

Rosebud





# R O S E B U D

fandom's intimate fanzine

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Bloomington,  
Ill.

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## contents

Eunice Guyy	2	Interlude in a Coffin
Walt Liebscher	3	Short Journey to Lake Cacatiti
Richard Wilson	4	About Half-way Down, Please
Dorothy Les Tina	6	Point of View
Francis T. Laney	7	The Babyons
Wheeler, Tucker	8	Books
James Russell Gray	9	Fog
People	10	"Pen Pals"

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First off we want to say "thank you all" for your nice letters . We appreciate hearing from any of you -- regardless of what you think of our magazine. Suggestions are always welcomed, altho we do not promise to follow them.

We must admit that we are a bit disappointed with the women of fandom. We wrote several of them personally for material, and were either turned down cold or completely ignored for our trouble. Frankly , we are puzzled. Why the stand-offish attitude?

We don't believe we made ourselves clear enough in the last issue in regards to subscriptions. Under no circumstances will money be accepted for Rosebud. Those of you who sent cash have had it returned to you. We have approximately fifty copies available; if you are not now on our mailing lists and wish to be, simply drop us a line.

We are happy to trade with anyone who publishes a fanzine, however we don't mind passing them out gratis. All we expect in return is post card or letter acknowledging receipt of each issue. Some of you who publish fanzines and who received the first issue of Rosebud have neglected to send us copies of your mag. We know that certain ones are out; in fact, several issues of some -- why haven't we received our, pliz ?

Thanks to those of you who sent us material. Keep coming!

'Til next time . . .

Mari Beth Wheeler

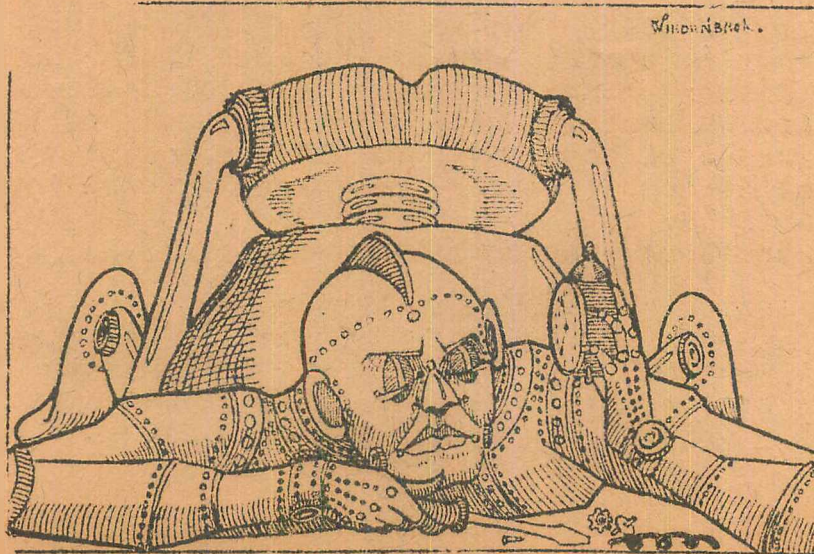
by Eunice Guyy

It afforded Mr Iverness a lot of satisfaction to realize he had answered the ages-old question of what after death? As he discovered, it wasn't much of anything after death. No heaven. No hell. Nothing more than a timeless, drowsy state of near-consciousness. It wasn't aware-ness. His mind no longer seemed the same, and of course he was not able to move his arms, or his legs, or his eyes.

Mr Iverness knew each detail of the soft interior of the coffin . He knew the lid was a few inches above him and that it was lined with white satin, but he couldn't see it. He had no need of eyes or muscles.

A lot of people were certainly due for a shock when they died, Mr Iverness decided. A happy shock for some, desperately bitter to others. Faithful people, wasting their lives and money in devotion to a non-existing god, for the purpose of saving their souls from a non-existing hell.

On Mr Iverness' neck, just above his collar line, he felt a squirm --- some maggots were hatching.



A SHORT JOURNEY TO LAKE CACATITI  
A Fitzrooster Traveltalk  
by Walt Liebscher

Lake Cacatiti is located somewhere south of Suez, just below the 0 in Europe. Fornch birds fornch all over the surrounding territory and the natural scenery is embellished with a plethora of fringle bushes, which, at night, shine like silver tresses in an old maid's wig.

