

CRY OF THE CRICKET - Roger Bryant's Official Organ for the apa with a lovely Stonehenge illo (uncredited?). Of matters announced is my candidacy for OEship - being the first time in 11 apas I have tossed me hat into the ring. This requires some explanation and in fact Roger goads the candidates (so far he and I) on page 4 into a statement of sorts regarding the election, hence:

STATEMENT AND/OR PLATFORM OF FRIERSON, CANDIDATE
FOR OFFICIAL EDITOR OF ESOTERIC ORDER OF DAGON

1. Roger Bryant has done an excellent, without par job of launching the apa. We would not suffer at all by a second term. I assume that he would be able to find another means of reproduction if the Webberts manage to go to Oregon as they wish or if he goes elsewhere. I do not have offset nor am I likely to in the future (but see proposition ___ below) but I am likely never to lack mimeograph reproduction methods. Again, I have no reason to doubt that Roger will continue to have repro capacity.
2. I am not wild about Cry of the Cricket as an official organ title - with Tom Collins, I share a vision of the shuddersomeness of the beast only in connection with a fantasy of gigantic proportions - 'CHURP! indeed). If elected, the OO would become THE LURKER IN THE MAILBOX or something; ELDRITCH PIPINGS
3. If elected, I would bind the mailing into a single package or 'book'. This method is being followed by a number of apas now that the P.O. is challenging the mailing of it as a book when it is a pile of loose papers. Perhaps Akron is impervious to this and Roger would not have to do it; perhaps I would not have to do it but to be safe I would.
4. I subscribe to quarterly mailings on the meaningful dates Roger has proposed so there is no real difference between us on that issue
5. I would continue to publicize the apa and mail free copies of the OO to my various contacts in the field of weird fiction and also publish the letters of any outsiders who comment. Again, no diff from the present administration but I wish to see my position in print (so I can remember it later, regardless)
6. I would propose (and do, regardless of administration) that an attempt be made to interest at least four non-US Lovecraftians in membership. "Books" can be gotten to them and people in England and Australia presently participate in quarterly apas. These should be added to the 26 as Apprentice Acolytes. Copy requirement could be raised or we could have just five "for sale" copies, whatever the membership desires. Maybe call them The Outsiders (non-US, that is)
7. I have no compelling reason to place before you why I should obtain this post and, if defeated, will ~~not~~ run again next October. But a one-man ballot is a bore, so here I am (another bore?)

Thank you all for your kind attention...now back to the frivolities

The Unnamable 1.5 (Frierson) - This zine was printed too low on the paper - after it, I learned how to adjust the mimeograph machine so as to avoid this problem in the future.

Miskatonic/Dirk Mosig - Eldritch happenings in Americus, methinks. I hope you were satisfied with the art folios I hawked in #1, which you indeed did order promptly (Roger, too). // You also bring news (to me, at least) of the St. Armand book expected in a week or so, THE ROOTS OF HORROR IN HPL. Knowing something of the man's qualifications, I certainly share your Great Expectations. I can't share the 'harshness' (as you yourself put it) of your comments on a few counts. Jim's self-professed newness to the field may account for failings (in your eyes) in the content - alas, the typos are something few apas can quibble with these days, although there are more grievous examples (by far!) in most apas. // Your prose poem of Lovecraft was fine but unless I overlooked something I do not know its source - could you provide pertinent information? // You seem to be a purist on the Mythos - you're going to have a fit when you see the new Weinberg-Berglund Guide to the Mythos which is all inclusive as current research will permit (how many indexes do you know of that list unpublished works in the field? Wow.) There is more from you in the mailing, so we'll visit again real soon.

THE OUTSIDER (Everts) - allow me to dwell a moment for the benefit of those who are not members and may be reading these words. I hope R. Alain Everts has indeed set the tone for his future contributions to this apa because they will shortly become the pride of our organization case in point: 8 pages on heavy blue stock with HPL's own view of Providence on the cover, a centerfold of a Lovecraft letter to a fellow AJ, poems by William Hope Hodgson and Nora May French (whose place in the scheme of things betrays my ignorance by the lack of knowledge thereof), brief mailing comments and a major work of insight into Lovecraft - a short essay on HPL and sex. Mr. Everts closes with his denial of Arkham House claims to Lovecraft's literary estate. I have avoided comment on those matters lest my casual observations be taken as legal opinion, which without proper research I am unqualified to give, but speaking strictly from logic, if indeed Sonia Davis was entitled to some property of Lovecraft, she never made any claim on it (whatever went to his aunts or aunt not being challenged) and those claiming through her should not be heard to now lay claim to something which passes more than 20 years ago without Mrs. Davis gainsaying. I repeat, this is not law, by any means, but seems to me to be a logical position.

BUSH WORK INQUIRER (Claire Beck) - I loved the quote and inside the fascinating account of your early publishing...more installments are awaited with baited breath (whatever that is), anyway, sincere interest. Well, it seems we've all been elucidated concerning your gender; you and your brothers (Groo?) were really into fan publishing then - what about the others now? // I have an undeniable yen to fool around with typesetting equipment in the modern mode - whenever I am working with a registration statement or proxy statement, I haunt the printers. The best typesetter in town had a fascinating device - you type your text, it appears on a computer's screen and you make inserts easily. You wouldn't know it to judge from this zine (or any of my others) but I take great pride in lack of typos, etc.

