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There will be mailing comments on E*O*D mailing no. 4 as well as general thoughts and random comments of some relation to the field of macabre fantasy.

First, let us congratulate Roger Bryant (P.O. Box 8198, Akron O 44320) upon his reelection as Official Editor of the apa! Roger has done an exceptional job in launching us and certainly deserves this extra term to continue improvements. But...Cry of the Cricket?

With 25 contributing members and 10 on the waiting list, the shape of this fledgling new apa seems quite healthy. And 188 pages of interesting materials in the last mailing shows that the members are quite productive. Just think, now that we've converted to quarterly mailings there may be even longer, more substantial contributions forthcoming.

Before buckling down to the apa business, let's take a look at the most recent materials received from other sources.

WT 50 Tribute

Acolyte Robert Weinberg (10553 South Kenneth, Oak Lawn IL 60453) has produced a magnificent tribute to WEIRD TALES, available for \$5. Most readers will doubtless already have acquired this item but here are our quick views on the material. 140 pages in larger-than-digest size, perfect binding and covers by John Mayer and Lee Brown Coye. It is an extremely attractive looking book, nicely laid out. Material is type-written, illustrations, profuse. An interesting feature is two pages of signatures of weird tale writers. // The publisher of WT wrote a friend of Bob's a couple of insight-filled letters and these are used to launch the tribute, after an introduction and editorial. // E. Hoffman Price does an appreciation of Farnie Wright and a reprint feature, Weird Tales in the Thirties by Reg Smith, illustrated by reproductions of the covers, truly deserved this wider circulation. // Robert Bloch pens a few words on WT and Bob highlights three lost novels from the late thirties issues. F.B. Long gives us his views of the magazine and is followed by H. Warner Munn. There is material from Wallace West and Joseph Payne Brennan. // Thirty pages or so are lavishly illustrated by 61 cover repros and an analysis by Bob of the various WT artists. I personally found this fascinating since I've seen so few of the issues. // Lee Brown Coye presents his memories of WT and Bob counters with a short appreciation of LBC. // Manly Wade Wellman makes a quick comment followed by TGL Cockcroft's corrections and additions to his Index to the Weird Fiction Magazines. // Edmond Hamilton and Hoffman Price present further reflections and then Darrell Schweitzer says a few words about Dot McIlwraith. Then to the fiction - Bob obtained Howard's Devils of Dark Lake (which is the first sexviolence piece by this author I recall reading) and his trivial Serpent Vines. Carl Jacobi is represented by a thoughtful little ghost story, Joseph Payne Brennan contributed The Fete in the Forest and Warner Munn has an oriental tale, The Green Porcelain Dog (it's a shame I don't read oriental tales but I don't). A worthy addition to any fan's bookshelf, to be sure.

More reviews:

I had not dealt with Ken Krueger before but many of you probably have. I sampled the wares of Fantasy House (6045 Vineland Avenue, North Hollywood Calif 91606) and was quite pleased.

Fantasy Classics 3 ("The Obsidian Ape") (\$2.25) is a glossy 48 page booklet reprinting with new illustrations by Gerry Mooney and David Weiss a 1938 pulp novel by Robert Neal Leath. The final two pages are devoted to a 19th satirical short story by Lord Dunsany and a 1711 account of the cannibal, Sawney Beane. The story is a jungle adventure from the "bloody pulps" and I haven't read it yet.

Fantasy Classics 4 ("Ancient Sorceries") (\$2.25) features an excellent Gargoyle cover by John Pound, the Blackwood story (with illustrations) and a science fiction reprint, The Vanguard of Venus by Landall Bartlett. There is also a short macabre piece, A Hand from The Deep by Romeo Poole, and two pages of Lucian (2nd century Greek).

Other offerings as yet unsampled are: #1- The Terror by Arthur Machen; #2 - Werewolf by Clemence Houseman; #5 - The Jewel of Seven Stars by Bram Stoker. There are also paperbacks (#2 is \$1.75 by mail for The Horror Chambers by R.W. Chambers). This seems a venture worthy of support.

WEIRDBOOK 7 has emerged at last. 75c from Paul Ganley, Box 35, Amherst Branch, Buffalo NY 14226 or subs of 5 for \$3. This is the all fiction magazine of the weird. I was most impressed by Walter Roberts' story, Medusa; this was followed by George Wetzel's ghost story, Night on Fort Carroll. The economical Walter C. DeBill, Jr. is represented by the short but good Nygr-Khorath in the Cthulhu Mythos. There are three other shorts. Covers by Jim Garrison. Altogether a fine job again from Paul.

Victor Boruta is winding up Tamlacht and #18 is the penultimate issue. 25c from 11 W. Linden Avenue, Linden NJ 07036. Cover by Herb Arnold. Study of Lovecraft and Crowley parallels was interesting/ John Jacob does a piece on kung fu and such which doesn't interest me. There is good art, stuff on witchcraft [Old Religion, Magician-whathaveyou]], a few letters. Worth the small price and more.

World comes from a couple of sources that George Record has departed St. Paul for places west but that some progress had been made on the Dark Brotherhood materials many of us have been expecting.

Hopefully early 1974 will see publication of Etchings & Oddyseys 2 from Carlson/Koblas. I eagerly await this.

