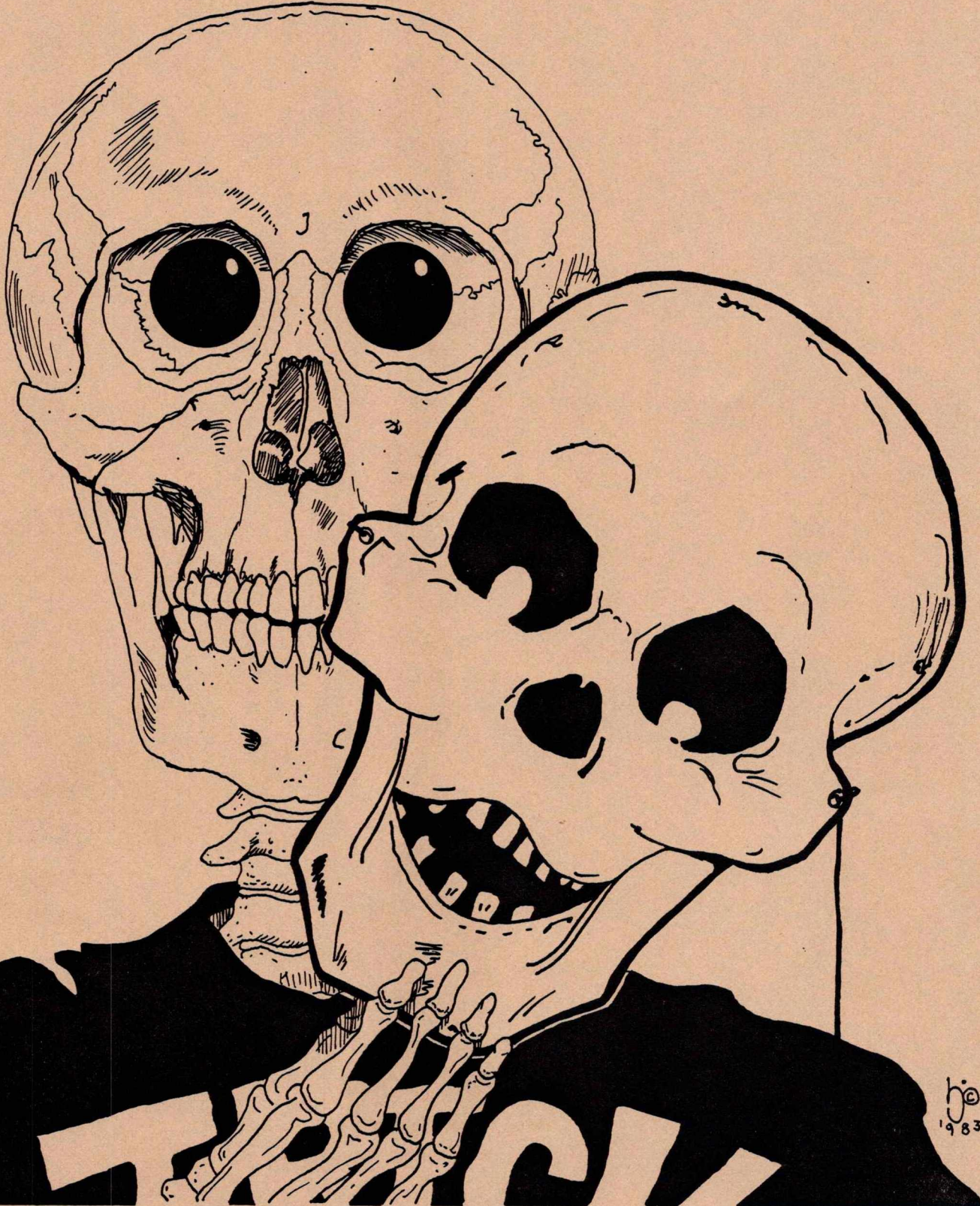


# IBID



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1983

IBID 45

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Contents

Cover: Harry Pearson

A felicitous work, and with so beautiful a logo!, by our fellow-EODer. I am utterly delighted with it, and I know you'll all share my pleasure.

The Ubiquitous Mr. King: a glance at a few of his latest, although by printing time he may have 3 or 4 more out... Jack Vance's *Lyonesse* sneaks into my purview also...

In Memoriam: George Wetzel

This issue is dedicated to the Lovecraft scholar, who died recently. Darrell Schweitzer and I recall a man we knew too briefly, and Ted White is quoted from his column in rich brown's excellent fanzine "beardmutterings" (whole #4) with less sanguine but nevertheless necessary statements. George will be remembered for his researchings, with no attempt to conceal human failings.

August Derleth's "Little Magazine": a fond review of The Master's several attempts at magazine publishing

Plus, here and there within the issue, GANARFS roam, in the unfettered comic imagination of IBID's favorite cartoonist, Jerry Collins! Jerry is now hard at work studying for a professional art career, and he cannot miss.

Copies for members of E.C.D. also contain inBENDick, comments on the previous mailing, of little interest to non-EODers, and probably to EODers as well!

Please note: The material by Ted White, Darrell Schweitzer and Jerry Collins is copyrighted, is used with their permission and may not be reprinted without their permission. Harry Pearson's artwork likewise cannot be duplicated without his permission. My own essays may be quoted in part, goodness knows why!, with due credit to IBID.

## THE UBIQUITOUS MISTER KING

EOD was founded more or less to talk about H. P. Lovecraft, and we have, over the years, burdened the memory of The Old Gentleman. Lately, however, he seems to have been supplanted by Mr. S. King. And I am surely a major culprit in this, having written about him elsewhere as well.

It really wasn't my fault. Originally I had not even cared much for his stuff. Chuck Miller changed all that, by asking me -- and keeping after me -- for an essay. I had to read and reread whatever he had written, and carefully too, and the result was a new appreciation for a man who knew what he wanted to say -- and how to say it. It ended up with his becoming my favorite writer, one whose books I would wait for and buy. Maybe, as King might say, it was like knowing some unlikely girl, sort of being forced to take her to the school prom, and then, by damn, finding you liked her! She might be peculiar in some ways, but she was fun. And so you married her and lived happily ever after.

Well, let him keep writing and I'll stay married to him. I'm hooked. All this by prelude to mentioning a few of his latest in the unending procession of his stuff, and while I have some qualms about a few, I must say that CYCLE OF THE WEREWOLF is qualmless.

This is a special edition, and I recommend you plunk down the stiff price (some thirty clams) for it. It is, first of all a handsome book, approx. 9 x 11, to accomodate the artwork within. (There are several fancier editions, but the "trade" edition is fancy enough.) It is published by Christopher Zavis, as "The Land of Enchantment" publishers, and the art, in graphics style, by Berni Wrightson, is excellent, with b/w and color plentifully present. Whether or not it will be available for less at any time I cannot say, although I would hope a less costly paperback will eventually appear.

