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- Roy W. Loan, Jr., Editor and Publisher -

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A Non-Profit, Amateur-Published Magazine Devoted To The Interests
Of Readers, Writers, and Collectors Of Imaginative Literature.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The current issue of THE TALISMAN, while a pleasure to have edited and published, is not the type of issue I should have liked to release. In the previous issue some of the faults of the "Duplimat" process used in its reproduction were pointed out and it was stated that future issues would be reproduced from the standard lithographic plates. It was assumed, of course, that the neater format was a desirable end and would be appreciated by the readers. The advance reaction to the idea, however, has been a negative one. It seems, in short, that the readers just don't care whether it is printed, multilithed, mimeographed, or written in longhand with pencil. And, since the process proposed means an additional fifty-dollars-per issue expense, it is felt that the expense is not warranted under the circumstances. Hence, this issue, much to my regret, goes forth mimeographed and apparently future issues will also. My opinions on the poor quality of mimeographed art-work, as expressed in the previous issue, still hold and, consequently, no illustrations are to be found herein--likewise a regret, though a lesser one.

I have stuck to my guns, however, on the matter of quality. If it is not well-written, interesting, and worthwhile, I do not intend to publish it. The issue was, in fact, held up until sufficient material to meet the standards set was on hand. I think there will be few disappointments here.

Seabury (Jules de Grandin) Quinn leads off the issue with a thought-provoking comparative analysis of the psychological differences between the science fiction story and the weird tale. Mr. Quinn, by the way, is one of the most interesting persons I have ever met. One needs to listen to his almost hypnotic voice for only a few moments to realize where the character, Jules de Grandin, came from; de Grandin is one facet of Mr. Quinn's personality.

The reaction to Phil Bridges' article in the previous issue has led to a sequel, What's That Name Again?, wherein the attempt is made to expand and clarify some of the difficult aspects of the original subject matter. Incidentally, as a convenient means of replying to the many authors and readers who have requested a reprint of the original article, I should like to let them all know that a list of their names and addresses is being kept and, as soon as the requests stop pouring in, both the original article and the sequel will be reprinted and sent to them.

The length of some of the articles of this issue forced a drastic cut in the space which had been allotted to book reviews. Those which could be included, however, will be found beginning on page ten. Many very interesting letters to both the editor and the readers are on hand but had to be omitted, likewise for space considerations. These will be published as soon as possible. Needless to say, the poorly written, almost childish letters which are received in such abundance will not be published.

Phil Rasch, the scope of whose researches continues to amaze me, has turned out a splendid article in which he correlates the inherent possibilities with regard to prediction of some of the most important types of recurring cycles. Mr. Rasch's work will always be carefully considered by this publication.

And, finally, the second installment of The Road To Fame rounds out this issue. I had intended to publish a fascinating letter from Mr. Smith, in which he explains the derivation of the plot and describes how he was more or less forced to write the entire story (the original intention was that each part was to have had a different author). The letter was loaned to a friend for the purpose of replying to Smith for both myself and said friend. The letter has not been returned to date (get the gentle hint?) and, therefore, could not be included in this issue. It will be published as soon as possible, assuming, of course, that it is returned.

And as a final reminder, United Kingdom subscribers please note that the subscription rates have been changed and their subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Willis, address as on the front cover.

...The Editor

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ON SCIENCE FICTION AND THE WEIRD

By

Seabury Quinn

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Once, in discussing the subject, a writer friend of mine said that the principal difference between the science fiction story and the weird tale is that the writer of the first deals with improbabilities while the writer of the second deals with absolute impossibilities.

To a considerable extent this is true, yet, handy as the definition is, it does not go quite far enough, as a more extended consideration of the two categories will, I think, show.

Suppose we first examine the science fiction story: From the days of Jules Verne onward such tales, if soundly constructed, have been based on known scientific facts or generally admitted scientific theories, and everything their heroes did has been theoretically possible, although perhaps not practical in the state of contemporary scientific knowledge.

When Verne wrote TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA the submarine boat was admittedly a scientific possibility, but practically it was in an unsatisfactory experimental state. Robert Fulton the American and Cornelius Drebbell the Dutchman had invented submersible craft which could dive and resurface, but their performances were so erratic and unsatisfactory that naval "experts" had dismissed the whole idea of their use in warfare as an impractical dream. John P. Holland built his first model in 1877, but it was not till 1901 that either the United States or British navies would so much as consider purchasing such vessels.

Adler, Maxim, and Langley understood the theory of aerial navigation, but none of their devices was successful. Machines were usually wrecked at the first trial without giving any idea of what was wrong with them, and the result was that the United States Patent Office, wearied by a long succession of impractical inventor's claims, announced it would no longer consider applications for patents on heavier-than-air "flying machines." Even after the Wright brothers had made successful flights at Kitty Hawk, N. C., the conservative scientists of the Patent Office refused to alter their decision. It was not till 1908, five years after their initial successful flight, that the government relented sufficiently to grant the brothers Wright official recognition. When Louis Bleriot flew the English Channel in his monoplane in 1909 the feat was hailed with almost as much incredulous applause as Lindbergh's transatlantic flight received in 1927.

Yet for years before these epoch-making flights aviators had been floating thru the air with the greatest of ease in science fiction stories; one crew of daring explorers had penetrated interplanetary space and visited the moon via H. G. Well's THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, and Earth has suffered Martian invasion in a story by the same author. "Improbable" (when they did not say "impossible") contemporary scientists called Verne's and Well's stories...but then they said the same thing of Holland's and the Wright brothers' claims to submarine and aerial navigation.

Today we realize that the wildest flights of science fiction writers' imaginations may easily become the scientific commonplaces of tomorrow, and it is altogether within the bounds of possibility that in another few years disintegrators of the

kind first mentioned by A. Morritt in *THE MOON POOL* may become as much a part of standard military equipment as the Colt automatic and Springfield M-1 are today.

The reader of well written science fiction stories has the eerie feeling that he may not so much be reading works of pure imagination as seeing apocalyptic flashes of prophesy, and even more than plot and action this lends a fascination to this type of story which no other has.

"Science is vastly more stimulating to the imagination than are the classics," said Lord Haldane, and the enormous popularity of the science fiction story today would seem to bear him out. About the only things a science fiction writer needs to click are (1) a relatively sound and reasonably comprehensive knowledge of the physical sciences; (2) an audience whose interest in these sciences has been stimulated by reading and/or study; and (3) ability to write without doing too much violence to the generally accepted rules of grammar.

The weird tales writer enjoys no such advantage. In the first place he is working a long-cultivated field, a field from which masters have harvested crops since and before the beginning of recorded history.

