

eq passapt

(being a sort of editorial)

First of all we want to thank everybody who helped us out with the first issue, subscriptionally, contributionally, or commentarily. To judge from your letters, it would appear that the first issue of GARGOYLE was a success. Here then is number 2, with 8 more pages, a larger and better line-up, finer paper (for more legible hectographing), and, to your surprise (and ours!) - ten days early! We want you to fill in the rating slip again as before, and if possible, see that it reaches here within 10 days after receipt of GARGOYLE. The results of last months ratings were:---

- * The AVERAGE FAN (DJCameron) - 7:61.
- * FUNNY BUSINESS (DRSmith) - 7:41.
- * BELIEVE IT OR NOT (Editorial) - 7:07.
- * MYSTERY of EARTH (JFBurke) - 6:58.
- * ROUND & ABOUT (Centaur) I MEET A FAMOUS MAN,
- * (ECWilliams) and PARAN (CSYoud) - 6:25 each.
- * REVU (Paul Kent.) - 6:15.
- AVERAGE FOR GG No: 1 -- 6:69.

In accordance with requests we are including the cover on the rating slip, but are omitting the Editorial - for obvious reasons. And that's about all - except - HAPPY EASTER!

GARGOYLE is a PAN PUBLICATION :::

APR 1940

Edited by David McIlwain.

Obtainable from 14, Cotswold St., Liverpool 7.

Price 3d per copy, or 1/6 x 6 months.

Issued monthly.... or thereabouts, according to how energetic the editor feels.

WILL. F. TEMPLE

tells us —

The "FLAT" TRUTH.

Well, the Flat has now been abandoned, with 18 months still to run on the lease of 3 years. The landlords said we musn't leave but there was no choice. So we packed up Maurice's things and sent them to Leicester. Ego divided his up for several fans to mind for him for the duration. I sent mine to Wembley. And then we left No. 88, Gray's Inn Road, the London rendezvous for S-F fans.

I feel all sentimental about the place, because I have endless memories of the fun we had there. I first suggested the idea of getting a flat to Ego Clarke in a Lyons tea-shop, the former rendezvous for the fans. Almost as soon as we were in there began that unending stream of visitors which made the place more like a hotel than anything. About the first was Harold Gottliffe, brought along by Ted Carnell. I was trying to lay a huge roll of linoleum at the time, and had just come to the awful conclusion that it was really laying me. So it was a scared dishevelled object whom Gottliffe met.

Another early visitor was Maurice Hanson, who lived in a nearby bd.-sttg.-rm. I suggested he came and lived with us. He did. I remember the afternoon he came to stay, carrying two armfuls of typewriter down Gray's Inn Road. The ribbon spool had dropped off his machine and was clanking gaily along behind 30 feet of ribbon. A couple of cats were chasing it. When he crossed the tram-lines a tram came along and ran over his ribbon. He was almost dragged to a horrible death.

But there is no space for a complete history. So here, though they may be of little

interest to others, are a few things pulled at random out of my own ragbag of a memory:- The long nights writing, typing, duplicating NOVAE TERRAE and the BIS "Bulletin". Ego versus the Duplicator, First Round. Maurice drying up and dropping a cup over the banisters to watch it fall with the detached interest of a bomber pilot. Ego's expression of unbearable suffering when I put Judy Garland on the gramophone. "Gay" Tooze, the "Leopard Man", (who knew even more about black magic than Harold Chibbett, who had travelled all over the globe, seen a stake thrust through the heart of a suspected vampire in Warsaw, seen a vision of Isis in Egypt, was a gang chief in Ciara, been condemned to death by the Leopard Men of Africa, and experimented in fostering life in test-tubes, to mention a few things) turning up at a fan supper with his wife Jo and a tremendous purple trifle of many layers and his own concoction - Harry Kay is still trying to rediscover the formula from which it was made.

A fish and chip supper with John Beynon Harris, followed by a discussion far into the night on writing, politics, science and what-have-you. How I came in after a pub-crawl one night and leant on the door, and Ego's puritan nostrils lifting as he said witheringly: "You disgusting spectacle!" A Peace Pledge Union friend of Mike Rosenblum's, named Von Nohlssen, arriving one night, with a fascinating German-Scotch accent and only two conversational topics - Transport and Girls. Mike himself coming another night, surveying our twenty or more shelves of books and magazines and commenting that he was disappointed at seeing such a scanty collection. Bert Lewis coming and indicating the same thing. Forgo-editor of NOVAE TERRAE, Denny Jacques, paying us a call on the stroke of midnight with

a Marxist girl-friend, and talking about the coming war till about 2 a.m., when they left for Euston and Leicester. Doug Mayer coming out of the blue one day and talking films.

