

# Browsings

Number 9

an amateur magazine devoted to  
fantasy fiction  
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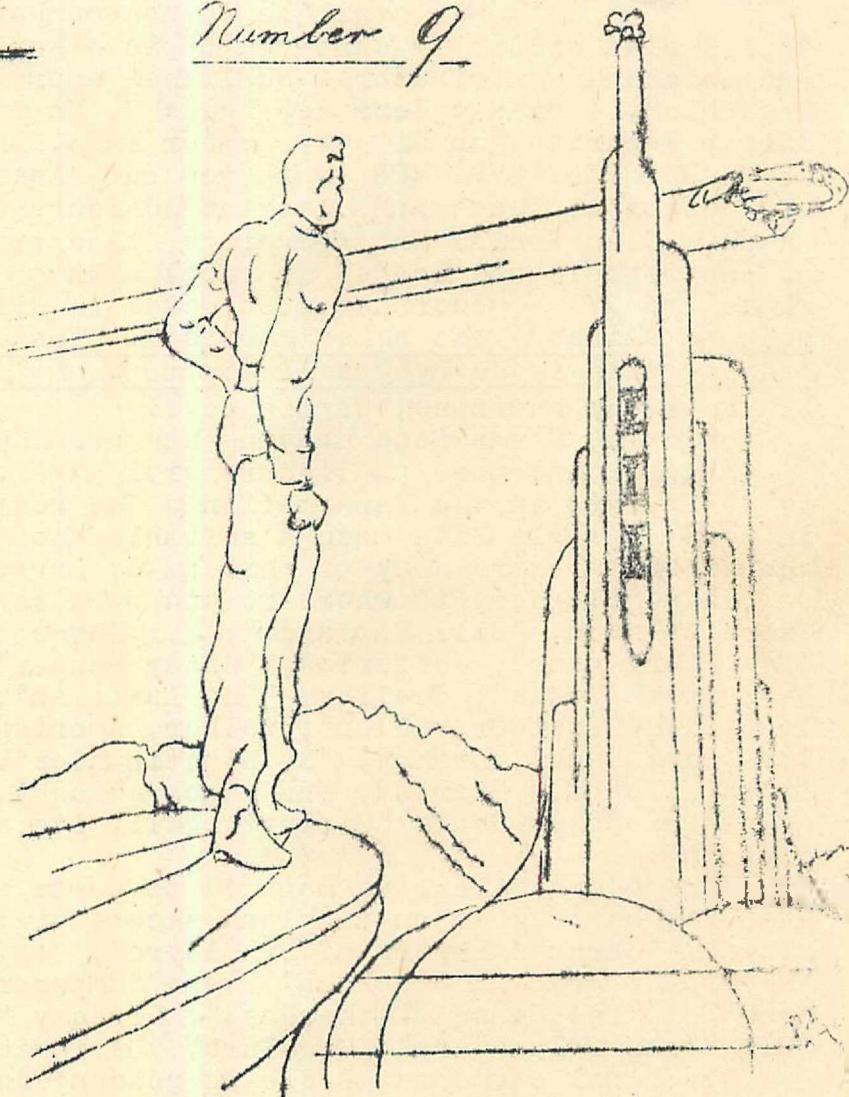
## BIBLIOGRAPHY

### Report on Progress

Whilst one is aware that the period between conception of an idea and the putting into practice thereof is frequently lengthy, it has certainly seemed quite a while to me since the proposal I made of an elaborate page-per-book bibliography has at last begun to have serious repercussions. As I write I have the ideas of two interested persons on the scheme and have already started to put it in operation myself.

Ron Lane of Manchester, FAPA waitlister, is to issue reviews of literary-worthy fantasy books with his zine GEMINI, and suggests a "personal" division on the sheet so as to separate one's own viewpoint from a more impersonal review section.