Homer told weird tales, so did Virgil and Petronius; generations of the leading authors of Italy, France, Germany, and England either devoted themselves largely to this type of tale or turned out age-remembered examples of the genre, and while few people today read or even know about the earlier science fiction stories (other than those of Jules Verne), the modern writer of weird tales finds himself in competition not only with the best of his contemporaries, but with Gautier, Quiller-Couch, Scott, Dickens, Stevenson, Irving, Hawthorne, Hoffmann, and Erckmann-Chatrain, for "supernatural anthologies" flourish like the green bay tree and spawn like mushrooms, and the editors of these collections quite understandably prefer to take the greater part of their material from writings long since fallen into the public domain and consequently free of copyright restrictions and the obligation of paying royalties.

Furthermore, the weird tales author bears a psychological handicap not imposed on science fiction writers. The science fiction writer approaches his story and his readers with this sort of attitude: "The scientific theories relied on by me in this story have not yet been put into practice; but, granted the continued progress which scientific discovery has made in the recent past, they may be possible and practical tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after that." He has to make no apologies for his plot or its modus operandi.

The weird tales writer is obliged to admit at the outset that his plot is literally out of this world and that few or none of the things he describes could possibly happen or have happened in this or any other time. He must acknowledge frankly that he spins a fairy-story for grownups, a sort of "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury," making no pretense at prophesy, and rating merit only for its entertainment value. He must resort to argumentative devices in order to wheedle his readers into saying grudgingly, "Well, I'll admit for the sake of argument that it might possibly be so."

Take, for example, this colloquy between Doctors Trowbridge and de Grandin concerning the possibility of demoniacal possession--the colloquy, of course, being inserted purely for the purpose of conditioning the reader, softening him up, so to speak, for what's coming next:

"Why not? How do we know the old ones were wrong? We think that we have learned much since the old days, but is it not quite possible that we have learned only to change our terminology? We call it epilepsy and manic-depressive insanity. They called it demonical possession. In the Book of Samuel, by example, we read

how Saul was troubled by a spirit. The Biblical accounts are far from complete, but any modern psychiatrist confronted by a patient exhibiting Saul's symptoms would have no hesitancy in pronouncing him a manic-depressive. Remember how he brooded in black melancholy, then flew into a rage and hurled a spear at David? Or take the story of the Dadarene demoniac who flew into such frenzies that no chain could hold him. Has not that the earmarks of acute mania? Perhaps those ancient ones were not so foolish after all, mon vieux."

"But all that happened so long ago..."

"Precisement. Et puis? The ancients died of carcinoma and tuberculosis and nephritis just as we do. Why should not we be subject to possession, just as they were? Remember, my friend, possession was no common thing, even in those days. The instances of it that have come down to us have been preserved in the records because they were so unusual. Why should it not occur occasionally today? Every psychiatrist will tell you that he has had cases that defied both diagnosis and treatment, cases not to be explained by anything but the modernly rejected belief in demonical possession."

The science fiction writer need go to no such lengths to "get a hearing" from his readers. He never has to explain the law of impenetrability, and in the light of present day knowledge of nuclear physics he need not slow the action of his story up for a moment in order to explain the apparent repeal of that law. He merely postulates his "scientific facts" and goes upon his merry way.

Still another disadvantage under which the weird tales writer labors is his comparatively small customer potential. It requires a peculiar type of mind to enjoy weird and fantastic stories. Only a "mental masochist" (as distinguished from the psychopathic sort) finds thrilling pleasure in having the daylights scared out of him by stories of

"...ghoulies and ghosties,
Long-leggedy beasties,
And things that go bump in the night."

The practical, hard-headed man, the pragmatist, the utilitarian, "doesn't believe in ghosts," and has no time to waste in reading stories about them. Even those addicted to terror tales have the entirely human attribute of identifying themselves with the protagonist, and love to see him emerge from his perils little the worse for wear.

In the introduction to his supernatural anthology, THE OTHER WORLDS, the otherwise amiable Phil Strong castigates me for my happy-ending horror stories: "Ho (Quinn) will get a happy ending on a story if has to call in every Irish policeman, holy Father, yogi, clairvoyant, prize-fighter, Surete detective, and naked blonde in the longitude of the horribly vampire-beset precincts of the accursed Harrisonville, N. J."

To Mr. Stong's indictment I plead nolo contendere. For more than twenty-five years Jules de Grandin has made a bum of every vampire, thost, and werewolf with whom he has come to grips, and usually managed to give true love a leg up at the same time. Nauseating? Sugar-coated cookies for schoolgirls? Not by a jugful of the bonded stuff! The readers love it, and to have the little French occultist come a cropper would affront some several thousand (I hope!) loyal fans as grievously as having Sherlock Holmes fail on a case would anger the Baker Street Irregulars. It is precisely his ability to spit in the eye of ghostly antagonists and

make 'em like it that has enabled Jules de Grandin to live longer than any other character in current fiction under the same authorship. (Nick Carter, dauntless sleuth of happy nickel novel memory, lived twenty-five or more years, but was authored by a succession of writers).

Something which must puzzle those who pay even lip-service to semantics is the system of arbitrary classification by which publishers and, to some extent readers, separate weird from science fiction stories. The measurements seem purely rule-of-thumb without basis in logic. For instance, it is fundamental that a story based on scientific facts or principles, real or postulated, would be properly classed science fiction, while one about a ghost or werewolf, a vampire, hippogrif, or other fabulous critter would be palpably a weird tale. So far the distinctions are apparent to everyone. But why, for instance, should A. Merritt's THE SHIP OF ISHTAR, which is a story of magic pure and simple, be classed as science fiction? And why, we might ask with even more insistence, should Charles William's ALL HALLOWS' EVE, which is a metaphysical-philosophical ghost tale, be placed in the same category, while Captain Karig's ZOTZ! and my own GLOBE OF MEMORIES are classed (perhaps a little contemptuously) as "weird tales"?

Echo answers "Why?" and that seems all the answer we are likely to receive.

The periodical literature of science fiction and weird tales has had a curiously parallel growth. Till 1923 no magazine had dedicated itself exclusively to the publication of tales of the supernatural and fantasy, though one or two publications were already featuring what was then called "pseudo-science." When Weird Tales made its appearance in that year specialists in horror and the supernatural flocked to it like hungry field-hands to the farmhouse at the first blast of the dinner-horn. H. P. Lovecraft, Frank Belknap Long, E. Hoffmann Price, David H. Keller, Greye LaSpina, Otis Adelbert Kline, the brothers Binder, H. Warner Munn, Eli Colter and Arthur J. Burks were among those who made its early issues scintillate. Later they were joined by such talented younger writers as August Derloth, Manly Wade Wellman, Ray Bradbury, Fritz Lieber, Jr., Mary Elizabeth Counselman, Harold Lawlor, and Robert Bloch, and from their collective efforts can be plucked some of the finest examples of present-day weird literature, stories worthy to rank with those of Poe, Gautier, de Maupassant, Blackwood, Dunsany, and M. R. James.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and before Farnsworth Wright, editor and co-founder of Weird Tales, came to his untimely death ten years ago everybody seemed to want to get into the act, apparently. Weird Tales, which had for years had the market to itself, was faced with ten or more competitors, each vociferously claiming to be the real McCoy.

