We should passionately seek some means of closing our minds against intruders.

Further, if every mind radiated a kind of psychical infection into others, the result (we are told) would put an end also to individuality. We should all tend to become as like as peas. We should be mere cells in a super-brain, functions in a single group-mind.

This possibility need not alarm us. Even if telepathy were to develop to the fullest conceivable extent, so that all human minds were completely aware of each other, each would still be itself. For each would be functioning in two

distinct ways, namely both as a participator in others and as a contributor to others. Each would still make its own original contribution to the common awareness. Anyhow telepathy is not likely to develop to this extravagant extent. More probably, it might become simply an added means of communication, and therefore of mutual insight, understanding, sympathy and enrichment.

Consider the case of speech. Surely its introduction, far from decreasing the possibility of individuality, has immensely increased it; it has enabled each individual to be enriched by participation in others. Further, we need not suppose that it would necessarily be impossible voluntarily to close the mind againsttelepathic influence.

As to the loss of privacy, no doubt if there were no means of resisting telepathic "invasion," and we were suddenly to become aware of each other's secret thoughts, there would be very distressing consequences. But if we all grew up in a telepathic envirionment, we should take it quite naturally, and avoid a great many false shames.

Now consider some of the advantages that a general increase of telepathy might bring. Very many of our conflicts are due to mutual misunderstanding. Telepathic intercourse might abolish all such troubles. Lovers might quarrel less; and avoid falling in love with the wrong person. They might also love with far greater mutual awareness and true appreciation. It might become impossible to deceive by falso protestations of love, and false denials of it. A great and general increase in telepathy might make deceipt in any sphere much more difficult, if not impossible. As Rhine has pointed out, secret preparation for war might become quite impossible. All secret scientific research, whether for warfare or industrial rivalry or oppression by police, would vanish.

Further, the tragic misunderstandings between peoples obsessed by different religious faiths or social theories would never come into being. Mankind would at last be united in a fundamental way, impossible in earlier ages. Current heartlessness of man toward man would vanish. It would no longer be possible either for a conquering race or for an economically exploiting social class to close its ears and its heart to the misery of its victims. All torture would agonize the torturer. Then again, education might well be revolutionized, for it might become possible to impart to the young far more rapidly and surely than is now possible not only information and understanding but also appreciation of the higher values.

Another possibility is that telepathy may help to overcome the difficulty of appreciating the subtler kinds of art, particularly contemporary painting, music and poetry. We might be able to enter into the artist's mind so as to feel the significance of his work as he feels it himself.

Finally, telepathy might at last give us the gift to see ourselves as other see us; and this, though painful if too suddenly acquired, would be very salutory and enriching to the personality.

In a more distant future, perhaps a stranger field may be opened up telepathically. Man may be able to make direct and significant contact with conscious beings in spheres remote from his life on earth. Probably this work would have to be carried out highly specialized experts, by individuals outstandingly gifted in "psi" aptitude innately, and also specially trained and disciplined for consecration to their calling. We may distinguish two very different spheres in which these professional telepathists might operate, namely intercourse with the populations of worlds remote from our planet but still within our familiar spatio-temporal universe, and intercourse with denizens of some sphere of an entirely different order, in fact an "unseen world."

With regard to the first of these possible spheres for telepathic adventures, let us note in passing that the budding physical science of astronautics may make it possible some day actually to visit our nearer neighbors in space.

But telepathy, since it is apparently not limited by time and space at all, might conceivably yield intimate mental intercourse even with the remotest inhabited worlds throughout the cosmos, and even throughout the ages.

Cautious readers may regard this suggestion as wildly extravagant. Practically nothing is known about the causes of telepathy, but on the whole it does look as though it must involve some kind of identity of interest or experience in the transmitting and receiving minds. On the face of it there seems little possibility of any such identity linking the minds of men with the inhabitants of other worlds. Nevertheless, two considerations suggest that highly skilled telepathists might be able to make contact. In the first place, it is quite likely that the depths of space contain a fair number of planetary systems much like the solar system, and that amongst them there are worlds of essentially the same type as our own. Possibly evolution has followed broadly the same course on those "other Earths" as on our own Earth, and therefore the general mental pattern of their intelligent inhabitants may not be so very different from ours. Of course there may be also profoundly alien worlds with which our telepathists would have greater difficulty.

Secondly, we must note that beings developed up to or beyond the level of human personality at its best would almost certainly have important intellectual and spiritual identities with us, no matter how divergent their starting points. An anology may help. The mental background of a sensitive and intelligent Englishman is very different from that of an equally sensitive and intelligent Chinese; yet they can enter deeply into each other's intellectual and spiritual experience. The same kind of identity of awakened interests and values might unite mankind's more "awake" individuals, with the "awake" inhabitants even of the most alien worlds. And this identity might form the medium through which our highly skilled telepathists might make contact with awake minds throughout the cosmos.

With regard to the second of the two great unknown spheres which telepathy may perhaps successfully explore, namely that which is sometimes called the "unseen world," let us first assume that such a sphere exists, in some sense or other. Let us for the sake of argument accept some such view as that of G. N. M. Tyrrell, namely that the whole familiar spatio-temporal universe of rock and grass houses and living bodies, electrons and galaxies, is but one superficial *aspect* of an underlying reality which has other, less superficial aspects.

Let us, if you like, assume (a huge assumption) that after death we pass on into another and rather less superficial "aspect universe"; and that telepathy can in principle bridge the gulf between denizens of the two universes. Let us again suppose that telepathic contact has to be made through some sort of identity in the experience of minds "here" and "there." Then, on the face of the matter, intercourse with that unseen universe would seem to be far more difficult even than contact with other worlds in our own aspect-universe of space and time; since life in that hidden sphere must be even more radically different from ours than is life in other worlds of our own universe.

But again the principle that telepathy works through some profound identity of interest and attitude in relatively awake minds may bridge the gulf. It is claimed by some that the gulf is in fact already bridged. Perhaps! But even if it is, all that has been brought over from "the other side" is pathetically confused and trite and uninviting. This may, of course, be due to the fact that the mediumistic art is still in its infancy.

Or it may mean that the next "aspect-universe" is wholly inconceivable to minds that have been bred and conditioned on this lowlier plane; so that, even if genuine contact is sometimes made, we are doomed forever to misconceive utterly such hints as we obtain. Or finally all these obscure hints may turn out to be

sheer illusion foisted on us by still-to-be-discovered influences within the normal spatio-temporal universe itself.

What is the upshot of this whole discussion? Telepathy does, apparently, sometimes occur. Its implications for the future of mankind may well turn out to be more far-reaching and fantastic than our wildest guesses.

But, however revolutionary the effects of telepathy may be, one supremely important fact will remain unchanged not only for man but for all beings developed up to the level of personality, in all worlds within our spatio-temporal universe and in any other "aspect-universes" that there may be, no matter how different from our own.

The most developed values known to us, such as true personal love, responsible social loyalty, intellectual integrity, creative imagination and the values of spiritual awareness, inevitably claim the allegiance of all personal beings. To reject them is to violate one's own nature as a personal being by betraying something which presents itself to the awakened consciousness as sacred. This is a summary and rash statement. But it had to be made.

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Book Review

by EDWARD WOOD

THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS: a Memoir, by Frederik Pohl. A Del Rey Book. New York: Ballantine Books, 1978. vii-312 pp. 21.8 cm. $8.95. (In paperback, $1.95.)

Frederik Pohl, one of the most gifted members of the fan group known as the Futurians, has written his autobiography. He has been a fan, a writer, an editor, an agent---in fact, everything one could be in the science-fiction field except a publisher. Yet his work has turned out to be a bland dish peppered with needless errors. To read this autobiography, one would not think he disliked anyone or that anyone had ever disliked him. How mellow everyone has suddenly become! The book does tell much of Pohl and his times, yet it falls noticeably short of real excellence. Maybe my expectations were too high after the recent appearance of Damon Knight's book, *The Futurians*.

Pohl is careless about magazine titles. I realized that this was not going to be a definitive book at the very first page, which says, "I came across a magazine named *Science Wonder Stories Quarterly*, with a picture of a scaly green monster on the cover." Pohl is referring to *Wonder Stories Quarterly* for Summer, 1930, whose Paul cover illustrated Henrik Dahl Juve's "Monsters of Neptune." Similarly he gets the name of *G-8 and His Battle Aces* wrong (page 105). There are other errors and omissions which will be mentioned later in this review.

The section about the great depression is very good. Only one who, like Pohl, actully lived through those hard years can understand the scars they left on the American people. Writers have done much romanticizing about how people help-

ed each other and how they were closer to one another at that time, but this is for the birds. There may have been instances of this happening; but for the bulk of the people it was strictly a period of wasted talents and wasted lives.

The section about Pohl's career as an agent is also very interesting. It is to his credit that Pohl did not take refuge in bankruptcy, and that he managed to pay back most of the money he owed. However, some authors who were notpaid promptly at the time said some very harsh and nasty things about him which aren't mentioned here.

The jacket promises the reader that he will find all about "the strange mating rites of the sf community" in this book. I presume this is a reference to serial marriages there, which are actually no more common among science-fictionists than they are in the New York Literary Society, Hollywood, or in any other microcosm of North American culture. This should surprise no one. Bergen Evans pointed out twenty-five years ago in his *Spoor of Spooks* (page 119) that "...most people marry just about the first person acceptable, available and willing," and explained logically just why.

There is no index in the book, which hinders quick inspection of various topics. Personally, I should have liked to know more about the *Star* anthologies, how well they sold, and why they weren't continued. And why is there not one word about the magazine *Star Science Fiction?*

For some reason Pohl committed several blunders in his memoirs which the clever people at Del Rey books either have not noticed or decided to leave sacredly intact. Here are a few of these:

Page 18: For some unexplained reason Pohl seems to think that there is a causal relationship between the great depression and Gernsback's losing the Experimenter Publishing Company. Let us set the chronolgy straight. The last of the Gernsback *Amazing Stories* issues was dated April, 1929, and the stock market crash signalling the start of the depression did not occur until the next October, over six months later. (Pohl has repeated this mistake elsewhere.)

Page 45: "*Astounding* ran nearly the complete works of Charles Fort...." Actually only one of Fort's books about unexplained happenings, *Lo!*, ever appeared in that magazine. (It ran as an eight-part serial in the April to November, 1934 issues.) Pohl also says here that Warner Van Lorne was supposed to be a byline of F. Orlin Tremaine, the magazine's editor. This is an oversimplification of a more complicated situation. Van Lorne was the name of a real person, but became an *Astounding* house-name, which Tremaine sometimes used.

Page 84: In describing the 1938-40 period, Pohl states: "...even Hugo Gernsback was coming back into the field for the third time. (After the war, he even went for number four.)" (Pohl has also repeated this statement in Bretnor's recent book.) Actually the only science-fiction connected with the Gernsback name in this period is an editorial in *Science Fiction* and three issues (I believe) of *Superworld Comics*, the first all-science-fiction comic book. Neither made any impression on the regular science-fiction market. If Pohl does indeed have some inside information about Gernsback here he ought to give specific details.

Pages 88-89: Pohl's memory needs jogging here. Philip José Farmer attacked John W. Campbell at the 1968 Baycon, which was certainlywas not "two or three years ago." After all, Campbell died in 1971!

Page 98: "That summer Joe Stalin and Adolf Hitler signed their nonaggression pact. ...a few weeks later the panzer divisions were loping through Poland." For the benefit of the historically deprived, the German-Soviet treaty was announced August 23-24, 1938, and the panzers rolled just seven *days* later!

page 125: "After creaming France, the Nazis had sat tight for a time. ... Then, in a series of lightning strokes, they occupied Denmark and Norway, moved into the Balkans...." Unfortunately Pohl has it backwards. The Nazis at-

tacked Norway and Denmark on April 8, 1940. On May 10th the blitzkrieg against Holland, Belgium and France began. The Balkans and Greece fell in April and May, 1941, and Russia was attacked in June.

There is an interesting pictorial section following page 152, but under one photograph we find the caption: "This was taken at the Second World Science Fiction Convention (of which fans Hodgkins, Yerke and Daugherty were organizers.)" The rewriting of fan history is dangerous business! Standard sources (Moskowitz and Warner, for example) tell us Mark Reinsberg, Bob Tucker and Mel Korshak were the big men of Chicon I.

Pages 231-234: Again Fred Pohl seems to be rewriting history in blaming the demise of the American News Company for the magazine disasters of the 1950's. (Other people---Barry Malzberg, for example, have also been saying this.) Let's look at the chronology. The peak year for science-fiction magazines was actually 1953, when at least 207 issues (by my count) of forty-four titles appeared. Of the sixteen that started in that year thirteen eventually folded (I am including the regularly issued British titles here, but excluding Australian ones). *Famous Fantistic Mysteries* folded in 1953. *Weird Tales* fell by the wayside in 1954. The "Thrilling" chain, which put out as many as five fantasy magazines at one time, collapsed in 1955. So did *Planet Stories*. But when did American News go under? Not until 1957! It is true that some magazines did indeed cease publication after this, but they were mainly new titles launched to take advantage of the Sputnik put into orbit by the Russians in October, 1957. If it is impossible to report the past as it actually occurred, let's not take refuge in an imaginary past!

Page 233: Because Pohl doesn't understand the stock market he assumes nobody else does. Nothing underscores this more heavily than his statement about "...the misery of all the wise old institutional investors who bought gold." Gold has advanced in price from $35 an ounce to about $290 at this writing. We should all be so miserable!

I don't want to overstate my case. For all its errors and bland tone, *The Way the Future Was* is well written and holds the reader's attention. The portions dealing with the everyday operations of the publishing and distributing business are absorbing. There are also many good thumbnail sketches of personalities in the field, such as editors Campbell and Gold, that are useful and informative.

Should one buy the book? Yes, in spite of its defects. We have so little information from pioneers in our field that every contribution is welcome and needed. Pohl is still comparatively young; he has won many deserved honors in the field, and will probably continue to be productive for years to come. Hopefully he will continue his autobiography in a second volume. I hope, too, that anyone who does add to our fan history will make regular use of diaries, letters, and reference books to prevent that treacherous beast of memory from marring the truth. Pohl's book almost was the way the future was, and I wish I had found it more substantial.

---oOo---

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: "Sonnets for the Space Age" appeared in the April, 1979 issue of *The Fonthill Dial;* they are copyright 1979 and reprinted by permission of the author. "Man's Future" appeared in *Prediction* for April, 1949; it is being printed in the U.S. for the first time. "Peace and Olaf Stapledon" is a revised version of a brochure first printed in 1950. "The Dance" is from *Ainslee's Magazine* for August, 1907. "Tom o' Bedlam's Song" was never included in the author's collected verse; the editor is indebted to Thomas Cockcroft for supplying it, as well as the accompanying illustrations. The photograph of Edward Lucas White was kindly supplied by Calvert McCabe, Jr., and that of Matthew Onderdonk by Eleanor B. Onderdonk, who also furnished background material for the obituary on page 120.


NORMAN LINDSAY

Tom o' Bedlam's Song

by *FRANCIS THOMPSON*

From the hag and hungry goblin
That intorags would rend ye,
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man,
In the book of the moons, defend ye.
Beware of the black rider
Through blasted deams borne nightly;
From Venus Queen
Saved may you bin,
And the dead that die unrightly.

With a wench of wanton beauties
I come unto this ailing:
Her breast was strewn
Like the half o' the moon
Wilth a cloud of gilding veiling.
In her snow-beds to couch me
I had so white a yearning,
Like a moon-struck man
Her pale breast 'gan
To set my wits a-turning.

I know more than Apollo:
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars
And the rounded welkin weeping.
The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my morrow:
The flaming drake
And the night-crow make
Me music, to my sorrow.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander:
With a knight of ghosts and shadows
I summoned am to tourney
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end:
Methinks it is no journey!

The shadows plot against me,
And lie in ambus for me:
The stars conspire,
And a net of fire
Have set for my faring o'er me.
I ride by ways that are not,
With a trumpet sounding to me
From goblin lists,
And the maws of mists
Are opened to undo me.

Hate, Terror, Lust, and Frenzy
Look in on me with faces:
And monstrous haunch
And toad-blown paunch
Do show me loathed disgraces.
I hear on imminent cities
The league-long watches armèd,
Dead cities lost
Ere the moon grew a ghost
Phantasmal, viewless, charmèd.

With sights I, seeing, see not,
The air is all a-bustle:
Draughty with wings
And seething things
That without sound do rustle.
It is not light nor darkness
In that place which is placeless:
With horror of doom,
Drift by like fume
Faces that are most faceless.

As a burst and blood-blown insect
Cleaves to the wall it dies on,
The smearèd sun
Doth clot upon
A heaven without horizon.
I dare not but be dreadless,
Because all things to dread are:
With a trumpet blown
Through the mists alone
From a land where the lists of the dead are.


NORMAN LINDSAY

Book Review

by SAM MOSKOWITZ

THE EMPRESS OF THE EARTH and THE PURPLE CLOUD, by M. P. Shiel. Cleveland, Ohio: The Reynolds Morse Foundation, 1979.* 426 pp. 27.9 cm. Unbound sheets, $25.00; in a 22-ring binder, $30.00; cloth-bound, $35.00. Edition limited to 900 copies.

This remarkable privately-printed work is the first of a series of volumes, professionally set in type and photo-offset, each a special contribution to scholarship. The sponsor and the editor is A. Reynolds Morse, whom many will remember for his landmark volume, *The Works of M. P. Shiel*; this was issued by the Fantasy Publishing Co. of Los Angeles in 1948, and until this new project has been the definitive work on Shiel. (More is also renowned for having assembled, together with his wife, the largest private collection of Salvatore Dali's works.)

Morse has enlisted the world's leading scholars on Shiel: John F. Allison, Jr., Michael Barrett, Harold Billings, Stephen Eng, Thomas M. Moriarty, Sam Moskowitz, Paul Spencer and several others, in addition to himself. Through his own efforts and those of his participating scholars Morse has already shed much new light on the life of Shiel, and also discovered a number of his previously unknown stories.

The volume under review is not, as might be thought at first glance, simply a reprinting of two well known Shiel novels. "The Empress of the Earth" is the magazine serialization of the novel titled in book form *The Yellow Danger*, and appeared as weekly installments in the now virtually unobtainable British magazine *Short Stories* from February 5 to June 18, 1898. The original magazine publication is considerably longer than the book version; it has been offset from the magazine itself, and there are illustrations on almost every page. As a preface, Morse has set side by side sample pages from the book and the magazine that show the differences between them (which are predominately textual cuts).

The second novel included in the volume is the magazine version of "The Purple Cloud." This appeared in six monthly installments (January to June, 1901) in the English *Royal Magazine*. Each chapter has three illustrations by J. J. Cameron. In this case the magazine version is shorter than the book, and it is not clear whether the novel was cut for magazine publication or expanded for book publication.

In addition to these major works, Morse has included fifteen of Shiel's short stories, all in their original magazine format with illustrations (when they had them). Some of these have never appeared in book form: "Ben" (*The English Illustrated Magazine*, January, 1902), "Wayward Love" (*Cassell's Family Magazine*, April, 1896), "A Puzzling Case" (the British *Argosy*, early 1895) and "The Battle of Waterloo" (*Cassell's Magazine*). All of the others show major textual differ-

(concluded on page 122)

*Available from J.D.S.Books, P.O. Box 67 MCS, Dayton Ohio 45402; European orders should be sent to Jon Wynne-Tyson, Paddocks, Fontwell, Arundel, West Sussex, England, BN 18 OTA.

Peace and Olaf Stapledon

by SAM MOSKOWITZ

I might never have seen and spoken to the possessor of one of the greatest imaginations of our time had it not been for Forrest Ackerman. On March 19, 1949 he wrote me that William Olaf Stapledon, legendary author of *Last and First Men, Star Maker,* and over a dozen more fantasies and volumes of philosophy, would fly from England on March 23rd for a twelve-day stay in America. Stapledon was one of the five outstanding Britons who had been invited by the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions to attend a convention and countrywide tour to be known as the Cultural and Scientific Conference for Peace.

Up to then I had paid scant attention to news about this conference. In the back of my mind, however, was the information that the noted Russian composer Dmitri Shostakovitch, among others, had requested a visa to the United States to attend it. (I happened to recall this because, more than a year previously, I had accidentally tuned in on the first American broadcast of his newest symphony, and though not an inveterate music-lover had rather enjoyed it. A few months later, when Shostakovitch was bitterly criticized by Russian critics for the "bourgeois" flavor of his music, I realized the reason.) But now, because of Stapledon's reported intention of being present, I took special notice of news concerning the conference---if indeed any special notice was needed, for by this time every newspaper was featuring it in headline streamers and printing vituperative editorials deploring its alleged Communist inspiritaion.

The Communist aspect of the conference greatly puzzled me, for having read virtually all of Stapledon's books, I felt he was anything but a Communist; indeed, in both his fiction and non-fiction, though he tried to remain impartial, Stapledon warned the extreme leftists again and again that they were dreamers if they believed that Communism was inevitable. Fate has a habit of throwing a monkey-wrench into the precision of cold, scientific logic, he stated, and eventual Communist world-rule might be more ephemeral than present events indicated. Adding weight to my belief was the excellent article "The Philosophical Novels of Olaf Stapledon," published in the Summer, 1940 issue of *The Alchemist,* in which John B. Michel had called Stapledon "the last of the truly great bourgeois philosophers." Michel, father of Michelism, a movement intended to introduce Communism to science-fiction, conceded his admiration for Stapledon, but deplored his thinking as too heavily burdened by the old order of things.

I wondered if Stapledon knew of the Communist label that was being applied to the Cultural and Scientific Conference for Peace by virtually all of the press and radio, apparently with the blessings of our own State Department. I wondered, too, if he would come once he became aware of it. Nevertheless I wrote him, using official Eastern Science Fiction Association stationery, urging him to be the Association's guest at its meeting of April 2, 1949, and to join members and their guests afterwards at dinner. I very much wanted to bring Olaf Stapledon before the Eastern Scientific Association, for beyond question he was---and is---one of the outstanding names in the history of the field, an author nowhere more

more admired than in science-fiction circles. I particularly wanted him present because I had declined to stand for reelection as director of the association, having served six consecutive terms, and it would be an outstanding achievement to end the list of famous authors who had appeared during my directorship with asoutstanding a name as W. Olaf Stapledon.

