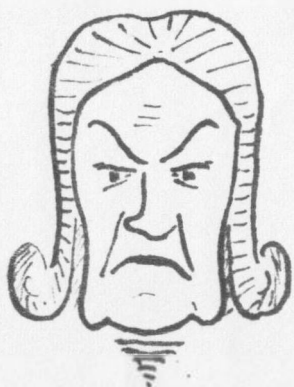


# The GARGOYLE



vol: 1. no: 3  
june - 1940

The abandoned  
issue of 95  $\frac{11}{2}$   
Weep upon it.



# COURT NEWS

REPORTED BY

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

(Before Mr Justice Dewlap,  
at the Centre Court.  
Score: 6-1, 3-4, 4½-2½.)

**PLAINTIFF:** Chrysthenholm Samuel Sued, described as a Gentleman.

**DEFENDANT:** Johnathan Hackinpain, described as an Editor, of no fixed abode or visible means of support.

. . . . .

The Court was crowded when the Puisne-Serjeant-at-arms called for silence at 10:30. By 11 a.m. the noise had subsided sufficiently to hear the snores of the Judge, and the case was declared open.

Mr Snivel, K.C. (of Messrs. Snivel & Snoop) opened the case for the plaintiff. Mr Sued, he declared, had been libelled by the defendant in a periodical intended for public conveni-consumption, entitled "Gargle".

The JUDGE: "Why was it called that? Because it's a wash-out?" (Laughter in court).

Mr SNIVEL: "That seems very probable, m'Lud. This paper, if one can dignify it by the name, printed a criticism of some poetry written by my client."

The JUDGE: "Mr Sued is a poet? On my papers he is described as a Gentleman."

Mr SNIVEL: "My client, M'Lud, is one of those rare individuals who have succeeded in both capacities. Some time ago he published a collection of his poems which was well received by the press". (Cries of 'Who cares, anyway', and a disturbance at the back of the Court).

"Mr Hackinpain, however, saw fit to think differently, and in Vol.II, No.I of his despicable

publication - (Cries of 'Shame' and 'Hear hear!')  
He printed the following words, which, distasteful though I find the task, I am compelled to read:-

'We have for some time been aware that Cryspherichia Sued is responsible for several writings, which, for the want of a better word, one might call "poems". Up to the present, these effusions have reached a mercifully small audience, and one could afford to ignore them. However, this morning a book entitled "Collected Poems" has come into our hands, and we hasten to warn our readers that the worst has happened. Mr Sued has found a publisher.

'We say no more; there are moments when silence is best - a dictum which we fervently commend to Mr Sued, but not, alas, with any hope that he will heed it.'

Mr SNIVEL (continuing): "As you will realise, M'Ind, this gave my client grounds for the most serious complaint. He wishes, inter alia, de toto, and ipso facto, to bring the following charges against Mr Hackinpain:-

- 1) That half the review of his book was illegible owing to bad duplicating.
- 2) That the title of the volume was "Selected Poems" and not "Collected Poems".
- and 3) That Mr Sued's name had been incorrectly spelt."

The JUDGE: (to Mr Sued): "How do you spell it?"

A VOICE: "Spell it wiv a we, Samivel, spell it wiv a we." (Disturbance in Court).

At this point the Court was cleared and the proceedings adjourned until the next day.

. . . . .

On the resumption of the trial, Mr Snivel called his witnesses. The first to enter the

box was Mr Sued himself, who was received with cheers from a section of the court. Much moved he identified his book of poems and only the swift action of the Puisne-Serjeant-at-Arms prevented him from declaiming his "Ode to a Lady Encountered in the Black-out". He also produced his birth-certificate to confirm the spelling of his name, and pointed out the defects of printing in the article complained of. His evidence created a favourable impression on the Jury.

Mr Snivel then called as witness Larry Hay, described as indescribable, who declared that he had read the article in "Gargyle", and was a friend of Mr Sued's. (Cries of "What a wopper!")

"What reaction did the article produce in you?" asked the learned Counsel.

