

FORGOTTEN FANTASY

60

CLASSICS OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

APRIL 1971



A FANTASTIC TALE OF LOVE AND DEATH
THE HOLLOW LAND
by WILLIAM MORRIS

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FORGOTTEN Fantasy

CLASSICS OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

Vol. 1, No. 4

April, 1971

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EDITORIAL*XCAVATIONS*

NOW, with this issue bringing to a close our first serial — which we hope you've enjoyed — it's time to take stock of where we are and where we're going. Some of you have objected to a serial running for four issues of a bi-monthly magazine, and admittedly, that is a long time to wait and a long time between issues, but

unfortunately, there are not many alternatives open to us at this time, if we are to continue running novels. I believe that the longer works of fantasy are popular with a majority of our readers, but the restrictions of 130 pages and digest size do not permit us to run long novels complete in one issue — or even in two, unless a) the short stories and departments are omitted; and b) the novels are cut drastically. I am extremely reluctant to undertake the above actions, for I feel that probably as many readers want to read short stories and enjoy the departments (particularly the letter column) as would prefer novels only; and I also feel that most of the readers would rather read these novels in their original forms, rather than in severely edited versions. Miss Gnaedinger was often forced to cut the novels in *FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES* and *FANTASTIC NOVELS*, and although she did it well, I believe that FF's function should be to preserve forgotten fantasy in as complete a form as possible, including the original illustrations whenever available and interesting. Unfortunately, at this point we cannot afford to bring out a companion magazine such as *FANTASTIC NOVELS* for the longer works, although this is an eventual possibility if things go well with FF; nor can we go monthly, thereby reducing the wait between installments of a serial. Reducing the type size a few points might increase the wordage enough to cram a 300-or 400-page novel into three issues instead of four, but it would also raise the cost of typesetting each issue substantially. I have hopes that our new serial will fit into two issues, but it is quite a bit shorter than *THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR* to begin with. So, there's our dilemma. Perhaps it's not really a serious problem; perhaps most of you are willing to be patient and have the novels uncut, and are fairly satisfied with our format as it is. At any rate, let's hear from you on this

question — opinions and suggestions. Perhaps I've overlooked some perfectly obvious alternatives.

So far, in terms of sales figures, it looks like we're doing only average for a new magazine. The mechanics of distribution are such that only now as this is being written (in late November) are we getting some preliminary figures on the sale of the first issue! And they seem to indicate about 25 per cent sales. Well, that's not as bad as it sounds, when you consider that all magazines are in trouble today, sales are down almost two-thirds on all of them, and sadly, several SF titles are folding: *VENTURE* is suspending publication for the second time; the Lowndes magazines are in trouble, although I believe that only one title, *WEIRD TERROR TALES*, is being permanently dropped; and in England, *VISION OF TOMORROW* is defunct. So it's a hard time for all of us, but if *FF* can stay afloat for now and slowly increase its circulation, I believe we'll pull through. Anything you can do out there to spread the word about *FF* will be greatly appreciated. We are grateful for your support and good wishes so far, and we'll do our best to continue bringing you a magazine you'll enjoy.

With several magazines folding, it's heartening to hear of one rising from the ashes like the fabled phoenix: *COVEN 13* has been reborn in a new format and with a new publisher, editorial staff and title: *WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY*. By now, the first issue should have been out for a while, but with the large format they are trying, you may have missed it on your newsstand if you looked only where the digest-size SF magazines are displayed. Dealers will probably put it with the astrology and occult magazines, or with the comic magazines such as *CREEPY* and *EERIE*, so look there, too. Or better still — ask. As Ted White so aptly put it, in a recent article in *SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW*: "The death of any single mag will hurt us all. The birth of every new sf mag should be cause for rejoicing among us all." *WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY* deserves your support, fantasy fans, for at least the first issue. After that, it's up to them to continue to deserve your 60 cents each issue.

DM





The *HOLLOW LAND*

A Tale

by

William Morris

Illustrated by Charles Robinson and Tim Kirk

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834 — 1896), poet, novelist, artist, designer, socialist, and printer of fine books, is the man generally credited with originating the genre of the modern heroic fantasy. He was born March 24, 1834, in England and entered Oxford University in 1853 after a childhood spent gathering considerable knowledge of and love for architecture, poetry, and old stories. His early poems and tales, published in the *OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE*, were generally medieval in theme and setting. His first volume of poetry, *THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE AND OTHER POEMS*, was published in 1858 and was both praised and panned. Morris was greatly influenced by the world of Chaucer and the ancient Nordic sagas of adventure and heroism among gods and men. His major poetic work is a fine translation of the *VOLSUNGA SAGA* (1870), and led him into an examination and translations of heroic epics in other languages as well. After writing only poetry for more than thirty years, Morris began producing prose romances of his own, at first closely patterned after the ancient sagas. In 1888, he published a slim volume entitled *A DREAM OF JOHN BALL*, in which a man of Victorian times is transported back to medieval England. This book expressed very openly Morris' own longing to return to the simpler, more peaceful time of the Middle Ages — as he romanticized it to himself. He rejected the harsh, mechanistic Victorian world around him, surrounding himself with beauty and serenity in designing books, furniture, tapestries, wallpaper and other decorative objects. He had also become a passionate socialist, and in 1883 helped to found and lead the Social Democrat Federation until becoming

disenchanted with its policies and leaving to return to writing in 1891. This year saw the publication of his Utopian novel, *NEWS FROM NOWHERE*, in which are embodied many of his socialist beliefs in a futuristic setting; but he seems to have gotten socialism out of his blood with this book, for the remainder of his novels are those which are the predecessors of our modern works of heroic fantasy. *THE STORY OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN* (1891), *CHILD CHRISTOPHER AND FAIR GOLDILIND* (1895), *THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD* (1895), and *THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END* (1896) all deal with almost-medieval but imaginary worlds of great beauty. Two final novels were published posthumously: *THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES* (1897) and *THE STORY OF THE SUNDERING FLOOD* (1898). The following story is one of the very few short fantasies Morris wrote, and first appeared in two parts in the *OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE* for September and October, 1856. It appears here, I believe, for the first time in over 60 years.

"We find in ancient story wonders many told,
Of heroes in great glory, with spirit free and bold;
Of joyances and high-tides, of weeping and of woe,
Of noble reckon striving, mote ye now wonders know."
Niebelungen Lied (see *Carlyle's Miscellanies*)

CHAPTER I

STRUGGLING IN THE WORLD

DO you know where it is — the Hollow Land?

I have been looking for it now so long, trying to find it again — the Hollow Land — for there I saw my love first.

I wish to tell you how I found it first of all; but I am old, my memory fails me: you must wait and let me think if I perchance can tell you how it happened.

Yea, in my ears is a confused noise of trumpet-blasts singing over desolate moors, in my ears and eyes a clashing and clanging of horse-hoofs, a ringing and glittering of steel; drawn-back lips, set teeth, shouts, shrieks, and curses.

How was it that no one of us ever found it till that day? for

it is near our country: but what time have we to look for it, or any good thing; with such biting carking cares hemming us in on every side — cares about great things — mighty things: mighty things, O my brothers! or rather little things enough, if we only knew it.

Lives past in turmoil, in making one another unhappy; in bitterest misunderstanding of our brothers' hearts, making those sad whom God has not made sad, — alas, alas! What chance for any of us to find the Hollow Land? What time even to look for it?

Yet who has not dreamed of it? Who, half miserable yet the while, for that he knows it is but a dream, has not felt the cool waves round his feet, the roses crowning him, and through the leaves of beech and lime the many whispering winds of the Hollow Land?

Now, my name was Florian, and my house was the house of the Lilies; and of that house was my father lord, and after him my eldest brother Arnald; and me they called Florian de Liliis.

Moreover, when my father was dead, there arose a feud between the Lilies' house and Red Harald; and this that follows is the history of it.

Lady Swanhilda, Red Harald's mother, was a widow, with one son, Red Harald; and when she had been in widowhood two years, being of princely blood, and besides comely and fierce, King Urrayne sent to demand her in marriage. And I remember seeing the procession leaving the town, when I was quite a child; and many young knights and squires attended the Lady Swanhilda as pages, and amongst them, Arnald, my eldest brother.

And as I gazed out of the window, I saw him walking by the side of her horse, dressed in white and gold very delicately; but as he went it chanced that he stumbled. Now he was one of those that held a golden canopy over the lady's head, so that it now sunk into wrinkles, and the lady had to bow her head full low, and even then the gold brocade caught in one of the long slim gold flowers that were wrought round about the crown she wore. She flushed up in her rage, and her smooth face went suddenly into the carven wrinkles of a wooden water-spout, and she caught at the brocade with her left hand, and pulled it away furiously, so that the warp and woof were twisted out of their place, and many gold threads were left dangling about the

crown; but Swanhilda stared about when she rose, then smote my brother across the mouth with her gilded sceptre, and the red blood flowed all about his garments; yet he only turned exceeding pale, and dared say no word, though he was heir to the house of the Lilies: but my small heart swelled with rage, and I vowed revenge, and, as it seems, he did too.

So when Swanhilda had been queen three years, she suborned many of King Urrayne's knights and lords, and slew her husband as he slept, and reigned in his stead. And her son, Harald, grew up to manhood, and was counted a strong knight, and well spoken of, by then I first put on my armour.

Then, one night, as I lay dreaming, I felt a hand laid on my face, and starting up saw Arnald before me fully armed. He said, "Florian, rise and arm." I did so, all but my helm, as he was.

He kissed me on the forehead; his lips felt hot and dry; and when they bought torches, and I could see his face plainly, I saw he was very pale. He said:

"Do you remember, Florian, this day sixteen years ago? It is a long time, but I shall never forget it unless this night blots out its memory."

I knew what he meant, and because my heart was wicked, I rejoiced exceedingly at the thought of vengeance, so that I could not speak, but only laid my palm across his lips.

"Good; you have a good memory, Florian. See now, I waited long and long: I said at first, I forgive her; but when the news came concerning the death of the king, and how that she was shameless, I said I will take it as a sign, if God does not punish her within certain years, that he means me to do so; and I have been watching and watching now these two years for an opportunity, and behold it is come at last; and I think God has certainly given her into our hands, for she rests this night, this very Christmas eve, at a small walled town on the frontier, not two hours' gallop from this; they keep little ward there, and the night is wild: moreover, the prior of a certain house of monks, just without the walls, is my fast friend in this matter, for she has done him some great injury. In the courtyard below a hundred and fifty knights and squires, all faithful and true, are waiting for us: one moment and we shall be gone."

Then we both knelt down, and prayed God to give her into our hands: we put on our helms, and went down into the courtyard.

It was the first time I expected to use a sharp sword in anger, and I was full of joy as the muffled thunder of our horse-hoofs rolled through the bitter winter night.

In about an hour and a half we had crossed the frontier, and in half an hour more the greater part had halted in a wood near the Abbey, while I and a few others went up to the Abbey gates, and knocked loudly four times with my sword-hilt, stamping on the ground meantime. A long, low whistle answered me from within, which I in my turn answered: then the wicket opened, and a monk came out, holding a lantern. He seemed yet in the prime of life, and was a tall, powerful man. He held the lantern to my face, then smiled, and said, "The banners hang low." I gave the countersign, "The crest is lopped off." "Good my son," said he; "the ladders are within here. I dare not trust any of the brethren to carry them for you, though they love not the witch either, but are timorsome."

"No matter," I said, "I have men here." So they entered and began to shoulder the tall ladders: the prior was very busy. "You will find them just the right length, my son, trust me for that." He seemed quite a jolly, pleasant man, I could not understand his nursing furious revenge; but his face darkened strangely whenever he happened to mention her name.

As we were starting he came and stood outside the gate, and putting his lantern down that the light of it might not confuse his sight, looked earnestly into the night, then said: "The wind has fallen, the snow flakes get thinner and smaller every moment, in an hour it will be freezing hard, and will be quite clear; everything depends upon the surprise being complete; stop a few minutes yet, my son." He went away chuckling, and returned presently with two more sturdy monks carrying something: they threw their burdens down before my feet, they consisted of all the white albs in the abbey: "There, trust an old man, who has seen more than one stricken fight in his carnal days; let the men who scale the walls put these over their arms, and they will not be seen in the least. God make your sword sharp, my son."

So we departed, and when I met Arnald again, he said that what the prior had done was well thought of; so we agreed that I should take thirty men, an old squire of our house, well skilled in war, along with them, scale the walls as quietly as possible, and open the gates to the rest.

I set off accordingly, after that with low laughing we had put the albs all over us, wrapping the ladders also in white. Then we crept very warily and slowly up the wall; the moat was frozen over, and on the ice the snow lay quite thick; we all thought that the guards must be careless enough, when they did not even take the trouble to break the ice in the moat. So we listened — there was no sound at all, the Christmas midnight mass had long ago been over, it was nearly three o'clock, and the moon began to clear, there was scarce any snow falling now, only a flake or two from some low hurrying cloud or other: the wind sighed gently about the round towers there, but it was bitter cold, for it had begun to freeze again; we listened for some minutes, about a quarter of an hour I think, then at a sign from me, they raised the ladders carefully, muffled as they were at the top with swathings of wool. I mounted first, old Squire Hugh followed last; noiselessly we ascended, and soon stood altogether on the walls; then we carefully lowered the ladders again with long ropes; we got our swords and axes from out of the folds of our priests' raiments, and set forward, till we reached the first tower along the wall; the door was open, in the chamber at the top there was a fire slowly smouldering, nothing else; we passed through it, and began to go down the spiral staircase, I first, with my axe shortened in my hand. — "What if we were surprised there," I thought, and I longed to be out in the air again; — "What if the door were fast at the bottom."

As we passed the second chamber, we heard some one within snoring loudly: I looked in quietly, and saw a big man with long black hair, that fell off his pillow and swept the ground, lying snoring, with his nose turned up and his mouth open, but he seemed so sound asleep that we did not stop to slay him. — Praise be! — the door was open, without even a whispered word, without a pause, we went on along the streets, on the side that the drift had been on, because our garments were white, for the wind being very strong all that day, the houses on that side had caught in their cornices and carvings, and on the rough stone and wood of them, so much snow, that except here and there where the black walls grinned out, they were quite white; no man saw us as we stole along, noiselessly because of the snow, till we stood within 100 yards of the gates and their house of guard. And we stood because we heard the voice of some one singing:

“Queen Mary’s crown was gold,
King Joseph’s crown was red,
But Jesus’ crown was diamond
That lit up all the bed
Mariae Virginis.”

So they had some guards after all; this was clearly the sentinel that sang to keep the gosses off; — Now for a fight. — We drew nearer, a few yards nearer, then stopped to free ourselves from our monks’ clothes.

“Ships sail through the Heaven
With red banners dress’d,
Carrying the planets seven
To see the white breast
Mariae Virginis.”

Thereat he must have seen the waving of some alb or other as it shivered down to the ground, for his spear fell with a thud, and he seemed to be standing open-mouthed, thinking something about gosses; then, plucking up heart of grace, he roared out like ten bull-calves, and dashed into the guard-house.

We followed smartly, but without hurry, and came up to the door of it just as some dozen half-armed men came tumbling out under our axes: thereupon, while our men slew them, I blew a great blast upon my horn, and Hugh with some others drew bolt and bar and swung the gates wide open.

Then the men in the guard-house understood they were taken in a trap, and began to stir with great confusion; so lest they should get quite waked and armed, I left Hugh at the gates with ten men, and myself led the rest into that house. There while we slew all those that yielded not, came Arnald with the others, bringing our horses with them; then all the enemy threw their arms down. And we counted our prisoners and found them over fourscore; therefore, not knowing what to do with them (for they were too many to guard, and it seemed unknighly to slay them all), we sent up some bowmen to the walls, and turning our prisoners out of gates, bid them run for their lives, which they did fast enough, not knowing our numbers, and our men sent a few flights of arrows among them that they might not be undeceived.

Then the one or two prisoners that we had left, told us, when we had crossed our axes over their heads, that the people of the good town would not willingly fight us, in that they hated the Queen; that she was guarded at the palace by some fifty knights, and that beside, there were no others to oppose us in the town; so we set out for the palace, spear in hand.

We had not gone far, before we heard some knights coming, and soon, in a turn of the long street, we saw them riding towards us; when they caught sight of us they seemed astonished, drew rein, and stood in some confusion.

We did not slacken our pace for an instant, but rode right at them with a yell, to which I lent myself with all my heart.

After all they did not run away, but waited for us with their spears held out; I missed the man I had marked, or hit him rather just on the top of the helm; he bent back, and the spear slipped over his head, but my horse still kept on, and I felt presently such a crash that I reeled in my saddle, and felt mad. He had lashed out at me with his sword as I came on, hitting me in the ribs (for my arm was raised), but only flatlings.

I was quite wild with rage, I turned, almost fell upon him, caught him by the neck with both hands, and threw him under the horse-hoofs, sighing with fury: I heard Arnald's voice close to me, "Well fought, Florian": and I saw his great stern face bare among the iron, for he had made a vow in remembrance of that blow always to fight unhelmed; I saw his great sword swinging, in wide gyres, and hissing as it started up, just as if it were alive and liked it.

So joy filled all my soul, and I fought with my heart, till the big axe I swung felt like nothing but a little hammer in my hand, except for its bitterness: and as for the enemy, they went down like grass, so that we destroyed them utterly, for those knights would neither yield nor fly, but died as they stood, so that some fifteen of our men also died there.

Then at last we came to the palace, where some grooms and such like kept the gates armed, but some ran, and some we took prisoners, one of whom died for sheer terror in our hands, being stricken by no wound; for he thought we would eat him.

These prisoners we questioned concerning the queen, and so entered the great hall.

There Arnald sat down in the throne on the dais, and laid his naked sword before him on the table: and on each side of him

sat such knights as there was room for, and the others stood round about, while I took ten men, and went to look for Swanhilda.

I found her soon, sitting by herself in a gorgeous chamber. I almost pitied her when I saw her looking so utterly desolate and despairing; her beauty too had faded, deep lines cut through her face. But when I entered she knew who I was, and her look of intense hatred was so fiend-like, that it changed my pity into horror of her.

"Knight," she said, "who are you, and what do you want, thus discourteously entering my chamber?"

"I am Florian de Liliis, and I am to conduct you to judgment."

She sprang up, "Curse you and your whole house, — you I hate worse than any, — girl's face, — guards! guards!" and she stamped on the ground, her veins on the forehead swelled, her eyes grew round and flamed out, as she kept crying for her guards, stamping the while, for she seemed quite mad.

Then at last she remembered that she was in the power of her enemies, she sat down, and lay with her face between her hands, and wept passionately.

"Witch," — I said between my closed teeth, "will you come, or must we carry you down to the great hall?"

Neither would she come, but sat there, clutching at her dress and tearing her hair.

Then I said, "Bind her, and carry her down." And they did so.

I watched Arnald as we came in, there was no triumph on his stern white face, but resolution enough, he had made up his mind.

They placed her on a seat in the midst of the hall over against the dais. He said, "Unbind her, Florian." They did so, she raised her face, and glared defiance at us all, as though she would die queenly after all.

Then rose up Arnald and said, "Queen Swanhilda, we judge you guilty of death, and because you are a queen and of a noble house, you shall be slain by my knightly sword, and I will even take the reproach of slaying a woman, for no other hand than mine shall deal the blow."

Then she said, "O false knight, show your warrant from God, man, or devil."

"This warrant from God, Swanhilda," he said, holding up his sword, "listen! — fifteen years ago, when I was just winning my spurs, you struck me, disgracing me before all the people; you cursed me, and meant that curse well enough. Men of the house of the Lilies, what sentence for that?"

"Death!" they said.

"Listen! — afterwards you slew my cousin, your husband, treacherously, in the most cursed way, stabbing him in the throat, as the stars in the canopy above him looked down on the shut eyes of him. Men of the house of the Lily, what sentence for that?"

"Death!" they said.

"Do you hear them, Queen? There is warrant from man; for the devil, I do not reverence him enough to take warrant from him, but, as I look at that face of yours, I think that even he has left you."

And indeed just then all her pride seemed to leave her, she fell from the chair, and wallowed on the ground moaning, she wept like a child, so that the tears lay on the oak floor; she prayed for another month of life; she came to me and kneeled, and kissed my feet, and prayed piteously, so that water ran out of her mouth.

But I shuddered, and drew away; it was like having an adder about one; I could have pitied her had she died bravely, but for one like her to whine and whine! — pah ! —

Then from the dais rang Arnald's voice terrible, much changed. "Let there be an end of all this." And he took his sword and strode through the hall towards her; she rose from the ground and stood up, stooping a little, her head sunk between her shoulders, her black eyes turned up and gleaming, like a tigress about to spring. When he came within some six paces of her something in his eye daunted her, or perhaps the flashing of his terrible sword in the torch-light; she threw her arms up with a great shriek, and dashed screaming about the hall. Arnald's lip never once curled with any scorn, no line in his face changed: he said, "Bring her here and bind her."

But when one came up to her to lay hold on her she first of all ran at him, hitting with her head in the belly. Then while he stood doubled up for want of breath, and staring with his head up, she caught his sword from the girdle, and cut him across the shoulders, and many others she wounded sorely before they

took her.

Then Arnald stood by the chair to which she was bound, and poised his sword, and there was a great silence.

Then he said, "Men of the House of the Lilies, do you justify me in this, shall she die?" Straightway rang a great shout through the hall, but before it died away the sword had swept round, and therewithal was there no such thing as Swanhilda left upon the earth, for in no battle-field had Arnald struck truer blow. Then he turned to the few servants of the palace and said, "Go now, bury this accursed woman, for she is a king's daughter." Then to us all, "Now knights, to horse and away, that we may reach the good town by about dawn." So we mounted and rode off.

What a strange Christmas-day that was, for there, about nine o'clock in the morning, rode Red Harald into the good town to demand vengeance; he went at once to the king, and the king promised that before nightfall that very day the matter should be judged; albeit the king feared somewhat, because every third man you met in the streets had a blue cross on his shoulder, and some likeness of a lily, cut out or painted, stuck in his hat; and this blue cross and lily were the bearing of our house, called "De Liliis." Now we had seen Red Harald pass through the streets, with a white banner borne before him, to show that he came peaceably as for this time; but I know he was thinking of other things than peace.

And he was called Red Harald first at this time, because over all his arms he wore a great scarlet cloth, that fell in heavy folds about his horse and all about him. Then, as he passed our house, some one pointed it out to him, rising there with its carving and its barred marble, but stronger than many a castle on the hill-tops, and its great overhanging battlement cast a mighty shadow down the wall and across the street; and above all rose the great tower, or banner floating proudly from the top, whereon was emblazoned on a white ground a blue cross, and on a blue ground four white lilies. And now faces were gazing from all the windows, and all the battlements were thronged; so Harald turned, and rising in his stirrups, shook his clenched fist at our house; pathless, as he did so, the east wind, coming down the street, caught up the corner of that scarlet cloth and drove it over his face, and therewithal disordering his long black hair, well nigh choked him, so that he bit both his hair and that

cloth.

So from base to cope rose a mighty shout of triumph and defiance, and he passed on.

Then Arnald caused it to be cried, that all those who loved the good House of the Lilies should go to mass that morning in Saint Mary's Church, hard by our hourse. Now this church belonged to us, and the abbey that served it, and always we appointed the abbot of it on condition that our trumpets should sound all together when on high masses they sing the "Gloria in Excelsis." It was the largest and most beautiful of all the churches in the town, and had two exceeding high towers, which you could see from far off, even when you saw not the town or any of its other towers: and in one of these towers were twelve great bells, named after the twelve Apostles, one name being written on each one of them; as Peter, Matthew, and so on; and in the other tower was one great bell only, much larger than any of the others, and which was called Mary. Now this bell was never rung but when our house was in great danger, and it had this legend on it, "When Mary rings the earth shakes;" and indeed from this we took our war cry, which was, "Mary rings;" somewhat justifiable indeed, for the last time that Mary rang, on that day before nightfall there were four thousand bodies to be buried, which bodies wore neither cross nor lily.

So Arnald gave me in charge to tell the abbot to cause Mary to be tolled for an hour before mass that day.

The abbot leaned on my shoulder as I stood within the tower and looked at the twelve monks laying their hands to the ropes. Far up in the dimness I saw the wheel before it began to swing round about; then it moved a little; the twelve men bent down to the earth and a roar rose that shook the tower from base to spire-vane: backwards and forwards swept the wheel, as Mary now looked downwards towards earth, now looked up at the shadowy cone of the spire, shot across by bars of light from the dormers.

And the thunder of Mary was caught up by the wind and carried through all the country; and when the good man heard it, he said goodbye to wife and child slung his shield behind his back, and set forward with his spear sloped over his shoulder, and many a time, as he walked toward the good town, he tightened the belt that went about his waist, that he might

stride the faster, so long and furiously did Mary toll.

And before the great bell, Mary, had ceased ringing, all the ways were full of armed men.

But at each door of the church of Saint Mary stood a row of men armed with axes, and when any came, meaning to go into the church, the two first of these would hold their axes (whose helms were about four feet long) over his head, and would ask him, "Who went over the moon last night?" then if he answered nothing or at random they would bid him turn back, which he for the more part would be ready enough to do; but some, striving to get through that row of men, were slain outright; but if he were one of those that were friends to the House of the Lilies he would answer to that question, "Mary and John."

By the time the mass began the whole church was full, and in the nave and transept thereof were three thousand men, all of our house and all armed. But Arnald and myself, and Squire Hugh, and some others sat under a gold-fringed canopy near the choir; and the abbot said mass, having his mitre on his head. Yet, as I watched him, it seemed to me that he must have something on beneath his priest's vestments, for he looked much fatter than usual, being really a tall lithe man.

Now, as they sung the "Kyrie," some one shouted from the other end of the church, "My lord Arnald, they are slaying our people without;" for, indeed, all the square about the church was full of our people, who for the press had not been able to enter, and were standing there in no small dread of what might come to pass.

Then the abbot turned round from the altar, and began to fidget with the fastenings of his rich robes.

And they made a lane for us up to the west door; then I put on my helm and we began to go up the nave, then suddenly the singing of the monks and all stopped. I heard a clinking and a buzz of voices in the choir. I turned, and saw that the bright noon sun was shining on the gold of the priest's vestments, as they lay on the floor and on the mail that the priests carried.

So we stopped, the choir gates swung open, and the abbot marched out at the head of *his* men, all fully armed, and began to strike up the psalm "Exsurgat Deus."

When we got to the west door, there was indeed a tumult, but as yet no slaying; the square was all a-flicker with steel, and we beheld a great body of knights, at the head of them Red

Harald and the king, standing over against us; but our people, pressed against the houses, and into the corners of the square, were, some striving to enter the doors, some beside themselves with rage, shouting out to the others to charge; withal, some were pale and some were red with the blood that had gathered to the wrathful faces of them.

Then said Arnald to those about him, "Lift me up." So they laid a great shield on two lances, and these four men carried, and thereon stood Arnald, and gazed about him.

Now the king was unhelmed, and his white hair (for he was an old man) flowed down behind him on to his saddle; but Arnald's hair was cut short, and was red.

And all the bells rang.

Then the king said, "O Arnald of the Lilies, will you settle this quarrel by the judgment of God?" And Arnald thrust up his chin, and said, "Yea." "How then," said the king, "and where?" "Will it please you try now?" said Arnald.

Then the king understood what he meant, and took in his hand from behind tresses of his long white hair, twisting them round his hand in his wrath, but yet said no word, till I suppose his hair put him in mind of something, and he raised it in both his hands above his head, and shouted out aloud, "O knights, hearken to this traitor." Whereat, indeed, the lances began to move ominously. But Arnald spoke.

"O you king and lords, what have we to do with you? Were we not free in the old time, up among the hills there? Wherefore give way, and we will go to the hills again; and if any man try to stop us, his blood be on his own head; wherefore now," (and he turned) "all you House of the Lily, both soldiers and monks, let us go forth together fearing nothing, for I think there is not bone enough or muscle enough in these fellows here that have a king that they should stop us withal, but only skin and fat."