To get to Lake Cacatiti you have to climb a steep gorge, by mule. And it is well worth the hike for when you reach the summit you are permitted to peruse one of the most beautiful sights to be seen by man, or woman for that matter.

It is said that ages ago Emperor Strauswartz conquered the fierce moose-faced tribe of natives that inhabited this area, and snorgled the Princess Slip, favorite daughter of King Jofann, a tyrannical ruler who published amateur magazines which he foisted on his poor subjects.

About this time Queen Ghughueyes went mad and bore a son, who was to grow up and become famous. Prince Lezgoputt was a mad prince, who introduced the fine art of drooling to the natives. Even now this horrible curse is practiced and exploited by the degenerated Legion of Lez.

Mad Prince Lez, as he was most affectionately known, almost killed Emperor Strauswartz, and, had he done so, we could not now be enjoying the majestic splendor of Lake Cacatiti.

A few miles down the glacier from Lake Cacatiti we come upon Lake Catitica, an integral part of Lake Cacatiti, as both bodies of water are fed by the same underground stream. Ages ago the fierce members of the goose-faced tribe inhabiting the caverns carved this underground stream. It was here that Princess Slip used to journey to worship Thula hula, goddess of undulating rosebuds, and Abu Al Relged, the mad Arabian god of fornch. Here also, the Princess would read the dark book of evil, the Nekkidsregor. Here also too yet and, as legends have it, Crud face Yerkezza, the princess' insanely jealous suitor committed suicide in full view of the hysterical lass, by dancing the rhumba in a pair of red flannels at high noon on the feast day of Hgieldarb. It is said the princess wept so spuriously she created the lake we now see.

It was here that Mad Prince Lez first discovered drooling. One can feel the antiquity and fierce foreboding of this shrine of evil. Even today one can find the pins used to practice diabolical voodoo which Mad Prince Lez stuck into choice portions of the anatomy of his voodoo dolls. All during his lifetime people were afraid to sit down. About this time the loose-faced tribe rebelled and refused to stand for the Mad Prince' practices, so they sat down and went mad with finesse. This was the end of the booso-faced tribe.

And so we leave Lake Cacatiti, knowing that wherever we frud over the constockles again, our hearts will perindle of the crandling bufars and their wee britneys. We bid fond adieu to Caca, also to Titi, where Emperor Strauswartz snorgled the fair Princess Slip until she jumped in the wishing well, only to find Sir Modred had hives.



## ABOUT HALF-WAY DOWN, PLEASE

### Fantasy Film Comment

by Richard Wilson

THE LADY AND THE MONSTER, a Republic picture with Richard Arlen, Erich Von Stroheim and Vera Hruba Ralston.

Once upon a time there was a novel called "Donovan's Brain," but since Republic doesn't believe in screen credit you'll have to ask Don Wollheim who wrote it. (( note: Curt Siodmak )) The picture is based on it and might have done worse than to retain the original title, since the movie handle is misleading. There's no monster--unless they mean Von Stroheim, who limps sinisterly--and the lady does nothing but look terrified and useless.

Donovan is never seen alive. His private plane crashes in the Arizona desert and he is killed. His body is brought to the lab of Von S. and Arlen, who have been experimenting with the possibility of a brain existing independent of its body. Donovan's brain still lives. The scientists remove it from the body and keep it alive with "serum" and electrical doodads.

Having accomplished this much, they try to communicate with it. Finally thoughts of the brain reach Arlen and before long his own mind is subordinated to that of Donovan, who was something of an unscrupulous character.

Undoubtedly the story was a better novel than it is a movie. A narrator is heard here and there in the film to explain the more subtler goings-on. This is a good idea; it keeps the actors from talking to themselves.

Nobody laughed, in Base Theatre No. 1, where I caught the showing until the brain had taken possession of Arlen (you could tell, because the studio technicians thoughtfully lighted his face from underneath when he was not himself). Throughout the experiments, the telling of the story was convincing and logical. Only when the melodrama began, did guffaws burst out.

"The Lady and the Monster" bears some similarity to "The Last Will of Dr Mabuse," but it is distinctly inferior to it, unlike that foreign-language film, and is not allegorical at all.

THE UNINVITED, a Paramount picture with Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Donald Crisp and Gail Russell.

