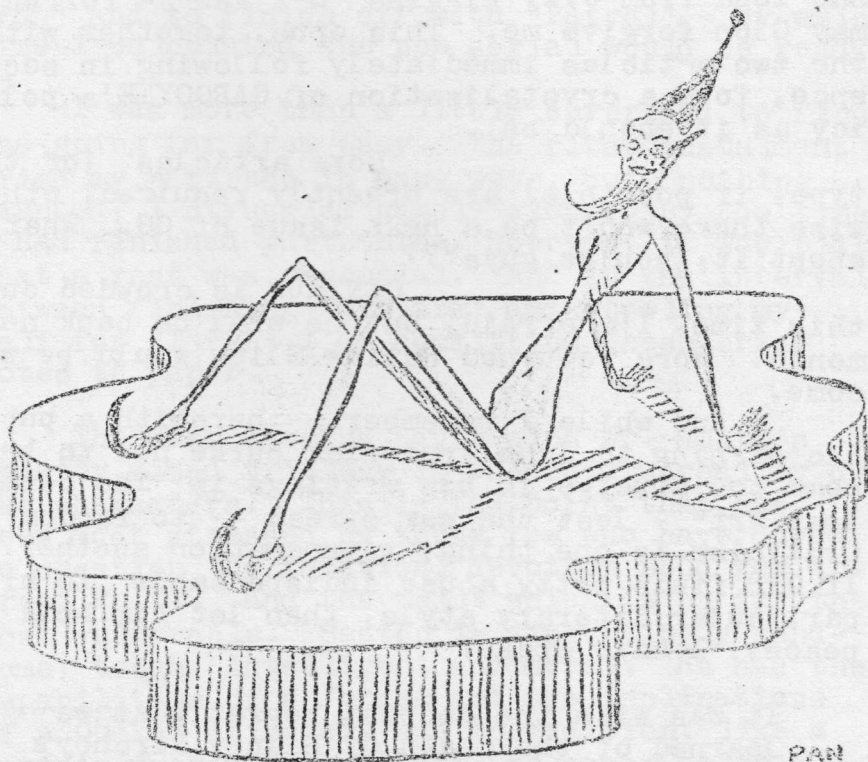


Gargoyle



PAN

GARGOYLE -

PUBLICATION

VOL. 2. NO. 1.

edited by
D. McIlwain.

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en passant the response given
to GARGOYLE III was extremely encouraging, and
I wish to thank all those who took the trouble
to comment upon the issue. This fourth number
is, I think, better still. I have taken the
liberty of reprinting an excellent article by
Sam Youd from O.F. Wiggins "S-F FAN" - for which
may Olon forgive me. This opus, together with
the two articles immediately following in sequ-
ence, form a crystallisation of GARGOYLE's pol-
icy as it should be .

More articles (of this
type, if possible) are urgently required, other-
wise there won't be a next issue of GG. What
about it, you'se guys???

CENTAUR is crowded out
this time, I'm afraid, but he will be back next
month. More returned Rating Slips would be wel-
come.

And while I remember -- herewith a pub-
lic warning to John Frederick Burke not to be-
come too abusive in his writings in "The Gent-
lest Art" - lest the war spread -- to fandom!
Criticism is one thing: vituperation another.
If JFB finds petty abuse indispensable to his
particular literary style, then let him hold his
peace. I have spake!

It was with the deepest regret that we
learned of the death of Sidney Birchby's
mother due to enemy action. He has, I
know, the sympathy of all fans with him
in his sad bereavement.

The GREAT SCIENCE-FICTION NOVEL ~

by _____ C.S. YOOD ~

(Reprinted, with due acknowledgements, from the December 1939 number of O.T. Wiggins "FAN")

A recent account of an interview with E.E. Smith, appearing in Fantasy Digest, inspired me to re-read the early Smith novels as a prelude to "Grey Lensman". My original intention was to begin with "Skylark of Space", continue with "Three", the two parts I have of "Tripehounds", the three parts I have of "Triplanetary", "Valeron" and to finish off with "Patrol" - by which time I calculated the new serial would be ready.

I was more than a little surprised to find the going far from easy. The first instalment tried my patience in many ways, but, nothing daunted, I struggled gamely along. By the time I had finished part three, however, it was plain that a rest was essential. And in the interval between finishing "Skylark" and steeling myself for "Three" I am committing these brief notes to paper.

