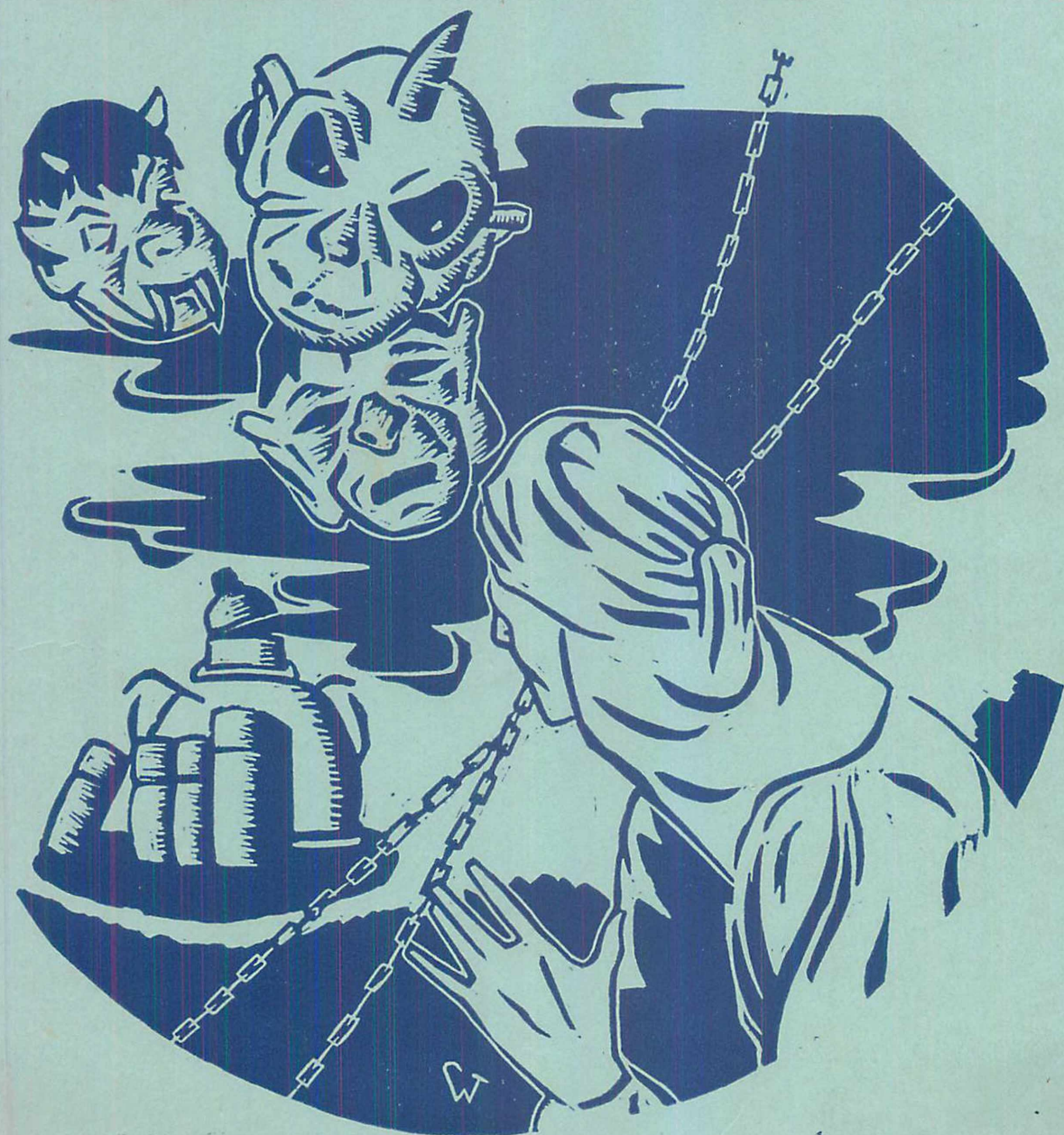


# diablerie



— T H I S —

for

M A R Y





the haunted

---

# diablerie

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MARCH 1944

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OUT OF A JAR  
by  
Bill Watson.

diablerie is published by Watson and his Cohorts in Horror at 1299 California Street, San Francisco 9, California. By all rights we should be a tri-yearly, but thus far our publishing periodicity puts us in the monthly class. Price is a mere nickel an issue of fifteen cents a year - - just think of what you save!/-



# THE EDITORS SALLY FORTH...

## THE STAFF

still more      Yes -- still they come.  
changes      Though we hope that this

time they will be permanent. The last issue -- the one featuring 'booze, babes, and bear meat' -- was fairly popular, but the amount of acclaim it received does not warrant the continuation of that particular policy.

So it's a new policy. Or at least an about face. Our original idea -- that of a 'poor fan's Esquire' -- has again been dragged from the gutter and tacked onto the contents page. We hope -- please God -- it will remain there.

Also -- this phrase has become almost traditional -- you will notice another change in format. The other two we can pass off as experiments that flopped. Therefore, this issue presents a format that will remain indefinitely, until something better strikes our noggins.

And that 'something better' will.

But anyway, we hope you like the change. We believe it's a decided improvement. (All this has gone before.) As yet our publishing periodicity is quite indefinite, though we do promise you at least three issues a year. However, even though we do have an obscure publishing date, subscriptions remain fifteen cents a year, little matter how many issues we publish. Price per copy remains five cents, so you can see you're bound to save money by subscribing by the year.

The number of copies we run has also been changed from 150 to 55 copies, starting with this issue. Our subscrib-

ers do not even number that many, but we suppose we should retain some duplicates.

material      Speaking of non-existent  
wanted      items, which we weren't,

but now are -- we have not one bloody shred of material for future issues, unless we turn to our typer and bat it all out ourselves, which isn't -- you must admit -- too pleasant a prospect. So we proceed to voice another plea:

We need articles, fiction, satires, drawings. Also letters, but we expect them regardless. Ha ha. You need have no fear of censorship or blue pencil insertions on our part, so please feel quite free to bellow or cuss or apple-polish all you want to, provided you're interesting, and appeal in some way to masculine tastes, though we cannot afford to be too strict on that point.

All material will receive our closest attention, or we can at least promise to look it over. If it does not suit our requirements, we offer to return it to the writer, as he or she may choose.