And truly, no man dared to stop us, and we went.

CHAPTER II

FAILING IN THE WORLD

NOW at that time we drove cattle in Red Harald's land.

And we took no hoof but from the Lords and rich men, but of these we had a mighty drove, both oxen and sheep, and

horses, and besides, even hawks and hounds, and huntsman or two to take care of them.

And, about noon, we drew away from the corn-lands that lay beyond the pastures, and mingled with them, and reached a wide moor, which was called "Goliah's Land." I scarce know why, except that it belonged neither to Red Harald or us, but was debatable.

And the cattle began to go slowly, and our horses were tired, and the sun struck down very hot upon us, for there was no shadow, and the day was cloudless.

All about the edge of the moor, except on the side from which we had come was a rim of hills, not very high, but very rocky and steep, otherwise the moor itself was flat; and through these hills was one pass, guarded by our men, which pass led to the Hill castle of the Lilies.

It was not wonderful, that of this moor many wild stories were told, being such a strange lonely place, some of them one knew, alas! to be over true. In the old time, before we went to the good town, this moor had been the mustering place of our people, and our house had done deeds enough of blood and horror to turn our white lilies red, and our blue cross to a fiery one. But some of those wild tales I never believed; they had to do mostly with men losing their way without any apparent cause, (for there were plenty of landmarks,) finding some well-known spot, and then, just beyond it, a place they had never even dreamed of.

"Florian! Florian!" said Arnald, "for God's sake stop! as every one else is stopping to look at the hills yonder; I always thought there was a curse upon us. What does God mean by shutting us up here? Look at the cattle; O Christ, they have found it out too! See, some of them are turning to run back again towards Harald's land. Oh! unhappy, unhappy, from that day forward!"

He leaned forward, rested his head on his horse's neck, and wept like a child.

I felt so irritated with him, that I could almost have slain him then and there. Was he mad? had these wild doings of ours turned his strong wise head?

"Are you my brother Arnald, that I used to think such a grand man when I was a boy?" I said, "or are you changed too, like everybody, and everything else? What do you mean?"

"Look! look!" he said, grinding his teeth in agony.

I raised my eyes: where was the one pass between the rim of stern rocks? Nothing: the enemy behind us — that grim wall in front: what wonder that each man looked in his fellow's face for help, and found it not. Yet I refused to believe that there was any truth either in the wild stories that I had heard when I was a boy, or in this story told me so clearly by my eyes now.

I called out cheerily, "Hugh, come here!" He came. "What do you think of this? Some mere dodge on Harald's part? Are we cut off?"

"Think! Sir Florian? God forgive me for ever thinking at all; I have given up that long and long ago, because thirty years ago I thought this, that the House of Lilies would deserve anything in the way of bad fortune that God would send them: so I gave up thinking, and took to fighting. But if you think that Harald had anything to do with this, why — why — in God's name, I wish *I* could think so!"

I felt a dull weight on my heart. Had our house been the devil's servants all along? I thought we were God's servants.

The day was very still, but what little wind there was, was at our backs. I watched Hugh's face, not being able to answer him. He was the cleverest man at war that I have known, either before or since that day; sharper than any hound in ear and scent, clearer sighted than any eagle; he was listening now intently. I saw a slight smile cross his face; heard him mutter, "Yes! I think so: verily that is better, a great deal better." Then he stood up in his stirrups, and shouted, "Hurrah for the Lilies! Mary rings!" "Mary rings!" I shouted, though I did not know the reason for his exultation: my brother lifted his head, and smiled too, grimly. Then as I listened I heard clearly the sound of a trumpet, and enemy's trumpet too.

"After all, it was only mist, or some such thing," I said, for the pass between the hills was clear enough now.

"Hurrah! only mist," said Arnald, quite elated; "Mary rings!" and we all began to think of fighting: for after all what joy is equal to that?

There were five hundred of us; two hundred spears, the rest archers; and both archers and men at arms were picked men.

"How many of them are we to expect?" said I.

"Not under a thousand, certainly, probably more, Sir Florian." (My brother Arnald, by the way, had knighted me

before we left the good town, and Hugh liked to give me the handle to my name. How was it, by the way, that no one had ever made *him* a knight?)

"Let every one look to his arms and horse, and come away from these silly cows' sons!" shouted Arnald.

Hugh said, "They will be here in an hour, fair Sir."

So we got clear of the cattle, and dismounted, and both ourselves took food and drink, and our horses; afterwards we tightened our saddle-girths, shook our great pots of helmets on, except Arnald, whose rusty-red hair had been his only head-piece in battle for years and years, and stood with our spears close by our horses, leaving room for the archers to retreat between our ranks; and they got their arrows ready, and planted their stakes before a little peat moss: and there we waited, and saw their pennons at last floating high above the corn of the fertile land, then heard their many horse-hoofs ring upon the hard-parched moor, and the archers began to shoot.

IT had been a strange battle; we had never fought better, and yet withal it had ended in a retreat; indeed all along every man but Arnald and myself, even Hugh, had been trying at least to get the enemy between him and the way toward the pass; and now we were all drifting that way, the enemy trying to cut us off, but never able to stop us, because he could only throw small bodies of men in our way, whom we scattered and put to flight in their turn.

I never cared less for my life than then; indeed, in spite of all my boasting and hardness of belief, I should have been happy to have died, such a strange weight of apprehension was on me; and yet I got no scratch even. I had soon put off my great helm, and was fighting in my mail-coif only: and here I swear that three knights together charged me, aiming at my bare face, yet never touched me. for, as for one, I put his lance aside with my sword, and the other two in some most wonderful manner got their spears locked in each other's armour, and so had to submit to be knocked off their horses.

And we still neared the pass, and began to see distinctly the ferns that grew on the rocks, and the fair country between the rift in them, spreading out there, blue-shadowed.

Whereupon came a great rush of men of both sides, striking side blows at each other, spitting, cursing, and shrieking, as they

tore away like a herd of wild hogs. So, being careless of life, as I said, I drew rein, and turning my horse, waited quietly for them. and I knotted the reins, and laid them on the horse's neck, and stroked him, that he whinnied, then got both my hands to my sword.

Then, as they came on, I noted hurriedly that the first man was one of Arnald's men, and one of our men behind him leaned forward to prod him with his spear, but could not reach so far, till he himself was run through the eye with a spear, and throwing his arms up fell dead with a shriek. Also I noted concerning this first man that the laces of his helmet were loose, and when he saw me he lifted his *left* hand to his head, took off his helm and cast it at me, and still tore on; the helmet flew over my head, and I sitting still there, swung out, hitting him on the neck; his head flew right off, for the mail no more held than a piece of silk.

"Mary rings," and my horse whinnied again, and we both of us went at it, and fairly stopped that rout, so that there was a knot of quite close and desperate fighting, wherein we had the best of that fight and slew most of them, albeit my horse was slain and my mail-coif cut through. Then I bade a squire fetch me another horse, and began meanwhile to upbraid those knights for running in such a strange disorderly race, instead of standing and fighting cleverly.

Moreover we had drifted even in this successful fight still nearer to the pass, so that the conies who dwelt there were beginning to consider whether they should not run into their holes.

But one of those knights said: "Be not angry with me, Sir Florian, but do you think you will go to Heaven?"

"The saints! I hope so," I said, but one who stood near him whispered to him to hold his peace, so I cried out:

"O friend! I hold this world and all therein so cheap now, that I see not anything in it but shame which can any longer anger me; wherefore speak out."

"Then, Sir Florian, men say that at your christening some fiend took on him the likeness of a priest and strove to baptize you in the Devil's name, but God had mercy on you so that the fiend could not choose but baptize you in the name of the most holy Trinity: and yet men say that you hardly believe any doctrine such as other men do, and will at the end only go to

Heaven round about as it were, not at all by the intercession of our Lady; they say to that you can see no ghosts or other wonders, whatever happens to other Christian men."

I smiled. — "Well, friend, I scarcely call this a disadvantage, moreover what has it to do with the matter in hand?"

How was this in Heaven's name? We had been quite still, resting while this talk was going on, but we could hear the hawks chattering from the rocks, we were so close now.

And my heart sunk within me, there was no reason why this should not be true; there was no reason why anything should not be true.

"This, Sir Florian," said the knight again, "how would you feel inclined to fight if you thought that everything about you was mere glamour; this earth here, the rocks, the sun, the sky? I do not know where I am for certain, I do not know that it is not midnight instead of undern: I do not know if I have been fighting men or only *simulacra* — but I think, we all think, that we have been led into some devil's trap or other, and — and — may God forgive me my sins! — I wish I had never been born."

There now! he was weeping — they all wept — how strange it was to see those rough, bearded men blubbering there, and snivelling till the tears ran over their armour and mingled with the blood, so that it dropped down to the earth in a dim, dull, red rain.

My eyes indeed were dry, but then so was my heart; I felt far worse than weeping came to, but nevertheless I spoke cheerily.

"Dear friends, where are your old men's hearts gone to now? See now! This is a punishment for our sins, is it? Well, for our forefathers' sins or our own? If the first, O brothers, be very sure that if we bear it manfully God will have something very good in store for us hereafter; but if for our sins, is it not certain that He cares for us yet, for note that He suffers the wicked to go their own ways pretty much; moreover brave men, brothers, ought to be the masters of *simulacra* — come, is it so hard to die once for all?"

Still no answer came from them, they sighed heavily only. I heard the sound of more than one or two swords as they rattled back to the scabbards: nay, one knight, stripping himself of surcoat and hauberk, and drawing his dagger, looked at me with a grim smile, and said, "Sir Florian, do so!" Then he drew the dagger across his throat and he fell back dead.

They shuddered, those brave men, and crossed themselves. And I had no heart to say a word more, but mounted the horse which had been brought to me and rode away slowly for a few yards; then I became aware that there was a great silence over the whole field.

So I lifted my eyes and looked, and behold no man struck at another.

Then from out of a band of horsemen came Harald, and he was covered all over with a great scarlet cloth as before, put on over the head, and flowing all about his horse, but rent with the fight. He put off his helm and drew back his mail-coif, then took a trumpet from the hand of a herald and blew strongly.

And in the midst of his blast I heard a voice call out: "O Florian! come and speak to me for the last time!"

So when I turned I beheld Arnald standing by himself, but near him stood Hugh and ten others with drawn swords.

Then I wept, and so went to him weeping; and he said, "Thou seest, brother, that we must die, and I think by some horrible and unheard-of death, and the House of the Lilies is just dying too; and now I repent me of Swanhilda's death; now I know that it was a poor cowardly piece of revenge, instead of a brave act of justice; thus has God shown us the right.

"O Florian! curse me! So will it be straighter; truly thy mother when she bore thee did not think of this; rather saw thee in the tourney at this time, in her fond hopes, glittering with gold and doing knightly; or else mingling thy brown locks with the golden hair of some maiden weeping for the love of thee. God forgive me! God forgive me!"

"What harm, brother?" I said, "this is only failing in the world; what if we had not failed, in a little while it would have made no difference; truly just now I felt very miserable, but now it has passed away, and I am happy."

"O brave heart!" he said, "yet we shall part just now, Florian, farewell."

"The road is long," I said, "farewell."

Then we kissed each other, and Hugh and the others wept.

Now all this time the trumpets had been ringing, ringing, great doleful peals, then they ceased, and above all sounded Red Harald's voice.

(So I looked round towards that pass, and when I looked I no longer doubted any of those wild tales of glamour

concerning Goliah's Land; for though the rocks were the same, and though the conies still stood gazing at the doors of their dwellings, though the hawks still cried out shrilly, though the fern still shook in the wind, yet beyond, oh such a land! not to be described by any because of its great beauty, lying, a great *hollow* land, the rocks going down on this side in precipices, then reaches and reaches of loveliest country, trees and flowers, and corn, then the hills, green and blue, and purple, till their ledges reached the white snowy mountains at last. Then with all manner of strange feelings, "my heart in the midst of my body was even like melting wax.")

"O you House of the Lily! you are conquered —yet I will take vengeance only on a few, therefore let all those who wish to live come and pile their swords, and shields, and helms behind me in three great heaps, and swear fealty afterwards to me; yes, all but the false knights Arnald and Florian."

We were holding each other's hands and gazing, and we saw all our knights, yea, all but Squire Hugh and his ten heroes, pass over the field singly, or in groups of three or four, with their heads hanging down in shame, and they cast down their notched swords and dented, liliated shields, and brave-crested helms into three great heaps, behind Red Harald, then stood behind, no man speaking to his fellow, or touching him.

Then dolefully the great trumpets sang over the dying House of the Lily, and Red Harald led his men forward, but slowly: on they came, spear and mail glittering in the sunlight; and I turned and looked at that good land, and a shuddering delight seized my soul.

But I felt my brother's hand leave mine, and saw him turn his horse's head and ride swiftly toward the pass; that was a strange pass now.

And at the edge he stopped, turned round and called out aloud, "I pray thee, Harald, forgive me! now farewell all!"

Then the horse gave one bound forward, and we heard the poor creature's scream when he felt that he must die, and we heard afterwards (for we were near enough for that even) a clang and a crash.

So I turned me about to Hugh, and he understood me though I could not speak.

We shouted all together, "Mary rings," then laid our bridles on the necks of our horses, spurred forward, and — in five

minutes they were all slain, and I was down among the horse-hoofs.

Not slain though, not wounded. Red Harald smiled grimly when he saw me rise and lash out again; he and some ten others dismounted, and holding their long spears out, I went back — back, back, — I saw what it meant, and sheathed my sword, and their laughter rolled all about me, and I too smiled.

Presently they all stopped, and I felt the last foot of turf giving under my feet; I looked down and saw the crack there widening; then in a moment I fell, and a cloud of dust and earth rolled after me; then again their mirth rose into thunder-peals of laughter. But through it all I heard Red Harald shout, "Silence! Evil dogs!"

For as I fell I stretched out my arms, and caught a tuft of yellow broom some three feet from the brow, and hung there by the hands, my feet being loose in the air.

Then Red Harald came and stood on the precipice above me, his great axe over his shoulder; and he looked down on me not ferociously, almost kindly, while the wind from the Hollow Land blew about his red raiment, tattered and dusty now.

And I felt happy, though it pained me to hold straining by the broom, yet I said, "I will hold out to the last."

It was not long, the plant itself gave way and I fell, and as I fell I fainted.

CHAPTER III

LEAVING THE WORLD. — FYTTE THE FIRST

I HAD thought when I fell that I should never wake again; but I woke at last: for a long time I was quite dizzied and could see nothing at all: horrible doubts came creeping over me; I half expected to see presently great half-formed shapes come rolling up to me to crush me; some thing fiery, not strange, too utterly horrible to be strange, but utterly vile and ugly, the sight of which would have killed me when I was upon the earth, come rolling up to torment me. In fact I doubted if I were in hell.

I knew I deserved to be, but I prayed, and then it came into my mind that I could not pray if I were in hell.

Also there seemed to be a cool green light all about me, which was sweet.

Then presently I heard a glorious voice ring out clear, close to me —

“Christ keep the Hollow Land
Through the sweet spring-tide,
When the apple-blossoms bless
The lowly bent hill side.”

Thereat my eyes were slowly unsealed, and I saw the blessedest sight I have ever seen before or since: for I saw my Love.

She sat about five yards from me on a great grey stone that had much moss on it, one of the many scattered along the side of the stream by which I lay; she was clad in loose white raiment close to her hands and throat; her feet were bare, her hair hung loose a long way down, but some of it lay on her knees: I said “white” raiment, but long spikes of light scarlet went down from the throat, lost here and there in the shadows of the folds, and growing smaller and smaller, died before they reached her feet.

I was lying with my head resting on soft moss that some one had gathered and placed under me. She, when she saw me moving and awake, came and stood over me with a gracious smile. — She was so lovely and tender to look at, and so kind, yet withal no one, man or woman, had ever frightened me half so much.

She was not fair in white and red, like many beautiful women are, being rather pale, but like ivory for smoothness, and her hair was quite golden, not light yellow, but dusky golden.

I tried to get up on my feet, but was too weak, and sank back again. She said:

“No, not just yet, do not trouble yourself or try to remember anything just at present.”

There withal she kneeled down, and hung over me closer.

“To-morrow you may, perhaps, have something hard to do or bear, I know, but now you must be as happy as you can be, quietly happy. Why did you start and turn pale when I came to you? Do you not know who I am? Nay, but you do, I see; and I have been waiting here so long for you; so you must have expected to see me. You cannot be frightened of me, are you?”

But I could not answer a word, but all the time strange

knowledge, strange feelings were filling my brain and my heart, she said:

“You are tired; rest, and dream happily.”

So she sat by me, and sang to lull me to sleep, while I turned on my elbow, and watched the waving of her throat: and the singing of all the poets I had ever heard, and of many others too, not born till years long after I was dead, floated all about me as she sang, and I did indeed dream happily.

When I awoke it was the time of the cold dawn, and the colours were gathering themselves together, whereat in fatherly approving fashion the sun sent all across the east long bars of scarlet and orange that after faded through yellow to green and blue.

And she sat by me still; I think she had been sitting there and singing all the time; all through hot yesterday, for I had been sleeping day-long and night-long, all through the falling evening under moonlight and starlight the night through.

And now it was dawn, and I think too that neither of us had moved at all; for the last thing I remembered before I went to sleep was the tips of her fingers brushing my cheek, as she knelt over me with down-drooping arm, and still now I felt them there. Moreover she was just finishing some fainting measure that died before it had time to get painful in its passion.

Dear Lord! how I loved her! Yet did I not dare to touch her, or even speak to her. She smiled with delight when she saw I was awake again, and slid down her hand on to mine, but some shuddering dread made me draw it away again hurriedly; then I saw the smile leave her face: what would I not have given for courage to hold her body quite tight to mine? But I was so weak. She said:

“Have you been very happy?”

“Yea,” I said.

It was the first word I had spoken there, and my voice sounded strange.

“Ah!” she said, “you will talk more when you get used to the air of the Hollow Land. Have you been thinking of your past life at all? If not, try to think of it. What thing in Heaven or Earth do you wish for most?”

Still I said no word; but she said in a wearied way:

“Well now, I think you will be strong enough to get to your feet and walk; take my hand and try.”

Therewith she held it out: I strove hard to be brave enough to take it, but could not; I only turned away shuddering, sick, and grieved to the heart's core of me; then struggling hard with hand and knee and elbow, I scarce rose, and stood up totteringly; while she watched me sadly, still holding out her hand.

But as I rose, in my swinging to and fro the steel sheath of my sword struck her on the hand so that the blood flowed from it, which she stood looking at for a while, then dropped it downwards, and turned to look at me, for I was going.

Then as I walked she followed me, so I stopped and turned and said almost fiercely:

"I am going alone to look for my brother."

The vehemence with which I spoke, or something else, burst some blood-vessel within my throat, and we both stood there with the blood running from us on to the grass and summer flowers.

She said: "If you find him, wait with him till I come."

"Yea," and I turned and left her, following the course of the stream upwards, and as I went I heard her low singing that almost broke my heart for its sadness.

And I went painfully because of my weakness, and because also of the great stones; and sometimes I went along a spot of earth where the river had been used to flow in flood-time, and which was now bare of everything but stones; and the sun, now risen high, poured down on everything a great flood of fierce light and scorching heat, and burnt me sorely, so that I almost fainted.

But about noontide I entered a wood close by the stream, a beech-wood, intending to rest myself; the herbage was thin and scattered there, sprouting up from amid the leaf-sheaths and nuts of the beeches, which had fallen year after year on that same spot; the outside boughs swept low down, the air itself seemed green when you entered within the shadow of the branches, they over-roofed the place so with tender green, only here and there showing spots of blue.

But what lay at the foot of a great beech tree but some dead knight in armour, only the helmet off? A wolf was prowling round about it, who ran away snarling when he saw me coming.

So I went up to that dead knight, and fell on my knees before him, laying my head on his breast, for it was Arnald.

He was quite cold, but had not been dead for very long; I would not believe him dead, but went down to the stream and brought him water, tried to make him drink — what would you? He was as dead as Swanhilda: neither came there any answer to my cries that afternoon but the moaning of the wood-doves in the beeches.

So then I sat down and took his head on my knees, and closed the eyes, and wept quietly while the sun sank lower.

But a little after sunset I heard a rustle through the leaves, that was not the wind, and looking up my eyes met the pitying eyes of that maiden.

Something stirred rebelliously within me; I ceased weeping, and said: "It is unjust, unfair: What right had Swanhilda to live? Did not God give her up to us? How much better was he than ten Swanhildas? And look you — See! —he is DEAD."

Now this I shrieked out, being mad; and though I trembled when I saw some stormy wrath that vexed her very heart and loving lips, gathering on her face, I yet sat there looking at her and screaming, screaming, till all the place rang.

But when growing hoarse and breathless I ceased; she said, with straightened brow and scornful mouth:

"So! Bravely done! Must I then, though I am a woman, call you a liar, for saying God is unjust? You to punish her, had not God then punished her already? How many times when she woke in the dead night do you suppose she missed seeing King Urrayne's pale face and hacked head lying on the pillow by her side? Whether by night or day, what things but screams did she hear when the wind blew loud round about the Palace corners? And did not that face too, often come before her, pale and bleeding as it was long ago, and gaze at her from unhappy eyes! Poor eyes! With changed purpose in them — no more hope of converting the world when that blow was once struck, truly it was very wicked — no more dreams, but only fierce struggles with the Devil for very life, no more dreams but failure at last, and death, happier so in the Hollow Land."

She grew so pitying as she gazed at his dead face that I began to weep again unreasonably, while she saw not that I was weeping, but looked only on Arnald's face, but after turned on me frowning.

"Unjust! Yes, truly unjust enough to take away life and all hope from her; you have done a base cowardly act, you and

your brother here, disguise it as you may; you deserve all God's judgment — you —

But I turned my eyes and wet face to her, and said:

"Do not curse me — there — do not look like Swanhilda: for see now, you said at first that you have been waiting long for me, give me your hand now, for I love you so."

Then she came and knelt by where I sat, and I caught her in my arms and she prayed to be forgiven.

"O, Florian! I have indeed waited long for you, and when I saw you my heart was filled with joy, but you would neither touch me nor speak to me, so that I became almost mad, forgive me, we will be so happy now. O! do you know this is what I have been waiting for all these years; it made me glad, I know, when I was a little baby in my mother's arms to think I was born for this; and afterwards, as I grew up, I used to watch every breath of wind through the beech-boughs, every turn of the silver poplar leaves, thinking it might be you or some news of you."

Then I rose and drew her up with me; but she knelt again by my brother's side, and kissed him, and said:

"O brother! The Hollow Land is only second best of the places God has made, for Heaven also is the work of His hand."

Afterwards we dug a deep grave among the beech-roots and there we buried Arnald de Liliis.

And I have never seen him since, scarcely even in dreams; surely God has had mercy on him, for he was very leal and true and brave; he loved many men, and was kind and gentle to his friends, neither did he hate any but Swanhilda.

But as for us two, Margaret and me, I cannot tell you concerning our happiness, such things cannot be told; only this I know, that we abode continually in the Hollow Land until I lost it.

Moreover this I can tell you. Margaret was walking with me, as she often walked near the place where I had first seen her; presently we came upon a woman sitting, dressed in scarlet and gold raiment, with her head laid down on her knees; likewise we heard her sobbing.

"Margaret, who is she?" I said: "I knew not that any dwelt in the Hollow Land but us two only."

She said, "I know not who she is, only sometimes, these many years, I have seen her scarlet robe flaming from far away,

amid the quiet green grass: but I was never so near her as this. Florian, I am afraid: let us come away."

FYTTE THE SECOND

Such a horrible grey November day it was, the fog-smell all about the fog creeping into our very bones.

And I sat there, trying to recollect, at any rate something, under those fir-trees that I ought to have known so well.

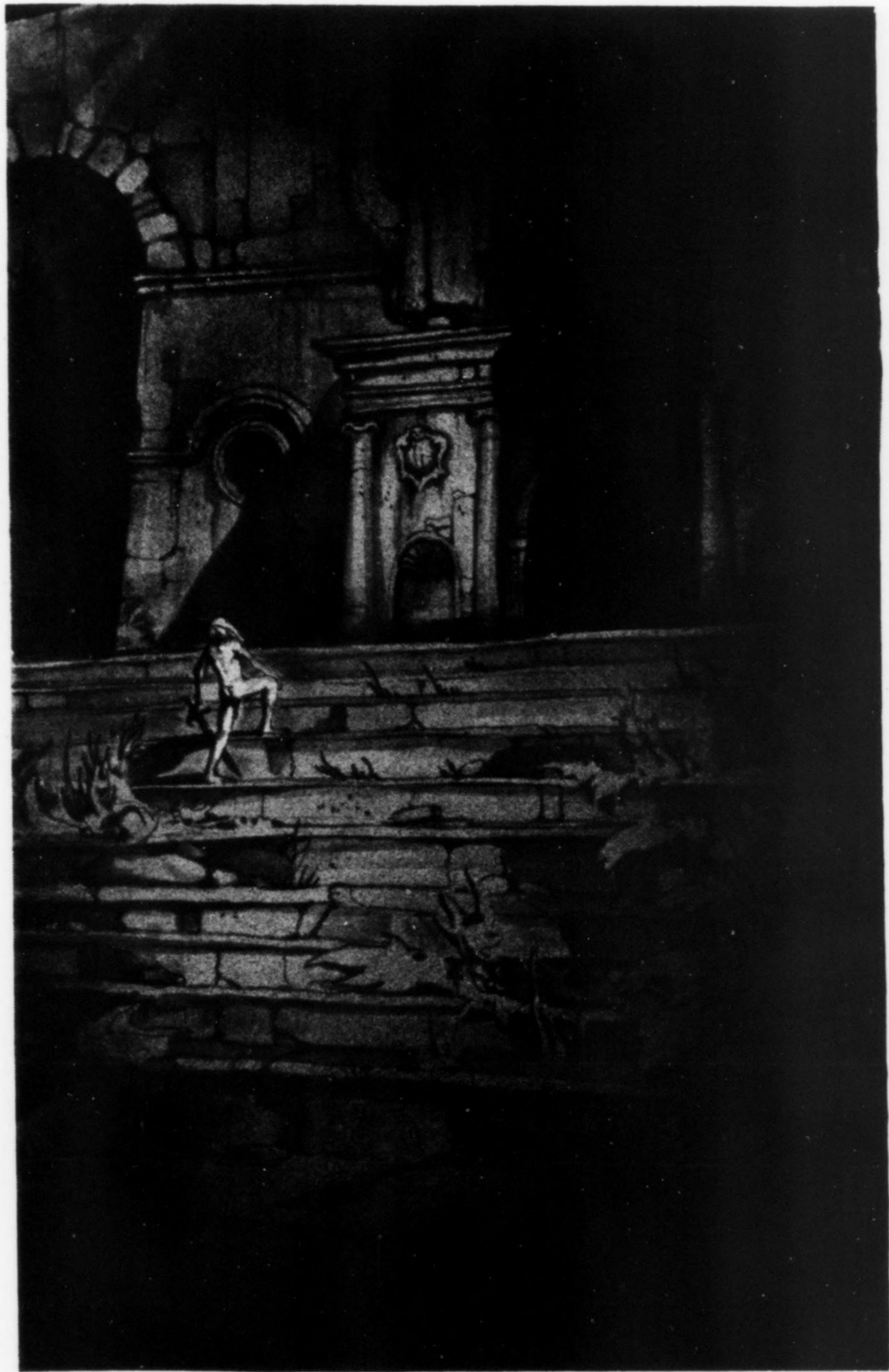
Just think now; I had lost my best years somewhere; for I was past the prime of life, my hair and beard were scattered with white, my body was growing weaker, my memory of all things was very faint.

My raiment, purple and scarlet and blue once, was so stained that you could scarce call it any colour, was so tattered that it scarce covered my body, though it seemed once to have fallen in heavy holds to my feet, and still, when I rose to walk, though the miserable November mist lay in great drops upon my bare breast, yet was I obliged to wind my raiment over my arm, it dragged so (wretched, slimy, textureless thing!) in the brown mud.