ASRAR NAMA 2 (Roger Bryant) - No, I've never heard of Time's Reviewer, Phillip Herrera but he could have seven best sellers and the same would still be true. // I don't express surprise or take much exception to statements that there is little about Lovecraft. I hate to think of the plight of the typical Birminghamian who read the TIME article and may have wanted to know more. What chances of his ever finding out about me and getting my references to the whole fan world? // What citation on your reference to a review by Davidson of The Survivor... in F&SF? I've misplaced my one favorite piece of Lovecraftiana from F&SF - namely, Ron Goulart's biographical note on Ralph Wollstonecraft Hedge, he of whom I am intimately familiar.

This would be a good time to point out the following funny. Paul Harwitz called me from N.C. last week and mentioned his purchase of the Scithers Necronomicon. Then he sent me the following copies of telegraphic communication between himself and GH Scithers:

George H. Scithers
4413 Larchwood Avenue
Philadelphia Pa 19104

HIRED ARAB FRIEND TO TRANSLATE N STOP HE DISAPPEARED STOP HIRED HIS YOUNGER BROTHER STOP HE VANISHED STOP HIRED YOUNGEST BROTHER STOP HE ALSO DISAPPEARED STOP PLEASE ADVISE STOP.

PAUL HARWITZ

* * * * *

Paul Harwitz
801 Onslow St.
Durham, N.C. 27705

REFERENCE YOUR WIRE 14TH INSTANT. HAVE YOUNG MEN ANY SISTER. OTHERWISE SUGGEST TRY AGAIN WITH PARENTS.

GEORGE H. SCITHERS...

Ah, fannish frivolity.

inBENDick (himself) - a very good personalzine. I've no Outsider myself, having only been privileged to see copies in the homes of Gerry de la Ree, Stuart Schiff and Walt Shedlofsky. // My contact with Derleth was much briefer than yours and I suppose I must bore you all with it... he was a miser with words as Ben testifies yet did answer all but one of my five or six letters. Three in 1962 or 1963 re nature poems for his small publication HAWK & WHIPPOORWILL...unlike some editors I did not have to tell him I was the son of one of the Fugitive poets or Agrarians for him to accept two of my poems. I was back in touch in 1969 or so to purchase, but also with the poetry bit - the results, as stated in #1, ended up in the Arkham Collector 6 & 10.

The Exploits... (Dave Drake) - Enjoyed this little study although not the most commentable. I've never read either of the characters' adventures referred to on the back page. I'm very limited in interests pursuing rather exhaustively only certain interests and remaining vastly ignorant on most other matters. You've hit me in a blind spot with this zine.

THE FOUR FACES OF THE OUTSIDER (Dirk Mosig) - Here is another scholarly 17 page article on Lovecraft from Dirk. Four views of the most intriguing (to many) of Lovecraft's fiction, The Outsider. Dirk, I am most impressed by your speculations and believe the field owes you a debt of gratitude.

Roger's Revenge 8 (R. Bryant) - Here we are in the Scott Home controversy again, and to adequately answer for the material in The Unnamable #1, from the dog house I offer the following:

"I never expected you to reprint my smart-ass comments for publication and frankly wasn't too pleased to see them, as they make me sound even more conceited than I am (which is unbearable) and simply take an unfair advantage of the other writers. Too much of this kind of thing is off-the-cuff and one-shot, totally without malicious meaning but may tend to offend some people. I have found that a sense of humor is not all that common a thing where oneself is concerned."

So much of Scott Home's comments to the point. We'll see more of him later in this zine, I would suppose.

Back to Roger - forgot where you read the Moamrath story, did you? Pfaw on you, sir. HUITLOXOPETL 8 did indeed present The Shuffler from the Stars or the Colored Out of Space. And as a matter of fact, Ralph Wollstonecraft Hedge was an HPL parody figure started by Ron Goulart in about 1957 or something and continued by yours truly in 1971. The Moamrath-Hedge letters are likely to begin any minute now, especially when I get back through the mailing to Joe Pumilia's zine. // Speaking of which, DAGON SUGERET and related material broke me up!

MS #6 (Robert Weinberg) - Gulp, typing your name this Friday night reminds me that I haven't shipped your last 10 copies of HPL (2d) yet. I've been so confused of late and behind in so much that it seems hopeless (a drop in the bucket) to try to catch up on anything. // Concerning the Dunwich Horror, I recently taped the soundtrack again from the summer rerun (or did I?) - anyway, I do have the haunting music on tape and relish it. I likewise found the titles interesting. These two features I likewise found notable in The Clones seen last week. In the case of the Clones the remainder was abominable, where the Dunwich Horror had other favorable features. For a man who criticizes the short offerings in #1, we certainly didn't get a magnum opus from you, but every word interesting - length is not everything (in fact in most of my drivvel, it accounts for little merit at all).

