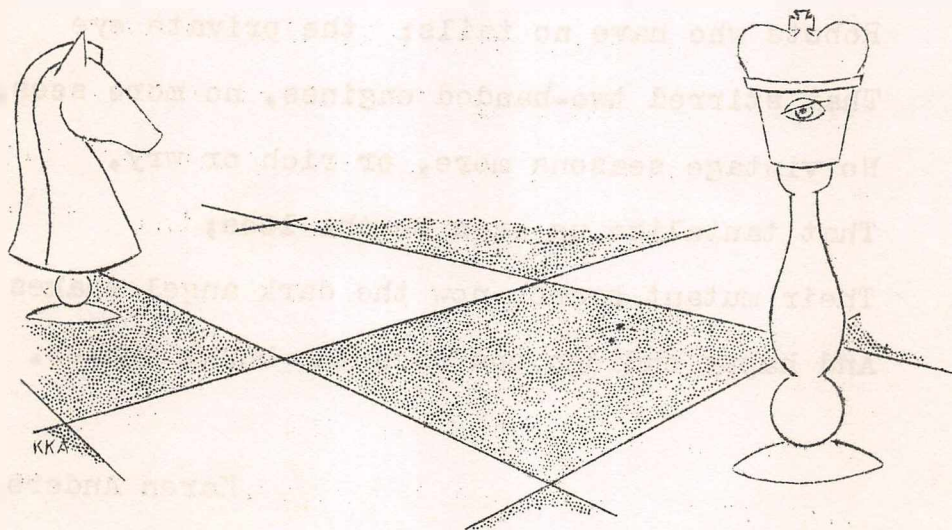


HENRY KUTTNER

A MEMORIAL SYMPOSIUM



EDITED BY KAREN ANDERSON
A SEVAGRAM ENTERPRISE

Tomorrow and tomorrow bring no more
Beggars in velvet, blind mice, pipers' sons;
The fairy chessmen will take wing no more
In shock and clash by night where fury runs.
A gnome there was, whose paper ghost must know
That home there's no returning --- that the line
To his tomorrow went with last year's snow.
Gallegher Plus no longer will design
Robots who have no tails; the private eye
That stirred two-handed engines, no more sees.
No vintage seasons more, or rich or wry,
That tantalize us even to the lees;
Their mutant branch now the dark angel shakes
And happy endings end when the bough breaks.

Karen Anderson

HENRY KUTTNER

A MEMORIAL SYMPOSIUM

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INTRODUCTION

Henry Kuttner was born in Los Angeles in 1914. His first story was published in 1933, and except for a period of military service he spent most of his life as a free-lance writer. In 1940 he married Catherine L. Moore, with whom he collaborated on most of his later work. Though best known in the science fiction and fantasy fields, he was successful in many other branches of literature. The Depression had stopped his formal education before he wished, and toward the end of his life he returned for more study --- in spite of having gained an extraordinary range of knowledge on his own. He was working for an advanced degree when he died of a heart attack on February 4, 1958.

So much for the bare facts. What Henry Kuttner meant, as a writer and a man, is much more difficult to say. This symposium is less an attempt to evaluate than it is a small tribute to one of the most outstanding and endearing personalities of our time.

MEMOIRS OF A KUTTNER READER

by Poul Anderson

Only once did I meet Henry Kuttner. We drove down to Los Angeles after Christmas, chiefly to renew old friendships, but added this to the agenda and placed it high. I didn't really plan on more than How do you do/very glad to meet you/always enjoyed your stories/so long; professional courtesy does not give carte blanche to take up a man's time. Even when a diffident phone call was met by a more than cordial invitation, I didn't expect much over an hour of talk.

He and his wife had found an apartment which was like some magician's castle, nested among green leaves on the heights, so that from a glassed wall you looked sheerly down to land's end and the ocean. It was pale blue that day, a single curve around the planet. Henry guided us himself, through the drive and into his living room. Meeting Catherine was no less a pleasure, intellectually as well as visually; and I have never been in a more serene home. She held the burden of conversation, for Henry was off at once to bring drinks, and thereafter gave nearly his whole attention

to the comfort of his guests. Typical: I noticed him sit down quietly on the floor, because my small daughter had put her doll on the last unoccupied chair. I explained that the doll didn't actually need a seat, and he smiled, but he did not take it until I had removed the toy.

Having planned only a short visit, we were astonished to find a buffet table. I have the reputation of my palate to think about and would not call it a superb meal had it not been. Furthermore, the Kuttners had invited several other people we had never met, but whom they realized we would enjoy getting to know --- such as Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett. Our social call turned out to be one of the best parties I have ever attended. Damn it to hell, had I only known, I wouldn't have made prior commitments for that evening; the Kuttners had expected us to stay. As it was, though, we spent several hours in that broad cool room, talking ... it doesn't matter about what, when friends meet again, and suddenly Henry Kuttner was an old valued friend. And sundown burned over an enormous westward horizon, the first stars awoke, the ocean glimmered like mercury.

That was about six weeks before he died.

Trite remark: While I saw the man just this one time, I had known him for a dozen years through his writing. Or had I? Who had I really been so anxious to see?

Lewis Padgett springs to mind, the wry gnome. Let us remember that "gnome" means "one who knows," and that Lewis Padgett's awareness was of many things: not only wild man Gallagher and insufferable self-besotted Joe, but the cold places where they make Twonkies and the feel of a man's heart breaking open when his children dance away to find the borogoves. Padgett knew how terrible Dr. Emil Pastor could be when crazy with the Fairy Chessmen's power; but he also saw Pastor stumble weeping through a wheat field in the white relentless moonlight.

Lawrence O'Donnell, however, was somebody else. O'Donnell's world was full of barbaric colors: the Doonesmen, furious Sam Harker, the undying beauty of Sari Walton. But were these hues less real than Padgett's smoke gray and icy blue? Not while courage, pride, high enterprise remain real. Nor was this a shallow world; fire and air are also elemental forces. Consider Vintage Season, or The Children's Hour.

And then, for pure fun, there was Kelvin Kent. Or since the little Coney Island barker was so thoroughly alive that he popped up through the magazine and tipped you to Pegasus by a nose at Jamaica, shall we say the stories were by Pete Manx as told to Kelvin Kent?

The purist will object that many of these were collaborations. What of it? I am sure that all Henry Kuttner's co-workers, from his wife onwards, will agree that he gave them something which was absolutely his own. But it was not a single, neatly identifiable characteristic; the man was too versatile. The stories under his own name prove that.

This brings up a part of his career which deserves more attention than it has received. Genius is almost blatantly evident in the famous stories, under the famous bylines. But it was there in the earlier work too, less sharply developed perhaps, but there, so that the old pulp tales remain vivid to me. Skill can shape a story to market requirements, something more than skill makes it unroutine and alive.

The pawky humor of the Hogben family is now widely known. But go back and resurrect A God Named Kroo; hear your ribs creak with belly laughter, and then afterward see Kroo as he was, arrogant, ignorant, lonely, frightened, and indomitable. Or do you remember the mind-swapping gadget, and the U. S. Marine who went into a bar and ordered rye, beer chaser --- overlooking the fact that his body was still in diapers? Or the stories which Unknown ran, Kuttner writing in Thorne Smith's tradition while remaining Kuttner?

As far as that goes, maybe "Keith Hammond" was deliberately being like A. Merritt; but no matter. The characters are more believable than Merritt's --- the mad king in Valley of the Flame is hard to forget --- and scenes and moods are not less vividly evoked. Maybe there was no new plot element in Remember Tomorrow, but the desperate loneliness of a castaway in time (who is all of us, for we can never go back) comes through like a knife. The Crystal Circe and We Guard the Black Planet are pretty obviously written around cover paintings; but the asteroid girl, and the winged girl, are the girl we all lost once; their worlds are not mere words but can be sensed, as real and strange as this our earth.

Of course these were potboilers. But they were honorable potboilers, superior to ninety percent of the earnest little efforts of earnest little people ungifted enough to take themselves seriously. These stories should not be left in dust; they have too much life.

Later Henry Kuttner really found his stride. But everyone knows about that.

--- It was well after dark when we left his place. "Goodbye," we said. "It's been a great pleasure. Thanks ever so much."

switch-over into science-fiction, though at different times and to different degrees.

Hark was already breaking sharply with the Lovecraft tradition. I feel that he was a man who had a more of the surprise twist counterpoise to the assumption that the man of the future will be far wiser than we, but it goes deeper than that. One thing that may be involved is youth's discovery that maturity is a kind of insanity, especially insofar as it involves increasing acceptance of an irrational society.

BY FRITZ LEIBER

At a matinee of Gore Vidal's Visit to a Small Planet I found myself thinking how enduring and fruitful is the theme of the madman from the future. At a superficial level it is the surprise-twist counterpoise to the assumption that the man of the future will be far wiser than we, but it goes deeper than that. One thing that may be involved is youth's discovery that maturity is a kind of insanity, especially insofar as it involves increasing acceptance of an irrational society.