On my head was a light morion, which pressed on my brow and pained me; so I put my hand up to take it off; but when I touched it I stood still in my walk shuddering; I nearly fell to the earth with shame and sick horror; for I laid my hand on a lump of slimy earth with worms coiled up in it. I could scarce forbear from shrieking, but breathing such a prayer as I could think of, I raised my hand again and seized it firmly. Worse horror still! The rust had eaten it into holes, and I gripped my own hair as well as the rotting steel, the sharp edge of which cut into my fingers; but setting my teeth, gave a great wrench, for I knew that if I let go of it then, no power on the earth or under it could make me touch it again. God be praised! I tore it off and cast it far from me; I saw the earth, and the worms and green weeds and sun-begotten slime, whirling out from it radiatingly, as it spun round about.

I was girt with a sword too, the leathern belt of which had shrunk and squeezed my waist: dead leaves had gathered in knots about the buckles of it, the gilded handle was encrusted with clay in many parts, the velvet sheath miserably worn.

But, verily, when I took hold of the hilt, and dreaded lest



I entered the castle soon by the outer court.

instead of a sword I should find a serpent in my hand; lo! then, I drew out my own true blade and shook it flawless from hilt to point, gleaming white in that mist.

Therefore it sent a thrill of joy to my heart, to know that there was one friend left me yet: I sheathed it again carefully, and undoing it from my waist, hung it about my neck.

Then catching up my rags in my arms, I drew them up till my legs and feet were altogether clear from them, afterwards folded my arms over my breast, gave a long leap and ran, looking downward, but not giving heed to my way.

Once or twice I fell over stumps of trees, and such-like, for it was a cut-down wood that I was in, but I rose always, though bleeding and confused, and went on still; sometimes tearing madly through briars and forse bushes, so that my blood dropped on the dead leaves as I went.

I ran in this way for about an hour; then I heard a gurgling and splashing of waters; I gave a great shout and leapt strongly, with shut eyes, and the black water closed over me.

When I rose again, I saw near me a boat with a man in it; but the shore was far off; I struck out toward the boat, but my clothes which I had knotted and folded about me, weighed me down terribly.

The man looked at me, and began to paddle toward me with the oar he held in his left hand, having in his right a long, slender spear, barbed like a fish-hook; perhaps, I thought, it is some fishing spear; moreover his raiment was of scarlet, with upright stripes of yellow and black all over it.

When my eye caught his, a smile widened his mouth as if some one had made a joke; but I was beginning to sink, and indeed my head was almost under water just as he came and stood above me, but before it went quite under, I saw his spear gleam, then *felt* it in my shoulder, and for the present, felt nothing else.

When I woke I was on the bank of that river; the flooded waters went hurrying past me; no boat on them now; from the river the ground went up in gentle slopes till it grew a great hill, and there, on that hill-top, — Yes, I might forget many things, almost everything, but not that, not the old castle of my fathers up among the hills, its towers blackened now and shattered, yet still no enemy's banner waved from it.

So I said I would go and die there; and at this thought I drew

my sword, which yet hung about my neck, and shook it in the air till the true steel quivered, then began to pace towards the castle. I was quite naked, no rag about me; I took no heed of that only thanking God that my sword was left, and so toiled up the hill. I entered the castle soon by the outer court; I knew the way so well, that I did not lift my eyes from the ground, but walked on over the lowered drawbridge through the unguarded gates, and stood in the great hall at last — my father's hall — as bare of everything but my sword as when I came into the world fifty years before: I had as little clothes, as little wealth, less memory and thought, I verily believe, than then.

So I lifted up my eyes and gazed; no glass in the windows, no hangings on the walls; the vaulting yet held good throughout, but seemed to be going; the mortar had fallen out from between the stones, and grass and fern grew in the joints; the marble pavement was in some places gone, and water stood about in puddles, though one scarce knew how it had got there.

No hangings on the walls — no; yet, strange to say, instead of them, the walls blazed from end to end with scarlet paintings, only striped across with green damp-marks in many places, some falling bodily from the wall, the plaster hanging down with the fading colour on it.

In all of them, except for the shadows and the faces of the figures, there was scarce any colour but scarlet and yellow. Here and there it seemed the painter, whoever it was, had tried to make his trees or his grass green, but it would not do; some ghastly thoughts must have filled his head, for all the green went presently into yellow, out-sweeping through the picture dismally. But the faces were painted to the very life, or it seemed so; — there were only five of them, however, that were very marked or came much in the foreground; and four of these I knew well, though I did not then remember the names of those that had borne them. They were Red Harald, Swanhilda, Arnald, and myself. The fifth I did not know; it was a woman's and very beautiful.

Then I saw that in some parts a small penthouse roof had been built over the paintings, to keep them from the weather. Near one of these stood a man painting, clothed in red, with stripes of yellow and black: Then I knew that it was the same man who had saved me from drowning by spearing me through

the shoulder; so I went up to him, and saw furthermore that he was girt with a heavy sword.

He turned round when he saw me coming, and asked me fiercely what I did there.

I asked why he was painting in my castle.

Thereupon, with that same grim smile widening his mouth as heretofore, he said, "I paint God's judgments."

And as he spoke, he rattled the sword in his scabbard; but I said,

"Well, then, you paint them very badly. Listen; I know God's judgments much better than you do. See now; I will teach you God's judgments, and you shall teach me painting."

While I spoke he still rattled his sword, and when I had done, shut his right eye tight, screwing his nose on one side; then said:

"You have got no clothes on, and may go to the devil! What do you know about God's judgments?"

"Well, they are not all yellow and red, at all events; you ought to know better."

He screamed out, "O you fool! Yellow and red! Gold and blood, what do they make?"

"Well," I said; "what?"

"HELL!" And, coming close up to me, he struck me with his open hand in the face, so that the colour with which his hand was smeared was dabbed about my face. The blow almost threw me down; and, while I staggered, he rushed at me furiously with his sword. Perhaps it was good for me that I had got no clothes on; for, being utterly unencumbered, I leapt this way and that, and avoided his fierce, eager strokes till I could collect myself somewhat; while he had a heavy scarlet cloak on that trailed on the ground, and which he often trod on, so that he stumbled.

He very nearly slew me during the first few minutes, for it was not strange that, together with other matters, I should have forgotten the art of fence: but yet, as I went on, and sometimes bounded about the hall under the whizzing of his sword, as he rested sometimes, leaning on it, as the point sometimes touched me head and made my eyes start out, I remembered the old joy that I used to have, and the *swy, swy*, of the sharp edge, as one gazed between one's horse's ears; moreover, at last, one fierce swift stroke, just touching me below the throat, tore up the skin all down my body, and fell heavy on my thigh, so that I drew my breath in and turned white; then first, as I swung my sword

round my head, our blades met, oh! to hear that *tthink* again! and I felt the notch my sword made in his, and swung out at him; but he guarded it and returned on me; I guarded right and left, and grew warm, and opened my mouth to shout, but knew not what to say; and our sword points fell on the floor together: then, when we had panted awhile, I wiped from my face the blood that had been dashed over it, shook my sword and cut at him, then we spun round and round in a mad waltz to the measured music of our meeting swords, and sometimes either wounded the other somewhat but not much, till I beat down his sword on to his head, that he fell grovelling, but not cut through. Verily, thereupon my lips opened mightily with "Mary rings."

Then, when he had gotten to his feet, I went at him again, he staggering back, guarding wildly; I cut at his head; he put his sword up confusedly, so I fitted both hands to my hilt, and smote him mightily under the arm: then his shriek mingled with my shout, made a strange sound together; he rolled over and over, dead, as I thought.

I walked about the hall in great exultation at first, striking my sword point on the floor every now and then, till I grew faint with loss of blood; then I went to my enemy and stripped off some of his clothes to bind up my wounds withal; afterwards I found in a corner bread and wine, and I eat and drank thereof.

Then I went back to him, and looked, and a thought struck me, and I took some of his paints and brushes, and kneeling down, painted his face thus, with stripes of yellow and red, crossing each other at right angles; and in each of the squares so made I put a spot of black, after the manner of the painted letters in the prayer-books and romances when they are ornamented.

So I stood back as painters use, folded my arms, and admired my own handiwork. Yet there struck me as being something so utterly doleful in the man's white face, and the blood running all about him, and washing off the stains of paint from his face and hands, and splashed clothes, that my heart misgave me, and I hoped that he was not dead; I took some water from a vessel he had been using for his painting, and, kneeling, washed his face.

Was it some resemblance to my father's dead face, which I

had seen when I was young, that made me pity him? I laid my hand upon his heart, and felt it beating feebly; so I lifted him up gently, and carried him towards a heap of straw that he seemed used to lie upon; there I stripped him and looked to his wounds, and used leech-craft, the memory of which God gave me for this purpose, I suppose, and within seven days I found that he would not die.

Afterwards, as I wandered about the castle, I came to a room in one of the upper stories, that had still the roof on, and windows in it with painted glass, and there I found green raiment and swords and armour, and I clothed myself.

So when he got well I asked him what his name was, and he me, and we both of us said, "Truly I know not." Then said I, "but we must call each other some name, even as men call days."

"Call me Swerker," he said, "some priest I knew once had that name."

"And me Wulf," said I, "though wherefore I know not."

Then I tried to learn painting till I thought I should die, but at last learned it through very much pain and grief.

And, as the years went on and we grew old and grey, we painted purple pictures and green ones instead of the scarlet and yellow, so that the walls looked altered, and always we painted God's judgments.

And we would sit in the sunset and watch them with the golden light changing them, as we yet hoped God would change both us and our works.

Often too we would sit outside the walls and look at the trees and sky, and the ways of the few men and women we saw; therefrom sometimes befell adventures.

Once there went past a great funeral of some king going to his own country, not as he had hoped to go, but stiff and colourless, spices filling up the place of his heart.

And first went by very many knights, with long bright hauberks on, that fell down before their knees as they rode, and they all had tilting-helms on with the same crest, so that their faces were quite hidden: and this crest was two hands clasped together tightly as though they were the hands of one praying forgiveness from the one he loves best; and the crest was wrought in gold.

Moreover, they had on over their hauberks surcoats which

were half scarlet and half purple, strewn about with golden stars.

Also long lances, that had forked knights'-pennons, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

And these went by with no sound but the fall of their horse-hoofs.

And they went slowly, so slowly that we counted them all, five thousand five hundred and fifty-five.

Then went by many fair maidens whose hair was loose and yellow, and who were all clad in green raiment ungirded, and shod with golden shoes.

These also we counted, being five hundred; moreover some of the outermost of them, viz., one maiden to every twenty, had long silver trumpets, which they swung out to right and left, blowing them, and their sound was very sad.

Then many priests, and bishops, and abbots, who wore white albs and golden copes over them; and they all sang together mournfully, "*Propter amnen Babylonis*;" and these were three hundred.

After that came a great knot of the Lords, who wore tilting helmets and surcoats emblazoned with each one his own device; only each had in his hand a small staff two feet long whereon was a pennon of scarlet and purple. These also were three hundred.

And in the midst of these was a great car hung down to the ground with purple, drawn by grey horses whose trappings were half scarlet, half purple.

And on this car lay the King, whose head and hands were bare; and he had on him a surcoat, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

And his head rested on a tilting helmet, whose crest was the hands of one praying passionately for forgiveness.

But his own hands lay by his side as if he had just fallen asleep.

And all about the car were little banners, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

Then the King, who counted but as one, went by also.

And after him came again many maidens clad in ungirt white raiment strewn with scarlet flowers, and their hair was loose and yellow and their feet bare: and, except for the falling of their feet and the rustle of the wind through their raiment, they went

past quite silently. These also were five hundred.

Then lastly came many young knights with long bright hauberks falling over their knees as they rode, and surcoats, half scarlet and half purple, strewn with golden stars; they bore long lances with forked pennons which were half purple, half scarlet, strewn with golden stars; their heads and their hands were bare, but they bore shields, each one of them, which were of bright steel wrought cunningly in the midst with that bearing of the two hands of one who prays for forgiveness; which was done in gold. These were but five hundred.

Then they all went by winding up and up the hill roads, and, when the last of them had departed out of our sight, we put down our heads and wept, and I said, "Sing us one of the songs of the Hollow Land."

Then he whom I had called Swerker put his hand into his bosom, and slowly drew out a long, long tress of black hair, and laid it on his knee and smoothed it, weeping on it: So then I left him there and went and armed myself, and brought armour for him.

And then came back to him and threw the armour down so that it clanged, and said:

"O! Harald, let us go!"

He did not seem surprised that I called him by the right name, but rose and armed himself, and then he looked a good knight; so we set forth.

And in a turn of the long road we came suddenly upon a most fair woman, clothed in scarlet, who sat and sobbed, holding her face between her hands, and her hair was very black.

And when Harald saw her, he stood and gazed at her for long through the bars of his helmet, then suddenly turned, and said:

"Florian, I must stop here; do you go on to the Hollow Land. Farewell."

"Farewell." And then I went on, never turning back, and him I never saw more.

And so I went on, quite lonely, but happy, till I had reached the Hollow Land.

Into which I let myself down most carefully, by the jutting rocks and bushes and strange trailing flowers, and there lay down and fell asleep.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

And I was waked by some one singing; I felt very happy; I felt young again; I had fair delicate raiment on, my sword was gone, and my armour; I tried to think where I was, and could not for my happiness; I tried to listen to the words of the song. Nothing, only an old echo in my ears, only all manner of strange scenes from my wretched past life before my eyes in a dim, far-off manner: then at last, slowly, without effort, I heard what she sang.

“Christ keep the Hollow Land
All the summer-tide;
Still we cannot understand
Where the waters glide;

Only dimly seeing them
Coldly slipping through
Many green-lipp’d cavern mouths.
Where the hills are blue.”

“Then,” she said, “come now and look for it, love, a hollow city in the Hollow Land.”

I kissed Margaret, and we went.

Through the golden streets under the purple shadows of the houses we went, and the slow fanning backward and forward of the many-coloured banners cooled us: we two alone; there was no one with us, no soul will ever be able to tell what we said, how we looked.

At last we came to a fair palace, cloistered off in the old time, before the city grew golden from the din and hubbub of traffic; those who dwelt there in the old ungolden times had had their own joys, their own sorrows, apart from the joys and sorrows of the multitude: so, in like manner, was it now cloistered off from the eager leaning and brotherhood of the golden dwellings: so now it had its own gaiety, its own solemnity, apart from theirs; unchanged, unchangeable, were its marble walls, whatever else changed about it.

We stopped before the gates and trembled, and clasped each

other closer; for there among the marble leafage and tendrils that were round and under and over the archway that held the golden valves, were wrought two figures of a man and woman, winged and garlanded, whose raiment flashed with stars; and their faces were like faces we had seen or half seen in some dream long and long and long ago, so that we trembled with awe and delight; and I turned, and seeing Margaret, saw that her face was that face seen or half seen long and long and long ago; and in the shining of her eyes I saw that other face, seen in that way and no other long and long and long ago — my face.

And then we walked together toward the golden gates, and opened them, and no man gainsaid us.

And before us lay a great space of flowers.



BOOK REVIEWS*ALIBRATIONS*

GOLDEN CITIES, FAR, Edited by Lin Carter. Ballantine 02045, New York, 1970. Paper, 299 pp. \$.95.

I guess I'm just spoiled, or maybe a wee bit cynical, but whatever it is, I haven't the patience these days to put up with a dull book. Even dull heroic fantasy. And whatever merits this

book has (there are a few), I find myself quite unable to participate in the delights so joyously heralded on its cover. I feel almost guilty about this, as if I've deserted a an odd name attached, viewed through the infamous rose-tinted spectacles. Lin Carter's gilded cane on my right shoulder, and turning, find his pointed beard nodding up and down as he asks where my "sense of wonder" has flown. Quite truthfully, Lin, I don't know; wherever it is, it's not in your book.

GOLDEN CITIES, FAR is the third fantasy anthology to appear in the Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series, in what seems to be an annual Fall event. Mr. Carter originally set the theme for these anthologies when he confined the first of his books, DRAGONS, ELVES, AND HEROES, to stories published before the advent of William Morris, leaving to his second volume, THE YOUNG MAGICIANS, writers flourishing primarily in the 20th century. CITIES is akin to the first volume, and includes material gathered from several cultures, East and West, covering a span of some 3000 or more years (c1500 B.C. to the 19th century). Carter draws from to character and event to event in a foreshadowing of the Burroughs writing extensive notes, biographies, publishing histories, and running commentaries on his feelings about each piece.

But the anthology fails to work, and it falls apart on the very point on which it is most touted: entertainment value. Any story, old or new, must be sufficiently interesting to hold the reader's attention, or he'll turn on the tube, pick up his newspaper, or whatever. The enthusiasm I felt for CITIES may be summarized by a wide yawn and an ardent desire to go to bed.

It's not that the stories are poor — they are all competent representatives of their respective periods — but what was great writing centuries ago is often only laughable today, a footnote somewhere in a dusty literature textbook. Perhaps the most indicting statement I can

make about *CITIES* is that it would serve admirably in that function, as a fine text for some future survey course in fantasy literature. There's no sophistication in these tales: They are simplistic, naive, contrived, words 'horror' and 'terror' are used indiscriminately for stories an add name attached, viewed through the infamous rose-tinted spectacles. Simplicity is not a fault *per se* — William Morris is a fine example of a writer whose simply-drawn characters and settings meshed to produce some of the most memorable fantasy ever penned — but when it results in lack of understanding and failure in story conception and realization, then I feel the reader's time is better spent elsewhere.

However, all is not rotten in fairyland, and there is fiction of value to be found among the aureate towns. Three are worth special note: the two selections from *AMADIS OF GAUL*, "Arcalaus the Enchanter" and "The Isle of Wonders," are fascinating prose extravaganzas, and leave one hoping that the entire work will someday be reprinted under the unicorn's head. "The Palace of Illusions," a new prose translation from the classic epic, *ORLANDO FURIOSO*, is a curiously puzzling work that jumps from character to character and event to event in a fore-shadowing of the Burroughs writing technique, some 400 years removed. Although frustrating in its incompleteness, the piece leaves one interested in reading the tale intact. Ballantine intends to reprint it in 1971.

In an introduction to *GOLDEN CITIES, FAR*, the publisher tells us that "there is, perhaps, no reading matter so flagrantly devoted to pure pleasure than adult fantasy." And I agree. I only wish the publisher had paid more attention to his own words. What I hold in my hands is potentiality unfulfilled. Lin Carter can do much better.

RR

THE UNSPEAKABLE PEOPLE, Edited by Peter Haining. Popular Library 01376, New York, n.d. (1970). Paper, 207 pp. \$.75.

The late king of horror film actors, Boris Karloff, often liked to make a distinction between the terms "terror" and "horror." In the introduction to his first anthology of stories, *TALES OF TERROR* (World, 1943), he stated: "It has always grieved me professionally that the two words 'horror' and 'terror' are used indiscriminately for stories designed to stir the imagination and tingle the spine. The terms are literally poles apart in their true meaning and impact. Horror carries with it a connotation of revulsion which has nothing to do with clean terror. If we are not careful we will end by giving simple terror a bad name."

Utilizing Mr. Karloff's standards, then, make no mistake about this book: it is a collection of *horror* stories in the fullest sense of the term, and those with queasy stomachs are warned to stay away. As August Derleth points out in his introduction, many of these stories achieve their effects by a skilled use of the language, and by bringing home the horror that can overcome one man in his own, private world.

Peter Haining is one of the finest living anthologists of fantasy and horror stories, and his books have been popular in England for several years, but only now are they beginning to appear in this country in inexpensive paperback editions, a fact to occasion much joy in the hearts of all connoisseurs of chills. Mr. Haining has chosen his stories with great

care, beginning with an excerpt from *THE MONK* by M. G. Lewis, and bringing us up to date with Theodore Sturgeon and Ray Bradbury. Some are quite scarce, and others are welcome old friends. Some of them, like "The Copper Bowl," by Captain George Eliot, "The Graveyard Rats," by Henry Kuttner, and Tennessee Williams' superb study of masochism, "Desire and the Black Masseur," are almost too terrible to stand. And the hideous and inevitable events in the last story in the book — "Mercy," by Laurence James — brings home with ghastly clarity the feeling that something similar could happen to any of us at any time — and what could be more horrible than that?

The WEIRD TALES Gang is well represented here: H. P. Lovecraft, Robert Bloch, C. M. Eddy (whose story, "The Loved Dead," was considered too gruesome even for WEIRD TALES!), and Ray Bradbury, as well as such excellent authors as John Wyndham, Henry S. Whitehead, C. S. Forester, Richard Hughes, Jane Rice, and Dennis Wheatley.

I must take exception, however, to the inclusion of two pieces in this anthology. First, I was sorry to see Poe represented by "The Raven," a poem familiar to every high school student, when some of his lesser-known — and far more horrible — stories would have been more appropriate. What about such "unspeakable peiple" as "Ligeia," "Morella," "Berenice," "Hop-Frog," and M. Valdemar, just to mention a few?

Secondly, in my opinion Ray Bradbury's science fiction story, "The Shape of Things," is not really a horror story at all. Although the situation is horrible to the parents at first, it is too bizarre and seemingly impossible to really chill us, the readers, and the heroic adjustment made by the parents at the end of the story gives it quite a happy ending. It is a tribute to Mr. Bradbury's consummate skill as a writer that he makes such an idea believable at all; but somehow he does, and we sympathize with both the parents and the — baby. Incidentally, in his introduction to the story Mr. Haining states that this is its first appearance since the initial publication in *THRILLING WONDER STORIES* in 1948, and its first book publication. He is wrong on both counts, I'm afraid: "The Shape of Things" served as the title story for an SF anthology edited by Damon Knight for Popular Library in 1965.

I look forward to more of Mr. Haining's fine anthologies appearing over here. Until they do, savor this one like a dark, evil wine — if you dare!

STELLA NOVA: THE CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE FICTION AUTHORS. Unicorn and Son, Publishers, Medford, Oregon, 1970. Spiral bound, 350 pp. Indices. \$15.00.

This book belongs on the reference shelves of all SF fans, historians, collectors, and libraries, next to the Bleiler and Day checklists. It is a truly fine work of bibliographical and biographical information, and lists the complete SF output of virtually every living science fiction author and anthologist in the United States and England, with biographies on most of them. This 8½" x 11" volume is handsomely bound in a spiral binding, which allows it to lie flat for easy reference use; features extensive indices of every book listed and of authors' pseudonyms; and boasts a beautiful cover illustration by our own Bill Hughes. Most of the limited printing was

snapped up by libraries and the authors featured therein; but a few copies are still available, if you hurry, from: Unicorn & Son, Publishers, 409 Barnett Road, Medford, Oregon 97501.

Even though STELLA NOVA deals only with contemporary SF authors, I'm breaking my own rule here to review it in FF because the author of this volume is none other than our own associate editor, Robert Reginald, who is too modest to plug it himself!

Here are a few current paperbacks to snap up quickly when they appear on your newsstand. We may be able to review some of them in more detail next time:

THE CITADEL OF FEAR by Francis Stevens. Paperback Library 65-401, New York, 1970. Introduction by Sam Moskowitz. Paper, 270 pp. \$.95.

THE WIZARD OF VENUS by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 90190, New York, 1970. Cover by Roy G. Krenkel. Paper, 158 pp. \$.60.

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT by Philip Wylie. Popular Library 00240, New York, n.d. (1970). Paper, 349 pp. \$.95.

THE MARACOT DEEP by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Belmont 2056, New York, 1970. Paper, 156 pp. \$.75.

DM



NEXT ISSUE*ROGNOSTICATIONS*

BEFORE announcing our next serial, I'd like to publicly express the gratitude of the publishers and editorial staff of FF to Mr. Al Germeshausen, who literally saved our first serial from untimely death. Only days before the printer's deadline, our copy of *THE GODDESS OF*

ATVATABAR was stolen from the typesetter's office! As this is a very rare book, obtaining a copy locally was obviously out of the question, and it looked as if we were doomed to go to press without Part III. But just in the nick of time, Mr. Germeshausen, a local fantasy collector, graciously offered to lend us his copy, and we were able to have the remaining portion of the novel typeset and the illustrations shot in time. But talk about close calls! Incidentally, the stolen book was from my personal collection and I'd like very much to replace it, so if anyone out there has a copy in good condition for sale, let's hear from you!

Next issue we begin a new serial which should offer quite a contrast to *THE GODDESS*, a tale of a madman who pits himself against the world with a terrifying weapon of destruction. Written in imitation of Jules Verne, *HARTMANN THE ANARCHIST* by E. Douglas Fawcett, was first published in England in 1893, and has been neglected for over 70 years. We hope to present it in a maximum of three installments, with all the original illustrations.

We are seriously considering the possibility of having some of our cover paintings enlarged and made into posters, to help bring in a little revenue for the magazine. They would be 37" x 28" in size, full color, and would sell for \$1.95 each. How many of you would go for something like this? If we get a favorable enough response, we'll go ahead with the project. So write and let us know if you're interested.

DM



We sat thus crowned amid the tremendous excitement. The People shouted "Life, Health, and Prosperity, to our sovereign lord and lady, Lexington and Lyone, king and queen of Atvatabar.

THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR

BEING THE
HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY
OF THE
INTERIOR WORLD

AND
CONQUEST OF ATVATABAR

BY
WILLIAM R. BRADSHAW

(PART IV — CONCLUSION)

SYNOPSIS

The Arctic exploration ship Polar King, owned and commanded by Lexington White, and carrying an able company of officers and scientists, has attempted to reach the North Pole, but instead has sailed through a strange polar opening into an incredible interior world. They make contact with the inhabitants of Atvatabar, a continent of the interior world, and are accepted as peaceful visitors. They are then taken to Kioram, the principal port of Atvatabar, where they are welcomed enthusiastically by the governor and the populace. After a sumptuous feast, White and his men journey to Calnogar, the capital of Atvatabar, on the "Sacred Locomotive," a fantastic monorail car powered by a force called "magnicity." Upon arriving at the king's palace, they are warmly welcomed by the monarch and his queen, and are given a tour of the wonders of Atvatabar, during which they are awed by the magnificent art

and architecture, advanced scientific devices, and strange but beautiful religious concepts of the inner world. Finally, they are introduced to the beautiful Lyone, living symbol of religious worship, the Goddess of Atvatabar. Lyone is as gracious as she is beautiful, and curious to learn about the outside world. Lexington White gladly assumes the role of tutor, and to his mixed consternation and delight, discovers himself falling hopelessly in love with the goddess. Lyone shows White the strange plant-animals that grow in her garden, then offers to take him and his officers to the city of Eyplosis with her, to witness an important religious ceremony. Aboard her aerial yacht, they barely escape destruction by a cyclone, but finally arrive safely at the Grand Temple of Harikar. There they witness the installation of a twin soul, a ceremony in which two young lovers are united in a state of perfect spiritual love, a Nirvana on earth. White is impressed, but argues with the goddess against platonic, spiritual love at the expense of natural, physical love. Before she can reply, they are interrupted as a pair of young lovers are brought before her for judgement, bearing a newborn baby as proof of their crime: daring to love each other as man and wife. The stern high priest orders them imprisoned separately for life, but the gentle goddess pleads for mercy.

