

THE FANTASY FAN

THE FANS' OWN MAGAZINE

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NOTICE!

This issue completes the first year in the existence of THE FANTASY FAN. Many subscriptions expire with this number, and we urge all those who had one year subscriptions starting with the first issue to send in their dollar for volume two immediately—it is absolutely essential to the existence of THE FANTASY FAN as a monthly that everyone renews his subscription upon expiration. We cannot afford to lose circulation at the present time. Will you co-operate with us? Thank you!

The next issue, September, is our First Anniversary Number and we hope to have at least one pleasant surprise for you. During the past year we have given you many stories by Clark Ashton Smith, H. P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, August W. Derleth, R. H. Barlow, and others—new stories that have never appeared in print before, not to mention the scores of articles, columns, departments, and items of interest to all fantasy lovers. We have on hand piles of manuscripts to be published in future issues well

up to the high standard that THE FANTASY FAN has created. If you are a lover of weird fiction, you should not be without THE FANTASY FAN—the only one in its field—"the fans' magazine."

OUR READERS SAY

We have two things to say before we present the letters from our readers. First, we wish to thank Farnsworth Wright, thank him a thousand times, for placing a paragraph telling all about THE FANTASY FAN, giving our address, in the Eyrie columns of the September *Weird Tales*. This will really let the readers of *Weird Tales* know of the existence of our little magazine which is designed for them alone. This should raise the circulation of THE FANTASY FAN sufficiently so that in a very short time we can greatly increase the number of pages and give you everything you have asked for. Thank you again, Mr. Wright—words cannot express our gratitude.

Second: How would you like an index of the first volume of THE FANTASY FAN? We could supply you with a printed pamphlet for 25 cents, with a double index, alphabetically, according to titles and authors so that any item published during our first year could be easily found. If we receive enough requests for this pamphlet, it will be prepared. Let us know immediately if you will be willing to pay 25 cents for it when it is published. Send no money.

"THE FANTASY FAN, June, 1934, on page 152, states: 'Ralph Milne Farley is Roger Sherman Hoar.' This is not quite up-to-date. For several years, Ralph Milne Farley has been Roger Sherman Hoar plus his daughter, Caroline Prescott Hoar, who formerly wrote as Jacqueline Farley, but has now merged her identity with that of her father."

— Ralph Milne Farley

"The June FANTASY FAN certainly had a distinguishing and distinguished feature in Lovecraft's story 'From Beyond.' Robert Nelson's poem 'Below the Phosphor' sounds a genuinely macabre note. I enjoyed 'The Little Box,' 'Within the Circle'—in fact, the whole issue."

— Clark Ashton Smith

"The magazine fills a long-needed niche. The reprinting of Lovecraft's article is especially good, as comparatively little material has been published in the critical line."

— Richard Ely Morse

"The July FANTASY FAN is one of the best, the Clark Ashton Smith tale being very good. My only objection is that you're wasting space on that ass Barlow in Baldwin's column!! But say, doesn't Mr. Pritchard have an eventful life?"

— R. H. Barlow

"'The Epiphany of Death' by Smith is truly a C. A. Smith type. The odd, agelessness, the cadaverous features of Tomeron bring to mind one of Smith's former stories, in Weird Tales sometime in 1932—'The Gorgon,' which tale also had such an old, ancient-appearing person."

— Gertrude Hemken

"I just received the excellent July issue of THE FANTASY FAN. I think that your fine little magazine is steadily improving, and I hope to be able to read many more of your splendid stories and articles in them. Clark Ashton Smith and H. P. Lovecraft may always be relied on to produce a fascinating tale; they have the gift of a great imagination and love of beauty. Please publish many more writings by these two masters of the art!"

— Fred John Walsen

"The July FANTASY FAN was excellent as usual, and the green cover gave it just the right tone. Schwartz and Weisinger continue their good work as does Mr. Baldwin. I missed the Prose Pastels by Smith and look forward to more of them. His story, 'The Epiphany of Death' amply made up for it though."

— Duane W. Rimel

WEIRD WHISPERINGS

by Schwartz and Weisinger

Popular Publications (205 East 42nd Street, N.Y.C.) has launched a new magazine, *Terror Tales*, which is featuring terror and horror stories of all varieties. It is edited by Rogers Terrill and C. H. Whipple, and will sell for 15 cts a copy... The first two numbers will feature the following stories and writers: "House of Living Death" by Arthur Leo Zagat; "Blood Magic" by C. F. Roberts; "Dead Man's Bride" by Wyatt Blassingame; "Terror Island" by Hugh B. Cave; "Village of the Dead" by Wyatt Blassingame; "Death's Loving Arms" by Hugh B. Cave; and "The House where Horrors Dwell" by C. F. Roberts.