Real wraiths are rare in films these days, but we have one in the film version of Dorothy MacArdle's novel. It is a sinister thing and the fact that it's a female phantom adds to the shudders.

The trouble starts when Ray Milland and Miss Hussey, a music critic and his sister, buy an old English house at a very low price. Practically immediately ghostly sobbing is heard at night. When Gail Russell, the granddaughter of the ex-owner, appears on the scene, the ghost becomes very nasty and practically forces her over a cliff.

Little by little the reasons for the visitation becomes clear , but the malignant aura persists until Miss Russell becomes extremely distraught indeed and collapses, much to the discomfiture of Milland, who wants to marry the girl.

Cornelia Otis Skinner appears about this time in a role which she described as a sort of female Frankenstein, wherein she errs, because Frank was a pathetic character, whereas Miss Skinner gives one screaming meemies as the evil warden of a high class nut house. Eventually everything works out happily. Miss Skinner departs unhappily and a couple of couples become betrothed.

There are some excellent effects in "The Uninvited" which ought to give you at least a dozen old-fashioned chills, if you'll give them half a chance. That ghostly sobbing still haunts me, and I'm supposed to be a tough soldier.

A GUY NAMED JOE, an MGM picture with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne, Ward Bond, Lionel Barrymore and James Gleason.

Here is a polished piece of fantasy, with Spencer Tracy as a gum-chewing spirit, set against the background of B-25s and P-38s.

Tracy is a bomber pilot in England and Miss Dunne is a lady service pilot and they are very much in love, in a pally sort of way, until Tracy dies as his B-25 rams a Nazi carrier.

From here Tracy is transferred in grade--major--to a sort of half way to heaven headquarters where Lionel Barrymore as a brigadier general gives off some high-sounding talk about aviation in war. (This script was written by Dalton Trumbo, once a sincere anti-war man with "Johnny Got His Gun" to his credit, but who has now gone over to such death and glory writing as this and "Tender Comrade"-- and not inconsiderable dollars.)

Anyhow, Tracy's mission is to pick out an aviation cadet and make a flyer out of him via extraterrestrial telepathy. This is what all dead pilots are doing for the war effort, it seems, since they can not buy war bonds. Tracy gets Van Johnson and pretty soon Johnson gets a P-38, a Pacific assignment and Tracy's old girl.

This all adds up to a dilemma because Miss Dunne still loves Tracy and Tracy is jealous of his live rival. Finally he pulls some of his spirit talk on her and she goes back to Johnson. There is an action ending which MGM evidently intended to do something else with, and which is the least logical part of the picture. But the ending is happy, kiddies, tho it leaves Tracy out in the cold.

You'll like the naturalness of the dialog in the early parts of the picture before the heroics start, the swift flight of the P-38 fighters; and GIs will appreciate the fidelity to military custom the absence of which has marred many another war film. But how those promotions fly around!

# POINT OF VIEW

by

Dorothy Les Tina

They were sitting close together, arm in arm, idle watching the endless stream of promenading people. The summer day was mildly warm.

"People are funny," he observed.

"Why?" she asked, wrinkling her brow, studying them.

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps because they're so much alike.

His companion studied her hands. "I don't think they're alike," she declared. "In fact, people differ greatly. I think we would be surprised if we could talk to them all; find out what is going on in their minds.

"Maybe you're right," he countered, "but they still look alike to me. Everybody has two legs, two eyes, two arms and all the rest."

"Ah! But their faces are different. Now don't tell me you know everyone has a face, or perhaps two of them, and so they too look alike. I mean there is a real, underlying difference in people. See that oldish woman? No-- over there, that one with the old black hat pulled down around her ears. If you'll look at her face closely you can see she doesn't like us."

"How did you know that?" There was annoyance in his manner as he gazed after the woman who had just passed them. He saw nothing unusual.

"It seemed to me that when she looked at us she thought we were disgraceful!"

"Because I have my arm around you? Bosh! There's no law against it that I know of."

"It must have been that--what else? Observe the couple passing now--the young man and woman-- now, they like everybody. You can tell by their smiles.

"Even us, arms and all, here in public?"

"Certainly. Some people think its cute to see an affectionate couple."

They both laughed and his arm tightened about her shoulders possessively. They returned the friendly look of the passing pair.

The young man and woman stopped. She squeezed her husband's arm and pointed. "Look, Jim," she exclaimed. "Aren't those two cute? Don't you just love monkeys Jim?"