The most obvious fault with Dr. Smith's greatly famed trilogy is the bald unreality of the characters. This is the point that has been most stressed by those few who have dared to question the fanatical devotion held for the great Ph.D., and the point which is by far the most vulnerable. Seaton is disgustingly handsome, tough, intelligent and moral. He has the capabilities of a Jorgen and the inclinations of a Quaker spinster, and in addition, like a certain American President, he never tells a lie. A true genius, he will work himself into a daze, at the end of which he always emerges with a world-shattering discovery. Thus overworked, his tortured nerves are soothed by

Dorothy leading him (by violin) from the military marches which are the only things his singularly unaesthetic mind can appreciate to passages in which "she pours out her soul". Much to the annoyance of the maids who clean the room next morning, we suppose.

Crane, while fundamentally a better and more credible type, is just as ridiculously the dilettante Boy Scout. He is clearly intended as a foil for Seaton, the super-hero, and thus is never allowed to develop his capabilities to anything like their full. One cannot help feeling that if he did he would, as Falstaff, overshadow his true hero, and that Dr. Smith knows this. Margaret is even more a shadow than Crane.

There is only one character in the series who can gain the appreciation of a person with a mental age of more than 10. DuQuesne - (how does one pronounce it?) is to Seaton as Mephistopheles is to Faust, and like Mephistopheles he steals the thunder. His pragmatism is at least an understandable philosophy, in contrast with Seaton's veneration of sturdy American principles, but even here Smith must ruin his effect. After the adventure on the prehistoric planet, Seaton offers friendship to DuQuesne and the latter rebuffs him. This is entirely illogical, for it would have been useful to "Blackie" to have Seaton's confidence and his creed would permit him to break his word as soon as its period of usefulness had ended.

Wholly apart from characterization, the writing style is melodramatic and often laughable. In relating space battles, battles with monsters and the rest, this shortcoming is less evident beneath the bludgeoning of swift action, but when our heroes and heroines start making love, this reader at least allows an irreverent

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snigger to wander over his features. Allow me to quote from the third instalment of "Skylark".

"He pressed her to his heart in a mighty embrace and his low voice showed in every vibration the depth of feeling he held for the beautiful woman in his arms, as he replied....." Under such circumstances, one is hardly surprised that the Great Boss of the Road refers to his bride as "Dottie". Someone is dotty, we are sure.

There are many other minor things, too numerous to mention, but which some more enthusiastic critic will surely tabulate one day. There is, for instance, the code of the Osmones. These remarkable people believe that by destroying all physical weaklings they will become the highest race in the system. On Seaton's wedding day the Karkar (not an advert) grandiloquently spouts a lot of balderdash about the coming of Seaton meaning that their system is vindicated, and that their hateful enemies will be destroyed root and branch. Emotional Dottie is in tears after this peroration and describes it as indescribably grand. The Boss of the Road replies:- "It ~~was~~ sure was all of that, Dottie mine, little bride of an hour. It gets down to where a fellow lives - I've got a lump in my throat right now so big that it hurts me to think." This magnificent animal, the code of all honour in person, is quite prepared to help in the destruction of an entire race because its leader tries to betray him. Even in that he is relying on Durnark's opinion.

To close this chapter of fault-finding we shall strike a note that rings from 99 out of every 100 n-f stories. Seaton is a chemist of private means. Dorothy's father is an eminent judge, Crane is a multi-millionaire - all, to put it plainly, are entirely suitable for the draw-room of Boston's best. Subtly Smith tells you



IT WOULDN'T HAVE DONE FOR THE DUKE, SIR!

by Parsley B. Eaton.....

the following letter was received from one who signed himself "Parsley B. Eaton - the Thyme of Warwickshire". We wonder who he can be?? Anyway, you cads, before you read it, be sure to put on your old school tie. -ed-

.....
.....

As one who has derived a considerable amount of enjoyment from the amateur magazines which you young gentlemen interested in fantasy publish, I feel it my duty to have a word with you, if you will excuse the impertinence, on certain aspects of your attitude towards life. Though only a very humble person myself, it has been my good fortune to be associated with some of the very Best People in my capacity of gentleman's gentleman, and I may be as bold as to say that I have considerable knowledge of what constitutes in an Englishman the correct towards life. And if you will excuse the frankness I may say that I take rather a poor view of the attitude displayed by various of you gentlemen in your essays and such for these amateur publications of yours.

