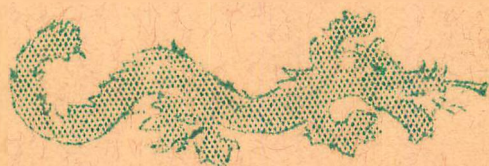


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AROLD

APOLLO

Is Dedicated To...

H. P. Lovcraft
598 Angell St.,
Providence,
R. I.

U. S. A.

THE FANTASY FANZINE EXTRA-ORDINARY
ApOLo

EDITED
by
Don Grant
&
Joe Hensley
Literary
Editor
Marc Williams

Volume 3, Number 1

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August 1946

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ApOLo is published quarterly at 411 South Fess Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Will trade with other fanzines. Otherwise the price is a letter reveiwing each issue received. Next issue out November 1st

Editorial comments
by
Editor - Hensley

Volume 2
Number 1
Issue 5

ELEPHANT
BYE BAY

Well, comes another issue of Apollo, another splotch of mimeograph ink on my bedroom rug, an entirely new line of curse words which I learned in 25 months in the Navy, and which are coming in particularly handy now.

I believe I have done a creditable job on this issue of Apollo but then, of course, that's for you to say, not I. Statistics reveal, however, that I smoked three cartons of coffin-nails, drank two gallons of coffee, and a fifth of scotch while doing this ish. Also ruined ten perfectly good fingernails, got angry, threw books through window nine times, and twice had long talks with Ghod.

Someplace in this issue you will find an article by Marc Williams. No, it's not a pen name. Marc is not a fantasy fan, but enjoys reading an occasional fantasy novel. He wrote for the Indianapolis Star for awhile, did advertising for a large company there, got tired of it, and so came back to Bloomington where he plans to re-enter Indiana U. this fall. Other hobbies of his; heroin, 190 proof alcohol, and painting large communist flags in well-frequented places. Quite a harmless fellow.

Perhaps now would be a good time for me to explain Apollo. Due to the fact that Don and I intend to charge no money for the 'zine, we've decided to make you pay through the nose some other way. So, every issue you will have to write a letter of commentary, or do an article, story, poem, or review for us. We hope that we will be able to keep our standards fairly high thusly. If your letter of commentary is not received by September 15, you won't get the next issue.

A good deal of the work in this issue was done before I went into the service. If you see any dim mimeography, it was done on old Betsy, which, praise Ghod, I don't have anymore.

The interesting item about "Udolpho" was done by Jack Grubel. Jack is a student of the weird, Grant informs me. He has no love for Stf., but seems to like the more deep stuff, and is going in for fandom in a large way. Collects books by Lovecraft, Blackwood, etc. Most important of all, he has promised another article for next issue. Thanks Jack.

Apollo, by the sinister way, will not accept humor. We like it in other 'zines, but we have to draw the line somewhere don't we?

Tom Mallory, is a native of Cleveland, Ohio. He has two items in this issue. A poem and a story. Tom is tall, dark, and usually

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inebriated. Did thirty months in the Army Air Corps, and i s now attending school here at Indiana University. Tom just reads, h e isn't a collector. When ask why not he mutters something under his breath about "Ackerman Prices."

Earle Franklin Baker is our professional for this issue. He did several poems for the old Astonishing, Super Science hookup. Quite good too, look them up.

Last, but not least, comes friend Marlowe. Marlowe, when last heard of, was going to California. Anyhow, he did the drawing for that scrumptious illustration with THE DARKHOUSE. Marlowe is about 25, small, and used to like to have girls whistle at him. He been writing for, and pubbing fanzines since 1941.

As to the next issue. Theres not much stuff in my hands yet, though I have a lot promised. Next issue we will absolutely feature a "Literary Spotlight" article on W. H. Hudson, including his biography, by Thomas Mallory, a bibliography of his books, and re-veiws of at least three of his most important books. The article ought to be of some worth to you more serious fantasy fans, so if you want to get it--better write us a letter concerning this ish.

Also next issue, we promise all black printing, with o n l y headings and illustrations being in colored ink. Also better re-production. After typing for an hour or so I get so nervous that I can't sit still, and that causes a lot of mistakes. That will go in time though, and issues number six and seven ought to b e much better. Material published will be be'ter too.