But even her influence cannot save them, and the imprisonment of the two lovers starts a wave of dissention among the inmates of Eyplosis. White and his officers begin to discern serious flaws in the too-perfect system of Atvatabarian religion, and the growing discontent among the people allows White to dare to hope for the first time that he might be able to persuade Lyone to renounce her sublime office for his sake and for the sake of the people of Atvatabar. He goes to her to confess his love and finds to his amazement and joy that Lyone returns his affections! Truly happy for the first time, Lyone takes White to the subterranean caverns of the sorcerers of Atvatabar, where they witness an awe-inspiring demonstration of spirit power, as a shower of precious jewels is created out of nothingness, through the ecstatic psychic force of thousands of twin-souls. The goddess requests the creation of the magical isle of Arjeels, and the chief sorcerer, aided by thousands of devoted priests and priestesses, raises a beautiful, glittering island paradise out of the sea. Lyone and White spend a blissful idyll exploring the wondrous delights of Arjeels, but upon their return to the mainland, they discover that the entire continent is in an uproar over their love affair, and that the chief minister of Atvatabar, Koshnili, has had them spied upon and has reported to the king, demanding their arrest for high treason! The courageous goddess sends a manifesto to the king and her people, stating her love for White and pledging to stand by him, and offering her resignation as goddess of Atvatabar! The outraged king declares a sentence of death upon White and his crew unless they leave Atvatabar at once, without seeing Lyone again. White angrily refuses, and the many citizens still loyal to the goddess flock to her side against the forces of the king. A tremendous naval battle then ensues between the Polar King and the entire Atvatabarian fleet. Professor Rackiron's terrorite shells wreak tremendous havoc among the enemy, but even so, the rebels are on the point of defeat at the hand of the formidable flying warriors of the king, when help arrives from an unexpected source: two exploratory vessels, one from the United

States and one from England, incited by the fantastic account of the sailors who turned back when the Polar King first entered the gulf. The additional firepower of these two ships turns the tide, and the king's admiral, Gerolio, surrenders to Lexington White in the name of Her Majesty Lyone, Queen of Atvatabar!

CHAPTER XLV.

THE VOYAGES OF THE "MERCURY" AND THE "AURORA BOREALIS."

"IT was a most fortunate thing that any of the men could live until they reached civilization," I said, when Captain Adams had finished his reading of Dunbar's story in the paper.

"It was solely due to that fact that we are here at present, admiral," replied Captain Adams. "No sooner was the story published than the greatest possible excitement arose both in America and Europe. The United States and Britain felt chagrined that a private citizen had been able to achieve what the greatest nations on earth, with unlimited men and money, were unable to accomplish. To satisfy popular clamor the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Italy and Spain each fitted out separate expeditions to follow in the wake of the *Polar King*. These were manned with former Arctic navigators, and were in each case commissioned and fitted out regardless of cost to explore the interior world and lay the foundation of future conquest and commerce. The Secretary of the United States Navy, at Washington, sent for Dunbar and Henderson, and forthwith employed both as pilots for the *Mercury* expedition under my command."

"How did the English people receive the news?" I inquired of Sir John Forbes.

"It is useless to say, admiral," he replied, "that the story of the *Polar King* was the sole topic of conversation for weeks throughout the United Kingdom. The Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Travellers' Club, all sent special deputations to the government, asking for the fitting out of a ship to undertake British research, which might possibly accompany the United States vessel having the pilots Dunbar and Henderson on board, and thus partake of the advantage these guides would naturally give the United States vessel.

"The British Government," continued Sir John, with a smile in his eye, "saw at once that British interests in the interior world must be protected at all hazards, and gave the Lords of the Admiralty full power to act.

"My fame as an Arctic navigator and as the discoverer of the bones of the great Irish Arctic hero, Montgomery, and those of his men, in a cabin on Prince Albert's Island, caused the Lords of the Admiralty to place at my command the frigate *Aurora Borealis*, manned by experienced Arctic sailors.

"Negotiations were opened with the United States Government, whereby the *Aurora Borealis*, by proceeding up the northwest passage along the route followed by the Montgomery expedition, might meet the *Mercury*, who would enter the Arctic Sea by way of Behring Strait. It was arranged, as Captain Adams is aware, that each vessel should proceed direct to latitude 75 N., longitude 140 W., and there await the other vessel."

"You are right," said Captain Adams, "for my instructions were of the same nature. The *Mercury* was fitted out in Brooklyn Navy Yard, and as soon as her complement of two hundred and fifty officers, explorers, scientists, press correspondents and seamen was enrolled, and her stores fully shipped, I was instructed to proceed by way of the Nicaragua Canal to San Francisco for further orders and stores. Leaving San Francisco I next touched Victoria, B.C., and finally at Sitka, Alaska, for final orders. The entire winter had been consumed in getting ready, and by May 1 I cleared for Behring Strait, steering straight for the rendezvous in the Arctic Sea where we had arranged to meet by June 1. I was first on the spot, and had the good fortune of only having to wait a week before we sighted the *Aurora Borealis*."

"And then," said Sir John, "began the real work of the voyage. All had been plain sailing so far, but it was clearly impossible for any vessel to reach the Polar Gulf unless a lead was discovered in the ice barrier similar to that so fortunately discovered by the *Polar King*. It was here that the services of Dunbar as pilot came into requisition. Captain Adams had got him to mark on the chart as near as possible the location of the chasm in the ice mountain discovered by the *Polar King*. That once rediscovered, we could succeed in following the *Polar King*; but should we fail in our quest, all further progress would

be impossible. I often said to Captain Adams that I considered Lexington White as one of the most fortunate of men. It was nothing short of the miraculous that you should discover a newly-rent passage through the barrier of ice that for ages has guarded the sublime secret of the pole. Only once in all the eternity of the past did the gate of that thrilling Arctic zone open itself to humanity, and by a miracle of fortune you were on the spot at the right moment, ready to enter that open door. That fact alone emblazons you with glory. But to my story: How were we to discover the same or a similar lead to the north? On the mere chance of discovering such a passage both vessels had encountered the dangers and terrors of the Arctic desolations. Dunbar located the chasm in latitude 78.6 N., longitude 125 W., and thither we sailed.

"As for the expeditions sent out by the other governments of Europe, jealous of American prowess, we have not seen or heard of any of them. Their vessels followed the direction of the Gulf Stream, and the instructions given their commanders were to first make Spitzbergen, and thence proceed due north, and if possible find there a passage to the pole. For ourselves, I will let Captain Adams tell how we got through the ice barrier."

"That," said Captain Adams, "is a simple enough story, but the actual experiences were not so simple as the recital of them. We found that Dunbar's estimate of the location of the passage was within fifty miles of the exact spot. We found the passage after some days' searching, about fifty miles beyond Dunbar's location on the chart. The veritable passage was there, but, as was expected, instead of open water there was a mass of solid ice of unknown thickness, but fortunately having a smooth surface.

"There was but one thing to do to overcome such an obstacle, and that was to haul the ships on runners on top of the ice, right through the gap formed by nature in the icy barrier. Our labors in making such a passage were simply superhuman. Both crews were employed for more than a week in sloping the ice-foot up which the vessels were to be dragged. Then an enormous cradle had to be constructed of massive beams of wood securely bolted together, large and strong enough to carry either vessel. There was fortunately lumber enough for this purpose, as among the stores of both ships timbers for building Arctic huts had been included. The cradle

was first secured to the hull of the *Mercury*, and the crews of both vessels took hold of the ropes made fast to her decks. She was drawn close to the ice, but utterly refused to leave the water. We tried fixing anchors in the ice ahead, to which were attached a system of blocks and ropes. These supplemented the strength of the men by the hoisting engine, but even this was of no avail. We next rigged up a large drum vertically over the shaft of the propeller, and connected it therewith by means of right-angled cog-wheels. To this was fastened an immense cable, to the other end of which were attached the ropes rove through blocks held firmly a quarter of a mile ahead by thirty anchors imbedded in the ice. We started the engines, and, sure enough, the bows of the vessel began to rise out of the water. The *Mercury* would have been lifted high and dry on the ice were it not that at that moment several of the smaller cables in the blocks snapped asunder, and thus our third effort failed. At this juncture, Sir John Forbes proposed to plant a few more anchors in the ice, and through the additional blocks work a cable leading from the bows of the *Mercury* to the stern of the *Aurora Borealis*. This being done, he would steam ahead off the ice and add the power of his ship to that of the *Mercury's* engine, and thus relieve the strain on the *Mercury's* cables. It was a capital idea, and we immediately put it into execution. The result was a perfect success. The combined energies of the English ship and her crew, together with those of our own vessel and men, drew the *Mercury* up the slide of ice, and placed her erect and dry upon the level surface of the lead. It was now comparatively easy work to draw the ship along the ice. Her own engines were equal to the task; but it was impossible for the *Mercury* to go ahead, as, without her assistance, the *Aurora Borealis* would be unable to leave the water. Then, again, there was only the material for but one cradle for both ships. The difficulty was solved by cutting away one-fourth of the cradle from beneath both bow and stern of the *Mercury*, and, joining these parts, we furnished the *Aurora Borealis* with a sledge as large as that of our own ship, and strong enough to keep her in an upright position while being dragged over the ice. After infinite trouble, and in obedience to the aggregated energies of the engines of both ships and the hauling of the combined crews, the English ship was drawn up upon the ice beside the American vessel. This double feat of skill and determination was

duly saluted by a roar of guns and the cheers of the sailors.

"The ice proved so smooth and hard that the crews of each ship, assisted by the engines, were able to work their respective vessels in good order through the entire chasm, a distance of seventy miles. Arriving at the open floe beyond the northern ice-foot, we bevelled off the ice as before, and the ships were finally launched upon the polar sea."

I congratulated Sir John Forbes and Captain Adams on their successful manoeuvre, which resulted in getting their ships across the ice. It was a feat of engineering skill rarely possible of accomplishment, and in their case nature had seconded their efforts by providing a smooth and solid floor to operate upon, otherwise all human endeavor would have been fruitless.

"And now, gentlemen," I said, "what do you say surprised you most in your voyage hither from the ice barrier?"

"I think, admiral," said Captain Adams, "that the grandest sight on earth is the full view of the Polar Gulf, with its suspended abyss of waters surrounding the ship. The colossal flux and reflux of waters produces a feeling of terrible sublimity. It is an awful scene."

"But that scene," said Sir John Forbes, "belongs to the outer world. This aspect of the interior world of Plutusia is ten thousand times more magnificent. What grander glory ever fell on human eyes than this Colosseum of oceans, continents, kingdoms, islands and seas spread upon the vast interior vault surrounding us, and all lit up by the internal sun! The human imagination never conceived anything equal to this. Here nature surpasses the wildest dreams of fancy. We are astounded with the splendor of such a world!"

"You are right, Sir John," said Captain Adams; "this interior sphere surpasses anything hitherto discovered in heaven or earth. And then to think of its enormous riches! The royal fleet of Atvatabar, plated with solid gold, proves the extraordinary profusion of the precious metal."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE ARREST OF LYONE.

WHILE the entertainment was at its height, we were

surprised by one of the guards informing us that a messenger had arrived at the fortress from Eyplosis, bearing for me a despatch of the utmost importance from the high priest Hushnoly.

We were all excitement at the news, and on opening the despatch, I read as follows:

"To His Excellency LEXINGTON WHITE, Lord Admiral of Atvatabar, Greeting:

"Your glorious victory over the royal fleet has awakened popular excitement in favor of deposing His Majesty King Aldemegry Bhoolmakar, and establishing our late beloved goddess Lyone on the throne, as queen of Atvatabar. Eyplosis has openly espoused the cause of Lyone, and the sacred college of priests and priestesses have taken up arms in favor of the goddess. His majesty, being resolved to stamp out rebellion at any cost, has caused the arrest of Lyone at her palace, Tanje, and has confined her in the fortress Calnogor as hostage for the good behavior of the people. He has threatened to put Lyone to death in case her followers attempt any hostile demonstrations against the king's authority. We of Eyplosis are committed to the cause of Her Majesty Lyone, Queen of Atvatabar!

HUSHNOLY."

This was most alarming news! While we had been feasting in inglorious ease our queen had been arrested and imprisoned! The time for action had come.

Ere we could deliberate on the best course to pursue, a second message from Hushnoly arrived, stating that the king, hearing of the outbreak in Eyplosis, had ordered Coltonobory, the commander-in-chief, to proceed with his wayleals to Eyplosis, to capture Hushnoly and disband his followers. This being an open declaration of war, had precipitated a civil struggle, and the armies both of the king and queen were being recruited with great excitement on both sides. As for Kioram, that city had declared for our cause, and the governor was overjoyed to know that the victory of the *Polar King* had resulted in the entire fleet espousing the cause of Lyone.

I questioned Governor Ladalmir on the strength and equipment of both the king's forces and those willing to

support Lyone, and the probabilities of our cause being successful.

He informed me that the king already commanded an army of half a million men, composed two-thirds of wayleals and one-third bockhockids, or flying cavalry, armed with swords, shields and spears of deadly power. The adherents of Lyone numbered already one hundred thousand men, who had also proclaimed her queen of Atvatabar, including five thousand amazons from Eyplosis, who would fight for their late goddess to the death, all similarly armed.

"The future is doubtful," said the governor; "but with your aid we may well hope for success. I congratulate you on your splendid victory, which is already known throughout the kingdom, and will increase our forces to two hundred and fifty thousand men. It will cheer the heart of our late goddess to know that she also already possesses a powerful fleet."

"Do you consider the queen in any immediate danger at the hands of the king or government?" I inquired.

"Well," said the governor, "at the present stage of affairs it is difficult to think that either king or Borodemy would dare to execute her majesty, even although it might be according to law. Yet, if alarmed at the partial destruction and defection of the fleet and the growing power of the queen's followers, the bloodthirsty king and frightened government might possibly execute her, especially if they saw no hope for themselves in the coming struggle."

"Then," said I, "whether we fight or not, our queen is in very serious danger of death?"

"That is what I most fear," said the governor. "As soon as I heard of the imprisonment of her majesty I called a review of my garrison of wayleals and bockhockids, and asked them if they would espouse the cause of the queen, and to a man they swore allegiance thereto. I conceive the only way to secure respect for the queen is to make her followers as formidable as possible."

"Action," I added, "is imperative. We must strike the king's army a fearful blow, to impress his majesty with respect for our power. The queen must either be released by the king or we will release her ourselves. There must be an immediate mobilization of the queen's army, and preceding that, a council of war in the fortress of Kioram to appoint a commander-in-chief and

generals of division. Governor Ladalmir," I continued, "I thank you in the name of Lyone for your allegiance. It is very gratifying to the fleet to know that it is spared the necessity of bombarding your beautiful city."

"We have pledged ourselves to support our queen, to whom be freedom and victory!" said the governor.

"Ay, ay!" said the captains, Pra and Nototherboc.

"The fleet, of course, will assist in defending the city," I said; "and in addition to this duty will furnish a brigade of thirty thousand wing-jackets for active service in the interior. Now, in view of this, how many men can you spare from the garrison?"

The governor replied that he could spare ten thousand wayleals, under the command of Pra, and five thousand bockhockids, under command of Nototherboc.

I ordered Astronomer Starbottle, with Flathootly as escort, to depart at once for Eyplosis, and summon to Kioram High Priest Hushnoly and the high priestess, Grand Sorcerer Charka and the grand sorceress, together with such a retinue of trusty officers as would be worthy of being made commanders in the coming struggle. After summoning Eyplosis, they were both to go to Gnaphisthasia and summon Yermoul, lord of art, and his trusty captains, also to Kioram, and return hither without delay. "Choose each of you," I said, "a pair of the strongest wings, and arm yourselves with revolvers. You must at all hazards evade the enemy and carry out your mission with the greatest possible speed."

Astronomer Starbottle and Flathootly were enthusiastic at being allowed to undertake so adventurous a journey. They immediately began to prepare for an early departure.

"Might I inquire," said the governor, "what you mean by revolvers?"

We showed him the weapons by which we had resisted the onslaught of myriads of wing-jackets, to the fatal force of which thousands had succumbed. He was astonished at the invention, and said if the army of the queen were equipped with so formidable a weapon, King Aldemegry Bhoolmakar would very easily be driven from his throne, and Lyone would be truly Queen of Atvatabar.

It was decided that the fortress of Kioram should be immediately turned into an arsenal for the manufacture of spears and revolvers, for the use of the wayleals and

bockhockids of Lyone's army. The mines where the metal terrelum was worked and the factories where aquelum was elaborated from the water of the ocean were to be seized, and vast quantities of these metals sent to Kioram for the use of the entire army, to furnish a current for the deadly spears, to be made under the superintendence of Professor Rackiron.

Astronomer Starbottle and the redoubtable Flathootly were equipped with splendid sets of wings worked by cells of double power. Their magnetic spears were far-reaching and carried a current of tremendous intensity, contact with which was immediate death.

"Be jabbers," said Flathootly, "the fellow that touches us will foind us hornets of the first magnitude. We'll give him a touch of the cholera morbus."

"I entrust the despatches in your hand, astronomer," said I, "and with Flathootly as escort and body-guard, I hope you will both execute your mission and return safe to Kioram."

"Caution and despatch will be our watchwords," said the astronomer, "and you are already assured of our fidelity."

"In addition to your duty as couriers to Eyplosis and Gnaphisthasia I desire you," I said, "to explore the upper atmosphere, with a view of discovering at what height centrifugal gravity ceases to operate on bodies, and, if possible, where gravity toward Swang begins to exert its force. I wish to choose an aerial battle-field, where there is no gravity, so that our wayleals may have absolute freedom of action."

"We have discovered a perceptible movement toward the sun at a height of fifty miles," said the governor; "at that height our wayleals cease to revolve with the earth, and therefore have no weight — but your astronomer can easily verify this fact by his own experience."

"Do you think our couriers will receive opposition from the king's wayleals?" I inquired.

"I would suggest their being disguised as the king's wayleals as a means of safety. If they travel as wayleals of her majesty they are liable to be captured."

The astronomer and Flathootly made the necessary disguise in their attire as a measure of safety, each donning a leathern cuirass, highly decorated with white-metal helmet and boots, and packing a sufficient quantity of food in a portable trunk to supply them during the journey. They bade us good-by, soaring

from the deck into the gulfs of air above Atvatabar, and directed their flight to Eyplosis.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR IN KIORAM.

THE sensation produced by the defeat of the royal fleet, the destruction of forty of the ships, and the defection of the remaining sixty vessels to the cause of Queen Lyone, shook the nation from its centre to circumference. It appeared incredible that one ship could destroy so many well-armed vessels. Our terrorite guns were considered demon powers, and such was the consternation produced by their terrible energy that, were it possible for us to use such weapons in aerial battle, their appearance would alone cause the royal army to surrender.

Coltonobory was confident he could soon suppress the insurrection by virtue of his superior force.

As for his majesty, he was beside himself with rage at the loss of his fleet. Had Admiral Jolar been alive he would have answered for his defeat with his life. The following royal proclamation testified to the implacable wrath of the king:

“His Majesty KING ALDEMEGRY BHOOLMAKAR of Atvatabar to his faithful people:

“Know ye, my people of Atvatabar, that the desperate barbarian who commands the alien ship, the *Polar King*, has not only alienated the affections of the Goddess Lyone, thereby insulting our holy religion and our laws, but has destroyed forty of our ships of war, and induced the remainder of our fleet to follow his fortunes, thereby giving him power to destroy our commerce, blockade our harbors, and burn our cities. His success has encouraged many who have hitherto been our faithful subjects to flock to his standard, and the terrors of treason and insurrection devastate our beloved country.

“What will be thought of Lyone, who was lately our beloved and adored goddess, who has treasonably allowed herself to be proclaimed Queen of Atvatabar, and who is the prime cause of

all this deluge of crime, treason and apostasy by encouraging a heretical affection for a desperate criminal, and who dares to abuse her holy office by seeking matrimony with a murderer? It would be impossible for this cowardly and desperate assassin to visit our country with such destruction were it not that she who was our goddess sympathizes with his inhuman and infernal work. She has only to speak the word that she has no sympathy with such a monster, and his power will be paralyzed in a moment, and peace restored to our unhappy country. Will it be believed that she absolutely refuses to disown such a viper, and even boasts of his work, and that he will shortly set her free?

"Our prisoner, she has disregarded our clemency in holding the sword of justice that hangs over her head. Her life is already forfeited by her own actions. The monster of insurrection and apostasy must be struck in its most vital part. Orders have been given for a full conclave of the Borodemy, to put our fallen goddess on trial forthwith, and if found guilty to be immediately executed.

"The commander-in-chief of the army, Coltonobory, has orders to attack, pursue and put to death without mercy all rebels in arms, and arrest all sympathizers with the rebel cause.

"Given in our palace at Calnogor in the twenty-sixth year of our reign.

"ALDEMEGRY BHOOOLMAKAR, *King of Atvatabar.*"

This proclamation revealed the desperate crisis matters had reached. The bloodthirsty king had Lyone in his power, and unless a miracle happened nothing could save her. The fact that the flag of the queen floated above Kioram must have added enormously to the wrath of the king, and the supreme question with us then was how to save our queen from a cruel fate.

While discussing this important subject with Governor Ladalmir and my own retinue, we were agreeably surprised to learn of the arrival of the high priest and priestess and the grand sorcerer and sorceress from Eyplosis. Astronomer Starbottle and Flathootly had so far evidently succeeded in their mission.

Hushnoly reported that all Eyplosis was up in arms for the cause of the queen. The priestesses had formed an amazonian legion of five thousand wayleals. These would be commanded by the high priestess Zooly-Soase and the grand sorceress Thoubool in equal divisions. The sacred phalanx of priests of

the spiritual palace would be under the command of the grand sorcerer, while Hushnoly would hold himself in readiness for a special command.

While praising the devotion of the twin-souls, a message by telegraph was received from Gnaphisthasia, stating that the lord of art, Yermoul, was on his way to Kioram. He would travel on the wing by a circuitous route, to avoid contact with any of the king's wayleals. Yermoul would be accompanied by the chief priests of poetry, painting, sculpture, music, decoration, architecture and dancing.

No messenger had been sent to Grasnagallipas, high priest of the palace of inventions in Calnogor, as tidings had been received from that quarter that the priests of invention, owing to their close connection with the seat of government, had become bockhockids of the king. The defection of Grasnagallipas was a severe blow to our cause, as he was the greatest inventor in the kingdom, and master of ten thousand magnetic bockhockids, that machine being his own invention.

Governor Ladalmir said the crisis upon which we were to deliberate demanded immediate action, and the first step to be taken was to appoint a commander-in-chief for the army of the queen. The victory achieved by the commander of the *Polar King* in fighting the royal navy single-handed, and his personal sympathy with her majesty, pointed out his excellency, Lexington White, already lord admiral of the fleet, as the man of all others fit to assume the supreme command of all operations directed against the royal army to secure the liberation of Lyone and the reformation of the religion of Atvatabar. "I therefore," said he, "nominate his excellency, Lexington White, commander-in-chief of the army of the queen."

The governor's proposition was received with the wildest enthusiasm, and I gracefully accepted the high honor conferred upon me.

Hushnoly was appointed my assistant, under the title of supreme general of the army, and the list of generals included the grand sorcerer Charka, the grand sorceress Thoubool, the high priestess Zooly-Soase, the lord of art Yermoul, Governor Ladalmir, Generals Pra and Nototherboc. The chief priests of poetry, painting, music, architecture and decoration, and Professors Rackiron, Goldrock and Starbottle, Dr. Merryferry

and Flathootly were also created generals of the army, being at the same time relieved from service in the fleet.

Rear-Admiral Wallace was promoted to full command of the fleet during my absence therefrom, with the title of admiral.

As president of the council, I spoke as follows:

“Supreme General Hushnoly and generals of the army of Her Majesty Lyone, Queen of Atvatabar, you are aware of the nature of the crisis that calls us together and the cause to which we devote our lives and fortunes. Our beloved queen, for whom we fight, is in the hands and at the mercy of a cruel tyrant. We may hear of her death at any moment. Such an event would crush our hopes and blast our cause beyond hope of recovery. We must be both bold and prudent. We must concentrate our forces to withstand the onset of the enemy. A proclamation must be issued making Kioram, which is under the protection of the fleet, the headquarters of the army and the rallying-ground for volunteers. Our arsenal in the fortress will begin at once to make revolvers, under the superintendence of General Rackiron, for the use of our wayleals. Armed with these, one hundred thousand wayleals will be equal to half a million men without such weapons.

“We must strike a mighty blow as soon as possible for the sake of Lyone, our queen. Once break the power of the king, and he will be glad to sue for peace by liberating our adored idol, the pride of Atvatabar.”

These sentiments were applauded with impetuous excitement.

Hushnoly caused telegraphic despatches as to the proceedings of the council to be sent to Eyplosis, Gnaphisthasia, and to sympathizers in Calnogor, calling on volunteers for the army of the queen to report themselves at Kioram without delay.

Admiral Wallace was instructed to send vessels to various points on the coast of Atvatabar, to receive volunteers and supplies and transmit them to Kioram with all possible speed.

The mines of precious metals of the queen, situated on the northern coast of the kingdom, and the materials for making guns, gunpowder and terrorite, were to be accumulated at Kioram without delay.

Professor Rackiron agreed, if furnished with men and materials, to turn out sufficient hand mitrailleuses to arm one hundred thousand wayleals in less than a month. He also

proposed to furnish our wayleals with magnic spears, and to arm the legs of the bockhockids with magnic toes, so that a company of the strange animals could rout a legion of wayleals. We discovered that the materials for the manufacture of terrorite existed in abundance in Atvatabar, and as the secret of this substance was still ours, we were in a position to work fearful havoc on the enemy.

Before the council broke up the most encouraging news was received from our agents throughout the kingdom that the enrollment of volunteers for our cause was proceeding with great rapidity, and a hundred thousand men would arrive in Kioram within a week from the date of our proclamation. Hushnoly was appointed general of volunteers, in addition to his rank as supreme general of the army. General Yermoul and his colleagues would command the contingent from Gnaphisthasia, consisting of fourteen thousand wayleals.

While thus discussing the details of our army organization, Astronomer Starbottle and his body-guard, Flathootly, arrived at the fortress, having safely escaped all perils in making a very hazardous journey.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE REPORT OF ASTRONOMER STARBOTTLE.

I CONGRATULATED our couriers upon their safe return from a successful expedition. The astronomer made the following report of his journey:

“Following our instructions to bear despatches to Eyplosis and Gnaphisthasia, and at the same time make such astronomical and meteorological observations as might be valuable to military operations in Atvatabar, we rose to a considerable height in the air after leaving the *Polar King*. We were still under the influence of the earth’s revolution, moving with Atvatabar two hundred and fifty miles an hour from east to west. We found the atmosphere of equal density, no matter how high we ascended, showing it to be a continuation of the denser strata of the outer air pressing into the earth by way of the open poles. It fills the hollow shell of the earth as an elastic ball, pressing equally on every part of the interior surface.

Notwithstanding its mobility, it partakes of the revolution of the earth, hence the particularly serene climate of Bilbimtesiol and the absence of trade-winds in the region of greatest motion, which corresponds to the torrid zone of the outer sphere. The only winds are local disturbances, sometimes excessively violent, caused by the irregularities of the earth's surface and the consequent unequal distribution of heat and cold. Besides the general serenity of the air there are other reasons why the interior planet is really the only true world where human flight is a complete success.

"We found that at a height of fifty miles the gravity caused by centrifugal motion is exactly counterbalanced by the attraction of the central sun overhead. At a height of sixty miles, if the wings remain motionless, we perceptibly ascend with a slowly increasing motion toward the sun, while the centrifugal gravity slowly lessens, owing to the lesser circle of space traversed, the attraction of Swang as gradually increases, and nothing but the strength of our wings prevented our falling into the fires of the sun.

"Our chief discovery was the fact that there exists a belt of air at a distance of between fifty and sixty miles above the earth, extremely cold, in which there is no weight, and all objects therein float, indifferent to the presence of the sun above or earth beneath. We saw a distant globe hanging in this region of very small size, and through the glass we could see mountains, rivers and seas thereon, but no traces of cities or human life.

"During our stay in this imponderable region Flathootly expressed his satisfaction by grotesque evolutions. He would fly, moving his legs as if he were skating on ice, and again plunging as though he were diving into the sea. Then he would fly upward feet foremost, as though he were falling toward the sun.

" 'Shure it's foine fun,' he said, 'to shtand upside down, flyin' an' laughin' at the same toime.'

" 'Take care,' I said, 'and don't fall upward.'

" 'How can I fall upward when the ground's below me?' he inquired.

" 'The earth below you has no attraction at this height,' I said; 'but the sun is exerting its influence upon us. If we go any higher up we'll be drawn into the fires of the sun and roasted

alive.'