At a convention in Atlanta I spoke with Jerry Page who was departing for Minneapolis right after the con to see his agent, Kirby Macauley, and we discovered our mutual admiration for Dick Tierney. Dick wrote us on the 13th that Colin Wilson has finished a new book called Strange Powers "sort of an appendix to The Occult" with "case histories of people who possessed 'wild talents'".

Eldon Everett, 1106 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pike St., Seattle Washington 98101 has provided us with a batch of related tales. The Black Book and Devil's Hill will appear in HPL Supplement No. 3 - here are some more less Cthulhu-oid.

Death's Head
by Eldon K. Everett

The afternoon sky had darkened to a leaden grey, and a howling wind tore through the crags. Storm clouds galloped over the mountains and there was a smell of thunder riding the gale.

The banging of the shutters slamming to, and doors being barred, was lost in the tempest, as was all but a trace of the keening wail of the panic-stricken women.

The village was small but the shepherds had brought breathless warnings as the sky began to glower. The old men crossed themselves and muttered unfamiliar prayers.

He was coming!

Only the oldest of the greybeards remembered when he had last come up out of the south - but there were stories; and some said he rode the wild night winds on the wings of a bat. Even the skeptical knew him as a blood-drenched demon who left a trail of murder wherever he passed.

Now, carried by the gale, the voices of the night began to sound! Down from the parapets of stone the wolf-cries attacked all that laid claim to the order of hot red blood.

He strode through the log-built hamlet unseen, for even the young dared not watch. He strode the highway as if he owned it, howling winds tearing with icy fingers at his ragged cloak. It whipped away the few greasy strands of hair that curled around his ears from under the black skull-cap he wore.

His clothes were torn and patched and the leather boots that laced to his knees were cracked with curling green deposits of mold, like something long dead yet unburied. Slapping his hip in the gale was a long scabbard, half as tall as he. The pommel was crusted with dark stain, and the sheath bore traces of verdigris.

A fearsome figure - yet it was not his garb nor his broadsword that struck terror into those who heard his name. It was his face - white and bony and so scarred it would have been mistaken for a mask, were it not for the spasmodic twitching at the corner of his mouth that showed it still had at least the semblance of living flesh.

But the eyes - God! the eyes! Sunken far back into the ghostly face, ringed with wide bands of purple merging into black, they were ebon pools without bottom. Looking into those ghastly sockets was like peering into the throat-catching depths that lay between the stars in the night sky.

No pupils, no irises. Empty. It was said that when angered, far back in those depths came a flicker of reddish-orange like the very fires of Hell! It was also said that few who had seen those pin-points of flame had lived to tell their story.

It had begun to snow, and suddenly there was a snarl. Fangs reaching, the grey gaunt wolf sprang at him. Instantly the blooded blade sprang from its scabbard, driving back the attacker. As the beast fell back to spring again, the mighty blade lugged into its belly, its entrails curling steam into the cold mountain air.

(turn)

As he climbed the trail from the village, the lowering sky rang with wolf howls, whipped by the wind like Harpies hungering for human souls. His lean body strained forward against the wind, on and on. He strode tirelessly.

Powdered snow clung to the cracks in the steel-grey rocks. Here and there a wind-torn pine whispered its secrets to the roaring gale. And now, on battlements raised up a thousand feet above deep canyons, he could catch an occasional smokey shape that howled a cry of blood thirst to the elements.

Soon the blackness would sweep over the mountains and it would be time for the hunt. His mouth twitched as his hand rested on his broadsword. Those who hunted him tonight would hunt no more!

Then he came upon the cave, its opening rimed with hoar-frost. It was not hidden - the doorway was littered with human refuse. His bloodless nose caught the rancid smell of burning lampwick.

No sound from within could override the howling winds that seemed to claw at him with renewed fury. Cautiously, he picked up a stone and hurled it into the cave.

A startled face darted into view. Her face was long and rather sharp. She was young, but the hair that cascaded down her shoulders was an odd mixture of grey and white. She was clad in a one-piece garment that tightly gripped her lean body and ended just below her knees. Her feet were bare.

She stared at him for a moment, then her lily-bud lips drew back, showing white even teeth and a darting little pink tongue. Her smile was somehow disturbing as she beckoned to him to enter.

His hand slid to his scabbard as he stepped inside. The cave was not overly large but his dark eyes roamed the shadowy corners, seeing nothing but the girl and a smoky clay lamp, filled with sheep's tallow and a cloth wick.

His lip twitched as he noted that though the tempest screamed without, there was an uncanny deadening to sound within. Still touching his sword, he noiselessly sat down on the floor, his back against the wall, where he could see the cave opening.

She sat by the lamp, her knees drawn up in front of her, exposing legs of alabaster. His pulse quickened, but it only served to make him more on-guard. Nothing human could smile at him, he knew.

"Peace, traveller," she said. Her voice had a husky low sound. "Soon my lord will return, and we can offer you food and refreshment."

He did not answer. He might have been asleep. Nor did she speak again. Between his lashes he could see that it was fast a-darkening outside.

The flickering lamplight and the odd silence made the scene somehow unreal. She peered into the fire, and through the tight cloth of her garment he could see her small breasts, the nipples hanging low like the dugs of a nursing bitch.

