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OCT-NOV  
1937



RANDOM THOUGHTS  
( an editorial )  
by Sam Moskowitz

Someway I feel like opening this editorial with the rather classical phrase made so popular by PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, "my friends". It is not that the existing conditions I am working under is any bed of roses, far from it, but it is the fact that the subscribers to this publication take such a staunch interest in everything connected with it. A thousand and one faults are descreetly overlooked and I need but to say the word and I am deluged with all the aid I need. I doubt very much that any other group of hobbyists in the country take so full an interest in everything that is going on in their field and so graciously lend their aid without thought of recompense as do many of the readers of "our" magazine. It is for this reason that I feel like opening this editorial with the words, "my friends", rather than to get down to brass tacks immediately.

Though this issue is dated OCT., NOV., DEC., 1937, the fact does not remain that we are going quarterly. Various circumstances made this necessary. First of all very little time on the editors part to turn out the magazine and of course financial difficulties which beset publications of this type. Don't get me wrong. I'm not asking for descriptions. Every copy of this magazine is sold, in fact I could dispose of many more but a hoketraphing outfit can produce so many and no more. The rather disconcerting fact remains that although I sell every copy with few exceptions, the total amount does not begin to cover my expenses. Of course raising the price further would be blasphemy and regardless I must remember that a publication such as this is published as a hobby and the editor must not entertain the thought of discontinuing publication unless forced to. As conditions permit the magazine will be issued bi-monthly, with a very occasional monthly or quarterly edition as conditions permit.

10 cents the copy      3 issues for 25 cents

-----C O N T E N T S-----

<u>EDITORIAL</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
RANDOM THOUGHTS	2

<u>FICTION</u>	
LILITH'S LEFT HAND	5
by David H. Keller, M. D.	

<u>ARTICLES</u>	
SCIENCE-FICTION IN ENGLAND	12
by John Russel Fearn	

THE PRESENT POSITION OF BRITISH SCIENCE-FICTION	
by J. Michael Rosenblum	14

FANTASTICA	17
by Louis C. Smith	

FANTASIAO	19
by Cerwin F. Stickney	

ARTHUR H. BARNES---PARASITE	23
by Jack Gillespie	

COMMENTARY ON HELIOS	25
by Donald A. Wellheim	

<u>VERSE</u>	
MAIA	11
by Clark Ashton Smith	

<u>DEPARTMENTS</u>	
SO THEY SO	28
IMPORTANT TO READERS	27

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO SAN MOSKOWITZ  
603 So. 11th St., Newark, N. J.



# Lilith's Left Hand

by

David H. Keller, M.D.





## LILLIAN'S LEFT HAND

-an ironic little tale-

by David H. Keller

---

"I am leaving you," remarked Mary Silvers to her husband.

"You should have left me long ago," he replied. "Your father made a mistake when he tried to buy a fashionable husband for his daughter. He was a very good merchant, but he knew nothing of society, and you, my dear, have never been able to learn much more. The very idea of becoming excited because your husband is in love with another woman!"

"Other women, not just another! And even one more would not have worried me; but when that woman has a congenitally deformed left hand, the middle fingers missing from birth, and I have a perfect body, it is time for us to part."

"But with those two missing fingers she holds me, Mary, a thing which is more than you could be with two perfect hands; more than you could be with a thousand perfect arms. I think I love Lillian because of her imperfection, if you can understand what I mean. So, let us make the financial arrangements, and part good friends."

"The finances are attended to. My father worked that out before he died. He was worth a great deal, but, when he bought you as a son-in-law, he paid you in full, spot cash; not on the installment plan. He, however left me this thing that someday I may be able to share with you."

"Money? Land? Jewels?" was the eager question.

"No. His great-grandfather was a doctor. He left a reputation for always paying his patients, perhaps, some day, somehow, I shall pay you what I owe you. Think it over."

Jerome Silvers smiled.



"I must leave you," he whispered. "Lilith waits for me, and a second of her society is more pleasant than an eternity with you."

Mary Smith left France and returned to her New England home. Silvers married Lilith and lived with her as long as she had money to support him. Then he found another woman, and, after her another. As he grew older it was harder for him to live on feminine incomes. At fifty he was poor; a year later, penniless. In his need, he tried to find some woman from his past life who would pity him, but all that he found was a rumor that Lilith had died and that Mary Smith had never remarried.

He wrote to the merchant's daughter. He waited for the answer that he was certain would never come. Finally it did, simply a money order, and a little note, telling him to come to New York; a note signed, MARY. From that day everything seemed easy. Instructions came to him, the matter of a passport was arranged, first class passage to New York provided, and even clothing suited to his former grandeur. Slightly puzzled at first, the only possible solution dawned on him. Mary Smith was still in love; if he could keep her in love, he would be provided for the rest of his life.

At New York he was met by a lawyer who only said that he was representing Silver's former wife. She had rented an apartment up town, and he was to be taken there at once. It was not a large place, but, large enough. Further explanations were to be made there. Everything had been arranged for. The lawyer handed him the key to his future home, a letter from Mary Smith, put him in a taxi and said goodbye.

Silvers felt that he was dreaming. He was an actor in a drama which he had not written. Two months ago he had been starving. Now he had a home, clothing, money. Mary had been most thoughtful. She had even duplicated his cane and cigarette case, the wedding presents that he had been forced to pawn.