To illustrate these remarks of mine, I am sure that Mr McIlwain will not take exception if I use the latest copy of his publication as a source of my examples. I may say that I do not entirely approve of the name he has chosen - "Gargoyle". While I am fully aware that the intention in choosing this name is facetious, the word has an ugly sound to the sensitive ear, but I am willing to waive this as a personal

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consideration only. I crave your indulgence to bear with me while I make a few observations on the actual contents of the magazine.

The editorial, now, is in quite good taste for the most part, yet contains one case of absolutely ruinous gaucherie. I refer to Mr Mellwain's statement that a certain statement may be made by Mr Burke and that if so it will be a lie. But, gentlemen, I appeal to you, "lie" is not a word to be lightly used: it is not a word that should ever be used in the best circles except verbally, when one may extend a certain leniency to what may be said in the heat of the moment. As a written statement it is definitely - and I use the phrase in full awareness of its meaning - bad form. It is not, as we say, done.

The few verses by Mr Wright are, if you will pardon the bluntness, quite beyond the pale. My acquaintanceship with the verses of which his are the derivation is very slight (Astaire, what have I not endured for thee - if you will excuse the flippancy), but Mr Wright succeeds in a feat of legerdemain which might well be exerted in a better cause, he succeeds in debasing the basest of metals. Admiration of this considerable feat might possibly permit one to take a lenient view of his proceedings did he not also mis-spell his words in a manner which I gravely suspect to be deliberate. You young gentlemen may treat this with levity, but it is not one of the things at which we should laugh. Ignorance of spelling is a lapse which may occur in the writings of the highest in the land, perverse mis-spelling is an assault on the sanctity of the greatest language in the world. Mr may be, and probably is, a most estimable young gentleman, but that is all the more reason for my speaking with almost unpardonable presumption and saying that his was the act of a complete outsider. I trust that he will be persuaded by this to see the error of his ways before it is

The next little essay brings us, gentlemen, to the real reason why I have dared to address you in this manner, so out of place in one of my humble station. Mr Williams' article is a cynical one, an ironical one, written with a sneer as it were, and several of the succeeding articles are satirical of intent. I take an extremely poor view of this attitude, young sirs, and I warn you that it is one which will get you nowhere. No true Englishman is cynical and sarcastical; it is a sort of shifty, double-tongued manner which is foreign to our heritage of truth and honesty. It is, if I may say so, the hallmark of a poor benighted foreigner that he should say one thing and mean another, that he should be so full of what we call "double entendres". I would point out that last phrase to you --- it is a foreign one: we simply have not the words for this sort of thing in our noble tongue. I have viewed with great alarm the recent tendency for this manner of writing to flourish in these amateur magazines which the enthusiasm of you young gentlemen produces so regularly. I can sympathise with your being a bit fanciful, (if I may be so bold as to say so it is a common failing of youth), but I beg of you not to forget that you are Englishmen, and have a birth-right of truth and honesty and plain straightforward speaking, and that it is letting the side down, as we say, to cultivate these unmoral tricks of foreigners. I will confess that, being only a very humble person and not able to take the right line in these matters instinctively as you young people should, I derived a certain amount of amusement from Mr Williams' article; but it wouldn't have done for the Duke sir, it wouldn't have done for His Grace.

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WANTED: Engineering Firm to construct B.I.S. Spaceship. Profit guaranteed to Undertakers.

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Even your

Best Friend won't Tell You.

by Willy (RH & LVH) Tell.

"You are old, Father Gernsback" the young man
said,

"And your hair has become very white."

"And yet you incessantly stand authors on their
head,

Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth" Father Gernsback replied to his son,

"I feared it might injure the brain.


But now that I'm perfectly sure they have none,

Why, I do it again and again!"

XX
(The Great Science Fiction Novel - by C.S.Youd)...


..... that this is the class of honour, of truth
and sanity. He are none of your dirty Reds, your
wobblies. These are men of American tradition
(we can imagine Seaton joining the American legion
on retiring from space-conquering) who call a
spade a spade, and leave Art and such bunk to
starving poets. It is this refusal to consider
the class struggle that stamps magazine s-f with
the other bunk purveyed to moronic fools who can
be lulled into contentment with a quite hopeless
lot. The great American novel of space flight
has yet to be written. It will have as its heroes
human beings and it will take cognizance of the
class war. And, of course, it will never be pub-
lished except privately.