What King has done is to write a novella in twelve episodes, one for each month of the "cycle", and while most are quite short, several are full-fledged short story lengths. It is, nevertheless, a real story, told with great feeling for the seasons (as they are observed and felt in the author's beloved Maine.) Wrightson's double-spread b/w drawings capture the seasonal atmosphere splendidly, and a full-color appears to illustrate specific scenes in each. These are all explicit -- not time for abstractions or "fine art" finesse; the artist's own background would not allow this, and he is true to himself. The story itself is no less true to the author's own style. (He does allow himself one moment of fun, describing "thebiggst drunk" in the town, and naming his "Chris Wrightson"! ) There are the characteristic assortment of small town types, the goings-on, the brand names, the horror narrated in cool straightforward manner without any lip-smacking falseness, The July episode, involving a handicapped boy is a happy combination of King with a Ray Bradburian quality, and it works. (A little sentiment never hurt anyone!)

I have even recommended it to my wife, who was scared silly by Christine. She'll like it, and so will you.

Speaking of King's homicidal automobile, he did a turn on it in the October 1983 issue of Yankee magazine, in a short story, "Uncle Otto's Truck." Unfortunately, the timing, so close to the novel, works against it. We seem to be reading either a preparatory sketch or an echo -- it's probably the former, written in a somewhat more formal, even stilted style, and too reminiscent of that Plymouth for a King reader to consider it independently. It dawdles along to its predestined end. In fairness, I should add that the delightful lady who, knowing my Kingolatry, having the magazine gave it to me; she had not read Christine, and this little story had probably cured her of any desire ever to do so!

And so, Pet Semetary, which, for another month or so, will be the only new King. I mention this novel in my M.C. section, and had not intended to go on, but, having read the others above, will do so. The book has proven to be another block-buster seller, and King now appears to be getting serious criticism, as a capital-W Writer, Today's New York Times Book Review quotes, in a Doubleday adv., some critics: John Barkham Reviews states that it "reaches a higher level of illustrating human behavior under extreme stress...brings out the best in him that we have yet seen." Annie Gottlieb, writing in the Times when the book appeared: "one of our pre-eminent novelists of parenthood and its piercing vulnerabilities." Doug Winter (also in Fear Itself and author of a monograph on King published independently) finds that it is an example of "the horror story -- at its most penetrating, important moments, those of the immaculate clarity of insight which we call art", written for Washington Post Book World.

Well, I would hardly contradict these and the public, in that it is indeed a book which holds the reader, has shocks galore, and tells its tale well. Nevertheless, I was not satisfied with the book. It was, to me, King's most contrived effort, one in which he and not his characters determined its course. Thus, it is manipulated, pushed beyond verity just for the shocks. The characters are not really fully-fleshed human beings, but shallow and two-dimensional. The protagonist is a doctor, who, in spite of an active mind, is willing to accept without question or investigation an absolute resurrection from no-doubt-about-it death of an animal. Heck, I cannot accept this. Nobel prizes have been won for less than he might have had, had he reported this astonishing feat. However, he accepts it as a necessary if unpleasant (for olfactory reasons and also the animal's newly developed nastiness) part of daily life. We readers who have long ago read W. W. Jacobs' "The Monkey's Paw" know better, and realize what the author is setting up. To achieve it, he must force some terrible things to happen; indeed, he sets that up too, the death of a child, by having the family rather recklessly live on a most hazardous street. Signs all around us, metaphorically, point to imminent disaster. It is methodical and cold-blooded; not since Carrie has King had less respect for his characters as genuine people. He still pulls a terrifying rabbit out of his capacious hat which I had not expected, and as nasty as that is (a bleak version of what we usually call "love") I appreciated his skill and it saved the book for me.

As I understand it, the bulk of the book was written several years ago, and in such characterization it is part of an earlier King. It

is dependent also, as a rationale for an evil presence, on the legendary figure of the "Wendigo", who served Algernon Blackwood well (and left an undying appreciation on Lovecraft, and thence, perhaps, on King.) It is more general, and safer perhaps than Cthulhu as his local Force, but it is equally amorphous; this is not, then, an explication of the human psyche, responsible for its own actions, although the doctor was well aware that his actions did involve risks. It is the old *deus ex machina* at work, and therefore I cannot share the critical enthusiasm on any deep level. Art it isn't. But scary it is, and this one I shall not recommend to my spouse, who is notoriously empathetic. Well, in a world without Lovecraft, Merritt, Tolkien and other demigods, I'M satisfied to have Stephen King. May he never lose his drive, and may he keep knocking 'em out! Talismans, cannibals, It, welcome all ye ha'nts and horrors!

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One of my favorite writers, in his fantasy mood, is Jack Vance. (I am less enthusiastic about his science fiction, with several notable exceptions. Still, I prefer him in his free-wheeling fantasy.) His Dying Earth and Cugel stories are precious indeed. His latest novel, the projected first in a series, is Lyonesse, and it is a strangely mixed bag. Its first part is basically akin to such romantic adventure as E. R. Eddison's Worm Ouroboros, with larger-than-life heroes and villains in a fantasized world (in Vance's case, it is the Atlantean period, involving coasts of England France, but primarily on an island long-since vanished from the world as we know it.) Even with Vance's brilliant use of language and constructed names, he cannot equal Eddison's "Goldry Blusxco" and especially that most ringing of names the Lord Brandoch Daha", but he can capture the atmosphere, and his passages on the ill-starred Suldrin and her garden are often poignant and beautiful. However, having accomplished this, he rather abruptly turns on the fantasy, and the result is a sometimes bewildering melange of sorcerors, fairy-tales -- takeoffs on The Three Trolls and Jack and the Bean-Stalk. He also has a knack of knocking off major characters, and we are at times bewildered as to where our allegiance should lie. Somehow, he still brings it all together at the end (although at time we would wish for a Cast of Characters, to aid us in keeping up with them.) His imagination soars as always, but he is less free-wheeling and acerbic than in his masterpieces. We miss the man who could write a foreword to a collection of his early stories, indeed no great shakes, saying that he could not "deny responsibility for this herd of dogs" and that "the *raison d'etre*" for the volume "can be described in a single word: avarice." This was for Lost Moons, and he was, to an extent, kidding, but he did it so well that, even if we agreed, we could not at all blame him. To a degree, that saving grace of humor is absent in Lyonesse. I hope to see it restored in subsequent volumes, all of which I shall without shame for my apprehensions, read.

# AGANARF FACT!

GANARFS, THOUGH NICE  
LITTLE BLOKES, THERE'S NOT  
DO BRILLIANT OF CHAR'S  
NOTE:

8:45 AM

## CLONK!



11:52 AM

ULD  
BUGS!



1:29 PM

## WOW!

?



WHAT'S WRONG  
LIL' GUY?

I HOIT  
ME HEAD!



