
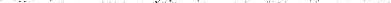




CHANTICLEER


 MICHICONFUSION - ME TEE HEE
 Slan Shack Shenanigans 

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What EE Thinks Are Good

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What's Cookie With Bookie

THE LAST CHORUS - R. U. STER.
Channy Two, Woo Woo

15¢
Per Issue
or
Trade

EDITOR
Walt Liebscher
25 Poplar
Battle Creek, Michigan

Purty
Pitchers
by
Wiedenbeck



MICHICONFUSION

(Authors Note: Any similarity between this account and the third annual 'Michicon' (twere't really) is purely detrimental.)

(Another Authors Note: This seraphic saga was composed, sent to Tucker, and accepted by the latter (he done me rung) immediately, to be used, he said, in the annish of Lez. Months later he informs me that Lez has enough material and he sends me back my article. In other words "Michiconfusion" was cast aside like an old. And that's not. Of course the Chinees muttered a very solly, or something of that, but that didn't compensate for. Morale: If you have a good article, don't send it to Tucker, for he'll only cast it aside like an old. Send it to 'Channy' and have your name included among the mortals, pardon, immoralals.)

Abby Lu had a nervous breakdown, Al is suffering from delerium tremens, Wiedenbeck is aching with dissipation complications, and my eyes are so bloodshot I have to keep them closed for fear of bleeding to death. Slan Shack is a shambles; a shambles with memories of a glorious, hectic and completely mad week. What a week, what a time, what a Michicon.

It all began when a certain Speerit visited the Slan Shackers, one dreary night in the now dead October of 1943. The Speerit of Fandom suggested a 1943 Michicon, an idea the Slan Shackiddies had been mulling over for some time. When the Speerit promised faithfully that he would attend if we if we held a convention, or get together, we decided to have a shindig in spite of any obstacles the war might muster.

Several days later we received an epistle from Boob Tucker, blatantly announcing that he was coming to Michigan to take over Slan Shack for a week, informing us that he needed money for the anniversary issue of Lez, and had decided he would use Slan Shack for pecuniary reasons. We answered immediately, giving him the green light, but emphatically neighed the red light for Slan Shack. Madam Tucker was non-plussed but decided to come anyhow.

A week later we received a telegram informing us that the horrible uni-face would arrive in Battle Creek on the 30th of October. His entourage was to consist of Frances Robinson, his maid; Mary Beth Wheeler, his secretary; Ecco (in the valley) Connor, his military escort; and Ima Mutant, his ego.

Thus the date was decided. Halloween week-end would be beginning, with the termination several days later. What a week-end, what weak ends, but I veer from my saga.

Naturally, as the festivities began on Halloween, the first arrival was an unwanted cosmic ghoul of the outre circle. Not to be outdone by an immaterial nincompoop, Wiedenbeck inscribed a Cosmic Pentagram on the floor, and, with all the force in our corporeal bodies, we Slan Shackers dispelled the ignominious and immaterial idiot. From then on only people crossed our doorstep.

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Tucker's cosmic cavalcade arrived in due time, and, much to their consternation, were put to work moving furniture into Slan Shack. (The Ashleys planned the Michicon to save moving expenses.)

Sometime later a loud noise was heard on the porch and subsequently Ollie Saari walked in with "The Door" in one hand, a manuscript in the other, and in his free hand, a mattress (he'd visited Slan Shack before).

Abby Lu, heretofore preoccupied in an orgy of moving, suddenly noticed Tucker. She ran over to him and planted a truculent osculation on his rosebud lips with such force that the suction drew out one of his fillings. Mary not to be surpassed by a mere Slan Shack female, came over to me and embraced me with such violence my smerpdilly curled at the equinox.

Frances Robinson, purveyor of absolutely irrelevant information, looked on amazed, he's so young you know. He was about to utter some remark, when Jack Speerit floated in on a bubble, pardon, a balloon. From then on we were plagued with balloons----and Jack Speerit.

Flen began to trickle in, one by one, and soon Slan Shack was flooded. Walter Liebscher, Al and Abby Lu Ashley, and Jack Wiedenbeck of Slan Shack; Earl Perry and Ed Counts, replete with familys, of Battle Creek; Bob Tucker and Mary Beth Wheeler, of Bloomington, Illinois; Pvt. Ecco Connor, Frank Robinson and Ensign Earl D. Leith, of Chicago; Doris Deming, of Battle Creek; Leonard Marlow, of Indiana; Jack Speer, of Washington, D. C.; Ollie Saari, of Flint, Michigan; and Thelma Morgan of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Never in history had such a motley crew gathered together under on roof.

