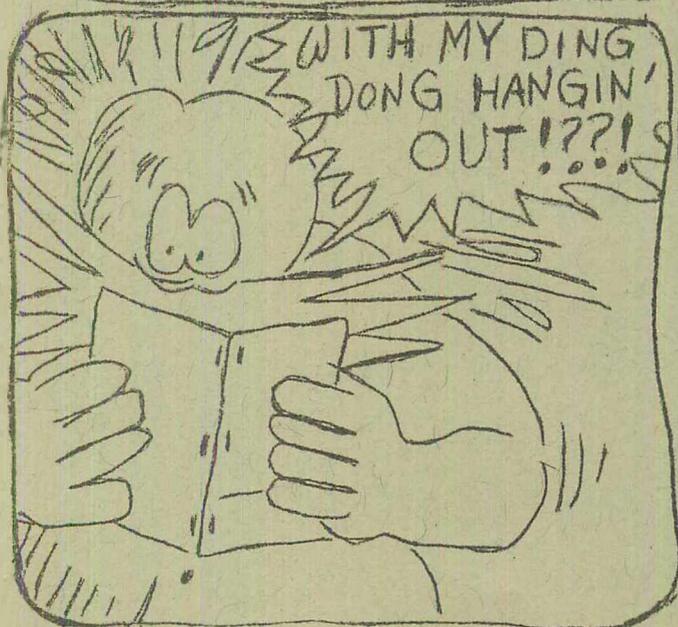
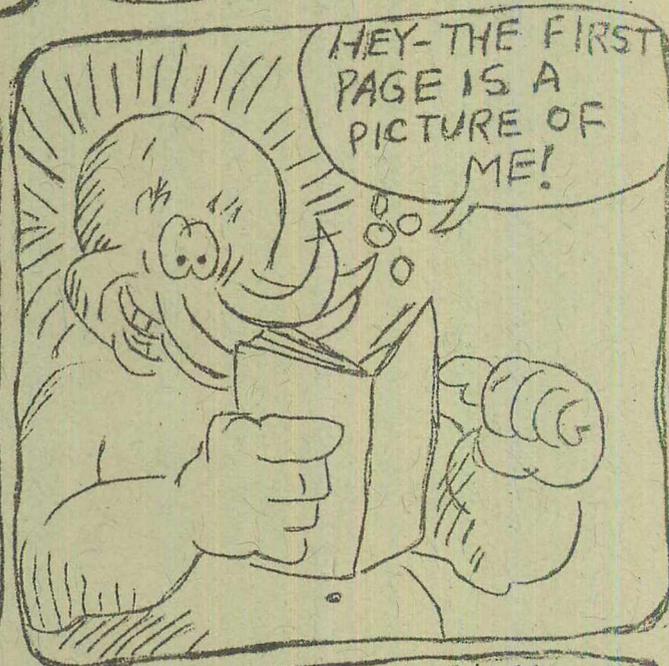
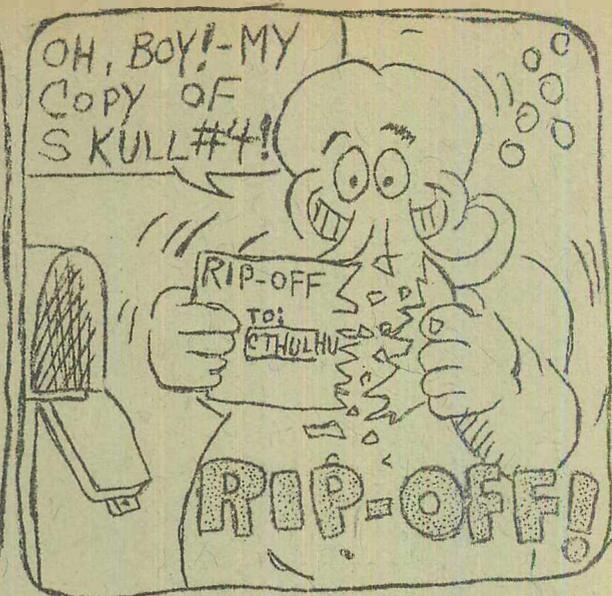


THE UNNAMABLE
NO. 3

Gilbreath



THE UNNAMABLE
NO. 3

Produced by Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham AL 35223
for The Esoteric Order of Dagon amateur press association mailing no. 4

Cover by Wade Gilbreath reprinted from Huitloxopetl #8; inside front
cover by Herb Arnold, reprinted from HPL Supplement No. 1. This is
Countdown to Washington Press pub, pages as individually numbered from
38 on.

- E*O*D -

The third mailing of E*O*D contained a total of 224 pages counting
Ken Scher's interesting postmailing, just received. These were
grouped into 32 zines by 21 of our members and the interest rating
of the mailing was quite high, in our opinion.

The Cry of the Cricket - The official organ of the apa by Roger Bryant.
Again a request for a photograph - hmm, I have several thousand, just
uncovered, which are of me from ages 2-10 - will one of these do?
Your (or Mosig's) idea of a composite is a fine one. It was proposed
for another apa or two which I'm in but sans results so far.

Bush Work Inquirer 2 (Claire Beck) - Beck's resurrection of his con-
temporaneous comments on At the Mountains of Madness is quite good.
My first contact with Lovecraft's writings were also in the science
fiction vein, Colour Out of Space being so classified. Macabre or
supernatural horror fantasy was (and is) only secondary - but a
strong second - in my interests, science fiction remaining paramount to
this day.

Dee-Arr-Enn (Doug Nathman) - Here are presented a number of comments
on the first two mailings. And some unusual coincidents (to coin a
word) which occurred to Doug while reading Al Azif. I wish I could con-
tribute to the lore of this volume but my copy has resided here since
late August without being translated nor the occasion of any undue in-
fluences from Darker Spheres. Although there does come to mind, upon
sobre reflexion, the occurrence of a plethora of harrassments the like
of which our life has scarce before seen the equal of, or something.

Lovecraft in Spanish (Dirk Mosig) - Information on the expanding sphere
of HPL's influence. Also contains the defense of an analytic approach
in an earlier mailing, mailing comments and in all, the usual fine job
from this valuable member of our little interchange club.

Ali Baba... (Beck) - Herewith the quick barbs and kudos from Hr. Beck.