JEFF  
CARTER  
1988

in memoriam: George Wetzel

From 1952 through 1955 a young admirer of H. P. Lovecraft, George Wetzel, produced seven sizeable issues of his "Lovecraft Collectors Library", comprised primarily of amateur prose essays and poetry of HPL, among the earliest research into the non-professional writings of the great weirdist. The publication, limited to seventy-five copies, mimeographed, surely accelerated such research and interest among other HPL scholars and fans, but any fame accruing to Wetzel could only have been modest. The work itself was obscure and difficult to find until some twenty years later when Scott Connors and A. R. Everts reprinted it in toto for E. D. and later issued it in a separate volume, with appropriate photographs and an introduction, published through The Strange Company.

This past month, Darrell Schweitzer wrote to tell me he had been informed of the death of Wetzel. Subsequently, he sent a moving reminiscence. It is proper that a publication such as Ibid, part of an APA dedicated to Lovecraft, should commemorate George Wetzel, and I am pleased to do so here. Since, like everyone, George was a man of many aspects, some well-appreciated, and others less kindly received, I am going to present something of this whole picture, my own recollections first.

I first met George at the First World Fantasy Convention, Providence, 1975. Although I did not know him, I was aware of his Lovecraft work and also had heard he was anti-semitic. While the latter rankles, I have grown up with it as a child and man, have seen at distant hand its horrors, and am willing to consider it individually. I should add that, with those who are not intimate to my own life, I am willing to accept them as they appear to be and perhaps wish to appear. George and I were friendly from the beginning. He was curious about Yiddishisms, indeed patronizing about them, but, while this apparently confirmed the rumor, I was agreeable to playing along, and, in our sporadic correspondence over the years, we treated it with humor. Yiddish has known much worse. At that Con, George had some Lovecraftiana and other books to dispose of, and held a friendly auction in his room, with, as I recall, Dirk Mosig, Scott Connors, Gerry de la Ree, myself and others present. I landed two well shell-shocked items, a Complete Fitz-James O'Brien and a worn, water-stained Yellow Wall-Paper by Charlotte Perkins Stedman (usually anthologized under her married -- or single, I forget which -- name of Gilman.) Even at a buck each, George thought it very humorous that I should want them.

Five years later we met again at the Sixth Fantasy Convention in Baltimore, and very soon after my arrival, George appeared and took me in tow. He resumed his study of such Yiddish esoterica as "tuchus", but we also covered all bases in chatter of fantasy subjects. I found him to be scholarly indeed, more rough around the edges than his published writings would indicate, but warm and anxious to be friendly. Later, reading some of my Ibids, he would volunteer me information, sometimes gleaned only after long study of ancient, browning newspapers, such as some material on Poe I presented some issues back. There seemed something lonely about a man working so hard and getting little credit

for it. Perhaps it was just his own personality, and perhaps it was a reflection of his earlier years in Fandom, which apparently had quite a different style and effect. The following material, which I am reprinting by permission, is far more than a "warts-and-all" portrait, but it seems proper that in a Lovecraft-oriented fanzine, which openly admires Wetzel for his trail-blazing, it should also show what a less-Wetzel/HPL inclined observer has to say. I am quoting Ted White, from beardmutterings, Whole No. 4, edited and published by rich brown (who prefers lower-cases), 1632 19th St. NW #2, Washington DC 20009. This material is copyrighted and must not be reprinted further without the permission of Ted White.

"George Wetzel's infamy has grown faded and forgotten. Easily the most disliked fan of the fifties, George Wetzel was the first person to be thrown off the FAPA waiting list... (He) was a 'poison-pen' letter writer. He delighted in writing letters in other people's names, going even to the extent of getting them mailed in the city lived in by the person whose name he'd used... But that was just good clean fun next to George's other letters. These went to government officials, usually (but not always) in the Post Office or FBI.... This appeared to be Wetzel's ace-in-the-hole tactic: when people got mad at him he "turned 'em in" to every government authority he could think of.

'...Ultimately, in the late fifties, after Wetzel had begun writing letters under various identities he had assumed, supporting his, George Wetzel's case -- but they were so transparently his, from the messy typing to the paranoid raving which was a dead giveaway -- fandom simply turned its back on him. He was ostracized, completely ignored, his letters unanswered, his name dropped from all mailing lists...

"..What, then, were his redeeming qualities? How had he managed to stick around for more than ten years?

'George was, I am sure, mentally unbalanced. He was also the product of Baltimore's slums, strongly bigoted about race and religion. But he was not stupid. He had the intelligence to do long and painstaking research. He was a Lovecraft bibliophile before it was fashionable to be one (the early forties) and still apparently has a good reputation in that misbegotten field. His serious pieces for John Hitchcock's UMBRA .. were fascinating and well-researched and documented. I'm sure John hoped to encourage that side of Wetzel... But ultimately even John Hitchcock gave up..."

White then tells of an unpleasant occasion when George appeared unexpectedly with several acquaintances for a dinner at his parents' home, later spoke in slurring and racist tones, and then quotes a letter from John Hitchcock: "...Although I am still convinced that he can write well, his nearly slanderous vilifications and accusations have eclipsed the other side of him.... His conclusions are based upon imagined relationships existing only as a mechanism in his psychology."



Ted White's words are harsh and condemning, yet they are based on a personal knowledge and acquaintance deeper than my own. However, at this late date, they may be mitigated, and I think Darrell provides such an understanding approach. Mrs. Wetzel had written him to tell him of her husband's death, apparently of heart failure in his sleep. He wrote me in turn, with this Memoriam and appraisal:

"I remember George Wetzel best from a scene in a graveyard, at midnight, with dozens of eldritch folk shaking among the headstones. It is only fitting for one who devoted himself to the macabre, but actually, the event was more prosaic than that. The Baltimore World Fantasy Convention (1980) sponsored tours of the Edgar Allan Poe gravesite, and George, Lee Weinstein, and I were in the same busload of tourists. We spoke of Poe and Lovecraft and Edward Lucas White. George was a mine of information on all three. Of course I wasn't really surprised, since I had known of him as a scholar long before I met him, but it is still refreshing to encounter someone in fandom who actually knows something about fantastic literature. It is not a common experience.

The Poe gravesite is in the yard of a church (the name of which I forget) which is no longer used for worship, but is maintained as a historical monument. In the course of the tour we were treated to tales of the numerous murders, suicides, and hauntings which had allegedly occurred there, plus a large dollop of the lore of body-snatching, and a peek inside a ruined vault where stacked coffins had split open and dumped their contents into a heap on the floor. Later, Fritz Leiber gave a reading in front of the grave itself.

At one point, while the tour guide was waiting for the rest of the party to come up from the basement of the church (where many of the graves are located), George took Lee and me and a couple others aside, down a narrow way between two monuments, and into a little alley, where he explained how this tomb was covered with masonic symbols, and that one was an exact replica of the Roman emperor Gaius (Caligula), and a third had an incredibly complicated locking mechanism. It was clear that he knew a lot more about this churchyard in particular and Baltimore history in general than the guide had.

