

GARGOYLE

RAW

VOL. 2. No. 2.

edited by  
D. McIlwain.

PUBLICATION

APRIL 1941

14 Cotswold St  
Liverpool -- 7

processed by  
R. Potter.

on passant . . . . .

. . . . . yet another GARGOYLE!  
Thanks are mainly due to Ron Holmes and Reggie Potter for the appearance of this fifth number of fandom's most unpunctual fan-magazine. In many ways this number is an experimental issue; we have tried out the effect of coloured carbons to brighten the monotony of unending purple. However, it is possible that the new style carbons may not reproduce too well, so that if parts of GG are none-too legible, console yourself with the thought that there are FORTY PAGES to make up for this deficiency.

We are pleased to announce that unless articles, stories, & verse are received in the very near future, there will be no further issue of GG. ALL ARTICLES THAT WERE ON HAND HAVE NOW BEEN USED UP. So what about it? Spend your next air-raid doing your bit - for GG. Anything, from an epithet to an epic, will be heartily welcomed.

VOX FANOPOLIS has been squeezed out of GG again, and it will be issued as a supplement in a week or two. We still have left a few copies of the Esperanto fanmag "Jen", which is obtainable gratis on application.

Happy days . . .

*Dave M. Thomas*



AS YOU'D LIKE IT.

or "The Quality of Percy is not BRAINS."

AN EPIC of the SPACEWAYS —

by ERIC C  
HOPKINS

PROLOGUE .....

To you about to read this tale;  
You who o'er sorrow are to wail;  
You who will nod with the Fates unbending,  
And smile benign upon the happy ending;  
You ~~na~~ I'll have reading, marking, learning,  
That this is no tale of mere primeval yearning —  
A yarn brightly spun for ornament floral  
Subjecting tough guys and girls — well — immoral!

No! This is a saga of Man's spirit undying,  
Of whirling worlds and space-vessels flying;  
Of sweetly-born maiden, and men, hard in a  
fashion,  
Who chilled by the scene, yet are gentle in  
passion,  
Of the wise and the innocent attacked by Evil,  
As are the green plants' roots by the boll-weevil.  
But hold — Not a drop more from Anticipation's  
appetising bowl shall spill,  
Seat yourselves comfortably; whilst I with the  
circumstance do your ear fill.

Provides Man then the actors, and all Space the  
stage.  
Good and Evil the motives; the distant future  
the age.  
The scene is a planet of atmosphere so uncouth  
That its very presence in the Scheme of Things  
jars like a decayed tooth.

Crawling 'neath the foul gas, on the rocky ball,  
like lice,  
Are the lawless ones of Humanity, subsisting by  
every device.  
Here the play opens, and, letting the drama  
unfold,  
See how the spotlight rests upon the lawless  
ones! chief so bold!

ACT I

Jovial Jake, (a strange title to hold!)  
Sits gloatingly, greedily counting his gold,  
For to his twisted mind the sight of money  
Is more source of delight than to the bee his  
honey.

"Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four."

As he counts, we wonder are there many bags more? But here's interruption: there enters the room A man with a beard like a partly gnawed broom.

This face-fungus, at places, grows very profusely,  
But at others, more numerous, it dangles quite  
loosely:

And his visage, where hair-shorn, is marked by  
no man

Nor his weapons, but plainly by the nails of  
woman.

Which just goes to show the extent in his kind  
To which sinks base evil & foulness of mind.  
But deny random thoughts and Conscience's squeaks  
While this newcomer to Jake of the money speaks.

"Say chief, are these few bags our wealth's extent,  
This parched fruition of our villainous bent?  
Is this the reward for our men battle-worn,  
For the merciless murder of maidens forlorn?



Can these few heaps of gold be the miserable foil  
For the boiling of men in Martian garg oil?  
Why, at a glance, 'tis of value more scanty  
Than my priceless collection of modes current-in  
pantie!"

"Fool" growls chief Jake in a voice thick with  
rage,  
"Truly you grow even more witless with age."  
But he softens his tone, as he can when befits,  
And says "Now I see, the drink muddles your wits.  
For, by the test of time, you're a good honest  
friend,  
And to you I'll disclose, if you can pursue the  
trend  
Of my unsurpassed mind, the glorious story  
Of these bags and my genius in all its glory."

"To my modest person wealth matters but little,  
Except to provide good station, wine and victual,  
And to the rest, after my spartan living,  
To scientific research my whole life I'm giving.  
And see, this, this solace before you clustered  
Is the wealth of the Universe in satchels mustered.  
Each bag in pound sterling is worth ten times a  
trillion,  
Holding in captive a strange ray vermillion.

"Its qualities unknown, though with my hands made,  
To unleash this creation I'm deadly afraid.  
Terror rampant, if at the Cosmos it tugs,  
Or transforms everyone into little red bugs!  
O magnificent achievement! Discovery profound!  
Child of my fancy, untrammelled, unbound.  
My name, Jovial Jake, will go down in history  
As the designer, deviser of these little bags of  
mystery!"

Gapes there the audience, amazed, slightly  
panting  
At the recondite depths of his chief's noble  
canting.