Once he was in the apartment, it seemed more like a dream than ever. A chair was there, there



was nothing remarkable about the chair, but spread over it was a Spanish shawl which Lilith used to wear, or one very much like it. There was a perfume in the room that recalled her. He wandered from the living room to the small dining room and into the much smaller kitchenette. He found the ice-box filled with some of his favorite food. That recalled to his mind that on the table in the living room had been a package of the exclusive brand of cigarettes that he had used in his days of opulence.

Rather dazed, he sat down on the chair of the shawl.

"It seems that Mary must love me," he mused; "yet, she has managed to furnish this place with memories of another woman."

He suddenly remembered that there was a letter from his former wife. It might explain part of the mystery. With trembling fingers, he tore open the envelope. There was no mistaking the penmanship, slow, precise, and the T's carefully crossed and the I's dotted. No need to see the signature at the end. It was a message from Mary. He read it several times before he realized it's full meaning.

"My dear Jerome;  
When I found that you were in need of help, it seemed impossible for me to not give it. At the same time, I found Lilith, and she needed a home, also. Knowing that you must have loved her, I decided to make it possible for you to spend your last years together. Day by day all all your expenses will be paid, provided you remain true to her and do not leave the apartment save in her company. I will have you watched, and the first time that you disobey these instructions, you will be evicted from the apartment. Everything I have given to you, for your use, will be confiscated. The woman whom you love is in the bedroom of the apartment. The door is locked, but at midnight the



key will be delivered to you. She has been sick, but I am sure that she will improve under your considerate and kindly treatment.

Very sincerely,

Mary Smith. "

So that was it? If it was love, it was unselfish; if revenge, magnificent! A life of ease and luxury; a life free from future financial worries, but, at the same time, a life that must be entirely devoted to one woman, and that woman sick! Jerome Silvers shrugged his shoulders. After all, it might be worse, and Lilith, even an invalid, was far more companionable than any other woman Mary Smith might have selected for the sanatorium isolation. He found some crackers and cheese, opened a bottle of wine and made himself comfortable. Later in the evening he put away some of his clothing. Still later he found the locked bedroom door, decided to knock, and then changed his mind. At eleven, purely as an experiment, he opened the apartment door and looked out into the hall. A man was there, apparently on watch.

"What will you do, my good man, if I leave?" he asked.

"Without the lady, I search you, take all your valuables and let you go, according to the instructions given us. I suppose you know about it?" was the quiet answer.

Silvers went back and shut the door.

He opened another bottle. Brandy this time. For the next hour he drank and tried to think. The silence was oppressing. At twelve the doorbell rang. He was handed an envelope with a key in it. Undoubtedly, it was the key to the bedroom door.

Fitting the key to the lock, he hesitated. Lilith was on the other side. There was no reason to doubt the fact that Lilith was on the other side of the door, in the bedroom; yet, for nearly twelve hours not a sound had come from the other room. Leaving



the key in the lock, he went back and filled the pint of brandy. It gave him the necessary stimulation, the required courage to open the door.

Electric candles burned on the dresser. The room gave the general appearance of being ready for occupancy, but never occupied. However there was someone in the bed. No sound, no movement, but there was somebody there, or was it just something? Whatever it was, it was covered carefully by a black silk spread; but under it he thought that he could make out a head, the contour of a body and one arm resting on a pillow.

"Lilith! Lilith!" he whispered, but there was no answer.

Then, with trembling hand, he took the black spread by one corner and drew it back, not all the way back, but far enough to uncover the head of a skeleton; far enough to see the bones of the two middle fingers were missing.

Cursing, he ran out of the room and opened another bottle of brandy. Noon, the following day, found him still asleep on the floor. Not till late afternoon did he revive sufficiently to take a shower bath and eat some food.

Thoroughly sobered, he faced the facts. He could stay in the apartment or he could leave. He thought of the sideboard with its ample stock of his favorite liquors, the refrigerator filled with food; he thought of the cigarettes, and jewelry and clothing --- all to be his for the rest of his life; and then he thought of what that life would be, with all that was left of the beautiful woman whom he once loved, resting motionless in that comfortable bed. For the first time in his life he was faced with an impossible situation. He could not stay and he could not leave. He went and opened the hall door. There was a man there waiting for him, not the man he had seen the day before but a man, placed there to see that orders were obeyed.

In the end, he weakened for the apartment.



For a month he lived there, drinking, sleeping, cursing. Then, his nerve broken, his courage lost; he decided to leave the place; but he was not going to be searched on leaving. He took everything out of his pockets, even placed his necktie and scarfpin on the table, and then with a final look at the closed bedroom door, he walked out of the apartment.

"Leaving for good?" the guard asked him.

"Yes; and taking nothing with me. You can search me if you want to; but you will find nothing on me except the necessary clothing." #

"I guess you are telling the truth. You are to come with me. Orders are to take you for a ride. Better go quietly. It will be easier for all of us."

"Where are we going?"

"The chauffeur knows," was the short reply.

After some hours of driving, Jerome Silvers knew. He was sure when the car left the main road and went between two long rows of maple trees; more sure when he saw the large house with the beautiful lawn around it. Smith's house, the place where he and Mary Smith had married years ago. After a month of punishment she was bringing him home. She still loved him.

