THE FANTASY FAN

September, 1934

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
NOTICE!

Many subscriptions expire with this issue. We urge all those whom this effects to send in a dollar for their renewal immediately. We cannot at this time afford to let the circulation of THE FANTASY FAN go down and continue monthly publication. Will you co-operate? Thank you!

OUR READERS SAY

Well, we are one year old with this issue, and just to celebrate, have added the smooth, glossy cover that you admired so much as you took the issue out of the envelope. We may continue this every month if circulation allows. After all, circulation means everything. The more readers we have the more money comes into our treasury, and the more improvements we can give you. Will you subscribe (if you haven’t already), and urge your fantasy friends to do likewise? Every little bit counts.

Our motto, by-word, or whatever you want to call it, is “The Fans’ Own Magazine,” as you will notice, and we have made this issue consist of 100 per cent fan material (except for the poetry), in order to emphasize this. We have chosen some of our choice articles and columns and provided an extra-long instalment of H. P. Lovecraft’s excellent serial-article, “Supernatural Horror in Literature,” Part Twelve of which appears in this issue. Only about one-third of it has been published. However, when we find it possible to increase the number of pages, much longer instalments will appear and we may clear it up in less than two years more. Even so, we know you will be sorry to see it end. So many of you have claimed it the best thing in our little magazette.

Just because there are no stories in this issue is no indication that we have ceased to publish them. During the past year we have given you brand-new masterpieces by the inimitable Clark Ashton Smith, H. P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, August W. Derleth, Eando Binder, R. H. Barlow, and other great writers, and have
many on hand to use during the months to come—several by Smith and Lovecraft, Binder, etc. You won’t want to miss these. They have never been seen in print before and are well up to the standard set by these authors in the more professional magazines. We want to keep THE FANTASY FAN a magazine for the fans, of the fans, and by the fans—the authors being the very best of fans. If you feel capable of writing any fan material, we would be glad to consider it for publication. Payment for such consists of four copies of THE FANTASY FAN of the issue in which the article appears per each page of article, until our magazine is on a paying basis.

If you would be willing to pay a quarter for a double alphabetical index (according to authors and names) of the first volume of THE FANTASY FAN, September, 1933, to August, 1934, please inform the editor at once. If enough requests are received, the index will be prepared.

Here’s a special offer. To all those who have not subscribed to THE FANTASY FAN yet and wish to do so, we will make a 10 per cent discount on a two-year entry—$1.80 for two full years. This offer expires on October first.

This issue has gone to press before the publication of the August number, so we have very few letters on hand from the readers:

"Some extra fine stuff in the last TFF. I see, also, that you have added a new newshound to the mag. All are doing good work. ‘Your Viewpoint’ is better out as I don’t believe there was much left to write about, un-

less one had the time and inclination to puzzle something out."

— Kenneth B. Pritchard
Pittsfield, Mass.

"I was delighted with the fine line-up the latest TFF contained. The green cover is the best color you have used yet. Green always reminds me of something fresh and the July issue was indeed fresh and snappy.

"Weird Whisperings” by Schwartz and Weisinger ought to be another half-page at least. Their dope is always interesting to me and I know that other fans appreciate the column. I like ‘Famous Fantasy Fiction’ by Emil Petaja very well and would enjoy an article like this every issue. ‘Science Fiction in English Magazines’ is good too. Keller is good as usual with his fast-moving and very interesting tale, ‘Rider by Night.’ Keller has the knack of making a story interesting no matter how condensed or short it is. I am looking forward to more by him. Lovecraft’s article is becoming so interesting that I can hardly wait for the next instalment to appear. You should give this treatise on weird literature at least two sheets. Make it a little longer, at least.

