

Fantasy Collector's Annual - 1974





FROM "MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER": Otomie was behind him. Quick as thought she drew the sword from the grass and smote with all her strength upon the man's bent back. (Chapter 30). Drawing by J.J. Wegeulin for The Graphic, 1893. One of 16 drawings from serialized version of the novel now in collection of Gerry de la Ree.

Fantasy Collector's Annual - 1974

EDITED BY GERRY de la REE



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By Gerry de la Ree

DEDICATION:

To Forrest J. Ackerman, a collector's collector, who has accomplished a goal that few if any in the fantasy field may ever attain.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION



FANTASY COLLECTOR'S ANNUAL — 1974 is what I hope will be the first in a series of annual publications. In this and future numbers, I will make available to those interested items from my personal collection and files. This will include letters by figures well known in the fantasy world, artwork by leading illustrators, fiction and poetry previously unpublished, articles based on material in my files, and similar items.

In the 36 years I have been active as a reader and collector in the fantasy and science fiction fields, I have amassed a great quantity of rarities and unique material. These are, of course, part of the joys of collecting. But to let such things merely collect dust in file cabinets or on bookshelves seems rather pointless.

So we here present such unpublished material as a series of letters by Algernon Blackwood, some astrological sketches and other art by Virgil Finlay, an amazing series of drawings-inscriptions by artist Mahlon Blaine, culled from books once owned by Dunninger the magician and mentalist; an unpublished letter by Edgar Allan Poe; an enlightening article on Finlay's dust wrapper for the famed H.P. Lovecraft volume, "The Outsider and Others"; and a healthy sampling of inscriptions by well known fantasy and SF writers from books in my collection.

Whether there will be another "Fantasy Collector's Annual" depends on the reception received by this experimental first number.

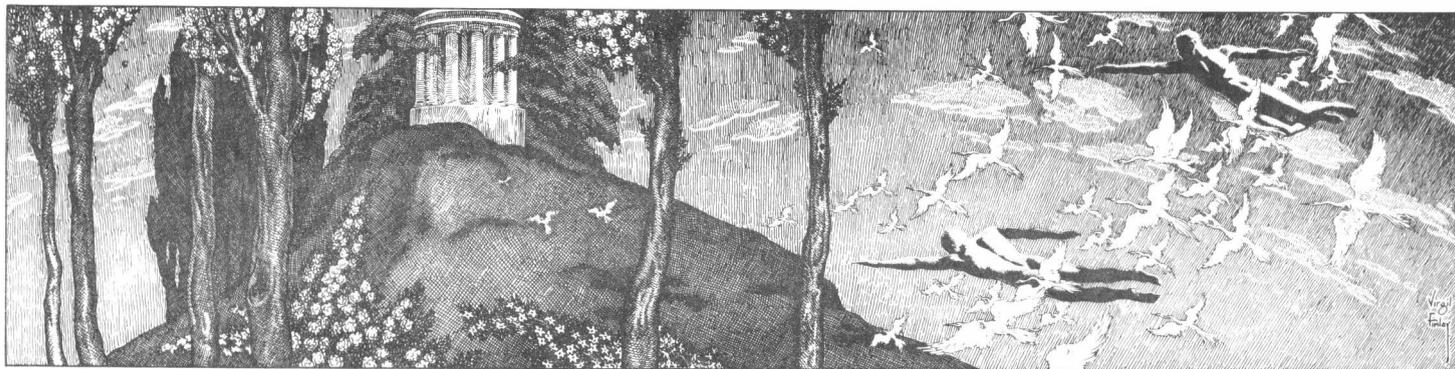
—GERRY de la REE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

- *Reproduction of Finlay's dust wrapper from "The Outsider and Others" and quotes from H.P. Lovecraft's letters to Finlay printed with permission of Arkham House.*
- *The letter by James Branch Cabell printed with permission of the author's widow, Margaret Cabell.*
- *The Edgar Allan Poe letter printed with permission of the owner, Joseph Dunninger.*

This first edition limited to 500 copies

This is copy No. 86



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Art Credits

Front cover: Helen by Stephen E. Fabian

Inside front cover: Scene from "Montezuma's Daughter" by J.J. Weguelin

Title page: Theseus Slays the Minotaur by J. Watson Davis

Contents Page: By Virgil Finlay

Inside back cover: Mary Shelley by Charles McGill

Back cover: Helen by Stephen E. Fabian

Illuminated letters by Stephen E. Fabian

THE
OUTSIDER
AND
OTHERS

H.P.
LOVECRAFT

THE
**OUTSIDER
AND OTHERS**



BY H.P. LOVECRAFT

THE STORY BEHIND A DUST JACKET

By Gerry de la Ree



UST JACKETS or wrappers were originally designed to protect books and to promote their sales. That the presence of a d/w on a book enhances the value of a book, any collector or dealer will testify.

And one of the most sought-after jackets in the modern fantasy field is Virgil Finlay's done for H.P. Lovecraft's "The Outsider", the first book published by Arkham House in

1939.

"The Outsider" is a legend in its own time. August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, the publishers, placed a prepublication price of \$3.50 on the book early in 1939, and after its appearance late that year the selling price was \$5. The advance sale was not overwhelming -- fantasy fans just didn't have that kind of money or interest in hard-cover books. At that time, the pulp magazines were booming and could be had for prices in the 15 to 25-cent price range.

By the time of its publication, Derleth wrote in "Thirty Years of Arkham House" (1970) only 150 prepaid orders had been received. It took four years to sell the 1,268 copies of "The Outsider". Once out of print, the value of the huge volume quickly doubled, tripled, and then began going out of sight.

By 1974, the book normally sold for prices in the \$200 to \$275 range. But the interesting thing is that the presence of Finlay's dust jacket usually makes \$50 to \$75 difference in the value of the book. Writing to me in 1970, Derleth noted "I'm sorry, but no kind of "Outsider" d/j is still around. I suppose these were destroyed. When A.H. was begun, I didn't know enough about publishing to have extra d/j made; now we automatically have 150 extras made for every book."

I had written to Derleth to see if he had any of the pre-publication proofs of the jacket since I had just obtained from Finlay two such -- one in black ink and one in the blue that was finally used. A third, in green, had also been tried, and I think I was mainly interested to learn if he still had a copy of this one since Finlay had disposed of his.

But let's turn back the clock to May 19, 1937 -- two months after the death of H.P. Lovecraft. Plans were already afoot to bring out a collection of Lovecraft stories in book form. A letter by writer-artist Howard Wandrei, brother of Donald, written to Virgil Finlay noted:

"The chances are I will do only one drawing this year -- the jacket for H.P.L.'s collected works."

But this was not to be.

On Oct. 5, 1939, Derleth wrote Finlay: "Don tells me you are at work on a cover for "The Outsider and Others". I am delighted to know it, and I am sure you will pay adequate tribute to HPL in your work on the jacket of his first major book -- and possibly his only major book, since as subscriptions, et al, look now, Don and I stand to divide the loss of circa \$1500, to say nothing of a previous \$500 spent on typescripts, etc. I am anxious to see the jacket design when it is finished, having already seen the preliminary sketch."

But Finlay was a busy young man in those days, grinding out numerous illustrations and covers for *Weird Tales* and also working for A. Merritt at *The American Weekly*. His plans to do a special drawing for the dust jacket never materialized. Instead, Finlay put together a montage of drawings from *Weird Tales*. In later years, Finlay would write this inscription on the dust jacket for my own copy of "The Outsider": "This jacket is a photographic composite of early *Weird Tales* drawings, probably only one or two were for HPL stories -- I wish I might have found time for more of his work which I *did* admire."

In the book itself, Finlay wrote: "To Gerry de la Ree, In memory of HPL. a friend and correspondent whose best works are published herein. My dust jacket for this volume has become even more of a rarity than the book itself."



N NOV. 1, 1939, Adolph J. Hyson of the George Banta Publishing Company, which printed "The Outsider", wrote Finlay:

"Mr. August Derleth has suggested that we send on to you for inspection proofs of the complete jacket of the Lovecraft book. These proofs are leaving Menasha (Wis.) this afternoon. Besides the rough proof of the complete jacket we are sending you press proofs of the front and backstrips run in black, dark olive green, and a bronze blue. Attached to this latter is a copy of my letter to Mr. Derleth which will explain some of the difficulties we have encountered with the jacket. I believe it all came about when a span of two inches was planned for the backstrip when in reality the book requires only one and one-half inches."

Hyson's letter to Derleth, also dated Nov. 1, 1939, was as follows:

"I am sorry, and apologies are in order for having broken a promise to get press proofs of the jacket for the Lovecraft book to you yesterday. A few moments ago I sent them on to you. The ink was still so wet late yesterday afternoon when they were run on press that I did not dare put them together in a package and send them to you for your inspection. I have tried the following combinations on white enamel: black, a dark olive green, and a bronze blue. If the blue were one or two shades darker, I think it would be quite attractive. The second choice is black and the third green. Of course, these selections are mine only and should have no bearing on your decision. I merely mention how they appeal to me.

"I have explained to you as well as possible about the difficulty in the size of the original drawing. We have done what we could to adjust the backstrip, but I see that the words on the front cover "The Outsider and Others" and also the words "By H.P. Lovecraft" are going to be off center -- in other words, they will, in the case of "The Outsider and Others", run to the upper right corner. It is not noticeable that the words "H.P. Lovecraft" are off center. The illustration on the jacket will fold around the edge of the board up to the point where the text paper begins.

"If you find that the off center of "The Outsider and Others" is objectionable, there is only one thing we can do and that is, pull off the pasted panel and move it further to the left. I am afraid there is little we can do about the portion of the illustration which wraps around the edge of the board unless we trim about a quarter of the zinc etching."

As any one who owns a copy of the dust jacket knows, there were no changes made: the title on the cover remains off center and the illustration does wrap around the front board slightly.

On Nov. 14, 1939, Donald Wandrei wrote Finlay:

"Tomorrow at dawn I'm driving down to Sauk City to help Derleth get out "The Outsider" which is promised for delivery on the 15th. You should be seeing the book just a day or two after this letter.

"My reason for writing is to prepare you for a slight shock, if you haven't already heard via August. The jacket is being printed in blue.

"We had the printers strike it off in three colors: blue, black, and green. The green was a peculiarly detestable and odious color. We also eliminated the black, for two reasons. First, it had a strangely flat and monotonous effect, without depth or life. Second, and more important, certain of the figures, such as the monkey-like and ass-like creatures to the right of the topmost star containing the woman's figure and behind the lettering "By", faded away to almost absolute imperceptibility in black, but stood out with fairly well defined clarity in the blue.

"This was a puzzling and mystifying effect to me, which I do not pretend to explain, but I thought it might be of some value to you to know for future work on glazed or coated stocks. I don't know enough about color theories or printing processes to know why small shaded areas tend to be neutralized by black-and-white printing on polished surfaces, but come out in blue and green. It may be that black and white, being opposed, have also some curious affinity. Whatever the explanation, the drawing (or charcoal or ink or brush or whatever medium you used -- I did not see the original which Derleth sent directly to the printers) had its qualities brought out so much better in blue and green that it would have been a crime to print it in black, even though that's what we wanted originally. The experiment didn't work, and the fact proved better than the theory."

This, then, is the story behind a dust jacket...a jacket that today carries a price equal or higher than many of the scarcer books published in the fantasy field.



SIGNED BY LOVECRAFT — *This photograph of Howard Phillips Lovecraft, modern master of the weird tale, was taken in 1931 by Wilfred B. Talman during a Kalem Club meeting in Brooklyn. The photo, signed by HPL, came from the collection of Virgil Finlay, with whom he corresponded the year before his death in 1937. This was one of several photos of HPL taken the same day by Talman; three of the others appeared in "The Normal Lovecraft", published last year by Gerry de la Ree to whom Talman presented the original negatives and reproduction rights.*

LETTERS TO VIRGIL FINLAY

By H.P. Lovecraft



LOVECRAFT'S correspondence with artist Virgil Finlay was limited to five letters and a single post card, but the total wordage involved was more than 15,000. The letters were all written in 1936 and were dated Sept. 9 and 25, Oct. 10 and 24, and Nov. 30. The post card was sent on Jan. 1, 1937.

On Mar. 1, 1937, some two weeks before Lovecraft's death, Harry Brobst of Providence wrote this short note to Finlay.

"My Dear Sir:

"Since Mr. Lovecraft has become critically ill I am writing this letter for him. He looked very bad this a.m. and seems to be slowly going down hill. He thanks you for the letter and pictures and regrets the death of "Tammary".

"I am dropping this short note so you will understand why you may not get an immediate reply. He is still at 66 College Street -- and has not been removed to the hospital. He suffering from some gastro-intestinal condition -- has severe pain, can get little rest, and seems very weak. I called his residence at 9:30 p.m. this eve -- and his condition remains unchanged."

Finlay, who had started illustrating stories in *Weird Tales* with the Dec., 1935 issue, initiated the correspondence with HPL on Sept. 1, 1936.

In his almost immediate reply, Lovecraft said:

"Your welcome bulletin of the 1st honours and flatters me extremely, since I have for many months been an enthusiastic Finlay-fan. Around about last December, I began to notice some art headings in WT which didn't need quotations around the word *art* & which one didn't tend to skip over inattentively in the usual way. I noticed especially the splendid design for "The Chain of Aforgomon", by my good old friend Klarkash-ton. "Holy Yuggoth, I cried to myself, is it possible that Satrap Pharnabazus (Farnsworth Wright) has dug up somebody who (a) has a genuinely fantastic imagination, & (b) can *really* draw? Well -- it *was* possible...nay, probable... or even certain! Receipt shortly afterward of the Shakespearian reprint (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) impressed me afresh. Then came comments from various correspondents -- Klarkash-ton (Clark Ashton Smith,) Comte d'Erlette (August Derleth), Ludvig Prinn (Bob Bloch) & others all echoing my sentiments & expressing the hope that you would prove a permanent fixture in the Pharnabazian iconographic galaxy. The Eyrie, too, added its confirming word. Finally came that magnificent successions of designs ("The Face in the Wind", "The Druidic Doom", "The Faceless God", "Child of the Winds", "Lost Paradise", "Loot of

the Vampire I & II", "The Midici Boots", etc., etc.) which proved that Il Nuovo Monstro was the real stuff as a fantasite as well as in the intrinsic art line, & that WT at last had an illustrator worthy to rank among the Olympians of its writing staff -- Klarkash-ton, the late Robert E. Howard, Miss Moore, etc.