The Mosshassuck Review (Ken Faig) - Say, thanks for the notice about the special collections librarian on the underground - as self-styled expert in the field. I'll be glad to write him copiously. // Concerning, Huitloxopetl, the story - not the zine, I find myself discouraged by having to explain the story to commenters - I had to answer Ben's (letter) remark about beatnik being dated by saying it was set in 1959 and that's what they ~~was~~ were. Now I have to tell you the old Inidna painter is not the painter of the picture and why develop him? In fact, were it not for some overwhelmingly helpful words from Scott Home, I would not even try to interest someone in taking up the gauntlet and trying the next installment as a round robin? //

Odd Stories (Tom Collins) - Yes, indeed, Thomas. "Oh Whistle and I'll Come to You My Lad" brought shivers in the mere reading of the title on pp.1-2 of your zine. During the course of my reorganization of the collection (haven't touched the macabre portion yet - perhaps TU #3 will be the beneficiary of this research or HPL Supp 3, who knows?), I intend to sift tomes for MR James, Mp Shield and others whose names are bandied about this here apa by those more knowledgeable than aye. // Sterling Lanier I met at Joe Greene's house in Fla at Apollo 17 time but Van-Vogt, not. Pity, unless it was his Cadillac in which we rode back to the Green's when the bus broke down, post-launch. // More and more comments and good ones. Keep up the ac, Mac.

Wimkin (Williams) - Shame to see you rushed. Give us a little more time next mailing, eh?

T.R.A.W. (R. Bryant) - Good service here, as I probably already told you. I'm going to try to do the same with respect to non-apans who receive The Unnamable or something. I get interesting letters which I can hardly answer in kind so busy am I playing with stencils all the time, with very little to say, ordinarily. Indeed hope that we may get Paul within the fold once he settles into N.C. this fall for a tour of duty possibly longer than since our correspondence began in 1970 or so.

Miskatonic Echoes (Dirk Mosig) - I second your views of CAS. I put one of his friends in an embarrassing posture by seeking candor concerning the artwork which HPL overpraised - childish scribbles, I say and always shall. Of course, I've probably not seen his best. But a CAS story which keeps me interested I've yet to discover...perhaps one day... // Marvelous projects in store, simply marvelous.

Azathoth (Shultz) - In all fairness printing difficulties on pp. 4-5 gave me a little rough sailing, but all in all, worth the effort.Thnx.

Bromion (Adams) - Very enjoyable fiction and amusing back page. Undoubtedly the neatest, nicest ditto work in the country and none, NONE of it purple (hideous, malign, repulsive purple). Great.

Letter...(Adams) - I certainly agree that favorites from other fields, like Blake, are fit topics for conversation, presentation, whathaveyou in this apa. I also second your motion that Dirk consider his own journal of Lovecraftiana - certainly his mimeography is clear enough and the material superb.

Tales 2 (Pumilia) - Hmm, I've seen the cover before - funny. // As for the WT(r) reprinted anything, even ads, perish the thought. The repro has to date been so abominable that I'm tempted to say they might as well illo it with CAS scribbles. // No, no, I'll not attend a con which shows "Die, Monster, Die" - the Colour out of Space movie you forgot the title of. On the other hand, I repeat my plea for more details concerning Equinox or whatever the Mexican film was with strong HPL overtones. // At this point I realize that my mailing comment to you is about to turn into something more than that and will doubtless consume a portion of the next leaf and consequently I'm babbling along here in the dying lines of the pages trying to keep up the impression that I'm still discussing your zine when in fact I'm killing lines (Meade, the line killer) so as to be able to ease onto the next page with grace

More or less a mailing comment on the second Pumilia zine for E*O*D:

My colleague, Mr. Hedge, made an impassioned plea for the IA ConCom to set aside a portion of the program at worldcon 72, their silence was deafening and he went into a sulk. I was passing by the same sulk just the other day and peered in. To my wonder, I was hit square in the eye with a tired piece of hard-tack, rather rat-worried, on which the following message had been scribbled with a stale persimmon -

Tell Pumilia and that other nut Wallace that they will be magically granted 3 wishes (so long as each is for an HPL con in Providence) if they burn a little KFC skin in a brazier in New Orleans on August 25 and say "Mammy, Mammy, gib me some o dat Good Old Cornbread!" Help, my persimmon is running ou

Seriously, Mr. Hedge plans to attend Deep South Con in New Orleans at the end of August (next weekend, in fact) where he will do research in the Rue de Vudu concerning MM Moamrath, a one-time correspondent. That one time, a rather inane letter, is kicking about the files some-where with a life of its own and may flutter past me in a sombre moment at which time I shall render it: on stencil, asunder or senseless (choice of one). Until then, we have a few remarks from Mr. Hedge (in addition to his sensational Cthulhumas poem from HPL Newsletter and HPL Supplement No. 1 (wasn't it) as well as SFGA edition of Huitl-oxopetl 8 (I think, and even perhaps The Shadow Over Woodvale - could it have been reproduced four times?) - nonetheless, where was I? Oh yes Mr. Hedge has been foisting upon us various bits and pieces, but since some are recognizably human, we'll just bury them back in the boathouse again and press on to other subjects. Actually, we become slightly crazed when Mr. Hedge heaves his portly self into our presence and begins one of his ever-available harangues. Like the other night he was stating that following an unfortunate loss of a mss from Howard, in order to make amends he left scenic Ottauquechee, Mass in early 1934 on a pilgrimage to Providence to call on his correspondent - but why waste words in paraphrase when the original speak so eloquently

Howard, you see, had written one of his overcrowded postal cards and from this I had gleaned the intelligence that he was inordinately fond of seafood. Accordingly, I purloined a cache of double eagles from Uncle Stone whilst in his cups (not the double eagles, they were in his dresser drawer under the socks, quite near some very unusual ferrotypes) and set out afoot for nearby Providence which was just around Round Mtn. The journey was relatively uneventful for all that it took the better part of a week. I travelled at a leisurely pace and made light repast of some hardtack, spiced by the persimmons which grew in abundance at the foot of Round Mtn. A light sleeper, I slept in the light as often as possible. As I said, nothing much transpired during the journey except for a quaint rustic who pursued me for some miles near Round Mtn. shouting strange words and waving a torn copy of Weird Tales at me. I'll tell you more of my fascinating adventures if you will turn the page over now.

