





Eldritchleanings

No. 6



This issue is written and published for the 18th. mailing of The Esoteric Order of Dagon, May 1st. (Roodmas) 1977, by: William E. Hart, 222 N.Muller #75b, Anaheim, Calif. 92801. Tel. (714) 535-1201.

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CONTENTS

<u>EDMOND HAMILTON: IN MEMORIAM</u>	2
<u>ROBERT BLOCH GETS INDUCTED</u>	5
<u>CONVENTION PICTURES</u>	7
<u>COMMENTS ON THE 17th. MAILING</u>	10
<u>AN APOLOGY AND CORRECTION</u>	13
<u>DUNWICH IN THE ENCYCLOPEDIA</u>	13
<u>JOHN SULLIVAN: A PORTFOLIO</u>	14

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E. Hoffmann Price's memoriam to Ed Hamilton will be appearing in the latest issue of *The Diversifier*; I'm not sure if they're printing it first, or I am, but since Price sent it to me also, I'm more than happy to be able to bring it to any of you who might not get *The Diversifier*. Since the latest two issues of T.D. will be all *Weird Tales* issues, with articles and fiction from W.T. contributors, they're going to be too good to miss. Order @ \$1.25 from T.D. at P.O.Box 1836 Oroville, Ca. 95965, or from Bob Weinberg.

Walt Daugherty, Forry Ackerman's "favorite photographer", and the man, who in the early sixties, along with Fritz Leiber and Sam Russell (sp.?), put together a special visual and sound production about Lovecraft, to be shown at Con's, is thinking about the possibility of doing it again. As most of you know, the original material was in the back seat of a car, that got stolen the night before a Con, and when the car was found the slides and recordings were gone. Walt would like to receive any Lovecraft related zines that are available, and would also like to receive info on other Lovecraft related items. He doesn't really have time to keep track of everything being published right now, so he would appreciate any news notes people send him. Please send your zines to Walt and encourage the H.P.L. project. One last note; Walt also has a number of H.P.L.'s letters, but has to dig them out of where ever they are stored in his house; if he can figure out where he put them. If he can find them, I'm going to ask about the possibility of reprinting a few of them.

Walt's address is: Dr. Walter J. Daugherty, 115 So.Catalina Street, Los Angeles, Ca. 90004

EDMOND HAMILTON: IN MEMORIAM

by

E. Hoffmann Price

Meeting Edmond Hamilton at Farnsworth Wright's apartment in Chicago and then going with him and Wright to Otis Adelbert Kline's dinner party, early 1931, was the beginning of a friendship which endured, growing ever closer until his death, February 1, 1977. I learned only last year that I was the first writer he ever met, and that it was I who had written the first fan letter he ever got.

No one knows how many followed mine, in the ensuing half century! The whimsies of those forces which combine to shape life styles and travel patterns made the most of their good start, so that over the years Edmond and I saw a good deal of each other, with by far the greater portion of our association coming in the final twenty years of his life. By that time, we had seen the end of the pulp magazines which had engrossed us during our earlier years; and we had devised modes for dealing with that which we'd never imagined--- a pulp-less world. Although my ways and his were different, they offered us ever more frequent opportunities to meet, to share new interests, and, to savour the time-distilled essence of an eventful past.

As usual, a woman contributed much: Leigh Brackett. They married in 1946. Leigh, a novice fictioneer when they met, was not one to remain long at that level. In 1958, by which time she was doing screen plays, they'd spend a few months each year in Santa Monica, close to the studios. Come 1968, they set up a second home in the California High Desert, to avoid the rugged Ohio winters. With less than 400 miles from our front door to theirs, we were neighbors. And for this I was grateful.

We had matured in such measure that our meetings had a richness which our adventurous beginner years had never had. Digesting what we had experienced was better than seeking the thrill of new enterprises. Our seasoned fellowship was so very fine that its termination leaves me numbed, and groping. I won't feel any pain until we roll down the drive and pull up at our second home, the Hamilton guest cottage, and Leigh comes out, alone, to offer food and drink.

Jack Williamson wrote, "Your letter about Ed's death is a hard jolt. . . . he was a part of my own life and now I can't help feeling that an important part of myself is missing. . . ." I know what he means.

Jack met Edmond only a little while after I did, to boat their way down the Mississippi to New Orleans. They would winter in Key West, writing until weather and funds baited them into higher latitudes, and westward, which included sojourns at the cattle-fattening hacienda of Jack's parents, in Eastern New Mexico. Having had all that comradeship during the earlier years, Jack knows well how I must feel about the termination of our neighborliness of Edmond's final years.