Two women were on the lawn. It seemed that they were waiting for him. The men helped him out of the car. Two men walked with him over to the waiting women.

Mary Smith looked at him. He looked at Mary Smith. Somehow age had beautified her. In a way, she was magnificent. She remained seated as he came near her.

"We wanted to say good-bye to you, Jerome. We hope that you have enjoyed your visit to New York. You are going to be sent back to Paris at once, back to your women, and your senility, and your drunken poverty. But before you leave we wanted to see you and say goodbye."

It was hot, and the other woman delicately fanned herself with a hand that had one thumb # and two fingers. She also had grown beautiful with advancing years. She looked lazily, almost curiously, at the shivering man standing in front of her and then, turning to Mary Smith



she asked.

"Is this really the man that we once loved?"

"Yes, but we made two mistakes. We thought that we loved him and we thought that he was a man."

"You can take him back to New York now," she said to the men, and see him on the boat. We are through with him."

"Yes, we are through with him," echoed Lilith.

-THE END-

WATCH FOR AN ARTICLE BY DAVID H. KELLER, M. D.

MAYA

by

Clark Ashton Smith

-III-

Fools of the world, who dream that dreams are true,

Believing still that life is what it seems,  
And trustful that the world is more than dreams--  
Free for a little, I have laughed at you---  
Knowing all this a ghostly goosamer  
In some eternal room of darkness spun;  
A laughter of forgotten gods that were,  
Echoing still in waste oblivion,

But once again, as others, I have lent  
Myself to earthly ways and earthly walls:  
Illusion of illusion, fantasy  
Of doubtful phantoms, nevermore to be  
When slumber on the last delirium falls,  
And lulls the tossing shadows turbulent.

taken from SANDALWOOD--

))  
DON'T FAIL TO READ THE MESSAGE ON PAGE 19---  
))



## SCIENCE FICTION IN ENGLAND

by

John Russel Fearn

EDITORIAL NOTE: This article was written one year ago under existing conditions at the time. The article immediately following this is written in present day contrast and should form an interesting comparison of the difference one year can make in scientificfictional history.

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Science fiction in England is easily the most complicated puzzle I ever set eyes on - or anybody else, for that matter! Some of you may know that for eighteen months a certain famous London firm toyed around with the idea of launching a proper science-fiction magazine. Plenty of British science fiction writers were summoned to the call - Beynon Harris, Festus Pragnell, Eric Frank Russell, and others, including myself - but finally the great project died. The reason was cited as being discouraging circulation outlook and lack of material, of the right kind for the British public.

Sad, but unhappily true. My own individual experiences whilst prowling the wilds of gray old London for the past year have been rather remarkable. One doesn't quite know how to take the whole thing. Publishers are obviously believers in science-fiction - they release dozens of books on the subject; film producers too are not lagging behind with such works as "The Tunnel" and "Things to Come" to their credit; there is even the backing of circulation from the ill-starred Scoops to provide an incentive, but just the same a science fiction magazine does not come. I can't tell you why; neither, I think, can anybody else.

It is, I think, the element of chance involved in launching such a magazine that kills it from the start. English magazine publishers are wary of launching into the unknown. Too many of them cite the fate of the former Wonder



Stories, entirely oblivious to the fact that Standard have bought it up and made a darn good job of it. Some of them, believe it or not, don't even know that Astounding has been revived from the coffin of the old Clayton Company and turned into an ace magazine by Street & Smith.

There is one vital reason, though, why I hold out the belief that science fiction will finally come to England, in magazine form that is. I was recently talking to the Editor of one of the most famous international magazines. Obviously I cannot give his name, but he told me, in solemn seriousness, that the author of today who cannot write scientific fiction ten years hence, will be as dead as a doer. Unwanted! Now, that interested me; I asked for more, and here was how this celebrated Editor outlined it.

"Science," he said, "is the one movable background of a story that has not even been scratched as yet. Scientific stories appear by the hundred, especially in America, but they remain as science stories. Science can incorporate love, drama, hate, murder, comedy - the whole panorama of human emotions, and yet still be - science."

For instance?" said I. "How would you apply science to love?"

Why not? think of the immensity and scope of a story which embodies the love of an Earthman for, say, a Martian woman. Yes, I grant you she wouldn't look like an Earth person, but suppose she did? Suppose she came to Earth as a spy, and looked like an Earth woman. There you have interplanetary espionage."

That, of course, was only one instance, but it certainly set me thinking. I think he was dead right. There every other type of story you can think of, the principle is the same. I'll find that sci-fi fiction is a novel.



all fiction.

Amongst other things, this Editor was sure that, save for certain supreme masterpieces of everyday life - precious few and far between - straight fiction is practically on its death-bed, in England anyhow. We are cluttered up with magazines on fashions, beauty, pulsing romance in the desert, and what not. They have a public, sure - but he told me it was dying. Shortage of yarns with the real C. Henry twist has led him to seek yarns definitely unusual, and that led to science fiction. And so it goes on. Famous writers, ever here are trying their hand at science fiction. I could give their names, but again I must refrain. When you pick up the American editions of their books you'll know whom I mean. . .

So, upon these remarks we hope, through the weeks and months, that a magazine of science fiction will finally present itself in this country.

Maybe it will. Even if we have to wait ten years when, we hope, science fiction will be the demand - not the exception.

