

FAFHRO^{#2}

FAFHRD VOL. I NO. 2 AUG. '55-CONTENTS

- #1, as was last issue, is listed the editorial, newly-titled THE ROARING TRUMPET; in which, Cox apologizes for working too hard on a mundane job, leaving little time for FAFHRD; and Ellik gets in some snide remarks he should have left out. He didn't. Pg. 2
- #2, instead of fiction (which, we must admit, got a very poor reception last issue--our apologies, Miss Soucy) we have another confounded convention report, concerning, unusually enough, the Westercon held here in LA recently. Few fans outside of the West Coast take notice of the Westercon--things are changing now... Pg. 4.
- #3, interestingly enough, is a column by A/3c Trimble, John G., AF 28230192, all of which meant John Trimble when he was a Long Beach fringe-fan a few weeks ago. He is at present in San Marcos, Texas, serving the first part of a four-year stint... By the end of his term the column had better be a lot more interesting... Pg. 9.
- #4, and by far the longest item in the issue, is an article on Howard Phillips Lovecraft by Don Wilson. This was originally titled "H. P. Lovecraft -- a study of his life and works in the light of various documents". As soon as somebody with an eidetic memory recalls what FAFHRD means and reveals it to the world, everyone will understand that this is the kind of material we want. Page 11.
- #5, to many people's surprise (mostly Ellik's), is not FANZINIA by Ed Cox. It is FANZINIA by Ron Ellik, because Cox has not had time to read the fanzines which he was supposed to review, working, as he does, a 60-hour week. Page.24.
- #6, inaugurating a new column in FAFHRD, is a letter section. We haven't had the ingenuity necessary to think up a snappy title for this column...maybe next issue. Page 26.

FAFHRD is co-edited and co-published by Ed Cox, 115½ - 19th St., Hermosa Beach, and Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Ave., Long Beach 3, both of which charming cities you can find by looking at any decent map of the state of California. FAFHRD is being given away by these two saps at present, until postage gets so high they have to charge something to offset it. It is also circulated in FAPA, and will be in the 72nd mailing if Ellik gets it to Burbee on time. ART CREDITS: Cover-Pancho Picasso, stencilled (and headed) by Howard Miller, who stencilled the art by Rotsler, Brady and the headings inside here.

THE

ROARING TRUMPET

SINCE THERE WAS such a short time between the last issue and this one, we haven't had time to select much material. The article from Don Wilson is a blessing we did nothing to deserve--except sit around and wait. We are grateful, and even more so because this is being followed up by another article of the same type on a different fantasy author in issue #4 or 5. We are spacing them like this because they are so confounded long. That's the reason, also, for the length of this issue. Rather than specify any exact number of pages for the coming numbers of FAFHRD, we will let that problem take care of itself every three months.

RESPONSE TO THE last issue was small, too, mainly because of the short lapse. With almost three months to write letters this time you should be able to think of something. Letters are our prime motivation in publishing FAFHRD, for there is little chance of money becoming a very important factor. Thanks to the few people who did take time to write a letter immediately upon reception.

SINCE THIS IS a fanzine dedicated more or less to fantasy and such, a review of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE might not be out of place here. It was on television tonight (July 28), telescript by Gore Vidal (yes, the same Vidal who wrote MESSIAH). It shows what sloppy, careless writing can do to a classic. Vidal should know better. He had an hilariously funny stf play a few weeks ago on this same network. Excellent piece of writing. But DJAMH shows distinct signs of the carelessness which first made itself apparent in MESSIAH. He paid very little attention to plot. Where the monster is to kill a girl, he kills said girl's lover. Where the monster is supposed to take poison and die, turning simultaneously back to the good Doctor Jekyll, he is shot by the people. Naturally the story itself needs no reviewing. But to take a classic that everybody knows and twist it so is worse than careless. It is sheer stupidity, the work of a moron.

LET'S CLEAR UP this matter of trades here and now. In order for another editor to receive FAFHRD by trade, one of us must receive a copy of his zine marked trade for FAFHRD, or simply trade; however you do it. One copy sent to Ellik marked trade is not enough, for this could be trade for MALIGNANT or FAFHRD, and you will wind up getting only MALIGNANT.

AS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS to FAFHRD... It's PAR as of this issue. With the third or fourth we will start charging definite sub rates, not more than a dime or fifteen cents.

THE EDITORS

○ Ed Cox and Ron Ellik

I'M GOING TO have to write some more editorial here and continue Cox' share somewhere in the rear of the magazine. As of a last-minute decision, we are not making FAFHRD a Pay After Reading zine. We still send it to people who write us---like Cox says, write us even if you are in FAPA, or even if you do trade with us. We're in this for egoboo and the vague but irresistible pleasures one gets out of writing and reading letters. Besides, the letter column is an important part of almost any fanzine.

"Let's write a novel and dedicate it to damon knight"--C. Gould

(Quick shift of editors; Cox here.) I'm beginning to get what may be the harried feeling faneds of monthly subzines may have, or at least bi-monthlies. The 2nd FAFHRD is well under way ~~hah--ellik~~ and might even make it in the FAPA mailing this time. ~~this is doubtful--ellik~~ Of course, there are probably some who aren't overjoyed about this, but...

The mag is still far from what we desire, but with the Wilson article, we have at last (at long, long last...in our 2nd issue!)...anyhow, this is the type of material to be featured in FAFHRD. Strange though it may seem, the science-fiction and fantasy field, old and new, is of paramount interest here. The fan-personality type zine is in current quantity and I think that FAFHRD can well devote time and space to other things if enough readers are interested.

PAGING a book-reviewer. Somebody who's done some reviewing and has an urge to write some viewpoints, objective and/or subjective, on selections from the current crop of general-audience S.F. novels plopping from the hoppers of the big publishers these days. I think we can guarantee regular quarterly appearance after this issue ~~that should read starting with this issue--ellik~~, circulation about 150.

I see where my esteemed co-editor used a fan-type interlineation. Well, so can I:

"Well, somebody's got to buy it for them!"--Claude Plum

That's an enigmatic Westercon type interlineation, of course.

I
am deviating a bit, but interlineations remind me of Richard Eney. Eney will no doubt be surprised at this. At any rate, he has probably been the instigator, father, founder, sponsor, whathaveyou, of more damn quote-cards than any other one person. Every letter I receive from him contains one, and often letters from other correspondents have Eney quote-cards. And Eney quote-cards come in almost any size, shape, color and form! My only complaint is that I don't have enough people to send them to.

Credit must be given to Ron Ellik for the main workhorse part of this zine so far. I've been unable to do any stenciling due to my 60-hour week of the last month. Format and art-work and layout should be credited to Howard Miller. But don't. Unless something has happened since I last saw him, he won't have been able to do much of anything for this issue. He has stencilled the cover and all interior illustrations, plus the headings for the ToFC, the VOICE OUT OF EXILE and FANZINIA. We have been pestering Miller to do some full-page art for FAFHRD and others. How many remember the fine art that appeared in the old DREAM QUEST and other FAPAZINES? Anybody want to help me in a movement to make Miller produce artwork?

(continued after the footnotes to HPLovecraft) [page 3 page]

WESTERCON WEEKEND

by Charles Stuart

* * *

One!

Two!

Three!

Let's put out a one-shot fanzine!

* * *

Jacobs started it all.

After I returned from San Francisco, I phoned up Lee at work (always do this so you won't interfere with his off-duty activity) and he suggested that we go to Hermosa Beach and wake up Cox. So in several minutes was sealed the fate of this trio for the next weekend, And Jacobs started it all.

Lee was in high spirits, he'd just installed a street-car bell in the vehicle he owns, this vehicle that always reminds me of a bottle of scotch with its black-and-white upholstery. On the way to the Beach, we clang-clanged passing cars; once, passing under the International Airport runway, Lee clanged the car in front, and he buzzed back. The echoes followed us out of the tunnel.

This was the beginning. July 1, 1955. Pre-con activity.

After we woke up Cox, he answered rather dully to the pounding on the door, we all three went to the "downtown" area where I was introduced to their favorite bars: In order of our tour -- a Dixieland quintet, a Kentonesque joint, and a place where instrumental blues gave out. We laid plans for the weekend, and in the early hours of July 2, Cox drove me back to Inglewood. I went to bed looking forward to the con, feeling once more the excitement of fan activity.

* * *

I wonder what happened to Jacobs?

* * *

Shortly after ten o'clock, July 2, Cox arrived from Hermosa Beach and we went down to the Commodore Hotel. This was after phoning Jacobs. He promised to be at the hotel if he was gone when we reached Normandie Street. Jacobs was gone, but he wasn't at the hotel.

Kris Neville and Mildred Clingerman were the only people registered when we arrived, but both were out. The bar was empty, except for people. I took Cox over to the LASFS clubroom, and we met several youngsters practising a ballet. But no fans. Back at the hotel, we phoned up everyone we knew, hunting Jacobs. Snear was in bed with a cold, Moffatt hadn't seen Jacobs, no one had phoned Inglewood. We went downtown and browsed thru a few bookstores, ate at Wimpy's (where Cox dragged me away from the scenery) and got Cox a haircut. It must have been around 3:00 when we last checked the hotel, and to my everlasting sorrow, I persuaded Ed not to look in the bar, even when he said it was full of women! Instead we went to Inglewood.