Jack also wrote, ". . . There should be some sort of memorial article written about him. . . and of course, you are the one to do it--- I myself have been too much out of touch with Ed and Leigh for too many years. . ."

Jack's being so long out of touch was because he met the folding of the pulps by building a new life, that of Professor of English Litt, in the university at Portales, New Mexico. From observation, I know the academic life to be a species of serfdom. And I know how, in my own way, I lost touch with valued friends for too many years. Jack and I share the basics of this to such an extent that his words leave me wondering which of us is writing this thing.

I must restrict my words to a blending of the many hours Edmond and I sat in the pseudo-shade of a Joshua tree, or, indoors, driven in by the High Desert's wind and sand. We had outlived his parents, his brothers in law, and the youngest of his sisters--- and, since 1933, I'd been an honorary member of the clan. Also, the roster of deceased writers and editors had lengthened. We'd lost so many friends that we began to cherish our long ago enemies! Whenever we sat, we invited old memories, and they paraded, invisible, yet living presences of dimension and reality which went far beyond mere remembering.

Virtually every writer is also a reader beyond the depth and breadth of the average literate person. In this, Edmond was unusual even among his peers. His long acquaintance with literature, from classical to contemporary, his half a century or more of digesting history, biography, travel writings, as well as a mass of general information which could be classified only by an adept in the Dewey Decimal System, made me respect his evaluations of authors and their productions. Following neither vogue nor authority nor precedent, he spoke from assimilated experience, and be damned to dogma or teaching!

For example, he gave Bernal Diaz' memoirs of his participation in the conquest of Mexico a high rating among works he considered outstandingly well done. Although Diaz was far from a master of his own language, Edmond applauded because his writing was direct, and graphic; the old man characterized his fellow conquistadores his comrades and their commanders and many of the enemy in terse and vivid terms. Bernal Diaz got immediately to the heart of an event or situation. Edmond judged fiction accordingly, and wrote his best yarns in like manner. One which I have remembered for many a year was a presentation of what happened to the natives when American astronauts staked a claim on a newly discovered planet. It was Pale-Face versus Redman, all over the again, stark, brutal, convincing and true to our entire tradition: no nonsense, and exterminate the bastards, they're a stumbling block in the pathway of civilization. No sermon. No message. But, real. What's It Like, Out There?---space age, de-glamourized, presented for what it is, pioneering, cruel and deadly business.

In fantasy, of which Hamilton wrote more than the science fiction fancier may suspect, there were stories such as He Who Has Wings: no bushel baskets of adjectives, no dictionary dredging: none of the seeking to create moods or to poetize--- he offered people who did things, things which required neither interpretation nor explanation,

no more than did Bernal Diaz, or Charles Montagu Doughty (Travels in Arabia Deserta), or Emir Ousama, who wrote of his service with Saladin, ever tell you how you should feel.

Over the years, the 1926 Space Opera Hamilton became a writer better than the self conscious "literary" or "artistic" one. He demonstrated the validity of his claim that if you wrote enough and kept at it, you could not help but every once in a while do something better than your norm, and perhaps better than the other fellow's good or best. That's a fair though over-simplified expression of the later Hamilton's view of it during the final years of his life.

After his almost terminal illness of 1972, in the few years which followed his slow recovery he may well have sensed that he was running out of time and accordingly spoke his mind without unkindness and with the full awareness that one whose mission is so nearly accomplished can no longer be moved by anything as trivial as professional jealousy. I heard many an appraisal of writer and of editor: and all that Edmond had to say was worth hearing, the essence of experience wide and long.

When I came to the house in Kinsman, Ohio for the first time, Ed and Leigh introduced me to their collection of Chinese and Indian music, with excursions into Turkestan, Iran, and Indonesia. Not long after my departure, they taped my favorites to supply me with background music at the Lamasery. To make this a cultural exchange, I briefed them on the Leica and 35 millimeter camera work. At our next meeting, two years later, I could appreciate the subtleties of Oriental music: and there was nothing left for me to tell him or her about photographic methods. Systematically, Ed had mastered the basics and had then settled down to learning by experience. He's the only non-professional I've ever met whose opinions I found valuable.

Edmond's color photo of the Hall of Columns, at Karnak, is a magnificent piece of camera work, whether in 11x14 blow up or screen projected. Only an experienced cameraman can appreciate the excellence of that striking picture. But it was all quite simple: he'd selected the optimum viewpoint, fitted the appropriate lens to his Leica M-3, and made the exposure when the sun's angle gave the best modelling. And, the Arab guide, leaning against a column dramatized the tremendous bulk of each individual of that forest of columns.