Apollo is supposedly scheduled on a quarterly plan but we may have to make it tri-yearly later. However, now I have all t h e time in the world, so you ought to see the 6th ish by Nov. 1st.

After that plans are rather nebulous. I'll be taking s o m e tough work at college this fall and I don't intend to cut classes for fanning. Also puberty is setting in, I'm 20 now you know, and the opposite sex attracts hell out of me, so I guess I'll spend Saturdays and Sundays drooling over some female.

I'm also far from caught up on my reading. Fantasy i t e m s overseas were few and far between. I managed to get a little bit, but at the rate I'm going now it'll take me a year to catch up on my reading alone.

Many thanks to you readers who wrote in about No. 4-A Apollo, which was published away back in March of 1944. I'm glad y o u liked it and I'm sure you'll like this one and t h e forthcooming issues too. Next issue, of course, we will have a large letter section.

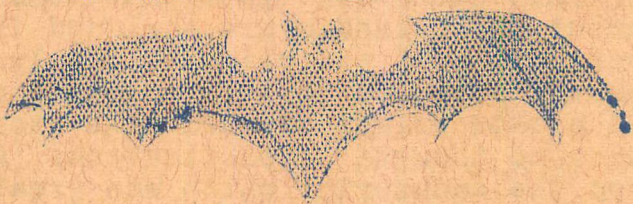
I'm not going to be stingy with this fanzine. Anyone c a n have it--for a letter. As far as lithos go I'll publish front and back lithos if I can get good enough drawings. And you aspiring, young fantasy authors might flip your manuscripts this way t o o. We can use them.

I don't have a lot more to say. Just remember to write us a letter, so we can remember to send you an issue. Don't forget that the best fanzines are built around intelligent criticism, and that we want Apollo to be one of the best.

The H. P. Lovecraft. dedication is taken from his original handwriting, through the courtesy of co-editor Don Grant, n o w a P. F. C. in the Army.

END

THOUGHTS



on
ISLANDIA

reviewed by
Marc Williams

AUSTIN TAPPAN WRIGHT: ISLANDIA

To those of you unconformist fantasy fans who still "tolerate" the more prosaic type stories, labeled offtrail fiction, in your shelves may I heartily suggest that you clear a large space on your "Utopian" shelf for Austin Tappan Wright's, ISLANDIA.

At a hasty glance through the pages of this bulky volume, most readers, especially those of you who harbor avidity for the fantastic, would quickly slap shut the covers and retire to one of the less copious editions of H. P. Lovecraft. For ISLANDIA does not introduce its reader to the colorful characters of a Carroll Wonderland or a Swift Liliput; its fantasy is more subtle.

Austin Wright was not a care-free wanderer as many of us would like our favorite authors to be. He was instead devoted to the rather unglamorous task of professing law to students of the University of California. ISLANDIA was Wright's recreation. Every character, locale and action is a figment of Wright's fertile imagination.

The volume available at bookstores, although more than one thousand pages in length, is but a fragment of the original manuscript. To the aspiring fantasy author this book is a study in minute, non-existent detail.

Islandia, a small country located on the northern tip of the Karain continent, is as the title implies, the setting of ~~the book~~. What plot there is centers around a character by the name of John Lang, a young Harvard man who is dispatched as American consul to

As aforementioned, the plot is secondary, being concerned principally with the day-to-day problems of a confused and non-ambitious young man who finds himself stranded in a strange land which prohibits foreign trade and has no immigrants.

"Hero" Lang finds himself madly in love with an Islandian girl, which is a source of continuous frustration, since he has been repeatedly warned by natives for a foreigner to marry an Islandian is impossible. Both Lang and the reader struggle through most of the book wondering why.

ISLANDIA is a fascinating story inasmuch as it allows the reader to probe into its author's mind. Author Wright, who met with a violent and untimely death in 1924, alludes repeatedly to the social problems a highly industrialized culture creates and illustrates how his Islandia by repelling industrialization not only preserves social unity, but also advances culturally.