XX
What is the difference between a cinema-fan and a
stf-fan?? A stf-fan is lured by a lure, and a
cinema fan is lowered by allure.
XX



RATIONALISM — FOR — WEIRD FANS

by Charlie Rowlands



Some months ago the activities of the science fiction fan were written off as a sublimation of the sex instinct, causing some small flutter amongst those who are pleased to believe that sex, as the chief motivating force in life, is the invention of a dirty-minded old man from Vienna. But what of we poor miserable devils who, in addition, feel impelled to absorb all the ghastly 'orrors offered by "Weird Tales", not to mention the tribulations of spotless, if often unclad, damsels in such an environment? Ah, you may well pity us! Ours is a much worse case; for we, though perhaps innocently unaware of the fact, are yes, SADISTS!

There may be some disagreement upon the exact definition of sadism, but one of the most widely accepted is - a tendency to find perverted satisfaction for the sex and self-assertive instincts in the inflicting of pain or witnessing of cruelty. As both these instincts are present in the love relationship, it follows that anyone is a potential sadist, though it is only in exceptional cases that the two instincts form a combination strong enough to to dominate completely all the other instincts that go to make up the complex sentiment of love.

You may ask: what has all this to do with the weird-fiction fan? Simply this: whatever excuses he may offer himself and the world at large for reading weird fiction, it is certain that the factor from which weird fiction derives much of its "kick" is the basic horror

MOTIF - and any intellectually honest weird fan will admit as much. In the weird fan the sadistic tendency is strong enough to demand some form of expression, and he does find expression for it - overtly - in reading this type of literature.

Now it is of no use your jumping up indignantly to say "What nonsense! If I had any tendencies towards sadism, which, of course, I haven't, I would certainly be able to recognise them." You wouldn't - not necessarily, at least. Most of us, you see, are blessed with a highly developed sentiment of self-regard - or, if you prefer it Freudian style, super-ego or ego-ideal - which stands like a censor between our subconscious and our conscious mind and always puts the best possible interpretation upon all those unseemly little thoughts, actions and motives, derived from our subconscious, which might be hurtful to our self-esteem. So our self-regarding sentiment rationalizes our real motives for reading ~~xi~~ weird fiction and allows us to believe that we like it because it is fantastic, artistic, or well-written, or any other of the numerous reasons weird fans assign themselves for reading the stuff.

To the self-regarding sentiment may also be attributed the fact that the average weird fan dislikes the gory-horror type of story purveyed by such abominations as "Thrilling Mystery Stories". To read and enjoy that type of story would be too open an indulgence of his sadistic tendencies and would come into conflict with the powerful self-regarding sentiment. Again the real motives are rationalised, and he tells himself that this type is too crude, or poorly written, or he dislikes naturalistic endings etc etc. The true weird fan is better only in degree than the "Thrilling Mystery" fan. In the latter case either the sadistic tendency is stronger or the self-regarding sentiment less highly developed.

In conclusion, I would like to meet in advance certain criticisms that are likely to be made against this article. (1) To Freudians: I know this isn't exactly the gospel according to S. Freud, but, after all, Freud is only one pebble on the beach of psychological theorising. (2) To the broad-minded who know nothing of psychology -- Psychology is a wonderful science. You can prove almost anything. Still, I think I have demonstrated an interesting possibility that isn't lightly to be dismissed as nonsense. (3) To all: My reply to any criticisms on non-psychological grounds may be summed up in two words - Defence Mechanism. Look it up. (4) Also to all: Yes, I am a weird fiction fan myself.

XX

FOR THE YOUNGER FANS

by MAURICE K. HANSON.



A stands for Atom, as most fans should know,
And B stands for Binder, both the E and the O.
C is for Capek, whom the hightbrows 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 unforgivable sin

(continued at foot of opposite page)

FANTASYNIC ON ~

MANDRAGORA MASCOT

Take a large section of porcelain and drop it into your water-butt. What do you observe? Ignoring the effluvia and clouds of mosquitos, the answer is - ripples. Ripples may be described as a series of concentric circles, radiating from a central point across a placid surface. And if that isn't a good description of Miguel's effect on fandom, someone has been fooling me.