"‘The Epiphany of Death’ by Clark Ashton Smith is easily the best thing published in TFF this issue. Glad you are getting Smith’s shorter tales for publication and I hope that they are enjoyed as much by others who read them as by myself. Smith has an imitable style—subtle, with many fine figures of speech. ‘Dreams of Yith’ by Duane W. Rimel was one of the finest poems you have so far (continued on page 16)
SUPERNATURAL HORROR
IN LITERATURE
by H. P. Lovecraft

Part Twelve

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In this same period Sir Walter Scott frequently concerned himself with the weird, weaving it into many of his novels and poems, and sometimes producing such independent bits of narration as "The Tapestried Chamber" or "Wandering Willie's Tale" in "Redgauntlet," in the latter of which the force of the spectral and the diabolic is enhanced by a grotesque homeliness of speech and atmosphere. In 1830 Scott published his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," which still forms one of our best compendia of European witch-lore. Washington Irving is another famous figure not unconnected with the weird; for though most of his ghosts are too whimsical and humorous to form genuinely spectral literature, a distinct inclination in this direction is to be noted in many of his productions. "The German Student" in "Tales of a Traveller" (1824) is a slyly concise and effective presentation of the old legend of the dead bride, whilst woven into the cosmic tissue of "The Money Diggers" in the same volume is more than one hint of piratical apparitions in the realms which Captain Kidd once roamed. Thomas Moore also joined the ranks of the macabre artists in the poem "Alciphron," which he later elaborated into the prose novel of "The Epicurean" (1827). Though merely relating the adventurers of a young Athenian duped by the artifice of cunning Egyptian priests, Moore manages to infuse much genuine horror into his account of subterranean frights and wonders beneath the primordial temples of Memphis. De Quincey more than once revels in grotesque and arabisque terrors, though with a desultoriness and learned pomp which deny him the rank of specialist.

This era likewise saw the rise of William Harrison Ainsworth, whose romantic novels teem with the eerie and the gruesome. Capt. Marryat, besides writing such short tales as "The Werewolf," made a memorable contribution in "The Phantom Ship," (1839) founded on the legend of the Flying Dutchman, whose spectral and accursed vessel sails for ever near the Cape of Good Hope. Dickens now rises with occasional weird bits like "The Signalman," a tale of ghostly warning conforming to a very common pattern and touched with a verisimilitude which allies it as much with the coming psychological school as with the dying Gothic school. At this time a wave of interest in spiritualistic charlatanry, mediumism, Hindoo theosophy, and such matters, much like that of the present day, was flourishing; so that the number of weird tales with a "psychic" or pseudo-scientific basis became very considerable. For a number of these the prolific and popular Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton was responsible; and despite the large doses of turgid rhetoric and empty romanticism in his products, his success in the weaving of a certain kind of bizarre charm cannot be denied.

"The House and the Brain," which
hints of Rosicrucianism and at a ma-
align and deathless figure perhaps sug-
gested by Louis XV's mysterious court-
tier St. Germain, yet survives as one of the best short haunted house tales ever written. The novel "Zanoni" (1842) contains similar elements more elaborately handled, and introduces a vast unknown sphere of being press-
ing on our own world and guarded by a horrible "Dweller of the Threshold" who haunts those who try to enter and fail. Here we have a benign brother-
hood kept alive from ages to ages till finally reduced to a single member, and as a hero an ancient Chaldean sor-
ceror surviving in the pristine bloom of youth to perish on the guillotine of the French Revolution. Though full of the conventional spirit of romance, marred by a ponderous network of symbolic and didactic meanings, and left unconvincing through lack of per-
fected atmospheric realization of the sit-
uations hinging on the spectral world, "Zanoni" is really an excellent per-
formance as a romantic novel; and can be read with genuine interest today by the not too sophisticated reader. It is amusing to note that in describing an attempted initiation into the ancient brotherhood, the author cannot escape using the stock Gothic castle of Wal-
polian lineage.