Naturally, Jacobs and a whole slew of fans and pros were in the bar. On the way, as we were passing thru the Baldwin Hills, Ed's dynamo conked out. The fabulous Green Hornet stopped. We kneeled down and contemplated the dripping oil from several spots on the undercarriage. It flowed steadily, plop, plop, plop.

Ed took the Hornet back to Hermosa Beach, and I spent the evening phoning Jacobs. He was playing poker all night. I went to bed.

* * *

Well, let's go drink breakfast

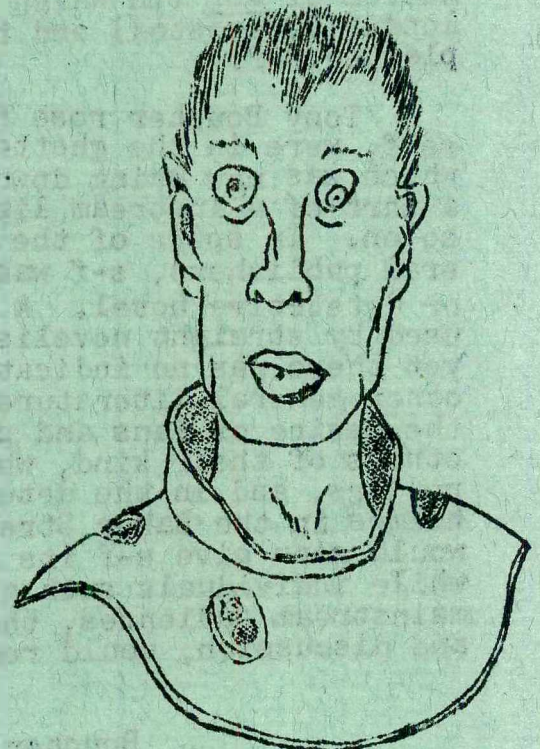
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July 3. The phone rang, with Jacobs burbling on the other end. After exchanging pleasantries, we arranged to meet after he picked up Ed in Hermosa Beach. I relaxed in front of the TV soap opera until the familiar clang! clang! shattered the peace of Plymouth St.

The first quote I remember is Cox' excellent suggestion as we entered the Admiral's Bar in the hotel. He had a Rheingold, Lee had a Millers, I took Hamms. (You've been looking at TV!) The place was jumping: Es and Les Cole, Tony Boucher, Mel Sturgis, and lots of other people. A crowd of people was registering and buying luncheon and banquet tickets. So many interesting people came in that I gave up remembering names. Jacobs disappeared.

The official program started at 1:00 pm. Ed and I drank in the bar, getting into all sorts of conversations. Once I went back to see how he was holding out at the bar--he was contemplating a football discussion between Sturgis, Boucher and someone else. "They're not talking science fiction!" Mr. Boucher knows his football, and Mr. Sturgis is no mean second. Jacobs came back.

Between now and the banquet, I watched the chess playing, Sturgis, Purdue, Jim Kepner and others. Claude Plum and Cox got into a movie talk, and the three of us went to get coffee. But Ed ended up on a couch in the lobby, with the hiccups. He went to sleep. Jacobs disappeared again.



After Ed woke up, he and the Moffatts went down the street to a restaraunt. The waitress was on our side, a reader, and the food was excellent. Their pastrami and corned beef sandwiches are without equal. Claude and I discussed movies. The banquet was announced, so Kepner gave up the chess set, we yanked Plum from his chair, and went in to eat. Ed was feeling rough, he'd had a sore throat since Friday, and could hardly swallow. Where Jacobs was is a secret.

The banquet was the only part of the official program that I took in, and it was the high spot of the weekend. The guest of honor, Dr. R. S. Richardson, speakers A. E. van Vogt, Anthony Boucher, Ray Bradbury, and MC Forrie Ackerman.

* * *

Ackerman introduced the "toastmaster" that made MCing such a simple job, and the speakers drew energy from it. I don't know if it was a GE or a Westinghouse.

* * *

Van Vogt started off the speaking with a reference to the rigidity that fans evidence in the face of new developments in the field. The developments that border on the fringe of s-f and are controversial as a result. He mentioned the Shaver episode in Amazing, the Diagnostics of aSF (in which he was active, and I understand, is now no longer interested) and the flying saucers which until so recently plagued s-f.

Tony Boucher rose next, with a welcome to those who, like himself, were in the ghetto of s-f. He touched on the "boom" of s-f which was now dying down, and on the much discussed theme of s-f as a part of mainstream literature, the literature of the future, and so on. In spite of the growing hard-cover publication of s-f by general publishers, s-f was in no way achieving the sales of the western or detective novel. A great many of the devices of s-f were being used by straight novelists, as was happening in the mystery field, yet there was no indication that s-f would become as established as other general literature fields. He wondered at the phenomenon of s-f; the desire of fans and professionals to gather in convention with others of their kind, which was not a characteristic of the western readers, and in the detective field was limited to the specialists of Holmes in the Baker Street Irregulars. Boucher believed that critics would soon give s-f its recognition as a separate field, and that while individuals such as Bradbury would continue to reach out into mainstream audiences, the majority writing of s-f and its appreciation and discussion, would remain in the ghetto.

* * *

Boucher referred to Bradbury's work on a full length film, a topological fantasy called "Mobius Dick". Ackerman tore up his notes.

* * *

Ray Bradbury's talk was extremely interesting. He gave the background of a great many of his ideas, how he got them, how they were worked into his s-f stories, and how these stories developed. For the first time I was able to appreciate his fiction, because Bradbury had said in his stories what he thinks of and what he sees in the current world. The audience sat still, attentive and electrified, as he poured out the themes of several of his stories: "And the Rock Cried Out" wherein the American tourists are trapped in South America by an

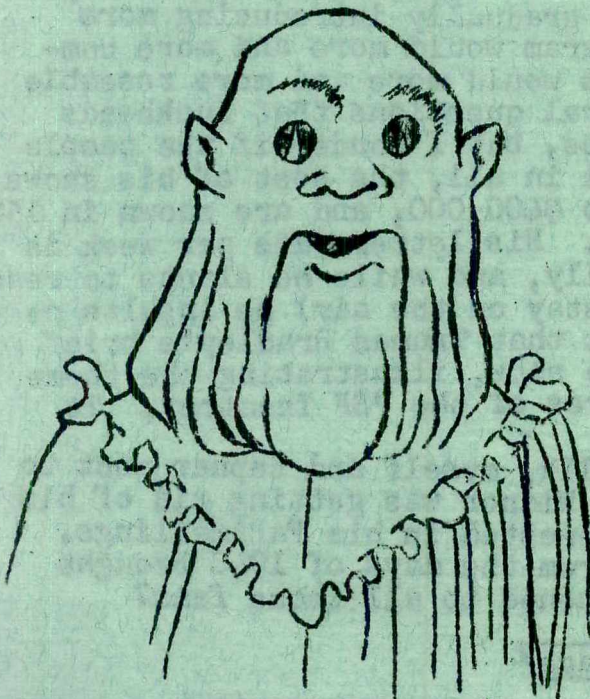
atomic war, and learn that their wealth is useless and that the roles of majority and minority are reversed; the tale of the carpets hanging in a small storewindow, woven by spiders, and their cost, which was free for the asking, if only your appreciation of beauty made you inquire about them. I find it hard to describe Bradbury's talk, but if he should ever stop writing his stories on paper, he will have as wide an audience if he records them on disc or tape.

* * *

R.S. Richardson rose, a conservative-looking gentleman, rather rocklike features, and a master at the dead-pan delivery!

* * *

Dr. Richardson's talk dealt in the main with a brief paragraph of his article in a recent Saturday Review, concerning the problem of women in the isolated society of a Martian outpost. He talked first of such a Martian settlement, that it would be primarily for "pure" science, that there would be no cultures to explore, no great mineral deposits to mine, very little native life to study. In his SR article, Richardson brought this out, and wondered if the taxpayers would support the cost of such a voyage which would have so little return of interest to the general public. (There would be no Leigh Brackett adventures, no Burroughs' civilizations.) He used Thule Station in Greenland as an analogy, where the stark environment and isolated position had already produced certain problems which would be further intensified in a Martian outpost. His deadpan delivery of replies to his article set off waves of laughter in the audience. I hope someone had a tape recording going, if not, we have lost one of the best convention speeches yet made. He had no swift solution to the need for women in such a Martian settlement, but he believed that the solution would alter our moral concepts, the solution would produce certain outlooks that were not present in today's society, and would not confine their effect to a Martian outpost alone.



After the banquet, Ed and I returned to the bar, or rather I found him there, his hiccups had gone, but he was still suffering. There was a short break after the speeches before the Siodmak film and a short s-f comedy were shown. I liked the comedy, but the Siodmak. . .well, I couldn't fathom it at all.

Both of us were feeling the effects of the day, and after waiting for Kepner to return, he drove us out to Inglewood, where I dropped out, and Cox on to Hermosa Beach. I glanced at my watch, it was nearly 3 am.

* * *

Regarding the bottle of Budweiser, I said, "I could have sworn I asked for milk!"