Countless BIS meetings, with "genius" Edwards and R.A. Smith inventing the most startling inventions, and Arthur Janser telling us tales of old Vienna and of queer cranks he was always meeting. A crowded SPA meeting on a hot Sunday afternoon, with Frank Arnold in the chair, Ken Chapman in another chair asleep, Eric Hopkins squashed in the middle of six people on the divan, Ted Carnell shouting "Quiet!", a little Russian girl handing out Russian cigarettes, Author D.J. Foster giving a talk on "S-f and Education" - and the arrival of Sid Birchby, hot and dusty in hiking kit, and how he had to sit on the floor. Ego and I trying to make Johnny Burke like symphony, and how he wriggled. Dave Kollwain, after the Convention, wandering around in the kitchen trying to find something to eat. (and finding it - ed). We three and Eric Williams arriving in a taxi at 4 a.m. from a Leeds fan meeting, and Eric trying to fit his 6-ft. length into a very small bed-chair with one cushion missing.

Ego and I being interviewed by a Nazi-journalist, who was certainly a spy, just before the war, and how the tall fellow with the quiet voice and the restless hazel eyes looked through our cuttings book, and appeared very uninterested in those dealing with war rockets. The "Evening Standard" columnist and film critic, Ian Coster, interviewing us, and how I told him more about films than he ever knew. The BBC commentator and film critic, F. Buckley Hargreaves, interviewing us, and how he tried to tell me more about films than I ever knew. A "News Chronicle" reporter calling to interview me when

I was in my bath. How I once let that same bath overflow, caused a cataract down the stairs, and swamped the Foot Clinic beneath us. How one night, Ted Carnell, merry from the "Red Bull", pushed a chair so that it bumped steadily by itself all down those same stairs with a tremendous clatter. How Professor Low came one night and had to stop and rest halfway up those same stairs because his heart was overtaxed.

How a fan party returning from the "Red Bull" found they were barricaded out of the kitchen by the non-alcoholics, led by Ego. And how they stormed the barricade (a table on its side across the doorway) led by Ted Carnell and his umbrella. The countless games of table tennis played by Ego and I on that same 5-ft table, and how we thought we were good, and how "George" Medhurst came and knocked us both to hell. The night Harry Kay brought his dissection instruments along, and how he was laid out on that same table himself, struggling violently, for dissection -- he escaped with the loss of an offside kidney. How we sent Ego out for the fish and chips and fixed a tea-tray booby trap over the door for his return, how it missed his head by a hair's breadth and fell with a terrific crash, and Ego pretended he hadn't even noticed it.

The supper-time when Maurice announced that he had a great idea for a s-f story, but refused to divulge it. How Ego and I, bitten by curiosity, tried to force him to do so. How I sat by his bedside hour after hour playing gramophone records that he didn't like, keeping him awake and in agony until at 2.a.m. bleary-eyed, he gave in and agreed on a compromise. How he told me part of the idea from which I "could deduce the rest." And how I crawled to bed and lay awake all night trying to deduce the rest, and didn't, and was a

REVIEW

by

ARTHUR . C .
CLARKE

(Several books of interest to the more seriously minded fans have appeared recently, and we have asked Prof. Clarke, that well-known bibliophile and man-about-Charing-Cross-Road (not the end you think) to write us some notes on the more important of them. We print, without comment, his comments.)

"ALL IS RUST" by Les Lonesome. (Blotto and Windup - 7/6)

This cheerful little book is just the tonic needed for a blackout depression. It describes

(continued overleaf)

The "FLAT" TRUTH — continued. W.F. TEMPLE.

wreck in the morning.

Wally Gillings telling us of TOW. His wife Madge telling us of Wally. Maurice watering his window-box. Myself dropping a teapot full of tea. Maurice dropping everything droppable. Myself dropping Maurice's porridge dish of hideous design, and the great joy thereat. The fight for the bathroom every morning. Ego in the same bathroom with his array of syringes, bottles, and "preparations" — he is a hypochondriac. The coming to stay of my wife, Joan, and the subsequent appearance of new chintz curtains, vases of flowers, original water-colours on the walls and unoriginal needles in chairs

But I could go on for hours. My one regret is that I omitted to keep a journal during that period. However, when the war has ended, and if I am not in my dotage or Valhalla, I plan to write a novel based on that crowded year and a half, on "Three Men in a Flat" lines. It ought to be fun to write, but probably not so much fun as it was to live it.