At any rate Henry Kuttner did more to explore this theme than any other science-fiction writer --- so much so that we can call it his theme (one of them!) --- and he developed it in a surprising number of stories. In "Shock," which he selected as his favorite for The Outer Reaches, the madman is the engaging Halison ("Forthever . . . fintharingly . . . nor-vunder soverless . . . san, san, san") and the present-day protagonist unwisely takes his place in the future, only to find that he is about to be given advanced electroshock by an indiscriminating robot psychiatrist. "The Cure" is told from the viewpoint of the madman, who has had his memory wiped and been sent to live for a few decades in the present as a form of occupational therapy; he finally returns to the future to discover that everyone there has gone completely crazy in the interim, and so he hopelessly shuttles back to the hollow present. "The Twonky" is an authoritarian psychiatric machine from the future that sets out to make moderns conform to its kindly standards or else --- and achieves a dismal success. Other examples are "Line to Tomorrow" and "A Wild Surmise" (with C. L. Moore), that charming tale about a human and an insectoid psychiatrist in parallel time-streams --- Empire State Building (for mooring dirigibles that never came) vs. Quatt Wunkery (for pleating quatts that never arrived.)

Lovecraft pointed out that a story can never be anything more than a vivid picture of a human mood. Henry Kuttner was particularly successful in using the science-fiction story to express that mood of anxiety and dread of depersonalization which we think of as peculiarly modern.

From future insanity it is an easy step to two other of Kuttner's pet themes: wacky robots and wonder children. "Deadlock" is a favorite of mine, with its witching robot that aimlessly drifts about souring milk and melting steel like some troll or naughty goblin, while Gallagher's vain companion, forever admiring his wheels as they turn inside his transparent chest and from time to time skrenning and vashing, is one of the most delightful of metal men. "Mimsy Were the Borogoves" probably remains Kuttner's most celebrated science-fiction story (here the agency from the future--- educational toys --- widens the vision instead of inducing conformity, but it only works for children) and then there is its companion piece "When the Bough Breaks."

I cannot help associating the profusion of mad, rabbity, drunken and hillbilly scientists in Kuttner's stories with his own freely-admitted lack of technical background. He played science by ear as surely as his tipsy inventor Gallagher ever did, and from the start he showed himself very expert in this --- enough so to satisfy the exacting John W. Campbell, Jr., again and again during the 1940's. Later stories show continued dexterity and ever-increasing actual knowledge, particularly in the fields of psychology and anthropology --- the novelet "Rite of Passage" (with C. L. Moore) is a good example.

I first met Hank in mid-1937 when I was living in Beverly Hills, California. He and Robert Bloch, who had come west from Milwaukee to visit him, dropped in one afternoon. We had been brought together, via correspondence, by H. P. Lovecraft, who had died earlier that year. It was a little more than a year since Hank's first story, "The Graveyard Rats," had been printed in Weird Tales. Bob had just got started in the same magazine too. I wasn't to make any sales for a couple of years more, but Lovecraft had circulated one of my stories in manuscript. We were all three of us writers of supernatural horror stories, which showed considerable Lovecraftian influence, and all three, destined to make the switch-over into science-fiction, though at different times and to different degrees.

Hank was already breaking sharply with the Lovecraft tradition. I recall him saying that he favored revelation (the surprise twist) rather than confirmation as the more effective story ending. He also remarked that although he liked the story of mine he'd read, he had been unable to decide for several pages whether the protagonist was a man or a cat. (As a consequence I still have pasted to my typewriter four lines of Kipling:

I keep six honest serving-men
Whom I call by the names of
WISDOM, KNOWLEDGE, EXPERIENCE, REASON, SENSE, AND SENSE.

{They taught me all I knew};
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.)

At a meeting several years later, the extent of Hank's progress was shown by the fact that he and Bob had just been amusing themselves by formulating the personalities of his various pen-names. As I recall a few of them, Lewis Padgett was a retired accountant who liked to water the lawn of an evening and then mosey down to the corner drugstore to pick up a quart of ice cream and whose wife collected recipes to surprise her bridge club. Lawrence O'Donnell was a wild Irishman who lived in Greenwich Village with a malicious black cat who had an infallible instinct for check letters and generally managed to chew up their contents before his master had shaken loose from his latest hangover. Keith Hammond was a Lewis Padgett fan, newly broken into pro ranks, whom Padgett loathed . . .

Henry Kuttner was all of these and something ...else besides, the puppet master behind the masks of his various personality-facets and precisely governing their expression --- now brilliantly romantic, now ironically realistic, now gay, now grim --- so that his science-fiction (to quote Anthony Boucher) truly came to have "the virtues of intelligence, suspense, subtlety and complex original thinking."



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The one thing I remember most vividly about Hank Kuttner was his selflessness. Here was one writer who did not spend his time with others babbling about his hopes, his dreams, his projects, his successes. "I" is a word I cannot remember ever hearing Hank say. He had a way of, gently, with absolute sincerity, probing into the writing problems of whoever he was with. I knew Hank for about six years and, in all that time, if I hadn't known what a fine craftsman he was, I would never have had an inkling that he wrote at all; except, of course, for the skillful way in which he discussed all aspects of writing.

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When I first met Hank I mentioned (I, alas, am not a Hank Kuttner and do let slip with the "I"'s.) having written a 760-page novel which my agent (my agent at the time) did not like and which, subsequently, I was much distressed about. Hank's immediate instinct was to ask to read it--and read it he did shortly after, sending me six pages of single-space typing analyzing the novel with as much care as if it were his own. Nothing ever came of that book but, if for no other reason, I'm glad I wrote it because it helped me to realize what a thoughtful and considerate human being Hank Kuttner was.

At that time I was just beginning work on my first science-fantasy novel "I Am Legend" and was hopelessly mired in technical troubles, not to mention story troubles. Hank, single-handedly, helped me out of them, guiding me (Hank never pushed, never dogmatized) step by step with suggestion and discussion until all problems were met. I dedicated that book to Hank but it was a small thing when one considers that Hank dedicated his life to writing and writers. His life had meaning. What better epitaph could any man have?

HELPED ME"

Let me just set things down the way they come to me. When I first met Henry Kuttner I was 17 years old and in my last year st Los Angeles High School. When I joined the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society in October, 1937, Hank was already well on his way to being a celebrity in the pages of Weird Tales and soon thereafter in all the science-fiction magazines. There is one trait of his that I remember from those first days and that was the outstanding trait I noticed through the years. He not only listened to what you said but said what he thought about what you said. I don't suppose there is a friend of Hank's that couldn't imitate the quizzical pause or the tilt of his head following some statement or question someone had just made or asked. Hank took in, thought over, and digested, right in front of you, everything that you offered. He didn't rush to reply within the instant. He took his time and he gave his best to his reply. This, in an age of non-listeners and non-thinkers, was unusual. The thinking Hank did went into his stories and into his life with his wife, too. I have never known a more dedicated pair. I'm not speaking from false sentiment but with real admiration for two people who set up standards for themselves, planned ahead, and went out to educate themselves to get the answers. Separate or together, they set an example every writer should look to. They cared about writing. They were literary people. Too many people in the field are not literary people, but are in it for the money or a few fast licks of notoriety. Hank was not one of their kind.

I remember him as an honest critic and a kind but firm teacher who kicked hell out of me when I needed it. He tolerated my intruding on his life, he forced me to read every issue of Amazing Stories for an entire (continued on p.13)

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THE MYSTERY NOVELS OF HENRY KUTTNER

By ANTHONY BOUCHER

The most grievous loss that American s. f. has so far sustained was an almost equally severe blow to the mystery novel --- particularly in terms of novels yet to be written.

Much of Kuttner's science fiction shows the influence of the mystery; and many of his (for his, understand in most cases their) stories --- The Fairy Chessmen, "Rite of Passage," etc. --- are the detective stories and murder-suspense novels of the future.

When he was pulping most prolifically in s. f., he was also writing for the crime pulps. The Kuttner mysteries of this early period have not been collected or even listed in detail; but this is no great loss to judge from the (I believe) only specimen in book form: the story "Death Wears a Mask," in Leo Margulies' Master Mystery Stories (Hampton, 1945). Starring Ben Hatch, "Special Agent for the Los Angeles Division of the F. B. I.," this is simply a routine derivative fast-action toughie, typical of the lesser magazines that followed Black Mask and Detective Fiction Weekly.

But Kuttner was soon to show more distinctive powers in The Brass Ring by "Lewis Padgett" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1946; reprinted as Murder in Brass, Bantam, 1947), which combined the action and vigor of the "tough" school (the star is private detective Seth Colman) with dimensional characterization and an ironic view of society. It's more than possible that Padgett might have led the private-eye novel in the direction taken two years later by Ross Macdonald; but instead he turned, in The Day He Died (DS&P, 1947), more toward the novel of psychological suspense, and again with admirable results.