"I wrote off to Mr Sued asking him for a complimentary copy", replied Mr Hay, amid boos.

The next witness was Professor Narke, described as a bit of a fraud. As soon as the Professor entered the box, he began a eulogy of Mr Sued's poetry. "Where are Arden Day Lewis and Spender now?" he exclaimed. A voice: "Down at the old Bull and Bush!"

When the Judge attempted to stem his eloquence he at once began to lecture on space travel, throwing showers of leaflets into the body of the Court, amid cries of "You aren't in the R.A.F. yet". Finally the Professor was removed by the warders, whom, it is understood, he persuaded to join some interplanetary society.

When the Court had returned to normal, Mr Edward Charnel, described as publisher, was called, and he declared that no magazine he had ever published had contained a misprint or spelling error. At this point several persons fainted and had to be removed. Mr Charnel stated: "I cannot stand the sight of a typing error, and I test above all American habits of spelling!"

Cries of "Tell us another" and "Come clean, Ted", at which the Court was again cleared and the case adjourned.

. . . . .

On the third day of the trial, Counsel for the defence, Sir John Swivel, K.C. (senior partner of Swivel, Swivel, Slither and Slide) placed Mr Hackinpain in the witness box. Mr Hackinpain pleaded (i) that he hadn't written the article, (ii) that it didn't mean what it said, and (iii) that it was quite true, anyway.

The JUDGE: "Then who wrote the article?"

Mr HACKINPAIN: "Mr Murke." (Sensation)

Counsel for the plaintiff then asked that Mr Murke be called to give evidence. The Judge acquiesced in this, in spite of the protests of the defence, but as Mr Murke did not appear to be in court, a writ of Habeas Corpus was issued and the Flying Squad was ordered out. When the trial continued, Mr William Simple, described as a writer, was placed in the box. Mr Simple's evidence was not audible from the press box, but he appeared to be in a very agitated condition, and was heard to say "Honest, your Honour, I didn't do it! Aw, gimme a break! I gotta wife and three kids!" He was then carried out in a fainting condition.

The next witness, Mr Hank Arnold, described as a film producer, then stated that in his opinion Mr Sued had only got what he deserved, and that if he had edited "Gargle", he'd have put in another dozen blots, even with ink at 12/6 a pint. The Judge dismissed Mr Arnold and his evidence as being irrelevant.

The next person to enter the witness box for the defence was Professor Narke, heavily disguised as a scientist.

The Judge suspiciously: "Haven't I seen you before?"

Prof. NARKE: "That makes two of us!"

The CLERK of the COURT: "I understand that the Professor has been subpoena'd by both sides."

Prof. MARKE: "In the interests of scientific truth, I felt I should give evidence for both Mr Sued and Mr Hackinpain. Besides, I get twice as much money." (Laughter and cries of Oh!)

The JUDGE: "This is most irregular. I must fine you £5 for contempt of court."

Prof. MARKE: "The court isn't worth that much contempt. Make it a tanner."

Before the Judge could reply there was an interruption at the back of the court, and two policemen entered with a prisoner.

The Judge: "What is the meaning of this? Who is this man?"

A POLICEMAN: "John Murke, your Wash-out. We ran him to earth listening to a concert of chamber music at the National Gallery."

Mr Murke was then propelled into the witness box, and Professor Marke was removed protesting violently.

When asked to take the oath, Mr Murke declared that he was a convert to Mormonism, but would willingly swear on a copy of "Amazing Stories".

He admitted writing the article, and pleaded justification. "It's nothing" he stated, "compared with what Sam wrote about me in his "Phantast".

The JUDGE: "What is "Phantast"?"

Mr MURKE: "Sam's magazine, of course!" (Sensation)

Mr Sued was then called again, and admitted under threats of barratry that he was the editor of "Phantast", a copy of which was produced for the Judge.