Langley Searles has been kind enough to send me a carbon of comments to appear in a forthcoming issue of FANTASY COMMENTATOR, to which I should reply thusly. Most, if not all, the detail work I agree with but I have different opinions on the major headings. Langley has apparently only thought of a select band of bibliophile-publishers doing the reviews, whereas I want a sheet-format understandable at first glance by everyfan, even if only a single sheet is seen, and of which blanks ready prepared for other people to fill in with the actual review etc can be run off. For this reason I favour the printing of headings. Author should preferably remain towards the right of the sheet as the side is more easily visible when a number of the sheets are fastened together in a file or binding; instead of coming right over to the left as Langley suggests. This leaves room at the left hand top for a general division into type, possible decimal classification and a private code. The remaining difference between us is the question of a long or short "synopsis" and a general or personal review i.e. a brief general essay on the work possibly incorporating the reviewers opinion, or that the plot should be entirely dealt with in the synopsis leaving the review to be entirely personal reactions. I must apologise that for my first specimen I picked the only decent length book review I had on hand which happened not to include any judgement or personal comment. But I think that latitude in these matters is desirable



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Copies also willingly sent to people co-operating in fantasy bibliographical projects and contributors. Published approximately quarterly by John Michael Rosenblum, 4 Grange Terrace, Leeds 7, England; Director British Fantasy Sty. Editor Futurian War Digest, Member FAPA, BAPA, SFA, SPL, NEFF, PPU, IVSP, JPF, BEA, PEL, LVS, VFS (work 'em out) Association of Yorkshire Bookmen, etc PPU delegate; Leeds and District Advisory Committee for C.O.s, hon auditor; Ahaboth Olam Social Union Society, Licentiate Member; Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents. This for the benefit of John B. Michel of NYC - modernist poet, caustic wit, ultra communist, and man about pulp magazines - who asks "who is J. Michael Rosenblum"

Drawing this issue by Joe Gibson to whom thanks. Another from AFWilliams no Bibliography business, continued... XK

once the formalised heading has been dealt with.

I hope that more publishers will have adopted this idea by the time this issue appears in the Papa mailing. The review of "Etidorpha" by Paul Spencer, in BANSHEE would have made a suitable sheet for example, and if there is any chance of an extra copy of this page, Larry, I'd be grateful for it.

Meanwhile here is where we stand. Already published or ready are:-  
Dacre Balsdon, "Sell England?"; E.D.Fawcett, "Hartman the Anarchist"; Fraser, "The Fiery Gate"; Jefferies, "After London"; Moore, "The Epicurean"; Murray, "A Trip to Venus"; Shelley, "The Last Man"; Starn, "The Moonlight Traveller"; Todd, "The Lost Traveller"; Walker, America Fallen; Kearney, "Erone"; Bell, "One Came Back", Brahms, "No Nightingales". Reviewers include JFBurke, Bob Gibson, Langley Searles, Ron Lane, AWPBushy, Peter Clarke. And I'd forgotten my own of Stapledon's "Sirius". Well, its a good start, now lets start multiplying.

For my own file I've managed to paste additional reviews, mainly from back issues of Fido on to blank sheets viz: -  
Blayre, "Strange Papers of Dr Blayre"; Cox, "Out of the Silence"; de Camp, "Return of Frank R Stockton"; Dent "Emperor of the If; James "Turn of the screw" & "The Sense of the East"; Lindsay "A voyage to Arcturus"; Llewellyn "The Strange Invaders"; Macclure, "Ultimatum"; Spitz, "Sever the Earth".

Two final comments. I see no reason whatsoever why a two-sided sheet should not be used if a longer review is desired. Nor do I see any great objection to two or more books by the same author being dealt with together if they are of the same general type. E. S. Burroughs "Martian" series could be attended to in one fell swoop.

And if any would-be publisher would like to join in but is short of suitable reviews he had better get in touch with me, as I hope to squeeze more than I can use myself out of people over here. Any more comments?

ANSWER DEPT.

The book you enquire about, Chan Davis, is "Red Snow" by F. Wright Moxley, published in this country by Jarrolds. It was extensively commented on by George Medhurst in a supplement to Futurian War Digest some two-three years ago and is notable for its outspokenness concerning sexual conditions after the fall of red snow has made all mankind sterile.

To W. H. Evans. Thank you for your letter recently received. Although I found it very interesting there is nothing upon which my comment is necessary, so please look on Fido and this zine as my return.