Otis Adelbert Kline will serial it shortly in *Weird Tales* with a three-parter, "The Lord of Lamia"... L. A. Eschbach's weird-scientific thriller, "The Brain of Ali Kahn," is slated for the October issue of *Wonder Stories*... Dr. Keller's unique tale, "The Dead Woman," published originally in *Fantasy Magazine*, will be reprinted in the 11th volume of the "Not at Night" series... And an English publishing concern is arranging to put out an anthology of Dr. Keller's best weird stories both published and unpublished... As a result of Jack Williamson's recent tropical adventure with Edmond Hamilton, Jack's eyes are now on the blink, and it may be some weeks before he will be producing again... M. Brundage is a woman and has a young son in grammar school.

Farnsworth Wright has recently accepted stories from a famous Flemish

artist, writing under the pseudonym of John Flanders. His first tale will be "The Graveyard Duchess"... The September *Weird Tales* will contain a story, "Naked Lady," by a new author named Lord, which, despite its title, is *not* sexy... H. Bedford-Jones makes his bow to WT readers in this issue with "The Sleeper," a tale of an Egyptian magician... Clark Ashton Smith has sold "Xeethra" and "The Last Heiroglyph" to *Weird*. At present he is working on a science fiction yarn, "Secondary Cosmos," and on a weird-scientific tale, "The Juju Country"... Francis Flagg, who has collaborated with Forrest J. Ackerman on "The Slow Motion Man," is associate editor of *The Anvil*.

As mentioned here last month, Seabury Quinn has finally succeeded in turning out another Jules de Grandin story, "The Jest of Warburg Tantalus"... The reason for the delay was that Quinn has been so extremely occupied with work for his own journal, *Casket & Sunnyside*, that he found it almost impossible to spare the extra time... A few days after completing the story, when Quinn was again up to his neck in work at his office, to make up for time he borrowed in writing the story, he discovered he had been summoned to serve a full week on a jury—and not even Jules de Grandin could get him out of it!... Willard E. Hawkins, editor of the *Author & Journalist*, who also wrote "The Dead Man's Tale," which was the first story in the first issue of *Weird Tales*, has written a most interesting booklet, "Castaways of Plenty," showing up fallacies in our economic system.

FAMOUS FANTASY FICTION

by Emil Petaja

"Uncanny Stories" Macmillan Co. This splendid collection contains F. Marion Crawford's "For the Blood is the Life" (considered one of the best vampire stories ever written) and Sinclair's "Where their Fire is not Quenched." Other of its stories are equally interesting.

Algernon Blackwood is well known to lovers of fantasy. Of the books containing his short stories "Wolves of God" and "The Dance of Death" are two of the best. "The Man Who Found Out" (in "Wolves of God") I consider one of the best short stories I have ever read. Like Lovecraft, he merely hints at unmentionable things, leaving the reader with a vague sense of fear.

"Visible and Invisible," E. F. Benson, Doubleday, Doran & Co. This is probably Benson's best work of fantasy. Readers of "Weird Tales" will remember some of his splendid stories that have appeared in this magazine.

Lord Dunsany's two delightful books, "A Dreamer's Tales" and "Book of Wonder" can now be had in the Modern Library list. After reading the dark tales of Lovecraft, Howard, etc., these are a refreshing change.

Some of the other good collections of stories of ghosts, vampires, ghouls, etc. are "Physic Stories" French, "The White Ghost Book," "The Grey Ghost Book" Middleton, "Sinister Stories" Walker, "Stories of the Seen and Unseen" Oliphant. Frank Owen's two fantasies "The Wind

WITHIN THE CIRCLE

by F. Lee Baldwin

Richard F. Searight has had accepted by WT a short story titled "The Sealed Casket" and a poem "The Wizard's Death."

Wright expects to reprint H. P. Lovecraft's "Arthur Jermyn."

Forrest Ackerman's foreign correspondence runs something like this: one Canada; one Philippine Islands; several New Zealand; four or five Great Britain; two Ireland; one Switzerland; one Hungarian.

Here's a "new" word: *Fantastiac*. One who goes in for the weird and grotesque in life; also one who likes weird fiction.