Imitation is at best, however, but a tawdry thing, and one by one these rivals died away, some through bankruptcy proceedings, some by interdict of the Post Office Department--for many of them had degenerated into mere pornography--some through pernicious anemia consequent on lack of reader interest. Today, though a pale ghost of its once vigorous self, shrunk to six-times-a-year publication and disfigured by what are probably the most atrocious illustrations to be found in any magazine, amateur or commercial, Weird Tales is virtually without a rival, its only serious competitors being quarterlies which are devoted to a great extent to reprints of old favorites.

As the vogue for supernatural stories seems to wane the school of science fiction seems ascendant. Astounding Science Fiction and Amazing Stories which once fought fiercely for the lush pasturage of the science fiction field are now beset to such a host of rivals that it begins to look as if the turf will soon be cropped so short that insufficient nourishment will be left for anyone.

All this, however, is just a repetition of the cycle. Precisely as Horror Stories and Terror Tales, Ghost Stories and Unknown waxed, waned, and finally went into total eclipse, resigning the field to Weird Tales, so in all probability will the host of imitators in the science fiction field be gradually eliminated, leaving only the strongest and most worthy to survive.

Those of us who watched the rise and fall of upward of a dozen "weird" magazines will wait with interest for the outcome of the battle royal now being waged among the toadstool-spawning "science fiction" publications.

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WHAT'S THAT NAME AGAIN?

By

Philip N. Bridges, M.A.

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The previous article¹ presented a system of names for the planets and satellites of the solar system, and for the inhabitants of these various solar bodies. The present article includes some additional data, and goes into greater detail on the derivation of inhabitant names, a phase of the former article which was necessarily limited by the amount of general information which had to be presented.

Inhabitant names are usually derived by the addition of the syllable -an to the stem of the noun in question. This suffix may be expanded to -ian for euphony. The choice of which one to use depends on shift of accent and on the value of the preceding consonantal sound. Other suffixes which can be used include -ese and -ite. It is perfectly possible to refer to the inhabitants of Luna as Lunese or as Lunites, for instance. In general, these latter two endings are better used on monosyllabic, or at least very short names.

The system of nomenclature suggested used the -an suffix wherever possible for the sake of uniformity, and because it is the most usual and familiar form. However, any of the three endings can be used where variety is wanted. In the cases of Titan and Titania it is necessary to use one of the alternate suffixes to avoid confusion. Titanian is the simplest and most natural form for the inhabitants of Titania, leaving Titanites, or possibly Titanese, for Titan's population.

A seeming expansion of -ian to -onian appears in many of the inhabitant names. This is not actually the suffix, but merely the result of addition of the regular ending to the stem of the noun. An example of this is Apollo, the genitive case of which is Apollonis, from which the word Apollonian is derived. Similarly, the genitive of Juno is Junonis, from which comes Junonian. These -o words which expand to -onian are Latin, often originally from the Greek, as was Apollo, god of the fine arts. However, corresponding Greek words in -o do not add the extra syllable. It

1 Cf. THE TALISMAN, Vol. I, No. 1, pp. 3-10 (Fall, 1949).

is incorrect to expand Io to Ionian, or Callisto to Callistonian, as has been done in science fiction, since the stems of these words do not contain the -on syllable. Greek words which do end in this syllable, and contain it in the stem, are correctly expanded, however, as is Hyperionian and Tritonian.

In the former article it was pointed out that the forms Solarian and Lunarian are special cases, derived from adjectival forms. Strict derivations of inhabitant names for these bodies are the words Solan, Solese, Solite, Lunan, Lunese, and Lunite. Several of these have appeared in science fiction, and all are acceptable, particularly for variety's sake, but may seem unfamiliar and clumsy. The longer forms are now completely a part of the language through long usage, and flow more easily in pronunciation.

Venus has suffered the fate of having more names applied to it than to any other planet. Always the brightest star in the night sky, every nation from earliest times has viewed it with awe, and named it after a god or devil. Many of the classical names have come down to us. From Latin we have Lucifer and Venun, from Greek we have Phosphorus or Eosphorus, Hesperus, and even Aphrodite in abstract form. From Hesperus can be derived a useful alternate form, Hesperian, as an inhabitant name. This Greek stem is valuable also in such forms as peri- and apohesperion, referring to orbital points, and hesperiography, concerning the geography of Venus. (Venus is a planet and not a star (Editor)).

It is interesting to note that the Greek names of all the minor planets can be used in similar forms. For Mercury there are the forms perihormeion, Hormeian, etc., from Hermes. In addition to Tellus it is possible to use the Greek name Gaea for the earth, with Gaean for the inhabitants. Many science fiction stories have used both. Geography, of course, comes from the Greek word ge, meaning earth, from the same root as the name of the goddess. Perigee and apogee, points in the moon's orbit about the earth, are also from this root. For Mars comparable terms are Arcs, Arcan, and arcography. This use of Greek names can be extended to other parts of the solar system. The near and far points in orbits about the sun are referred to as perihelion and aphelion, derived from helios, or its personification, Helios. For the moon, paralleling geography, there is the term selenography.

The proper inhabitant name for Venus is Venerian, from the genitive Veneris. As shown earlier, Venusian is incorrect from the standpoint of derivation, and in addition the suffix alters the value of the final consonant, which is undesirable as well as being ugly in sound. Venerian, while correct, suffers from unfortunate, if mistaken, connotations, and, as Willy Ley points out, from the fact that many people just don't know enough Latin to establish a connection between Venus and Venerian. In all fairness, also, it should be stated that both French and German use forms equivalent to Venusian, but without the change in the consonantal value.

There is another possible word which can be used for the inhabitants of Venus. Venus is one of four Latin words from which two adjectives were derived, in this case the two being venereus and venustis. Use of the word Venustian would then be as correct as use of Venerian, without its possible connotations, and less clumsy and ugly sounding than Venusian. Hence, for the inhabitants of Venus either of two forms may be used, Venerian, preferred, and Venustian.