"Meanwhile, the enjoyment & appreciation from other sources increased in volume. Old Bill Lumley cheered himself hoarse & bought a "Midsummer Night's Dream" just for the pictures. Bloch clamoured avidly for Virgilian originals. And ol' Farny himself froze onto the "Faceless God" original, framed it and declared it was the best design his magazine had ever printed. Strong words, but not so extravagant when one examines the evidence. In short, both creators and readers of WT realize that they've at last encountered somebody (rare enough in the pulp world) who can both dream and draw!

"All of which preamble may serve to emphasize how delighted I am at learning that you are to illustrate "The Haunter of the Dark". If indignity be done to any, it is to yourself, since I fear the poor "Haunter" is no world-shaker as a story. My only consideration is that you've been called upon to lend your talents to worse tripe -- for if any story could be lousier than "Loot of the Vampire", I have yet to see it. The "Haunter" describes this house and the westward view from the window at which I now sit, quite faithfully -- although the distant church on Federal Hill is not quite as horrible as the narrative would suggest. Rest assured that I shall await with avid eagerness the appearance of your drawing -- an eagerness supplemented by considerable curiosity as to what scene or element you chose for depiction."

Later in the same letter, HPL said of his own fiction: "Even the best of my products looks sickly beside the best work of standard fantasites like Dunsany, Blackwood, M.R. James, de la Mare, Machen, Poe, etc. No one has even thought my stuff worth publishing in book form -- for although 6 or 7 firms have asked to see my mss., each one turned them down in the end. Because of the rather discouraging reception of my products, I'm not writing as much as I used to."

And then he mentioned the artistic efforts of some others: "Most of the WT gang are pitifully helpless with the artist's pencil -- although Klarkash-ton has singular gifts in a narrow field of grotesque monster-portrayel. He is also expermenting in carving miniature sculpture, using the soft stones of his region (Central California) & achieving some tremendously effective results. Miss Moore is a fair amateur artist & young Bloch can turn out some singularly blood-curdling monsters when he feels like it. I'm an absolute dud who doesn't even know where to begin. And yet I wish intensely that I *could* draw. Oddly enough, if I did, it would probably be not so much in the fantastic as in the landscape & architectural."

Discussing Finlay's baptism as Monstro Ligriv, Baron of Cole, HPL mentioned the nicknames attached to his circle of friends, and added: "My only claim in this field is that I possibly started the ball rolling years ago with Abdul and his hellish & forbidden *Necronomicon*. Abdul Alhazred, however, is a name which someone (I can't recall who) devised for me when I was 5 year old & infatuated with Saracenic atmosphere after a first reading of the 'The Arabian Nights' in Andrew Lang's juvenile edition."



IN HIS Sept. 25 letter, HPL mentions the Kalem Club to which he belonged a decade earlier in New York, and added: "You, by the way, are quite a hero of this group nowadays. Old Jim Morton thinks you just about ring the bell, while Herman Koenig says in a letter received only 2 days ago: "Each issue of WT confirms my belief that Virgil is the biggest artistic find of recent years so far as we are concerned. Wright certainly scored a scoop in getting him to illustrate for WT."

Lovecraft then commented on a few of his fellow writers: "C.L. Moore is an extremely gifted young woman of 25 -- a fact as well as fiction writer. Her stories are rivaled (now that Bob Howard is dead) only by Klarkash-ton's. & contain a highly unique element of convincing unreality -- which would be still better but for a certain stereotyped romantanticism & occasional concessions to the pulp ideal. Bloch is a very promising figure -- & young Henry Kuttner is worth watching. Both, however, may get sidetracked into the pulp rut. Damn commercialism!!!"

The April, 1935, issue of *Fantasy Magazine* carried a biographical sketch of Lovecraft accompanied by a linoleum cut of the author done by Duane W. Rimel. In his Oct. 10 letter to Finlay, HPL remarked: "Rimel, the chap who did my alleged portrait for *Fantasy*, is of course a complete amateur. By the way, speaking of portraits & such, here's a snap of me which you needn't return if you have any use for it. Three or four years old, but giving a better idea of the old gent than Rimel's linoleum effort." The picture, one taken in Brooklyn in 1931 by Wilfred Talman, was signed at the bottom by Lovecraft. It is reproduced with this article. It is also the same photo Finlay later used for his famed drawing of HPL, still being reprinted by Arkham House on the jackets for its "Selected Letters".

On Oct. 24, Lovecraft wrote "Thanks profusely for the splendid prints. Do you mean to tell me that these are *linoleum* work? Holy Yuggoth! I thought Utpatel (the Wisconsin illustrator of my long-postponed "Innsmouth") had carried that medium about as far as it could be carried, but you begin where he leaves off! I don't wonder that these achieved recognition from the Memorial Gallery -- & wish I

could see the statue on which "Purity" is based." The linoleum cut herein mentioned is the one used on the back cover of our recent booklet, *Klarkash-ton and Monstro Ligriv*.

Lovecraft, with this letter, loaned Finlay some pictures of members of his circle, apologizing that he had already sent some of the better ones to Rimel to do linoleum cuts from. "Indeed, the only view left of Derleth is a rather sappy-looking one posed in a dressing-gown -- a relique of his affected adolescent days, when he wore a moustache, ankle-length overcoat & all sorts of scatter-brained paraphernalia in order to impress & shock the staid Sauk City bourgeoisie."

It was in the Nov. 30 letter that Lovecraft composed, apparently on the spot, his poem entitled "To Mr. Finlay Upon His Drawing For Mr. Bloch's Tale, "The Faceless God". Here, reprinted from the letter in HPL's own hand, is the poem and the lines leading up to it and following it:

I could easily scrawl a sonnet to
one of your masterpieces if you weren't too
particular about quality. For example --

To Mr. Finlay, Upon His Drawing for
Mr. Bloch's Tale, "The Faceless God"

In dim abysses pulse the shapes of night,
Hungry & hideous, with strange mitres crown'd;
Black pinions beating in fantastic flight
From orb to orb thro' sunless voids profound.
None dares to name the cosmos whence they course,
Or guess the look on each amorphous face,
Or speak the words that with resistless force
Would draw them from the halls of outer space.
Yet here upon a page our forgotten'd glance
Finds arduous forms as human eye should see;
Hints of those blasphemers whose countenance
Spreads death & madness thro' infinity.
What licensor he who braves black gulfs alone,
And lives to make their alien horrors known?

Well, well -- quite in the Yuggoth tradition! I'll
have to keep a copy of this to try on one or
another of the fan magazines!

It was also in this letter that HPL urged Finlay to start corresponding with Clark Ashton Smith since their mutual interest in sculpting and art. "You and Clark ought to compare notes," said Lovecraft. Since Finlay was then still a resident of Rochester, N.Y., but contemplating a trip to New York City, HPL supplied him with addresses of such members of the circle as Frank Belknap Long, Wildred B. Talman, Samuel Loveman, Donald A. Wollheim, H.C. Koenig, Otto Binder, Seabury Quinn, and Otis Adelbert Kline. He also supplied Finlay with addresses of museums in the city that he suggested the young artist might enjoy visiting.

Lovecraft's 1936 Christmas card to Finlay was a winter scene, with the date written in Roman Numerals and the signature, as always, was "Abdul Alhazred".

..MERRY CHRISTMAS..HAPPY NEW YEAR..

MDCCLXXXVI.

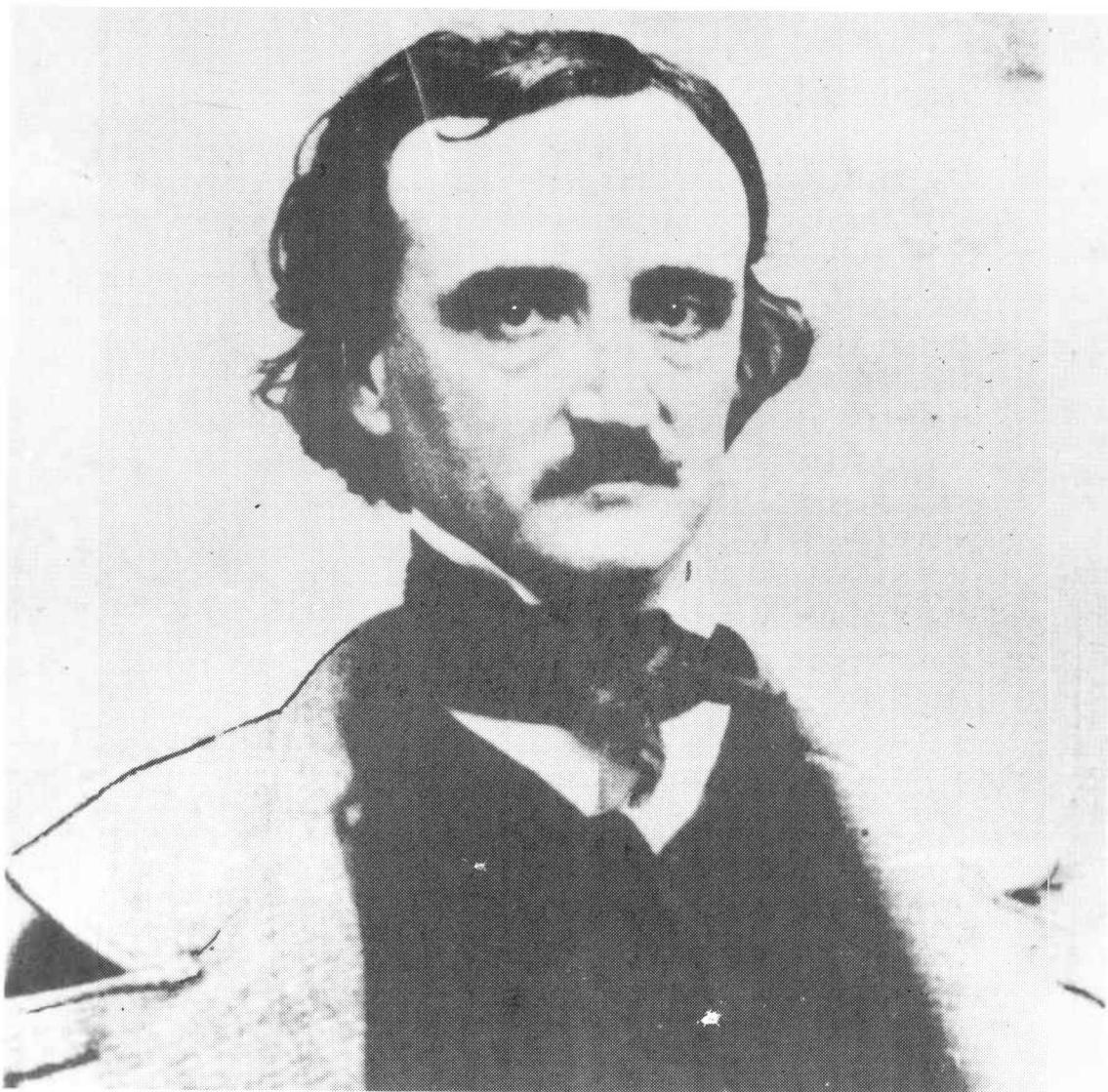
— Abdul Alhazred

His New Year's Day postcard was, as usual, in almost unreadable hand, so many words did he squeeze onto it. "Congratulations on the Feby WT cover! Despite the mechanical & utilitarian limitations the result is splendid – providing the finest cover in the recent history of the magazine. Hope you get the bulk of the cover work in future."

He also related the arrival of a strange Christmas gift from Willis Conover Jr., editor of *Science-Fantasy Correspondent*. "For, lo! when I had removed numberless wrappings what should I find before me but the yellow & crumbling fragments of *along-interred human skull!* Verily, a fitting tribute from a youthful ghoul to one of the hoary elders of the necropolitan clan."

And, as would crop up in most of the future letters and cards he would write, there was the ominous mention of his ill-health. "I'm rather under the weather myself – with bum digestion & a run-down condition peculiar to writer which causes my feet to swell."

Bright's disease and intestinal cancer were already eating away the man's life, and on Mar. 15, 1937, he died at Jane Brown Memorial Hospital in Providence. He was buried in the Swan Point Cemetary in the Phillips' family plot.



AN UNPUBLISHED "POE" LETTER



UNPUBLISHED letters by Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) are rare indeed. Printed on the facing page is the text of one now in the collection of Joseph Dunninger, who firmly believes it to be legitimate. Written to one "A.N. Howard" of New York and dated either Dec. 4 or Dec. 7, 1846, this letter is similar in many details to one recently exposed as a forgery by Bruce R. Pollin of Bronx Community College. Writing in the June, 1973, issue of *Poe Studies*, Pollin describes a Dec. 7, 1846 letter by Poe to Howard, but interestingly it mentions that "Mrs. G. or Dr. Stewart may be present on Sunday", whereas the letter here published suggests that N.P. Willis or Dr. Farmer may be on hand.

The first "Howard" letter was supposedly discovered in 1935. Still another written to the same gentlemen, this one dated Dec. 9, 1846, was obtained by the late collector, Colonel Richard Gimbel, who sadly later admitted it had been discovered to be a forgery.

So here we present a third letter to A.N. Howard for the Poe experts to ponder.