R. H. Barlow is planning on issuing "The Shunned House" by H. P. Lovecraft sometime in the fall.

Clark Ashton Smith is about 40 and has been a weird poet since boyhood. He is a protege of the late George Sterling and a fantastic painter of great power. He has translated "Bande-laïre."

Donald Wandrei is 25 and a U. of Minn. graduate. His sole occupation is fiction-writing — comes from St. Paul but lives in New York.

that "Tramps the World" and "The Purple Sea"—and Birch's "The Moon Terror" should be mentioned. A rare treat is Clark Ashton Smith's booklet "The Double Shadow." These tales range from the wild terror of Edgar Allen Poe, to the weird, imaginative beauty of Lord Dunsany.

The Fall of the Three Cities

(Annals of the Jinns - 8)

by R. H. Barlow

Far to the south of Phoor and bordering upon Yondath extends the vast jungle-land. The River Oolae enters it at several points, making travel by boat difficult between Phargo on the desert its outlet in the unnamed land. Where the jungle ceases it gives way abruptly to a vast and mighty plain. This open country is now desolate and entirely uninhabited. Nothing but the six-legged and grotesque monster-things called *ngis* roam its interminable fields of waving grass. Yet once this lower south-land was a populous and fertile plateau, from the swampy morasses of Yondath even up to the mountains and Zath, where dwell the lungii-masters. How it came to be so barren is told in antique myth, and when people hear the tale of the land beyond the jungle they shudder and make prayers in the air with the small finger.

This then is the tale of the fall of the cities of the plain—they that were called by men Naazim, Zo, and Perenthines.

Naazim lies now a waste, nor is there any trace of Perenthines. But one can yet find ancient ruins of Zo, and the vandals of Time have not entirely effaced the elaborate carvings of amber which lie half-buried in the concealing grass near where the vast pool was once con-

structed in the center of the city.

The whole thing started when the magician Volnar refused to leave Perenthines. He had been a most successful and prosperous sorcerer until the deplorable case of the fishwife whose hair all fell out and took root in the ground before her house. This the people took to be an evil omen, and it was really quite difficult for them to break into his low, strange house after his refusal to depart. They were all disappointed he had gone. They did not know of the black tunnel beneath where he kept his magical supplies. So after searching hopefully around the house some one set it afire, and they made merry by the embers, diverting themselves lustily during the pale night while he fled with only his vengeful thoughts for company. The curlous manner of his attire together with the black-edged mantle of crimson caused him to resemble a great moth flapping across the wasteland between the cities. By the time the last flagon of wine lay untidily upon the paving before where his house once was, and while yet his pet mondal moaned inconsolably about the ashes, for his persecutors had been unable to capture the highly edible pet, Volnar arrived at the gates of Zo.

The brilliance had begun in the northern sky, and the three suns were nearly

risen. Soon would the far mountains be illuminated in yellow light, and Zath shine its metal towers like the armor of a weary knight sprawled upon the hills. The black stone of the precipice directly under the fasthold served only to set it off. Soon too would the rich rice fields of cultivated vegetation gleam pleasingly and the jungle come to animated life. But not yet were the gates open, for it had been the rule in Zo to keep fast-closed till full dawn, ever since the Night of The Munster in neighboring Droom, close unto the mountains. There was a smell of spice hanging in the air, for the breeze was small, but this loveliness was wholly wasted upon the angry little sorcerer as he chafed before the giant gates. His robe was bedraggled from the mud and he was wearied of no sleep.

"Ho, guard!" he shouted irritably. "Can you not let an honest traveler with in your cursed village before high noon?"

This was on the whole a misrepresentation for his traveling was unintentional and he was by no means honest but he did not consider the moral aspect of the matter.

After a time sounds of distant shuffling reached his ears, and after prodigious squeakings and bangings a sleepy-faced man gave him entrance. Volnar entered the handsome city and made his way along the vast paving-stones of yellow and brown, and at length arrived at a lodging-house, the lighted lantern yet glimmering in the shadow of the sleeping town.

For a long time none saw the bearded little sorcerer upon the streets of Zo. He purchased an old house with curious artificial gold of his own contriving—a secret of wizardry he held to be pleas-

ingly unique—and busied himself most industriously in the dank, ill lit cellar. Twice he ventured forth, after nightfall, to obtain certain odd ingredients from a man to whom he was known, and the man (who had no ears, but patches of fur that he concealed beneath his head-gear) saw what was up, and left the city straightaway. Volnar worked on with his charms and spells, occasionally sighing for his abandoned monad, and frequently pondering upon his revenge.

