

Vol. 1 No. 2
SUPRAMUNDANE STORIES



J. HARVEY
HAGGARD
H. P. LOVECRAFT
CLARK ASHTON
SMITH

THE STRANGE
CASE OF WILLIAM YORK
BY LIONEL BILBECK

Table of Contents

NYARLATHOTEP... By H. P. LOVECRAFT.

p. 1.

ALIENATION... By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

5.

THE WEIRD OF WOLF KORLOFF... By J. HARVEY HAGGARD

14.

Cover and interior drawings by NILS HELMER FROME

- THE STRANGE CASE OF WILLIAM YORK — LIONEL DILBECK — 15
BLURRED WORLDS BY NILS H. FROME — 5 THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST BY DARNE LOVELACE — 7
THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR BY DUANE W. RIMEL — 3 MIDNIGHT SONG BY E. THEODORE PINE — 10
SOUCOUYANTS — 10 THE SYLVAN GOD BY HEKARNOS — 15
NOTES ON WEIRD FICTION WRITING — THE WHY AND HOW — 15
DO YOU... THE CAUSE OF... BY H. P. LOVECRAFT — 15
... MOSKOWITZ — 13 PICT. IAL SE... — 21



A masterly fantasy by H. P. Lovecraft of ancient and abhorred evilly evoked

NYARLATHOTEP

NYARLATHOTEP... the could tell, but he was of the shrieks of cities might
 crawling chaos... I am old native blood and lo-ght less horribly desier-
 the last... I will tell oked like a Pharaoh. The be the pale, pitying moon
 the audient void... fellahin knelt when they as it glimmered on green
 I do not recall dis- saw him, yet could not waters gliding under bri-
 tantly when it began, say why. He said he had dges, and old steeples
 but it was months ago, riser up out of the bla- crumbling against a sick-
 The general tension was ckness of twenty-seven ly sky,
 horrible. To a season of e centuries, and that he I remember when Nyarl-
 political and social up- had heard messages from athotep came to our city
 heaval was added a stra- places not on this plan- the great, the old, the
 nge and brooding appre- et. Into the lands of rible city of Innumerable
 hension of hideous phys- civilisation came Nyarl- crimes. My friend had told
 ical danger; a danger athotep, swarthy, slender, me of him, and of the im-
 widespread and all-em- sinister, always buying pelling fascination and
 bracing, such a danger as strange instruments of allurements of his revela-
 may be imagined only in glass and metal and com- tions, and I burned with
 the most terrible phan- bining them into instru eagerness to explore his
 tasma of the night. I ments yet stranger. He uttermost mysteries. My
 recall that the people spoke much of the scien- friend said they were
 went about with pale and ces- of electricity and horrible and impress ve
 worried faces, and whie- psychology—and gave ex beyond my most reve-
 pered warnings and pro- hibitions of power which imaginings; that what was
 phedies which no one sent his spectators away thrown on a screen in the
 dared consciously repeat- speechless, yet which sw- darkened room, prophes-
 or acknowledge to him- belled his fame to exc-e- things none but Nyarlath-
 self that he had heard. A- ning magnetude. Men ad- otep dared prophes- and
 sense of monstrous guilt- vised one another to see that in the splutter of
 was upon the land, and Nyarlathotep, and shudd- his sparks there was tak-
 out of the abysses be- mered. And where Nyaria- en from men that which
 tween the stars swept- thotep went, rest vanish- had never been taken be-
 chill currents that made- ed, for the small hours fore, yet which showed
 men shiver in dark and- were rent with the scre- only in the eyes. And I
 lonely places. There was- ams of nightmare. Never heard it hinted abo-
 a demoniac alteration in- // that those who knew Nyarl-
 the sequence of the sea- //IN MANY STORIES H. P.// lathotep looked on sights
 sons—the autumn heat //LOVECRAFT HAS MENTION// which others saw not of
 lingered fearsomely, and //ED NYARLATHOTEP; AND// the revol-
 everyone felt that the //NOW WE HAVE THE PLEAS-//
 world, and perhaps the //URE OF REPRESENTING HIS//
 universe had passed from //STORY, SECRETS, HORROR,//
 the control of known- //
 gods or forces to that in- before had the screams of lathotep through the at-
 of gods' enforcements which nightmares—been! I wish on a fling night, and I for-
 were unknown. The public probably grew the end of night into the
 And it was then that, wis- men, even almost dashed choking room. And that
 Nyarlathotep came out of they could forbid sleep on a screen, I saw hooded
 Egypt. Who was he, none in the small hours, that forms amidst ruins, and

yellow evil faces peering from behind fallen monuments. And I saw the world battling against blackness; against the waves of destruction from ultimate space; whirling, churning, struggling around the dimming, cooling sun. Then the sparks played amazingly around the heads of the spectators and hair stood on end whilst shadows more grotesque than I can tell came out and squatted on the heads. And when I, who was colder and more scientific than the rest, mumbled a trembling protest about "impotence" and "static electricity" Nyarlathotep drove us all out, down the dizzy stairs and into the damp, hot, deserted midnight streets. I screamed aloud that I was not afraid; that I never could be afraid; and others screamed with me for solace. We swore to one another that the city was exactly the same, and still alive; and when the electric lights began to fade we cursed the company over and over again, and laughed at the queer faces we made.

I BELIEVE we felt something coming down from the greenish moon, for when we began to

depend on its light we drifted into a curious involuntary marching formation and seemed to know our destinations though we dared not think of them. Once we looked at the pavement and found the blocks loose and displaced by grass, with scarce a line of rusted metal to show where the tramways had run. And again we saw a tram-car, lone, windowless, dilapidated, and almost on its side. When we gazed around the horizon, we could not find the third tower by the river, and noticed that the silhouette of the second tower was ragged at the top. Then we split up into narrow columns, each of which seemed drawn in a different direction. One disappeared in a narrow alley to the left, leaving only the echo of a shocking scream. Another filed down a weed-choked subway entrance, howling with a laughter that was mad. My own

column was sucked toward the open country, and presently I felt a chill which was not of the hot autumn; for as we stalked out on the dark moor, we beheld around us the hellish moon-glitter of evil snows. Trackless, inexplicable snows, swept

arunder in one direction only, where lay a gulf all the blacker for its glittering walls. I lingered behind, for the black rift in the green-litten snow was frightful, and I thought I had heard the reverberations of a disquieting wail as my companions vanished; but my power to linger was slight. As if beckoned by those who had gone before, I half-floated between the titanic snowdrifts, quivering and afraid, into the sightless vortex of the unimaginable.

I screamed, sentience, dumbly delirious, then only the gods that were ban tell. A sickened, sensitive shadow writhing in hands that are not hands, and whirled blindly past gaspingly midnights of rotting creation, corpses of dead worlds with sores that were cities, two charnal winds that brush the pallid stars low and make them flicker low. Beyond the worlds, vague ghosts of monstrous things; half-seen columns of sanctified temples; nameless rocks beneath space and reach up to dizzy vacua above the spheres of our world of man.