I only met him once more, briefly, at a Balticon. I wish I had known him better. He seemed like a fascinating man.

I knew George Wetzel the writer and scholar a lot longer. I think I encountered him first in Meade Frierson's HPL (1972), but his "Genesis of the Cthulhu Mythos" as reprinted in Nyctalops #10 (1975) made more of an impression. When I came to compile my Essays Lovecraftian in 1976, I got in touch with him and asked for permission to use his essay in the book.

Since then I've realized what a pioneer George Wetzel was. He was perhaps the first major Lovecraftian scholar. Others wrote articles earlier, and August Derleth and Donald Wandrei did their part to rescue HPL from oblivion, but George was, as far as I can tell, the first person to do solid and continuous research into the Old Gent's life and writings, particularly in the amateur press area. He contributed a great deal to our current knowledge of Lovecraft. If you look

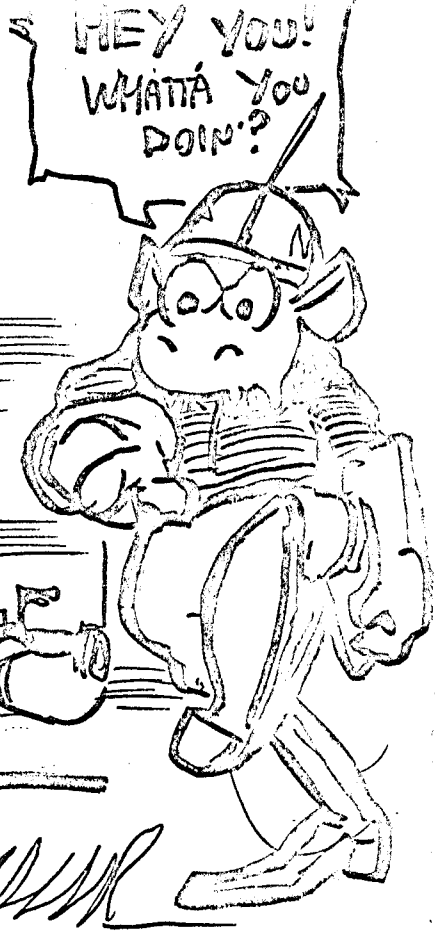
through S. T. Joshi's H. P. Lovecraft, An Annotated Bibliography you'll get some idea of George's accomplishments. The major one was his editing and publishing of the Lovecraft Collectors Library which contained a vast amount of previously uncollected and otherwise unavailable material (essays and poetry) which George had patiently dug out of rare amateur publications. It must have been a sheer labor of love to have compiled these mimeographed booklets. Remember that there was no academic interest in Lovecraft in those days, or even much fannish interest. Nobody was publishing reader's guides and university presses wouldn't have dreamed of putting out massive tomes of Lovecraft studies. The rest of us came much later. George got there first. And when academic recognition began to come, he had a part in it -- he had an article in the special Lovecraft issue of FRESCO, the University of Detroit quarterly, in 1958. He had other intelligent, well-written articles published over the years, but, unfortunately had ceased to be active by the time books of Lovecraft criticism began to be published regularly. This is a great shame. A full volume of Wetzel on Lovecraft might have been another landmark.

He also wrote a small amount of fairly good fantasy fiction. One story was published in August Derleth's Dark Mind, Dark Heart (Arkham House, 1962) and several of them were collected as The Gothic Horror and Other Weird Tales, published by Weirdbook Press. (This latter is still in print and may be had from W. Paul Ganley, Box 149, Amherst Press, Buffalo, N. Y. 14226 for \$4.00)

He also, unfortunately, developed a very bad reputation in general (non-Lovecraftian) fandom in the 1950s. Ted White outlined the whole matter in great detail in rich brown's beardmutterings. I've heard these stories from other sources too -- that George was wont to make racist and otherwise intolerant remarks in those days -- and I don't doubt that Ted is telling the truth. But White is entirely incapable of appreciating Lovecraft and thus puts little value on George's accomplishments. He sees only the bad side, an aspect which hasn't bothered anyone for a good twenty-five years.

All of us have done and said things we shouldn't, but our lives are made up of more than a few lapses. Are we to remember Lovecraft himself for his literary brilliance, or for some offhand remark he made in New York in 1924? The sum of George Wetzel is greater than what White says. His alleged attitudes never entered into my relationship with him. He also got along well with the decidedly Semitic Lee Weinstein. I will remember him for his writings and for a few hours of interesting conversation." (Entire contents copyright 1984 by Darrell Schweitzer and not to be reprinted without his permission.)

# THE MERRIE ADVENTURES OF SIMON THE SPACE M.B.O!



BY JERRY COLLING  
©1984



## AUGUST DERLETH'S "LITTLE MAGAZINE"

Ben Indick

My bound run of Hawk and Whipporwill has a signed inscription by its editor that it is "the only little magazine I ever edited." This would be, I imagine, a matter of definition. The Arkham Sampler preceded H&W in time, and The Arkham Collector came later (but the inscription was written at a date when TAC was already being published.) Perhaps he was referring to a magazine which had no other bones to pick, inasmuch as the others were to a degree advertisements for Arkham House books. Insofar as size is concerned, H&W is intermediate between the smallish TAC and the larger TAS. Perhaps he meant high-brow literary, for, while the others had both fiction and poetry, H&W was exclusively poetical. Augie, in any event, was such a fecund writer and editor that he may have slipped into his schedule a few other magazines I don't even know about!

For the record I'll describe the three I do know about. The most elaborate is the Sampler, which, in its first seven issues ran an even page count of 100, and, for its eighth and final number, 128, to accommodate an index and wrap-up notes. H&W averaged between twenty and forty pages, ending its ten--issue run with a large 102 page issue, including an index. The Collector ran 20 to 24 pages, and ended its ten-issue life with a 50 page issue, also including an index. Unlike its predecessors, the Collector's pages were numbered consecutively; spare issues of its 348 pages were issued later in a black clothbound volume, stamped in characteristic library binding type on the spine: THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR / VOL. 1 / ARKHAM HOUSE, with no attempt to duplicate the block-letter logo of the magazine. H&W also bound up complete runs, in a light green linen, pages edges speckled, with the spine lettering duplicating the handsome cover logo: HAWK / & / WHIP- / PoOR- / WILL / 1960 / - / 1963. (The small "o" sic, in manner of the logo.)

The distinguished lettering for both Sampler and H&W is obviously the work of Ronald Clyne, who did a number of splendid Arkham House jackets at the time. The Collector had its simple but firm title and the familiar shivering house logo. (Query: does anyone know who designed this house? It is clearly a pastiche on Random House's own logo, but, even in today's much changed Arkham House books, remains a familiar trademark, part of the Arkham House legend.) Covers of the Sampler offered partial contents of the issue; H&W bore only the title and an additional line "poems of man and nature", with the date and volume number, and, like the Sampler, a contents page within. The Collector never had a table of contents, simply starting right in mid-way down its first page. The others each used differently colored heavy paper stock covers each issue. Individual issues of the Sampler sold for \$1.00, while H&W and TAC were 50¢ per issue. (The former briefly went to \$1.00, and the latter was announced as increasing to \$1.00, but was abandoned instead.)