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## THE PRESENT POSITION OF BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION

-in present day contrast to  
the above-

By J. Michael Rosenblum

-----

Until the commencement of the present year science fiction in Great Britain was largely negligible; but during the last few months the position has changed with a vengeance, and, from many aspects the British tail is wagging the American dog. There were in 1936 four isolated chapters of the SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE in the country, one of which - Nuneaton - was making a valiant attempt to live things up, by producing a monthly journal 'NOVAE TERRAE'. Many rumors were



heard, amongst others being those of a printed fan-mag being produced; and the possibility of a real true-and-proper science fiction magazine appearing in this country, and all the while letters sent to the old Science Fiction Association at Ilford were returned.

But now,--what a change! The crysalis seems to have burst and the emerging resultant surprises all beholders.

The first thing to happen was a conference at Leeds, during early January, from the deliberations of which the Science Fiction Association, with its headquarters in this city, emerged. Since then this society has made amazing progress; now having almost 100 members and a reputation for getting things done. Adopting 'Novae Terrae', and sending this magazine, together with a quarterly and an irregular 'Gazette', to all members; the Association has provided space for fans to ventilate their opinions, and formed its own news-service. Bigger plans still are in store, especially as this is now the largest as well as the most active Science Fiction organization in existence at the moment.

The projected high-class printed fan-mag appeared towards the end of January and has surprised everyone with its rapid progress from strength to strength. Each of its issues has raised its already high standard and now 'Scientifiction' with its authoritative statements is fulfilling a real need.

But, possibly, the climax was reached at the beginning of July when a professional science fiction publication TALES OF WONDER appeared. A good standard was reached with the stories contained therein, and if a suitable demand for this magazine is discovered it will be continued and, we hope become a great success. It is edited by the versatile Mr. Gillings of Ilford, who is also responsible for SCIENTIFUNCTION.



In the book world too, things have been happening. Both Wells and Stapledon - the masters of science fiction - have each published another book, both immensely interesting and though provoking and both having received a large measure of publicity in the ordinary press. Other works of similar nature continue to be produced both in isolated examples and in series as in Messrs. S. P. Allen's Creeps series which now contains five science fiction numbers. An idea of the popularity of some science fiction to the general public may be gained from the fact that there are now, amongst some 150 others books issued in large quantities at 6D., four science-fiction ones - namely-

BREWHON  
LAST AND FIRST MEN  
ARMoured DOVES  
THE HAMPSHIRE WONDER

-SAMUEL BUTLER  
-CLAF STAPLEDON  
-B. NEWMAN  
-BERESFORD

There have also been numerous juvenile paper cover editions of science fiction. MODERN WONDER makes it their policy to run at least one science fiction serial and issue, besides numerous articles of interest to the fans.

THE SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION has also issued a bibliography of about 200 science fiction books published in England and a new magazine titled AMATEUR SCIENCE STORIES.

All the above items may be obtained by writing to their publisher.

EDITORIAL NOTE

The editor believed it would be of interest to the fans if a contrast in English Science Fiction was presented. Articles on the doings of the British are nauseatingly common and having two articles on hand written and the same subject we utilized the term of ..... to present them in palatable form.



What of THEOPHILE GAUTIER? You haven't read him? Well, if you've read WEIRD TALES MAGAZINE the past few years, you have read at least one of his shorter--and poorer--stories: "THE MUMMY'S FOOT".

However, this great French author penned many beautiful and rather marvelous tales of the weird and fantastic. Most notable, I believe, "SPIRITS," a tale of the love of a poet for the spirit of a beautiful woman. And there is "AFRIA MARCELLA," which you must ~~if~~ have read. I know I have seen two stories at least built around the identical theme...One of them is "A CERTAIN SOLDIER," by CLARE WINNER HARRIS, printed years ago in WEIRD TALES -- Another was by FRED MACISSAC, in the old POPULAR MAGAZINE, titled "THE GREEK STATUE." The story of "AFRIA MARCELLA" is that of three young Italians who visit Pompeii, and falling under the spell of the dead and ancient city, relive in their trance a portion of some previous incarnation, wherein they soldiers and citizens in the long gone splendor of old Pompeii.

The above tale, with "THE MUMMY'S FOOT," "CLARIMONDE," and several others are in a volume printed by BRENTANO'S in 1927 titled "ONE OF CLEO PATRA'S NIGHTS and other fantastic romances." Another volume of GAUTIER, containing only two long stories, was issued by GEO. MUNRO CO., in the old SEASIDE LIBRARY of paper-backed novels, in November, 1891. The stories contained were: "NANA" or the DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION," and "THE



THE KING IN YELLOW....probably one of the first ten in anyone's list of the real classics of weird and fantastic volumes....this is the book voted by CLARK ABSTON SMITH and H. P. LOVECRAFT, and others as one of their favorites, "THE YELLOW SIGN."