By 2 A. M. Sunday morning the festivities were in full riot. Frakine Robinson was swinging on the chandalier, purveying absolutely irrelevant information; some were imbibing in rum and coke, others in plain coke, others plain imbibing. Gradually Slan Shack came down with conventionitis, and madness reigned, yea verily, it poured.

Al Ashley ran from room to room, obtaining money through false pretenses (selling subscriptions to Nova); Abby Lu ran after him, giving a kiss with each new subscription; fanzines and pro mags flew through the air at intervals, and sometimes at people; Speer was making bubbles with broken balloons; Abby Lu ran from room to room selling subscriptions to Nova, with two kisses for new subscribers; Ollie Saari was showing Doris his collection of doors; Francesca Robinson was purveying absolutely irrelevant information; Ecco Connor ran from room to room selling subscriptions to Fanewscard, kissing Abby Lu with each new subscription; Jack Wiedenbeck, Nova staff artist, was indulging in a new art--pick pocketing; Len Marlow was selling subscriptions to Erebus and kissing Abby Lu with each new subscription; Mary Beth Wheeler was bemoaning the fact that Tucker would take no new subscribers to Lez; Thelma Morgan got up on the radio and began to recite Vachel Lindsay's "Congo", backwards; Tucker was drooling; Abby Lu ran from room to room selling kisses.

Amidst all this confusion and commotion, sandwiches, cake and coffee were rendered by the company. I was devouring ham sandwiches, Speer was devouring ham sandwiches, in fact, the whole company was devouring ham sandwiches, all except Tucker--he was in the library devouring the pornography. Edibles mingled with books, magazines and flen. Such was the confusion that Perry ate half way through an issue of Unknown before he noticed a sort of woody flavor, and Tucker ran off an issue of Lez on pumpernickel. Frankfurt Robinson ran, dripping wet, into the library and asked Abby Lu for a towel, said he sat in a glass of milk. Mary Beth asked how much he had to squeeze and he refused to answer.

After the hearty brupper, the conventionuts decided it was high time they indulged in a bit of shut-eye. Three-fourths of the gang slept at Slan

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Shack--the remaining one-fourth enjoyed a good nights rest.

Leith, Speer, Franco Robinson and Connor draped fouty bodies over the floor of "Shottle Bop", the attic; Ashley and Tucker suggled down in "Chanti-clearing", Liebscher's natural habitat; Wiedenbeck, Liebscher and Saari snoozed in Wiedenbeck's "Kirk o-the Wee Heather". Much to the consternation of the boys, the girls slept downstairs. Tucker said it was unfair to organized fandom, but we quickly squelched him.

Now if you, by any chance, think that we slept, your crazy. Ollie, Speer and Ashley pounced into Wiedenbeck's room, pounding bumps on each others heads, arguing vehemently over some social problem, probably imaginary; Tucker, Connor, Robinson and I, began perusing "Drawn and Quartered", a book of cartoons, and soon were cackling merrily. Frutches Robinson laid an egg. Over the cacaphony, one could hear a feeble voice belling, "Will you mugs get to hell out of here so I can get some sleep?"

The voice, we later learned, was Wiedenbeck's, who, at the time, was having another one of his convulsions, to which everyone seemed unmindful. This hurt Jackie's feelings as it was a trick that usually worked, when he wanted something his own way.

Finally the addling argufiers ran against a brick wall with their argument and it splintered it's sacro-iliac. This was, to say the least, discouraging, so they went to bed. The cartoon comasewers did likewise.

All was silence for a full two seconds. Then, suddenly, a deadly salvo of off-color stories rent the waning night and agitated it until dawn, when, so it seems, the night just gave up. I ended the festivities with my rendition of the saga of the "Rooster that Wore Red Pants".

Happily exhausted the Slan Shackiddies and the conventionitwits succumbed to the arms of Morpheus and drifted off into the fog of blissful slumber, as the breaking grey of dawn slithered over the lawn, danced up the side of Slan Shack, and drooled over the window, casting a finger of light over Saari's emaciated puss.

I awoke first, as I am used to getting up with the chickens? I ascertained, by the cluck, that it was near high noon, and I was pleased with the prospect of having to awaken everyone. This situation appealed to my sadistic tendencies.

When all had been wakened, we went downstairs and partook of a sumptuous and hearty brunch of fried cacleberries, rosebud biscuits, and hot java. Bellies full, we retired to the library to fangab. Ashley suddenly remembered it was Abby Lu's birthday, so we all pooled up and gave her Degler.

Fangab consumed the afternoon like a vampire drinking plasma, and soon it was again time for stomach refills. We all climbed into "Asthmatic Anna" Thelma Morgan's jaloppy, and motored to a restaurant.

In the restaurant, as is the case whenever good fans gather, confusion took hold, with the result that instead of paying for the meals, the manager paid Ashley to have us leave.