Ego's
REVIEW
cont'd

the collapse of civilisation through war, flood, plague, famine, and volcanic action, with the resulting extinction of humanity. Written in the extremely original form of a diary, it gives the impressions of the last Man Left Alive, who starves to death in a canned-food factory owing to the universal destruction of tin-openers.

"The DIFFERENTIATION of CONTRAVARIANT TENSORS, with some NOTES on the QUANTISATION of SPIN OPERATORS in a RIEMANNIAN CONTINUUM". by Dr. Bosch. (Clathorpes University Press. £5. 5.)

This book should not be missed by those who are interested in the differentiation of contravariant tensors. In addition, the notes on the quantisation of spin operators in a Riemannian continuum make it a practically irresistible bargain.

"A GUIDE TO ANCIENT EGYPT" by Carrie Hay. (Catford Co-operative Press, 5/-. With map and time-table, 7/6)

This valuable book by the erudite librarian of the S.F.A. contains some vivid descriptions of that gay and vivacious people, the ancient Egyptians, both pre-Dynastic and post-Elastic. The author takes us on a conducted tour through their pleasure resorts, such as the Valley of Tombs, the Crypt at Kaskara, the Graveyard at Golosh, the Mausoleum of Ramsgates IXV-th, and the great Morgue of Tummi-Ake the Bigger. It concludes with a translation of the "Book of the Dead" done in

hexambic iameters.

"LIFE & LETTERS OF EDWARD, 1st BARON PLUMSTEAD"
 Edited and expurgated by G. Chapman Kenneth.
 (Pink Elephant Press. 46 vols. £1.1. per vol.)

Mr Kenneth has performed a great service by collecting these letters of Baron Plumstead, whose friends will find much to interest them in these 46 magnificent volumes. The correspondence reflects the rise of the Baron from humble beginnings to his present great place in science fiction. An excellent system of cross-reference enables those involved in the correspondence to observe various interesting divergencies in the Baron's statements. Thus:-

(page 467) - "Many thanks for "Phantast": it's an excellent issue and I particularly enjoyed your poem "In Praise of Kipling". You have nothing to fear from Lurke's sloppy "Nitelite", which is rotten, particularly the last issue."

(Letter to Sam Stewed, 27 Nov. 1951)
 And: (page 468) -

"Thought the last "Nitelite" was splendid, the best yet. What a contrast to Sam's sickly "Phantast", which as usual was full of his lousy poetry!"

(Letter to John Lurke, 27 Nov. 1951.)

However, did not no less a person than the great Roman philosopher, Spurious Fallacious, remark: "All men are liars, except when they're damned liars."

HEARD ON THE PHONE

"Is that you, Donald? How are you?"

"Heim very woll, thanks!"

CONFESSIONS *of* a HACK WRITER

No 1. "I HAVE A FAN" by RON HOLMES.

It all began when I wrote my famous nov-
elette "The Case of the Plutonian Plutocrat"
in which I chanced to mention a little town
in Lancashire, England, named Footonbury. I
had gotten the name, as all hacks do, from an
atlas, and the hero's name from a telephone
directory. Three days after my story had been
published I received this letter - from a
Walter Mottlebottom:-

"Dear Mr. Aspidestra,

I have been a fan
of yours for several years, but have not
hitherto had the nerve to actually write to
you. I was both flattered and pleased to be
mentioned in one of your stories"

I looked at the signature and the address,
and discovered that by pure coincidence I had
used both his name and birthplace.

"Yours is the great-
est talent, that of an artist. You paint
pictures with words"

Here, I perceived, was an individual of
keen perception and well-balanced judgement,
someone who knew good stuff when he saw it.
You can well imagine the sort of reply I gave
him, and I enclosed my autographed photo -
also the five bob he wanted.

We became regular correspondents. The
more I wrote to him, the more I took him into
my confidence. Then one day, when the affair
was beginning to pall, he wrote to say "Could
he call and see me next Thursday?" I replied
no, that I would be busy next Thursday and
unable to see anyone. He arrived next Thurs-
day. "I wanted to see you at your work", he
said as he pushed past me.

He stood and looked around. "A nice place you have Mr Aspidestra", he said. "So near the sea, and so comfortable too." He sat down on my favourite chair and lit one of my best cigars. "Ah!" he said, "so this is your disguise outfit?" He took my treasured box from under the dresser. It contained the disguises which I use when posing for pictures of my various pseudonyms. When he had turned everything inside out, he dropped the box on the floor and made for my typewriter, mouthing strange things en route -- leaving me to pick up the battered remains of my disguise outfit and tuck them away in their proper place under the dresser.