TAS and TAC catered, of course, to the interests of Arkham House and fantasy enthusiasts, and each would carry prose and poetry, with occasional photographs, news of the fantasy and science fiction fields, news of forthcoming AH books, and even such unusual but pertinent bits

a fine map of Arkham and Miskatonic Univ. by Gahan Wilson. (Note: Illustrations appeared only in TAC. Neither TAS nor H&W carried aught but words.) In fiction, the Sampler was certainly more formal than TAC, and it is a splendid repository of new and reprinted works. Its initial issue commenced with a serialization (in four parts) of Lovecraft's novel, "The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath." That issue also had fiction by H. Russell Wakefield, poetry, book reviews, essays and even a story by Derleth's alter-ego, Stephen Grendon.

The indefatigable Mr. Grendon appeared as well in the 2nd, 5th and 8th issues. His identity was not revealed at the time by the editor, although his final story was a science fiction satire, described by Derleth as an "outgrowth of his amazement at the pother often raised by so-called science fiction fans." On the other hand, Derleth, already doing science-fiction anthologies, devoted Issue #5 to that genre, and included a symposium on "A Basic Science Fiction Library" by numerous luminaries, including Forrest J. Ackerman, David H. Keller, A. E. van Vogt, Theodore Sturgeon, "Lewis Padgett", Donald Wandrei and others. Van Vogt's famous "Dear Pen Pal" appeared in the issue.

Fiction by C. M. Eddy, Ray Bradbury, P. Schuyler Miller, more Wakefield, John Beynon Harris and others appeared regularly, in addition to reprints of such classics as J. A. Mitchell's satire, "The Last American" (without its illustrations) as well as the forgotten "Journey to the World Underground" by Lewis Holberg, a century-old science-fictional satire which the impatient editor abridged.

Leah Bodine Drake, whose poetry collection "A Hornbook For Witches" would later become the most scarce of Arkham House titles and the bane of many collector-completists, appeared during the eight issue run with nine poems, including the title poem. (The collection appeared after the magazine had been abandoned. in 1950.)

Book reviews were garnered from a formidable array of renowned writers, including Frank Belknap Long, Robert Bloch, Carl Jacobi and others including Derleth himself. Poetry by Clark Ashton Smith, including his Baudelairean translations, was frequent, as well as several by Peter Viereck and Vincent Starrett.

In the end, the costs of producing the magazine, especially in a limited edition, were too much. At a time when hardcover books were appearing for \$3.00, a \$1.00 price for a magazine appeared perhaps excessive to frugal purchasers, who allowed the \$3.00 Arkham House books to languish unpurchased for years, some for decades. Derleth had warned at the end of the first year of the quarterly that it was proving too much a drain on finances and time, and one year later he called it quits for the 1000-copy magazine. In retrospect, it was a remarkable publication indeed, and like many fine works of art, inadequately appreciated in its own time. Its fiction and non-fiction remains excellent more than a quarter of a century later, and its editorial notes are incisive and sprightly. Thereafter for some years, August Derleth was content to allow his stock-list pamphlets to tell the story of forthcoming Arkham House and Mycroft and Moran titles.

By 1967, however, Derleth felt the desire to do a magazine again. Annoyed as always by "the indifferent response" of the clientele which accepted his stock-lists without bothering to order therefrom, he decided The

Arkham Collector would serve both to replace the gratis stock-lists and to present material he was unable to use in book-form. At 50¢ a copy, it was necessarily far more modest than the proud Sampler; he expected it to be an annual, but for the most part it was semi-annual, with the final three being quarterly. Dates read Summer 1967 through Summer 1971.

Despite its smaller format, TAC managed to present a complement of fiction and poetry, as well as much delightful chitchat about names and matters in the genre. The third issue presents a portion of a Walt Kelly "Pogo" cartoon, in which the politically minded possum, discussing a Wisconsin primary election, is seen rowing across his beloved Okeeno-kee swamp in a boat labeled "The August Derleth." (Derleth was a great fan and collector of comics and was an early supporter of Kelly. The "balloon" here is spoken by Cap'n Churchy La Femme: "D'you suppose it's significant that the most significant primary, Wisconsin, comes significantly on a most significant day? The day after April Fool's?")

Other contributors include an HPL remembrance by Sonia Greene, poetry by L. Sprague de Camp, Donald Sidney-Fryer, H. P. Lovecraft, Wade Wellman, Lin Carter, William Hope Hodgson and others. Fiction was frequent, by Donald Wollheim, Gary Myers, Carl Jacobi, Robert Aikman, R. H. Barlow and many others, including an amusing satire on Lovecraft's Innsmouth by James Wade. The Index lists a necrology, and it is a wistful reminder of a generation gone, in fact and in style; Anthony Moucher, Clifford M. Eddy, Virgil Finlay, Hugo Gernsback, David H. Keller, Grege La Spina, John Metcalfe, Seabury Quinn, H. R. Wakefield, Magery Lawrence R. Taylor are included, and it would not be too many years before the name of the Editor himself would join this illustrious list.

TAC comprises a relatively slim volume, and yet it entertains a latter-day reader as much as a veteran. Under subsequent editors of Arkham House, first Roderick Meng and now the capable James Turner (whose editorial choices in their rapid acceptance and sale might have astonished Derleth) modest stocklists have continued to appear, but there has been no successor to the magazine. (Happily, although it bears no relationship whatever to the firm of the present-day Arkham House Publishers, a new version has appeared: The Arkham Sampler, so titled, but very much in the format of the Collector, published by A. R. Everts' The Strange Company, delightful and collectible, both nostalgically and in its own right. It is an excellent dollar's worth.)

If there is no mention of Arkham House in Hawk and Whippoorwill, it is nevertheless strong in associational value. It was printed for Derleth by the London, England firm of Villiers Publications, Ltd., who also printed several of the Arkham House poetry collections. If its content was exclusively poetic, it remains reminiscent of his other magazines in the sometimes tart, acerbic editorial comments which concluded each issue and particularly the last, where, once again, the Editor is forced to acknowledge financial defeat.