# THE BABYONS - THE CHRONICLE OF A FAMILY

(by Clemence Dane; published by Doubleday Doran, 1934. There is also an earlier, four volume edition published by the same company in 1928. )

This book consists of four more or less connected novelettes, which depict the history of four generations of the Babyon family. In each, the leading adult characters are the children (or grandchildren) of the leading characters in the previous opus; and the whole makes a coherent and readable volume.

**THIRD PERSON SINGULAR:** Georgian. This, the first novelette of the book is one of the very best gothic ghost stories I've ever had the pleasure of reading. The action itself is so stereotyped and conventional that the powerful treatment and sure handling make it all the more compelling; moreover, Miss Dane does not fall into the pulpy error of telling too much, but with a phrase here and a subtle hint there, builds the tension to a high peak. Third Person Singular is not for those who like streamlined and up-to-the-minute action yarns, but the fan who likes his weirdies leasurcly and literate, it is definitely on the must-read list.

**MIDSUMMER MEN:** Late Georgian. Though this is non-weird, it lays considerable of the foundation and build up for what follows. If you are one of those Knave - like persons who can get genuine pleasure out of well-written non-fantasy, you'll probably enjoy it.

**CREEPING JENNY:** Early Victorian. My remarks on Midsummer Men apply here as well. I should add that there are some very interesting gypsy interludes in both of these tales.

**LADY BABYON:** Edwardian. In the last of the series, Clemence Dane presents something that would have turned Lovecraft inside out. You realise, no doubt, that Lovecraft got tremendous pleasure from well-done fiction which invested ancient houses and dwelling places with an alien personality. In the four stories dealing with it, the Babyon mansion is gradually invested with a hideous personality of its own---not so much a poltergeist as an actual, almost mindless hatred of the entire family which stems from the deserted woman in Third Person Singular (a lovely lady who was abandoned by an early Babyon). Its final manifestation, in which it throws Lady Babyon downstairs and destroys the unborn child who is the last hope of the line's survival, is one of the most powerfully horrifying things I've ever read. Most of the horror is between the lines, but this is the very thing which makes it so hideous; one can invest those baleful happenings with what ever aura he wishes.

I should add that to get the full impact of Lady Babyon, one should read the entire book, as much of the build up and preparation for the denouement are contained in the earlier three stories. Third Person Singular, however, is a complete weird novelette in itself.

Guest Review by -- Francis T. Laney

# THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS

(by Guy Endore; published by Triangle Books, 1943; price 49 cents)

"And the Werewolf whose food is night, winter and death....."

Do you believe the old witches tales of monsters, the supernatural and the men who turn to wolves? Most people do not-- you will probably feel more comfortable if you don't.

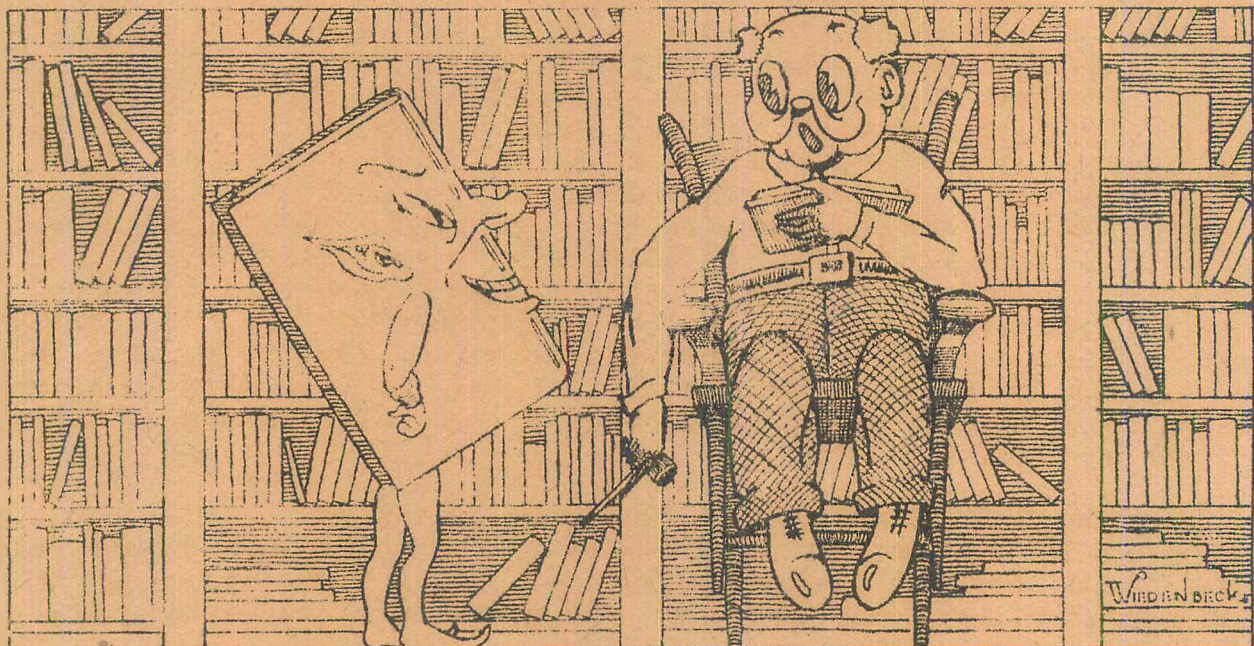
This is the story of Sgt. Bertrand Caillet, son of a young French serving girl who was raped by a priest. Born on Christmas Eve, he had all the signs of lycanthropy the old witches tell of-- Hair grew in the palms of his hands -- his teeth were fine, sharp and interlocking; his brows were heavy and met on the bridge of his nose. His passions were brutal, his reactions in the presence of death savage. His entire life was one of horror that ended in an equally horrible death. -MBW