And, alas, the "succoured" sustain a great shock  
 As of their good rescuers they take searching  
 stock.  
 Covering them with ray-gun is patchy-haired Coke,  
 Sporting maleficent leer, "Ho, ho, a good joke!  
 We held you without the Sun's withering breath  
 Only to suffer you to a fate worse than death!"

This last ominous remark is aimed, plain to see,  
 At the lone feminine figure of the whole company,  
 Who while blushing deeply and shrinking a little,  
 Uptilts her dainty chin, not frightened a tittle.  
 The late crew of her ship shuffle in, gather  
 closer,  
 The expressions on their faces quite definitely  
 say "No sir!  
 You filthy scum shall never soil her virtue,  
 We'll kill you ourselves, ma'am, ere they should  
 besmirch you."

In strides Jake, gait all of a swagger,  
 Displaying jewelled ray-guns, and a pearl-handled  
 dagger,  
 Powdered, perfumed, radiating a flavour of pine;  
 Silken collar round a neck fit for some nice  
 strong twine.  
 "So!" he snarls, with nasal inflection,  
 And casts a dark look in the maiden's direction.  
 "Come now, my child, you'll be my Red Hot Mamma,  
 Or your mens' toes I shall roast with awful  
 rays, Gamma!"

A flash from the group of serious-faced men,  
 And bang goes a leg of Do-'em-down Len,  
 Who in mortification waves the sound half,  
 And roars shocking things, what o', not 'arf!  
 Every man present is itching for a scrap  
 And the shot is the signal for each to have  
 his slap.  
 Backwards and forwards the heaving mass flows,  
 The ship's girders quiver with the shock of  
 great blows.



gargoyle ..... 11

There is a little shooting when opportunity shapes  
But mostly the men are at it like apes.

Bare fist and booted hoof are damaging enough  
When wielded by combatants so hard-bitten and  
tough.

Jake hops in foaming fury, and Coke's moth-eaten  
beard

Is put by opponents to uses, strange, curious, in  
fact, weird.

Tight in a loyal's iron fist, Coke's visage pur-  
sues most amazing paths:

As his opponent dances round the room and at his  
howling partner laughs.

Jake saddles around the struggling throng, his  
mind with one thought fixed:

To get that sweet young maid alone with nothing  
them betwixt.

Oh hurry, hurry, gentle Sue, slip swiftly to the  
door;

Ere Jovial Jake can you discover amidst this  
welter of gore.

Oh misery me, the villain see, has her frail  
figure spotted,

And his fighting his way through the bitter  
fray, despite a left eye  
dotted.

He reaches the door just as she disappears  
Around a bend in the passage. He knowingly leers,

And hard on her heels, bursts in on her retreat.

She, like a wolf-affronted lamb, gives a bleat

Of terror as the triumphant Jake approaches,

To Sue as loathsome as a thousand cockroaches!

She backs to the threat, 'til, hard against the  
wall,

A terrible look settles on her face, like a pall.

But Jake seizing her is about to press his will,

When a very strange thing happens, as these

things sometimes will ...

At the very moment that he the girl mauls,  
 Uprises the lino, inwards burst the walls,  
 Appear a dozen stalwarts just bursting with fight;  
 Poor Jake nearly swoons at the sight of their  
 might.

But did he show the helpless girl an atom of  
 mercy?  
 No, by heck, and the biggest guy whose name's  
 Percy

Seizes him by a large protruding ear  
 And whirling him about, does upon the wall him  
 smear!

The Universal Police (it is they!-) with united  
 sneer

Carry Jake out, and Percy says "My dear,  
 For months we have lived in that wall like mice,  
 Subsisting on spiders, steam-bugs, and tasy lice,  
 Awaiting the moment we could could judiciously  
 spring

Upon the villainous crew and to justice them  
 bring.

And now I've succeeded and for their crimes they'll  
 be tried,

I confess I love you deeply -- will you be my  
 bride?"

"Oh sir, to accept is a mere formality,  
 Could I else, being saved from that man's brutality?  
 All my life I've regarded young men with disfavour,  
 But I'll let you kiss me: get a load of this  
 flavour!"

The pair come to grips, snatch a breath, clinch  
 again;

That they're terribly in love is to anyone plain.  
 Of course they'll be married, it's certain to say,  
 As we approach the end of this remarkable play.

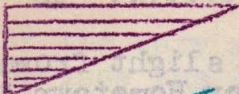
But here's interruption for Percy in his Heaven,  
 With Duty he must his Pleasure leaven.

"I beg to report, sir," says Constable Quess,  
 "We've slung 'em all in jug, sir, and cleared up  
 the mess."






by RON HOLMES



# ALTAR EGO



..... EXPLANATORY NOTE-- This short article is about non-other than Ron Holmes. It was conceived by the editor, so do not hold me responsible for the spawning of this litter-ary effort. There are times when an editor will do anything to get hold of material. DMC/ I may add, too, that it is about time that all fans learned that there are two of us. One is Holmes, the chap who runs about the face of this planet, doing the craziest of things, at the command of myself, which is the domineering portion of the dual-being. That which is directing the hands at this keyboard .... I, the Ego. Thus, be it known, this will be a study of Holmes, as viewed from inside by myself, the Ego, from an unbiased point of view. Read on, your Idol has feet of clay..... (R.H.)

