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### THE MAILING AND STUFF

Several items in the last mailing are more than worthy of mention. TBYerke's "Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan" was excellent. Brown and Kepner are to be commended on the size and quality of their respective mags. Koenig's Hodgson issue of R&C was avidly perused, and I owe huge thanks to HC. Rosenblum's "Brow-sings" continues to be the high spot of each mailing and here's hoping Searles contributes his wunnderful mag more regularly.

Recent additions to my bound excerpts include Van Vogt's "Slan", Pragnell's "Green Man of Graypec", and Zagat's "Drink We Deep". The latter, and a swell yarn it is, appeared in Argosy. I'd advise all and sundry to look it up. You won't be sorry. Along with the excerpts came Volume 5 of Famous Fantastic Mysteries. The bound volumes of FFM, Unknown, and the excerpts make an imposing looking bookcase. Recent additions to La Library are "Green Man of Kilsona" (book form of Graypec), "Undine", "Not at Night", "Dawn", "Crock of Gold", "Elsie Venner", "Sown in the Darkness", and Hodgson's "Men of the Deep Waters", which I'm having rebound. Also three books from Mike Rosenblum: "Last and First Men", "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" (time-travel yarn) and the English edition of "They Found Atlantis". Expected arrivals: "Door of the Unreal", "After the Afternoon" and a complete set of Strange Tales, in mint condition, to be bound also. My recent acquisition of Finlay's FFM cover original, illustrating C. L. Moore's "Doorway Into Time" still continues to awe me a bit, as it was all so unexpected.

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The following items were culled from "Books Alive" by Vincent Starrett, and "Bookman's Holiday" by Charles Collins, those very interesting columns which appear in the Sunday Book Section of the Chicago Tribune.

#### ADD LOVECRAFTIANA

In "Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural" (Random House), an omnibus volume ambitiously planned to end all such omnibuses, an obscure figure in modern American literature named H. P. Lovecraft comes into his own. Two of his tales are reprinted in this collection of 52 certified masterpieces, and thus Lovecraft, heretofore rated as a bush leaguer, is batting as strongly as Edgar Allan Poe in the big league. His ascension may be credited, aside from his genuine merit as a story teller, to August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, who form the publishing partnership called Arkham House, which operates in the small town of Sauk City, Wisconsin.

Lovecraft died about five years ago, leaving nothing between book covers. He had been, however, a voluminous contributor of weird tales to the pulp paper magazines, and was recognized among a small group of free-lance writers as a unique talent in the field of the "grotesque and arabesque", as Poe called it. He had invented a rich genealogy of supernatural beings, known as the Cthulhu mythology, and some of his disciples borrowed from it in tales of their own imagining, with his consent and approval.

August Derleth, whose fertile literary talent thrives in his Wisconsin birthplace without need of the dubious inspirations of New York and Hollywood, has been an addict of

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tales of terror ever since "Dracula" scared him out of a year of high school growth. He became a Lovecraft reader and entered into a correspondence with the wizard of Cthulhu, who lurked in Providence, R. I., which eventually taxed the capacity of his filing cabinets. The twain never met, but after Lovecraft's death Derleth resolved to give him library recognition.

Several years ago Arkham House of Sauk City, Wis., published a Lovecraft collection called "The Outsider and Others." Last fall it issued a second volume, called "Beyond the Wall of Sleep," containing lesser tales, poems, and a miscellany of Lovecraftana, including a long biographical study. A third volume, which will be delayed because Wandrei is in military service and paper is scarce, is ready for the printers. It will consist largely of Lovecraft's letters.

Until Derleth turned part of his enormous energy toward the memorialization of Lovecraft in this manner, the man was as unknown to literary scholars as any newspaper reporter. His name does not appear in "Who's Who," "Twentieth Century Authors," or "American Authors and Books." The two latter volumes, by the way, are comprehensive, and contain records of numerous sandflies of the writing trade who happened to live on the right side of the tracks or know the right people. Lovecraft was a recluse, a strange neurotic, who fainted in cold weather, and a midnight delver in to quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore. As a personality he was a modern Poe, without the spectacular color of the whisky bottle.

The Lovecraft tales in "Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural" are entitled "The Rats in the Wall" and "The Dunwich Horror."

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They are causing specialists in American literature to ask questions about the author, and to all such, eager for footnotes to their dissertations for the doctorate, we point the way toward Arkham House. ....

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To supplement this column's remarks of last Sunday on H. P. Lovecraft's expanding vogue, after years of obscurity, August Derleth, his discoverer as a fascinating figure in American literature, submits this new evidence:

"The Outsider and Others," published 1939, out of print December, 1943, is commanding as much as \$25 the copy; "Beyond the Wall of Sleep" published December, 1943, is almost out of print also; about 150 copies left.