The mere fact that this was ROBERT W. CHAMBERS SECOND BOOK, I believe--is enough to make it a rarity. It was published in 1895 by the F. TERRYSON NEELY CO., of New York, when the author was still an artist, a member of that city's Latin quarter. There are ten tales in the little volume (small in size, though there are over 300 pages). All of them tales of strangely fantastic, some almost science-fiction. All of the tales are master products, the best Chambers ever did, of any type. And since no one else has yet done so, I give the table of contents to "THE KING IN YELLOW:" "THE REPAIRER OF REPUTATIONS ; THE MASK; THE COURT OF THE DRAGON; THE YELLOW SIGN; THE DEMOISELLE D'YS; THE PROPHEETS' PARADISE; THE STREET OF THE FOUR WINDS

THE STREET OF THE FIRST SNELL; THE STREET OF OUR LADY OF THE FIELDS: RUE BARREE....

A true classic and a real treasure on any fan's shelves..."THE KING IN YELLOW."

Perhaps it has been mentioned by others besides myself, but I doubt it: so I take the liberty of reminding you of the existence of "THE CONQUEST OF THE MOON," BY ANDRE LAURIE. Published in London in 1894 by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., this little volume is of a great deal more than passing interest. The science and logic seem queerly mixed in parts; or one might say that science is mistaken for and confused with logic. By means unexplained the heroes of the book manage to bring the moon to a close approach of the Earth. Something on Earth gives way causing the entire mountain tops on which the heroes have secluded themselves and their instruments to fall upward to the moon. Strange adventures,



and a finding of the lost and long... of an ancient moon-people, and scrolls of... ment which indicate that the moon inhabitants were descended of the same branch of life which fostered the father races of Earth's mankind--- The Egyptians, etc. Happy ending, dignified writing, subdued adventure, modest love interest. Good stuff.

Also by ANDRE LAURIE: "NEW YORK TO BREST IN SEVEN HOURS" Self evident, that title.....

Another little book of short stories this time the collected shorts of W. C. MORROW, whose stories in reprint have pleased all WEIRD TALES readers in years past.... The volume was published by J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia, as long ago as 1910. Title: "THE APE, THE IDIOT, and other stories. Contents: (all excellent, mostly fantastic) THE RESURRECTION OF LITTLE WANG TAI; THE HERO OF THE PLAGUE; HIS UNCONQUERABLE ENEMY; THE PERMANENT STILLETTO; TREACHEROUS VELASCO; AN UNCOMMON VIEW OF IT; A STORY TOLD BY THE SEA; THE MONSTER MAKER; AN ORIGINAL REVENGE; TWO SINGULAR MEN; THE FAITHFUL AMULET..... That last named, THE FAITHFUL AMULET," is just about the most gruesome, most suggestively horrible little thing I've ever had the misfortune to read.....

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A N--I M P O R T A N T--  
M E S S A G E

---

Editor LEO MARGULIES of the much discussed THRILLING WONDER STORIES has as much as promised that he will issue a companion magazine to THRILLING WONDER STORIES if the readers will promise to purchase the proposed magazine. If published (and it absolutely will be published if the fans so desire) this new magazine will be large size like the old AMAZING STORIES. It will feature complete novels of 60,000 words or more. LEO MARGULIES informs me that he has novels by STANLEY G. WEINBUAM (may he rest in peace) which he especially would like to publish and works of DAVID H. KELLER, M. D., JOHN W. CAMPBELL.



## WEIRD WHISPERS

The entire staff of WEIRD TALES has broken down with a rather severe case of "lovercraftitis". In other words they are gobbling up all the obscure and unpublished works of the late master H. P. Lovecraft they can possibly obtain. If the list of accepted material for publication written by that master is any indication I would say WEIRD TALES is good for another two years of LOVECRAFT at the very least. I would stretch this term as much as possible fans by informing the editors of WEIRD TALES of certain works of H. P. LOVECRAFT you believe have not been brought to their attention as yet. According to none more authoritative source than editor PRICE himself I am informed that the following works of H. P. LOVECRAFT are scheduled for publication in WEIRD TALES.

## F I C T I O N

BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP taken from THE FANTASY FAN and scheduled for the March, 1968 issue of WEIRD TALES with an illustration by VIRGIL BURLAY.

THE OTHER GODS taken from the FANTASY FAN

FROM BEYOND taken from the FANTASY FAN

THE HAMFLESS CITY taken from FANCIFUL TALES

COOL AIR taken from TALES OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY

THE QUEST OF IRAXON taken from the GAMBION

THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH taken from MARVEL TALES.

IN THE WALLS OF EREX in collaboration with KENNETH SERRING



V E R S E

HARBOUR WHISTLES taken from the PHANTAGRAPH  
NIGHT GAUNTS taken from PHANTAGRAPH  
THE WOOD taken from the uncompleted portion  
of the seventh issue of the PLANTTEER.  
IN A SEQUESTERED GRAVEYARD WHERE ONCE POE  
WALKED. taken from the third issue of the  
SCIENCE FANTASY CORRESPONDENT.  
THE DWELLER taken from the PHANTAGRAPH  
THE DWELLER  
SONNET TO CLARK ASHTON SMITH  
THE HOWLER  
THE LAMP  
ZAMENS HILL  
THE GARDENS OF YIN

A R T I C L E

SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE TAKEN FROM  
THE FANTASY FAN. and originally printed in THE  
RECLUSE.

Editor WRIGHT doubts that he will ever  
publish this item. The reasons being obvious.  
However a number of requests might turn the  
trick fans. It's worth a try.