But then Kuttner simply stopped writing mysteries for almost a decade. Well, to be precise, he did produce one: Man Drowning (Harper, 1952); but it is one of his least successful published books --- a tedious and unintegrated study of neurotics in Phoenix, below his best standards of plotting and writing. (I have heard, on reasonably good authority, that a third hand was involved in the writing.)

Two years before his death Kuttner at last found his proper vein in the mystery novel, and began producing for Permabooks the cases of lay psychoanalyst Michael Gray. He completed 4: The Murder of Eleanor Pope (1956), The Murder of Ann Avery (1956), Murder of a Mistress (1957), and Murder of a Wife (1958).

These novels were profoundly influenced by "the new genre of the psychoanalytical tale," as Max Lerner calls "The Jet-Propelled Couch" and the other cases in Robert Lindner's The Fifty-Minute Hour --- tales in which the dramatic structure of psychoanalysis, with its attendant surprise-revelations, is the story.

The first Michael Gray novel was possibly too psychoanalytical --- yet still fascinating. The second reacted too far in the direction of stressing physical story-action. But the third and particularly the fourth achieved a beautiful balance of intellect, emotion and action.

It took Kuttner most of his creative life to find out what he wanted to do with the mystery form. When he found it, he created a new kind of detective novel, and an unusually absorbing and rewarding one.

* * * * *

"HANK HELPED ME" by Ray Bradbury (Continued from page 11)

year, so I would learn the bones of plotting (a terrible job, but I did it!) and he beat the "purple writing" out of me with a few words one afternoon in 1942.

Over the years he wrote me 8 and 9 page letters concerning certain stories I had shown him. The last two hundred words of my story THE CANDLER, which appeared in Weird Tales many years ago, are Hank's. He rewrote the ending and I left it that way.

All we can ever say about another person must be based upon our own selfishness and need of them at one time or another in our life. I can only estimate Hank from the way our lives came together and moved apart over twenty years. Hank helped me, in one way or another, through most of those years. He helped others.

He was modest to the point of almost being invisible. But above all, he and Kat, and it's pretty hard to speak of Hank without Kat, for they seem one to me, loved writing. From conversations with them both I was filled with admiration for their plans concerning the future. Now, Kat will have to carry out those plans. I wish Hank could have stayed on to finish up some of the things he talked about. But I know Kat remembers and will do, if not exactly the same job, one very much like it. I think we're fortunate that part of Hank's life will live on in her work.

Let's face it. Henry Kuttner was an unusual man in any literary field. The field is richer for his having passed through it. We are richer for having been his friends.

THE CLOSEST APPROACH

BY ROBERT BLOCH

In 1950, on the dust-jacket of A Gnome There Was, Henry Kuttner wrote these words: "Fantasy interests me because it is the closest approach to realism I know."

To many of the readers and friends who knew and loved him, this statement of Kuttner's seems typical of his sense of humor or of his delight in paradox.

To me, it's an example of his utter honesty. For I believe he was telling the exact truth.

Henry Kuttner won a justly deserved pre-eminence as a writer of science-fiction, mysteries, and humor. But he began his career in fantasy, and strictly speaking, he never deserted the field.

As a teen-age youth back in the early Thirties, he read Weird Tales and became an admirer of H. P. Lovecraft. When he began to write, it was almost inevitable that he would pattern his work in the New England Gothic style which was Lovecraft's special contribution to the architecture of the arcane.

His first story, The Graveyard Rats, established him as a full-fledged member of the "Lovecraft circle" of writers --- with whom he had already become acquainted through correspondence. The Lovecraft influence is evident in many of his early contributions to Weird Tales --- It Walks By Night, The Salem Horror, and a collaborative effort of his and mine, The Black Kiss. But Kuttner was experimenting in those early days (never stopped experimenting, never stopped growing during his entire writing career) and he produced stories in many patterns. Some of them were undistinguished (The Secret of Kralitz, We Are The Dead, Spawn of Dagon, etc.) but it was already evident that he was in the process of assimilating styles and analyzing attitudes found in the work of many writers of fantasy. He produced poetry --- balladry, to be more exact --- in the manner of Chesterton and Robert E. Howard. He did swashbuckling fantasy such as Thunder in the Dawn. Under his own name and the first of many pseudonyms, he wrote a wide variety of material for a short-lived magazine called Strange Stories. There was Hydra, Cursed Be the City, and two more collaborations with me which appeared under the Kuttner byline --- The Body and the Brain and Grip of Death. He also produced

the first of what was to become a permanent series of collaborative ventures with C. L. Moore: Quest of the Starstone, in which the Moore series characters, Northwest Smith and Jirel of Joiry, met. By the time he left his home and job in California to free-lance as a full-time writer in New York, Kuttner was no longer recognizable as a "Lovecraft imitator." His own style --- or styles --- had not yet evolved, but he had already given ample evidence of his versatility and adaptability. During the next few years he lived the life of a literary chameleon; writing anything and everything from comics to love - pulps. His reputation as a hack-of-all-trades was exceeded only by his prolific powers, which excited the admiration of editors, the astonishment of readers, and the envy of his fellow-authors in the pulp field.

The period of 1939-42 was the Twilight of the Gods. There were giants in those days: men like Arthur J. Burks who wrote (and sold) 1,500,000 words a year, and younger emulators such as Frank Gruber and Steve Fisher who filled the pages of many a pulp magazine with fiction under a dozen pseudonyms. Henry Kuttner joined their ranks --- and so did Keith Hammond, Kelvin Kent, K. H. Maepfen, Paul Edmonds, Lewis Padgett, and many more bogus bylines.

But if Kuttner was not content to be a neo-Lovecraft, neither was he satisfied to be a pseudo-Fisher. Slowly but surely, he kept evolving and experimenting, and his progress is plainly evident in his fantasies of this period. For it was in the fantasies that he continued to expand the natural bent of his growing abilities as an author.

There was Masquerade, in Weird Tales; perhaps the first of the "adult" Kuttner stories. For Unknown and Unknown Worlds he did a series which rang the changes on a variety of influences; All is Illusion, Compliments of the Author, The Devil We Know, A Gnome There Was, The Misguided Halo, and others. In these stories one can detect his love of, and complete understanding of, such writers as Thorne Smith, John Collier, and L. Frank Baum.

The market for fantasy dwindled. During World War II and shortly thereafter, Kuttner turned almost inevitably to science fiction. He had written his share of stories in earlier years --- just as he'd turned out mysteries and adventure yarns for the editors who assigned him such routine chores --- but aside from a few brilliant touches in the Pete Manx series, there was little evidence of his original creativity in the bulk of such previous work in this field.

Now he invested his mature attention and abilities in the writing of science fiction. But he brought something new and fresh; the element of fantasy..

In his autobiographical sketch for Ahead of Time, Kuttner again revealed a basic truth about his work and his attitude: "As for the science-fiction field itself, I believe I am interested in it because it is the imaginative fiction of today."

And so it is --- in no small part due to the contribution Henry Kuttner made to it during the Forties. Singly, and in collaboration with his wife, C. L. Moore, he began to write the stories which won him fame and a secure reputation as an all-time master of the genre. Under his pseudonyms (Hudson Hastings and Lawrence O'Donnell joined the ranks at this time, along with several others) he continued to turn out, alone and with his wife, any number of "bread-and-butter" efforts, including a respectable amount of book length work. But his best, and best - remembered stories, were still imaginative fiction; i. e., fantasy in a science fictional disguise.

There was Mimsy Were the Borogoves --- and here was the Kuttner who knew and loved Alice in Wonderland rendering a loving latter-day tribute to Lewis Carroll. There was The Twonky --- and who has so aptly translated the legend of The Golem and Frankenstein's monster into meaningful modernity? There was the immortal hillbilly family, the wonderful and whacky Gallagher series, the --- but go and read them for yourself and see how marvelously Henry Kuttner blended the Sense of Wonder with his sense of humor without for a moment losing a sense of balance and fitness.

And there were, in ever - increasing profusion, the "serious" stories. The Baldy ESP tales, the grimly memorable Don't Look Now, The Cure, Shock, Home Is the Hunter.

For Kuttner had gone full gamut --- from the Gothic past to the galactic future --- and then realized that there was still the greatest field of imaginative speculation left to explore: the human imagination itself.

I do not know if he ever expressed himself upon the subject of psychological fantasy. But through our many years of personal contact and correspondence, I became increasingly aware of his interest in psychotherapy and its potentialities. On the face of it, after By These Presents and De Profundis in the early Fifties, he seemed to abandon the "fantasy approach" to fiction. But in actuality he was still exploring enchantment, delving into the deepest and darkest dreams of all, that murkiest of mysteries which is the mortal mind. He had discovered that the true "world of imagination" is the little grey globe each of us carries inside our skulls.