A great weariness began to steal over him. For a moment his head nodded and as he jerked his head up, a screaming howl smote his ears! Suddenly he felt tearing fangs at his throat and a foetid smell from a hot gaping mouth.

With a superhuman effort he threw off his attacker. The great white wolf sprang at him again, snarling.

Almost faster than the eye could see, a steely flash of silver sprang from his scabbard and in a massive, two-handed down-stroke he split open the beast's belly clean to the spine. He was cascaded by the pumping scarlet blood as the wolf howled in agony! (continued)

Death's Head (concluded)

Then it was done! The wolf lay dead and glassy-eyed on the floor. The white fur had once again become a linen gown and the little pink tongue, now stained crimson, between ugly drawn-back thin lips, still seemed to contain some hidden jest.

Wiping off some of the gore, he sheathed the great blade, and stared down at the lifeless thing beside the sputtering lamp. "When your lord returns, wolf-woman, he can feast upon you!" Growling, he spat upon the floor and walked back out into the night winds.

Unseen below him, the villagers ringed the corpse of a strange young man, his belly split by a sword-stroke.

Above, the whirlwinds of snow whipped at the man with the fearful visage, and a chorus of night-children followed him up the trail to the snow-line.

THE PALACE OF LIONS

by Eldon K. Everett

The lions coughed in the barrancas, not far from the man known as Death's Head. His scent in the soft Andalusian night confused them, reeking as it did of the charnel-house. His hand caressed the pommel of his long sword. The stars looked down in icy majesty as he climbed the trail,

Rounding a turn, he saw on the parapets above the orange glow from the windows of the castle of Don Carlos de Villaregis. There was not a breath of wind to touch the batlike black cape that enshrouded him.

Grasping the massive bronze knocker on the door of the outer wall he tattooed, heard miles away in the soft night. A peephole opened and a soldier looked out, gasping and recoiling in horror as he saw the scarred visage without.

Then he heard the wheezing of a winch inside and slowly the door opened. "Greetings, my lord" said the soldier, pointedly looking away from the man's face. "Don Carlos awaits you, for surely you are the one he described."

A twisted smile flickered and went out on the man's face. He strode into the courtyard squired by the soldier and entered the raised portcullis of the castle. The butler, turning his face away, struck a bronze gong. He made an effort to take the man's cloak, but was waved away, thankfully recoiling into the darkness from the cloying grave-smell of the warrior.

A door opened leading into a salon, flooding the night with the soft sounds of guitars. A man stepped into the passage, an old man, yet still tall and erect. A pointed Van Dyke and pointed ears gave him a momentary resemblance to the Dark Lord himself.

"Ah, you have come." said he without offering his hand. "I am Don Carlos de Villaregis. Please enter and refresh yourself."

Torches lined the walls of the salon, where perhaps 25 grandees and jewel-bedecked women listened to the musicians. Silence fell as he entered. Most pointedly looked away from the sinister swordsman except for two of the braver women who frankly looked at him in horror.

Don Carlos clapped his hands. "Wine for my guest!" he ordered. A wine steward, head bowed, trotted forward on ancient legs with a goatskin and a bejewelled golden goblet. Disdaining the goblet, the deadman took the goatskin and held it aloft, drinking the warming fluid until the container was empty.

(continued)

A woman tittered and whispered: "Such gaucherie!" to another. When the ebon sockets of the swordman's eyes turned to her, she went white and turned to converse with one of the men.

Again and again came the coughing roar of the lions. "An old man's pasttime," commented the Don. "In the cellars I have caged nearly 50 of them. My men capture them in pitfalls and bring them to my zoo. Any...sacrifices...the God disdains go to the lions, and sometimes we starve them, then let them free, for the fun of their hunting."

"I must see the stone," said the deadman. "Have we time?"

"Time afterward, good sir," said the Don. "It is nearly midnight and time for the ceremony. You will attend with us?"

The swordsman nodded.

"Come then, my fellowdevotees," said the grandee, speaking to the group. "To the temple!"

Courtiers appeared with torches and the group, headed by the Don and his guest, wound their way tortuously through tunnels down into the bowels of the castle. The stink of the caged lions gagged some of the worshippers, who coughed into silken handkerchiefs. The dead man looked neither right nor left as they passed through the great vaulting chamber where the lions paced their cages back and forth, snarling in impotent rage.

The party stopped before a stout oaken door. Here the manservants relieved the ladies of their mantillas and fans and gave them the golden headdresses, shaped like encircling cobras. The man also donned the headdress, while Don Carlos put on a flowing purple robe and an especially ornate serpent's head tiara.

The door groaned as a winch inside pulled it open, revealing the Holy of Holies. A huge chamber, with a sacrificial altar poised beneath a great serpent's head of stone. And bound to the altar was a young girl, crying in fear.

"Brought all the way from Portugal," whispered the Don to his guest. "None from near here, and the local peons never suspect!"

Standing erect by the door, the scar-faced man watched as censers of incense were lit and the devotees knelt. His eyes were locked on a five-pointed stone star from R'lyeh that hung below the neck of the stone serpent.