Ralph Wollstonecraft Hedge continues:

Safely escaped from that raving timmie, I found myself in greater downtown Providence amid a teeming horde of surly swarthy low-life types whom I soon identified as Rhode Islanders. Asking directions in all innocence, I was rewarded with unkind remarks and malicious misdirections. First, I found myself climbing Federal Hill to some ruin of a church (notable for its seered belfry). Then a loathsome urchin with miss-matched eyes lead me to a hovel of some Dutch family. Then a prankster took me on a most labrynthine course to an artist's studio with a lot of loud noises in the basement. And at last seeking out a policemen I found myself in friendly hands and spent a comfortable night in dungeon at the local constabulary. The vagrancy charge was waived. when I produced evidence of my worth in the form of the double eagles, though the court impounded as evidence all but one of same. Munching thoughtfully on a hardtack and reflecting on the nature of justice as I walked from the jail, I bumped into a tall gaunt man with a long jaw and sent him sprawling. Naturally, I hastened to assist him to his feet (which didn't seem in the least batrachian at the time, I recall) and when I heard him mutter an imprecation to "Yog-Sothoth", I let go and he fell back in the gutter. "Why, you're HPL", I exclaimed, my very words. "No, I'm not" he rejoinder and punched me hard in the teeth. "I'm A.J. Bird," he mentioned as he left me searching the pavement for the top half of my lower left incisor. Retrieving it, I wandered on to Angell Street and HPL's home. Cats everywhere; I've never seen so many cats! HPL greeted me warmly, "Who're you?" and I introduced myself hurriedly before the next phalanx of felines raced up the stairs leaving me sprawled in the foyer. "Why so many tabbæes?" I gasp ducking as they charged back down the stairs, mewling and spitting. "Rats" he said, eyeing me. "I don't see any rats" Here they charged back up the stairs. "In the walls", he said. "Well, I'm here to invite you out to dinner to make up for losing all those manuscripts you were so kind to send me." "Oh," he said, "You're RWH. Well, as you see there's plenty of dinner here for me," he said, unwrapping a sheet of foolscap on which rested at least a whole gram of yellow cheese. Just then a cat known as Ultrar snatched the cheese away. "Now, you'll have to take my invitation," I brightened. "I was thinking we'd go down to the wharf and dine on squid, sea slug and octopus." "Oh," he vomited. Whereupon a vast body of cats swept me out the door and by the time I'd found the street again, someone had switched all the street signs about and reversed the house numbers and it got dark and I went home. Never found that tooth again either, suppose the cats ate it.

This was not the last encounter between the two and future issues will doubtless reveal more insight into one of the least significant literary relationships of this or any other century. Stayed tuned.

The Moamrath Accumulator (Pumilia/Wallace) -

Which reminds me of another Ralph Wollstonecraft Hedge story. Hedge has been a jello and spaghetti fancier from way back ('09 at least) - his favorite was limp Ronco piled high on a purple plate with a double scoop of strawberry jello (persimmon had not been invented) atop. He didn't eat the stuff, he worshipped it. His mother, Privet, would come into the kitchen at 3 a.m. some mornings and find little Ralph wiggling a plate of the gook and humming "What a Fiend we have in Cthulhu".

Yes, folks, it's 2:30 a.m. in the morning of Saturday August 18 and we're still producing this zine instead of resting up for the trip to New Orleans, three days from now or more. However, Mr. Hedge made another of his post-midnight calls (as he is wont to do) and we are at his mercy. That or read this zine from Pumilia and die laughing, so we'll take the course of least resistance and not read Joe's/Bill's zine again but strike out on our own.

Ralph's cousin, Cutter Hedge, the daughter of Uncle Stone, did take a Creative Writing course. Unfortunately, most of the manuscripts were loaned to RWH to read and managed to get lost. One survived, THE THING IN THE SOCK DRAWER, and was submitted to Maximus Gibber, then editor and parttime typesetter for Happy Ending Horror Tales, as readers will doubtless recall. As it peripherally bears on the Mythos, Mr. Berglund and Mr. Weinberg and others will wish to track down the remaining four extant copies of the publication and burn them forth with. But, alas, in vain, for as a special service to the ~~will~~ researchers in the vineyards of Forgotten Fantasy, we herewith reproduce

THE THING IN THE SOCK DRAWER

by Cutter Hedge, age 16

Ralph was an ill-begotten, misshapen toad who someone got born as a little boy. One day his gorgeous cousin, Cuter, who was named that because she was moreso than most little girls, came up to Ralph when he was busy counting his thumb (and licking it occasionally to make sure it wasn't stuck together or in his ear or something), and said: "Look, weird one, lose one more of my stories and I'll bust out your other lower incisor." "Wanna see my jello?" the ~~boy~~ boy replied, waving his wet thumb toward the kitchen table. "Is that your age or your IQ?" inquired Cuter. "I got spaghetti there, too," said ~~Ralph~~ Ralph. "Nuts to you and nuts to your spaghetti," quipped Cuter. "Wanna see what your daddy's got in his drawer under the socks?" asked the boy. "Sure," said Cuter and they went upstairs.