BERNSWORTH WRIGHT is also negotiating to  
obtain these two untyped and heretofore unpub-  
lished handwritten novels of H. P. LOVECRAFT  
in the possession of R. H. BARLOW. The titles

DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH  
THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD

The new feature of having a full page illus-  
tration taken from a passage of some famous  
weird poem and especially since it is illustrat-  
ed by VIRGIL FINLEY is very commendable. The sub-  
ject for the January, 1938 issue will be a strik-  
ing passage from COLERIDGE'S 'KYBLA KHAN.

The new novel by GANS T. FIELD beginning in  
the January issue of WEIRD TALES is to be fel-



owned by JACK WEINSTEIN. "TERRIBLE SLEEP"  
Accidentally GANS. It is a poor name  
name of the popular MANLY NAME WEINSTEIN.

### AMAZING FACTS

In the May 1933 issue of the SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST there appeared a list of stories AMAZING STORIES had in her files for publication. The list was not complete and the editors of this magazine were not able to obtain all of it but these stories were at hand at the time and still are unpublished.

WHEN ONE <del>####</del> EQUALS TWO	-James McCrea
JAC	-James McCrea
VANISHING WATER	-Joseph McLean
SOUL SURGERY	-Dr. C. & W. McQuinn
BEHIND THE RANGES	-C. Milze
THE TUBE	-P. Schuyler Miller
THE THING FROM THE SHADOW	-P. Schuyler Miller
THE METEOR MAKER	-Jack Mellard
DESTINY	-F. L. Moore
OUTCASTS OF THE UNIVERSE	-William K. Moore
APPLIED DEGRAVITATION	-Barr Moses
THE MYSTERY OF LUPINA	-L. B. Smith
THE ENDLESS WAIT	-A. J. Snyder
THE FLOOR OF THE WORLD	-James Terry
THE SWEEP OF SPACE	-James Terry
THE GODS OF PRADJAR	-Charles Timbie
RED SNOW	-Rev. Louis Tucker
A TRUE HISTORY OF THE END OF THE WAR 1965	-William Vincint
GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN	-Allen Ware
THE MAN WHO CAME FROM TOMMOROW	-Sam Weiner
THE TIME VOYAGE	-Alvin Whitmore
THE PHANTOM ARM	-Charles S. Wolfe
THE MASTER INVENTION	-Ernest R. Wright
ONE THIRD OF LIFE	-Weinsteck

also more recently AMAZING STORIES has accepted

THE MOON MAN	-Leslie Beresford
EMPEROR OF THE SAHARA	-Fletcher Pratt



THE IMMORTALS -John Russell Fearn  
THE HIVE WOMEN OF IO -Leslie F. Stone  
and stories by ISAAC R. NATHANSON, ERIC R.  
JONES, BERNARD J. KENTON and numerous others.

### EXPOSED

And now it shall be known that the haughty  
CLAIRE P. BECK condescended to write that low-  
ly piece THE ELDRITCH 300 or a manuscript found  
under a bed in the ruins of the Bronx which ap-  
peared in the Spring, 1937 issue of GROTESQUE  
and under the name of H. ASHTON BLOKE at that.

We've caught up with him at last the elus-  
ive rascalion and were going to divulge the  
amazing truth that SAM MOSKOWITZ erstwhile ed-  
itor of this rag who has heretofore gotten away  
with murder is none other than the author of  
A VISIT TO THE CORRESPONDENT which appeared in  
the December, 1937 issue of the SCIENCE FICTION  
FAN and not satisfied with that he fooled us  
completely by authoring that classical bit DIS-  
BELIEVERS EVER in the fifth issue of the AMATEUR  
CORRESPONDENT. That one under the name of R. W.  
SHERMAN.

### ODD ITEMS OF INTEREST

L. A. Eschbach well-known author of THE  
TIME CONQUERORS, THE KINGDOM OF THOUGHT and oth-  
er science-fiction stories has been occupied with  
the lowly trade of writing serials for daily  
newspapers. He admits he has'nt written a science  
fiction story in the last two years and at pres-  
ent no editor of a fantasy publication possesses  
any of his works scheduled for publication. How-  
ever he solemnly has promised to get down to bus-  
iness and write science fiction again.

A. NORMY MUS who is credited with the work  
of LITTLE BLEWELLYN -- TIME TRAVELER is none other  
than Donald (Braxton) Wellheim.

### APOLOGY

sorry---science fiction fans of 1937 next issue



ARTHUR K. BARNES--PARASITE

--a critical essay--

by Jack Gillespie

-----

Yes, Arthur K. Barnes is a parasite, living off Stanley G. Weinbaum's greatness.

As you all know Weinbaum had developed a style that made him shine above the rest of the science-fiction writers. Namely that of making vividly real, to readers, alien places and things. Of course this was not the only thing that made Weinbaum stand out, but it was the main thing.

Now for Barnes. In the June issue of Thrilling Wonder Stories there came a story by a generally mediocre author. It was "Green Hell" by Arthur K. Barnes. I didn't give it much thought until I had gotten the next issue of Thrilling Wonder Stories. I noticed that there seemed to be nothing in the readers department but praise for Mr. Barnes. This led me to read "Green Hell" again, and it was then that I noticed the marked resemblance to Weinbaum. Barnes had obviously realized the reason for Weinbaum. Barnes had obviously realized the reason for Weinbaum's fame and determined to grab a place in the limelight for himself. If you sit down and analyze "Green Hell" you will find that it is really just another of Weinbaum's Venus stories. All "Green Hell" consisted of was vivid description of the planet Venus and a few descriptions of alien animals reminded one of Weinbaum's descriptions of things such as the doughnut, the loonies etc.