And to all those people who keep asking how I manage to keep reading books when my time is so fully taken up as I say, well the answer is simple. I read during my breakfast and lunch breaks at work and on the 35 minute tram journey between there and my home. In this way I can get thru a normal novel or a magazine in a day but as conditions are not good all my better and more valued books remain unread for the time being.

"The Rhubarb Tree" by Kenneth Allott and Stephen Tate (Cresset Press 1977) Tale of a ~~slightly~~ future England with a fascist movement - Sons of Empire - of the go. But it isn't taken seriously at all, the whole book is rather a farce dealing with Society people, big business and a mistaken identity, which I thought was in somewhat poor taste. The writer is obviously not a fascist but seems to regard a fascist coup d'etat as nothing more than a mild nuisance. Communists as figures of fun, and Britain as the necessary space to support Mayfair, where all the real people live. Ugh.

"On - The secret of Abhor Valley" by Talbot Mundy (A.L. Burt). Another adventure fantasy by a popular and reasonably competent author, and in fact above average even for this writer. Secret India and the secret service, and the hidden secret of an impenetrable valley. Good if you like this sort of stuff.

"A Modern Daedalus" by Tom Greer (Griffith, Farren, Skeden & Walsh 1958) Our hero is the odd man out in a family of robust rebellious Irishmen, who studies modern science and engineering. The outset of his thought is the invention of a set of wonderful wings, unpowered by any mechanical source, and with the aid of which he can fly for hours on end at a speed of 100 mph. He takes his invention to England to exploit it, but the government of the day tries to seize or buy it, and imprisons him. Meanwhile rebellion breaks out in Ireland, the inventor escapes and with his aid, the English are driven out of the Emerald Isle. Amusingly Victorian, reasonably written.

"The Killer and the Slain; A Strange Story" by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan, 1942). A psychological insight story in the tradition of Henry James. Deep dark and detailed, it deals with the antipathy between two opposing egos curiously interconnected in life, the murder of the stronger mentality by the weaker, and the gradual transference and obliteration of this weaker spirit by the other. As literature it is good, as a mere story it is too involved and cabalistic for the vapid or escapist reader, so go for it only if you like strong meat.

"The Lady of the Fjords" by Barnard Balogh (Rider & Co) Present day Norwegian adventurer slips back to a previous incarnation as a Norseman, lives in the world and beliefs of that day including trips to Valhalla of a surprisingly modernised and rationalised version of Nordic legendry, and is the first to see America. Would be a first-class Unknown Worlds yarn, good as adventure fantasy, historical and pseudo-occult.

"Castle Cottage" by Horace Hornsoll (Hamish Hamilton 1940) One of the neatest and nicest ghost stories I've ever read, a lovely little gem to recommend to the discerning outsider. Elderly lady caretaker - a retired ladies maid, "takes to" a country house she is watching over, gradually realises that the shades of two young lovers haunt the place, discovers their story and is able to help them get together, the object of their earthboundness. Characterisation, slowmoving action and concept all thoroughly suited me.

"The Phantom City; A Volcanic Romance" by William Westall (Cassell 1886) An Eldorado yarn, following fairly classical lines, although the doctor-narrator gets to the city by the use of a balloon, after an unsuccessful attempt on foot. But a well-written, well-balanced story which I would class as far superior to many modern imitations, with vivid descriptions of personalities and scenery, and an intelligent appreciation of the possibilities of Toltec civilisation.

"The Lord of the Leopards; A novel" by F.A.M. Webster (Hutchinson). A Burroughsesque story which the publishers compare with Kipling's "Howli" tales. Twin brothers this time, one kidnapped by African leopardmen (secret society) carried off and adopted by a sheleopard, Tarzan of the leopards; and the other brought up as a gentleman becomes a missionary. Plotting Negroes accept former as an incarnated god to lead them against white men; plot fails when the brothers meet. Reasonably good

"Ghost Stories" by H. Russell Wakefield (Cape, Florin Books 1932) . 21 short weird tales by a master of the art. Highly recommended to all.