My letter to him was mailed March 23rd, so as to be waiting for him in New York when he arrived the next morning. On that very date, all the newspapers carried the story that the United States embassy in London had refused visas to all but one of the British delegation. Olaf Stapledon was the only one cleared for entry into the United States! Would a man accorded such a dubious distinction still come---now almost certainly aware of the reception awaiting him here? I felt the odds were about even. My letter had included my telephone number and a stamped, self-addressed special delivery envelope for reply. If a letter of acceptance reached me even three days before April 2nd nearly a hundred admirers could have been assembled to greet him.

There was no reply on March 24th or 25th. Then, on the afternoon of the 26th, the Newark redio station WNJR reported that the conference would move to Nawark on Tuesday the 28th, and that it two featured speakers would be the Reverend Guy Emery Shipler, editor of *The Churchman*, and William Olaf Stapledon, British philosopher. This was an unexpected and welcome circumstance, for it made it possible for me to see and hear Stapledon even if he did not reply to me.

By Monday, March 27th, the New York phase of the conference ended. Henry Wallace spoke, explaining Russia's side of the international disagreement, and the radio networks carried his speech. Stapledon had spoken at the New York dinner, at which attendance was limited to about 400 people. The photograph on page 22 of *Time* magazine for April 4, 1949, showing the speakers' rostrum, was taken while Stapledon was speaking. Though his features are obscured, the great mass of hair is unmistakably his. Shostakovitch had played the piano, andhad told the assembly he was working faithfully to correct the bourgeois flaws in his music.

The newspapers and radio commentators intensified their criticism,playing up the appearance of massed pickets carrying placards and from time to time kneeling to pray at the entrances of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where the conference was being held. By March 27th the tenor of the criticism and the mood of the picketing had become ominous. Attending the conference could have unfortunate consequences for many people. Woe to any government worker seen or photographed there! No doubt many jobs and reputations were jeopardized because of the conference, and more numerous still were the recriminations cast in its name.

On March 27th I stopped at the ticket office of the Mosque Theater on Broad Street in Newark, wherethe conference would be held.

"Will Olaf Stapledon definitely be on the program at the peace conference tomorrow?" I asked the ticket seller. He was a thin, sharp, white-haired old man of perhaps seventy.

He looked at me a moment, and then politely but curtly replied, "I'm sorry, but they haven't sent us a definite schedule of their program."

"I'd better check first," I said. "Stapledon's the only speaker I'm really interested in hearing."

Then I walked to the nearest newsstand and bought a copy of the latest edition of the Newark *Evening News*. There, prominently placed high on the front page, was the conference program. Stapledon was still listed as a speaker. But splashed across the same page was a headline hinting that State Department officials might not permit furrher touring of the country by conference delegates; visas might be cancelled, Stapledon's among them. Well, I had to take the chance. I walked back to the ticket office, where I noted that ticket prices ranged from 60¢ to $6.40 apiece in jumps of 60¢, and bought two $1.80 tickets.

"Do you expect picketing?" I asked the old man as he stamped my tickets.

"You bet they'll picket," he replied.

"Well," I said, "I'll just have to become a Communist for the day. I only want to hear Olaf Stapledon, the British philosopher."

"You bet they'll picket," he repeated gleefully, waving his half-smoked cigar. "You bet!"

All that evening news of the peace conference was on the air. Commentators grew more and more heated. Reports said that war veterans would picket in Newark as they had in New York. However, their leaders promised there would not be any jostling or catcalls.

I had arranged earlier to attend the session with Alan Howard, who will be remembered as a later director of the Eastern Science Fiction Association. But at the last moment he telephoned that he was unable to come. So as not to waste my extra ticket I contacted another local fan, Joseph Wrzos, who agreed to accompany me. (Wrzos later became an editor in the field.)

On Tuesday evening, March 29th, I ate supper and dressed quickly. I slipped my spare pair of steel-rimmed army combat glasses into my pocket. I even debated the advisability of wearing a topcoat, because it might prove encumbering, but finally decided it would be more proper to do so.

At approximately eight o'clock Wrzos and I arrived at the mosque. (This structure, built for the Masons in 1927, is the largest concert auditorium in New Jersey, and is now known as Newark Symphony Hall.) There were at least five hundred people milling about watching the parading pickets. These carried signs with such legends as "U.S.S.R.: United Siberian Salt Reservation." At that time Newark had a large Ukranian population, and one picketing group carried placards protesting the loss of national and religious liberties of Ukranians in Soviet occupied territories. Catholic War Veterans were also much in evidence.

At the bus stop we were joined by Alan Howard, who had been able to come after all. "I heard a plain-clothes police seargent talking," he said. "He claimed there wouldn't be any trouble."

"That's reassuring," I replied without enthusiasm, "Especially when one perfectly innocent jostle can change a seeetness-and-light personality into a whirling storm-trooper in no time flat!"

We made our way past a gaping photographer with a mountain of equipment strapped to his back and a huge camera in his hands. Many people were idling in the lobby. They appeared to be waiting for friends. The ticket-taker proved to be a fellow who knew me well. As I handed him our tickets I said disapprovingly, "I'm surprised to see you working for an outfit like this." He flushed crimson and was taken aback for a moment before practically stammering, "I work for the theater, not the peace rally." "I'm glad to hear that," I told him in a mock-serious tone. On the spur of the moment I had discovered what to do if I people who were acquainted with me!

The theater, which had a seating capacity of perhaps 3000, was scantily filled when we entered. A young girl, obviously working for the theater, gave us our programs and a reproving look for good measure. We sat and waited. The rally was scheduled to start at 8:30, but a half-hour after that the platform was still deserted except for occasional newspaper reporters who dashed across it to get backstage. Every once in a while a flashbulb almost blinded us, and we wondered if we would be front-page features the next morning.

But the theater was slowly filling, and it became evident that it would indeed eventually be filled. As we sat I attempted to assess the nature of the audience. It seemed composed largely of people in the vey young and middle-aged groups, with few old persons in evidence, and divided almost equally between men and women. A very few blacks were among the crowd.

I listened carefully to as much conversation around me as I could hear. The younger set appeared to have come for a lark, and joked about the possibilities of their being expelled from school or jailed for being there. The middle-aged group were quite different. Those in the three rows immediately in front of us were in that category, and I leaned forward, trying to catch snatches of their conversation. It took me a few minutes to realize that they were all speaking in Russian! From other sections of the theater I heard further snatches that were also recognizably Russian. By the time I had left the theater I had estimated that at least a quarter of those present were Russian or of Russian extraction.

This presented a very interesting problem that cried aloud for experimentation. Aided and abetted by my companions, I began a conversation of a loud and unfavorable character regarding Russia, Communism, Josef Stalin, and similar matters. It made not the slightest impression on those around us; nothing we said appeared to interest them, least of all to anger them.

As time passed the crowd became restless, and sporadic unified handclapping began, much as one hears at a movie if the film breaks. This gained a quick response. Spotlights flashed on, brightening the huge, colorful backdrop of the stage. This was a mural depicting lightning striking an armored rider on a metal horse---obviously symbolic of war---while men and women of all different nationalities stood by. This had also formed the backdrop of the New York sessions, and is clearly visible in the many photographs of these that have been published in magazines and newspapers.

The delegates took their places on the platform and the national anthem was sung by all. Then Millard Lampell, who wrote "The Lonesome Train" and composed the lyrics for the musics in the movie *A Walk in the Sun*, was installed as chairman. Lampell was a young man of about thirty-five; his manner reminded me of Theodore Sturgeon with an added tinge of the melodramatic. He began by paraphrasing lines from his own poems to emphasize that the absence of delegates from Eastern Europe was because of the United States State Department. When he said that Shostakovitch, who had been sceduled to speak and play the piano, would not be present, the Russian group in front of us broke into a series of disappointed exclamations that explained why our earlier conversation had failed to provoke them. Quite evidently their primary motive in attending had been to see and hear that great composer from their homeland, and politics did not interest them.

The next speaker, Guy Emery Shipler, introduced a new note. He spoke first with sarcasm and then with rancor, his main point being that Catholic groups and only Catholic groups were responsible for the unfavorable publicity and the picketing of the conference both there and in New York. He added that, as a representative of the Protestant faith, he could affirm that a majority of the Protestant groups were openly in favor of the conference. (I know nothing about his latter statement, but I do know for a certainty that Ukranian groups were among the pickets, and that virtually the only argument of the evening came when the Catholic and Ukranian pickets began to disperse after proceedings had been called to order; the Jewish War Veterans' delegation wanted to continue the picketing until the last person had left the hall.)

Three members of the Cuban delegation then spoke. The author Myrta Aguirre and the poet Nicholas Guillen had obviously sincere talks for peace read for them by professional actors. But Domingo Villamil, Cuban lawyer and writer, spoke for himself in English, and with impassioned oratory that left him almost exhausted he condemned the Catholic hierachy, which he claimed was leading us into a holy war. Though himself ostensibly a Catholic, he delivered a scarcely commendable harange against other aspects of his religion as well.

By this time a definite pattern for the conference began to emerge. The chairman would denounce the State Department in almost all his introductory

talks, and every other speaker would even more vigorously lambaste the Catholic hierarchy.

As this continued I asked myself how this group could make a sincere and honest bid for peace when they themselves were so inflamed with open hatred. Even an apparently impartial speaker, such as Dr.A. G. Armattoe, a black Irish scientist, consistently gave the impression in his talk that the United States alone was to blame for the unsettled condition of the world, and that she alone must make concessions.

The evening wore on. It was getting late, and we all had to be at work the next morning. The only reason we had come at all was to see and hear Olaf Stapledon. He was seated right there on the platform, but completely obscured from our gaze by the podium. We had caught a glimpse of him as he had walked to his seat. His body was thinner than his face seemed to indicate. He had seemed to walk with considerable stiffness. He was of average height, his face appeared plain, and his most distinguishing feature was a striking mass of hair---once red, but now almost entirely gray. We continued to wait patiently, through harangue after harangue, until it seemed that the committee had conspired to present him at the very end of the program just to annoy us.

Several folk dances were then presented by groups from New York City. As the girls whirled about throwing their legs into the air with the distinguished group of guests as their backdrop, it seemed ironic to see that the great British philosopher Olaf Stapledon had wound up behind a chorus line.

Following this, the author Albert Kahn began an inspired collection of funds to carry on the work of the peace conference. He first asked for contributions of $1000, receiving none. He lowered the ante to $500, and received one donation from a Newark doctor, whose name was read

Olaf Stapledon leaving his Pan - Am plane at La Guardia Airport on March 24, 1949.

aloud, as later were the names of all those who donated $25 or more. The fund-raising ended with the audience being exhorted to empty their pockets of all loose change, with the promise that anyone accidentally left without carfare would be given a dime to get home.

By this time it was very late, though I felt that if nothing else I had learned much about how to go about collecting funds for science-fiction causes. The peace committee had told the audience that $3000 was needed to publish a record of the speeches made at the conference, and there is no question in my mind that they bettered that amount at Newark. But I would say this: if the speeches in New York were the calibre of those we heard at Newark, the money could be used for much worthier causes, not the least of which might be purchasing clothing for the Russian people themselves.

I decided to leave if Stapledon did not come on next, for I had reached the point of not caring what else was on the program. I had refused to contribute, feeling that the admission fee was sufficient, and for me that had been solely for the privilege of seeing and hearing one delegate. In any case, I was beginning to suspect I wasn't going to get my money's worth.

But at last Millard Lampell got around to introducing Olaf Stapledon, whom he eulogized as the author of "that magnificent fantasy, *Last and First Men.*" Lampell added, "Dr. Stapledon has told me that the reason he is speaking here today is because he does not want to be the last man in the world."

For the first time that evening we were able to get a clear view of Olaf Stapledon as he rose and walked stiffly to the front of the stage. He disdained the podium and the microphone, and took a position some ten feet to the left of them. He placed his hands solidly on his hips, leaned back, and in cultured English, with its expected British accent, said in a high-pitched voice: "Tonight I am going to speak to you..." At the point the audience interrupted with shouts of "Mike! Mike!" His voice was not carrying well. With a good-natured gesture of his hands hethen walked behind the microphones and resumed talking without ever completing his first sentence.

He told the audience that as an individual he did not like travel, he did not like meetings, and he did not like cities, but he had overcome these pointed aversions in acceptance of the cause of peace. He noted that he was the only member of the British delegation to be granted a visa, and could offer no explanation for the preference shown him, other than to conjecture that it probably was felt he was the most harmless of the group.

"I am not a Communist," he stated with emphasis, "I am not a Christian," and with a trace of a smile, "I am just me." "I am, however, a socialist," he conceded, "as are the majority of my countrymen." The connotation he gave to the statement could be likened to an average American admitting he was a Democrat in a strongly Republican community. "It doesn't matter anyway," he went on. "You'll all be socialists in one form or another in the next fifty years."

Stapledon wryly informed his audience that he really wasn't at his best, feeling completely helpless without his wife to take care of him, but he intimated he was carrying on to the best of his ability despite the handicap.

"I don't see why there is so much excitement about all this business," he said, referring to the strained relations between Russia and the United States and, in a sense, to the fuss raised over the peace conference. He felt that the United States was unduly alarmed, that it was not facing the world situation with anything resmbling a mature attitude.

He felt the British view could be summed up by quoting the statement of the cabby who had driven him to the London airport: "Tell those Yanks to stop putting it over on us. We don't want to sell our souls to Americans!" Like this cabby, Stapledon indicated, the entire British nation was anxious about the bel-

ligerent stand this country had been taking towards the Soviet Union. It lacked any finesse or statesmanship, and could easily lead to war. "England," he said, can sympathize with both sides." From this viewpoint, Britain---and he himself---felt that war was not inevitable; a change in our approach toward the Soviet Union might change the situation overnight.

The Russians (he said in essence) feel the eventual triumph of Communism is inevitable. They predict a depression in the United States and a quick conquest for their ideology there and elsewhere. But Stapledon, as a philosopher, warned on the contrary that "human beings and events can interfere with the inevitability of history"; the Russians might find the triumph of their system much farther off than they dreamed.

"Much happens in Russia which we must condemn," he said, "but much happens here which Russia must condemn. Let individualism triumph over your sense of individuality. Forget one another's mistakes." Throwing his hands upwards, he then concluded with heavy emphasis: *"For God's sake, let's get together!"* He returned to his seat amid a good round of applause.

There was more to come on the program, but it was already so late that my companions and I arose and left hastily. Outside there were no longer any pickets. For some reason, the police were not permitting taxis to pick up passengers in front of the Mosque Theater, but I managed to flag one down across the street and was soon speeding homeward. The cabby was very much interested in the program of the peace rally, but I spoke to him mechanically, for I was absorbed in reviewing Stapledon's speech in my own mind.

These were my impressions: Judging from what he said and how he said it, I felt Stapledon was a very confused man---at least as confused as any in the audience. Despite all his excellent writings on philosophy to fall back on, in this crisis he had no answer, philosophical or practical, to contribute to its solution. He had come because his conscience would not let him rest unless he contributed *something*, however impractical or useless, however misguided and pointless, to the cause of peace. He did not pretend to know what was wrong, but having listened to dozens of parroted speeches placing the greatest burden of blame on the United States, he had become influenced to the point where he did the same. However, he did not, as did a large number of others, attempt to overlook completely the Soviet contribution to world discord. The man who recognized in his introduction to *Star Maker*, written in early 1937, that "Europe is in danger of a catastrophe worse than 1914," who had pleaded for social equality in the world, who had presented in the guise of fancy his idea for a philosophy by which men might live---this man had nothing to offer now but a phrase born of desparation: *"For God's sake, let's get together!"*

The next day I purchased copies of both Newark newspapers, the *Evening News* and the *Star-Ledger*. Each devoted over a page to news and pictures of the conference, and Olaf Stapledon could clearly be seen among the delegates. But neither paper had even a sentence on his talk, though other speakers were discussed and quoted at length.

By now it appeared that Stapledon did not have the time or did not wish to reply to my invitation to attend the Eastern Science Fiction Association meeting. But this surmise proved incorrect, for at about six o'clock on the evening of March 30th he telephoned me from his New York hotel. I was shaving at the time and picked up the phone with half my face still lathered, in true Hollywood tradition, razor in hand. Stapledon was extremely friendly, and was very apologetic over not replying to my invitation earlier. He would have liked to attend the meeting, he said, but was committed to speak in Boston that day and regrettably had to decline. I attempted to arrange a brief meeting with him in New York before his departure (hoping he would autograph my copies of his books), but

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30th March 1948

Dear Mr. Mostowitz,

I must apologize profoundly for my delay in replying to your kind invitation to the meeting and to dinner on Sunday next. Since arriving in this country, I have been desperately rushed, and indeed have not had a spare half hour to deal with my correspondence.

It would have pleased me very much to accept, but unfortunately I have to be in Boston on that evening, to lecture, and must regretfully refuse. I am sure you will understand that I must comply with the programme arranged for me by the authorities of the recent conference.

Please give my greetings to all those who will be present, and my regrets that I can not meet them.

Yours sincerely

Olaf Stapledon

I feel that my negligence is inexcusable, but really I have had an extremely busy few days, and am wondering whether I can survive the wild rush of American life until I leave for England by plane on Monday!

I wrote this before telephoning, as I did not expect you would have reached home, and so I intended merely to leave a message.

no mutually covenient time could be arranged. I commented that he had shown very little enthusiasm in his talk the night before, and he explained that he had been extremely tired and undoubtedly not at his best. When he stated that none of his books were presently in print I remarked that there was an excellent chance that one of the ESFA publisher-members might make him an offer for reprint rights if he met him personally. To this he replied, "Oh, dear me!" implying that there was little he could now do about that situation.

Both in person and conversationally Olaf Stapledon impressed me as being a very humane, very decent, very likable individual. I regretted more than ever now that he would not be able to attend the ESFA meeting, for he surely would have been happy there. He would have been greeted by perhaps a hundred fantasy enthusiasts, many of whom had read his work and greatly admired it. Collectors who had gone to the considerable time and expense necessary to procure his books, most of which had to be obtained second-hand from England, would have presented them for him to autograph. These people knew who Stapledon really was, knew a great deal more about him than was presaged by the cryptic phrase "British philosopher" found in the newspapers. They were enthusiasts who had actually read his work and could intelligently question and debate his philosophy. They had been enthralled by his picture of the far future, of the cultures and species of man yet to be, of the stars and Stapledon's concept of the cosmic mind; and Stapledon would have been in his element speaking of those things that only an imagination as fertile and far-ranging as his had been capable of creating.

He would have been a celebrity of real stature, and treated like one. Perhaps amid the extrapolations of science-fiction discussed there he might have encountered some facet of his own thinking that bore clear relevance to the present world situation; as a result, he might have been able to speak more definitely and concisely about means and methods for combatting the "inevitability" of a new world conflict. At the ESFA, too, he could have had the opportunity of re-evaluating the mass picketing and adverse publicity he had encountered, for there he would meet Americans with no political axes to grind, a group that could have initiated, though association and conversation, a deeper and warmer insight into the American spirit than he had obtained from a hotel window or lecture platform. Perhaps, then, he would not have said in an interview, upon returning to London, "There may be a war at any moment.... I was amazed to see great excitement and worry in the United States about the prospects for a forthcoming conflict."

I was quite surprised, the next day, to receive a letter from Dr. Stapledon which confirmed the substance of our conversation. (This is reproduced on the previous page.) Its appearance is explained, as can be seen, by a second postscript jotted on the back of the envelope.

Life magazine carried a five-page feature about the peace conference in their April 4, 1949 issue under the title "Red Visitors Cause Rumpus." On page 40 Stapledon was visible in a group photograph, and on page 41 there was a closeup picture of him captioned "Only British delegate to get a visa for meeting, William Stapledon (right) sits with Arthur W. Moulton, retired Episcopal bishop...."

As the days passed, commentary on the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace gradually subsided, and then disappeared altogether. Soon it was to all intents and purposes forgotten. The "cold war" continued, tempered somewhat by the lifting of the Russian Berlin blockade and the Paris conferences. The man whom most Americans knew merely as "the only British delegate granted a visa," and of his background that he was a "British philosopher," had come, spoken, and gone, leaving scarcely an impression. And everyone was completely oblivious to the small group of science-fiction enthusiasts who were perhaps the only ones who really knew who William Olaf Stapledon was, why he was important, and the potentialities for progress he represented. Of this small group only a few listened to

to him speak at the conference meetings, sadly watching him alternately used and smeared, wondering what he might have said if really given the chance.

Is there a moral somewhere in all this?

---oOo---

Tips on Tales

Short Reviews of Books Old and New

Stanley Elkin's *The Living End* (1979): There have been a lot of novels about life after death, but I guarantee this one will make you forget all the others. It is absolutely marvellous, a blockbuster! It is imaginative, irreverent, astonishing and brilliant---all at once. In disturbing neurotic ways that remind you of the best of Woody Allen and Lenny Bruce it is also very, very funny. The prose practically crackles, with electric snaps on almost every page. For my money, Elkin writes better than Kurt Vonnegut and Harlan Ellison put together. This is such a fine story that I refuse to tell you anything more about it, though it's tempting (and would be very easy) to spoil some of your fun by filling the rest of this page with juicy quotations. *The Living End* is not only easily the best fantasy book of 1979, but certainly one of the half-dozen or so best of the decade. So go out and buy it!

---Lincoln Van Rose

Egon Friedell's *The Return of the Time Machine:* The fame of many novels has tempted writers---sometimes the authors themselves---to produce sequels. Who would not want to relive the original pleasure of reading *Gulliver's Travels* or *Treasure Island?* Who would not want to revisit *Islandia?* And who has not longed for continuation of *The War of the Worlds?* Of the sequels written for all these titles, only that for the first *(Mistress Masham's Repose)* came truly close to the quality of the original. We now have one for *The Time Machine,* which I am sorry to say is one of the most disappointing of all.

How this sequel came to be published in 1972 is far more interesting than the work itself. Friedell was a well known Viennese dramatist and historian. He apparently read *The Time Machine* as a student, and was so deeply impressed that later---probably in the 1920's---he composed this sequel. Some time after that he placed the manuscript in the hands of his publishers; exactly when is not known, but it must have been before March, 1938, when he died at the age of sixty. Possibly because he was Jewish, and because of World War II, it was not until 1946 that the work was finally published in Munich as *Die Reise mit der Zeit Maschine.* Later still a copy was found there by Donald Wollheim of DAW Books, who realized its potential interest and brought out this present translation.