Although "Green Hell" did not nearly come up to the standard set by Weinbaum, it was a good enough imitation to delight the readers.

Now at this time I was pretty sure that "Green Hell" was a steal from Weinbaum but I



thought it possible that it was a coincidence. Then came "The Hothouse Planet" in the October issue of Thrilling Wonder Stories, and all my suspicions were confirmed. Here Mr. Barnes became bolder. When he saw the success he had made by stealing Weinbaums style, he went further and stole Weinbaums characters. Anybody who has read "The Hothouse Planet" will notice that Tommy Strike and Gerry Carlyle are really Ham Hammond and Patricia Burlingame under different names. Weinbaum was great--and like all great people has his imitators. Let us hope that Mr. Barnes stops this obvious plagiarism of Weinbaums style and characters.

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\*\*\*\*\*

### EDITORIAL NOTE

If the style and characterization of Weinbaums characters was the only charge brought against ARTHUR K. BARNES the case could be dismissed in the minds of the science fiction fans who care but if you will refer back to CORWIN F. STICKNEY'S FANPATTER in our last issue charged another BARNES with direct plagiarism. Deliberately lifting sections of explanation from John W. Campbells CONQUEST OF THE PLANETS printed in AMAZING STORIES and incorporated word for word in Mr. Barnes ASTOUNDING yarn "THE HOUSE THAT WALKED". This is not a rumor it has been confirmed.

We wish to take this opportunity also to publicly apologize to MISS AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG for the rather unjust comments made by CORWIN F. STICKNEY in his column in the third issue. Although it is not exactly the editors job to do the apologizing we consider it only the proper thing under the circumstances. Further enlightenment on this subject will be found in our readers commentary.

Fans have you any pet peeve you wish to air? We are open for critical articles of any fantastical nature. You need not sign your own name if that part worries you.



## COMMENTARY ON HELIOS

-comments worthy to stand alone-  
by Donald A. Wellheim

-----

CORWIN F. STICKNEY'S paragraph in HELIOS concerning an alleged plagiarism by AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG should get him in exceedingly thermic water and he would certainly deserve everything that was coming to him. He accuses AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG of having plagiarised a story in ARGOSY called "THE VANISHING PROFESSOR". STICKNEY, who evidently is not familiar with the "original", says that almost unimpeachable information, claims the yarn virtually identical with LONG'S "SCANDAL IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION". The claim is thoroughly false. The story "THE VANISHING PROFESSOR" BY FRED MACISSAAC ran serially in ARGOSY-ALL STORY starting January 9, 1926. Four or five installments. Later it was published in book form and it is still possible to pick up copies at certain stores in New York. The novel has no connection what soever with the story. True they both deal with a professor who discovers a means of achieving invisibility. The similarity ends right there. "THE VANISHING PROFESSOR" was not a funny story. It was a detective mystery concerning bank-robbery, thievery and complications galore. I have been unable to find any evidence of any lifting from the novel. Indeed I fail to see why Miss LONG should be accused of needing to do any lifting. She could be justified to sue. (? editor)

Raymond Van Heuten's "DEFINING SCIENCE FICTION" fails to do so. He tries to make a big hokus-pekus out of something that can be done easily by proper use of words. The definition of science-fiction that was worked out by myself and used in an article in FANTASY MAGAZINE several years ago is as follows: Science fiction is that branch of fantasy, which, while not true of known present day knowledge,



is . . . red plausible by the reader's recognition of the scientific possibilities of it being possible at some future date or at some uncertain period in the past." I think that covers the issue. It has fit every tale that it has been applied to.

Getting back to STICKNEY, why does he remark "These fans and their childish pseudonyms . . ." The comment backbites insofar as one might ask him who is the person writing under the names of "PHILIP SUTTER" and "ROBERT F. FINNIS"? The reason for the use of my known pseudonym "BRAXTON WELLS" is that yarn in THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN, was due to the tale's having been written many years ago and as I no longer regard it as worthy of my present day ability, do not care to sign my own name to it, H. P. LOVECRAFT often did this himself. A favorite of his was "WARD PHILLIPS".

LOUIS C. SMITH'S column is rambling as his stuff usually is,. He has overlooked another F. ANSTEE book the TINTED VENUS which is also fantasy .

DICK WILSON'S "Unpronounceable Name" of JACK DARROW is CLIFFORD KORNOLJE. You sneeze it. (It is significant that JACK DARROW disappeared from the readers columns of the science-fiction magazines as soon as his name was revealed. It is said that he implored the fans who first revealed this information to withhold it. That a person should be so sensitive about his name is well nigh incredible. EDITOR)

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CLARK ASHTON SMITH well known science fiction and weird author and poet rights in his typical manner.

Dear Mr. Meskewitz:

I enjoyed your neatly printed magazine HELIOS. You may use my poem, TO THE CHIMERA. I'll try to send you something else before long, either verse or prose.