New York
December 4, '46

Dr. Sir

Having just arrived this morning from Philadelphia (from an unsuccessful "literary" visit) I found your letter and thinking to find you at the office hastened here, but Miss Howard informs me that you have gone to New Haven for the weekend. However, I shall see you on Monday or Tuesday.

The story, "The Cask of Amontillado", was published for the *first time* in last month's number of "Godey's Mag", I fail to see that it bears any affinity to "The Case of "M. Valdemar". The latter was a pseudo-scientific extravagance, -- the story a fiction of the most pronounced type. If you can come out to Fordham on Sunday afternoon I shall be pleased to discuss the "resemblance" with you. I think I have the mss. of both.

Your daughter assures me of this being delivered in time for you to let me know if I may expect you. I shall be alone, except that a mutual friend, N.P. Willis, and perhaps Dr. Farmer (who usually calls after church services) may call.

Thanking you for the "criticism", I am

Yours truly

A.N. Howard, Esq.
New York

Edgar A. Poe.

On reverse side:

C/O Miss D. Howard
A.N. Howard, Esq.
St. Paul's Church House
New York
E.A. Poe Friday 3 P.M.



BLACKWOOD IN EGYPT – British author Algernon Blackwood sent this picture to Florence Perkins in 1920. It was taken in the quarries where the Egyptians cut stone for the Pyramids. Blackwood, as a joke, donned Bedouin head-dress for the photograph.

BLACKWOOD'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY



ENGLAND'S Algernon Blackwood (1869-1951) was one of the leading writers of weird and fantastic tales. And, despite the fact he did not begin writing until he was 36 years of age, Blackwood went on to become a most prolific author. He is represented in Bleiler's "Checklist of Fantastic Literature" 38 times.

Most anthologies of the weird contain at least one Blackwood yarn, and a quarter century after his death his works are still being reprinted. Blackwood was something of a world traveler, and spent 10 years of his early life in the United States. This period was covered in his book, "Episodes Before Thirty".

Blackwood was past 50 when he began a five-year correspondence with Florence Perkins, a young lady from the United States who was apparently most taken with the author's works. Miss Perkins, who resided in Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y., when the correspondence began in 1920, later moved to New York City. In 1923 she traveled to Paris and made a side trip to London for a meeting with Blackwood.

While Miss Perkins' side of the correspondence was probably not preserved, the young woman did keep her letters from Blackwood -- 10 in all over a five-year period. These recently came into my hands and, while brief, they do provide some insight into Blackwood the man, constantly apologetic for his poor letter-writing, slightly bitter over the failure of publishers to keep his books in print, and always somewhat embarrassed by the enthusiastic praise apparently heaped upon him and his work by the young American.

So here are Algernon Blackwood's Letters to Florence Perkins:

Savile Club, London
May 26, 1920

Dear Miss Perkins,

I am really ashamed to put pen to paper after having your note & the beautiful photographs so long without acknowledgment. My only excuse, which is no excuse at all, I know, is that you asked for a photograph of myself -- & I had not got one! It seems an impertinence to send you a mere Kodak snapshot, but I could have enlargements made for you. A friend in Egypt dressed two of us up in Bedouin head-dresses & photographed us outside the huge quarries in the Mokattam hills where the Egyptians cut their stone for the Pyramids & Memphis; only the glare of the sun made us screw up our faces rather.

Such pictures, however, are far more natural & human than the pose in a studio, so if you will let me know that you are not offended, I will have enlargements made & I shall feel greatly honoured if you will accept them. In that case will you kindly return the "snaps".

With my humblest apologies,
Yours sincerely,

Algernon Blackwood

Savile Club, London
July 5, 1920

Dear Miss Perkins,

It is very wonderful to know that I have friends like yourself & Miss Vanderbilt, unseen yet so real staunch & I wish I could cross the sea with my thoughts & shake your hands & speak to you. But it is not possible. From your photograph you might be riding a centaur at full speed over the Caucasian uplands, instead of - well, I don't know exactly how your days are spent, but I do know that a Centaur in New York would be taken either to the Bronx Park Zoo, or shot & stuffed for people to gape at in a museum! However, I expect the air of strength about you is not merely in the picture, & that you are a bracing & stimulating friend to many who need you in the city life.

Thanks for your nice generous words

Yours sincerely

Algernon Blackwood

Savile Club, London
July 25, 1920

You will, I know, forgive the mutilation of my friend's face, but he objects to being seen - as the photos were done as a joke & while we tried to stare into the sun without making faces, he was steadily abusing his wife for "dressing us up as guys and then photographing us!"

(This note was enclosed with two pictures.)

Yours sincerely,
Algernon Blackwood

Savile Club, London
Sept. 19, 1920

My dear generous friend,

I am ashamed of myself, but the truth is I find letters difficult always, and to write to you after the wonderful things you said, is more than difficult. For the positions are exactly the opposite to what you think, and it is I, the author, who must feel grateful to you, the understanding sender. I do hope, if perhaps you cross the water soon, we shall meet -- a dangerous meeting for me since you have put me on a pedestal where I do not feel at all at home!

It is an extraordinary feeling for me to know that my books have really expressed for you something that your own life has not as yet been able to express. We all have several distinct personalities in us, not all of which get equal chances. You evidently have many & they are strong. My books perhaps reach these -- or one of these. It comes to the surface, breathes, sings & spreads its wings a bit. How well I understand. I wrote my books because I found no one to whom I could *say* them, for the need of expression in me was paramount. Your wonderful understanding & generous appreciation mean more than, than perhaps you realize.

Yours sincerely,

Alvin Blackwood.

Savile Club, London
March 25, 1922

Dear Miss Perkins --

I feel so ashamed I am almost afraid to write. It is not that I forgot, for I kept your letter in my drawer on the top of my papers, but each day I would look at it & glance at the beautiful photo & ask myself "how am I to answer so gracious & faithful a correspondent?" And, even under the easiest conditions, I am always a shockingly bad letter-writer. But I was really glad to see your writing & to have your news and if I have taken all these weeks to answer, you *must* believe that it is not that I am forgetful nor neglectful, but that I find such wonderful letters very difficult to answer adequately -- & that I realize at this very moment how utterly inadequate this line of thanks must seem to you -- & is.

Yours sincerely
Alvin Blackwood.

Savile Club, London
July 15, 1922

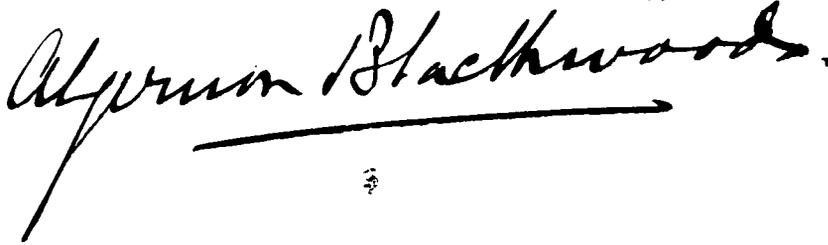
I owe you many letters, my dear, kind, generous friend, yet at the same time I somehow know that you do not expect me to write them on paper. I write them in my mind - often. I send you "Jimbo" with pleasure. It has been out of print for some time in New York, for Macmillan takes no interest in my work & does nothing to keep it before the public, nor has an author any way of either persuading or compelling a tradesman-publisher to do this. With Dutton, who has my most recent books, it is different because Mr. McCrae of that firm has a soul, vision & advanced intelligence.

It was nice of you to send my books to Maeterlinck, though I hardly think they will appeal to him. I wonder!

I have had the pleasure of seeing something of Miss W--- (who brought me your charming note) and whose enthusiastic & unselfish work I admire immensely, as I know you do too.

With deep appreciation of your unfailing encouragement & help,

Yours sincerely,

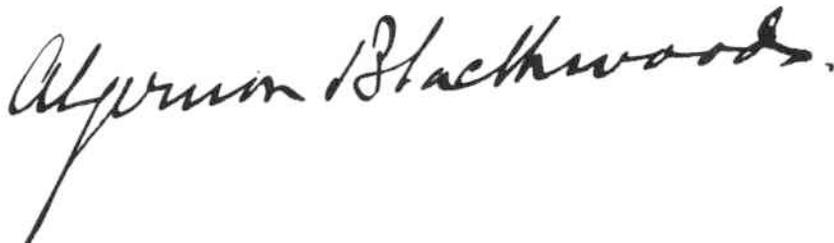
A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Alvin Blackwood". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the name.

Savile Club, London
Sept. 29, 1922

Dear Miss Perkins:

Thank you very much for letting me know your change of address. I am sure you must regret leaving Ardsley, with its woods & water & open spaces, but a nature like yours will know how to find compensations & Pan's Pipes can be heard sometimes even in the streets. Your ear, I suspect, is finely attuned for all unearthly music, & Pan is deathless, a strange, mighty, delicate old deity. I have several letters to thank you for, and still more generous thoughts & prayers, I feel sure: in particular for Elsa Barker's Poems, so full of feeling, and her curious Vagron Angel's Songs. She has great inspiration added to a great natural gift. Thank you with all my heart for all.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Alvin Blackwood". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the name.

Clandeboye, Northern Ireland
May 3, 1925

Dear Florence Perkins:

I am so glad to hear you are over this side again & have escaped temporarily from the pandemonium of New York, & have come to refresh your soul at the ancient springs of beauty and imagination. It must be a relief for you, I know.

I am in Ireland, staying with my cousins, the Dufferins, and do not know yet when I return to England, but if you come to London I shall look forward to meeting & exchanging ideas. Later in the summer, I may go abroad & will let you know if my itinerary is likely to take me in the direction or neighborhood of Vichy or Paris. Meanwhile, I am, with all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

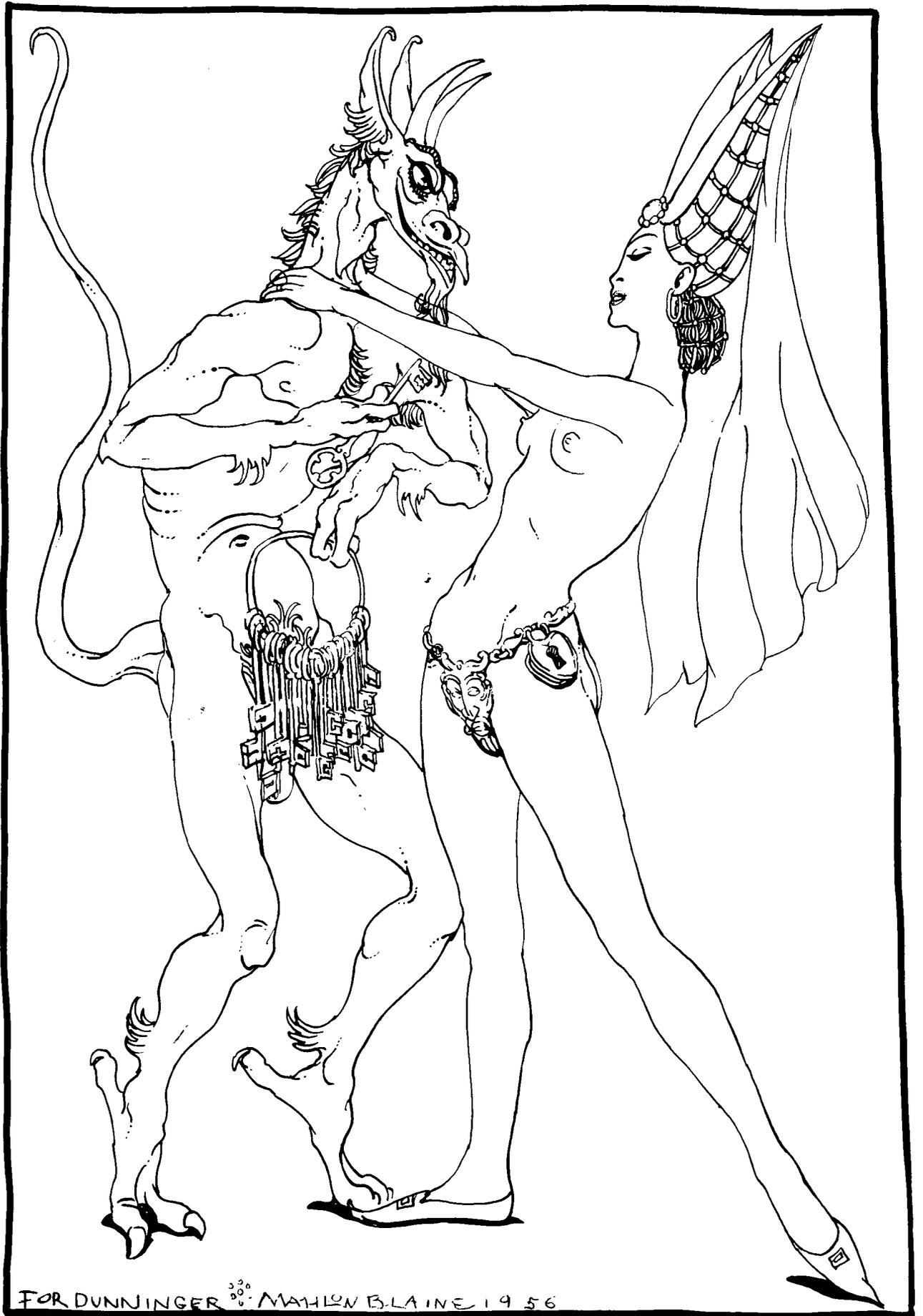
Alpurn Blackwood

Saville Club, London
July 3, 1925

Dear Miss Perkins:

Thank you so much for your note, but I have no settled plans yet, though it is possible I may be going abroad soon to Champéry in Switzerland, and if I do, the distance between us would not be very great, though difficult to cover. Anyhow, I've made a note of your address. I'm so glad you seem to be enjoying life.

Yours sincerely
Alpurn Blackwood



FOR DUNNINGER ³⁰ MAHLON BLAINE 1956

THE KEY TO THE BELT — by Mahlon Blaine.