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The original manuscript of this tale must have been a masterpiece of detailed imagination for its condensation does not fall much short of this category. Intricate maps of the non-existent Karian continent and Islandia are included in the book along with feasible descriptions of the climate, locale and agriculture.

The rather unpolished style of writing may be attributed to the fact that author Wright created this story for his own amusement only, with no thought of publication. After his death his wife submitted the manuscript which was greatly deleted by the publishers. Out as it is, the book should be of interest to all of fantasy. I heartily recommend it.

END

THE MYSTERIES
of
UDOLPHO

"A T M O S P H E R E

P L U S"

by

Jack Grubel

THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO by Ann Radcliffe: here is the grand-sire of the mystery and horror tales of today. Withstanding the supreme test of time, it comes down to us as one of the best examples of the Gothic Romance, a field opened but thirty years before by Horace Walpole and his CASTLE OF OTRANTO. UDOLPHO appeared in England in 1794, and became very popular. It should certainly be a must for fantasy fans, as weird atmosphere simply oozes from its pages. Along with the excellent atmosphere, the story is fraught with suspense and terror. Some of the scenes can bring the reader to the very edge of his chair.

The story is of the adventures that befall Emily, a delicate, impeccable French maiden. While still a young lady she loses her parents. This leaves her in the care of a domineering aunt, who soon marries a Italian nobleman, Montoni. Incidentally, up to this point, sufficient tears have been shed by the characters, especially Emily, to float a battleship. Montoni takes them to Italy where soon they repair to Udolpho, his ancient, sinister castle in Appenines. From this point, weird atmosphere is the byword of the book. There are many mysterious goings on at the castle; strange and weird things occur. The outstanding mystery to the reader is what awful horror Emily encountered in a niche behind a black veil in the castle, no fair skimming pages to see. After Emily's Aunt is murdered, she escapes to the chateau of a friend over the border in France. This building proves to house more horrors and terrors, including a very mysterious "supernatural" disappearance. But all is finally cleared up and explained naturally, and sweet Emily is reunited with her love.

It is a question whether or not a supernatural explanation would have been better than the natural one, but in my opinion, I think not. There are many fans including myself, who do not care for supernatural or weird stories with natural endings, but I think this is an exception to the general rule.

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Ann Radcliffe showed in this book that she had great descriptive prowess, especially in painting scenes from nature. There are copious amounts of this in the story, but I don't believe the reader will find them boring; rather they enhance the tale. She also showed she could create a mean batch of weird atmosphere, and these are two of the main features that help to make UDOLPHO a classic.

The book does have its defects which ought to be mentioned at this time. One is that the story is befogged with insipid little poems strewn here and there, (they can be skipped over without any fear of missing something worthwhile) and another is the characterization. It seems that all the young girls appearing in the book are almost exact duplicates of Emily, the heroine. The story also suffers a bit from oversentimentality, which is one of the few things a weird fan balks at. The book is devoid of wit and humor, but the love scenes provide some amusement when they are compared to those of today, though they were certainly not intended to be humorous.

The book is almost three times as long as a modern novel, being 320,000 words, more or less, and when it is finished, the reader will find that he either dislikes it very much, or likes it equally as well. But whether liked or not, when the book is finished, the reader can say that he has accomplished something. And if a fan is of high school age, and wants to see an amazed English teacher, he need only mention that he has read THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO. It's really quite an achievement.