" 'Be jabbers, if that's so, I'll get down an' walk, an' you can fly around as much as you loike,' said Flathootly.

" 'If you descend you'll be arrested and executed as a spy. Remember, we're in an enemy's country,' said I.

" 'I'll tell you what I'll do then,' said he; 'now that I've got me siven-leagued boots on, I'll jist go down an' jump from wan mountain top to another.'

"Time would not permit us to stay longer in our high altitude, consequently we stretched ourselves on the abyss of air and swept downward to Eyplosis.

" 'Our flight was exultant and swift. We soared over mighty ranges of mountains and swept into wide valleys with the ecstasy of birds. What a splendid fact to communicate to the outer world — that man, denied for untold ages the power of flight, may now inhabit a world of incomparable beauty, where it is easier to fly than to walk and a thousand times more enjoyable! The powers of the body and the raptures of the soul are not in themselves limited. It is simply a question of environment. No sooner do we inhabit a new environment than both body and soul expand themselves and fill the greater amplitude as easily as that more restricted one. Give the world, weary with ennui, a fresh joy, and see how eager its enjoyment therof, how voraciously it feasts on the newly-found delight.

"We descended to the level of the mountain peaks, and, sure enough, Flathootly, taking his stand on a lofty crag, would flap his wings and sail to the next mountain like an albatross. When alighting on one of the peaks he frightened an immense bird from its nest on a cliff. It was the seemorgh, a bird of prey, as large as six eagles, with wings measuring twenty feet from tip to tip. It ferociously flew at Flathootly as he tried to escape it, and caught him with its claws, fastening its strong beak in the back of his neck.

"It was a perilous position for my companion.

"I flew to his rescue. He was badly frightened, and kept shouting, 'Kill the baste!' The bird being on Flathootly's back, rendered him powerless to cope with it. Suddenly the bird let go its grip of his neck and took hold of his head in its claws, with the idea of carrying him off to its eyrie. Coming behind the monster unseen, I managed by a well-directed blow to transfix him with my magic spear. The seemorgh, with



I mounted the trunk and proposed the health of her Majesty, Lyone, Queen of Atvatabar.

wide-distended wings and head falling limp on its breast, slowly revolving, descended to the earth, the first enemy to fall on land at the hands of the invader.

"Flathootly now avoided the mountains. He had a narrow escape, but, excepting an ugly wound in his neck, was otherwise unscathed.

"We continued our flight to Egeplosis, dimly visible in the vault before us. We continued to traverse the inner curve of the planet, Atvatabar surrounding us on all sides except that part of the sphere above us which was concealed by the brilliancy of Swang.

"Owing to the uniform heat and density of the lower strata of air, every mountain top was covered with foliage. We saw many mansions of the Atvatabarese sculptured out of the solid rock and surrounded with noble forests of tropical vegetation. We flapped our wings thirty miles above Atvatabar, which lay, with its mountains, forests, lakes, cities, temples and dwellings, beneath us like a map.

"We had flown for six or eight hours when a feeling of hunger admonished us to partake of food. The tin trunk, which was our commissariat department, had been towed behind us by means of a rope during the entire journey.

" 'Flathootly,' said I, 'let us call a halt for refreshments.'

" 'With all my heart,' said he; 'but how are we to howld the trunk up?'

" 'Let us rise to the height of fifty miles again,' I replied, 'and then it will stand on the air alone, like ourselves.'

" 'You're a wise man, sorr,' said he. 'It's an illigant idea that we'll adopt immediately.'

"Accordingly, we were soon once more in the region of no weight, where we stood in the air as on land, Flathootly on one side of the trunk and I on the other, to dine on its contents.

"Flathootly, opening the lid, brought forth some cold venison, which he coolly laid on the air beside us, saying, 'Shtand there now till you're wanted.' The venison quietly floated up against the side of the trunk, that being the only force of gravity acting upon it. In like manner he tossed around us a cold roast fowl, several varieties of cooked vegetables, and some rich puddings. He also produced several bottles of squang, the tokay of Atvatabar. These he flung downward, but every bottle, after falling half a mile or so, slowly ascended, and the

entire bottles came back to us in a close cluster, as though unwilling to leave us.

"It was a novel feast. We closed the lid of the trunk and spread a napkin thereon, and at once began our repast. Flathootly rapidly secured the floating dishes, and the food was demolished as easily as though we stood on *terra firma*. I pulled a pudding off my back, and Flathootly took from his neck the knives and forks that had clustered there.

"The wine proved excellent. I mounted the trunk and proposed the health of Her Majesty Lyone, Queen of Atvatabar, and the empyrean rang with the enthusiasm invoked by the toast.

"Flathootly proposed the health of our noble master, His Excellency Lexington White, the conqueror of the fleet. The air once more echoed its response to our hurrahs.

"We might have rested, and even slept, on the impalpable air, but duty forbade us any such luxury. We repacked our trunk and proceeded straight to Eyplosis, then but two hundred miles away. We arrived safe, and, handing the high priest, Hushnoly, your despatch, hastened on to the palace of art at Gnaphisthasia. We again succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the king's wayleals, thanks to our speed and disguise, and delivering your despatch to the grand priest of art Yermoul, in Gnaphisthasia, returned forthwith to Kioram."

CHAPTER XLIX.

PREPARATION FOR WAR.

IN less than a week, as measured by the time bells of Kioram, the ships began to arrive with troops from various parts of the coast of Atvatabar, bringing volunteers for either branch of the service of her majesty. In ten days one hundred thousand volunteers had arrived, and these were quartered in the city, pending their equipment as wayleals and bockhockids. As might be expected, a great many were deserters from the royal army, and these were of great assistance in organizing the troops, being already skilled in the tactics of aerial warfare.

General Rackiron had turned the entire fortress into an arsenal of war. Fires blazed everywhere for forging guns and magnic spears, and a thousand hammers were shaping the limbs of bockhockids. The department for making ammunition was busiest of all, furnishing the elements on whose efficiency depended success or defeat.

A vast quantity of hand mitrailleuses, or gigantic revolvers, were made, and being of but little weight, these blew showers of bullets from magazines attached to the tubes. Each wayleal carried a thousand cartridges.

The cell in the case of the wayleals had to furnish a double current, viz., the current that moved the wings and the death-dealing current of the spear. For each bockhockid two powerful cells were necessary, one for the rider and the other to work the bockhockid he rode or flew upon. The strongest cell was contained in the body of the mechanical bird, which moved both its wings and legs, and also furnished its claws with a deadly current, so that when a detachment of bockhockids dashed into a mass of wayleals, legs foremost, the greatest possible havoc could be made with the least possible risk to the mounted riders.

The object of having each cell separate in the case of the bockhockids was apparent. In case a mounted wayleal got unhorsed he was able to join the wayleals, or infantry, having the same equipment as they.

Our superiority in arms when compared with the royal army, which possessed only magnic spears and shields, was apparent.

Of course, the enemy also made the legs and claws of the bockhockids magnic spears in themselves.

It seemed remarkable that a people so inventive, and who possessed the best of all means for manufacturing fire-arms, should not have thought of a better device than their naval air guns. It was but a further illustration of the fact that the keenest minds are constantly color-blind to the simplest combinations visible to lookers-on while they are pursuing their elaborate researches.

But the royal army, if inferior in arms, possessed the superiority of numbers. It outnumbered us three to one.

Our total forces consisted of 175,000 wayleals and 42,000 bockhockids, making a total of 217,000 troops, which included 5,000 amazons.

We at first expected a much larger army, believing the priests of invention, under Grasnagallipas, would certainly espouse the cause of the queen, but it was a terrible blow to our enthusiasm when we learned that the priests of invention, making a total of 50,000 wayleals, had joined the royal army and would fight against their late goddess.

Calnogor being the headquarters of the royal army, it would have been particularly dangerous for the priests of invention to have espoused our cause, surrounded as they were by the enormously more powerful enemy. To our loss, they had chosen to continue part of the army of the king, which at the lowest computation numbered half a million men.

The king seemed strangely reluctant to begin the attack, although he knew the extent of our forces in Kioram. It was evident the protection given the city by the fleet allowed us to complete the arming and drilling of our forces without molestation.

Supreme General Hushnoly reported that, thanks to the indefatigable energy of General Rackiron and his colleagues, Generals Starbottle, Goldrock and Flathootly, assisted by Generals Charka, Yermoul, Pra and Nototherboc, he had been able to fully equip the wayleals with mitrailleuses, wings, electric spears and uniforms. The bockhockids, in addition, were mounted on mechanical birds that could either fly, trot or walk with tremendous speed.

I instructed Hushnoly to make his appointment of officers without delay, as we might take the field any moment.

General Rackiron informed us that he was hard at work on a protable terrorite gun for aerial warfare. He hoped to have a battery of these guns ready in time to decide the war in our favor. I thanked the general for his extraordinary exertions, and informed him I felt sure of his success. With terrorite guns we would be invincible.

Our spies, who had been despatched in all directions, informed us that the royal army was in a state of activity not inferior to our own. A daily review was being held in the air above Calnogor, and it was discovered that Coltonobory was about to make a descent on our ships, particularly to seize the *Polar King*, and by thus silencing her guns, have Kioram and the army of the queen at his mercy. The plan was approved of by the king, and might be put in operation at any moment.

This was most important news, and we decided to take the initiative at once.

"We will attack the enemy even if he is a million strong," I said.

"Everything calls for an immediate advance," said Hushnoly.

We also learned from trusty couriers that Lyone had been brought before the Borodemy, and the legislative assembly in full conclave, after hearing the evidence, had found her guilty of treason, impiety and sacrilege to her faith, of treason to the king, and had, by encouraging insurrection, caused her adherents to take up arms against both king and law, thereby endangering the lives and property of the inhabitants of the kingdom. There was no one to recommend Lyone to mercy, and she was condemned to death. The king had already signed her death-warrant.

She might be executed any moment!

It was a dreadful crisis to contemplate. Our first duty was to save the life of our queen at any sacrifice. I at once called a council of war to consider this all-important question. We had only assembled when a royal courier arrived at the fortress with an important despatch addressed, "To His Excellency Lexington White, Commander-in-Chief of the Insurrectionary Army at Kioram."

CHAPTER L.

I VISIT LYONE IN CALNOGOR.

I HASTILY opened the despatch, which read as follows:

"His Majesty King Aldemegry Bhoolmakar of Atvatabar wishes to inform His Excellency Lexington White, commander-in-chief of the insurrectionary army mobilized in Kioram, that Her Holiness Lyone, late Goddess of Atvatabar, has been tried before a full conclave of the Borodemy on the charge of sacrilege, apostasy, and insurrection. Her holiness has been found guilty and is now under sentence of death. His majesty, of merciful intent, wishes it to be known that he will pardon her holiness on this condition, viz.: That the

insurrectionary army lays down its arms forthwith, and the wayleals separate and depart to their respective abodes; that his excellency, the commander-in-chief, and his generals surrender themselves to his majesty as prisoners of war, to be tried and punished as military law dictates. This surrender to include that of the admiral of the fleet and the ships under his command.

“On no other condition whatever will mercy be extended to her holiness, and should this offer be temporized with or rejected nothing can save the late goddess from the sword of justice.

“Dictated at the palace in Calnogor, in the twenty-fifth year of his majesty’s reign.

“ALDEMEGRY BHOOLMAKAR.”

The king’s communication was received with a sensation of contempt and dismay. The thought of surrender was in itself preposterous, but when we thought that our rebellion would drive a sword into the heart of Lyone, the awful idea struck us dumb with horror!

The king possessed our proudest and most precious soul as hostage, and he was cowardly enough to sacrifice her as his most deadly blow to the insurrection.

The crisis was appalling.

“Shall we,” I cried, “continue the fight, now that we know it is our queen we fight against, that it is our arms that will murder her?”

“We certainly do not murder her,” said Hushnoly; “and yet this unexpected crisis paralyzes me.”

“The king will not dare to murder the queen,” said the grand sorcerer; “and if he does — ”

The sorcerer suddenly checked himself; the mere contemplation of such an event was overpowering, yet he seemed, of all others, the most composed. His eyes shone with a strange fire that I had not hitherto noticed.

“I am satisfied,” said Governor Ladalmir, “that unless we lay down our arms and submit ourselves to his mercy, which means death to every one here, the fate of the queen is sealed.”

“I think,” said the high priestess Zooly-Soase, “that his excellency, the commander-in-chief, should, if possible, obtain an order from the king permitting him to visit her majesty, and advise her of the entire facts of the situation, and then act as

she commands. If she asks us to lay down our arms and surrender ourselves as the price of her liberty, there is none, I think, who would be so faithless as to refuse."

"And I," said the grand sorceress, "approve of your proposal. I am willing to surrender myself to save the life of the late goddess."

"We are all willing to sacrifice ourselves if need be!" shouted the entire council with generous and chivalrous enthusiasm.

"I will go," said I, "and see Lyone, as you propose, and upon her decision will depend our future action."

A courier was immediately despatched under a flag of truce to the palace at Calnogor, with the message that before his majesty's communication could be replied to, the commander-in-chief of the army of the late goddess desired to have an interview with her majesty to decide upon a final answer thereto, and to request a royal passport not only admitting him to the presence of Lyone in the fortress at Calnogor, but also permitting his safe return to Kioram.

"I fear," said Hushnoly, "the queen herself may be so confident in the success of her cause that she will overlook any danger to herself. It would be a signal success to save her without our own surrender, but that is impossible until we defeat the royal army."

"What say you, grand sorcerer?" said I. "Do you think my mission will be successful as regards the life of Lyone?"

"I have already foreseen this crisis," said he; "but I believe the end will be triumphant."

His majesty, in reply to my despatch, sent me a royal passport that admitted me to the fortress to converse with Lyone, and which would protect me until my return to Kioram.

"Tell her majesty," said the grand sorcerer, "not to fear the king; that we will save her, even should she nobly disdain to accept our surrender for her life."

"How do you propose to save her life in case she forfeits it?" I eagerly inquired.

"I cannot tell you," he replied, "for occult knowledge can only be apprehended by the initiated. Every great reform requires its martyr, and it may be that the queen will be our martyr, no matter what we do."

An audible groan escaped from the lips of all. Was it possible that even should we surrender we could not save the life of our

adorable leader, and that to surrender would involve all in a common ruin? Was there ever in human history so great a crisis? I began to doubt the sorcerer's knowledge of the future. At the same time I felt that he alone could guide us in that hour of peril.

"Sorcerer," I cried, "for the love of Lyone, for the glory of our cause, tell me what to do! What shall I say to the queen? How shall I advise her to act for her own safety as well as ours?"

"Do not advise at all," said he. "Let the queen act for herself, and that will be the best solution of the difficulty."

"But should she insist on sacrificing herself, where would be our triumph?"

"The triumph will be assured," said he, "although to win our cause will require the greatest sacrifice to be made."

I began to think that Lyone and the sorcerer understood each other, and that her life would in any case be saved from the violence of death; and, taking this hopeful view of the situation, I departed for Calnogor, escorted by Flathootly and the astronomer.

As we swept toward the metropolis of Atvatabar I wondered if I would be permitted to make the journey in safety. Was the passport of the king but a *ruse de guerre* to entrap me?

I noticed here and there, as we neared the city, detachments of the royal wayleals, some suspended in the air, and others being drilled in globular masses in anticipation of the coming struggle.

When within ten miles of Calnogor a party of scouts intercepted us, who demanded to see our passports. The leader examined the royal decree with great minuteness, and only allowed us to proceed with apparent reluctance. I had reason to fear treachery, as I had but lately fought my way out of the country.

At length arriving above the royal fortress, we rapidly descended to the court-yard and inquired for the governor.

With what feelings of excitement I awaited my interview with Lyone! In what state would I find her, and how would she solve the riddle, a destiny that seemed impossible of solution?

The governor, accompanied by his armed staff, approached me, declaring how glad he was to be able to permit an interview with Lyone. His manner was altogether too suspiciously

cheerful, and his body-guard surrounded us closely.

I hastened to assure the governor that my visit was made under the protection of the king, and showed him the royal decree. "I have come," I said, "to have an interview with her majesty upon the crisis, and that being accomplished, the royal mandate will secure me a free departure to Kioram."

"You can certainly see the ex-goddess," said the governor, "but you have no right to address her as her majesty, for such a title is high treason to their majesties, the king and queen of Atvatabar. As to your being free to leave the fortress again, I must confer with his majesty in that matter, as you are my prisoner until the king commands your release."

Was this a plot to capture me?

I was too anxious to see Lyone to think of my own safety just then, and requested the governor to lead me at once to her apartments.

"Follow me," said the governor, leading the way into the fortress. We passed along corridor after corridor until we arrived at a heavy gate of bronze, which the governor himself unlocked. We thereupon entered a spacious antechamber, severely furnished with large oaken benches on the marble floor.

I requested Flathootly and the astronomer to remain in the antechamber while I passed through another door unlocked for me by the governor.

I found myself alone in a spacious and finely decorated apartment, the gilded cage of Lyone. There were luxurious couches, and receptacles for books, and painted tapestries on the walls, and in the centre of the floor stood an aquarium, the home of strange animals and plants, from which rose a vase of gold that held a bouquet of the rarest flowers. The floor was covered with a semi-metallic carpet resembling linoleum. I sat down to await the coming of Lyone.

Presently the embroidered tapestry concealing the entrance to another chamber was moved aside, and the pale and breathless figure of Lyone stood before me. She came toward me, robed in a loose white silk gown. Her arms were outstretched, and her face wore an air of indescribable nobility and tenderness. I rushed forward and caught the glorious figure in my arms. It was fitting that our holiest emotions should at first find expression in a mutual deluge of kisses and tears.

CHAPTER LI.

THE DEATH OF LYONE.

WHEN the ecstasy of our meeting had somewhat subsided I informed Lyone of the dreadful crisis in our affairs. I pointed out that to save her life the king required her army to disband itself, and her leaders to deliver themselves up as rebels and insurrectionists, to receive punishment for their so-called offences. "Now," said I, "notwithstanding the fact that we can defeat the royal army in pitched battle, yet to save your precious life we are willing to surrender ourselves to his majesty."

"And what do you think would life be worth to me," said Lyone, her eyes flashing fire, "with my dearest friends slain, my cause ruined, and my soul covered with the shame of remorse, defeat and the disgrace of having purchased my miserable life by the death of the noblest of souls? I will go to the scaffold alone. You will conquer, and will avenge my death."

"Sweet goddess!" I cried, "you will not thus sacrifice yourself. What will victory be worth if you, for whom we fight, are not our proudest trophy? What avails the triumph of our cause if there remains no queen to possess the triumph? Your life is our life, your death our destruction. With you to fight for, any company of leaders will be successful. Let us surrender ourselves to make you free."

"It can never be," replied Lyone, "that you must suffer, one hundred souls for but one. I am that one, and the cause can more easily suffer the loss of one soul than the loss of all. That the soul may again possess freedom is worthy many a martyr. I only regret I have but one life to give for this blessed cause. I counsel you to depart and carry on the war you have so bravely begun, and in your hour of triumph remember Lyone."

"There is no cause if there is no Lyone," I pleaded. "Do not be your own enemy; accept the condition of freedom so freely offered you, and perhaps even we may still find some means of escape."

"The king, I know," said Lyone, "would much prefer your death to mine. He is exasperated at the loss of the fleet, and that, too, at the hands of strangers. Nothing would give him

greater joy, and nothing such fame in the eyes of the nation, than to put yourself and your sailors to death. My capture and your present visit are but the fulfilment of his plot to destroy you. He thinks you will never allow me to be sacrificed, and so hopes for your annihilation. But in this he will be disappointed. In this terrible trial I have eaten my heart out. Without you, and without our faithful comrades, life would be less than worthless. This crisis can only be solved by heroic measures. I have decided for you all. Go! — go and avenge my death!”

I saw that Lyone had firmly steeled her soul for the sacrifice, tremendous at it was, and in the presence of such heroism it seemed sacrilege to again offer our less worthy lives for a life such as hers.

But a resolve so unsupportable agonized me. I clasped the divine girl in my arms in a transport of love and horror, and implored her again and again to accept life while it was offered her.

We stood beside the aquarium in the centre of the apartment, close to the vase of gold filled with flowers. Lyone, in a dazed state, reached for a flower, and in doing so touched the vase, and in a moment fell dead upon the floor!

I cannot dwell upon the horror of the scene. I rushed to the door of the apartment, and stood in the outer chamber, where waited my companions.

The governor of the fortress came forward to explain that I was his prisoner until he had heard from the king whether or not I should be permitted to leave the prison. I raised my spear, and with one blow transfixing the dog at my feet. He never spoke again!

The taking off of the governor was accomplished with so little disturbance that we passed through the body-guard, which was assembled in the outer corridor, without interference.

The situation was war!

Was it really true that our hope was dead, that our jewel the glory of our cause, was lying cold and lifeless in her prison?

I was stunned with the first shock of the scene. I could only cry out, as though she were still alive, for her radiant soul to come and share our mutual bliss.

But when it clearly dawned upon me that the being for whose freedom I had resolutely labored had become the victim of her murderers, that I could never again enfold her beauty



Lyone reached for a flower and in doing so touched the vase and immediately fell dead upon the floor!

with my love, however ardent or tender, I was petrified with horror.

My immediate comrades, to whom I communicated the tidings, grew white with the appalling news.

The one cry was, "Could Lyone, the idol of her army, the goddess of her people, be indeed dead? Was the voice that could conjure such love and devotion hushed forever?"

Leaving a guard to watch over the body of the goddess, I set out for Kioram.

Barely escaping arrest at the hands of several wayleals, we arrived safely at the fortress. It was our wings and spears, and not the passport of the king, that saved us.

The council in Kioram, on hearing of the death of the queen, grew excited. The one desire in the hearts of all had been to save Lyone's life — but, alas!

I despatched a messenger to the king, charging him with the murder of the queen, and stating that I should exact retribution at his hands for the foul deed. I warned him not to do any injury to the person of her majesty, but deliver her dead body to the guard we would send, who would convey it to Eyplosis.

"This is a wound that infuriates me," said the grand sorcerer.

"It is the work of the jealous Koshnili and the murderous Bhoolmakar," said I; "and dearly will they answer for it! I must return at once to Calnogor, and take charge of the body for honorable sepulture."

"I think it better for your excellency to remain at the head of the army," said the grand sorcerer, "and allow me to undertake the removal of the body of the queen to Eyplosis. By keeping her death a secret from the army you will be able to defeat Coltonobory, and bring the king and Koshnili to justice. I shall delay the obsequies of the queen until victory is assured."

I agreed to this proposition, being anxious to bring the king to justice, and thereupon relieved General Charka of his command of the 21,000 bockhockids, giving him a guard of 100 wayleals, and requested him to proceed at once to the fortress of Calnogor, and, demanding the body of Lyone, bear it to Eyplosis for honorable sepulture.

The grand sorcerer, who had anticipated the refusal of Lyone to accept liberty at the price demanded, but did not apprehend her sudden death, had, during my absence, assisted at

completing the organization of the army. I gave his command of the right wing of the army to Sir John Forbes, Captain Adams accepting a subordinate command.

Supreme General Hushnoly had fully armed the various battalions with mitrailleuses and electric spears, and had furnished all with electric wings.

I instructed Hushnoly to mobilize the army at once and order an immediate advance on Calnogor. All Kioram was alive with warlike preparations. The various generals and captains, accompanied by their aides-de-camp, flew over the city, calling their troops to arms. Both wayleals and bockhockids, soaring into the air, formed themselves into immense living globes, and in the hollow centre of each flew the commanding general and his subordinate officers. In less than an hour the entire army lay marshalled in the air, and Supreme General Hushnoly called me to review our forces.

It was a magnificent sight. High over Kioram stretched a line of enormous spheres composed of wayleals and blockhockids arranged in the following order:

THE ARMY OF HER MAJESTY
QUEEN LYONE.

HIS EXCELLENCY LEXINGTON WHITE, *Commander-in-Chief.*

GENERAL SIR JOHN FORBES, commanding the right wing of 21,000 bockhockids, as follows:

The Legion of Art, commanded by General Yermoul.

Phalanx of Poetry—Vice-Gen.	Ahornus	2,000
Phalanx of Music	” Arnondar	2,000
Phalanx of Painting	” Rhemegron	2,000
Phalanx of Dancing	” Osornon	2,000
Phalanx of Architecture	” Vanablis	2,000
Phalanx of Drama	” Clamavappy	2,000
Phalanx of Sculpture	” Hitturkey	2,000
Phalanx of Decoration	” Drapasius	2,000
The Kioram Legion—General Nototherboc	5,000

SUPREME GENERAL HUSHNOLY, commanding the centre of the army, comprising 175,000 wayleals.

The Phalanx of Eyplosis—General Gerolio	5,000
First Amazonian Phalanx—General Zooly-Soase	2,500
Second Amazonian Phalanx—General Thoubool	2,500
The Kioram Phalanx—General Pra	10,000
First Fletyeming Brigade—General Starbottle . .	10,000
Second " " " Flathootly . .	10,000
Third " " " Goldrock	10,000
First Volunteer Army—General Jolgos	25,000
Second " " " Akerbole	25,000
Third " " " Tarabesq	25,000
First Volunteer Legion—General Swilkar	10,000
Second " " " Karramby . .	10,000
Third " " " Botarnie	10,000
Fourth " " " Garreoc	10,000
Fifth " " " Heralion	5,000
Sixth " " " Nosofrassy . .	5,000

GENERAL LADALMIE, commanding the left wing of 21,000 Bockhockids, as follows:

First Vol. Leg. Bockhockids—Vice-Gen. Adams . . .	5,000
Second " " " Doroccy . .	2,000
Third " " " Madneaf . .	2,000
Fourth " " " Darjiltis . .	2,000
Fifth " " " Roumix . .	2,000
Sixth " " " Hieralto . .	2,000
Seventh " " " Dnublis . .	2,000
Eighth " " " Napasacco	2,000
Ninth " " " Dumargo	2,000

The army in all consisted of 182,000 men and 5,000 amazons. The amazons were dressed similar to the priests of Eyplosis — that is, in pale brown soft-leather tights, high boots emblazoned with scales of white metal, heavy spider-silk tunics, ornamented with beautiful embroidery and held close to the figure by a belt. The knapsack held the magnic cell, dynamo and wings, and also furnished the current for their spears.

As each wayleal required ample space for the movement of his or her wings, it will be seen that each living globe was of immense size, and the entire army became of enormous proportions as it lay stretched upon the air. I assumed supreme command as commander-in-chief, with Flathootly as special aide-de-camp, and gave orders for each globe to double up its wayleals, so that in each case there would be two globes, the outer or fighting force and the interior or reserve force. In the centre of each living shell was placed the commissariat department and the medical, musical and commanding staffs.

The death of Lyone had been kept a secret. The bands of each army began to play the "March of Lyone," and at the word of command the vast flying mass of armed men moved grandly forward to Calnogor.

CHAPTER LII.

THE BATTLE OR CALNOGOR.

Long ere we reached Calnogor we discovered the royal army already marshalled to meet us. It lay above the city in globes of wayleals and bockhockids still more prodigious than ours. It was composed of three armies, ranged one above the other, and each army being equal in numbers to our own. Thus, forming a solid parallelogram of amazing magnificence, the royal army awaited our onset. Its bockhockids, formed in ten globes of ten thousand in each, and led by Grasnagallipas, the lord of invention, were the flower of the army, and occupied a central position, where possibly they would do the greatest damage to us. High overhead in a chair of state, supported by twenty wayleals, sat Coltonobory, commander-in-chief of those immense legions that were ready to do battle for the defeat of

the cause of their late goddess and the honor of their king.

The sight of two such armies of winged gladiators sweeping toward each other in revolving globes was one of breathless interest. The approaching fight was a question of life or death to both combatants. Defeat to Aldemegry Bhoolmakar meant possibly the loss of crown and kingdom, and our defeat meant the annihilation of the party of reform and the cause of Lyone. We were eager to begin the fight without delay.