MAHLON BLAINE: MAN AND ARTIST

By Gerry de la Ree



MAHLON BLAINE was one of the leading book illustrators in America during the 1920s and 1930s. A shrapnel victim of World War I, Blaine had the use of only one eye (the left one was glass) and had a plate implanted in his head.

During the 30-odd years following his injury, he came to know and be close friends with Joseph Dunninger, the magician and mentalist who was then at the peak of his career. Dunninger was no doubt Blaine's most active "patron", purchasing hundreds of the artists' drawings and paintings and commissioning numerous others. A number of the drawings were, frankly, pornographic. Blaine, in fact, seemed obsessed with nudes, devil-girls with long tails, and other weird creatures.

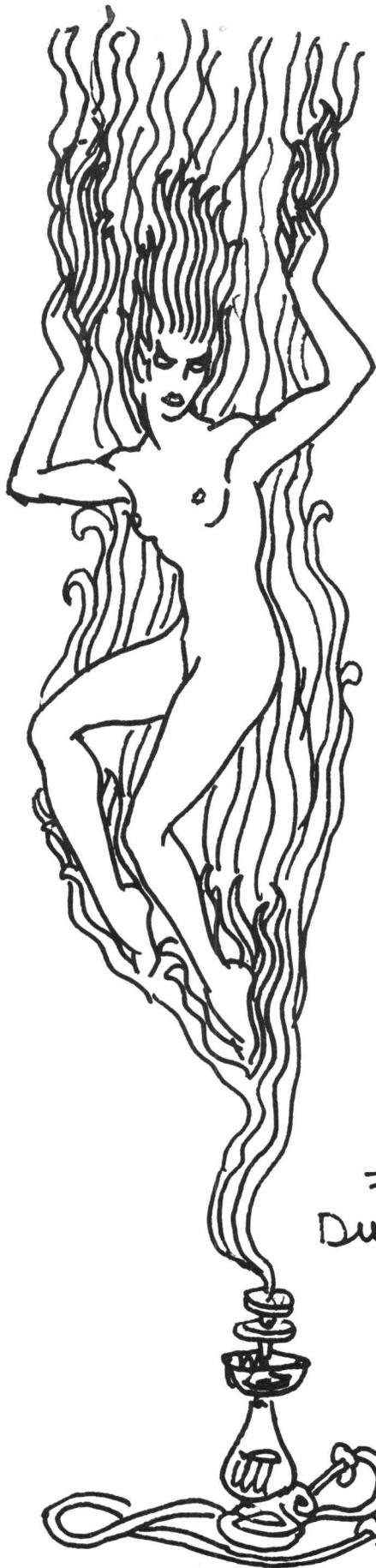
In addition to the numerous drawings he did for Dunninger, he also sketched full-page inscriptions to the magician in copies of books he had illustrated. I have obtained from Dunninger, now 82, a dozen or more such volumes.

Mahlon Blaine, according to Dunninger, was a well educated man with a knowledge on seemingly any subject. He spoke Spanish fluently. Of Irish descent, Blaine was a large, heavy-set man with graying hair and gray-blue eyes. He delighted in telling friends he was born on Easter Island. His appetite for food was great, and he often visited Dunninger in his Cliffside Park, N.J., home.

A frequenter of book stores in New York City, Blaine made his home in Greenwich Village, where most of the struggling artists of the era seemed to congregate. Billie Dunninger, Joe's wife, first met Blaine around 1944. She recalls his wounded left arm, which over a period of some 30 years continued to produce bits of shrapnel from his body. In all, she estimates, some 60 pieces of metal eventually exited through the wound in the arm. She often knitted wristlets for him to wear over the area.

Among the books illustrated by Blaine were "Limehouse Nights" by Thomas Burke, "Satanism and Witchcraft" by Jules Michelet, "Vathek" by William Beckford, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and "Alraune" by Hanns H. Ewers, "Justine" by Marquis De Sade, "The Wolf Leader" by Alexandre Dumas, "Salambo" by Gustave Flaubert, and "Hashish and Incense" by Paul Verlaine.

In the 1960s, shortly before his death, he illustrated a number of Edgar Rice Burroughs books published by Canaveral Press. These drawings, which did not set too well with the Burroughs fans more attuned to the illustrations of J. Allen St. John, Frank Frazetta, and Roy Krenkel, were possibly the final efforts of his career.



For
DUNNINGER

MAYLEN
BLAINE
1943

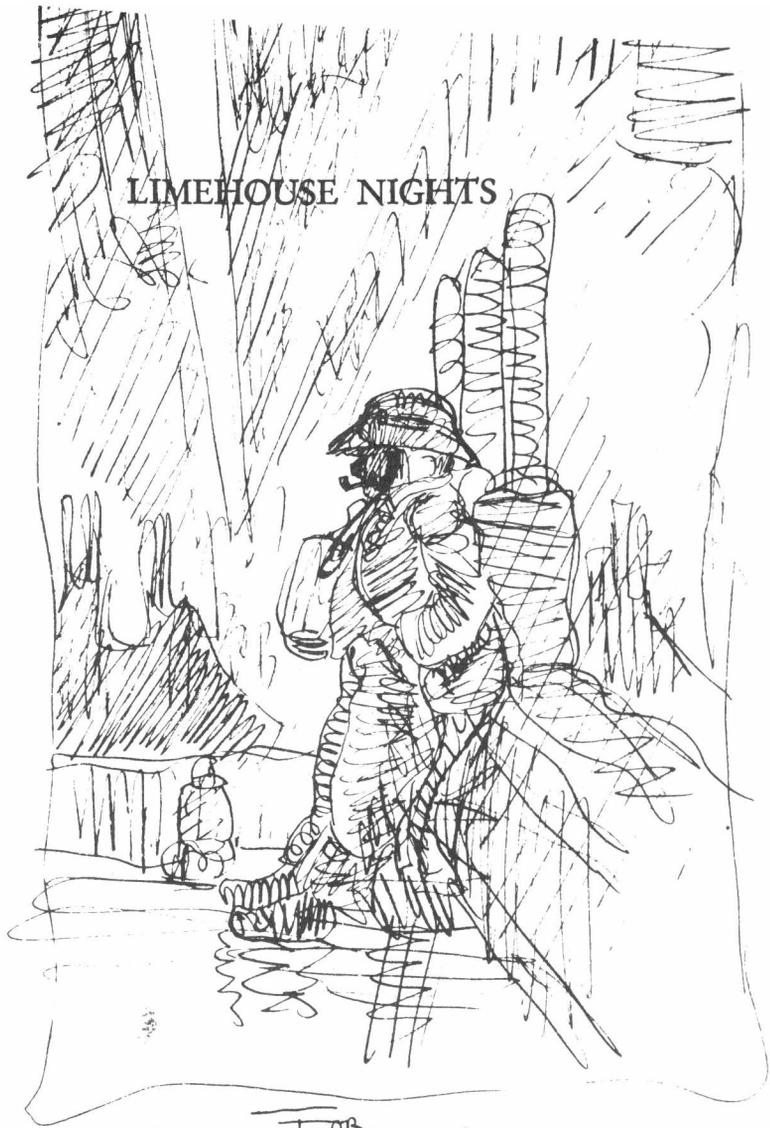


For
DUNNINGER
MAYLEN
BLAINE

From *HASHISH AND INCENSE*
by Paul Verlaine

From *HASHISH AND INCENSE* by Paul Verlaine

LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS



From LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS
by Thomas Burke

FOR DUNNINGER :: MAHLER & BLOOM
LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS



For
Dunninger
Crom
Mahl
Bloom HI

From LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS by Thomas Burke

From A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS
by Edgar Rice Burroughs

For
Dunninger

For
Dunninger



Know
E
Maklon
Blawie
62

GREEN
MAN
OF
MARS
Know
E
Maklon
Blawie
62

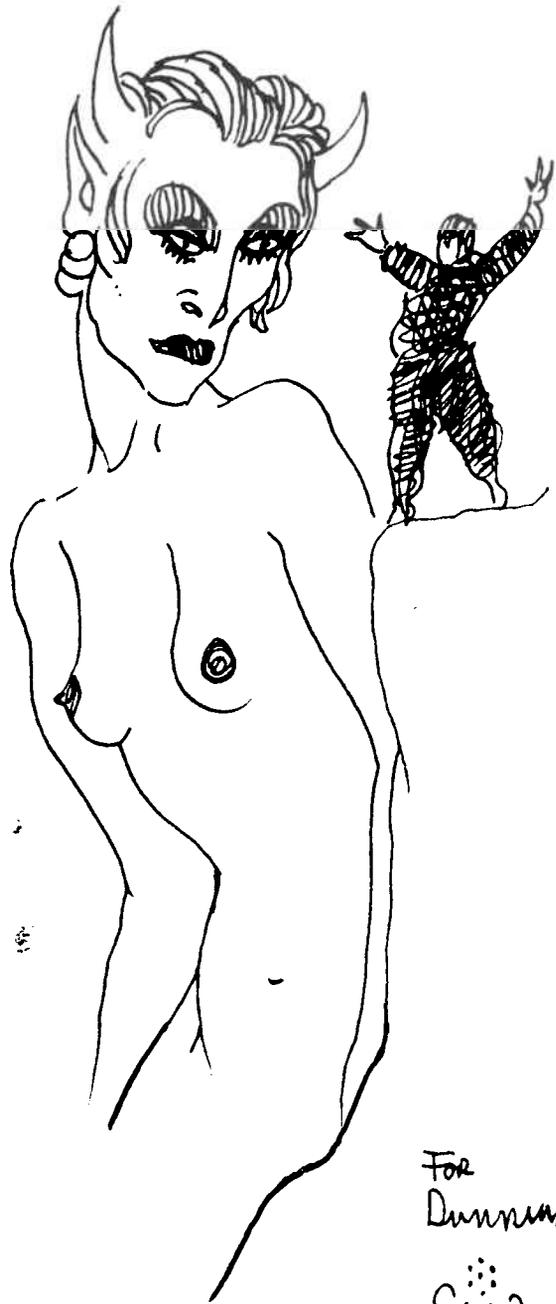
From THE MONSTER MEN
by Edgar Rice Burroughs