E N D

WANTED :
THE FOLLOWING BOOKS

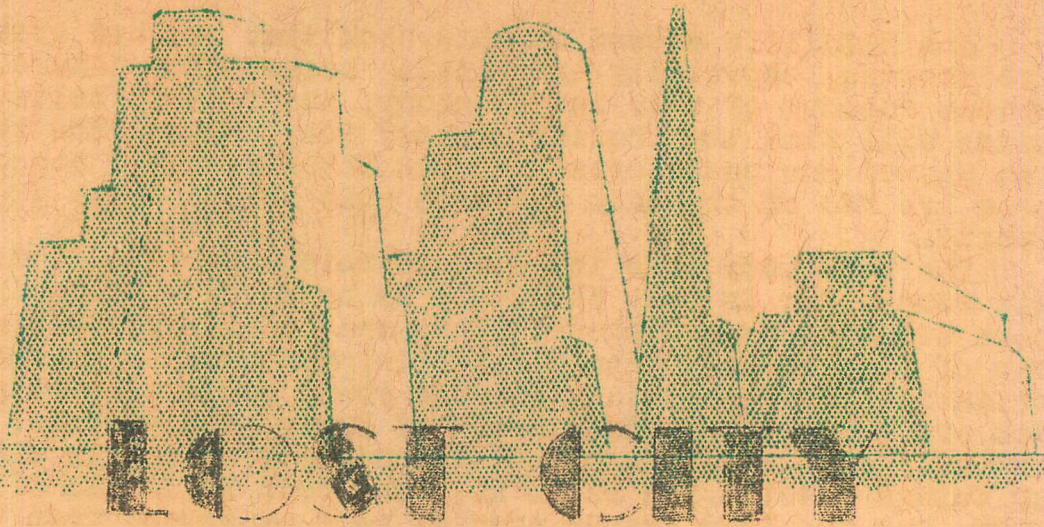
Last and First Men, Stapledon
Starmaker, Stapledon
Beyond the Wall of Sleep, Lovecraft
Last Men in London, Stapledon
The Outsider, Lovecraft
Sinister Barrier, Russell
Green Fire, Taine
Gold Tooth, Taine
Quayles Invention, Taine
Purple Sapphire, Taine
Iron Star, Taine
Ship of Ishtar, Merritt
Purple Cloud, Shiel
Moon Pool, Merritt
Creep Shadow, Merritt
Face in the Abyss, Merritt
Dwellers in the Mirage

Planet of Peril, Kline
Call of the Savage, Kline
Devil and the Doctor, Keller
The Greatest Adventure, Taine
Before the Dawn, Taine

Any books by Arthur Machen
Weird Tales before 1935
All issues of Unknown

Send your list to:
Joe Hensley
411 S. Tenth
Bloomington, Indiana

(XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX)



I skimmed my spacer low to see
The age old buildings beneath the ochre skies,
To peer at dieing plants held spidery
In rotting walls that Babylonian rise.
In dust bound bottoms of an eldritch sea.

What ancient race had built this city here?
To live here but an instant, then to flee,
But fleeing leave their taint of mortal fear
Upon the towers rising from the sea;
Whose windows smile a dark and taunting leer.

Time enfolds all; the desert sands have swept
Across each gabled roof and every room.
The mouldy rhume of age had swiftly crept
Over each red rose, to fell its ancient bloom.
The place so desolate--the poet in me wept.

Thomas Mallory



(H. H. MUNRO)

by
DON GRANT

Not all the stories of the ironical "Saki" may be put into a classification as being of our field. Certainly a much greater part of them possess a fine satirical quality not common to most fiction, and not common to the fantastic or to the weird, other than in their usual portrayal.

In a few instances, Munro achieves marvelous indications of horror, whether intentional or not. Certainly THE MUSIC ON THE HILL might be classified as a fine tale, and good material for a weird collection. In it is voiced a prophecy mingled with numerous warnings.