.....

It would be foolish for me to write a complete biography of Holmes: the time needed could be more pleasantly and constructively spent, and, anyway, the result would not be worth a cuss-word. So I will limit this article to a review of those things which are generally known about Holmes. I think the more important of these are - his general character, his spelling, his fondness for women, his humour, his nose for news, and his piano-playing.

Let me describe him. He is fair-haired six-foot in his socks, broad of build, stout of features, and (oh shame, to spoil this manly

figure with such a thing), a little broad of beam. The hair is always worn long, and carelessly brushed back from the fairly high forehead. This is part of a scheme, as he considers, that he looks more intellectual with his hair worn that way, but it makes him look younger than he is, which is not an asset. He grows a minute moustache which reminds one of a misplaced eyebrow. He imagines that this makes him look jaunty. He smiles a smile which is designed to give an impression of nonchalance; this is aided by his mouth, which, owing to some fault in the making, has a twist at the right side. The nose has a definite point. Pin-stripe suits are his meat, but Summer finds him in the opposite extreme; he wears sports suits and shirts which show expanses of skin that appear ridiculous at times. To sum up - he has the build of a he-man, and a semi-toppish air about him, which, when combined with a most disarming voice (with an occasional stammer), gives the impression of a youth of 18 years with the build and strength of 23 years. Rather a freakish way into the service out at a naval station.

Within this shell is a mind - I, the Governor. But I don't intend to talk of myself; I can handle almost any situation into which Holmes gets himself, but I find it much harder to try to keep him out of things. This manner of his is rather charming to some types of people, and now it is a very poor person indeed who cannot find a facet of him which does not at least amuse, if not interest, him. There are the things I force upon him, too. He must be broadminded. Therefore he is almost impossible to insult or to compromise. A will too, that brooks no opposing force, which most circles respect him. Other attributes, perhaps differing from the set social interpretation, but every bit as good, are honesty, sincerity, and even chastity.

His humour is cynical, yet not to the extent of nastiness. He looks upon his friends as foolish, he tries to look upon both sides of



the question - and can usually see them. He enters an argument in the spirit of sheer fun, he does not care if the argument goes to himself or to the other. And he has held back a crowning point, and let his opponent win, before this day, just because my mood led him to do it. He has argued often and long for a cause for which he himself has no taste, because it amuses me.

His spelling is just good humour; he could never spell, and after a while gave up trying because it was illogical. All errors are done unconsciously, and when they are pointed out, they appear just as funny to him as they do to the person who corrects him. But beware those who would reprove him for his inability, for they must first prove the value of spelling as it is spelled, which is an almost impossible task. Knowing full well that his inability does not detract from the clearness of his messages, but rather adds a touch of humour, Holmes is rather fond of this peculiar and singular incapacity.

Inquisitiveness is the source of his News-Hound ability - he is not satisfied unless he is in the know. But this urge is altruistic, for desire to know everything is prompted by a spirit of co-ordination. He strives to gather in those wandering bits of news and construct them into something which will be of use.

Woman and Holmes have a lot in common: there is no explanation why. His little habits of giving out compliments where normal man is blind, and similar tactful idiosyncracies tend to tear down a barrier. He treats them as an equal and never gives way to the female "wheedle" unless he is sure they know he's entering into the spirit of the affair, and not following the usual course of the male. His outlook appears to be that of indifference - he appears to have no distinction between the sexes, except in the most profound of ways. And he always enjoys the

gargoyle..... 17

attempts of a Female trying to handle him as a normal male. He extracts great amusement from it.

As for his piano playing, I'd rather refer you to the article by Parke Cummings in the July '40 issue of Esquire. This will give you a clearer, and much more amusing idea of the playing.

There you have a brief outline of Holmes. Let those amateur psychologists analyse it; let someone print their findings. Then you'll have the character of I, the Ego.

XX

bro / n s t o m s ERIC S  
NEEDHAM

16th Century Genius - "I have made a magical device which will enable the lowliest churl who useth it to see through a wall of any thickness. Apprentice:- "Gadzooks! What callest thou this miraculous wonder-working gadget, master?" 16th Century Genius:- "A window, thou oaf!"

No credence should be given to the rumour that when Jimmy Rathbone, in the R.A.M.C., spilled a bottle of iodine on his hand, he cut his finger to avoid any loss or waste.

Theoretically, if all the dust covering the surface of the Earth (assuming the globe to be exactly 8,000 miles in diameter, and the layer of dust  $1/100$ th of an inch thick) were to be pressed into 10 inch cubes and placed in a line beginning at the orbit of Venus and stretching out towards the Earth's orbit, the whole place would be cleaner.

How photographers must hate to see posed girls underdeveloped and over-exposed.  
(grr...ya gotta dirty mind).

XX

## ADDRESSES

the following are the addresses of the more mobile fans in this country, so far as we know.

William F. Temple, c/o J.M. Rosenblum,  
4, Grange Terrace, Chapeltown, Leeds, 7.

Maurice K. Hanson, again c/o J.M.R.  
(As this magazine has an american circulation,  
we are unable to print the military address of  
the above fans.)