He pottered amidst his instruments. The thin cold light streaming through a crack in the rocky ceiling was aided by that of the small fire beneath the pot of bulging iron. Yet though with even these the gloom was little dispell, Volnar did not care, for his eyes were familiar with darkness, in which his long apprenticeship had been spent. That students of the dark lore were not appreciated had become increasingly clear to him, ever since the night of his departing from Perenthines. Consequent discretion called for subterranean quarters. These he had obtained, and thus did he work upon the Doom for Perenthines. And before he had completed the strange substance that bubbled so obscenely and which cast off the odour of fresh blood mingled with some nauseating aroma, Volnar sent a messenger to Sarall, the Lord of Worms, to obtain a certain ingredient most accessible to maggots. Frequently did he consult the parchments that were said to have been copied from the Haotbian manuscripts by a slave of the Lord Krang very long ago, and elaborate care was exercised upon the concoction.

Then, at last, it was completed, and Volnar gazed speculatively about the cellar, thinking for some time. He arose

from his lengthy vigil, and poured the contents of the pot into a cylinder of unglazed pottery, deftly sealing it with enchanted gummy material of moist black. While the stuff was inside it continued to seethe audibly, although it had been off the fire for some time. And this jar he bore with extreme caution as he turned the immense iron key in the cellar door.

The sky was a starless void when he entered into the street, intent upon his mission. As he hurried through the silent city, accompanied only by his shadow, a successive lifting of vapor-mists revealed the moon of ashen blue, but it was quickly obscured again. The air was chill and in ceaseless motion, faintly disturbing his crimson robe. His footsteps echoed hollowly upon the paving, and he felt that everyone must surely hear him, but he was not accosted. A lone pedestrian abroad for no good purpose emerged from the mist abruptly, but passed Volnar unseeing and soon was lost in the fast-gathering dimness. It was very late now, and he was relieved when he approached the central part of the city with the cylinder beneath his arm, for it was increasingly heavy and the contents unsuly with new animation.

Soon he reached the handsome marble pool that was the center of Zo and the marvel of the three towns, but which is now but a faint indentation in the waving grass. The water was very still, and he let the thing in the urn slide noiselessly into the pool. It sank unhurryingly to the bottom, expanding, more solid now, and drifted away in the dimly-hidden water. Whether it had moved of its own volition or was borne by a current, none but the in-

scrutable little man could have told. Volnar gazed after it, and apparently satisfied, departed.

He did not return to his lodging, but made directly for the mountains upon a stolen *rogg* which attained a remarkable speed for its bulk. And while the fate of the three cities moved slowly about the pool, the magician traveled ceaselessly towards Mt. Boriau. After the man and his steed had approximated the nearer peaks, they stopped, and Volnar knew he was within safety. Therefore he watched searchingly the far dim mass that was the grouped cities. Nothing could he discerned, but the watcher knew evil forces were at work, forces none could halt or evade save by direct flight, and who was to wake the sleeping towns? He chuckled grimly, and hoped his pet mundal was not within the doomed area. Then he made his way more slowly toward the crags of Boriau.

During this while the strange substance grew and distended in size and weight until it restlessly filled the large pool. It had assumed no definite shape, but life was unquestionably within the vast prehensile tissue that groped at the edge of its confines. It was as yet unable to release itself and venture in search of food, but the time was not distant. A chance pedestrian, with his moth-like cloak that was of the type common in those days went slowly by and did not fully realize what was happening when he saw the thing droolingly emerged from the pool. The hundred evil eyes peered loathesomely as it extended an awful limb and seized him, intent upon the process of absorbing nutrition.

Nor was that the end, for it roved

the streets unsated, growing, devouring throughout the night, and in a few horrible hours had depopulated the cities that were so hostile to sorcerers...

Volnar, it is told, went unto the black crags near Zath, though discreetly distant from the inhabitants of that fearful place, and with occult aid constructed for himself a castle of black stone in a very short period, wherein he dwelt the remainder of his existence. This was not long because of his ungrateful creation's abnormal longevity and appetite.

GLEANINGS

by Louis C. Smith

A. Merritt's family were believers in that ancient custom of going to the Bible for the name of each new arrival. So when the future author of "The Ship of Ishtar," "The Moon Pool," and those other famous science fantasy classics was born, they rushed to the Book. Over his defenseless body, they argued as to whether the infant should be named Job, Hezekiah, Joshua, or Abraham. The Abes had it. So—A. Merritt. His parentage is traceable back to the French Huguenots.