Of all science-fiction classics, *The Time Machine* is surely one of those best suited for continuation. Nor should it be exceptionally difficult to write: the groundwork is already supplied, and a little imagination combined with narrative skill should suffice. But Friedell has neither. Throughout he is obsessed with concocting trivia. There is an imaginary exchange of correspondence with Wells to involve his own presence, a totally unnecessary explanatory preface, and

even two postscripts. There are also allegedly scientific problems of Friedell's own making, plus a fumbling attempt to set forth some of the paradoxes of time-travel (most of which were better formulated in the readers' columns of fantasy magazines nearly fifty years ago).

All this takes up so much space that there isn't very much left for a story, but our time-traveller does finally manage to make short visits to the years 1995 and 2123. These take up two short chapters---just twenty pages out of a book that, including a few pleasant illustrations, contents pages and so on, runs to only 127 pages in quite large type! This certainly is a work of historical importance, but one most devotees of science-fiction and H. G. Wells will enjoy someone else telling them about a lot more than actually reading themselves.

---*A. Langley Searles*

Forbes Stuart's *The Witch's Bridle and Other Occult Tales* (1975) is a slim collection of thirteen stories, all based on legends of the British Isles. These have been placed in specific historic settings rather than an indefinite and distant past, but so sympathetically that this slant is more often an asset than a liability. (Stuart is sometimes a bit careless about his chronology, though; in one tale his heroine attends the Globe Theater before it was built to see plays that Shakespeare had not yet written!) But mostly this adds verisimilitude, as when the landlord of some timeless tavern calls, "Time, gentlemen!" to his customers. Some of the themes will be familiar to readers, and one story, "Cap o' Rushes," has the very title I recall when first encountering it as a child. Although there is no statement to such effect in this collection, I rather suspect it has been aimed at young people---say those in their early teens. It is not that the stories are in any way oversimplified or patronizing or bowdlerized, but they lack a little punch, especially at their endings. However, I found them well written and pleasant. My own favorites are "The Woman from the Sea" and "Blodeuwed the Betrayer." The book was published in England in 1974 under the more explicit title *The Magic Bridle and Other Folk Tales of Great Britain and Ireland.*

---*Lee Becker*

George A. Effinger's *Irrational Numbers* (1976): There are eight entries in this collection, half of which have appeared previously in fantasy magazines. Thanks to Editorial Policy, that much maligned disciplinarian of writers, these four are therefore classifiable as short stories. "25 Crunch Split Right on Two" is the most memorable of these (I almost said "best"---but one item in a group has to be good before you can call another one "better" or "best"); it deals with time-shifts ina predictable but fairly effective way, and isn't too badly written. "Lydectes: on the Nature of Sport" is also a pleasant, mediocre tale. "Hard Times" owes what little merit it has to Franz Kafka, who has handled its theme infinitely better; and "Curtains," where soldiers fight wars according to old movie scripts, is really a Preparation-H effort. The remaining four entries were originally printed in *Orbit, Universe, New Dimensions* and the like, those first-run anthologies seemingly devoted to items their authors have had rejected everywhere else. They contain patches of acceptable writing, but add up to either anecdotes with ho-hum points ("How It Felt," "In the Bran Foundry") or windy bores like "Biting Down Hard on Truth," where Effinger spends nearly thirty pages punching himself into a paper bag. "And Us, Too, I Guess" is a quirky exception. Its plot and treatment are right out of the mid-1930's---exactly the sort of story Nat Schachner used to turn out wholesale for Tremaine's *Astounding Stories*. Some of its smart-ass dialog is exasperating, but the anachronism does have a certain nostalgic appeal. *Irrational Numbers* also contains a longish apologetic introduction by Robert Silverberg which ends by admitting that Effinger's "purposes as writer tend not to be congruent with

most people's purposes as reader." How true! That's probably why you will find these disposable diapers of the mind remarkably easy to forget.

---*Lincoln Van Rose*

Arkady N. and Boris N. Strugatsky's *Prisoners of Power* (1978): This is one of the "Best of Soviet SF" series of books that are now being translated for an American audience. It is about a future Earthman who is stranded, when his space vehicle is wrecked, on an unknown planet which has recently suffered a nuclear war. One political segment of the world controls much of its population by periodic "radiation strikes" in a way reminiscent of that detailed in Stapledon's *Darkness and the Light*, and is trying to extend this mind control to the rest of the people, most of whom, because of extended postwar bureaucracies, are as unaware of what is happening globally as they are unable to cope with agression. Maxim, the stranded Earthman, pitches in to help these underdogs.

The success of the Strugatsky brothers' novel is largely due to their concentrating on the character and personality of Maxim in his dealings with these bureaucrats rather than emphasizing his mental and physical powers, which happen to be superior to those of the people around him. The plot is a little square, but the authors take their science-fiction quite seriously, and this helps a lot. The writing is competent, there is ample domesticating local color, and the translation seems smooth. There is also an introduction by Theodore Sturgeon which, though mainly concerned with writing as a craft, does give some insights that help the reader appreciate what is to come. *Prisoners of Power* is available in both hard and soft covered editions; the latter is certainly worth the price, particularly if you've not sampled the Strugatskys' work before.

---*A. Langley Searles*

Martin Green's *The Earth Again Redeemed* (1977): The author of this novel is---or was---a professor English at Tufts University. The book's jacket lists his previously published works and says he has "a dazzling and altogether original mind," but I can find no evidence of it in his first pedantic flirtation with science-fiction. The writing is pedestrian, and there isn't a single fresh concept in it. The time is 1984 (clever and original Orwellian symbolism, right?), and the scene shifts between post-nuclear-holocaust New England and an alternate time-world in Africa (subtle contrast between Western computerized mechanization and a Third World theocracy, get it?). Perhaps to take the reader's mind off the fact that nothing much ever happens, Green divides the book into "tableaux" rather than into chapters. These alternate between the two locales---a slice of New England, a slice of Africa, and so on. They all seem to be pretty much interchangable. After wading through half a dozen, and feeling I was lost in a swamp, I turned to the end of the book and began reading them in reverse order. Admittedly this didn't help, but on the other hand it didn't seem to do any harm, either. Backwards or forwards, *The Earth Again Redeemed* is numbingly dull. It is dedicated to the author's wife, "but for whom," he says, "I might never have finished the book." Conjugal loyalty would of course explain Mrs. Green's encouragement---but I sense in it as well a tart tinge of sadism directed at the reader.

---*Lincoln Van Rose*

Brian Moore's *The Great Victorian Collection* (1975): Statistically, almost every well known author can be expected to venture into the field of fantasy or science-fiction---at least once. The most recent to do so is Brian Moore. And those who remember his *Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* (1956), one of the finest novels of the postwar period, will approach this work with high expectations. Anthony Maloney, an obscure history teacher, falls asleep in his California motel room and

dreams of roaming through an enormous display of Victoriana---furniture, books, art objects, clothes, bric-a-brac, scientific instruments, toys and household appliances, all displayed in appropriately appointed period rooms. When he awakes, there is the whole huge collection, actually standing in the motel parking lot; he has dreamed it into real existence.

Maloney's love for the Victorian era and his immersing himself in it as a refuge from modern reality is interestingly and sympathetically treated. (I was reminded of Howard Lovecraft's similar attachment to the world of the eighteenth century.) But reality obtrudes insistently, and Maloney is not even permitted the solace of involving the girl he loves in his realized dream. This seems the symbolism intended in *The Great Victorian Collection:* the impossibility of someone's sharing cherished dreams, or even meaningfully communicating them, and their inevitable destruction by the doubts and disbelief of those coming in contact with them. All the Victoriana, at first in perfect pristine condition, gradually change as experts pry at them, parapsychologists rationalize their appearance, and entrepreneurs set up their exploitation. The change is not simply one of natural ageing, but a more subtle and intrinsic deterioration---their finish becomes dull rather than glowing, the glass takes on the look of plastic, mechanical devices work with erratic reluctance. A spiritual tarnish has afflicted everything.

Here the author's talent fails him. Anthony Maloney has not been made a memorable enough person to support so classic a theme. He lacks the depth and strength of character to be a leading figure, and his surroundings lack the full-roundedness to make him merely a pitied pawn of circumstances. After such a fine beginning, the last third of the book is a let-down. The story tapers off into perfunctory, routine action, and we feel little emotional impact in Maloney's death or in the fate of the collection, which ends up as a tawdry tourist attraction, a sort of Victorian Disneyland.

Yet even if Brian Moore's reach has exceeded his grasp, there are too many good things in *The Great Victorian Collection* for serious fantasy followers to miss. Flawed or not, it deserves and rapays reading.

---*A. Langley Searles*

George T. Wetzel's *The Gothic Horror and Other Weird Tales* (1978) has, very appropriately, thirteen entries. Two are being printed for the first time, but most of the others are from amateur publications of limited circulation, all out of print and difficult to obtain, so it is good to see them together now in more permanent book form. Two ("A Tale of the Elder Gods" and "Poison Pen") are so short as to be anecdotes rather than full-fledged stories, and in any event the latter is not weird or supernatural. Nor, disappointingly, is the most ambitious of all, "The Pirate of Shell Castle," which is of novelette length, and I shall not deal with these further here. All the others furnish grue aplenty. Although he is not above gentle humor (as in "Seeing Things at Night," a pleasant variant on the vampire theme) Wetzel treats the supernatural seriously---something I wish more modern writers in the field would do. His themes range widely: the effect of an ancient curse ("Eater of the Dead"), an evil residuum in cathedral relics ("The Gothic Horror"), a haunted amulet ("What the Moon Brings"), and so on. He departs from tradition, too, as in "The Entity," where new and modern symbols of fear are shown to nourish the supernatural (Fritz Leiber, I recall, used this idea in his "Smoke Ghost" a number of years ago; it is concept writers should utilize much more frequently). The revelations in most of these stories involve dreams, and as I kept encountering that motif I wondered whether this common denominator indicated simply a fascination for the device or an actual affliction with nightmares, something many authors have suffered. Though one sees a Lovecraftean love of adjectives and adverbs (perhaps too many for my taste), Wetzel's style is truly his

(concluded on page 114)

Thoughts About C. L. Moore

by SAM MOSKOWITZ

At the thirty-fourth World Science Fiction Convention, held on September 2-6, 1976 in Kansas City, the first number of *Chacal* was distributed. *Chacal* was published by Arnie Fenner and edited by Byron Roark; it had a handsome cover in four colors and sold for $3.50. Unfortunately, it lasted only two issues. The first carried an unpublished story by Robert E. Howard, "The Road of Azrael," but the best thing in it was a piece titled "Interview: C. L. Moore Talks to *Chagal*" (pp.25-31). It contained recent photographs and the first important new information about her since the article "C. L. Moore: Catherine the Great" (*Amazing Stories*, August, 1962), which forms a chapter in my book *Seekers of Tomorrow* (1966). C. L. Moore---now Mrs. Thomas Reggie---summarized her early life prior to marrying Henry Kuttner, told what she liked to read, described her career in television writing, revealed some of her pen names, and mentioned her correspondence with Howard, Derleth, Barlow and Lovecraft.

In the course of the interview she also made several statements which I feel should be clarified and rebutted for the sake of the historical record. They concern, among other things, her early acquaintance with the fantasy field and the background of her famous story, "Shambleau."

She mentions that she had, before doing any fantasy writing, "been reading *Weird Tales, Thrilling Wonder* and other things, much to the disapproval of my parents when they caught me at it." This is a definite slip, since it wasn't until 1936 that *Thrilling Wonder Stories* appeared. No matter; let us take it that *Wonder Stories* was the magazine being referred to. Ms. Moore neglects to say so but she was also reading *Amazing Stories* at this time. We know this from an autobiographical sketch published in the June, 1936 issue of *Fantasy Magazine*, where she says that "...one rainy afternoon in 1931 I succumbed to a life-long temptation and bought a magazine called *Amazing Stories* whose cover portrayed six-armed men in a battle to the death. From that moment on I was a convert. A whole new field of literature opened out before my admiring gaze, and the urge to imitate it was irresistible." This sets the date of her introduction to science-fiction exactly. That cover appears on the September, 1931 issue, and illustrates "Awlo of Ulm," a famous story by S. P. Meek. The issue was distributed in August of 1931. This all may seem trivial, but it is important in establishing the fact that Ms. Moore was well acquainted with all three of the fantasy magazines which were current during what turns out to be a critical period, the Summer of 1933. It is critical because it involves her story, "Shambleau."

In the *Chacal* interview, she says that "Shambleau" was sent "...only to *Weird Tales*. I say this because there was a peculiar rumor that started sometime ago about 'Shambleau' making the rounds of *all* the magazines in the science-fiction field before it finally came limping its sad way to *Weird Tales!*" A similar declaration appears in James Gunn's essay "Henry Kuttner, C. L. Moore, Lewis Padgett *et al.*," which is included in *Voices for the Future* (1976), edited by Thomas D. Clareson. Ms. Moore also wrote me the same thing over seventeen years ago; in a letter dated April 2, 1962 she stated: "No, the first story I wrote for submis-

sion was 'Shambleau' and it sold to *Weird Tales* the first time out. I believe Wright bounced my second attempt, but bought everything else I submitted to him. As nearly as I can remember *Wonder* bought one story of mine, but I can't recall any rejections from them... If *Astounding* rejected any I've managed to forget it. All this is a long time ago and is getting hazy, but I'm entirely sure about the 'Shambleau' item. It never went anywhere but to *WT*."

Unfortunately for Ms. Moore, the "peculiar rumor" about "Shambleau" is based on solid facts. Some of these were set forth in my *Seekers of Tomorrow* article. Others existed at the time but were left uncited. And new ones have surfaced since. So let's look at the record.

surfaced since. I didn't believe her version then, and today it seems even less tenable. So let's look at the record.

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

This flatly contradicts Ms. Moore's assertions. Either "Shambleau" was *not* the first story she wrote for submission, or it was *not* submitted initially to *Weird Tales*.

Whichever alternative is true, we do know that "Shambleau" was submitted to *Wonder Stories* before going to *Weird Tales*. Again our source of information is Mort Weisinger. In addition to "Weird Whisperings," Weisinger wrote a regular column called "The Ether Vibrates" for *Fantasy Magazine*. Here, in the September, 1934 issue, he states, "C. L. Moore first submitted her 'Northwest Smith' stories to *Wonder* on June 8, 1933. They were rejected six days later---only because of their weird theme." Where could he have obtained such precise information? There are only two places. One was from Ms. Moore herself (and he told me he was not corresponding with her at the time); the other was from the *Wonder Stories* editorial office, as has been described above.

The person who furnished the information there was Charles D. Hornig. Hornig was officially entered on the payroll as editor on August 4, 1933, but he had been reading manuscripts for the magazine since the previous July. He and Weisinger were on friendly terms---in fact, Hornig was also editor of *The Fantasy Fan*, where Weisinger's "Weird Whisperings" appeared. Hornig of course had access to the complete manuscript records of *Wonder Stories*. These had been set up by the previous editor, Hugo Gernsback, and would unquestionably have been explicit and comprehensive. To this I can testify personally. In October, 1952, when I went to work for Gernsback as editor of *Science Fiction Plus*, I saw for myself the system he used. One of the first things he insisted I do was record accurately the date every manuscript was received, the date it was read, and whether it was accepted, rejected or returned for revision. If accepted, I had to record its

complete routeing through to publication; if rejected, the date it was returned. These records still exist.

I always found the information in Weisinger's columns accurate in other areas, so there seems no reason to doubt it in this one. To establish his reliability further, it was he who revealed Catherine Moore's gender to fandom. In *The Fantasy Fan* for May, 1934, his column stated, "C. L. Moore, who is creating a hit with the 'Northwest Smith' stories in *WT*, is also a woman!" Finally, none of Mort Weisinger's revelations were ever contradicted or even challenged, by Ms. Moore or anybody else, at the times they were made, when all the details would have been fresh in mind. Only nearly thirty years later did she voice a contrary version.

When presented with a group of conflicting statements, one has to choose those that are most logically grounded and which yield the most consistent overall picture. In such a choice, one is reluctant to rely heavily on unsupported long-term memory. From everything cited above, one sees two self-consistent pictures emerge. One is that Ms. Moore's first submitted story was *not* "Shambleau"; that it was submitted to *Amazing Stories*, rejected, and thereafter never heard from. The second---which I feel is the correct one---follows this chronology: "Shambleau" was submitted to *Amazing Stories* early in 1933, and rejected. It was sent to *Wonder Stories*, where it was received June 8th, and again rejected. (From this it would indeed follow that "Shambleau" had been turned down by "all the science-fiction magazines in the field," for then there were only two of them!) It must have been sent to *Weird Tales*, which bought it, fairly soon thereafter. This we can be sure of because "Shambleau" was announced in the October issue; this appeared on newsstands October 1, and was prepared for publication during August. Finally the story was printed in the November, 1933 number.

Why would Ms. Moore deny this? There seem only two possible reasons. One is vanity. But is having a story rejected twice before being accepted really that psychologically important, even if it is one's first effort? One doubts it. A second reason is that she has forgotten. After all, the incident occurred nearly fifty years ago, and that is a long time.

How accurate is her memory for those times? In her letter to me, where she admitted it was "hazy," she spoke of making a sale to *Wonder Stories*. But no story by her or under any of her known pseudonyms ever appeared there, and I cannot match any entry by an unknown name with her style. As I mentioned on page 85, she also got the title of this magazine wrong. In her *Chacal* interview she states that the payment she got for "Shambleau" was $100. This is correct; I happened to check this in the *Weird Tales* records when I was its editor, and remembered the figure. Without documentation I should hesitate to trust my own recollection of fifty years ago, so I hope I am not breaking Ms. Moore's heart, or the hearts of her admirers, when I say I would rather not trust hers.

This brings us to the statement in *Chacal* regarding "Were-Woman," her second story, which was rejected by *Weird Tales:* "I very foolishly, after a while gave it to a fan magazine.... The error I made there was I didn't realize they had copyrighted it.... So twenty years later who but Sam Moskowitz . . . uh, performed is usual, um, *practice* of jumping on things two seconds after the copyright had lapsed! So he reprinted it, of course, without paying me anything for it..."

There are two points in that statement that need to be amplified. Let me deal with the legal one first. First of all, the initial period of copyright is twenty-eight years, not twenty (Ms. Moore's memory again!); I have never ignored legal restriction, and did not do so then. I have, however, reprinted material whose term of copyright has expired; it is right of any citizen to do so---and indeed the government's actual intent in framing the copyright law. And when "Were-Woman" was reprinted it most specifically was *not* covered by copyright.

But Ms. Moore feels she has a grievance. Was any wrong actually committed against her? She presented "Were-Woman," a story that did not sell, as a *gift* to R. H. Barlow for publication in his fan magazine *Leaves*. When she says "I didn't realize they had copyrighted it" she is admitting that she expected the story would immediately lapse into the public domain. The very act of giving it, then, was a permission for anyone to reprint it at any time! Now it so happens that although he inserted the proper copyright notice in the magazine, Barlow never registered that copyright with the United States Copyright Office. Therefore "Were-Woman" has been in the public domain since the day it was published!

This brings me to Ms. Moore's accusation "of jumping on things two seconds after the copyright lapsed." I included the story in my anthology *Horrors Unknown* in 1971, *thirty-three years* after it was thrown into the public domain by failure to register copyright. That's a lot of seconds!

That disposes with the legal aspects of the matter, so let's look at the moral and ethical side of it. It so happens that I did pay Ms. Moore for the story, not in money but in services---and rather handsomely, too. Here's the background: On October 4, 1956 the late Henry Kuttner (her first husband) wrote me a letter from Santa Monica, California which said in part: "...I wanted to ask you...whether or not you had a record of publication for a story by C. L. Moore about Northwest Smith called 'Were-Woman.' It was unfinished, written in the late thirties, I think, and Catherine doesn't remember its being published anywhere. But we keep running across references to it, and there's a possibility it may have been given to some fan mag Catherine has forgotten about. Since you're about the only one who'd really have complete records for this sort of thing, I'm wondering if you happen to recall any publication data on this yarn. If you do and could let us know, we'd be very grateful."

In that request from Henry Kuttner we see further contradictions. "Were-Woman" is said to be an "unfinished" story. If this is indeed so, it could not be the second story Ms. Moore says in *Chacal* she sent to *Weird Tales*, for she would hardly have been unprofessional enough to submit an unfinished work. She may be thinking of some other story; or possibly by "unfinished" Kuttner meant "unrevised." We see also another lapse of memory, for by 1956 Ms. Moore has "forgotten" giving "Were-Woman" to Barlow, or that he published it.

Although it would be a breach of courtesy, it is barely conceivable, of course, that Barlow did not send her a copy. He mimeographed only sixty copies of it; there were a dozen contributors, so if each received one (as is customary) there would be less than fifty to offer for sale. Editors also usually keep a few for themselves. It is very, very rare. Even in the early 1940's it was unusually hard to obtain and little known. Only nine years after its appearance, in the Fall, 1947 *Fantasy Commentator*, I termed it "a collector's item of extreme rarity." In the Winter, 1948-49 *Fantasy Commentator* Redd Boggs wrote an article about it titled "*Leaves*---a Botanical Rarity." Though I owned most of the obscure fantasy and science-fiction journals up to that time, the second issue of *Leaves* was not among them; I borrowed Searles' copy for references purposes until I finally obtained my own in the middle 1960's. The magazine's market value was literally unknown because it was hardly ever offered for sale. I get scores of catalogs from dealers, and the only listing in my recent memory was in Roy Squires' catalog no. 5 (1971); he offered a copy for $85, stating that "copies have sold for prices in three figures." The price today would undoubtedly be several hundred dollars---providing one could even find one offered for sale.

What Kuttner was inquiring about and needed, then, was an item so scarce as to be completely unavailable. I replied, telling him as much, but adding the suggestion that he get in touch with Clyde Beck, brother of Claire and Groo Beck, co-publishers under the Futile Press byline. The Futile Press had published the

issue of Barlow's *Leaves* containing "Were-Woman," and there was a slim chance that Clyde might own, or have access to, one of the Becks' editorial copies. If approached by one of its contributors, especially as prominent as Ms. Moore, there was a chance he might part with it.

On January 9, 1957 Kuttner replied to me: "We did get in touch with Clyde Beck, who had one copy of the issue. We certainly didn't expect him to present it to Catherine, but that's what he did, a hell of a nice gesture.... I am sorry we don't have a second copy. If we had, we'd be happy to pass it along to you. As it is, if you should ever want to borrow this issue of *Leaves*, or if photstats would do any good, just let me know."

Researching science-fiction and publishing my findings was then (as it is now) my professional avocation. Kuttner was asking me to give him, free of charge, the results of some twenty-five years of investment and research. And the information I furnished was so precise that he obtained, free of charge, a collector's item worth several hundred dollars. Though I had met him several times, he was neither a friend nor a regular correspondent. Why, then, did I extend myself? Because of *professional courtesy*. I expected that if in the future I ever needed a favor he would reciprocate, as in his last letter he indeed implied he would.