They chanted: "O Yig, Father of Serpents, take from us in your name this sacrifice, that by this blood yourself be renewed to grant unto us the power of thy venom, the sharpness of thy fangs, the renewal of our skins that we may live forever in thy name!"

Suddenly a suppressed gasp came from the worshippers. The head of a gigantic serpent appeared within the open mouth of the idol and slowly moved down the face, its tongue licking in and out as it looked at the high priest with his upraised knife and the bowing supplicants.

Don Carlos drove hom the sacrificial dagger, ripping open the girl's chest and bathing in the spray of pumping blood as he ripped out the still-beating heart and placed it on the breasts of the dead maiden. The serpent's maw opened and it slid down to swallow the gory sacrifice.

As all eyes watched in horrible fascination, silently the swordsman edged toward the altar. Then, instantly, he sprung before the lowering fangs of the serpent and grabbed the stone star he sought.

"Sacrilege," screamed Don Carlos. "Stop him!"

But it was too late. Yig, the Father of Serpents, was forgotten

in the charge for the door. The deadman's sword cleft the rope on the winch and he slammed the door shut. Racing through the tunnels in the dark, the sound and stench of the lions led him to the zoo. Behind him he could hear the shouts of the party slowing pulling the great door open in pursuit. With a horrifying smile, one by one he threw open the doors of the lion cages. A couple of huge cats charged at him but catching his scent, they backed away snarling and followed their fellows toward the smell of fresh blood that wafted toward them from the temple.

Leaving the sounds of screams and roaring, he unerringly made his way through the dark dungeons and back into the salon. The unknowing soldier bade him a good night as he strode out through the door in the outer wall and into the Andalusian night.

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THE DEAD CITY

by Eldon K. Everett

Abdul, the dragoman, was mercenary. So much so that the purse of gold carried by the deadman had overcome the ancestral fear of many generations and he now led the way toward the Nameless City in the midst of the Saharan sands.

It had equally overcome the fear of that strange person who had appeared among the tombs near Alexandria seeking a guide. In'shallah! The eyes of death! The smell of death! Green verdigris on the pommel of his sword, the grave-smell of mold that crept through the cracks in his hip-boots. The man was obviously a demon, an afreet, searching for his fellow-djinn in the accursed city!

Abdul's plan had originally been to take the man into the desert and murder him for his gold, but now he was certain that the man was already dead, and there was no hope of slaying him. He would now have to take him to the accursed temples and pray that the Prophet would protect him from what there was to be found there.

The Arab rode, his dromedary lurching back and forth in long ungainly strides. The other did not ride, nor did he tire. He rarely drank from the bladders on the dray camel, which left all the more water for the dragoman.

They had met a caracan two days before and there had nearly been a massacre, for the deadman spurned the offers of hospitality of the sheikh. Only the presence of death exuded by the stranger had saved them, that and the screaming speed of the blade that swept from its scabbard and outreached the stoutest of scimitars.

It was scorching midday and high above vultures wheeled in hopes of a grisly meal should the wayfarers fall prey to the desert, and at first what the dragoman saw seemed to be a mirage. Then, as they closed upon the vision, the dragoman began to mutter strange prayers.

The swordsman also saw the vision and stopped. Only a few broken pillars appeared above the shifting sands of centuries. Yet there was a strangeness of the dunes that topped the ruins. There seemed to be great stones set at odd angles - strange angles, not those of the great temple Abdul knew near Karmak.

He nervously licked his lips. "Effendi, let us not go forward. There is a great fear in me. Let us go back. I will even refund the gold you have paid me."

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"We go on," said the stranger, tonelessly.

The vultures still circled above them and the sun was of a strange brazen hue that washed out the shadows of the pillars. As they entered the ruins, it was now possible to see here vast cyclopean buildings had once stood. There were huge odd-shaped portals leading off from the line of pillars, enclosing Allah-alone-knew what terrible secrets.

It was now midday. Darkness held such horrors that Abdul began to quake at the thought of spending the night in that accursed place. "Master," he cried again, "Let us leave these ruins - at least by nightfall."

The deadman spoke no word. Instead he tethered the dray camel to one of the embrochures on the columns. As Abdul dismounted, he took dry branches of greasewood from the saddle-bags and prepared a torch. "Do you likewise," he ordered the Arab.

Together, with torches lit, they made their way down a monstrous ramp that led down into the Stygian darkness. Abdul rolled his eyes among the shadows, expecting momentarily that some monstrous afreet was about to spring on them.

The deadman seemed to know each turn and bend in the tunnels. Even with torches, the roof was invisible. Here and there were monstrous lumps, idols of a time long dead, worn now into figures that seemed to be part-toad, part men.

Finally they came to a wide area that was knee-deep in the dust of ages, with some broken utensils and torch-ends that showed that at least once had humankind entered this vast catacomb.

Abdul's knees collapsed. Ahead of them, on a stand, was a great sacrophagus. He knew many stories of the vengeance of the gods upon those who robbed the tombs of the great kings..."please, effendi, please," he quaked.

With superhuman strength the swordsman lifted off the gold-encrusted lid of the sarcophagus and threw it off into the darkness that surrounded them. The Arab dared not even look upon this sacrilege.