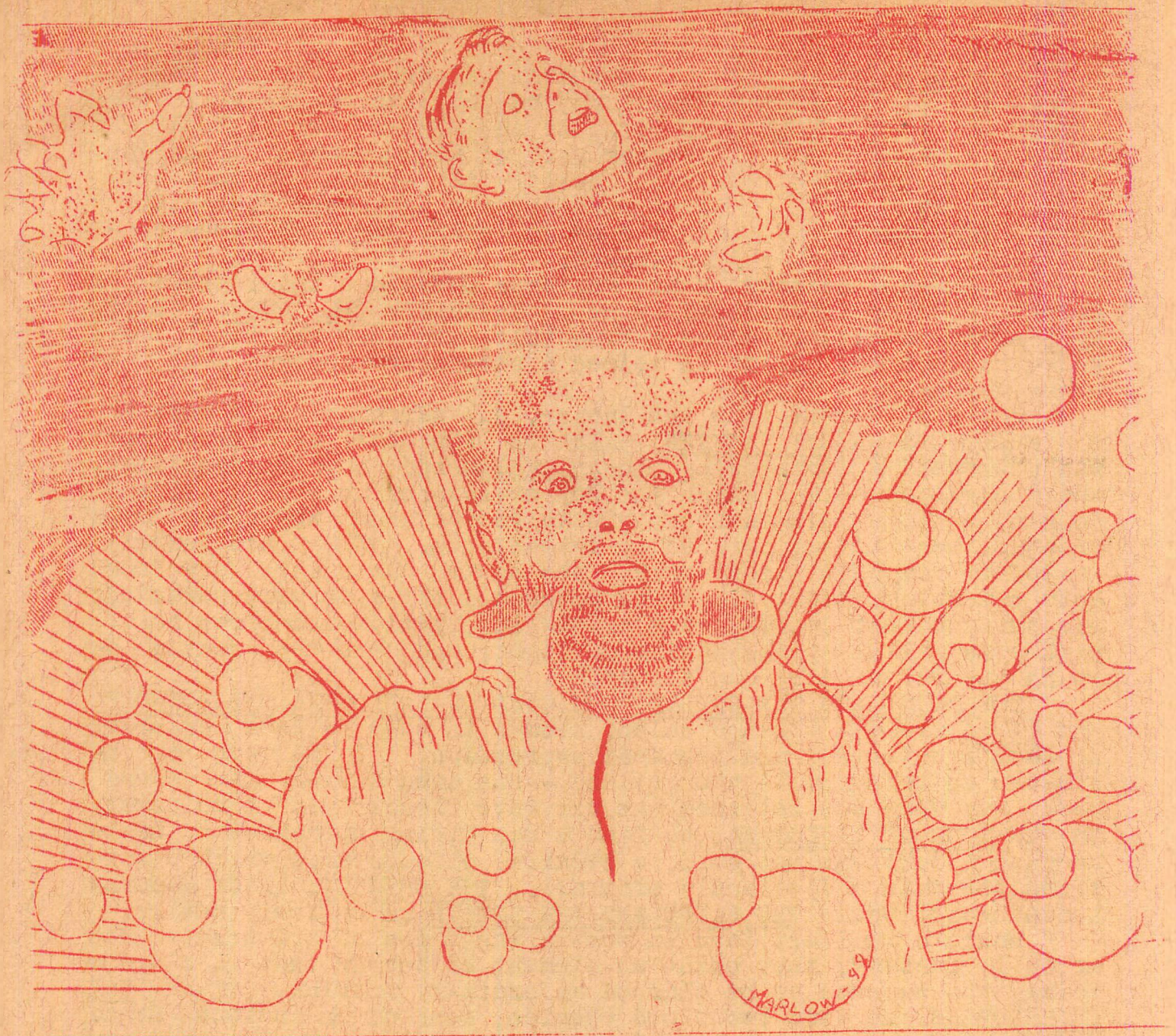
Quite different from the latter, but stranger in a more human sense, is SREDNI VASHTAR. It is the story of a small boy, who possessed a domineering cousin who acted as his guardian, and a secreted animal which the boy worshipped as a God. The cousin, noticing his numerous visits to the shed where the wild creature was hidden, decided to investigate. When his guardian failed to reappear immediately, the boy's curiosity developed into something stronger. "And presently his eyes were rewarded; out through that doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes ablank at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of jaws and throat."

THE SAINT AND THE GOBLIN, THE SOUL OF LAPLOSHKA, THE SHEWOLF, and LAURA are all strange tales, though in them we have examples of Saki's satirical and ironical expression. LAURA was considered as being quite thoughtless,--she died during the wrong week, but when she returned she was more thoughtless than ever. In THE SOUL OF LAPLOSHKA, we find a man dying of a broken heart because a debt was not paid, a bizarre circumstance which classifies the tale a distinctly offtrail. THE SHEWOLF, is of course Lecanthropy, while THE SAINT AND THE GOBLIN is entirely satire.