I had done more than aid Ms. Moore secure a very obscure publication. I had returned to the body of her saleable manuscripts one of which she no longer owned a copy. With her reputation, she could have subsequently used it in one of her future collections---and this was done in *The Edge of Night* (1973).

After Kuttner's death I contacted Ms. Moore for information on him and herself and wrote two articles about them for *Amazing Stories* magazine. They were included, as I have mentioned, in *Seekers of Tomorrow;* and since this book has remained continuously in print (in both hard and paper covers) since 1966, it has helped keep the names of Moore and Kuttner fresh during a period when time was eroding the large following they enjoyed. In my biographical sketch I said of her: "C. L. Moore was to become the most important member of her sex to contribute to science-fiction since Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley wrote *Frankenstein.*" These sketches were sufficiently apposite as to be used very promptly by Jacques Sadoul, then editor of Optas Editions of Paris, as introductions for a deluxe volume containing the two novels *Judgement Night* and *Doomsday Morning*. (They proved so popular that volumes by Heinlein, Asimov, Simak and Farmer, similarly prefaced, soon followed, also in translation.)

Previous to writing these biographical articles, I was a consultant on the Ziff-Davis magazine *Fantastic,* and bought reprints for them. I wrote to Ms. Moore and offered her two cents a word for the one-time use of "Were-Woman" in the magazine. She replied that she could no longer locate the *Leaves* issue Beck had given her, and could I send her a copy of the story to scan? I couldn't, because I didn't have one. By 1963 I had managed to secure a copy, and again asked her if I could buy it. She responded, this time saying she didn't know if she wanted it used.

A short time later I ran into a problem with her agent in trying to purchase reprint rights for Henry Kuttner's "Twonky" for my Collier's anthology *The Coming of the Robots*. The agent's demands required that the print order be increased (Collier's was selling higher-priced editions through book stores and not on newsstands, and hence making more limited printings). I appealed to her for help directly. She replied that a hard line of separation had to be kept on business matters. If I couldn't force the publisher to increase the size of his edition, I couldn't buy the story.

I am sure that if I asked Ms. Moore to write a story for me free of charge she would think I had a hell of a nerve---and she would be right! Yet she

felt it was quite proper to accept from me, free of charge, research of concrete value to her. I am in the business world, and I have yet to encounter a market research company that regards itself as a free public service. If you ask a private detective agency to track down a missing person, you expect to pay them for it. Yet in return for my professional services, Ms. Moore would not even sell me, at current rates, a story of hers or her husband's.

Perhaps I should be cynical enough to expect things like this to occur. I have noticed that people often do wait until they are ahead on points before they draw these lines separating business from everything else. Still, having it happen to you is never a pleasant experience.

"Who but Sam Moskowitz" indeed!

---oOo---

Book Review

by LINCOLN VAN ROSE

IN MEMORY YET GREEN: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ISAAC ASIMOV, 1920-1954. Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1979. vii-732 pp. 21.5 cm. $15.95. Also available in the Science Fiction Book Club edition, $7.98.

When I saw that the first three decades of Isaac Asimov's life had been spread over more than seven hundred pages I blanched. After all, very fine biographies of the entire lives of really important writers---Hemingway, Kipling and Verne, for example---have been done in less. His fellow Futurian Fred Pohl needed only about one-third of this wordage for *The Way the Future Was*, which covers almost twice the time. Is such verbosity really necessary? After finishing *In Memory Yet Green* I can tell you, Definitely not. But if I were accustomed to being paid for everything by the word I'd probably find it hard to stop padding too.

Asimov excuses much of the trivia in his autobiography by pleading that his fans are interested. But really! Does he need to describe (p. 53) that as a child he read soap-box labels while on the john? Or inform us (p. 534) that he has met only one person in his life named Isaiah? That one of his favorite songs is "Venezuela" (p. 535), or that he has never seen a platypus? (p. 504) And even repeat for us the text of his first-grade reader?* (I'm documenting items with page numbers, since they're mostly so incredible I don't want you to think that I'm making them up.) When he stuffs a book with incidents like this, doesn't he find it just a wee bit inconsistent to dwell on how (p. 255) John Campbell "always fobbed his own prejudices off on his readers"?

How could anyone ever dredge up all this stuff, anyway? In case you're wondering if Asimov possesses instant recall, well, the answer depends on which chapter you're reading. Isaac claims he has, of course (page 91), but he breaks down later (p. 664) to admit there are indeed occasions when his memory has failed him. Somehow this seems to happen at critical times, too. For instance, his only visit to the home of Norbert Wiener, the famous mathematician and cyberneti-

*Honest! I quote from page 60: "Dickie Dare went to school. On the way he met a cow. 'How do you do?' said Dickie Dare. 'Moo, moo,' said the cow."

cist (p.664). Why did Wiener invite him? What did they talk about? Isaac can't remember. Or the time in May, 1951, when he spent *four hours* with John Campbell. (p. 625) Historically this was a critically important period for *Astounding* (and by extension for the whole fantasy field, too), since Campbell had just broken with L. Ron Hubbard, and hence was out of the dianetics movement. Surely Asimov must have realized this! Wouldn't you suppose someone claiming near-total recall could regurgitate *some* detailed information out of those four hours? But no. He tells us only that the dianetics break did occur, and that Campbell was choosing stories for an *Astounding* anthology---bare facts that probably took less than five minutes to cover. Finally, if you shared the same room with a guy, and worked there alone with him, do you think you'd forget his name? Well, Isaac can---- and he has, too (p. 334). I won't bore you with more examples.

The actual truth of this whole business is simple. Our hero's memory seems no better (and sometimes worse) than the average human being's, but since January, 1938 he has kept a diary. So most of *In Memory Yet Green* doesn't consist of the selected flowers most people would recall in their full bloom, but just page after page of the better-forgotten weed clippings that belong in the compost pile of literary history. In more concrete terms, it is a hardbound rerun of a pulp-writer's daily routine, hard to stomach even as self-promotion.

Now if Isaac Asimov were a writer of unusual competence, that might add some luster even to material as prosaic as this. But he has never risen above a second-rate level. "Nightfall," possibly his most widely known story, certainly is no classic, and never was. Asimov himself never called it one (though he meticulously notes throughout the book that other people do), nominating three other stories as his best (p.296): "The Last Question," "The Bicentennial Man" and "The Ugly Little Boy." But of course they're not classics either. The revelation that he did poorly in a high school creative writing class (pp. 135-7) comes as absolutely no surprise.

If you think I'm being too hard on the genius from Brooklyn, check the opinion of his Futurian friend Fred Pohl. In *The Way the Future Was* (p. 240 and p. 292) Pohl cities his list of the best authors of the 1960's; you will search in vain among them for the name of Isaac Asimov.

The writing style in this book is simple and direct. It is wholly lacking in elegance, grace and sparkle. Asimov does not have a gift for language; he simply cannot launch a memorable line. I found just one clever remark in the whole book (p.543): Fletcher Pratt is said to look "not unlike" a "very cute" marmoset. I wish I could credit it to Asimov, but it may not be his; Fred Pohl said it too (*The Way the Future Was*, p. 216)---and said it much better.

Asimov's prose models seem to be science-fiction magazines and a few Victorian authors. He seldom read good Twentieth Century writers, not even Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Joyce or Kafka (p. 166), his favorites being Agatha Christie and P. G. Wodehouse (p. 91). This still shows; and it is simply untrue that all pulpishness in his writing disappeared, as he claims (p.680), by 1953.

Up to the early or mid-1940's, Asimov was willing to apply himself revising and reworking his stories to improve them. But as the number of markets for science-fiction increased, it became just a matter of submitting the same item to more different magazines; eventually it would usually be bought. He claims that he has sold everything he has written since 1941 (p. 293), and I see no reason to doubt it. If editors would buy run-of-the-mill material, why bother to send them anything else? From then on it was just speed and quantity; he never bothered with story outlines (pp. 312 and 580), and even made corrections on his mss. by strikeovers and X-ings out (p. 147). It's really too bad; had Asimov been willing to devote more time, care and thought to his fiction I feel sure he would have indeed produced several classics. As the great Isaac Bashevis Singer once remarked, "The wastepaper basket is the writer's best friend."

All this, along with Asimov's admitted difficulty with grammar (p. 154), leads to patches of just plain bad writing. Here are a few of the many you will find here: "Eventually he [Eisenhower] received a telephone extension number that was exactly like mine but for an inversion in numerals" (p. 539). (What else except numerals could be inverted in a phone number?) "There's no need to mention Campbell and Dawson as two other examples." (p. 572) (Then why do it?) "I also found it hard to get used to the toilet. In Van Siclen Avenue it was flushed from a water reservoir near the ceiling. You pulled a chain and down it came." (p. 53) (What came down---the ceiling?) I find such clumsy prose totally inconsistent with his objection to the song "God Bless America" because the music is "one long cliche" and the words are "embarrassingly mawkish." (p. 459) Does he think that *In Memory Yet Green* is much better?

If you want an hour-by-hour account of every bit of science-fiction that Asimov ever wrote---the date it was finished, when and where it was submitted, how much it sold for---you will find it here. A checklist of all his published books is also given in the appendix; these now total 201. They cover most branches of science, though I saw none on ecology; if Isaac gets around to write in that area he might include an estimate of how many trees have been felled to make paper for all his works. Although he claims not to have written science-fiction for money at first (p. 192), one sees him increasingly obsessed with earnings as the chapters progress, informing us exactly what they are for every year.

He is also obsessed with his intelligence. Over and over again he tells us how bright he is, once mentioning it three times on the same page (p. 150). He loves to compare intelligence test results with his friends (p. 446); since he didn't have a date until he was twenty (p.259), this may be a psychological substitute for "scoring" with girls. Such egotism soon becomes abrasive however, and it is a relief to find Asimov finally surrendering his child prodigy status (p. 458), albeit at the ripe age of 26.

His experiences with the Futurians largely echo what other books have already related. They do confirm that his connection there (as I said in reviewing Knight's volume in the last *Commentator)* was rather tenuous. He never promoted the group's cause at the 1939 convention (pp. 243-4), for instance, and apparently never got on well with Kornbluth (p. 310) and possibly others. Nor was there any cross-fertilization in the realm of writing fiction.

The years in college, graduate school, the Navy Yard and the Army seem totally ordinary and normal. So do those of his marriage. Those in academe are likewise unexceptional. There he collaborated on a textbook, which compared poorly with two others published at the same time (p. 650), whereupon Asimov lost interest in the project. One notices that he avoids situations where he can't compete successfully: one badly-played bridge-hand (p.459) poisons the game for him, and a few defeats cool a sudden ardor for chess (p. 460). Unless he wins all the time he isn't happy.

I've talked a lot about the faults of *In Memory Yet Green*; what about its virtues? I'm afraid there aren't very many. But surely one is Asimov's description of daily living in his Brooklyn Jewish community. I wish this had been longer and better written---it doesn't compare well with Marie Jastrow's *Time to Remember* (1979) or Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* (1934), to cite two fine examples---but it is interesting and rich in vivid circumstantial detail, perhaps the best section in the book. How incredibly parochial Asimov's early days were! We usually think the lives of children in rural backgrounds are circumscribed, but in an urban milieu Isaac went nowhere outside his neighborhood without his parents until he was almost ten years old, never even to Manhattan alone until nearly sixteen! And New York City streets were safe in those days, too.

There is less information about the pulp fantasy field than I had hoped to find, though we learn something about word-rates current in the period. There is also an interesting incident concerning the illustrator Charles Schneeman which I have never read elsewhere (p. 446). Asimov's dealings with editors often prove absorbing reading, particularly his comparisons of how Gold, Campbell and Boucher handled their rejections (pp. 651-2).

Of all the editors he saw, Asimov was closest to Campbell; he mentions him often, and pays grateful tribute for an influential relationship that lasted nearly a dozen years (pp. 201 and 588). Campbell always gave ideas and advice to his writers freely---different to each (p. 281)---and was happy to have them take all the kudus when these helped their work (p. 287). For example, he gave Isaac full credit for the Three Laws of Robotics, which got much publicity, even though he himself formulated them, saying they were implicit in what Asimov had said and written (pp. 286-7).

Their relationship was not without friction, however. Campbell preferred Anglo-Saxon names for his authors and characters (p. 232), and supposedly felt that people of Northwestern European extraction were superior to others (p. 261). Asimov was unhappy about this, but he himself blithely characterizes this same group as "more easily assimilable" (p. 42). In any event, racism never came out in the open between them as a raw issue. As a matter of fact, Asimov states that he "never detected any trace of anti-Semitic feelings" in all of Campbell's conversations with him (p. 261). And it was mostly Campbell's involvement in dianetics and psi that caused the two to drift apart. He liked to see his views incorporated in the fiction his magazine printed (p. 588); some authors were only too willing to comply, and it is to Asimov's credit that he was too independant to "press Campbell's buttons," even if it meant lost sales (p. 669).

As the book draws to a close we find Asimov producing less science-fiction and more articles and books about science itself. These, he says, he finds easier to write. It would be nice to say that he has something more that a commercial success going here, but in all honesty I can't. In the magazine *The Sciences* for November, 1978 (pp. 25-6) there is a review of a collection of his essays, *The Beginning of the End* (1977), which points out no less than fifteen errors in fundamental science. And remember, please, that these essays were being reprinted with new preferatory introductions telling how Asimov felt about them, so he must have reread them before publication. If this is the way Asimov popularizes science, I shudder for his readers!

I found very few errors of fact in this autobiography. E. E. Smith did indeed write about interstellar adventure early, but he was by no means, as Asimov claims (p. 503), the first one to do so. Nor is butyl mercaptan "the substance that gives skunks their smell" (p. 329).* One date is also incorrectly given: in the footnote "1941" should be "1969" (p. 312).

Near the bottom of page 424 a few lines are transposed, but otherwise the typography is clear and readable. The paper, however, could be better. There is an index of names but not of subjects, which is another reason I've put more page references in this review than usual. There are also a couple of dozen pages of photographs (unfortunately neither indexed nor noted on the contents-page), about half of which are newly printed and very welcome.

To me, the most interesting part of Isaac Asimov's life is found in *Before the Golden Age* (1974), where his love affair with science-fiction is described more entertainingly and (mercifully) more briefly than in this new volume. Most of *In Memory Yet Green* is trivial, long-winded and boring. I wish I could recommend it at least to the author's fans, but I can't do even that: it is only for his sycophants.

*I am grateful to the editor for pointing this out to me.

Edward Lucas White:

Notes for a Biography

by GEORGE T. WETZEL

I

INTRODUCTION

By Baltimoreans old "Whiskers White" is now all but forgotten. Only a handful of his ex-students remember him, men gray and balding, in their retirement years; and outside of Baltimore his name is recalled only by a few of the more discerning aficionados of fantasy. But once it was very, very different.

When he was alive, most literate Baltimoreans of the Roaring Twenties and the Depression Thirties knew Edward Lucas White as a prominent local writer, interviwed widely whenever he had a new book published. The less literate drank El Supremo coffee, marketed by a Baltimore firm capitalizing on the title of his first and best-known novel. College undergraduates once knew of him through *Andivius Hedulio* and *The Unwilling Vestal*, books that were required reading in their courses on Roman history.

Readers of the Baltimore *Morning Sun* recognized him as the writer of scholarly, political or simply vigorously argumentative letters to the editor, while those of the *American* a couple of decades prior perused his articles on foreign affairs. During the early 1930's he was still sought after by local civic or women's clubs as a speaker on classical subjects. He socialized with the educated and the cultured, with local artists and writers. He carried on a voluminous correspondence with friends and casual acquaintances all over the world.

The majority of those who knew his name or the man himself are now nearly two generations behind us, and their ranks constantly decrease. True, his novel *El Supremo* appeared in a new edition in 1967, but it was bought by strangers looking for interesting reading, strangers who had never heard of the author.

To the curious, White's somewhat autobiographical book *Matrimony* supplies some information about the man but leaves many questions unanswered. A few ancient newspaper interviews contain golden but meagre bits about him. It is only through his preserved letters that we can glimpse the man's personality, although even then in partisan fashion, as he himself saw it; yet these letters, surprisingly enough, seem never to have been utilized by thesis-writing graduate students. Equally discouragingly, there are no written memoirs by contemporaries, living or dead---only verbal recollections from the dwindling ranks of his former Greek and Latin pupils.

II

"WHISKERS WHITE"

In the days after World War One, when a mustache was the most hirsute adornment a male sported, Edward L. White's bushy beard stood out as an eccentricity. In the private schools where he taught the boys among themselves referred to him as Whiskers White." Some braver souls went even further, printing in the school yearbook, under the title "Whiskerites," a whole page of his classroom *bon mots*. And an old school chum once had the daring to write him a letter with the salutation "Dear Old Whiskers." (1)* White took it all good humoredly.

He had the habit, when seated at his desk, of putting the fingers of both hands together and lifting up his whiskers meditatively. In the classroom he habitually wore a green eyeshade. In cool weather he put on "wristers" (a sort of separate, close-fitting cuff), and if it was particularly cold either draped a shawl on his shoulders or wrapped himself from waist to shoes in a car-blanket. Derby hats with attached strings had been out of style for some years even then, but White nevertheless wore one habitually.

He always maintained strict discipline. Inattentive students were whacked with a bamboo pointer or even with a book. A dozing boy was usually awakened by a bottle of smelling salts thrust under his nose---smelling salts White kept for his own needs. And if a student excelled in class White rewarded him with a piece of chocolate from a box habitually stored in a desk drawer. Sometimes, it appears, students would steal some of the chocolate bars and substitute wads of paper under the lop layer to conceal the theft.

Suspenders and a black coat accentuated White's slenderness. His grooming was immaculate, and his ties either red or black. One day he overheard some students debating what color his tie would be on the morrow. They were confounded when he arrived the next day, for White had on two ties---one of each color.

In the winter, if he felt the air in the room was stale, White would ask a pupil to open a window from the top exactly five-eights of an inch; and he would get up to measure the opening with a ruler if he was doubtful. In warm weather, mischievous boys sometimes shot in rubber bands through open windows from outside.

Each new class at the beginning of the semester was greeted boastfully by White with "Boys, you're being taught by the greatest Latin teacher in America." This was no facetious remark---White sincerely believed it. He once told a freind that many of his former pupils, on their first Christmas holiday home from college, would relate to him how in a Greek or Latin class their instructor would pause after their recitations and say, "You must have been one of Edward Lucas White's pupils!" (2)

Because boys in different grades often discussed their teacher, eventually they discovered that he followed precisely the same teaching plan every year. No matter how seemingly casual an epigram or humorous comment, they all were deliberately introduced, as were the same little traps of syntax in Ceasar's *Commentaries*, sprung over and over to trap the unwary. As a result of pooling such information each class was forewarned, and looked forward with expectation to a certain day each year when White would discuss in detail a passage in Cicero that told of sodomy practiced by the decadent Romans. On one such day Woodruff Marston, the principal (whom the boys called "Christer"), unexpectedly visited White's classroom, and left embarrassed.

White added touches of realism to his discourses by several means. He had on his desk a model of a Roman bridge built by the legionnaires to cross the Rhine. (Knowing White's penchant for carpentry, he probably made it himself.) To illustrate a charge led by Ceasar, he would roll up his trouser-legs and brandish his bamboo pointer as a sword. On another occasion, he used the pointer to show

*Footnotes for this article begin on page 111.

exactly how a legionnaire lunged with a spear. When he asked his class who were the bravest soldiers, most pupils predictably said the Romans, with a few guessing other nationalities. Shaking his head, White explained that the bravest were the Japanese, because they never surrendered in battle, preferring to die for their emperor.

White liked to use colored chalk on the blackboard, a different color for each tense of a verb; and as his handwriting was difficult to read, he usually printed rather than wrote in script. Pupils were sent to the blackboard for writing their assignments, and if they stood in front of them so that he could not see them White might joke at their Irish background with the admonishment "Your grandmother was O'Pague, but I can't see through you!"

One of his ways to shame a misbehaving class was to take from his desk drawer a pipe which, when blown into, would float a tiny ball on a cushion of air; he then proceeded to demonstrate the confiscated toy, afterwards remarking that he could be just as big a fool as his students. When he sharpened a pencil and let the shavings fall to the floor he would justify himself by observing it gave the the janitor something to do.

Once he told a class one of his many fantastic dreams: of being in some curious vehicle that passed easily through solid matter, moving effortlessly through the steel girders of Baltimore's only elevated transit, the Guilford Street trolley line. At other times he talked about baseball as if he were a fan, but this may have been only a tactic to relate to his young pupils, for his many letters never referred to the sport.

Chocolate he munched often during the school day, but only at certain times---almost to the minute---for he would check the clock beforehand. Chocolate also constituted his frugal lunch. Consuming so much of it daily may well have triggered some of his migraines, the dietary causes of which were not then realized. (3) At times these were presaged by anomalies of vision, such as zig-zag lights; he would then shout, "Spots, Woodruff! Spots!" whereupon the principal would see that he was taken home.

Besides chocolate, White had a constant craving for ice-water, and kept a pitcher of it always on his desk. One pupil, who always sought reasons to leave the classroom, one day raised his hand and when recognized asked, "May I fill your pitcher, Mr. White?" White looked him up and down and replied, "I'd never trust my pitcher with anyone as careless with his clothes as you are!"

For a number of years White carried on a desultory correspondence with Rudyard Kipling. One day he brought one of Kipling's letters to class and showed it to one of his pupils. The boy had difficulty with the handwriting and alluded to the fact to excuse his slowness. White made no comment, but immediately took back the letter before the pupil could finish reading it.

Early on, White's pupils were mystified by his occasional jotting in a small notebook kept in his inside coat pocket. When one boy boldly inquired what his teacher was writing, White cryptically replied, "Interesting items." In reality it was a private grading system, which schoolboy ingenuity eventually uncovered and then satirized in the school's yearbook.(4)

Then there were the recurrent expressions with which he peppered classroom remarks. Here are a few: "Oh, what a fish a frog is!" "You double-barrelled, nickel-plated, copper-riveted pirate!" "There are two things I don't lend---my fountain pen and my toothbrush." "The main trouble with irregular verbs is, they ain't regular." And "T. Merritt, grammar!" (which indicated that a failing grade had just been incurred).