Arthur Clarke, "Ballifants", Bishops Lydeard,  
Taunton, Somerset.

F.J. Arnold, 1, Smith St., Watford, Herts.

Les J. Johnson, (RAF) c/o Mike or Ego.

John Craig, Room 393c, County Hall, London SE1.

Eric Hopkins, 6, Elm Pk. Ave., Romford, Essex.

Eric C. Williams. ??? (Eric, where art thou?)

note - Arthur F. Williams, 3, Victoria Dwllgs,  
Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. intends to  
start a fanmag: format - 20 page, 1 foolscap,  
& hectographed. No more details yet.

Sid Birchby. ???

Other fans, so far as we know, are still at  
their original addresses.

SEND 6d. for 24 page Esperanto  
textbook, Peace, Esperanto & other  
stickers (for envelopes, etc.), print-  
ing samples, etc.—W. J. BRIGDEN,  
232 SELLINCOURT ROAD, S.W.17

STORIES containing

27 best ones

by



LEARN ESPERANTO  
LEARN ESPERANTO  
LEARN ESPERANTO  
LEARN ESPERANTO  
LEARN ESPERANTO  
LEARN ESPERANTO

Esperanto

[illegible]



?

Ĉu vi fidas al tutmonda ŝtato?  
Do you believe in a world state?

Ĉu vi subtenas la ideon de egaleco  
inter la popoloj de L'mondo?  
Do you support the idea of equality  
between the peoples of the world?

Ĉu vi deziras la nuligon de land-  
limoj en Eŭropo kaj la tuta mondo?

Do you desire the abolition of  
frontiers in Europe and the whole  
world?

*if so -*

.... you can help in the realis-  
ation of these things by adding to your  
intellectual acquirements a knowledge  
of the international language known as

*esperanto -*

ESPERANTO destroys the barriers between  
nations. It does not aim to replace  
existing natural languages, with their  
immense cultural background, but should  
be regarded as an INTERNATIONAL AUX-  
ILIARY LANGUAGE, as a second medium of  
of speech common to all nations.

Already, in one generation, there are Esperantists in every country of the world; from Iceland to Borneo, from USSR & Siberia to Argentine, from China & Japan to Newfoundland or the Caroline Islands. Yes, even in Nazi Germany, where the movement, because of its pacifistic & international implications, is "verboten".

Nationalism & jingoism will always survive while the tower of Babel stands. The United States of Europe can never succeed while the segregation of its peoples because of language differences continues. International understanding is the first step to a real world-peace.

Learn Esperanto, and add to the ever-growing army that is striving to unite the nations of the world into one great nation - that nation called - Earth.

ESPERANTO CAN BE READ IN ONE WEEK.  
WRITTEN IN ONE MONTH.  
SPOKEN IN 3 MONTHS.

Take a peep at the simplicity of the Esperanto grammar .....

The vocabulary is composed of root-words drawn from all the European languages. Spelling is phonetic. The grammatical



rules are few - there are only sixteen.  
There are no irregularities or exceptions  
to be found in the grammar.

eg-

- ..... all nouns end in O.  
ame - love, espero - hope.
- ..... all adjectives end in A  
ama - loving, verda - green.
- ..... all adverbs end in E  
ame - lovingly, rapide -  
rapidly, quickly.

LA--the, KAJ--and, SED--but, JES--yes,  
NE--no, to rhyme with PA, SKY, SAID, YES,  
& NAY. All plurals end in J. There  
is only one case - the accusative, (end-  
ing in N) which has several important  
uses, and aids greatly the conciseness &  
flexibility of the language.

VERBS... infinitive - I (ami - to love)  
present --AS: Mi amas ŝin - I love her.  
past - IS: Mi amis ŝin - I loved her.  
future - OS: Mi amos ŝin - I will love her

PARTICIPLES...

amanta - loving. aminta - having loved.  
amonta - about to love. PASSIVE ....  
amata - being loved. amita - having been  
loved. amota - about to be loved.  
EG-- Ŝi estis amota, kaj mi estis amonta.  
She was about to be loved, and I was  
about to love. AMU - love! (command)



# GARGOYLE'S GLOSSARY

OF  
SCIENTIFICTION



by DR Smith -



Action: A fluffy chase-me-Charlie incoherent muddle connecting the love-scenes. The only thing sacred and inviolable to the s-f magazine editor.

Alien, friendly: A hypothetical being of no possible use to a s-f author.

Amazing: A magazine so-called because of what the editor gets away with.

Author, s-f: A person with extreme sensitivity and a great, well-founded, dislike of being told the truth about himself.

Battle, Murder, & Sudden Death: The three things indispensable to a successful s-f story. Hence the strong pacific element in fandom.

Blurb: The lowest form of sales-talk, pointless because if the readers are suckers enough to like the blurb, they like the stories too.

Cliche: An over-used phrase or expression, used by persons of dull intelligence. The only form of speech used by s-f characters.

Common-Sense: One of the many senses a s-f character must not have, otherwise the stories would finish very abruptly soon after the start.

The publisher's diary, in



Entity, Alien. Anything uncommon with a dislike for the hero.

Fan: A person who reads, but does not enjoy, science-fiction.

Gun: The most essential item of a scientist's equipment.