He had commenced hopefully, promising to issue at least ten numbers, dedicated to poems of human and naturalistic vein, inasmuch as he "did not find enough poetry of man and nature in the scores of poetry magazines to which I subscribe to satisfy my need." It would appear twice a year, no more than four times, he promised, and he was faithful

to his word. The ten issues are dated Spring 1960 through Autumn 1963. In his final summation, he reveals that the subscription count varied from one hundred to two hundred at best, but that he believed its failure to continue was "not so much criticism of (its) contents as proof of a sad indifference to it." Contributors made up half of the subscription list, although he proudly states that never was a contributing poet required to subscribe. He was proud to have avoided printing "gibberish"-- non-poetry," and never quibbled about the fame or stature of the poets he printed. Leah Bodine Drake appears, along with Jesse Stuart, Joseph Payne Brennan and even the famous novelist James T. Farrell. Many of the contributors were already distinguished for poetry published elsewhere, and each issue lists brief biographies. Derleth himself appears with only several poems, primarily concerning himself with editorial work and book reviews. One of his few entries is a memorial for his idol, Henry David Thoreau. Another is a loving, parental look at his daughter April, then five years old. It seems appropriate to quote the final stanza:

Time is a wonderment of hours  
 for each of us. I sit bemused at this  
 late creation of my loins, begrudging every kiss  
 the wind gives her, joyous in her pleasure  
 and selfish in my treasure.

If all her years she might be so beautiful, and remain  
 so innocent, forever strange to pain!

-- "My Daughter Picking Wildflowers"

August Derleth

Note: This essay appeared, slightly altered here, originally in Onyx XVII, published by myself for the Necronomicon/HPL A.P.A.

-- BPI

A  
UNITED  
PLANETS  
SESSION:  
HOST  
COUNTRY  
-The  
GANDRES

FOR PITY'S SAKE  
TEDDY! IT'S IN FACT  
BE-LOW BUDGET!!!

1ST GANARE PROVINCE  
CHIEF ROY A HAB

I SAY, I THINK  
WE MIGHT BE  
HEAR ALLISON

NO SHOOT  
WTF

CURELY GOOD FRIENDS  
WE MUST DECIDE SOON  
FOR OUR PLANETS OWN  
BEAUTY!

AT-BEARD-ROUN  
EMISHWA RUMI  
TEZUKA III

AFTER ALL IT'S THE  
ONLY THING THE LIBERALS  
AND CONSERVATIVES  
AGREED ON!

URE!  
URE!  
URE!

SEN. INNICK  
FROM NOLD Pookhuc

THE QUEST FOR  
KNOWLEDGE  
MUST NEVER  
DIE!

SWINESE  
GOD WAS  
KING OF

WE DO NEED  
THE MONEY!!!

WHEN WE  
LEAVE, ILL  
GET ATTORNEY

LT. JEAYNE CULLER  
GMOU- AIR FORCE

AND WE GOT  
THE SPACE SHIP  
FOR A SONG!

STONORHARTON

UH- TEDDY. WEVE  
KNOWN EACH OTHER  
FOR A FEW WEEKS  
NEARLY RARE!

WHY  
YES  
ROY!

JERRY  
COLTAS

AN' YAL REALIZES  
THAT WE COULD ALL  
GO HOME, AN' THIS  
ACTION PASSED IF  
YOU AGREE, RAH?

WHY  
YES  
ROY!

SO.. IFN' YALL  
DONT AGREE  
AM I GONNA PUT  
MAH FOOT RAT  
SWAR YALLS MOUTH  
2 USEDT' BE!!



.....inBENDick: comments on EOD 44 and other natterings....

Three cheers for Harry Pearson! Not only has he given IBID a beautiful cover, for 45, but he gave our CRICKET one as well, better than Chas. Schultz has done for a long time, for that matter. (Is the failure of Peanuts to make me laugh my fault, after all? A matter of my dotage, or of overexposure? Most likely, I think, is the fantasization of the strip, its emphasis on Snoopy. Very commercial all of this, but it was funnier back when Snoopy walked on all fours and was a dog. Well, all that is, after all, for some comic-book APA, and not EOD.)

And four, five or even six cheers for MOLIE, who has volunteered again to be OE! I'm not certain this is for the best -- previous OEs who remained with the job too long apparently burned out and quit -- Joe Foudry is gone apparently for good, and Roger Bryant, who returned, has departed again. I urge anyone with the time and interest to consider taking it over next year and giving our busy OE a breather -- we do not want to lose her!

Graeme has delivered a handsome U S Trip Report! It's good to see The Shunned House again (doesn't appear to have changed much). Of course, I must admit that the dot dot dot computer printout makes me feel I am reading one of those color-blind dot tests, or looking at a pointillist painting gone askew, but, for Graeme, it is still welcome. It was most thoughtful of him to call me and I hope I may one day return the privilege -- and perhaps get to see him as well! However, the feasibility of a trip "down under" is remote... Funny how the lower case g comes out like a 9! With me that is a function of my fore-fingers being all thumbs. Anyone who has read my effusions is aware of my typos, and I more than most! I assure you I can spell -- my fingers can't!! Graeme, your family is beautiful. And even if it were not my own opinion, my wife Janet says Bob Bloch is beautiful too! His stories gave her a few nightmares, but, as with those of Stephen King which afflict her likewise, she does not mind, liking the men so much.

Speaking of my wife, whose art has now and again graced IBID (not for some time, alas) she has won a major recognition for some sculpture she did for a synagogue in NJ, from IFRA and AIA -- artist, architect and theologian groups. And she is showing small pieces at a real true honest to gosh 57th St gallery in NYC, a goal she has long had and which has reduced her to happily quivering jelly -- whether or not they sell -- but if they do, it could help her get commissions for greater things! In token of which (and for the recent holidays in which I left her giftless, I plunked down exorbitant amounts of cash for tickets to the hit musical La Cage aux Folles and the comedy Noises Off -- the exact figures of which I dare not divulge or you'll all expect me to fund all costs of EOD henceforth!

My good friend Steven Chaput is currently redirecting his life and affairs and I hope he can remain with EOD. That "Manga manga" book interests me. I haven't seen it, but, of course, Hokusai did Manga, and the Charles Tuttle collection of same, edited lovingly by James Michener, is one of my favorite books. I even managed to pick up, quite inexpensively, several original pages of such manga -- they are on newsprint and hardly scarce. The book is a wonderful compendium and I urge anyone who loves art, mythology and even anthropology to look it up. I will surely look up Schodt's book. Zeke is a ballbuster!

Pete Cannon infuriates me -- how can anyone read all those books?!?! Don't you work, or eat, or sleep, or, well, ahem, but surely you DO read! Anyway, I am afraid I agree about the Solar Pons stories. I never could get excited over them, and they are truly not in a league with their Inspiror... I've read and very much enjoyed Fifth Business, but, goodness knows why, I have yet to read the others in the trilogy! I shall...I'm happy you and Randy have made up.