* * *

July 4. The early morning looked horrible. I wondered how long I could resist going back to the hotel, and I had a fine chance of succeeding: There's an LA transit strike on, and I was well isolated in Inglewood. Cox rang up from Hermosa Beach. Evidently, the Green Hornet had stopped bleeding dynaflo fluid, and after an hour's run, still registered full. Cox picked me up around noon, and we went to find Seventh Street and the hotel. The street was gone.

No matter how many times we cut across from Wilshire to Eighth, we still could find no Seventh! "Someone stole the ghod-damned thing!" And then we hit it, right between Wilshire and Eighth. Happily breezing along, I was horrified to see the street run into the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel. NO! Now this street runs into this same hotel, but going the other way. Cox slowed down, not wanting to drive into the lobby since we weren't registered there, and with a great decision went back to Wilshire. Several blocks later, we again cut down, and there was Seventh again. It came out from the other lobby of the Ambassador, so we could have driven right through, waving at the doorman as we shot past. Cox is a tactful man; he didn't think dynaflo fluid in the lobby would have been cricket.

* * *
Where the hell is my rum?
* * *

The hotel was still full of people. We arrived just as the auction ended, so we followed everyone into the bar. Inquiries about Jacobs were fruitless; he'd been around at 10:00, but had left. Where in the hell was Jacobs?

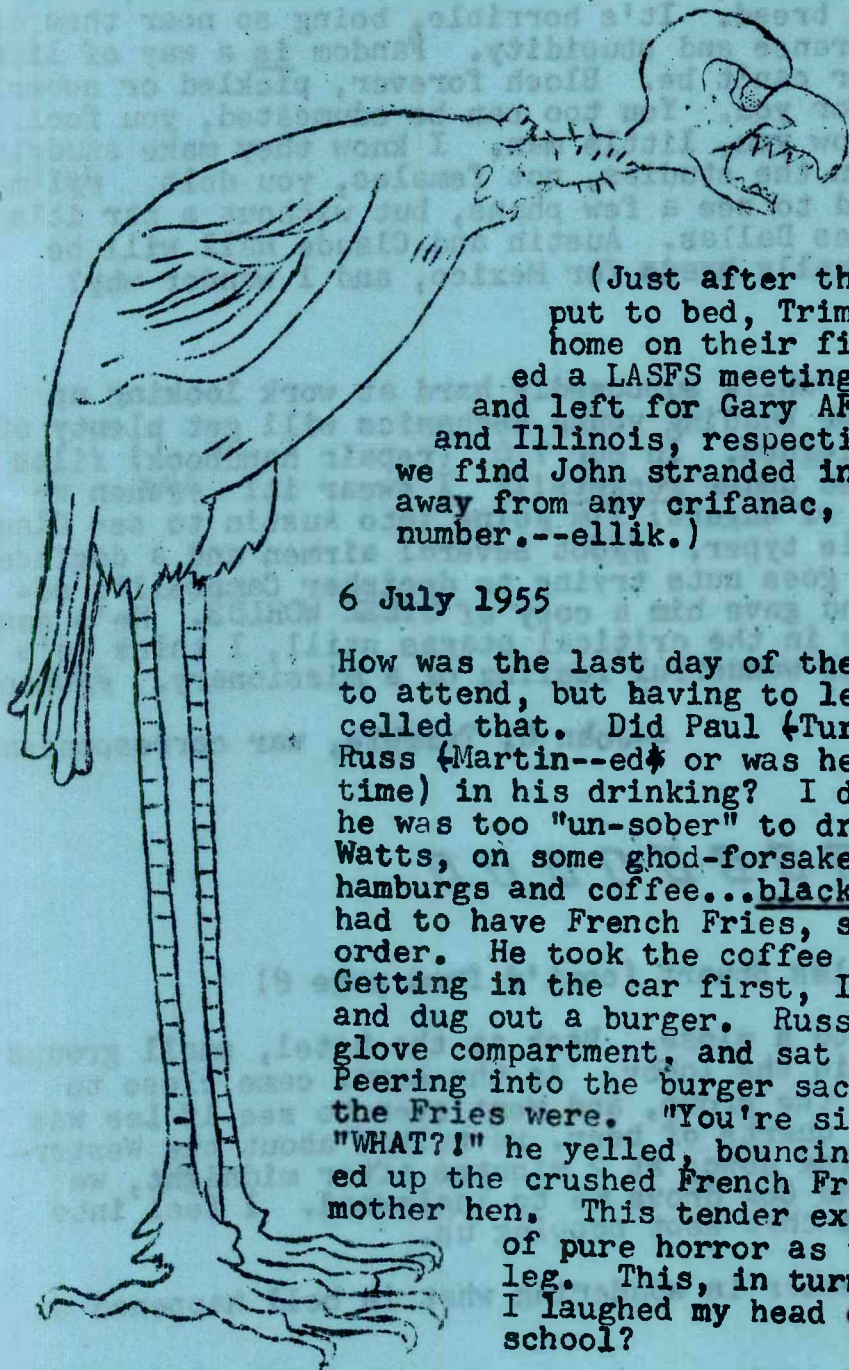
Both of us were definitely feeling gafia. Cox had a cold, and was calculating how long it would take before the parking lot had dynaflo fluid a foot deep. I was drinking beer, but it was not livening up anything. We went to see two TV s-f films that Ivan Tors had produced for his weekly show "SF Theatre". I enjoyed both, and liked even more the question session afterwards that Tors conducted. He laid down the basis for his shows: The reaching of an audience not familiar with s-f, consequently the use of formula situations to put across the story, and his intention of gradually introducing more complicated s-f themes so that the program would more and more resemble s-f as fans knew it. He answered several questions that lunkheads asked him, and he gave excellent replies, but I wonder if the people really knew what they were asking? All in all, the cost of his shows, produced in batches of 13, run close to \$400,000, and are shown in 150 tv stations, not solely on one network. His letter rate per week is over 300, his rating has climbed steadily, and while he slants to reach a large non s-f audience (in order to stay on the air) he insults no one's intelligence. It was brought out that Truman Bradley's brief scientific talk at the beginning of the show, illustrating the theme of the plot, was one of the best features of the "SF Theatre". To which I agree.

Later on, Ed, Paul Turner, Ron Ellik, myself and Kepner went to see Art Widner, oldtime fan and apan. Widner was getting rid of his prozines and fanzines, and Cox was interested in his FAPAmailings. Thumbing through zines that had come from the days of 1940 brought back many memories. I wonder what happened to all those fans?

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←continued bottom of second page of VOICE OUT OF EXILE→

VOICE OUT OF EXILE



by
A/3c Trimble, John G.
AF 28230192
Box #1075
3585th Stndt. Sqdn.
Gary AFB, Texas

(Just after the first issue of FAFHRD was put to bed, Trimble, Carlson and Jones came home on their first furlough. They attended a LASFS meeting and the Eighth Westercon, and left for Gary AFB (San Marcos), Mississippi and Illinois, respectively. As our story opens we find John stranded in the middle of Texas, miles away from any crifanac, stuck with a symbolic box number.--ellik.)

6 July 1955

How was the last day of the con? Wish I'd been able to attend, but having to leave Monday evening cancelled that. Did Paul (Turner--ed.) get as high as Russ (Martin--ed.) or was he moderate (for the first time) in his drinking? I drove Russ' car home, as he was too "un-sober" to drive. On the way through Watts, on some ghod-forsaken street, we stopped for hamburgs and coffee...black coffee. Russ, as usual, had to have French Fries, so we included them in our order. He took the coffee and I picked up the food. Getting in the car first, I sat the Fries on the seat and dug out a burger. Russ hopped in, opened the glove compartment, and sat his coffee on the lid. Peering into the burger sack, he worriedly asked where the Fries were. "You're sitting on them," I told him. "WHAT?!" he yelled, bouncing up off the seat. He picked up the crushed French Fries with a look like a mother hen. This tender expression dissolved into one of pure horror as the coffee spilled onto his leg. This, in turn, became one of anger, as I laughed my head off... ##Oh, how's summer school?

11 July 1955

The reason I'm grinding out my correspondence by hand is the unfortunate case whereby poor old Gary Air Force Base was blighted by a scarcity of typers. The situation shall be remedied: I shall save money from each check, until I have enuf to buy a portable...sometime in late October. I leave here (oh happiest of thots) in November. (This will be just before FAFHRD #3 comes out, so the next installment of VOOE will concern military life overseas.--ed.) ##I'm famished for fanmags, and will (possibly) even subscribe; if I can just get sample cooies. Honest fellas, I don't eat fmz., I read the things. If I can get them, that is. ##Oh, how's summer school?

17 July 1955 (two days after payday)

Yes, I'd noticed that my box number is the same as the altitude of the von Braun/Ley/Haber/Colliers/Kaplan/Ryan/etc. satellite vehicle. Strangely enuf, a non-fan pointed said fact out to me, whereupon I fainted. ##You don't know what it is to be here in their midst; watching the non-fans live and breed. It's horrible, being so near them as they squirm in their ignorance and stupidity. Fandom is a way of life. It has to be as this other can't be. Bloch forever, pickled or sober! ##Summer school is good for you. You too can be educated, you fool. Don't let the females throw you, little man. I know they make studying hard. But concentrate--on the studies, not females, you dolt. ##I'm going to try to get around to see a few phans, but without a car it's hard to get as far north as Dallas. Austin and Claude Hall will be easier. Everyone here usually heads for Mexico, and I wonder why?