Hack: A man who writes for money, as contrasted with a fool, who does not. Meat for the editor, poison for the fan.

Hero: An indestructible young man with the brains of a walrus, and the luck of a lunatic.

Heroine: An indestructible young woman with the common-sense of a canary, the courage of a shell-shocked rabbit, and the charms of a poorly drawn fashion-page.

Magazine, Fan: A publication in which persons whose opinions interest nobody may air those opinions to persons interested in nobody's opinions but their own.

Magazine, Professional s-f: A means by which wise fools extract money from silly fools.

Plot, New: The Hack's Holy Grail, which they are doomed by their evil mode of life never to capture.

Plot, Interplanetary: A means of introducing bigger and barmier wars into a story.

Ray: A beam of radiated energy. Capable, in s-f, of doing anything for the hero that he can't do himself, i.e. everything except kissing the heroine.

Ray Gun: A magic wand for the destruction of alien entities and what-nots, but of surprisingly limited power when turned on the hero.

Satire: Only one s-f satire has been written, but the author has had it published very frequently.

Science: The facts and mechanism of nature as used by authors who have not enough sense to realise how little they understand the ideas of men who, after studying nature all their lives, admit that they know almost nothing of the facts and mechanism of nature.

Scientist: The character who makes the long explanation we always skip, except when we feel like a good laugh.

Space: That which is where matter isn't. An author's ju-ju word.

Space, Hyper-: A phrase which means little or nothing to the author, but which he assumes explains everything.

Space-ship: A vague sort of gadget in which the hero rushes about in pursuit of the villain, or pursued by the alien entities.

Style: The difference between the writings of a sub-normal infant and an intelligent adult. Very rarely found in the work of s-f authors.

Tripe: The inside of a cow stewed in milk before consumption: edible offal. Hence the idiomatic use to describe science-fiction.

Utopia: An imaginary place where perfect people exist in a perfect society. Unfortunately, no author has ever shown a real person in this setting.

(cont'd at foot of next page)

to the destruction of the alien entities and the destruction of the alien entities and the destruction of the alien entities.

Only one has been published very recently but the author has had it published very recently.

from Le Zombis, No. 36. "Big news in the world is that the alien entities are now being destroyed by the alien entities." The alien entities are now being destroyed by the alien entities.

from Le Z again. Don H. Tuck, of Tasmania, states that he was notified by the alien entities that he must cease importing them, and when he kept on doing it, the alien entities notified him that he would receive no more. The alien entities notified him that he would receive no more. The alien entities notified him that he would receive no more.

A vague sort of gadget in which the alien entities are now being destroyed by the alien entities.

GARGOYLE'S GLOSSARY of S-F (continued). The difference between the writings of a normal human and an intelligent alien is that the alien entities are now being destroyed by the alien entities. The alien entities are now being destroyed by the alien entities. The alien entities are now being destroyed by the alien entities.





THE AMAZING  
CASE OF THE

MAN & THE MIRROR.

ERIC S. NEEDHAM.

Albert Halliday awoke with a splitting headache and a feeling of intense biliousness. - What a fool he had been to take that filthy stuff! That ancient recipe in a musty fifteenth century tome for transforming a man into a vampire. Rubbish it was, all of it! And yet he had painstakingly garnered the fat of a still-born babe, henbane, hemlock, a goat's cloven hoof, and the charred heart of a white crow caught eating human flesh. And he had drank all that muck! Lurchingly, he rose and staggered to the mirror, an old one with an ornately carved frame, and looked. And screamed.... For there was no reflection of himself.....

Presently he arose and looked again. No, there was no reflection of himself. He was a vampire. From this night on he would be compelled at night to go to the abodes of the ones he loved and - he flung the horrid thought aside. There must be some way to get rid of the effects of the draught he had taken; some charm, some spell, some incantation. Seek the aid of a sorcerer, a magi, a seer, a wizard, anyone who might know how to relieve him of the spell. He grabbed the classified directory and turned to the section headed "Spell Removers". In an ad. he found "CONSULT E. ATHELSTANE BOWSER ON YOUR PROBLEMS. Authority on Esoteric Lore, Expert on Erudite Implications, etc, etc. Central 1212, 4 lines."



Albert Halliday hurled himself at the telephone and dialled frantically. This man might - might free him of the curse. The exchange put him through, and he was speaking, in a high-pitched hysterical voice, to E. Athelstone Bowser. "Mr Beezer" he implored. "You must help me. You must see me at once. I'm in a terrible predicament. Please, Mr Boozer, please." He broke down and sobbed into the phone, and E. Athelstone Bowser hung up and started for Halliday's house.

He knocked, and Halliday feverishly opened the door. "Come in, Mr Bowser, come in" he cried, and E. Athelstone Bowser entered the hallway, where Halliday explained his dire predicament. "And I want you to dissolve the enchantment", he finished.

"Take me to the mirror" said E. Athelstone Bowser, thoughtfully, his hypertrophied brain working overtime. And they faced the mirror. Halliday moaned, and buried his face in his hands. But the grain of E. Athelstone Bowser was functioning at five per cent overload.

Then he smiled. Clapping Halliday on the back he said "Fear not, my good Halliday. I have solved the mystery. It appears that the glass has fallen out of the frame."