His eyes were as large as saucers. "So this is the actyool typewriter" he exclaimed, pressing down a few keys in rapid succession. "And this" -- he swept the sheet of paper out of the machine -- "is an actyool manuscript!" He gazed at it with a face filled with awe, then read

"Drawing his hyper-infra-super-atomic-electronic-ray gun from beneath his lapel, Schnickersnirch covered the slim girl. "Keep away hussy!" quoth he. "It was the fault of your father when he A?4@o½'& "

My fan looked at me questioningly. "But wha.....?" His face changed. He grinned at me in a knowing way and winked. "Oh, I see, you old dog!" he said. I closed my eyes, counted a hundred, and slowly replaced the vase on the mantelpiece.

Then - "Look here old fruit, would you like to sign this autograph album?". By this time I was ready to do anything. I signed. And when he pocketed my five guinea fountain pen, I murmured not a word.

Suddenly he shot across the room, and grasped a heavy silver cigarette case. "You don't mind if I take this do you old fruit?"

he asked, "just as a little souvenir of my visit." Before I could reply he was gone -- upstairs, presumably to see my collection. I made to follow him, but had hardly taken a step before he was down again, waving under my nose an almost priceless copy of the first s-f mag ever printed. I noticed vaguely that he seemed to have grown stouter, particularly in his posterior, but I attached no importance to this at the time. (It was not until later that I discovered that the cream of my collection had mysteriously vanished into thin air -- or Mottlebottom's pants).

"Just the thing!" he cried, holding my priceless-original-s-f-mag. "It will make a really good souvenir for my little sister!" And so he buttonholed that too.

In like manner he commandeered my Brylcreem (for his brother, Angus), my Pepsodent, (for his uncle Ezra), my gold watch, (for his somebody-in-law's great-grandson to dissect), an original cover by Browb (to wrap his treasures up in), and, lastly, my old school tie (to complete and string the parcel).

The final straw came when we reached the kitchenette. He opened the ice-box, and without more ado began to eat. "I say, Ass, old thing", he remarked, "don't you think this pie tastes a trifle funny?"

"What did you call me?" I asked forcing a smile.

"Ass" he said, speaking with his mouth full. "You know - short for Asparagus - I mean - Aspidestra. But don't you think this pie tastes a trifle off?"

"Perhaps", I replied, a trifle drily, "but that's because it's full of rat poison!"

I wish to announce that a new story in my "World Without" series will soon be published, entitled "World without Walter Mottlebottom". I'm sure you'll find it great (so will I).

The SCIENCE FICTION FAN

by:?

(Here is an article by a well-known fan, but his name has been purposely omitted. Can YOU identify him? His style alone should be sufficient to give him away. Write your guess in the space provided in the rating slip, and see what sort of a science-fiction sleuth you would make. The results and answer will appear in the next issue of GARGOYLE.)

There often seems to be the illusion that there is only one type of science-fiction fan, an illusion that displays the lack of thought that has been devoted to this important subject. A short examination of the known facts will reveal that the species may be divided into a small number of quite distinct groups, there being remarkably little overlapping if one considers the short period that has elapsed since the first break away from the normal. Though hardly an advanced fanologist (may Herbert forgive me the word!) I feel that it will be of interest to submit for consideration my tentative classification of this all-too-rare sub-species of the order Homo Sap.

The most prominent variety is the Literary Fan; most prominent because most loquacious on paper, most self opinionated, and most carping of criticism. They are the fans whom we have good evidence for believing have not developed in the normal way of human flesh. Their development rather resembles that of a beetle; observers of irreproachable integrity declare that they have seen the pupa stage, weakly worm-like pallid creatures crouched in the dimness of musty libraries devouring book after

book with insatiable greed, the lenses of their powerful spectacles gleaming dully as they pore voraciously over the musty tomes. A fortunate few come across fantasy in the course of their debauches of reading and find it so titilliant to their wearied palates that they are driven out into the light of day in search of the magazines containing it, and so develop into the superficially human Literary Fan. They now devote their time to writing letters to the professional magazines passing absurdly dogmatic censure on all stories that do not appeal to their limited tastes and to writing intolerably dull and prosy articles for such fan-magazines as will accept them. They lose no opportunity of mentioning their acquaintance with the authors of the dead, but unfortunately unburied, past under the illusion that this displays their superiority. Extreme cases have been observed to write poetry, and the nature of their minds is well displayed here, for rarely do they write verse that does not introduce death from a singularly morbid viewpoint.

