

THE ACOLYTE



THE ACOLYTE

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENTIFICTION

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* material should be sent directly to Francis T. Laney, who han- *
* dles this phase of The Acolyte. *

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

F. T. LANEY

THE PERDUE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE.

Readers of The Acolyte who are interested in continuing this compilation are advised to subscribe to The Voice of the Imagi-Nation, Box 6475, Metro Station, Los Angeles 55. This feature has been taken over by VOM, and, says editor Forrest J Ackerman, will appear in every issue of The Voice until it is completed. Rates are 15¢, 7/\$1. We regret our inability to continue this feature, but reader reaction was definitely against it. In its stead, we hope to present material of the type previously popular with Acolyte readers. Thanks, coupled with apologies, to Elmer Perdue, the compiler of this project.

---ooOoo---

FOR SALE, ONLY \$100.00!!

The quotations on the first HPL volume, The Outsider and Others, can no longer be considered as fantasy. They have become sheerly ridiculous. When one of our pet fan dealers, William Sykora (see page 21), offers this volume at \$100.00 it is high time for a few cold facts on The Outsider. This volume first went on sale in late 1937 or early 1938. The first pre-publication price was \$3.50, shortly raised to \$4.00. In the 14 to 18 months the volume was on sale prior to publication it was a drug on the market. It must have been, for it took from mid-1939 until mid-1943 to sell the rest of an edition which comprised only 1200 copies in toto. The price through all these 48 months was only \$5.00. No one seemed particularly excited about buying the volume. Now, only two and a half years after the volume became out of print, someone wants twenty times the publication price, a figure which we hold to be inflationary and unwarranted. Ballyhoo, publicity, herd psychology, and a substratum of indefensible greed--all these factors have combined to scoot the price up, for a while. In light of the fact that most of the stories in The Outsider can be had elsewhere: in a 49¢ anthology, in pocketbooks, and in various in-print weird collections; and in further view of the fact that HPL is not an author who can reasonably be expected ever to attract the attention of the mundane first edition buying public; it seems to us that \$15.00 to \$20.00 is all a copy of The Outsider can reasonably be worth. But we too are greedy and mercenary. If people so gullible as to plank down a whole century for this over-valued volume actually exist, we too want to get on the gravy train with our dear friends Unger and Sykora. The first sucker who sends us a certified check for \$100.00 may have our Outsider. Don't all speak at once!

---ooOoo---

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE ACOLYTE?

The paragraph thus titled last issue was not, as some seemed to interpret it, an unsubtle appeal for backpatting and ego-boosting. The magazine seemed to be slipping badly, and we really wanted candid opinions as to what was wrong. Many suggestions came to us; some of them are being acted upon. Thanks to all who responded. Two points were stressed by so many people that they should be mentioned here. Nearly everyone dislikes the cunning little tubes we make of each issue. It is our belief that the magazines arrive in better condition when so shipped than if they were mailed flat in envelopes for the mailman to fold, wrinkle, and otherwise beat around. These tubes are rigid, and magazines so shipped lose their curl in a few days. It should not be difficult to open the wrapper by slitting it with a razor blade. The other point was the dead sameness of page after page of black type. We believe that the initial letters and tailpieces making their bow in this issue will cure that complaint quite adequately. Hoffman did

THE DECIMAL CLASSIFICATION OF FANTASY

by Jack Speer and Samuel D. Russell

-oOo-

(Simultaneously and independently, Messrs. Speer and Russell began the compiling of a decimal classification for fantasy. Each has published tentative versions of his system at least twice for the limited audience of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association whose members have given a considerable amount of constructive criticism. Now that each system has evolved independently for nearly three years, I thought that they might make interesting comparisons if run side by side. I hope that the readers of The Acolyte will feel free to send in constructive criticisms to the end that eventually one of these systems of classification (or a new one based on them) may come into general use among collectors and students of fantasy. --FTL)

----oOo----

GENERAL INTRODUCTION, by Jack Speer

-oOo-



R. LANEY has asked me to write an introduction for decimal classification in general. I have seen only the 1943 version of Mr. Russell's system, and none of these remarks are intended to be prejudicial.

The first and last things to consider about decimal classifications are the uses to which they will be put. Decimal systems are used by libraries, government departments, and other organizations that need to handle a wide range of subject matter and quickly find what they're looking for.

The advantages which have led to this widespread adoption of arrangement by numbers, instead of words, are several. Brevity of the tag is one. Another is that in a well-constructed system, nearly related subjects will be found near each other, rather than scattered about as in an alphabetically arranged file, so that if what one seeks is not under one heading, the heading it is under is presented to the attention. Decimal numbers naturally lend themselves to sub-divisions of subjects, the necessity and despair of alphabetically arranged systems. And there is a minimum of overlapping between designations widely separated. Finally, the use of arbitrary symbols is often desirable for the very fact that they avoid the confusing associations of familiar words. In consequence of these features, decimal classifications mean that, within the limits of individual variations in judgement, the exact classifications that a story will have applied to it can be predicted, something impossible when word-designations are used, as an examination of the old yearbooks of s-f or the files of the American Food Mission would convince you.

More specifically, decimal classification may be found useful in bibliographies, indexes to magazines, reviews, advertisements, and the like. An incidental benefit from the publication of a classification is that, with the subject matter of fantasy mapped out in an orderly manner, comprehensive studies of the field are facilitated. For example, an article could easily be written on the instances in which science fiction and pure fantasy arrive at parallel effects (malignant entities and e.t.'s; crystal balls and time-warps; possession and compulsion) by different means.

Then the functions for which such a system should be suitable are these (nach Don Bratton): 1. As brief descriptive labels for stories. 2. As keys whereby a story, whose title and author and source have been forgotten, can be found thru memory of the principal ideas or theme of the story. 3. To group stories so that readers are led to related stories which might interest them.

All very well, but when you start trying to make such a system, it proves very difficult. The linear arrangement of numbers means that each heading can only be contiguous to two others, though some, such as extra-sensory perception, are closely related to several more. Yet somehow, the field of fantasy fits itself into such a structure remarkably well.

One soon finds that many of the traditional headings are useless. In the realm of the supernatural (which has always been the hardest field of fantasy to reduce to orderly array), the terms we inherit from medieval writers show that, whatever the virtues of the primitive mind in imagination, analysis was not their forte. Necromancy, witchcraft, divination; powers of good and evil; Mephistopheles, Satan, Beelzebub, Lucifer; they are hopelessly confused, overlapping, inclusive of each other, and sometimes over-predise. Moreover, the dualistic bias of the human mind has given us, in commentaries on science-fiction, too many categories with only two subdivisions instead of nearly nine. Locale: terrestrial, extra-terrestrial; space flight: interplanetary, interstellar. Such commentaries, too, have given us over-refined categories. Our friend who is groping for a yarn he vaguely remembers is not likely to recall whether it was on a merely interstellar or an intergalactic scale. The plot consequences of invisibility by chemical means and invisibility by electrical means are not noticeably different.

One is forced back on practical considerations. It is not a matter of drawing up a philosophically ideal system, but of finding categories which will break stories (written and soon to be written) into groups small enough to be searched through and large enough that one needn't be a medieval scholar and Doctor of Science in half-a-dozen fields to find the exact pigeonhole for an off-trail novel.

That classification system is best which best meets the test of use. Make that test, and I believe you'll find decimal classification a great improvement over the traditional system--or lack of it.

----oOo----

A DECIMAL CLASSIFICATION OF FANTASY, by Samuel D. Russell

-oOo-

This is a proposed final version of a decimal system for classifying and describing the elements of fantasy in any novel, story, poem, or drama in the fields of scientific fiction, weird fiction, and pure fantasy. It is intended for use in bibliographies and story-indexes as a shorthand method of describing subject-matters in fantastic fiction. When more than one classification-number is needed to describe a story fully, they may be separated by obliques (or if the initial digits are the same, they may be omitted in the second number and a hyphen substituted). Preceding the first number in the series comes the lower-case letter indicating the time-period(s) in which the story is laid, as per the temporal classification section which precedes the decimal system below; and after the final number, if necessary, will come the appropriate capital letter indicating humor, juvenile, etc. Example: Things to Come would be j23/24/25/33/11.1.

TEMPORAL CLASSIFICATION

- a - Early life on earth (through amphibians)
- b - The dinosaur period

- c - Prehistoric men and mammals
- d - Early unknown civilizations
- e - Early known civilizations, up thru Egypt (1500 B.C.)
- f - Greece and Rome (1500 B.C. to 500 A.D.)
- g - The Middle Ages (500 to 1300 A.D.)
- h - Renaissance to Modern times (1300 A.D. to date)
- i - The present
- j - The next century
- k - The next thousand years
- l - The next ten thousand years
- m - The next hundred thousand years
- n - From then on
- o - Indefinite past
- p - Indefinite future

00 NON-FICTION

01 The physical sciences

- 01.1 Astronomy
- 01.2 Mathematics
- 01.3 Physics
- 01.4 Chemistry
- 01.5 Geology

02 The biological sciences

- 02.1 Zoology
- 02.2 Botany
- 02.3 Bacteriology
- 02.4 Paleontology
- 02.5 Psychology

03 The social sciences

- 03.1 Archaeology
- 03.2 Anthropology
- 03.3 History
- 03.4 Sociology and Economics

04 Rockets and space flight

05 The supernatural

- 05.1 Satanism, demonology, witchcraft
- 05.2 Vampirism and lycanthropy
- 05.3 Mystic cults
- 05.4 Ghosts
- 05.5 Spiritualism
- 05.6 Other psychic phenomena
- 05.7 Supernormal faculties
- 05.8 Folklore (fairies, gnomes, etc.)
- 05.9 Literature

10 EXTRATERRESTRIAL EVENTS AND SETTINGS

11 Space flight

- 11.1 First flights
- 11.2 Interplanetary flight
- 11.3 Interstellar and intergalactic flight

12 Our solar system

- 12.1 Mercury
- 12.2 Venus
- 12.3 The moon
- 12.4 Mars
- 12.5 The asteroids
- 12.6 Jupiter and Saturn
- 12.7 Satellites of Jupiter and Saturn
- 12.8 The outer planets (Uranus, Neptune, Pluto)
- 12.9 Miscellaneous (comets, meteors, new planets, etc.)