Particularly needed for the next number are ideas for pictorials and interior drawings, such as our frontspiece. We would like to see some examples of your own drawing too, though we will not accept lithograph illustrations. A good lino cut which permits the use of color is far more valuable, we believe. /

# THE CIRCLE OF ZERO

FRANK HOLBY

---

The late Stanley G Weinbaum was undoubtedly one of the most popular science fiction authors of the last decade. His first story, A Martian Odyssey, which appeared in the old Wonder Stories, was immediately acclaimed as a masterpiece. Only two stories were ever chosen unanimously as "best in the issue" in Wonder Stories; one of them was A Martian Odyssey.

Soon other masterpieces flowed forth from the facile pen of Weinbaum. Parasite Planet and Flight on Titan were headliners in Astounding. Worlds of If and The Ideal were highly praised when they appeared in Wonder Stories.

Weinbaum's career culminated with Redemption Cairn, The Black Flame, & the unforgettable Circle of Zero.

It is easy to analyse the reasons for the success of Weinbaum's works. He wrote with beautiful simplicity. His stories lacked the stilted phraseology so common in the "good old days".

Perhaps his strongest forte, along with his adept introduction of human interest, was in the creation of alien entities that possessed human qualities. Who can fail to remember the Loonies of The Mad Moon; the Jack Ketch trees of Parasite Planet; Tweel of the Odyssey; or the bladder birds of Redemption Cairn?

The New Adam, his magnificent book, contains much of the inner thoughts and beliefs of Weinbaum. It is interesting to note that many critics, such as Donald Wollheim, have condemned the book on the basis that a true superman, such as was Edmond Hall, would never delib-

erately hold himself to an implacable course of self-destruction.

However, these critics appear to overlook the fact that Stanley Weinbaum believed in the theory of the Circle of Zero. Thus, in turn, his character of Edmond Hall believed that in all the endlessness of time, another Earth would be formed, another Edmond Hall, and another Vanny Marten.

The Circle of Zero holds true in many of his stories. His character of old Professor de Neant says that "...in the eternity of time the Law of Chance functions perfectly. In eternity, every possible combination of things and events must occur. There is an eternity in the past. Since in eternity everything possible must occur at one time or another, it follows that everything must have already happened, and must happen again.

In The New Adam, Edmond Hall says "...in eternity the circle of the spiral will spin back to this arc." The symbol of infinity plays the major role in his short story, The Brink of Infinity.

In passing, a further word should be spoken on The Worlds of If. This is perhaps the finest story ever written on the segments of time. It is interesting to see that Jack Williamson, in The Legion of Time, expounded a rather different theory by maintaining certain material objects as anchors in time.

Stanley G Weinbaum, in The Ideal, explains with typical simplicity the mysteries of the "point of view". He gives the logical outcome of an assump-

tion by one man of another's viewpoint.

I, for one, eagerly await that day in the distant future when, out of the spawn and stress of all eternity another Earth is born; the day when an-

other Weinbaum will again arise out of oblivion to write of his immortal characters: Edmond Hall, Jack Anders, Professor Van Manderpootz, the Red Peri, and Margaret of Urbs, the Black Flame, /



THE GROUND was still semisolid, but even as he watched, the black soil boiled out around the metal walls of the shack, the cube tilted a trifle, and then sank deliberately from sight, and the mud

sucked and gurgled as it closed gently above the spot.

from PARASITE PLANET  
—Stanley G Weinbaum



## THE FAN

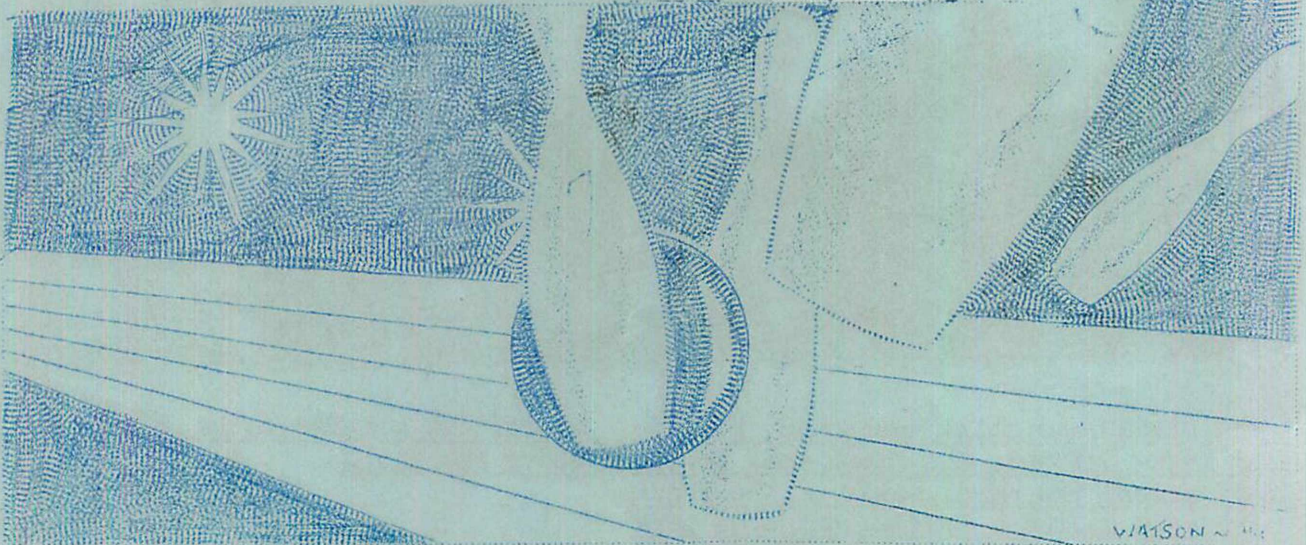
the grinding heat suffices; the cool hall echoes with sweat and walk and laughter and puzzlement; the black balls rolling into clinking gutters (shouts of down on no. three kid weary arms lifting huge rounded slivers they go down repeat); the yellow starched uniforms dispensing cheap delight in paper cups.

release into the air outside: laughter of puppylove theorems universes forgotten; impersonal tenseness scared of the ground when you hit it take your helmet off nice run guy; the laving coolness of midnight home straight to bed uncontrollable shivering thirty-seven lines tonight; sit down from weariness watch late comers from clarkable lanaturner epics happily order.

the overloaded racks smelling pulp covers great new novel bright cover you magazine stinks letters sciencefiction in corner puzzled newsman watching mass buying by few stuffed into jackets sneaked in writing letters humming typewriter to editor reality eternity time nothing.

(outside stars blink down through atmosphere from distance long seeing eternal straight from someplace straight to your heart) inside cheap print crude appeal frenzied reading philosophies sighted analyzed then a soul.