Many personalities in Fanopolis have mascots. Dick Wilson has ~ or had - a ghoulish addict to low jokes. Bob Tucker, in addition to a canary interested in the square root of -1, possesses a Zombie which he persists in turning out in the kitchen. And it is surely unnecessary to mention Henry Kuttner's grey squirrel.

Miguel is not to be classed with these. Last of an illustrious race of mandragogs, he is at his worst - and what a worst! - after half an hour at the local. Being of a sensitive and imaginative nature, he is easily led to believe
(pto)

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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that he is a dart, and will stun himself with flying leaps at the dart-board. This is essentially futile, as he still hasn't got a double. He won't either, if he doesn't learn to invert his ankles before taking off.

You see, the trouble about Miguel is that he is double-jointed. This wouldn't matter so much if he weren't so fond of swimming. As it is, each of his numerous dips in the Gulf of Eastleigh ends with him tying himself into a knot and having to be fished out with the aid of me and Sam Youd (credit where credit is due...) This so exhausts all three of us that we have to repair to the Eastleigh Arms, where Miguel again tries to dive through the dart-board. It's all very tiring.

Then there are his friends, the wombats. Now Youd and I have no objection to Miguel bringing his friends home, but the wombats really are the limit. The older ones aren't so bad. They are solidly in favour of New Fandom which they imagine is in some way of vital importance to wombats - but the younger ones, Cecil especially, have youthful spirits running out of the spout. I can see their point in tearing all the covers off pre-1938 WEIRDS, but I'm darned if I will allow them to play tunes on my typewriter, especially as they prefer Beethoven. And they pinch my butter ration anyway.

Apart from minor drawbacks, Miguel is very useful. In winter he makes an excellent foot-warmer and he is very useful for Getting the Beer, when you can trust him. He's been a little moody lately though. Spring is in the air and his favourite crooner has found a new girl-friend. So if you should know of a mandragaga (more deadly than the male) interested in love, life and laughter, write to me c/o the magazine. Revising this article, Miguel says you can skip the last two qualifications. But remember--no wombats!

My Collection.

RON HOLMES IN A NEW MOOD ~

It is mounted in a wonderfully carved oaken bookcase, a relic of the 17th century, truly a masterpiece of some forgotten artist. The bookcase is set back from the room in the ingle-nook beside the fireplace - a high brick fire-place with oak mantelpiece, which is so beautifully carved and stained as to draw one's attention the moment one enters the room. The room itself is but one of the many in the rambling old house: it is set on the ground floor with its only window looking straight out on to the strip of green turf which divides the house from the cliff edge. Below the cliff is the sea, and the waves, on these sultry summer days, beat a slow, heavy, slumber inducing tattoo on the shingle below.

The room has an air of learning and of breathtaking quiet; the "feel" of the room is as though one were drifting through space in a dream, so unreal and worldless it is. Truly a place for a collection of literature of the future: here Wells seems but a step away.while the everyday world is farther than the Orient itself.

One has merely to look at the room, with its quaint panellings, its strangely carved figures, the latticed window, and the high, dark and artistic bookcase, to realise that here is the place for peace and dreams of Utopia. No fan can enter my room without wanting to talk of science-fiction. The very atmosphere suggests the topic - nay - demands it.

But let me keep you in suspense no longer: there are no books or magazines in my collection. But I find it makes no difference. None of my visitors have ever seen my collection, but if

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there are no books, they never know it. They never doubt it - they never ask me, so I let it go at that.

It does not matter; one does not show a friend one's collection right away - one leads up to it. My x friend enters the room, and I immediately show him the framed covers which are suspended from the walls. We sit a while, and talk about old times, and frequently I will make journeys to the corner of the room with a couple of glasses.

"I say old chap - remember the "Skylark"?"

"Yes indeed", I will agree. "Those were the days."

"I suppose you have the set in your collection?"

I don't have to answer; the question becomes a statement as it leaves his lips. Many fans enter the room and immediately exclaim - "What a wonderful place to keep a collection."

"Yes, isn't it," I invariably reply.

"You don't need any more mags, you have a complete collection?"

"What? More mags? For a collection like that?" I laugh at the idea.

I never speak an untruth. After all, why shouldn't there be a complete set there? I have not looked in the thing for years; besides, it's locked and I've lost the key.