26 July 1955

I'm writing this in class, while supposedly hard at work looking up helicopter parts so that we budding young mechanics will get plenty of practice using parts catalogues. In our T.O. (repair handbook) files they have spaceships listed under rockets!!! I swear it! ##When we get paid again (the first of August) I'm going into Austin to see Claude Hall and pick up a portable typer. ##Got several airmen and a dogface reading stf. This doggie goes nuts trying to decipher Campbell's editorials. I took pity, and gave him a copy of OTHER WORLDS. He's now completely mystified. Tho in the critical stages still, I think he's definitely hooked. Ah, the wonderful feeling of a missionary. ##When is summer school out?

--John G. Trimble, war correspondent

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

WESTERCON WEEKEND by Charles Stuart (cont'd from page 8)

The con was drawing to a close. Back at the hotel, small groups gathered in the bar, and in the lobby. As the hands came close to 10:00, we said goodbye to the group, and went over to see if Lee was home. He was, and over 3 quarts of beer, we talked about the Westercon weekend. It was slowing down; at 2 minutes after midnight, we killed the final glass, and Cox drove me to Inglewood. I feel into bed, stumbling over quotes that kept popping up.

The last thing I remember is wondering what in hell happened to Jacobs.

* * * * *
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H. P. LOVECRAFT

By Don Wilson

Composing a paper on the life or works of Howard Phillips Lovecraft poses something of a problem. Most authors whose works are noted in literary circles fall readily into one category or another--they may be famous, their works classics in the field; they may be comparatively unknown, one or two of their stories showing signs of literary promise; they may be virtually forgotten except for one masterpiece which is well-known. Lovecraft, however, does not fit in so neatly. He has been dead only eighteen years -- too short a time for his real worth to become apparent. Though Lovecraft's works (and the man himself) have a fan following which is quite fanatical and which is often called the Lovecraft Cult, he is far from being generally well-known. His works are not anthologized by compilers of textbooks, and his name is not bandied about in literature courses. It is even doubtful if many authorities on American literature know a great deal about this author.

Still, Lovecraft is a force in modern weird writing; and he is often enough cited as a master of his genre to insure at least his high place in the field of macabre and fantastic literature. As August Derleth, himself an author of note both in and out of the weird field, said in introducing a collection of Lovecraft's stories, "Though Howard Phillips Lovecraft died in 1937, he is, in a literary sense, more alive today than ever before. To some of us, his place in American literature, and especially in what is called 'the Gothic tradition', was always secure, and it has become increasingly evident to a growing number of literate people that H. P. Lovecraft's untimely death at forty-seven was a great loss to American letters, as well as a personal tragedy in that Lovecraft had not yet reached the fullest development of his powers."¹

Basically, H. P. Lovecraft was a writer of short stories and novelettes. Of his three longer works, one ("At the Mountains of Madness") is structurally a novelette, and another ("The Case of Charles Dexter Ward") is of inferior quality and is not ranked among Lovecraft's major works. The third "novel" ("The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath") lies completely outside the mainstream of his literary productions and is a separate literary tradition unto itself. Lovecraft did write a considerable amount of poetry, but "his verse remains incidental: it has less distinction than his best stories, and is presumably less interesting than his letters. . . /His verse is/ an interesting if minor portion of his work."² Lovecraft's horror stories, then, are his major works, and his literary reputation is based upon them.

HPL's first stories were dream-like fantasies which bore much resemblance to the works of Lord Dunsany. "From pure fantasy, Lovecraft went on to themes of cosmic terror and horror. . . After a time, there became apparent in his tales a curious coherence, a myth-pattern so convincing that after its early appearances, readers of Lovecraft's

stories began to explore libraries and museums for certain imaginary titles of Lovecraft's own creation. . . Bit by bit it grew, finally its outlines became distinct, and it was given a name: The Cthulhu Mythology, because it was in 'The Call of Cthulhu' that the myth-pattern first became apparent."³

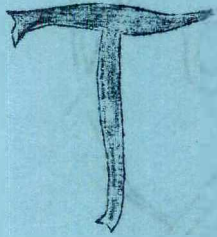
The Cthulhu Mythology, or "Mythos" as it is more commonly called, is a complex collection of deities, lost races and cities, fabulous books, and the like. "The dean of authors in the field of the macabre might almost be referred to as a Mahomet of the supernatural, since the quasireligious nature of the rites of evocation and conciliation in the fabled Necronomicon and the steady processional of mighty, cosmic powers shape up into as plausible a theology as anything in the Koran."⁴ Lovecraft's major premise, which has been quoted many times by anthologists and critics of his work, was: "All my stories, unconnected as they may be, are based on the fundamental lore or legend that this world was inhabited at one time by other races who, in practising black magic, lost their foothold and were expelled, yet live on outside; ever ready to take possession of this earth again."⁵ This background, and the horrible involvements his characters have with the powers of darkness, their worshippers, their spawn, etc., forms the framework within which nearly all of Lovecraft's work is cast.

H. P. Lovecraft was neither greatly successful nor greatly admired during his lifetime. Something like fifty of his stories were published, chiefly in the pulp magazine Weird Tales, although he occasionally hit other markets. A few anthologies, among which were Dashiell Hammett's Creeps by Night, included Lovecraft stories; and one small book, a private printing of his The Shadow Over Innsmouth, appeared with his byline in 1936. This was the extent of general publication of his work during Lovecraft's life.⁶ His circle of friends and fellow-authors were his chief admirers then; the fan following did not come until after his death and the publication, by Derleth and Wandrei, of a large omnibus volume of his horror stories, The Outsider and Others, 1939. Some idea of the way this book affected Lovecraft's popularity may be gained from this fan testimonial:

In due season, he reverently brought over his copy of the then new Outsider and Others, and left it with me. It sat around the house for several days, but finally I decided I had better glance at it enough to seem to have read it, and return it to Duane with thanks. . . I leafed back to the beginning of a story I'd opened to, and started skimming through it. That story held me more than any single yarn I had ever read, and when I came to the denouement I was really sent. . . I read HPL that night until after three in the morning, and did not really stop until I had read that book through and through.⁷

After The Outsider and Others had provided a literary "shot in the arm" Lovecraft's popularity grew quite rapidly. A second omnibus was published, Beyond the Wall of Sleep; containing the remainder of his horror stories, some selected poems, revisions, and other material; and two small volumes, Marginalia and Something about Cats and Other Pieces, completed (except for the forthcoming Selected Letters) the original collection of his work. August Derleth, co-publisher of the first Lovecraft omnibus, was his biographer, in H.P.L.: A Memoir, and Derleth has also edited two popular editions of Love-

craft's work, Tower Books' Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft and the Armed Services edition, The Dunwich Horror and Other Weird Tales. Various pocket-book editions and innumerable inclusions in anthologies of varying quality and literary standing complete the roster of Lovecraft's appearances in books.



This has been a brief sketch of Lovecraft's literary history. Now let us look for a time into the author's personal life.

* * *

Several characteristics stand out in observation of the man personally, and most of these, upon study, prove to be significant. Derleth writes,

Curiously, H. P. Lovecraft in his life fitted rather colorfully into the role of a writer of weird fiction, of supernatural prose and poetry, as the imaginative public might have conceived him. He was a recluse, and literally a haunter of the night. He had an allergy to cold, and often had to remain indoors for months at a time. Though he enjoyed the hot sunlight of those halcyon days of antiquarian exploration he spent in St. Augustine, Charleston, Natchez, New Orleans, and other old cities of North America, he loved most especially to wander the night-shrouded streets of his native city, Providence, Rhode Island. As a child, H. P. Lovecraft was an invalid, and often confined to a house which contained the library of a grandfather; he read omnivorously, and had a remarkably retentive memory, that was filled with a variety of information, an accretion of years in every imaginable field, including that of the customs and manners of the eighteenth century, which was the time in which he would have preferred to live, as he often put it in his voluminous correspondence.⁸

Early in his life Howard Lovecraft got off on the wrong foot emotionally, and his childhood experiences immediately insured that he could never develop into a "normal" person. To begin with, both of Lovecraft's parents were abnormal. "Lovecraft's mother, one of several children, was genteel, sheltered by her father. . . but little equipped to deal with the world in which she had to live; his father, a travelling salesman. . . was committed to a guardian three years after Howard's birth, and in five more, climaxed a period of increasing abnormality by dying. Winfield Lovecraft was a paretic, and Sarah Phillips Lovecraft was a psychoneurotic, determined to shelter her son from the rigors and dangers of life."⁹ Thus, while Lovecraft's paretic father influenced his life only through heredity, Mrs. Lovecraft's influence was direct and environmental as well. Maternal overprotection, according to psychology, causes its victims to turn into persons who are "highly dependent upon the dominant persons in their social environment and try to maintain favor by sweetness and submission rather than by achievement and equality of status. The boys in this group tend to marry maternal women who baby them and run their affairs."¹⁰