As a traveller, Edmond was outstanding. Leigh was his match. From Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Iran and India, he knew the history of all that he saw: and going prepared, he saw much. In readying himself for a third round, he read the two volume autobiography of Abdurrahman Khan, Amir of Afghanistan. He promised to get me a good shot of the Gate of Trumpets and Drums in Kabul. The failing of his health settled that third safari.

Of Oriental lands, I think he loved Iran the most dearly. England, however, was his second home. Often, we'd sit by the hour, hearing him tell of the country, the people, and the cuisine, which he called just right. For years he had had many friends in Great Britain's writer fraternity and among the book dealers of London.

Autumn of 1976, after attending the fantasy con in New York, weekend of Hallow'een, he and Leigh took another trip to Great Britain. From his telling of it, I knew that if he'd regarded it as a farewell, he could not have had a finer!

December 9th, when Leigh was conducting a seminar at San Francisco State College, we had a four hour session with him and her at Fisherman's Wharf. Though frail, and none too steady on his feet, Edmond was in good spirits. Slowly, he and I followed the women to Grotto No.9.

The news of Edmond's death was no surprise: it was a devastating jolt. Edmond Hamilton, my loyal and generous friend these past forty six years, was one of the few links, other than memory, which bound me to my early fictioneering days. I know well indeed what Jack Williamson meant when he said that he could not help feeling that an important part of himself had departed with Edmond's death: and I fancy that Jack would understand if I said that it would be very good if I could swap a few of the Later Hamilton Days for a handful of his Early Hamilton Days.

Meanwhile, in this good friend's death, we survivors experience the meaning of the Chinese proverb, "An inch of sundial shadow is worth a foot of jade."

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ROBERT BLOCH GETS INDUCTED

As I mentioned last mailing, on Dec. 5th, 1976, Jean and I had the pleasure of attending the first Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy Hall of Fame Awards Luncheon. Throughout the whole affair, I sat towards the rear of the room with my tape recoder's microphone in my hand, trying to record the event for posterity's sake (I just realized how different that sentence would have been if I had said "posterior's sake"; funny how similar those two are.). I never realized what a job it was to try and transcribe from tape until I tackled this! Before I could even get two-thirds of the way through the tape, I already had more than 16 pages (8½x11) of material, and decided to just use a small portion of it at a time (or go broke trying to print it all). For this issue, I'm printing Forry Ackerman inducting Robert Bloch. I apologize for the missing portions shown as [???]. This is primarily due to my not being able to make out what I picked up on tape, but I'm sure you'll enjoy what recorded clearly... One last note; I turned my recorder on just a moment too late to catch the very beginning of what Forry had to say, but I believe it was, "When Jack The Ripper was just a little nipper..."

[Forry]-..."Who do you think gave him his first scalpel--and taught him to be Dr. [???]'s assistant? [LAUGHS] Robert Bloch. When Bobby Bloch fashioned his first mud pie, no folks it wasn't Rabbi Loew who created the Golem, it was Robert Bloch. [LAUGHS] When Doctor Caligari opened his cabinet, who do you think he found sleeping there? Well I can tell you it wasn't Goldilocks. [LAUGHS]

And who do you think recommended Mr. Hyde to Doctor Jekyll---when he asked for a good abortionist-- /LAUGHTER/-Robert Bloch. If Edgar Allen Poe had married Mary Shelly, their son could very well have been Robert Bloch /LAUGHTER/; In fact, he could very well have been Robert Bloch even if they hadn't gotten married! /LAUGHTER/ There's a little known fact that Robert Bloch wrote Dracula----he was very disappointed that Dracula never wrote back! /LAUGHTER/ Either that, or the U.S. Post Office, with its notorious efficiency, failed to deliver the letter. The only reason he didn't write Frankenstein (and he could have), was the finance company had repossessed his quill pen for ducking his payment that month; things were like that in 1816. Well, so much for the facts in the case of Monsieur Valdemar-uh Robert Bloch; Now for the fantasy. /LAUGHTER/

In the history of the cinema, two showers will always be remembered; Al Jolson's "April Showers", and the shower that caused the plumber's union to sue Robert Bloch. /LAUGHTER/ After Bloch plumbed the depths of human degradation in the famous shower sequence in "Psycho", the installation of shower stalls was stalled for two years. /LAUGHTER/ When asked by a Hollywood columnist what the favorite roll was of her entire career, Joan Crawford unhesitatingly answered, "Straight Jacket"---and Robert Bloch should have been in it. /LAUGHTER/

He could have written "The Sting", instead he wrote "The Deadly Bees". His green thumb stood him in good stead when he scripted "Torture Garden"; The thumb wasn't originally green, but it turned that color several years after he removed it from its original owner and pickled it in the formaldehyde. /LAUGHTER/ Robert Bloch has provided unforgettable vehicles for Christopher Lee, and Peter Cushing; His talents have been recognized and employed by Gene (Star Trek) Roddenbury, and Rod (Twilight Zone) Serling. He was a great good friend of two giants of the motion picture industry: The lamentably late Boris Karloff, and the recently deceased Fritz Lang. He has a standing order with the blood bank, for withdrawal of a quart a day, and when he writes he hones an icicle to a sharp point; as sharp as his wit.