He was also fond of reeling off the following nonsense: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were

present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyalies, and the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top, and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gun powder ran out at the heels of their boots." (5,6)

No other teacher in the school except White had signs posted around the room relating to class behavior. His were in Latin and bore such phrases as *"Hoc age"* (meaning "do this") and *"Favete Linguis"* ("hold your tongue"). (9)

A student once accosted him with the remark, "Mr. White, you remind me of George Bernard Shaw," to which he responded without hesitation "I've been told Shaw resembled me." He did not take it as a compliment, since he disliked Shaw.

If White's students found his eccentricities amusing, well, he also laughed at his students. He once asked a beginner in Greek to decline a participle. To gain time, the pupil cleared his throat, whereupon the class wit sneeringly whispered, "Bum guess!" Mistaking this for a helpful hint, the victim then chirped, "Oh, I know! Bumgess, bumgessa, bumguen, bumguentos, bumguessays, bumguantos---" whereupon White laughed heartily, even as the pupil continued to stammer out the dative plurals. (8) On another occasion a pupil declared the initials S. P. Q. R. carried on a standard by Roman legions stood for "Scanty Preparation Queers Recitations." This titillated White's Irish wit; he thought it not bad.

He also culled "howelers" from examination papers, after the manner of teachers everywhere. One was "A man who looks at the bright side of everything is called an optimist; but a pianist looks at the dark side." Another was "The Gorgons were three sisters who looked like women, only more horrible."

III

THE FABRIC OF DREAMS

Among the more cognizant readers of fantasy, White's name lingers on because of his statements that many of his stories were not merely inspired by dreams, but were often literal transcriptions of them. (10) He was very emphatic on this point, claiming he had little faculty for consciously inventing plots. (11) And there is an unmistakable dream-like quality, resembling as they do things imperfectly glimpsed, visions slightly out of focus or seen through a glass darkly. His technique---and it was due to the very nature of dreams, and not adopted deliberately---was to describe a scene incompletely, and merely hint at the motivations of his characters. He thereby literally did recreate his dream with its aura of mystery and unguessed things lurking just beneath conscious perception.

White was of course not unique in doing this. Other writers and poets have produced dream-derived literature. One of Henry James's stories, "The Jolly Corner," came from a nightmare. So did a number of Stevenson's, the most famous being *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* (12) Poe's "The Shadow" originated in a nightmare he had during the cholera plague of 1832. (13) The letters of H. P. Lovecraft contain many references to dreams which he later fashioned into stories. (14)

How did White regard his dreams? The idea that they might be supernaturally induced, or portray ancestral memories, or represent scenes from an earlier incarnation---these he totally discounted. He thought of them instead as the result of mechanistic or biochemical processes in his brain cells resulting from impressions made while awake, especially when reading books. When quite young he had acquired the faculty of knowing that he was dreaming. If the dream was too appalling to be a reality he would continue on dreaming without terror. But if the dream was as real as life, then realization of its nature never came. (15)

When White talked of dreams, he obviously included nightmares. Psychologists, however, consider the two quite different in terms of their cause, content

and purpose. A nightmare may occur in response to a physiological stimulus or to a terrifying thought that frightens the sleeper awake. It could also be caused by a painful experience from the outside world remembered when asleep. (16)

Nightmares induced by the pain of migraine seem a field as yet unstudied. Consider Howard Lovecraft, who once suffered a "headache" for weeks, during which he had the nightmare he transcribed into his sonnet "Nyarlathotep." Another time he awoke from a repulsive nightmare (later written as the story "The Statement of Randolph Carter") with a "prize headache." To his correspondent R. H. Barlow he disclosed that he was subject to migraines, whose pain characteristically aroused him from slumber. (17) White also spoke of migraines waking him.

Since he stated on a number of occasions that he was prone to migraines almost all his life and that he also had nightmares, it seems plausible that on at least some occasions he experienced the two together. The sequence of migraine to nightmare to work of art could certainly be productively investigated.

Psychologists differ in how dreams can be accounted for. Some say it is not known why we dream. Others claim dreaming serves a necessary function: we dream in needed proportion to the number and intensity of our personal problems, and that the content of dreams come from memories of prior perceptual experience or sometimes from either external or internal stimuli. (18)

"Similarities between dreams and certain forms of insanity have long been observed" according to Dr. John E. Mack. He quotes other psychologists in elaboration of this idea: "Psychoses and nightmares have much in common ... eruptions of fear in sleep ... are omens of future mental disorder." Thus one response to nightmare is madness; a second possible alternative, says Mack, is creativity: "Although madness and creativity may co-exist, even simultaneously, in the same individual, for a work of art or literature to be successful, the artist's hold on reality ... must be sufficiently maintained to communicate the quality of shared illusion." (19)

What evidence of neurotic disorders---if any---is there in Edward Lucas White? His paternal aunt, Mary Rose White (1852-1922), was afflicted with religious melancholy and spent the last thirty years of her life in a mental hospital. (20) His sister Ethel may have bordered on the same disorder. White characterized himself as "being from birth neurotic, neurasthenic and overstrung."(21) During his life he suffered several general breakdowns that were marked by nervous and digestive symptoms associated with neurasthenia.

He had another curious problem. At the age of sixty-eight he told a meeting of the Poe Society that he had not read Poe for fifty years; (22) this would be about 1884, the time of his first neurasthenic breakdown. In 1929, a few years earlier, he wrote the secretary of that society, "Since I was under twenty, which is over 42 years ago, I have had to banish from my home every scrap of his [Poe's] printed writings, else I should waste time and fuddle myself and reread him when I should be doing other things." (23) To correspondents he said he had been "dead drunk on Poe twenty-four hours a day," and not only had given away everything of Poe he owned, but had even destroyed most fiction of his own influenced by Poe. (24) To an interviewer he confided that once he started reading Poe he could not stop. (22) But of course he never fully shook off Poe's influence, as is shown by his own published story, "The Flambeau Bracket," (24) and his habit of titling his works with women's names---"Mandola," "Canea," "Gertrude" and the horrendous "Amina." This strange hold Poe exerted on White could well have been a compulsive neurosis.

The final piece of evidence is White's story "Disvola," which is based on a recurrent nightmare. He sometimes experienced it twice weekly, sometimes only once in six months, for a period of over twelve years.(10a) Recurrent nightmares are considered a prominent symptom of traumatic neuroses. (19)

IV

ANTECEDENTS

The only meaningful geneaological roots, in my opinion, are: *Generally* considered, one or the other familial side of one's predecessors married within its own ethnic group so that its cultural heritage is retained in the blood-line; and *specifically* considered, familial roots back no further than one's great grandparents, since genetic influences seem to thin out with passage of time.

Edward Lucas White described himself ethnically as of "undesirable mixed ancestry" which was "nine-sixteenths Irish." Though he never identified the remaining fraction, it was probably largely French. An uncle once gleefully informed him that a distant predecessor had been hanged for sheep-stealing; but a more notable ancestor was Major Florant Meline, who came here with Lafayette.

His earliest identified ancestor was Casper Weiss. Weiss was probably born in 1692, and emigrated around 1731 to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania from Lorraine, now a part of northeastern France, on the German border. White himself doubted there was any German blood in the family. His great uncle, Charles I. White (one time pastor of St. Matthew's church in Washington, D.C.), actually went to France to learn more about the family roots. He found distant cousins still residing in Lorraine, peasant farmers, and from them learned family traditions and copied all the relevant documents they could locate for him. After his death this information was unfortunately lost, however.

Casper Weiss's son Abraham was the first to Anglicize his name. To him was born a son, John White (1779-1854), who became a rich merchant. John's son Ambrose H. White (1809-1885) inherited his father's wealth; during the Mexican-American War he lost much of his capital through speculation in army supplies, and the Civil War left him finally impoverished. In April, 1833 he married Mary Carrell Hurley (1814-1893) and started a family of eleven children, three of whom died young. Ambrose himself died in 1885 of dysentery.

One of his children was Joseph Augustus White (born 1848), who became a doctor and surgeon; he started his practice in Baltimore, and then moved to Virginia in the late 1870's. Two other sons are known to have died of alcoholism.

A fourth son was Edward E. White (1850-1929), Edward Lucas White's favorite uncle, who constantly helped him out financially during his married life. This man went into the coffee business in Baltimore, moved to New York City during the 1880's, and made half a million dollars on the Coffee Exchange there. He was a "character," loud and overbearing but delightful. He once said, "I never eat food---I eat whiskey!" When asked what he did for a living he snapped out "I don't do any work for a living. I shout for a living. I stand up all day and bellow! I'll never go to hell; I've been in the New York Coffee Exchange for forty years and there's nothing in hell half as bad as that!" (25)

The third oldest of Ambrose's children was Thomas Hurley White (1838-1902), a hard-working businessman who suffered two economic disasters during his lifetime through no fault of his own. He was Edward Lucas White's father.

On the maternal side of the family, we can go back only as far as Fielding Lucas, Jr. (1781-1854), Edward Lucas's great grandfather. (26) He married Elizabeth Mary Carrell, and some time between 1804 and 1808 opened a stationery and book store in Baltimore. Soon thereafter he got into the publishing business. He was an entrepeneur in other ventures, and found time also to engage in cultural and civic affairs.

Fielding Lucas had four sons. The most famous of these was George A. Lucas, an agent for the Walters Art Gallery, which purchased and imported art from Europe. The eldest son, Edward Carrell Lucas, joined with two younger brothers to form the firm of Lucas Brothers; this still exists today as a stationery sup-

plier. During the 1830's Edward Carroll Lucas also acted as a book agent for his father.

Edward Carrell Lucas married Catherine Meline, of whom we know little except that she grew up in New Orleans, was educated by nuns, and had long been accustomed to culture and social position. Their only child was a daughter, Kate Butler Lucas, born about 1840. (27) As a child Kate was placed in a Catholic convent school near Holmesbury in Phildelphia County, Pa.; she was graduated from it nine years later, in 1857.

The White and the Lucas families were actually related. Members of each carried the name "Carrell," and addressed each other in letters as cousins. (28) The relationship was too distant to offer any barrier to marriage, however, for Thomas White did not hesitate to become seriously interested in Kate. When he asked her father for her hand Edward Lucas, sounding very much like a hen-pecked husband, warned: "If you marry her, there will be only one opinion and that will be hers.... Her mother has always been that way and so will she." (29)

Lucas said nothing to his wife Catherine of the proposed marriage, nor did Thomas, though he was frequently in their home seeing Kate. After returning to his importing business in New York City, Thomas thought matters over for several months, and then resolved to take the plunge. He wrote Mrs. Lucas, apologizing for not discussing the subject of marriage with her, and giving as an excuse his preoccupation with Kate. Knowing the close attachment between mother and daughter, he offered to help the Lucases move to New York and aid Edward obtain a job so that they might remain closer to their daughter. (30) Mrs. Lucas replied a week later. While not unpleasant, her letter had a tone of rigid, stiff formality. Seemingly rejecting her future son-in-law's suggestions, she said she believed most young married people were best left to themselves. Then relenting, she allowed that the Lucas family might be an exception to this rule, but thought everyone should see how things worked out before making a decision. (31)

V

GROWING UP

In May, 1865 Thomas Hurley White and Kate Butler Lucas were married. They were living in Bergen, New Jersey when their first child, Edward Lucas, was born on May 11, 1866. Shortly thereafter they moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., settling on Dean Street, where their second and last chield Ethel was born on March 7, 1868.

By this time Thomas was a junior partner in his importing firm, when an event that was to alter his life and the lives of his family occurred. This was the "Black Friday" panic of September, 1869. It was caused by a group of financial speculators, spearheaded by Jay Gould, attempting to corner the gold market. Many mercantile firms, unable to secure gold for their transactions, suffered ruin as the acute shortage reached a peak.

White's firm was among those wiped out. Even his own house furnishings were seized by a creditor, who held them as security for the debt that Thomas eventually repaid over a period of several years. (32) The Brooklyn house hung like a millstone around his neck, paralyzing his efforts to declare bankruptcy. His in-laws had some equity in it, and apparently would not agree to its sale.(33)

In the summer of 1870 the family separated. Kate, their two children and their nurse spent some months with Kate's parents in Coxsackie, New York, a town on the Hudson River. Thomas joined them on weekends when he could. They boarded there with a Calvinist family named Campbell. Mrs. Campbell, truly believing

herself predestined to eternal damnation in hell, she frequently would shut herself up in her darkened parlor and pray and wail for hours on end. Little Edward knew nothing of Calvinism, of course, but the sound of the woman's wails and sobs coming from the gloomy, musty vault that so many parlors of that day were left an indelible impression on him which he forty years later once recalled. Doubtless it was this experience which influenced his eventual questioning of religion, the existence of God, and life after death.

There was a pasture on the Campbell farm in which a barrel had been buried to its rim and filled with water to serve as a cattle trough. On a walk by it one day with his nurse, Budge (as Edward was nicknamed) became fascinated by some red and yellow leaves floating on the water. He turned back, leaned over to get one, and toppled in head first. Bubbles of air gurgled past his ears; his breath left him. Luckily his nurse happened to glance back; seeing his feet waggling above the barrel-rim she ran over and pulled Budge out of the water.

Not far away was Kinderhook Lake, where his grandparents took Budge on picnics. His grandfather was an avid fisherman, and would sit Budge on the lake shore on a warm rock while he cast his line. The small, silvery fish that were caught convulsed and died in the air as Budge watched. It was his first experience with death. (34)

Two other vignettes of master Edward survive from this period. When he was four he was given a pet kitten, and liked to lie on the nursery floor, covering his face with his hands, while the kitten played with his long, yellow curls; he would peep sideways through his fingers at the animal, watching it prance and curvet about between attacks. (35) More important was the beginning of his dreams. These seem to have begun when he was five. In some of them he explored imaginary remote parts of Brooklyn's Prospect Park, where his father and his nurse had often taken him strolling. (36) Understandably, he thought they really existed.

In the summer of 1872, when Thomas's finances were apparently at their lowest, the Lucases took his wife and children to live with them at Ovid, N. Y., while he remained in the city eking out a haphazard living. Ovid was a village located between Lakes Seneca and Cayuga in the western part of the state.

Like many other couples in the 1870's, the Lucases had been caught up in the prevalent delusion that city folk could make a living by farming with hired hands. Possibly they bought the farm in Ovid because Edward Lucas had become a cripple, unable to do physical work. (37) The farm, known locally as "Eagles' Bluff," (38) was of about eighty acres, partly in woodlands, partly in fruit orchards, with a few fields planted in grain.

The Lucases and Thomas White's family did not live at the farm itself, but instead in a hotel on the main street of Ovid. The Lucases contracted with a man named Edwards, who had been employed by the previous owner, to manage and work the farm. He lived there, grew what food he needed, and received also half of the proceeds realized from the sale of fruit harvested there; he had the responsibility as well of maintaining and repairing the farm equipment. On their part, the Lucases supplied operating capital, paid for seed, and received the other half of the proceeds from sale of the fruit. (39)

In July, 1872 Thomas visted his family and in-laws. He read aloud to them Bret Harte's story "The High Tide on Dedlow Marsh." From this his six year old son, precocious for his age, obtained an "intuitive emotional comprehension of what the love of man for woman ... signifies in human life." (17) A few years later this impression crystallized into a life-long conviction that a good marriage was the most important thing in the world. The boy must also have been influenced by the example of his father's deep, romantic attachment for his mother. Thomas's letters to her during their separation in the early 1870's show his attachment clearly. (40)

That fall Kate and her children left for Baltimore to visit relatives. Then Edward Carrell Lucas died on December 2nd. The suddenness of it left Budge with the unshakable idea that death was always just around the corner. The immediate effect of the decease fell upon his widow and Kate; they left Ovid for the winter, trusting Edwards to care for the farm unsupervised. (41)

Thomas's mother invited them to stay with her family, but Kate did not accept the invitation immediately. Perhaps she hesitated to expose her children to the influences there. In her mother-in-law's family were John Charles White, normally working in his father's brokerage business but a chronic alcoholic who had just sobered up in a hospital and was now at home; Ambrose Michael White, a man of great physical strength subject to epileptic fits; and Mary Rose White, who was soon to enter a mental hospital for the remainder of her life. (42) Eventually Kate did visit them, however. Budge, who had never been seen by some of the family, was declared to be the very image of his father. And it was here that his lifelong love of hand-tools first showed itself. (43)

Meanwhile Thomas received a financial lift. The widow Lucas still would not agree to selling the Brooklyn house, but his father, though financially burdened himself, paid off one of the two mortgages on it. (44)

Meanwhile Mrs. Lucas was herself experiencing problems. On returning to Ovid after almost half a year's absence, she discovered that Edwards had breached his contract by allowing two families to live on the farm and generally neglecting its upkeep. She resolved to dismiss him and run the place herself with the help of a hired hand to care for the stock. So when Kate and her children returned they found her installed with an old French Canadian for the hired man; an immigrant Irish woman, Julia MacDonald, did the washing. (45) This hired man's successor was a raw Galway Irishman whom Budge greatly admired.

Edward Lucas White's first impulse towards creating fiction now developed. But it was his sister Ethel who invented stories first. In the beginning they were of imaginary animals acting as humans. Then they changed into "Sally Phillips stories." Sally Phillips was a young girl two years younger than Budge, who had lived near him in Brooklyn. The two families were friends, and later she came with her parents to visit Eagles' Bluff. On these visits Budge would often tease her. The "Sally Phillips stories" may have been a covert form of teasing the little girl in her absence. Ethel usually began them, and her brother would elaborate. In them Sally was the inventor of some juvenile activity or a leader of pranks. Their mother chanced to overhear them, and admonished them to stop telling lies she considered dangerous to their "moral stamina." In spite of her scolding Ethel continued to make them up until she was eleven years old. (46)

Since merchants predominated on both sides of his family, Edward never in later years thought he had inherited writing talent or had any literary predecessors. But there were two. One was his great aunt, a sister of his grandmother Lucas, who wrote fiction for the New Orleans *Star*. (47) The other was his own father. Though a prosaic businessman, Thomas White's letters show clever turns of phrase and unexpected sombre emotional articulateness quite often.

Budge was considered a high-strung child, and the local doctor advised that he not be taught reading. But the eager boy struggled by himself in secret, unsure of the meaning of many words and stumbling over unfamiliar grammatical constructions. As might be expected, when his reading was done behind adult backs, his early fare was highly peculiar. He did have some children's books, but preferred the older ones of his father---titles like *The Andes and the Amazon*, *The History of Xerxes*, and Anthon's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*. There were also piles of magazines with articles attacking Charles Darwin, whom he decided must be right, for the articles had no supporting argument. (48)

Edward rationalized a disbelief in an afterlife before he was eight. If he could adventure along strange streets in Brooklyn, no matter how lost he appeared to be, he always found his way home. If personality survived death, then purportedly its ghost could also find the way back---and not just at night, when ghosts were traditionally seen, but more easily in daylight when they never were. Hence ghosts existed only in the imaginations of the viewers. Death, to him, was the closing in of the "great darkness." (49)

But did the idea truly grow only out of his own reflections?

His father, terribly depressed by poverty, once penned, "There will be no comfort or peace of mind for us this side of the grave & the sooner it comes the better it will please me. ... I have no expectations of an afterlife." (50) At another time he mused, "My life has shaped in a way that for me was for a long while equal to damnation, if there were any." (51) And: "All I have cared for in life is gone from me & there is no way I can recover it. What else is left but to wish for oblivion?" (52) It seems impossible that this outlook could exist in the family without being communicated in some way to young Edward.

During all this time Thomas's business was not improving. Finally---probably in the summer of 1874---he closed his New York office and came to Baltimore. For some time members of his family---first his brother, then his father---had been importuning him to do this. His father felt it was better to struggle among friends than among strangers, and hinted he could leave more cheaply there than in New York if he would "sacrifice style." (53) Thomas stayed at his parents' home, at first free, but later he paid board.

In the spring of 1875 Kate White slipped on a step and struck her shin. (54) An abscess developed. The country doctor in Ovid, fearing gangrene, wished to amputate, but she refused. Apparently the area never healed properly, for she had to dress it twice daily with wet bandages. Soon she became an invalid. Thomas at first considered arranging for her to visit the family doctor in Baltimore but the latter stated it would not be necessary if the leg was improving. Hearing this, Thomas felt it was better if she did not come. He wrote her that he had adjusted to their separation, and that it was better for them to stay apart until they could live together permanently as man and wife. (55) This was a mistake, as it only encouraged her later obstinacy to joining him. That fall he felt the time was propitious, and wrote her to come to Baltimore. But she refused. This caused him to write, "You have set your heart on that place & its advancement. It throws me out of your life altogether. But that seems a small affair to you." And later, in more restrained tones, "If you only would say you would come here I would bring you. But I suppose it is folly to ask." (56)

Meanwhile, his mother-in-law's health began to fail. Thus what had begun in 1872 as a temporary expedient might become immutable as the spiritual umbilical cord between mother and daughter drew then ever closer together. Hearing that Mrs. Lucas was "poorly," Thomas conceded that "with so much labor on her hands she cannot expect aught but sufferings. She ought not to do any work at all." Yet if she could not, who would? The answer was obvious, and the fate of his marriage seemed sealed. (57)

The sense that he might save it caused him to pursue a potential business opportunity in Ovid. This was a grain warehouse and hotel that was being offered for sale; Thomas tried to interest several people in putting their capital in the venture, but nothing ever came of it. (58)

Only in a general way and more by implication than statement did Edward Lucas White later refer to the "formative influence" of "family circumstances", and their impact on his childhood. Yet no subject dominates his father's letters of the 1870's more than money. His brokerage business brought in very little, and he was constantly on the lookout for a better job. His mother patched his shirts. His clothing was so shabby he turned down invitations. Both children needed shoes

but he could afford a pair only for Budge; they cost a dollar, and were wooden at that! And he worried over the little boy's disappointment when no birthday present arrived. The year before he had also had to disappoint Budge after promising him a spade, and of course fireworks were too expensive. (59)

On top of this Kate badgered him about money. In one reply he wrote: "If our affairs do not improve I do not know that I can send a dollar this month. We are making nothing." Later he lamented desperately, "There is such a thing as a limit to a man's capability," and suggested she write the Baltimore family doctor, who was reputedly rich, and ask for a loan for which as collateral he would designate the doctor as beneficiary on an insurance policy. When she did not do so, Thomas himself importuned the doctor, who pleaded that his funds were tied up in investments and fees too hard to collect for him to oblige. Thomas commented wryly to Kate, "He pleads poverty so strong it makes me think we are well off." (60)

The thought of Christmas cheered him. He would spend it at Eagles' Bluff, and he began to collect a few second-hand items as gifts. His mother contributed a few things for Ethel, and Budge would get some tools (no doubt from Grandpa). And Thomas bought two religious chromos. (61)

Early Easter morning in 1876 Budge woke with agonizing pain in his eyeballs, something he had never experienced before. It was relieved after vomiting. This was the first of these seizures that were to affect him for the rest of his life. Later he came to recognize the signs of their onset---an incandescent, zigzag writhing of light (which he described as "spinning" or "spots"); medical literature terms this "teichopsia," the ebullition of objects viewed at the onset of a migraine headache. (62) No doctor ever diagnosed the problem correctly, and for years after he was married White himself referred to these episodes as "sick headaches." It was only in 1927 in *Matrimony* that he called them migraines. (How he finally learned what they were is not known.) His dietary preferences in later life---especially for chocolate, as we have seen (page 96)---explain the disproportionate number of migraine attacks he suffered. Poor vision can also bring on migraines. But White's vision as a child, except for slight nearsightedness, was good, and from 1877 on he wore glasses to correct this; once when shown Polaris through a telescope in 1880 his vision was sharp enough to resolve that celestial object into a double star---no easy feat. (63)

Thomas worried over the boy's health, considering him sickly, and suggested that he be given a few regular chores each day. And so Budge was never allowed to idle or play thereafter until he had chopped some wood, milked cows, and bedded down the horses. (64)

Aside from his own serruptitious reading, young Edward's education was received solely from his parents during the four years he spent at the farm. His mother taught him writing and geography; his father assigned him other studies. But Thomas realized that the boy needed more than this, and even though it was at a financial sacrifice, sent him to a private boarding school in Baltimore. (65)

VI

"WRETCHED LITTLE EXILE"

Edward Lucas White came to Baltimore in the Fall of 1877, a place that he later characterized as not a city, but "...a heartless, headless, souless, planless, patternless, centreless, circumferenceless camp of wood, brick, stone, concrete and steel tents." (66) Here he was enrolled in the school run by a friend of his father's, "Colonel"---the title was honorific---Richard Malcolm Johnston (1822-1898). Pen Lucy School was located northwest of the neighborhood called Waverly, then a suburb. Johnston was a Georgian who had left his native state to escape the upheavals of Reconstruction. Before the war he had practiced law from 1842 to 1857. He also dabbled in writing. His first book was *Georgia Sketches*

and in the 1870's he had three more published.