A couple of points concerning Mars and its satellites should be mentioned. The genitive of Mars is Martis, from which Martian is derived by way of the adjectival form Martius. Phobian and Deimian are derived from Phobos and Deimos in a similar manner to the derivation of the Greek words philologian and philadelphian from philologos and philadelphos.

The planetoids include many different types of names. Depending upon orbit they may be male or female. A special group, the Trojans in Jupiter's orbit, contain

heroes of the Trojan war. Most names are classical directly, or in a classical form. The general name for inhabitants of these tiny worlds, planetoidians, is preferable to Asterites, as the latter strictly refers to inhabitants of stars.

The name Cereans is derived from the nominative case of Ceres, since the Latin adjective *cerealis*, from which we get the word *cereal*, is so derived. The genitive of Ceres is *Cereris*, but it isn't used for adjective formation.

There are several points of interest in connection with Jupiter's satellites. The form *Europian* is derived from the same source as *European*, and the latter word would be a proper inhabitant name for Europa, except for the confusion that would result. There might be a similar confusion between *Ioan* and *Iowan*, but here again spelling differentiates them, and in this case there is no root connection, *Ganymedan*, like *Venerian*, might be open to criticism, since one of the meanings of this word has a homosexual denotation! An acceptable variation of this name is *Ganymedan*, as the final letter of *Ganymede* is not in the stem. Likewise, *Callistan* is acceptable, though not so correct as *Callistoan*, for its greater ease of pronunciation and spelling.

Among Saturn's moons there are several names worthy of comment. Similar in formation to *Tethyan*, from *Tethys*, is *ichthyology*, from *ichthys*, Greek for fish, with the same type of stem. The word *Hyperionian* can have two meanings. Divided as *Hyperion-ian* we have an inhabitant of *Hyperion*. Divided as *Hyper-Ionian* we have a word pertaining to inhabitants of ancient Greece! However, the likelihood of confusion is small. *Phoeban* strictly refers to *Phoebus Apollo* rather than to his sister *Phoebe*. Another possible form for *Phoebe* is *Phoeban*, relieving chance for confusion, in gender or otherwise. The tenth satellite, discovered in 1941, has not as yet been named. However, for fictional purposes at least, *Pickering's* name for the tenth satellite which he thought he had discovered in 1905, *Themis*, could well be used. *Themis* was a Titaness, daughter of *Uranus*, fitting in with the other names of Saturn's moons. The stem of this name is *Themist-*, and inhabitants can be called *Themistians*.

Since the first article was written *Uranus'* fifth satellite has been named. It is *Miranda*, who was *Prospero's* daughter in *The Tempest*, thus carrying out the theme of the other satellites. Inhabitants would be *Mirandans*.

Neptune's second satellite has also been named: *Nereid*. This is not a particularly good name, as it is not the name of an individual in mythology. The *Nereids* were the fifty daughters of *Nereus*, a Greek sea god. However, the name is official. Inhabitants would be *Nereidans*. A better name might have been *Nereus* himself, with inhabitants *Nereans*.

The name *Triton*, for *Neptune's* larger moon, in spite of its long use, is still not official, as *Ley* points out.¹ Hence it is possible to use any name an author wishes for this satellite. It should be named for a Greek character of mythology, in conformity with the general nomenclature system. The reason for *Triton's* lack of official sanction is unknown, since the name certainly is well established through general use.

It should be pointed out that the name *Janus* for the outermost planet is purely for fictional use, since it is only in fiction that it is possible to state that a given planet is the last one. In actual use there would always be the chance of an

1 Cf. *Ley, Willy. THE CONQUEST OF SPACE. New York: Viking Press, 1949, p. 15.*

outer planet showing up beyond Janus. Ley pointed out that Vulcan, the hypothetical innermost planet, was actually named by its "discoverer", which explains why Vulcan is the name so universally used by science fiction writers for this solar body.

The author is indebted for comments and suggestions to Prof. Donald N. Prakken of Franklin and Marshall College, to Dr. William T. McKibben of the American Academy for Classical Study, Rome, to Dr. R. S. Richardson of Mt. Wilson Observatory, and to Mr. Willy Ley.

Additions To The Nomenclature System

<u>Planet or Satellite</u>	<u>Adjective And Inhabitant Name</u>
Venus	Venerian, Venustian
Ganymede	Ganymedean, Ganymedan
Callisto	Callistoan, Callistan
Phoebe	Phoebean, Phoeban
Themis	Themistian
Miranda	Mirandan
Nereid	Nereidan

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BOOK REVIEWS

Future issues of THE TALISMAN will publish as many book reviews of imaginative literature in this department as space will permit. Serious and well-written reviews of either new or old titles are herewith solicited. Please furnish accurate bibliographical data as in the following examples.

HERE TODAY. By John Coates. London: Methuen (1949). 264 pp. 10s 6d.

With the fantasy presses pouring out books on all sides today, most of which are better left unread, it is a joy to stumble upon a book such as John Coates' HERE TODAY, in which the story and character development are of interest instead of the gadgets or the vast distances covered by the intrepid heroes in their search for the missing scientist's daughter.

HERE TODAY is the simple story of a man who travels in time, not by the use of some super-mechanistic device he has invented that warps space, but by simply exchanging egos with a person in the past--no method or reason is given or suggested. The whole business comes to light when the traveller, Sandy Pinkerton, a happily married and successful middle-class English businessman, lets slip to his partner one evening that he once courted Jane Austen. This extraordinary statement is seized upon by his brother-in-law and partner, Peter Williams, who finally gets the whole story, not only of the time spent in Jane Austen's England, but the other times--as a Royalist trooper in the Cromwellian civil wars (that was during his wedding and honeymoon!), an Aztec magistrate during the conquest, and other characters, low and high, including a woman, scattered through all recorded history.

Pinkerton's tale convinces Peter Williams that his partner is mentally unbalanced and he decides to humor him and, at the same time, try to have him cured. He first gets Sandy to agree to keep a diary in which to enter the statement "Here today" each day as proof that he had not been wandering in time again. Then, he visits a psychiatrist, where his behaviour makes him the object of suspicion and almost leads to his commitment, through the kind efforts of his wife.

In the meantime Sandy continues with his time travels and the characters who occupy his body in exchange create some interesting problems. One character, for instance, leads the rather proper Mr. Williams to promote his secretary temporarily to the position of mistress. The whole tangle is cleared up, although not explained by a rather remarkable series of events, which include Peter himself traveling in time.

Reading this book one is impressed by the sober, careful development of the characters and the plot, with little emphasis on action. Told in the first person by Peter Williams, it has touches of sly humor and often gentle satire. In short, it is one which will be carefully read, put away for a while, and then reread with genuine pleasure. Heartily recommended to the discerning reader. - Reviewed by Dr. William H. Evans.