Asrar Nama 2 (Roger Bryant) - Roger's analysis of the name "Azathoth"
adds additional (what el se?) insight (and we all need that these days)
and as far as his platform for OE is concerned, it's very good. Of
the reviews, I was most interested in the HPL Bibliography which I
really must order. I'm disappointed to find Roger was able to pick
faults out so readily - it leads one to believe there are more. The
zip code for Ponape Island is mindblowing! As for the HPLian roots
of the official organ's title, pfoot - it's still a dumb name.

All of which brings us to the end of a first page which still lacks
identification among the new year's publications as part of the
Countdown to Washington Press - commemorating the Labor Day, 1974
world science fiction convention which we intend to enjoy to the full.
CtWP p.38

Miskatonic Echoes (Dirk Mosig) - Here's a more expansive critique of the new bibliography's deficiencies mentioned above and a pan of Literary Mag of Fantasy & Terror 2, which I hadn't bothered to order for reasons of general laxity - it would appear this was a proper course of action although for the wrong reason. // The Vision was a powerful little shocker, although its historical relevance is lost on me in my abysmal ignorance of most subjects, including Gilgamesh.

inBENDick (Ben Indick) - Here is a real treat (especially to one who doesn't get the magazine Title in which some of the material had appeared). The photos are a most welcome addition to the collection and a most thoughtful gift to the members.

The Addinsell Place (Indick) - It's ridiculous (but much I do is that) to be in such a position but I've had to set this story aside until time permits the leisurely ingesting of same. I owe it to the material, I'm sure.

Miskatonic zines from Dirk Mosig - a wealth of current info here, not the least of which is the new location of the ever migratory George Record, certainly one of the most elusive heads of any organization this side of the law - he do get around.

Roger's Ninth Revenge (Bryant) - 4 pp of mailing comments and by sheer effort of will power (and lateness of the hour) I'll avoid the cyclical approach of m/cs to m/cs to m/cs, etc.

Litterae Dagonis (R. Boerem) - Ushers Bob into our mists, Poe boy. There is a bit of reproductory problem with this one. But the subject matter was well done.

Bromion 2 (Fred Adams) - The activity requirements I favor are quarterly mailings with 6 pages every two mailings. Fine piece of poetry here, too. Now to the proposal - this app should host fictional contests and I have no idea of participating in aught but the judging and financing if need be.

Poke Salad Days (me) - why did I inflict this on this apa, too?

Miskatonic Zine 5 (Mosig) - More good news from Dirk - another unseen publication (Fryer) and person I've yet (Oct. 29) to hear from, George Record.

Moshassuck Review 3 (Ken Faig) - Yet another account of the enviable reunion of acolytes this summer and fall in northern climes to which your humble servant dare not journey (except by Shantak). Ken's researches into Moamrathiana will doubtless yield us future scholarship of the kind we have been accustomed to receive from his quarter. By the way, how goes the actuarial experience?

Submission #2 (Dave Drake) - The Derleth rejection was interesting to those of us who never had more than a two or three line note from him. And the Lanier and CAS statuary in such clear repro was indeed appreciated.

The Unnamable 3 - page three

Nocture 2 (Harry Morris) - Another absolutely fantastic cover? And yet another good report of the gatherings in Minnesota (so far away - sigh) from Harry the Traveller's viewpoint and other matter of interest.

Mailing Comments (Ken Scher) - A Byzantine history buff, eh? At a guess, ~~and~~ I was a history minor and member of the honorary bunch of Greek letters for History - I'd say I know as little about Byzantine history as one so trained could possibly be.

Odd Tales 2 (Tom Collins) - Well now, there's a nice write-up on Bierce and some very interesting letters from big name personages (the kind Tom always seeks), not to mention some brief mailing comments by Tom himself. Altogether a worthy contribution.

Batrachos (Randall Spurgin) - Re your remarks on the unseemlyness of Lovecraftiana in the underground, I refer you to the review in later pages (or perhaps just below) of a most ludicrous and tasteless example from the pen of Jack Jaxon. Yes, the Valley of the Worm adaptation was one of the few recent comics I have been able to enjoy, warped as I am with so many prejudices against the superhero comics of the 1960s and the vestiges of those which infest the seventies productions. Fine illos in your zine as always.

Yellowed Memories (Richard Small) - I believe your points concerning new rules for a new apa are well taken. Certainly we wish to encourage members to divulge extracts and reproductions of stuff we wouldn't otherwise see and they should be given credit for it. I'd not thought of the distinction between a social and literary apa before but you put the case accurately and concisely for us. Thank you and 3 cheers. Very good m/cs.

The Outer Dark (Bill Wallace) - I'll match the complications of my life with any of you who minac "for good cause" - come on now, make the time, conquer your environment, what's more superhuman than a fan, anyway? // Yes, I would fear the worse from your sf course with that kind of an introduction // Folklore indeed - the fiancee in tree skritchng on the roof was in a Warren magazine in the last couple of months - if important to your fiance's researches, drop me a card and I'll dig up the tale. As far as the oral tradition in macabre is concerned, the horror tale I recall earliest (and this is vague, vague, vague) was about a wee little voice calling for its...what, bone?...and growing louder and louder. Nothing. Well, what else do I remember from the campfire - surely we told ghost stories, I remember the telling of them and not what was told (typical complaint I suppose). Of course, I've heard several classic recently on the radio and they are just fine - The Screaming Skull (with the bullets rolling around inside) was particularly effective when dramatized - no, not bullets, lead ingots because the victim died by having hot lead poured in (her) ears - heh heh heh. The EC comics grabbed most of the horror themes, like the maniac on the loose whom the daughter lets into the house since he had on a Santa suit...heh heh heh. Yes, I recall we had a contest at school to make up better stories than the latest horror comic had published. God, the wisdom and experiences that have been wasted on me for all that I can recall. Tis enough to drive a person to the next page

CtW Pp. 40

Fantasy News (Robert Weinberg) - Hmm, glad I got my advance order for your Weird Tales tribute into you - should be any day now eh? // How on earth could Haunt of Horror have sold so poorly? I don't believe it - there's so much vice and corruption in distribution that I shall choose to believe it was a victim of the youknowwho. // Wish I could develop an interest in Howard - there seems to be much of merit in his field.