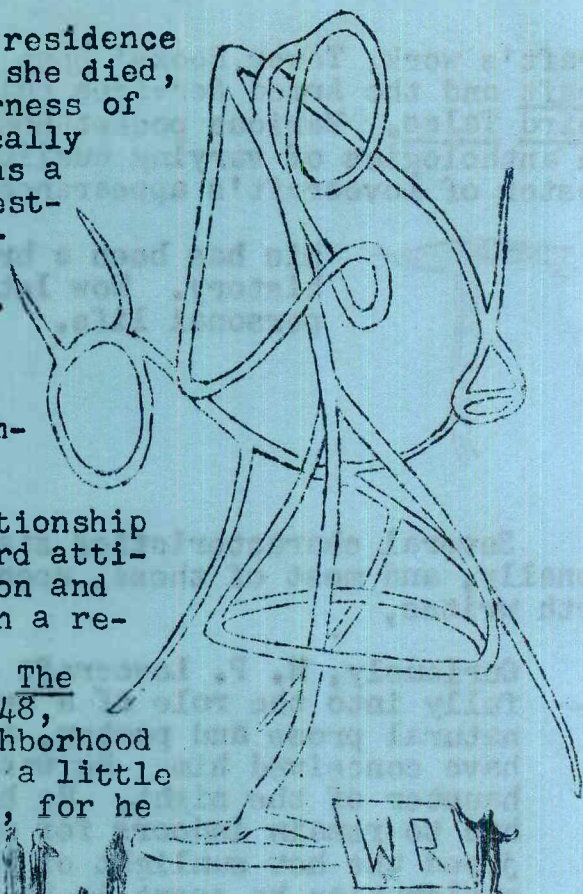
Mrs. Lovecraft eventually took up residence in a hospital for the psychotic, where she died, "a woman who was obsessed with the nearness of bankruptcy, who was mentally and physically exhausted, who believed that her son was a 'poet of the highest order,' and manifested other similar psychiatric instabilities."¹¹ The physician in attendance at this time, according to Dr. David H. Keller's medico-psychiatric study of Lovecraft's life, "Shadows over Lovecraft," "notes his belief that mother and son combined to form an Oedipus complex."¹²

The effect of this unnatural relationship was heightened by Mrs. Lovecraft's weird attitudes and behaviors, both toward her son and toward other people. Derleth writes in a recent article,

Mrs. Carlos G. Wright; in The Providence Journal, October 3, 1948, adds that she grew up in the neighborhood where H. P. Lovecraft lived. 'As a little girl I was scared to death of him, for he used to talk rapidly up and down Angell Street at night just as a group of us were playing Hare and Hounds at the corner of Angell and Paterson Streets. His appearance always frightened me. He was certainly the neighborhood mystery. He would never speak to any of us, but kept right on with his head down.' There is something close to pathos in these accounts. The pictures they afford of Lovecraft as a young man are not very happy -- despite Lovecraft's many accounts of his pleasant childhood. Clearly, he was an intensely introspective youth, very probably keenly aware of the differences in health and background which set him apart from such companions as he might have had if his development had been more normal. It is entirely probable that his mother, who is seen by these accounts as an hysteric with perhaps a basic paranoia, suffering from the shock of the basis of her husband's fatal paresis, looked upon her son as touched by the same disease. Perhaps she actually saw him as the 'hideous' or 'ugly' son she told people he was; the decaying mind plays strange and sometimes terrible tricks, which would enable her to believe sincerely in what she said even as she could honestly pity anyone who did not agree with her.¹³

Derleth quotes another observer: "'The last time I saw Mrs. Lovecraft we were both going 'down street' on the Butler Avenue car. She was excited and apparently did not know where she was. She attracted the attention of everyone. I was greatly embarrassed, as I was the object of all her attention..."¹⁴

After his mother's death in the asylum, Lovecraft's aunts assumed his care, and he lived with one or the other of them with one or two minor interruptions until his death. One of these interruptions was Lovecraft's brief marriage. "Probably a subconscious attempt to escape from this vicarious Oedipus complex was one of the reasons for



his marriage to Mrs. Sonia Greene of Brooklyn. This marriage is a type familiar in the case histories of men involved in an Oedipus complex following the death of the mother. In marriage, always with an older woman, they seek a mother-substitute."15

Lovecraft's marriage, as stated above, was brief. Lovecraft "wrote in 1931, that his 'one venture into matrimony ended in the divorce court for reasons 99% financial,' but financial reasons were not the only source of incompatibility. He wrote J. Vernon Shea in 1931, 'Financial difficulties, plus increasing divergences in aspirations and environmental needs, brought about a divorce -- though wholly without blame or bitterness on either side.'"16

Judging from Lovecraft's wife's (now Sonia H. Davis) own account, the difficulty lay again with maternal overprotection, as assumed after the mother's death by HPL's aunts. Sonia earned much money as a dress-designer, while HPL's earnings as an author and literary revisionist were far from great. Her jobs were in Brooklyn, New York, and elsewhere, for "The aunts gently but firmly informed me that neither they nor Howard could afford to have Howard's wife work for a living in Providence. That was that."17 And perhaps partly due to Lovecraft's attachment to his aunts and partly due to his love of his childhood associations, Lovecraft could not bear to live outside of Providence.

Probably the divorce had much influence on Lovecraft's physical decline, for whereas during his marriage he had grown fat on Sonia's cooking, after the split he returned to his old habits of scrimping on food money, and perhaps literally began to starve himself to death.18 "Food in any great quantity or variety he could take no interest in. He worried his aunt and other familiars with his starvation habits. He was gaunt and pale..."19 Keller interprets this as meaning that "It is evident that he was beginning to show the early symptoms of the final shadow, cancer, which caused him to pass into the unknown on March 15, 1937."20

Let us not assume from these references that Lovecraft was a completely maladjusted psychotic case. It is interesting to examine one authority's reaction to the Keller article -- a letter by Matthew H. Onderdonk, contributing editor of Fantasy Commentator. "I don't think," writes Onderdonk, "there can be much to quarrel with in the medical evidence in 'Shadows Over Lovecraft'. . . . However, we come to the old, basic, crucial question -- who cares? . . . Dr. Keller's fault is that of most medical men: They must make a diagnosis, and must make it stick if possible. . . . I think. . . that Dr. Keller shares the obtuseness of most medical men in riding a hobby to death. The word 'psychiatry' has become a shibboleth of the present day; he who does not worship at the shrine of Freud and Kraft-Ebbing is a heathen beyond the pale." And perhaps the most significant among Onderdonk's remarks is the following bit of sarcasm:

In passing, I cannot help recalling that Machen and Hodgson are the two authors whose weird concepts of cosmic evil most nearly match Lovecraft's. Machen, who recently died at the premature age of 85 must indeed have had a weak and puny body and mind. Hodgson led a singularly sheltered and unhealthy life when one considers that he spent eight years at sea, sailing around the world three times, receiving a medal for saving life at sea, and distinguishing himself afterwards for his brave fighting in World War I, being killed in action. Should we also surmise that Lord Dunsany has lead [sic] a seques-

tered existence as a British Army officer associating with the Greek guerillas, and that Algernon Blackwood found things as calm and gentle as a rest-home when he tramped through the Canadian wilderness in his younger days?²¹

Thus we see that psychiatry is not the be-all and end-all in evaluating an author's work. But objections aside, it of course remains that in Lovecraft's case psychological considerations do have great importance in deciding the why of his writings. This Onderdonk himself admits, even while asking the question "So what?"



It is evident, then, that Lovecraft labored under a number of psychological difficulties throughout his life; and that many of his peculiarities, such as his love of

wandering back streets at night, his constant mental escaping into his beloved eighteenth century, etc., are directly due to his overprotected youth with its consequent lack of emotional independence and social contacts, and to his psychopathic inheritance from his parents.

How did these peculiarities and eccentricities influence Lovecraft's development into a great writer of horror stories and lead to the development of the characteristics peculiar to Lovecraft's writing?

Keller points out a good many of the answers to these questions. Other supplementary answers are evident in the various memoirs, biographical studies, appreciations, etc., which have been written about the man.

Lovecraft's intellectual and literary background began to be built up early in his life, when his ill health (which perhaps was imaginary -- as one old friend put it, "I shall always believe that it was his mother and not he that was sick -- sick for fear of losing her sole remaining link to life and happiness. The result on the boy could only be to make him an invalid."²²) and maternal dominance had largely forced him to take to reading for amusement. His grandfather's library was luckily available. "At the age of four," says Dr. Keller, he was reading Grimm, at five The Arabian Nights, and when six absorbing Greek and Roman mythology. His first horror story was written at the age of seven. . . ." In addition to reading these books, the young Lovecraft often acted them out, and "Beyond question the time came when, as narrator, he felt that he personally experienced the horrors he so vividly and carefully described."²³

Lovecraft's interest in the horrible probably derived directly from the literary influence of his grandfather's library and its effect on the natural imagination of youth, which tends to see ogres and monsters in the night even if not bolstered up by Dore and Dante. Lovecraft himself put it like this:

When I was six years old I encountered the mythology of Greece and Rome through various popular juvenile media, and was profoundly influenced by it. I. . . became a Roman, incidentally acquiring for ancient Rome a queer

feeling of familiarity and identification only less powerful than my corresponding feeling for the eighteenth century. In a way, the two feelings worked together; for when I sought out the original classics from which the childish tales were taken, I found them very largely in late seventeenth and eighteenth century translations. The imaginative stimulus was immense, and for a time I actually thought I glimpsed fauns and dryads in certain venerable groves. I used to build altars and offer sacrifices to Pan, Diana, Apollo and Minerva. About this period the weird illustrations of Gustave Dore -- met in editions of Dante, Milton and The Ancient Mariner -- affected me powerfully.²⁴

The effect of Dante and Dore on a lad of six are obvious. To what direction but the weird and horrible could his tastes turn?