Hardly less prominent is the Scientific Fan, the members of which variety are very vociferous in the reader's columns of the professional magazines. Though they, too, are usually stupidly dogmatic in the opinions they express, they are not to be too much censured, because in most cases their only sin is the extreme callowness of their youth. Devout worshippers of Popular Science books they accept as absolute truth every doctrine therein laid down, though most of these doctrines are only theories, and some the merest hypotheses. Since they add to this attitude a complete lack of imagination it is only natural that they should look upon science-fiction as but an even simpler form of Popular Science, and they naturally are as intolerant of inaccuracies in the science in the stories as they would be of an error in a scientific

text-book, though, of course, they would not dare to question a statement, however absurd, in the latter. Fortunately this dogmatism and lack of imagination makes them excellent subjects for modern civilisation, and they develop into useful citizens haunted by the memory of the indiscretions of their youth.

The third main variety is one which appears to flourish even more strongly in America than in this country. It is the Political, or Save-The-World, Fan. Of course every fan passes through the stage when he first notices how the world is governed and very naturally desires to make a few improvements, but the members of the above variety not only retain this view, but also insist that scientific fiction should be devoted to politics and should try to influence political affairs. That they have no sense of humour is obvious from the above description, and in addition they are of a surly, quarrelsome nature, very intolerant of opposition. It goes without saying that this opposition is mostly from members of the same variety holding different views on the political subject, and that they are so incapable of either constructing or understanding a logical argument that no compromise between different groups is possible. The entire energy of the variety is thus spent in incessant bickering between its members, the whole demonstrating in miniature the whole of the faults and weaknesses of the democratic system of government.

There are also the Facetious Fan, the Solemn Fan, and the Cynical Fan, each a small group in itself, but each possessing a number of hybrids with one or more of the main varieties. By facetious we mean "weakly humorous", and the weakness of the humour of the first group lies in the fact that it is so primitive and clumsy that it has no appeal to even semi-mature tastes. The Solemn Fan variety is the largest,

mature tastes. The Solemn variety is the largest, composed entirely of prigs whose only emotion is a dull, animal sort of rage when they suspect that someone is trying to be funny at their expense, or at the expense of the innumerable things they regard as not to be laughed at. The last is a small, but growing, group whose members are incapable of appreciating anything whatsoever, and, realising this, take refuge in a stupid contempt of everything, including themselves.

In conclusion I would point out that considerations of space and of the antiquated law of libel make it unfeasible to give illustrations showing the truth of the assertions made above, but those interested are reminded that they need not look far for examples of the various varieties. The species being so young there are few pure-bred specimens of each class, and the honest reader will find in himself traces of the vices of each variety mentioned, as well as the evidence of the variety to which he must allocate himself.

WE REGRET THAT

owing to a hangover there are several errors on the two centre pages, for which we do herewith humbly apologise. Page 15 has been wrongly numbered "page 14", and the top line of this page (15) should be omitted in reading. We also apologise for the patchy hectographing, and can definitely promise better next time. If more than ten complaints of the illegibility of "S-F FAN" are received, this article will be reprinted as an extra supplement in the next number of GARGOYLE. And, by the way, who IS the author of the above item ???



The HACK'S PSALM

by LESLIE RONALD

While the Space Warp is my stand-by I shall
not want.

It maketh me a great fortune and leadeth me to
Editor's sanctums,

It restoreth my hero and leads him to the
hearts of my readers as my namesake;

Yea, though he walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, he will fear no evil

For my space that is warped will comfort him.

I prepareth a plot with him in the midst of
his enemies,

But with the aid of the Space Warp, he is
saved for ever.

Surely fame and prosperity shall follow me all
the days of my life,

And I will dwell in my house with the Space
Warp fur ever.

SCIENCE-FANTASY REVIEW is the most pleasingly
intimate & up-to-date news sheet we have yet
encountered. And, coming from prolific Liver-
pool, you can bet your bayonet that it's good!
Send 1½ for a sample copy (or 9d x 6) to ---
Henley Ave., Litherland, Liverpool -- NOW!