The science fiction field has honored him with its oscar, a Hugo; The Count Dracula Society's Ann Radcliffe Award; A special scroll from The Mystery Writers of America; The World Fantasy Life Award. He was also the recipient (from my hands I'm honored to say) of the first award created by Doctor Walter J. Daugherty twenty years ago, known as The Big Heart Award. While it's terribly tempting to make some light matter about the Heart being displayed in a gold-fish bowl or something to that sort, I wish to be completely serious now; The award was given to Robert Bloch for his humanitarianism; and was well deserved.

For all the macabre monstrosities that Robert Bloch has loosed upon the motion picture screen to entertain us, for all the madmen, mayhem, and murder he has conjured up to thrill and chill audiences round the world for ages, we are truly grateful, and attempt to express our gratitude here and now, by inducting him into The Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy Hall of Fame

/Large applause as Robert Bloch heads to the podium for pictures and presentation, then he begins his acceptance speech.../

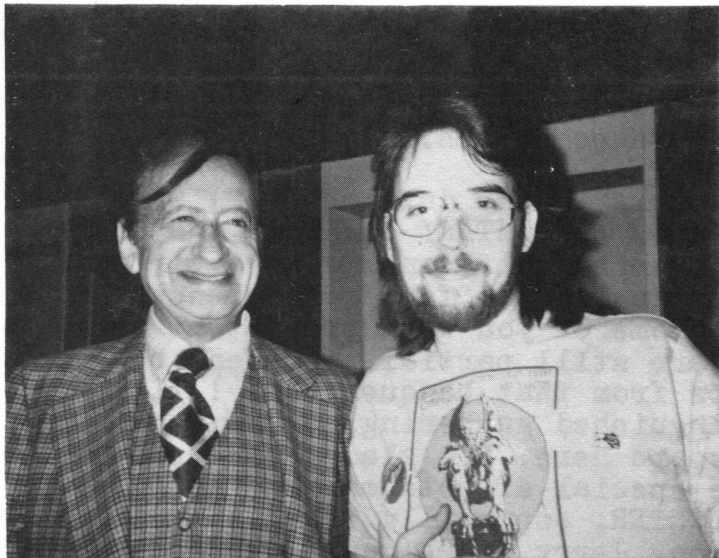
/Bloch/ I frequently suffer from insomnia in the daytime—— I want to thank Mr. Ackerman for curing that... /LAUGHTER/ You know that just two weeks ago that Mr. Ackerman was himself honored at a birthday banquet celebrating his participation in the field of Science Fiction and Fantasy for fifty years. Some of you were present at that occasion, those of you who weren't, are still partially present because——you are eating the left-overs from that banquet today! /LAUGHTER/ And, I must say this is a distinguished gathering; so many familiar faces, and I'm happy that they are here. I'm glad to see people in our midst like: Jim Danforth; the special effects man who animated George Clayton Johnson /LOADS OF LAUGHTER, especially from George/, and of course the creators of Superman, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster; /APPLAUSE/ If it were not for them, it's quite probable that Kirk Alyn would never have worn underwear /LOADS OF LAUGHTER again/. Now there are a few other people here I did want to mention here in passing: For one thing, George Pal; The well known Hungarian director —— whose real name, of course, as you know, is Shamus O'Shawnessy /LAUGHTER/—— he practices that accent every day ——fools no one. There are I must, I will say with some reluctance, several people here who have ilk /?/ in our midst, imposters as it were; A gentleman here who claims to be Christopher Lee —— but of course we all know that's absolutely impossible —— Who's ever seen Christopher Lee in the day time? /LAUGHTER & APPLAUSE/ Another reason to applaud because Mr. Lee is now a resident of this country, and is going to take up his occupation here; In other words, he is taking the throat away from American vampires——for his own purposes.

