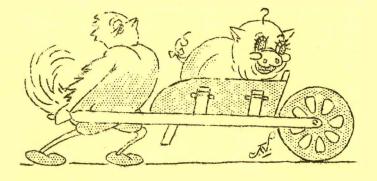
WALT'S WALT'S WRAMBLINGS



 $(e \ e)(c \ e)(e \ c)(e \ e)(c \ e)(c \ e)(c \ e)(c \ e)(c \ e)$ ANENT OTHER HOBBIES STUFF: FAPAns have discussed everything from soup to nuts in their mags. which proves that fantasy fans have other interest besides imaginative literature and all it's aspects. However, I can not recall any instance, or period when FAPAns have discussed their alter-hobbies. It stands to reason that we, rather most of us, have some other hobby that would be of interest to the other fans. What I would like to see in the next mailing is a discussion of these alter-hobbies. am not sure if you would call music a hobby or not. mebbe you'd call it an avocation, but my main interest in life, besides fantasy, is music, music of any size, shape or color, except hill-billy, which, in my estimation, isn't music but trash in it's more putrid form. That sounds like a brashly jouvenile statement, but I can't help it, for to me hill-billies are a scourge to mankind. Audibly I lean towards classical music, but I've never loaned over so far as to fall in and be engulfed by it. When my fingers manipulate the 88, what usually comes out is boogie-woogie, jazz, or my stream of consciousness. What I mean by that last crack is my habit of sitting down at the piano and just rambling from one key to another, one theme to another, and one horrible sound to another. Occasionally a pleasant sounding combination of tones, picked at random, develops into a theme and I attempt to develop the theme into a song. Sometimes it comes easy and sometimes it almost drives me nuts. At any rate, that is about the only hobby I have besides fantasy. It's not much of an alter-hobby I'll admit, but gee whiz fellers I had to do something to get you fellows to talking about your own. Come on and make me happy, tell me what you do besides reading and collecting fantasy. Hoopla, let's have a discussion.

There is no truth to the rumor that Claude Degler is Eleanor Roosevelt in disguise. Or is there?

ALL THE YEAR ROUND - by Robert M. Coates -published by Harcourt Brace & Co. \$2.50.

Not strictly fantasy, but a rather enjoyable collection of psychological short stories, some of which are mildly terrifying.

THE LOST WEEK-END - by Charles Jackson - published by Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

This one is hard to classify. I would call it fantasy, some wouldn't. Tis the story of a drunkard, his mind wanderings and his problems. This is not a pleasant book. Morbid and at times, Poesque. Reviewers are calling it one of the greatest books of our time.

Excellent Utopia yarn. (See full review in Chant-icleer).

The Modern Library recently dropped "Jurgen" from it's reprint list. Too few sales.

BOOKS TO BE REPRINTED: "Donovan's Brain" by Triangle Books, 49¢: "I Live Again" - Warwick Deeping to be reprinted by G&D, \$1.00; "The Uninvited"---greatest ghost story of our decade -to be reprinted by Sun Dial Press, \$1.00.

W. W. Jacobs, author of that horror classic, "The Monkey's Paw", died recently.

A GARLAND OF STRAW - Sylvia Townsend Warner - Published by Viking. \$2.50

A collection of short stories, some of which deal with warped minds, malforms, etc. Not fantasy, but interesting.

THE LANDSLIDE - Stephen Gilbert - Published by Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A landslide occurs in Ireland. Prehistoric eggs, animals long extinct, come to life. A boy and an old man discover the trick of communicating with these animals, who roamed the earth when all creatures on earth lived together happily. The superstitious villagers force the old man and boy to take refuge in a cave with the dragon. When summer ends the dragon voluntarily buries itself and the other creatures. A fairy story for grown-ups, sort of in the Unknown vein. Satirical.

The story of a warped mind, a killer. For those who enjoyed "The Lodger".

A TOUCH OF NUTMEG, and More Unlikely Stories -- by John Collier - published by the Readers Club. 2.00

Fans who have read Collier are usually nuts about his stuff, and rightly so. Fans who haven't read Collier are nuts. Another "Presenting Moonshine", need I say more?

THE DARK CONTINENT - by Richard Sullivan - Published by Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00

A spicy, highly improbable, and somewhat fantastic story of a Hollywood amnesiac.

TWENTY-FIVE SHORT STORIES BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET Published by Sun Dial Press. \$1.49.

A greater part of these stories are fantasy, but good fantasy.

THE WIDE NET AND OTHER STORIES - by Eudora Welty--Published by Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50

A collection of short stories, more on the strange and unusual side, than true fantasy.