In "A Strange Story" (1862) Bul-
wer-Lytton shows a marked improve-
ment in the creation of weird images and moods. The novel, despite enor-
mous length, a highly artificial plot bolstered up by opportune coinciden-
ces, and an atmosphere of homiletic pseudo-science designed to please the matter-of-fact and purposeful Victor-
ian reader, is exceedingly effective as a narrative; evoking instantaneous and unflagging interest, and furnishing many potent—if somewhat melodra-
matic—tableaux and climaxes. Again we have the mysterious user of life's elixir in the person of the soulless ma-
gician Margrave, whose dark exploits stand out with dramatic vividness a-
gainst the modern background of a quiet English town and of the Aus-
tralian bush; and again we have shadowy intimations of a vast spectral world of the unknown in the very air about us—this time handled with much greater power and vitality than in "Zanoni." One of the two great incantation pas-
sages, where the hero is driven by a luminous evil spirit to rise at night in his sleep, take a strange Egyptian wand, and invoke nameless presences in the haunted and mausoleum-facing pavil-
lian of a famous Renaissance alchem-
ist, truly stands among the major terror scenes of literature. Just enough is suggested, and just little enough is told. Unknown words are twice dic-
tated to the sleep-walker, and as he re-
peats them the ground trembles, and all the dogs of the countryside begin to bay at half-seen amorphus shadows that stalk athwart the moonlight. When a third set of unknown words is prompt-
ed, the sleep-waker's spirit suddenly rebels at uttering them, as if the soul could recognize ultimate abysmal hor-
rors concealed from the mind; and at last an apparition of an absent sweet-
heart and good angel breaks the ma-
lign spell. This fragment well illus-
trates how far Lord Lytton was cap-
able of progressing beyond his usual pomp and stock romance toward that
crystalline essence of artistic fear which belongs to the domain of poetry. In describing certain details of incantations, Lytton was greatly indebted to his amusingly serious occult studies, in the course of which he came in touch with that odd French scholar and cabalist Alphonse Louis Constant ("Eliphaz Levi") who claimed to possess the secrets of ancient magic, and to have evoked the spectre of the old Grecian wizard Appollonius of Tyana, who lived in Nero's time.

The romantic, semi-Gothic, quasi-moral tradition here represented was carried far down the nineteenth century by such authors as Joseph Sheridan LeFanu, Thomas Preskett with his famous "Varney, the Vampire" (1847), Wilkie Collins, the late Sir H. Rider Haggard, (whose "She" is really remarkably good) Sir A. Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, and Robert Louis Stevenson—the latter of whom, despite an atrocious tendency toward jaunty mannerisms, created permanent classics in "Markheim," "The Body Snatcher," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Indeed, we may say that this school still survives; for to it clearly belong such of our contemporary horror tales as specialise in events rather than atmospheric details, address the intellect rather than the impressionistic imagination, cultivate a luminous glamour rather than a malign tensity or psychological verisimilitude, and take a definite stand in sympathy with mankind and its welfare. It has its undeniable strength, and because of its "human element" commands a wider audience than does the sheer artistic nightmare. If not quite so potent as the latter, it is because a diluted product can never achieve the intensity of a concentrated essence.

Quite alone both as novel and as a piece of terror-literature stands the famous "Wuthering Heights" (1847) by Emily Bronte, with its mad vista of bleak, windswept Yorkshire moors and the violent, distorted lives they foster. Though primarily a tale of life, and of human passions in agony and conflict, its epically cosmic setting affords room for horror of the most spiritual sort. Heathcliff, the modified Byronic villain-hero, is a strange dark waif found in the streets as a small child and speaking only a strange gibberish till adopted by the family he ultimately ruins. That he is in truth a diabolic spirit rather than a human being is more than once suggested, and the unreal is further approached in the experience of the visitor who encounters a plaintive child-ghost at a bough-brushed upper window. Between Heathcliff and Catherine Earnshaw is a tie deeper and more terrible than human love. After her death he twice disturbs her grave, and is haunted by an impalpable presence which can be nothing less than her spirit. The spirit enters his life more and more, and at last he becomes confident of some imminent mystical reunion. He says he feels a strange change approaching, and ceases to take nourishment. At night he either walks abroad or opens the casement by his bed. When he dies the casement is still swinging open to the pouring rain, and a queer smile pervades the stiffened face. They bury him in a grave beside the mound (continued on page 12)
SUPERSTITION — A. D. 1934

by Lester Anderson

Why the dearth of readers for that class of literature known as the weird or fantastic? Why the cynicism in most circles regarding this branch of writing? Many answers have been given to these queries, the most common one being that of "lack of imagination." May I offer a startling contradiction to this, namely — TOO MUCH IMAGINATION? Precisely that.

A study of superstitions in America is being made by Dr. Otis Caldwell of Columbia University, who announces that 98 people out of 100 are superstitious. Let that sink in— 98 out of 100. He further states that women are more superstitious than men, and superstition is more prevalent in the country than in the city.