Concluded on page 13

SUPRAMUNDANE STORIES QUARTERLY for Spring
SUPRAMUNDANE
STORIES QUARTERLY
Spring

Vol. 1, No. 2
Niles H. Frome, Editor, illustrator.
Ten cents the copy, six copies four bits. Advertising rates: 1/2 word; 50¢ page; 25¢ 1/2 p. Box 3, Fraser Mills, B.C.

//////Canada.//////
Well, Here at last is the second Supra. There were many versions of opinion anent the initial issue. Some describing it more frankly than soothingly, while others brought out what they deemed some redeeming points—such as Mr. Haggard's contributions—about my personal opinion and the conclusive evidence of the shape of the circulation, I am too much of a coward to vouchsaf any intelligence; however, here is a magazine that is something like a magazine. LovecraftSmith.....and others.....If you aren't, I am simply bursting with joy! ...and when I started this magazine, the future as far as material was concerned largely a great question mark. Material, however—though I

ALIENATION
By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

I

II

From the close valleys of thy love,
Where flowers of white and coral are,
And the soft gloom of cave and grove,
How have I wandered, spent and far,
By fell and mountain thence forbidden,
Into this lamia-haunted land?

I could not know the coiling path,
Pebbled with sard and lazuli,
Would lead me to the desert's wrath,
The rancor of the glaring sky,
The tams that like stirred serpents hiss,
The dens of drake and cockatrice.

I roam a limbo long abhorred,
Whose dread horizons flame and flow
Like iron from a furnace poured:
A boundless realm of sterile woe,
Where mad mirages fill the dawn
with roses lost and fountains gone.

O land where dolent monsters mate!
I know the lusts that howl and run
when the red stones reverberate
The red, intolerable sun!
The soot-black lecheries that wail
From Hinnom to the moons of bale.

What desert naiads, amorous,
Have drawn me to their sunken strand!
How many a desert succubus
Has clasped me on her couch of sand!
What liches foul, with breast nor face,
Have seemed to bear thy beauty's grace!

What voices have besought me here
With sweet illusion of thine own,
Luring me, rapt and unaware,
To pits where wounded demons moan!
What marble limbs have gleamed as thine—
Slow-sinking into sand or brine!

A story with a theory brand-new to fantastic fiction by Mils H. Frome.

BLURRED WORLDS

STEVEN DANFORTH was rumored as possessing gift such as only the Devil might bestow; it is the purpose of this story to show the public how utterly it was mistaken.

Steven was my life-long friend; we had gone to school together; and while he turned to science, I turned to imaginative literature—the combination that eventually brought about those later horrible happenings.

IT STARTED so casually, almost as a joke—I know had anyone then warned me of the mind-throttling terror that that would be entailed by the innocent thought that I explained to Steven on that fateful day in his study.

What gave rise to it was the sight of a back number of Wonder Stories containing "The Branches of Time". I picked it up and opened it at the pages, so folded in the process of reading that the folds withstood the weight of the superimposing pages, and looked knowing across at Steven.

"So it was this trash that kept you awake all night," I said maliciously. "Thought you didn't like it."

"It's not trash, old man. There are some absolutely marvelous ideas in it. Take Danials' yarn—"

"Yeah, yeah; I know what you mean. I had that same theory but I didn't write it into a story soon enough. I have another theory which I come in with first. It's—" "Would that something had transpired then to render me speechless no matter what the consequences; but I went on—" "about we being and doing and having environment that is the direct average, the blurred together properties of innumerable actions and entities on other planes—like if more than half of your selves were taller than your other selves, you would be somewhat taller than now."

"You mean I—in some other world—may be at this very moment have found a way to travel to other planets, discovered what life is—what space is?"

"According to my theory only, I dare say. Reality, the chances are, is quite different from that."

"Now don't be such an iconoclast! You've really got something there."

During the rest of my visit, though we didn't broach the subject again, there popped up evidence in our conversation and my friend's sometimes abstract manner that—an this fact vaguely bothered me in a way that was totally out of proportion to the triviality of the matter—he had not for a moment forgotten what I had said; and several times I had discovered myself with an entirely unwarranted desperacy thinking of ways of driving thought of my theory from his mind.

That night I went home with my mind so spinning from a monstrous sense of guilt, which every aspect of my friend's significant silence curiously gave new fuel to, that when he dropped me from his car when we arrived at my house his farewell was only dimly heard and answered not at all; and far was the course the moonbeams had traveled on the floor before my itinerate thoughts would allow me the rest I craved—and then dreams came as if I had done something for which the very forces of nature had combined to punish me—but mere dreams never were more horrible than the later events.

HAVING STEADILY FOR TWENTY HOURS been hammering at my typewriter in my shack in the woods with nothing to eat but a few sandwiches, I decided about suppertime to quit—and get some real food at the house where I was staying when a neighbor

solitude while I was working didn't drive me to this deserted shack.

I was soon to wish that no such notion had struck me. But how was I to know the horror it would entail?

Whose face, as I turned a bend in the trail, but—Steven, changed, thin, his hair whitening, but Steven, unmistakably.

"Garth! old man. What are you doing here. Sure glad to see you. Come up to my house. I've something to show you. I had tried to get in touch with you but you always moved so my letters didn't reach you."

"And here we are—next door neighbors. Say!" I exclaimed with some awe "you sure proved yourself an inventor."

"Most of the credit for those inventions belongs to you. It was your theory—about there being many universes which we see as one universe—this one—and you were right, Garth—started me thinking—and I made the machine."

"You—" I started.

"Come up to the house," he only said.

In the long talk we had at his place he convinced me that he was not insane. Then the machine broke into pulvering life....

It seemed that I was in another world—another universe for the familiar constellations were absent—and from that disconcerting vault of stars, shining with no light that had ever shone upon Earth before, cut a wind vaguely terrifying for its utter dearth of terrene odors. To my left yawned a prodigious abyss whose magnetude and beauty, touched with breath-taking hues, would have made a heavenly sight but for the haunting alienness that pervaded it. To my right there was a jungle whose exotic beauty defys description—a tessellated wall plucked from an opium dream—and out of this strode a man as beautiful as any of its flowers, with muscles that would not have befitted a less tall form—arrayed in

a helmet of a green metal of curious design from the top of which trailed a cloak of green of urique cut, all of seeming ceremonial purpose—the real one being not far from that, as we were soon to see.

Then the scene seemed to corrupt as only horror can—horror so strong that even before it was seen managed somehow to communicate itself to the mind—a miracle—but hadn't it been one long miracle beginning a few minutes ago? And out of that no longer pure world arose a creature of such an alien aspect that my very flesh cringed as if it had not expected to encounter any such thing in this world; a monster—who's likeness was graven on the helmet—that, blubbering and yelping hideously, rushed down upon its countless sacrifice.