SOMETHING ABOUT CATS AND OTHER PIECES. By H. P. Lovecraft (Collected by August Derleth). Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House, 1949. 306 pp. \$3.00.

This is a book that demands two reviews--one addressed to the general reading public, interested in something entertaining to read, and the other to the Lovecraftian. To the general reading public, anxious perhaps to sample some of the fabulous Lovecraft story-telling, this book will be a great disappointment. There are no stories by Lovecraft (excluding the unfinished first draft of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth"); the six stories included are by Sonia H. Greene, Hazel Heald, Adolphe de Castro, and Robert Bloch, and were revised more or less by Lovecraft. Of these "The Last Test" and "The Horror In The Burying-Ground" are well worth reading and show the Lovecraft touches, especially the first, to a greater extent. "Something About Cats," the title essay, is an interesting bit, but neither it, the essays and poems by Lovecraft, nor the memoirs of him will greatly appeal to the general reader. Hence, for him, the verdict would be "Too expensive for the material."

For the Lovecraftian, though, the picture is somewhat different. The inclusion of the notes for three stories, "The Shadow Over Innsmouth," "At The Mountains Of Madness," and "The Shadow Out Of Time," as well as the first incomplete, and quite different, draft of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth," gives a remarkable insight into the way Lovecraft developed a story, the ideas he started with, and the changes he made in them as the story unfolded. Since these are the first such notes made available, aside from the "Common-Place Book" in BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP, the devotee of the Lovecraft mythos will find them extraordinarily interesting. In addition there is the anonymous, but attributed to Lovecraft, burlesque "The Battle That Ended The Century," which features most of the big names in fantasy of ten years ago. To the collector and follower of Lovecraft, this book is recommended, with one reservation--it is not of the stature of THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS or BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP. - Reviewed by Dr. William H. Evans.

COMMENTS ON CYCLES

By

Phil Rasch

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Due to their inherent possibilities with regard to prediction, theories of recurring cycles in human affairs command continued interest. The trouble with them of course, lies in the fact that they can never be proven true except in retrospect. The fact that a certain cycle has always occurred in the past does not prove that it will occur again in the present or future. Edgar Lawrence Smith's *TIDES IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN* argued that in every year ending in 8 the stock market closed higher than in the previous year. This was true in 1898, 1908, 1918, 1928 and 1938, but unfortunately for the theory in 1948 the market closed four points lower than in the previous year.

In *THE DECLINE OF THE WEST* Spengler held that there have been eight cultures: Egyptian, Babylonian, Chinese, Indian, Classical, Arabian, Mayan, and Western. With the exception of the Mayan, which was murdered by the Conquistadores, each has gone through the same cycle of birth (about 500 years), feudalism (about 200 years), statism (about 300 years), democracy (about 200 years), Caesarism (about 200 years), and decay. According to Spengler, Western culture should enter the period of Caesarism about the year 2000.

De Camp has argued that modern technology will break the chain. This may prove to be true, but it must be admitted that our own culture, born between 500 and 900 A. D., has followed the Spenglerian cycle right to our own times. After World War I Spengler wrote that Parliamentarism was in full decay and that we were entering upon the age of gigantic conflicts which mark the transition from statism to Caesarism. These occupy at least two centuries and afford possibilities for the energetic person to be politically creative. The person who will have power at any price becomes the destiny of an entire people. Certainly the period since 1936 has but confirmed Spengler's predictions. We do not wonder what the Russian people are going to do; we worry about what Stalin's next move will be. If modern technology is going to change the situation it is going to have to do so in a hurry. The atom and the hydrogen bombs are scarcely promising beginnings. H. G. Wells once spoke of the race of "education against catastrophe." No more apt words could be applied to our present predicament.

While a social scientist must deal with far more complex factors than does a physical scientist, this only makes the task of the former more difficult, not impossible. Even the philosophy of Charles Pierce, father of Pragmatism, concedes that speculative philosophic theories can be verified by the scientific method, even though the process is far more complex than is that of verifying a hypothesis in a given science. The principal task of all science--physical, psychological, social--is to predict behavior. Unless a scientific attitude can be taken toward social phenomena, studies in social theory are so much wasted time.

It seems true that no monistic culture theory such as that of Marx (Economics), Veblen (Technology), Comte (Religion), Le Play (Family Forms), Sumner (Mores), and de Roberty (Science) can demonstrate that its particular factor conditions all social phenomena. The difficulty, for mortals, lies in proving it. Marx spent most of his life in the library of the British Museum. Spengler's learning was so

vast that Dakin remarks that "none of the 'specialists' of his time was equipped for more than criticizing some brief and single part of his work....Even today.... Spengler has received no completely adequate criticism...." Toynbee, whose theories in many respects seem to resemble those of Spengler, is certainly the foremost historical theorist of our time. In the face of such tremendous erudition those who are not authorities in the field are faced with the dilemma of remaining silent or of exposing their ignorance. Dr. Daniel S. Robinson has stated that Spengler made two grave errors: First, he treated the culture of the New World as part of European culture and, second, he stated that the foundations of culture come entirely from within, whereas part of it is received from older cultures. If any reader feels competent to reevaluate *THE DECLINE OF THE WEST* in the light of this criticism he has a far greater grasp of the subject than I ever expect to possess.

The theory of cycles traces back to the idea of eternal recurrence of things and phenomena found in early Greek and Indian philosophical speculations. In India, Buddha was talking of the "wheel of lives" at almost the same time that Pythagoras, in Greece, was teaching eternal repetition of the natural order of things (time) and of existence (eternity). From these teachings the theories of reincarnation and transmigration of souls developed. There is no mention of reincarnation in the Bible and Biblical scholars in general take the stand that it was a pagan idea imported (probably) from India. In more modern times the philosopher Nietzsche combined faulty calculations and a complete ignorance of the Second Law of Thermodynamics to prove the mathematical necessity for the repetition of identical worlds in the universe or in time. (Opinions differ as to his exact belief). The present day non-occult interpretation of eternal recurrence is found in the various theories of cycles.