Crispin: Great cover!! I always did suspect Winnie was sick and tired of that "Pooh" name, and Raggedy Ann deserved what she got!..Thank you for your kind words. I rather love the old APA, and when I had decided to gaffiate from Fanac, and to quit with #25, by golly, I couldn't do it! I'll try to hang around..Your DeepSouthcon report is very welcome, as I've read nothing about it, and it must have been just great. I have yet to see even a word of The Talisman (well, I guess "the", "of", "but" etc are in it, and I am well acquainted with those words...) I just obtained King's Cycle of the Wereworld (the latest of the Master's "King-Book-Of-The-Month-Club" -- not to mention the "King-Movie-of-the-month Club!!)..Angela Taylor Burgess is unknown to me; my Chambers Biographical Dict., which is several editions old, does NOT list her. You are entirely right about the autograph abuses going on. Dealers are, naturally, culprits, as these signatures mean extra cash; however, some people bring every damn magazine they have as well as h/c and p/b editions to bedevil authors. King, who is most kind and generous about it, will one day drop the entire bit, and then our endpapers will have to remain pristine! (I'm typing as I read, and now I note you indicate King is reaching such a conclusion! I would dislike the prospects of not seeing and hearing him again, and Janet might well refuse to come!) The other Con reports were just as good. I liked your straightforward and sensible views, and in all these are among the best such reports I've read! Yes, I remember, very wistfully indeed, that Jack-o'Lantern....All good wishes for fortune and success with your beautiful ET! Well, that sounds strange. Let's say it out loud: ELDRITCH TALES!

Patrice, Count Carfax: What a wonderful issue! I can understand that your modest intention had to give way, when you were confronted with all this splendid artwork! I am delighted -- all the way through! The plotlines were as solid as the artwork. And hand-applied color for each cover -- a work of love. Thank you!

Yarbro's

Bob Eber: While I am a minority vis a vis ~~the~~ vampire, I must congratulate your nameless (shame on you!) wife for a witty, well-written piece. Also, her title, for which I'll again scold you, should read, in today's terms, "A Layperson's Look etc..." Ain't our Ladies something else, bless them, and shouldn't we thank our lucky stars!

Dave Drake: That was one smart machine, but it left out that you can and do make one hell of a good writer! Still, better be careful. Look what happened to Bradbury and King characters after carnie experiences. As to our readerly comments, whatever I've said I meant -- about the Slammers and about the King Arthur book. Being a traditionalist, I was less enthusiastic about the latter, but I still admired it very much. Your writing has real verve and spirit, with genuine story-telling plot, with sensitivity and originality. Hell, what more do you need than a Book of the Month contract and a movie Sale! I knew you when!

But, Dave, what I admire most is your courage (as well as your adorable wife, whom I met at a con)\*in giving up a sure-fire and well-paying job in the Law to take a chance on your dream. Time was, 1961-3, when I was cooking drama-wise, had won three contests, was writing hot, and did not have the guts to take a chance (my wife volunteered to do her financial working best, but with two kids and bills I couldn't do it. Maybe I thought it would come anyway. It didn't.) So you may perceive I am being quite sincere. I hope your star keeps rising -- I don't ask for such phenomenal success as King, but even a fraction of it for you would not be bad. Stay with it. And with EOD.

Mollie & Don, still EOD's Resident Love-Bugs: The HPL letter to CAS is very interesting. And how do you like his advice to writers on Page 2? I wish editors agreed! However, I suspect unless a writer has a spark so immense it flows, editors will still expect her or him to toe THEIR line. After all, Wright wasn't the one to publish his novel or his very great "Colour out of Space"! Maybe it's a matter of finding the right editor, if such a creature exists. His youthful astronomy letter was very prescient! As for your own peregrinations, P/D, I suggest you leave the birthplaces and bones of old murderers alone. Considering the nature of your favorite fiction, THEY MIGHT JUST COME BACK! .. I'm happy you loved Acadia Park -- although a vest-pocket park, it was, for its beauty and intimacy, the favorite of our family after Yellowstone (the like of which there ain't any). They never rebuilt that wonderful popover-and-tea restaurant there, did they? That place, in the shadow of the two ladies'-breasts hills at Jordan Pond, was worth the trip by itself. At the turn of the century trains brought elegant tourists there (the ladies in long, high-throated, thin-waisted dresses, with parasols, the gentlemen in weskuts and collars -- photos showed them. Graciousness personified, even if it is a dream now.

\* Uh, referring back to line 1 above, it SOUNDS like "what I admire most" is Dave's "adorable wife". Well, that is true -- but it was her own courage in going along with Dave I was referring to! Back to MCs.

Eddy Bertin ... I'll NEVER eat tomato sauce again.....I haven't read the story yet, but the beginning makes me feel Abza paints more like the recently deceased Ivan Lorraine Albright of "Dorian Gray" fame. The story looks invitinely frightful and I shall get to it.

I hope you all read Bill Scott Home's marvelous essay in ONYX, which Randy generously printed for me for inclusion here. It is sometimes abstruse, but immensely learned and with the colorful writing we associate with My Liege Lord, Guglielmo I R of Redonda. I am most grateful to him for allowing me to print it, and should point out it is part of an ongoing work which will be a masterpiece.

Randy's entry is a delight ---- h/w many of you were quickly sending him orders for that list? On the other hand, the Fantasy Archives list is more like the way things are today, alas.

MICHAEL CLINE: together with the Count's artissue, you have graced this mailing wonderfully! I'll look forward to your work in E&O #3 -- and I hope all EODers are aware of what a bargain E&O is. I urge you to get copies of #2 if you haven't already, and, of course, of #3. They belong on the shelf with Eldritch Tales and Whispers and Nyctalops.

Scott Briggs: So, my abysmal goof vis a vis NECON made me miss you too! Regrets, regrets...I do hope to attend this year of 1984 and maybe you'll be there too...As for my material on STAND and THE DARK TOWER, I'm pleased to say I have rewritten and expanded it, and hope to see it in a different book this year. Since it is over 4000 words, I have much to say, By the way, I note in F&SF MAGAZINE that they will have a "new Stephen King novella soon" -- I hope it is the first of his next Gunslinger series! Once I know for sure about the essay, I'll report.

Glenn Lord: I miss seeing you occasionally at cons, old buddy! "The Lovecraftsman" is a funny piece -- maybe someone will dig up more issues for our further elucidation. As for Pet Semetary, one copy will do. King, one of <sup>our</sup> most natural story-tellers, keeps one glued to each of DD's 413 pages, but, in truth, I found it his most manipulated book, whose plot was so determined that all characters clearly wore the marionette's strings (that is "characters" in the line above, MY typing bears NO wires of accuracy!) The d/w left no room for doubt either. Altho he quoted Jacobs' "Monkey's Paw" late in the book, its debt was obvious almost at once. Nevertheless, however devoid of human love and sensitivity the final two pages were, they sure did stand my hair (such as is left) on end! Bravo to everyone's favorite writer! I surrendered long ago.