United Coop (Faig, Schultz, Everts) - Nice work on the Phillips family, Ken. Some quaint poetry from Dave and Hodgson reprints made this all a most worthy effort.

Magna (etc)(Cupp) - You know, I thought Dream Quest read more like a Derleth posthumous "collaboration" than a Lovecraft tale. Keep it up.

Stuart David Schiff (himself) - The news from Long (hinted at to me in a letter I chose not to quote some time back) is indeed welcome - he is eminently qualified, as you and I know from our involvement with him, and I only hope we do not have to wait until 1990 to see this book. Speaking of waiting, I used to be smug about deadlines and getting stuff out on time - gone are the days, I have officially abandoned any schedule of publications (including apazines) and everything that is already late (HPL Supplement No. 3, Huitloxopetl 9, Southern Fandom Handbook) will continue to be even later until I can cope with. // I wrote for Kadath before the mailing was in on, I believe, Tom Collins' recommendation. Still no sign of it, although before this issue closes some weeks hence, there may still be time for a review. // I'm violating the integrity of the mailing to set your pub aside in the file for the creation of Southern Fandom Handbook so that you and fictioneer books as well as Carcosa are covered in this publication to acquaint fans of many ilks with what we have presently going here in the South (indigenous or no, we ain't Dixiecrats or whatever here but it's often more interesting to someone in Virginia to find what's down in NC than Nebraska).

Tooth & Nail 3 (Jim Webbert) - Rushed again, eh JIM? Well, you're right - it does make things more interesting to be busy, but lately I've found that busy has become an end in itself and that status is hardly desirable. Let us have a full Webbert treat(ment) next time, eh?

Self-Protection and The Great Old Ones (Scher) - I enjoyed this immensely and in fact, its arrival was the cause of my undertaking to comment on the mailing when I did (Oct.22 saw the beginnings). However, other than to say it was well-done, I seem to be at a loss for further commentary. Perhaps...

R.W. Hedge here, re counting for you one of my many experiences as a Seeker after Truth. You'll doubtless recall from my letter to HPL concerning the manuscript Azathoth that I've had brushes with demonic entities from Out There. None was more curious than an experience in a Minneapolis movie theatre some years ago. It was a fall afternoon as I recall and finding myself a bit fatigued from the flight from St. Paul I strolled into the Bijou to see the film, The Guava That Ate Holyoke. It was one of those mass-produced weekend wonders which cluttered the screens of the mid fifties, don't you know.

I had just settled down with a box of Poprite Popcorn (which had seen better days when it first appeared in the lobby at the premier of Gone With the Wind) and a cup of 7-up (yes, Teen Angel to the

Mr. Hedge

contrary, it was not invented in 1971, youngsters) when I noticed there was something unusual about the other patrons. There were three of them on the first row and they were of indeterminate age, height, weight, race, creed and national origin. And they kept cheering the Guava! Their reaction at one point was most curious: film buffs will recall that near the end there is a scene of the Guava rolling about the New England countryside while a horde of frightfully Niponese looking Holyokers pursue it armed to the teeth with jam jars. Well; in the background of one of the shots was a sinister looking hill, all bald on one side. I had assumed that this was a studio mock-up but later learned of its existence (but that's another story). At the sight of this hill, these three in the front began the most curious transformation - there was a writhing and wriggling about and a merger of all three separate forms seemingly into but one! This state appeared to continue until the final scene of the movie (Lance Sterling: The world was certainly in a jam until now. Wanda Theye: Now the monster is! Ha ha) when the forms became separate again. Now, to the point - I believe to this day that the minions of darkness of every locale used to view this film because by some accident or diabolical design a piece of terrane with unworldly influence on their real appearance and form had been depicted and enabled these disguised spawn of evil to revert to their true state. Imagine the tension in preserving an artificial identity and appearance; put yourselves in the position of the hideous spies from Outside who slink around in our midst - what a relief to have one moment or two in which to be able to relax and be themselves! Realizing my grave danger in having been an unwitting witness to their exposure, I searched my mind for some means of protection. Seizing the remains of my popcorn, I pinched the salt from the bottom of the box and threw it over my shoulder. There was a spell which should afford me some protection. But not trusting entirely to arcane lore, I ~~also~~ took the precaution of lowering myself to my belly and inching out of the movie room and into the john, attracting no attention from the three but an infinite number of questions from two rascally little boys whose inclinations to kick my posterior proved vexing. When I decided the coast should be clear, I cautiously left the toilet and passed rapidly out of the theatre but not before overhearing a slatternly looking buxom blonde complaining to the manager about being "raped both places", I believe she said. Whether it was the salt or my native cunning which spared me, I've wondered to this very day.

- R.W.H.

Hmmm, yes - well, it is rather late at the time of typing and after that experience (typing the above for Mr. Hedge) I am inclined to call it a night and resume with some reviews, news and views anon.

--another day:

The November issue of Writer's Digest contains an interesting article called "The Horror Market Writer and the Ten Bears" by one Stephen King. It is advise, principally, on how to write horror tales for the slick (men's) mags. It gives addresses and word lengths preferred etc. Very interesting, especially when he says: "Throw away Poe and Lovecraft before you start. If you just screamed in agony, wait a minute and let me expand a little on this one][it was point no.4] [The Men's magazines] will not buy much, if any, fiction written in the styles of Poe and Lovecraft....If you're still screaming and cradling your wounded manuscripts, I'm sorry. I'm only telling the truth. If it's Poe or Lovecraft, send it to a fanzine and be content with your

contributor's copies." He goes on to point out that many writers see so much Lovecraft in the anthologies that they mistake his influence on the field of sellable horror. Examples he gives which are adaptable to men's mags are John Collier, Richard Matheson, Robert Bloch and Harlan Ellison. He also goes into the Warren and Marvel comics and tell how to write a story for them to illustrate. Very interesting. If you can't find it on the newsstands by the time you read this (safe bet), you might find it in the library or gamble 75c asking for a single copy direct from the publisher, 9933 Alliance Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242.