Toynbee distinguishes twenty-six civilizations, of which there are only five survivors: Western, Orthodox (Russia and the Orthodox sections of southeastern Europe), Islamic, Hindu, and Far Eastern. All of them, says Toynbee, are near exhaustion. Each civilization is at first led by a creative minority. Their ways of doing things tend to become fixed patterns which cannot meet later challenges. The internal proletariat then seizes power and rules by force, resulting in a period of revolutions and wars which is ended only when one nation manages to grasp the supreme power and become a universal state, as did Rome for example. Our civilization entered this period at the time of the Reformation. Our destiny, says Toynbee, depends upon our ability to meet the challenge of atomic energy. Civilization is only a name for the relationships existing between men in a given society; if our relationships are readjusted to satisfactorily meet this challenge civilization will automatically be freed from any predestined doom. Toynbee thus complements Spengler by giving an explanation for the alleged law of nature advanced by the latter, but at the same time he denies its universality:

Our post mortem examination of dead civilizations does not enable us to cast the horoscope of our own civilization or of any other that is still alive. Pace Spengler, there seems to be no reason why a succession of stimulating challenges should not be met by a succession of vicarious responses ad infinitum.
(CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL).

The world view developed by Professor Pitrim A. Sorokin, Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Harvard University, in four formidable volumes, which have been condensed and popularized in his *THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE*, is quite different. Professor Sorokin argues there are three main types of culture discernable in any civilization:

A. Ideational - God is the only true reality. Typical of Brahmanic India, Buddhist and Taoist culture, Greek culture from 800 B. C. to 600 B. C., Medieval Europe, etc.

B. Idealistic - Reality is partly sensory and partly super-sensory. This conviction was held in Greece from 500 B. C. to 400 B. C. and in Europe during the 13th and 14th Centuries.

C. Sensate - Only that which may be perceived thru the senses is real. Europe since the 16th Century is an example.

These types, of course, never exist in a pure form, but cultures can be better understood by referring their mainsprings to one or another.

When a culture exhausts its creative abilities it begins to disintegrate. Spengler is wrong because "There is no uniform law requiring that every culture and society should pass thru the stages of childhood, maturity, senility and death,.... the present crisis represents only a disintegration of the sensate form of Western society and culture, to be followed by a new integration." In other words, civilization is not coming to an end; we are only experiencing the birth pangs of a transformation of the predominant form of culture. We are witnessing a disintegration of the fine arts, science, philosophy, religion, government, business, liberty, international relations, morals and other values based on a sensate system of meanings and values. In the past such decadence of sensate culture has been offset by the emergence of a new religion or thru a religious revolution. No half-way measures will suffice. This transformation has occurred on four previous occasions in the history of Western civilization alone, but because man refuses to learn from history it is ever a day of wrath, marked by wars, revolutions, cruelty, misery, and suffering.

But, it may be objected, these men are all academicians, theoreticians living in ivory towers and dealing in abstract and obtuse fancies. What do the practical men of affairs have to say about such things? What comes to us thru a Gate of Horn rather than thru an Ivory Gate?

The Babson business advisory service has established its not inconsiderable reputation on "The Law of Action and Reaction," a scientific-sounding way of referring to a study of cycles. Their researches in this subject are headed by Dr. Raymond H. Wheeler, former head of the psychology department of the University of Kansas. Dr. Wheeler has found that there is a world climate pattern of 1020 years, which may be divided into two divisions of 510 years, each of which may be again subdivided into three 170 year cycles. The termination of the present 510 year period is due in 1930. "There is no question," says Dr. Wheeler, "but that nations or empires rise and fall on tides of climatic change." These effects are probably due to changes in energy levels. Experiments with rats raised under controlled temperature conditions by Hellmer and by Moore show definite and striking differences in behavior and body structure. The world climate tends to follow a definite sequence:

Warm Wet - International wars of conquest, time-mindedness, growth of cities, governments become rigid.

Warm Dry - Period of decay, great depressions, nation-falling wars, moral decline, low birth rate, totalitarianism, persecutions of minorities.

Transition Warm to Cold - Civil wars, rebellions, revolts, decline of aristocracy, decadence of society.

Cold Wet - Civil wars, decentralization trends, migrations, individualism, ornate houses.

Cold Dry - Materialism, elaborate costume, space-mindedness, rise of the masses.

Transition Cold to Warm - Golden Ages, revival of learning, great leaders, centralization of government, rise of a new aristocracy, prosperity, high morals, nation-building wars.

Hitler and Mussolini were typical warm dry leaders. It is now beginning to turn cold again. We may expect a period of civil wars (fought with ballots in democratic countries), elaborate houses, clothing and furniture superseding the functional design now so popular, and perhaps a religious revival. Around 1952 there will be a short period of warm weather, which will be accompanied by danger of international war. If we get safely past this hump things should be relatively quiet until 1980, when another cold dry period begins. Around the year 2000 we should enter another Golden Age marking the transition from cold to warm.

Extending the law of growth established by Dr. Raymond Pearl to the economic field, Edward R. Dewey and Edwin F. Dakin (CYCLES, THE SCIENCE OF PREDICTION) found that growth trends of industries could be similarly predicted. From a study of business statistics they were able to show that in the economic life of the world there exists a periodicity of almost exactly 54 years, termed Kondratieff Cycles, after the economist who first demonstrated their existence. Each of these cycles has been characterized by some particularly important innovation--the Industrial Revolution (1788), the age of steam and steel (1842), the age of electricity (1897). A second important rhythm is the Juglar Cycle, of very close to 9 years. A third is the Kitchin Cycle, of 3 1/2 years, and a fourth is the Long Cycle, of 18 1/3 years. Other, but less important, cycles may also be demonstrated. The causes of these cycles are not definitely known, though it seems likely they may be connected with solar radiation. So well can the stock market, for instance, be correlated with solar activity that the Lake States Securities Corporation has been organized to furnish investors with predictions based on readings from a sidereal radiation recorder leased from the Townsend Brown Foundation. They explain that changes in sidereal radiation seem to have a biological effect on man, producing in turn movements in the stock market. At present there is a lag of about one month between the two. It is known that wars do not alter the basic trends, although they may introduce distortions.

What do these cycles indicate for the future? The picture is black. All the cycles mentioned will hit a low between 1951 and 1952. High taxes to support the unemployed and other governmental controls may be anticipated. Yet we need not despair. A bottom is only the point from which to again start an upward movement. After a difficult period of readjustment the world may well find itself on the sunny side of a new Kondratieff Cycle, this one quite probably marking the beginning of a new atomic age.

The similarities between all these predictions are far more striking than are their differences. While they may disagree among themselves as to the theoretical causes, all seem agreed that we are entering upon a period of trouble and confusion in the not too distant future. The practical implications are that one should be careful of contracting mortgages and other long term debts now. Stocks which are "War babies" do not seem to be the best investments at present but may be more highly regarded in the near future. Purchase of homes, automobiles, television sets, and other similarly expensive items should be deferred, if possible, until 1951 or so. In the meantime, those having extra money might well purchase an emergency farm to which they could retire if an atomic war should come. It should provide subsistence, water and fuel, and be at least sixty miles from any large city or other bombing target. One might also reread Donn Brazier's "Good Eating!" in the November, 1947 issue of THE GORGON just in case. And don't say I didn't warn you!