Obviously, too, ~~aw~~ was brought out by Derleth²⁵, a boy who built altars to Roman gods was not destined to be well thought of by his comrades of his own age; and the effect of this rejection was intensified by Mrs. Lovecraft's overprotection of young Howard. He continues in his autobiographical sketch, "Among my few playmates I was very unpopular, since I would insist on playing out events in history, or acting according to consistent plots. Thus repelled by humans I sought refuge in books."²⁶

Three more major factors contributed to the preoccupation with supernatural themes that is common to Lovecraft's works. Again his own writing best sets this forth:

One effect of /my absorption in the eighteenth century⁷ was to make me feel subtly out of place in the modern period, and consequently to think of time as a mystical, portentous thing in which all sorts of unexpected wonders might be discovered. Nature, too, keenly touched my sense of the fantastic. My home was not far from what was then the edge of the settled residence district, so that I was just as used to the rolling fields, stone walls, giant elms, squat farmhouses and deep woods of rural New England as to the ancient urban scene. This brooding primitive landscape seemed to me to hold some vast but unknown significance, and certain dark wooded hollows near the Seekonk River took on an aura of strangeness not unmingled with vague horror.²⁷

The third remaining major influence was Lovecraft's interest in science, which he says he acquired at the age of eight, and which continued (in perhaps increasing intensity) until his death. Lovecraft's regard for the natural sciences was

an attitude which pervaded his philosophical outlook. He was a thorough-going materialist whose conception of the universe had no room for the supernatural in any form nor for any deity. . . This may seem surprising to the more casual reader of H. P. Lovecraft's weird fiction who tends to class his work with the usual run of supernatural horror writing. Closer study of Lovecraft's writing reveals it is utterly devoid of the conventional "ghost," "vampire" or other stock weird entities, but deals with macabre beings which could conceivably exist without definitely contradicting scientific laws, if one grants the hypothesis of the story in the same fashion that one grants the hypothesis of a science-fiction story. In general the hypothesis to be accepted involved some aspect of the so-called Cthulhu mythology which may be viewed as a product of Lovecraft's creative imagination reflecting his interest in

It is well known that the great Howard Phillips Lovecraft had two strong and self-acknowledged phobias -- a hatred of the sea, and an antipathy towards cold which was strong enough to affect him physically.

Remembering that /Dr. Edmund Bergler, in "On a Clinical Approach to the Psychoanalysis of Writers," Psychoanalytical Review, Jan. 1944/ says that writers write to defend their own subconscious fantasies and prejudices, see how well this works out in the case of Lovecraft.

His hatred of the sea is rationalized by the creation of the Cthulhu cycle -- "The Call of Cthulhu," with its monster from the depths of the ocean -- "The Shadow over Innsmouth," with its hordes of hideous sea-monsters. The entire Lovecraft Mythos seems to owe its inception to this sea-phobia. And in "At the Mountains of Madness" we find that hatred of cold -- a hatred curiously inverted in the short story "Cool Air." There are other interesting facets to the Lovecraft stories; for example the recurrence of plots involving the mystery of paternity -- fantasies regarding the father.

Now we can only attempt to guess at just what the sea and cold symbolized to Howard Phillips Lovecraft; that they were symbols is self-evident in his work.³³

Some have found Lovecraft's striving to create horror ineffective. One critic writes, "He . . . relied much too often on reference to things distasteful to himself that he assumed would produce similar feelings of aversion or fear or disgust in others -- fishy odors, for instance, which he couldn't endure and used again and again as a symbol of the evil and the malevolent; the strangeness of the foreigner; the unpleasantness of things squirmy and slimy, and chief of all, the sensation of cold."³⁴ However, by and large Lovecraft's peculiar interests did have a favorable effect on his fiction -- his awe of nature, curious attitude towards time and space, etc., all adding greatly to the quality of his work.

The impression Lovecraft's friends and acquaintances received of the man was much better than might be assumed from the foregoing account of his eccentricities, poor heredity, and the like. Many people -- authors and otherwise -- who knew the man have contributed appreciations of Lovecraft which glorify him. Probably the most glowing praise comes from E. Hoffmann Price, a fellow writer who knew Lovecraft by correspondence for many years, met him twice for several days, and collaborated with him on a story once. "My summing-up," writes Price, "is this: that HPL the man was so important as a human being that it makes little difference whether his writings have or have not permanent value. . . HPL the man looms up, from my viewpoint, in such wise as to make it relatively unimportant what he wrote -- or even if he wrote at all."³⁵ The woman who was for a time Lovecraft's wife said, "I do not believe it an exaggeration to say that Howard had the mind, taste and personality of a much greater artist and genius than that with which he was accredited in his lifetime."³⁶ HPL's old friend Reinhart Kleiner sums up what seems to be the feeling of all his acquaintances: ". . . his passing left a vacuum no one else can fill."³⁷

Lovecraft's worth as a person, then, seems to have more than balanced his peculiarities, psychological maladjustments, and eccentricities. But regardless of these manifestations of friendship it is as a writer of horror stories that Lovecraft is not able to those of us who did not know him.

paleontology and archeology. . . Lovecraft wrote horror fantasy purely for the imaginative pleasure it afforded and as an escape from the real world. It enabled him to gain a mastery over time which man can never attain in the physical sense. . . The men of his own time whom Lovecraft most admired were not only his literary idols such as Lord Dunsany and Arthur Machen, but also men of science such as Sir Arthur Keith and J. B. S. Haldane.²⁸

These factors, then, influenced the content and subject matter of Lovecraft's tales. Additionally, "He absorbed the works of Dunsany, Machen, Poe, Blackwood, Chambers and de la Mare. The reading of these masters of the weird was an important influence on the development of his style. . . Although surrounded by books, his real and most valuable library remained, carefully cross-indexed, in his memory."²⁹



Among characteristics peculiar to Lovecraft's writing are the fact that the main action of his tales occurs at night; the fact that his heroes almost never eat, and that they never partake of liquor; the lack of humor in all but an insignificant portion of his collected writings; complete absence of love or sex interest; and most significant when considered in relation to his life, his morbid preoccupation with heredity and degeneracy.

Dr. Keller's psychiatric study of Lovecraft's life makes quick work of most of these items. The action of the stories was set at night because Lovecraft loved the night himself and was averse to sunshine. His narrators and heroes do not eat because food was not one of Lovecraft's own interests. He was a total abstainer, ergo his heroes do not drink. Humor is absent because "he found little in life to laugh at. . . Deliberately he lived the part of an old gentleman as described by Lord Chesterfield in his Sciences and Maxims: "Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things. . . A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh." Finally, there is no love interest in Lovecraft because "Though women dominated his entire life he never understood them, and therefore never wrote of them. Uninterested in sex because of his neurasthenia, shyness and strong belief in heredity, he lived a life as devoid of feminine interest as that of St. Anthony." His marriage was a searching for a mother-substitute, not a matter of sexual attraction or love.³⁰

"Heredity is an important factor in many Lovecraft stories, and is always of a degenerative type. His families deteriorate both mentally and physically, become shiftless paupers, and, in at least two stories, develop cannibalism. . . Nowhere does the human race give promise of reaching toward the stars. There is always family decadence."³¹ This preoccupation is explained by Dr. Keller by reference to Lovecraft's parents; his knowledge that both of them had been psychotic before he was born, and the fact that the elder Lovecraft's "demise was attributed to 'an advanced stage of pareses [*sic*],'" which is caused by syphilis.³²

Much, too, is often made out of Lovecraft's hatred of the sea and his aversion to cold. These also may be interpreted psychologically, as is evident from the following passage:

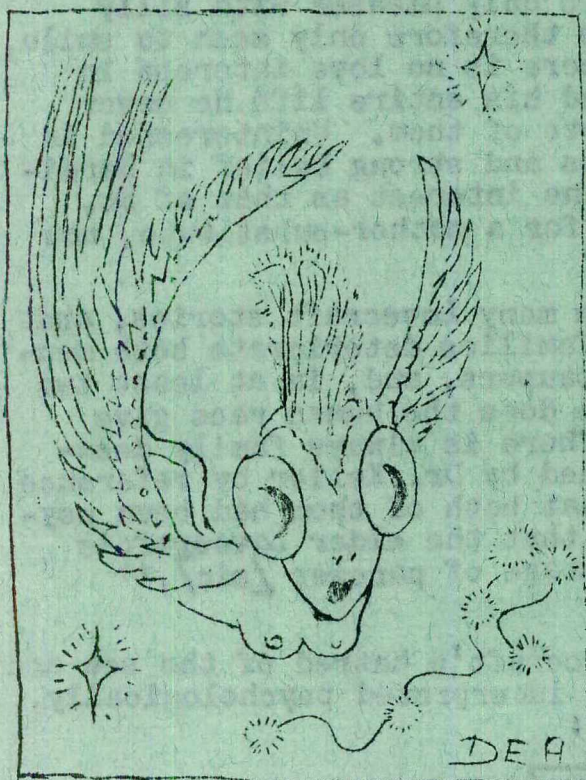
It is of course impossible to appreciate a writer's work by reading glowing descriptions of it or passages quoted from it. One must read the material himself to enjoy it. Lovecraft's work is no exception. However, perhaps some idea can be given of the effect of HPL's fiction by a brief description.