For
DUNNINGER

MATHEW
BLAYNE

From *TRINC*
by E. Phelps Putnam

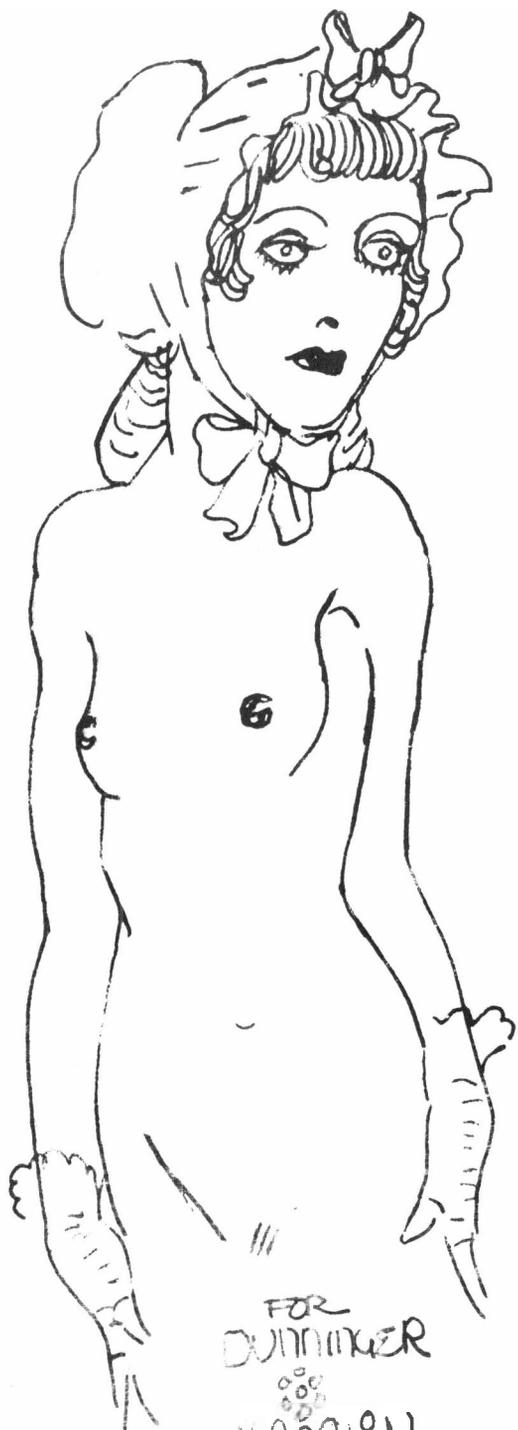


For
Dunninger

MATHEW
BLAYNE '48

From *THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE*

by H. H. Ewers



FOR
DUNNINGER
MARILYN
BLAINE



FOR DUNNINGER
MARILYN
BLAINE

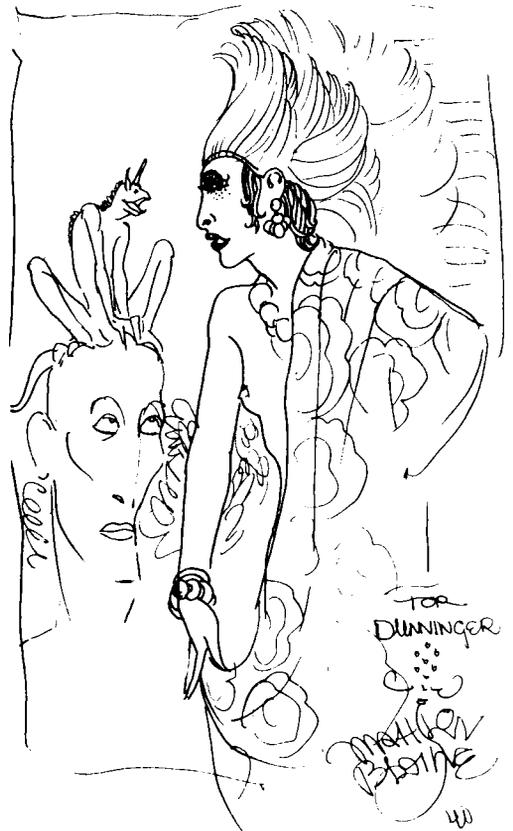
0000
CROWN
CROWN
A

From *JUSTINE* by Marquis De Sade

From *VATHEK* by William Beckford



From *THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN*
by Paul Busson



From *VATHEK*
by William Beckford

For
Dunninger



MOON
MAYLOR
BLAINE
62

From THE MOON MEN
by Edgar Rice Burroughs



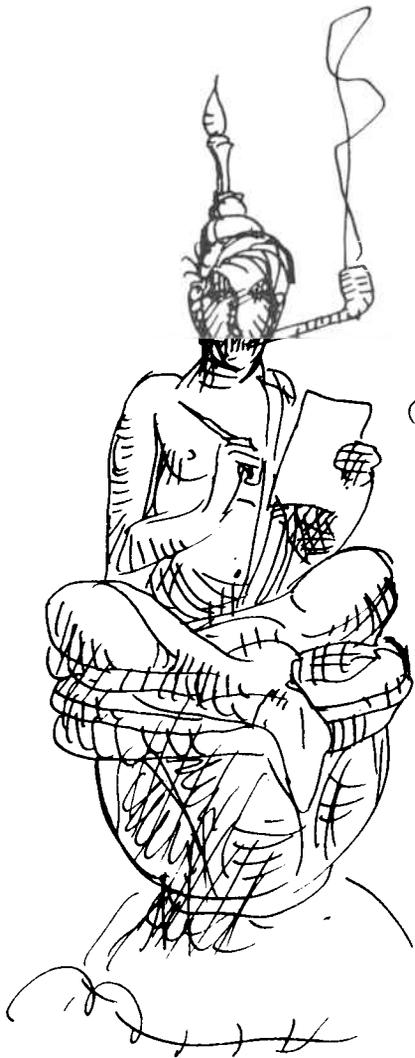
For
Dunninger
CIN
MAYLOR
BLAINE
48

From VATHEK by William Beckford

For Dunninger

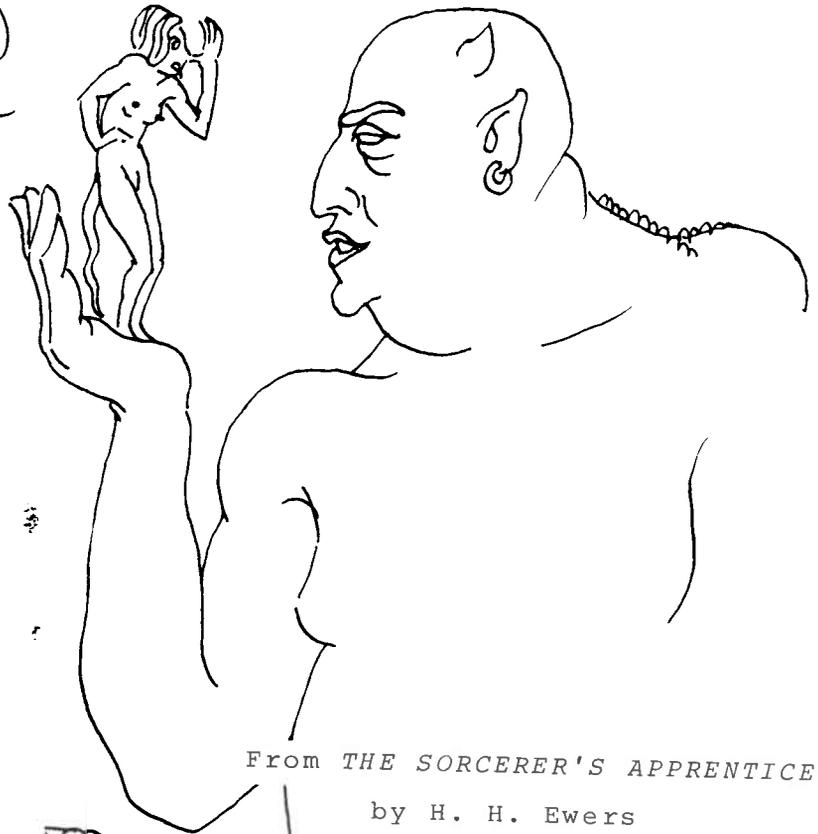


From VATHEK by William Beckford



From *THE LIVING BUDDHA*
by Paul Morand

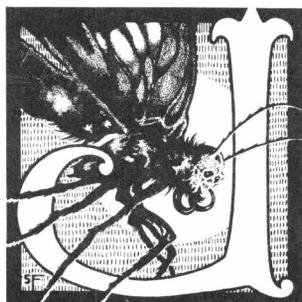
FOR
DUNNINGER
MAHLOW
BLAINE



From *THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE*
by H. H. Ewers

FOR
DUNNINGER
MAHLOW
BLAINE
1 93 6

A LETTER BY CABELL



AMES BRANCH CABELL (1878-1958) was one of America's leading authors of fantasy, attaining a peak of popularity with his controversial book, "Jurgen" in 1919. He produced a series of outstanding literary efforts during the 1920s, but by the mid-1960s only a handful of his books were still in print.

Thanks in part to the reprinting of a number of his books in Ballantine's Adult Fantasy Series, Cabell has undergone a resurgence of interest and found a new generation of fans.

In 1927, his major U.S. publisher, McBride, was preparing to produce a 32-page booklet to promote his works. This pamphlet, entitled "James Branch Cabell", contained a 22-page essay by H.L. Mencken and 10 pages of reviews of his books.

The letter reproduced below is one written by Cabell to his publishers before the appearance of the booklet. This is its first appearance in print.



CAYFORD COTTAGE

MOUNTAIN LAKE

VIRGINIA

Dear Mr. Rose:

To take matters as they occur to me, Imprimis, the pamphlet. Your notion about this I think excellent. There should by all means be that first edition. And in fine your entire plan is wholly agreeable to me. Even so, I vaingloriously believe I can better it. I suggest this lay out. Portrait: Title page: on verso of title page the new list of my books, as I lately sent it to Mr. Somerville: then Mencken's paper in 22 pages, which should afford the spaciousness we need for something really handsome, and perhaps a fresh page for each division. This for the first printing. For the second printing I would give two pages to the Storisende Edition. This I would follow with ~~wzkh~~ a page headed Books by Mr. Cabell (having omitted, in this second printing, if it can be done economically, the list on the verso of the title page), and this page would be devoted to Beyond Life and Figures of Earth. Thereafter I would list the other fifteen now existing books in order, three to each page, using with Eve the matter now in the catalogue,-- but substituting "Southern" for "Virginian". This would make just the 32 pages. The puffs could be abridged from the matter in the Walpole pamphlet, with the addition of extracts from the best signed reviews you may find in the office of Straws and Prayer-Books and The Silver Stallion. I suggest Frances

Newman for the first, and either Bates or Krutch for the second. This is to avoid a repetition of the quoted critics. In fact, now I think of it, we do not want to repeat Mencken, and should preferably quote ~~from~~ Beyond Life something from Guy Holt's preface in the Modern Library edition. It would be simpler for you to prepare these puffs at your end, as I cannot so well gauge the correct length.

For another matter: you will find in Mencken's paper a reference to my "trying to link the books in genealogical sequence -- a hollow enterprise" I quote from memory. However, do you insert after sequence "which to some may seem" and delete the "and" now following "enterprise". He has authorized me to make this change, which becomes expedient, I think, in a pamphlet advertising the Storisende Edition. Elsewhere, the present text would not matter.

Turning to your earlier letter about Eve, I was quite honestly pleased by your three objections to the book. I mean, each seems to me wholly sound and intelligible as far, I have to add, as it goes. The "Not to-night, Evelyn" is not amusing when it appears for the second and third time, any more to the reader than it was to Gerald. But it does mark definitely that he found here nothing different from precisely what he was attempting to escape. And it links up with the repeated description of the woman and the repeated sonnet business to establish the monotony,-- which, to be sure, the reader also may trying. Still, I believe the repeated remark is right in principle.

Elsewhere I feel on weaker ground. I do not understand what you mean by the allegory of the Holy Nose. There is here no allegory. It is just a nose, which Gerald tipsily insisted on calling a tongue. What do you mean by your allegory?.... That at least is what I might be saying. Instead, I say that, while I am not sure any great subtlety is needed just here, I shall look over the proofs.... The erudition of Evaine does not wholly satisfy me either. But face my problem. A display of some sort of erudition is called for. It has to be a burlesque erudition. Evaine cannot be approached in any way seriously without making Gerald's killing of her a serious business. It cannot, obviously, be the sort of burlesque erudition which Jurgen displays by citing imposing authorities. It therefore became, to be frank, the only other sort of burlesque erudition I could think of. Nor do I now know of any other sort of nonsense which would meet the demands of the story just here. At best, I can but reconsider these pages to see if a little more variousness can be imparted.... The defence rests its case.

Meanwhile I note with pleasure the excellent notices accorded the House of Lost Identity. That does not, we know, amount to much in the matter of sales, but I wonder hopefully how you may be doing with the book. The announcement of Eve in the Publishers' Weekly I thought quite all right. It reminds me too the time approaches to take up the nature of the general advertising.

Yours faithfully,

James Branch Cabell

20 July 1927

SELECTED INSCRIPTIONS



BOOK COLLECTORS come in many shapes and varieties, but one thing most of the serious ones always have an eye out for is a signed or inscribed edition.

And, like most serious collectors of fantasy fiction, I have accumulated a good many such volumes. Many I have had inscribed to me by authors still active or those who have been so during the 30-odd years in which I've been buying books.

Collectors who attend the various conventions and conferences held each year can have a field day getting books signed by authors who attend. But it's not so easy to find signed copies by some of the big names in the field for the simple and unfortunate reason they are no longer amongst us.

So when you can locate books signed by such as H.G. Wells, Bram Stoker, A. Merritt, Otis Adelbert Kline, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and so many others, the collector is elated, and quite rightfully so.

I thought it might be an interesting feature to print here some of the inscriptions in my own books. Naturally, there are many others, but those reproduced here are a fair sampling.

GERRY de la REE

To Gerry de la Ree
One of the original
poll conductors, this
well-wishing signature
to my original
version of "Shan" --
which did so well
in his poll
Cordially
Q. E. Van Vogt

THE VITAL MESSAGE

BY
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
AUTHOR OF "THE NEW REVELATION,"
ETC.

Yours sincerely
Arthur Conan Doyle.

July 26. / 23.
Lorn Lake

NEW  YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

A world without Kings
or Emperors will be
a world without war

H. G. Wells

H. G. Wells: WAR OF THE WORLDS

A world without kings or
emperors will be a world
without war.

To
my
friend
of
old—
the
perennial
top
editor



John W. Campbell, Jr.,
With admiration and esteem—
D.E.S.

As, for the edification of the
non-cognoscenti
This First Edition is limited to 5,000 copies.

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.

E. E. Smith
CHILDREN OF THE LENS
To John W. Campbell, Jr.

Georg de la Ree —

Charles G. Finney

This copy of "The Circus
of Dr. Lao" is a blotch
and abomination. Too
many typos. It serves
me right for not having
proofread the galley sheets.

Tueson, Sept. 1971

Charles G. Finney
THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO

Mrs. Frank W. Matthien

Best wishes
from the author

Harry Houdini

aug 29/1919

Authentic
Dunninger

Harry Houdini
THE UNMASKING OF ROBERT-HOUDINI
Also inscribed by Dunninger

"THE HORROR ON THE ASTEROID"
WAS MY FIRST PUBLISHED
BOOK -- IT LOOKS POOR NOW
BUT HOW I LOVED IT THEN!

Edmond Hamilton

 **MAZA
OF THE
MOON**

By
Otis Adelbert Kline

Otis Adelbert Kline



John W. Griggs
Late U.S. Attorney General
from Bram Stoker
22.3.02

Bram Stoker, THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA
To John W. Griggs, U.S. Attorney
General under Pres. McKinley.

Florrie Fenton Ash
30 Cavendish Gardens
Clapham Park
S.W. 4

THE DEVIL-TREE OF
EL DORADO BY
FRANK AUBREY. is
FENTON ASH also:-

"A Queen of Atlantis" "A Trip To Mars"
"By Airship to Ophiu" "The Black Ops"
"Cadets of the Dolphin"
"The Island of Gold"
"The Temple of Fire" &c. &c. &c.
"A Studio Mystery"

Florrie Fenton Ash
THE DEVIL-TREE OF ELDORADO
The Rosetta-stone copy that
revealed Ash and Frank Aubrey
were one and the same.

Robert W. Chambers
1895 - April 8th
New York
City

Robert W. Chambers
THE KING IN YELLOW
Author's own copy,
signed April 8, 1895

PEACE AND PLENTY
TO GERRY DE LA REE -

[Handwritten signature]

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. PLAYER PIANO

To M. & Mrs. Chevalier
with all good wishes
from Sax Rohmer

Christmas - *[Handwritten flourish]*

Sax Rohmer, THE YELLOW CLAW

THE EXPLORATION OF MARS

[Handwritten signature]

To Edward Urwick
a slight return for
his sonnet

from

[Handwritten signature]

Feb 24th 1917

To Gerry de la Ree
"The Eyes of The Shadow"
see all! The Shadow knows!

Walter Gibson
Maxwell Grant

[Handwritten flourish]

Walter Gibson / Maxwell Grant
THE EYES OF THE SHADOW

Lord Dunsany TALES OF WONDER
To Edward Urwick, A slight
return for his sonnet.

Dear Dr. Hent,

You need 450092125
the misc. on scene of the
1st chapters. But before

I could collect on it -
Omgod - my publisher
went bankrupt.