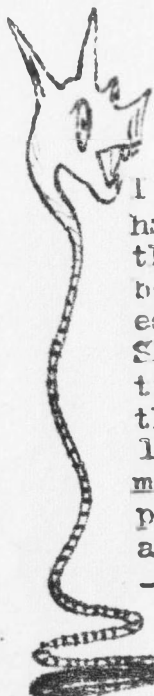
After lengthy consideration, Mr Justice Dewlap gave this decision: "In view of the fact which has just been brought to my notice



The

# LARLA\* & the THING -

BY 'DOC' LOWNDES~



I never know whose larla she was; perhaps she was unattached at the time this happened, although she might have been on a furlough. Anyway, she curled up beside me one evening at Roadi-Shan's, when the whoopie soup was trickling out of my ears, and during the course of the conversation this little tale came out. If you don't mind, I'll tell it to you in the third person; you can't hiccup with the tilt and grace she did through a typewriter,

\* LARLA --- a cross between a geisha and a playmate.


## COURT NEWS (continued).....

which have just been brought to my notice, I must dismiss this case on grounds of non-sequiter. (Cries of "You nasty old man.") It is apparent that there is nothing to choose between the plaintiff and the defendant (cries of "Shame" from both sides of the Court). Both edit magazines about which the less said the better"-- holding them up between forefinger and thumb with evident distaste -- "and both show an interest in literary activities of a low order, which does little credit to their intelligences, should they possess ....."

At this point, unfortunately, Mr Justice Dewlap was compelled to terminate his scholarly summing up, as the air-raid sirens went, and the Court rose hastily -- about 150 feet.

NOTE: All the characters in the above are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons is purely intentional.





nor can you make sense out of Larla's habitual breaking off into operatic like improvisos - as they do whenever they want to emphasize an emotional point. So, here it goes in straight Terra-talk.

Ever since its people can remember, Shaardol \* has been infested with the things. There's no other word for them. They're vaguely anthropoid, hairy as all hell; they shamble along, but can make time when they want to. About three times as strong as an ordinary native Venusian; they've acquired a taste for girls.

She (I never did get her name) was en route to her village one day, on leave for a week or so, when one of the things shamblod out of the woods, and accosted her. It spoke with a series of sounds between a foghorn and a volcano. "Little girl", it said, "at three o'clock in the morning following this night, I am coming to eat you up." "NO!" gasped the Larla. "YES!" boomed the thing. "NO!" screamed the Larla. "Yes" insisted the thing. "No" pleaded the Larla. "Yes" continued the thing. "No" sobbed the Larla. "Yes" hissed the thing. "On all right" sighed the Larla sinking down into a pitiful, discouraged little heap. After a while, she got up and went on her way crying softly to herself.

Eftsoons she met a pin-merchant. "Hail" he cried "and why the tears, my sweet?" She raised her lovely face to him and said sadly, "At three o'clock tomorrow morning a thing is coming to eat me up." "No!" expostulated the merchant. "Yes" sighed the Larla. "No" repeated the merchant. "Yes" insisted the Larla.

---

\* Venus, to you. We spacemen are so damned used to calling it Shaardol that we give a what's-that? look whenever anyone mentions Venus to us.

"No!" declared the merchant. "Yes" cried the larla shudderingly. "Well" said the merchant "may I be dipped in szxeilgh!"\* He patted her head as a grandfather might. "Don't worry" he said. "I will give you some pins, and do you place them on the floor just within the door. When that nasty thing comes in it'll get it tootsies nicely stuck full of pins." She thanked him sweetly and went her way.

Anon she met an egg-seller. "Hi!" he called. "Why so blue on this swellegant day?" She told him. "No" he stated. "Yes" she responded. (No-yes-no-yes-no-yes-NO-YES !!!!!) "Don't worry about it" he told her, stroking her arm as a father might. "I'll let you have a dozen of my best browns. Put them in the fire tonight, so that, when the thing gets pins jammed in his feet, and thus shambles over the fire to get some ashes to put on them, these eggs will go poof! in his face when he starts stirring round." She patted his cheek friendlyly, and went on towards home.