Now, the person who goes around whistling in the dark, avidly studies Dream Books (also known variously as "Success in 5 Lessons" and "Would You DARE Join a Nudist Camp?") , avoids ladders, and keeps his weather eye peeled for stray black cats—albeit he laughs it off outwardly—isn’t likely to pick up a copy of "The Slithering Shadow" no matter in what state of dishabille the shapely lady might be in. (At this point, let me briefly interrupt by stating that I have absolutely no objections to the so-called "naked" covers gracing most issues of Weird Tales—if the circulation is increased thereby). I venture to say that the average reader of weird fantasy is remarkably free from the superstitions which beset the run-of-the-mill literate, and if encountered by an ultra-mundane manifestation would be the first to be skeptical—and investigate.

By superstition I don’t mean speculation on unknown forces or cosmic powers, but those things which effect the material world; those that are detrimental to your way of living; and those superstitions which stand in the path of progress—progress in all spheres of human activity, and which are crammed down the throats of our plastic younglings.

A few reasons why most people are averse to reading fantasy, and cover their dislike with a thinly-veiled sneer or a condescending smile, are: someone might think them superstitious; there might be a grain of truth in it at that; such childish stuff; and of course, their fear of that great mental force, ridicule. Naturally, there are those who aren’t impressed one way or another, but in this article we are not concerned with personal tastes.

Perhaps Mr. Wright has the wrong idea of what constitutes weirdness. Would Weird Tales reach a tremendous circulation if Lovecraft, Machen, C. A. Smith, Blackwood, Merritt, and other blood-brothers collaborated on a novel with the following plot which I will sketchily outline? Have the hero born on Friday the 13th under the sign of—say Capricorn. Then show his misadventures down life’s highway starting with the theft of his mammy’s rabbit’s foot and culminating in a cacophonous tumult of soul-shattering events follow-

(continued on page 15)
WITHIN THE CIRCLE
by F. Lee Baldwin

Forrest Ackerman says he really had that "surprise of one's life" when Linus Hogenmiller of Missouri, his first correspondent, unexpectedly dropped in on him in Los Angeles.

A well known editor who has been recently collecting old Weird Tales had the good fortune of purchasing quite a few for two and a half cents a copy. Just imagine!

C. L. Moore has had some of her own illustrations accepted by Weird Tales.

A. Merritt calls his "The Metal Monster" his "best and worst" story.

The youthful Robert Bloch of Milwaukee has sold his first story to Weird Tales. It is titled "The Secret of the Tomb."

On his way North from Florida, H. P. Lovecraft stopt in Washington D. C. and "did several things I had never done before"...His "The Rats in the Walls" was first submitted to Argosy but was rejected as being too horrible...His "The Shunned House" is to be bound and issued by R. H. Barlow. The edition consists of about 225 copies and will appear some time in the fall.

Two of H. P. Lovecraft's "Fungi from Yuggoth" ("Mirage" and "The Elder Pharos") have been set to music by Harold S. Farness of the Los An-

PROSE PASTELS
by Clark Ashton Smith

IV. The Lotus and the Moon

I stood with my beloved by the lotus pool, when the moon was round as the great ivory breast of a Titaness, and the flowers were full-blown and pale upon the water.

And I said to my beloved: "I would that thou shouldst love me well tonight: for never again shall there be a night like this, with the meeting of thee and me by this pool with flowers blown but not overblown."

But she demurred, and was perverse and loved me not as I would that she should love me.

And after several nights we stood again by the lotus pool, when the moon was hollow as an aging breast, and the petals of the flowers had fallen apart on the water.

And now my beloved was fain to love me well, and all was well between us. But in my heart I mourned for that other night, when the moon was round as the great ivory breast of a Titaness, and the flowers were full-blown and pale upon the water.

gles Inst. of Musical Education.

A. Merritt is an authority on folklore and mythology and has made a study of ancient sorcery and witchcraft, past and modern.

Forrest J. Ackerman often wonders what would happen to him if an earthquake came and splattered up the room where his collection is situated.
VI

Amid dim hills that poison mosses blast,
   Far from the lands and seas of our clean earth,
Dread nightmare shadows dance—obscenely cast
   By twisted talons of archaean birth
On rows of slimy pillars stretching past
   A daemon-fane that echoes with mad mirth.
And in that realm sane eyes may never see—
For black light streams from skies of ebony.