- 13 Other solar systems
- 14 Other universes
 - 14.1 In our space-time continuum
 - 14.2 In other space-time continua
 - 14.3 Microcosmos
 - 14.4 Macrocosmos
- 15 Visitations to earth by extra-terrestrial beings
 - 15.1 Peaceful
 - 15.2 Hostile
- 16 Life on other worlds

20 TERRESTRIAL EVENTS AND SETTINGS

- 21 Prehistoric life
- 22 Utopias
 - 22.1 Scientific utopias
 - 22.2 Semi-anarchic utopias
- 23 Civilizations
 - 23.1 Scientific
 - 23.2 Socialistic
 - 23.3 Totalitarian
 - 23.4 Capitalistic
 - 23.5 Matriarchal
 - 23.6 Atlantis
- 24 Wars
- 25 Barbarism or Dark Ages
- 26 Submarine life
- 27 Subterranean life
- 28 New lands on earth
- 29 Natural catastrophes
 - 29.1 Extraterrestrial body striking earth
 - 29.2 Geologic upheavals
 - 29.3 Earth growing hot
 - 29.4 Earth growing cold
 - 29.5 Cloud or gas from space
 - 29.6 Fatal plague
 - 29.7 Plague of sterility
 - 29.8 Disintegration of an important material

30 SCIENTIFIC ADVANCES, DISCOVERIES, INVENTIONS, EXTRAPOLATIONS

- 31 The physical sciences
 - 31.1 Rocket ships
 - 31.2 Atomic power
 - 31.3 Other new forms of energy
 - 31.4 Rays and vibrations
 - 31.5 Invisibility
 - 31.6 Robots
 - 31.7 Advanced chemistry
 - 31.8 Distortions of, and other dimensions in, our space
time continuum
 - 31.9 Teleportation
- 32 The biological sciences
 - 32.1 Supermen and other human mutations
 - 32.2 Immortality
 - 32.3 Advanced surgery and medicine
 - 32.4 Synthetic life
 - 32.5 Giant or intelligent insects or animals
 - 32.6 Changes in size of persons
 - 32.7 Animal hybrids, new species

- 32.8 Strange forms of plant life
- 32.9 New bacteria
- 33 The social sciences
 - 33.1 Sociology
 - 33.2 Economics
 - 33.3 Political science
 - 33.4 History
 - 33.5 Philosophy
- 34 Psychology
 - 34.1 Extra-sensory perception
 - 34.2 Transfer of minds
- 35 Time travel
 - 35.1 In a fixed past or future
 - 35.2 In alternate pasts, presents, or futures
 - 35.3 By mechanical means
 - 35.4 By metaphysical means
 - 35.5 By suspended animation
 - 35.6 By ancestral memory or dreams
 - 35.7 By natural time-warp
- 36 Large-scale engineering feats

- 40 SUPERNATURALISM: THE POWERS OF EVIL
- 41 Satanism
- 42 Demonology
- 43 Witchcraft, sorcery, black magic
- 44 Diabolic or pagan cults
- 45 Vampirism
- 46 Lycanthropy and therianthropy
- 47 Ghouls and monstrosities
- 48 Animated corpses (zombies, etc.)
- 49 The Lovecraft mythos

- 50 SUPERNATURALISM: THE OCCULT
- 51 Ghosts
- 52 Spiritualism
- 53 Psychic residues in inanimate matter
 - 53.1 In objects
 - 53.2 In houses
 - 53.3 In sections of ground or land
- 54 Psychology
 - 54.1 Transference of personality
 - 54.2 Ancestral memory
 - 54.3 Telepathy
 - 54.4 Clairvoyance
 - 54.5 Possession
- 55 Poltergeists
- 56 Mystic cults
- 57 Dimensional distortions and invasions

- 60 SUPERNATURALISM: MYTHOLOGY
- 61 Nordic mythology
- 62 Celtic mythology
- 63 Egyptian mythology
- 64 Near Eastern mythology
- 65 Oriental mythology
- 66 African and voodoo mythology
- 67 Oceanic mythology
- 68 Aztec-Mayan mythology
- 69 Graeco-Roman mythology

- 70 PURE FANTASY
- 71 The next world (after death)
- 72 Miracles
- 73 Reincarnation
- 74 Wish-granting
- 75 Fairy tales
- 76 Inanimate objects coming to life
- 77 Other civilizations, worlds, universes
- 78 Fortean themes (Vitons; matter is mind)

SUBSIDIARY SYMBOLS

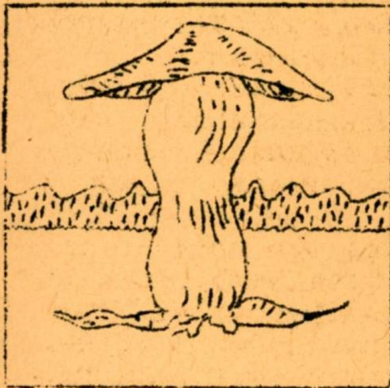
B ₁	Borderline (atmospheric)		
B ₂	Borderline (plot, logic)		
D	Drama	P	Poetry
De	Detective	S	Satire
F	Pure Fantasy	Sc	Science-Fiction
H	Humor	T	Tales
J	Juvenile	W	Weird

----oOo----

THE JUFFUSIAN CLASSIFICATION

by Jack Speer

-oOo-



F this system is good, give plenty of credit to numerous FAPA members and others, and in particular Don Bratton, who provided many valuable suggestions and comments. If it isn't, blame me for not following more of their advice.

It will not be possible here to give in detail the reasons for headings being the way they are and gaps left in particular places. I can only explain how the system is supposed to work, and hope that some of you will try it out.

The theory followed in drawing it up is that in fantasy stories we are interested in and remember the results of departures from things mundane. If the results of two differ-

ent (?) phenomena, such as ancestral memory and reincarnation, are practically indistinguishable, there should not be two different places to index them.

It is impossible to altogether avoid overlapping in categories. But we can, to a large extent, place adjacent to each other the subjects which are likely to be intermingled, so that the classifier will be warned and the anthology-compiler guided. It is because of this consideration that Our Barbarous Descendants are placed at the beginning of the 42. group, near Decay of Man, and Ice Age at the end, near Extraordinary Astronomical Phenomena. The abba arrangement within the 33. group is explained by the same principle.

A person automatically feels, when he doesn't find a particular subheading for a mutant type of story, that there ought to be one provided. We can thank our stars for off-trail fiction, but practical considerations forbid setting up numbers under which there will be only one or two stories. Use the general heading (such as 36. or 41. or 60.), and if enough plots of a particular type pile up there, a subdivision can be created for them.

If we agree that all stories involving the fourth spatial dimension should be indexed under a single general heading or its subdivisions (32.), and that stories of spacemen's mishaps should be fenced off in one place (45.2), we inevitably discover that a story of spacemen running into a dimensional warp needs more than one classification.

The answer is 45.2/32.1 A story of Atlantis beginning in the old days but principally transpiring in the present with the arrival of a muscular American would be classed 31.8 (54.). The reason for the slash-mark in one and the parentheses in the other is that in the latter case either of the classifications is a possible one; but in the former case 32.1 alone would be misleading, for the spacemen's adventure does not take place in the present, as 3.- implies. The slash-mark means that the 40 number preceding it overrides the 30 number that follows, in this regard.

The words after each number in the tabulation do not by themselves fully define the number. We hope that, as in the case of other decimal systems, the numbers will eventually accumulate meanings of their own more exact and subtle than the sometimes clumsy phrases used to identify them. Each number is to be considered in connection with its context. Looking at "Super-surgery" alone you might think that a story of brain transplantation should be given that number, 34.6. But in the same group occurs 34.2, a much more specific heading, so 34.6 must be considered to exclude brain transplantation. Note especially that the shorter numbers 30. and 34. help define these more finely divided headings. 34.6 Super-surgery means only super-surgery applied to humans (34.), taking place in the present or historical past (30.) and by scientific means (not supernatural). It has already been indicated how these implications of the larger categories can be removed by crossing with a number from another group and a slash-mark.

Note that 30. and 34. are not alternative classifications; they should not be used when the detailed number, 34.6, is suitable. But it appears necessary to advise you not to be afraid of using these shorter numbers. If you have a story of putting old brains in new artificial bodies, don't fret about whether to call it 34.2, 34.5, 34.6, or 34.8; use the general heading 34. Likewise, the critic who wishes to indicate that a story he is mentioning, "Invaders from Flub", concerns space-war rather than microcosmic or trans-dimensional buccaneers, but doesn't remember whether they came from inside or outside the solar system, can indicate enough with "Invaders from Flub, 45.-K" and leave it to the compilers of indexes to decide whether it's 45.6-K or 45.7-K.

These auxiliary symbols are joined after a hyphen. The idea of them is that you can have humor, or a science article, or fight a war, etc., almost anywhere in the science-fiction field. Weird treatment, too, is often extended beyond the bounds of so-called weird material--the Frankenstein family, for example (and so-called weird-fiction material can be given a completely unweird treatment). "In Caverns Below" might be classified 31.7-HU.

The "not truly fantasy" division is added to save fruitless quests after a classification for "The Geometrics of Johnny Day" and some scarey stories, and to enable bibliographers to warn collectors away from Those Gay Deceivers. It can be crossed with the type of fantasy it pretends to be, as 92./16.4-H.

Use common sense, and avoid classifying every little thing in the tale. If Satan appears only in order to barter for a soul, use 11.101 and let 11.839 go. Since almost any adventures on other planets must involve contacts with alien life-forms, don't call in a 35. classification unless it's a yarn like "Symbiotica" in which the biological interest is outstanding.

Give it a whirl!

Auxiliary symbols:

A: Non-fiction. H: Humor. J: Juvenile. K: War Waged.

N: Stefnal element not prominent. P: Artwork. U: Sociological purpose in writing. V: Verse. W: Weird treatment.