I shouted to Steven to do something—though at the same time sure—dead sure—that things were hopelessly, irretrievably beyond mending by human hands... Then there was a mad but dimming chaos... and darkness.

What happened after that I do not rightly know. Have I always been here—was Earth but a dream—that terrible incident when the Monster had left its realm for a woman to devour Steven a part of it—or did I slip through some rift in space opened by the Thing's passing from one world to another into the seam between them?

However that is, this nothingness (which is such that no tongue of my knowledge offers fit terms to describe it) seems no longer to hold such horror for me as it first inspired—indeed I have come to prefer it for the peace it exudes—to believe that its aspect is only a matter of interpretation: to a conscience-stricken person, this enigmatic voice would appear to be Hell—to one whose had expectations of going to Heaven this would seem that.

SU
Ho

ea
wh
he

cc
is
ic
va
bc

I
bu
re
fo
er
ir
it
ti
la
ti
me
us
le
ve
th
th
ti
as
th
dr
be
wi
th
ne
ir
te
no
wo
of

Here is a strange story of an unworldly creature...

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST

##

HIS account was found in the house of the late Wind Whorpe Wilber; hidden that for all these years...

When his house was torn down by his heir, to reveal its hiding place. This discovery led to a never-ending controversy as to how he died...

##

HAVE been badgered and have heard words less, and others more meant for my ears running from "the old boy's getting senile" to "touched in the head" for and because I would not treat their insatiable but limited lionism with the reason for my amazing antipathy for mist which I have had longer than I can remember...

...the disappearance of his light never come to... At the same time...

But one thing will justify my phantastic conjectures—and that is that it was not ORDINARY mist. And it is that; and only that, which I have cause to complain about, that which has tampered with and made my life a dread delerium of tainted, warped emotions and abysmally effete pleasures, yet that which has vainly led me to desperately delve in even the most secret of springs on Earth...

T H E
S T R A
N G E S T
S T O R Y
E V E R
W R I T
T E N
D A R N E
L O V E
L A C E

It was on a wonderfully clear and exhilarating day that my parents took me walking with them on the gray moors of Dartmoor; we lived then in a house in Senton village, on the fringe of that desolate area, so we were wont to go for strols now and then on such days—and this one was especially fine. It fore-shadowed nothing of the howling horror which that necromantic night would bring.

I was then a mere boy of seven; and as is peculiar with small boys, especially with those as mischievous as I was then, I used to stray away when given the smallest chance. And, as in this particular instance, I rummaged and hide and ambush my parents when they passed. I loved the surprise they were indulgent enough to freign, but for the nonce my antispated pleasure was deferred for an unprecedented long time.

A hare I dared not pursue came and high-tailed away. A big robin strutted up to me, like, though I didn't think of it then, an egotistic articulating by himself. The heat mid-day made me more and more lethargic, the sweet song of the lark came more and more dreamy; so after a while, there in the solitude of the moors, I must have fallen asleep—for the next thing I knew was that I was wreathed in the gray veils of a fog.

As I looked up over the rim of the now cold and uncomfortable draught, my stomach convulsing with cold and my heart palpitating with panic and my childish soul near swooning, all hope left me—I could not hope to unaided pick my way home in that thick mist. The thought occurred to me that if I shouted my loudest, someone would hear me and come; but then I remembered my training and fear, the dark desolation, the chilly, was all but forgotten as I felt my cheeks burn with shame. I would not be such a baby as to let a little mist and

Continued on page nine

PGH T V I S I O R

"But I have a—"

"Two pound satiation," said Sims decisively.

"What is the matter with the second?" he asked.

"The first man, Starley, is very tall and removed his coat and revealed a thick head of brown hair. He followed the narrow road, and entered the small room, his eyes fixed on the direction of the lamp—all light—"

"Sims, when worrying me, the wild stories about it?"

"I have heard the story about Sims quickly, somewhat with those tales that interest you never. I heard it was some time ago. The game is Balar, and it was very unpopular; and both of the men who played it were queer. But the queer thing in each case a spider was the face of the dead man. Sims threw his paper and looked at the former's eyes, which were staring. 'Woy, Bazar,' he muttered, rising. 'Quickly utter a word, the spider.'"

"Sims," he mumbled, "running the next morning with the senseless inarticulate scream. Sims had fallen upon the directly above the spider.

R

by Duane W. Rimel

throwing the door open to obtain
was smooth and well-moderated.

satisfy you?"

y, "but your bed will be a hard one

" he inquired, stepping inside
ill in the next room."

coat and hat, revealing a much-
He then explained to Sims that he had
seeing the cottage tight, approach-

eyes fell on the door which opened
at the bottom of the rectangular
of his gaze, Sims said:
t—he does not like the back view

stranger said slowly. "In the last
n accursed house somewhere along this

been hear only a short while; there
out it?"

what irritated at the man's persistence
at go about."

ess," the stranger replied, turning
hing like this: It seems that in a
r—there used to be a strange home
d after two people met their death
nd as far as anyone knows, has been
d there were found with unpleasant ex-
ent cause of death, unless it could
g about it was the seener of the
s hanging from the ceiling directly
d. That was all...."

"It is pure nonsense," he grunt-
shouldn't listen to such stuff."
ely, "what is this forest called?"
ar, of course."

kly grasping his coat and hat, he fled
le sound of his running footsteps

ng from his own boots----

ensation that some time during the
am. When he opened the door to Stan-
lips, and he knew then that the vis-
ther's ears than his own. For his
a terribly distorted face, on a silver

darkness scare me; but queasy fears
continued to carress my spine as a
shadowy dread worse than that of
death mounted within me.

In the next moment, there in the
shallow pit, I fell, terrified, to my
knees as a macabre, elusive music
ambaged me. I was badly frightened of
that eerie melody who's undertones
savored of the shocking secrets of
space itself, but I looked fur-
tively, for I was half afraid that I
would see something, and started up
when nothing unusual met my eyes, but
fell again as a horrible rasping
filled the air. When I was still at
last, the mad music was halcyon too.

Then I had a sensation I had never
experienced before, nor have I felt
it since: an oblique rending within
myself that my childish mind could
not comprehend, a queer mental dis-
turbance that increased until with
alarm I found myself thinking, and
having the senses and bodies of two
separate entities, and soon I espied
a person whose vague, fog-wreathed
outlines were mine, and who sidled
away and was lost in the mist before
I could attract the boy's attention.
Simultaneously, my fantastic feeling
of being bafflingly double left me; so
utterly that I forgot all about it a
moment later.

I decided that I might come to
some place if I walked in some di-
rection; I had not gone far before I
did come to some place.