And while on the subject of Merritt—when his "Moon Pool" first appeared, a responsible critic compared it favorably in style with the best of Poe. We'll let Clark Ashton Smith have it out with Merritt for the title "Edgar Allan Poe, second."

"I was once an industrious writer of short stories," states H. G. Wells, in a preface to his "Man who Could Work Miracles," reprinted last year

in Golden Book. "I found that by taking almost any incident as a starting point, I could arrive at a story." Some thousands of scientifiction lovers may deplore the fact that he is no longer so industrious. But Mr. Wells finds more recreation nowadays in writing allegorically of such things as the "Bulping-ton of Blup."

Frank Owen, of whose stories it has been said, "They are like delicate carvings in jade," is a surprising man. Contrary to expectations that would hope to reveal him a mystical, quiet, debonairly dreamy fellow, Mr. Owen is "pleasingly plump," jolly, generous, energetic, and voluminous in his writings. His work ranges from children's stories and poems—fairy tales, stories in church magazines—to novels of a "sexy" tang, and finally right down to our own back doorstep... and the wonderful "Wind that Tramps the World" type of fantasy. In all, Frank Owen has written well over 500 published stories.

A very well-known author of shuddery weird tales once wrote:

"Otis Adelbert Kline is a typical writer—of the type of stories he writes. Rather large, inclined toward embonpoint, always perfectly dressed, pleasant in manner, but with an undeniable air of forcefulness about him, you can easily imagine him performing some of the things his characters do."

We are glad to hear, always, how our favorite authors appear; we are more happy when we find that the author is in keeping with the type of story he turns out. It is disappointing—and not a little incongruous—to read

(continued on page 191)

SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE

by H. P. Lovecraft

Part Eleven

(Copyright 1927 by W. Paul Cook)

V. The Aftermath of Gothic Fiction

Meanwhile, other hands had not been idle, so that above the dreary plethora of trash like Marquis von Gross's "Horrid Mysteries," (1796) Mrs. Roche's "Children of the Abbey," (1798) Mrs. Dacre's "Zofloya; Or, the Moor," (1806) and the poet Shelley's schoolboy effusions "Zastrozzi" (1810) and "St. Irvyne" (1811) (both imitations of "Zofloya") there arose many memorable weird works both in English and German. Classic in merit, and markedly different from its fellows because of its foundation in the Oriental tale rather than the Walpolesque Gothic novel, is the celebrated "History of the Caliph Vathek" by the wealthy dilettante William Beckford, first written in the French language but published in English translation before the appearance of the original. Eastern tales, introduced to European literature early in the eighteenth century through Galland's French translation of the inexhaustibly opulent "Arabian Nights," had become a reigning fashion; being used both for allegory and amusement. The sly humour which only the Eastern mind knows how to mix with weirdness had captivated a sophisticated generation, till Bagdad and Damascus names became as freely strewn through popular literature as dashing Italian and Spanish ones were soon to

be. Beckford, well read in Eastern romance, caught the atmosphere with unusual receptivity; and in his fantastic volume reflected very potently the haughty luxury, sly disillusion, bland cruelty, urbane treachery, and shadowy spectral horror of the Saracen spirit. His seasoning of the ridiculous seldom mars the force of his sinister theme, and the tale marches onward with a phantasmagoric pomp in which the laughter is that of skeletons feasting under Arabesque domes. "Vathek" is a tale of the grandson of the Caliph Haroun, who, tormented by that ambition for super-terrestrial power, pleasure, and learning which animates the average Gothic villain or Byronic hero, (essentially cognate types) is lured by an evil genius to seek the subterranean throne of the mighty and fabulous pre-Admiral sultans in the fiery halls of Eblis, the Mahomedan Devil. The descriptions of Vathek's palaces and diversions, of his scheming sorceress-mother Carathis and her witch-tower with the fifty one-eyed negresses, of his pilgrimage to the haunted ruins of Istakhar (Persepolis) and of the impish bride Nouzonihar whom he treacherously acquired on the way, of Istakhar's primordial towers, and terraces in the burning moonlight of the waste, and of the terrible Cyclopean halls of Eblis, where, lured, by glittering promises, each victim is compelled to wander in anguish for ever, his right hand upon his blazingly ignited and eternally burning heart, are triumphs of weird colouring which raise the book to a permanent place in English letters. No less notable are the three "Epi-

sodes of Vathek," intended for insertion in the tale as narratives of Vathek's fellow-victims in Eblis' infernal halls, which remained unpublished throughout the author's lifetime and were discovered as recently as 1909 by the scholar Lewis Melville whilst collecting material for his "Life and Letters of William Beckford." Beckford, however, lacks the essential mysticism which marks the acutest form of the weird; so that his tales have a certain knowing Latin hardness and clearness preclusive of sheer panic fright.