A little paper bound, selling at a quarter, titled, "The Weird Shadow Over Innsmouth and Other Supernatural Stories," by H. P. Lovecraft, has just been published by Bartholomew for newsstand sale.

Philip Van Doren Stern of Arm Services Editions, Inc., is currently examining the first Lovecraft omnibus for 15 stories or so to make an Armed Services Selection.

"The Rats in the Walls" will appear again in Derleth's own horror anthology, "Sleep No More!" (Farrar & Rinehart, Sept. 21).

Arkham House will publish late this autumn a third and extra Lovecraft volume, entitled "Marginalia," containing various essays, "revisions" (Lovecraft practically rewrote stories he was paid to revise), a ghost-written piece by Houdini, fragments, photographs--in short, everything which would have no place in the two volume "Selected Letters," which will come out after the war.

Derleth has just signed a contract with World Publishing company for a Tower edition

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of "The Best Supernatural Tales of H. P. Love-Craft," to come out in the spring or summer of 1945.

### ANENT ANIMAL REBELLION

.....but it occurs to me that we may push them (animals) too far and that some day there may be a showdown. During the Ethiopian campaign of 1935, monkeys were reported as stoning Italian troops putting up telephone lines in occupied territories. I read the dispatch with a grin of pleasure, and was gratified to think that our closest mammalian relations were on the side of the angels. "The first stone!" I said to my wife.

The literature of animal retaliation, however, is largely fictional. Its keystone perhaps is that plausible masterpiece, "The Terror," by Arthur Machen--unfortunately out of print--in which the animal kingdom rises en masse against the human race. It is a tremendous tale, and I wish one of the reprint houses would bring it back into circulation. There is a similar story by Philip Macdonald in Boris Karloff's anthology, "Tales of Terror (World), a disquieting fiction entitled "Our Feathered Friends." Melville Davisson Post's "Revolt of the Birds" also is relevant.

Pussy May Go Berserk---But the idea isn't really new. We all know that a worm will turn that every dog has its day, that nothing is more terrible than the anger of an embattled sheep. We know that war horse cries "Ha ha!" among the trumpets: perhaps he has something to laugh about. Perhaps the animals are waiting an M-day of their own, and perhaps the day has been set! ....if the dog should suddenly say "Now!" and the cat should leap into your lap.....!

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### THE NEW BOOKS

OUT OF THIS WORLD--Edited by Julius Fast--Penguin Books--No. 537--25¢.

Swell collection of the weird, fantastic, and the unusual. Contains stories by Benet, Wells, Saki, Robert Arthur, Bond, etc., a radio script by Arch Oboler, and a short novel by Jack London, "The Scarlet Plague". Also includes one of the funniest stories in the English language, "The Canterville Ghost" by Oscar Wilde. One of the two stories by John Collier included in this volume, "Thus I Refute Beelzy", is a little honey of a yarn. For two bits you can't go wrong.

THE BURNING COURT--John Dickson Carr--Popular Library--25¢.

A startling, macabre, breathtaking novel. Have you ever had the good fortune to read what you expected to be a conventional whodunit, only to discover one of the best weird yarns you'd ever read. Well, that's what happened when I read "Burning Court". The novel is Unknownish as all hell, with a But-Without-Hornsish ending. The author pulls a trick I've never seen duplicated in weird literature. He writes a conventional detective story, through to the last word of the last page of the book, then tags on an epilogue which changes the whole atmosphere of the story, thereby transforming a straight whodunit into a masterpiece of the weird. Don't pass this one up, it's worth far more than the 25 shekels you'll pay for it.

REMEMBER THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS

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THE GREAT FOG and Other Weird Tales--W.F.Heard  
Vanguard--\$2.50.

A collection of unusual tales.

GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL --  
Edited by Fraser and Wise--Random House--\$2.95.

Here is a weird collection to end all  
weird collections. Contains practically all  
the old standbys of weird anthologists, and  
many new ones, plus two stories by Lovecraft.  
The book jacket is superb, and the book itself  
is one of the most attractive volumes I've ever  
seen. Over 1,000 pages of weird classics. A  
must for collectors.

RIM OF THE PIT--Hake Talbot--An Inner Sanctum  
Mystery--Simon and Schuster--\$2.00.