VII

On those queer mountains which hold back the horde
   That lie in waiting in their mouldy graves,
Who groan and mumble to a hidden lord
   Still waiting for the time-worn key that saves;
There dwells a watcher who can ill afford
   To let invaders by those hoary caves.
But some day then may dreamers find the way
That leads down elfin-painted paths of gray.

VIII

And past those unclean spires that ever lean
   Above the windings of unpeopled streets;
And far beyond the walls and silver screen
   That veils the secrets of those dim retreats,
A scarlet pathway leads that some have seen
   In wildest visions that no mortal greets.
And down that dimming path in fearful flight
Queer beings squirm and hasten in the night.

IX

High in the ebon skies on scaly wings
   Dread batlike beasts soar past those towers gray
To peer in greedy longing at the things
Which sprawl in every twisted passageway.
And when their gruesome flight a shadow brings
The dwellers lift dim eyes above the clay.
But lidded bulbs close heavily once more;
They wait—for Sotho to unlatch the door!

X

Now, through the veil of troubled visions deep
Is draped to blind me to the secret ways
Leading through blackness to the realm of sleep
That haunts me all my jumbled nights and days,
I feel the dim path that will let me keep
That rendezvous in Yith where Sotho plays.
At last I see a glowing turret shine,
And I am coming, for the key is mine!

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

by Robert E. Howard

1 - The Voices Waken Memory

The blind black shadows reach inhuman arms
To draw me into darkness once again;
The brooding night wind hints of nameless harms,
And down the shadowed hill a vague refrain
Bears half-remembered ghosts to haunt my soul,
Like far-off neighing of the nightmare’s foal.

But let me fix my phantom-shadowed eyes
Hard on the stars—pale points of silver light—
Here is the borderland—here reason lies—
There, visions, gryphons, Nothing, and the Night.
Down, down, red specters, down, and rack me not!
Out, wolves of hell! Oh God, my pulses thrum;
The night grows fierce and blind and red and hot,
And nearer still a grim insistent drum.

I will not look into the shadows—No!
The stars shall grip and hold my frantic gaze—
But even in the stars black visions grow,
And dragons writhe with iron eyes ablaze.

(continued on page 15)
THE INTELLECTUAL SHOCKER

by H. Koenig

Collecting weird and fantastic stories is a fascinating pursuit. Locating first editions of some of our well-known authors affords considerable thrill, but the real kick comes when one discovers a comparatively little-known author of weird stories or re-discovers an old and forgotten one. I experienced such a thrill when I first came across one of the books written by a young Englishman named Charles Williams, and I didn’t rest content until I had obtained all five of his novels. Williams appears to be practically unknown over here and a few lines regarding him and his books may prove of interest to other readers and collectors.

Sooner or later, the inveterate reader of weird fiction becomes surfeited with stories of one pattern and falls into a rut. A year or so ago one of the magazines devoted to books recommended to readers who found themselves in such a predicament a sure cure—the intellectual shocker. It is the type of story the average fiction reader will overlook and even the habitual reader of weird and fantasy stories is apt to ignore it.

Bulwer-Lytton’s "Zononi" and "Phra, the Phoenician" have long been out of date. Rider Haggard is not being read by the present generation and yet his immortal "She" is the pure type of the intellectual horror tale. All weird fans have read Merritt’s "Burn Witch, Burn" but how many read "The Moon Pool" when it was first published? Guy Endore’s "The Were-

wolf of Paris" received plenty of publicity but his "The Man from Limbo," a good example of the intellectual shocker, slipped by practically unnoticed.

Charles Williams is one of the modern writers of the intellectual horror story. Born in England in 1886, Williams was educated at St. Albans and University College, London. He is an authority on Shakespearean literature, poetry, etc. and has written a fairly long list of books, most of them dealing with poetical subjects. In 1930, however, he wrote his first novel, "War in Heaven," and it proved to be one of the finest high-brow horror stories written in recent years. It concerns a struggle for the "Graal," a battle between the forces of good and evil. It has all the elements of a real mystery story combined with the horror and thrill of the supernatural and the occult.