"Hush" said Cuter as Ralph tripped over a cat on the stairs. "Shush" said Cuter as Ralph banged into the door jamb. "SHODDOPA YOU FACE," said Aunt Lulupalooosa, whom Cuter's daddy had wooed and won while stationed on Ponape during the Sapnish [sic-Spanish] American War. "I may be eternal lie, but Ima no dream. Stoppa da bump bump." "Sorry, mom," said Cuter and curtsied, then closed the door to the aquarium and stole silently down the hall to her father's room.

"That one there" pointed Ralph with his praney thumb. Cuter stood on tiptoe but couldn't see inside the drawer. "Reach in," said Ralph. Cuter reached in and touched a horrible slimey writhing mess with icky tentacles and gook. Furious she turned to see Ralph pulling a ferrotype from his pocket and running giggling down the hall. "Ralph,

Cuter screamed, "Get your jello and spaghetti out of daddy's drawer!"
And then she remembered she had seen his plate downstairs in the kitchen
of stuff

****40***

Cutter never made her mark as a writer but did develop quite a career as a swimmer. She was the first woman to swim the English Channel without grease and was a considerable newsworthy figure, so much so that when Amelia Erhardt took off to fly across the Pacific Ocean Cutter was asked to accompany her, the news angle being First Ladies of Air and Sea. Of course, neither has been heard from since (if you discount a saki-laden Japanese fisherman who stumbled into Guam one day and recounted how a fish he caught had said "Ralph, you bastard" before he beheaded it).

(I had to draw the line somewhere or this stuff might have continued forever and ever)

Mailing Comments continue & concluded:

The Ghashlycrumb Tinies (Mike Scatt) - Hi, Mike, wonder what Harry Morris did with our collaboration of drawing and poem, The Submission of the Worms? // I'll hand it to you (pale green aura and all); the book Amphigorey has certainly got me interested but 13 bills and where available????? // As for the rest of the zine, delightfully insane.

Tooth & Nail 2 (Jim Webbert) - Ah yes, both the children in school for a full day - like fools, we were done out of that little delight for this fall by the other little delight - now it will be '79 (with the oldest being 13) before there will ever be a day in this house without a little toddler underfoot in the daytime. // I cannot comment on the speculations you show on page 2 concerning the roots of the horror story - it does however give me the opportunity to introduce some random comments and ideas from recent letters received:

FROM W.SCOTT HOME, Box 517, Skagway, Alaska 99840 (7/22/73):

Reading these would be the best training for the weird writer: Shiel (Collected or Selected Short Stories by Gawsorth, England, 1952 or so best edition), also essentials of many others - careful reading of Poe and even, in this case, of studies on Poe, especially those revealing his sources - and do not omit Epreka - Fitz-James O'Brien (Diamond Lens and other stories), Bierce is unimportant, Chambers' King in Yellow is major, E.L. White very much so - atmospheric perfectionist - LeFanu (Dover collection is good), Maturin's Melmoth, Beckford's Vathek, M. Shelley's Frankenstein, Lewis' Monk and the Isle of Devils; Prests Varney the Vampire, surprisingly enough; all of Machen, Blackwood, Hodgson, James, Dunsany, Vernon Lee, Marcel Schwob, (Imaginary Lives a must), Drake's Shadowy Thing, Cline's Dark Chamber, Margery Lawrence, H.R. Wakefield (early stuff is the only stuff that's good here), Marjorie Bowen (excellent atmospheric pieces), Oliver Onions (took me six readings to figure out "Becknong Fair One" and agree that it is a classic), Stoker's Dracula but even more his Jewel of Seven Stars, Kafka, Agnon's Edo and Enam, Ernst Juenger's On the Marble Cliffs, H.H. Ewers' novels, De Ghelderode (short stories rather than plays), Erckmann-Chatrion, Lafcadio Hearn's Fantastics and the
(next page)

W. Scott Home's Advice to the Weird Writer (continued)

Japanese and Chinese stories, Borges (extremely important, also read Gershom Scholem's On the Kabbalah and Its Symbolism alongside him) Cortazar, E.R. Eddison's epics (only true epics of this age except for Tolkien), Mervyn Peake's trilogy - classic; Huysmans at the end of all this, De Maupassant's weird tales (excellent), Gautier not important but interesting incidentally, the prose poems of Poe's French disciples - Mikhael, Quillard, Mendes, Beauborg, Richepin - and their rebound into English.

"When you become aware of the richness of so many wild worlds awaiting you which are neither less nor greater than Lovecraft, Smith, and Howard, you would be surprised how your own perspectives will open up, how many images and possible permutations of the distortions of reality will become visible. Studying arcane subjects - not merely magic but old extinct sciences and pseudosciences, religions, occultisms, even geographies in ignorant times - adds almost all you need to build up a convincing sphere of unreality. ...I think all of this reading is necessary for weird writing - to show how the best blend of striking subject matter, surprising concepts, proper atmosphere, and true story development look when properly achieved (A complete run of the Avon Fantasy Reader 1-18 is very helpful too - contains many single excellent stories not much reprinted - much better than WEIRD TALES although a whole file there is useful, too, minw running from about 1945-46 to the end.)"