But Beckford remained alone in his devotion to the Orient. Other writers, closer to the Gothic tradition and to European life in general, were content to follow more faithfully in the lead of Walpole. Among the countless producers of terror-literature in these times may be mentioned the Utopian economic theorist William Godwin, who followed his famous but non-supernatural "Caleb Williams" (1794) with the intendedis weird "St. Leon" (1799) in which the theme of the elixir of life, as developed by the imaginary secret order of "Rosicrucians," is handled with ingeniousness if not with atmospheric convincingness. This element of Rosicrucianism, fostered by a wave of popular magical interest exemplified in the vogue of the charlatan Cagliostro and the publication of Francis Barrett's "The Magus" (1801), a curious and compendious treatise on occult principles and ceremonies, of which a reprint was made as lately as 1896, figures in Bulwer-Lytton and in many late Gothic novels, especially that remote and enfeebled posterity which straggled far down in-

to the nineteenth century and was represented by George W. M. Reynolds' "Faust and the Demon" and "Wagner and the Wehr-Wolf." "Caleb Williams," though non-supernatural, has many authentic touches of terror. It is the tale of a servant persecuted by a master whom he has found guilty of a murder, and displays an invention and skill which have kept it alive in a fashion of this day. It was dramatised as "The Iron Chest," and in that form was almost equally celebrated. Godwin, however, was too much the conscious teacher and prosaic man of thought to create a genuine weird masterpiece.

His daughter, the wife of Shelley, was much more successful; and her inimitable "Frankenstein; or The Modern Prometheus" (1817) is one of the horror-classics of all time. Composed in competition with her husband, Lord Byron, and Dr. John William Polidori in an effort to prove supremacy in horror-making, Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" was the only one of the rival narratives to be brought to an elaborate completion; and criticism has failed to prove that the best parts are due to Shelley rather than to her. The novel, somewhat tinged but scarcely marred by moral didacticism, tells of the artificial human being moulded from charnel fragments by Victor Frankenstein, a young Swiss medical student. Created by its designer "in the mad pride of intellectuality," the monster possesses full intelligence but owns a hideously loathsome form. It is rejected by mankind, becomes embittered, and at length begins the successive murder of all whom young

Frankenstein loves best, friends and family. It demands that Frankenstein create a wife for it; and when the student finally refuses in horror lest the world be populated with such monsters, it departs with a hideous threat 'to be with him on his wedding night.' Upon that night the bride is strangled, and from that time on Frankenstein hunts down the monster, even into the wastes of the Arctic. In the end, whilst seeking shelter on the ship of the man who tells the story, Frankenstein himself is killed by the shocking object of the search and creation of his presumptuous pride. Some of the scenes in "Frankenstein" are unforgettable, as when the newly animated monster enters its creator's room, parts the curtains of his bed, and gazes at him in the yellow moonlight with watery eyes—"if eyes they may be called." Mrs. Shelley wrote other novels, including the fairly notable "Last Man;" but never duplicated the success of her first effort. It has the true touch of cosmic fear, no matter how much the movement may lag in places. Dr. Polidori developed his competing idea as a long short story, "The Vampire;" in which we behold a suave villain of the true Gothic or Byronic type, and encounter some excellent passages of stark fright, including a terrible nocturnal experience in a shunned Grecian wood.

(Continued next month)

BOOK REVIEW

by Bob Tucker

BLACK MOON by Thomas Ripley is a thrilling, weird book of voodoo worship and adventure that should please any weird fan. The author knows voodoo, and voodoo worshipers, and he most ably presents it in this story.

The story concerns a young man of New York City, who is called to San Cristobal, an island off the coast of Haiti, by a mysteriously worded message, to the effect that the life of his sweetheart depends on his coming. Of course he goes, and is immediately plunged up to his neck in mystery and adventure.

His skirmishes with the voodooers and his eventual discovery that his own is the virgin queen of the voodoo worshipers prove thrilling. He is beset by two villains, so to speak. Both his sweetheart, and her father make several attempts upon his life, after he makes the discovery.

The only criticisms of the book, are two, which even the most casual readers will notice at once. The story, and one of the characters, are altogether too "silvery" and too "cool".