00. MISCELLANEOUS; ANTHOLOGIES; ETC.

10. IMPOSSIBLE BY CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE; THE SUPERNATURAL

11. Supernatural elements in the familiar world

- 11.1 Magical gifts and powers 11.101 Soul-selling
 - 11.13 Wishes
 - 11.15 Occult arts
 - 11.16 Curses
 - 11.17 Divine miracles
 - 11.18 Charms, objects having magical influence
- 11.3 Haunted things and places
- 11.5 Ancestral memory; reincarnation
- 11.6 Possession
- 11.7 Beings and creatures of modern conception
 - 11.73 Gods created by human psychic energy
 - 11.74 Menace from Outside
 - 11.75 Fortean
- 11.8 Beings out of religious beliefs
 - 11.81 Animistic
 - 11.82 Olympian
 - 11.83 Biblical 11.839 The Devil
- 11.9 Creatures of folklore
 - 11.91 Men accursed 11.911 The Wandering Jew
 - 11.92 Therianthropes 11.921 Vampires 11.922 Werewolves
 - 11.93 Death personified
 - 11.96 Little folk, fays, etc.
 - 11.99 American frontier heroes

12. Unrationalized permutations and whimsies

- 12.5 Animals that talk
- 12.6 Unliving things personalized

15. Science's cosmology belied

- 15.1 Subjective idealism
- 15.5 The world is not of chance origin

16. Life after death

- 16.1 Consciousness in death
- 16.2 Presently realizes he's dead
- 16.3 Resurrection; zombie
- 16.4 Ghosts in this world
- 16.6 Afterlife elsewhere; judgement

17. Mythological worlds of modern conception

- 17.1 A literal heaven
- 17.7 Evil-possessed lands

18. Adventures in old mythologies

- 18.1 Oriental
- 18.2 Biblical
- 18.3 Graeco-Roman
- 18.4 Nordic
- 18.6 Hell
- 18.8 Arthurian
- 18.9 The land of Andersen and Grimm

30. EXTRAPOLATIONS, OCCURRING IN THE PRESENT OR THE HISTORICAL PAST

31. Extrapolations on geography and geology

- 31.1 Imaginary mundane country
- 31.2 Africa and Eurasia
- 31.3 Islands
- 31.4 America; hidden Amerind civilizations
- 31.5 Arctic and Antarctic
- 31.6 Earth's core
- 31.7 Subterranean life; caverns
- 31.8 Undersea civilization

32. Dimensional

- 32.1 Short-cuts through subspace or hyperspace
- 32.2 A featureless hyperspace or Other Space
- 32.3 Parallel universes; other planes
- 32.4 Four-dimensional objects
- 32.9 Two-dimensional

33. Adventures in size

- 33.1 Macrocosm
- 33.2 Microcosm
- 33.3 Littleness
- 33.4 Bigness

34. Extrapolations on psychology and biology relative to men

- 34.1 Hypnotism; compulsion
- 34.2 Mind and brain transference
- 34.3 ESP by ordinary people; telepathy; telekinesis
- 34.4 Supermen
- 34.5 Immortality; elixir
- 34.6 Super-surgery; resuscitation
- 34.7 Brains in mechanical housings; heads
- 34.8 Androids
- 34.15 Truthfulness

35. Extrapolations on psychology and biology not relating to man

- 35.1 Laboratory monsters
- 35.3 Intelligent animals
- 35.4 Superbugs
- 35.8 Advanced plants
- 35.9 Non-carbon life; crystals; pure force

36&7. Extrapolations on chemistry, physics, and technology

- 36.1 Robots
 - 36.11 Stationary calculators and the like
 - 36.12 Sentient but specialized in structure, not manlike
 - 36.13 Humanoid
 - 36.14 Remote-controlled
- 36.2 Gadgets that do common things
- 36.5 Rays
- 36.6 Atomic energy
- 37.1 Mentally molded matter
- 37.2 Duplication of persons
- 37.3 Matter-radio
- 37.4 Television, spy ray, and image projector
- 37.6 Invisibility
- 37.7 Time-rate differences, super-speed

40. THE FUTURE

- 41. Economic, social, and political life
 - 41.2 Large-scale engineering projects
 - 41.3 Exaggeratedly urbanized world
 - 41.5 Oppression and revolt
 - 41.7 Matriarchy
 - 41.9 Decay of man
- 42. Catastrophes to civilization
 - 42.1 Our barbarous descendants
 - 42.2 Sole survivors
 - 42.5 Plague
 - 42.6 Loss of strategic material
 - 42.8 Inundation
 - 42.9 Intensified ice age; sun-dimming
- 43. Extraordinary astronomical phenomena
 - 43.4 Destruction of the world averted
 - 43.5 Destruction of the world
 - 43.9 Manipulation of planets and stars; wanderers into solar system
- 44. Extra-terrestrial life and adventures on other planets
 - 44.1 Mercury and Vulcan
 - 44.2 Venus
 - 44.3 Visitations to Earth
 - 44.4 Mars
 - 44.5 Outer planets and their satellites
 - 44.6 Luna and our second moon
 - 44.7 Asteroids
 - 44.8 Artificial worlds
 - 44.9 Extra-solar worlds
- 45. Space travel, no single planet the main locale
 - 45.1 Pioneer flights
 - 45.2 Adventures in a single ship
 - 45.3 Several ships involved
 - 45.6 Action divided between various planets of Sol and space
 - 45.7 The same, on an interstellar scale

50. THE PREHISTORIC PAST

- 51. Origin of Earth
- 52. Pre-human life
- 53. Early men
- 54. Legendary civilizations

60. DEVIATIONS FROM THE TIME STREAM

- 61. One-way travel from past to future; suspended animation
- 63. Looking or traveling back and forth in presumably unalterable time
- 65. Changing the present or future by going pastward
- 66. Travel back and forth in time where infinite possibilities exist
- 68. Mixing of subjunctively contemporary persons and settings; sidewise
- 69. Unmixed might-have-beens; current events that don't happen

90. STORIES NOT TRULY FANTASY

- 91. Science never going beyond contemporaneous possibility
- 92. Mundane explanation, hoax, etc.
- 94. Hallucinations perhaps objectified
- 95. Insanity
- 96. Torture

DIRGE FOR THE UNVIRGINAL

I grieved for women whose satiny heels
lightly touched steps down from a balcony,
who drifted like milkweed seed across smooth fields,
posing with profiles gently toward the sea.

I mourned for angel-girls whose breasts
swelled out chiffon; whose swirling, perfumed hair
swung to their waists, and who possessed small pets,
furry, fat things that wheezed and growled for air.

I wept that all of them should cease at once,
with one accord; that all their lips went slack;
that all their bodies, schooled in sentient stunts,
lay stirrless as a cockroach in a crack.

Electrons joined; the whirrless, cosmic ghosts
whirled soundlessly and nibbled at the room.
With dawn I slithered out and drank lewd toasts
to ghouls and gods, who waited at their tomb.

---Margaret Stavely

---ooOoo---

CRO-MAGNON

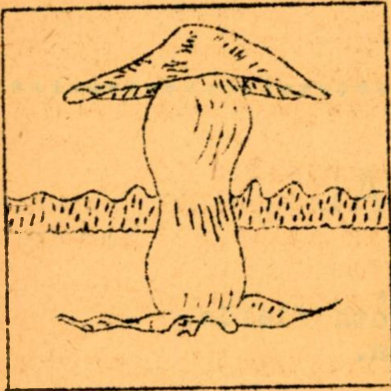
I chipped my questions on the flinty wall
Deep in the cave's recess, where no light
Or sound devoured the flickering night
Or stopped the dripping silence. With an awl
Of bone and a flint hammer, I broke the wetty pall
Of earth's great belly with little lines of white
And the patient tchink-tchink as I worked them right,
Ticking Forever's Questions in my hall.

I wonder, have I asked the wall too much?
Have lines here spun what no one shall unwind?
Or, if my dark Forever's answers, such
As they are, are worthless as the wall designed
With little lines, how shall I salve the touch
Of this eternal chipping in my mind?

---Maurice Ogden

INVASION, 1949

CHARLES BURBEE JR



It was in the early Spring of 1949 that the first odd event took place.

When the man, who stood eighteen inches high at the shoulders and an additional four inches when measured from the top of his head to his unshod feet, first began to walk the streets of Los Angeles, no one paid any attention to him at all.

He was the smallest man ever seen, and perfectly proportioned too, but no one paid any attention to him. Angelenos had all carefully cultivated an air of complete sophistication, and merely passed him by with a glance. No one wished to make himself conspicuously naive by

taking more than casual notice of the little visitor.

So he walked the streets unmolested, except that he was almost stepped on sometimes. He rode street-cars half-fare, and since the fare in Los Angeles was 7¢, casually dropped his 3½¢ piece into the coinbox, or sometimes a 2¢ piece and a 1½¢ piece. (The 1½¢ piece had been developed for people who wished to purchase one 1½¢ stamp.)

He was seen everywhere, but no one wrote him up for the papers. Secretly, everyone knew it was all a publicity gag for some super-colossal motion picture which some studio might release at any time, and they did not wish to be fooled.

The little man spoke to everyone. His English was excellent, though he had a tendency to swallow his words, and for fear of choking to death on some multi-syllabled word, he spoke only in words of three or less syllables.

When he'd been around for six months he became a community institution.

One day a courageous reporter, full of rum, saw the little fellow and stopped to talk to him.

"What is your name?" he said.

"George," said the little man.

"George what?"

"Smith."

"And what do you do for a living?"

"I don't pay any attention to that."

"Where do you live?"

"In my ship in Pershing Square."

Here the reporter looked narrowly at his interviewee and then asked, "What sort of ship?"

"Why, my space ship, of course," said the little man whose name was George.

The reporter, who had a nose more for whiskey than news, thought of going away for awhile until he felt better, but thought he'd ask just one more question and then go away and lie down somewhere.

"Tell me all about it?" he said.

"Certainly," said the little man. "My name is George Smith because you can pronounce that. I have come from the planet you know as Saturn, the one with the ring around it. I came here six months ago, parked my ship in Pershing Square, and have since been reconnoitering. The time is ripe. We will strike soon. This is an in-

vasion, of course, and we cannot fail."

"Ya mean there's more of you guys?"

"Certainly. There's John Jones in San Francisco, Jim Watson in New York, Arthur Tucker in Bloomington, and about three thousand others of us. The whole world is being covered this way. We've looked you over in detail. We know your culture better than you do. It has failed to meet our standards. We know your weak points and your strong ones. We will strike, and soon. Kill off everybody and take over."

"How come we haven't heard of the other little guys?"

"You're all too blase to admit our existence, that's all. I've been in constant communication (he choked here) with all my army, and we've found the same condition prevailing everywhere."

"Brother," said the reporter earnestly, "either you and/or I should go somewhere and sleep this off."

"You see?" said George compacently. "You find yourself incapable of believing me. That is all to the good."

"Uh huh," said the reporter. "And just when is D-Day?"

"Today," said George. "Ten minutes from now."