At first his school was successful, but then a period of decline set in. One reason was the gradual and simultaneous loss in boarding students coming from the South and in day pupils from the Baltimore area. A second was Johnston's inability to save money during prosperous years for lean ones which might follow. His daughter once later remarked that he never learned the value of a dollar, a failing traditionally common after the war among fallen Southern aristocrats.

Pen Lucy had originally been a large private house; it was surrounded by a veranda, and set among chestnut and sycamore trees. A two-story extension had been built onto the rear. Its upper floor accomodated the resident pupils, while the lower one did double duty as a common room for the entire student body and a dining area for the Colonel's family and the residents.

When he was more mature White averred that he admired Johnston, but as a young pupil he did not. The colonel was a tall, broad-shouldered, rubicund, choleric and irascible man who inspired fear rather than fondness. Mild, perfunctory cuffs were the only discipline Budge received, but the violence with which the colonel habitually boxed the ears of his other charges, and the way his face flushed a hot crimson in sudden anger inspired young Edward with dread. (67)

During his first year there Budge felt a "wretched little exile." His homesickness was to be expected, but the rather impersonal treatment he experienced was not. He even toyed with thoughts of suicide. The resumption of his migraines made life even more unbearable. Some mornings he could not get up, though he was well by noon; at other times he would be unable to be about or even read, and would have to lie down to recover. Johnston at first suspected him of malingering, but eventually became convinced his illness was genuine. (68)

One gloomy Sunday afternoon Budge was sitting in the common room, alone and forlorn. The Johnstons and some guests were in an adjoining parlor. This was not unusual; the colonel's home was frequented by many distinguished Southerners, including Alexander Stephens, former vice-president of the Confederacy. Presently the notes of a flute struck the boy's ears. Though he not yet acquired an appreciation of music, its beauty made an immediate impression, acting as an anodyne for his homesickness. The flutist was a tall, slender man with a dark, silky beard. His name was Sidney Lanier, poet and belated Romantic.

By November Budge's mood had brightened enough for him to write cheerfully to his mother and grandmother at Ovid about the antics of other students he found funny. His report card for April, 1878 is revealing: his highest grades were in history; his lowest in arithmetic, a practical discipline he stumbled over all his life and which may have been an indirect cause of his eschewing university education in one of the sciences. (67a) While at Pen Lucy Budge was "adopted" by the family whose head was a friend of his father's. He played with their daughter and actually developed an adolescent "crush" which she did not reciprocate. (69)

Young Edward was now taken out of school for a year, spending 1878-1879 back at Eagles' Bluff. No reason has come to light, but we may surmise that his "headaches" were the motivating cause. Here he gained his first knowledge of sex from the barnyard. When he innocently questioned his grandmother Lucas about it, she gave the expected Victorian reply. (70)

That Fall Thomas rented a house at #47 St. Paul Street in Baltimore and sent for his wife and children. (71) Kate temporized, at first unwilling to leave her mother, but eventually arrived. After a seven-year separation the family was now living together again under one roof. Economics had forced Johnston to vacate his Waverly location for one in central Baltimore, so Budge now walked to school.

Lanier had been engaged to teach arithmetic, and Edward could compare the two at close quarters. The colonel kept order in his classes by fear; pupils were afraid to misbehave when face to face with him. But most assistant teachers

were less awe-inspiring, and endured much from unruly boys. Not Lanier, however; something in his dignified and serene aspect made the most disorderly ashamed to offend him.

Johnston had old-fashioned ideas about education, and used Oliver Goldsmith's hackwork histories of Greece and Rome. After class hours he read Dickens and Scott aloud; since young Edward was mentally weary and fidgetty then, he was unfortunately left with a powerful distaste for these authors. Left to himself, he perused avidly Bulwer-Lytton's *Zanoni* (a novel of the Gothic school which later he termed "absurd"), and made his first acquaintance with Poe. (72) Johnston also assigned him Smith's *History of Rome,* long and no light reading. But Edward had an affinity for ancient history. When one of his uncles asked what he wanted for Christmas he replied, "A history of the South American republics." The uncle thereupon swore, "You're the damndest fool in North America!" It was years before White was to learn that no such book had yet been written. (73)

In 1880, Mount Vernon Place might have been called the cultural center of Baltimore. Surrounding it were the Walters Art Gallery, the Peabody Conservatory and the Peabody Institute Library. Into the latter strode the fourteen-year-old White, who surprisingly was given permission to read there in an envirionment traditionally inhabited by elderly scholars. The bookish adolescent was well aware of its reputation as one of the most famous libraries in the country. (74)

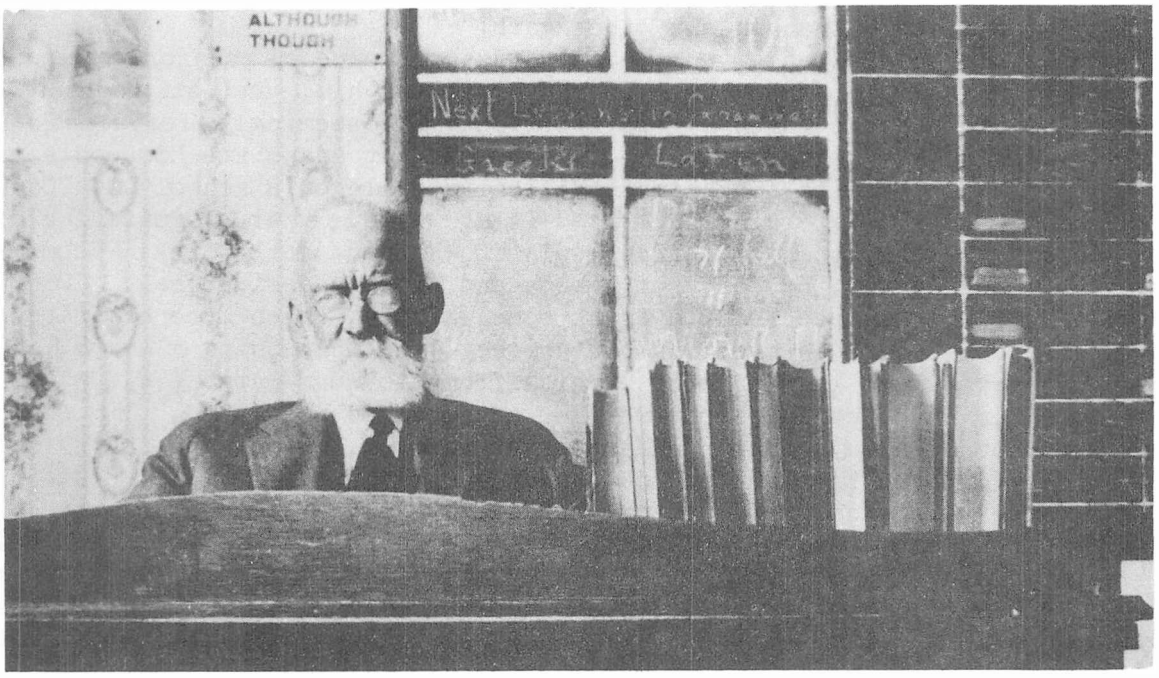
The Peabody Institute Library had opened formally in 1866. Its appeal lay not only in its rare books (it had some no other library possessed), but in the assembly of its books into families exhibiting the organic growth of knowledge and culture. Scholars had been known to accumulate their research problems until they could come to Baltimore and utilize its collections. These were particularly strong in medieval and natural history, cartography, travel and geneaology.

The main reading room was an immense, high-ceilinged space with tall windows, long, dark walnut tables, green-shaded lamps and heavy chairs. Adjoining this were the book stacks in an even larger, higher-ceilinged room where all four walls were shelves of books rising upwards in six galleries of ornamental iron-work touched with gold leaf.

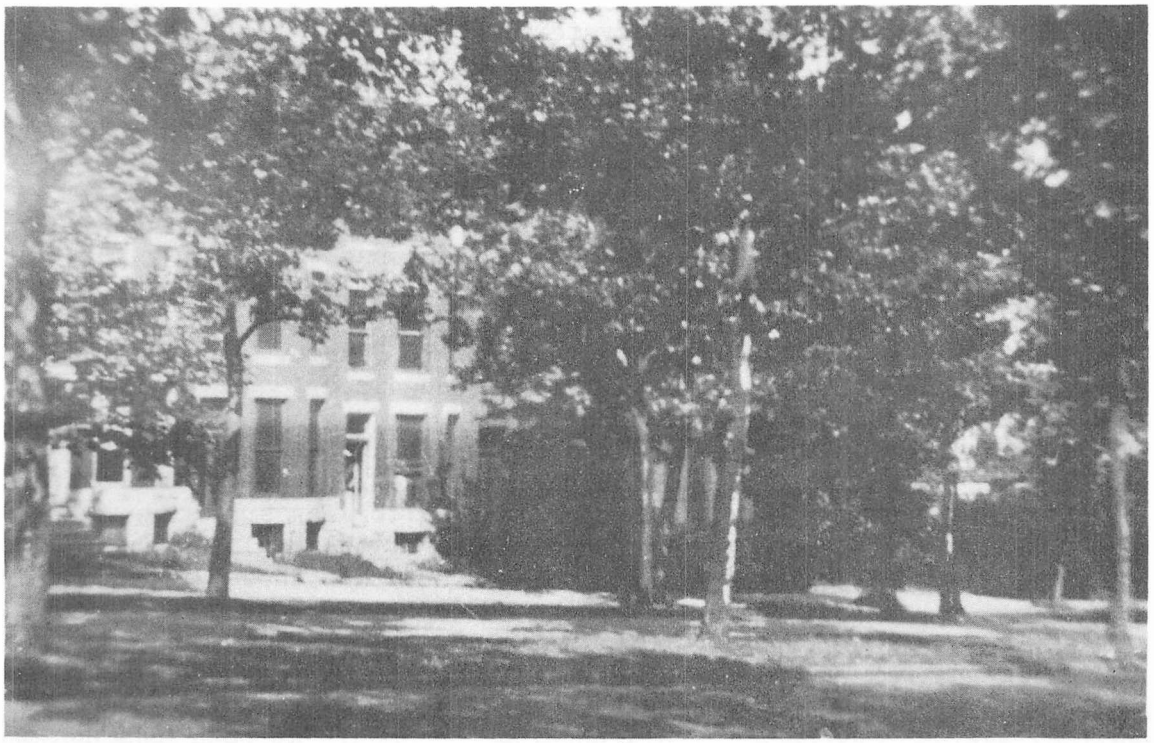
Young Edward was soon an omniverous reader there, going most Saturday mornings, and, a creature of habit, always sitting in the same seat. He read every book the library had on Roman history, and everything he could find on geology and palaentology. He leafed through the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* reading all historic, biographic and geographic entries from "A" through "O". On the Saturday that he sat down to read *The Origin of Species* he became so engrossed that he continued reading past lunch time, and was still deep in it when six o'clock closing time arrived. Several times when he entered the library he saw his teacher, Sidney Lanier, quietly working on one of his books or researching material for his lectures at The Johns Hopkins University. He little realized that by the Fall of 1881 Lanier would be dead of the tuberculosis he had contracted during the war.

During the summer of that same year his father took Edward on a visit to cousins living in Edgewood. The two went fishing, but neither got a bite. Thomas talked of going again the next day, but Edward said he would rather not, and instead they watched a prize competition among grain reapers and binders staged by the Agricultural Society on a neighbor's farm. Edward was in his glory, following each machine successively around the field, getting as close as possible so as to glimpse its workings. (75)

Edward's health continued to be precarious, and caused his father much worry. The colonel, he thought, was probably pushing him too hard at his studies but the boy did not complain. The family doctor's advice did no good, and Thomas did not know who else to consult. (76) This, coupled with his experiences with the doctor at Ovid, soured him on the profession entirely. Years later he summed



Above: a candid photograph of Edward Lucas White at his classroom desk during the early 1930's. Below: the last row house on the right is 1223 Mt. Royal Avenue, Baltimore, White's home during the final years of his life.



up his feelings as follows: "There are frauds in every business. But more in my opinion parade as doctors than in any other garb." (77)

Up to now Edward had given the outward appearance of conforming to the family's religious beliefs. But the hypocrisy revolted him, and at fourteen he blurted out the truth. His parents were horrified, but seemingly refrained from coercing him---or so he thought. At the time he did not associate his confession with their sudden decision to send him to Villanova College, a school with Catholic orientation. Edward later characterized it as "a miserable imitation of a boarding school" where he spent an unhappy winter "herded with Micks from many parts of the United States, Swedes from Dakota and other undesirables." One day some of the older boys induced him to drink some whiskey, which made him nauseated as well as drunk. Besides swearing off whiskey, the only thing of value he felt he learned there was some knowledge of Spanish from his room-mate. (78)

He could have learned about whiskey at home had he wished, for on the dining room sideboard always stood deacanters of whiskey, brandy and sherry. The last was usually offered the ladies, and brandy was reserved for male guests. The whiskey his father disliked, and used only sparingly. The family drank wine with dinner on occasion, and, less often, tiny glasses of cordial. In later life White was always temperate, now and then mildly enjoying a glass of sparkling wine or a cordial like Benedictine at dinner. (79)

VII

COLLEGE YEARS

The White family now moved to #325 East North Aveenue, where they were to remain for some twenty years. Having finished at Villanova, Edward was back in the city, and entered Marston's School to be prepared for college. Most boys shunned him as too bookish, but he made a few friends who would gather with him in a little room at the top of the house where they "swapped dreams." Among them was Harry R. Evans, who was interested in stage magic, and who in later life wrote many books on conjuring, occultism and mystery. (80)

He matriculated at The Johns Hopkins University in 1884. His father initiated him to the responsibility of handling money by giving him an allowance of fifty dollars a month; out of this he was expected to pay his mother some nominal amount for board, buy his own clothes, and be responsible for any other expenses he incurred except his tuition fee, which Thomas paid.

Woodrow Wilson, then an instructor in the History Department, had organized a debating club called The Hopkins House of Commons. One evening White happened to be present when the club was debating the feasibility of constructing a canal through Panama. He felt that the speakers on both sides were ignorant both of international law and of the countries adjacent to Panama. Catching the moderator's eye, White asked to be heard; and once recognized, gave a detailed accounting of what he felt were the pertinent facts.

When the meeting was over, Wilson approached White and complimented him, saying he knew much more about diplomatic parlance and international law than most students of eighteen. Years later this same feeling for law surfaced when White spoke at a Rotary Club luncheon on the inaccuracies of the English language. He cited loopholes found in English laws and pointed out that those written in French were not so equivocally constructed. French, he explained, was more precise and its words left no doubt as to meaning. (81)

As the college year progressed White began to suffer headaches of other than migrainous nature, headaches caused by fatigue and overstudy, by insufficient sleep and indigestion. By December his burning the candle at both ends had exacted its accounting: whereas he had always been able to read for any length of time

or in any light, now attempts brought on blurred vision, vertigo and nausea. (82)

At first the doctor advised that Edward refrain from reading but attend classroom lectures, meanwhile spending as much time as possible out of doors or in the university gymnasium. But this routine bored him. So he went ice-skating in the winter and roller-skating in the spring. There he had brief romantic idylls with two girls whom he met. The doctor then prescribed a long sea voyage. Passage was arranged for him that summer on the *Cordorus*, a bark carrying flour to Rio de Janeiro and bringing back coffee.

On a June morning he carried his personal effects aboard. With them was a tiny set of ivory chessmen, a present from his father; and for himself he had lots of paper and violet ink. The isolation of three months at sea would be a fine opportunity, he decided, to write a book. It was to be about future society, and bore the title *Plus Ultra*.

The idea for *Plus Ultra* arose from White's fascination for utopias like Plato's *Republic* and Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. He felt also that the newly published *Dynamic Sociology* of Lester Ward suggested a rational way of handling the utopian theme by defining the forces that operated to determine human behavior in communities. After getting over being seasick, White wrote some 100,000 words on the voyage south. (83)

White had no adventures to speak of in Rio, and his impressions of the city are sketchy. The little Spanish he knew enabled him to make casual conversation and ward off attempted solicitations. He also observed the old-fashioned courtship style of the nobility: a young man standing for hours on the far side of a wide avenue, gazing wistfully at an inaccessible girl in a window.

While White poked about the city the captain of the *Cordorus* was engaged in dishonestly selling his ship's stores, replacing them with inferior ones and pocketing the difference. On the return trip White probably suffered from this more than the average crewman, as his dyspepsia flared.

The bulky manuscript he had written in such haste he now read over. He had a good idea, he concluded, but his handling was immature. And he hove the whole thing overboard. (84)

For a year before this trip White had been shaving regularly; and because of an increasingly heavy beard he soon had to do so twice daily, a chore which made his face smart for hours. Decidedly he did not relish the task. When he prepared to shave one morning at sea not far out from Brazil, the *Cordorus* ran into a heavy ground-swell. A crewman, watching him, bet that White could not shave on the pitching ship without cutting himself. White accepted the wager, and then proceeded to win it; but the circumstances decided him that shaving simply was not worth the trouble---it was not only wasted time but vanity. From that day on, then, he never shaved.

The objectivity gained toward his own writings while on shipboard he maintained when he went ashore in Baltimore. Once home, he scanned some twelve hundred or more boyish effusions in prose and poetry, and having decided they were rubbish, burned every scrap. A similarly critical eye was also turned towards a diary he had been keeping. To keep it up, a writer should be wide awake and full of energy at bedtime; so the diary followed the fate of his manuscripts.

Because his dyspepsia had not immediately abated after leaving the ship, Edward's doctor felt he should not yet return to the University. Some of his enforced idleness he used following cultural interests. He attended the Friday afternoon concerts at the Peabody Conservatory regularly, for example. The programs could not have been very demanding as he said he heard only three symphonies; nor did he develop any serious preferences, judging by his remark that he liked Gilbert and Sullivan. (85)

Art appealed to White more than music, for he was an avowed visualist, and he managed visits to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. There his eyes were

attracted to a painting by Hector Leroux, *The Vertal Tuccia*, which showed a young girl holding up a sieve miraculously full of water. At first sight he was outraged that the artist had so little historical information. It was absurd that Tuccia would stand alone on a deserted riverbank with no one in sight except some other vestals peeping down the stairs and boatmen idling about, making the test of her goddess's favor almost alone instead of in the presence of the magistrates and hierarchy of all Rome! Out of this thought grew the idea that he later wrote as the novel *The Unwilling Vestal.* (86)

It was while thus still idle, early in 1886, that Edward White's second cousin, Nellie Meline, came to stay awhile with the family. That she was welcomed into the house was in itself unusual, because up until then his mother had never permitted him to have anything to do with his cousins on either side of the family. (Behind her attitude lay grudges born of several family fueds.) (87) During her visit Edward was deeply engrossed in writing stories and poems, and had just received his first professional acceptance for "The Last Bowstrings." (88) Consequently he paid her little attention. Nellie was accustomed to nothing less than the full attention of every boy she met, and her vanity was piqued. She set about trying to ensnare him romantically, and succeeded---but snared herself in the process. Their attraction lasted about a year. (89)

When fall came, Edward was deemed well enough to return to the university. He now selected his goal: an eventual doctorate in the Romance Languages. The reason was simple. He wished to be a poet, but knew there was no way to make a living writing poetry. Noting the example of Longfellow, he reasoned that professors of Romance languages were always in demand.

The school year went by uneventfully. In June, 1887, after the formal graduation exercises had concluded, a few undergraduates gathered in the gymnasium for discussion. Attracted by the conversation, Edward listened as one student opined that Longfellow was a greater poet than Tennyson. Impressed, Edward struck up an acquaintance with the speaker. It was the son of a Cantonsville physician, Philip Gerry, whose sister Agnes he was later to marry. During his senior year, Edward and Philip developed a close friendship.

In the summer that followed Edward was invited to spend several weeks in a southern city at the home of one of his father's relatives. Living near by was a girl named Kitty, whom Edward entertained by recitations. They fell in love, and after his return to Baltimore they corresponded ardently for several months before Kitty's ardor cooled.

In June of 1888 Edward Lucas White received his B.A. degree, and began his postgraduate studies at Johns Hopkins.