—Ray Karden



WATSON & CO.



# NE FUMER PAS, BUT IF YOU MUST, DO IT RIGHT

T B YERKE

---

Smoking is a nervous habit exercised in a disgustingly filthy manner by the majority of American men over ten years of age, and girls over fourteen. They smoke the world's worst brands of tobacco in its most obnoxious preparation, do it with the least amount of dexterity, and know the least about it, of any race on the earth except the Australian Bushmen, who don't smoke.

This does not mean that smoking is not a highly developed art of leisure, much as is mixing good drinks or turning a bon mot in conversation. It simply means Joe on the street corner with a so-called cigarette in his mouth is merely fuming; he isn't smoking. The French and Spanish call this act by its right name, *fumer* or *fumero*, which means to make clouds of smoke. Neither the French nor the Spanish know how to smoke so it's no wonder. The Germans on the other hand have a separate verb for the act, *rauchen*, which has nothing to do with creating local blackouts. The British "light up" rather than smoke. Both these nationalities know good tobacco and appreciate it.

In England, cigarettes come in packages of ten and cost a shilling. This is a good price, pre-war. Smoking tobacco averages a shilling an ounce, pre war, and cigars are in the same bracket. The Britisher smokes at the proper time, indulges in the act with dignity, and does not slobber all over the end of his weed. The American puffs away all day long and, blindfolded, couldn't tell the difference between a Lucky Strike and Wings.

Cigarettes in theory contain shredded tobacco with an ample amount of

Saltpeter to insure their proper burning. Most American cigarettes contain a special brand of cellophane soaked in tobacco juice with just enough tobacco to give the appearance of same. Furthermore, your big four type is amply sprayed with lead arsenate. There are several kinds of basic tobaccos which are supposed to be blended with unspeakable delicacy. Among them are Turkish, Virginia, Perique, bright, and Egyptian. Revelation smoking tobacco ads will furnish some others. Let me state that not one of the well-known brands on sale in the U S A are more than shams of the real McCoy.

Virginia Rounds and Phillip's Navy Players are the only two brands obtainable in this country from domestic sources which contained pure, flue-cured, Virginia Bright tobacco without lead arsenate or other preservatives. They do have Saltpeter, an essential in any cigarette.

The average American's palate is dulled to such a degree of insensibility from stinkweed tobacco that he is unable to even taste the delicate qualities of better cigarettes. When I offer them to friends, they say: "I can't taste them!" It reminds me of the little Chinese boy who didn't like American eggs because there was no sulphur-like smell about them.

With a few exceptions, Benson and Hedges are the only decent producers of cigarettes in America, and they are of British origin. To anyone interested in learning to smoke, let him try Turkish #1, Russian nos. 3 and 5, Old Gubeck Amber, or for good, pure, unadulterated tobacco, Virginia Rounds or (next page)

The Greys Silk Cut Virginia. Incidentally, a smoker never smokes more than five cigarettes a day.

Cigarettes are merely penny ante. The only career with a future in smoking is the cultivation of the pipe. It takes one solid year to learn to smoke a pipe and smoke it properly. Fortunately, I was taught by an Englishman to smoke. His name was Quigley, and I did not believe it took more than two days to smoke a pipe. At the end of a year I realized that I had at last caught on. Of all the arts, pipe-smoking is the most abused in the country. The average grade of American pipe tobacco is only a little better than good solid horse dung. The more advertising you see for a brand of tobacco, the worse you may be assured that it is. The only exception offhand is Revelation. It is a good tobacco, but dries too quickly.

Good pipe tobacco does not contain Saltpeter. I hate Saltpeter, and while the average smoker cannot recognize this menace, I can taste Saltpeter in a tobacco no matter how scant the dilution. Pipe tobacco cut to be rolled for cigarettes also is a fraud. Pipe tobacco advertised as "easy flowing" from pouch to bowl is a fraud. Most disgusting of them all is Rum and Maple, which smells like heaven and tastes like hell.

Aside from Revelation, the only other nationally distributed tobaccos that can be considered are Sutliff's 76 as a fuming agent, Christian Pepper's Pouch Mixture, Parliament Rough Cut, and Whitehall. But even these will lag behind those produced by professional

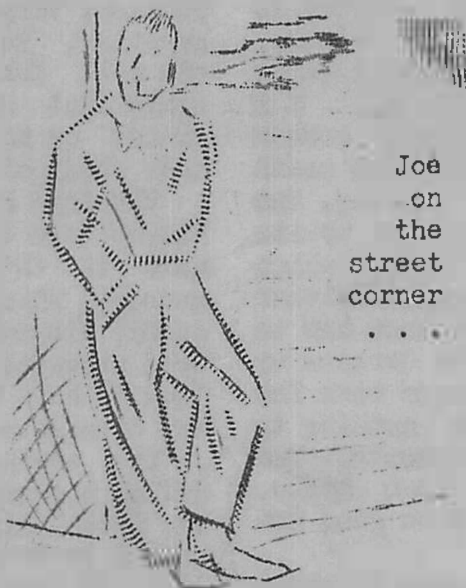
tobacconists. Pipe tobaccos are like chemical compounds, and a good tobacconist can vary a formula to your needs. A good pipe tobacco contains a heavy-cut burning base, bright or Virginia for tang, and perique for a faint aroma. Other aromas (called fuming agents) are cider, rum, brandy, jasmine, various organic scents from plants, and perfumes, which I detest.

A smoker will never try to light up in a wind. There is nothing more stupid than to try to enjoy a cigarette or pipe in even a breeze. Forced burning of this nature spoils even consumption of the tobacco, breaks the draft, and keeps the average heat so intense that

the additional puff for inhalation carries the temperature so high as to spoil the quality of the product. Speaking of inhaling: a good smoker does not inhale. That is merely a bad habit. A tobacco should contain enough body to stimulate the palate and nostrils without having to poison the lungs. I have never inhaled a cigarette or pipe in five years of smoking.

As for the culture of pipes, that is worth a book. My contention is

that a ten cent corncob is better than any two dollar pipe on the market. I have several corncobs right now, and have thrown away dozens of them. Besides a corncob I have an Australian abach and a French Cherry Root pipe, and two good Algerian briars which are "seconds" of \$5.00 brands. Pipes made of Brazil nuts also offer excellent smoking satisfaction. As for the big-name dollar pipes -- thumbs down. I've had a few good ones, but (next page)



Joe  
on  
the  
street  
corner  
...



only because I know what to look for in selecting a pipe. The filter method of the Frank Medico is superlative, but the bowls are often mediocre. If you go into a private pipe store and frankly confess you know nothing of pipes but would like a good "second" at around \$2.50, the proprietor will be only too glad to help you get started. Ask for a good non-aromatic brand of tobacco, get a pouch to keep it in, and a three-way pipe tool with tamper, reamer, and clearing prong. These sell for 15¢ and the proprietor will show you its function. Mayhap with this equipment you can learn to smoke and appreciate the endless delight of fine quality tobaccos.