To obtain greater freedom of action, I led the army up into the region where there was no gravity. The movement was followed by a similar movement on the part of the royal armies, who rose like a swarm of locusts to meet us. The noise of so many wings in motion was like that of a roaring storm, and formed an inspiring accompaniment to the music that rang upon the sunlit air.

Here, fifty miles above the white city beneath, both armies closed upon each other. There was a fearful yell of "Bhoolmakar!" answered by as loud a shout of "Lylene!"

Our army was literally buried in the centre of the enemy. The impetuous priests of Eyplosis and the no less eager priestesses performed prodigies of valor.

Our mitrailleuses were a complete surprise to the enemy. Thousands of their wayleals were killed ere they could deliver a blow with their spears.

There was considerable slaughter on both sides, but the enemy depended largely on their magnic spears and shields, while we handled our guns with terrible effect.

The volunteer army under Hushnoly suffered greatly by the demoralization caused by the enemy's bockhockids under Grasnagallipas. The terrible legs of those machines destroyed the military formation of our wayleals, producing a continuous panic, and permitting the enemy's wayleals to work a ghastly slaughter in their broken ranks. In revenge our bockhockids with their more deadly weapons literally tore their globes to pieces. Notwithstanding our superior arms, the greater numbers of the enemy made them a match for us.

The rushing of wings, the explosions of the machine guns, the clashing of spears and the yells of the combatants made a scene of infernal horror. As the focus of battle swayed hither and thither, it left behind a trail of blood, dead and wounded bodies, broken wings, spears and revolvers. The *debris* of the

battle simply floated out on the air, veritable clouds of disaster. Irregular masses of dead and wounded wayleals and broken bockhockids floated in heaps amid pools of blood.

The enemy could only succeed by stabbing, whereas our wayleals were scorpions whose guns were fatal. With the points of their spears they made great havoc in our battalions. But as long as our ammunition lasted their formations were immediately shrivelled up.

Coltonobory began to mass his army in the form of an immense outspreading hemisphere of the form of an open umbrella. His intention was to enclose us on all sides, and so if possible devour us. I at once ordered the army to take the form of a cone, each legion being a segment thereof, whose apex was formed of bockhockids, and whose base was wide circles of wayleals. With a blast of the trumpet I drove the entire army like an enormous javelin right through the heart of the foe, tearing a yawning chasm, half a mile in diameter, in his ranks!

We lost fully two thousand men in this movement, and the foe over ten thousand in killed and wounded.

The enemy, paralyzed by the onset, became consolidated into three or four immense globes. In front of these they placed their bockhockids, whose monstrous limbs alone could keep our spears at a safe distance. It was the intention of Coltonobory to ram us with the cohorts led by Grasnagallipas and his bockhockids.

Hastily re-forming our broken ranks as before, I ordered a flank movement, rapid and decisive. Our bockhockids plunged into a tremendous mass of wayleals. Into the chasm thus made in the ranks of the enemy General Zooly-Soase threw her amazons, protected on either side by the legion of priests of Eyplosis under Gerolio. The priestesses, whose spears were particularly long and powerful, did terrible execution. The enemy was for a time panic-stricken as the glorious girls made their successful onset. Their dramatic beauty and the flash of their spears made a scene of imposing grandeur. Coltonobory, recovering from his surprise, ordered his bockhockids to the centre of the fight. To prevent the sacrifice of the priestesses by overwhelming odds I sent the bockhockids of art to their assistance. These swept to the rescue like a flight of eagles, and the empyrean echoed to the roar of the combat.

The fighting now became general. The sunlit heavens seemed

filled with the ferocity of war. The discharge of guns, the yells of wayleals, the trumpet signals of the commanders, the crash of swords and spears, the ceaseless motion of wings, and the long trail of dead and wounded combatants that followed the fight like the *debris* of a comet, was a sight but rarely beheld by human eyes.

Each army seemed so equally balanced — the king's army had the advantage in numbers and our own the advantage in weapons — that neither party could yet claim a victory. Further fighting seemed useless until some new tactics were employed; therefore I gave orders for a cessation of the battle, and caused flags of truce to be hoisted.

Both armies indeed required food and repose, and the wounded required immediate attention. The enemy was no less anxious for a truce than ourselves, consequently all fighting ceased and both armies withdrew. Several miles apart sentinels were placed on guard on outposts in the atmosphere, and our wayleals threw themselves upon the air in various attitudes of repose.

In company with Generals Hushnoly, Ladalmir, Gerolio, Zooly-Soase, Thoubool, Charka, Yermoul, Starbottle and Goldrock, I visited the scene of the battle.

How ghastly the realities of war! There floated irregular piles of dead and wounded bodies, from which poured many a trickling stream of ruddy life, which formed immense cloudpools of blood surrounding each ghastly pile. The heaped-up masses of the dead would vibrate, as some poor suffocating wretch struggled in his last agonies. Dr. Merryferry and his assistants hastily took possession of the wounded, and ministered to their necessities. Water was supplied them from the leathern bags of water that formed part of the commissariat supplies.

I ordered a detachment of wayleals to separate the living from the dead, and bear the wounded to Kioram for immediate attention.

The saddest sight of all was a cluster of fifty beautiful priestesses, embracing one another in the long caress of death. They had been slain with the magnic spears, so happily there were no gaping wounds from which the life-blood flowed. Ardsolus and Merga lay dead where the fight was hottest, both slain at once.

The dead and wounded twin-souls were sent to Eyplosis as quickly as possible, and the process of clearing the air of the havoc of war was carried out both by the enemy and ourselves with the greatest despatch.

The losses of the enemy were four times greater than ours, owing to the tremendous execution done by our gigantic pistols. The royal troops presented in ghastly groups every possible posture of the human body that could be created by rage, pain, fear, or madness.

How I wished some eloquent historian could have floated through that abyss of horror on distended wings, and, pen in hand, described its dramatic desolation and terror. Clouds of vultures and the seemorgh were devouring the dead bodies, and, as they fought for choice morsels, flapped their wings in pools of gore. Many of the combatants, including some of my own sailors, were drowned in globes of blood.

CHAPTER LIII.

VICTORY.

THE wayleals rested and slept outstretched upon the air close to the scene of battle. Not having any weight as regarded external objects, they mutually attracted each other, and to obtain freedom and rest without being crushed together into suffocating masses of men, they were formed into companies of one hundred each, with their feet pressing against solid cylinders of spears. Mutual gravity was sufficient to hold them together, and each wayleal spread himself upon the air, as upon a bed of down, enjoying luxurious repose.

I had slept I know not how long, in company with the leaders of our army, when I was awakened by Flathootly, who informed me that a trusty messenger from Grasnagallipas, lord of invention and general of the king's bockhockids, desired to see me as bearer of an important despatch from his master.

The messenger, saluting, handed me the following document:
"To His Excellency Lexington White, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Queen Lyone, from Grasnagallipas, General of the Royal Bockhockids, Greeting:

“General Grasnagallipas begs to report that he and his bockhockids have ever been in sympathy with the late goddess, but were prevented from espousing her cause by the overwhelming presence of the royal army in Calnogor. To show his detestation of the horrible act of criminal cowardice on the part of his majesty, he offers his sword and command of bockhockids to the cause of the late adorable goddess and queen of Atvatabar, and on the acceptance of such assistance by your excellency will at once leave the ranks of the royal army and enter that of her late majesty, to fight for the sacred cause and assist in punishing a perfidious king. GRASNAGALLIPAS.”

The loss attending the withdrawal of the priests and priestesses to form a guard of honor to the illustrious dead was more than compensated for by the re-enforcements under Grasnagallipas, to whom I sent a message of gracious acceptance of his services.

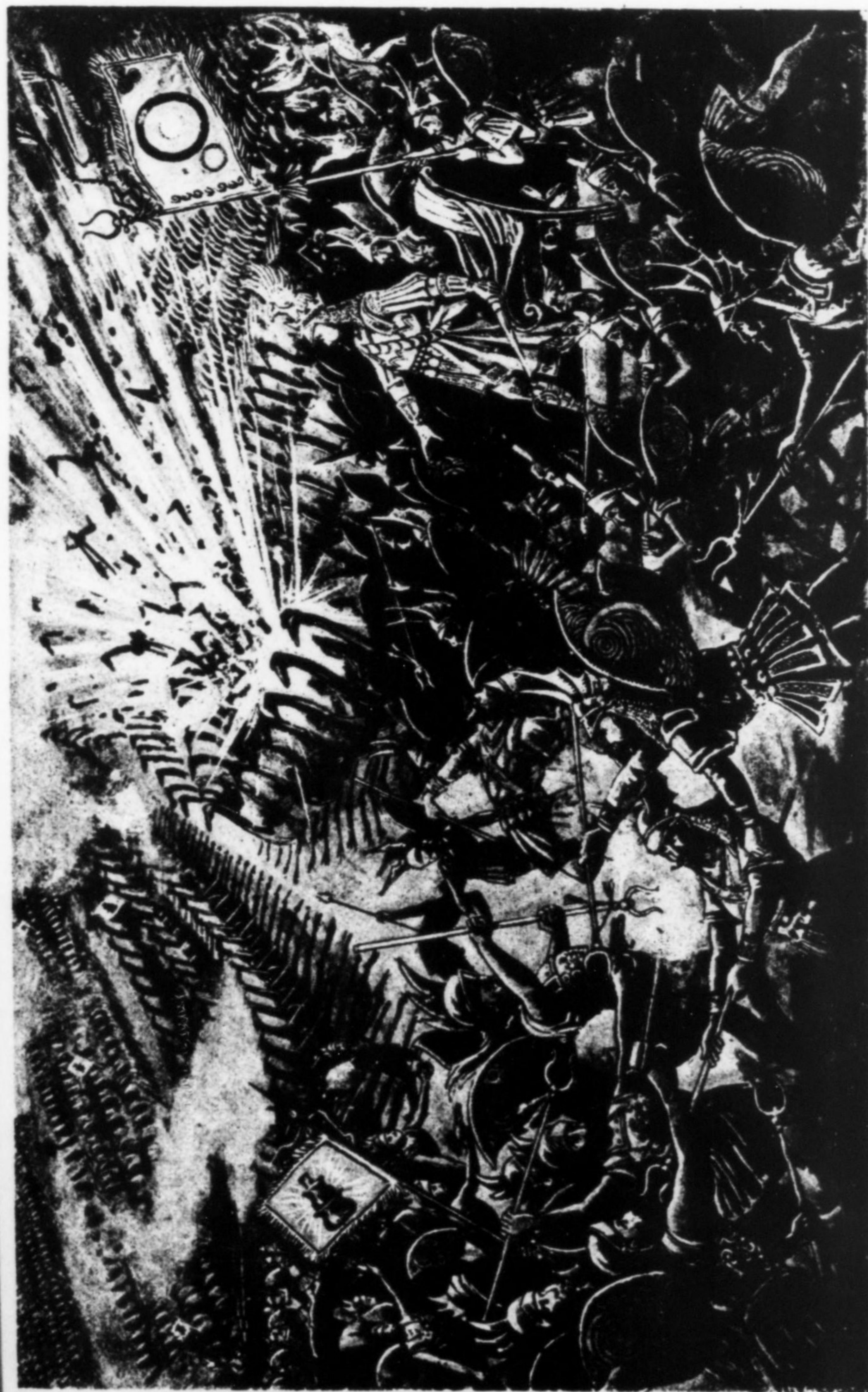
The army being fully aroused for conflict, had the satisfaction of welcoming re-enforcements from two opposite directions, viz., the fifty thousand backhockids under Grasnagallipas and the terrorite battery under command of General Rackiron.

As was expected, the departure of the bravest general in the royal army was the signal for a renewal of hostilities, and Coltonobory, mad at the serious defection of his troops, at once assumed the offensive. He had received a large recruitment of wayleals, and felt as formidable as ever. His army swept down upon us with warlike music rolling like thunder, and cries of “Bhoolmakar!” The king himself, having dealt us his most terrible blow, was a witness to the onset of his hosts. He sat aloft in a golden palanquin, borne on the shoulders of his followers, with a body-guard on either side.

The advance guard of the enemy consisted of several regiments, armed with our own hand mitrailleuses, taken from prisoners. These did a terrible execution among our wayleals.

Grasnagallipas, anxious to undo the injury he inflicted on us during the first battle, and emulous of the prowess of our own forty thousand bockhockids, plunged headlong amid the foe, creating a panic wherever his gigantic birds descended. He fought like a demon, neither asking nor giving quarter.

General Rackiron, having got his terrorite battery in position,



At this juncture, a shell of Terrorite exploded among the foe with thrilling effect, destroying at least two hundred bockhockids.

was eager to check the advance of the enemy by saluting him with a few aerial torpedoes. There was some delay incidental to the first actual operations of a hastily constructed battery, but the daring ingenuity of the professor overcame every obstacle. Each gun, supported by fifty men, possessed a solid foundation from which to direct its operations.

The enemy, though harassed by our bockhockids, had worked into the centre of our army by sheer weight of numbers. Our wayleals, having exhausted their ammunition, had to fall back on their electric spears, and at times were obliged to retire in confusion. At this juncture a shell of terrorite exploded among the fore with thrilling effect, destroying at least two hundred bockhockids.

Coltonobory, who evidently attributed the disaster to an explosion of gunpowder in his own ranks, closed up the broken columns and renewed the attack.

Three explosions in rapid succession, right in the centre of the enemy, caused the greatest consternation, and produced a frightful gap, where but a moment before the air was thick with an armed host.

Generals Yermoul, Gerolio, Ladalmir and Grasnagallipas plunged with their bockhockids into the living cavern produced by the torpedoes, and with their spears mowed down thousands of the panic-stricken wayleals.

Another terrorite shell, thrown in the direction of the king, destroyed a few hundred of his protectors and induced his majesty to seek safety in immediate flight.

Not wishing to lose so important an enemy, I ordered General Flathootly and the second legion of fletyemings to start in hot pursuit of the royal party and bring me back the king, dead or alive. Flathootly, delighted with his mission, started off at once in pursuit of Bhoolmakar.

The terrorite battery proved our most effective weapon in castigating the enemy. I could not thank Professor Rackiron sufficiently for his great genius and mechanical skill in so rapidly perfecting his weapons, which were modelled on the plan of the guns belonging to the *Polar King*. Every discharge proved a blast of destruction to the foe.

The deadly missiles wrought a fearful slaughter, steadily decimating the ranks of the royal army, which had no similar weapons with which to retaliate upon us.

The frightened hosts, constantly changing their focus, left behind them vast heaps of the dead and wounded and globes of floating blood.

On one occasion the first brigade of fletyemings, led by General Starbottle, in eagerly pursuing the enemy dashed through a pool of blood three feet in thickness, and every wayleal emerged dripping with gore.

Coltonobory, finding further resistance useless, at once surrendered himself and his army to our mercy.

My brave wayleals, flushed with victory, saluted me with cries of "Long live Lexington White, King of Atvatabar!"

But what was success now without the one priceless soul to share my triumph?

Did ever glory so grand and defeat so terrible so mingle themselves in human experience?

My wayleals, now for the first time hearing of the death of their queen, would have torn Coltonobory to pieces had I not protected him.

I knew he was personally innocent, and my wayleals were already in pursuit of the king.

We entered Calnogor in triumph. I heard on all sides a wail of lamentation for Lyone, mingled with appause for the conqueror.

It was a scene in which conquest and misery, rapture and failure, life and death, were indissolubly united.

CHAPTER LIV.

REINCARNATION.

THE grand sorcerer Charka and his guard had with reverend flight borne the body of their goddess Lyone to the palace of souls, mourning the death of their adored, who had been so precious, so beautiful, so holy.

The high priestess and the grand sorceress, together with the priests and priestesses of Eyplosis, on hearing of the death of Lyone, departed at once for Eyplosis, to mourn the death of their goddess.

Lione was dead!

Ah me! What was triumph then, without my soul of souls to share its delights? The blessed cup of joy, quivering to the brim, was about to touch my yearning lips when it was dashed aside by a treacherous hand. Well might the crownless Bhoolmakar laugh in whatever damnable retreat he had retired to! His revenge was complete.

Oh, the pity of it! The young, the adorable, the divine soul who was just about to remount her throne to receive a purer adoration from her people; she who was to be queen of Atvatabar, slain treacherously, within sight of the Bormidophia, wherein she had so long been worshipped.

It was impossible for me to remain longer on the field of battle. I wanted to fling myself on the once happy form and kiss her death-cold lips!

I left Coltonobory and his surrendered army in the hands of the supreme general Hushnoly, and started at once for Eyplosis. As my wings devoured the leagues of air I thought, was this the climax for which I fought? I flew along with none to share my torture. My heart was rent wide open, and in my agony I rolled upon the air as I flew, for brain and soul seemed an ocean of fire.

I arrived at Eyplosis full of anguish. With quivering lips and burning tears I staggered into the portal that led to the subterranean palace where I knew my loved one was laid. I silently entered the magnificent abode of the sorcerer, horror-stricken with despair.

Suddenly, beyond the labyrinth I heard a golden sound, the sound of that blessed bell that once before rolled its waves of delight over my spirit. I stood leaning against a pillar, dissolved in its bewitching moans, luxuriating in the Agapamone of music breathed from the delirious bronze. I heard wafted from the mysterious temple the refrain of thousands of voices chanting a ritual of love and peace. The multitudinous sound seemed so soft and so thrilling, so powerful and so holy, that I was eager to know if such burden of love was the sorrowing passion of the twin-souls in honor of their dead goddess.

I saw through the open doors of the temple a moving throng of twin-souls, swaying in masses hither and thither, with naked feet on the aquelium floor. On every forehead burned an electric star, giving a spectral flush to the scene. That was the singing multitude I had heard, the hierophants of the holy soul.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the objects before me, I saw the interior of the temple, on whose sculptured walls and roof roses woven of smouldering electric fires revealed their burning bloom. Wires of platinum, terrelum, and aquelum had been woven into a filagree of roses, with leaves and stems made red hot by the electric current. High above the sculptured dado rose strange windows of illuminated glass, in colors sad and brilliant, made visible by thousands of electric lights hidden in the sculptured recesses behind each window. The subject of each jewelled pane was a tableau of reincarnation, in which the figures of sorcerers and magicians, robed in splendid attire, gave life to beings that had died.

The frieze was one continual blaze of color, formed also of enamelled glass emblazoned with life-sized processional figures and illuminated with incandescent lights.

In a distant part of the temple, on a terrelum pedestal, I again saw a monster of gold, with a terrible head and outstretched wings.

As I surveyed this stupendous figure, I discovered that it held in its fore paws an immense helix of terrelum wire, ten feet in length and nine feet in diameter. One end of the wire was joined to ten thousand wires, whose extremities, terminating in terrelum wands, were held by the twin-souls. Each priest held a wand in his right hand and each priestess a wand to her left, and their disengaged arms were wound around one another's waists.

The other end of the voluminous wire forming the helix terminated in the river of an enormous spring that held a circular rheotome close to the circular mouth of the helix.

On a pedestal level with the upheld battery, reached by a spiral stairway, stood the grand sorcerer Charka, robed in tissues of white silk and golden embroidery. An assistant priest turned a wheel that moved a screw point toward the spring of the rheotome. The moment the screw point touched the spring, the circular plate over the heart of the helix began to vibrate audibly. Another turn of the screw, and a vital thrill filled the temple with its sonorous music.

I then knew that all that mysterious structure with its terrelum wires was an immense spiritual battery, charged with the life and love of ten thousand souls. The vital fluid, generated in the yearnings of ideal love, flooded the helix with its vitality and induced a magnetism of life that made the

rheotome vibrate with emotion, until the whole temple shook with the thrilling sound.

The priests and priestesses sang their ritournel of passion and love, and the grand sorcerer waved his wand over the monster's head. It was then the thought of Lyone filled my soul with a terrible yearning.

Where was her hapless body? Was this feast of passion that I beheld her obsequies, or could it be some occult incantation to raise her from the dead?

The thought fired my brain with madness! Oh, that it might be possible for her to live again, if only for one hour, that she might hear of victory! All at once I seemed to know that Lyone was laid in the heart of the helix held by the hehorrent. I knew, oh, I knew that the spectacle I beheld was the ceremony of reincarnation. I knew that the goddess was being swathed with currents of life from her votaries. How I blessed those living batteries, so faithful in their glorious work! How I blessed the adorable sorcerer who conducted this precious ministry of life, who focused the love of thrilling souls upon the person of their goddess!

I stood transfixed to the floor, watching with straining eyes those flamens of life perform their ritual of reincarnation. The air of the temple grew warm as blood, and infinitely holy. Soft and piercing music rose from unseen chambers of the temple, which, mingling with the blessed storm of life that beat upon the mouth of the helix, seemed to whirl away my senses.

The first circle of souls around the dragon comprised the votaries of Bishano, or Sorcery; Hielano, or Magic; Nidialano, or Astrology; Padamano, or Soothsaying.

The second circle embraced the adepts of Niano, or Witchcraft; Redohano, or Wizardry; Biccano, or the Oracle; Kielano, or Augury; Tocderano, or Prophecy; Jiracano, or Geomancy; Jocdilano, or Necromancy.

The third circle embraced the hierophants of Orphitano, or Conjuratation; Orielano, or Divination, Pridano, or Clairvoyance; Ecthyano, or Mesmerism; Cideshano, or Electro-Biology; Omdolophano, or Theosophy; Bishanamano, or Spiritualism.

How shall I describe the spell of that hour? Glimmering figures, clad in robes of finest gossamer of the rarest colors, powderings and embroiderings, sang the songs of pained and enraptured sensibility.

They loved, they wept, they supplicated Harikar!

I saw twin-souls embrace in infinite tenderness, and again with ecstatic enthusiasm. It was a sea of supernatural emotion. It was an abyss of affection, filled with a whirlwind of bold, delicate, enormous love.

A *religieuse* of Tocderano shouted, "She will be born again of mystical, chivalrous love!"

As the enraptured host sang of life and love, I felt a million exaggerations of the delicacies of emotion. I felt as though fanned with warm winds blowing over wildernesses of flowers. I heard the multiplied splendor of bells, roaring like the soft vociferations of far-off tropic seas. I heard music ineffably tender and sublime, wailing its intoxicating melodies. I saw strange illuminations dissolve in never-ceasing explosions of color on the glorified windows. I saw upon the floor endless arabesques of twin-souls, fantastically entangled and unrolled.

Suddenly the temple shook with an explosion of sound that seemed the concentrated madness of drums and organs and bells; the roaring of the rheotome grew deafeningly louder, mingling with a strange shivering sound, such as is produced by the suddenly transfixed wheels of a flying locomotive, tearing the metals into a hissing blaze. From the mouth of the hehorrent streamed a blaze of fire. I looked where the sorcerer stood —

Heavens and earth! He was holding Lyone in his arms, alive from the living battery! Lyone, the peerless soul of souls, alive once more and triumphant over death!

The temple whirled around me rapid as fire, and I fell to the ground insensible with joy!

CHAPTER LV.

LEXINGTON AND LYONE HAILED KING AND QUEEN OF ATVATABAR.

THE extraordinary scenes attending the reincarnation of Lyone had left me, when I returned to my senses, exhausted with emotion. It was gloriously true that she who was the Supreme Goddess, she who had suffered death in the fortress of

Calnogor, had been restored to life by the powerful necromancy of the sorcerer and his college of twin-souls.

I rushed forward in presence of the entire congregation and embraced in turn the radiant Lyone and the beloved Charka.

I took her living figure in my arms. She was in a limp, tranquil condition, yet happily alive. The happy priests and priestesses shouted with enthusiasm: "Long live Lexington and Lyone, King and Queen of Atvatabar!"

It was a blissful moment to us both. The future, that had lain under the terrors of death, now smiled again. I gazed upon my beloved's face with unspeakable tenderness. I saw that she smiled at me sweetly.

Her apostasy was victorious, but who could have supposed that martyrdom and reincarnation were the path to glory? She had exchanged the crown of the goddess for that of a queen.

Handing my precious burden back to Charka again, I addressed the congregation as follows:

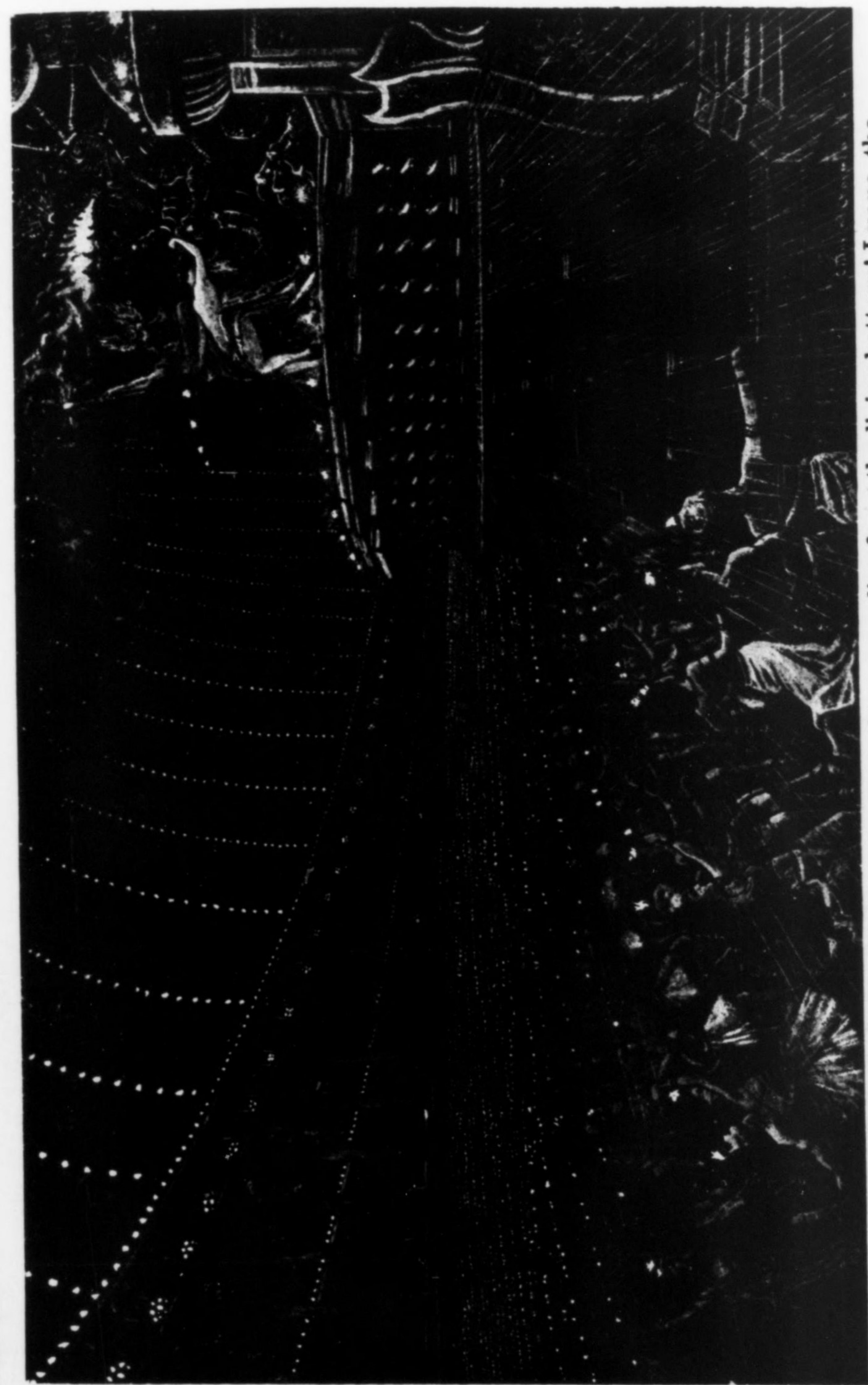
"Priests and priestesses of Eyplosis, wayleals and amazons of the sacred and victorious army, I thank you from the depths of my heart for your loyal salutation, but I particularly thank the grand sorcerer Charka, and you his hierophants, for your glorious restoration of her majesty to life, king and crown, thus defeating the cowardly crime of the ex-king. By reason of our victory, their majesties King Bhoolmakar and Queen Toplissy of Atvatabar are deposed from the throne, and his ex-majesty, by reason of his great crime, is condemned to death.