## IMPORTANT READERS

Another thing readers. The editor has tax-  
it upon himself to form a rather unofficial  
society to aid editors of fan magazines who are  
short on material. On many occasions I have had  
the opportunity to help a number of editors as  
regards material and as a whole have only been to  
be glad to do so as I knew it would insure regul-  
ar publication of the magazine I had aided. Now  
occasionally everyone of you feels the urge to sit  
down and write something. A number of you editors  
are very shy on the subject of publishing your own  
material in your own magazines. So won't you edit-  
ors, readers and artists alike who like to do  
an off a story, article or such just take the  
trouble to send the item to me? I can practic-  
ally promise that it will be used in some fan  
magazine and no distinctions will be made. Don't  
forget, write up some manner of scientific-  
fictional, weird or fantastical subject. Any-  
thing at all. Absolutely nothing is barred  
and through this thoughtfulness I can assure  
you definitely two things.

1.) These fan magazines which have seemed a bit  
thin will suddenly fatten out.

2.) These fan ~~magazines~~ magazines which have seemed a  
bit incensistant will begin to amaze you with  
their dependability.

Don't fail me fans, and you fan editors  
who are short on material contact me. I will  
be only too happy to help. And remember auth-  
ors and editors alike. Quantity of material  
submitted by one person or asked for by one e-  
ditor will not faze me in the least. I WILL  
FIND A PLACE TO PUBLISH ALL MATERIAL CONTRIBU-  
TED. RESAIBLESS IF YOU SEND IN A TWO LINE AN-  
NOTICE OR A COUPLE OF DOZEN NOVELS.

I shall inform the readers of my results  
as regards obtaining material in my next is-  
sue. So take note you are one of the people who  
can say "I have a literary ability. I am  
one of the people who made the success of that  
plan possible."



RICHARD WILSON, JR.---While I disapprove of your exchanging HELIOS from a printed to a hextographed magazine, I am forced to admit that the result is one of the finest hextographed mags ever. I liked "THE BEAUTIFUL SCARFOW" immensely. This sort of story is very rare in fan magazines, more's the pity. Just who is FRED LAWRENCE?

I always find LOUIS C. SMITH's ramblings interesting. JOHN RUSSELL BEARN'S "SCIENTIFILMS IN LIND" isn't so worth-while considering that literally four-fifths of his material is dated and that most of it has already appeared in..... was it SCIENTIFICTION? CORVIN STICKNEY'S "FANTASTIC" is darn good, while CONOVER'S this time isn't so. "UPON READING THEM" is indeed comprehensive, and, next to LAWRENCE'S tale, the best in the magazine.

Who are your artists? Whoever they may be, even in his own inimitable way, is, if I may be pardoned the expression, quite leuby.

Another celer or two in the magazine would go far toward brightening the pages. Why not have JACK BALTADONIS do you some fillers that can be stuck in anywhere that there's space?

ANTONIO B. FARSACI---The third issue is better than the first two put together. Hextographing is sure an improvement. I enjoyed the following very much: FANTASTICA, by Louis C. Smith, TO THE CHEM-SEA by Clark Ashton Smith, and OBSERVATIONS by Willis C. Conover.

In the article "SCIENTIFICOINCIDENCES", I thought there wasn't one good one.

ANTONIO RACIC, JR.---By the way, your new style HELIOS is much better than the printed format. This way you can get more material in it.

WILS H. FROME---Your HELIOS just got here (this is December 8, 1937). The cover is rather poor. You should try to impress into drawings the nebulae, implausible atmosphere of a tale of wonder. And if you can't do that with what medium you have at your disposal, don't have a lot of complex, undistinctible objects such as on this cover before me.



To effect an air of nebulous, mysterious, imaginative, stirring wonder you need not always use many lines a well filled out drawing--in hextographing a few well placed lines, an incomplete object, will sum up all the wonder of a more detailed drawing and in many cases be just as effective. To sign ones name (or initials as in this case) very boldly detracts from realism. A much better effect is putting it like this: "story by so and so, illustrated by so and so". You will notice I make use of this undetailed effect in the illustration I am forwarding you for my story "SPECTRUM SHIFT".

When a big author has only a small bit in your magazine, be faithful and give it secondary place. Hope I'm not getting a "know it all" impression over to you, incidentally. But I am glad to see you featured LAWRENCE'S story (which was very, very good). It deserved to have first place.

CORWIN F. STICKNEY---Having printed your second issue I especially looked forward to the appearance of your hextographed format to see whether or not it is more desirable. Though the fact is undeniable that a little bit that you can read is better than a whole lot that you cannot make head nor tale of, (these very same sentiments were expressed by CLAIRE P. BECK in an extremely interesting letter which space does not permit us to print--editor) ##### your very readable hextography makes it possible for you to feature a variety of features which printing space prohibited. I especially enjoyed LOUIS C. SMITHS interesting column and your fan magazine reviews. I close with an expression of my best wishes for wide popularity.

ALEX CSHEROFF---I find your hextographed issue much more meaty than hitherto although you still cannot be rated as the best of fan magazines. # You are topped by the FAN, CRITIC, CORRESPONDENT, SCIENTIFICTION, COLLECTOR, COSMIC TALES and many others. Nevertheless RELIOS is well worth buying and reading and you seem to have an indistinguishable atmosphere about the magazine which makes it fit into the niche of things very nicely. I am looking forward to some of the features of your fourth issue. I'll not be disappointed.



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