THE AIR FUTURE - Duell, Sloan & Pearce - A survey of air travel as it may be in the future.

CANAPE '-VERT - Phillippe-Thoby & Pierre Marcellin.

Eerie novel of Haitian Black Magic.

A HAUNTED HOUSE AND OTHER STORIES - Virginia Woolf

A collection of short stories by an author who excells in 'stream-of-consciousness' writing.

DEFY THE TEMPEST - Sylvia Dannett & Edwin Bennett.

A good old fashioned gothic horror nevel for meaderns.

GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL - Edited by Herbert A Wise and Phyllis Fraser - to be published by Random House. \$2.95,

DRAGONWYCK - Anya Seton - Houghton, Mifflin.

Horror tale in the Rebecca vein. This one to be filmed by Twientieth Century Fox.

MIRACLES AHEAD: Better Living in the Postwar World Published by Macmillan. \$3.00.

A preview of what the world will be like after the war. Illustrated with drawings and photographs.

MIRACLE IN THE RAIN - Ben Hecht - Published by Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.00

Beautiful moving fantasy. Small book, big story.

FORTRESS IN THE SKIES - Peter Mendelssohn - Published by Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.

A wow fantasy novel concerning a group of people and ghosts that took refuge from world disorder in an old abandoned village built on top of a mountain. The author of this one is a master of words. One of the most unusual and satisfying books I've ever had the pleasure to read. (See complete review in Channy).

EVIDENCE OF THINGS SEEN - Elizabeth Daly - Published by Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.00.

A detective novel with a touch of the supernatural.

TRIO -Dorothy Baker - Published by Houghton Mifflin.

A delicate study of sexual abnormality.

NONCE - Michael Brandon - Here is a book for those who like virile fantasy. Black magic is it's theme but don't let that scare you away from it, that is if you expect it to be just another horror story. Just to give you an incentive to read it I shall elucidate for your edification that every member of Slan Shack has read it and pronounced it good. By all means read this one. (See review in Nova). $(\overline{\cdot}, \overline{\cdot})(\overline{\cdot$

ABOUT H. P. LOVECRAFT

The following is a culling from Vincent Starrett's column, "Books Alive", which appears in the book section of the Chicago Tribune.

"He died in Providence, R. I., on March 15, 1937, one of the strangest figures in American literature. If there were any mystery about the facts in the life of Howard Phillips Lovecraft, which there is not, a plausible solution might relate him in some queer way to Edgar Allan Poe, whose pupil he was, altho he was born 40 years after Poe's death. It is simpler to say that temperamentally, he was endowed to carry on the Poe tradition and did so, with single minded devotion and artistic integrity, for a quarter of a century; then he died, aged 47, and became a legend and a cult. He may end---who knows?---as a solar myth.

Lovecraft, a semi-invalid, a recluse, and an antiquarian, was until his death America's premier fantasist in the field of the macabre. Thousands of readers of "Weird Tales" and similar occult fiction magazines know his work and believe it to be work of genius. No book by him was published in his lifetime, but since his death two have appeared, edited and produced by his friends, August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, under the imprint of Arkham House -- a private publishing venture, inaugurated, in the first instance, solely to publish the complete writings of H. P. Lovecraft. A trilogywas planned, the second volume of which has just appeared -- "Beyond the Wall of Sleep." An earlier volume of tales, "The Outsider and Others," is still available, I believe, and a third volume of Lovecraft's letters to his friends is now preparing. When the task is completed, the three handsome books will mark as notable a tribute to friendship as the history of our letters can offer. Arkham House is situated at Sauk City, Wis., under

His Most Fantastic Creation

In his introductions. Derleth speaks of Lovecraft as "the late great master of horror stories," and nobody is likely to dispute the characterization. Readers who revel in Poe and Lord Dunsany, Arthur Machen, and Algernon Blackwood are pretty certain to like the charnel fairy tales of Howard Love-But to me Lovecraft himself is even more interesting than his stories; he was his own most fantastic creation --- a Roderick Usher or C. August Dupin born a century too late. Like his heroes in Poe's gigantic nightmare, he fancied himself as a cadaverous, mysterious figure of the night -- a pallid. scholarly necrologist -- and cultivated a natural resemblance until it was almost the real thing. altho he was first and last a "literary cove".Like Dupin he created the illusion of darkness, when day appeared, by drawing down his shades and turning on the electric lights, and he ended up looking rather like the sepulchral hero of "The Fall of the House of Usher."