We must apologize for quoting from a very hurried and compact four page letter which was Scott's personal advice to me, but I couldn't refuse to share these models with fellow Acolytes and didn't have the time or expertise to compile an orderly list from the several recommendations.

We're looking forward to reports on next weekend's happening. MinnConn 29 on August 25, 1973 was to have involved Carlson, Jacobi, McCauley, Koblas, West, Tierney, Rickard and from out of town Schultz, Faulkenberg and possibly the following: Everts, Faig, Weinberg, Morris, Berglund etc. (This from a letter from Berglund dated 7/23).

Paul Berglund pointed out an offering from FAX called Those Macabre Pulps which is to cover all the minor weird/horror magazines (Strange Tales, Strange Stories, etc), some twenty odd but will not include the major items, WEIRD TALES or UNKNOWN. Each magazine will be indexed by author and every cover will be depicted in black & white. This is to be 52 pp with stiff cardboard cover in two colors. \$4.95. Be on the lookout for it if you're a pulp collector.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM FRANK B. LONG'S LETTER OF 6/8/73:

"Randy Everts is right in contending that Howard wasn't as prudish as is commonly assumed. In fact, he wasn't prudish at all. But he was puritanic, which in many ways is a quite different thing. The early New England Puritans were the opposite of prudes - could be candid, even coarse, in the realm of sex. Prudery, as we know it today, largely came in with the Victorians, and constitutes a Victorian hang-up. And HPL loathed everything Victorian. This is historically indisputable. But Randy is wrong in suggesting that Howard posed as a prude. Deliberate posing was alien to his nature, as I pointed out in the Interview. His 18th century enthusiasms were not a pose. With some it could

Frank B. Long (continued):

wekl have been a pose, but not with the old gentleman from Providence Plantations.

"I'm sure Old Mrs. Brundage's drawings merely caused him to chuckle with wry amusement. He thought them commercially shoddy and flamboyant, but he never would have dreamed of tearing off the covers of WT. He knew that, as a pulp magazine, the total absence of such covers would have cut WT's circulation in half.

"HPL could even stretch his ingrained puritanism far enough to read, with a rewarding feeling that he was enlarging his literary horizons, many books which, transferred to the screen today, would be X-rated."

There will be more from Frank B. with respect to the second HPL Supplement in the third HPL Supplement, this fall.

Willis Conover wrote us (8/13/73) concerning Lovecraft at Last, his forthcoming book:

"L AT L began as a labor of love (yes, I note your Labor of Love Production logo...[no, you don't, it's Love of Labor - and I mean it]) In looking for professional help in soliciting bids from printers and binders, weighing the bids' attractions, and then riding herd on the successful bidders, I was introduced to the great book designer Robert L. Dothard of Brattleboro, Vermont...whose designing of books for the Limited Editions Club and the Stephen Greene Press have made him one of the world's most sought-after (and expensive) artists in this highly specialized line. . .

"I'm hoping for February 1974 publication at the latest. Meanwhile I'm taking orders at the prepublication price of \$12.50 per copy, with no more than two copies to any one person at this rate. (On publication, L AT L should sell for no less than \$15 and no more than \$20, depending on final adjustments of our cost estimates). Orders accompanied by checks or money orders for full payment of \$12.50 will be honored with a numbered copy (up to 1,000) and with a free premium - an exclusive facsimile reproduction of HPL's original manuscript of his condensed final revision of SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE, which he wrote at my request in December, 1936, the facsimile inside a simple but attractive cover by Dothard, which I've seen in rough and like very much. Moneyback guarantee, too, within 15 days of receipt.

"I'm going on at greater length than I might otherwise do, inasmuch as you say you want details for UNNAMABLE 2. Perhaps these testimonials would be useful: Dr James Merritt, now writing a biography of Lovecraft, who has read L AT L in last-draft-minus-one, calls it " a wonderful book. Tells us more about HPL at the end of his life than any book has told before. It is also very touching." [He then quotes Ken Faig].

"L AT L will run about 65,000 words, of which roughly half are by HPL and some 25,000 of these have never been in print. Illustrated, including a few unpublished photos. Hardbound, of course.

"It would be proper to describe L AT L as a story, but a true one, of the last 8 months in the life of HPL, as experienced by a young man (or old boy) who was fascinated by HPL's erudition, wit and humanity, and surprised by HPL's revelations of his living conditions and his views on life and literature. Much of the book is on an easy conversational level - in fact, nearly all of the Lovecraft-Conover exchanges are in dialogue form - so some of it may be intrinsically inconsequential except as it sheds light on HPL as a sort of presence.

Frierson "Interviews" Willis Conover:

[We mentioned Virgil Finlay's reference to Conover anent the Selected Letters "HPL" 18th century portrait.] Glad Virgil mention me to you in connection with his Lovecraft portrait. I've always regretted my losing possession of that.

"I did write to Stuart my praise for the put-on of HPL's correspondents, which he then told me was yours. I added that one or two of the "letters" uncomfortably reminded me of some of my own gaucheries in genuine letters to HPL - no, I won't say which, though they'll be on display for all to groan over when L A T L is out: I've revised and cut parts of my half of the Lovecraft-Conover exchanges, in order to save the reader something of what HPL had to endure, but I haven't tried to make myself circa 15 or 16 sound any less sappy than I actually did.