Although Thomas lived up to (or overspent) his income, he had just had a very prosperous business year, and felt he could give Edward and Ethel a summer tour of Europe in 1889. To Edward in particular this was a welcome change after his final break with Kitty, which had left him in a despondent mood. Because of his interest in classical history, Edward wished to include Naples, Rome and Florence in their itinerary. Ethel objected on account of the hot weather there, and Edward gave in. They landed in Liverpool, went on to Holland, and later took an all-day trip up the Rhine. From there they visited Switzerland and then northern Italy, so Edward at least got to see Venice.

In Paris the two lodged in an old family hotel that had once been a private home of a now impoverished aristocrat. Here Edward renewed acquaintance with his great uncle George Lucas, a voluntary expatriate living in that city and acting as an agent for the Walters Art Gallery. (90) Quite predictably, Edward visited all the art galleries he could in the European cities as they travelled.

When he returned to Baltimore Edward again scanned all poetry and prose he had written between November, 1885 and June, 1889. Most of it he burnt.

With the end of the school year in June, 1890, however, Edward left his graduate studies with no plan to resume them. Thomas said his income could no longer justify keeping a son twenty-four years old; Edward would henceforth have to support himself. The young man was staggered. Had not his father indulged his children with a European tour the year before? How had such a drastic reversal of his finances suddenly occurred?

The reasons can be indirectly surmised. In 1882 Thomas took his younger brother John Charles White into his business. After John died of Bright's disease in 1884 he hired one Richard Steuart as his bookkeeper, and later made him a partner. Sometime during 1893 Steuart left the firm. Discussing Steuart years later White alleged that he had managed to embezzle some $30,000, which so crippled the firm's resources that it never recovered. When his father died at sixty-three, he had worn himself out with worry. (91)

(to be continued)

NOTES

(1) Letters, Samuel Chews to Edward L. White, April 8, 1914; Susan Fowler to Edward L. White, Aug. 4, 1924; A. Montgomery to Edward L. White, May 31, 1932.
(2) Letter, Edward L. White to David Robertson, Dec. 10, 1932.
(3) Chocolate contains theobromine, a vasodilator. Vasodilators should be avoided by those afflicted with migraine or subject to headaches.
(4) *The Howlette*, 1927 yearbook of the Marston School.
(5) (a) *The Howlette*, 1926 yearbook of the Marston School;
(b) the quotation is from Samuel Foote's "Maria Edgeworth," in his *Harry and Lucy Concluded.*
(6) A famous British actor, who claimed to be able to master any part in a matter of minutes, was once challenged to memorize this passage and failed. White may well have heard the story, and memorized the quotation to demonstrate the superiority of his own memory.
(7) Vignettes of White as a teacher were obtained by interviewing Joseph W. Carroll, James McCabe, James McCance, William Passano, Sr., William Reese and Frederick R. Vernon-Williams, all former students of his.
(8) Letters written by Edward L. White to Hannah Parker, Dec. 27, 1919 and to W. E.E.Downes, March 19, 1922.
(9) Horace, *Odes* III 1,2.
(10) (a) Edward L. White, preface to *The Song of the Sirens* (1919), pp. v-ix.
(b) Edward L. White, afterword to *Lukundoo* (1927), pp. 327-328.
(11) Letters, Edward L. White to the editor of *The Kalenda*, Oct. 17, 1931 and to A. R. Horr, Nov. 24, 1932.
(12) John E. Mack, M.D., *Nightmares and Human Conflict* (1974), pp. 93-94.
(13) Frances Winawar, *The Haunted Palace* (1959), pp. 162-163.
(14) H. P. Lovecraft, *Selected Letters*, vols. 1-5 (1965-1976).
(15) Edward L. White, *Andivius Hedulio* (1921), p. 597; letters, Edward L. White, April 12, 1919 and Jan. 24, 1920.
(16) John E. Mack, *ibid.*, p. 172.
(17) H. P. Lovecraft, *Selected Letters* vol. 1 (1965), pp. 97, 160-161; L. Sprague de Camp, *Lovecraft: a Biography* (1975), p. 30.
(18) Wilse B. Webb, *Sleep: an Experimental Approach* (1968), pp. 30, 120, 134.
(19) John E. Mack, *ibid.*, pp. 99, 102, 162-163, 168, 236.
(20) Letters, Edward L. White to Uncle Joe, Nov. 16, 1907; to Freda Seitz, Oct. 10, 1908; and to Sue White, March 28, 1925.
(21) Edward L. White, *Matrimony* (1932), p. 188.

(22) Baltimore *Evening Sun,* April 9, 1934.
(23) Letter, Edward L. White to the Poe Society, Jan. 12, 1929.
(24) Letters, Edward L. White to Mr. Linn, July 24, 1908 and to Esther Phillips, October 25, 1919.
(25) Edward L. White, *Matrimony,* p. 172; letters to Joe, March 18, 1911; to Bruen, Sep. 28, 1912; to Father Semple, July 6, 1914; to Todd Gerry, June 15, 1924; to Sue White, Mar. 28, 1925; to Ned White, June 14, 1930; to Shaw Desmond, Jan. 25, 1933; to Mame (Mary Lee), Sep. 27, 1931; letter, John White to Edward L. White, Oct. 22, 1929.
(26) Records pertaining to Fielding Lucas, Jr. were lost during the Civil War when the courthouse and church at Fredericksburg, Va. were burnt; the Lucas gravestone was also lost when the town graveyard was destroyed.
(27) The date is conjectural, and has been derived from statements in a letter from Thomas White to his wife, Aug. 11, 1900.
(28) For example: letter, Thomas White to Cousin Kate, Sep. 4, 1864.
(29) (a) Letter, Thomas White to Uncle Ned (Edward H. White), Aug. 18, 1920.
(b) Edward L. White, *Matrimony,* p. 190; letter to Paul Lemperly, Sep. 22, 1917.
(30) Letter, Thomas White to Cousin Kate, Sep. 4, 1864.
(31) Letter, Catherine Lucas to Tom, Sep. 12, 1864.
(32) Letters, Thomas White to Kate, June 20, 1875, May 26, 1876 and others.
(33) Letters, Ambrose A. White to Thomas White, May 1, 1873 and June 12, 1873.
(34) Letters, Edward C. Lucas to Thomas White, June 27, 1861 and Edward L. White to Charles Gallup, Feb. 23, 1917.
(35) Edward L. White, *Andivius Hedulio,* p. 599.
(36) Edward L. White, the Baltimore *Sun,* Dec. 11, 1927; letter, Thomas White to Kate White, May 29, 1879.
(37) Where they obtained capital for its purchase is puzzling; possibly it was in part a loan.
(38) A name that Catherine Meline Lucas pointedly ignored; she always referred to it as "the hut." (Letter, Edward L. White to Sally Phillips, Sep. 9, 1921.)
(39) Letters, Catherine M. Lucas to Thomas White, June 13 and 15, 1873.
(40) (a) Edward L. White, *Matrimony,* pp. 1-3.
(b) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, June 20, 1875 ("Your association is all I care for on this earth & without it I feel as if possessed by dry rot") and April 20, 1876 ("I feel very loving this evening. I am always so when I am tired and drowsy. You know I began sleeping in your arms many years ago & I still have a lingering desire to be there....").
(41) Letter, Catherine M. Lucas to Thomas White, June 13, 1873.
(42) Letters, Mary C. White to Thomas White, Jan. 10 and 15, 1873; Edward L. White to Sue White, March 28, 1925.
(43) Letters, Aunt Lizzie to Thomas White, May 13, 1873; Ambrose White to Thomas White, April 17, 1873.
(44) Letters, Ambrose White to Thomas White, May 1 and June 12, 1873; Thomas White to Kate White, Nov. 22, 1875.
(45) Letters, Catherine L. White to Thomas White, June 13, 14 and 15 and July 10, 1873; Edward L. White to Sally Phillips, July 9, 1921.
(46) Letter, Edward L. White to Sally Phillips, July 9, 1921.
(47) Letter, Josephine (née Meline) to Kate Meline Lucas, Feb. 8, 1869.
(48) Edward L. White, *Matrimony,* pp. 3-7; letter to Vincent Beede, July 27, 1922.
(49) Edward L. White, *Matrimony,* pp. 206-207; letters to Todd Gerry, Apr. 25, 1925 and to Kitty McGilvra, Dec. 25, 1930.
(50) Letter, Thomas White to Kate White, June 4, 1876.
(51) Letter, Thomas White to Kate White, May, 1876 (no day of the month is given).
(52) Letter, Thomas White to Kate White, Dec. 1875.

(53) Letter, Ambrose White to Thomas White, May 14, 1874.
(54) Edward L. White later recalled the time as 1877; but this date, based on Thomas White's letters, seems more reliable.
(55) Letter, Thomas White to Kate White, June 27, 1875.
(56) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, Nov. 22, 1875, Dec. 12, 1875 and May 11,
(57) Letter, Thomas White to Kate White, Dec. 16, 1875. 1876.
(58) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, Apr. 30, 1876 and May 11, 1876. 1876
(59) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, June 4 and 27, 1876.
(60) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, Nov. 22, 1875, Dec. 12, 1875, June 4, 1876 and undated (ca. Dec. 1875).
(61) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, Dec. 12 and 14, 1875.
(62) Edward L. White later recalled this as occurring the previous year, but the only reference in his father's letter's to his son's illness occurs in 1876.
(63) Edward L. White, *Matrimony*, pp. 169-171; letter to Minnie Webster, July 25, 1922.
(64) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, Apr. 30, 1876; Edward L. White to Edwin Edgett, Nov. 12, 1921.
(65) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, Apr. 30 and May 10, 1876.
(66) Letter, Edward L. White to the Baltimore *Sun*, Feb. 9, 1929.
(67) (a) Francis Taylor Long, "Life of Richard Malcolm Johnston," *Maryland Historical Magazine* XXXIV, 270-285, 305-323 (Dec. 1939-Feb. 1940).
(b) Edward L. White, "Reminiscences of Sidney Lanier," Atlanta *Constitution*, Feb. 1929.
(68) Edward L. White, *Matrimony*, pp. 11 and 170; letter to Helen Brown, July 19,
(69) Edward L. White, *Matrimony*, p. 11. 1930.
(70) Letters, Edward L. White to Casper Kraemer, Jan. 17, 1931; to Mary Dennett, May 11, 1929.
(71) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, Oct. 14 and 16, 1879.
(72) Letters, Edward L. White to Casper Kraemer, Jan. 17, 1931; to Vincent Beede, July 27, 1922.
(73) Letters, Edward L. White to Meredith Nicolson, Feb. 12, 1916; to Helen Brown, Aug. 9, 1932.
(74) Letter, Edward L. White to Vincent Beede, July 27, 1922.
(75) Letter, Thomas White to Kate White, June 17, 1880.
(76) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, March 17, 21 and 22, 1881.
(77) Letters, Thomas White to Kate White, Dec. 12 and 16, 1875, Jan. 25, 1901.
(78) Letters, Edward L. White to Elsie Brown, Apr. 7, 1917; to Charles Gillespie, Aug. 25, 1923; to C. Graves, Oct. 6, 1923.
(79) Letters, Edward L. White to Elsie Brown, Apr. 7, 1917; to the Baltimore *Sun*, April 19, 1921; to Sally Phillips, July 9, 1921; to the Baltimore *Sun*, April 19, 1930; to Casper Kraemer, Jan. 17, 1931.
(80) Letters, Edward L. White to Harry Evans, Jan. 5, 1918; Harry Evans to Edward L. White, Dec. 26, 1917, Jan. 7, 1918, March 31, 1919 and Oct. 5, 1921.
(81) This was reported in the Baltimore *Sun*, Sep. 16, 1931.
(82) Letters, Edward L. White to William Thomson, Sep. 24, 1918; to Woodrow Wilson, Jan. 26, 1909.
(83) Letters, Edward L. White to Sally Phillips, July 9, 1921; to the McGraw-Hill Co., Nov. 25, 1930; to Archibald MacMechan, Oct. 22, 1932.
(84) Letters, Edward L. White to Mrs. Connor, Oct. 4, 1931; to Hannah Parker, Dec. 27, 1919.
(85) Letter, Edward L. White to Mrs. Connor, Apr. 18, 1931.
(86) Letters, Edward L. White to Louise Wilcox, Jan. 19, 1918; to the Corcoran Galleries, Apr. 23, 1921; to Mrs. Connor, Oct. 4, 1931.
(87) Letters, Edward Carrell Lucas to Ellen Wilcox, Jan. 13, 1865; Edward L. White to Joe, March 18, 1911; to Todd Gerry, June 15, 1924.

(88) A poem that was not paid for until published five years later. It appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1891.
(89) Letter, Edward L. White to "Mame" (Mary Lee), Apr. 8, 1928.
(90) Letters, Edward L. White to *The Atlantic Monthly*, Nov. 16, 1907; to Sally Phillips, July 9, 1921.
(91) Letters, Edward L. White to Sally Phillips, July 9, 1921; to Sue White, Mar. 28, 1925.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I am indebted to the Woodstock-Theological Center (successor to Woodstock College), the copyright proprietor of the Ethel White estate (of which the Edward Lucas White estate is part) for their kind permission to quote *ad libitum* from the many letters of White's; to the Eisenhower Library of The Johns Hopkins University for permission to read and publish portions of White's papers and letters in their Special Collection; to the Maryland Historical Society for use of the Lucas-White collection of manuscripts and holographic letters; to the Peabody Library and the Maryland Room of the Enoch Pratt Library for help and access to material on White; and to the former pupils of Edward Lucas White who so kindly assisted me with loans of photographs, school year books and shared with me personal recollections of their teacher.

---oOo---

THE DANCE

by Edward Lucas White

The lamp of silver and the lamp of gold
  Make all the shifting prospect fair and bright:
We meet, we gaze, each other's hand we hold,
  We clasp and move together in the light.

When laughter, talk and movement shall be done,
  We may not linger past the hour's mark:
We must depart, unhelped by moon or sun,
  Alone and separate, through the utter dark.

---oOo---

TIPS ON TALES (concluded from page 84)

own. He does not constantly evoke *The Necronomicon* to heighten effects. There are some fine descriptive passages, too, as when he writes "a sound was brushed across a canvas of dead silence" and speculates that time itself might be distorted by an incomplete flower-clock. "Nightmare House" is a pastiche involving Lovecraftean acquaintances and locale. It is set in Providence, and among its characters are a Dr. Clark, Dr. Phillips and Ron Hart Klein (Reinhardt Kleiner), as well as Lewis Theobald and Henry Paget-Lowe (pseudonyms of Lovecraft himself). Wetzel is especially good when dealing with his own locale, as in "Night on Fort Carroll," whose action action occurs on an island in Chesapeake Bay. There is one fault that several of these tales have, however: they are too short. "The Adventure of Gosnell" epitomizes this: it is so compressed that it reads more like an outline to me than a finished fiction. This is a pity, because many of the ideas are so good that they ought to be fleshed out with more development and detail. I hope Wetzel will eventually find the leisure to do this for "Gosnell," "Fort Carroll," "Nightmare House" and "Caer Sidh," the ones I liked best in the book. *The Gothic Horror* is available in both soft and hard binding and has eight full-paged illustrations by Tom Kirk. I found it very enjoyable.

---*Lee Becker*

Open House

Letters From Readers

We hear first from Harry Warner, Jr.:

Here is additional and welcome confirmation of the theory that all the good old fanzines of the past are destined to return to existence, sooner or later. The only thing I find lacking in this issue is a letter section, which would be sort of fannish with its comments on the last previous issue more than a quarter-century ago. *(The Spring-Summer, 1952 number, to be exact.)*

It's been a long time since I read anything by Olaf Stapledon. I plowed through his most famous books with considerable difficulty because I didn't understand a great deal of their contents. Maybe I would react differently today. But those first readings gave me the impression that Stapledon was the ultimate development of the sort of writer who is normally ridiculed today for the habits he adopted in the early prozines: interminable lectures to the readers, no genuine characters but rather types to carry on whatever action occurred, civilizations wiped out efficiently and tidily in a few pages, and so on. I didn't consider that sort of story-telling as terrible as most modern critics do. But isn't it strange that Stapledon isn't condemned today for this kind of writing by the same modern critics?

All this analysis of the legal standing of Lovecraft's literary estate fails to mention what may have been the most important influence on how things happened. Who could have imagined in the middle of the 1930's, after HPL's death, that his writings would ever have any financial or prestige value? Reprinting from pulp magazines was virtually non-existent, first rights to fiction had soldforthe most part to the lowest-paying newssatnd markets, and the best that anyone could logically have hoped for was labor-of-love publication like the first Arkham House volume. In that atmosphere, why should attorneys and agents have made any real effort to settle legal rights once and for all, renew copyrights, and so on?

I haven't seen the Knight book. I borrowed Pohl's *The Way the Future Was* from the public library and returned it after looking over only a few pages. I couldn't get myself interested in the politics and politicking of the Futurians in 1978, any more than I could when they filled their fanzines with such matters four decades earlier. It seems a shame that two books like these should be published for a general audience about the same fan group, and none about other fan groups. Los Angeles fandom was certainly more colorful and exciting, and British fandom had a more potent and lasting effect on the professional science-fiction field.

The above remarks have been reprinted, with the author's permission, from the February, 1979 issue of Horizons *so that readers of this magazine who are not members of the F.A.P.A. might see them. For the same reason, and also with his permission, there follow comments from* Tekeli-Li *for February, 1979 by Kenneth Faig, Jr.:*

I was certainly surprised to see *Fantasy Commentator* re-emerge after an absence of so many years. This is one of the fanzines whose back issues I have most enjoyed looking over on those rare occasions when I have been able to get ahold of them. I enjoyed both Sam Moskowitz's biographical sketch of Olaf Stapledon and George Wetzel's article on the question of Lovecraft's literary executor.

I think that Wetzel very properly faults Albert Baker for his handling of the Lovecraft estate, but in fairness to the attorney I think we should remember that Lovecraft died virtually without any significant assets, and that the costs of his burial were in fact still unpaid at the time of the Baker-Barlow correspondence, nearly a year and a half after his death. No marker for him was ever erected in Swan Point Cemetery until just this past summer, when stones were placed on Lovecraft's and his mother's grave through the generosity of Dirk Mosig and other admirers of his work. (The legend chosen for Lovecraft's gravestone was the one suggested by Donald Wandrei: "I am Providence.")

The focus of Baker's letter seems much more centered upon the books and magazines selected by Barlow than on the remaining residual literary rights, although Baker does express concern about the possibility of a conflict between two persons (Barlow and Derleth) attempting to exercise literary executorship at the same time. There seems to me to be no question that August Derleth was extremely displeased at the appearance of Barlow's edition of *The Commonplace Book* from The Futile Press in the summer of 1938, at the very time when he and Donald Wandrei were struggling to achieve publication of Lovecraft's collected work, and there seems to me little doubt also that he and Wandrei expressed their concern to the lawyer for the estate when they visited Mrs. Gamwell in Providence the following September. This may well have triggered the entire correspondence between Baker and Barlow.

As Wetzel points out, it is fortunate that Barlow did agree to cooperate fully with Derleth, since his rights under the agreement signed with Mrs. Gamwell on March 26, 1937 certainly have some strength. In view of the poor condition of Lovecraft's estate, Baker probably was more than satisfied with Barlow's assurance of his cooperation with Derleth. Had the value of the residual literary rights belonging the the estate seemed greater, he might certainly have taken more definitive steps to secure a formal transfer of their management on behalf of the legatees from Barlow to Derleth.

I don't agree completely with the editor's conclusion that the entire question of the literary rights to Lovecraft's work is an academic one today. There are a number of unpublished manuscripts and letters whose publication depends very crucially upon the determination of the ownership of these literary rights. (Barlow in a postcard note indicated that ownership of all the manuscripts which he had placed on deposit with Brown University should pass to Brown University upon his death, but whether this would include the literary rights appertaining to the material contained in these manuscripts might be open to question. In fact, of course, Barlow never owned these rights but merely managed them by his contractual agreement with Mrs. Gamwell.) With Mrs. Gamwell's death in 1941, the question of her will also becomes involved. In this will, dated 1940, she clearly left the royalties from *The Outsider and Others* to Derleth and Wandrei, but all the rest of her estate was to be divided equally between her cousin Ethel Phillips Morrish and her friend Edna W. Lewis. In the absence of an earlier transfer of the same, this would probably include the residual literary rights belonging to Lovecraft's estate. My understanding is that Mrs. Morrish is still living, and that her grandson Robert Harrall is at the present time trying to establish a claim to the ownership of the residual literary rights belonging to the Lovecraft estate in the Rhode Island courts. With the cooperation of Brown University, which has physical possession of most of the unpublished manuscripts, this could eventually prove to be quite a strong claim---or more precisely half a claim, since Miss Lewis's heirs would share it. I myself believe that a resolution of the question is important for the future publication of Lovecraft's work. Of course the major fiction does appear, by and large, to be in the public domain, at least in the United States. But the orderly publication and republication of

the remainder of Lovecraft's work would profit, in my opinion, from a final determination of the ownership of the literary rights.

Though perhaps beyond the scope of the Wetzel article, the entire question of Lovecraft's marital status at the time of his death is also important. I believe it has now been well established by several researchers that a final decree of divorce was never filed with the Rhode Island courts, so that Lovecraft died married to Sonia Greene in the eyes of the law. Since it did not seem at all likely to me that he would purposely seek to deceive his wife, I was shocked when I was first informed of this discovery many years ago by R. Alain Everts. At the time he quoted back to me Lovecraft's oft-repeated statement (see Sonia Davis's memoir of him) that a "gentleman does not divorce his wife." I was still half-convinced that filing of the decree had been omitted in an oversight, but Everts reemphasized that in legal proceedings such technicalities are not omitted by oversight. (Lovecraft's attorney in the matter of his divorce was Ralph Greenlaw, the same attorney who was executor for Mrs. Gamwell's estate.) Some years later, I found among Barlow's microfilmed papers a letter to him from Derleth dated shortly after Lovecraft's death referencing the fact that Derleth had heard from one of Lovecraft's friends that Lovecraft had not completed his divorce, and expressing the opinion that this would not be a serious concern. This finally convinced me that the failure of Lovecraft to sign and file the final decree was intentional and was known to at least one of his intimates (I should guess Samuel Loveman or W. Paul Cook). So there also exists today another complicating factor to the ultimate determination of ownership of the literary rights to Lovecraft's work.

That these controversies caused distress both to Annie Gamwell (1866-1941) and Sonia Davis (1883-1972) very late in each of their lives is certainly regrettable. But today I think that the principal good to be achieved by a final determination of the matter would be a clearing of the way for the future publication of Lovecraft's complete work.