But if Lovecraft was a self-conscious poseur, a macabre precieuse, he was genuine too: his poses never had any relation to commercial success, which he didn't achieve, and there is no question about the sincerity of his artistry. In his field he was important. He pretended to be modest and deprecatory about his work, and perhaps he was; but I have no doubt he was a considerable egotist in reverse. He wrote himself-as Poe did-into many of his tales describing himself carefully and accurately in the haggard, romantic portraits he drew of his central figures.

A Mechanistic Materialist

His major premise is best described in his own words: "All my stories. . . are based on the fund-

amental lore or legend that this world was inhabited at one time by other races who, in practicing black magic, lost their foothold and were expelled yet live on outside, ever ready to take possession of this earth again." Did he believe that? I don't know-he claimed to be a mechanistic materialist-and probably the question is beside the point. I am reminded, tho, of a remark once made by Arthur Machen. We had been discussing Blackwood's work and his own, and at length I asked: "Well, what do you believe?".

"Tennyson," Machen replied, "says 'the cedars sigh for Lebanon,' and that is grand poetry. But Blackwood believes the cedars really do sigh for Lebanon--and that, Starrett, is damned nonsense!"

It is supposed to be unfair to relate a fiction writer's product too intimately to his life; but I have little doubt that most fiction is auto-biography of a sort.

It is the misfortune of most "weird writers" that in large part they must gain their effects by rhetoric--Poe was no exception---and that significant words and private symbols and allusions lose their effectiveness when they are too often used. Love-craft was not the equal of his masters, and I think he would have benefited immeasurably by a little more humor in his makeup; but that is carping. He was a born eccentric, a dilettante, and a poseur par excellence; but he was also a born writer, equipped with a delicate feeling for the beauty and mystery of words. The best of his stories are among the best of their time, in the field he chose to make his own."

And so, a great reviewer's views on the works and life of a great writer. Hope you likes this. I did.

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For some time now I have been mulling over the idea of compiling an annual, or bi-annual bibliography of fantasy, weird, and science-fiction books that have appeared during each year, starting with 1944 of course. There has been some discussion in FAPA re uniform book reviews and personally I think it is a damn good idea. Unger's bibliography will take care of the books before than and I do not, in any way, intend to take over Unger's project, as he is doing a damn swell job. What want to know is this: Will everyone co-operate? Will you send, towhoever is designated for the job. the title, publisher, price, and a brief synopsis. of any fantasy, weird or science-fiction book you happen to come across, and in case you haven't a chance to read the book, at least send the projectee the title so he can attempt to get ahold of the book and review it. I'll gladly volunteer do the job if everyone agrees. How many times have you wished for a list of book titles to take along when you go on a book hunting splurge? Well here is a chance for you to get just such a list. Let me know what you think of the idea. We at Slan Shack think there is a crying need for just such a project. I believe it goes without saying that the book boys, namely, Laney, Searles, myself and Rosenblum will co-operate and if the rest of you do likewise I'm sure we'll really have something. Understand, this is just an idea and I know there are other ideas along the same lines floating around fandom. Don't you think it's about time we do something about it?

Incidentally Unger, will there ever be a chance to get your bibliography all in one hunk. Hope so.

OUR COVER IS DEDICATED TO NORM STANLEY
who
sez

Rooster booster, do not burp By my yobber valentwerp.

Which, in my humble estimation, is the choicest hunk of sentiment cast our way since I became allergic to toothpicks.

Cherubically moribund Norm has appointed himself Lod Hi Axecutioneur of the Anti-Roosterites, a diabolical organization similar to the Cosmic Circle. He would chop off my beloved roosters head, and decapitate him at the same time. Like the head of that other organization, Norm has taken to steal-ing other persons ideas. To whit: Ending his letters with "Remember the sheep in the jeep" and other phrases, which are only puny ghosts of that epitome of all classical utterances, "Remember the rooster that wore red pants". As a result of mean inanities such as Norm gushes forth--ALL FANDOM IS ABOUT TO BE PLUNGED INTO WAR. So gird your loins for the conflict, fandom, Norm Stanley is about to usurp the throne of Abdul Al Ashley, high potentate of Slan Shack and Supreme Fubar of the National Fascist Fan Federation. But beware putrid Norm, when the rooster rouses it's ire, the eggs begin to roll, and they gather no moss. Remember this-Mr. Stanley-YOU BUTTERED YOUR BREAD -- NOW SLEEP IN IT. Oogy isn't it.

Canary through meat grinder - shredded tweet.

So the truck was in a ditch and the driver asked the lady if he could borrow her Pomeranian pooch to pull it out. She said her little dog couldn't pull a truck out of a ditch. "Oh yes he can", said the driver, "I GOT A WHIP".