THE ROAD TO FAME

By

D. R. Smith

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Part II

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The pilgrimage camped that night by a stream of clear, cold mountain water well back from the edge of the mighty precipice. Before and above them, with the rays of the setting sun warm on the grey rock of the lower crags and glistening on the snow-capped peaks, rose a formidable mountain barrier of awe-inspiring ruggedness. Gazing on that fantasy of rock Professor Summerlee said sourly, "It looks as though we might as well have saved our energy and stopped at the foot of the Precipice."

"To one who is not only a confirmed pessimist but also lacking in both the ambition of a virile man and the explorative courage of the scientific spirit, such an obstacle may indeed appear insuperable," rumbled Challenger with heavy sarcasm. "Nevertheless my learned colleague may perhaps remember that we were told of a pass in these Mountains of Contempt, a pass which, I may say, is not only clearly shown on this map, but may also be seen by a person with normal eyesight to be directly in front of us."

"Indeed?" said Summerlee bitterly. "You have already given us, sir, a brilliant example of your powers of leadership in the noble way in which you lead the attack on the last obstacle and the ease with which you climbed the first pitch, an example which hardly encourages us to repose complete confidence in you."

"Oh, very good, sir!" snorted Challenger furiously. "Am I to be insulted by every scrawny he-goat who takes refuge in his age and decrepitude to cast asperations on his mental, moral, and physical superiors? I demand an apology, sir! At once, or I leave the party!"

"The sooner the better with me, sir!" retorted Summerlee, and it took all the tact of Lord John and the blarney of Malone, and above all, the satisfaction of supper, to pacify the two professors.

In the clear mountain air of the morning the peaks appeared to be very near, but the distance over the intervening foothills was greater than it seemed, and the limbs of the pilgrims were stiff from the exertions of the previous day. They camped that night on stony ground just below the pass. It was necessary to raise the voice to penetrate the constant howl of the Wind of Carping Criticism. To the discomforts of sleeping on the cold, hard ground was added the noise of that wind, which kept many of the party awake.

As a consequence they rose early in an unamiable mood, and there was a great deal of angry argument as they broke camp and donned their packs. Dr. Bird, who was more or less on his own and watching only for a chance to slip away in the lead, got away first, and the others ceased their arguments to pursue him angrily. The muscular, determined Bird kept well in front up the sharp rise to the flat-bottomed cleft that was the pass, and he found that the easiest way into it was to proceed up one side onto a ledge which ran across level with the floor of the pass.

He reached this well in front of the others and strode along it, eager to pit his brain and strength against the Wind of Carping Criticism. At the corner he stepped boldly into the pass, and the blast lifted him as if he were a feather and hurled him outwards and upwards with terrific speed. The appaled watchers saw his spinning body dwindle to a dot that passed high over the edge of the Precipice.

"Poor old Bird," said someone soberly. "Our first casualty. I knew him well, one of the biggest boors that ever lived."

He might have kept his sympathy, knowing Bird. Though he never again tried the pilgrimage, Bird was not killed then. The wind hurled him to the very outskirts of the City of Waiting, and as he plummeted down at terrific speed, the archfield Saranoff, who had seen him coming and wished to make doubly sure of his destruction, touched off a cunningly laid mine at Bird's landing point. As usual his maliciousness defeated its object, for the blast met the descending Dr. Bird at the right time to cushion his fall so that he alighted unharmed, apart from bruises and the entire destruction of his clothes.

The party below the pass were not to know this, and a few manly sighs were breathed before a cautious attempt was made on the pass. So wary were they, indeed, that nothing happened until Sergeant Walpole worked his way to the front and tried to wiggle out into the pass on his belly. He made progress for a time, but found that the rocky floor was too smooth to furnish enough grip for pulling himself along, while an attempt to raise his body up high enough to crawl was nearly disastrous.

"If we could force our way along ten or twelve yards there's a dip which would provide a resting stage," he added, after reporting to Cossar. (Challenger was at the back of the party, vainly trying to get along to the overcrowded ledge).

"Hum," said Cossar, and had a look himself.

"Only thing to do is to build another pyramid," said he. "There's a furrow running across which will give the base men foothold. Come on, four of you--as you were. Single file will do, wind resistance of a column will be the same as that of one man. Obviously. Where's Munro?"

The squat Jovian worked his way along the ledge to the fore and crawled out into the wind. When he was braced firmly in position, Cossar called out, "Can you hold 'em from there?"

"I could hold back a comet from here," said Aarn cheerfully. Over Munro, Cossar sent Tarzan, then Wade, Kinnison, and after him, Seaton.

"Are you there now?" called Cossar, in a voice which fought its way up against the wind to where Seaton vainly sought for holds to drag himself forward the few extra feet, and finally called sulkily, "Not quite."

Cossar withdrew his head to summon the next man, but even as he did so a powerful figure crawled quickly past him and began to work its way up the line. Seaton, furious with disappointment, was incensed beyond words to find DuQuesne crawling over him. Their features were only a few inches apart as DuQuesne's head pulled Seaton's head down and his feet found a foothold in Seaton's belt. "You rat!" began Seaton wrathfully, when DuQuesne maliciously found his next foothold on the face of his enemy and thrust himself forward into the shelter of the hollow.

"All right, Blackie, drop us a rope," called Seaton after a moment, but Dr. DuQuesne had other ideas on the subject, and was trying to see whether it was possible for him to continue alone. Seaton's suspicious mind tumbled to this in a very short time, and the prostrate and helpless scientist flamed with fury at such treachery. He was explaining the exact nature of the doublecross to his companions when the familiar sneer came back into view and the end of a coil of rope hit him in the face. DuQuesne had found that it was not, after all, possible to continue alone.

"I might have known that a hound like you would try to play such a dirty, rotten trick as leaving his companions in the soup while he went off on his own," accused Seaton, standing up in the shelter of the dip. "A rat like you isn't fit to associate with decent men."

"Be yourself, Seaton," said DuQuesne coldly, as the rest of the party began to pull themselves up the fastened rope. "Or rather be someone sensible, for this childish behaviour is characteristic of you. In the first place I was only hunting around for a place to tie the rope to, and in the second place even if I were trying to get on myself, what of it?"

"What of it, you sneering swine? What of it?" choked the furious Seaton. "I don't know how to keep my hands off you, you doublecrossing, cheating, lying..."

"Shut up, you prissy-mouthed punk, or I'll remove some of that beauty of yours!" snarled DuQuesne, thrusting out his granite chin until it nearly touched his adversary's.