To date, Mr. Williams has written five books of this type:

"War in Heaven" (1930)
"Many Dimensions" (1931)
"Greater Trumps" (1932)
"Place of the Lion" (1932)
"Shadows of Ecstasy" (1933)

The average fiction reader would probably be bewildered by Williams, but most of his plots are original and his ideas unusual and somewhat startling. He has the happy faculty of being able to combine the occult adventures with present-day people and scenes and, as one reviewer stated, "he succeeds in making the improbable likely and the impossible credible." To the readers who want their intellect (continued on page 15)
NOTES ON BOB OLSEN
by Forrest J. Ackerman

So successfully received was his "Ant With a Human Soul," Bob Olsen has written and had published by Amazing Stories another ant story "Peril Among the Drivers." He has another, but dissimilar type of "Antale"—to coin a word to describe his series—in preparation. In this story, no unusual or grotesque giants appear, but the ordinary-sized insects band together to overthrow mankind; a possibility not to improbable, Bob believes.

In connection with ants, Bob was recently invited to speak on them at the Adventurer's Club, an organization of internationally famous men, such well-known figures as "Skipper" Dixon, author of the recent Liberty serial, "Marriage Drums," being members. Previously, at informal gatherings, Bob has given impromptu talks on ants, rockets, interplanetary flight, and—of course—the fourth dimension. (Bob, incidentally, was a mathematics teacher for ten years.)

"Of the three subjects, however," Bob observed, "the audience always seemed most interested in the life of the ants: how they maintain slaves, cultivate gardens, domesticate insects, have bootleggers, fight wars, and play games. Though an ant never built an automobile or invented a radio, the insect is still a far more brilliant creature than generally considered to be. In some ways, considering their handicap, the ant almost surpasses Man in accomplishments. Next to Man, they rate highest in intelligence. The termites and then the bees follow..."

In addition to his literary work, Bob Olsen is the Advertising Manager of a Los Angeles real estate concern. One day, during the noon hour, Bob had an idea for a new murder mystery. In the process of cerebrating the details of the plot, he gazed out of the window with a far-away expression on his face. Unperceived by him, the secretary of the corporation approached and sat down at the desk at Bob's elbow. He waited awhile for the Advertising Manager to recognize him, but Bob seemed staa-gazing, dead to the world.

Finally the official said, "what are you thinking about, Bob?"

Startled by this unexpected voice right in his ear, Bob jumped up and yelled, "MURDER!"

Then it was the boss' turn to jump—whereupon Bob explained that he had been concocting an ingenious scheme for committing homicide, which he expected to use in one of his "Master of Mystery" stories.

Again, some years back when Bob was in the midst of "The Four Dimensional Rolle-Press," "Four Dimensional Surgery," "Four Dimensional Robberies," etc., Dr. Miles J. Breuer sent Amazing Stories a dimensional tale—shall we say fourth dimensionarretise?—because he "didn't like the way Bob Olsen wrote them." Strangely enough, at the same time Bob submitted his "Super-Perfect Bride." The two author's stories appeared in the same issue of Amazing, the math teacher showing the doctor how to write a medical tale, and the (continued on page 15)
BEINGS FROM BEYOND
(A True Experience)

by Kenneth B. Pritchard

I have often wondered whether spirits of the dead really walk the world.

Edison, upon nearing his end, said, "It is very beautiful over there!" Many have pondered those words, and sermons have been preached as to their meaning.

I am not a sufferer of hallucinations, though you may think so, but I feel that it is only by having a true knowledge of things that are known to have taken place and studying them that we can ever rise to a higher plane of existence.

What does the eye see? Does it ever perceive things beyond the familiar vibrations consisting of our everyday normal life? I believe that in some cases a man's eye does see more than normally. Perhaps it is some outside influence that aids it, or stirs it into action. How it occurs, I cannot say. I have never seen anything really distinctly alarming along these lines. But I have had occasion to view things in an indistinct form for a period of approximately five years. During the past few years, I have seen nothing of these things.

However, during those five years, when I was alone in the house, I would sit on the bed and study my school books. Sometimes nothing would happen. Then, again, I would glance up from the pages of the book in hand and be startled to see a white figure going by! Not always did I have to be absorbed in a book; sometimes a shape would be in front of me when I passed from one room to another. Several times there were more than one. And once or twice there were veritable groups or crowds of such shapes milling about and going hither and thither. Some would go through the regular doorways, and others would walk right through the walls. Many times they came within a foot of me, but never appeared distinct.