With the best,
affectionately yours
A. Merritt

A. Merritt, BURN WITCH BURN!

To Gerry de la Ree, who
now owns the original illustrations
from this volume.

Best regards,
Virgil Finlay

Virgil Finlay artist for ROADS

For John Campbell, Jr.
to whom I owe
everything but
my children and
my shortcomings

Isaac
Asimov

Isaac Asimov
ONLY A TRILLION
To John W. Campbell, Jr.

To John W. Campbell
who grabbed it by the tail.

With kindest regards

Eric F. Russell.

Eric Frank Russell
THE GREAT EXPLOSION
To John W. Campbell, Jr.

THE IRON STAR

To Robert & Davis Esq
God-father of Tarzan
with best ever

From

Edgar Rice Burroughs

Ed Bell
May 1 1916

Edgar Rice Burroughs
THE BEASTS OF TARZAN
inscribed to Bob Davis
of All-Story Magazine.

BY

JOHN TAINE

Author of "Green Fire," "Quayle's Invention,"
"The Purple Sapphire," etc.

"John Taine"

Ed Bell

15 June 1934

FRANKENSTEIN



Mary Shelley's
Frankenstein -

to Jerry de la Ree

- our second meeting
on Nov. 25, 1970

Lynd Ward

FOR
GERRY de la Ree!
WITH FRIENDLY WISHES!
THIS COPY OF "PARK CARNIVAL"
FROM
RAY BRADBURY

Lynd Ward artist for FRANKENSTEIN

The best of luck to
Gerry *Frank R. Paul*

For Virgil, from his fellow
carver of images
Clark Ashton Smith

Dec. 3rd, 1957

Ebony and Crystal

Poems in Verse and Prose

BY

CLARK ASHTON SMITH

AUTHOR OF

The Star-Traders and Other Poems
Odes and Sonnets

For Gerry de la Ree,
Every good wish,

Virgil
Fintay

To John Campbell
without whom many
of these stories would not
have been written

"Lewis Padgett"
(Henry Kuttner)

Henry Kuttner/Lewis Padgett
A GNOME THERE WAS
To John W. Campbell, Jr.

To my dear friends
Ray and Marty Gernsback
the author
Hernsback
N.Y. 1926

With best wishes to
Gerry de la Ree
Hernsback
1961

Hugo Gernsback/Frank R. Paul
RALPH 124C41+

Twice inscribed by the
author, 1926 and 1961.

To Gerry de la Ree,
"Now is the very witching
time of night when Hell
itself pours forth contagion
on the world."
Best wishes
Fritz Leiber

My copy

Fritz Leiber WITCHES THREE

George Sylvester Viereck

Burned by
the Nazis
Edition
destroyed

For Frank Belknap Long, Jr.
in memory of the too-brief
association of last summer.
Donald Wandrei

April 10, 1948

George Sylvester Viereck
MY FIRST 2000 YEARS
Author's own copy of German
edition burned by Nazis.

Donald Wandrei
DARK ODYSSEY
To F. B. Long

Apr. 17/77
Please send
"Sawyer" and
"Sketches",
cloth to A.C.
Grimes, Care B+Q
RR office, Olive
between Main &
Second sts., St Louis,
Mo, & charge to
Sh Clemens

Mark Twain/S. L. Clemens
A postcard written April 17, 1877,
ordering copies of TOM SAWYER &
SKETCHES NEW AND OLD from his
own publishing company.

for Belknap Long
a fellow traveller on a road
of intangible inclinations

Vincent Starrett

30 May, 1927

My dreams that over in valleys of youth
Spun brightly with the land
Are sorrowfully toiling up
Along hills, in the dark.

V.S.

Vincent Starrett
BANNERS IN THE DAWN
To Frank Belknap Long

To Jerry de la Ree
My first book in print
"The Price Commands"
Andie Norton



FINLAY FAMILY PORTRAIT – *Virgil Finlay, his mother, Ruby Cole Finlay, left; and his younger sister, Jean, posed for this picture outside their Rochester, N.Y., home in the 1930s about the time the young artist was breaking into the professional field as an illustrator for Weird Tales. This picture was presented to Gerry de la Ree in 1970 and is previously unpublished.*

SWORDS & SORCERY BY FINLAY



IN 1963, WHEN Virgil Finlay contracted to do a cover for the Pyramid pocketbook, "Swords and Sorcery", he first did a series of preliminary sketches. Three of them, done in full color, were quite detailed. Another trio of drawings, done in pencil and ink, were "roughs".

At some later date, I hope to use the three color pictures, but for now fans must settle for the three black and white drawings. In 1973, I sent two of these to George Barr, a young California artist who is both a fan of Finlay's work and an excellent illustrator in his own right.

Barr completed one of the Finlay sketches and added a few touches to the other. In effect, then, these are the first and possibly only Finlay-Barr collaborations in existence.

ASTROLOGICAL SKETCHES BY FINLAY



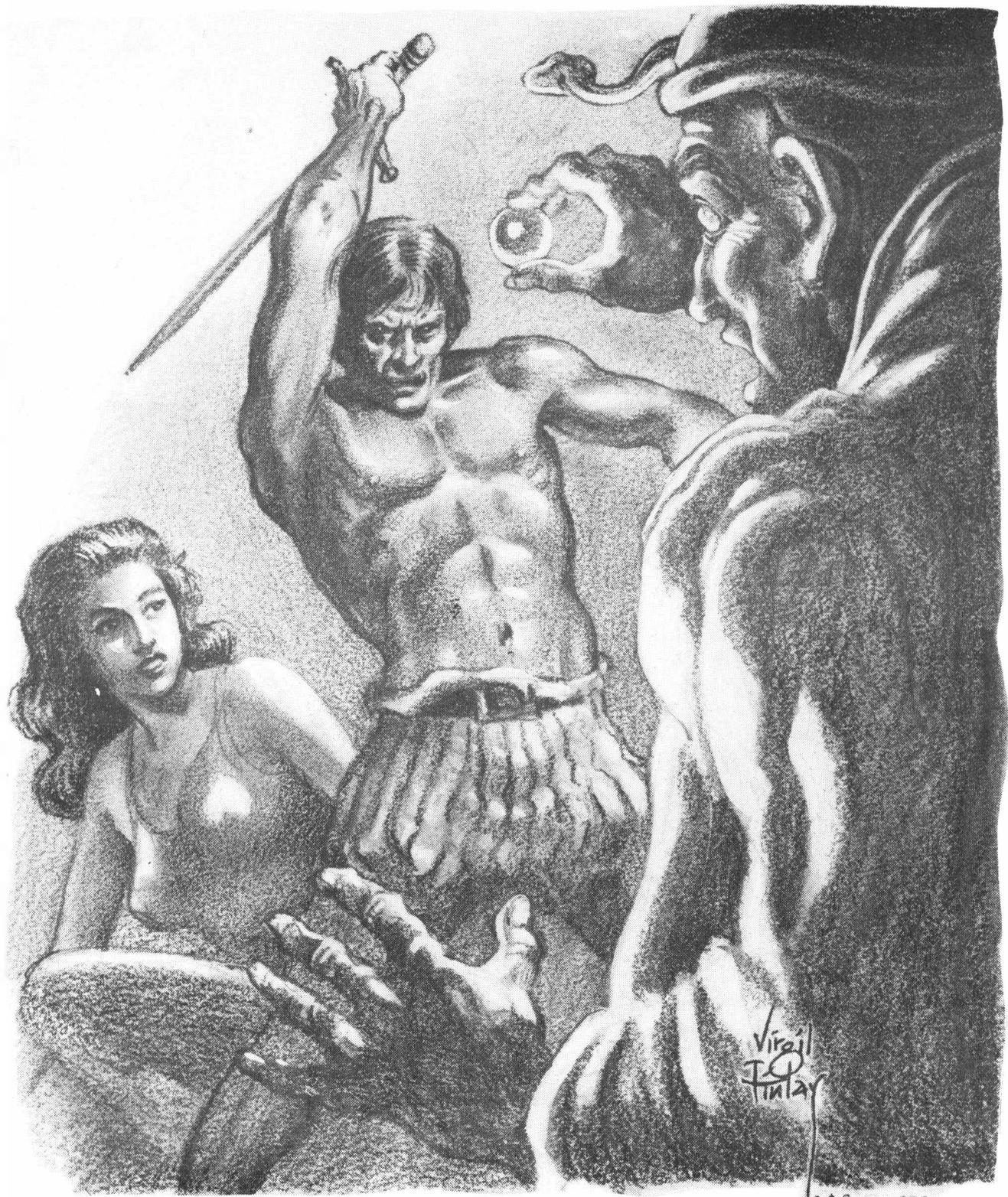
URING THE last 15 years of his life, artist Virgil Finlay (1914-1971) appeared with regularity in the pages and covers of *Astrology Magazine*. In fact, from 1965 on he did virtually every cover for the publication.

Prior to 1956, Finlay had illustrated mainly for the science fiction and fantasy magazines, but as their number decreased he turned his talents to this new field of endeavor.

Some of his finest work was done for *Astrology* and a book containing examples of these drawings will be produced in the near future by Donald Grant.

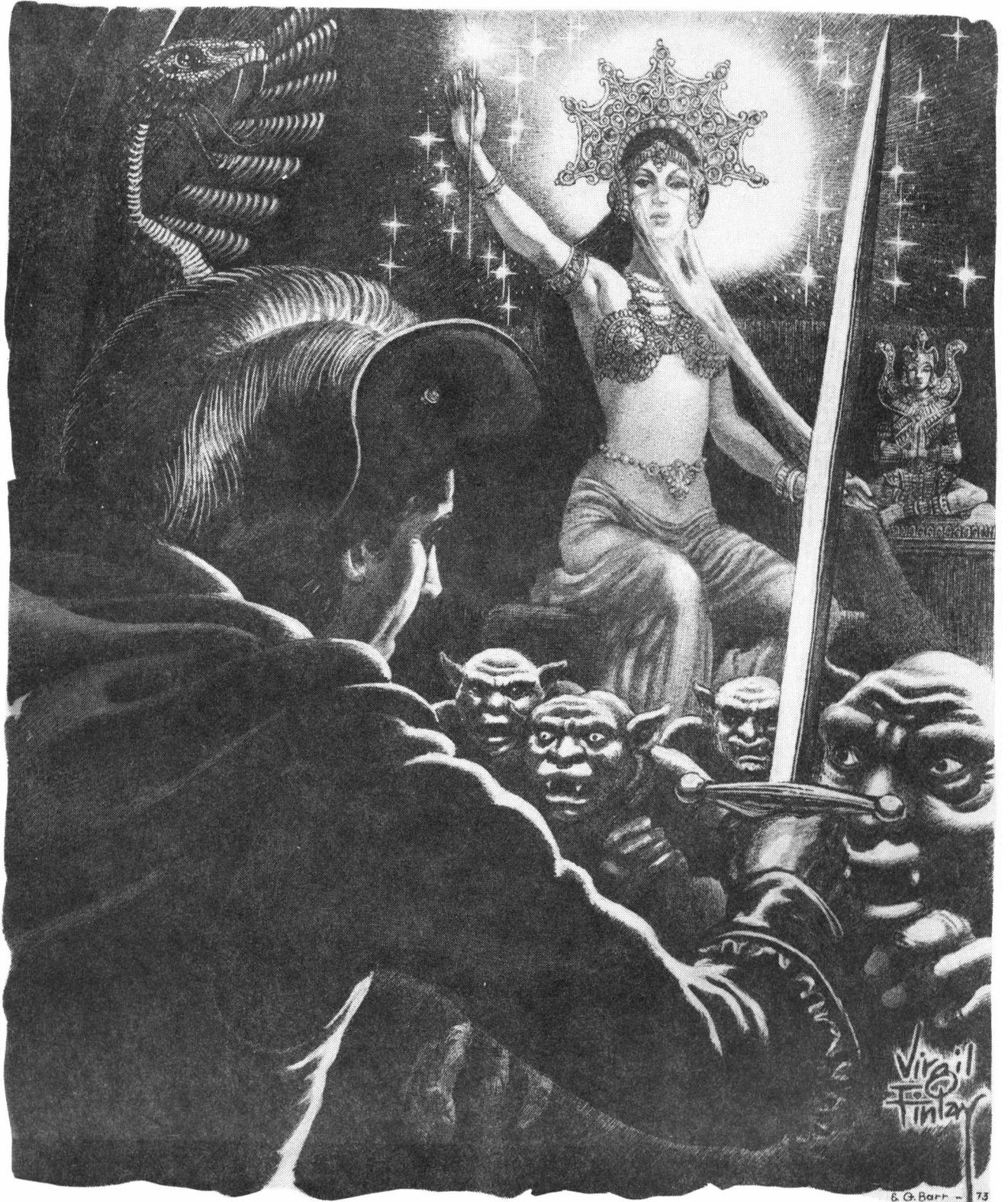
Before he executed his final drawing for a cover, however, Finlay would normally produce several sketches from which the editor could make a selection. These sketches, done in pen and ink or pencil on onion-skin paper, were quite detailed and worthy additions to any collection of Finlay artwork.

Here we present five of these sketches, three presented to Helen de la Ree and two to Gerry de la Ree as representative of their astrological signs - Capricorn and Virgo.