Just in: JAPANESE GROTESQUERIES compiled by Nakolas Kiej'e (Charles E. Tuttle Co., 1973, 260pp) is a lavishly illustrated book of what the title implies. A brief introduction explains something about the many Japanese ghosts, ghost-gods and demons and the balance of the book is composed largely of reproductions of bizarre art. The volume itself is a sturdy piece of craftsmanship and suitable for the macabrists collection. The price is \$10.00 and it is available direct from the publisher, Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vermont 05701. (Tell Tom Fagan I sent ya).

Cthulhu Mythos in Comics: In an extremely offensive underground comic called Tales from the Leather Nun (Last Gasp 1973) Jaxon, the moving force behind the two Skull comics adapting Lovecraft in a relatively clean fashion, tries to combine the Mythos with in-vogue porno with ludicrous results. Interesting to note how he borrowed Simon Deitch's conception of Cthulhu (which Herb Arnold mocks inside the front cover of The Unnamable #3, by the way) from the inside front cover of Skull #4. Try it if you've the stomach to.

WEIRD TALES (Winter 1973) - The most interesting thing about this issue to me was that SAM chose to print no letters in his four page Eyrie from any known fans of the macabre. The only two people I've ever heard of whose letters were printed were Lester del Rey and Frederic Wertham. I wonder whether any of the Acolytes even wrote a LoC on SAM's first issue.

Anyway, I have a few other comments. The cover was an improvement from poorly repro'd older works. The Robert W. Chambers piece was interesting. The Virgil Finlay poetry was surprising (the Lovecraft verse was not). And the Lin Carter CAS pastiche was overintroduced (and not my cup of tea, anyway). Don Rico, the interior artist, must work cheap - he's adequate and again better than poorly repro'd older pieces but there are so many better ones to have had. (Speaking of which - artists - I am reminded that the Nixon crisis issue of TIME, the most recent of a series of same, had a cover by sf artist Mike Hinge - this would put him out of WT's budget by now but his B&W stuff would have been good to have. There is no excuse not to purchase some Steve Fabian illos or even D Bruce Berry as one letter suggests.

Despite any negative aura of the foregoing, I'm most enthusiastic about the mag and very much desire to see it prosper, expanding to new writings as well as these well-chosen reprints. Very little in the general field of horror really appeals to me so my failure-to-rave must be a considered bias by which to weigh comments.

Dick Tierney writes from a new address (419 Dayton Ave, St. Paul, MN 55104) to indicate that he's severed from Lewellyn Publications and hopes to do some writing. He mentions that Carlson & Koblas want to bring out a booklet of his poems, including reprinting some from HPL.

Tierney (continued) - Dick also mentioned that George (Dark Brotherhood) Record is in the same apartment building. To those who may not know of Dick's work (having missed both HPL and Etchings & Oddyseys I) he is an all-around talent - artwork, poetry, macabre fiction, essays; I'm impressed!

THE NORMAL LOVECRAFT (de la Ree, 1973, 600 copies, \$7.50) is the latest of Gerry's excellent string of specialty publications. I'm quite taken with the Charlie McGill conception of HPL on the cover and of course (and always) Tim Kirk's drawings - regretably only four and an unsuccessful full face portrait. There are all kinds of little fascinating bits of Lovecraftiana tucked in and around this slim (32pp and covers), exceptionally well laid-out collector's item. It centers upon Wilfred Talman's reminiscences of HPL sans eccentricities, de Camps notes on the marriage to the late Sonia Davis and extracts from the latter's letters. There are photos of HPL and FB Long, the Providence Evening Bulletin's obit, CAS and Finlay artwork. Sure, it would be nice if someone had produced this at fanzine prices but what the hell, I'm glad to have it at any cost. If there are any left, order from Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood, Saddle River NY 07458.

Mr. John H. Stanley of the John Hay Library, Brown University, Providence R.I. 02912 would like to have HPL fanzines. I would recommend all Acolytes send him copies of your E*O*Dzines or perhaps Roger would donate one of our extra mailings each time. What say?

The latest Deal-with-the-Devil story (to my knowledge) is in the December '73 issue of Fantasy & Science Fiction and is one of the most unusual with that theme. It's called Time-Sharing Man by Herbert Gold. It's author last had a story in the Magazine 12 years ago - worth the wait for this little gem.

Perhaps by the time this is published the following "magazine" will be distributed but as of now we only know the following from the flyer: KADATH, edited by Lin Carter (100-15 195 St., Hollis, Queens, NY 11423 for \$5 includes: a long-overlooked early poem by Abe Merritt, an unreprinted tribute to Dunsany by Lovecraft, a newly-discovered Robert E. Howard poem, two HPL-CAS letters, a short story by Hannes Bok recently discovered in manuscript, a new story in the Mythos by Carter and a unreprinted Dunsanian fable by Robert H. Barlow. An impressive array of artwork is likewise described

Count Koblas is next to join this pot pourri with his report of Minn-con 29 (by letter dated September 11 and somewhat covered in the 3rd mailing of E*O*D rather than the fourth:

The assault on Koblas Castle began Friday night, August 24, when Harry Morris flew into Minn[St. Paul] airport from his native Albuquerque. Dick Tierney and I were on hand to meet him waving copies of NYCTALOPS in the faces of the passengers as our only means of identification. Later that evening Eric Carlsen came down from Duluth, accompanied by Paul Berglund, whom he picked up in Spooner on the way.

Shortly after dawn the following morning, cars began rolling up to Castle Koblas. Ken Faig from Chicago, Randall Everts and the poet Reinhold Kaebitzch from Madison, and David

Schultz from Milwaukee arrived shortly after dawn. Soon thereafter, others strolled in from the sidewalks of the sleeping city: Joseph West, Steve May, and Kirby McCauley.

We soon journeyed to Kirby McCauley's domicile where we were joined by Richard Tierney, Russell Gortob, Carl Jacobi, etc. Caches of wine were broken open and followed a lengthy discussion of the genre. Before realizing it, the day was half over, so we took several souvenir group photographs and decided to leave for our monthly field trips.

After visiting a local occult bookshop, GNOSTICA, which is well stocked with Arkham House tomes (or was, before we entered) we sped off for Mike Kutz's shoestore since Mike had to toil this particular Saturday and had to miss the "con". En route, the car ridden in by our out-of-town guests missed a turn on the freeway and we were not to see them for the next couple of hours. Bewildered, we who were not lost, took some lunch and returned to Koblas Castle to wait for the others. It was indeed a pity because this lengthy lapse of valuable time prevented a visit to Harold's Bookshop in St. Paul which is loaded with fantasy books with a basement full of pulps.