"The Flying Draper" by Ronald Fraser (Cape 1924). A first class yarn of a man who develops a new faculty, and how humanity outlaws him for being "different". Beautifully conceived, well written and neatly developed, this is a fine example of true fantasy literature.

"Savaran and the Great Sand" by Douglas Newton, (Cassell 1939) Lost city in the Sahara desert discovered by a pernan adventurer. Hood and thunder.

"Sanity Island" by Adrian Alington (Chatto and Windus 1941) Quite a good tale about a small out of the way country with the usual modern political appurtenances - fascists, Communists, etc - but a Yerkish British consul starts a crusade to laugh them out of existance and provide rational rule.

"The Aerodrome; A Love Story" by Rex Warner (John Lane 1941) Mystifying tale of mythical country where a village is absorbed by the life of nearby aerodrome, expression of militarist philosophy, attempted patch all mixed in with a most involved and unbelievable love story. I suspect an allegory.

"The Cool of the Evening" by Horace Horsnell (Harish Hamilton 1942). Story of the last part of the life of Adam, enlivened by his little grandson Raphael, and the attack and defence of the latter by Satan and the heavenly Raphael respectively. Very good for likers of the quiet mild fantasy.

"Uncanny Tales" by F. Marion Crawford (T Fisher Unwin 1911) very good collection of seven tales in this genre including the famous "The Upper Berth" which I didn't think the best.

"The Sense of the Past" by Henry James (Collins 1917) Classic story, even though unfinished wherein an American visitor to a London House slips back into the life of his ancestor visiting the same house about a century before. The very minimum of incident and the maximum of involved psychological study

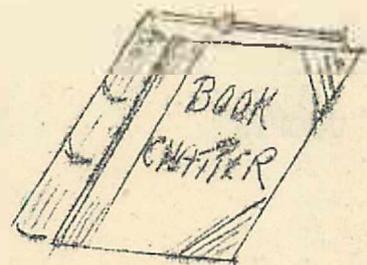
"A Book of Miracles" by Ben Hecht (Nicholson & Watson 1940) Five longish short stories of an extremely unusual type. Sardonic and suave, one isn't quite sure whether the author is being appreciative or otherwise of the deeper spiritual impulses of mankind; and I don't think the author is either. The five "miracles" include the translation of the ego of an entomologist to the body of an ant, the earthly incarnation of the archangel Michael, who, under the conditions of this world sadly fails his creator; interference by the Deity with a film about the Crucifixion and so on. Highly recommended to all except the over-sentimental.

"Tomorrow; A romance of the future" by Alfred Ollivant (Alston Rivers 27) Quite a surprise to me; this work. I expected tripe but found instead a decently written and well thought out novel of life in Britain of the far future. Primarily concerned with social organisation and private behaviour, we are given a picture of an almost Utopian agrarian civilisation, which has absorbed and mastered the machine. Interesting idea is that every individual gives ten years "service time" to the community, working at some menial occupation, and then is "free" for the rest of their life. Experiments in artificial evolution and devolutuon add to the zest of the usual love story. Well worth while.

"Sweet Chariot; A romance" by Frank Baker (Dyre & Spottiswoode 1942). Available also in USA; the tale of a schoolmaster who found his guardian angel in a holiday mood and persuaded him to swap places. Bright, mildly humorous, reasonably introspective, and moderately psychological, the formula is obviously one to please the better class general reading public.

"The Terror; A fantasy" by Arthur Machen (Duckworth 1917). Supposed to be a good book, I loathed it. There is something about the style and assured background of Machen which irritates me enormously. And the basic idea of this work, revolt of the beasts against man because man insists on being rational instead of spiritual, doesn't calm me down one iota. Bah!

And now for a page of . . .



I don't think I can start this episode better than by highly recommending two series of three books, by different writers which I think are amongst the finest of their respective types. Other people have mentioned T. H. White's; "The Sword in the Stone" (Collins 1938) as a very fine example of "wacky" fantasy which beats anything Sprague de Camp has put forth, but I actually prefer the next in the series "The Witch in the Wood". The third book is much more profound and less humorous, consisting of a fine sympathetic study of the misfit knight who tried his very best to live up to his ideals, Sir Lancelot DuLac, and goes under the title of "The Ill-made Knight". All the books deal with King Arthur and his round table, but set in the Britain of late mediaeval times. We even get Robin Hood turning up. The works abound with fantastic anachronisms, are peopled by all the figures of contemporary legendry, yet without contain a really astonishing amount of genuine erudition and historical knowledge.