But none the less, on the whole, I am extremely gratified, and on a less serious note, I would like to say that an award like this is very meaningful to anybody who's in the writing field. You've heard it, that writing's a very lonely profession, and it is. It's one branch, of the so-called creative arts, where the instigator doesn't see his audience, and doesn't get an audience reaction; The composer can hear his music being played, the actor can see himself on the screen, the painter or the sculpter can see his work being appraised and viewed, but the writer, sits in a little room somewhere, does his work, sends it out, and often times wonders just what became of it, because there is more input than there is reaction to it; So to know that somebody out there is actually listening, if your doing television, or viewing if you're doing television and film, and reading, is, I think, the most rewarding thing that any writer can ever expect; And I am very, very, genuinely and sincerely grateful for this——Thank you, so much!!! /VERY LOUD AND LONG APPLAUSE/

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CONVENTION PICTURES

On the next two pages you'll find some of the pictures I promised last time. If I get enough response from these, I'll try to have pictures in about every other issue (if I can afford it that is). You all can see that I'm hiding behind my beard again...

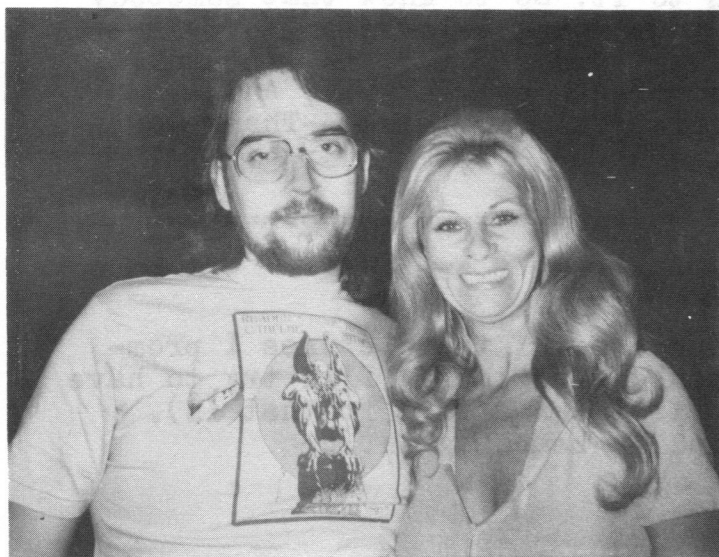
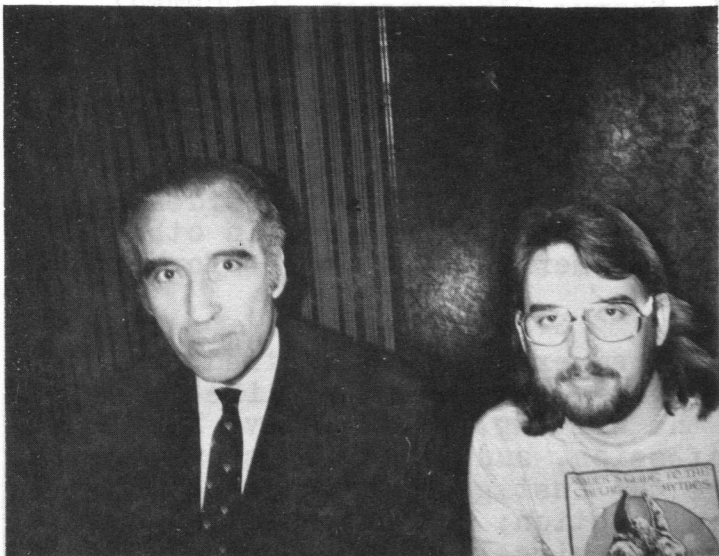


Clockwise from bottom; Robert Bloch with his most devoted fan, Diana Thatcher; Unfortunately, I didn't know who Diana was when I took this picture, so I framed Bob by himself, with only Diana's hand, elbow, shoulder, and hip showing (I'll get you both next time Diana!).

The lovely Grace Lee Whitney (yeoman Janice Rand of Star Trek) and I.

Christopher Lee (Count Dracula etc.) and I.

Bloch and I; Our first meeting. I get the feeling Bob never figured out who I was (I think I forgot to introduce myself?).



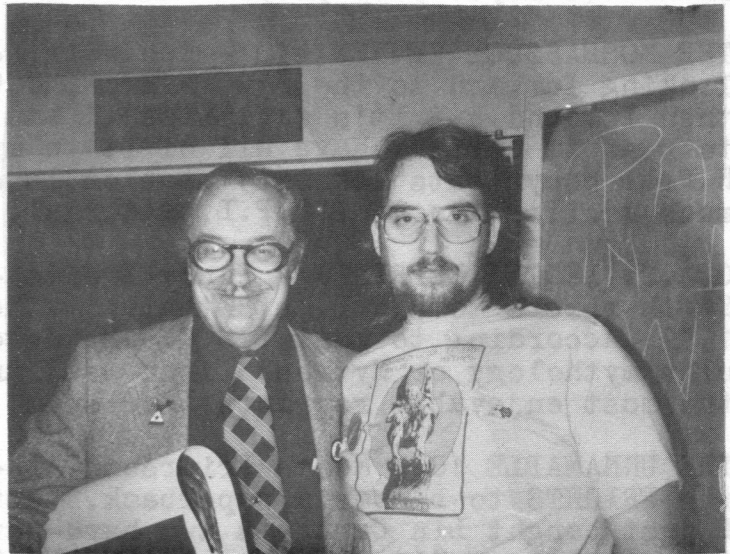
Clockwise from top:

My lovely wife Jean, with the man that gave her and her sisters nightmares for a long time by way of Psycho; Robert Bloch.