About six o'clock that night, a knock came on the door. "Good evening, lovely one," said the gentleman standing there, "would you like to have a millstone? I have the nicest millstones imaginable. And what, I may ask, is home to any beauty of our fair Sheardol without a millstone?" She looked at him, then burst into tears. "Wait, wait!" he apologised, putting an arm about her waist, and comforting her as a fifth cousin thrice removed might. "I didn't mean anything; what is it?" Followed the conversation recorded above. "I would suggest" he urged, "a nice sized millstone. Hang it over your bed tonight and when the thing stumbles back from the fire, he'll stumble into your bed, and the

---

\* No sense in translating it; it means the same thing in English.



# Interview with FANTACYNIC.

& the interviewer is .....

DOUGLAS WEBSTER



I happened to drop in to see Sam Youd the

other day, and while we chitted and chatted over tiffin, I enquired if it might be possible for me to have a word with Fantacynic. And it turned out that this could indeed be arranged.

I was led down the garden path and left without the large, gloomy ARP shelter which is F's tomb. CS walked back to the house, telling me I would know when to go in. Cooling my heels for a minute, I looked without result for any trace of fairies; and on being told to enter, did so, and beheld Fantacynic in the flesh. As he was wearing a neat line in vandykes and mustachio, seeing him in the flesh did me no good, but as I have seen photographs of John Russell Fearn I was reluctantly compelled to reject one of my favourite pet theories.

This vandyked travesty of a human being greeted me with a typical Fantacynic maxim, perhaps referring to my letter-writing, or, since he wouldn't be acquainted with this - (unhappy fellow) - perhaps to the epistolary habits of fans en bloc:- "Procrastination: putting off to tomorrow what you should have done yesterday." And, as if this were not a powerful enough opening - it did make a favourable impression on me - he followed it up with,

"In certain quarters, I am proud to say, I have made my presence felt." He then declaimed: .....

..... "Proud men  
Eternally  
Go about  
Slander me,  
Call me the "Calliope",  
Size .....  
Size ....."

"Very neatly turned," I admitted. "Most original and to the point."

There was a moment's silence. Then we passed on to the subject of literature, but when I mentioned Mrs Gaskell, craving expert opinion, we found ourselves discussing music, and decrying the general insipid (yes, I think the word was 'insipid') nature of modern popular tunes. Thence to cynicism, a delicate subject wherein, seemingly, the idea lies in having a good knowledge of the facts, being as vindictive and spiteful as you feel inclined, seasoning the whole with 75% friendly humour and leaving the readers (if any, by this time) to draw their own conclusions. Above all, never overestimate their intelligence (that would be impossible with fantasy fans, of course), and always have an answer to your provocative incisions up your sleeve. It sounds easy anyway.

"By the way" I mentioned, "is Miguel about? Can't say I've had much experience with mandragogs."

"No, I'm afraid you can't see him. This not being his consulting hour, he's in bed, asleep, just now. Quite a wit, Miguel, according to his own lights. Outside his kennel he has a notice: "Cave canem - no cycling except on leash", which just goes to show you. Of course, the obvious crack is to substitute 'cave cani', but this seems to leave him unmoved. You've doubtless read his paean, which Youd transcribed and retouched...."

Here he seemed about to burst into lyric effulgence. Thinking quickly, I tried Bill Temple's dodge and threw him a calm stare. It worked unexpectedly well - hit him on the centre of the forehead, and he quickly changed the subject. He did at one point manage a neat little sonnet in the best Bottom of My Garden tradition, saying it was a piece he had tried to work into "The Horrors". As I remember, it was an mournful epitaph, charged with ethereal beauty, and he volubly intoned something which began --

"I met no traveller, but an antique face  
Whose head ...."

and finished somewhat in the strain of -

"The cold and weary winds wail from  
far and far."

It reminded me, somehow, of Shelley, or a poet I'd read, or something; I don't know why.

Little was said after that, beyond Fanta telling me in strict confidence just who was a Gargoyle; he also mentioned at one point that I was the epitome of hyperborean inconsequentiality; but haven't had time yet to look it up. I said I must hurry, as I wasn't as young as I used to be, and it was a long way home. So that the last I heard of Fantasynic's voice was a friendly "Any time you're passing - pass". After all the publicity I'm giving him too!