Now I have deliberately avoided personal reminiscence in this discussion of Henry Kuttner's work, and for personal reasons. He was --- and always will be --- close to me; and a rehearsal of our relations over a period of twenty-three years is inappropriate. But it is necessary for me to say this: that Henry Kuttner was a modest and a humble man. He was his own severest critic, and his harshest task-master, too. All during his professional career, he studied writing, studied other people, studied himself. He was constantly striving to do better work, and conscientiously preparing for it. There were books he'd planned for the future --- when he felt that he was "ready" to write them properly. And these books were not science fiction novels, they were not the psychological-detective mysteries, they were not suspense thrillers; they were simply stories about people. "Realistic" or "mainstream" novels? Perhaps, in outward form. But actually, what Henry Kuttner was contemplating, eventually, was the creation of a whole new field of fantasy; the realistic novel of the imagination. He had no intention of emulating the "stream-of-consciousness" school or travelling the rocky road of Kerouac, nor did he expect to employ the eideticism of a Proust. He was merely experimenting endlessly in a search for the proper form in which to reveal the substance.

Do not let these words mislead you; Kuttner was not self-consciously pretentious about his goals, nor egotistic, nor ambitious. Anyone who had the good fortune to know him can give the lie to that. He was far too self-critical, far too self-deprecating, far too self-ridiculing to ever regard himself as a "dedicated" writer. And what I have written here about his plans is the embodiment of my own concept of his purpose, gleaned bit by bit through the years of conversation and correspondence, and never self-dramatized in the form of a direct statement on his part. For himself, Henry Kuttner was merely honestly and earnestly attempting to evolve a style and a method of writing the stories he wanted to tell --- the stories which would reveal the fantasy behind our reality, and the realities behind our fantasies.

Now those stories will never be written. It is a mournful realization, and forms a part of the sense of loss which is shared by all of us who counted Henry Kuttner as a friend. But we still have the memories of the man, and the tangible evidence of his talent afforded by his published work. And we have at least an inkling of what might have been. Somewhere, perhaps, some one will take up the challenge he formulated and then faced --- and go forward to write the fantasy of the future. Whoever that someone may be, in order to succeed he will need a brilliant mind, an insight equally penetrating in both objectivity and subj-

ectivity of approach, a sense of humor and a sense of tragedy, and a magic pen dipped into a inexhaustible fount of empathy and understanding.

That's the necessary equipment for anyone who ever hopes to closely approach the potential achievement of Henry Kuttner.





NO ONE now alive knows the real reason behind the collapse of fantasy's two major magazines. This is not surprising, since the incident is not due to occur until 1958, and, in fact, these particular publications have not yet printed their first issues. But by a process of extrapolation, I have managed to chart certain probability lines, and the conclusion I've reached seems an inevitable one. Much to my regret, I must point out that after 1958 not a single science-fiction or weird fiction magazine will be published.

The nice thing about extrapolation is that when such factors as semantics, psy-

chology and social dynamics are taken into consideration, you've got a pretty vivid picture of what's going to happen. A wiggle on a graph may be significant, but I've been getting my meanings conveyed to me by means of words (and gestures) for some while now, and the impact of the tragedy was brought home more vividly by the nature of the composite picture, which looks less like a graph than a small-sized stage, with people moving around on it, rather nervously. Occasionally there's some blurring, but prognostication is still in its infancy, and my eyes were blurred with tears anyhow.

I don't know exactly what's going to happen next year, or the year after that, but, generally speaking, a certain trend is going to develop, one that's evident even now. The line of demarcation between fantasy and science-fiction is going to be more sharply drawn. Today some magazines lean toward fantasy, others toward technology, and if they vary too much from their policy, readers often write in complaining letters. As a matter of fact, I've had this happen myself, but I don't pretend to know what kind of stories I write. Maybe it depends on whether I feel fantastic or scientific at the time. It's out of my control, which doesn't seem quite fair. After all, when the readers pay for a magazine, they're entitled to get

Illustrated by JOHN GROSSMAN

the sort of stories they want. But this isn't a discussion of my stuff, and, anyway, if anybody wants my opinion, I prefer Merritt.

However, by 1958 there weren't—won't be—any stories by me in any magazines, and I haven't the least idea what happened. Sometime I must extrapolate again and find out. I did notice a 1958 newstape that mentioned the death of Inri Cutna—that was in the Nu Yok Dali Nus broadcast—but it didn't go into details. This Cutna guy was a professional geek, anyhow, whatever that is. Probably some sort of scientist unknown to our present era.

However, by 1958, I gathered, there was only one publishing firm in the world. All others had been assimilated and the editors were hired too, or, if recalcitrant, shot. The writers were rounded up and confined in a cell-block in the basement of the building, in cells. (The ones who couldn't or wouldn't learn to use wire-tape recorders were also shot. Some of the others demanded pistols, but this request was denied.)

As I mentioned, there were only two magazines left which could be classified as imaginative in type, if you don't count

TRUE CONFESSIONS. One was named GEARED TALES, and was edited by a guy named Thirkettle; this was science-fiction. The other was FEARED TALES, edited by a Mr. Pilchard, and this specialized in weird fiction. Both editors were facing a crisis. The Circulation Department had spoken to the Front Office, and the Front Office had sent down a memo, chiseled on a stone tablet.

Thirkettle picked up the May 1958 GEARED TALES and looked at it unhappily.

"Complaints," he said, "No matter what I do, complaints. I've tried to keep GEARED TALES strictly scientific. I've used symbolic covers till I'm black in the face—atoms and graphs and even the multiplication tables. And still we get kicks. Do you see any element of fantasy in this cover, Pilchard?"

Pilchard looked at it. "No," he said.

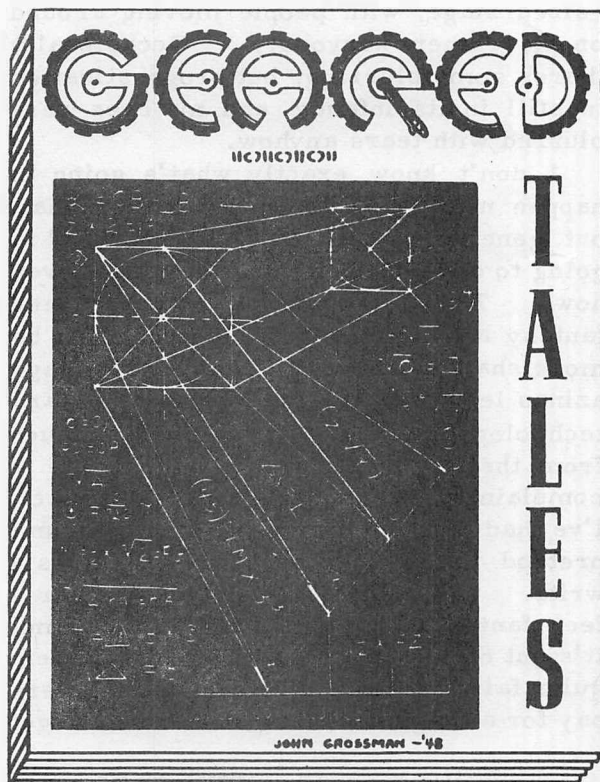
"Neither do I. It's a blueprint. Just a plain, simple blueprint. There isn't anything fantastic about it. It's a blueprint of an optical phenomenon on Mars, done in blue, white and black. I even save money by using a two-color process, and what happens? Complaints. Mars is the name of a mythical god, so it's got fantastic connotations. Did I name Mars? And they complain about using blue on the cover. It's got an emotional significance, and emotions are pure fantasy.

"You've got troubles?" Pilchard said. He showed Thirkettle a copy of FEARED TALES. "Look at this cover. A pure abstraction. There isn't a sine curve in it. All the colors we could put in and everything asymmetrical. And I'm flooded with complaints because the cover's too scientific. The frame is rectangular, and that's geometry, a science. How can I put out a magazine shaped like an ink-blot?"

"Science-fiction has to be scientific," Thirkettle said morosely. "No element of fantasy. And vice versa. I've already cut out all the illustrations so I can use logarithmic tables instead. Here's something that slipped by me. A character in a yarn scratched his head and the author didn't explain the principles of leverage and energy involved."

"You're too easy on your writers," Pilchard said, "You should have had him shot as an example."

"Oh, we put out his eyes, of course,



but the harm was done. Floods of letters kicking about the fantasy element. Once let a character scratch his head without determining the causation, and where's science? Newton might never have lived."

"That reminds me," Pilchard said. "I had something similar happen. Your speaking of Newton reminded me of it. One of my authors referred to a newt in a yarn—"

"No!"

"Yes, it seems that the character, experimenting with forbidden arts, had become transformed into an emotional mood in the personality of a certain nameless god, and right in the middle of a good subjective sequence, where the guy felt as though he'd sunk into a morass of miasmatic morbidity, he brings in a newt. Of course you know what happened."

"Of course. The frame of reference would have enabled every reader to associate 'newt' with 'Newton'. No wonder you got kicks."

"He won't do it again," Pilchard said, rather gloatingly. "We've got a robot reading back all the guy's old stories to him."