My heart freezing with terror, an
object became clear to me—a great
sphere of an amaranthine hue which
pulsated as something alive. It was
five feet above, and the way the fog
edded about it, it seemed that the
mist debouched from it; beyond lay a
vista wrapped in the same strange fog.
A city was discernable to me half
free of the fearful fog—a city,
laved by a pristine purplish hue, a

Then a change came, a change that compassed me like live, learning things; the music had been mounting up, and fell now, swelled eerily waned and waxed once, then died utterly. The mist eddied evenly at the Gargaumini-bases of the super-natural structures. The blank, strange sky was equally peaceful one moment, then the realm in the globe storme; darkness engulfed me. I woke in a hospital as soon as was able, I answer all questions save: why were MY footprints PAST where I was found.

THIS SPACE we will devote to scraps of folklore and superstitions. You are all invited to contribute to it. We dig into our memories and those of those around us; and get a real worth-while reportment, -hall we?

The first is: S O U C O U Y A N T S THESE CREATURES OF THE West Indies have it in common with the vampire that they can fly through the air and are not influenced by the full moon, that with the werewolf that they undergo a metamorphosis at night and aren't dead, and share both's antipathy for daylight and are cadaverous, but differ from both in their appearance, which in the day is that of a man-like bird, but even in this aspect, of humanity at the witching hour, molting skin, and feathers and flying through the air like ball lightning, and casting the unfortunate's blood. Next issue--THE VETER OF SWEDEN through the haze of horror that en- and why did they SUDDENLY VANISH? READ OF THE BELEAGURED LAND WHERE THE FOOTPRINTS LED IN THE SEQUEL TO THIS STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE: "STRANGE SHADOWS OF THOUGHT"

By E. Theodore Pine

Cease your pounding— hush, my heart!
Blackness weights me downward so..
Could it be? Such madness...No!
That was long and long ago.
Bid these vagrant fears depart!
A bell's tolling .. low .. low ..
Night wind,
Why are you wailing so?

Why do you suddenly gasp and start..?
See how the window curtains blow;
Hear now that footstep, muffled .. slow..
A whisper you must surely know ..
Bid those foolish tears depart!
But something's sobbing .. low .. low ..
Night wind,
Why are you wailing so?

SUPR
MY
to g
visu
edly
frag
sion
beau
urou
whic
to
sigh
chit
pher
occu
ages
art
I ch
ries
suit
best
rong
pers
mome
rang
gall
and
pris
ity
bey
anal
empi
cous
nge
lend
ture
the
ways
to
shal
iens
ing
The
part
this
the
gri
veri
the
in
lin
hap

MY REASON for writing stories is less a persistent and permanent type to give myself the satisfaction of visualizing more clearly and detail-ly and stably the vague, elusive, fragmentary impressions of wonder, beauty, and advent-urous expectancy/Lovecraft wrote his stories—and—/oe, and a burning which are conveyed/what is likely of more interest—to/desire—to escape to me by certain/some—especially in view of the re-/from the prison-sights (scenic, ar-/-cently given out information agent/house of the known chitectural, ar-/-his materialistic viewpoint—any./and the real into pheric, etc.), ideas;/ these enchanted occurrences, and im-/lands of incred-ages encountered in/ art and literature.

I choose weird stories because they suit my inclination best—one of my strongest and most persistent wishes being to achieve, momentarily, the illusion of some strange suspension or violation of the galling limitations of time, space, and natural law which for ever imprison us and frustrate our curiosity about the infinite cosmic spaces beyond the radius of our sight and analysis. These stories frequently emphasise the element of horror because fear is our deepest and strongest emotion, and one which best lends itself to the creation of nature-defying illusions. Horror and the unknown or the strange are always closely connected, so it is hard to create a convincing picture of shattered natural law or cosmic alienage on "outsideness" without laying stress on the emotion of fear. The reason why Time plays a great part in so many of my tales is that this element looms up in my mind as the most profoundly dramatic and grimly terrible thing in the universe. Conflict with time seems to me the most potent and fruitful theme in all human expression.

While my chosen form of story-telling is obviously a special and perhaps a narrow one, it is none the

less a persistent and permanent type of expression, as old as literature itself. There will always be a certain small percentage of persons who feel a burning desire about the long-awaited account of how/unknown outer spaurous expectancy/Lovecraft wrote his stories—and—/oe, and a burning which are conveyed/what is likely of more interest—to/desire—to escape to me by certain/some—especially in view of the re-/from the prison-sights (scenic, ar-/-cently given out information agent/house of the known chitectural, ar-/-his materialistic viewpoint—any./and the real into pheric, etc.), ideas;/ these enchanted occurrences, and im-/lands of incred-ages encountered in/ art and literature.

THE "WHY" AND "HOW" of these infinite possibilities which dreams open up to us, and which things like deep woods, fantastic urban towers, and flaming meteors momentarily suggest. These persons include great authors as well as insignificant amateurs like myself—Dunsany, Poe, Arthur Machen, M.R. James, Algernon Blackwood, and Walter de la Mare being typical masters in this field.

As to how I write a story—there is no one way. Each one of my tales has a different history. Once or twice I have literally written out of a dream; but usually I start with a mood or idea or image which I wish to express, and revolve it in my mind until I can think of a good way of embodying it in some chain of dramatic occurrences capable of being recorded in concrete terms. I tend to run through a mental list of the basic condition or situations best adapted to such a mood or idea or image, and then begin to speculate on logical and naturally motivated explanations of the given mood or idea or image in terms of the basic condition or situation chosen.

The actual process of writing is of course as varied as the choice of theme and initial conception; but if the history of all my tales were analysed, it is just possible that the

NOTES ON WEIRD FICTION-WRITING

—THE "WHY" AND "HOW"

By Howard Phillips Lovecraft

following set of rules might be deduced from the average procedure:

(1) Prepare a synopsis or scenario of events in order of their absolute occurrence—not the order of their narration. Describe with enough fullness to cover all vital points and motivate all incidents planned. Details, comments, and estimates of consequences are sometimes desirable in this temporary framework.

(2) Prepare a second synopsis or scenario of events in the order of events—this in order of narration (not actual occurrence), with ample fullness and detail, and with notes as to changing perspective, stresses, and climax. Change the original synopsis to fit if such a change will increase the dramatic force or general effectiveness of the story. Interpolate or delete incidents at will—never being bound by the original conception even if the ultimate result be a tale wholly different from that first planned. Let additions and alterations be made whenever suggested by anything in the formulating process.

(3) Write out the story—rapidly, fluently, and not too critically—following the second narrative-order synopsis. Change incidents and plot whenever the developing process seems to suggest such change, never being bound by any previous design. If the development suddenly reveals new opportunities for dramatic effect or vivid story-telling, add whatever is thought advantageous—go back and reconciling the early parts to the new plan. Insert and delete whole sections if necessary or desirable, trying different beginnings and endings until the best arrangement is found. But be sure that all references throughout the story are thoroughly reconciled with the final design. Remove all possible superfluities—words, sentences, paragraphs, or whole episodes, or elements—observing the usual precautions about the reconciling of all

references.