After a few minutes, the stranger called to him: "Come! I have found what I sought. We will return to the surface."

As he strode back up the tunnels, the Arab almost ran to keep up with him, muttering ancient prayers and fearing attack from all sides. Finally, a blood-red sky appeared over them. The sun was going down.

"Let us flee this place, effendi," Abdul begged. "The demons of the night will find us here and encapture our spirits forever!"

The swordsman gave no answer. He was poring over an ancient scroll, and inside his jerkin he held a small vial of some unknown substance and a peculiarly-carved instrument that looked like a flute.

As the sunlight turned to purple evening, even the beasts of burden had begun to pull at their tethers, anxious to be away, but the stranger was enrapt in the parchment and showed no signs of leaving. As night fell, three terracotta lamps filled with oil were lit, and Abdul watched in fear as the deadman drank from the vial, then raised the pipe and commenced an eerie wailing that drifted off across the unseen sands.

Then, glancing upward at the stars, he began to read from the parchment in a language the Arab had never heard before: "Ia. Ia. Hastur! Hastur cf'ayak 'vulgtmn, vugtlagin, vulgtmn! Ai, ai, Hastur."

Suddenly there was the sound of leathery wings and two huge black things, only partly seen, blotted out the stars.

continued

Dead City (concluded)

Bereft of his senses by fear, Abdul charged forward to plead with his master against delivering them to the afreets. He crashed into the grave-smelling figure in the semi-darkness, knocking the vial from his hands and gibbering insanely. The vial broke and the deadman rolled on the ground, fighting with the dragoman.

"Idiot!" he screamed. "They are leaving, and the vial is broken!" pulling a dagger from his belt, he plunged it again and again into the body of the fear-crazed Arab.

Then it was done. All but one of the lamps had been smashed in the fight, and when he lit the other, there was no sign of the battle-like things that had come to his call.

Leaving the dead Arab lying on the sands, he untied the crazed dromedary who fled into the night, and only with great effort did he restrain the dray camel who fought to follow his cousin.

Leading the camel, he kicked over the lamp and walked out into the desert.

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MAILING COMMENTS ON E*O*D #4

The Cry of the Cricket (Bryant) - rule changes are welcome - quarterly is what I originally thought we were anyway. The copy count will provide greater numbers with the delights of this apa. That is an exceptional cover (whatever will you manage for the future issues?)

Bush Work (Beck) - I am strangely bereft of commentary on these pages.

The Charnel House (Gregory) - Glad that your format (photocopy) was used to present the interesting Yeti material. I received from a friend of Dick Tierney back in '72 some bigfoot material and leads for other articles on the subject for a proposed comic story, The Servants of S gathgna, which I had drafted (a script only, that is) for possible submission to Warren publications. It fits Yeti/Bigfoot etc in with the Cthulhu Mythos (kind of) and I surely should complete enough research to be able to do something along these lines sometime in the future (when I leave go the present plethora of fanac). // I appreciate your interest in a bar called the Charnel House - in fact, with your permission I'm toying with the idea of some Arthur Clarke/Bales from the White Hart & Bridagier Ffellowes type weird stories which might take place among a group discoursing at a bar called the Charnel House. Stay tuned to this apa. //

Miskatonic Ramblings (Mosig) - Yes indeed, your black hole speculations and the quoted article are food for thought. // Most pleased am I to discover that R.W. Hedge's account find favor with you. Unfortunately, there is a move underfoot (the rug's becoming serpentine? Ai, down YIG) for RWH to break out on his own in Apa-H. A two-page trial balloon yclept Hedgehopping #1 was transmitted, it is said, to Elst, the OE of that apa, but the silence has been deafening ever since, and the mailbox remaineth emptier'n a pair of Akeley gloves. Ah well / My llord, you embarass me to tears in your accounting of the laboriously careful preparation of a zine for our apa. I'm blasting along with three, maybe four ~~///~~ fingers, spewing forth whatever happens to come to mind in the fleeting instant (namely, now 7312.30:2256 & 45".) with an occasional x-out which I return to blot out (never, never type over) with corflu if I remember. // Shouldn't the E*O*D award Tiaras of Terror as its awards?

Ka Yi Ess 4 (Scher) - The ommith is something I want to know more about - especially the Persian legends in the 3rd century. // I'd like to order than newsletter of the occult correy club and get freaked out more.

Submission (Drake) - Well, another fannish lawyer. There are a few of us around in sf fandom as well. // I'm not much for S&S stories.

MS 7 (Weinberg) - Splendid Price cover! I bow three times. // Passing Through is a story I've been wanting to read ever since you mentioned it to me when we met (first and only time) in Kansas City in 1972. I was delighted with it - in fact, sneaked it out of the mailing and put it with some other unread Lovecraftian tales for just the right night, some weeks past, when it was appropriate to delve into HPLish lore. And was I ever satisfied! It's a splendid piece of fic. //

Transient 7 (Collins) - Ya just keep trying to elevate the intellectual level of this apa, don't you? // Seriously, a fascinating zine.