Retreating hurriedly, I heard a cheerful whistle rendering the strains of the "Beer Barrel Polka", and wondered vaguely that CS so blatantly ignored his powerful neighbour's aversion to such ephemeral harmonies. Laying himself open to a spot of criticism. But I had no time to stop and say goodbye, for I had to walk home that night, and from Eastleigh to Aberdeen is no mean distance, even for such as I.

----- finis -----


for the younger  
fans ~ by Maurice K. Ha.

A stands for Atom, as most fans should know,  
And B stands for Binder, both the B & the O,  
C is for Capek, whom the highbrows adore,  
D for Disaster the Earth's heading for.  
E stands for Entities, often malignant,  
F stands for Fan-feuds, always indignant.  
G is for Gernsback, sugar-coater by trade  
And H for the Hacks whom he never paid.  
I stands for Insects, the bigger the better,  
J stands for Jirel, the female go-getter.  
K is for Krypton, as rare as good writing:  
L for the Libels Fearn can't help inviting.  
M is for Michel, who wears a big hat.  
While N stands for Nathan, (more familiarly Nat)  
O is for Omega, without kith or kin,  
P is for Plagiarism, the unforgiveable sin.  
Q stands for Quantity, since wordiness pays,  
And R stands for Robots, and Rockets, and Rays.  
S stands for Smith, renowned for invective.  
T is for Taine, mathematician or detective.  
U stands for Undead, most absurd of terms,  
V's for Van Prinn's best seller on worms.  
W's for Wells and World-statish tags.  
X stands for eXpense, if you buy all the mags.  
Y's for Yog-Sothoth, an unutterable person.  
While Z barely hints at an unprintably worse 'un


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# SOLEMN

## WARNING !

by Eric C. Williams.

Professor Low once said to me as I sat listening to him at the last S.F.A. Convention, \* "Sad though it seems, the inventive powers of the human race are at their highest levels when put to the making of warfare." This truism is not Professor Low's own property; and it gains even more authority through being uttered by a thousand other great thinkers and Professors. Statesmen have said it, but they used it as an excuse for war. However, no matter who tells us, it seems true that men can think up more cunning dodges when they are fighting for life than when they are just lining.

All of which I say to introduce my warning to the future fandom of England.

At the present time we are in a ferment of activity induced by the war. Daily we bind faster the bonds of fandom by a thousand new avenues of activity and research. We are raising S.F. to heights undreamed of in peace-time; our standards are soaring until we look back at 1930 and sneer. We meet and communicate to an extent unthinkable before the war. This is a Utopia we could never have visualised in those old days of lethargy.

Now we must cling to what this war has given us. A great slackening off always follows in the train of warfare. Minds collapse from the pinacles they have held throughout the duration of fighting, and the depths they plumb are lower than their original levels. We must take care to avoid this descent at all costs -- guard our new ideals with constant vigilance. All this that we have built up must never fall; never must those old days return with their gloomy apathy. Our new spirit must live for the glory of S.F.

\* The SCIENCE-FICTION ASSOCIATION was an association once existent in England for the binding to

I would like to advocate here and now that our present ideals be set out on paper so that they may ever remind us of the glory that must not be lost.

- 1) ::: To hold Branch meetings as regularly as our entanglements with girls, movie shows, new murder books, the radio, work and sleep will allow us.
- 2) ::: To send our opinions of magazines to editors every time we get the energy to read one, or every time Woolworth's get some remainders.
- 3) ::: To religiously collect items of SF news whenever we have nothing else to do, and to send them to fanmags whenever the editors happen to ask for same to make up an issue they are thinking of bringing out.
- 4) ::: To support all fanmags if they are cheap enough and big enough or contain one of our articles.
- 5) ::: To undertake to provide material for fanmags only iff the editor goes on his knees and advertises us as his most popular contributor.
- 6) ::: To help our home pro-mag editors on the condition that they give us two shillings worth of value for our shilling.
- 7) ::: To care just about a damn what is happening to other fans unless they have the art of "bumming" one up in their letters.