(4) Revise the entire text, paying attention to vocabulary, syntax, rhythm of prose, proportioning of parts, niceties of tone, grace and convincingness of transition (scene to scene, slow and details: action to rapid and sketchy time-covering action and vice versa...etc. etc. etc.), effectiveness of beginning, ending, climaxes, etc., dramatic suspense and interest, plausibility and atmosphere, and various other elements.

(5) Prepare a neatly-typed copy—not hesitating to add final revisory touches where they seem in order.

The first of these stages is often purely a mental one—a set of conditions and happenings being worked out in my head, and never set down until I am ready to prepare a detailed synopsis of event in order of narration. Then, too, I sometimes begin even the actual writing before I know how I shall develop the idea—this beginning forming a problem to be motivated and exploited.

There are, I think, four distinct types of weird story; one expressing a mood or feeling, another expressing a pictorial conception, a third expressing a general situation, condition, legend, or intellectual conception, and a fourth explaining a definite tableau or specific dramatic situation or climax. In another way, weird tales may be grouped into two rough categories—those in which the marvel or horror concerns some condition or phenomenon, and those in which it concerns some action of person in connexion with a bizarre condition or phenomenon.

Each weird story—to speak more particularly of the the horror type—seems to involve five definite elements: (a) some basic, underlying horror or abnormality—condition, entity, etc.—; (b) the general effects or bearings of the horror, (c) the mode of manifestation—object embodying the horror and phenomena ob-

serv
acti
(e)t
in r
diti
In
try
righ
the
cann
lata
impo
able
rati
vent
ever
hand
assoc
real
exce
en a
very
with
else
cing
the
over
But
be
wher
In
the
over
char
in
take
?
soc
Mar
ted
maj
?
con
ter
ste
wil
the
the

erved—, (d) the types of fear-reaction pertaining to the horror, and (e) the specific effect of the horror in relation to a given set of conditions.

In writing a weird story I always try very carefully to achieve the right mood and atmosphere, and place the emphasis where it belongs. One cannot, except in immature pulp character-fiction, present an account of impossible, improbable, or inconceivable phenomena as a commonplace narrative of objective acts and conventional emotions. Inconceivable events and conditions have a special handicap to overcome, and this can be accomplished only through careful realism in every phase of the story except that touching on the one given marvel. This marvel must be treated very impressively and deliberately—with a careful emotional "build up"—else it will seem flat and unconvincing. Being the principal thing in the story, its mere existence should overshadow the characters and events. But the characters and events must be consistent and natural except where they touch the single marvel. In relation to the central wonder, the characters should show the same overwhelming emotion which similar characters would show toward such a marvel in real life. Never have a wonder taken for granted. Even when the

characters are supposed to be accustomed to the wonder I try to weave an air of awe and impressiveness corresponding to what the reader should feel. A casual style ruins any ruins any serious fantasy.

Atmosphere, not action, is the great desideratum of weird fiction. Indeed, all that a wonder story can ever be is a vivid picture of a certain type of human mood. The moment it tries to

be anything else it becomes cheap, puerile, and unconvincing. Prime emphasis should be given to subtle suggestion—imperceptible hints and touches of selective associative detail which express shadings of moods and build up a vague illusion of the strange reality of the unreal. Avoid bald catalogues of incredible happenings which can have no substance nor meaning apart from a sustaining cloud of colour and symbolism.

These are the rules or standards which I have followed—consciously or unconsciously—ever since I first attempted the serious writing of fantasy. That my results are successful may well be disputed—but I feel at least sure that, had I ignored the considerations mentioned in the last few paragraphs, they would have been much worse than they are.

DO YOU WISH TO AID THE CAUSE OF FANTASY?

Then if at all possible, won't you kindly cooperate with an unofficial society sponsored by Sam Moskowitz, editor of HELIOS, to aid fan magazines. Many needy amateur science and fantasy fiction magazines exist in the United States, England, and Canada, and the reason that from time to time these magazines go under, is usually that they suffer from lack of material.

The society that has sponsored this ad, has taken upon themselves to help correct this problem. If you are a writer, or even if you have never written a thing in your life, won't you take a few minutes off to dash off some story, article, column, or poem. I assure the senders that everything sent will absolutely be published. Authors will be informed before hand where their material is to be published, and will get a copy of the magazine that their material appears in, or from some, more than one copy, but most of the

Continued on page 20.

The WOLF KORLOFF of WOLF KORLOFF... By HARVEY HAGGARD

Wolf Korloff heard his partner scream as the airlock closed him tight. A tortured face seemed to look at hell as it slowly passed from sight. The Wolf sneered round at the plunder, and with the blast of his rocket...

"The air's the same as it is on earth," he'd laugh in Kid Starsin's face. "And if we're to dodge the Space-Guard here's a mighty handy place." His detron gun had beckoned and for the Kid there'd been no choice. But he'd screamed just once, as the vacuum sucked away at his tortured...

The Wolf jerked back on a lever and he gave his ship the gun. He heard the scream of roaring aft-tubes, saw space with nebular overru. But through the days that followed as his ship fled through the void, A gastly corpse kept circling round and round like a tiny planetoid.

Each time he'd look through an open port, dead eyes would keep staring in. And the sneer on the frozen features seemed to say he'd pay for his sin. He could never forget the Kid's screaming voice as time wore on and on. For the body was like an omen of death, a clue of crime that would never be gone.

Of a sudden the Wolf ceased his pacing, and leaped to a porthole's rim. He knew that he couldn't have heard it, yet a voice seemed to be calling to him. He stared at the outer spaces and fell limp to the inner wall. Kid Starsin, seemed to be laughing ther as he clung to the outer hull.

Wolf Korloff sobbed as the dead eyes moved, and the cold lips formed a smile. "Yes, it's chill in there, Wolf Korloff, come out in the warm swale." "You can't fool me!" spat Wolf's foaming lips, "I know you've died out there." But the corpse shook his head and chuckled back, "Out here there's plenty of air."

"I'm tired of your endless rantings!" and the Wolf's soul broke at last. He shook a fist at the laughing face and jerked a ray-gun fast. Then he lurched to the tiny airlock and threw the portal wide. "When I'm through this time," he snarled as he left, "I'll make damn sure that you've died." The pirate craft, came drifting in on a swooping solar thrust. And its gaping hulk was as lifeless as the drifting meteor, outside. Two tiny moon were whirling round in an endless astral race. And evermore, the Wolf would chase his partner throughout space.

By
Li
se
no
qu
ma
re
le
of
su
the
am
te
wil
add
of
lay
I
car
to
end
wit
wor
of
sou
kin
per
dow
to
has
bro
lea
S
W
A

THE STRANGE CASE OF WILLIAM YORK

By

Lionel Dilbeck

Forward.