Fandoms favorite collector, Forry J (without the period) Ackerman, and you know who.

Two beautiful people; Grace Lee Whitney, and my wife Jean.

The man of the hour, with his most deserved award-- Robert Bloch.



COMMENTS ON THE 17th MAILING

OO - Joe Moudry - I'll gladly go along with the dues being raised to \$3.00 or \$4.00, but I would suggest that the cost of extra mailings goes up accordingly... // If we can all come up with a uniform method for addressing and sealing our jet-packs, Joe will be able to re-use more of them and therefore save money; I for one, tie my jiffy bag (no staples) closed, and try to write Joe's address and my return address small enough so that they can be covered with new labels. How about the rest of you? (I should've said I write small if I'm not over tired or in a rush—)

NOTES FROM ALLANOR'S CASTLE: VI - Dr. Howard J. Duerr - Howard, please continue your "Derleth & Duerr" letter reprinting. I'm fascinated by reading these insights into the minds of both of you...

RALPH W. HEDGE GOES TO THE WRONG (?) FANTASYCON - Meade Frierson III - If the rumor I hear is true, WFCIII will be here in Southern California— Now maybe some people will come out this way for once!!

THE MOSHASSUCK REVIEW #10 - Ken Faig, Jr. - Ditto on serials! I was looking forward to the new Fafhrd and Gray Mouser tale in Cosmos, and then I found out it's serialized! Damn! Damn! Damn! I won't even begin to read it until I have all of it in my hot little hands. // Once the H.P.L. copyrights legality problem is solved, perhaps we'll see a much desired flood of H.P.L. material. (Hope so!)

C.A.S. LETTER REPRINTS - Randy Everts - It's interesting to note that Smith refers to H.P.L.'s "Cthulhu mythology" as early as April 13th 1937; According to most Y.S.C.O.M. devotees, when was the term "Cthulhu mythology or Mythos" first used and by whom? // This is one of the most enjoyable reprints I've seen!

THE UNNAMABLE 10 - Meade Frierson III - Good reviews, but I may wait for FRIGHTS to become a paperback. (Actually I shouldn't say that; I just bought Lin Carter's two hard-cover Swords & Sorcery anthologies for a total of \$14.90 + tax (KINGDOMS OF SORCERY and REALMS OF WIZARDRY))

MAGGOTVILLE NEWS ONE - Mark E. Sprague - Thanks for reprinting the W.T. piece; I had a feeling somebody else would come up with it at the same time that I did.

CRUMBLING RELICKS #11 - Chet Williamson - I've written to T.K.Graphics about five or six times trying to get my copy of Tom Cockcroft's Index to Weird Fiction (which I ordered in Jan. '76), and some other books I ordered at the same time, but the only response I get from them is more catalogs! Makes you want to break somebody's face, as an old friend of mine used to say.

SPECTRAL ANALYSIS #9 - Gary Kimber - Interesting review of "Disciples" // As to cover artist of E.L.#4, see my comment to Fritz Leiber last issue.

ZARFHAANA NO.9 - Glenn Lord - I hope to sometime actually get a chance to see some of the early Whitehead items; Thanks for the list!

SON OF CHARNEL GLYPHS - I agree! We should all support Neil Blaikie and Stellar Z productions; He has some fine items coming out very soon. // It's nice to see McTernan giving H.P.L. an understanding and sympathetic review.

IBID XVII - Ben Indick - Many thanks for the very well written and insightful Bradbury essay! // I'm jealous of all of the fantasy fan activity in the Eastern States—— Everyone around here is either into comics or straight S.F..

THE HUNTER OF THE DARK #3 - Barry R. Hunter - \$100.00 for The Outsider, must be a misprint. If I really believed I had a chance to get The book for this price, you'd already have my check. If it's still for sale at that price when you read this, drop me a postcard and I'll have the money in the mail to you the same day.