"But!!! after all, authors are human. That's going a little far, really. I don't mind a humane discipline like disembowelment, but when it comes to downright—"

"We tried disembowelment," Pilchard said. "The guy just started writing a novel about his guts. No, we've got to be firm, Thirkettle. Once let science-fiction and weird-fiction get together and you get—" He glanced around and lowered his voice to a whisper, "--science-fantasy."

"S-sh." Pilchard said hastily. "There are humans present."

It was, however, too late. Letters of fire appeared on the wall. They read as follows:

"Memo from the Front Office. We've been withholding the last batch of complaints, hoping the situation would improve, but such subversive talk leaves us no alternative. You will read the letters from readers, sent herewith, and do what is necessary. Mene mene tekkel upharsin"

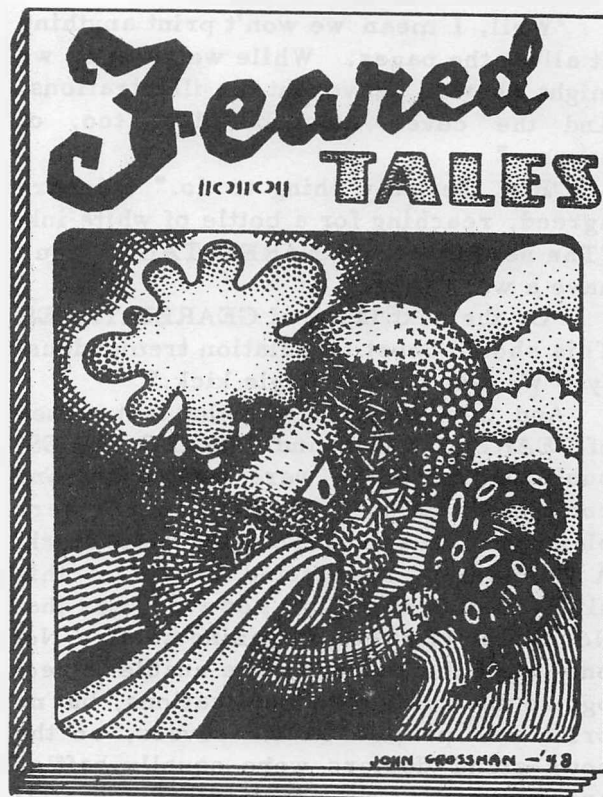
A flood of letters cascaded from a chute. Pilchard and Thirkettle, with white faces, glanced at each other and then began to read. The conclusion was inescapable.

All the readers of GEARED TALES complained that the magazine was full of letters of the alphabet. Not only were the shapes of the letters asymmetrical and non-geometric (except "o"), but the historical connotations traced back to heiroglyphs, based as they were on a religious and emotional symbolism. "The alphabet is nothing but fantasy," one reader wrote, or rather charted on a graph. "I shall never read GEARED TALES again."

On the other hand, all the readers of FEARED TALES complained that the magazine was full of letters of the alphabet. Not only were the shapes of the letters an intellectual synthesis of logical ideation, but the historical connotations traced back to heiroglyphs, the result of a rational progression of association and mathematics in which the sum of the parts equalled the whole, which involved an ideation of the colloid mechanism of the brain. (Except "o".) "The alphabet is nothing but science," one reader wrote, or rather finger painted. "I shall never read FEARED TALES again."

Pilchard and Thirkettle lifted their heads. They both spoke at the same time.

"The next issue must be printed on





blank paper," they said.

"If you print anything on blank paper, it won't be blank," Pilchard corrected both himself and his co-editor.

"Well, I mean we won't print anything at all on the pages. While we're at it, we might as well leave out the illustrations. And the cover must be blank too, of course."

"It's the only thing to do." Pilchard agreed, reaching for a bottle of white ink. "The next issue of **FEARED TALES** won't have a word in it."

"Or the next issue of **GEARED TALES**. This should boost circulation tremendously. We won't get a single kick."

And this explains why the last issues of **GEARED TALES** and **FEARED TALES**, published in 1958, were absolutely and completely blank. Even the covers were plain, unadorned heavy coated white stock. A completely unexpected result of this slight change of policy, however, was that Not a copy of either magazine sold. Not only were the readers quite unable to recognize their favorite publications, but no price was printed on the covers, so the news-stand dealers were equally baffled and could offer no practical advice. Of

course, when the Circulation Department found that all the copies of both **GEARED TALES** and **FEARED TALES** were returned, they spoke to the Front Office, and the Front Office spoke to Thirkettle and Pilchard, who killed themselves. It was decided to discontinue publication of both magazines, under the circumstances. The authors in the basement cell-block were liquidated. (They were made into wood-pulp, in fact.)

Somewhat later, an editor named Cots-wold proposed a fantasy magazine which would combine both science-fiction and weird-fiction, but an army of science-fiction and weird-fiction fans straightway dragged him screaming out of his office and lynched him, after horrible tortures. I believe this is the first and last time the two groups ever united for a single purpose. I have been able to extrapolate as far as 1998, and in that year nothing at all will be published. In fact, the entire world will have been depopulated except for an army of science-fiction readers and one of weird-fiction readers, and they will have exterminated each other completely by, at the latest, 2008.

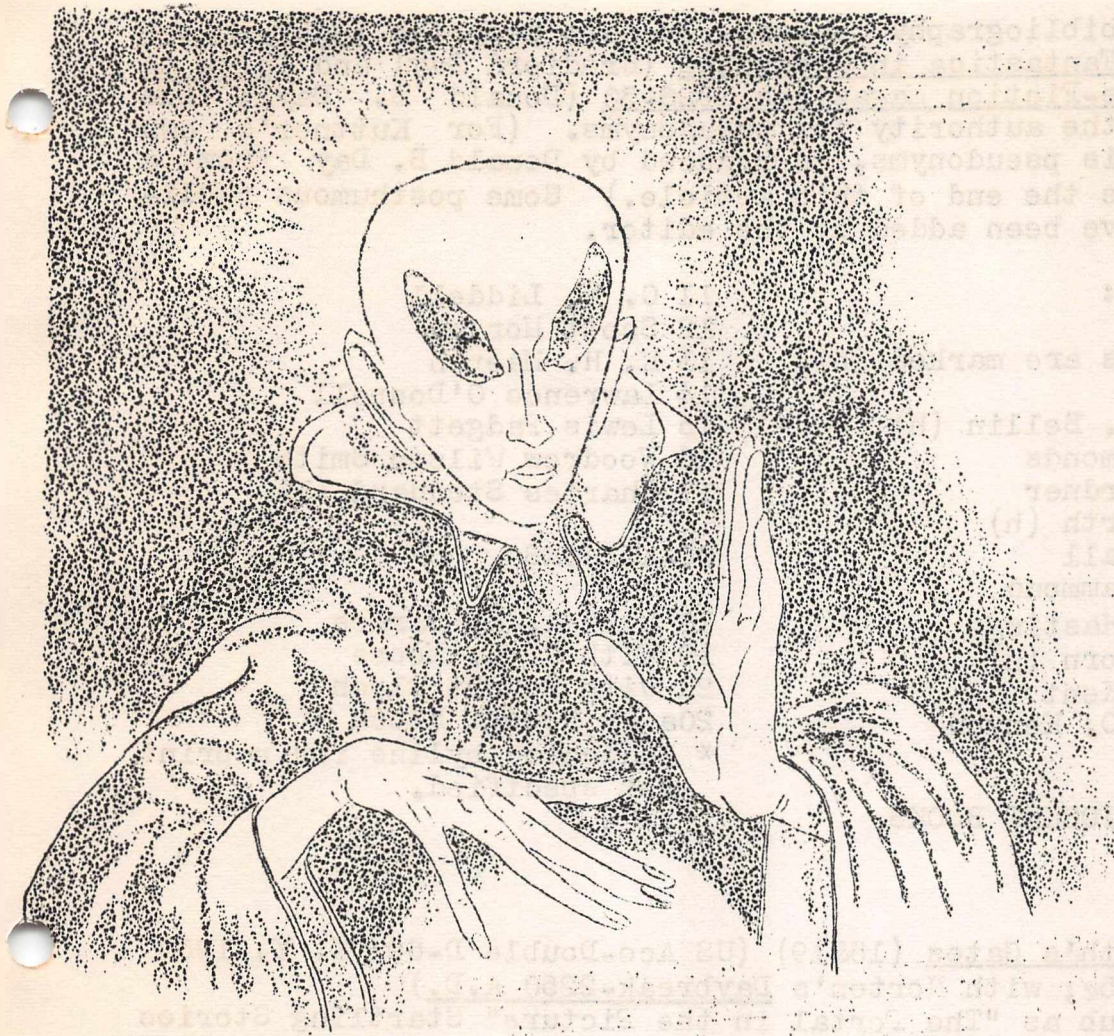
It all seems rather a pity, but it's out of my hands. I just felt that since my extrapolation has succeeded so well, it would be unfair of me not to share my secret with the world. I have no strong convictions either way, myself, since all I ever read is Dick Tracy. Now there's something that's both scientific and weird. If I extrapolate any more, I'll pass the word along, but it won't be for a while, as the process takes several years, and I'll be tied up next summer, I hope. I'm trying to get a job with some circus. There's more dough in that than in writing. You eat better, too—chicken three times a day.