Upon reaching Koblas Castle, we found a note saying that artist Tim Miske had dropped by and found no one here. But, at length the others arrived having found their way across the wilderness of South Minneapolis to my humble abode. Tierney and Carlson rejoiced by at once showing slides of HPL, CAS and REH country.

After several slides and numerous glasses of liquid exuberants, we returned to our field trip portion of the con. First stop was at a sinister looking water tower in South Minneapolis where more than one neighbor may have heard hideous shrieking as we staged our first lurk-in of the day.

Second stop: Haunted Hole-in-the-Ground, a strange underground stone chamber in the midst of a swamp surrounded by sinister ruins and deep forest. To our surprise, the "federals" had been here before us and walled the thing up. A stunning blow to this hearty group of Lovecraftians since we had devoted part of every Minn-Con to this strange stone structure.

Stop #3: The Prospect Park Water Tower, undoubtedly haunted, and perhaps our favorite stop. It was this tower that we photographed and wrote about in Etchings & Oddyseys #1. More photographs, more talk and darkness had begun to fall. Berglund and Carlson departed for the North Country and the rest of us departed for a late supper. Following this, lodgings were found for all of the out-of-town visitors and the second of three glorious days came to an end.

At 9 AM the following morning, we all met at the Greyhound Bus Depot to welcome George Record to Minneapolis. George has moved to the Twin Cities now and is a welcome addition to

our group. Breakfast was our first stop and it was especially nourishing to Harry Morris, Joe West and myself who had been hiking in the fog on Lowry Hill (a grand Victorian neighborhood) prior to coming to the depot.

It was after breakfast, near the shores of beautiful Lake Calhoun, that farewells were said and the memorable meeting came to a close. It was indeed a con to remember and has to rate as one of our best. I am particularly delighted, knowing that all our visitors from out-of-town shall someday return and I look forward as well to greeting new faces/old correspondents coming to this area.

(John J. Koblas, 4102 E. 55th St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55417)

Darrell Schweitzer writes:

I would agree with your complaint that the Norris yarn in WT # 1 shouldn't have been there because it probably wouldn't have appeared in the original WT. Well, you have to consider first of all that all or nearly all of the stories of merit from the early WT have been reprinted (with the noted exception of the ones from the Dorothy McIllwraith issues, which have been neglected) and thus SaM has to get his material somewhere. I think that his researches into the turn of the century slicks is a good thing, because he'll discover stories that would otherwise be totally forgotten. WT is a fine place for them to appear, too. Who says that this new WT has to be a carbon copy of the old? SaM can't edit in the shadow of Farnsworth Wright forever.

Read the first installment of your eldritch yarn and my impression is that the thing needs cutting. This part moves all too slowly towards the central mystery or whatever it is. Also the dry, case history style doesn't help much. I hope the you'll be able to do something with the Horrible Painting idea that hasn't been done before. I find most weird writing these days rather dreary due to lack of originality. We're all caught in a Cthulhuvian trap from which the field must break free if this type of writing is to survive.

He encloses a poem:

King John he's gone off
 And fought a war for God,
 King John he's dead now
 And buried 'neath the sod.
 He fought for gold and cross,
 He fought for church and fame,
 When pagans caught and killed him
 He had nothing but his name.
 His castle's cold and empty,
 And all his sons are gone,
 Jerusalem they've sailed to,
 And met the fate of John.

TRUANT OFFICER

by Eldon K. Everett (1106½ Pike St.
Seattle WA 9810)

Barry Gordon pulled the dusty old Plymouth to a stop. There it was - Hanesville, Georgia. A dozen or so run-down shacks, smoke coming from a couple of chimneys.

He hated coming here - but jobs were scarce, and the job of truant officer paid well. His mind went back fifteen years when he and Junior Waller had gotten drunk and came up there and he had raped that fine looking young girl - the one who'd said she was a witch and going to put a curse on him he'd never escape.

Well, there'd been some bad breaks, that was for sure. It had been one job after another and not much luck on any of them. No witchcraft, though - just some bad breaks.

He didn't much like coming back here, though, he thought. Somebody'd got a report a minor child lived up here that wasn't going to school, and he'd been sent to check it out.

He got out of the car and went up to the first cabin with the smoking chimney. He banged on the door. "Truant officer," he bawled out, "You got any kids?"

The door opened and a little old woman in a raggedy black dress and a shawl up over her head stood there.

"Yassuh, we got a li'l boy, come on in." and she stepped aside.

The place had a run-down moldy odor about it. White trash - probably never did any cleaning, he thought as he stepped inside.

The door slammed shut and he swore as he spun around. The old woman - not so old, it now appeared - pulled down her shawl. It was her - the light from the stove left no doubt.

"Now, wait a minute," he said, swallowing hard.

Then a big black shadow reared up. It was horrible! The woman was cackling hysterically and a thing - eyes on stalks and long arms on a body that looked like a garden slug!

The last thing Gordon ever saw was the cackling witch-woman as the slimey arms surrounded him and a thin, high-pitched voice cried, "Daddy!"

-0-

Ah yes, it's a wise child...

HPL Supplement No.3 is being readied for publication. In it will be: "The Cosmic Sense - continued", W. Scott Home's response to some thoughts of Dick Tierney appearing on pages 46 et seq of HPL Supplement No. 2; Scott's story, Brother in Damnation, Margaret Carter's The Old Race,

and Frank Balazs' Hellworld. We have an article by Bill Loeb called "HPL and the Construction of Character", letters of comment from E. Hoffman Price, Frank Belknap Long and others. If space permits, we may include a long quasi-fictional piece or perhaps the first half.

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Critics may carp, but HUTIL (now I can't spell it) HUTIL (damn) HUITLOXOPETL 8 had too limited a print run to properly disseminate a major contribution to the field of the macabre from two E*O*D members. So, despite the January 1973 publication date of the following piece, it is being reprinted here a scant ten months later

This is one of the many unpublished manuscripts of M. M. Moamrath discovered through the diligent efforts of JOE PUMILIA and BILL WALLACE and despite a number of threatening letters and attempted physical assaults, the two have sworn that their work will continue.