NECROMANCY

by Clark Ashton Smith

My heart is made a necromancer's glass,
Where homeless forms and exile phantoms teem;
Where faces of forgotten sorrows gleam,
And dead despairs archaic peer and pass:
Grey longings of some weary heart that was.
Possess me, and the multiple, supreme,
Unwildered hope and star-emblazoned dream
Of questing armies... Ancient queen and lass,
Risen vampire-like from out the wormy mold,
Deep in the magic mirror of my heart
Behold their perished beauty, and depart.
And now, from black aphelions far and cold,
Swimming in deathly light on charnel skies,
The enormous ghosts of bygone worlds arise.



THE UNREMEMBERED REALM

by Robert Nelson

Nameless: that unremembered realm of the temporal universe
Which the sundry gods have slighted to complete:
There azure ice-peaks thrive and wane in wild exult,
And shift their freezing heights in tremulous tumult;
The wan ice-forms are vanished creatures lost in time.

Nameless: that unremembered realm of the temporal universe
Which the sundry gods have slighted to complete:
There the youthful moon is like a fount of living flame;
The eldern sun moves in a clique of pallid, dying mist;
Dark birds flow endlessly to turn the dawn to amethyst;
When moon and sun and birds are gone the dead make fires
In reeking, foul-swept skies above the great ice-spires,
And view the cold-fraught land with last and mad proclaim.

Ebony and Ash

(A Tale of Three Wishes)

by Richard Ely Morse

The city lay stricken, in those streets where once the carnival had passed to the sound of lute and hautboy, now masquers of another sort held reign, gray Pestilence, and livid Fever, and black-hooded Death. The houses, so short a time ago bedecked with sweet-scented garlands and precious stuffs, stood bleak and shuttered above the echoing streets. Inside the people crouched, with staring eyes and hands that trembled. No more did song or dance fantastic make bright their chambers; prayer and fasting rather, penance for their sins. "Sackcloth and ashes," had the gray-robed friars thundered for many a year, and now were their warnings proved indeed.

But there were those who, having made a jest of life, would mock even at Death himself. In tall painted chambers they feasted, where peacocks stalked emerald and amethyst on marble floors, while the haunched flute and hautboy murmured softly, and great candles guttered away into perfumed ruin. Wine and jewels and the white breasts of women against the pall of darkness outside. When the feast was ended the guests departed each to his home, hiding his face in a cloak nor looking to right or to left.

But there were three, greatly favored by fortune, who left the feast boldly and unafraid. Florian, Marius, and Leon,

friends from childhood, scoffers who feared nothing of the dank and noisome streets. With lanterns of hammered brass in their hands and swords girded at waist they set out, singing a love song, a sugared trifle more hefitting to some pleached alley than to this seething night. They had gone but a short way before they came upon an aged crone who leechly leaned beside an empty pedestal. A thousand years seemed lined within the wrinkles of her face, but her eyes were young.

Bidding them stop she cried that she, who ever loved bold youth, would grant to each one wish if such he should choose to ask of her. Believing her mad, yet willing to humor the lances of a disordered mind, they wished. Florian spoke first and begged that all the wealth within the teeming world be his. Marius next bespoke the fairest of women for his love. Leon last, and hesitating—sought happiness to be his boon. Then laughing they passed on, and coming to the square, parted, each for his home.

Florian went swiftly, for now the moon lay hidden from the earth and darkness rode upon the air. But soon he needs must stop—some vast bulk stopped his pace. Holding his lantern high its gleam came back a thousandfold; from gold and silver and gems heaped high until they seemed to threaten Hea-

ven itself. Falling upon his knees Florian bathed his hands and arms within this precious flood, and threw bright handfuls against the crouching night. But now there was within his grasp something which seemed to whisper of sinister import, and as the dancing rays fell clear upon it he shrieked and threw it far away — a skull. With stricken face he fled, but as he ran, through every vein a twitter racer sped, while shuddering pain was in every member. And the lips of Fever twisted in a jagged grin.

Now the moon tore from her web of shadows and drew strange patterns over rooftops and cobbled ways. Marius stopped short, beholding at an open window a face of beauty such is found in dreams only, and then but seldom. Leaping from the street, Marius grasped the sill. She made no outcry nor murmur even when he caught her in his arms and kissed her curving mouth. She smiled ever, while from between her lips there crawled a bloated worm. And Pestilence laughed aloud.

But Leon lay quiet and forever still in the great square, with two cuts worrying at his feet.