Ken Niely: I missed your zine this issue. I'm hoping, meanwhile, that you will respond to my last letter. ~~.....~~ ((By golly, I just received it -- All best luck in your new home!! Who knows, one day I'll hope to visit it!)) \*\*

I recently began rereading Peter Straub, for an essay which I shall use one day. I rather feel reluctant to reread his last two novels, since I was not too enthusiastic over them, although careful rereading will certainly cause reconsideration. However, I found myself quite enthusiastic over his first novel, the non-fantasy MARRIAGES (it does have a nice hallucination in it). Good writing, a young writer trying to capture the essence of some writers he admired, and the same goes for JULIA, a fine horror novel. IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW was much darker than my initial reading, but already indicating the somber vision he would pursue. I have already read GHOST STORY twice, and in many ways I consider the finest supernatural novel of our time; it will be a pleasure to reread. And who knows how THE TALISMAN, written with King, some of whose stylistic mannerisms affected Straub adversely, it seems to me, will be? I do look forward to it! I also have his book of poetry, from Underwood/Miller, to read yet, and it looks very inviting.

I should also recommend the latest WHISPERS, a huge anthology issue, devoted to a solid degree to the remarkable Whitley Strieber, whose work I have not yet read, but who is really going gangbusters, with a giant 1/2 million dollar sale for his next book! Manly Wade Wellman, Charles Grant, Darrell Schweitzer, Hugh Cave, Dennis Etchison and many others fill the pages of this splendid magazine/book. Bravo to Stuart Schiff for his tireless efforts, which have won many awards -- and a grant as well! Imagine: a Charlie Grant and a Federal grant in one issue!

inBENDick -----

P.S.

Potential fictioneers, atten-hut!

Ibid was ready for collating when I received a phone call from my contact for L. Ron Hubbard, and what he told me was valuable enough to pass on to you Acolytes. I know many of you, like myself, have dabbled with fiction. Maybe you've done some stuff you even think is good! Well, LRH is sponsoring a Writing contest! It will be for shorter lengths, and he interprets "short stories" as not exceeding 10,000 words, and novelets as up to 17,000. These are the only lengths being considered right now, but the contest will be on a quarterly basis -- with three prizes, of \$1000, \$750 and \$500 (to include both categories.)

Do NOT send stories, but write for information and requirements to L. RON HUBBARD WRITER'S CONTEST, 2210 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. 90403. Judging will not be done by Hubbard or anyone associated with his writings, but apparently his aim is to help develop new writers. It does not even exclude writers already published professionally, with the proviso being that they cannot have had more than three stories published in a professional publication. (IBID does not count.)

I cannot say more since I have not received the flyer myself. I guess I should add that I am not beating any drums for the controversial Mr. Hubbard other than that I enjoyed his book as well as the "sound-track" for it, and that I have enjoyed my remote-association with him and his work through his friendly, courteous and very capable agent. Hubbard was a writing hero of mine back in the late 30s & 40s and I still recall John W Campbell's excitement over "Dianetics" which, whatever one thinks about it, presaged Hubbard's disappearance from fiction for a long, long time. There was a wry quality, a sardonic humor, in Death's Deputy, Typewriter in the Sky and a genuine sense of fear and horror in Fear which are not part of his latter-day return to SF writing, but Battlefield Earth has its own style. By next year he plans to have in print an even longer blockbuster, "Mission Earth", not a sequel as I understand. BE will be available in paperback in March, by the way. (If BE, with 800,000 words was \$25, what, by golly, will a 1.2 million word novel be? \$30? Will readers need a glossary, a cast of characters?) Incidentally BE is to be filmed, and in two parts (the novel sort of falls into a two-part pattern -- of which I liked the first half better -- I liked the conflict and courage, whereas the latter half tends toward making its characters larger-than-life. Heck, I figure, I knew 'em when they were pipsqueaks! Still, they do remain believable.)

Those of you are are LRH, BE and/or Frank Frazetta fans may also be interested in a Science Fiction Calendar, with a large Frazetta painting illustrating a scene in Battlefield Earth (Yes, there is a well-thighed lady in the foreground!) The calendar part lists numerous birthdates of science fiction writers (and some science-fiction associated dates of events. The enormous research job was done by California fan Bruce Pelz. The calendar (which has some discount coupons for BE book and record) is, I think, available from Battlefield Earth, P. O. Box 147, 4747 Fountain Ave., Los Angeles. Cal 90029, \$4.95. I apologize if this has sounded like a paid plug, but I have enjoyed the association, and just like to pass it along. Have any of you read the book?

P. P. P. S.

Well, Nature abhors a vacuum and I abhor an empty page, so I'll, mention a few of my doings for this year, hoping not to whammy them!

Firstly, I'm still hopin to see completion of the deal for a mass paperback edition of Fear Itself. That is still inabeyance.

Next, the material excised from my essay there will appear, quite rewritten and updated, in a Borgo Press book edited by Darrell Schweitzer. This concerns, basically, King's The Stand and The Dark Tower. Since Bernadette is scheduled to be in the same book with an essay on Straub, I have tried to be almost formidably intellectual. Which, for me, ain't easy. I don't even know how to spell "meta-". Hiya Berni, and if you're right next to me I hope Art will not be jealous!

Later, and of interest, I think, to HPL fans, a folio of art based on the Old Gentleman's work by a young and uniquely talented artist. I'm doing the Introduction. It will, I vow, be brief. The art speaks for itself. My job will be, for those who have not read Don Burleson's book, to tell who HPL was! (Only kidding there, but, to Don, Mazel tov on this long awaited birth!! good luck!! may it be the first of many!) Details on the folio to follow when it is close to reality. I'm rather excited about this, having had the editorial pleasure of bringing young artists to you only in IBID up to now. And I'm not denigrating that either! But, the folio looks very good!

Hopefully, this year, a translation of my essay "Lovecraft's Ladies" and its publishing in -- Japanese! This little essay appeared some years back in IBID, about 1974, then, in 1975 in the First World Fantasy Con issue of the then-extant adzine Xenophile, with other pieces by Bloch, Long, some EODers etc. Later it appeared in Essays Lovecraftian, from T-K Graphics, the book edited by Schweitzer, and my 2nd and 3rd pages transposed! The book may be properly printed this year by Borgo too. I have cautioned the Japanese editor, Masake Abe, that I intend to carefully proof-read the Japanese text! Uh, does anyone out there know Japanese?

And, with luck, by summer, a spell-binder for sure, from Greenwood Press, Don Herron's The Dark Barbarian, essays about Robert E. Howard. Mine is about his -- and a bit about others' -- westerns. I near fit ter bust when I fust read his Breck Elkins stories, and it was a pleasure to do the piece.

Gee, as far as I know, that's all...It is not a big deal, no best-sellerdom, no novel, but...it's nice...After all, I have to keep up with my son, who has several plays crying to be put on Broadway: one was done last Summer in Cleveland, and right now we are awaiting a backers audition in NYC on another! And my wife -- she is going like gangbusters on her sculpture, won an award in a Wash. D.C. architects show, has sold some stuff, is showing in a 57th St gallery. Well, I'm doing my best! -- And my best to all of you -- Ben