"EXTRAPOLATION" by Henry Kuttner

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A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE SCIENCE-FANTASY WORKS OF HENRY KUTTNER

COMPILED BY DONALD H. TUCK

This bibliography is based in part upon the Index of the Weird and Fantastica in Magazines (Bradford Day) and Index to the Science-Fiction Magazines 1926-50 (Donald B. Day); the latter is the authority for pseudonyms. (For Kuttner's own notes on his pseudonyms, reproduced by Donald B. Day from a letter, see the end of this article.) Some posthumous publications have been added by the editor.

PSEUDONYMS:

House names are marked (h).

- 1 Edwin J. Bellin (h)
- 2 Paul Edmonds
- 3 Noel Gardner
- 4 Will Garth (h)
- 5 James Hall
- 6 Keith Hammond
- 7 Hudson Hastings
- 8 Peter Horn (h)
- 9 Kelvin Kent
- 10 Robert O. Kenyon

- 11 C. H. Liddell
- 12 Scott Morgan
- 13 K. H. Maepen
- 14 Lawrence O'Donnell
- 15 Lewis Padgett
- 16 Woodrow Wilson Smith
- 17 Charles Stoddard (h)

CO-AUTHORS

- 18 With A. K. Barnes
 - 19 With C. L. Moore
 - 20 With Robert Bloch
 - 20a By Robert Bloch
- * indicates byline for reprint
not specified.

BOOKS AND POCKET BOOKS

Novels

Beyond Earth's Gates (15&19) (US Ace-Double D-69: N. Y. 1954
138 35¢; with Norton's Daybreak-2250 A.D.)
1st pub as "The Portal in the Picture" Startling Stories
Sep '49

Chessboard Planet see Tomorrow... & The Fairy Chessmen

Fury (Grosset Dunlap: N.Y. 1950 186 \$1.00) (Dobson: London 1954
186 8/6) (Science Fiction Book Club (Sidgwick Jackson) 1955
4/6)
1st pub ASF sr3 May '47 pseud. 14; sequel to "Clash by
Night (ASF Mar '43)

Well of the Worlds 15 (Galaxy SF Novel #17 1953 127 35¢)
1st pub SS Mar '52 under own name

Collections

Ahead of Time (Ballantine: N.Y. 1953 177 \$2.00) (Identical US
PB 1953 35¢) (Weidenfeld Nicolson: London 1954 192 9/6)
10 s: Or Else; Home Is The Hunter; By These Presents; De
Profundis (retitle of "The Visitors"); Camouflage; Year
Day (new); Ghost; Shock; Pile of Trouble; Deadlock.

Gnome There Was, A 15 (Simon Schuster: N.Y. 1950 276 \$3.00
Jacket - Chester/Cartier) 11 s: A Gnome There Was; What
You Need; The Twonky; The Cure; Exit the Professor; See
You Later; Himsy Were the Borogoves; Jestin Pilot; This
Is The House; Rain Check; Compliments of the Author.

Line to Tomorrow 15 (PB Bantam 1251: N.Y. 1954 184 25¢)
7 s: Line to Tomorrow; A Gnome There Was; What You Need;
Private Eye; Compliments of the Author; When the Bough
Breaks.

Mutant 15 (Gnome: N.Y. 1953 210 \$2.75) (Weidenfeld Nicolson:
London 1954 224 9/6)
The 5 s of the "Baldy" Series with Chapter VI as Epilogue:
The Piper's Son; Three Blind Mice; The Lion and the Uni-
corn; Beggars in Velvet; Humpty Dumpty.

No Boundaries 19 (Ballantine: N.Y. 1955 149 \$2.00) (Identical
US PB 1955 35¢)
5 s: Vintage Season; The Devil We Know; Home There's No
Returning; Exit the Professor; Two-Handed Engine.

Robots Have No Tails 15 (Gnome: N.Y. 1952 225 \$2.75)
The 5 s of the "Gallegher" Series:
Time Locker; The World Is Mine; The Proud Robot; Gallegher
Plus; Ex Machina.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow & The Fairy Chessmen 15 (Gnome: N.Y. 1951
254 \$2.95)
2nd title only as Chessboard Planet Galaxy SF Novel #26 1956
124 35¢
Both 1st. pub ASE - sr2 Jan '47 & sr2 Jan '46 respectively

STORIES

Anthologies marked (A).

Absalom.s	SS Fal'46; <u>Tomorrow the Stars</u> (US ed & US PB) (A)
All Is Illusion.s	Unknown Apr'40
Android.nv.11	F&SF Jun'51
As You Were.nv	TWS Aug'40; American SF Series (Aust) #38
Atomic! s	TWS Aug'47; FSM Spr'55
Avengers of Space.nv	Marvel Aug'38
Baby Face.s	TWS Spr'45; FSM Mar'53
Beauty and the Beast.s	TWS Apr'40
Before I Wake.s	FFM Mar'45
Beggars in Velvet.nv.15	ASF Dec'45; <u>Mutant</u> (US & Brit)
Bells of Horror.s.6	Strange Stories Apr'39
Better Than One.s	Captain Future Spr'43
Beyond Annihilation.s	TWS Apr'39

Beyond Earth's Gates.n see The Portal in the Picture
 Beyond the Phoenix.s WT Oct'38
 Big Night, The.s.7 TWS Jun'47
 Black Kiss.s.20 . WT Jun'37; AFR #16 *20a
 Black Sun Rises, The.nv Super Science Jan'49
 Blue Ice.short-short ASF Feb'43 (Probability Zero)
 Body and the Brain,
 The.s.6(20) Strange Stories Jun'39
 By These Presents.s see Satan Sends Flowers
 Call Him Demon.s.6 TWS Fal'46; Wonder Story Annual '53*;
 Strange Ports of Call (A)*
 Camouflage.nv.15 ASF Sep'45; Ahead of Time (all ed.)*
 Carry Me Home.nv.11 Planet Stories Nov'50
 Case of Herbert Thorp,
 The.s WT Nov'37
 Chameleon Man.s WT Nov'41
 Chessboard Planet.n see The Fairy Chessmen
 Citadel of Darkness,
 The.s Strange Stories Aug'39
 Cold War.s TWS Oct'49; Science Fiction Adventures in
 Mutation (A)
 Comedy of Eras, The.s.9 TWS Sep'40; The Other Worlds (A)
 Compliments of the
 Author.nv Unknown Oct'42; A Gnome There Was; Line to
 Tomorrow
 Corpus Delicti.short
 short ASF Apr'43 (Probability Zero)
 Crypt-City of the
 Deathless Ones.nv Planet Stories Win'43
 Crystal Circe, The.s Astonishing Stories Jun'42
 Cure, The.s.15 ASF May'46; The Other Side of the Moon
 (US only)(A); A Gnome There Was
 Cursed Be The City.nv Strange Stories Apr'39
 Dames Is Poison.s.9 TWS Jun'42; FSM Fal'54
 Dark Angel, The.s SS Mar '46; Shot in the Dark (PB-A)
 Dark Dawn.s.6 TWS Aug.'47
 Dark Heritage, The.s.10 Marvel Aug'38
 Dark World, The.n SS Sum'46; FSM Win'54
 De Profundis.s see The Visitors
 Deadlock.s.15 ASF Aug'42; The Robot and the Man (US &
 Brit)(A)*; Ahead of Time (all ed)*
 Design for Dreaming.nv Unknown Feb'42
 Devil We Know, The.s Unknown Aug'41, 1948; No Boundaries
 Dictator of the Ame-
 ricas.s.5 Marvel Aug'38
 Disinherited, The.s ASF Aug'38
 Dr. Cyclops.s TWS Jun'40 (later book version by Wellman)
 Don't Look Now.s SS Mar'48; My Best Science Fiction Story
 (US & US PB) (A)
 Doom World.s TWS Aug'38
 Dragon Moon.nv WT Jan'41