Entirely different yet no less entertaining are the three romances of ancient Egypt by Jean Grant (Methuen 1937, 1942 & 1943). The first "Winged Pharaoh" stands on its own and is set in the more primitive Egypt of 3500 years BC. "Eyes of Horus" and "Lord of the Horizon" are continuos and should be read in that order. These are some 2000 years after the previous work & the scene has changed considerably though is still recognisably the same. Here again genuine erudition and historical knowledge is shown beside a familiarity with practical occultism. It is the everyday use of this which alone would place these books in the realm of occult fantasy. There is a truly amazing wealth of incident packed into these volumes, and a wonderful overall picture of an ancient civilisation plus sentiment and romance to satisfy a general reader yet not overbalance.

I should like to know the reactions and evaluation set by other people on the "Smokeover" books by L.P. Jacks, in their relationship to fantasy. There are three books, "Legends of Smokeover" "Heroes of Smokeover" & "The Last Legend of Smokeover", of which I have read the first and last. The central hero is a bookmaker, no less, but an organising genius of the first water. Set in the murky scene of an industrial city (Manchester?) we see his world wide betting firm set up, attract the noblest figures of the surrounding civilisation and affect all humanity. To quote the blurb "Under the influence of his mystical life, he conceives the idea of regenerating mankind by "The Sublimation of Betting", and puts an entire philosophy of life into his business slogan of "ideal aims, business methods and sports-like principles". The author is a philosopher and educationalist of renown and amongst his many other works is a first rate book of fantastic short short stories under the title of "All Men Are Ghosts".

Someone enquired in the last Papa mailing about Utopian publications and the position regarding paper supplies. Of course I can't give details about this particular company, but here is a general picture. Publishers are allowed a quota of their pre-war supplies to do with as they will but the position is considerably more complicated than that. New publishers and others can apply for licenses for special supplies of paper, and printers too are allowed a quota of prewar supplies. This is meant for the "general public" but there is nothing to stop a publisher using or buying any that a printer will let him have. And again, I believe that any person can apply for a small allowance of paper and probably get it, so that a number could put an extra supply into the hands of a confederate. Meanwhile fans will be bowled over to learn that the first Utopian publication "Utopian Scenes" consists of nude photographs. Apparently the Ackerman influence is spreading.

Type; UTOPIA  
Class  
Code;

Author; KEARNEY : Chalmers  
(Pseud) Hill

Title;

"ERONE"

Guliford; Biddles Ltd; 1943; price 6/6; 253pp; distributed by Simpkin Marshall.

Further information; Foreword by Dr Maude Royden.

Synopsis of plot; Engineer John Earthly brought from Earth to Uranus (Erone) where an Utopian society exists. Falls in love with an Uranian girl. Most of book used to compare Erone with Earth.

Review;

The story is a manuscript left by John Earthly whose home was destroyed in a London airraid. It tells how he was taken from Earth to Erone (Uranus) in the course of an experiment by an Eronian scientist. There are numerous simple scientific explanations; besides the saga of how the Eronians have introduced every invention that man has created to the people of the Earth, so that terrestrials have actually never invented anything. A lot of reading is taken up in describing John's adventures with Doreece, his Eronian girl-friend, merely as a device used to give the reader large doses of the Utopian culture there prevalent. A main element of this is the use of a type of social credit system, our present monetary system being proved time and time again to be impracticable and paradoxical.

The Eronians find that a war is about to take place on Earth, and sent John Earthly back again to his home with the plans of a super underground monrail transport system cum airraid shelter. He spends the usual amount of time trying to convince officials that this idea is easily practicable, and having eventually succeeded, returns to Erone.