"Aw, t'ell with it all," said the reporter, and staggered away. He'd walked a short distance when he thought he needed a quick one. He tilted to the left and followed a tacking course which brought him up against a bar where he ordered a double rum. As the glass was placed in front of him, everybody, including the bartender, dissolved. He was alone in the bar. He ran into the street just in time to see the last of the people dissolving. Several cars careened off curbs or jumped them and came to sudden stops against buildings. Nobody at the wheel.

Pretty soon he saw George.

"Hey!" he shouted.

"Yes?" said George politely.

"You were on the level, then, about all that stuff you were telling me, eh?"

"Certainly," said George.

"Then everybody's been dissolved?"

"Indubitably," said George, his face going blue as he choked on the five-syllable word.

When George had recovered, the reporter said, "Well, then, how come I'm still alive?"

"While you spoke to me you were enveloped in my protective aura, naturally." (He didn't choke on this one.) "Soon as it wears off, you'll melt away also."

"Ya mean I'm gonna dissolve like the rest of them?"

"Right," said George.

He did, too.

CRITERION FOR CRITICISM

It matters little from the standpoint of the compass what the setting of a ghost story may be. The really important thing is that it should make us reluctant to look behind us on our way upstairs, or put our hand into the wardrobe without first opening wide its door, or forget how easily anyone (or thing) beneath the bed can grip our ankles just after we have kicked our shoes off.

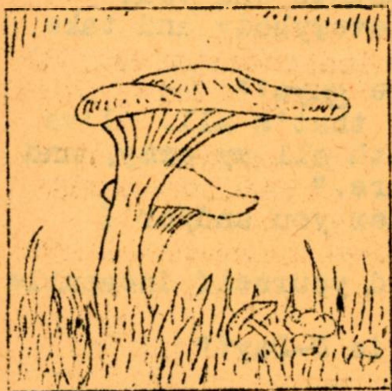
---The Spectator, CXXXV, 1107.

LITTLE-KNOWN FANTAISISTES

by Harold Wakefield

--oOo--

9. R. H. MALDEN



OR those readers interested in the art of M. R. James, a slim little volume of stories that first appeared in 1943 will prove of extreme interest. The title of the book is Nine Ghosts (7½", 132p, Arnold, London, 1943, 1944 reprint-ed) and the author, Richard Henry Malden, Dean of Wells, was an old friend and colleague of James, with whom he shared a mutual admiration for the sadly neglected Sheridan LeFanu. Indeed, LeFanu's name is mentioned at least twice in the stories in this book.

Out of print now, after going through two small printings, Nine Ghosts presents a disciple who has absorbed so much of his master's method and approach that his stories bear an uncanny likeness to those of his mentor. Written between 1909 and 1942, the stories are apparently presented in chronological order, and thus afford an interesting demonstration of the author's growing mastery of his medium.

The first story, "A Collector's Company", deals with the visit of a young clergyman to the home of an enigmatic minister to substitute for him during a temporary indisposition. His host turns out to look like an evil caricature of Dr. Hans Emmanuel Bryerly, the Swedenborgian teacher in LeFanu's "Uncle Silas", and possessed of an immense erudition in dark and forbidden lore. On retiring for the night, the visitor feels an unpleasant atmosphere about the house and locks his door. During the night, he is wakened by a sound. He goes to the window, which commands a view of the lawn with the churchyard in the background, the whole scene bathed with an unpleasant and unnatural light. Shortly his host appears, followed by about twelve very dubious and indistinct figures who group around him in a circle. The wizard, producing a wand, then conducts a hideous dance of the dead. Soon after, the light fails and all disappear. The guest goes back to bed, and in the morning is told that his host is indisposed and gladly leaves without meeting him again. The story ends on a decided anticlimax, the guest reading some days later of the rector's being found with his neck broken at the entrance to the churchyard.

"The Dining Room Fireplace" deals with a club meeting into which a note of diabolism became introduced. Eventually the nameless president appears at a meeting, much to the consternation of the members. It is the psychic residue of this demon that forms the basis of the story.

Perhaps the least effective story in the book is "Stivinghoe Bank", telling of the incumbent of a chapel in Norfolk entering into a pact with the devil. Told as the story is through old manuscripts, it loses a great deal in the absence of a climactic development. The impudent replies of the rascally monk to his prior are the chief point of interest in a tale whose treatment seems altogether too oblique.

In "The Sundial", we find an Englishman, returning to his country after a long sojourn abroad. On his estate is an ugly tree stump which he determines to replace with a sundial. A series of uncanny experiences ensues, climaxed with the pursuit by the hero of a hideously

misshapen figure which appears on his estate. This story employs with great effect the device of the pursuer becoming the pursued. The ghost in this story proves to be a Popish suicide who had been buried on the site of the proposed sundial.

Easily one of the best stories in the volume is "Between Sunset and Moonrise", which contains gradations of horror almost Lovecraftian, telling as it does of a woman living entirely alone in a cottage and finally destroyed by the evil forces she is wont to summon.

Another effective tale is "The Blank Leaves", which deals with the witchcraft custom of securing a dead man's hand and making a lamp of it by coating it with human fat.

"The Thirteenth Tree" tells of the reenactment of a murder on the ground where lies the body of a vengeful old woman, who had murdered the son of the judge who had unjustly sentenced her son to death.

"The Coxwain of the Lifeboat" tells of a man who had entered into a pact with powers of evil, and of the frightful visitor who comes at last to claim him.

The final story, "The Priest's Brass", tells of an antiquarian who makes a rubbing of a brass of a priest of ill repute. He is led to do this through information from a very dubious grave digger named Clenchwarton. The rubbing made, he becomes aware that he is constantly followed by what appears to be some small animal. Finally, crossing a meadow, he is pursued by a ferocious bull. He manages to evade it, and it is killed by plunging into an abandoned quarry. Yet on telling his story, he is told that no such quarry exists in that meadow. Shortly afterwards, it is discovered that Clenchwarton has fallen downstairs and broken his neck.

As to Malden's future as a writer, one would speak with some hesitation. Like James, he has written entirely for his own amusement, and that of his friends, though he is reputed to have one unpublished story somewhat longer than the ones in this volume. Certainly, one would counsel a less slavish imitation of his model, and the development of a more individual style. However, for anyone who wishes the thrill of a posthumous volume of James, this book is highly recommended. Malden does not quite have James' mastery of sly, humorous dialogue, nor can he play quite so skillfully on the nerves of his reader. Nevertheless, the likeness of these stories to those of the greatest master of the pure ghost story makes them well worthy of the attention of the discriminating fantasist.

TRAVELERS

Here ghostly travelers, forever striving
Out of the moldy pods of changing thought,
Now pause astride brief borderland, contriving
To match obscure statistics they have brought
In faint remembrance, with the stark rigor
Of present life, until the final breath;
Always seeking as finite brains grow bigger,
Escape from obdurate routine of death.
Lured by promise beyond the act of dying
The single soul precarious, alone,
Springs from an indistinct design, trying
To claim substance of shadow for its own,
Reluctantly submits and moves away
Because it lacks some valid right to stay.

FORREST J ACKERMAN

FANTASY MARQUEE

(It is with genuine pleasure that we announce that henceforth Forrest J Ackerman, well-known as an authority on cinemactical fantasy, will conduct a regular column in The Acolyte. ---FTL/SDR.)

---ooOo---

SPELLBOUND. A superb adaptation by Ben "Fantazius Mallare" Hecht of the novel The House of Dr. Edwardes by Francis Beeding (who also wrote The One Sane Man). Dali's dream sequence, already pictorially described in Life and cinemagazines, is the piece de resistance for the fantasy fan in this suspensefully directed picture by the "suspense man", Alfred Hitchcock. Original notes written up about this picture were unfortunately lost, but, six weeks after viewing the film, an indelible impression remains of a terrific psychological melodrama that had us sitting on the edge of our fingernails and gnawing our seats. Why did the sight of black lines on white send Greg Peck into a whing-ding? What was the cause of his amnesia and assumption of another man's identity? Would psychiatrist Ingrid Bergman uncover a murderer in her attempt to release the clouds from Peck's subconscious? Would her life be forfeit for her faith in this unknown man she had come to love? What would be the outcome of it all? Now we know, but we wouldn't tell you the secret for this world--or the next! Music lovers will be thrilled by the score, which brings to the fore the theramin, the unique instrument pictured 20 years ago on the cover of Gernsback's Science and Invention. Its debut adds much to the imaginative mood of the picture.

---ooOo---

EVIL EYE, starring Claude Rains. This is a re-release of an English film produced about 1937 formerly titled The Clairvoyant (from the novel of the same name by Ernest Lothar). A picture which ordinarily would not be revived, its resurrection at this time is attributable to a rather disreputable attempt to profit from the popularity of Spellbound. Deceptively, the ads declare: "Spellbound...by a female Svengali". Though this is hooey, the film itself is a fair fantasy. A more youthful Claude Rains is a bit--foppish--as Maximus, a fake mindreader who acquires a real power of clairvoyance in the presence of a young lady, not his wife. Plot questions whether his prophecies may not cause the catastrophes he tries to avert by his warnings. In the end, after predicting a train wreck and a mine cave-in, he abandons his gift as "too dangerous".

---ooOo---

THE LOST WEEKEND: The Saga of a Sot. As The Picture of Dorian Gray graphically depicted the disintegration of a man through sin, so does The Lost Weekend show, clinically clear, the dissolution of a man through gin. (That he drinks himself into hallucinations via rye is beside the point.) Ray Milland should land the Academy Award for his realistic portrayal of a drunk. As a frustrated writer seeking to forget his failure by booze in the night, he gives a first-rate performance which reaches a height of horror in the depiction of his delirium tremens: a squeaking mouse half emerges from an imaginary hole in the wall of his livingroom; a bat enters his window, circles about the ceiling, swoops on the mouse; and Milland's hoarse shrieks of terror echo through the boarding house as a crooked stream of blood trickles down the wallpaper when the bat's jaws crunch the mouse... Paradoxically, the picture should appeal to fantasy enthusiasts because of its intense realism. Once again the theramin, that weird, wailing instrument, is employed with telling effect in

Miklos Rosza's excellent score.