Then when night is drawing in, my visitor will look at his watch and appear surprised. "So late already! Sorry I can't stop, old chap. I've got to catch the last bus to town," he will cry and I will usher him into his out-of-door clothes still talking of science-fiction. Then as he climbs into the bus, he will call back, - "Thanks for showing me your collection!"

(continued at foot of opposite page)



RATING RESULTS

The number rating slips returned for the previous number of Gargoyle was disappointingly small in proportion to the number sent out. The following calculations, therefore, are not final, and the adjusted rating will appear in the next issue, when (and if !) any more slips are received

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SOLEMN WARNING (Eric Williams)	7:80
BRITISH FAN etc. (W.F.Temple)	7:15
PEEK! No:1. Eric F. Russell (Ron Holmes)	6:29
ROUND & ABOUT (Centaur)	6:15
A FEW IMPRESSIONS (J.F.Burke)	6:15
STEF GETS IN YOUR EYES (Weaver Wright)...	5:53
NOMENCLATURE (C.S.Youd).....	5:50
STRANGE TALE (E.S.Needham)	5:42
INTERVIEW with FANTACYNIC (D.Webster)....	4:76

The average for this issue, so far, is 6:11 as against 7:19 for GG 2 (which appeared quite a long time ago, we believe) - a decrease of 1:08. Tut-tut!

Before we forget -- all incidental funny fillers by Eric S. Needham; art (?) work by Pan; (whose pan we reproduced on the cover of the last GG - under the pseudonym "Garge") Haw....

XX

That, my readers, is illusion.

It's the mind that counts, not the matter. You don't need a collection to discuss science-fiction any more than you have to be a millionaire before you can talk about finance.

And so , back in the S.F.A. Clubroom, we will

VOX FANOPONIIS

RICHARD REPLIES: "For the peace of my soul"
----- writes Richard G. Medhurst
from 126 Finborough Rd., West Brompton, London,
S.W.10, "I must explain the precise circumstances
of Arthur's triumph which he trumpets abroad in
clause 3 of his couple of points. /See "Fore-
runner/" What happened to me at 88 Gray's Inn
Road was that I was led up into a tiny room fit-
ting neatly under the roof, introduced to a kit-
chen table some four feet long and past its
prime, and told to play table-tennis. Hazzards
were provided. Thus, if I attempted to stand
upright I knocked my head on the wall, which
towered out over me at an awful angle. Fans
were littered round the room in order to put
one off by their howls when they were hit in
the eye. /This didn't affect Arthur, since he's
far above mere human suffering - RGM/ The hill-
ocky four-foot table was bisected by a sagging
piece of string with some few strands of green
thread hanging from it. This was called the
net, and every time Arthur hit the ball under
it he claimed a point. One thing I forgot to
mention was that Arthur, the Big-Hearted fellow,
had fitted up an extension to the radio, some-
how cunningly doubling its volume. Have you ever
tried to ping the pong to the accompaniment of
double-volume Wagner? ::: Well, that gives
you an idea of the battlefield. As to the oppon-
ents - I (this in my late-lamented youth) had
been used to blithely knocking a ping-pong ball
down a nine-foot table. Arthur on the other
hand, is a confirmed chiseller (i.e. a guy who
half-volleys with persistent and maddening sang-
froid) -- he calls it "having a mathematical

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mind". After that first half dozen games, he simply wore me down to a crazed shadow. Even then, he made triply sure of my defeat by entering into a conspiracy with Bill Temple, so that Woof (hail, Eric H.! The glory is not quite departed!) flung open the door into the small of my back every time I was off balance and then trampled over the body, with a pile of washing up as a transparent excuse."

RAPIDLY RITES RESTLESS RONNIE HOLMES --- Dear Dave, short and hurried note to remind you of four things. How about a word from you???? [?/ Friend Reggie will be attending his Medical on Friday next so you had better speed up "GG" or he'll be away [!/] Oh yes. The Govt. has been haunting me. So I registered as C.O. on Saturday last. I have not sent in my form yet, but I'll be up for trial shortly. All the best, have you seen Olive recently? Are you still with Vera? [!!!!/]

& here is an EDITORIAL OAR Bad news about Reggy's being called up. Goodbye GG, and good luck, Reggie.