XX

Don't forget - your comments, criticisms and ratings are as necessary as ever. Let's hear from you. Also don't forget - we want YOUR article for Q3, just as soon as you can make it.

OFFICIAL

REPORT

ON THE  
FIRST

EXPEDITION

MARS TO EARTH

(NB- The editor wishes to point out that the following article was cut in several places as it was somewhat long. This may account for any disjointedness which do not appear in the original version.)

#### FIRST DAY

From the moment of our setting off from Mars, we experienced trouble with the atomic motors. Three times today they ceased abruptly, for no apparent reason, necessitating complicated recalculation of our course, because of the resultant loss in the velocity of our spaceship. Also depressing was the sudden collapse of Ogowopple, our first engineer, from some obscure disease of the left tentacle. Our expedition seems foredoomed to failure.

#### SECOND DAY

Already we are appreciably nearer our goal - the planet Earth (the journey is estimated to take only three days, but may take a little longer, because of the motor-trouble. Ogowopple much better - the ship's doctor has rubbed his tentacle with that rare and expensive drug - camphorated oil - a luxury we can ill afford. Still, a chief engineer is a chief engineer. The atomic motors are running smoothly now, but this morning they coughed once or twice. However, a little camphorated oil did the trick; they have not coughed since. It is truly a wonderful drug, and never fails.

THIRD DAY

Earth looms up large before us now - a great silent sphere. It is dark, as the sun is beyond it, but a thin blinding crescent gleams at one edge. Through the enormous grey cloud-banks we sometimes catch vague glimpses of dark seas, and the darker lands.

Today we had a narrow escape. A meteorite flashed past us, and suddenly stopped right in our path. We succeeded in evading it only by a last-minute curve above it. Of course, we had to replot our course again -- three hours of mental gymnastics. It gave Hokum the first technician, an acute headache, which was, however, soon cured with the aid of a little camphorated oil.

FOURTH DAY

Earth at last! We made a landing today on the clouded planet, a little behind schedule. But, to spoil everything, we had an unfortunate accident. The atomic motors failed us at a critical moment, and would not respond to the camphorated oil treatment, so that we were unable to use our repulsion beam, to free us from the grip of Earth's gravity. We fell downwards, ever faster, and the planet changed from an enormous convex wall into a concave bowl encompassing us. We were falling towards what appeared to be a tiny island. Then the acceleration made us so dizzy, that we were aware of nothing until a terrific impact jarred us into confused awareness once more. We were in darkness. Two of us struggled to repair the light-tubes, while the rest tried to make our televisior-screen function properly, to ascertain the nature of our predicament.

After a long time we were successful, but the screen showed us nothing but a vaguely silhouetted skyline against a purple sky. Bright flashes flicked across the screen from time to

time. At first we thought this was due to an irregularity in the functioning of the instrument, but later we discovered these flashes to be a peculiarity of the outer landscape. We could also hear, at intervals, a subdued humming or droning sound, and diverse concussive noises, as though far away. We conjectured that we had fallen close to a factory of some kind, and that it was the sound of machines we could hear.

Our instruments showed us that we were buried some three or four lengths below the ground.

A long time later, while we were discussing our plans for the morrow, we heard a piercing steady wail start up, as in the remote distance, which persisted for some minutes before swooping down into silence. We were unable to explain this, but Pthoa suggested that it was probably the factory signal for cease-work, as the drone and clamour of the machines had now stopped. This seems a logical enough theory, though why earth-beings should work during the night is more than we can comprehend.

## FIFTH DAY

At dawn we refocussed the televisor once again, and saw an earthian city for the first time. How bitterly disappointed we were! Long ago our telescopes had revealed signs of an advanced civilisation on Earth, and we had built up high hopes on the strength of those astronomical observations. But before our eyes was revealed merely a depressing panorama of tumbledown buildings in poor state of repair. There was not a single house with an unbroken window-pane. In many cases the roofs, too, were badly dilapidated and weathered, some showing gaping holes that revealed the woodwork and attics beneath. Three of the houses in this row had actually collapsed - presumably through the deterioration caused by neglect which we could see everywhere - and their debris was spread uglily across the road.



One or two earth-beings stood motionless staring at the scene of ruin. This was the first time we had seen earth-beings -- strange repulsive creatures, with white hairless faces, and a thing projecting from above the mouth. Their bodies, while conforming to the same general shape, are differentiated. Apparently, at some stage in their evolution, the body produced flapping multicoloured folds of skin, which surround the torso and the legs. These flaps of skin, which are quite large, possess pouches, into which the earth-beings put their hands when standing - or so we gathered from our observations. One earthbeing had a growth (probably some form of cancer) projecting from his mouth - in appearance not unlike a small white cylinder. From this, and from his mouth came foul opaque vapours. It was a sight which disgusted us.

It was evident that civilisation on Earth was already on the decline. The earth-race was decadent. We could reach no other conclusion as we surveyed the mournful sight before us. Here was disorder, apathy, chaos.

Then another aspect of the situation struck us. If the earth-beings were so decadent and apathetic - what chance had we of being discovered and rescued by them?