ROUND & "Centaur" ABOUT

(a gossip column)

✦ Farnsworth Wright is retiring from the editorial chair of Weird Tales owing to bad health and the bad financial position of the publishers. From now on WT will be bi-monthly under the editorship of Miss D. McIlwraith ... Browsing through an old issue of WT I was overjoyed to find an advert for the Gargoyle Press of America, which was devoted to publishing pornographic literature. I leave the rest to you /Accursed snooper! - ed./

✦ DISEASE STRIKES LIVERPOOL!... The amazingly early appearance of this issue of George the Gargle (and some of us were dubious if it would ever see a second issue) is probably due to the fact that Dave McIlwain is now suffering from a septic leg, which keeps him from work - and is he annoyed? Likewise, the lateness of the "Satellite" is due to the fact that JFBurke is down for three weeks with a most unpatriotic illness. To gum up the British fan field even further, the Bard of Eastleigh confesses that his duplicator's going wrong, so don't expect either Sally or Fay for some weeks yet. /A stop-press comment from Sam states that he is selling his duplicator, so goodbye to FAY, seemingly - ed/

✦ It is now revealed that A.R. Steber, author of "The Blinding Ray" in an early Z-D Amazing is RAPalmer, editor of said magazine. We don't blame him for keeping it dark so long.

✦ Next issue of "Tales of Wonder" will reprint Clark Ashton's Smith's lovely "City of Singing Flame" and "Beyond the Singing Flame" combining them into one story. We're glad to see the frequency with which CAS is appearing in this magazine now.

XXXXXXXXXX

The STORY behind the STORY

For the benefit of those who enjoyed the Smith opus in GG No: 1, we are publishing herewith the story behind "FUNNY BUSINESS" - written by the Nuneaton sage himself. No further comment is necessary.

In the wild Hills of the Deer,
Dwells a writer bold and clear;
Known to many, scorned by few
Near the greatest, to give his due.
And fan-mag editors, noble men,
Oft seek the aid of that puissant pen.

Such a one, the great McIlwain,
(Gentle one, who'd not give pain),
Desired a product of Smith's toil
For the latest fan-mag, Gargoyle.

But he did not know the lordly Smith,
And was too shy to ask the Smith,
Fearing to rouse the awful rage
And malice of the haughty sage.

So he wrote and asked off Youd
That Youd should ask the author proud
For a sample of his toil
For the latest fan-mag, Gargoyle.

Youd he asked and asked in vain,
For Smith refused to rack his brain
Just to please a mere McIlwain.
And Mac, persistent, tried again.

He sent a message to the Burke,
A noble fellow, but with a quirk
That makes him fond of noises vile
Known as swing, (don't make me smile!)

I meet a famous man.

PART TWO.

ERIC C WILLIAMS.

(continued from last month)

RE-READ PART ONE THEN CONTINUE

At a certain set up between Mother Earth and Sister Moon there are absolutely no ties on the corpse: the mind can play one hell of a game with the shrinking flesh. Harry says he finds this out when he is wishing he had an extra pair of arms to work his gadgets with. He just sprouts them. After this nothing can hold our Harry. He tries out everything on his insides and outsides. When he thinks of getting back to drab normal he is already too late by two shakes of a stiff leg. Thence come all the hush-hush and gagga news angles on his return which start me thinking this guy has possibilities.

I stay on talk to H plus for quite some time, and presently the big idea comes along and taps me on the back of the dome. I take the suggestion and offer it to three-eyed Harry

(continued on opposite page) →

The STORY BEHIND THE STORY --- continued.

And Burke he wrote and made a threat
Of punishment that Smith would get,
Should he not burn the midnight oil
Writing for the fanmag, Gargoyle.

And feeling sorry for the fools
Smith wearily gathered up his tools,
And tried to write something royal
For the noble fanmag, Gargoyle.

(D.R. Smith)

He looks at it and turns it over and thinks I have something. So it don't take much figuring to see why I am here just about to be the second mug to be shot out on the round the Cheese trip. I aim to develop a lot of things to help in business. Hold it now!!

.....

A verdict of suicide with revolver whilst of unsound mind was passed on Mr. Runyan Williams by the jury after a sitting of one half minute.

PAGE - THOU!

If thine name be in the following list, then take up thy pen and dash off an article, poem, or anything-you-bally-well-like for GARGOYLE immediately.

It meaneth that thou art on the SPOTTE!

It also meaneth that thou shalt have no peace of mind or body until thou hast performed this imposition. We hunger for fan articles, and must needs be fed. Our ration book got sent to ye laundry in the wash, so won't you help us out?? Feed us with fan-fun, you sons of gargoyles!!! Pronto, --

OR ELSE!!!



ERIC S. NEEDHAM.
SAM YOUD.
JOHN F. BURKE.
BOB TUCKER.

J. RATHBONE.
ERIC HOPKINS.
D.R. SMITH.
FANTACYNIC

The deadline date for GARGOYLE No. 3 is
APRIL 10th.