We received a long, long letter from DOUGLAS WEBSTER, but have mislaid it. After a three hour futile search, we finally unearthed a postcard ... (later) Have just found the above mentioned letter in my pocket, so here we go "I would seem to have one or two tittles & tattles to deal with. Namely, a GARGOYLE (June), another GARGOYLE (Dec), a couple of CONFITEORS somewhere, a 4runner (Oct), a rating-slip, an N.B., a postcard-with-a-2½-stamp, a long letter-with-a-1½d-stamp, another letter-with-two-2½d-stamps; not to mention DRSmiths collection of Pan Publications, which I have firmly despatched back to their lair." "" "" Confiteor -- Apologies not accepted. No apologies are accepted for gargoylish non-appear-

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ance. Moskowitz has always annoyed me - I've seen more by him in this strain elsewhere, & it annoys me even more than Mosky does. I'm sure he would be grieved to know it. ::: For some reason the poem reminds me of a nursery rhyme which begins "Twinkle, twinkle, little star". Strange, these coincidences, aren't they? /Not so strange -- yon nursery rhyme is the quintessence of science-fiction. To judge from the subtle rhyme scheme, the verse might well be translated thus:-

Never, never must I tell
What I saw in deepest hell.
See! the goblins, see them, see
The devils too - they're awful wee.
but probably isn't, on account of a silly question mark which has crept into the original. However, it's obvious that the correct translation is ...

Cuckoo, cuckoo, et a littul gel,
She disappeared without a yell.
Dear me, deary, where art thee,
And why so mightily grieve we?
And now, to hang you with your own petard, I challenge you to construe the following:-
May astri info'tabid tabis mi ni salyd
rah.

Gen salutade in den furer ahl.
(With pleasure sahib. The original of the poem is German, and runs ...

Mit unter schweissel plume est dans la boite.
Chang-wung tsi fñhrer, lumme, blitzkrieg, zat!
::: Since various people seem even at this late stage to be unaware of the pseudonyms in English fandom, why not quote me as saying that ...

Fantacynic	is	Youd
Cameron	is	McIlwain
Wayfarer	is	Bloom
Rowlands	is	Forster
Kent	is	McIlwain
Fantacritic	is	Bloom ? -- even - I - do - not - know.
Webster	is	(probably) Hopkins.
McIlwain	is	Impossible /!/

By far the best thing in GARGOYLE was Lowndes "The Larla & the Thing", which far surpassed in delicacy of treatment & compact writing any of the other tit-bits. You should be shot for leaving it out of the Dec. issue. /Agreed. The same article has since appeared in Wiggins S-F FAN. If more than 10 readers desire it, we will reprint Doc's story in the next number (if any). Re the cover on the Dec. issue.. If that's your definition of impressionism you must be screwy. 10 for it. -- Ron Holmes - I have a definite weakness for this sort of thing, which makes me overlook the faults I say, keep up the series; Ron's been around, anyway, & could go on for a couple of years. /Which is more than GG will do, by Gar! /

"Hooray for Potter, and give him my love and half of my next subscription" writes ERIC HOPKINS now living at 6, Elm Park Avenue, Elm Pk, Longford, Essex. "Thanks (at last) for Garge. I had given up all hope of ever seeing another issue: wondered all sorts of things - whether you felt indifferent, or indisposed, or if you were ill, or dying, or even perhaps that you were just dead. Still Cover, very tasty. Done on one of those jelly duplicating things, of course. Quite hideous, but displays an amount of underlying artistry. That receding forehead & ginger hair look a bit like David McIlwain somehow. /Sir! / ::: Sam's opinions upon "Nomenclature" are essentially based upon his own impressions of girls' names, which hinges upon his private love-life. His reasoning will therefore seem unreasonable to others who have had their own experiences with capriciously named females.

He really doesn't need to be named, but, for the benefit of the infidels, here is SMITH