DRAKE'S POTPOURRI - David A. Drake - Thoroughly enjoyed "The Stench of Sea Mud"... As I read it, I kept expecting "Mr.C" and his honor guard of watery minions to come sloshing out of some "non-euclidean ruins"; Your ending surprised and tickled me—— great fun!!

NOCTURNE - Harry Morris, Jr. - Strangely fascinating—— How do these drawings relate to H.P.L.? // If I didn't mention it with my order, I'm very happy indeed, to finally see you're publishing some Silver Scarab Press info!!

CTHULSZ VOL.2 #1 - David E. Schultz - Fascinating issue, have you considered compiling all of your H.P.L. material into a book? I'd like to see it happen. I'll be one of the first to buy it.

LAUREATE POLL - Joe Moudry - I really like the way this poll shaped up; It seemed to tell a lot more about how the members felt than the Charles Dexter awards in the past have. Golly! Somebody even remembered me.

AFTER MIDNIGHT #9 - Reg Smith - It's funny, but I tend to agree with your comment to Larry Baker; I don't know what the world would do with another Bill Hart type!? // Fine issue!

OUTRE NO.4 - J. Vernon Shea - Flat earth! I hope nothing flips it over. I wonder if we are heads or tails? // I'm always surprised by the people who still believe H.P.L. tore the covers off of his copies of Weird Tales; Send Judy Newmark a note telling her to check with Brown University. // I've no idea who the author of your "Mystery Story" is, or was, nor do I know the title. I thought the story was a piece of weird-fiction until I reached the end; Now I'm not sure if it was fact or fancy —— Interesting none the less! // I really got a kick out of your line, "It is like reading a minor Lovecraft tale which you know is dreadful but enjoy just the same". Were you thinking of any tale in particular? I've read many author's tales that I've felt this way about, but I've never tried to rationalize it. Something along this same line is watching "The \$6,000,000.00 Man" run

through his impossible stunts (booming and pointing out inconsistencies throughout, e.g., lifting 3 tons without his "Bionic" arm pulling loose from his all too fragile flesh) and yet enjoying it. Crazy aren't we? // The Gloria LeRoy you mention in your review of "Tender Flesh", is now married to Doug Wright, president and founder of The Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy Hall of Fame. He's been putting on Con's here in L.A. lately (Dec. 5th Con the transcript in this issue is from, and a big three day Con April 8th, 9th, & 10th). Gloria was a regular on the television show "Hot L Baltimore", and has appeared in a few of the "Baretta" episodes; Indeed, a very lovely lady. // In answer to your question; Bob Clampett was the creator of Beany and Cecil, co-creator of Bugs Bunny, the man who did an animated version of "John Carter on Mars" (which was lost except for some of the footage), and the creator of many other Warner Brothers cartoon characters. Ooops! I forgot to mention that Bob was also one of film animations pioneers; nuff said? // I'm highly flattered by your comments on the artwork and printing--- and yes, the printing and publishing field is what I'm trying to squeeze myself into. I've already completed one course (Intro to Offset Lithography) and by the time you read this I'll be near completion of my 2nd (Intro to Printing), which my wife is taking with me. // Once again I admire Wade's H.P.L. revisionary projects, and agree that some of his ideas might improve the stories, but I believe that only the printer's typos and mistakes should be corrected, or you'll lose H.P.L.'s work.

THE ARKHAM ANCHORITE #12 - Joe Moudry - As to your cover note on Dunwich, see my quote from the encyclopedia elsewhere in this issue. // I don't I've ever read any of Barlow's fiction before--- It's a shame he didn't write more. // Fine issue again!

THE MISKATONIC - Dirk W. Mosig - Fascinating piece by Joshi, which makes me look forward greatly to "A Collection of Lovecraft Criticism". // Your "Innsmouth..." piece is very close to the way I feel; I've tried to get my wife to read H.P.L.'s fiction chronologically, from the beginning, to the end, so that she can experience the fascination of seeing Lovecraft's fictional universe develop to the totally inter-related oeuvre that it is. It's this inter-connection between H.P.L.'s stories that makes not only his fiction and poetry, but H.P.L. himself fascinating for me to study. Thank you for putting the thoughts down on paper! // A nicely put together issue of the Misk!

MEAGERNESS FROM WEARY FINGERS - Randall Larson - Put me on your list for F.U.2 // I'm willing to bet that if you printed your zine as clearly and legibly as your F.U.E. flyer, more people would read it.

THE CASUIST #12 - Roger Bryant - Good to see you making mailing comments again. // Enjoyed your artwork.

FROM THE DARK SPACES #6 - Edward P. Berglund - "Photo Finish" just might include more truth than anyone imagines! // I'm going to have to find a copy of Masterson's book so that I can find out what everyone is talking about. // Great zine.