Moamrath was one of the trailing shadows of American pulpy horror. A contemporary of H. P. Lovecraft, he was a regular in the pages of such magazines as THRILLING PUKE STORIES, SPICY LAUDROMAT ROMANCE and NAUSEATING TALES. The garret room described in the story was an actual residence of Moamrath when he was trying to hawk his pathetic scribblings on the streets of New Orleans. Today, it is aptly memorIALIZED as a parking lot.

Moamrath cannot properly be said to be a racist or bigot, for his fear and loathing of races other than his own (he was part Chinese, part Italian, part Mexican, part Negro and part Amerind) was actually an irrational phobia, almost as strong as his loathing for jello and spaghetti. In truth, he actually believed the racial clichés propounded here, but the editors think that you will agree that the unintentional humor and self-revelation more than make up for any lapse of style or taste. Interestingly enough, in Moamrath's notebook he found a long list of clichés to be incorporated in this story. Only one was not used: "Leroy, keep away from that wheelbarrow. You know you don't know nothing 'bout machinery."

THE SHUFFLER FROM THE STARS
(or the Colored Out of Space)

by Mortimer Morris Moamrath

I can still remember with loathing and repudiation that night in my rooms in the Rue de Vudu at the edge of New Orleans, just overlooking the infamous Midabamboo Swamp, with its Deadman's Sump and other deathtraps. From the streets below my garret room came the tinkling strains of the Dark Town Stratters Ball, the sounds of care-free picaninny laughter and the smart snap of shoeshine rags. I was engaged at the time in my necromantic researches, delving into the dreaded Negronomi-con of the insane Bantu pygmy Bundolo Kreegan, when the atonic ethnic music assaulted my ears. For a moment I had visions of Mardi Gras, but the Fat Tuesday festival had been held months ago. Then I peered through the grimy window, past soot-crusted brick, down the dimly lighted streets where a teeming, noxious negroid mass of humanity was moving purposefully, though gaily, to-

Shuffler from the Stars (continued)

ward some destination in or near the swamp, which began where the cobbled Rue de Vmdu ended. It seemed to me that they were chanting the words "Ungl'lmn wgn'jden ftghm," and as I listened I became filled with an almost unreasoning fear - for these were the very words that opened Kreegah's 61st chapter, entitled "Wgmn'wu Thdkdkm."

I shuddered, yes, for I knew the darker meaning of these seemingly harmless words. I knew too the most loathsome secrets of the black thing that came down from the stars in response to them, for I myself had called that atramentous monstrosity from the nether regions on a dark June 19 only two years before.

What had led me into the blasphemous researches that summoned that swarthy, disgusting parody of a man from its interstellar enclaves I do not know. But in any case I make no apology for my actions, for I felt I was endangering noone but myself. Ever since that day when I had by devious means obtained a copy of the dreaded Negronomicon from the Under the Counter Book Emporium in a walk-in Alley in the French Quarter from a furtive old darkie who claimed to be an actual descendant of Kreegah, I had been enthralled by the book's immense store of interconnected hyper-mythology inscribed in dung beetle blood on pages of Zebra skin (on the white stripes). The story of how the book actually came into my possession is too horrible ever to repeat. I was particularly interested in Kreegah's analysis of that disputed area of physics revealed by the 3rd Century astrologer, Sudo, who had been condemned by the Manicheans, Catharim, Zoroastrians and Southern Baptists for his unholy researches into Sudophysics. Now I well understood the warnings of such moderns as Earbrass, Bhunkim and Fiersome who have tried to suppress his work.

Included in Kreegah's tome were several pages of diagrams, annotated in Bantu, a language which I had learned from Bubba Kowabonga, a tribal medicine man who had been educated at Oxford where I had made his acquaintance. At the time I was majoring in pre-human languages, and my knowledge of his esoteric tongue enabled me to pursue my researches into the paranatural. In his case, however, interest in the subject was naturally hereditary. One odd thing about Bubba that I should mention is that he hardly spoke more than a handful of English words. Most of his conversations were carried on with the excited gesturing characteristic of his debased race, and frequently he resorted to drawing diagrams in the grime of his chest with spittle. No doubt it was remarkable that he should have graduated Summa Cum Laude, but in view of his occult manipulations this is not the case; after the administration began to detect a pattern in the strange deaths among the faculty, the common factor being that each of the deceased had failed Bubba in one or more subjects, his education was swiftly and painless completed by the simple expedient of handing him an old mail-order catalog order blank with his name inscribed in Bantu and telling him it was a diploma. He straightaway vanished from the dung hut he had constructed on the rugby field and was never seen again.

It was Bubba's tutoring that enabled me to comprehend Kreegah's dark tome. The volume reposed in a place of honor in my garret, on a narrow bookshelf in the loo; I was troubled by the curious stains on

The shuffler from the stars (continued)
 some of the more suggestive pages, stains that appeared after visits by some of my more decadent friends. Nevertheless, the vital pages were still quite legible when I set forth on my grand design.

In Kreegah's dark tome there is a passage that reads in translation: "By dis hyar formmala can yo' call dem GREAT ONES down fum de stars. On de hallow day of JUNETEENTH yo' goes outen on an ol' hill ere high place and looks up at de sky and jabber up at de stars, "Mammy, mammy, gib me som' o' dat good ol' cornbread." Den down fum de stars will come de SHUFFLER and he gwine make all yo' wishes come true..."

I had my doubts as to the efficacy of this formula, but I had determined to put it to the test. That night I made my way to a high wind-swept hill north of town and began the eldritch rites. I saw by my watch that the mystic hour of 11:46 p.m. was swiftly approaching. Legend had it that this was the hour when Booker T. M'Bungabu, high priest of sunken Pu, held a fish fry in honor of the sea god Coney, near the present day island of that name. In preparation for the rites, I placed several crisp fragments of fried chicken in a brazier and let their fragrant odor waft upwards to the heavens. The most potent part of the spell required a primitive chant, which fortunately I had recorded on a waz disc. I cranked up the Edisok talking machine, placed the needle in the groove, and the eerie voice of Al Jolson drifted over the benighted hillside.