"You and who else?"

"Just little me, with one arm tied behind my back if you like."

"I'm warning you, if I hit you now it'll probably kill you!"

"Why you great booby, you'd burst into tears if I slapped you!"

"Go on then, slap me! And then send for the undertaker!"

"Yes, you'd need an undertaker all right!"

"Stop this infernal arguing!" bellowed Professor Challenger, thrusting his short, burly figure between them. "You're like a couple of overgrown children, both of you. If you can't stop this infantile behaviour you'll have to be treated like other children and chastised."

"Oh yeah?" said Seaton. "By whom?"

"By me, sir!" roared the burly Professor, turning on him with such bristling fury of that great black beard that Seaton fell back a pace involuntarily. "By Jove, George Edward Challenger is not the man to stand for impertinence from you young whippersnappers. I've chastised young puppies like you before, sir. Mr. Malone will tell you that I'm a dangerous man to cross."

"That I will," grinned Malone. "But I fight at your side now, not against you," added Malone, looking meaningfully at the other two as he spoke. The squabblers looked at the short but Herculean figure of Challenger, and at the big, athletic Irishman smiling cheerfully behind him, and turned away, shrugging indifferent shoulders.

Meanwhile the rest of the party had arrived, and Cossar was already directing operations for tackling the next wind-swept stretch. Now that they had the technique it was merely a matter of time and perseverance. An observer perched high upon the overhanging walls of the great gorge would have noticed a fascinating resemblance to the progress of an amoeba. The party would assemble in a black mass at one side of a dip, a thin, black tenacle would be slowly reached out towards the next dip; there it would seem to take hold, and the main body would flow along it into the next hollow.

At one time it seemed as if they would have to camp out in the inhospitable dips, but even as the evening was coming on they found that they had reached the end of the wind-swept portion, and the gently descending slopes before them were comparatively calm. Camp was pitched at sunset where a broad and surprisingly placid river issued out of a side wall to occupy most of the floor of the deep grove.

It was a silent party which rose with many groans in the morning from its bed of scree. The scree had only added new aches and pains to muscles tired by the unnatural effort of proceeding like a snake. A few hardy spirits had a brief bathe in a pool of the river, and when they had recovered from the shock of immersion in water that must have originated in the eternal snows above they were the best off.

But the party had proceeded a considerable distance down the gently descending gorge before anyone spoke.

It was Clarence who spoke first. "Rather awe-inspiring place, what?" he remarked cheerfully.

"What?" snapped a crag overhead.

"Expiring face, sot!" retorted a bulge on the other side of the gorge. Suddenly from crag and bulge, and cliff and crack, on either side of the gorge, came distortions and harmonic blendings of the remark, building up in noise, as it lost in clarity, until the whole blended into a monstrous enduring cacaphony of hysterical mirth, uncontrolled Rabellaisian roarings of mountainous contempt.

Disturbed from their precarious balance by the incredibly amplified vibrations, chunks of rock came hurtling down about the stunned pilgrims. "Whirrrrrr--Crack" went the stones, shattering splinters of rock in all directions, and the Mountains of Contempt shook with laughter, jeering laughter that racked, smashed, and tortured the pitiful little egos of the cowering mites below.

The shattering laughter died away gradually into dying ripples of sardonic mirth far off in the lower peaks, and the noise-numbed minds of the pilgrims rapidly threw off the mere physical effects. The psychological effect was more dangerous; vast though the egoisms of the party, sturdy though their belief and knowledge that they themselves were perfect, something in that vast torrent of ridicule had penetrated the armor of each and had given rise to tormenting doubts in his supreme greatness.

Mingled fear and rage at this novel feeling of inferiority struggled for outlet in minds which never before had thought to question their own greatness. The strongest seemed to have lost their backbone and to be crumpling like snowmen in the sun, the weaker seemed ready to burst into weak womanish tears. In fact, two were squirming on the ground, red-faced, hugging their sides, furiously biting their lower lips in an attempt at restraint. Kinnison tried to find the courage to lend to them as he bent over them and said softly, "Cheer up! Try to....try to bear it."

"I'm all right," grunted Clarence through his teeth. "So'm I," said Atkill tightly, but the effort of speaking was too much for them. Their self restraint collapsed completely, and suddenly they were laughing as men had never laughed before, howling and shrieking in a paroxysm of mirth as they collapsed on the floor the better to laugh. The gales of laughter ran up into the great sounding-boards of the cliffs, and the mountains rocked and shook their sides in monstrous glee.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" bellowed the mountains, peaks, cliffs, crags, and crannies, and "Ha-ha-ha-ho-ho-ho-hehehehe!" wept and snorted and gurgled and howled Clarence and Atkill, tears streaming from under their closed eyelids as they writhed in uncontrollable mirth. Around them their fellow pilgrims, all thoughts of their momentary weakness swept away in a wave of indignation, cursed them with the complete thoroughness and vivid imagery to be expected of such mighty minds. This added another factor to the din and increased the volume of the gargantuan guffaws. The end did not come until Clarence and Atkill had literally laughed themselves senseless and lay in a blissful stupor while the noise died down.

When all was still once more the party cautiously moved off again, the prostrate pair recovering in time to stagger weakly along behind, still unavoidably sniggering under their breath at times but quenching themselves by dipping their heads in the ice cold water of the river whenever they felt their control slipping. In this way they managed to avoid any further incidents until the opening out of the gorge had caused the echoes to be reduced to normal proportions. Toward evening they came out of the main pass of the mountains to a camp site overlooking a drop to the foothills. They were amazingly rugged, crossed this way and that by deep, narrow valleys that constituted a formidable maze. Immediately before them a wide, deep

valley slashed through the jumble, running straight as an arrow to the horizon, with a river a silver streak along its center.

"That seems almost suspiciously convenient," commented Cossar as the leaders of the party surveyed the scene. Friday, Clarence, and Atkill, the only persons who did not consider themselves leaders, cheerfully got about making camp.

"Your suspicions are well justified, my friend," said Professor Challenger, unrolling his map with an air of importance. "This remarkable natural configuration is here aptly termed a maze, the Maze of Possible Plots, and the canyon before us is termed the One and Only. Unfortunately it is barred towards its far end by an enclosure inhabited by what is here described as the Monster of Good Taste. A note describes this beast as extremely ferocious, quite uncontrollable, and resolutely opposed to the passage of anyone through his domain. In view of the fact that the composer of this map has, as we have seen, a tendency more to underrate difficulties than otherwise, we shall all do well to consider the possibility of making a detour through the Maze." And for once there was no voice raised in disagreement with this point.

(To Be Continued)

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