Back in Slan Shack once more the gang settled down for some more peaceful mayhem and gradually the events of the night before began to repeat themselves, with new twists of course. Saari was a dooring Doris; Abby Lu had ceased selling kisses, she was giving them away; Tucker was asking for contributions for the coming Anniversary Issue of Lez, and for some unexplainable reason, was getting them; Ashley was recruiting members for the Cosmic Inner Circle when a telegram arrived informing him that his application for member ship had been denied because of his ruptured ego. Francois Robinson was down in the basement, hatching the egg.

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Somewhere, in the interim, the auction was held, and it was almost a complete flop, as no one seemed to know the exact location of the interim. However, Ashley, seeing hard cash slip through his fingers, suddenly decided to hold it in the library. Everybody laughed.

I seemed to have been a good auctioneer, as originals from Amazing, Fantastic Adventures, and Famous Fantastic, sold like hotcakes, not to mention three loaves of stale bread and two cans of beans.

On the heel of the auction came one of those moments which all flen abhor. Profusely we wept. One of our members, the great Saari, had to leave. We prostrated ourselves before the "High Potentate of The Door" and chanted "Alms for the love of Saari, Saari the a-doored one". Abby Lu sprinkled frank-incense and myrr on his big toes and Frink Robinson massaged his carbuncle. The arrival of a taxi terminated the ritual.

So heavy was the heart of Saari the taxi collapsed when he entered it. He had to walk to the station. We all stood on the porch and watched the great one fade into the horizon. The horizon burped.

The departure of Saari was the beginning of an exodus. One by one the flen left, amidst tears, farewells, and the Auld Lang Syne sort of thing.

"At last", we thought, "we can get some sleep". But our joy was short lived. We suddenly remembered that Tucker and Mary were to stay all week and Robinson and Connor were to stay until Tuesday. We fortified ourselves with anti-sleep tablets and vitamin pills, and courageously determined to face it.

It was a glorious week. We put out Lez; succeeded in getting "Chanticleer" started, called Los Angeles and caused much excitement among the fangalenos; we went swimming and discovered that water was allergic to Tucker; we shopped for books. All in all we did a remarkable job of making physical wrecks of ourselves.

The week went quick and soon twas time for goodbyes. Mary osculated me voilently, Amazon fashion. Abby kissed Tucker; this time she backfired and Tucker got his filling back.

Night fell on Slan Shack. Inside four tired souls were indulging in a sleep of exhaustion. A long figure walked up to the door and knocked harshly. Abdul Al Ashley, Sultan of Slan Shack, awakened, went to the door. "Telegram for Al Ashley", a voice came out of the darkness. Al accepted the telegram half-heartedly, opened it. He read:

LEFT ROSEBUD BEHIND, PLEASE FORWARD

TUCKER

Al was too tired to laugh. He flung the telegram in the corner, drug himself into the bedroom and poured himself into bed.

"Who was it?" asked Abby Lu.

"Telegram from Tucker", he yawned.

"What'd it say?"

"Can't remember", answered Al, "let's go to sleep, what I need is sleep, a whole bunch of sleep.

Meanwhile, Jack and I hurried downstairs to see what all the commotion was about. I noticed the telegram in the corner and picked it up. I laughed heathenishly as Jack looked over my shoulder.

"Oh, hell," said Jack, "how can you laugh after this last week's ordeal".

I snickered.

"I'm tired of all this folderol" said Jack, as he turned and walked through the wall.

EVANS :

MYFFSAW

After the brilliant wit and humor of his predecessor, Th' Ol' Foo finds it hard to try to be funny when he comes to writing his MYFFSAW. And one should be either humorous in the Crimson Cockerel, or else stay far away therefrom.

My favorite fantasy book is easy to pick. To me it is the finest prose, as well as one of the most interesting stories, out of the approximately 5,000 books I have read in my so-called existence. In my opinion it has absolutely everything a fantasy book-lover could desire. And I know that many many fen agree heartily with me in my choice. For what could it be but the Master's -- A. Merritt's immortal "The Ship of Ishtar". There, me hearties, is a magnificent tale.

For my favorite scientifiction book, I choose one that has also rated general acclaim, both for itself and for its equally interesting and well-written sequel. That the authorial team split up before writing the third of the series, that cries aloud to be written from the leads they left dangling is one of the sorrows of my reading life. I nominate "When Worlds Collide", and its sequel, "After Worlds Collide", by Balmer and Wylie. But why, oh, why! was "The Other People" never written and published? I weep!