"How did I manage to survive the prior waves of Lovecraft fandom without releasing the material I'm now bringing forth? I've had a wild life since March 15, 1937 - in fact, I have 700 pp of rough draft, out of an estimated total of 2,000 pp before cutting and re-writing, toward a separate book on all of that, which was interrupted by my decision to do the Lovecraft book. My wife uncovered my box of Lovecraftiana in one of a dozen huge cartons of clippings, notes, &c last year. Then an odd coincidence - jury duty in New York - introduced me to fellow jurist James Merritt...and the spark caught."

In case you don't want to deface the back page of your WT #2 (tho I can't think why not), send that \$12.50 prepublication price to: Carrollton, Clark, Box 9122, Arlington, Virginia 22209 today.

 For readers not receiving this issue through Esoteric Order of Dagon, our second mailing was 138 pages of fun and frivolity, scholarship and stupidity (mine). Information on the E*O*D, an amateur press association, is available from Roger Bryant, 647 Thoreau Avenue, Akron Ohio 44306 (a return self-addressed stamped envelope is a thoughtful courtesy). Oh, Roger is Jr., please note.

And speaking of Roger or more properly of the rules of the APA - please to note, Mr. Jr. Bryant, that I did prior-distribute pp. 7-10 to Joe Pumilia who attended the Deep South Con in New Orleans last weekend (it being now Sept. 3) but the rest of this zine is firstly for E*O*D and then the world at large (or small, depending on one's viewpoint).

Here's an outside contribution: PRIMAL GOTHIC by K.E. Rusa

Again I roam this land of pointed stones
 and see gaunt phantoms stalking in the gloom,
 proud, as if kings they were before some doom
 swept them unto this place where strange wind moans.
 And I can see the black Cathedral loom
 above me, with its spires like sooty bones -
 an, madness cackles in the organ drones
 which surge like waves from out that hovering tomb?
 Not of the earth, nor of our galaxy,
 it swims appallingly through troubled air.
 What beings are they who hold worship there?
 To what gods do they gibber litany?
 I marvel - but then refuge quickly seek
 when evil-shapen windows open creak...

We have another offering from Mr. Rusa:

THE DAY OF AGALTAËL

Freed from the strait old yoke of sanity,
he yells with laughter born of fearsome power;
all the dim aeons have foreseen this hour
when reason falls, to perish terribly.
He is Agaltaë^l, mad archetype
of an old chaos even gods must fear -
a cycle is completed...(see him leer!)
and has not the time long been rotten-ripe?

Now dusky seraphim of outer stars
descend in hideous hosts on slimy plains
risen through watery horror from below;
in winds of hell strange brine-drenched banners blow,
vaunting their blasphemously blazoned stains
to greet the coming era's avatars.

And while we're at it, let's hear from W. Francis Loeb, Jr.:

THE MIRROR

My embossed ancestral mirror hangs in shadows on the wall;
It is cracked and bent and greening, standing nearly five feet tall.
In this old town of Melmouth, cramped and rotted from within,
They hiss it's been the bane of our house, that its taint is mortal sin
That my grandpa, bold, unyielding as a puritan and sour,
Brought his life about him reeling when he dared the mirror's power;
That his mind the glass was stealing as he neared his final hour.

They say he bought it in the Indies from a seller all unknown,
And brought it home to Melmouth in his clipper ship, alone.
He stared at it for hours in the evenings, ten to one;
Fell to unwholesome dreaming, awakened screaming, quite undone.
That horror was his sole outcome; and in that I'll grant they're right
For he died in an asylum without speech or friend or light.
But the mirror was safe preserve-d in a warehouse by the docks,
Where by nightlight lean rats scurried on the narrow dust-cloaked box.

So it stayed for fifteen years while our clan forgot its past,
And my father, safe and stolid, made his father's fortune last.
He became a wealthy banker without fault of any sort,
Sending out a fleet of tankers; we got richer by the quart.
Then he by chance the mirror recalled, had it shipped, unwrapped, rehung
Thus bravely fear and myth dismembered, as he told to everyone.
But on many cold dark evenings in the attic he'd be found,
Staring pensive, symbiotic, at reflections in the rounded
Surface backed with laden pebbling, and a tremor could be seen,
As if his eyes with care were pining on some antic lunacy.
Wilder grew his speculations as our funds blew into smoke;
Thousands lost sans hesitation, thrusting wealth beyond our scope.
Still he strove with will terrific and we thought him strange but sane,
Till we found him in the attic with a bullet in his brain. (continued)

The Mirror by WF Loeb, Jr. continued

Then my pleasant elder brother went to Paris, just to paint;
That thrice damned mirror went with him, to an ugly desparate fate.
They found him, swaying gently, in his dismal Paris den,
Add they burned the paint-daubed canvas for it turned the minds of 'em.
My sister claimed the body, stayed in Europe half a year;
Ended as a Mayfair lady, with no friend except the mirror.
Oh her life was wild and careless lived and liquor like a flood;
But they found her with a razor in a bathtub filled with blood.