Munro's real art lays in portraying tales of grimness. Not actually fantasy, they boast an element of terror that is certainly too supreme to be classed as ordinary fiction. In THE INTERLOPERS, we find two blood enemies, sons of an ancient feud. Each man, out with a number of aides, decides to do some investigating on his own. Of course they meet, but both are pinned beneath a tree in such a manner that neither can inflict a wound on the other, nor can they escape from beneath the branches of the tree. After a length, "the interlopers" decide to astound the country and to affiliate their houses in a newly founded friendship, contrary to all former history. The men then keep a watch for their aides, and when they see figures approaching through the darkness rapidly, they shout their position, and each tries vainly to recognize his own men. When the figures are close enough to be seen, their identity is disclosed in terror stricken sentences.

Munro is certainly a master of satire and irony, and because of the great amount of these presented in his tales, some might classify him as a writer of fantasy. However with the exception of the tale THE MUSIC ON THE HILL, which seems to be a cross between M. R. James and E. F. Benson, one might consider his tales as finely wrought portrayals of earthly happenings, each having an expressive purpose. In short Munro is a story-teller first, and if anyone wants to consider his writings as fantasy, it is a case of good luck for our field.

****END****



They started tearing down the old Carlton house the other day. And I watched and remembered. I remembered for even though my hair is grey now, I remember I was just a young kid then. I remembered the trip up Henderson Street, and how old Mrs. Carlton, almost deaf, would wave to me. And I remembered Mr Carlton, poor old Mr. Carlton. They used to put him out on the porch and I'd see him sitting there when I went past. Almost everyone in town knew about old Mr. Carlton, and a hundred times I've heard someone, trying to be witty, say, "As dumb as Mr. Carlton, thats what you are." And the ladies in the crowd would shush the person and look around to see if anyone was watching, and sometimes would say in their stilted voices, "Yes, poor old Mr Carlton. He's crazy, you know."

((next page))

the DARKHOUSE

A Weird Story of swiftly growing Horror

by

Thomas Mallory

But I knew better. Mr Carlton wasn't crazy. "Of course he was paralyzed and couldn't even talk, but there was not insanity in his eyes. Not fear--unless it was a fear of himself.

It was about 1914 when I got out of High School. I had no plans. I thought perhaps I might go on to College. I was dating Frances Marston, the sweetest girl around town, and I sort of hated to leave, and give someone else a chance at her.

The rumblings of a war in Europe were just beginning to be heard and people were making all sorts of phropecies.

That was the year that old Mrs. Carlton died and the family moved out of the house. At least everyone thought so, but when the tax collector asked, no one could remember seeing them leave. The house, even if it had been forbidding before, now took on a deserted look, the porch got dirty and fell in and the broken windows were never replaced.

No one would go near the place, and you couldn't blame them really. There was something about the place, perhaps its' forbidding aspect. And then too, there were a bunch of nasty legends. You see, Carlton House was the first built in this section of the country. The Indians, bloodthirsty as they were, had never bothered it. They even had seemed to be afraid of it, my grampe had once said. And once too, my Aunt Agatha had give me a switchin' for hooking apples, stunted funny tasting apples, from its back yard. She didn't mind about the apples, everyone stole apples, but she seemed deathly afraid when I told her where I stolê them--and when she told mom and dad, I thought Mom would faint. They made me promise never to go back. They even wanted me to change the route by which I went to school because it led me by the old house.

Well, anyway, I was out of school. I ran with a pretty wild crowd. All nice kids, you know, but always ready for anything! So when Jim Marsal dared me dared me to spend a night with him in the Carlton House, on a bet with the gang, I wasn't too surprised and readily agreed. The others we approached shied away from the idea so in the end we decided to go by ourselves. I can still recall our walk up the hill. Jim was rather frightened and for that matter, so was I. The old warnin's of my parents an the legendermain that surrounded the house played a dull sonata in the back of my brain. But I would not back out now.

It had begun to storm when we reached the top of the hill and flashes of lightning showed the way for us. Above

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--the house a flash of lightning outlined a black pall of clouds aiming their wrath at the insensate world. As if to dispute the storms majesty a few stars twinkled furtively in the stormy sky.