---ooOoo---

ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY. This Columbia gem of a notion (?), distilled from the nightclub type of Zombie, proves beyond doubt that the corn is grain. Corny Alan Carney and his sidekick, Wally Brown, tour the tropics in search of a genuine zombie. They have the misfortune to meet up with Trini-badman Bela Lugosi, discredited scientist who has manufactured a serum which produces artificial zombies. High point of the picture is when Carney sits on the hypodermic needle and is transformed into a poor man's Peter Lorre, complete with popeyes. Slapstick comedy that's OK if your brow is feeling low.

---ooOoo---

THE FROZEN GHOST, an Inner Sanctum Mystery from Universal, featuring Lon Chaney Jr. Hypnotist's eyes prove lethal to individuals arousing his ire. Frequent close-ups of Chaney's orbs unimaginatively illuminated by a slit of light. A wax museum wanders into the story somewhere, and villain who played Goebbels in The Hitler Gang meets a fiery but boring death in a blast furnace. We happened to attend the opening of this picture with the woman who was the fiancée of the deceased co-author of the screenplay. Original title was Son of Svengali, and original plot, she said, was far more original. Rating: just fair.

---ooOoo---

JUNGLE CAPTIVE, Universal, sequel to Captive Wild Woman. Otto Krueger as scientist who sometimes gets angry, even a little mad. His assistant, a new character who impersonates Karloff without makeup, steals the ape-woman's corpse from the morgue. Cadaver is brought back to life with a serum, but roams about strangling people because she has no brain. That's where the heroine comes in. That's where the audience walks out. Rating: Why bother?

---ooOoo---

ISLE OF THE DEAD. Hippocrates vs. Hermes! Science battles superstition on a tiny Greek burial island as a..plague? vampire?..threatens to take the lives of an isolated group of people, including Boris Karloff. A crescendo of horror comes when a cataleptic victim, prematurely buried, revives in her coffin. And the climax is one of the screen's most savage mixtures of mania and murder as a trident becomes an instrument of gory death in the hands of a crazed woman. Picture introduces, for the first time on the screen, the Greek version of the vampire, called the vorvalaka. The name puzzled your reviewer, who recalled a story of similar title ten or more years ago in Weird Tales. After reference to our files we found the tale we had in mind in the April 1932 issue. Titled "The Vrykolakas", it states in one paragraph: "The vrykolakes of the Greek islands differ from the Slavic vampire. They are the dead, but still animated, bodies of wicked men. They have enormous strength, and may not be killed by any ordinary means. Only fire may totally destroy them." Vorvalaka--Vrykolakas? We will not risk revealing that the divergent spellings are all Greek to us; rather, we request someone among Acolyte's linguists to enlighten the readers. For this service Editor Laney will undoubtedly be willing to Greece someone's palm.

---ooOoo---

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, Universal. Unorthodox musical that is difficult to classify. Dark Lady in a Shroud takes the life of vodvil ham Jack Oakie when his wife is dying in child-birth and he calls on unseen powers to spare her, offering himself as a sacrifice. In Heaven, where clouds of a frozen carbon-dioxide base bubble up from the "ground", Oakie is discontent, worries over the fate

of his wife and child. When the daughter is grown he finally wangles a furlough from Agelterre to visit his family on earth. Comic complications are caused by his invisibility. Only his daughter can perceive the ghost of her father. Spook also sports a flute which releases people's inhibitions, a la The Nixie. Picture is consciously corny. Special spectral effects are well done, especially the street scene where traffic passes through Oakie's ectoplasm in a unique manner. Rating: indeterminate: not too hot, but not too bad.

---ooOoo---

MY NAME IS JULIA ROSS. This picture is not a fantasy; besides, it is only a "B". But it has "A" qualities of suspense and direction, and is heartily recommended to Acolyte readers who enjoy the theme (cf. Seven Footprints to Satan, Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind) of an individual caught up in a web of unknown circumstances and attempting to escape a dire fate.

---ooOoo---

WONDERMAN. If the editors of the Acolyte wish to pay my way to the theater to see this picture (plus a hot fudge sundae afterwards) I will grudgingly write a review of it. Otherwise, I will merely state that I am allergic to its star, Danny Kaye, and the prospect of seeing two Danny Kayes (in technicolor, yet!) is too much for my delicate constitution. The fantastic flavor, I believe, is slight anyway.

---ooOoo---

BEWITCHED. This "B" picture bears such misleading advertising as "She was the darling of society", but actually Phyllis Thaxter, as a split personality, is more an outcast from society. Adapted by the author, Arch Oboler, from his own successful radio drama, Alter Ego, Bewitched emerges as a good evening's entertainment for the fantasist. Miss Thaxter is adequate as the girl struggling with a second soul inside her, a malignant entity striving to dominate her body. It manifests itself as an imperative voice within her brain. The voice first forces her to leave home and take up a new way of life to the liking of the lurking soul-mate, eventually causes her to take the life of her lover. Miss Thaxter is at her best when shrieking with horror, an art difficult to accomplish convincingly. Tops is the scene wherein she is overpowered by her evil inner twin and, the slave of her sinister sister, stabs her sweetheart to death with a pair of scissors. Character actor Edmund Gwen is excellent as the psychiatrist who, at the picture's climax, exorcises the fiend within the victimized girl. Musical accompaniment adds much, and Oboler's direction, at times lewtonesque, is very effective. Rating: recommended.

---ooOoo---

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF. (Guest review by Charles Burbee.) This is lifted from a letter to us. Burbee stated, "This is not a letter to Vom" (which we edit) but he did not specify that it was not a letter to Acolyte, so we are taking the liberty of excerpting from it: After the slowest start since the Lubitsch days of intrigue in the Balkans in mythical kingdoms where everybody speaks six languages fluently and mysterious papers are always of vital importance and are carried around inside of bosoms where god knows how many hands will eventually probe, the picture continued to go slowly. I never saw such gaudy colors as in the beginning. Cheap lithography, it seemed like. And stupid dialog that I could have written myself. Well, about the middle of the pic things began to move and moved right well till the last half reel or so, when I got really disgusted because there were two scenes I was anticipating with some delight, and they were botched up most horribly. One of them was entirely omitted and the other one only hinted at. Some drastic pruning must have ta-

ken place at the end to hold it down to eight reels, or something. Damn it, I like to see the lovers suffer and beautiful women weep and guys to use these hauntingly beautiful lines that make everything right again and everybody gets happy as hell. But they crossed me up. Even at that, it had the goddamndest twist I have ever seen on earth or in the army. Oh it was all too starry-eyed and just the sort of sad searching fantasy that drives me into raptures.

---ooOoo---

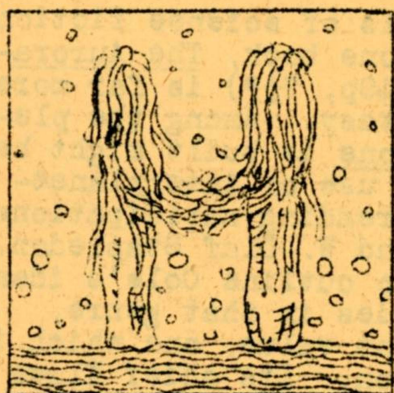
WATCH THE MARQUEES FOR: The Beast with Five Fingers, Chant of the Voodoo, An Angel Comes to Brooklyn, The Enchanted Forest, Tarzen and the Leopard Men, Bride of the Rain God, Dragonwyck, House of Dracula, Bedlam, Brute Man, Catman of Paris, The Last Man in the World, Strangler of the Swamps, Fear, Mr. and Mrs. Satan, Pillow of Death, Brave New World, and Noel Coward's Blithe Spirit.

BANQUETS FOR BOOKWORMS

RACKETEERS vs HOBBYISTS

LANEY

-oOo-



ERE are some of the promised exposes: Julius Unger, of Brooklyn, New York, furnishes several interesting comparisons. I have before me one of his lists which offers two of the in-print Bizarre Series (See Acolyte #11, p.27)--The Thing in the Cellar and The Cancer Machine--at \$3.00 and \$2.00 respectively. The publisher furnishes these at 25¢ each postpaid. Then one of Unger's printed postcard lists quotes the Canadian magazine, Uncanny Tales, at four issues for \$10.00 (unspecified issues). I quote from a letter from L. A. Crouch, a Canadian fan dealer: "The highest I have charged

was between two and three times cover price, depending on condition; if it was mint...about 3 times cover price. Others went at twice cover price and some copies still are worth in my opinion only cover price." Since the cover price on most issues is 15¢, Unger's quotation seems beyond defense. On another of Unger's cards, this one postmarked July 19, 1945, he offers a professionally bound set of Fantastic Novels for \$20.00. An unbound set was offered on page 28 of #12 Acolyte at only \$2.00, and I suggest that the binding could not have cost more than \$2.50. Walt Liebscher has a number of bound volumes of fantasy magazines, and tells me his binding costs have not averaged more than \$1.50 per volume. It is difficult to run comparisons on Unger's book prices since the fellow cagily neglects to specify the edition. However, cheap editions of many of the volumes he offers can be obtained new at a fraction of his prices. If one is interested in reading copies rather than what edition it may be, he might be interested in these figures: (cheap edition new price in parentheses) Rocket to the Morgue, \$3.50 (25¢); Seven Footprints to Satan, \$1.50 (25¢); Lost World, \$1.00 (49¢); Donovan's Brain, \$1.00 (49¢) (25¢). Unger has dozens of other quotations upon which I look with jaundiced eye, but I believe that these few concrete examples should suffice to warn collectors that not all books from Brooklyn are bargains.

(continued on page 30)

LITTLE-KNOWN SCIENTIFUNCTIONISTS

FRANCIS T. LANEY

3. Cyrus Cole

-oOo-



YRUS COLE is another of the many one-book scientific-fictionists of the late nineteenth century. In his case, "little-known" is an understatement; apart from the fact that he lived at one time in Garden City, Kansas, absolutely no information can be learned about him. He wrote but the one book; it apparently was never reviewed in any periodical indexed in standard library reference works; and this book, the product of an obscure Chicago publisher, appeared in only the one edition. James Sandoe suggests that Cyrus Cole may perhaps be a pseudonym, a theory to which this writer subscribed for a time; but a reconsideration of certain internal evidence

makes it seem more probable that he was an amateur writer like Chauncey Thomas.

Cole certainly deserves a place in the annals of science fiction as an imaginative writer of the first rank. His one book, The Auroraphone; A Romance (Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr, 1890, 349p, 7½") is far more than just another piece of nineteenth century fantasy. Among the plethora of fantastic ideas about which The Auroraphone is built might be mentioned an intelligently handled and very early use of interplanetary wireless telegraphy, and astoundingly modern-reading anticipations of such major scientifictionists as Karel Capek and W. Olaf Stapledon.