Thank you!!

vox fanopoli.

(which means exactly what we hope you think it means)

From hilly Enfield writes Arfer and his Ego:-

"Mystery of Earth was very amusing. There should have been more emphasis on the fact that everyone had died of gas, in spite of the ubiquitous notice. As it was, that / was hardly touched. ::: The Editorial (I wonder who wrote it?) was entertaining. So youre a carved drainspout, are you? Any relation to the gutter press? /You gutter nerve!/

::::: By the way, the A.F. must have a strange outlook on life if his specs are 5 mm. in diameter. Cms. surely! /Not all fans wear specs so the average would be less than any single

case. Tut-tut! And you a mathematical genius?

::: Anyone might ask, which half of the girl friend? /Go away, you narsty creature!/ Yes, D.J.C's article was definitely the best in the issue."

And from Eric C. Hopkins we have:-

"Round and About is a pleasant little diarial chat, but I dislike marking these sort of things. It is not written expressly for entertainment really and cannot be compared with the contributions written for our enjoyment. Not that I didn't enjoy it: I did, but it is nothing more than a gossip news column. --

/Which is exactly what is it meant to be!/

::::: The Editorial is ingenious, though I calculate nothing to deter the reader from contributing something so much as the remarks about Smith and Woof Temple. It's enough to

crush any would-be gracer of GARGOYLE. ['Twas merely soft soap in order to get D.R. and Woof to write for GG. You'll find them both in this issue. Nothing like flattery to produce results! Pardon my naming Bill "Woof", but his initials, W - F, are ever a temptation to insert "oo", and I just couldn't resist it. Besides, when one thinks of that scientific genius Art Clarkey /Ego - you have a fan! and that phrase - "The Warp and the Woof", it becomes quite appropriate, don't you think? :: I always thought "gargoyle" was an inferior Martian brand of Pool Spirit, but maybe I'm wrong. /Horrors - another definition of a gargoyle! Any more ???/ "

We have heard a rumour that D.R. Smith does not exist, but is the pen name of another well known fan. Nobody has ever seen him, though many have received his letters -- always typed.... Here is the mystery man of Muneaton reacting to GG No: 1

"I am all for such features as 'Round and About', since they are practically the only chance I have of getting hold of information about the world of Fandom, but this particular information seemed rather slighter than usual. 'Mystery of Earth' seemed even slighter to me, and I fear I shall never appreciate the extremely obvious witticisms of Burke. /You think he's not so good as D.R. Smith, eh? :: The climax is disappointing. I should think that you would have to search hard to find a weaker "mystery"; as a matter of fact, I immediately thought of a better one, namely, "Family Butcher", which might cause argument amongst future historians as to how even our barbarous age could retain men whose profession it was to butcher families. /But we do have such men - didn't you know? They're called 'soldiers'! / "Revu" is interesting

and neatly done, and almost succeeds in convincing me, against my reasoned judgement, that the book reviewed would interest me. ::: Youd's poem is as competent as ever. ::: The name is Runyon, not Runyan. /We stand corrected. How strange nobody else noticed the error! ::: I will give give you another meaning to "gargoyle", /errr!!/ - the modern meaning is urely "a professional politician of high rank, any nation". /We were going to make an awfully witty comment here, but forgot what it was - so you'll have to fill in your own instead/ ::: Naturally I am somewhat aggrieved that my brilliantly original idea of imitating Damon Runyon was not so good as I thought. /So was Eric! But I reserve my private opinion that mine is the better imitation. William's, I feel, smacks of Peter Cheyney rather than Runyon pure and simple, and is too thick with vulgar slang, and the narrator is too energetic a person to be anything like Runyon's purely passive onlooker. Apart from the style, in which there is no doubt that I am prejudiced, the story promises to be interesting, but it is a bit difficult to rate this part by itself since it is obvious that it will start to get interesting in the final part: this portion is only "build-up". /So you're prejudiced, huh? Well - read the next letter/

ERIC C. WILLIAMS:-

"Funny Business by that plagiarist Smith is too good to be his own work; I suspect he copied an obscure Runyon tale and foisted it onto you as a sort of gargoylish joke. Anyway imitation should never be so good as the original as it is an insult to the genius of the original. So there! " /Genius?? Then what about this/

"I don't consider that apologies should

be made to Damon Runyon. His style is only to be mimicked - it might get him out of it, for it may be that he is a good author held back by his style." So says Ron. Holmes - S-F REVIEW's live-wire reporter. But back to Envious Eric:-