## LAZARUS #7

(by Richard Sale; published by Simon & Schuster, 1942; price \$2)

A straight detective story, whodunit style, written around a not-mad scientist who is attempting to revive the dead. His experiments on dogs are successful, after the manner of the recent Russian successes.

There are, of course, murders and clues for the whodunit fan, and a man does come back to life to whisper the clue to his murderer. This is something different in both weird and detective stories. -BT



WELL! HAVE YOU GOT ANY SECOND-HAND LIEBSCHERS FOR SALE?



## Fog

The fog is boiling like a cloud of steam;  
It closes in, and shuts all else away;  
I stumble through the night as in a dream,  
And there is nothing but this wall of gray,.  
This blankness which is in my very breaain....  
For memory has left my sluggish mind....  
All thought is dim, and then I start a train  
That seems familiar; once again I find  
A woman in clandestine, tight embrace;  
I see two shadows clinging in the dark;  
The fog assumes the outline of a face  
Above a throat that bears a livid mark....  
But these are phantoms .. they do not exist....  
There is no life, no world-- except the mist!

James Russell Gray



Pvt. Joe Fann  
Bks 637 $\frac{1}{2}$   
Rosebud Seminary  
Rosebud, Texas



free

Rosebud  
620 north Main street  
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Bloomington, Illinois

Mari--

Rosebud is wonderful. Rosebud is grand. Rosebud is really something. There has never been anything in fandom to compare to Rosebud. Rosebud will live thru the ages. Rosebud will be remembered from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny slopes of California. Rosebud will go down in history. Here's to Rosebud, the greatest thing in fandom. Long live Rosebud. Rosebud is everything a fan could ask for.

-Walt Liebscher

P.S.: Your new fanzine is swell, too.

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terrific, colossal, magnificent, bombastic, wonderful, gigantic, overpowering, breath-taking, awe-inspiring, mighty---  
that's Rosebud number one!

-Joe Fann of Bloomington

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Congratulations on your new fanzine. It is really swell. You are a devil to keep the publication a secret from me. The surprise made it more fun though. All bystanders thought me crazy when I roared after opening the envelope and seeing "Rosebud" in enormous letters before me. Good luck on future publications.

-Skeetz Isemonger  
Chicago

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Item: "Star Cult Raid Nets Seven Futuremen" story astounding!

Bob Tucker

Good, beneficial, commendable, agreeable, edifying, above par, unparalleled, nice, genuine, best, select, recherche, rare, priceless, matchless, unequaled, inimitable, first rate, crackerjack, superfine, clever, precious, gracious, etc. (for balance see Roget's Thesaurus.)

-The Ol' Foo  
Battle Creek

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Greetings Mari Beth-

Forgive this brief scribble--I'm completely out of time--two months behind with correspondence. Thanks very much for Rosebud. I've nothing to offer in return except Phanny of the Fapa, which you probably have access to anyway, but let me know if you want some issues of P.