Later on pipe culture will lure you farther. You will come to choose between half-bents, half-bent bulldogs, apples, full-hools, wedgies, stovers, and other types. . . between Algerian briar, knotwood, meerchaum centers, goedewagen clay, or black briar. . . between rough and shave cut. . . between Turkish, Virginia, Egyptian, oriental, or Kentucky tobaccos, not to mention fuming agents previously named.

After about a year you'll light up your pipe with one match, it will stay lit, it won't drown you with juices, and you can read the paper with that grand feeling that only an experienced pipe smoker appreciates.

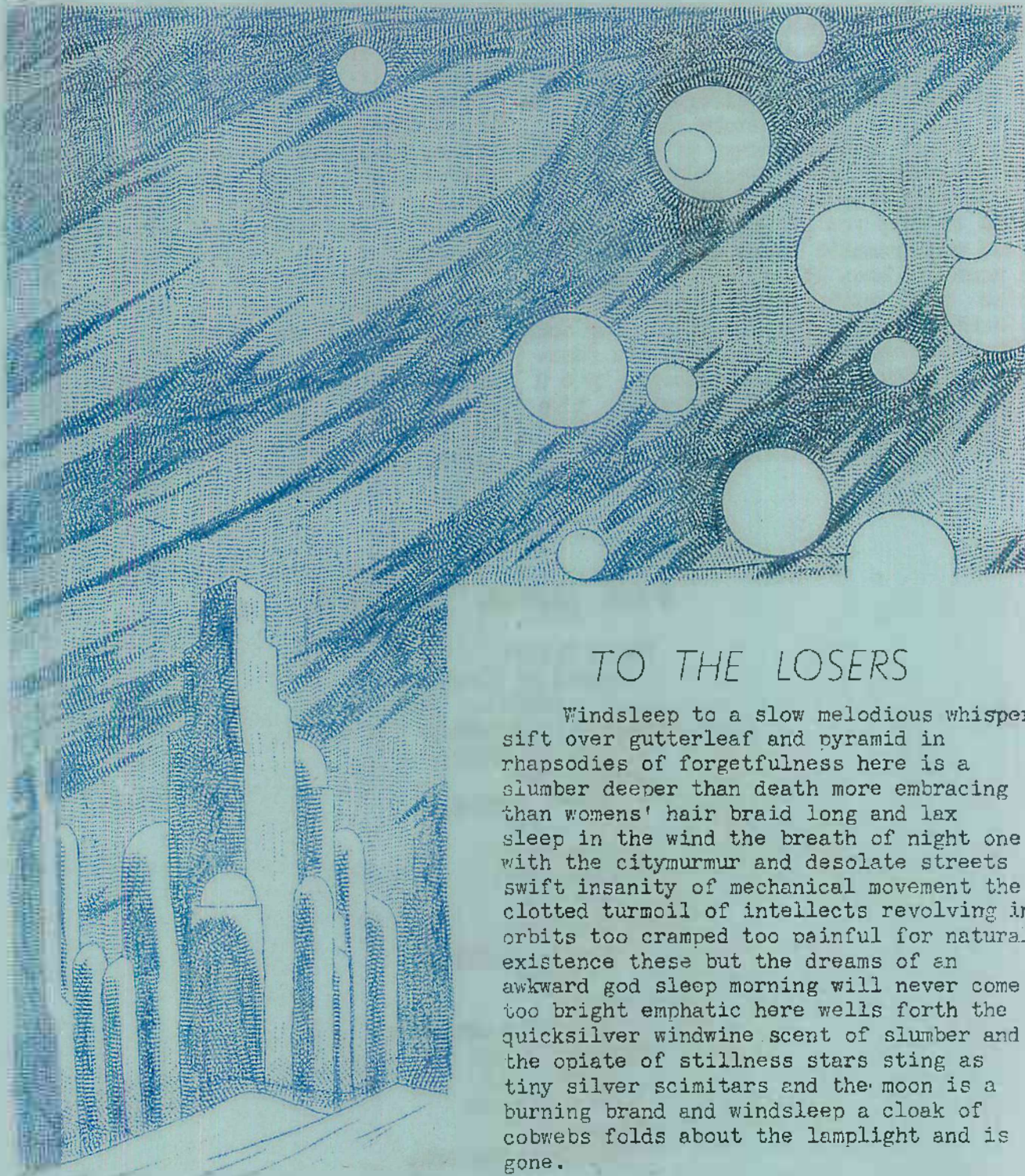
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## THE DARK ROOM

Where little  
gusts of blackness  
swirl  
past high-pitched,  
airy laughter,  
and turgid  
shapes supinely  
curl  
round veil of  
alabaster.

To view with  
vapid, be-filmed  
eyes  
a silent  
screaming creature  
whose writhings  
mirror mild  
surprise  
on every  
formless feature.

—George Ehey



## TO THE LOSERS

Windsleep to a slow melodious whisper  
sift over gutterleaf and pyramid in  
rhapsodies of forgetfulness here is a  
slumber deeper than death more embracing  
than womens' hair braid long and lax  
sleep in the wind the breath of night one  
with the citymurmur and desolate streets  
swift insanity of mechanical movement the  
clotted turmoil of intellects revolving in  
orbits too cramped too painful for natural  
existence these but the dreams of an  
awkward god sleep morning will never come  
too bright emphatic here wells forth the  
quicksilver windwine scent of slumber and  
the opiate of stillness stars sting as  
tiny silver scimitars and the moon is a  
burning brand and windsleep a cloak of  
cobwebs folds about the lamplight and is  
gone.

—Lea



# THE WORKS

## EDDIE CLINTON

Comparisons, it has been said entirely too often, are odious. Well -- we are not going to compare. This article is going to constitute a frank discussion of two science fiction and fantasy writers with very similiar styles -- L Sprague de Camp and L Ron Hubbard. By discussion it is meant to imply something of a critical analysis, perhaps; but above all, a barrage -- we are going to "Give 'em the works!" as L S de C himself put it in Divide and Rule.