Results (Indick) - interesting and whew, yes I am relieved.

inBENDick 4 (Ben Indick) - Appreciate your remarks and like your idea of the apa as an amateur night of sorts, or perhaps a workshop. Surely there will always be some who will devote time and care enough for their submissions to be called polished. But this should not discourage others who'd just as soon toss out a rough-hewn something for the rest of us to pick at, maybe help. Because of my schedule, although I like the polished product approach to an apa (not to the extent of the non-fan apans who apparently, tis said of United and National, care more for the neatness and printing process than the crap they publish - but polished, yes polished) but cannot participate in that particular mode because of the time pressures. It's a matter of participating on my present basis or not at all. The Unnamable was supposed to offer by contrast to HPL Supplements more of my own toiling in the fields, but I find it more convenient to blend in a few things by others and hope that no one takes offense. // Three cheers on your recognition of the Phantasmagoria books - marred by personal tragedy is his last one, the third, but Kenneth Smith presents, for me, one of the most intriguing techniques and sets of subjects in America today.

Dee-Arr-Enn (Nathman) - Bosch has been a big favorite since I discovered him in the mid-fifties via, of all things, a classical music LP record jacket. I now possess direct from the Prado in Spain which has the lion's share of his art, I understand, two or three canvas prints of his work, of which I am proud yet haven't had the time to have suitably framed. I truly believe that I could complete the remainder of my life by quitting work and just enjoying some of the things crammed into this house without acquiring one more possession less transitory than food and drink. //

Bromion III (Adams) - WCW, Judy J. Fulkerson's cover was the prize of the mailing! Hope you have some kind of backlog from this particular artist that we may look forward to. // I'm very much interested in getting the SPOOR ANTHOLOGIES hot from the press - may we place advance orders for prompt shipment or what? // HPL and EvD was a worthy piece.

Mailing comments on E*O*D 4 (continued)

Lunch Bag (Williamson) - I don't like CAS artwork and haven't really given his fiction a chance. Perhaps if I acquire the rare Arkhams with his stuff (even though it is available elsewhere) I shall force myself to enjoy the spending of the money by reading every blessed line, then will I be able to comment (favorably or not) on CAS as a writer. // Enjoyed your spoofing

Magna Mater Deum (Cupp) - How many times have you heard: "Doth it runneth over, really?" // Hope I get to read some CAS before I get to your CAS piece.

Microac Reprint (Scher) - Well, Billy Petit was a southern fan who was quite popular (in fact in early sixties Alabamawas quite the center of fandom in the south) but I think that fan-ed's start taking themselves a bit too seriously when they index and such. I participating for the hell of it in the latest craze of 100th publication indexing as you saw in Poke Salad Etc but it's pretty silly.

Roger's Revenge (Bryant) - Argh, you don't mean you don't have an extra of Shadow Over Woodvale after being so kind as to frank it through and all? Deplorable condition since I cannot even locate my file copies. // I've never noticed it before but 'unman' is a much easier word than 'emasculate' and should be used in its stead as you have. // Mike Blake illo is excellent.

Odd Tales 3 (Collins) - HPL plugged a lot of books and stories which don't have the appeal to me that they had for him, apparently. // A wealth of info in this zine which seems to go on and on...there's no way to make adequate response because of the countless numbers of things touched on that I don't know about.

Tales from the Shunned House 3 (Pumilia) - Glad you tried mimeo, blotchy as it was with stale jello // Mathom 6? Oh say not so, surely it will see the light of day not one second before Selected Letters VII. // Two black hole articles in one mailing? Incredible // I knew I'd seen your material in print - "Porter of Hell Gate" in GENERATION (Dell 1972) - good, this reference will remind me to look it up as soon as I free myself from these tentacles (most armchairs have arms - not mine!) // I have always, vaguely (but now brought to focus by your comments), been disturbed by the nature of the chants in all this stuff - it always jarred and was a hold-over from the anthropomorphic "power of prayer" kind of thing in our inglorious past - you "called down the devil" because the magic ritual caused a thing - ghod or whatever - to release him (and then shut him into a pentacle or something). But in the pseudoscience approach to demonology, which we all love or we wouldn't be here, nest-ce pas?, there's scant reason for chanting - your inward readjustment theory is as good as any other but for myself I'd prefer future Ethulhu Mythos stories to explain away the chanting as poppycock or dispense with it entirely. My friend Hedge had a theory but I'll thank him to button his lip since I've got a hell of a final day of the year with million dollar closings coming out the gazoo in the a.m. which approacheth on feet of quicksilver. // I am enraptured by your speculations, truly. // I know not of the Lurker at the Lymph Nodes nor do I have a current address for the ever changing Lillian but will forward one to you by cover of p/c

Mailing comments (concluded)

Pamilia (continued) - your description of Tom Collins is enjoyably accurate. And your final limerick, hilarious.

Yimkin 3 (Williams) - [Excuse me, I'm watching a rerun of Star Trek's Shore Leave because my wondrously seive-like memory leaves me at a loss on this tale] I don't recall ROOM 13 which you mentioned.. //

Mike Scott's Xmas Card - lovely.

Tooth & Nail 4 (Webbert) - You met Derleth in 1952? I thought you weren't that much older than me. I came across your name in an early Science Fiction Times didn't I - something in connection with Seacon? // The Demon Santa by Doreen was very nice.