I can provide one final footnote to George Wetzel's fascinating article. A bit can be learned about Albert Allison Baker, the attorney for the Lovecraft estate, from the Providence newspapers. I no longer have a copy of his obituary, but recall that at the time of his death (March 23, 1959) he was, at the age of ninety-five, the oldest practicing attorney in Rhode Island. Not only did he serve as executor of Howard Lovecraft's estate, but was also guardian of his father (1893-1898) and then of Howard himself (1899-1911). I am almost certain that Baker was the source for Winfield Townley Scott's thumbnail portraits of Sarah Susan Lovecraft and Winfield Scott Lovecraft (HPL's parents) in the biographical article "His Own Most Fantastic Creation." In retrospect, it is probably a tragedy that Scott (1910-1968), then literary editor for *The Providence Journal*, did not undertake a full-scale biography of HPL in the early 1940's, when he was doing his research. The source materials available to him would have been far greater than those available to later researchers.

"His Own Most Fantastic Creation" is written with far more sympathy and understanding of Lovecraft---his strengths and his weaknesses---than de Camp's full-length biography (which is nevertheless valuable for its wealth of information). I don't believe Sprague de Camp has much sympathy for Lovecraft's values or lifestyle. I especially like Scott's emphasis upon Lovecraft as a regional writer. Lovecraft always stressed the necessity for believable setting and atmosphere in supernatural fiction, and of course his knowledge of New England provided him the setting and atmosphere for his own most successful stories.

The last paragraph above has been excerpted from a letter to the editor. I share Mr. Faig's high opinion of "His Own Most Fantastic Creation," and distinctly recall after reading Marginalia, *where it first appeared, writing August Derleth*

that I had found it the best thing in the book. Derleth replied that he agreed with me. Ben C. Clough, who reviewed Marginalia *for the* The Providence Journal *(Feb. 18, 1945) felt the same way. This review reveals, incidentally, that much of Scott's material was probably gathered during the middle months of 1944; a talk he gave on Lovecraft at the Providence Public Library early that year contained considerably less information, and his 1943* Providence Journal *article on Lovecraft did not have the year of Sarah Susan Lovecraft's death. Finally, a note on Lovecraft's popularity: The June 11, 1973 issue of* Time *magazine ran a full-page article on the man and his work in conjunction with Ballantine Books' reissuing most of his fiction in four new paperback editions. Here it was revealed that between then and 1970 over a million copies of his books had been sold. Who indeed forty years ago would ever have thought of Lovecraft as a best-seller? . . . Old time Rochester fan Larry Farsaci writes:*

The review of *The Futurians* was fascinating, confirming what I had always suspected (and, to tell you the truth, been warned about by my fellow New Fandomites at the time). But Lincoln Van Rose concludes by saying, "...science-fiction is not a place where one may rationally hope to spend his entire life and energy." He had already pointed to Lowndes, Asimov, Knight, Pohl and Wollheim who had done just that; and what of non-Futurians such as P. Schuyler Miller, Forrest Ackerman and Sam Moskowitz himself?

In book after book we are now being shown how the science-fiction field has worked to the detriment of the personal lives of fans and professionals alike. How about the exceptions---or is the happy *Golden Atom* life of me and my fan wife something unique in the world?

Edward Wood also comments on the review of The Futurians:

I think Lincoln Van Rose will find a few more errors in Knight's book if he looks hard enough. The title of the Wollheim collection is incorrectly given as *The Portable Novels of Science Fiction*, for openers. Also Knight refers to *Radio-Electronics* and *Sexology* as the only surviving Gernsback magazines, forgetting all about *Amazing Stories*. Finally, the sources for all the illustrations used ought to be cited. Well, I always have had the reputation of being a nit-picker!

To which Lincoln Van Rose replies:

In the statement you quote the key word is "rationally." A few people *do* spend their entire waking lives in various aspects of science fiction---most of them unsuccessfully. It is very difficult to make a decent living that way, for one thing. For another, if it's your vocation, do you really want to make it a hobby too? It takes a very unusual---or unbalanced---person to do that. I'm not surprised many books note detrimental effects of such behavior; they usually occur.

Most of the people you name don't fall into this narrow category. Pohl, Lowndes and Knight all write (or have written) in other fields. Asimov, today, is primarily a science writer. Miller never made his living out of science-fiction, and Moskowitz certainly doesn't. That leaves Wollheim and Ackerman, who may be exceptions---though I know nothing of Wollheim's hobbies. And I mustn't leave you out; do you earn your living from science-fiction, or is it just a sideline?

As long as I'm writing, I'd like to amend a couple of points in my review of *The Futurians* that I was lucky enough to find before anyone else has. I stated that Asimov was apparently the only one who had finished college; I also said that many of the group remained shadowy figures throughout the book. For instance, Jack Rubinson, a charter member; Knight's preface acknowledges his help,

but says very little more about him, and he disappears after chapter six. Recently I finished reading Fred Pohl's autobiography, *The Way the Future Was*, and saw a reference to Rubinson on page 97 that partly explains this reticence. Pohl calls Rubinson---who later changed his name to Robins---the "quietest and gentlest of the Futurians . . . so quiet we didn't know he was around. One day he surprised us by turning up with a full-length play he had written, all by himself, without announcing what he was going to do---quite contrary to Futurian custom---and, even more surprising, I thought it astonishingly good." This was in March, 1940; the play was titled *The Ivory Tower*. "He surprised us again, somewhat later, by going on to get a doctoral degree."

These remarks prompted me to spend a half-hour in my friendly neighborhood library, where I collected the following information: Jack Robins was born February 17, 1919 in Roselle, New Jersey. While most of the other Futurians were intellectualizing, politicking and breaking up fan clubs, he was attending the New York City college system; he majored in chemistry and got his B. S. degree in 1940. After graduation he worked for several years as a chemist at the Vanadium Corporation of America, and then paused to earn a M. A. degree from The University of Buffalo (1948). The next year he married, and now has two children. After this he had several other jobs, including a five-year stint in the New York Board of Transportation (1949-54). In 1955 he began further graduate study at The Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, from which he received a Ph. D. in 1959; the title of his thesis was *The Absorption of Carbon Dioxide by Polymeric Amines*. He has since then been employed by The Atlas Corporation at Tamaqua, Pennsylvania. His specialties are physical, polymer and analytical chemistry.

That is the sort of brief biographical sketch that Damon Knight ought to have included in his book not only for Robins, but for Levantman, Kubilius and several other people he mentions. Robins also furnishes us with yet another example of how success in life followed getting away from the Futurian hothouse.

This brings me to Edward Wood's letter. I certainly don't consider it nit-picking to point out errors, and I'm glad to have any I make stated for the record. Here's another, in fact: In the heading for my review the pagination I cited (viii-205 pp.) is that of the Book Club edition; for the original John Day printing it is viii-276 pp. The two also differ slightly in their indices; the Day edition includes references to illustrations, while the cheaper one doesn't. Finally, the original edition hasn't apparantly been selling well; it's been remaindered in several stores for around two dollars.

Next we hear from contributing editor Sam Moskowitz:

It was very pleasant to see *Fantasy Commentator* again after all these years, and particularly good to learn you will attempt to continue it on at least a sporadic basis. I'm writing to give you and *Commentator's* readers some background material on Stapledon and on my biographical article about him in the last issue which I think you will find interesting.

When I visited England in 1977 with the prime purpose of interviewing Stapledon's widow, I happened to meet Richard S. Kirby. Kirby was a young fellow who had published several paperback volumes on philosophy, in good part accounting for his special interest in Stapledon. He also visited Agnes Stapledon, and played a role in the formation of the Olaf Stapledon Society, whose secretary is Grahaeme Young (address: 91 Wimborne Ave., Hayes, Middlesex, England).

Young had just launched himself into the publishing business with Kirby as a consultant. His company was Bran's Head Books, Ltd., and his first publication was *Twelve Poems, 1939-1960* by Mervyn Peake (remember today chiefly for his

(continued on page 122)

Matthew Onderdonk, who was a contributing editor to this magazine from 1945 to 1952, died last June 19th after an illness that lasted over a year. Technical advances have made amateur magazines easier to produce now than they were in the 1940's, but contributors of excellence are as rare today as they were then. Matt Onderdonk belonged to this rare breed. (Indeed it is so rare a breed that every time a new name appeared some readers were convinced it must be a pseudonym --- which happened when Matt's work was first printed in *Fantasy Commentator.*) He brought to to its pages some of the most thoughtful, searching and well-written articles I have been privileged to publish. Most of them dealt with the work of H. P. Lovecraft, and established several seminal points of literary criticism. Matt was also a book-reviewer *par excellence*, equally at home with a work of science-fiction, pure fantasy or the supernatural. And as a correspondent he was superb. I encountered him through Thyril Ladd, and we began exchanging letters regularly in late 1944. Each letter was worth rereading, so I kept every one.

MATTHEW HENRY ONDERDONK

1910-1979

The Onderdonk family roots go back to Dutch immigrants who came from Leydon to New Amsterdam in 1649. Matthew Onderdonk was born June 20, 1910 in Albany, New York, and grew up across the Hudson in East Greenbush, where his father had a farm. He went to public schools there, and later in Rensselaer and Albany. He attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute for a year, and then Sienna College, where he wrote extensively for the college literary magazine; to his later regret, however, he never obtained a degree. When the family left East Greenbush they eventually settled in his grandfather's home, a huge, rambling Victorian structure on the banks of Noemanskill Creek, across the Albany city line. I visited him there at a time when his parents were living, and can still remember the spacious rooms with their high ceilings, and the elaborate dinner served by his mother, whose open, cheerful face was so much like his own.

Matt worked at various times for a wholesale house, a mill, and in a radio control room. With a desire for a more settled vocational life, he entered the civil service, and at his retirement had been a supervising auditor in the New York State Department of Audit and Control for almost forty years.

Matt always loved books. His taste was broad, though he particularly enjoyed history, biography (of literary figures like Melville, Hardy and the Brontës especially), archaeology and astronomy. These last two made it easier for him to appreciate Lovecraft, and before long the entire fantasy field became congenial to him, thanks to the enthusiastic proselytizing of Thyril Ladd.

Ladd lived in the Albany area, and was also employed by New York State; the two often drove to work together and shared each other's libraries.

Although he travelled comparatively little when I was in closest touch with him (1945-55), as he grew older Matt enjoyed day trips around the Albany area ---particularly toward the beautiful Helderberg Mountains---and I remember joining him on one to the Francine and Sterling Clark Art Institute in near-by Williamstown, where the finest collection of Renoir paintings outside France is located. He also liked the Massachusetts seashore: Cape Cod and the area north of Boston---Cape Ann and Rockport.

After *Fantasy Commentator* suspended publication in 1952, and I became increasingly preoccupied with my professional work, our correspondence dwindled to notes on annually exchanged Christmas cards. But they never ceased, and Matt added a personal touch to the holiday season in a way I shall always remember: he usually telephoned every January first to extend his New Year's greetings personally. It was one of those many warm-hearted things about him that made me feel privileged to be his friend.

Although Matt was going through a personal purgatory of his own during much of this time, he seldom mentioned it, and never complained. I cannot fault him for not reaching out for the deserved sympathy he would surely have received from those close to him, for I know he regarded these troubles as his own; he was always willing to share with friends his pleasures and enthusiasms, but never his adversities.

He was married twice: in 1957 to Myrtle I. McNeil, who died in 1972, and in 1973 to Eleanor Bender. Because Matt always felt especially close to his parents, the death of his mother in 1957 and his father in 1960 were hard on him, even though they were not unexpected. His widow feels that his mother's death had a profound and lasting effect on his personality, producing a depression that may have resurfaced during his own terminal illness. "It was as if his spiritual self had somehow got out of alignment with his physical body," she writes. "Whatever happened, he could not get well. And no matter how hard his doctor, the nurse and I tried to help him, our best was not good enough."

A consolation during those last months was the love of classical music that Matt and Eleanor shared. They had a fine high-fidelity sound system, and a large collection of records. Matt's taste was eclectic but broad, ranging from the Renaissance and Baroque periods to the moderns---Copland, Milhaud, Shostakovitch, Stravinsky and above all Delius, who, in his field, like Matthew Onderdonk himself, was the last of his line.

Today I think he would be classified politically as a neoconservative; he rejected collectivism, and heartily distrusted the Eastern Liberal Establishment. He also had a healthy skepticism for psychiatry and a healthy respect for the individual. He liked his privacy, and never intruded on that of others. He had his dislikes, too: formal clothes (he always wore slacks and a sports jacket, never a suit); drafts, especially in restaurants (he was fond of wining and dining); rock music and hippies; waiting in lines (he just wouldn't do it); and snow and ice in winter.

"Matt always spoke of the years when he was active with you and the Ladds as the best time in his life," Eleanor writes. "His parents were still strong and well then, and he was free from the heavy responsibilities that came to him later when they grew old and sick. He must have been very happy." The photograph on the opposite page shows him in this serene time. My mind still pictures him then, sitting comfortably across the room from me, a smile on on that full face that somehow always reminded me of H. L. Mencken's, gesturing with a cigar as he made a point in his mellow, resonant voice.

---*A. Langley Searles*

BOOK REVIEW (concluded from page 71)

ences from their hardcover counterparts. There are included also two quite different versions of the same story: "Guy Harkaway's Substitute" (*The Strand Magazine*, October, 1893) and "A Good Thing" (*The Red Magazine*, May, 1911).

Prefacing the novels and the group of short stories are long introductions by Morse offering much information never before printed. Technically speaking, he is editing this series for about a dozen people whom he knows still have a strong interest in Shiel, all at considerable personal expense. Many of the remarks in these introductions are "in" statements made to this group. Unseen by those who buy this volume are hundreds of pages of special bibliographies, bulletins, letters and related photostats buttressing its veracity, which Morse sends to those working on the project. Such comprehensive research includes trips to England to discuss matters with the Shiel estate; to Montserrat in the West Indies, Shiel's birthplace; and an elaborate expedition to Redonda, the small stony island of which Shiel was pronounced king.

Not for sale is a letter-sized, paperbound book titled *The Quest for Redonda*, replete with photographs and all available data on the "kingdom," telling of visits to that island. Even more important are the findings on the Montserrat trip at that time. Documentary research then established with certainty that Shiel's mother had negro blood. After her name in church birth records, that were finally located, was the word "Free". Both "Slave" and "Free" appear frequently after names in these records, and it is very unlikely that any such designation would have been given to anyone who was not at least in part negro.

This reviewer was the first to claim, on the basis of internal evidence in Shiel's stories, an old photograph and verbal testimony from a British book-dealer that he spoken to a negro relative of the author's, that the man's extraordinarily intense racism was probably a psychological compensation for the self-hatred he suffered over his own negro ancestry. There is also a possibility that Shiel, one of the most anti-Semitic of all science-fiction authors, had some relationship to Judaism---if not in bloodline, then a woman or associate---because his knowledge of the subject is greater than that of most Jewish people, and because quotations from *The Talmud* and other Jewish literature are not uncommonly found in his works.

The Quest for Redonda is not for sale, but it is conceivable that a few copies have been set aside and might be available to purchasers of the Shiel volume---though there is no guarantee.

More Shiel volumes will be forthcoming in this series, including one devoted wholly to essays on the man. Because of the extremely limited publication quantities, discerning collectors will probably find them a wise investment.

---oOo---

OPEN HOUSE (continued from page 119)

"Gormenghast" trilogy). This was a letter-sized, paperbound volume, and appeared in a limited, numbered edition of 350 copies selling for $35 each. Eight of the poems had full-page illustrations and there was another on the book's cover, all probably by Peake. (I say "probably" because although all are in his style only one is signed and no credit-line appears.) That book was issued in 1975.

Young then tentatively committed himself to issuing a series of volumes of Stapledon's unpublished works, a number of which had been discovered among his papers. The first was *4 Encounters* (1976), composed of four philosophical essays titled "A Christian," "A Scientist," "A Mystic" and "A Revolutionary." They are

semi-fictionalized and very readable. An introduction by Brian Aldiss and an afterword by Richard Kirby were included. The book ran to 111 pages and sold for twelve dollars; through a dealer a very few copies reached the United States. But Mrs. Stapledon and several members of the Stapledon Society (including Harvey Satty, who is perhaps the most knowledgeable Stapledonian in this country) were unhappy with numerous errors in the text, and through their pressure the unsold copies (which was most of them) were withdrawn from circulation. A corrected edition was to been issued subsequently, but I am not aware that it ever was.

In the same year Bran's Head Books issued *Nebula Maker;* this had an introduction by Harvey Saaty, ran to 126 pages, and sold for twelve dollars. (Three years later it was published by Sphere as a British paperback, and is probably still in print.) This is a short, different, early draft of the work that eventually became *Star Maker. Nebula Maker* is quite readable and well worth owning.

There were plans for at least two more Stapledon books. One would have been a volume of his uncollected short fantasies. The other was to have been a volume of appraisals and appreciations of the man, and was tentatively scheduled for publication in 1977. At Kirby's urging I agreed to give him for the book my as yet unwritten critical article,"Olaf Stapledon: the Man Behind the Works," that *Fantasy Commentator* printed in its Winter 1978-79 issue. This was in every sense an authorized biography of the estate, for it was submitted to Agnes Stapledon for approval. Perhaps surprisingly, although some corrections and additions were made I was not asked to delete anything or to alter any of my interpretations. Therefore I had the best of all possible worlds, an approved manuscript whose intent was literally left unchanged. In late 1976 it was sent to Kirby, along with a copy of my article "Peace and Olaf Stapledon," which was also to be included. In 1977 Kirby came to the United States, married a girl from the Philadelphia area, and returned to England. I never heard more of him, my manuscripts or the publishing project again.

As a result, I arranged with Mrs. Stapledon to have my material, together with the uncollected fantasies of Olaf Stapledon, published in hard covers in the United States. I was to edit the volume, and it would brought out by Oswald Train, 1129 W. Wingohocking St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19140. As I write this in late August, 1979, the entire volume has been type-set, proofread and has gone to the printer. It could be ready for distribution as you read this. The book is titled *Far Future Calling,* after a one-act play written by Olaf Stapledon in 1930 for the BBC, but never produced. (It was published in an edition limited to 100 numbered copies for members of the Olaf Stapledon Society in 1977.)

There are five uncollected stories: "Modern Magician," which appeared in the July, 1979 issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction;* "A World of Sound," from the British book *Hotch Potch* (1936) edited by John Brophy; "Arms Out of Hand," a story with a Jekyll-and-Hyde theme that appeared in the hard-cover series *Transformation #4;* and two others that have never been printed here, "The Man Who Became a Tree" (a fantasy) and "East Is West" (an alternate futures tale).

Additionally, Mrs. Stapledon asked that her husband's talk, "Interplanetary Man," the text of which was initially published in *The Journal of the British Interplanetary Society* for November, 1948 be included as the most succinct presentation of his views on the future of mankind. In addition to all these, and my own two contributions, there is a new introduction and full-page illustrations for each story and a colored jacket by Stephen Fabian. This cloth-bound book will sell for twelve dollars, and should certainly make a desirable addition to libraries of even the most selective collectors.

We must remind ourselves that it is now nearly fifty years since the first of Stapledon's major works first appeared. A new generation of readers comprises the

majority of fantasy enthusiasts today, and many of them, incredible as it may seem to some, have never read anything by this author. They are fortunate! Not only do they still have an unparalleled literary experience yet to enjoy, but they will find the best of his work readily available. Dover Publications has issued, in quality paperbacks, four paired Stapledon works: Odd John and Sirius and *Last and First Men and Star Maker. At only $3 apiece, how can you lose? ... From New Zealand, Thomas G. L. Cockcroft writes:*

The appearance on the cover of the last *Fantasy Commentator* of a miniature reproduction of the jacket from *The Outsider and Others* reminded me of the delight I felt when a copy of that book arrived for me early in 1947. It was a book that I had yearned for since I had learnt, probably in 1940, of its existence. In the interim I had obtained copies of all save four of the stories in it, but the elusiveness of these had increased their desirability---and I was particularly excited at the prospect of seeing at last the jacket picture, which August Derleth had told me was "a new drawing by Finlay." This was, of course, the first thing I saw when I got the book unwrapped---and while not unimpressed, I realized that August had exaggerated a little. The picture seemed to be decidedly a scissors-and-paste job, for I found several old friends facing me: immediately identifiable were portions of five illustrations from *Weird Tales*---those for "The Diary of Alonzo Typer" by William Lumley, "Necromancy in Naat" by C. A. Smith, the last installment of Kelley's "The Last Pharaoh" and "The Opener of the Way" and "Fane of the Black Pharoah," both by Robert Bloch. (Then as now, I loved Finlay's early work, and could identify any of his *Weird Tales* illustrations at a glance.)

But there was much in that picture that I knew had never appeared in *Weird Tales*, though two or three monsters were similar to some in the impressive cover picture on its June, 1939 issue, and I suspected that what was new to me had come from illustrations appearing somewhere else. John Vetter, in his article "Lovecraft's Illustrators," included in the Arkham House book *The Dark Brotherhood and Other Pieces* (1966), told me nothing I didn't already know; and one about the dust-jacket in Gerry de la Ree's 1974 *Fantasy Collectors' Annual* dealt only with the *Weird Tales* portions, Finlay himself being quoted as stating it was "a photographic composite of early *Weird Tales* drawings." I was mildly surprised at his apparent poor memory.

In January, 1978 I saw in the November, 1977 issue of the advertising magazine *Xenophile* a two-paged spread largely composed of two Finlay pictures that were new to me. In the smaller (and more impressive) of these were the topless lady and one of the monsters of *The Outsider* jacket. The text told of a new portfolio forthcoming from Nova Press: *Virgil Finlay in The American Weekly*, stating further that it included "the original version of what became *The Outsider* dust-jacket, done for an H. Bedford-Jones story in 1938." When I received my copy of this collection (it is actually not a portfolio, but a stapled book) I found that only half of the specified illustration had appeared in the advertisement; in the additional portion were most of the other monsters on the dust-jacket. And in another illustration was a flying serpent whose wings and ugly head alone were found there. Then I made a final discovery. I had been puzzled by the tentacles in the lower left-hand corner of the jacket; at last I realized that they were from the lower end of the monster in the *Weird Tales* illustration for the Lumley story I cited above---but inverted! So the provenance for *The Outsider* jacket is now complete. Apparently the only new things Finlay did for it are the lettering, the starry background and the scale-covered star-shapes.

Mr. Cockcroft has more to tell us about Finlay's work, but space has run out and we shall have to wait until the next issue.