I'm glad this happened mostly during the day or when a light was burning. It gave me the creeps more than once. I'd like to know if they were spirits, or beings living on another plane.

Supernatural Horror In Literature
(continued from page 5)

he has haunted for eighteen years, and small shepherd boys say that he yet walks with his Catherine in the churchyard and on the moor when it rains. Their faces, too, are sometimes seen on rainy nights behind that upper casement at Wuthering Heights. Miss Bronte's eerie terror is no mere Gothic echo, but a tense expression of man's shuddering reaction to the unknown. In this respect, "Wuthering Heights" becomes the symbol of a literary transition, and marks the growth of a new and sounder school.

(Next month Mr. Lovecraft takes up "Spectral Literature of the Continent")
NEW YORK DESTROYED AGAIN!

by Bob Tucker

Once more New York City is destroyed! For decades, this has been the delight of science fiction authors. You must either destroy or attack New York before you can become a famous science fiction writer.

The first account of the destruction of New York is given in “The End of New York” by Park Benjamin, published around 1890.

Of recent times, Ray Cummings has probably destroyed it more often than anyone else. He takes a crack at it (and a good one, too!) in his “White Invaders” (Dec., 1931 Astounding).

In the following issue, Arthur J. Burks sets his ape loose in it (Man-ape the Mighty), and in February, Cummings is back again with “Wandl, the Invader, which brings the enemy right into the big city.

C. D. Simak almost gets into town with his “Hellhounds of the Cosmos” but something happens to prevent them. Maybe he has some sympathy for the old burg. But the March 1933 Astounding makes up for it by destroying it (in part) twice!

Arthur J. Burks in his “Lord of the Stratosphere” and “Monsters of Moyen” just tears it all to pieces and Wallace West puts everyone to sleep in “The End of Tyme,” as does Dr. Keller in his “Sleeping War.” Marius covers it with an ice-berg in his “Sixth Glacier,” and Isaac R. Nathanson burns it up with a comet in “The Passing Star.”

SIDE GLANCES

by F. Lee Baldwin

In a sale conducted by Linus Hogenmiller he sold the Weird Tales Anniversary number for only one dollar.

Stories by Gaston Leroux that have appeared in Weird Tales are translated in the office of Jacques Chambrun, New York literary agent who represents Gaston Leroux’s agent in this country. Some of the translating was done by Mildred Gleason Prochet. “The Crime on Christmas Night” was translated by Morris Bentinck.

R. H. Barlow won the National Amateur Press Association Laureate-ship for the year 1933.

Going to Weird Tales, Edmond (World-Saver) Hamilton musses it all up with a crazy man in “The Man Who Conquered Age,” in the Dec., 1932 issue and in the next month Murray Leinster has his “Monsters” tramping through it.

A particular delight, of late, is tearing up the Empire State Building. The builders would groan with agony, if they could read some of the tales wherein their work is smashed in three seconds flat!

The movies have had their share in destroying New York, too. “King Kong” does some fancy exterior decorating, and in “Men Must Fight” it is bombed.

So, remember, if you are not an author, but hope to be one, destroy New York City in your first story, and you will be on the road to fame in no time!
WEIRD WHISPERINGS

by Schwartz and Weisinger

Paul Ernst is now illustrating his own yarns for *Weird Tales*, and several of them will soon see print...Ray Cummings, now living in New York, informs us of his fantastic novelette, "The World of Doom," sold to *Thrilling Adventures...* M. Brundage is a woman and has a boy in grammar school. She swears that Howard's serial which started in the September WT is the best Conan story he has ever written...Greye La Spina has received plenty of rough treatment from her fellow weird authors. Seabury Quinn, for instance, once received a letter from her criticizing some of his work. In his answer to her he used words that shouldn't exactly be used to ladies. (He thought she was a young man.) However, he soon found out different and they are the best of friends. Then again, Arthur J. Burks remarked to her in a letter that judging from her work she had a bright future. La Spina wrote back that her daughter and grandchildren thought likewise!