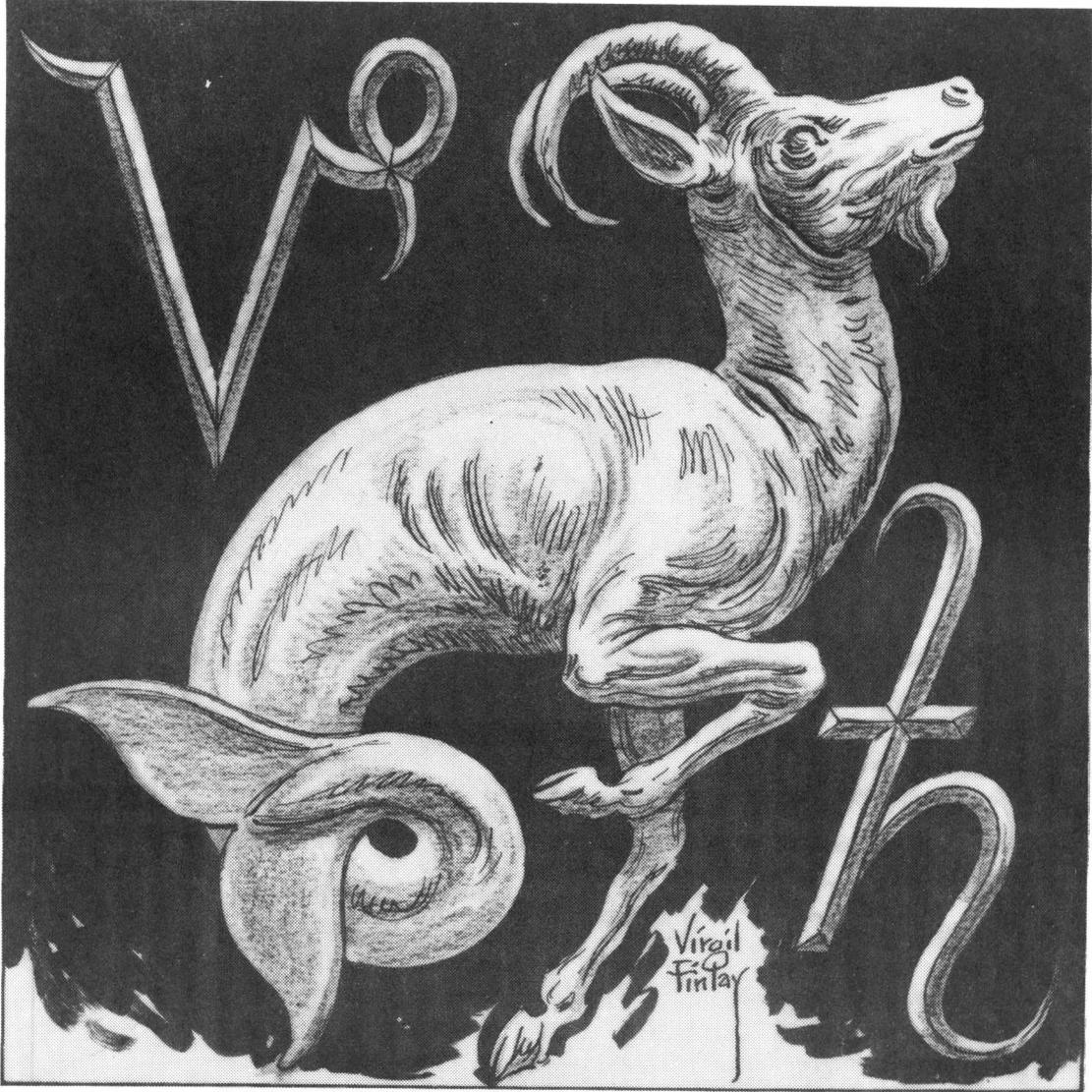
Virgil
Finlay

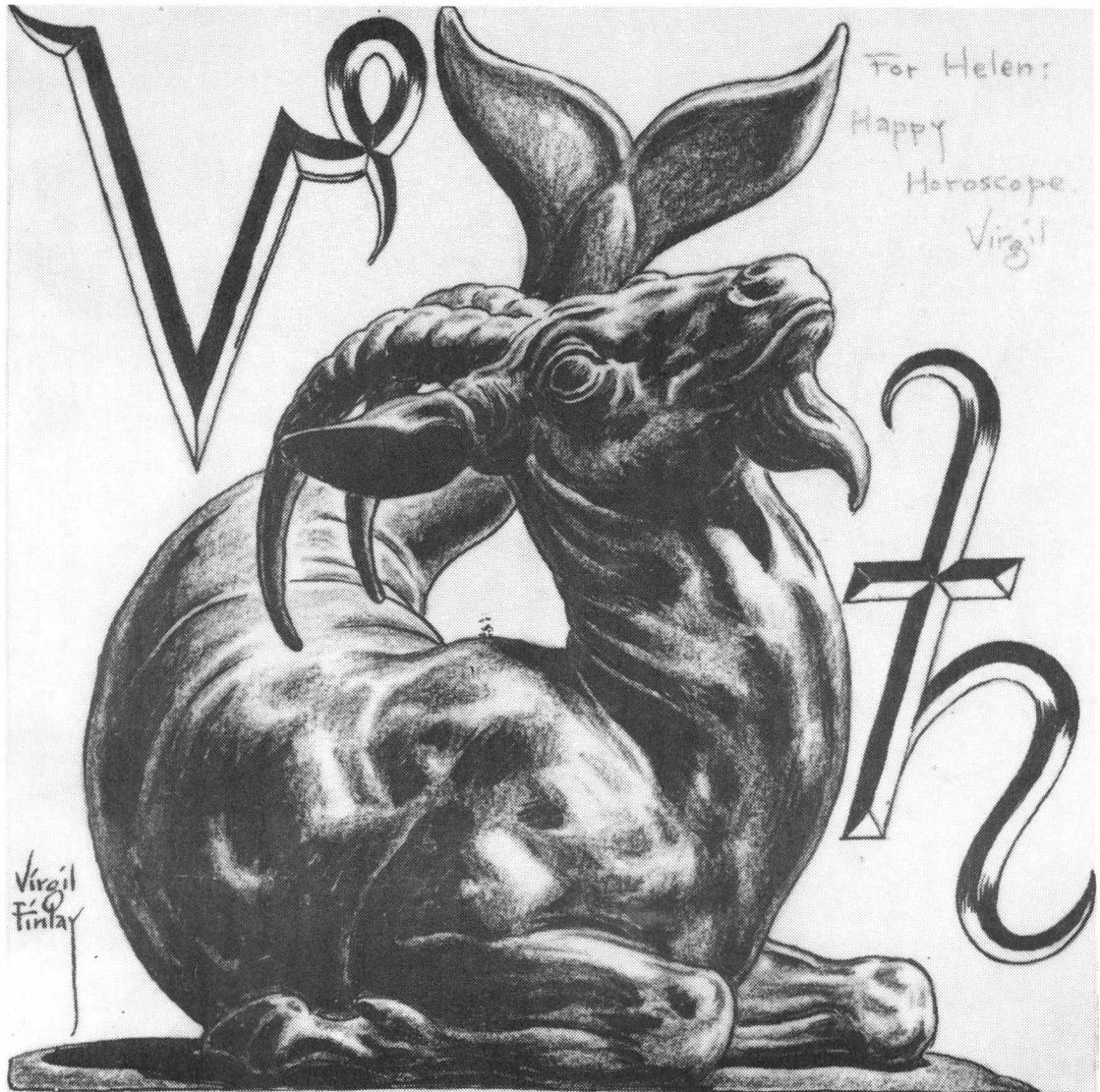
B.O. Barr - 1973



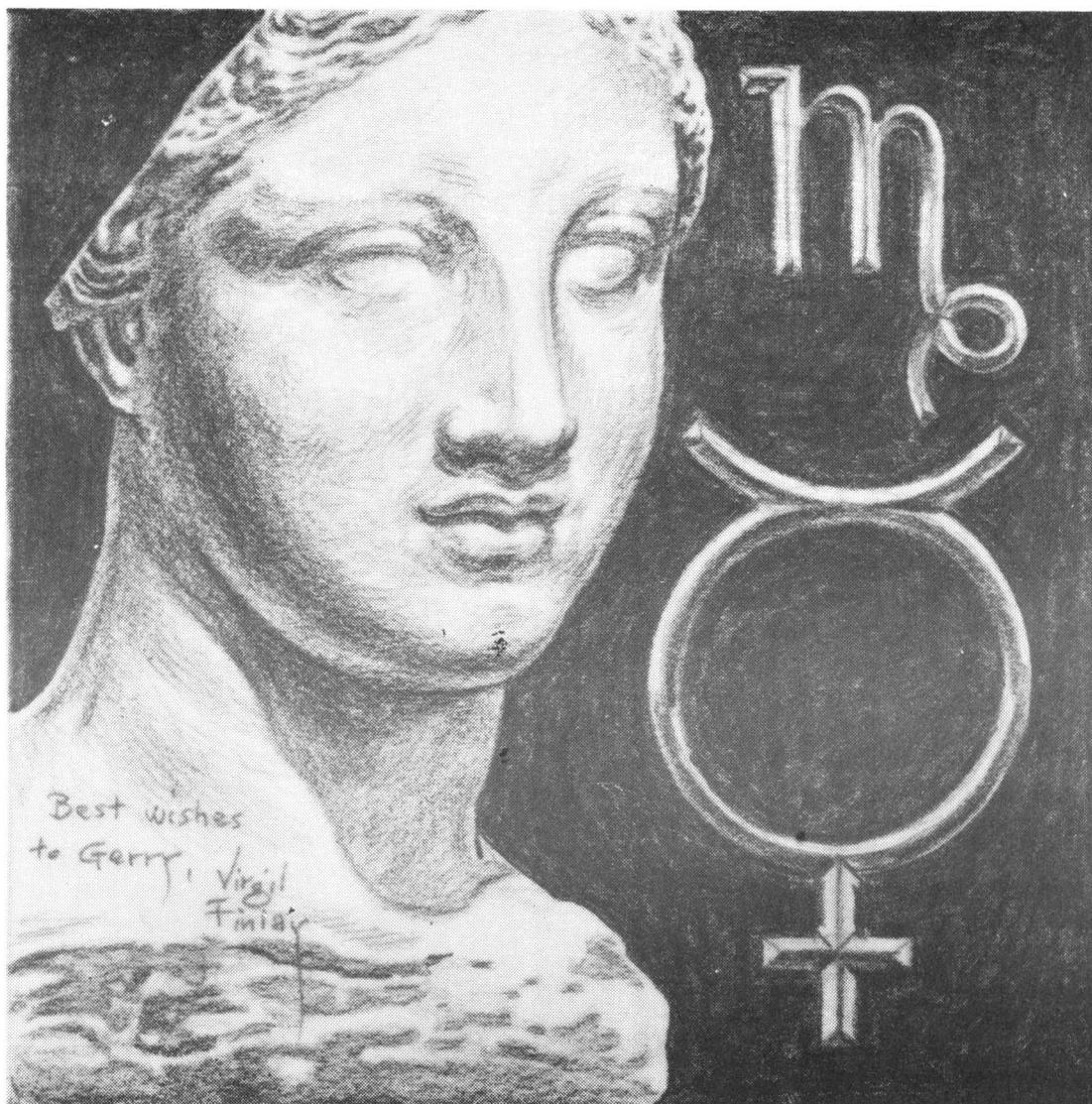


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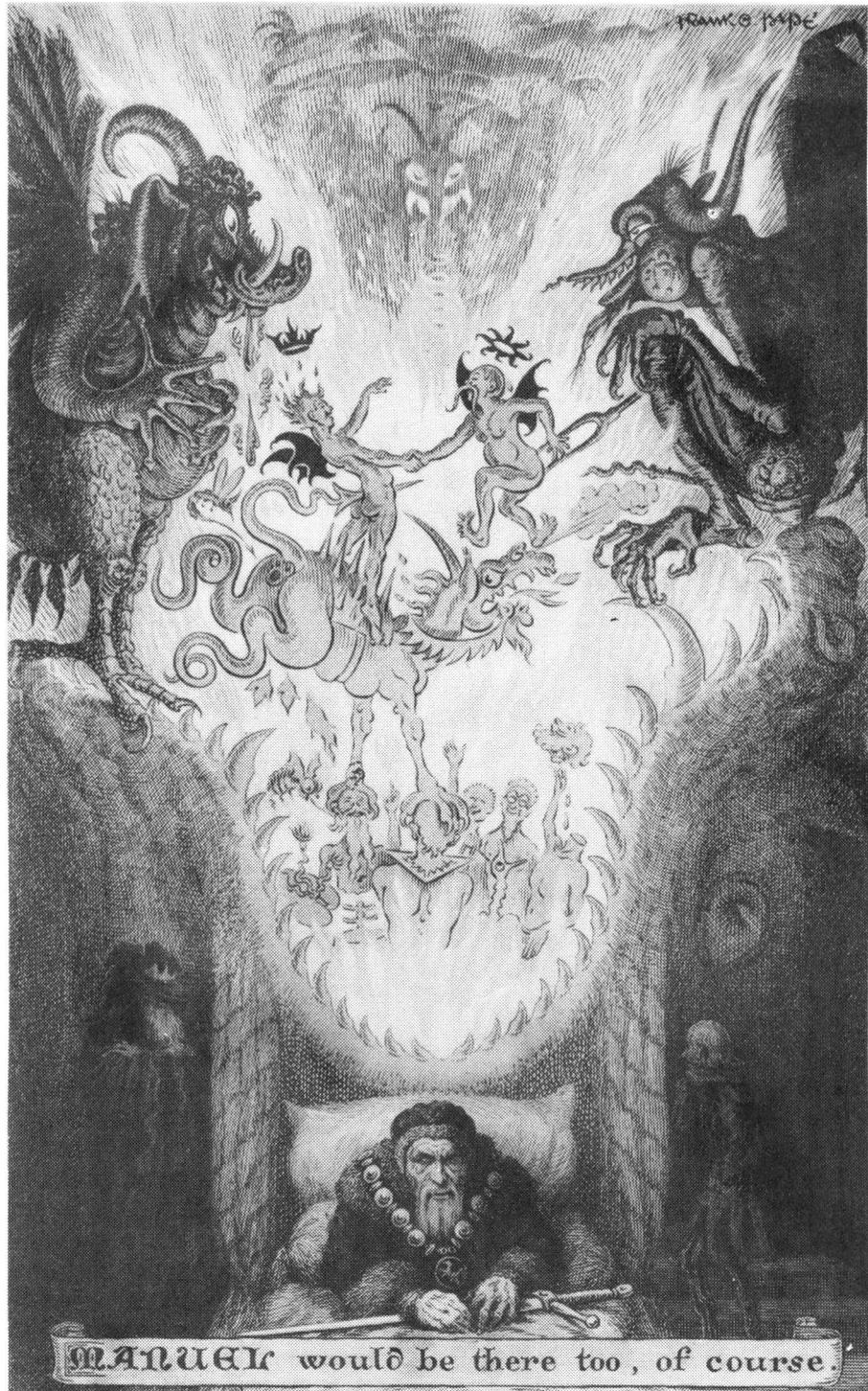












FROM "THE SILVER STALLION" – This is one of Frank Pape's drawings done for the 1928 edition of James Branch Cabell's "The Silver Stallion". Pape did eleven full-page plates for the book. In all, he did a total of 85 drawings for this one volume.