When the first drops of rain began to fall we made a dash for the sagging, ancient front porch. As we stood puffing under the shantied, old roof the sky opened and released the full fury of the storm. Waves of rain splashed on waves of rain. The ground, soaked as it was, could hold no more, so the rain cascaded in rivulets and streams down the barren hill to form pools in the rutted road.

We stood for a small while underneath the sagging, rain soaked roof, awed by the power of the elements, but at last we turned to go into the house. The door opened at our touch and we tiptoed stealthily into the faded hall. Dust overlaid house with a rheum of time. The blackened surfaces of the floors dully reflected the light shining in from the broken windows. A jagged flash of lightning threw the room into bold outline. Picking up an old candle-holder, I had Jim light it. The flame seemed to disperse the gloom a little.

"Well," said Jim, "We might as well make ourselves comfortable for the night." And he threw down the pack of blankets and food he carried on his back. I arranged them on the floor as he built a cheery fire in the fireplace which, miraculously, was unchoked by the ashes of years past. The house, now that we had a fire, seemed less forbidding and cheerless than previously.

At last Jim dropped off to sleep and I began thinking Morpheus would clog my eyes too. I lay more in a stupor than in a sleep as I slowly stroked my beard, cultivated for long days, and weeks. The house had been a great strain on my none-too-good-nerves, and Jim was just as bad with his silly prattle about legends.

The sound of a clock somewhere in town striking two awoke me. The fire was out and the darkness was something tangible. The rain still fell outside, and only an occasional flare of lightning lit the sky. The few stars of earlier eve had scurried behind some elder cloud. The house seemed alive, though quiescent, and quivering with sentient force. The darkness outside was so intense that no difference in light could be discovered where the windows clung to the bat-pinioned sky except when lightning flared down.

I arose to rebuild the fire. The floor was cold beneath my feet. At each step I seemed to hear an answering echo on the floor above me. Something was slipping stealthily along the upper floor. I stopped--it stopped. I started again and walked several steps before it again began to stalk in tempo with me. Something seemed vaguely wrong in my sleep misted brain. I turned to awaken Jim. Where he had lain was only a pile of sheets and covers.

"Jim," I called. "Jim! Where are you?" No answer other than the echo of my own heart. Perhaps Jim had been frightened and left. But no, he would have awakened me. It was only a few hours till daylight. I would look around for Jim after I rebuilt the fire. I pushed the ashes from the embers of still burning wood and tossed fresh branches on the flames. The replenished fire caught, burned.

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I picked up a candle and set out for the second floor. The old stairs creaked beneath the weight of my feet.

Resolutely I searched in each room, but there was no sign of Jim. I was thoroughly frightened by now and my nerves were strung to the limit of my endurance.

It was only by accident that I discovered the old ladder leading up to the attic. The ancient, verdisgris covered steps would have remained unnoticed except a defiant flare of the lightning outside showed me its place in the last room I searched. With trembling hands I drew myself up it, one rung at a time. An unutterable stench assailed my nostrils, and a shivering gust of wind blew the flame from my candle. The peculiar walls surrounding me seemed to absorb the light it had given off.. The hole above, that opened into the attic was as black as ebony. I paused on the ladder to relight my candle, and at last the feeble beam peirced the darkness. Trembling in every bone, I pulled myself to the last rung and peered within the attic. Then, as if an icy finger of night had touched my candle, it went out. I hung for a minute in the blackness, fumbling for a match. Finally, with trembling fingers I lit one, and thrust it above my head into the attic. My brain would not comprehend what I saw in the pitch darkness. The match dropped from nerveless fingers, and releasing my hold I smashed to the floor below me.

***#

As I stood watching them tear down the house, my friend, old Jim Marsal walked past and spoke to me. I have never completely forgiven him for leaving without waking me, but I suppose he has forgotten the incident by now.

For you see, I would probably never have seen old Mr. Carlton, fat and anciently yellow, with one hand tied to the wall. And I wouldn't have seen the pile of bones that lay in front of him--telling where the other Carltons had gone.

I believe they had planned to leave him chained to the wall when they left. But Mr. Carlton had tricked them somehow, and they had all stayed; only he was the only one alive. And a living man chained to a wall still has to eat!

THE END

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