Now I live in the blighted section of a dismal business town,
And my life's without direction as my fortunes sink far down.
I can live on beer and bean soup, going easy on the beer,
And I relish cheap seclusion with no friend except the mirror.
For I greet it every morning as a challenge to be met,
Fear is boring deep within me, so my will is iron-set.
Each day I stand before it twenty minutes, then to work,
And I gaze with rapt attention at my every little quirk.
I mock at making faces and I imitate the stars,
Nothing carefully those places my reflection queerly mars.
I bite back hooting laughter, always with an eagle eye
On the image aping after; at the captive other I.
For a day shall come to greet me - when, as to old Granddad,
The Mirror shall laugh without me, then I'll know that I am mad.

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Miscellaneous Notes and Nattering:

Witchcraft & Sorcery 9 (75c from Fantasy Publishing Co, 1st55 West Main Street, Alhambra, Calif. 91801) is out. They've wisely abandoned a four color cover for economy's sake, I suppose. Jerry Page edits - he was down in New Orleans for the convention last weekend and is a hell of a nice fellow. As was Joe Pumilia and I was treated to a rare vision of a slave driving editor vis-a-vis his writer as Joe Pumilia, all ready to leave for Texas, dashed about the hall of the hotel; located a typewriter (an old manual, used for a convention one-shot), took one of my flyers for a fictitious con (not at R8lyhh) and hacked (advisedly used) out a short short while Jerry waited. Maybe I'll live long enough to compose a memoir, Tales from the Pulp, or something, so that little gems like that will be preserved for the trashman to haul away a week after publication (I don't know what I'm really saying, folk, its very late at night - no time to be doing zines - especially since I've spent from 8 on finishing others due in apas in October or September).

Lest I ignore it, I was trying to review the issue. It contains a set of four witchcraft tales with illos by Steve Fabian; the authors are Gahan Wilson, Dale Donaldson, Carleton Grindle (a W&S regular) and Gans Field (a WT writer). Then there's a novelet by E.C. Tubb and a short story by Deane Dickasheet and poem by L. Sprague DeCamp plus Jeff Jones illos and E. Hoffman Price's column. Lots of ads that deserve fannish support.

Ralph Wollstonecraft Hedge has asked for the podium again, so if you'll kindly turn the page and feast your eyes

RALPH WOLLSTONECRAFT HEDGE

I don't believe I'll forget the day - it seems like only yesterday [it was yesterday, you blockhead] - yesterday I was going down a street in Birmingham when an event occurred with definite Cthulhuvian overtones. As is my wont, I was passing by the Birmingham Book & Magazine & Pulp & Junk Shop at the corner of Quintard and Fontesque [20th St. No and 5th Ave, but I'm only the editor - it's your tale] I must pass these places by, else I might be tempted to spend money which I don't have and the constabulary has been known to frown on practices which may result [yeah, and shoplifting ain't kosher neither] It appeared that a large selection of newly acquired books was in process of being sorted and the kindly proprietor glancing up noted my presence and hailed me [GO AWAY]. Realizing that one as learned [sticky fingered] as I would be of aid, he accosted me [assaulted, you mean] and sought my counsel, escorting me into the store [Deputy Tatum did the escorting - as for your counsel, I told them to hold any crank calls and they didn't put you through to me].

There were a number of intriguing [easily pocketed?] volumes lying about but one in particular seized my attention. Inside was a bookplate indicating that it had once been owned by Robert Bloch when he lived in Cleveland. Odd that I should have opened it as it was not otherwise exceptional in appearance, being bound in ordinary human skin with baked blood lettering and all. It might have been the Duriac lettering on the spine, come to think of it. [Who knows? Who cares?] As I was leafing through, I came upon a folded bit of parchment no bigger than my pocketwatch [THAT'S where you pocketed it, you devil].

Later that evening, I was dining with friends [back in the drunk tank, huh?] and recalled the bit of parchment. Unfolding it carefully, I found inscribed, in Roman letters but badly faded in places, the following:

YO OTHOTH IS THE GATE; HE SHALL NOT WANT
 HE MAKE YOU TO LIE DOWN BY NEAR STILL WATERS;
 HE RESTORETH YOUR GOLD; HE LEADETH IN THE PATHS OF
 EVIL FOR HIS OWN SAKE
 THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE WORM,
 SHALL FEAR NOT FOR ONAN IS WITH ME

My friends [you got some left?], I was overwhelmed by the import of my discovery. This writing could be the thing every writer searches for - the touchstone. Consider those who have drawn upon this fragment - Robert Sheckley, Robert Heinlein, Robert Howard and whose book was it in - though I did not recognize anything Bloch might have used. [How about Robert P. Lovecraft nut?] Why the answer came as clearly as a crystal - As Robert W. Hedge, I would be destined to share the fortunes which have befallen those other dabblers in the mystic arts to whom great fame and wealth have come [Glenn Lord, you want to flash that REH checkbook at my befuddled friend here?]. ...I can see myself on the best seller list, as Robert not Ralph, with the Great American novel, He Restoreth Your Gold, or Paths of Evil or even Yog-Sothoth is the Gate. Yes, friends, I feel on the verge of a new career. I shall begin these novels at once, or just as soon as I obtain release from the ~~present~~ present circumstances and procure a typewriter [I know where there's one in a hotel hallway] and paper.

[Perhaps we can feature the first chapter next issue. Frierson out]