PAPÉ ON "THE SILVER STALLION"



RANK C. PAPÉ was a leading British book illustrator of the 1920s and is perhaps best remembered in the United States for the illustrations he did for special editions of James Branch Cabell's works.

The books he illustrated were "Figures of Earth", "The Silver Stallion", "Something About Eve", "Domnei", "The High Place", "The Cream of the Jest", the first British edition of Cabell's most famous work, "Jurgen"; and "The Way of Echben".

We are proud to present two letters concerning his work for one of these books, "The Silver Stallion", written to the American publishing firm of McBride. When we obtained these letters, there were two photos of Papé, which also appear here. Also reproduced on the preceding page is one of Papé's plates from "The Silver Stallion".

Thomas Horan of Dalton, Ga., knew Cabell and was a correspondent of Papé's for some four years in the early 1930s.

"During our correspondence, Papé told me of tennis, badminton, and hoeing a vegetable garden," recalls Horan. "Once he wrote 'As a matter of fact I do not care in the least for serious erotic work. But from a humorous point of view, I get a little fun out of it. I like to shock people. That is the reason why I like Rabelais. To me he is so healthy — a bright west wind blowing into the dustbin, laying bare all the mysterious dirt and saying: Well, there you are and what about it?'"

"Concerning his printed illustrations, Papé once told me 'I am afraid you will never get a complete Papé collection. I have seen books I myself did not recognize or remember — dished up from old drawings, and so forth. Besides, some of them are so poor that you would lose all respect.'"

"Papé's first printed item was 'Children of the Dawn'. This was followed by 'The Book of Psalms'. Then came a veritable spate of children's books, followed by the British edition of 'Jurgen' in 1921.

"Papé was 53 years old in 1931 when he wrote me, 'As to your query regarding juvenile books, I have done such a truly appalling lot that I could not possibly give you anything approximating a complete list.'"



ARTIST AT WORK – *Frank C. Papé* is shown at the drawing board in this photo taken around 1928.

59B St. John's Road,
Tembridge, Wells
March 29, 1928

McBride Publishers,
New York, New York

Gentlemen:

I have today handed over the complete set of illustrations for "The Silver Stallion" to Messrs. John Lane, who have very kindly undertaken to ship them to you, as they did with "The Cream of the Jest". The boat leaves on April 4th.

The contents will consist of 10 full page plates (the 11th is already in your hands) 1 cover design, 1 book division frame with 10 designs to be inserted and the necessary lettering, and 64 text drawings. In all 85 drawings.

You may be surprised at my having done only *eleven* full page plates, but after carefully considering the matter I came to the conclusion that the volume would look far better as a whole with a plate for each of the ten books, and a frontispiece. All the separate stories being of equal length -- within 2 or 3 pages -- there seemed to be no justification for

one of them bearing two plates. Apart from this, a more or less even distribution would be impossible. So, believe me, I chose to surpress my desire & pleasure to do a twelfth plate for the sake of harmony. With such an abundance of subjects there would have been no trouble in finding scores of plates. I hope you will consider my decision a correct one.

Regarding the cover design I would just *suggest* the possibility of employing black & silver, but whether this would interfere with the series, you are in the best position to decide.

For the endpapers I feel sure you could not do better than to use the map of Poictesme and I would suggest printing it on pale cream or buff paper of a vellum or parchment nature.

Mr. Cabell writes me that you are planning to make a truly gorgeous volume. Nodoby could be more pleased at the idea than I am. I shall be highly excited at seeing in what way you can eclipse those masterpieces you have already produced. May I contribute one suggestion relating to the text drawings which might possibly appeal to you. Though I am half afraid it may prove too expensive, how would you like printing them on a pale cream back, surrounding the drawings (all but the very smallest) by a small design. Or, do you think it would destroy the harmony between the vignettes and the type? There may also be this objection, that if *one* drawing has a tinted ground, they must *all* have it.

You will see by my notes on the book division design that it is intended to cover the *entire* page (showing no white paper margin). This plan, I think, will give it a very rich and unique appearance. The same could be done with the title page, using the same design. If you were to use the "cream back" suggestion, only the centre panel of the book division might have that. Should, however, the plan of covering the entire page not appeal to you, you can reduce the frame & panels to any size required, though I personally should regret it.

If only the blockmakers will rise to the occasion, I am sure you will make a truly splendid volume of it. I am very glad I was able to give so much time to my share -- about 5 months uninterrupted work -- and it was a never to be forgotten delight to me. It is really worth advertising.

Mr. Cabell informs me that he has written a special preface for this edition. If there is any way in which I can be of assistance to you regarding the book I shall be only too pleased to weigh in. It would certainly be best to have proofs early & for me to see them.

Meanwhile, I have just received your wire at which I was greatly relieved. I *greatly* appreciate your courtesy in acceding to my request

relating to the return of the originals, for it leaves me now with the assurance that I am justified in putting so much time into my work.

There is one further request I have to make, namely that you favour me with your cheque as soon as convenient on receipt of the drawings. Having worked on the "Stallion" without intermission for several months has prevented me from drawing payment elsewhere, and as our English tax collectors have no particular sympathy with art, I am beginning to see the bottom of my gold chests!

Yours sincerely,

Frank C. Papé

59B St. John's Road
Tembridge, Wells.
Nov. 28, 1928

Dear Mr. Somerville,

Very many thanks for the two copies of "The Silver Stallion".

I am entirely delighted with the book, the plates are really splendid; the blockmaker is getting more used to my work and consequently producing far better results, notably in the halftones. So I believe the few criticisms I made on his former shortcomings in that direction have born good fruit. Although Mr. Cabell in a recent letter to me is advocating a less "dead" white paper, I myself, from an entirely selfish standpoint, do not object in the least, for it certainly adds to the clearness of the vignettes. But no doubt, taking the book as a whole, a more creamy paper would give a more artistic result.

The endpapers too are most tasteful and distinguished and so is your use of the frame work with the inserted vignettes for the title page. The book divisions I regard as a great success in spite of the technical impossibility of letting them cover the entire page.

The binding design is the *only* thing I can criticise. This is the cover I saw at Lane's and wired you about. As I pointed out in a previous letter, the whole should have been reversed in the brass. This is a lapse frequently made (Lane's did the same in "Penguin Island" on the title page). The binding design for "Something About Eve" is drawn in such a way that it need *not* be reversed, and I should also like to point out here that that particular design need not necessarily spread over the whole binding, but will stand a substantial reduction, so that the block can be placed at one side of in the centre, as you think best.

The wrapper design for "The Silver Stallion" is to my mind wholly delightful and quite uncommon & striking.

I am glad to hear you received the drawings for "Something About Eve" and that you are so pleased with them. It is a pity the text

drawings were done for the first type pages, but I am convinced your & Mr. Cabell's ingenuity will ensure a masterly solution of the problem you have to deal with. You managed it most successfully in "The Cream of the Jest".

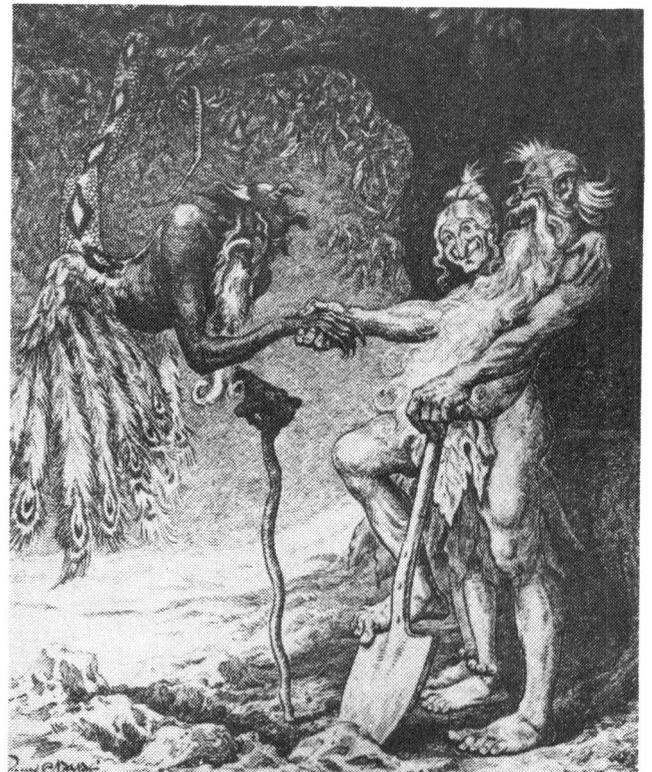
I am looking forward with eagerness to your letter regarding the proposed next book.

I regret to say my proposed show in May & June had to be postponed owing to our General Election which, as far as we can ascertain, will take place precisely during that time. Just a case of bad luck -- so we are now trying to fix up for December, 1929, but possibly we may come to the conclusion that it has best be postponed till Spring 1930.

Yours sincerely,
Frank C. Papé



FRANK C. PAPÉ
Portrait inscribed in 1928



THE
SEASON'S GREETINGS:
FROM
PRISCILLA BRADLEY CABELL
AND
JAMES BRANCH CABELL

A PHANTASY

By Andrew Dewing

(Note: Andrew Dewing was an aspiring poet and correspondent of Clark Ashton Smith. His prose poem, here published for the first time, was sent by CAS to Samuel Loveman. DeWing's work in this brief piece as well as in his poem, "The Madman", is not unlike much of that being done at the time by Smith).



IN MY DREAMS I saw a sweeping, illimitable desert, whose radiant copper sands gleamed and throbbed beneath the scarlet splendours of a sinking sun. And in the silence of that sea of solitude stood a pale, ghost-like figure, whose arms were raised in eternal sorrow to the passing of the Orb of Light. And the robes of the figure were of that black which is of death, but from hour to hour, stirred by the invisible scentless winds of twilight, the robes showed on the reverse side that green which is the colour of hope.

And a vague mist, a mist of the pale blue of the phantom asphodels in the nocturnal gardens of Peresphene, arose from the copper sands, and enveloped the figure of Man in the robes everlasting. And the name of the haze was Mystery.

And a murmur arose from the night, and wandered among the sands, and softly, like winds that glide through phantom harps to whose rhythm the green of the robes seemed to vibrate.

And Darkness and Death, leaving their dwellings on the dim shores of the Night, held dominion over the desert, and the mind of the figure was lost in oblivion, for no sun arose to bring the new dawn. And still was seen the mystic green of the robes, rising, palpitating, rising again and again, striving toward the morning which shall not come.

THE MADMAN

By Andrew Dewing



HE EVENING came with sorrow in her hands
And borne on winds, she sought the quiet
lands

Beyond the emerald arc of sunset. Long
I wandered where the cypress held a song
The sea had caught from sorrow, and our toil
The heavy waters swelled beneath an oil
That dulled their blaze to bronze. The copper
shore

Gleamed beneath a foam that evermore

Trembled on shaken sands. I thought the sea
My storm-born passion tossed in foam to me...
And musing on the mystery of pain and hope,
The spirit's toil, and of its wounded scope,
I strained to hear the sea's unanswering chant.
And sudden from the woods dim shadows haunt
A form that mingled with the sunlight came,
A creature naked, free as tho the blame
Of Good or Evil dwelt not in his mind.
Beside the sea he bent as with the wind
He fain would mingle. A wild soul's alarms
Burned in his spirit, and his lifted arms
Moved with the moving waters. Thus he stood
And cried his passion by the cypress wood...

"Freedom, I still pursue thee. I have sought
Your splendour in high towers where I caught
The voice of many peoples, and the din of
cities glorious in life and sin.
I walked the scarlet ways of wasting souls,
And sought in temples where the mystic scrolls
Of gods unnumbered craved the gift of peace,
Tremulous at an idol's made caprice,
And found thee not. I watched the fitful toil
Of men, earth-born, that tilled the living soil
And knew them thrall to hunger. As a child,
Carving an idol that his skill beguiled,

The people lived, the servent of their toy,
Slave to mendacities that gave them joy
That they had self-created. Still I trod
Seeking for freedom both man and God
Then saw I some strange light upon the sea
That, calling like great waters, beckoned me
Out of the noise of cities and their pride.
I followed blindly, feeling at my side
An unknown force that held me bound and mute,

Whispering, Freedom lingered in the lute
That silence draws from forests and the sea,
And flees as the hours flee.

Therefore, I linger in an alien land,
Holding deliverance within a hand
That fears to strike and is the toy of hope.
Knowing the limits of the human scope,
I move among the madness, and the dull
Recurrence of a play from which I cull
No meaning, being mad among the mad,
Scorning the voice of vacant creeds, and glad
Of half-oblivion where the discords dwell
As cryings from the battlements of Hell."



From *THE WOLF LEADER* by Alexandre Dumas

**DWARFED BY THE
FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER SHE
CREATED IN 1818.**



**MARY
WOLLSTONECRAFT
SHELLEY
1797-1851**

Charles McGuffin '73