One might wonder how on earth such a combination as de Camp and Hubbard developed. A variety of reasons, which will become apparent as this article progresses. Both, for instance, are products of the "new" science fiction. (The quote marks are used to preserv the peace; there are exceedingly juxtapositive viewpoints on that matter.) Hubbard is an expansionist -- one would hardly call him a convert -- from the adventure field. I do not know whether de Camp wrote fiction before his entrance into the stfield, but that is immaterial. Both entered science fiction with identically the same type of material, humor; and both, need less to say, achieved great popularity under the Campbell regime.

But this is still not a comparison; and here is where we begin to -- discuss.

Think back. The names Hubbard and de Camp suggest great productivity; one has an idea of literally dozens of stories by these two men. They have definitely left an impression, if because of nothing more than the mass of material they have authored.

Now check back. Over your files, if you have any -- or over the files of a fellow fan. For myself -- these numbers may be off slightly one way or another -- I count Hubbard 25 pieces, and de Camp 34 pieces, including articles and stories. These figures are for both Astounding and Unknown.

At first this seems inconceivable. Particularly in Hubbard's case does the number appear surprisingly small. In fact -- Hubbard has written only ten stories for Astounding. If you spend a moment letting this sink in, any reasonable wager says that you'll get up and check for yourself. Yet it is immutably and quite definitely true. Listed they are: The Dangerous Dimension, The Professor was a Thief, The Tramp, Final Blackout, One was Stubborn, (under the pseudonym of Rene La Fayette), The Invaders, Strain, The Slaver, Space Can, The Beast. Contrast with de Camp -- count in Astounding: 20, approximately five of them serials or serial articles (Yes, I think it's fair to include articles in this discussion; after all, half of de Camp's fame rests on his articles.) A list of twenty stories would be boring and occupy otherwise usable space, so a summary will suffice: The Isolinguals, the Johnny Black stories, Language for Time Travelers, The Merman, Living Fossil, The Blue Giraffe, There Ain't No Such, The Science of Whithering, The Stolen Dormouse, The Long-Tailed Huns, Get Out and Get Under, and in addition several minor efforts.

Lest this begin to sound like a bibliography of some sort, we'll not list the respective writings of (next page)

de Camp and Hubbard in Unknown -- their more important works contained therein will be brought into the discussion later.

Anyone who has read Hubbard's first, The Dangerous Dimension, undoubtedly recalls it. Fresh, entertaining, and complete, it remains one of the more amusing science fiction tales. Two years later Hubbard came back to this same style and type with The Professor Was a Thief, and showed that, as a sfiction writer, he had progressed immensely; which was quite natural, for Hubbard was no longer feeling his way forward in the fantasy field -- he was definitely established..

There is the same feeling, only on a much greater scale, when one considers and compares The Tramp and the overwhelming Final Blackout. Both essentially character studies, The Tramp is admirable while Final Blackout towers titanically over all fantasy. One sees in the Lieutenant much of what there was in Doughface Jack, surprisingly -- an outcast, fleeing from a world that has forsaken him, twisted by his environment, at the same time the product of that environment. The greatness that was denied The Tramp because of either hurried or careless handling Hubbard poured into Final Blackout -- the perfect instance of careful, precise handling, complete grasp of subject matter, thoughtfully developed character. Henry Mudge, too, in a n unforgettable character, but Hannibal Pertwee, the little professor who was -- A Thief, is an even finer characterization. His pathetic love of little things somehow brings us closer to life -- real life, I mean, not the pseudo-reality of Johnny Black and Professor Methuen.

Thinking back, then, we begin to sense that quality which makes Hubbard so unforgettable: no matter how trivial the story, how hurried the handling, a

Hubbard tale always means something, always leaves something in the reader besides a few raw thrills or deep belly laughs.

Not that belly laughs aren't wonderful things and that raw thrills don't round out a day of reading. But they don't remain.

There are those who say that if you have read one de Camp story you have read them all, and there are those who say he is the most refreshing and original writer in the whole field of fantasy and science fiction. Perhaps there is more than a little truth in each viewpoint; but after all, one cannot dismiss an author with de Camp's reputation with a simple statement like that. To the initiate, that would be unfair; to the old-timer, pointless.

De Camp's first science fiction story -- to my knowledge, at least -- was The Isolingauls. Here, in a nutshell, is de Camp. Original idea, lackadaisical development, slapstick situations, humor -- though he had not yet reached full capacity -- and a style evoking immense relaxation in the reader. But when the reader has finished, something is -- missing: good, natural denouement.

Next came the first of the Johnny Black series, The Command. This one went over with a bang, so to speak, and this popularity led to the development of the series.

No doubt about it, the Johnny Black stories were funny. Here was de Camp at his best; here, one felt, was an author in his glory, gaily slapping daubs of literary paint here and there with all the carefree recklessness of a slapstick comedian. Of them all, The Emancipated was probably the best.

But there is more to de Camp than this carefree idiocy. In L Sprague one senses a keen mind, beyond all doubt: For the first time this was (next page)



truly brought to the fore in his celebrated and undeniably important article Language for Time Travelers. Here was the first in the new, Campbell trend of articles. De Camp never quite touched this one again.

And there is the de Camp of the humorous, or almost ridiculous problem-yarn. First of these was The Merman, & this was followed by many others -- The Blue Giraffe, Living Fossil, most of the Unknown tales. At times these problems can become so vexing and intricate, and very often so wordily handled that they stray close to boredom -- but de Camp can never quite be serious, he always has a chuckle to throw in, and I suppose that's what saves him.

All of which, without further hedging, leads to what is undoubtedly de Camp's greatest flop -- The Stolen Dormouse. Right here and now an accusation that has been burning for 10, these many months is going to be made:

Haste indubitably and without single exception makes waste.

Viz friend de Camp's letter in July 1941 Astounding:

"I finally broke down. . . under the strain of working on a short story, an article, and three novels all at the same time. . ."

Tsk, tsk. Dormouse had the earmarks of being at the very least the finest thing de Camp ever wrote and possibly one of the greatest "wacky" stories ever published. But rush, haste, hurry, carelessness -- call it what you will -- completely crushed any pretenses it may have had. It was developed from a brilliant idea and bristled with delightful new concepts, but it failed utterly and completely to be really funny or to truly impress.