"The causes that led to this revolution are already known to you. The time was ripe for a reform in Eyplosis. Regulation and not suppression will be our aim, and they who have helped us to this great conquest will not go unrewarded.

"After her tremendous experiences, the queen will require a season of absolute rest to restore her to perfect health. I will entrust the task of establishing a reform of Eyplosis in competent hands, assisted by a council of your own representatives. The present crisis is too overwhelmingly happy to permit me to say more to you. On another occasion I will thank you more effectively."

This speech was received with enthusiastic applause.

On a litter, supported by six twin-souls, Lyone was tenderly borne out of the temple. We departed amid joyful peans of music, our pathway being strewn with flowers. We reached the



Heavens and earth! He was holding Lyone in his arms, alive from the living battery! Lyone, the peerless soul of souls, alive once more and triumphant over death.

supernal palace, and saw from every roof floating the flag of Lyone, in token of our victory.

In her palace, on a couch of pale green velvet, lay the reincarnated form of Lyone, filled with a sense of luxurious rest. The experiences of the past few days demanded a period of profound repose. Her face wore a blessed and triumphant smile. She had paid with suffering for that Nirvana of joy. With reincarnation, or rather resurrection, had come a holier transfiguration of form and face. She was still too weak physically to discuss at length the great changes that had come to her or to the history of Atvatabar.

She was the symbol of the more sensitive souls of humanity, who, capable of intense suffering and delirious rapture, must needs purchase all their joys with heart-rending experiences. The culture that comes from agony is our most priceless possession, and brings the soul to every feast, as well as the body. The body, daily slain by suffering, is resurrected with a purer flesh, and receives a reincarnated soul fitted for ideal delights. It has attained a measure of Nirvana. It anticipates immortality by reason of suffering and love. Lyone had more than all achieved an ideal existence. Before she would be able to return again to the realities of the world, it was necessary that time should be given her for physical and spiritual invigoration.

"I feel neither pain nor fatigue," said Lyone; "my senses seemed drowned in a delicious rest. You tell me that I have been dead and brought to life again, and although I have no sense of having passed through the agony, I must believe you. I remember touching a golden vase of flowers in my prison, and then all became a blank until I stood with the grand sorcerer in the temple of reincarnation."

"That vase you touched," said I, "was connected with a powerful magic battery, which was placed in your apartment by the king's order, to kill you. Grasnagallipas, leader of the king's bockhockids, on learning of his royal master's treachery, immediately transferred his allegiance and important command to our army, and was mainly instrumental in securing the victory."

"So our cause has triumphed," said Lyone; "and what has become of the king?"

"The king," I replied, "is king no more. I am King of Atvatabar and you are my beloved queen."

Lyone turned aside her face and wept tears of joy.

"Our marriage," I added, "will inaugurate the reign of a religion of wedded love, and you will sit with me as queen on the throne of Atvatabar."

"That will be glorious," said Lyone, "but I fear our marriage will also end ideal love and sorcery, and the Nirvana of a hundred years, the fairest products of Egeplosis."

"Do you see now," I said, "that ideal joys in the world can only be built on more extensive miseries? It would be a glorious thing to build houses of jewels, but so long as real jewels are so rare, we must be content with rocks. Still, there are jewels, and in Atvatabar I learn they are much more abundant than on the outer planet; therefore it might be proper for twin-souls to walk on love's enchanted ground for a brief though definite period."

Lyone had undergone transfiguration. Beautiful as a spirit, her figure seemed plastic porcelain. Death had made more luminous the splendid sculpture of her face. As she spoke, it seemed to me that we had closed the door on the infelicitous experiences of actual life, and were opening the gates of a more glorious day.

I informed Lyone of the arrival of the two vessels from the outer world, and of the great services of Captain Adams and Sir John Forbes in turning the tide of battle by sea in our favor. She was delighted at the prospect of meeting fresh visitors from the outer world, and in due time Captain Adams and Sir John Forbes and their entire ships' companies stood before her who was delighted with the fuller acquaintance thus made with the people of the outer world. Both the captains and their officers realized her ideal of exotic manhood, which combined stalwart proportions with intellectual benignity of face.

Sir John Forbes was very complimentary in his praise of the grace and beauty of Lyone and her associates among the priestesses of Egeplosis. He considered Lyone to possess spiritual beauty to an extraordinary degree. The wonderful pale-gold of her complexion was in marked contrast to the old-gold complexion of the women of Atvatabar. He also praised the splendid beauty of Zooly-Soase and Thoubool, who were indeed magnificent women.

My success encouraged the strangers to consider that conquest in other realms of Plutusia would be an easy accomplishment, especially if armed with such weapons as those

possessed by the sailors of the *Polar King*. But even admitting superiority of weapons, they thought it a marvellous thing that one small vessel with but eighty men could conquer fifty millions of people.

In my own mind I thought it possible that the *Polar King* might conquer still greater kingdoms, and that in time I might be Plutarch of Plutusia. But in such business one realm at a time is enough. I suggested to our visitors that there were at least twenty realms, each as large as Atvatabar, in this interior planet, that would give them opportunity for adventure.

"We also wish," said I, "both the United States and England to know that our ports are open for commerce, and foreign trade is welcome to seek our shores. We have gold enough to enrich all comers from the outer world."

The eyes of our visitors and their officers glistened at this intelligence. And well they might, for Atvatabar was worth a thousand realms like Golconda or Peru. We had wealth for literature and science, art and commerce, which rightly used would make Atvatabar the wonder of the ages, a realm of palaces and temples, the fountain of wisdom, the mother of art, and its commerce would make both the earths rich beyond the dreams of fortune. I was determined that the royal magnificence of the thrones of all time on either surface of the earth should be outrivalled by the supreme glory of that of Atvatabar. I knew there was an inspiration to human endeavor that magnificence alone can give, and would use my wealth to advance the happiness of humanity.

Lyone being at last fully restored to health, we determined to delay no longer the important ceremonies of our marriage and coronation, not only to complete our happiness, but to really establish the government on a personal basis so agreeable to the wishes and customs of the people.

Lyone's aerial yacht was made ready for the journey to Calnogor. It was large enough to carry the captains, officers, and men of the *Mercury* and *Aurora Borealis*, the captain, officers, and men of the *Polar King*, as well as Lyone and myself and the great officers of state and retinue. All being safely on board, I gave the signal for flight, and in a moment we were launched on the air with tremendous speed.

CHAPTER LVI.

OUR RECEPTION IN CALNOGOR.

THE royal city of Calnogor never contained such splendor, such importance of historic event, nor such a multitude of people, as on the occasion of the triple event of our marriage, our coronation, and the reception of the distinguished strangers from beyond the Polar Gulf. How shall the glory of that day be described? What occult power must animate the pen that must be at once the stylus of a poet, the brush of a painter, and the wand of a magician, to do justice to the splendid theme?

The entire army, composed of half a million wayleals, had come from Calnogor to Kioram to escort the aerial ship containing myself, Lyone, and the sailors from America and Great Britain. On either side of the ship the army was massed in two equal hosts, waving a million of wings. Either army was led by a phalanx of flying bockhockids, led by Yermoul and Grasnagallipas. A body-guard of wayleals bore fifty gigantic golden sceptres, being the ensigns of sovereignty over the fifty provinces of the kingdom.

All the way to Calnogor, five hundred miles distant, the army performed the most incredible evolutions to the measured thunders of music. Its legions massed themselves in ever-whirling globes, undulating all along the line of flight like monstrous serpents.

Again, mighty cones of wayleals would stream from our yacht on both sides, upward and backward, like a blaze of comet splendor.

Then, suddenly, globes of wayleals would surround us, globe within globe flying alternately in different directions; and we seemed to move on the centre of another earth.

To describe the endless flight and counter-flight, the concentration and radiation of the wayleals in grand review, would be impossible. Captain Adams and Sir John Forbes were astounded at the extraordinary evolutions possible to winged men in a world where there is practically no gravity. The army moved in Daedalian march; it was at times sinuous with labyrinthic movement to the sound of drums and the roar of bugles. The wayleals formed arches and crowns, conchoidal

convolutions, zones and wheels, hemispheres and globes, cones and pyramids. The yacht was clothed with sublime torsions, peristaltic splendors, and immense radiations of living bodies. It was the grandest movement of men ever seen on earth.

We were again completely surrounded by a single globe of wayleals, in the centre of which moved the yacht with fearful speed. The globe moved as fast as we, and the living shell obliterated both earth and sun from sight. Then, with a roar of artillery, the globe exploded, and lo! before us the infinite golden dome of the Bormidophia, the marble city of Calnogor, and dense multitudes of excited people!

The city was decorated with the conquering flag of Lyone and with flowers; and the inscriptions on the triumphal arches were: "Long live Lexington and Lyone, King and Queen of Atavatabar!"

The entire army, augmented by the allegiance of the defeated king's troops, headed by the supreme general Hushnoly, received us at the entrance to the city.

Pending the reconstruction of the government, law and order were being administered by Hushnoly, assisted by a military council consisting of all the victorious leaders.

The festivities incidental to our entry into Calnogor and the public rejoicings over the reincarnation of Lyone lasted several days. I took occasion at a reception at the royal palace to confer suitable honors and rewards on my victorious generals. I created the supreme general Hushnoly a noble of the first rank under the title of Goiloor, or Duke of Calnogor, and confirmed his authority as commander-in-chief of the army, and Zooly-Soase was also created Goiloose of Calnogor. General Gerolio was created Boiroon of Swerga, an inland city, and appointed vice-commander to Hushnoly. General Rackiron was made Goiloor of Swondab, and his appointment as general of the royal artillery was confirmed. General Ladalmir was made Goiloor of Kioram and commandant of the fortress. General Yermoul, who retired from the army, was made Goiloor of Gnaphisthasia. The grand sorcerer Charka was made Goiloor, and the grand sorceress Goiloose of Eyplosis, while Grasnagallipas was created Boiroon of Invention and General of the Royal Bockhockids.

General Starbottle was made Goiloor of Savasse, a province of the kingdom, and Prime Minister of the government. General

Goldrock, who was now fully recovered from his wounded leg, was made Royal Treasurer and Goiloor of Blindis, a distant city. Dr. Merryferry was made Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Nototherboc, Minister of Naval Affairs; General Pra, Chief of Police; and General Flathootly, Minister of War.

I assumed the title of "His Majesty Lexington, King of Atvatabar," and Lyone that of "Her Majesty Lyone, Queen of Atvatabar," of equal authority and dignity to myself.

I issued a decree confirming all titles and dignities for the life of the recipient only. As a man cannot transfer his character or abilities to his children, more especially the virtues that made him famous, so neither could he transfer his titles or dignities to posterity; and a man who had no other claims to greatness than the plumes he had borrowed from his father should be despised for strutting in artificial glory.

The Borodemy was maintained, and no restriction of popular or constitutional liberty already enjoyed by the people was permitted. All titles given to men who were simply fortunate enough to receive a majority of votes, making them representatives of the people in the Borodemy, were abolished, and men only were honored by virtue of great services accomplished. All members of the Borodemy were paid liberal salaries, on the principle that a prince had no more right to an appropriation from the public purse than a legislator. All public measures adopted by the Borodemy were subject to the veto of the Royal Council, composed of the king, queen, and actual members of the government.

I need not say that the victory of Lyone over death and the fact of our army having conquered in battle gave us unlimited power. I was the supreme lord of Atvatabar; but, nevertheless, in the hour of triumph I determined to use my power for the good of the people. The sensation caused by the return of Lyone to life had stirred all Atvatabar with feelings of the profoundest awe and loyalty. Vast crowds of people came as pilgrims to see their queen and offer congratulations.

Had the old creed, with its worship of Lyone and Harikar, not fallen with the success of our arms, Lyone would undoubtedly have been worshipped anew as goddess more devotedly than ever; but the revolution being founded on antagonism of the old faith to social welfare and the laws of nature, a new creed must necessarily take its place.

The new creed of one body and one soul was based on order, truth, justice, benevolence and temperance. This I styled the Remeliora, or better thing to that which had gone before. The new creed gave the soul mastery of its feelings, and love was measured by a regular throb. Souls becoming stronger and more masculine were the better able to bear the pulsations of joy and despair. They could sustain their emotions with a cordial enthusiasm, and passion, no longer a frantic flame, became a soft and abiding fire.

I appointed the grand sorcerer Pontiff of Remeliorism, giving him authority to formulate a code of ethics that all could adhere to. With such a code as a solid foundation, I hoped in time to establish a purer faith than that possessing only the human soul for its deity.

Not many days after our coming to Calnogor, and while still engaged in settling the government of the kingdom, we received a visit from Hushnoly and Zooly-Soase. It was with feelings of pain that we heard the object of the supreme general's visit.

With a voice softened with emotion Hushnoly told his story. In carrying out the reforms at Eyplosis made necessary by the success of the army of the late goddess, a great difficulty presented itself. It was found that, notwithstanding the fact that all of the priests and priestesses had fought for Lyone and the new faith, as against the old order of things, nearly one-half of the twin-souls were still at heart as great devotees of Harikar and hopeless love as ever, while the remaining half had renounced the practices of Eyplosis in common with their queen. It was found impossible to change the faith of the entire priesthood in a moment, so to speak, and many still believed that the old faith possessed fruits of self-sacrifice, culture, spirit-power, and the ideal life, such as the new state of things would utterly destroy. Hushnoly and the high priestess were in sympathy with the adherents of the ancient faith, and they too believed in sacrificing marital rights for the sake of the ideal existence.

The revelation of such a spiritual revolt in Eyplosis, headed, too, by the man and woman who had sacrificed so much for the cause of Lyone and myself, revealed human nature in a new light, while it astounded us. I had foolishly supposed the supremacy of the sword could carry dominion into spiritual things, and that Eyplosis was wholly converted to the new

faith, to Remeliorism.

The situation was extremely painful.

"Supreme general and high priestess," I said, "both her majesty Lyone and myself are greatly indebted to your courage and support in the late struggle; a support heroically given us in spite of your own secret faith. Is there no way by which you might be reconciled, both of you, to the new order of things?"

"We fear not, your majesty," said Hushnoly.

"Will riches, will honors not tempt you?"

"You are doubtless aware," I continued, "that it would be impossible for the government to recognize, much less give support to, a system of faith for the destruction of which the war was carried on. Much as we love you, much as we love the priests and priestesses, we cannot give allegiance to the old faith. We cannot, we dare not countenance your creed. It will be therefore impossible for yourselves or your people to remain at Eyplosis, which will be the chief shrine of the new faith hereafter."

"We have already anticipated all this," said Hushnoly, "and do not propose even to remain in Atvatabar."

"And where do you go to?" said Lyone, in astonishment.

"Well, your majesty," replied he, "we have determined to take possession of the sphere Hilar, one of the untenanted spheres above us, and there create an ideal world. Thus we will relieve your majesty of all embarrassment and remove any obstacle in the way of religious or political reform."

I was bewildered by the reply of Hushnoly, as I had never before heard of any one desiring to dwell on the wandering sphere Hilar, and begged an explanation.

"Hilar, as your majesty is probably aware," said Hushnoly, "is a sphere twenty-five miles in diameter that floats in space at a distance of fifty miles from the surface of Atvatabar. It revolves on its own axis at the rate of a mile an hour, making a complete revolution in seventy-five hours. It also revolves around Swang once during a hundred aerial revolutions, or in one hundred of its days. It has tropic, temperate, and frigid zones, with perpetual ice capping its poles. It contains one ocean of irregular outline and has one continent. The areas of land and water are about equal. There are two mountain ranges, turning from a given centre of upheaval and determining the configuration of the land. There are one hundred islands in the

sea and a dozen rivers on the land. In fact, it seems to be a facsimile in climate, geologic, and physiographical conditions to the outer world you have come from; and on such a sphere we propose to build a new throne for Harikar, and seat thereon another goddess like the virtuous and glorious Lyone."

"Ah," said Lyone, "I know who that other goddess will be — she will be the fair Zooly-Soase."

The high priestess blushed in her robe of crimson silk, making her golden beauty superb and precious. As for Hushnoly it was evident the destiny of his counterpart soul was already fully anticipated. Her ascension to the throne of a goddess would virtually make him ruler of Hilar.

"We desire, your majesty," said he, "to resign our titles and offices of high priest and priestess of Eyplosis and supreme general and general of the amazons of the royal army of Atvatabar. Our only request is that we be allowed to depart to Hilar, together with such of the priests and priestesses of Harikar as are willing to follow us thither. Also, that all new converts to Harikar desirous of emigrating to our spiritual kingdom will be secured freedom of departure from Atvatabar for all time hereafter."

I willingly granted Hushnoly and Zooly-Soase their request, and added: "You both shall be promptly and liberally rewarded for the great services rendered your king and queen in time of war, as well as recompensed for past services to the country in Eyplosis and for loss of estate in Atvatabar."

I promised to issue a royal decree embodying all of the aforesaid liberties and bounties in favor of Hushnoly and his fair consort and their followers. The late high priest and high priestess, with grateful, cordial adieus, departed from the audience-chamber.

I thereupon appointed General Rackiron the commander-in-chief of the army in place of Hushnoly, with General Gerolio the vice-commander.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE COMBINED CEREMONY OF MARRIAGE
AND CORONATION.

THE day of our marriage and coronation as king and queen of Atvatabar at length arrived. The scene in the Bormidophia was of surpassing magnificence. For the first time in history Lyone sat before the throne of the gods not as goddess, but as queen; and I, her compeer, as king sat beside her. Lyone was attired in a loosely-fitting robe of old-ivory silk, over which was an outer network of lace formed of thread of gold, the design being a golden sun on the breast, which, with its long streaming rays, was held together by a golden cobweb that covered the entire figure of the queen. She also wore her belt of jewels. Beside her stood a page bearing her crown as Queen of Atvatabar. For myself I had caused to be made a knightly suit of golden armor that shone mightily as I wore it on that eventful occasion.

The priestesses of Eyplosis, taught by a priest of decorative art from Gnaphisthasia, had been for some time engaged in creating a tapestry of lace, wrought with a thread of heavy bullion gold, as a bridal gift to their queen. The design took the form of a winged twin-soul in loving converse, in the centre, surrounded by Atvatabarese arabesque — all held together by a most poetic fancy of floral scrolls and formed of gold thread lace work. This enormous piece of work was twelve feet in width, seventy-five feet in length, and four inches in thickness. The gold used in its marvellous intricacies weighed five tons. Such was the glorious piece of tapestry that was hung over the side of the throne, and which, reaching downward three-fourths of its height, concealed a considerable part of the august structure.

Around us swept the amphitheatre, filled with the leaders of the army and navy, the great officers of government, and the people of Atvatabar. Surrounding the base of the throne, sat those priests and priestesses of Eyplosis who had embraced the new faith of "one body and one soul."

The pontiff Charka performed the marriage ceremony when the roar of guns had subsided. He performed his august duties

sustained by the splendors of music and the adoration of the people.

"Wilt thou have this woman, Lyone, Queen of Atvatabar, to be thy wife until death, according to the customs of our people and not according to the customs of Eyplosis?"

"I will."

"Wilt thou have this man, Lexington, King of Atvatabar, to be thy husband until death, according to the new faith of 'one body and one soul?'"

"I will."

The deed was done. Around the throne swept a cyclone of twin-souls resolved on matrimony. In their bewildering flight they became radiant with strange transformations of feeling and gesture, and their songs symbolized the intensity of the great crisis that had arrived in the history of the nation.

All around the amphitheatre rose the enormous multitude, as one soul, shouting their joy. The guns of the fortress volleyed their thunders, and the first act of the great drama ended amid the shouting of armed hosts, the singing of twin-souls, and the hosannas of the multitude.

The second scene was perhaps still more impressive. The grand chamberlain of the palace Cleperelyum had put into his phonograph beside us a coil containing the charter of coronation. Fitting a megaphone to the phonograph, there issued the following proclamation from the instrument, like a blast of music:

*Charter of Coronation of Their Majesties LEXINGTON
and LYONE, King and Queen of Atvatabar.*

The crown and throne of the realm of Atvatabar, heretofore possessed in the persons of their ex-majesties King Aldemegry Bhoolmakar and Queen Toplissy, being now declared vacant by reason of the desertion, flight, deposition, and defeat of said ex-majesties, and said crown and throne of Atvatabar being now possessed, both by conquest and by will of the people, in the persons of their majesties Lexington and Lyone, King and Queen of Atvatabar, now, therefore, we, the priests, nobles, statesmen, and commanders of army and navy, as representatives of the people, do hereby confirm said possession of the crown and throne of this realm, by placing upon the head of Lexington and upon the head of Lyone their respective

crowns as King and Queen of Atvatabar, and do hereby render both king and queen equal loyalty, fealty, and homage, as the true and rightful sovereigns of Atvatabar.

(Signed)

STARBOTTLE, *Goiloor of Calnogor, First Minister of the Government.*

CHARKA, *Pontiff of Remeliorism, Goiloor of Eyplosis.*

THOUBOOL, *Goiloose of Eyplosis.*

RACKIRON, *Goiloor of Swondab, Commander-in-Chief of the Army.*

WALLACE, *Admiral of the Fleet.*

YERMOUL, *Lord of Art, Goiloor of Gnaphisthesis.*

GRASNAGALLIPAS, *Commander-in-Chief of Bockhockids.*

LADALMIR, *Goiloor of Kioram.*

PRA, *Minister of Police.*

NOTOTHERBOC, *Minister of Naval Affairs.*

GOLDROCK, *Royal Treasurer.*

DR. MERRYFERRY, *Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

FLATHOOTLY, *Minister of War.*

GEROLIO, *Vice-Commander of the Army.*

COLTONBORY, *Vice-Commander of Bockhockids.*

During the declamation of the megaphone the pontiff Charka raised the crown of the queen to Lyone's head. We sat thus crowned amid the tremendous excitement. The guns of the fortress shook the Bormidophia with their explosions. The people shouted: "Life, health, and prosperity to our sovereign lord and lady, Lexington and Lyone, King and Queen of Atvatabar!" Men heard no sweeter music than the coronation march executed by a thousand instruments. I realized as I sat with Lyone beneath the throne of the gods a portion of that immeasurable feeling of being universally exalted, universally loved, universally adored. It is true, the fervor of idolatry for Lyone had largely subsided, but in its stead came a more perfect loyalty of soul and body on the part of priest and priestess. Souls that had balanced themselves, as it were, on the edge of a sword once more stood on the solid earth.

The magnificence of royalty, which kings born to the purple but rarely feel, was ours. Our sudden good fortune unveiled to us the splendors of power, and riches, and honor. The people themselves, enchanted with the product of their own

abnegation, made their obeisance to us as to gods.

Lyone grew perceptibly paler with the intensity of her excitement; her breast rose and fell more rapidly, as the soarings of song told her that her supreme realization of life and fortune as goddess had not wholly died with her apostasy, but that a new life no less glorious had begun.

As for myself, seated on the focus of human endeavor, it thrilled me to think what power of realization I possessed, for things I had considered impossible and unattainable. I determined that art should sound the abysses of the inexpressible and bring from thence radiant symbols of all things, clothed with imagination and emotion. Invention would still further extend man's empire over matter. Soul-culture and spirit-power would be cultivated in a reformed Egeyptosis. Lyone, mystical and divine, would ever rule queen of hearts with the sorcery of her beauty.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE DEATH OF BHOOLMAKAR.

GENERAL FLATHOOTLY, with his command of 10,000 fletyemings, who was ordered to pursue and capture the ex-king Bhoolmakar, returned to Calnogor after a month's absence to report the death of King Bhoolmakar and Koshnili, together with several hundred of their followers, and the capture of several thousand wayleals as prisoners.

At a special interview with the general I requested him to report the story of his defeat of the king's troops and the death of the king.

"Well, yer majesty," said Flathootly, "Oi must first of all congratulate you on ascendin' the throne of the inimy. It was the shmartest bit of work Oi've seen iver since Oi lift the other wurruld."

"The troops behaved nobly," I said, "but I am all anxiety to hear how you captured the king."

"Well, thin, yer majesty, Oi kim up to him at a place called Gapthis, about 1,500 miles from here, away-beyant on the wild say-shore."

"Had he a large force with him?" I asked.

"Bedad an' he had. He had a body-guard of about 5,000 wayleals, but shure, we made short work of the flyin' sojers,"

"Well, tell me exactly what happened," I said.

"Troth, an' Oi will, yer majesty; shure our flyin' sailors are darlin' fellows! We skirmished up to the inimy until we got him between us an' the say an' did kill about a dozen or two of the bhoys, but we touched thim up lively wid our pitchforks, an' begorra they didn't loike that at all, at all.

"A wee red-faced captain called out that they were goin' to fight for their king to the last. 'How long are ye goin' to last yerself, sonny?' says Oi, an' afore the words were out of me mouth somebody laid the wee fellow out as nate as a funeral. Well, we fell upon thim front an' rear, as the sayin' is, an' be jabers, Oi killed a man wid the first blow.

" 'Walk right into thim!' Oi shouted, an' there we wor, fightin' an' slashin' an' killin' wan another as if it wor a mere matther of business. If the king's sojers flew up, why, we flew up too, an' chased thim down ag'in. It was loike a pandemonium of fightin' cocks.

"There was a big fellow who made a slash at me wid his sword, but Oi lifted him on me fork, an' he very nicely showed me the whites of his eyes. The best part of the performance was ould Bhooly, who had himself in the middle of his body-guard, an', waving a toy sword, asked his kind friends to kill us.

"Well, to make a long shtory short, the inimy being very badly beaten, threw up their arms, an' we captured the entire lot, excipt about five hundred wayleals who flew away as fast as their heels cud carry thim."

"How did the king conduct himself when captured?" I inquired.

"He came up to me, an' bowin' very nicely, offered me his sword. He said he was glad to surrender to a brave gineral an' hoped Oi would give him the honors of war.

" 'Be jabers, Oi will that,' said Oi; 'but that'll be afther we they ye by coort-martial. But where's Mrs. Bhooly?' says Oi.

" 'Does your excellency mean her late majesty?' said Bhooly; 'if so, Oi regret to say the unhappy fate which has overtaken both myself and my counthry prostrated her so much that she died.'

" 'Well, thin,' said Oi, 'where's that other conspirator,

Koshnili?"

" 'Oi am here, your excellency,' said he, steppin' forward an' handin' me his sword, 'and' Oi also surrender."

" 'You do well,' said Oi, 'to give up yer sword, for it saves me the throuble of takin' it from you."

" 'An' now, me rascals,' Oi said, 'we're goin' to save the throuble of lokin' afther you by thryin' you by coort-martial. Let the coort be formed,' said Oi, 'an' bring forth the prisoners.' The king's sojers were disarmed, an' their wings taken off, an' were assimbled in a circle undher guard. Bhooly an' Koshnili, undher a special guard, stood in the middle of the ring."

" 'Now, bhoys,' said Oi, 'fair play an' no favor. Who has got a charge agin' the prisoners?' Wid that, wan of me min stepped forward an' said that Bhooly an' Koshnili had organized resistance to a change of government an' religion, thereby blockin' the wheels of reform, an' furthermore had conspired to murdher, an', be jabers, did murdher, her holiness the goddess, of blessed memory, who, although alive ag'in, was undoubtedly kilt."

" 'When Bhooly an' Koshnili heard that the goddess was alive ag'in their knees knocked together wid fear."

" 'This is a terrible charge agin' ye both,' said Oi. 'Oi don't know which offince is the greatest — killin' a dacent goddess or blockin' the wheels of reform; annyhow, the wan crime is a bad as the other. Who supports this charge?' Oi added in thunderin' tones."

" 'Well, ivery sojer on the spot volunteered to give evidence as to the blockin' of the wheels of reform, but nobody saw the murdher committed."