"Happy New Year, and I hope you're preserved in health and strength to carry on valiantly with Gargoyle (I will not call it Garge) for a long time to come, /malfelice--we - I - register in four days / -- for the good Lord knows that

fan-maggery in this country needs something a bit lighter than the wads of Higher Thought that are appearing about the place lately. I notice that JMR is his Digest, says tolerantly that the issue is promising, but not up to its predecessors. Ignore him, it was better, much better. ::: The editorial, besides providing a little welcome optimism for the future of the magazine, is of value also in giving an indication of the way in which the next big battle is shaping. Hostilities, at present more or less in the preparatory stages, seem due to start at any time now that the sides seem to be lining up squarely, Youd and yourself versus Burke and Webster. If you please no - one war at a time is good enough for us/ ::: "Solemn Warning" furnished me with some amusement, though levity was tempered by the thought that the remarks strike some of us very near the bone. In fact, his seven points describe the behaviour of D.R. Smith very closely indeed, though I fear my hide is thick enough to shed even such pointed shafts as his. ::: It is a habit of mine to like Temple's articles, and this one was no exception to the rule. He has a happy knack of combining fantastic fun with a leavening of information and always seems to leave one satisfied. ::: I regret that I cannot say exactly what I read during an air-raid, because I do not read or do anything in particular. If I am writing a letter I continue to write the letter, if I am reading I continue to do so, and in any case, when my usual bedtime comes, to bed I go and further happenings interest me not. Which is one of the advantages of living in the country instead of the town. (That is bluff in case you mention it publicly. Between you and me, as soon as the siren goes I take a whacking big shot of morphia and light up the old opium pipe in

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a hurry - not that I'm nervous, merely a trifle sensitive.)

Says FRANK ARNOLD, who is still living at - I Smith St, Watford, Herts -- "I have had little contact with fellow fans these many months past, partly owing to high-pressure war-work, but chiefly ~~owing~~ because of the sudden rush of London members to the forces last September, a rush which has reduced our effective strength to practically nothing. It's a treat to hear that some of the boys are still alive and active. ::: I was shocked to hear of the untimely death of Harry Kay, for the young swine possesses half my library if he hasn't pawned it, and was more than relieved to find the ~~fi~~ story was propaganda from suspicious sources. Please convey my best wishes to all the boys up north and around who may remember me."

Another EDITORIAL OAR:- As usual, we apologise for not yet having replied to many of the letters received since the last issue. Ah me, how I adore the fair Goddess Procrastina. I expect to be able to dash off some replies within the next few weeks.

From RENVY of Blackburn ... "By the way, I hope the next issue will appear on time, and not after a lapse of about 6 months. /We made it this time, thanks to the encouragement and assistance of Ron Holmes and Reggie Potter/

From Fandom's Most Cheerful Fan, ERIC WILLIAMS "I read the mag through, missing margins and all, with absolute gusto. It brought back all the broken friendships from the limbo of pleasant days, and revived all the urges I used to have to write things and read things appertaining to S.F. ::: "Stef Gets in your Eyes" was a direct pinch from an old article I wrote for NOVAE TERRAE - I claim

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something or other from somebody or other.
But Will. F. Temple!!! Has that guy got Arthur
taped! I could read these things until fandom
had rotted away and there was nobody else left
to cover. Is Bill in the Army, by the way, or
is he still safe? /No. 998613, Gunner W.F. Tem-
ple, 56 Squad, Moreton Hall, Whalley, Lancs./

WILLIAM F. HIMSELF ... "This is just a short
note to let you know I'm alive, more than any-
thing else. Thank you for the last of "Garge"
(I mean, thank you for sending me him). My art-
icle was even more dismal than I thought, & I
hope it didn't get around too much. Called on
Bert Lewis last Sunday, and had a grand couple
of hours. ::: I suppose you heard that 7, Elm
Road got a slosh? - before you wrote your letter.
It's not too bad. But I'm mighty glad that Joan
and Anne evacuated. A great slab of ceiling came
down just where Anne's cot stood, & would have
done for the babe."

ERIC WILLIAMS (second instalment) - "Ron Holmes
has indeed caught the character of SF's rebel in
his interview piece. Johnny's "Impressions" were
good only for the Edgar A. Poe bit and the Eliot
poem. The Sid Walker bit was lousy, which, I
suppose, makes it a good impression of the ori-
ginal. ::: I'll try to contribute something
very soon, but if I don't miss my guess, every-
body will be so bunged up with desire to get
into the fan world that you'll be bunged up with
articles." /You missed it, Eric, old stick. The
bung-upfulness was not very terrific, as someone
or other of Greyfriars used to say/

ERIC S. NEEDHAM tersely observes:- "Garge is
tub-rumbling, but I am overjoyed, elated, un-
believably pleased that D.R. Smith is absent."

A third EDITORIAL OAR - just to mention the
fact of my engagement to Vera, in case you
hadn't already heard. Until next time XXXX