Asrar Nama (Bryant) - I doubt muchly if the Necronomicon holds any particular material concerning the properties of silver but as I'm only on the third page and the going is rough I doubt if I'll be able to disprove these viscious rumors concerning The Book's contents any-time real soon. About all I've heard so far is that Abdul was horny as hell over some broad named Fatima and spent most of the first 3 pages detailing how the Dark Powers had been harnessed to afford him some wild times with the chick. Unfortunately, I've not been able to duplicate his work (try as I have). // Glad to see you still referring to your article in HPL - sort of makes it sound like a sourcebook. I like that. // The Wizard of Id piece is most appropriate - it reminds me of the similar comment I made when the Fiend of Forestdale spent all night slaughtering the neighbors.

Minncon Report (Schultz/Fishher) - This was a good one, well produced and reproduced.

The United Co-operative (R. Alain Everts) - It will be interesting to hear the full report, some day when the smoke and tumult has died, of your experience with Brown U. and others. // The poems and illos were most pleasing. // Penny just handed me two color snapshots of E. Hoffman Price outside my ancestral manor in arcane Tuscaloosa holding a copy of Strange Gateways and looking Price-ish. I'd forgotten that we had taken these - they were just last week taken to the drugstore for processing. Nice memorabilia. // I'm sure I should know who Brammah is but he certainly was born March 20, wasn't he? // The Lovecraft article on Hodgson was most interesting - perhaps I'll get interested in Hodgson one of these days myself. // Inside bacover was an interesting approach but I couldn't quite figure out what it was - oh yes, I know it is a female but the reproduction or composition was in question.

Thus, we end our too brief responses to yet another interesting mailing of this embryonic apa which will become Legend as the years roll past (Fearless Forecast).

Well, time to trot down to the Post Office and see if there's anything which should be mentioned in the projected final (16th) page of this and then arrange to find time to run it off and get them off to Roger so I don't have to pay first class postage to be assured on an E*O*D 5 entry.

The following is a transcription of a cassette received from Bob Culp, of Ft. Myers, Florida, January 5, 1974. Enclosed with the tape were seven color photographs of a curious statuette. Even as I am typing this, Penny is attempting to sketch the thing from the photos.

...up until recently we decided to say nothing of the entire episode.

Last week John came dragging over to my place one night, slightly loaded. More than slightly, I decided later. However, he had this book with him - just a paperback which he had picked up in the Arcade Cigar Store which he kept waving around and sputtering, "It's in here, it's in here." I finally managed to break in by the simple expedient of outshouting him, "WHAT'S IN WHERE?"

"In this damn book," he says and held it still long enough for me to get a look at the cover. TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS, Vol. 1 by H. P. Lovecraft and others, it says. I said, "What is a Koo-loo-thoo-hoo's Mother?" He danced up and down and fanned me with the book somemore and finally calmed down enough to be coherent to where I understood he was saying "Mythos, mythos, damn it all, not mother!"

Well, hell, I can't read well enough without my glasses let alone when it's on the fly...when I'm trying to read, that is. So I just said, "John, go to the kitchen and get some coffee and lay it on me.. But for Christ's sake, make it short 'cause I got a long day tomorrow and it's late now."

Seeing that he wasn't going to get anything else to drink but coffee, he tossed the book to me and says, "Skip along the first crap, just skim through it until you get to the part about the guy named LeGrasse." And off he went. Knowing John and some of the wild stuff he comes up with, I browsed through the introduction by someone named August Derleth written in 1968 and was working my way through the part about the kid with the bad dreams, when John comes in with two mugs of coffee, looks over my shoulder while I read until I flip through to Part Two, "Tale of Inspector LeGrasse." Then he pulled it out of my hand and flipped a few pages more and gave it back, saying "Start where back in 1907 the fuzz is beating the bayou bushes for some pushers!" Knowing John's inclination to interpolate, I disregarded the incongruity of the simile, and sipped the coffee and read on.

Over my shoulder he impatiently waited til I finished Part Two, then snatched the book back and turned the pages back to the first part of the story that he wouldn't let me read before. He said, "Now read from here to where you started before." So I did and then it hit me, the statue. Now I was excited. "Where the hell is that kooky statue we found on that trip down in the 'glades?"

"Randy or Dave's got it," he says. "In fact, the last time I saw it Dave was trying to figure out what those chicken-tracks on the front said." Dave being a mutual friend of some scholarly bents spends a lot of time in libraries and reading books about somebody named Crowley, that is, when we're not all out fishing in the Ten Thousand Islands or looking around for Indian artifacts in the mounds for Randy. Or in the slews south of Ommocolee[sp?] chasing those damn cattle of Clyde's out of the swamp. In between-times being just semi-retired, I try to pick up a little money here and there, hiring out on contracting jobs, lay a little block here, some rough carpenter work there, whatever comes along.

"Let's get on over to Dave's and see if he has it and let him read this," I says, and off we go.