If we can only keep up this sort of thing we will never return to the former miserable state. Beware fans, I say, of the ills of peace!

---

gether of SF readers. Now and again they held yearly meetings called Conventions.

a few impressions  
by JOHN F. BURKE.

(PROLOGUE:- In answer to the editor's threats  
in GARGOYLE the SECOND.) ....

Send to him garbage, garbage,  
And never an inspired line;  
Not one artistic sausage  
Shall he have of my work divine.

My mirth the fans required  
To pass their idle hours,  
But I am sick and tired  
Of wasting thus my powers.

My mind is reeling, reeling,  
In mazes of futile toil,  
While for peace my soul is yearning,  
Oh, blast this damned Gargoyle!

I hope the readers pan you,  
I hope they give you hell;  
You call yourself a fan; you -  
Here, take your article!

(Matthew Arnold turns over in his grave ...)

\* \* \* \* \*

The peculiar coincidence which resulted in  
two fans submitting parodies on Damon Runyon  
gave me to think furiously /DRSmith & ECWil-  
liams in GG 1. -ed/. In the course of my  
cogitations it struck me that mimicry in fan-  
dom has not been carried nearly to the lengths  
which we hear on the radio. Hundreds of peo-  
ple make a living parodying others - why not  
try it with our favourite form of literature?  
Inspired by the thought of making money (Gar-  
goyle offices shake dangerously at the men-  
tion of payment on publication) by doing other  
people's work, I herewith offer you a few - ah  
-- impersonations. If you will get out your

last instalment of Jack Williamson's "Legion of Time" and study the short passage describing Sorainya's dissolution and then come back to me. I will endeavour to give you a few impressions as to how I imagine various people would treat the same thing.

First ... EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The cylinder which I found beneath my foot was a small silver object, and I knew that to break it would be to crush Sorainya's victorious beauty. I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I should be guilty were I to trample it underfoot. I was at once struck with an incoherence in my attitude, for, despite the urgent necessity of ridding the world of this monstrous being, I could nevertheless feel the beating of my tell-tale heart, and realised that I was enamoured of the immortal beauty of the woman.

-Then I stepped - God forgive my miserable soul! - upon the tube, and as I did so, I heard ejaculations absolutely bursting from the tongue of the sufferer, as her whole frame at once shrunk - crumbled - absolutely rotted away before my eyes, leaving a nearly liquid mass of loathsome - of detestable putrescence. Her last dying shriek will forever ring in my ears -- miserable mortal that I am.

A.E.H. HOUSMAN

Defeated Queen Sorainya  
Begins to shrill and cry,  
"O young man, Denny Lanning  
Tomorrow you shall die".

O foolish Queen Sorainya,  
I think 'tis truth you say:  
But I can read the future,  
And you will die today.

SID

WALKER

Lumme, I do bump into some  
 'funny things, don't I? T  
 There was this 'ere tube  
 at my feet, and the girl standin' lookin' at  
 me, like as though I were the devil 'imself.  
 Now what could I do, I ask you? If I goes  
 away and leaves things as they are, this 'ere  
 woman would go about spreading more trouble.  
 Yet, if I trod on it - well, it don't seem  
 right somehow, and it would be a very messy  
 business. What would you do, chums?

. . . . .

---

Shape I dare not meet in dreams

In death's dream kingdom

You shall soon appear:

Shape without form, shade without colour,

Paralysed force, body without motion.

Between this small tube

And the deed

Between the desire

And the act

Falls the Shadow

For thine is mine heart.

For thine is

Life is

For thine is the

This is the way Sorainya ends

This is the way Sorainya ends

This is the way Sorainya ends

Not with a cheer by a squash.

The next part of the programme will follow  
 when the orchestra has woken up.

---

KRAZY KRACK —

"How is it ghosts can walk through  
 doors, Mr Chibbett?"

"They ... have ... skeleton ... keys"

ESN.