The story is very simply laid out and easy to follow. Inventions and gadgets are painstakingly explained; and my opinion of the John Earthly character is that for of our time, he shows far too great bewilderment at even the slightest advancement made in this Utopia, besides being very simple and of little character. The story is splashed now and again with a liberal dose of religion. I should say that the story as a whole is nothing more than the personal Utopia of the author whom I should gather from the tale to be an engineer and a sweetness and light religionist.

The book is suitable for such people who may be interested in Utopias, those who are being first introduced to this type of fiction, and to collectors who want it just because they collect, but I don't think it would appeal to the hardened Americanised Science Fiction fan

Allan H. Miles (F/O R.A.F.)

Appearing in BROWSING number 9, September 1944, (J. Michael Rosenblum)

And this page is meant only for FAPA members, as it backs on to a reprint of C. S. Youd's "Rubbaiyat of a Science Fiction Fan" originally published with Novae Terrae about 1938, and reprinted recently by Ron Lane, who has kindly let me have enough copies to cover Fapa distribution.

There are quite a number of points I'd like to make about the last mailing, but lets start off with a couple of quotations on the subject of war. From a published report of the League of Nations... Armament manufacturers "have been active in fomenting war scares, disseminated false reports about armament programmes of other governments, and by attempted bribery of government officials and by their control of newspapers, have played one country off against another". Which is pretty definite. More succinctly, G. B. Shaw in his latest book "Everybody's Political What's What" states "War begins when the interest on capital falls to 3 1/2 per cent, and ceases when the destruction has lifted it back to 5 per cent". A Shavian quip which cannot be dismissed as absolutely untrue.

Two Fapans manage in the space of their argument to refute themselves very neatly. Spear on Negroes admits the variation between individuals of different races and then - condemns the Negroes en bloc. I could fill a page or two on this subject but will only note the extreme similarity between anti-Negro bilge and anti-Semitic propaganda. And that it is usually the same anti-progressive, anti-democratic forces which use both, and their function is to divert attention from exploitation and real evils. Ashley on unions is interesting; especially when he elaborates his preference for an environment of individual struggle, and then condemns the unions for conforming to such an environment within themselves. No, brother it won't wash. Though I am by no means a champion of trade unions as at present constituted even here in England, and I gather that the US variety is well tarred with the racketeering impulse so dominant in American life.

Oh; and I must thank the Futurian Society of New York for their wonderful magnanimity in allowing other people to use the word they so neatly appropriated unto themselves. And seeing we were never asked what we meant by the term "Futurian" it might be considered presumptuous for the New Yorkers to define it as they wish. However I am grateful for the acknowledgement of the purloining of the term, an acknowledgement some seven years overdue. It is interesting to note that I possess a letter written when the term was adopted, by DAW stating that "Futurian" came just when it was needed, and so was appropriated; and one from Fohl which says that the New York people thought of the term before we did and had adopted it before they knew we were using it. Amusing coincidence!

What other subjects to mention? Alter hobbies, well if I didn't collect fantasy I'm afraid I'd be collecting Humour - Leacock, Jerome, Twain and so forth, though of course not to the same extent. Outside the literary field no one has mentioned another interest I have, that of models in general and miniature railways in particular. Though for quite a while this interest has been purely theoretical, yet I still have hopes that one day something may be done. I used to be tremendously interested in the science of warfare and military strategy; an interest which made me into a war-resister by the age of seventeen, convinced that war is the worst way of supporting any good cause. And I've an interest in politics and international affairs though from the viewpoint of an outsider, not having yet found a political party worthy of support.

Would also like to point out that there are quite a few fantasies available in Esperanto translations; Wells, Burroughs, Haggard and Colloid's "Pinckje" being well to the fore. I wish I could show the Sep issue of the British Esperantist to all fapans as it unconsciously makes hay of all the anti-Esperanto points put forward in previous mailings.

## RUBAIYAT

Awake! For Campbell from the Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that puts our Fears to Flight:  
And Lo! Astounding's editor has caught  
A brilliant halo and a Crown of Light.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the sky  
I heard a voice with n Astounding cry,  
"Awake, my Little ones, and read your fill  
Before with Top-Knotch from your ken I fly."

And as the Dawn broke, those who lounged about  
Requested with a rather vulgar shout  
Williamson and McClary once again,  
And Lo! The Rabbits from the Hat came out!