The blurbs say; "veritable textbook of  
demonology", "horrific situations", "master-  
piece of suspense", I say phooey. The author  
builds up a beautiful tale -- characters iso-  
lated in the foreboding forests of the north  
woods, a seance in which a dead man forces a  
confession out of the medium, the "windigo"  
that horrible creature of the unknown, which  
chases first one of the principals, and then  
the other, and possibly takes possession of  
their bodies, two gory murders by a creature,  
which must possess the powers of levitation and  
flight, etc.--then proceeds to dish out some  
of the most insipidly conventional explanations  
ever to appear between the covers of a book. I  
might have taken the explanations with a grain  
of salt, and enjoyed the book as a pure whodun-  
it, but when the horrible, flying "windigo" was  
foisted off as a magicians kite, which the mur-



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duror attached to the back of someone's coat, I was tempted to throw the thing into the furnace. It was a rental library book, too.

#### WHAT BELONGS IN FAPA?

Several slims have complained that I advertise "Chanticleer", a subzine, in FAPA. What better use can FAPA be than to further its activities, and its publications? I can see no earthly reason why advertising imzines in FAPA is any worse than discussions on how to throw a curve ball, or two-bit discussions on how to save the world. Frankly, I'd like to see an increase of ads, and a total decrease of the latter.

No, I don't begrudge any material, article, or whatnot, that any editor puts into his Fapazine. It is my contention that an editor is perfectly within his rights to devote 15 pages on "How to Change Diapers" if he wants to.

But, let's have no more complaints about imzine advertisements in FAPA.

#### ARKHAM HOUSE

Any fan interested in Lovecraft's books and collections of the weird, who hasn't received the brochure announcing the future plans of Arkham House, should write to August Derleth, Sauk City, Wisconsin, and ask him to send you one. Wandrei and Derleth plan four new books in 1944 and they have delicious plans for 1945. Collections by Bloch, Whitehead, Howard, and F. B. Long are being planned. But by far the greatest news therein is the announcement of a proposed volume which includes most of the works of W. H. Hodgson.

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### IM-PRESSIONS

(There follows excerpts from what was to be a regular column in Wee Willie Watson's now ka-poot Phan)

Fangab: A most hilarious time was had by all when Wiedenbeck, Spencer, Robinson, and yours truly, convened in Chanticleering (my room) for a bit of fanversation. Ashley, Evans, and Counts missed out because they playing poker downstairs, about the only thing they do here lately, besides sleep. Paroxysms of laughter pealed through the room when Robinson, attempting to relate something or other that was to be particularly horrible, was continually interrupted by bon mottes, puns, etc. He was finally allowed to spurt out the idea of how horrible it would be to awaken one morning, drowsily make your way to the bathroom, start to shave, and suddenly realize that the face in the mirror wasn't yours. Immediately after Frankie's supreme triumph came Spencer's hilarious description of, what he called, a weeny book of cartoons by Virgil Partch. At the first mention of a weeny book the puns and double entendre began. "Hot dog, must be some volume," said Frankie. "I bet you never sausage a book before," offered Liebscher.

Recently had the pleasure of meeting Paul the Spencer, a likeable lad on the credit side of fandom. He immediately stole a place in my fan heart by having spasms of ecstasy over my professionally bound volumes of Unknown and Famous Fantastic Mysteries. Paul immediately made arrangements with Tucker to have his FFMs bound also, ditto his Unknowns, when he replaces a few slightly battered copies. La

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Spence likes good music, and is one of the few  
slims, besides myself, Abby Lu, Evans, and a  
coupla others, who admit that some hauntingly  
beautiful strain can move them to tears. His  
favorite opera composer is Wagner, he thinks  
Merritt's "Metal Monster" is one of his best,  
and, Ghu knows why, he thought Taine's "Tomor-  
row" was wonderful. We disagreed heartily over  
the latter.

Slan Shackrack of the week: Wiedenbeck, anent  
Ashley's egotistical ravings: "I'd hate to be  
God when you get to heaven."

Hearty boos to certain ims who solicit free co-  
pies of fanzines, for reviewing purposes, and  
forget to do so. In fact, hearty boos to ims  
who solicit free fanzines.

IMPOSSIBLE! Tother day I got a letter from Doc  
Lowndes wanting to know what rosebud meant. Well  
for the edification of all fen, I shall eluci-  
date. Rosebud is a six letter word for you  
know what, that, we hope, will replace an old  
Anglo-Saxon word of four letters, slightly on  
the crude side. As for "Remember the rooster  
that wore red pants", I'll andswer that in a  
private letter, Doc.

Contrats to most of the fangalenos, who have  
ceased vaunting their silly quarrels on fued-  
fed-up fen, and who are trying to live together  
in peace.

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Wandrei's "Eye and the Finger" has been relea-  
sed by Arkham House.

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There is nothing more sweetly licentious  
Than a bevy of lightly clad wentious