REPRINTS - Randy Everts - It seems the author of "Some Parallels.." got a little confused with his facts, e.g., saying the author of "A Literary Copernicus" was Franz Lieber, instead of Fritz Lieber. Interesting piece. Many thanks for this and the other two items this mailing.

LOVECRAFTIAN RAMBLINGS VI - Kennett Neily - "Greenough" was hilarious, has Shenk written anything else? // Thanks for the notes on "St. Toad's", etc..

TOOTH AND NAIL #? - Jim Webbert - Thanks for sharing your dictionary's definition of "Secret Societies" with us. I don't think I ever knew what they were till now... // How about some m.c.'s???

THE LURKER FINDS THE THING IN THE ABBEY - Lawson W. Hill - "Lurker.." holds some interestingly humorous possibilities—please continue!

THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE - Bernadette Bosky - Welcome, Welcome, Welcome! A womans touch is just what this group of dusty old codgers needs to wake them up. Enjoyed your whole issue, so it's hard to pinpoint anything as being my favorite; I even liked the drawings (like Mr. C. on p.19).

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AN APOLOGY AND CORRECTION

Last issue I committed a near unpardonable sin; I quoted from one of Dick Tierney's letters to me without checking with him for permission or to make sure I had the proper information. No.1 I should never have printed the material without permission, and No.2 if I had checked with Dick, I would have found out that he meant to say "letters", instead of "poems" which he did say. This serves me right for jumping the gun. Please let this stand as my public apology to Dick and promise to everyone else that it won't happen again.

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DUNWICH IN THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

Just before class a few nights ago, I found a small entry about Dunwich that I thought everyone might be interested in. Being in a rush, and not even having a pencil on me at that moment, I didn't even get the edition or date from the encyclopedia, but I'll list it next time:

DUNWICH, a village in th Eye parliamentary division of East Suffolk, Eng., on the coast of the North sea, about 26 mi. N.E. of Ipswich by road. Pop. of civil parish (1951) 140. In Anglo-Saxon days it was the most important commercial centre of East Anglia and was probably a Romano-British site. Early in the 7th century, when Sigebert became king of East Anglia, Dunwich was chosen as his capital and became the nursery of Christianity in eastern Britain. A bishopric was founded (according to Bede in 630; the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle gives 635), the name of the first bishop being Felix. Sigebert's reign was notable for

his foundation of a school modeled on those he had seen in France; it was probably at Dunwich but formed a nucleus of what afterward became Cambridge university. At the Norman conquest the manor was granted to Robert Malet. In 1173 the sight of its strength caused Robert, earl of Leicester, to despair of besieging the place. Dunwich received a charter from King John. In the reign of Edward I it is recorded to have possessed 36 ships and barks trading to the North sea, Iceland and elsewhere, with 24 fishing boats, besides maintaining 11 ships of war. The Benedictines, Franciscans and Dominicans all had establishments there.

By the middle of the 11th century Dunwich had already suffered from an evil that later caused its total ruin—the inroads of the sea upon the coast. (Notice how the first half (up to "ruin") of the last sentence seemed rather Lovecraftian?) In 1347 more than 400 houses were washed away, and in 1570, after a terrible storm, appeal was made to Elizabeth I. However, the old wealthy port was gradually engulfed, and inroads of the sea still continue. Many relics have been discovered by excavation or recovered from the sea.

Until 1832 Dunwich returned two members to parliament. The corporation was abolished in 1886, and part of the civil parish was transferred to Southwold in 1934. In the same year a bishopric suffragan to St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich was constituted, receiving the name Dunwich.

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JOHN SULLIVAN: A PORTFOLIO

John Sullivan is a young and up-coming artist, whose main ambition is take make his living as a freelance artist in the Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Comics world. My acquaintance with John stems from the fact that he is an avid fantasy war gaming enthusiast, and just happens to be the president (read High Druid) of Cal. State Univ. Fullerton's Dungeons & Dragons club "Expeditions Ltd."; of which I'm a member. Anyone interested in wargaming might notice John's artwork and write-up for "The Death Angel" in the latest issue of "The Dragon".

John was going to let me publish a greater number of his drawings in this portfolio, but at the last minute he decided to take the time to work up a truly Lovecraftian portfolio which I'll print at a later date. The pieces I'm using this time are just some I thought might give everyone a taste of John's style, but he says his style has changed since doing these. If you like these, and the cover he did just for this issue (figure out what the influence was on it yet), tell me about it, or write to John at the address below. He's very interested in doing artwork for fanzines and semi-pro or pro zines. Contact him if you'd like something in the S.F., Horror, Fantasy, or Sword & Sorcery line; he's very reasonable.

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