The apparent chief purpose of the book is to outline Cole's ideas of Utopia; unlike the majority of his contemporaries in that genre, Cole managed to write a story of high entertainment value, one which is still quite readable 55 years after its publication. Its chief flaws for the modern reader are the handling of the negro man-servant and the extremely inept and badly dated romantic scenes.

The Auroraphone tells of Gaston Lesage, a recluse and scientist, who has invented a workable wireless telegraphy outfit. He is dumbfounded to receive a message in Morse purporting to be from Saturn. At just about this time, a group of college students out on a vacation ramble in a covered wagon ride into Lesage's secluded far-western camp. (The inordinate amount of space given to these college students, their trip, and later to their extremely stilted amours is difficult to justify.) In any event, two-way communication is soon set up between Saturn and Earth. Earth's part in the interchange is largely limited to acknowledgements of the messages sent by the Saturnians, first Rulph Bozar and later a character with the unearthly and alien name of John Smith broadcasting a long and detailed history of the ringed planet. It is here that Cole takes the opportunity to describe his Utopia, which of course is on Saturn. The story eventually ends with a marriage or so among the college students and a breaking off of broadcasting by the Saturnians.

The plot, such as it is, of The Auroraphone does not interest us today; nor are the Utopian sections worth any especial notice, being little different, basically, from similar elements in many other stories of the late 19th century. The Auroraphone deserves our attention for the wealth of scientifictional incident.

There is the auroraphone itself. While Lesage's apparatus was nothing more than a sending and receiving set analogous to that eventually invented by Marconi, the Saturnians were able to use their equipment for the direct broadcast of power (using their set to build roads on earth, and eventually to destroy the earthlings' apparatus) and moreover were able to broadcast in full color three dimensional depictions of any happenings in the solar system, past or present.

There is Cole's undeveloped but lucid anticipation of Stapledon's "galactic mind", which is brought out in some relayed messages from Neptune. Quoting from page 226: "...just as the embryonic processes go on to the development of the full-orbed intelligence of the man, so must the cosmical processes go on to the development of the cosmical intelligence." It is extremely regrettable that Cole did not devote more space to this concept, since the context indicates quite strongly that he was toying with a nebulous and hazy forerunner of the idea which Stapledon more than 35 years later developed into the climax of Star-maker.

Of perhaps greatest interest, since it is developed at length, is Cole's amazing pioneer writing in the field of robotry. We have in The Auroraphone as complete a robot story as can be found anywhere in scientificfiction; one which, moreover, utilizes all the chief features of the typical modern pulp robot story. On Saturn, electrically operated robots were invented, and eventually became so popular that each person had at least one to do all his work for him. The robots eventually revolted and took over the government. The remnants of the Saturnians finally developed an electrically propelled airship and in a counter-revolt wiped out the robots from the air, since these automatons had been designed prior to the invention of air travel and lacked the proper relays to shoot upwards at high angles. And all this some 22 years prior to R.U.R.! Of course, Cole called them "dummies", but one could scarcely expect him to guess the exact name.

From a historical point of view, The Auroraphone is unimportant, since the many original scientificfictional concepts apparently fell on sterile soil. Later writers developed these same ideas independently of Cole; at least this seems a reasonable supposition when one considers the extreme obscurity of this work. Nonetheless, the number of innovations for which Cole is responsible make The Auroraphone a key book in any well-rounded collection of scientificfiction. It is the hope of this writer that Cyrus Cole will eventually enjoy among fans the esteem which he so richly merits.

THE FLOWERS OF KOO-LUN

He strolled the terraced walks at leisured pace
Amid the wind-swept tides of crimson flame,
And saw rare flower-beds of swaying grace
And heard the alien whispers of his name.
Until at last he slowly neared the nook
Where spawned the ill-famed blossoms of Koo-Lun,
They clustered round a thinly winding brook
Which babbled evil to the setting sun.

The dusky petals called; their swaying dance
Was madness far beyond a mortal's ken.
He gazed, a sleeper in a nightmare's trance,
And thought he sensed the sad despair of men.
Felt pity --- till he saw his body shrink
And join the dance upon the water's brink.

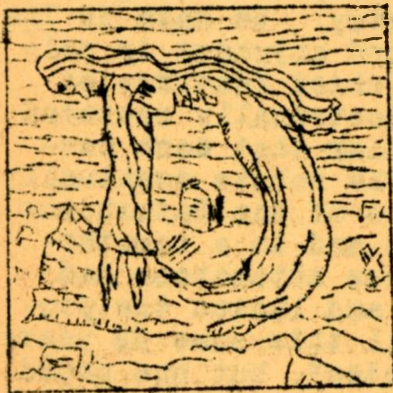
STANLEY G. WEINBAUM: — A CRITICAL APPRAISAL

by Sam Moskowitz

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(Editorial note: The editors of The Acolyte wish to emphasize that the opinions expressed by Mr. Moskowitz do not necessarily reflect their views, particularly in the instance of his distaste for The New Adam which of all Weinbaum's work shows the nearest approach to literature writing and the smallest amount of cheap pulp hackwork. In the next issue of The Acolyte we intend to publish a critical review of this fine story written by John Hollis Mason. We respect Mr. Moskowitz' opinions, and, though differing with certain of them, are very happy to give him the space to present them. FTL/SDR)

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DECEMBER 14, 1945, marked the tenth anniversary of Stanley G. Weinbaum's death. The posthumous printings, reprintings, and accolades are at an end. It is time to evaluate the man's works.

When the editor of Wonder Stories set up the blurb for Weinbaum's first story, "A Martian Odyssey", in July 1934, he knew that he had obtained something entirely new in interplanetary fiction. But realizing that more stories are marred than made by blurbs he simply said: "Our present author...has written a science-fiction tale so new, so breezy, that it stands head and shoulders over similar interplanetary yarns."

"A Martian Odyssey" was intended to be a burlesque of existing science-fiction, but in some way Weinbaum added a note of convincingness to the bizarre dramatis personae: an intelligent ostrich armed with a manufactured pop-gun; an immortal silicon monster with no apparent senses who spends his life burping bricks out of his mouth and laying them neatly on the ground; a tentacled plant, capable of luring its food by a process of hypnosis; headless creatures mindlessly booming out the refrain, "We are V-r-r-riends, Ouch!", while trundling barrows full of rubbish to a huge wheel to be crushed to powder; and a German named Putz. The feat of carrying this remarkable combination through a straight-faced, tongue-in-cheek yarn of grand entertainment has seldom if ever been surpassed. Charles D. Hornig, editor of Wonder at the time "Martian Odyssey" was published, has stated that this story received more praise than any other in the history of the magazine.

In evaluating Weinbaum, it must be remembered that he had previously been a writer of newspaper serials and complete novels. For more than anything else, more than for love, more than from inspiration, Weinbaum wrote for money. Semi-invalided by cancer, his sole hope of support lay in the writing of fiction. His success in the science-fiction field was entirely unexpected by him. He received scant recognition from his previous writing, and, despite the predictions of many that he would eventually graduate to the slicks, Weinbaum actually abandoned the sophisticated, slick type of story for science-fiction.

The praise which followed in the wake of "Martian Odyssey" surprised Weinbaum more than anyone else. And to the day he died, he had no confidence in his selling power. He lived in awe of the editors, cudgeling his brain for more unique ideas, constantly fearful of rejection. So afraid was he that his success in selling to Astounding month after month was temporary that he had his agent, Julius Schwartz, sell

"The Adaptive Ultimate" under the pseudonym of John Jessel so that Tremaine might not get the impression he was overstocking the magazine with Weinbaum.

When Wonder Stories asked for a sequel to "Martian Odyssey", Weinbaum submitted "Valley of Dreams" which was actually written before "Martian Odyssey", but which had been set aside for an elaborate re-writing. With a few hasty changes to make it appear to be a sequel, "Valley of Dreams" received a very favorable response from the readers, most of whom were not sufficiently discerning to realise that they had actually read the same story twice.

Under the "new story policy" of the 1934 Wonder each tale was expected to have either a new idea or an original twist of an old one. Since "Flight on Titan" was a straight adventure story with seemingly trite perils and situations, it was rejected. F. Orlin Tremaine, editor of the fast-rising Astounding Stories, picked it up on the bounce. Between the favorable response of Astounding's readers and the much higher word rate being paid by Street and Smith, Wonder lost what might have been an exclusive option on Weinbaum.

He started a new series for Astounding, the "Ham" Hammond-Pat Burlingame trilogy. "Parasite Planet", the first of the group, is not dissimilar to "Flight on Titan"; boy-meets-girl against a non-terrestrial background, with incidental forms of weird life: Jack Ketch trees with their lassoes, mindless protoplasmic masses sloughing their way through the jungle digesting all with which they came in contact, and others. "The Lotus Eaters", the second in the Ham-Pat series, is considered by many to be Weinbaum's finest. Its chief claim to fame is another of Weinbaum's beasties, Oscar, an inverted bushel basket affair with wellnigh omnipotent intelligence who had no objection to being eaten by other beasts. He also dispensed narcotic, will-arresting spores. Here is an almost perfect science-fiction story, with no plots or counterplots, but with ideas and writing that charm the reader with the potency of Oscar's own spores. The concluding tale of the trilogy is the poorest, "The Planet of Doubt"; Weinbaum is straining too hard to concoct new biological oddities, and the romance of Ham and Pat has lost what glamor it might have had. The outstanding character is a creature composed of segments attached together like a train of cars and rushing past very much like one.

"Pygmalion's Spectacles" is of little stature, a story of a new type of motion picture in which the hero is hypnotized into believing himself a character on the screen and experiencing all the sensations and emotions of that character. A likeable tale, perhaps, but badly marred by overstrained coincidences and other flaws.