Catherine L. Moore, already acknowledged as one of the most promising weird tales authors, gleaned a rejection slip from *Amazing Stories* for the first story she ever penned. And she doesn't blame the editor for spurning the manuscript!...Seabury Quinn's latest Jules de Grandin story is "Hands of the Dead," a story of hypnotism... A. Merritt's serial, "Creep, Shadow," currently running in the *Argosy*, differs considerably from the forthcoming book version, he confides...Some time ago, a reader wrote a letter to the Eve- rie praising Francis Flagg's "The Picture" to the skies...Nothing wrong in that, except that the story did not see print until the month following the arrival of the letter, the story having been postponed for an issue!...Farnsworth Wright owns a miniature rogue's gallery of *Weird Tales* contributors and they are on display at his office... Milt Kalatsky's weird yarn, "The Mantis," met with an N. G. at the office of WT. He sent the same story to *Terror Tales* on Sunday, the magazine received it on Monday and he got it back on Tuesday!

Wright blames the failure of *Oriental Stories* on ex-president Hoover. After listening to one of Hoover's speeches in which he stated that prosperity was just around the corner, Wright thought that it would be an opportune time to launch a new magazine... You, we, and Farnsworth Wright know what happened...Harry Stephen Keeler claims cats bring him good luck, and so he has four cats in his home, the latest one being named "Menkenthe IV"... August W. Derleth has forged ahead and has crashed *Scribner's* and *Story*...Eando Binder is really Earl and Otto Binder working together in collaboration...Their other brother, Jack, does s-f illustrating work...The fancy lettering of *Weird Tales* on the cover of the magazine was designed by J. Allen St. John..."The Destroying Horde," Donald Wandrei's next in *Weird* tells of a giant one-celled organism spawned in a chemist's laboratory and an orgy of hideous deaths.
Winford Publications will positively launch a new all-weird magazine within a few months, designed expressly for the purpose of competing with *Weird Tales*...Charles H. Bert, of Philadelphia, is the only fan, to our knowledge, who owns copies of the now defunct weird tales magazine, *Tales of Magic and Mystery*...Edmond Hamilton has recently written “Cosmo’s End,” “Master of the Genes,” and “World Without Sex”... Otis Adelbert Kline’s *Weird Tales* story, “The Bird People,” which he admits was based on the 1926 *Amazing Stories* cover contest, was originally titled “The Log of the Laurtanian”... His Kline’s popular “Thirsty Blades” was originally written by him as a 20,000 word novelette. Wright said that he would use the yarn if Kline boiled it down to a shorter length. So Kline turned the yarn over to Price, who did the necessary revising, and the result was published as a collab... Just the reverse is the short story Price wrote as a sequel to Lovecraft’s “The Silver Key,” which he turned over to Lovecraft who worked it into the novelette, (continued on page 16)

Superstition—A. D. 1934
(continued from page 6)

Voices Of The Night (continued from page 9)

Oh Gods that raised my blindness with your curse,
And let me see the horrid shapes behind
All outward veils that cloak the universe,
The loathsome demon-spells that bind and blind,
Since even the stars are noisome, foul and fell,
Let me glut deep with memory dreams of Hell.
Our Readers Say
(continued from page 2)
published. After about three or four
readings, I began to see the real ima-
gery of it. The heading was surpris-
ingly good and just the thing. I hope
you can use them right along, as they
give a fine effect."

— F. Lee Baldwin
Asotin, Washington

"Enjoyed your last TFF and am
anxiously awaiting the next. I especi-
ally like the little newsy items about
all the different authors, and what
they’re doing."

— Natalie H. Wooley
Rosedale, Kansas

Write us a letter, reader, and let us
know what you think of this issue of
TFF. What do you like in it, what
would you rather not have, and what
suggestions have you to offer? We
appreciate your letters and have found
many helpful hints in them in the past.

See you again next month.

Weird Whisperings
(continued from page 15)

"Through the Gates of the Silver
Key."... Otis Adelbert Kline was in
New York the other week, looking
up editors and writers... He had din-
ner with his friend, Seabury Quinn,
and for the first time in twelve years,
was treated to some Napoleon brandy
... It may be a coincidence, but the
circulation of THE FANTASY FAN
has increased thirty-five per cent since
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