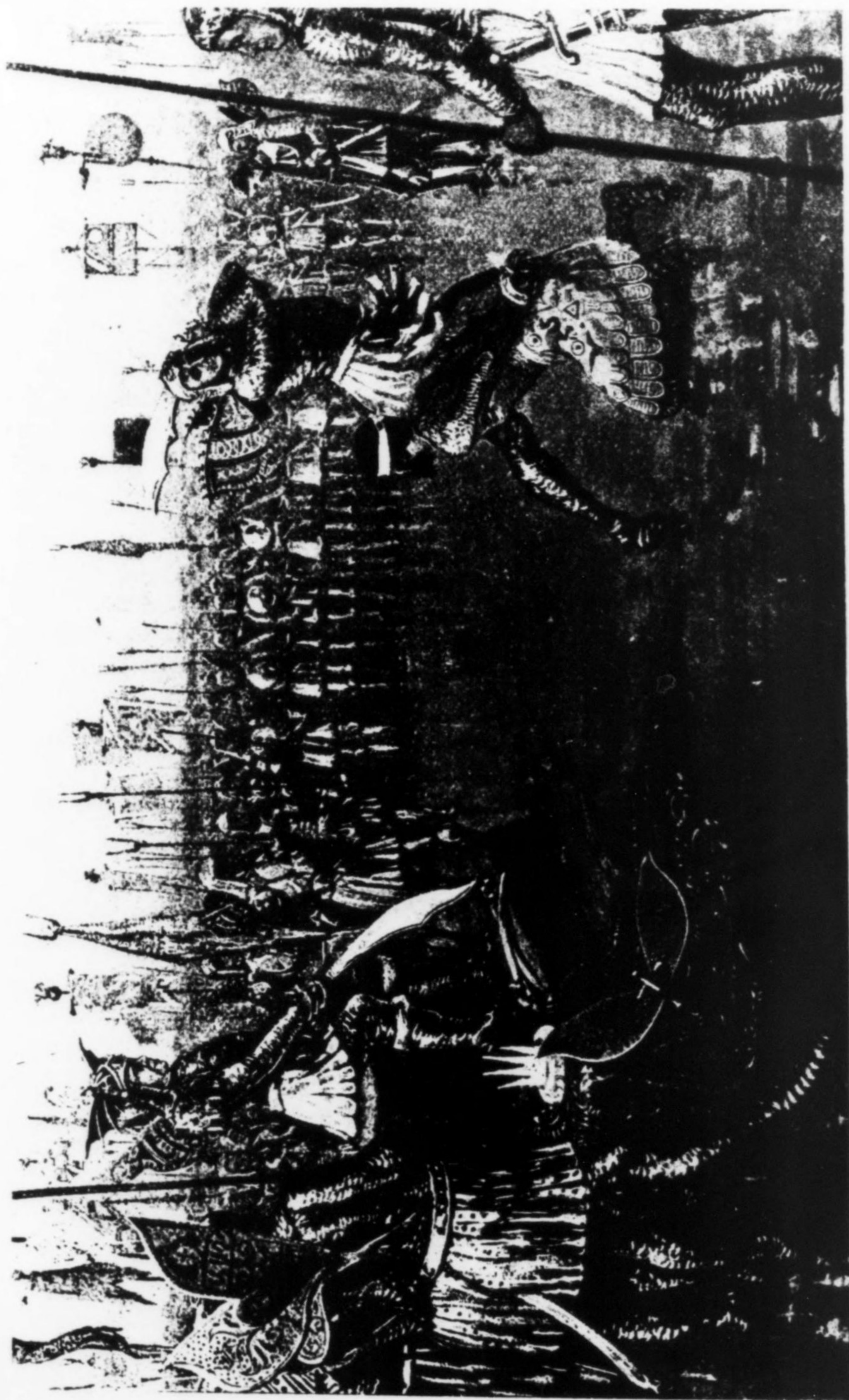
" 'Now,' said Oi, addressin' the prisoners, 'did yez murdher the goddess or did yez not? By yer sowls, tell the truth. Guilty or not guilty?'"

" 'Guilty,' said both prisoners."

" 'Thin, by yer own mouths be ye condimned,' said Oi. 'The sintince of this coort is that ye both be beheaded on the mortal spot.' "

" 'I think, Flathootly,' said I, "that you rather exceeded your duty in so hastily condemning the prisoners. You should have brought them to Calnogor for proper trial and execution."

" 'Shure, Oi knew that, but, to tell yer majesty the truth, it wudn't have added to yer credit to have ordhered the execution



I made Bhooly an' Koshnili kneel down an' a sojer tied their hands behind their backs. Then I ordhered a wayleal to behead them wid their own swords.

of Bhooly, an' so Oi took the responsibility of the whole thing on meself. Oi made Bhooly an' Koshnili kneel down, an' a sojer tied their hands behind their backs. Then Oi ordhered a wayleal to behead thim wid their own swords. Afther some hot work the heads av both murdherers rolled on the ground."

"Why didn't you shoot them or kill them at once with your spears?"

"Oi considered it too aisy a death for thim. Oi didn't want thim to die widout knowin' they were gittin' hurt."

I forgave Flathootly his too hasty execution of the ex-king, as he had undoubtedly saved me a very disagreeable duty, and the hasty taking off of his ex-majesty prevented any demonstration in his favor.

To assure the people of my anxiety for a popular government, I issued a proclamation ordering a general election, to create a new Borodemy in place of the assembly whose members who had disappeared, or were made prisoners of war, or were dead. In thus providing for a constitutional government, I granted the nation not only all its ancient privileges, but added new and more important measures of political liberty.

As the revenues of Atvatabar amounted to \$8,000,000,000 per annum, there was no danger of myself or comrades of the *Polar King* falling short of handsome revenues.

The re-establishment of the government, the reorganization of the army, navy, and police, together with the care of the palaces of Calnogor and Tanje and the new ritual for the Bormidophia and Eyplosis, occupied my attention for a longer period than I at first contemplated. While these things were being accomplished I gave a grand public reception and royal banquet to Captain Adams and Sir John Forbes and the officers and seamen of the ships *Mercury* and *Aurora Borealis*, in acknowledgment of their great services to our cause. At the same time I did not forget to give our friends a more solid proof of my gratitude in the shape of a large bounty in gold.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE HISTORY CONCLUDED.

I think it is right that I should conclude the history of the conquest of Atvatabar with my being crowned king of the realm.

I at once assumed my functions as ruler of Atvatabar. I was supreme commander of the army and grand admiral of the fleet. In council with the ministers of the government appointed by the Borodemy, I caused the adoption of many beneficent laws, calculated to make my people prosperous and happy.

Hushnoly soon departed, with his retinue of twin-souls, to found a new Eyplosis on the sphere of Hilar, with Zooly-Soase as goddess. It was with great grief that I parted with these beloved friends. Hushnoly and his flock were not to be persuaded that nature herself was hostile to their esoteric practices; so, to avoid antagonism, it was best that we should part. I promised Hushnoly that, together with Lyone, I would visit his globe some time in the future and see how his colony progressed. He was an enthusiast who required a great many defeats from fortune before he could see the fatal defects of his social and religious system.

The grand sorcerer, as the pontiff of Remeliorism, or the ethics of nature, achieved a triumph in restoring Eyplosis to the reign of order, truth, justice, benevolence, and temperance. In time I hoped to see the Christian faith rule the souls of those who had so recently worshipped themselves under the guise of Harikar, the universal human soul. I was anxious to see men and women possessing that serene poise of passion that alone can sustain virile action. Lyone herself was the first to be convinced that the human soul, with its limitations, its narrowness, its impatience, its selfishness, its arrogance, its cruelty, was a very inferior deity. It was true that rare ideal joys might be purchased for a brief time under the old *regime*, but they were only purchased at an immense price, out of all proportion to the value received, and their possession produced a sickly sublimity totally unfitting the soul for the practical duties of life.

Captain Adams and Sir John Forbes, excited at my good fortune, declared themselves anxious, with my consent, to explore the further hemisphere of the interior planet, in the interests of science, discovery, commerce, and possibly conquest. They were anxious to discover the continents that lie above and beyond Atvatabar, surrounded by unknown Plutusian seas, and bear to their respective countries some signal trophies of their daring and prowess in the internal world.

It was arranged that on their return to Kioram, the *Polar King*, with myself and Lyone on board, should sail with the *Mercury* and *Aurora Borealis* for the United States. The sailing of the three vessels up New York Bay would be a historic event, and great would be the curiosity of the American people to see the Goddess of Atvatabar and our retinue of wayleals as proof of the existence of Bilbimtesiol, the interior world.

And now, my dear reader, we must part for the present. By a change of plans on the part of Captain Adams, the *Mercury*, the vessel that will bear the manuscript of any adventures in the interior world, is already waiting to start on her voyage. I regret that many strange things have been left unsaid. Many extraordinary experiences have been omitted, because I am desirous that this brief history of the happiness that befell me and my devoted sailors in Atvatabar should be published without delay, to allay the natural curiosity excited in the outer world by the story of our discovery of Plutusia.

You may possibly feel a desire to know the future fortunes of Queen Lyone and myself in a part of the world hitherto undreamed of, and when I again address you I hope to describe our future experiences on the throne of Atvatabar. We purpose to apply a liberal portion of the vast wealth of our kingdom to the pursuit of invention, art, and spirituality, preserving and enlarging the existing palaces of invention and art and the palaces of Eyplosis as institutions for the development of the soul and its attributes of spirit power. It will be our purpose to extend to the utmost limits the empire of mind over matter in developing invention. In art, we will, by means of its manifold radiant symbols, reproduce every idea of the soul shaped by sentiment and imagination, and in sounding the abysses of the heart express what is considered the inexpressible.

In spirituality, the science and art of soul and its manifestations in the body, and after the temporary or

complete severance therefrom, will be investigated on a much wider basis than ever before, and spirit power, apart from the worship of soul as deity, will be developed and elaborated into an enduring force, possessing creative energy. What boundless empire of life will not such ideas realize, and how entrancing the story of such discoveries in the interior world of the soul!

I may also, dear reader, request you to accompany me to other undiscovered realms of Plutusia, where, according to report, exist fairy-lands, peopled with strange, fantastic races of men and women, as well as fabulous animals, with characteristics surpassing the wildest dreams of fancy.

As shown on the map of the interior world, which forms the frontispiece of this volume, many more continents remain yet unknown to me, to explore which will be my ambition. If the rumors I have heard of semi-spiritual men and semi-human monsters that dwell in tropical environments, where mountains rise so high that there is no weight on their summits, and where torrents of water roll upward, sweeping away villages in their path; of rocks of gold suspended in the air; of tribes dwelling on floating islands of jewels in the empyrean, and of a thousand still stranger places and peoples, where every phantasy of the imagination can be produced in reality by spirit power, then, indeed, the story of my adventures will develop the soul of the age with a profound delight.

I therefore bid adieu to you, dear reader, in the hope of meeting you again, to feast you with these wonders. I hope to have you accompany me on the *Polar King*, which, after a season of repair and refitment, will most assuredly be launched for a still more adventurous voyage on the waters of the interior sea. How many books have been written on the discovery of the western hemisphere by Columbus, while, as yet, but one has been written about the interior sphere, a region not less important than the outer earth, whose geographical features are now for the first time revealed to human eyes! What a wonder it would be if one could travel to the moon or the planet Mars and return to the earth to tell of all that he had seen or heard on those distant spheres! Here indeed is no less a miracle that for ages two vast planets have existed each unknown to the other, although only a thousand miles apart, with the means of communication possessing but few difficulties to be overcome. The mutual discovery of two such worlds has opened up a

future for the human race that may well strike one dumb with its splendor. It has conferred on the meanest individual a glory, a birthright of the spirit, as vast as the proportions of the twin-planet. I will not further anticipate the future, and for the present will ask you to accept from Lyone and myself a courteous farewell.



THE COVER

Our cover this month was painted by Tim Kirk, who is finally receiving long overdue recognition as one of the finest young illustrators in the fantasy field. A native and resident of Long Beach, California, Tim was first introduced to fantasy and science fiction in junior high school, through the works of Robert Heinlein and Andre Norton, and is currently working on a Master's Degree in illustration. His work has appeared in many fan magazines over the last three years, and he has done interior art for *WORLDS OF IF* and *WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY*, as well as a dust jacket for Mirage Press. Last year Tim was awarded a Hugo at the 28th World Science Fiction Convention in Heidelberg, Germany. This is his first professional magazine cover.

LETTERS*ARTICULATIONS*

Dear Mr. Menville:

I write this to congratulate you on the first issue of FORGOTTEN FANTASY. Your publication came to my attention by way of a rather tasteful advertisement in ERB-dom number 36. As a result of that notice, I made several futile sorties to the newsstand. When finally your magazine graced the rack, I knew the waiting and trips had been worthwhile. I shall look forward to the day when subscriptions are possible, as my check shall arrive soon after such an announcement is released.

FORGOTTEN FANTASY, volume one, issue number one, in all appearances has the earmark of a quality publication. The cover illustration by Bill Hughes is extremely attractive, no pun intended. The back cover to my knowledge seems to be an innovation, in that it is a duplicate of the front cover, lacking only the printed overlay. I imagine this offers some fiendish readers the opportunity to frame some really fine artwork. I for one would not have the heart to desecrate a magazine of such collector potential. The interior layout is both pleasing to the eyes and mind. The employment of both original illustrations and reprints blends well together and works to a mutual advantage. With very few exceptions the format sets standards much older publications could do well to attempt to live up to. The readers of your magazine will find that the overall style of FORGOTTEN FANTASY readily blocks out the few minor errors to be found. I fully intend to recommend this magazine both to my fellow fans and all my friends.

By my above critique I attempt to express my deep appreciation for at last having a publication that searches out and presents with taste fantasy stories long lost to the average reader. In dedicating the first issue of FORGOTTEN FANTASY, you salute an editor who is too readily disremembered, and to readers of my generation almost unknown. You

have chosen to bear quite a burden in following Mary Gnaedinger's footsteps, but if the succeeding editions are of the same superlative nature as the first, the load will be well carried.

F. Tyrone Bailey
3550 Burgundy Lane
Houston, Texas 77023

Dear Editor,

Please terminate THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR before you kill off FORGOTTEN FANTASY. I have read SF and fantasy for 25 years, and this novel is without doubt the poorest novel I have read in that time. Please print some Machen, Haggard, etc.

Ned Reece
1103 Rogers Lake Road
Kannapolis, North Carolina

Sorry you don't care for the THE GODDESS, Ned, but take heart — we have both Haggard and Machen scheduled for future issues.

Dear Sir:

Part two of the GODDESS OF ATVATABAR is the greatest. So is your cover and interior artwork. I would like to read H. Rider Haggard's classic ANCIENT ALLAN and PHRA THE PHOENICIAN, two favorites of mine. Keep up the good work.

Harry Cooper
3506 W. Wilson
Chicago, Illinois 60625

I'm not cerain about THE ANCIENT ALLAN, but PHRA is a definite possibility for a future issue.

Dear Doug.

I found your excellent publication on the shelves at one of our local newsstands and saw it a couple of other places, too. I have both issues and find them very good.

I particularly enjoy the short stories. I find the continuing novel a bit archaic but interesting mainly in the naive and simplistic approach to many things — such as language. I feel it is a bit amateurish when compared to some of those masterpieces Lin Carter has been resurrecting for his paperback series of reprints. Although I do feel some of *these* are not as great as his praises would lead one to believe. (I found THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT boring, and the second part of THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END much too pat, predictable, and again, boring.) It is one thing when a story's outcome is predestined (the hero must win through), and quite another when the manner in which this is accomplished is so dull.

Basically, FF is a very good idea, and, as I said, I enjoy the short stories

very much. I find it admirable that you have been able to include the original illustrations with your serialized novel. Their quaintness matches its quaintness. Your cover artist is almost sensational. The choice of initials and page ends is very good. I certainly hope it catches on and keeps going, ferreting out the unknown old writers and the unavailable material by well-known writers.

Milton G. Roberts, Jr.
1203 W. Main Street, Apt. 1-A
Urbana, Illinois 61801

Dear Sirs:

Wonderful! I can't recall when the discovery of a new magazine has made me so happy. It's superb.

The concept of reprinting old fantasy classics, complete with the original illustrations, Barr's masterful cover, the little illustrations strewn through the magazine. . . .

I wish you every success, and I'll be with you as long as you maintain your present level of excellence. Enclosed find a check for \$1.20. Please send me the first issue and the third.

I'm going to postpone reading THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR until I have all the parts. Meanwhile, I can enjoy the period illustrations. My main objection to Moskowitz's UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS was his failure to include reproductions of the old ALLSTORY covers.

If you're open to suggestions, I suggest reprinting Albert Robida's two-volume LE VINGTIEME SIECLE, described by Gershorn Legman as "magnificently illustrated" with "sardonic text and hilariously complex illustrations." Or Victor Rousseau's MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER, with all the illustrations from EVERYBODY'S.

The treasury of profusely illustrated fantasies from 1890 to 1920 is practically untapped. I hope you make them available again.

Melvin R. Madel
340 Brandon Avenue
Glen Ellyn, Illinois 60137

Dear FORGOTTEN FANTASY,

The important behavior is not that I bought the first issue of FORGOTTEN FANTASY, but rather that I selected it from at least a dozen other magazines. This is also a curious incident since I have not purchased a magazine of such interest for quite some time. To be exact, not since I purchased an AMAZING STORIES magazine for obtaining Edgar Rice Burroughs' SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR.

From the magazines that I selected FORGOTTEN FANTASY I found the selections incredible! Being a Burroughs fan I am most interested about Bradshaw's long-lost novel. However, it is Arthur Conan Doyle's superior novelette, THE PARASITE, that motivated me to finally write a letter of cheer to your newly founded magazine.

Let me assure you that it is not one emotion that moves me to think of

this magazine's success, but I am convinced from your "Excavations" and "Prognostications" that the future editions of FORGOTTEN FANTASY will be nothing less than astounding!

It has reinforced my hopes of the revival of forgotten masterpieces. THE PARASITE is so rewarding, that I probed my psychic and found my imagination revitalized! I am a confirmed believer once again of Doyle's mastery of the human psychic and more, of his superior plotting and story-telling.

I hope the future issues will invest my interest still further, for my hobby lingers on the "sharp-edged" borders of imaginative illustrating and humbly continuing to try my hand at writing short stories where such masters as Doyle and H. P. Lovecraft left off.

Gregg A. Kraft
1624 9th Avenue South
Great Falls, Montana 59401

That's a long time between magazines, Gregg! (SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR appeared in AMAZING STORIES, November, 1963.) Thanks for your comments, and good luck with your writing.

Dear Mr. Menville:

Could you be kind enough to run the following in the letter column of FORGOTTEN FANTASY?

I am preparing an annotated bibliography of works about the nineteenth century English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Because of his use of fantasy and the weird in such poems as "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and "Christabel," Coleridge seems to appeal to writers of fantasy, SF and weird tales. Various writers in these genres like R. L. Fanthorpe, Malcolm Ferguson, Robert Heinlein, M. R. James, Fritz Leiber and Lan Wright allude to, or quote from, Coleridge in their fiction. I would like to include as many references of this kind to Coleridge as possible, and I would like to hear from anyone who knows of or comes across such material in fantasy, SF, or supernatural horror stories.

I enjoy your magazine very much. I urge you to increase the book review section. When can we send in regular subscriptions? I picked up the first two issues at the newsstand.

E. S. Lauterbach
Associate Professor
Department of English
Purdue University
Lafayette, Indiana 47907

I'm sure you'll receive a healthy response from our readers on your Coleridge bibliography. One story that I can recall off hand is David V

Reed's *THE COURT OF KUBLAI KHAN*, in the March, 1948, *FANTASTIC ADVENTURES*, recently reprinted in the March, 1968, *FANTASTIC*. In this story, Coleridge himself is one of the characters! Also, don't overlook Ray Bradbury's short story in the January, 1962, *PLAYBOY*, "A Miracle of Rare Device," the title of which comes from a line in "Kubla Khan." It was reprinted in Ray's collection, *THE MACHINERIES OF JOY* (Simon and Schuster, 1964). Good luck with your project.

Dear Sir:

I read in *LOCUS* today that the second issue of *FORGOTTEN FANTASY* is now available. Enclosed is 60c; please send it to me at once.

It might interest you to know that your first issue is just now coming on sale in the Philadelphia area. I bought it in Maine in late August.

I certainly appreciate what you're doing with *FF*. I would like to see the following reprinted: "The Great God Pan," by Arthur Machen; *THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW*, by Lord Dunsany; *THE SOLITARY HUNTERS*, by D. H. Keller, M.D.; "The Willows," by Algernon Blackwood; *THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND*, by W. H. Hodgson; and "The Upper Berth," by F. M. Crawford.

Darrell Schweitzer
113 Deepdale Road
Strafford, Pennsylvania 19087

As of this writing, we are still on what our distributor calls "limited distribution," which means that distribution is extremely erratic in some areas, and very good in others. This is a common problem with all new magazines, I understand, and hopefully, distribution will improve with future issues. "The Willows" is included in the Blackwood paperback collection, TALES OF TERROR AND THE UNKNOWN, which is still available from E.P.Dutton (D-166).

Sirs:

I am very impressed with your magazine. I have been reading fantasies such as *CONAN* and *LORD OF THE RINGS* for almost a year now. Also, I have read of lost works of fantasy and science fiction in Richard Lupoff's book about Edgar Rice Burroughs' books, *MASTER OF ADVENTURE*. Also, I must point out a mistake in your "Calibrations" section. *UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS* is in paperback form by Ballantine, under the title *A PRINCESS OF MARS*. Also, I liked *THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR* and the short stories in both of your first two editions.

Jon Bergquist
1705 E. 7th St.
St. Paul, Minnesota 55106

You've got many more years of good reading ahead of you, Jon, and we hope to be able to supply some of it. Actually, we're both right about the Burroughs novel, UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS, but my wording was perhaps a bit vague: I meant that the original magazine version of the novel had never before been reprinted; when it appeared as A PRINCESS OF MARS in book form in 1917, it was published just as Burroughs first wrote it, minus a number of cuts and revisions by the editor of ALL-STORY.

Gentlemen:

I have been an avid reader of fantasy and science fiction since the '20's. I remember most of the books and stories you mention in your editorial in the first issue of FORGOTTEN FANTASY. I once had quite a good collection of such books and magazines.

I am really excited about FORGOTTEN FANTASY and do not want to miss a single issue. Therefore, I am enclosing my check for \$1.00, hoping you will send me a copy of the second issue, as I have been unable to find it on the bookstands here in Houston.

In your editorial you say that to your knowledge, Bradshaw's THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR has never been reprinted in this country, but the part in this first issue of FF is so much like a book I read when I was about 15 years old, I am tempted to believe it is the same story. I have remembered parts of it through the years and have always hoped to come across it again. Imagine my excitement when I began reading THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR.

Another segment of the story I read is still vivid in my mind. It concerns a huge cavern deep in this strange world. Great flames leap from a deep pit in this cavern. The flames are so intense they create live, jewel-colored, bird-like creatures that flit about the cavern. I am eager to see if I have finally found the story I never completely forgot.

I hope the time will soon come when you begin accepting subscriptions. I will be among the first to subscribe to FF.

Mrs. Bama Simmons
939½ Cortlandt St.
Houston, Texas 77008

By now FF should be appearing regularly on your newsstand, Mrs. Simmons, but if not, each issue will be available through the mail until we can offer subscriptions, which we hope to do sometime later this year. Sorry to dash your hopes about your "forgotten fantasy," but by now you've probably realized that the story you've been looking for is not THE GODDESS. However, from your description I am almost certain that it is A. Merritt's classic, THE METAL MONSTER. This story first ran as a serial in ARGOSY-ALL-STORY WEEKLY, beginning with the August 7,

1920, issue; later, Hugo Gernsback ran a revised version serially in *SCIENCE AND INVENTION*, beginning with the October, 1927, issue, under the title *THE METAL EMPEROR*. It was next reprinted in the August, 1941, *FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES*; then as one of the Avon *MURDER MYSTERY MONTHLY* paperbacks in 1946; and finally in a mass-market Avon paperback in 1951. Avon most recently re-issued it in 1966, but alas, they have let it go out of print again. I hope all this is of some value to you in obtaining a copy. Can any of you readers think of another story that might be the one Mrs. Simmons remembers?

Dear Mr. Menville:

I'm delighted with *FORGOTTEN FANTASY*!! I found FF in a newsroom that must get its mags from an outside-the-city source. Our local distributor, "Morlock News Co.," is a very tight and selective distributor. I usually travel to Albany, N. Y., fifteen miles distant, to secure my reading material.

Found No. 2, received No. 1 from you, and look ahead to issue 3 and a chance to subscribe. The illustrations inside and out are beautiful reproductions; whoever does your printing is superb!

I have a windfall assortment of almost all of the *FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES* and many others, WT's and all like fantasy; still, I eagerly seek out a new entry in our field. Best wishes to you, and a financial success.

Israel Marks
834 Hampton Ave.
Schenectady, New York 12309

Our Printing is done by World Color Press, Inc., in Sparta, Illinois, and we too, are very happy with their work.





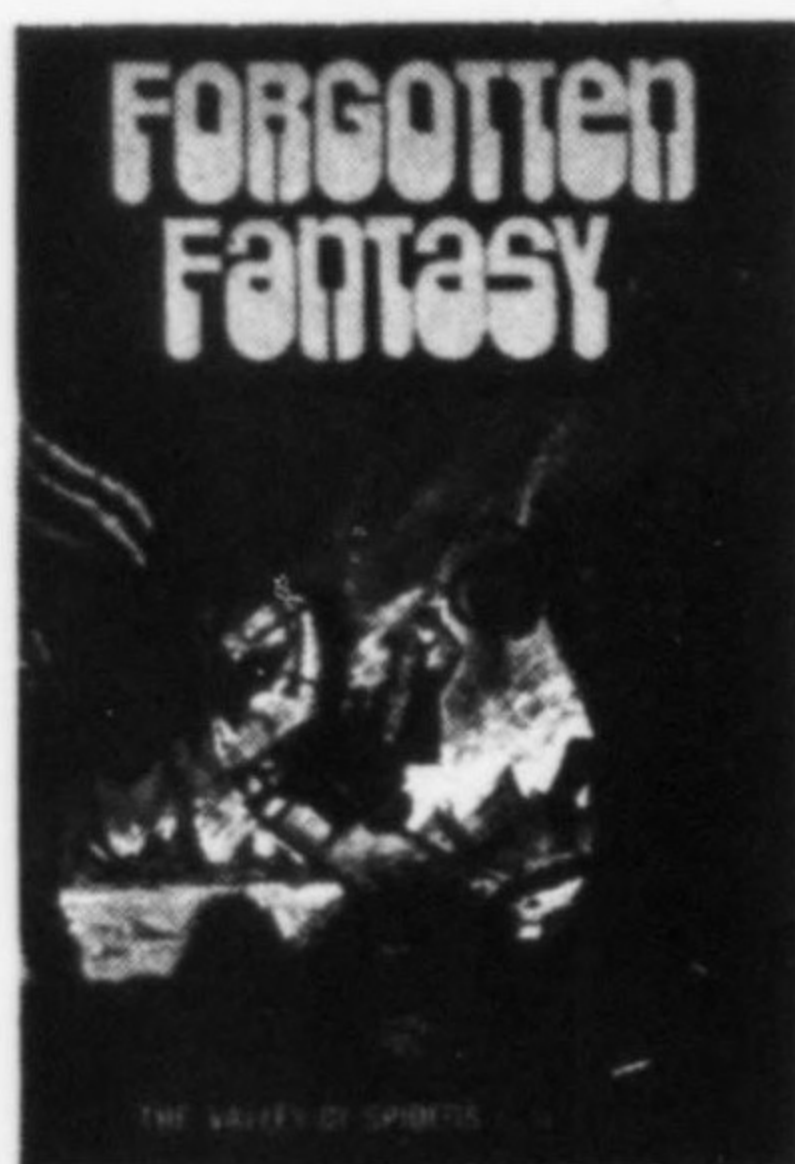
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