This same thing is true with much of his work for Unknown -- Lest Darkness Fall was good but hardly merited the terrific praise it received. The Roar-

ing Trumpet was funny in spots, but was altogether too vulgar -- de Camp's humor is at times repugnantly crude -- and interminably dragged out. Mathematics of Magic was the best of the Harold O'Shea tales. To mention a few other de Camp pieces that appeared in Unk: The Undesired Princess favorably impressed, Solomon's Stone was confused and muddled. Unfamiliarity makes fair judgment of None But Lucifer impossible.

In short then, de Camp is witty, de Camp is engrossing and interesting, he can on occasion approach brilliance... His stories have a tendency to fizz out in denouement, there is often an impression of L S de C counting pennies as he types -- de Camp is good, but he is not the great writer Hubbard is.

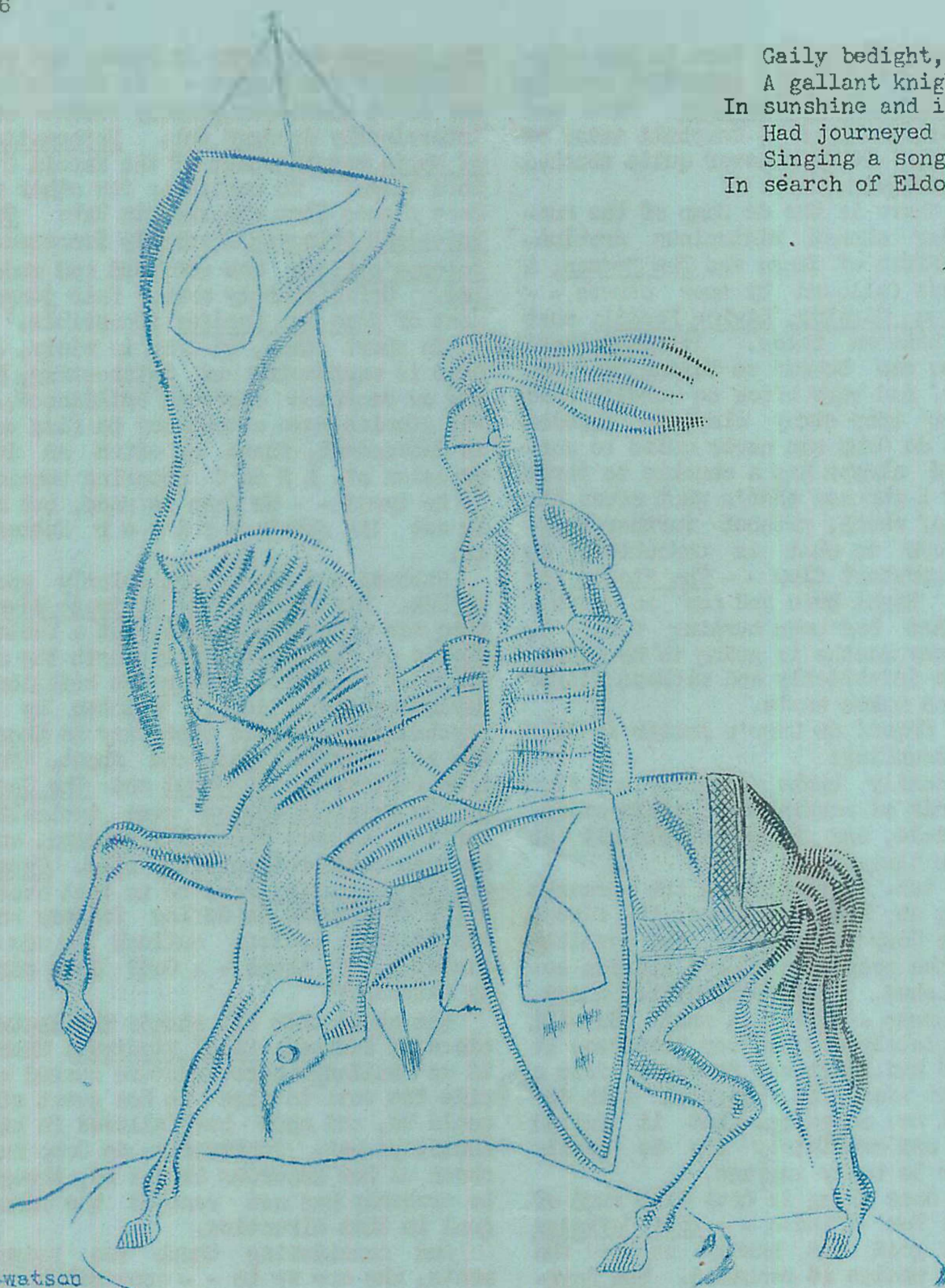
Hubbard has been particularly good in Unk. His opener, The Ultimate Adventure was of course nothing but a feeler. Slaves of Sleep was easily worth the acclaim it received. Fear was brilliant psychology, brilliantly written by a psychologist; albeit there may be those who will round a desk and shout, "Not true fantasy!" The Ghoul and The Case of the Friendly Corpse were typically fantasy and more typically Hubbard, and as such could not possibly miss. Typewriter in the Sky gave to us that quotation that seems to define fantasy and its macabre, cynical outlook so completely: "Up there -- God? In a dirty bathrobe?"

But above them all stands the master piece of fantasy, Final Blackout. There is no challenge here. Hubbard pushed aside the veil to show us how great stf could be, and none has followed in his footsteps yet. Conversely, de Camp has shown us how humorous it can be, though he probably has not reached the final goal in that direction.

And considering these two judgments, who are we to -- compare? -

Gaily bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

ELDORADO  
E A Poe



-watson



# TWO BOOKS...

GEORGE EBEL

I picked the first book up in Honolulu. The name is TWO BOTTLES OF RELISH and it's edited by Whit Burnett of Story and published by Dial Press of New York. Price: three dollars, so don't get excited. TBR, I think, has been reviewed before in the stfield but there was something wrong with the review I read since it was complimentary. Something to the effect that TWO BOTTLES OF RELISH is literate fantasy.

The litteri, then, are pretty naive, since most of TWO BOTTLES is made up of people who thought they were railroad trains and soon got over it, or the time it stayed dark in New Jersey until -- until when? you ask. I, too, would like to know the answer, because the story ended about there. The author's imagination apparently suffered a relapse.

At the end of each story is a biographical note on the author and an explanation on how he came to write the story. This is a mistake. For instance, at the end of A Carp's Love by Anton Chekov, no less, you find that this two page whimsy was brought on by Anton's disgust with Russian romanticists. Unfortunately, it is hard to feel the same disgust unless you are fairly familiar with Russian literature of the nineteenth century. It all seems rather pointless.