TO the tourist and the casual server the forest-covered hills of northern Arkansas seem a quiet and peaceful beauty where one may spend a few weeks of relaxation from the hustle and bustle of city life. The natural beauty of the oak and cedar studded hill-sides, the clear, cold streams of sparkling water, the abundant wild life, all these add to the feeling of comfort and relaxation.

But such persons cannot be expected to know of the legends and tales of witchcraft, of evil-worship, of ghosts, of black magic and sourceries of varied kinds that are whispered and handed down from generation to generation. One has to be born and brought up there to learn of such things.

S. S. will be described in its place will be Fantasy of Peter, devoted to fantasy drawings. page 106.

The peasant-farmer folk look to be less superstitious than the average run of people, but in this their looks are deceiving. A few whispered

THIS TALE, by the young author of "Cosmic Vampires", in the first issue, will prove more interesting upon acquaintance with certain facts related to it. The author visited the locale of this story last summer, and the atmosphere fresh in his mind, he wrote this yarn. And although this story might have been made to order for our policy, most of it really supposed to have happened there is supposed to have been a man like William York, and though he did not have defunct children, his coming and going was exact as this here.

The story is by Herk... I want to see... How wanted here... lumberical lanes of... able time, and... That music man... That in this world... This realm of dual... reality... Seems part of... beautiful dream that makes me want to scream and... But enthralled is my... itv... For I recall how once I wandered into a primal dale.

Continued on page... are familiar with this story or parts of it, but it would be impossible for an outsider to get the information from them for they are extremely reticent.

This tale is just as my grandfather told it to me only a short time ago. The incidents happened many years ago, but I am convinced that the story is basically true.

words in the hill jargon will cause even the stoutest of them to blanch and mutter fragments of prayers and incantations learned from their parents during their childhood. I mention these facts only to show you that however fantastic and unbelievable my story may seem to you, it nevertheless conforms with current beliefs of the neighborhood. Quite the keyholder Perry offered to divulge the information they possessed even more light upon the subject. Many

My grandfather personally witnessed the happenings herewith set forth, is blessed with an unusually good memory, and his veracity is unquestionable.

"GRANDDAD", I asked curiously one winter evening as we sat before a crackling fire in the huge old fireplace in his log cabin, "where in the world did you get that thing?" I pointed to a queerly shaped object which was lying on the floorboard, apparently some sort of crude musical instrument made from reeds.

"There's a long story connected with these pipes," he said, getting up and securing them. He toyed with them for a time in silence, recalling to memory the happenings of bygone days. At last he began and although the narrative was somewhat disjointed in spots, it was on the whole one of the most remarkable tales it has ever been my good fortune to listen to.

MY story really starts back about 1890 and covers a period of almost thirty years. Along in those days it was not uncommon for a new family to move into the neighborhood, but it was rather unusual for a single man like William York to do so. He just quietly moved in one day, occupied an abandoned farmhouse that had been untenanted for years, and proceeded to est-

ablish himself. He seemed to be quite a carpenter and within a short time the old house was in pretty good shape. No one ever questioned his right to the farm and if he bought it from the former owners, no one ever knew anything about it.

He was a rather handsome man, strikingly different from the ordinary farmer stock thereabouts. His bearing

Continued from p.13

Trying turning back I found of no avail, So I deeper, deeper though a tight web of light that bound and blinded bore. And in a fearful stouce When I could see I saw what I had ne'er read in tomes of necromantic lore.

For there He was, I fell a victim, there and then To things beyond our earthly ken, A music to which no mortal must list. And without pause He played; music of monstrous frightful gist.

/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-/-

Lionel Dilbeck is now known to you; so I'm sure you will be glad to know we have another shorter tale "Thru the Curtain of Fire" by this author coming before, she had already made friends with everyone in the community.

and manners were those of a refined gentleman and in every way he looked and acted the part of one. His age must have been around thirty; although he never told anyone definitely and it was a hard matter to judge from his appearance.

Perhaps his most striking feature was the whiteness of his hair, not the ordinary yellowish blonde type but a cottony white. His features were clear cut and bespoke strength of character, his eyes a light gray and somehow gave one the impression of great age.

His good looks and manners naturally contrasted quite favorably with the red-faced awkwardness of the farmer lads and even girls in that section.

For some reason he chose Martha Reese, one of the most popular girls, but not as pretty as some. She was an only child and although the Reese's had come over from England only a few months before, she had already made friends with everyone in the community.

SUB
1
was
a
No
May
was
his
Ja
re
the
sof
of
by
ba
fol
pla
hes
oth
was
of
was
mix
en
and
lor
me
1
pro
san
mo
pre
lar
hes
1
fix
tar
can
he
at
lon
M
so,
tic
til
had
wal
T
The
of
an
wor

His courting was as short as it was unusual. We had known that he was a violinist along with his other accomplishments. He got a violin and began to play it. We got a great surprise. He was a master musician in addition to his other accomplishments. Most of his playing was of the popular variety, old time songs that everyone knew and liked, but one day it was different. This difference I found out quite by accident, by happening upon them out on the back porch one evening when Martha's folks were away from home. He was playing his violin but I had never heard such music from that or any other musical instrument. The melody was beautiful in a wild, untamed sort of way, and somehow I knew that it was old, incredibly old. It filled my mind with visions of spring and green woodlands and happy wild things, and it stirred my heart with a great longing, a longing utterly strange to me and one that I did not understand.

The effect on Martha was even more pronounced. Her face mirrored the same longing I had felt but much more intensely and she gave the impression of one living in a dream-land filled with everything the heart could desire.

As he played, William's gaze was fixed, not on her, but off in the distance and a queer little half-smile came and went at intervals as though he remembered and was faintly amused at something that had happened a long time ago.

My business was by no means urgent, so, as my appearance had not been noticed by either of them, I waited until the last notes of the selection had been played, and then turned and walked away.

The next time I saw York was at

THRU THE CURTAIN OF FIRE

By Lionel Dilbeck

The brief tale of an old man drawing of bygone days, a ravishing fire, and an entry into a multidimensional world; a new slant on Heaven—coming

the wedding, a simple affair, quite in keeping with the times and locality. A few of the neighboring farmers and their wives attended it, but that was all.

Martha had always liked parties and such things and, like any normal girl, she liked to run around a good deal. Naturally one would expect her to settle down somewhat after getting married, but we were not prepared for such a change as actually took place. From the day of her marriage until the day of her death she did not at any time visit a one of her friends or leave the farm for any reason.

She was still as friendly as ever when anyone visited them but she never left the place. Her friends and especially her parents were at a loss to account for her strange behavior and would probably have been offended had it not been for her very evident pleasure at having them come, and she was still as sweet and likeable as ever. So they continued to come, though perhaps not as frequently as would have been the case had she not always some excuse for not returning their visits.