Another fantasy writer, Fritz Leiber, Jr., called Lovecraft

the Copernicus of the horror story. He shifted the focus of supernatural dread from man and his little world and his gods, to the stars and the black and unplumbed gulfs of intergalactic space. To do this effectively, he created a new kind of horror story and new methods for telling it. . . Arthur Machen briefly directed man's supernatural dread toward Pan, the satyrs, and other strange races and divinities. . . Earlier, Edgar Allan Poe had focused supernatural dread on the monstrous in man and in nature. . . Algernon Blackwood sought an object for horror especially in the new cults of occultism and spiritualism. . . Meanwhile, however, a new source of literary material had come into being: the terrifyingly vast and mysterious universe revealed by the swiftly developing sciences, in particular astronomy.³⁸

And from this, Lovecraft drew his concepts. He believed that a dislocation of time and space, more particularly of time: "Conflict with time," he wrote, "seems to me the most potent and fruitful theme in all human expression."³⁹ His emphasis in his stories was on atmosphere, not on action; and on a building up, chiefly through hints and associations, of a gradually rising suspense finally culminating in the climax. This is best seen in the great stories, "The Shadow out of Time," "The Whisperer in Darkness," "The Dunwich Horror," "The Shadow over Innsmouth," "At the Mountains of Madness," and perhaps another or two. Leiber goes on, "There were three important elements in Lovecraft's style which he was able to use effectively in both his earlier poetic period and later, more objective style. The first is the device

of confirmation rather than revelation. In other words, the story-ending does not come as a surprise but as a final, long-anticipated 'convincer.' . . . So closely related to his use of confirmation as to be only another aspect of it, is Lovecraft's employment of the terminal climax -- that is, the story in which the high point and the final sentence coincide." This latter device was used with great success in three of the five stories named, and in a great many others of Lovecraft's better tales. "Lovecraft re-inforced this structure /building toward the terminal climax/, " continues Leiber, "with what may be called orchestrated prose -- sentences that are repeated with a constant addition of more potent adjectives, adverbs and phrases, just as in a symphony a melody introduced by a single woodwind is at last thundered by the whole orchestra.



'The Statement of Randolph Carter' provides one of the simplest examples. In it, in order, the following phrases occur concerning the moon: '. . .waning crescent moon. . .wan, waning crescent moon. . . pallid, peering creseent moon. . .accursed waning moon. . .'. Subtler and more complex examples can be found in the longer stories."⁴⁰

Occasionally Lovecraft went whole hog in pouring on the horror, as is seen by these quotes from "Imprisoned with the Pharoahs," a story ghost-written by Lovecraft for the famous magician, Harry Houdini. ". . .their crazy torches began to cast shadows on the surface of those stupendous columns. Hippopotami should not have human hands and carry torches. . .men should not have the heads of crocodiles. . .A fiendish and ululant corpse-gurgle or death-rattle now split the very atmosphere -- the charnel atmosphere poisonous with naphtha and bitumen blasts -- in one concerted chorus from the ghoulish legion of hybrid blasphemies. . .the light of their torches showed their bended heads -- or the bended heads of such as had heads. They were worshipping before a great black fater-belching aperture which reached up almost out of sight. . ."41 Or from "The Outsider": "I cannot even hint what it was like, for it was a compound of all that is unclean, uncanny, unwelcome, abnormal, and detestable. It was the ghoulish shade of decay, antiquity, and desolation; the putrid eidolon of unwholesome revelation, the awful baring of that which the merciful earth should always hide. God knows it was not of this world -- or no longer of this world -- yet to my horror I saw in its eaten-away and bone-revealing outlines a leering, abhorrent travesty of the human shape; and in its moldy, disintegrating apparel an unspeakable quality that chilled me even more."⁴²

But the effect of Lovecraft's writing does not come from his horror-passages -- chilling as some of them are, indeed disgusting to some. Nor does it come from his adjectives, which often have been condemned for repetitiousness. Appreciation of Lovecraft is largely a matter of mood. It depends upon absorption of his carefully formed atmosphere, close attention to the details of the story in order to keep up with his careful construction and consistent attitude while reading. Lovecraft's stories should each be read in one sitting; splitting up a reading of them destroys the suspense. Readers who are fond of action, dialogue, and characterization will not enjoy Lovecraft. All is concentrated in his stories upon the effect and the mood.

Lovecraft wrote much material which is mediocre, much more which is not great. But his best stories stand as fine examples of fiction, and at the topmost pinnacle of the weird field which, because of his background and upbringing, was Lovecraft's own. Apart from the fan following, more and more the general world of letters has become aware of HRL. "Since the untimely death of Howard Phillips Lovecraft in Providence, Rhode Island, early in 1937," writes Derleth, "something like half a million readers, at a conservative estimate, have become aware of his strange genius through the medium of his stories, now widely reprinted. . .Few writers of our time, belong so substantially to the tradition of Poe and Hawthorne, Bierce and Hearn, and Lovecraft's fame, already attested by the recognition of discerning critics, is destined to grow still more."⁴³

--Don Wilson.

FOOT - NOTES

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18. Kleiner, Reinhart, "A Memoir of Lovecraft," in Lovecraft, Something about Cats, op. cit., (reprinted from The Arkham Sampler, Spring 1948), p. 225.
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22. Paul Cook, "An Appreciation of H. P. Lovecraft," in Beyond the Wall of Sleep, by H. P. Lovecraft (Sauk City, Arkham House, 1943), p. 428.
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31. Ibid.
32. Ibid., p. 242.
33. Robert Bloch, "Fantasy and Psychology"; speech delivered at Sixth World S-F Convention, Toronto, July 3-5, 1948, and printed in The Torcon Report, Edward N. McKeown, ed. (Toronto, The House of York, 1948), p. 9.

34. Dorothy C. Walter, "Lovecraft and Benefit Street," in Rhode Island on Lovecraft, p. 11.
35. E. Hoffmann Price, letter in "Open House", Fantasy Commentator, III (Winter 1948-9), p. 24.
36. Davis, op. cit., pp. 245f.
37. Kleiner, op. cit., p. 228.
38. Fritz Leiber, Jr., "A Literary Copernicus," in Something about Cats, p. 290.
39. H. P. Lovecraft, "Notes on the Writing of Weird Fiction," in Marginalia, p. 135.
40. Leiber, op. cit., pp. 297f.
41. Lovecraft, Marginalia, pp. 32f.
42. Lovecraft, The Outsider and Others, p. 86
43. August Derleth, on jacket flap of Something about Cats.

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Editorial (continued from page 3)

Remember, if you aren't a member of FAPA; if you don't trade or review; write us letters! Don't worry about deadlines, just write. Letters. To us, of course. Even if you are a member of FAPA for that matter.

The fanzine review section this trip isn't as leisurely and long as previously since we had more worthy material. I do enjoy reading and reviewing them, so you never can tell, FAFHRD may grow larger. Hell, we may even have to start charging a nominal sum toward postage from those who aren't in FAPA, trade or review, if it gets over 40-45 pages. Doesn't this scare you though? I

I bet it scares Ellik.

 End of fan editorial which could have gone on and on once it gets trolling which it didn't End

FANZINES WANTED....

A C O L Y T E #s 12 and 13

L E Z O M B I E #s 1-9, 11-13, 61, 62

H Y P H E N #s 1-4, 8

P S Y C H O T I C S #s 1-4, 13, 17

plus

a whole mess of FANEWSCARDS, want list sent on request

and

just about any

G O R G O N S

write Ron Ellik about 'em.

written to Ellik. . .

L E T T E R S . . . answered by Cox. . .

J. Martin Graetz
307 S 52nd Street
Omaha 3, Nebraska

You owe me a letter, not a note, and not a POCTSARCD QUOTE WHUNKERY and not a fanzine called FAFHRD. Letter. I'm not even going to ask where you got that name from, so you will have to sit and wonder why you couldn't think up a title that was catchy enough to make me ask where you got it. From. Fafhrd. A letter.

Well, J. Martin, I picked the title for this zine and Ron agreed on it. From whence it comes, we ain't telling...yet. However, since this is being distributed in FAPA, I don't doubt but what a number of people do know about FAFHRD. Write again but to greater length, yes?

M. Desmond Emery
93 Hemlock Street
St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada

Hah. Another dirty joke for you. Some crumb of a psychologist says that we stf fans are sublimating or something and that the rocket-ship beloved by our ranks is a phallic symbol. So I suppose that the guy that takes up with a bass fiddle is sublimating and wishes he were a female. I must ask the next bass fiddler I meet if he ever wishes he were somebody's mother. ##What's FAFHRD stand for - if I have the time I'll make something of it, but right now it just faferred to me.

To tell the truth, I can't rightly say what FAFHRD stands for but I intend to do some research on it soon. *** Anent the phallic symbol rocket ships and all, what does the psychologist have to say about flying-saucer shaped rocket-ships? Or some of the bulky, spindle-legged things frequently on Galaxy and MoF&SF covers?