Then I screamed out the prescribed chant: "Mammy, mammy, gib me som' o' dat good ol' cornbread!" Nothing immediately happened. I tried again. Again, nothing happened. I checked the chicken and saw that it was alsmot burnt to a crisp. I gave the talking machine an extra wind, and shouted again to the glowering stars:

"Mammy, mammy, gib me som' o' dat good old cornbread."

But absolutely nothing happened, and, vastly disappointed, I gathered my apparatus, packed it into my ruck sack (along with my authentic Cajun rucks) and began my weary way homeward. Could it be that I had misread the Bantu inscription and had uttered the wrong spell? I decided that there was no use in indulging in morbid self-recriminations, and vpon arriving at my rooms I repaired to bed and slept soundly.

As was my custom, I rose at 4 a.m. to brush my teeth. I do not know the origin of this quirk, but a young Viennese psychoanalyst, whom I met while hiking through the little traversed Off-White Forest of East Austria, in 189*, suggested that the reason stemmed from unconscious guilt feelings left over from my childhood, perhaps resulting from my abortive assassination attempt on my dentist. However, on my way to the bathroom I felt something under my foot like a slick, flat pebble, and I slipped to the floor, banging my antecubital fossa on a nearby gasogene. After recovering, I examined what I had slipped on. It appeared to be a flat, moist, black ovoid. The terrible significance of that hideous black object did not at first strike home. It was only later, when I found more of these horrifying and ghastly things, that I realized its true nature. Scattered about the rooms, constantly underfoot, were millions of watermelon seeds.

Shuffler from the Stars (continued)

I was terrified at first, then I grew elated, for I recalled certain words in Kreegah's chronicles of black horror: "When de Shuffler fum de stars, he come, you'se'll know it 'cause youse ll fin' seeds fum dat good ol' watermelon all oveh de place." I knew that my sorcerous ceremony had been an unqualified success. I was anxious to see the black demon I had called down.

I was not long in waiting. That night after supper, as I sat down with my favorite pipe for a quiet smoke, I gradually became aware of being watched by some invisible presence. Distantly I heard a whining voice say, "Massah? Massah?"

The Shuffler from the Stars had come at last.

Speaking in the ritual prescribed by the dreaded Negronomicon, I said imperiously: "Is it you, R'Astus? Do you acknowledge my natural superiority?"

"Yassah, Massah" said the voice. "Yo' is de summonor and Ah is de summonee."

"Good. Now, boy, you get your ass rat cheer, heah?"

Immediately the whining voice said, "Oh yassah, yassah. Please, Massah, don't beat dis tired ol' body."

"Stop that whining and come here," I ordered.

"Yassah, yo' de boss."

It was then that my eyes began to penetrate the dark shadows of my angled room, and as I looked into the corner where the voice seemed to come from, I perceived two dim oval shapes, each with a centered ovoid, dark as a raisin. "Smile, boy, so I can see you," I said, adhering strictly to the Bantu ritual. At once a small scimitar of whiteness appeared Cheshire-cat-like below the rolling eyes.

"Come over here, boy," I ordered. From the shadows stepped the dusky demon, whom the ancient unholy writings called R'Astus. He was dark in color, like coal, and smaller than a human being, stoop shouldered and cringing. A few wisps of grey kinky hairs covered his sweaty bald pate, and in one hand he clasped an ancient felt hat, with which he made constant furtive embarrassed motions. I fancied I could hear the dead-leaf flapping of his huge lips vibrating with fear, and his hideous furtive shuffle. His eyes seemed to roll as though he was crazed with fear, like a mare that was been ridden hard through a pack of wolves.

"Sumpin' Ah kin do fo' you, Boss?"

"Fetch me a mint julep, boy," I commanded. This too was part of the ritual, which instructed that, above all, the sorcerer must show the demon who is boss. Then R'Astus vanished in a puff of musky-scented smoke.

Shuffler from the Stars (continued)

But in a matter of seconds he had reappeared, holding a mint julep in one hand. He seemed to be sweating even more profusely (if that can be believed) and was puffing and wheezing like a locomotive, rolling his eyes and blubbering insanely. With the felt hat he was attempting, with no success, to stem the tide of moisture off his cranium.

"Sorry Ah's late, Boss," he said. "But Ah couldn't find no ice. Ah had to go all de way to Tibet, and up dem mountains. Dat abominable feller overcharged me fo' it, too! But here it is at de las', thanks be to Kingfish."

I took the drink and sipped thoughtfully. Kingfish, I knew, was one of the Elderly Gods, the unspeakable Odd Ones from beyond space, time and the Louisiana border. Apparently it was this deity to which my "boy" paid homage.

"Boy," I said, watching him snap to a sort of wary alertness, "Now we get down to the nitty gritty. I'm going to pass the biggest spell that has ever been passed, and I want you to get me the ingredients. First, - write this down now - "

"Ah's sorry, Boss, but I nevah learnt to read or write. But Ah's pretty fair at remem'brin'."

"Very well," I said, vexed. "First, come midnight fetch me some mold from Marie Laveau's tomb - "

At this, R'Astus' eyes lit up in horror, and his dark flaccid features stretched into a rictus of abject fear.

"Oh, Massah, not dat, please, not dat! Ah's powerful afeared of bein' in de boneyard at night!"

"For heaven's sake, what are you afraid of?"

"Massah, don't you know dey's spooks in dem boneyards? Dey comes out at midnight and reaches up dere han's outen de groun', and dem long, bony fingers come a-clawing at you, and when dey grabs you, dey takes you down to de Debbil, and de Debbil, he puts big iron chains roun' yo' feets, and he chains you to a red hot rock where you must . gotta shovel hot coals, and den -"

"Oh SHUT UP!" I yelled.

"Ah's sorry, Massah - please don't beat dis tired ol' body."

Eventually I persuaded my reluctant demon servant to perform the required errand, but from this point on I noticed a marked change in him. He began to grow surly and shiftless. He was late on his appointed rounds. Occasionally I saw a glint of defiance in his dark eyes. One day I found it necessary to confront him.

Recalling the proper words from Kreegah's dark tome, I asked, "You ain't getting uppity, are you, boy?"

"What do you mean, Boss?" he asked in a taciturn voice.

"I mean, what do you think you are, talking to me in that tone of voice?"

"Bwana, I ain't paid to think."