We focussed the televisor to a nearer viewpoint, until we saw the hole in the ground made by our own space-ship. So near - on the screen - yet so inaccessible.

Then we noticed a strange thing:-- in a wide circle around the site of our buried ship was a rope barrier: earth-beings pressing against the rope, gazing & curiously at the hole in the ground: other earth-beings, with plate-like metal coverings atop of their heads pushing back the crowd. Our hearts sank within us. Was their intelligence indeed so low that they merely regarded the hole as a curious novelty, worthy of a few moments morbid inspection, and nothing

more? As to what had caused the hole - they seemed to evince no curiosity whatsoever concerning that.

The rest of the day passed in black despair for us. Our engineers struggled heroically with the stubborn motors, but in vain. We were apparently destined to be buried alive on an alien, unfriendly world.

Night came, all too slowly - how the time dragged for us in the confined space of our little ship. But eventually we saw the sky darken, and the forlorn ruined buildings became once more a dark hazy silhouette. After a bit we heard again the weird wailing sound of the previous night, but this time the note was restless, swooping up and down in an agitated manner. Was it the factory signal for "begin-work"? We studied the screen intently.

Soon there came to our ears a subdued throbbing - we felt it rather than heard it - the continuous murmuring drone of the previous night. We listened to it fascinated. Could that be the clamour of machines - that pulsing, waxing and waning song of power? It grew louder and louder and suddenly the screen was illuminated by the flashes we had seen before. Brilliant and blinding they flickered in the night sky, to cease as abruptly as they had begun. Once again came the sound of concussions, like the rumbling of distant thunder, but we knew that it was no storm we were witnessing.

All through the night, almost until dawn, the droning and the flashes and the thunder continued, and towards the end the sky became orange, an angry orange, as though in protest.

When these strange phenomena finally ceased, we heard anew the wailing from the outer-world - but this time the note was once more steady and almost triumphant.

SIXTH DAY

The dawn came, and by the light of the new day we scanned our environment for any clue which would clarify for us the mysterious happenings of the previous night. But we saw only more desolation. The rope barrier was still around us, and the dilapidated row of houses looked much the same, but farther afield the televisior showed us ruins and wreckage that looked fresh; there were earth-beings digging among the debris.

We only vaguely understood. The destruction around us was the grim visible symptom of something monstrous that took place at night. That was all we knew. We could conceive of no being that came amid flashes and thunder - destroying - destroying. Was there another form of civilised life on earth that strove to exterminate the bipeds? In what manner did they accomplish their destruction. There the matter rests - we are unable to offer any explanation for what we saw.

Soon after mid-day, a group of earth-beings came to the top of the shaft, and commenced digging. We were elated -- apparently we had underestimated the intelligence of these alien creatures. They worked hard, and uncovered our ship as the sun was sinking down towards the horizon.

They attached chains and cables to the ship, and hoisted us out. How relieved we all were to feel free once more. We hastened to open the air-proof door, and there encountered a depressing set-back. The door refused to open. The mechanism of the door was electric, and it seemed to us that something had upset the wiring - probably the shock when we first struck Earth. So we started to check the circuit - a long and slow process.

We had hardly commenced to do this, however, when the ship lurched, and moved up-



wards. To our dismay the televisior screen revealed that we were being lifted onto a four-wheeled vehicle. This latter moved off with a jerk, and transported us through the shattered town into the open country. Frantically we examined the door mechanism, for a foreboding of danger warned us that the intentions of the earth-beings were not friendly.

After a while, the vehicle left the road, and began to bump over rough ground. We were entering a flat lonely stretch of moor, that seemed entirely devoid of life, apart from the tall grasses and gorse, and an occasional tree protruding mournfully from the bleak horizon. And here, out in this desolate spot, these stupid inhabitants of Earth dropped us -- into a marsh.

That is all there is to record of the experiences of the first expedition to Earth, for soon after, in spite of the fact that our ship had been swallowed up by the waterlogged ground, our engineers triumphed over the atomic motors, and got them to operate smoothly. We left Earth immediately, squelching upwards through the bog until we were in the free air, and from there, at a rapidly increasing acceleration -- back home. But we were seething with indignation at our reception by the earth-beings. We came to Earth, expecting to find a planet supporting a highly developed civilisation, a planet peopled by evolution's best products. Instead we found a broken-down shattered place, the abode of terror and destruction, and we were welcomed by a people whose first act was to get rid of us as quickly as possible. Without hesitation we state that the inhabitants of Earth, and their civilisation, behave in a manner irrational and disillusioning. Whether the night-terror is in any way the cause of their mental perversion, we, of course, do not know. We return from the expedition greatly disappointed. But there are questions that require answers, and mysteries that need explaining. We shall return, some day.

ODDS.

&

ENDS.