Now M.S.S. reviving old Desires  
The high-brimmed fan to Solitude retires  
Where the Left Hand of Stanhope from his desk  
Put out, and Gillings on the ground expires.

Gernsback, indeed; is gone with all his files,  
And Albane no longer on his Children smiles,  
But still Astounding keeps its rosy 'Way  
And H.G. Wells at all takes a '9 in tiles.

And Weinbaum's lips are locked; but in untrue  
And furious Criticism the faithless Crew  
Would sell again their Master for a Fee -  
Ten lines well prominent to the Public View.

Come take a Pen, and with the Fire of Spring  
Caustic remarks at Raymond - almer fling.  
The new Amazing has flown but a little space  
And yet already 'tis a hateful thing.

And look - a thousand Authors with the 'Way  
Came, but of that thousand few did stay  
And that first Summer Month that heralded one,  
Snatched Lovecraft and the well-lov'd Howard away.

But come with Uncle Sam, and leave the Lot  
Of Gernsback and of Kornig quite forgot:  
Let Kollheim lay about him as he will  
Or Griffiths howl for Vengeance - heed them not.

With me reclined in some quiet country Spot  
With merry Comrades and a brimming Pot,  
Here name of 'Tige Drake is yet unknown,  
And pity 'Vollheim and his scurvy Lot!

Were with a Science Book beneath the Bough  
A Fountain-pen, a Book for Notes, and Thou,  
Giving Advice and Criticism in full,  
And Lo! My Story is in 'Tige now!

"How sweet the Days departed," whisper some:  
Others - "How blest the Paradise to come!"  
Ah, take the Cash in Hand and waive the Pest;  
Nor heed the rattle of a Nazi drum.

O Thou who didst with 'Vollheim and with Lowndes  
Beset our not-so-happy Hunting Grounds,  
Wilt not with Characteristic lunacy  
Create more deep, if not more lasting Wounds?

O Thou who fans from Baser Things didst lead,  
Thine own inspired Prophecies to read,  
For all the COSH wherewith this Fantasy  
Is blackened - much forgiveness shalt thou need.

## II

Listen again. One evening at the close  
Of Gernsback, ere the Letter Moon arose,  
In editorial Offices I stood,  
With the Clay Population round in rows,

And strange to say, among the Tarthen Lot,  
Some were quite literate, though most were not!  
And suddenly one more intelligent cried -  
"They must be fools to buy this blinking rot!"

The Editor no question makes of Noes  
But with Advertisements and Profits goes,  
The Publisher who tried our edges neat,  
He knows about it all -- He knows -- He knows!

The Tale that can with Logic a solute  
The basic Laws of Being quite confute  
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice  
Life's Lead n Metal into Gold transmute

And that introverted fool we call the Fan  
Who, crawling coopt, the Universe would plan

Thou canst not help him back to Sanity  
For he is something less -- or more -- than Man.

But leave the Fools to wrangle, and with me  
The Communistic Squabblers let be

And in some Corner of the Tubbub couch't  
Make Game of that which would Come of Thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows?

Lolosome we loved, the loveliest and the best,  
Who still in Summer's joyous green were dressed

Have left this barbarous and garish World  
And ta'en their Talents to the Land of Rest.

They say the Schadrer and the Kuttner stay  
Upon the page where Weinbaum once held sway

And Lovecraft, dark romancer, too is gone,  
The works remain, the Master leaves the Play.

Ah Friend, could thou and I with late conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,

Would we not shatter it to bits -- and then  
Create the Magazine of our desire?

Ah, Source of my Delight, that cannot wane,  
Financial Funds are falling once again,

And soon the greedy editors shall look,  
Through this same Pandemon after me, in vain.

Ah, Source of my Delight, that soon must wane  
My Temperature is rising once again:

Some day my bitter Wrath must find Release  
And falling Fragments shall bedeck the Plain!

And when another Youth, too daft to learn,  
To Fancy's perfumed Notingness shall turn

Let him for me perform one solemn Rite,  
A reverent word of praise for J.N. Pearn!

finis

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