A DISEMBODIED SHADOW

(A True Experience)

by Kenneth B. Pritchard

Everyone has seen shadows, but I'll wager that there are exceedingly few who have seen the kind I did, beside those who were with me at the time it happened.

You have read weird stories of shadows, or of people who cast none. What I am about to relate is true; I have witnesses to prove it.

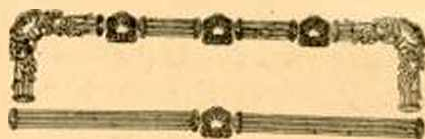
It was twilight of a summer day in the year '27 or '28. Our little group was gathered in the rear of our homes — we called it the back yard, though it was composed of roadways. We were talking and the stars began to peep out of the skies. The street lamps began to glow, and the windows of the surrounding houses began to show lights. And thus, the stage was set.

Our eyes wandered. About fifteen feet away lay a large shadow.

It was mainly because of its size that I thought it might have been caused by a friend of mine sitting by a window in a nearby building. I became curious; thinking I could attract his attention so he would come and join us, I walked to a point of vantage. There was no one by the window, yet the shadow persisted in remaining!

Upon looking further, being fully aroused, I could find no cause for its existence. There was no possible, or probable source of blocked light. I did not forget the sun, the stars, or the sky itself. I found no flaw; the heavens and all ordinary light were normal. But there was a shadow covering

(continued on page 192)



FAMOUS FANTASY FANS

No. 3 Raymond A. Palmer

An indomitable will and courage has carried Raymond A. Palmer, or Rap as he signs his well-liked column in *Fantasy Magazine*, through trials and tribulations that would have sapped the strength of ordinary men. It was the organizing genius of Rap that started the Science Correspondence Club, and it was his guiding hand that brought it to a success. When he was confirmed at a sanitarium he was forced to give up his activities, and found the organization run down during his absence, when he returned. It is he who is again building the International Scientific Association to a position it once held.

He is the chairman for the Jules Verne Prize Club, and President of the International Scientific Association and his free hours are filled with the details of managing these two organizations. His working has been continued, by the depression, to writing stories.

Now, at the beginning of his writing career, he is already recognized as an author who will reach the highest pinnacles of the field. His work has been praised by leading science fiction critics as being among the outstanding stories appearing today.

Recently, he seems destined to achieve additional success in the field of radio continuity writing. He is now working on a Western skit on a year's contract.

He is active as a member of the "Fictioneers," an organized group of authors in Milwaukee, South Milwau-

kee, Wauwatosa, and other Wisconsin cities.

Counts among his friends members of every race and every country of the world. His letters fill many large packing boxes.

Is the author of "The Time Ray of Jandra," "The Symphony of Death," "The Man Who Invaded Time," "Dimension Doom," "Escape from Antarctica," "The Vortex World," and "The Range Riders" (radio skit), besides many unsubmitted stories. He has submitted nothing for a year because of the condition of the markets.

Gleanings

(continued from page 184)

a thrilling, mile-a-minute, blood and thunder adventure tale, with a death by violence to every page, and then find that the author is a meek, mild-mannered, diminutive fellow who fears to go out alone at night and has never experienced a more exciting adventure than falling down in the bathtub!

Where is the credit so justly due Sir H. Rider Haggard, one of the greatest of the authors of fantastic adventure fiction?

His tales of mysticism, ancient rites, and lost peoples of the dark continent are marvels of weird adventure and ingenious plot. His character, Allan Quartermain, is an adventurer of the rarest type. His native witch doctors are real enough to step bodily out of the pages and cast a malignant spell.

Have you ever read his "People of the Mist," "When the Earth Shook," "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Marion Isle," "Morning Star,"

"Alan and the Ice Gods," or any of the other two score novels penned by this prolific Englishman? It is a living experience to read "People of the Mist." It is a happy day when you travel into ancient Egypt through the pages of "Morning Star." It is an event to read any of Haggard's works. He ranks with Wells and Verne.

A Disembodied Shadow

(continued from page 190)

an area of from 100 to 150 square feet.

The others gave it up. We could draw no satisfactory conclusion. I can tell you that it was an eerie feeling I had in observing a disembodied shadow. My mind went riot with thoughts of time travellers, visitors from space, etc.

Since then, I have tried to think of it as being caused by a kink in an otherwise clear atmosphere; but my reason seems to tell me differently. What was it? What strange thing had occurred that evening? Was this planet of ours visited by some half-seen beings from another world?

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