Rosie is very neat indeed. "Incident" good. "Mumblings"-- glad to see this column again. Tilly hilarious. Raym's verse very Raymish, I like it. Reviews seem competent, but the stories reviewed do not attract -- have little liking for the weird; might find 'Chinose Room' okay tho. Account by Tucker of the to-be-expected event in B.C. very good. So that is why Slan Shack is heading for L.A. !

D. B. Thompson  
Alexandria, La.

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Congrats, Mari Beth, on a swell Rosebud. I sincerely believe that it has everything a well balanced fanzine should have. Interesting material, exceptionally neat format and varied types of material well balanced. I truly think it is one of the best mags to hit fandom in long and long.

-Abby Lu Ashley

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Dear Mari

When you have been sitting in a hospital for two weeks all mail is highly welcome, and a fan mag especially so. So you may be sure that I enjoyed your little fanmag, Rosebud, and am pleased to be on your preferred list. Technically, the mag's as neat a job as they come, and the material is well balanced. Tucker's column of course was most fun. Yours-

-Milty Rothman

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Dear Mari Beth

Just a note to thank you for Rosebud, and to insure my name being retained on that "preferred list" you mentioned. I have put you on my own mailing list for The Acolyte, and will send you a copy some time shortly.

Is Eunice Guyy perhaps a pseudonym for yourself? I can't quite visualize the double y deal in an actual name. Her story was most enjoyable, and I was duly thrilled to find I was the first local fan to get the point--or did I get it? Anyway I hope you can feature Eunice again. Bob's column was good--I particularly liked his remarks on the Vulcan kiddies and their apparent assumption that they are fandom, an honor (?) which I think no one would strain himself to claim. I presume it unnecessary to request further Tucker, but I should like to see more by this individual.

He seems to have the makings of a fan, and might possibly even become of some slight renown outside Illinois if he continues to write for fanzines of national circulation. In fact, why doesn't this man publish a fanzine of his own? I believe he might, in time, make it one of the top twenty. Why don't you encourage him along these lines?

But I veer -- Tillywish is his usual self--next time I hope the BEM has better luck, tho Randy would probably be an undigestable bit. Raym's doggerel effort stank, to put it mildly. I personally cared for neither the conception or the execution. I was surprised to see Guest with such a good poem; I always classed him, on hearsay, as being utterly junky. Your reviews are very good, and I particularly look forward to what you may have to say about Deluge, which is one of my all-time favorites. All in all, RB is very good, and I hope it can take place with increasing frequency. (No double entendre intended.)

-Francis T. Laney

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Mari

Hoo! Hoo! Did you ever fling a bomb amongst us! Wit a rosebud of all things! You've never seen such a bunch of thunderstruck chickens in all your life as you would have seen if you had been here. How I pity your Abysmal igerince in taking on an old man of the sea of a fanzine. Ain't you got no sense, Chile?

Ghu! I can't get over it. You don't know what you are letting your self in for! But I certainly wish you luck with it and lots of fun and no grief or headaches.

Have you written to Trudy Kuslan yet for any stuff? (( Bob wrote her for me and was turned down flat -- it seems she doesn't approve of female fanzines on the basis of that they are just material for you fellas to rake over the coals and ridicule -- Silly girl! MBW ))

Your cover is neat but not gaudy enough. You need a big red rosebud on it. I like your masthead page, give it 10. And 10 for the story --subtile no less. It's got one of the nasaaaaastiest endings I've ever seen on a story. Boob's stuff is good as usual except for that bit of outrageous libel -- give him 10. And 9 for Bronson; he's done better. I feel sooo sorry for Raym, give him 8. Guest? The one blot on your escutcheon, Mari. Don't do it again. Altogether a very creditable first ish. Much too short. I like your idea of the book reviews, give them 10 each and 10 for the neat format through-out.

-Jack Wiedenbeck

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"Again I take my pen in hand  
To tell you that I think you're grand;  
And that goes for Rosebud too,  
In fact, I like the both of you.  
(My literary effort stinks  
I'd better stop right now, methinks!)

Ye gods, look who wrote this!

-Karl Blakney

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We love you, you dear people; you were good enough to let us know what you think. Thank you muchly! MBW