Gulp Tape Transcription (continued)

While I'm driving (since John smells like a still), I get to thinking about the trip we took through the 'Glades National Park this spring. The four of us, in two boats, ran down the coast to the Everglades City, spent the night with some friends, and took off on the next day, Friday, I think it was, Halloween eve at that. Anyway, we checked in at the Ranger station and took off to [Seminole name] and down the waterway. To make a long story shorter, we followed the regular route till we passed Marker 100 when Dave says, "Let's turn up Chatom River and look for Ed Watson's old place." This Ed Watson grew cane, made syrup and peddled vegetables in Fort Myers. Shady is hardly the word about Watson. He supposedly hired workers whose reputations were unsavory and more often than not turned up missing come payday. Ed finally got shot back in 1910 by some irate citizens in Chocolaske [sp?] Island over God knows what, but I have heard it said by some of those crackers that Ed, if he wasn't the devil himself, he sure was kin. Anyway, while all the argument was going on, we drifted and Dave got himself wedged in some mangrove roots and while we were laughing at him, Clyde and I ran head on into the mud flat just north of Marker 99. By the time we got both boats loose, had a couple of beers and a sandwich, took our bearings and started up Chatom River it was getting dark. You can take it from me there's no place darker than the Everglades when the sun goes down and the moon isn't up yet. We turned on the lights and kept feeling our way along the mile or so it was supposed to be to Watson's place and the campsite there maintained by the Park Service.

I don't know to this day where we went wrong but that was the longest mile I ever went. Dave was the only one with a watch and it had stopped - possibly all the brackish water in the floundering around trying to get the boats unstunk had something to do with it. Anyhow, in the distance we heard some drums beating like all get-out and some mighty queer hollering. Chanting, was the way Randy described it. Couldn't make out the words but figured it must be some hippies up at Watson's and headed that way, since we didn't know where else to go.

I could see a fire flickering in a small clearing, on a mound, which didn't look familiar. There was a bunch of characters prancing around. When they finally saw our lights, they began to get positively unfriendly. Somebody threw a rock that nearly brained me and broke the spotlight on the rebound. This struck me as positively unfriendly and in fact made me mad as hell. I rummaged around in the tool box and found my old Luger pistol and just to let those bastards know we weren't going to stand for any more of that crap, I fired four or five shots in their general direction, high so I wouldn't kill anyone. Man, you'd have thought their tales were on fire the way they took off.

We pulled up to the edge of the hummock, tied the boats up and went up towards the fire. I still had two rounds in the gun, took another clip along to be handy just in case, but there was just no one to be found. The fire burned down and since there wasn't any more wood around that would burn, Clyde got out the Colman lamp and we made camp.

About day break I woke up from one of those long intermittent dozes and hollered at the others and we got ready to get underway. Randy came running back from the edge of the clearing with the damndest looking statue in his hands and said he'd found it sitting on a

Culp Tape Transcription (concluded)

old cyprass stump that looked like an altar of some kind. I always associated altars with churches and made some smart remark about that I didn't see any such place around. We got the hell in the boat and out of there before any of those kooks could come back and find there were only the four of us and then we'd be in for a royal brannigan. We gave up on the rest of the trip, took a compass heading and ran out of the river into the Gulf, went back to Everglade City, reported all but the shooting to the Rangers, and beat our own way back to Fort Myers.

Up to now I'd forgotten about the statue but on the way to Dave's I remembered that the thing had a head like an octopus, big wings in back and some kind of writing on the block it was sitting on - and scaley all over, the thing not the block.

Anyhow, enclosed are some pictures we took at Dave's tonight. He still can't figure out what they say but he says some fellow by the name of Kenneth Grant says all that stuff that Lovecraft fellow wrote wasn't exactly fiction as he let on but really had some basis in fact. Me, I don't know but here are the pictures and Dave still has the statue if someone else wants to look at it and take a crack at translating what those fishy looking characters say. 'Cause I'm too lazy to write this, I'm going to send you this tape instead. Send it back when you're done. . . ."

7401.05:1152 - just finished transcription of the cassette. If the deadline for this apa mailing were not so close, I'd ask him to get me enough copies of the best view of the thing to use on the cover of at least the member's copies, but we do what we can.

Probable Contents of H.P.L. Supplement No. 3

[In the order I find them in the file, not necessary how they will appear in the magazine - which has been deferred to March as a 2nd annish]

LoC from Joe Moudry; The Black Book and Devil's Hill by Eldon K. Everett; The Teddybear by Darrell Schweitzer; Donn Brazier's "A Nightmare suffered after Learning of HPL's Death"; W. Scott Home's "The Cosmic Sense -continued"[a reaction to Tierney's thoughts in HPLS2]; William F. Loeb's "HPL and the Construction of Character"; LoC from Frank Balazs; F.B. Long letter of comment dated June 8; E. Hoffman Price LoC dated July 23; Margaret Carter's The Old Race; Frank Balazs' Hellworld; W.S. Home's Brother in Damnation; and a current survey of what's available in the field of Lovecraftiana and the weird.

I've got to give y'all Darrell Schweitzer's return address: "The Vault of the Crypt of The Abyss of the Awful, Arcane, Archaic, Agonizing, Arthritic, Animalistic, Aeons-old Depths of the Dreadful, Deep, Dark, Dank, Deathly, Doom-filled, Dire, Desolate, Dreary, Dismal and Decidedly Alliterative Abode of Eldritch Terrors of the Crawling Catastrophe of the Horrors of Unspeakable Elder Ickiness."