Dream's End.s	SS Jul'47; <u>Future Tense</u> (US&Brit) (A)
Earth's Last Citadel n.19	Argosy sr4 Apr'43; <u>Fantastic Novels</u> Jul'50
Eater of Souls, The.s	WT Jan'37
Ego Machine, The.nv	Space Science Fiction May'52; <u>Science Fiction Carnival</u> (S & US PB) (A)
Elixir of Invisibil- ity, The.s	<u>Fantastic Adventures</u> Oct'40
Endowment Policy.s.15	ASF Aug'43; <u>Science Fiction Adventures in Dimension</u> (US & Brit) (A)*
Energy Eaters, The.s.18	TWS Oct'39; SS Sep'50
Lx Machina.s.15	ASF Apr'48; <u>Best Science-Fiction Stories 1949(A)</u> ; <u>Science Fiction Omnibus</u> (A); <u>Robots Have No Tails</u>
Exit the Professor.s	TWS Oct'47; <u>A Gnome There Was; No Boun- daries</u>
Eyes of Thar, The.s	<u>Planet Stories</u> Feb'44
Fairy Chessmen, The.n.15	ASF sr2 Jan'46; <u>Tomorrow and Tomorrow & ...; retitled Chessboard Planet GN#26</u>
False Dawn.s	TWS Jun'42
50 Miles Down.s.8	<u>Fantastic Adventures</u> May'40
Frog, The.s	<u>Strange Stories</u> Feb'39
Fury.n.14	ASF sr3 May'47; see also book entry
Gallegher Plus.nv.15	ASF Nov'43; <u>Robots Have No Tails</u>
Ghost.s	ASF May'43; <u>Ahead of Time</u> (all ed)
Gnome There Was, A.s	Unknown Oct'41; <u>Beyond Human Ken</u> (US only) (A); <u>A Gnome There Was; Line to Tomorrow</u>
God Namen Kroo, A.nv	TWS Win'44; FSM Sum'54
Golden Apple.s.11	FFM Mar'51
Graveyard Rats, The.s	WT Mar'36; <u>The Other Worlds</u> (A); <u>The Graveyard Reader</u> (PB-A)
Grip of Death, The.s. 20a	<u>Strange Stories</u> Dec'39
Hands Across the Void s.4	TWS Dec'38
Happy Ending.s	TWS Aug'48; <u>Best Science-Fiction Stories 1949 (A)</u> ; <u>Science Fiction Omnibus</u> (A)
He Walks By Night.s	WT Dec'36
Hercules Muscles In.s.9	TWS Feb'41
Hollywood on the Moon.nv	TWS Apr'38; SS Jul'49
Home is the Hunter.s.19	Galaxy Jul'53; <u>Ahead of Time</u> (all ed.)
Home There's No Returning.s	<u>No Boundaries; S-F The Year's Greatest Science-Fiction and Fantasy 1956</u> (US & US FB) (A)
Housing Problem.s	Charm Oct'44; <u>Timeless Stories for Today and Tomorrow</u> (PB-A)
Humpty Dumpty.nv.15	ASF Sep'53; <u>Mutant</u>
Hunt, The.s	<u>Strange Stories</u> Jun'39

Hydra.s	WT Apr'39
I Am Eden.nv	TWS Dec'46
I, the Vampire.s	WT Feb'37
Improbability.s.2	Astonishing Stories Jun'40
Infinite Moment, The.nv	TWS Apr'42; Future Science Fiction (Aust) #1
Invaders The.s.6	Strange Stories Feb'39
Iron Standard, The.nv.15	ASF Dec'43; <u>Men Against the Stars</u> (US, Brit, US PB) (A)*
Jest of Droom Avista, The.s	WT Aug'37
Jesting Pilot.s.15	ASF May'47; <u>A Gnome There Was</u>
Juke-Box.s.16	TWS Feb'47
Land of Time to Come, The.n	TWS Apr'41
Lands of the Earth-quake.n	SS May'47
Later Than You Think.s	FA Mar'42
Lifestone, The.s.2	Astonishing Stories Feb'40
Line to Tomorrow.s.15	ASF Nov'45; <u>World of Tomorrow</u> (A); <u>Line...</u>
Lion and the Unicorn, The.nv.15	ASF Jul'45; <u>Mutant</u>
Little Things, The.s	TWS Feb'46
Lord of the Storm.n.7	SS Sep'47
Mad Virus, The.s.2	Science Fiction Jun'40
Man About Time.s.9	TWS Oct'40
Margin for Error.nv.15	ASF Nov'47; <u>The Big Book of Science Fiction</u> (A)*
Mask of Circe, The.n	SS May'48
Masquerade.s	WT May'42; <u>The Sleeping and the Dead</u> (A)
Million Years to Conquer, A.n	SS Nov'40; FSI Sep'52
Mimsy Were the Boro-goves.nv.15	ASF Feb'43; <u>The Night Side</u> (A); <u>A Treasury of Science Fiction</u> (US & US PB)(A); <u>A Gnome There Was</u>
Misguided Halo, The.s	Unknown Aug'39
Music Hath Charms.s	SS Win'44
Near Miss.s	<u>SF The Year's Greatest Science-Fiction and Fantasy 1957-58</u> (US & US PB) (A) (Not previously published)
Night of the Gods.nv.2	Astonishing Stories Dec'42
No Greater Love.nv	Unknown Apr'43
No Man's World.s	TWS Aug'40
Noon.s.7	TWS Aug'47
Nothing But Ginger-bread Left.s	ASF Jan'43
Odyssey of Yiggar Throlg, The.nv.11	SS Jan'51
Open Secret.s.15	ASF Apr'43; <u>Great Stories of Science Fiction</u> (US & Brit)(A)*

Or Else.s	AS Aug/Sep'53; <u>Best Sf (A)</u> ; <u>Ahead of Time</u> (all ed.)
Percy the Pirate.s	TWS Sum'45
Piggy Bank.nv.15	ASF Dec'42
Pile of Trouble.s	TWS Apr'48; <u>Ahead of Time</u> (all ed)
Piper's Son, The.nv.15	ASF Feb'45; <u>Children of Wonder</u> (&PB ed Outsiders:)(A); <u>The Best of Science Fiction</u> (A); <u>Mutant</u>
Portal in the Picture, The.n	SS Sep'49; <u>Beyond Earth's Gates</u> (PB)
Power and the Glory, The.nv	TWS Dec'47
Prisoner in the Skull, The.nv.15	ASF Feb'49
Private Eye.nv.15	ASF Jan'49; American SF Series(Aust) #4; <u>Best Science-Fiction Stories 1949</u> (Brit-Best Science Fiction Stories (1st Series))(A); <u>Science Fiction Omnibus</u> (A); <u>Line to Tomorrow</u>
Problem in Ethics.s	Science Fiction Jul'43
Project.s.15	ASF Apr'47; <u>Operation Future</u> (PB-A)*
Proud Robot, The.nv.15	ASF Oct'43; <u>Adventures in Time and Space</u> (US & Brit)(US PB <u>More...</u>)(A); <u>Robots Have No Tails</u>
Quest of the Star-stone.nv.19	WT Nov'37
Raider of the Spaceways.nv	WTJul'37
Rain Check.s.15	ASF Jul'46; <u>A Gnome There Was</u>
Reader, I Hate You!.s	Super Science May'43
Red Gem of Mercury.s	Super Science Nov'41
Remember Tomorrow.nv	TWS Jan'41; American SfSeries(Aust) #29
Reverse Atom.s	TWS Nov'40
Rite of Passage.nv.19	F&SF May'56
Roman Holiday.s.9(18)	TWS Aug'39; SS Jan'50
Room of Souls, The.s.6	Strange Stories Jun'40
Salem Horror, The.s	WT May'37
Satan Sends Flowers.s	Fantastic Jan/Feb'53; By These Presents <u>Ahead of Time</u>
Science Is Golden s.9(18)	TWS Apr'40; FSM May'53
Seal of Sin, The.nv	Strange Stories Aug'40
Secret of Kralitz, The.s	WT Oct'36
Secret of the Earth Star.nv	AS Aug'42
See You Later.s	TWS Jun'49; <u>A Gnome There Was</u>
Seven Sleepers, The nv.18	TWS May'40
Shadow on the Screen, The.s	WT Mar'38
Shining Man, The.nv.3	FA May'40

Shock.s.15 ASF Mar'43; The Outer Reaches(A)*; Ahead of Time*

Silent Eden.s) SS Mar'42

Sky Is Falling, The.s.11 PS Fal'50

Soldiers of Space.s Astonishing Stories Feb'43

Spawn of Dagon WT Jul'38

Star Parade, The.nv TWS Dec'38

Suidide Squad.s TWS Dec'39

Swing Your Lady.s.9 TWS Win'44; FSM Win'55

Sword of Tomorrow.nv TWS Fal'45; American Sf Series (Aust) #34; Giant Anthology of Science Fiction (A)

Telepathy is News.s.2 Science Fiction Jun'39

This Is The House.s.14 ASF Feb'46; A Gnome There Was *15

Three Blind Mice.nv.15 ASF Jun'45; Mutant

Threshold.s Unknown Dec'40; The Circus of Dr. Lao... (US PB-A)

Thunder in the Dawn.n WT sr2 May'38

Thunder in the Void.nv Astonishing Stories Oct'42

Time Axis, The.n SS Jan'49

Time Enough.s.15 ASF Dec'46

Time Locker.s.15 ASF Jan'43; Adventures in Time and Space (US, Brit, &US PB(X5)); Robots Have No Tails