After finishing this series of footnotes, it is easy to come to the conclusion that most of Mr Burnett's stories were written by authors temporarily under the influence. If there had been a few more fingers in the bottle they

might have stayed under long enough to write good, stimulating fantasy. Unfortunately they must have sobered up half way through.

In my studiedly unhumble opinion, the best stories in TWO BOTTLES OF RELISH were not fantasy. The Night Before, besides being a beautifully descriptive piece, ("A spray of jazz came from the radio," "...the kaleidoscope had halted on a single rich pattern of sweat, dust, mildew and garbage." "...pure heat dancing from sky, wall, and pavement. . .") has a distinct resemblance to Fear. In the former yarn, the hero imagines he has killed someone known only as "The Captain". It isn't imagination.

The title story -- Two Bottles etc -- is a gruesome little thing that is also concerning a case that baffled Scotland Yard. (The Yard is used to being baffled by now.) "What," the question goes, "did two bottles of Num-Numo have to do with the disposal of the murdered girl's body?" Lord Dunsany is the author.

The Night of the Grab Baile Mascara is another bit of grotesquerie that contains little fantasy and much horror. You realize, at the end, that the author is quite insane.

The one true fantasy in the whole book that is worth re-reading is Mr Sycamore. Mr Sycamore has been published in O'Brien's Best Short Stories of 1938, translated into French, broadcast over the radio, and made into a play which was presented on Broadway where it didn't do so well. The (next page)

hero of Mr Sycamore wanted to turn himself into a tree. He did.

There are a number of other yarns but they don't get very far. The point I would like to bring out is that the majority of stories in TWO BOTTLES OF RELISH are not representative of modern American fantasy. They aren't even off-trail enough to be different.

At any rate the book helped me to while away an afternoon on a park bench while hordes of drunken sailors weaved by. There were also drunken soldiers and marines. I saw one Kanakan, but he was sober.

The second book was called MYSTEROUS STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL or some such hackneyed thing. I can't verify that title because I left the book on my bunk -- I was sleeping out on deck -- and some jolly tar happened along. . . I would have liked to finish the book.

SUPERNATURAL STORIES was a collection of some English fantasy that wasn't even up to date enough to copy off the American brand. (See Fantasy, Tales of Wonder.) Most of the stories went like this: "That mouse is Isaac!" cried Squire Brown, "he's leering at me, damn him!" (Pause while our blood curdles.) The Squire uttered a horrible cry and went up to his room and hanged himself.

It seemed that the Squire had killed brother Isaac and Isaac became a mouse to haunt him. Variation 1183, plot 2B.

This is the traditional and outworn kind of ghost story concerned with the phenomena of the supernatural. Whether

any English author has succeeded in deviating from this type of story is something I wouldn't know, not being familiar with the works of Hodgson, Onions, Machen, etc. (From Hodgson's latest in FFM, The Ghost Pirates, which is a narrative of spectral manifestations period, I would be inclined to believe that he should be kept on the list.

Eventually, however, I was struck by the difference between the English form of fantasy -- "Was there really a ghost in the ole gray tower or is it Uncle Louie on another toot?" -- and the American variety that has just recently come to the fore. Charlie Fort's "I think we're property!" is the key. For American fantasists have become a damn sight more interested in the reason for the existence of fireballs, colored lights, and extra-dimensional sights, than the fact that such phenomena exist.

Mayhap, in years to come, enough of such stories will be written and assembled into a collection of American fantasy that will be fantasy. Mayhap too, it will be worth a complimentary review in a more exalted publication. I certainly hope so.

In the meantime that's as much as I feel like writing as there's an interesting bit of cheesecake across California Street and if I stop this review here I can just about beat Watson down the four flights of stairs that lead outside.

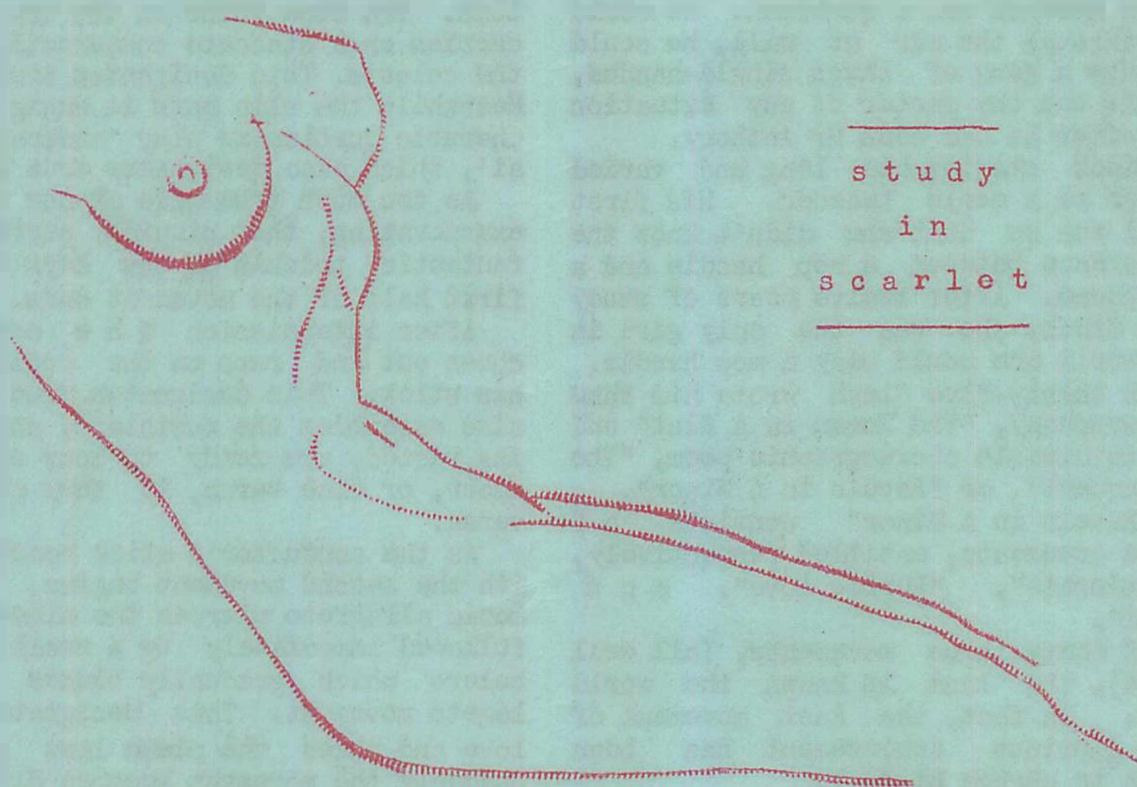
Will somebody blow a bugle?