—And so it went for a year or so. Mary and I probably visited them more than any other family as we lived only a quarter of a mile or so down the lane. York was never surly or discourteous—he simply didn't seem to care to make friends with anyone.

Sounds carry for considerable distances in the country, and often we could hear York playing his violin, sometimes far into the night. Faint and ethereal as it was after being wafted so far through the still air, it nevertheless possessed a delicacy and charm that was remarkably.

One night the strains were particularly clear and I recognized it as being that strange ancient tune that had stirred such wild longings in my breast the other time I had heard it, during his courtship of Martha.

On the following day as I passed their place, she was on the front porch, rocking her new-born babe. They had had no doctor and had not even called any of the neighborly men, and yet, on the morning following the birth of her son, Martha was up and about, doing her work as usual.

When I voiced my astonishment to York, he smiled his inscrutable smile and changed the subject.

From then on he was even more eccentric and it was seldom that he would be at home when one called in the daytime. When one asked as to his whereabouts, Martha would give some vague reply about his being off in the woods on some obscure mission. When he was around, one could not help notice that his gray eyes were often clouded with sorrow. Each evening though we could hear the strange melodies from his violin.

One afternoon I had been to visit a friend, and being rather tired, I decided to take a short cut through the woods. I had gone perhaps a hundred yards when I heard the first strains of music, low and incredibly sweet, sobbing softly through the green loveliness of the forest. Entranced, I approached closer. Only one person I had ever known could play like that; so I knew before I saw him that it was York. But I was not prepared to witness the scene I came upon. Sitting with his back to a young oak tree, York was as I had thought, playing upon his violin; but in front of him was perhaps a half-dozen squirrels, three or four cottontails, and a red fox, all intently drinking in every intonation.

Almost doubting the evidence of my eyes, I stood looking on in mute astonishment for a few minutes; and then, feeling that my presence here would be resented were it discovered, I backtracked a few yards and circled the spot, continuing on my way home.

And so on through the years it

went, York was, as I have said, not very sociable; but he was rather friendly with me at times. He had several likeable qualities and could converse intelligently on any subject that was brought up.

Twice more his violin and ancient tune heralded the birth of a child, and each time the sadness in York's eyes grew more pronounced. The second child was another boy, the third, a girl.

Mary determined to render her services whether or not they were welcomed and went over when she knew the girl was being born. She was too late to assist its arrival; but she did get there shortly afterwards and insisted upon being permitted to bathe and clothe it. When she got home she was a little pale and her voice faltered as she told me about it.

"Silas," she said shakily, "that baby was deformed."

"That's too bad," I replied. "Is it serious?"

"It's terrible," she choked, and almost shouted: "It's covered with white hair from the waist down and has a tail."

"You must be mistaken," I argued, but she refused to listen to me.

Mary isn't an excitable woman and I gave the matter considerable thought off and on for the next few weeks. Finally I decided to try an experiment. Tom was eight then and the York boys were seven and five. I'd get him to try and induce the two boys to run off with him and go swimming in the creek. The water wasn't over three foot or so deep anywheres near there so I wasn't afraid that any of them would be drowned. The boys were kept close to home and the oldest hadn't even been started to school yet, but with a little strategy I thought we could work it. Mary and I would go over and visit the old folks while Tom tried to entice the kids away.

The scheme worked after consider-

ab
wh
wi
"w
Do
tw
an
wh
tr
to
fu
an
gr
th
so
ev
an
st
be
ma
an
no
st
er
wo
bu
se
we
th
id
bu
th
ind
the
cus
we
as
but
had
had
ind
no
Yo
ne
th
yo
hi

able coaxing on the part of Tom, and when he got home his eyes were round with wonder.

"Daddy," he said in a puzzled tone, "What's the matter with Robert and Donald? (That was the names of the two York boys.) They've got tails and their legs are all covered with white hair."

"I'm sure I don't know," I told him truthfully. "Don't ever say anything to anyone about it."

"I won't daddy, but they look so funny."

Of course I never said anything to anybody about it myself, but I was greatly puzzled over it. Why were all the children afflicted with the same sort of weird deformity? I wondered even more when the years rolled by and none of the children were ever started to school. They must have been taught at home though; for their manners were always irreproachable and they seemed better informed about most things than the average youngster who had gone to school for several years.

As they grew up into young men and women they mingled with people more but they still had that wall of reserve that remained unbroken. They were very courteous and, inheriting their fathers good looks, were the idols of every girl in the community; but, due to the consciousness of their deformities, or to some other inexplicable reason, they kept to themselves much more than was the custom among the young folks. They went with the neighboring girls occasionally to parties and musicals but that was all. Although neither had any training except what his father had given him, both seemed to have inherited an unusual gift for music; not that they could compare with York, but they were exceedingly good nevertheless.

It was in the early spring of 1920 that York, still looking almost as young as the first time I had seen him, was stricken with paralysis. His

condition grew rapidly worse and Doc Yager gave him only a week to live at most. Mary and I went over each day to see how he was getting along, and on the seventh it was quite apparent that the end was not long off; so we decided to stay all night and set up with him. Besides us, Martha, her three children, and Doc Yager, there were three other neighbor women present. Martha, although attending him constantly, did not seem to be worried over his condition.

"He can't die," she steadfastly maintained, and no one had the heart to disillusion her. Although he was able to move only his eyes, his faintly amused smile still lingered at the corners of his mouth and his eyes seemed to twinkle with subtle humor at his helplessness.

A faint odor of musk permeated the air of the sick room, though I was at a loss to account for it. None of the others seemed to notice it; and if they did, they said nothing about it.

I was sitting by the bedside alone when the end came. Doc and Martha were in the kitchen, busy with some sort of medicine. Robert, Donald, and their sister, Lola, were conversing in low tones with the neighbor women. The end came suddenly. York drew a long breath, his eyes grew momentarily brighter, and then closed, his breath exhaled slowly and he was dead.

Although I do not have the confirmation of anyone else, I am positive that what I then saw not my imagination, incredible as it may sound. With the expiration of his last breath, there appeared upon the bed almost unbelievable figure. It was

friendly, half-derisive, it smiled in York's old familiar manner and bounded from the bed and through the door, which in some manner opened as he neared it.

LESS THAN A WEEK afterward, Martha started complaining of a pain in her shoulder. As the days passed, instead of getting better, it rapidly grew worse and worse and spread until her whole body was in pain. She had been a rather large woman, but she lost weight rapidly until she was a mere skeleton of her former self.

In less than a month from the death of her husband, she was bedfast.

As we were still her closest neighbors, Mary and I were present at her death also. At the last I was conscious of the odor of musk and just before she breathed her last, I heard again that ancient melody. Beginning as the barest breath of sound, its volume increased slowly until it was plainly audible. Her bed was by a window and the sound seemed to be coming from that direction; so I pulled up the shade and looked out.