Time To Kill.s Strange Stories Jun'40

Time Trap, The.n Marvel Nov'38

To Boatl and Back.s Strange Stories Oct'40

To Dust Returneth.s Captain Future Win'44

Tomorrow and Tomorrow n.15 ASF sr2 Jan'47; see also book entry

Too Many Cooks.s TWS Dec'42

Touching Point, The.s.1Stirring Science Apr'41

Towers of Death.s WT Nov'39

Transgressor, The.s WT Feb'39

Tree of Life, The.s.2 Astonishing Stories Sep'41

Trophy.s.12 TWS Win'44; The Saint's Choice (PB-A)*

Trouble on Titan.s TWS Feb'47

Tube to Nowhere.s TWS Jun'41

Two-Handed Engine.nv.19F&SF Aug'55; No Boundaries

Twonky, The.s.15 ASF Sep'42; Adventures in Time and Space (US & Brit)(A); A Gnome There Was; Line to Tomorrow

Uncanny Power of Edwin Cobalt, The.s.3FA Oct'40

Under Your Spell.nv WT Mar'43

Valley of the Flame.n.6SS Mar'46

Visitors, The.s.11 SFQ May'53; De Profundis Ahead of Time*

Voice of the Lobster, The.nv TWS Feb'50; Adventures in Tomorrow (US & Brit)(A)

Volluswen.s Science Fiction Apr'43

War-Gods of the Void.nvPS Fal'42

Watcher at the Door, The.s	WT May'39
Way of the Gods.nv	TWS Apr'47; American Sf Series (Aust) #28
We Are The Dead.s	WT Apr'37
We Guard the Black Planet.nv	Super Science Nov'42
We Kill People.s.15	ASF Mar'46; <u>Looking Forward</u> (US & Brit)(A)*
We Shall Come Back.n.11	SFQ Nov'51
Well of the Worlds, The.n	SS Mar'52; GN#17 (pseud 15)
Wet Magic.nv	Unknown Feb'43
What Hath Me? nv	PS Spr'46
What You Need.s.15	ASF Oct'45; <u>Omnibus of Science Fiction</u> (A); <u>A Gnome There Was</u> ; <u>Line to Tomorrow</u>
When New York Van- ished.n	SS Mar'40
When the Bough Breaks.nv.15	ASF Nov'44; <u>The ASF Anthology</u> (US & US JB) (A); <u>Beyond Time and Space</u> (A); <u>Line to Tomorrow</u>
When the Earth Lived.s	TWS Oct'37; SS Jul'48 <u>From Off This World</u> (A)
Where the World Is Quiet.s.11	Fantastic Universe May'54
Wild Surmise, A.s.19	<u>Star Science Fiction Stories</u> (No.1)(A)
World Is Mine, The nv.15	ASF Jun'43; <u>Robots Have No Tails</u>
World Without Air.s	FA Aug'40
World's End.s	WT Feb'38
World's Pharaoh.s.9	TWS Dec'39; FSM Sum'51
Year Day.s	<u>Ahead of Time</u> (all ed)

SERIES

Baldy 15 The Piper's Son; Three Blind Mice; The Lion and the Unicorn; Beggars in Velvet; Humpty Dumpty. (Mutant)

Elak of Atlantis Thunder in the Dawn; Soawn of Dagon; Beyond the Phoenix; Dragon Moon.

Galloway Gallagher 15 Time Locker; The World Is Mine; The Proud Robot; Gallagher Plus; Ex Machina. (Robots Have No Tails)

Hogben Exit the Professor; Pile of Trouble; See You Later; Cold War.

Hollywood on the Moon (mainly Tony Quade) Hollywood on the Moon; Doom World; The Star Parade; The Energy Eaters (18); Suicide Squad; The Seven Sleepers (18); Percy the Pirate; Trouble on Titan.

Manx, Pete 9 (Barnes only noted x) Roman Holiday; World's Pharaoh;

Science Is Golden; Knight Must Fall (x); Comedy of Eras;
Man About Time; The Greeks Had A War For It (x); Hercules
Muscles In; Dames Is Poison; DeWolfe of Wall Street (x);
Grief of Bagdad (x); Swing Your Lady.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The next two pages are reproduced from a letter
written by Henry Kuttner to Donald B. Day. Some stories are
mentioned which are not included in the bibliography recieved
from Tuck.

I am not certain that I have listed the correct titles of
two stories. They are;

He Walks By Night (alternate possibility: It Walks...)

Uncanny Power of Edwin Cobalt (alternate: ...Edmond Cobalt)

I would appreciate correspondence on these and any other
inaccuracies. The remainder of the page is left for additions
and corrections.

C. L. Moore and Henry Kuttner married June 7, 1940.
Stories written after this date are often collaborations, but:
C. L. Moore stories are always by C. L. Moore.

Lawrence O'Donnell stories are usually by C. L. Moore.

Exceptions: "This is the House" Ast., Feb., 46, by Kuttner.
"Fury," May, June, July 1947, Ast., collab. by
Moore-Kuttner.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

"Juke Box," by-lined "Woodrow Wilson Smith," TWS, Feb., 1947, is
Kuttner.

The house-name "Charles Stoddard" was used in Thrilling Adven-
tures (Standard) for a Doc Savage sort of series, as
follows: (by Kuttner)

Thunder Jim Wade	May 1941
Hills of Gold	June 1941
Poison People	July 1941
Devil's Glacier	August 1941
Waters of Death	Sept. 11 1941

The house-name "Will Garth" was used in Thrilling Wonder,
Dec. 1938 for "Hands Across the Void," by Kuttner. If
I used that by-line again, I've no record on hand.

Kuttner used "Noel Gardner" in Fantastic Adventures as follows:
"The Shining Man," May, 1940
"Uncanny Power of Edmond Cobalt," October 1940

Kuttner used "Peter Horn" in Fantastic Adventures for May, 1940,
on "50 Miles Down." In some issues the author's name
was printed as "Henry Kuttner."

Kuttner used the following pseudonyms in Marvel, Aug. , 1938:
"Dark Heritage," Robert O. Kenyon
"Dictator of the Americas," James Hall.

A Kuttner collaboration with Bertram W. Williams, "Curse of
the Crocodile," ran in Strange Stories (Standard), Aug. 1939.

Kuttner used the pseudonym "Edward J. Bellin" in Stirring
Science Stories, April, 1941, for "The Touching Point."

Two collaborations with Robert Bloch ran in Strange (Standard):
"The Body and the Brain," by-line Keith Hammond.
"The Grip of Death," by-line Robert Bloch.

The Kelvin Kent collabs were:
Roman Holiday, World's Pharaoh, Science is Golden*, Knight
Must Fall.

The ones written by Barnes were:
The Greeks Had a War for It, De Wolf of Wall Street,
Grief of Bagdad.

The ones written by Kuttner were:
Man About Time*, Comedy of Eras, Hercules Muscles in,
Dames is Poison, Swing Your Lady.

* of these two ~~of these two~~ I'm not certain. Better check with Barnes

C.L. Moore + Kuttner

2

The following by-lines we have used: Keith Hammond, Lewis Padgett, James Hall, Lawrence O'Donnell, Paul Edmonds, Will Garth, Hudson Hastings. I don't remember "Scott *Morgan," though. If you could give me the title involved, I could be sure.

K. H. (not Hugh) Maepenn was used on one Thrilling Mystery blood-and-horror yarn, not science-fiction or fantasy.

C. L. Moore and Kuttner are C. H. Liddell, yes, indeedy.

We are not R. C. W. Ettinger, Jack Vance, John D. MacDonald, Don. A. Stuart, Richard Shaver, or Alexander Blade, though that last name rings the dimmest sort of bell somewhere. But my records show nothing in connection with it. Probably I remember reading something by Blade.

We aren't Brett Sterling, either--isn't that a house-name? We didn't write "Never the Twain Shall Meet" in tws Fall '46).

*--Sudden thought on "Scott Morgan." Was this for "Dark Dawn," TWS, Aug. 1947? We wrote that yarn, I know.

Okay--that's a complete list, as far as I can tell. I've been through the cartons of tear-sheets and looked at every by-line. (Some tear-sheets are with my New York agent, but they're mostly Padgett and Moore yarns, so I feel pretty sure this dope is complete. . . . oh, yeah. I don't know how many of the by-lines we've used may be house names "and other non-exclusive pseudonyms." The editors never told me. I know that Will Garth, Charles Stoddard are house names; and I know that our personal pseudonyms include Keith Hammond, Lewis Padgett, Lawrence O'Donnell, Paul Edmonds, Hudson Hastings. Kelvin Kent, of course, has been used only by Barnes and/or Kuttner.

Hope this gives you what you need. If anything needs clarification, let us know and we'll do our best. Good luck on the Index, which sounds like a tremendous job. Hope you survive it. It's certainly worth doing. We still hope to get up around Portland--but not yet for a while--working too hard.

Regards,

hank

Henry Kuttner

On these two pages is a reproduction of the original notes Henry Kuttner sent which form the basis of the data on pseudonyms which appeared in the INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES 1926-1950. This was mailed to Don Day on December 20, 1951. The information given here was modified somewhat by later correspondence. Some of the asides in the letter refer to previous correspondence.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