In order to sell to Wonder Weinbaum had to produce a new idea in each story; as a vehicle for these, he created an eccentric scientist, Van Manderpootz, around whom he wrote a trilogy. I cannot be convinced that these are fine stories. The first of the group, "The Worlds of If", deals with a machine which will show graphically what would have happened if the subject had not missed a plane, quit his job, been seen lunching with a blonde, and so on. Hitherto, Weinbaum's forte had been sly humor and ludicrous but likeable characters. In this series, the humor was forced, little more than crude slapstick, and in none of the series does he allow himself enough wordage to tell the story properly. His humor, scientific explanation, and love interest is no longer a carefully blended product but presented as lumps and chunks ineffectively pieced together. Never adept at formulating a strong plot, he proves entirely incapable of exploiting the infinite possibilities inherent in his "Worlds of If" idea. The garnering of his first cover for the second in the Van Manderpootz group in no way improved the story. "The Ideal" concerns a machine which will assemble a man's likes and dislikes and show on a screen the depiction of his

ideal woman, ideal automobile, or ideal anything else. "The Point of View" tells of the invention of an "attitudinizer", the wearing of which will give the wearer the point of view of the person at whom he is looking. The trilogy is identical in plot, workmanship, and quality --with the single exception that in each story Van Manderpootz creates a new invention. Weinbaum had the last laugh, since he sold the same story and same idea to Wonder three times, while they remained blissfully unaware of any incongruity in the situation, and probably lauded him for his ability to conceive "new policy" ideas.

"The Red Peri" received Weinbaum's second and last cover, but he was already too sick to appreciate it when it appeared. The story received a big buildup, and was intended as the first of a series which Weinbaum never lived to complete. It is a fast-paced adventure story dealing with a woman space-pirate of exceptional cunning and resourcefulness. Much of the story's appeal was lost through the fact that similar situations could have taken place in mundane fiction with more believable results. The one new idea in the entire story is Weinbaum's suggestion that the vacuum of outer space might have no effect on the human body if the exposure were very limited.

Present in the same issue of astounding as "The Red Peri" was Weinbaum's John Jessel yarn, "The Adaptive Ultimate"--the strongest, best developed, most serious plot Weinbaum had ever presented. There were no freak animals, no set-ups for humor. A sickly, dying girl is injected with a hormone that increases her rate of adaptability to the point where her body can adapt itself instantly to the stab of a knife, or her metabolism adjust to poisonous vapors before they can overcome her. Weinbaum paints here a picture of an indestructible woman, inevitably on her way to the control of all mankind. The story of a woman tolerant of attempts to destroy her since she loves the man who is trying to kill her, and of the inner conflict driving him on, knowing that for the good of humanity he must destroy the woman he loves, makes a powerful and moving story.

"The Mad Moon" is the last of Weinbaum's screwy animal stories. One might almost believe that he was attempting to kill the craze for this sort of thing by introducing creatures so ridiculous as to run the idea into the ground. It presents the long-necked, big-headed, giggling, candy-loving loonies; the prevaricating parcat (half-cat and half parrot); and the semi-intelligent, malicious slinkies. Yet Weinbaum managed to knit this incongruous material into an appealing tale with a little throat-catch at the end.

By the time "Smothered Seas" appeared, the sands had run out in the hour glass of Weinbaum's life. It is doubtful if he ever saw in print this collaboration with Ralph Milne Farley, a fellow member of the Milwaukee Fictioneers. I am convinced that the military parts of the tale are the work of Farley, and the love scenes unquestionably Weinbaum--the same mysterious, beautiful, and powerful woman falling in love with the man she should be guarding against. The story is one of international intrigue against a background of war and an outbreak of algae which has covered the oceans with a thick, ship-stopping scum. The story makes fairly entertaining reading, but leaves no lasting impression.

"Redemption Cairn" is a tale of an attempt to locate the cairn, containing a new formula for rocket fuel, of an old scientist on the moons of Jupiter. The story proceeds and ends in formula style, redeemed only by flashes of light romance and a single funny creature, the bladder-bird.

"Proteus Island" deals with an island where every organism is a different, sometimes freakish, mutation. The hero falls in love with a bronze girl there. In this story Weinbaum has attempted to repeat the success of "The Adaptive Ultimate" by introducing strong motivat-

ing emotions into the story. The doubts that plague Carver as to whether or not the girl can bear normal children provide elements for a strong story, but Weinbaum seemed incapable of lifting it above average.

"One of the last stories written by Stanley G. Weinbaum" was "The Circle of Zero". It resembles the Van Manderpootz series, but the humor is not quite so deliberate and so is occasionally effective. The yarn deals with the attempts of Prof. de Ne'ant to bring through hypnosis memories of the past, past lives, and the future; and, like the Van Manderpootz series, is top-heavy with new ideas and their explanations, and the story is tacked on almost incidentally. It is more of a synopsis than a complete story, and it is easy to understand why it was originally rejected.

"Brink of Infinity", the second "last story by Stanley G. Weinbaum", was obviously not intended for publication, for the entire point of the story revolves about a problem in mathematics. A chemist who was crippled because a mathematician displaced a single decimal point in a formula decides to revenge himself by capturing a mathematician and telling him he will be released only if he can guess the mathematical quantity in the chemist's mind. The victim is allowed ten questions to gain clues and estimate the quantity. The story should have been as dry as dust, but the manner in which Weinbaum describes the cogitations of the mathematician makes a story of simple mathematics genuinely interesting.

The name of Weinbaum had by now acquired a certain sales value, so Mort Weisinger and Julius Schwartz induced Stanley's sister Helen to complete and publish as a collaboration a story of which he had written a few hundred words. In this yarn, "Tidal Moon", Helen Weinbaum, using "A Martian Odyssey" as a model, introduced enough crazy "gadzooks" to shame her inspiration--it was not genuine Weinbaum and not too good. Helen Weinbaum had never really believed she could equal her brother's style, but had simply responded gracefully to the urging of Stanley's agents. Helen Weinbaum as a science-fiction writer was mediocre, and did far better in other fields.

The only Weinbaum story ever to appear in the Teck Amazing was "Shifting Seas", a tale of volcanic action creating a 400 mile channel between North and South America and thus deflecting the Gulf Stream upon which Europe depended for warmth. The plot is hoary with age, but Weinbaum made an interesting and in places spectacular yarn of it.

Shortly after Weinbaum's death, his friends, led by Raymond A. Palmer, Conrad H. Ruppert, Julius Schwartz, and the Milwaukee Fictioneers, published a hard-cover anthology under the title Dawn of Flame, and Other Stories. It contained the previously unpublished "Dawn of Flame", "The Mad Moon", "A Martian Odyssey", "The Worlds of If", "The Adaptive Ultimate", "The Lotus Eaters", and "The Red Peri". As it appeared in the book, "Dawn of Flame" was dull and tedious, but when published three years later in TWS it had been condensed by Mort Weisinger. It is the greatest justification of editorial cutting I have ever seen. The magazine version is swift-paced and beautifully written, with scarcely an unnecessary word. It gives the historical background of the Black Flame, an immortal woman, and contains some of the best writing Weinbaum ever did.

"The Black Flame", a sequel to "Dawn of Flame", tells an enthralling tale of a man of the present who awakes in the future and after an unusual series of adventures lives to marry the Black Flame and gain immortality for himself. "The Black Flame" paints a vast canvas of Weinbaum's world of the future, and is nicely done, eminently readable and enjoyable.

"The Revolution of 1950", an incompleting tale which was finished by Ralph Milne Farley, gives several clever twists but the overall effect is not outstanding. This tale was set so close in the immediate

future that it is already outdated.

The New Adam, unquestionably one of Weinbaum's earliest fantastic writings, is crudely done, the author fumbling throughout and appearing to go around in circles. Here and there, amazingly well-done love scenes betoken Weinbaum's abilities to come, and somehow, riven through with literary faults as it is, The New Adam does succeed in making an impression on the reader. It is the tale of a superman mutation. Somehow it seems that Weinbaum was attempting to explore his own soul in fictional form. You see him fumbling, vainly grasping for a thread on which to bead his philosophy of life, and never securing it. Finally you are baffled to learn that after all his mental contortions, Weinbaum has found no better solution to the riddles that befuddle him than suicide. The story received some rather ambiguous compliments from A. Merritt, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ralph Milne Farley, and others--but in the final analysis, the reading, the truth came out. Beginning with Dr. Thos. S. Gardner's scathing denouncement of the book as "the greatest disappointment of the year, it received widespread denunciation, and became a commercial failure which remaindered at 29¢ per copy in New York City.

The one remaining unpublished story of Weinbaum's is "The Mad Brain". Inquiry reveals little about it except that it is the sexiest thing Weinbaum ever wrote, and could not be used by the average fantasy magazine. Is it a good novel? We are never given a straight answer to that question, but are told that the sex is interpenetrated so subtly throughout the story that it would be impossible to delete it. It is now in the possession of Weinbaum's widow, and the agent has given up all hope of selling it.

Frequently, in "The Black Flame", "Dawn of Flame", The New Adam, and others we find examples of Weinbaum's poetry. None of it is outstanding, though it would appear that Weinbaum had poetical aspirations. One isolated poem exists, which after having been lost for several years was published in the tenth issue of The Golden Atom. It is reprinted here by permission:

The Last Martian

Pass, Hours and vanish. When I die, you die--
All hours and years for these are fantasy
Lacking the Mind that ticks them as they fly
To unreal Past from vain futurity.
All knowledge, Space and Time, exist for me,
Born in my mind, my Slaves, my instruments,
Tools of my thought, and somewhat more sublime
In that it soon must perish, and go hence
Taking all concepts with it. Ages ago
When our young race new hate and love and lust,
Courage and fear, I might have feared to know
This brain of mine should flow away in dust,
A gray streak on the ruddy sand of Mars,
A broken flask of knowledge, contents spilled
Beyond recovery.

Going from tree to seed and seed to tree,
Unthinking plants surviving in my place,
Not individual immortality
Lives on, but immortality of race.

---Stanley G. Weinbaum

In the June 1935 issue of Fantasy Magazine there appeared an autobiographical sketch of Stanley G. Weinbaum. In this sketch, he gave little of his past life, beyond revealing that he had had some editor-

ial experience; that he had graduated in the same class with Charles Lindberg; that he wrote all his stories in longhand; that writing was a tedious grind to him; that he had to plot his tales out laboriously and then rework them very much. He remarked that science can do little more than to suggest, that modern ethics decided how it was applied. "It is a road map, not a standard." He deplored the fact that authors had never taken adequate cognizance of the wonderful opportunity offered them by science fiction to improve the world through criticism. "It is a weapon for intelligent writers, of which there are several, but they won't practice its use." He cited David H. Keller, Miles J. Breuer, and John Taine as a few who have tentatively plumbed science-fiction's infinite possibilities. Most of all he deplored the "super-scientists, Earth-Mars wars, ant-men, saving the country, earth, solar system, or universe from the terrible invaders from Outside".