Several fans have enquired whether the "Public Warning to J.F.B." in the last issue of GG is to be taken seriously? Does anyone ever take me seriously, apart from myself? However, as some may think that I have done Johnny wrong, perhaps a word or two of explanation would not be out of place. Johnny has, at times, caused me much mental turmoil, and since summer 1940, mental turmoil is taboo in the McIlwain psyche. My days of argument & controversy are over -- Johnny's apparently, have just begun. Nor all the metaphors, nor all the similes in the English language will drag me from my retreat. Therefore, I ask Johnny to "lay off" -- I don't wanna play ball, even if he does. The strong language (?) was necessary as anything less virile simply rebounds from Johnny's egocentric armour-plating. Johnny can fill every page in the "Gentlest Art" with abstruse dissertations on swing or Wagner, or anything he likes, for all I care, so long as he leaves me out of it. If I think he is wrong, I merely think it: I do not propose to be so foolish as to air my views, and be publicly trampled on by fandom's most pungent critic (next to Smith). Give me the Luftwaffe before silly dogmatic controversies over things which in the long run boil down to mere divergencies of personal opinion. Onward, unchristian soldier -- the clash of words no longer fascinates me.!

Asks Doug. Webster - "What do you know about ANTON RAGATZY?" Just this - that Anton lives at the same address as Julian Parr, uses the same typewriter as Julian Parr, and always prints his signature on his letters. Yet, when I questioned Julian on the subject, after jumping

to the obvious conclusion that J.P. & A.R. are one and the same person, I received the following 'explanation' - "... he is an R.O.F.-worker billeted here - works at a munitions factory out of town. Comes from Colchester, and is of radical opinions - conceited, but likeable - no-party politics, and his beliefs I have not been able to name as belonging to any particular sect that I know. So that is apparently who An Anton is." Ah me, another good mystery short-circuited!

Comes a heartbroken cry from "Renny" of Blackburn ... "Owing to violent 'parent trouble' I'm having to stop 'ranning' - Cosmos, correspondence, and everything. In future send all mags to my usual address, and odd (can't promise to answer them) letters to me, J.E. Rennison, at 51 James St., Blackburn (the office address where I'll be able to get my letters in peace.)" /In the editor's opinion, the interference with a science-fiction fan in the performance of his duty should be made an offence punishable by law. Let's hope you don't leave the fan-field altogether, Renny.7

Arthur William's says - "The first number of STAN (Science Fantasy Fan) will contain 16 quarto-size pages, & counting covers ('Old Gold') - 20. (In future issues there will be 20 pages, 24 counting covers.) Contents:--- "The Evolution of Science-Fiction" by James Hollis Mason. "I meet W.F. Temple" by John Edward Rennison. "Browsing" (book review) by "Meiklejohn". "Scientific Classic Review, No. 1. "The Moon Pool" by A. Merritt. "Presenting" No. 1 "D.J. Beresford, author, & Donald Doughty, editor". "Spaceships No. 1" - a pageful of unorthodox types of spaceships from various mags. " /The magazine is hectographed in purple, and is hand-printed, not typewritten! STAN is a 'must' for every fan - roll in your subs to Arthur - address on page 18 of Gc7





(Can anybody inform us who the writer of this article is? We do not know. ed.)

All the best authorities agree that the great events of history habitually pass unnoticed. So it is in fandom. No cheer arose, (unless it were his own) when Arthur "Ego" Clarke typed the last word of his as yet untitled masterpiece, away on a lonely mountain in North Wales. And yet this is the product of three years labour, grafted on to original inspiration. Most London fans will know large slices of it off by heart, but for the unlucky provincials, one may baldly summarise ....

The story concerns a youth, Raymond, the first child to be born in millions of years in the city of Diaspar, ringed by the desert of the dying earth. In him is the initiative that the men of Diaspar have lost, and he sets out in a "borrowed" air-cruiser to discover what lies over the horizon. He finds a race still progressive in the last fertile oasis of Earth, and with another youth of that race he sets out to track down that more adventurous part of humanity that in the dim past had gone out to the stars. On a planet of a vast artificial system of seven multi-coloured stars they find a monument to the last of the race, who have

laid down life after exhausting all the knowledge of the Universe.

The writing is throughout of a high standard, especially so, perhaps, in the description of the last cloud passing over Diaspar (though Arthur can be guilty of such phrases as "where the pitiless rays of the noon-day sun caught its fringes it seemed ablaze with internal fire"), and a truly consistent and convincing atmosphere is worked up. You really do feel that you are on a dying Earth.

The most serious criticism one can make is the almost complete lack of attempt at portrayal of character. Though the author might argue that this was not his intention.

As frequently happens when a future-man of superior intelligence is pictured in stf, that intelligence sometimes seems to fail to make itself felt as much as one might expect. Thus, youth number 2 seems somewhat ingenuously surprised at the suggestion that his watered oasis in a desert world, is kept in working order by artificial means.

Though I wouldn't dare advance this as a criticism, it comes as something of a shock to me nurtured on pro-stf. when, at the point when the Hero, by long established tradition, should meet the Girl, there merely turns up another boy!

All in all, this is a story that well repays reading. And it so happens that you are all lucky enough to have the chance of reading it, through Doug. Webster's Mes Service.

XX

WATCH OUT FOR FOX PARAPOLIS!  
WATCH OUT FOR FOX PARAPOLIS!  
WATCH OUT FOR FOX PARAPOLIS!

ending shortly....

14 COTSWOLD ST.,  
LIVERPOOL 7.

TO:

Harry Gottliffe,

c/o 4, Grange Terrace,

Chapelton,

LEEDS 7.