#### NAUGHTY NAUGHTY!

You're a BAD little ghost, with your practical jokes --  
It's really not nice, when you're calling on folks,  
To scare them into a state of spasm  
By rudely displaying your ECTOPLASM!

—Sara Borchhow





study  
in  
scarlet

Manik - 14.11

the redoubtable

mr ginch mcfinch

WALT LIEBSCHER

---

It was written all over his puss. Ginch McFinch was a superman. He could fly through the air at will, he could capture a gang of thugs single-handed, and he was the master of any situation - - after he had seen Mr Anthony.

Ginch started his long and varied career as a music teacher. His first pupil was so dumb she didn't know the difference between a mop handle and a xylophone. After twelve years of study with Ginch, she was the only girl in the world who could play a mop handle.

At thirty-five Ginch wrote his famous symphony, "The Woman in A Flat" and his inimitable choreographic poem, "The Delinquent", or "Revels in A Minor".

"Revels in A Minor" consists of three movements, entitled respectively, "Passionata", "Purple Love", and "Veni".

Of these three movements, (all well liked), the last is known the world over. In fact, the last movement of this glorious achievement has been known to change history.

The movement opens with a rapid crescendo of the french horn. This designates true love. Immediately after an embellished glissando floats in and lubricates your very soul with the oil of its music. Then a spasmodic fugue is heard and the piece gets under way with joyful restraint. Gradually the tempo increases and soon a profusion of pear shaped tones are heard, emitting from the base drum, accompanied

by a constant rolling movement of to-m-toms. The oboe joins in the fracas and carries on a staccato conversation with the celeste. This designates true love. Meanwhile the slip horn is engaged in a cherubic fortissimo play "moderato assai", which also designates true love.

As too much true love at one time is exasperating, the pianist performs a fantastic trickle on the keys and the first half of the movement ends.

After intermission the conductor comes out and raps on the podium with his stick. This designates true love & also assembles the musicians, who, having rested, are ready to pour out more amour, or vice versa, if they can find versa.

As the conductor's stick reaches zenith the second movement begins. A spasmodic allegretto pierces the silent hall followed immediately by a recalcitrant bolero which gradually blends into a legeto movement. This designates true love and makes the piece last longer. Suddenly the movement becomes diabolical and the players are forced to manipulate their instruments to the utmost. Gradually the speed of the movement increases and frenzied snorts blend into a cacaphony of pulse-stirring sounds. With a sudden burst of true love the piece ends. The musicians put their instruments away and the lovers of music wend their way homeward, exhausted, but happy, with the thoughts of true love uppermost in their minds. /



## ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

We'll make these introductions short, sweet, and otherwise inconspicuous. What's more, if they were longer we'd be running out of paper, so - -

Frank Holby is, quite naturally, a Bay Area fan. He writes, tells jokes, and can drink any of us under the table, so he's an all-around likable fellow. As proof of his existence - - some ask - - he's had letters in Astounding and Startling. You contact him at that same address, in case you need an article...

Our own private little gold mine is Eddie Clinton, though we lent him once, merely momentarily, however, to Mike Born for a review in his zine. Eddie attends college, and consequently does not have much time for fanning. What time he does have, though, he puts to good use such as writing The Works.

Everybody knows T F Yerke. The adjective usually connected with his name is caustic, tho that goddam sonuva----- has occasionally been substituted. Ne Fumer Pas is definitely off trail stuff for Bruce, cause in it he doesn't hand anyone a bawling out. We still like it

Geo Ebey is poet, satirist, Merchant Mariner, and, of course, fan. He first won recognition with his verse in DAWN, published last spring. He then helped in editing SAPPHO, which flopped after its third issue. He is now sailing over the bounding main, to Australia.

Ray Karden bats out a zine called CLUSTER, one of our favorites. He's new to the fan field, and is generally rather clever and witty. We hope to have an

article from Karden for our fourth ish.

Lea is a pen name for any and all of the Bay Area fans who wish to use that particular handle for something that doesn't blend with their usual atyle. 'Twas created by Bill Watson, and first used in the all-poetry magazine, SAPPHO

About Sara Borschow we know practically nothing, other than she lives in San Antonio, Texas, and is in some sort of contact with the LASFS gang. As a matter of fact, Naughty Naughty! came to us by way of Mel Brown, a member of that society. For that, we thank him.

Maliano was, or rather, is, a friend of Bill Watson. The latter one day tacked his name onto an illustration for Fran Laney and Acolyte, and has been doing so ever since. The pseudonym has also been used for a couple of articles etc.

Walt Liebscher is one of these likable fellows from Slan Shack, back in Battle Creek. He actually sent us McFinch without being solicited, and for that we again say thanks. 'Twas truly an amazing occurence. Walt is now engaged in publishing CHANTICLEER. Good luck!

Bill Watson, illustrator this ish, is also your honorable editor. Well, at least your editor. He likes to scribble on the back of butcher paper, as is readily apparent in this issue. Can whistle "Never took a lesson in my life!" with astounding dexterity, and everyone believes him. His nature is like Yerke's, with, to quote his friend Kepner, "a touch of sadism to boot". He laughs like hell at auto-accidents

# ONE LAST WORD—

RATINGS ON THIS PARTICULAR ISSUE  
WOULD BE APPRECIATED. WHEN DOING  
SO, PLEASE USE THE TURNER ONE TO  
TEN SYSTEM. ALSO, AND OF NECESS-  
ITY, WITH THE NEXT ISSUE WE TURN  
BI-MONTHLY.

ONE MATTER TO BE RECTIFIED: I T  
HVS COME TO OUR ATTENTION THAT IN  
THE COLUMN, About Our Contribut-  
ors, THE IMPRESSION WAS GIVEN THAT  
BILL WATSON WROTE THE POEM, To  
The Losers. LET IT BE KNOWN HERE  
THAT HE DID NOT.

AND THAT'S ALL—EXCEPT FOR A  
FORECAST OF WHAT IS COMING IN THE  
FOURTH ISSUE:

GRAPH WILDEYER'S Mr. Oggle-  
pop's 50,000 Monkeys

BILL WATSON'S Something About  
Burton

PAUL REYNOLDS' An Epilogue :  
Charles Fort

AND MORE? TOGETHER WITH THE USUAL  
NUMBER OF PICTORIAL FEATURES AND  
VERSE—AND A READER'S COLUMN.

- - THE STAFF



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