"You could have knocked me down with a gargoyle when, with a gurgle, I opened a cheap-looking envelope /Woolworth's - 9 for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d/ and saw GARGOYLE brown and neat looking. Spitting out the gargle that had made me gurgle, I hastily looked to find where my piece of tripe had been placed, and gurgles of gargoyles! - it was way back and cut in twenty-five seventy-ninths! Further, an infinitely inferior imitation of my style had pride of place in the centre of the mag. You can't do this to me or the fan-world. /Any comments, fan-world?/ ::: And now to put aside the funny stuff and to look at GARGOYLE. /Meaning.....?/ Paean by Miguel seemed like a chunk of surrealist poetry to me - I couldn't make head or tail of it. Don Cameron was a bit slow in his first page but absolutely busted me down on his survey work. You might add that the Average Fan gurgles $1\frac{3}{8}$ times a year -- once when receiving GARGOYLE and $\frac{3}{8}$ after paying his sub thereto.

And now, (sound the trumpets), we have the Woof, the whole Woof, and nothing but the Woof:-

"The best thing in the issue was undoubtedly "The Average Fan". It made Joan roll up helplessly in her Berkely Superlux. /Or is it Superlux?/ The bit about the half wife and the 18 children got her badly. I've often wondered who this Cameron fellow was. I pick on -- /Shhh! In the last war many lives were lost through careless talk giving away vital secrets etc etc etc. Next best is the Editorial.

I wish to draw your attention to an error in the fourth paragraph. I think you have confused my name with that of Charles Laughton, probably because the pronunciation is rather similar (in your part of the country the "e" in Charles is pronounced similar to the first "e" in William, but my family has always pronounced it as in "lorgnette"). It will be recalled that Mr. Laughton, in the final scene of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame", says, "I am a gargoyle" or "Am I a gargoyle?", though another school of thought holds that the exact words are: "Will you be my gargoyle?"

Christopher "Robin" Kipling was an interesting spectacle. Very slick. But it's place was in a Yank fan-mag, not Garge. We object most emphatically to 'Garge' as an abbreviation of GARGOYLE -- not that it will make much difference, we fear. 'GG', (but not Gee-gee, or worse still, Horsey,) is quite sophisticated enough for us, thank you! What the hell is a mandragog? Our dictionary gives - "mandragora". n. - foll. esp. as type of narcotic. (Shak. Othello III.iii.330): (LL.f. Gk mandragoras). So now you know! ::: I am annoyed at Eric for wasting the personal touch he usually gets into his writing and copying someone else's style for no perceivable reason. Did you get that, Eric? ::: Burke's "Mystery of Earth" was worth reading because of some of its pithy phrasing. But the idea is as worn as the seat of my trousers. :: So GARGOYLE is a PAN Publication. You're laying yourself wide open for cracks at you! Such as, for instance ...? ::: And what has happened to Sally? Owing to illness of editor Johnny - to whom we wish a speedy recovery, Sally is late in appearing. She should appear shortly, and with greater regularity than of recently, we hope.

Poetical daddy of FAY, Sam Youd, once pacifist.

now ardent militarist, gives yet another interpretation to "gargoyle".....

"I always thought Gargoyle was some relation to Olive Oyle, who is, as you know, a friend of Popeye's. I am interested to hear that Bill Temple is a gargoyle. Now that this (for so long whispered in the outer circles of the more blasphemous precincts of fandom) has been acknowledged, I think we may freely admit that the Messerschmidt 110 is an aeroplane. ::: After a very lame and much too verbose opening Don Cameron gets into his stride on the second page and produces an eminently entertaining articlette. I am pleased to note in how many respects I rise above the average fan. I be it noted, clean my teeth at least once in thirteen days For the benefit of our readers —

Mr Youd takes his teeth out every thirteenth day, and leaves them to soak overnight in Milton - or is it Steradent? ::: "I meet a Famous Fan" lost, I fear, by being in the same issue as Smith's piece. Unfortunately unavoidable; we were desperately short of material -- still are (please note)!/ The hektographing is good, the lay-out neat, and the contents, on the whole, good. Hectographing good?? See next letter .../

From Richard G. Medhurst, Cambridge

"The typing looks as though it had run in the wash. However, I've seen worse."

Back to EGO:- "I admire the hektographing, which is excellent. (Or is mine a hand-picked copy, the best next to the Ed's). It is inevitable that some copies are heavier - and therefore more legible than others. But all, however pale, were easily readable, given a decent light. We do not recommend reading GG by candlelight, as the typing may then appear to have "run in the wash"./