Andy and Jean Young
12 Summer Road
Cambridge 38, Mass.

How do you pronounce this FARFHDQX thing, anyway? Maybe if I ~~44~~this is Andy speaking--re~~44~~ have time this weekend or some other I can bat out a donation for your effort. This is not a promise; we are still getting settled in our new place. Until school starts again in the fall we'll have a little more time than before for fannish activity, so I hope we can get caught up on all overdue letter-writing and such. Thank Foo for inventing the weekend. Or was that Benjamin Franklin? We went through this once with Tucker and got confused. It must have been the Jack Daniels vapor in the letter paper.

I just now noticed that you folks live in Cambridge, where I was borned. Do you know Dave Thomas, old time fan and FAPA member who probably still lives at 31 Linnean Street? I believe Ron wrote and told you how to pronounce FAFHRD.

FANZINIA

NITE CRY (#10), Don Chappell, 5921 E 4th Pl, Tulsa, Okla. 10¢, 6/50¢

In the editorial Don poses a simple problem..."10 plus 10 equals ?" with the stipulation that the answer is not 20. Since he's talking about binaries right before there, I can only assume that he means 10 in a digital system with a base of 2. Translating, I get "2 plus 2 equals 4". HELLISON writes some -- how you say -- "cool" fiction which surprised me--maybe there is somebody who can still write it. We have another installment of SMOKE SIGNALS by Dan McPhail, a column which almost rivals the Immortal Storm for historical interest. Claude Hall takes advantage of having a regular column to try to start a fight with some assinine theories about fandom being a hoax. The letter column is exceeding short, but is promised to be longer next time. The mag is, as always, nicely reproduced. Some pages are underinked, but for the most part is extremely readable. Material has never been NITE CRY's high point, but it is getting better on the average.



CANADIAN FANDOM (#25), Bill Grant, 11 Burton Road, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada. 15¢.

Sadly missing from this issue is BY JOVE!, an anonymous column consisting, when it appears, of one page of fannish history in a capsule, by itself worth the price of the mag. Walt Willis fills the gap nicely with A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND. Would that Willis had the time and/or inclination to write a regular column for somebody beside OOPSLA! Harlan Ellison shows that even if he can write fiction he is still as obnoxious as ever by writing IS SCIENCE FICTION LITERATURE? THAT

OLD MOVIE BUG, Bill Grant, is another interesting columnist, discussing his hobby, old movies. Reproduction is on the GASTetner--perfect. Frequency is quarterly. They need an editorial and a longer letter column.

UMBRA (#7), John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus, Baltimore 28, Maryland. 10¢.

If operating a mimeograph is a labor of love, operation a ditto is an art. After typing somewhere between one and two hundred masters and running them off for a circulation, I would imagine, around 100 or 150, John has finally learned how to run a ditto. Those of us who were unfortunate enough to receive U #s5&6 will be astounded at seeing the results of patience on John's part. The show-through is still bad, but above all you can read the magazine. Jan Jansen writes a column on the same lines as A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND, but doesn't make quite the thing of it Willis did. . . There's an article on Progressive Jazz by somebody named Stark--Larry should stick to EC comics. I thought I'd seen the last of the Face Critturs, but here they are again. Things are looking up, on the whole, with good repro. Now all John needs is material.

ISM (#2), Rosin, 163 W. College St., Oberlin, Ohio. Free on request.

"The Innocuous Fanzine" has made no progress since its first issue, and I doubt if it will make any by its tenth, or its twentieth. It's not that kind of zine. It's gossip and chatter, light reading. Not what you would call important reading, but well worth the time spent on it. It'll never become a top-ten-contender zine... But it's fanzines like ISM and YOBBER and GRUE that make fandom a lot more fun. It's people like Rosin, the Youngs and Grennell who make up for the grouches and serious-minded amongst us.



KAYMAR TRADER (#95), Gary Labowitz, 7234 Baltimore, Kansas City 14, Missouri. 10¢.

Since 1946 KAYMAR TRADER has offered low ad rates, wide circulation and sloppy mimeographing. As of issue #96, however, it will offer low ad rates, a much wider circulation, and neat, readable lithographing. This is indeed a revolutionary step. Circulation with the next ish will be 400, and Gary hopes to push it up to 1000 soon. This shouldn't be hard, as his rates are "still the lowest in STF advertising", to use his own words. And he's still trading ads with other fanzines--a terrific deal, when you compare circulation figures! Never say Cox and I don't recognize a good deal when we see one. Look on page 10... AND, if you're interested in buying, selling, trading, or just looking around to compare prices, send for a K-T or two.

WWHIMSY (#4), Ronald Voigt, 3859 Sullivan Street, St. Louis, Missouri. \$1.00 per year, \$1.25 as of September 1st, which means 12 issues.

I assume that there is someone in my audience who likes poetry with a scientific theme. As I recall, there is a place on the FAPA poll for a fan-poet, and I've certainly seen some small amount of poetry in FAPA mailings... But I don't appreciate poetry, myself. Like sports-cars and progressive jazz, it interests a lot of fans but it is just outside of my field. Anyway... Ron used to edit FAN FICTION, until he realized, I reckon, that it wasn't worth it. He turned to poetry and printing--WWHIMSY is printed in red, green and black ink, "Typos" are few...and everybody gets tired of setting type after a while... Inking is uniform, naturally, which is something you see in few mimeographed magazines. (Look about you...) If you write poetry, send it to Voigt. You'll get better reproduction in WWHIMSY than in FAPA or any mimeographed poetryzine, and probably a wider circulation.

TACITUM/the silent one (#3), Benny Sodek, 1415 S. Marsalis Dr., Dallas 16, Texas. 10¢, 3/25¢.

Fiction here is by Race Mathews, an Aussie fan that we see little of in these parts. It's better than Noah McLeod at any rate...as soon as Benny gets better established he's going to stop using fiction. CABANA PEELINGS is an Oklacon report by George Jennings. For two days of conventioning, Jennings certainly writes a short report. The Westercon inspired Stuart to greater lengths than this... There's some fanzine reviews by the editor, but the last thing in the world I should do is review reviews! A pro review by McLeod, he of the poison pen who cannot write fiction. Letters from people like Sneary and Carr. This is one of the few fanzines which use elite type...

Jan Sadler
219 Broadmoor Drive
Jackson 6, Mississippi

How do you pronounce FAFHRD? I'm afraid to try it...I might embarrass myself. I like the zine...we trade? Mimeography on green paper reads well. Looks nice, too. Pity you had to waste almost half the zine with fiction. VOICE OUT OF EXILE should have been much much longer... makes good filler, but would make an even better column. Sort of like the latest book Bill Mauldin published, MAULDIN IN KOREA, in which Willie bombards his stateside friend with almost illiterate letters over screwy life in the trench.

Everybody wants to know how to pronounce FAFHRD? Why? Who you going to say it at? Huh? *** I and especially Ellik, hope that blue paper turns out as well as the green did. No story this trip either. And VOICE OUT OF EXILE is a column but won't be if he doesn't get more interesting. *** Mauldin should stick to drawing.

Sam Johnson
1517 Penny Dr.-Edgewood
Elizabeth City, North Carolina

What have you been doing, hibernating in an empty beer bottle? I've not heard from you in ions...or is that eons? Hell, it's been a long time! ## I guess Cox reads your mail, but if not, let him know that I appreciate his very pleasant review of UNDERTAKINGS, and, also, if he wants, I'll send issues direct to him at his Hermit's Cave on the beach. Of course, he may have to beg me a little, but it's worthit...

I haven't been hibernating, even though I do live in a cave. Ellik will no doubt speak for himself. *** In re UNDERTAKINGS, I can't review it if I don't get it...

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Ron Ellik publishes MALIGNANT, Fandom's Leading Reprint Fanzine,
and SHANGRI-LA, the club publication of the LASFS,
each of which sell for a dime, sample copies of
the former on request. trades welcomed for both.
and will publish in the near future an Edgar
Rice Burroughs bibliography and biography in
conjunction with Charles Nuetzel. Information
on request.

If none of the following reasons is checked, you are robbing the US mails.

____FAPA. This is an inclusion in mailing #72 if it gets to Burbee on time. Equal credit should be given to Cox and Ellik.

____FAPA waiting-list. We're sending you this copy, not because we have to, but to encourage you to sit out the long wait you'll have to join us in FAPA.

____Trade. We want to trade with any and all fanzines, and anything we get stands a chance of being reviewed by whomsoever is doing the review column at the time.

____Review. We're in this for ego-boo. We've both published zines before, so we don't especially want averse criticism...if you've got something to gripe about, gripe--but we'd rather have flowery, praising reviews.

____Contributor. We want more material, natch. If you don't like the reproduction or typing on your piece of work, complain long and loud. We treat you like royalty as long as you keep submitting material.

____Subscriber {(hah)}. We send this to you for a letter of comment or for Services Rendered in the Past. After a while we may start charging something because postage is getting higher each ish--but not for a while yet.

____sample copy

____we thought you might be interested in something herein.

____this is the last issue you will be getting unless you send us a letter of sumpin.

FAPHRD
from Ron Ellik
277 Pomona Avenue
Long Beach 3, California

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return postage guaranteed
sorry, no envelopes thish