"Don't get smart with me, R'Astus!"

"You'se de Boss," he said, darkly.

I was far from satisfied by this conversation. My demon servant thereafter grew increasingly moody and lazy, and I was forced to employ the whip on occasion. Even this did not seem to deter him from his surly ways, however. I even began to harbor irrational fears, for I recalled the story in Kreegah's dark tome of the haunted packing plant and the revolting eldritch cleaver within. One day I was confirmed in my worst suspicions when I caught my boy reading some horribly suggestive and disgustingly shocking civil rights literature!

"Ehat's the meaning of this, boy?" I demanded.

"It's nuthin', Boss. Juss some stuff dat som' folks in a bus gib me."

I do not know precisely why, but this revelation produced in me a sensation of grave disquiet. Thereafter I began to regard R'Astus in a more wary manner. There was something less of a shuffle in his walk, something more of an independence in his spirit. Once I actually caught him sitting in my chair with his feet on my desk. Though he immediately snapped to attention, there seemed something less of a servile hesitation in his movements and he seemed to regard me through eyes that mirrored not so much adject servility as a sullen, moody brooding.

No longer did he murmur supplications to his awesome brethren, Unkatom and S'Tepinfechet in his off-duty moments. No longer did he spring spirituals to keep up his spirits during the various nocturnal errands on which I sent him. And, most disturbing of all, his dietary habits indicated a disquieting change in his character, for he was gradually turning away from moon pie, colàard greens, fried chicken and watermelons and began to show a preference for such human foods as hamburgers, french fries and even lamb chops. I no longer found watermelon seeds scattered about and no longer heard his happy voice singing the gay, carefree hymns of his people. He sulked frequently and on occasion I thought I could make out vague threats muttered under his breath. I knew that I would have to put a stop to this.

So it was that I went again to the dark wind-swept hill on the outskirts of town and raised ym voice up to the stars, employing the proper verses from Kreegah's dark tome to summon down the dreaded being at whose name the dark legions of the damn must bend the knee.

Clad in a pure-white sheet, I held up the burning cross and cried out, "Oh Great Klud, Grand Dragoon, hear my call, for one of my boys has dared to step above his place."

But no answer came to my frenzied plea. Apparently these particular words in Kreegah's chronicles of horror were incorrect, and I now began to suspect the true deviousness of that ancient Bantu pygmy. It was undoubtedly his desire to open the legendary Pearly Gates only to those blasphemous, debased, subhuman anthropoid mongrels that so closely resembled his own primitive gibbering tribe. I guess then that the true secret behind the so-called civil rights movements which sowed the watermelon seeds of dissatisfaction among the carefree, childlike race who were our natural servitors. They were masterminding dark demons called down from the nether regions to spread the pernicious and disgusting mythos of racial equality.

I knew from that moment that the resolution of my problem could only come from my own actions. Thus; I called the demon into my chambers one night and said, "R'Astus, we're going to take a little trip into the country tonight."

"I suppose I feel like it," he said, brushing an imaginary crumb from his crushed velvet evening jacket with one hand, while fluffing his Afro with the other.

The reader can surely see at this point just how intolerable matters had become. The appearance itself of my servant had changed. He had begun to dress sharply, to take on an increasing resemblance to that high demon of eld, the unspeakable Samydavys.

As we walked down the labyrinthine cobbled way of the Rue de Vudu, R'Astus asked, "I say, old bean, what's in the black bag?"

I puffed a few superior puffs on my cheroot and said, "Why, in this bag is one of the most potent spells known to man, boy. I'm going to tell you all about it as soon as we get to the Devil's Out-house."

"Mmmmmmm," said R'Astus.

The Devil's Outhouse is an odd rock formation in the Midabamboo Swamp, the funnel of an extinct volcano in the shape of a hideous and gigantic privy. Still emitting odorous sulphuric fumes, although the last eruption had occurred in pre-Columbian times, the site was widely known to be frequented by certain degenerate cults and utilized in the practice of their abominable rites.

As we pushed into the swamp, R'Astus said, "Actually, old thing, I'm not certain I wish to accompany you on this necromantic errand."

"Too late for that, boy, for here we are!" With that I sprang back with my fingers extended into the magical Bantu Elderly Sign, which is irresistible by denizens of the nether regions. R'Astus fell to the ground.

"Please," he cried, gesturing frantically, but I kept him pinned down with one magically gesturing hand, while the other reached into the black bag and pulled out thirty feet of stout hempen cord.

The Shuffler from the Stars (concluded)

I threw a coil of rope over an overhanging limb and slipped the prepared noose around the neck of the helpless demon, who had begun to utter piteous cries harking back to his first servile gibberings, and even presumed to call down on me the dread curse of Kingfish. I laughed in his face. Again I saw the barbaric roll of eye, cringe of fear, and profusion of perspiration which had been his earlier trademarks, and as I hoisted his quivering body into the leafy bowers, I saw those enormous clumsy feet kicking air in a parody of his infamous shuffle. I had remembered well the unfailing method of dealing with uppity demons and had practiced it now even as my far-wiser ancestors had. With the aid of a can of gasoline I had previously secreted for this exact purpose, I completed the classical pattern of the ancient and honorable rite of Lin Ching.

But as I sit here now in the midst of growing civil disorder, thinking back to that horror-haunted period of my life when I was served by the dark demon R'astus, I am apprehensive of the future. They can now eat in the same establishments as us, and who is to say what the future will bring in the way of more terrifying interminglings of racial stocks which can have no possible relationship other than that of master and slave? I know I should feel some security in knowing that I have tried to do my part to halt the creeping advance of those mongrel hordes, but as I write this manuscript a thrill of fear passes through my body, and I shudder to contemplate what that chanting, subhuman throng had in mind when it passed along the Rue de Vudu below my garret room so many hours ago, for now I half-fancy I can hear certain hideous sounds, the sounds of many pairs of gigantic feet doing a slow, horribly rhythmic soft-shoe shuffle on my roof!

-M.M.M

Another issue groans to a close. I hope the Acolytes and my other correspondents will forgive my continuing sins of omission in the correspondence and communication fields...in addition to mundac, there is a backlog of fanac which we intend to pare down during this fall-winter, after which it is hoped to return relationships to a mutual and even keel.

mfiii 11/4/73