I had never believed in ghosts or the supernatural; but what I saw freed my mind forever from all shadow of doubt as to the reality of my former vision. For there, clearly visible in the bright moonlight, al-

though of such tenuity that I could easily see through it, was the half-man, half-goat I had seen before. Pressed to his lips was a queer contrivance seemingly made of reeds. Lowering them, York smiled his enigmatic smile and tossed the pipes to the ground; reaching down, he picked up a violin and a bow, which I had not noticed before.

As he tucked the violin beneath his chin and began to play, a figure stepped out from the shadows and joined him—a woman's form, Martha.

As the two shadowy shapes moved off into the darkness, York turned and for the second and last time waved in a half-friendly, half-mock-sort of way, and then the outlines of the two figures were lost in the gloom of the woods. The strains of the ancient music grew fainter and fainter and finally faded entirely away.

FOR SOME MINUTES after he had finished we sat in silence, lost in thought. "Were the pipes York was playing anything like these?" I asked finally, indicating the peculiar instrument grandfather was still playing with.

"Yes," he answered softly, "It was these—the Pipes of Pan."

magazines are not in a position to offer payment, but it is good publicity for the author, and he will be rewarded by a more definite publication date of these struggling fan magazines. I don't care if you offer a two line anecdote or three dozen novels, the only restriction being that you have the material sent some relation sent some relation to science and the weird and fantastic. Mail all material to

SAM MOSKOWITZ,
603 SO. 11th ST.
NEWARK, N. J., U. S.

FAN MAGAZINES NEEDING MATERIAL PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH THE ABOVE ADDRESS.

THAT handsome fellow August Derleth has, of course, finished his 532 page, 135,000 word novel, WIND OVER WISCONSIN, his 11th. Edited PORTRY OUT OF WIS. last Dec. . . . HAWK ON THE WIND contains his own poetry app. ears this month, feb., while his mystery novel SENTENCE DEFERRED appears in Sept. . . . Don't sulk, fans, Weird has three of his to publish, one short; "Three Gentlemen in Black", and two longer, "The Drifting Snow", "Spawn of the Maelstrom".

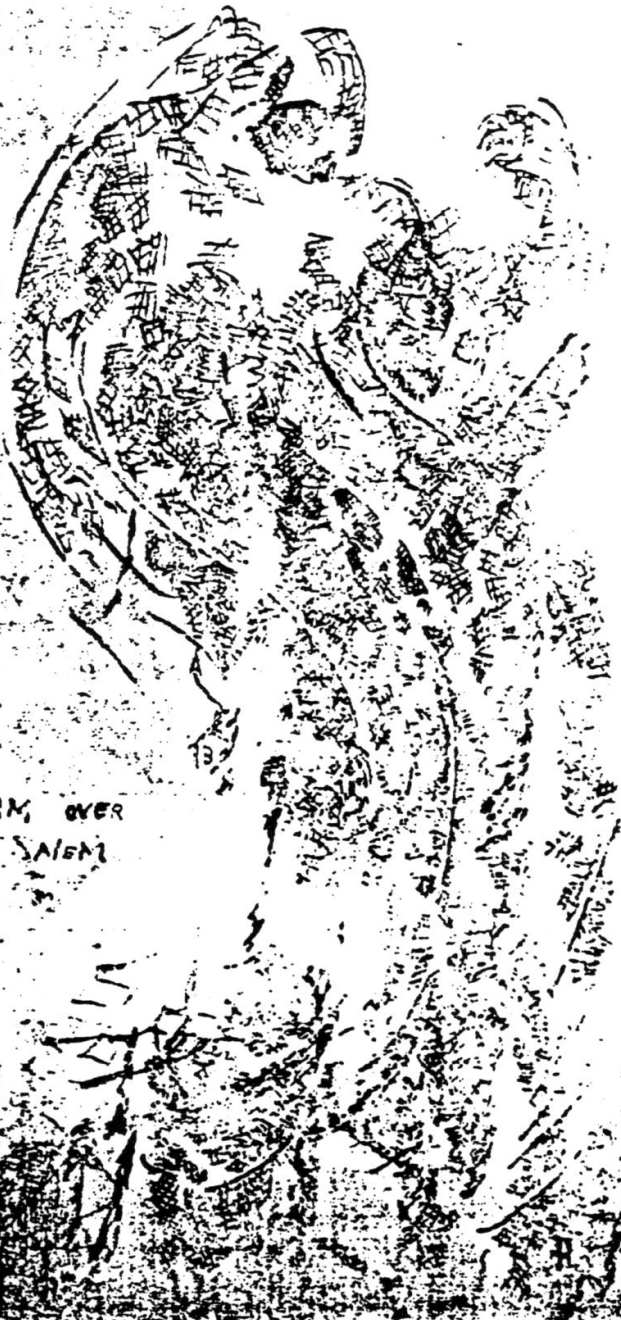
PICTORIAL SECTION

21

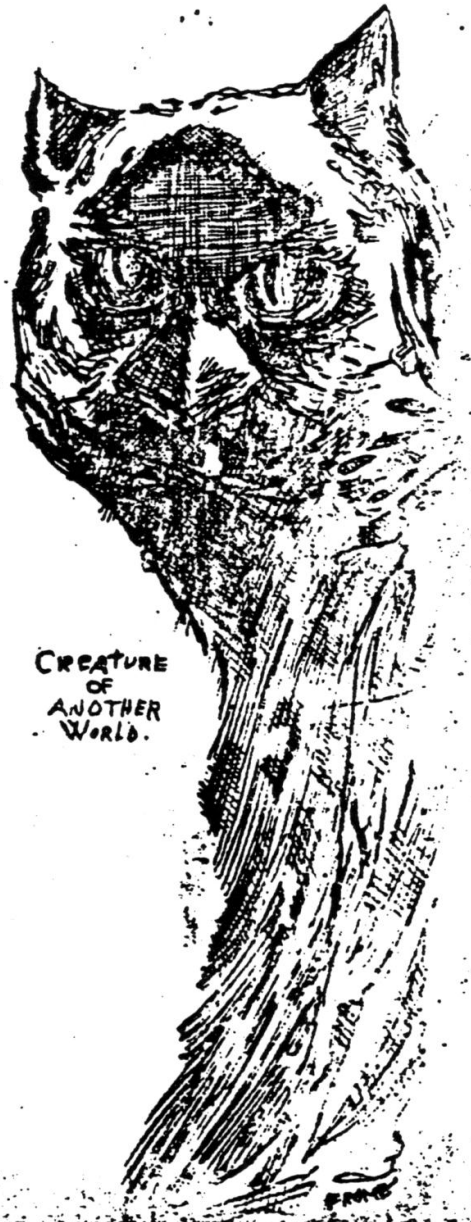


QUEEN
OF THE
SUN

SECTION



STORM OVER
SALEM



CREATURE
OF
ANOTHER
WORLD.