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING (concluded from page 2)

them for us, and we intend to use them from now on. In addition to Ackerman's new column, the next issue will see the first installment of W. Robert Gibson's "Browsing With Bob", devoted to thumbnail book reviews and other allied material. We are depending on these two new columnists to quite an extent to vary our bill of fare. We are still open for suggestions, and in desire of further material. Keep writing and tell us if we're improving, slipping, or just muddling along in the same old rut. Happy new year.

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William Sykora's \$100.00 quotation on The Outsider is discussed elsewhere in this issue, but on the same printed card he offers the in-print Marginalia at \$5.00 (\$2.00 over its published price), and frosts the cake with the following: "Deluge - S. Fowler Wright. 1st Ed. 1928 \$4.50". That is really something. Deluge, though a terrific story, is probably the commonest of all stf books. At least 25 copies of this same edition could be picked up in Los Angeles and Hollywood book shops at prices ranging from 35¢ to 75¢ each. Hobbyist or racketeer?

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Well, that's two of them. Keep on sending evidence, and we'll take great pleasure in exposing other crooks and grafters.

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OUTSTANDING PUBLICATIONS OF THE PAST SIX MONTHS. The necessity of crowding out this department last issue causes us to condense the dope on recent publications. Outstanding bargain is the Avon Murder Mystery Monthly #34, A. Merritt's The Ship of Ishtar, which may be had for 25¢ from your news stand or from Avon Book Co., 119 West 57th, NYC 19. According to the cover advertisement in this pocket book, the following Merritt Avons are now out of print: Seven Footprints, Creep Shadow, and Moon Pool. The first named, however, is still available in the smaller Avon pocketbook, and the others are not difficult to find in second hand magazine stores at 10¢ a copy. Arkham House has given us four titles, listed here in order of merit: Green Tea and Other Ghost Stories, LeFanu (\$3); The Opener of the Way, Bloch (\$3); Witch House, Walton (\$2.50); and Lurker at the Threshold, Lovecraft and Derleth (\$2.50). The first-named is must-buy stuff, and all are competent. There have been a number of others, including the Avon Story Teller containing A. Merritt's "The Drone", but this covers the high spots.

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FRANK READE. Sandoe gives us a tip on a very interesting facsimile reprint of some early American stf. "Noname, pseud. Lu Senarens). Frank Reade and His Steam Man of the Plains, 24p, front, 4to. First of the Frank Reade invention stories, originally published in 1883." A facsimile reprint of this almost non-existent dime novel may be had for \$1.00 from Dime Novel Club (Charles Bragin), 1525 West 12th Street, Brooklyn 4, New York.

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DUANE RIMEL. While it is not per se of fantastic interest, Acolyte readers will be interested to learn that contributing editor Duane W. Rimel, who has had a number of stories and poems in these pages, and whose early collaboration made this magazine possible, has sold a murder mystery to David McKay of Philadelphia. Titled The Curse of Cain, this novel will shortly appear in McKay's whodunnit series, Armchair Mysteries. Congratulations!

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RANDOM HOUSE STF ANTHOLOGY. This omnibus of the best pulp stf is at last on its way. Co-editor J. Francis McComas gives us the following information: "It will be published in February, 1946. First printing, 15,000 copies. Actual title is still undecided. Price, probably \$2.95. Plenty of advertising, around \$5000 to start." We have had the pleasure of reading the introduction, which strikes us as being one of the best essays on scientifiction we have yet encountered. And, to give you folks something to lick your chops over, here is the table of contents: Requiem, Robert Heinlein; Forgetfulness, Don A. Stuart; Nerves, Lester Del Ray; The Sands of

Time, P. Schuyler Miller; The Proud Robot, Lewis Padgett; The Black Destroyer, A. E. van Vogt; Symbiotica, Eric Frank Russell; Seeds of the Dusk, Raymond Z. Gallun; Heavy Planet, Lee Gregor; Time Locker, Lewis Padgett; The Link, Cleve Cartmill; Mechanical Mice, Maurice A. Hugli; V-2: Rocket Cargo Ship; Adam and No Eve, Alfred Bester; Nightfall, Isaac Asimov; A Matter of Size, Harry Bates; As Never Was, P. Schuyler Miller; Q.U.R., H. H. Holmes; Who Goes There, Don A. Stuart; The Roads Must Roll, Robert Heinlein; Asylum, A. E. van Vogt; Quietus, Ross Rocklynne; The Twonky, Lewis Padgett; Time Travel Happens!, A. M. Phillips; Robot's Return, Robert Moore Williams; The Blue Giraffe, L. Sprague de Camp; Flight into Darkness, Webb Marlowe; The Weapon Shop, A. E. van Vogt; Farewell to the Master, Harry Bates; Within the Pyramid, R. DeWitt Miller; He Who Shrank, Henry Hasse; Correspondence Course, Raymond F. Jones; By His Bootstraps, Anson MacDonald; The Star Mouse, Frederic Brown.

It is a pleasure to notice the way in which McComas and Heally have shunned the so-called "classics", most of which are of very dubious quality, and have concentrated on modern stories of sufficient literary merit to receive from the general reading public something besides amused contempt. The presentation of this fine collection by a major publishing house should do science fiction more concrete good than anything that has happened since Hugo Gernsback launched the old Amazing back in 1926.

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AUGUST DERLETH'S QUARTERLY REPORT.

"1. One of our topflight literary titles for 1946 will be Fearful Pleasures, the first collection ever made of the fantastics of the famed author (one of 6 greatest living short story writers) A. E. Coppard, selected by himself, introduced by him. 2. Satisfactory arrangements could not be concluded for publication of the book collections, Mimsy Were the Borogoves, by Kuttner, and Shambleau and Others, by Moore; they are permanently off the AH list. 3. Herman Koenig had the good fortune to unearth two previously unpublished Carnacki stories, and these will appear with the original 6 in our Mycroft & Moran edition of Carnacki the Ghost Finder, by William Hope Hodgson. 4. 1946 looks like this at the moment: (12/1/45) After appearance of The Hounds of Tindalos just past the turn of the year, The Doll and One Other (Blackwood) is due by 3/15/46; The House on the Borderland by 4/15/46; and after that in roughly this order, Fearful Pleasures (Coppard), Revelations in Black (Jacobi), West India Lights (Whitehead), Skull Face and Others (Howard), Slan (van Vogt), Night's Black Agents (Leiber), Dark Carnival (Bradbury), This Mortal Coil (Asquith), Carnacki (Hodgson), an as yet untitled anthology of weird poetry (ed. by myself), and, time permitting at our printers, two other titles, probably Machen's novel, The Green Round, and a Selected Shiel. For 1947 we have lined up a Wellman collection, Worse Things Waiting, a third collection, of my own containing earlier tales, mostly prior to 1940 and even to 1935, Not Long for This World, a Hartley collection, Smith's Genius Loci and Other Tales, Leiber's Conjure Wife, Long's Horror from the Hille, etc. 5. Farrar and Rinehart tell us that Who Knocks? is down for publication 3/14/46. 6. The third of the F&R collections will be titled The Night Side: 30 Masterpieces of the Strange and Terrible. So far rounded up are titles by Kantor, HPL, Howard and Donald Wandrei, Bierce, Dunsany, Kuttner, Moore, Blackwood, Doyle, Swain, Lawrence, Coppard, Saki, Long, Miller, Boucher, Coppard.

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AMATEUR TITLES. The past six months have seen the publication of no less than three amateur pamphlets of fantastic implications. Best, in the opinion of this reviewer, is In Memoriam--A Fan-

tasy, by Samuel Field, an Army friend of R. A. Hoffman, Acolyte art director. It is an allegorical account of army life which is not without merit. A copy may be obtained for 25¢ from 1005 W. 35th Place, Los Angeles 7, Calif. Selected Fragments, by Gerry de la Ree, is a pretentiously printed collection of prose poems, most of which have previously appeared in amateur magazines. Quality is uneven, and although no single item is too bad, the collection does not deserve as good a format as it has been given. De la Ree may live to regret the permanent publication of early work which is almost certain to be outgrown as his style develops and matures. Nevertheless, the pamphlet is pleasant reading and should particularly interest lovers of fantastic prose poems. 25¢ from Gerry de la Ree, 9 Bogert Place, Westwood, New Jersey. The third item came very nearly being cited earlier in this column, when I was speaking of fantasy shysters. It is a 26 page printed, illustrated pamphlet entitled Rhode Island on Lovecraft, and contains five brief essays on HPL by various Providence residents. These range from Winfield T. Scott's very able analysis of Lovecraft as a poet down to the assinine two pages by some woman who used to talk cats with HPL. If published at a reasonable price, this brochure would be a worthwhile companion piece to Marginalia, but when someone has the crust to ask \$1.00 for 26 pages of undistinguished printing of this nature, I am tempted to make remarks about people who are trying to cash in on Lovecraft's name and fame. If Arkham House had sold the 377 page Marginalia at the same rate charged for the present pamphlet, it would have cost \$43.50 instead of \$3.00. The omission of this publisher's address is deliberate; The Acolyte does not choose to assist an enterprise of so questionable a nature.

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TUCKER GETS TOLD. Since Fantasy Forum is being crowded out of this issue, and since the following letter from Mick McComas of Random House was inspired by the Tucker article which replaced Banquets for Bookworms last issue, it does not seem altogether out of place to include it here.

"I don't know who Mr. Bob Tucker is---nor do I much care---but, as a publisher, I was rather irritated by his article. There are two sources of buying new books at less than list prices. One is the selling of remainders---remainders of editions of books which failed to sell and which the publisher has sold to the remainder dealer for a fraction of the original price. Another is the straight price-cutting firm---and some of the outfits that Mr. T. thinks of so highly fall in this category. I won't go into the bad economics of price-cutting. Suffice it to say that it raises hell with the legitimate book store which is, in the final analysis, the bulwark of both publisher and author---all three of whom are trying to raise American publishing to the European level. But I note that, as is usual when one tries to get something for nothing, there are appearances that Mr. T. is being bamboozled just a bit. In addition to recommending books which can be purchased in reprint editions anywhere on the stands---Tales of Terror, Creeps by Night, etc.---he mentions as selling up to \$2.69 Six Novels of the Supernatural, now on sale anywhere in the original edition for TWO DOLLARS! We all want cheaper books, and they'll come---but not by building up price-cutting."