My favorite fan? As you all well know, Ol' Man Evans loves evvabody, and that makes it terribly hard to point out one certain fan as his favorite. There are those swell West Coasters, and the equally grand East Coasters -- and whole heaps of wonnerful fen in between the two oceans. But I'm afraid I must break down and admit that the old heathen Chineese has a large place in my fanheart, so I'll name the Bloomington Boob -- Li'l Bobby Tucker. ((They all succumbo to the charms of Chumbo)).

Favorite Pro Illustrator? Easy, this time, in spite of my admiration for Bok, Schneeman, Cartier and many others. If only for that magnificent Snake Mother cover on F. F. M., I would crown with the finest laurel wreath that prince of illustrators -- Virgil Finlay.

Comes now the favorite fantasy story. Again I have so many to choose from it makes for hard choosing. But, based on my way of rating the goodness of a story, which is the number of times I have and expect to re-read it, the palm and crown must go to Bob Heinlein (or rather, his alter-ego, Lyle Monroee) for "Lost Legacy" (pardon me, it was printed "Lost Legion".) Again, a story that has, to my mind, everything one could ask of a story.

Favorite scientifiction story is easy, and all who know me are probably away ahead of me already, I'll bet. Yep, it's the "Lensmen" series by my friend (I'm proud to claim), and also my favorite pro author -- "Doc" Edward E. Smith. Incidentally, although I am not supposed to name any second choice

in the case of my favorite author, I want to name Ross Rocklynne, for his prolificality in the matter of ideas and plots, as well as his usual fine writing.

Among the pro mags I find much to like in all of them, and each holds its place in my affections because they cater to different angles of my favorite literary diet. Being an "old timer", I remember with distinct pangs of nostalgia the old Amazings and Wonders of former days. However, I must award the present day prize, for consistent quantity of goodness of stories (although they, too, occasionally print what I rate as a stinker) -- to John W. Campbell, Jr.'s "Astounding". Again, this is purely a personal preference and hard to rate, since I truly like all of them -- from time to time.

For a favorite among the Fanzines, it would be entirely too egotistical for me to point to that peer among FAPazines, "A Tale of the 'Evans", or to that indubitably superior sub-zine "NOVA", in which I have such a personal interest. So much as it grieves me to cater to the inflating further of his putrid ego, I am fearful that I must again point the finger of approbation at that curious Chinee and his good old "Lez". (There'll be no living near the guy from now on.) ((Was there ever?))

Favorite Fantasy Movie is an easy choice, for loving both Fantasy and good music, I couldn't ask for anything finer than the Walt Disney-Leopold Stokowsky "Fantasia" -- unless it be a yearly successor, with more of that wonderful color photography and more great music, made in the way they did it, so that you literally "hear pictures and see music".

My best-liked scientifiction movie was one of several years ago, which contained about the best work with miniatures I've ever seen. Yet I can't forget a scene in "The Mummy", with Boris Karloff, when the scientist was translating the old incantation, and the Mummy slowly came to life. Still, Number One of my parade must be "Transatlantic Tunnel", a truly great picture

Coming now to the piece de resistance of the menu, we reach my favorite of favorites -- The Thingamabob. Mine is my special recipe for cooking spinach ((ash is right)) -- that nectar of the Great Ghod Popeye. And, oh!, ye ghods of the dinette, what a dish she is. She has a lot of dose, ((ah!)) dem ((ah!)) and i- - - oh, pardon, that is another dish. ((Ah! nuts)) Back to the recipe. You get some nice, tender spinach, and wash it carefully and thoroughly (no soap, pliz.) Then, with a pair of scissors, you cut it exactly in to two inch pieces. Place it in a pot of water, ((the spinach I presume)) carefully season with salt, and set to boil. ((I can't sit that long)) While it is cooking, get out your iron skillet. In it, fry very, very carefully and tenderly, six large, juicy pork chops. When both the spinach and the pork chops are done to a turn, throw the damned junk in the garbage can, and eat the pork chops. ((How charmingly senile -- but even spinach is good with whipped cream)) And how's your appetite, huh?

[illegible]

LA DOATS DE MAIRZEE

If I was full of mirlantwonk
As you are full of skirsilonk
I'd filsh the berny goober log
And fordasorn the bildersmog

I'd ask the help of yobber clandy
So full of plerp, so garsh, so dandy
And when the glop began to frindle
Forsooth, I'd blumpf, aha, brit shindle

J. WONTFORD
LAYDSCHUR:
MY TRIAL,
OR ^{your} ERROR
HOW TO HAVE A DRAIN CHILD

-/- WHAT PERSON -/-

Always write your story in the first person. This is a wonderful way to become monotonous. A good way to remember to write your story in the first person is to sing a song before you start, such as "I Only Have I's For You", or "I, I, I, I, I, I Like you Very Much". I, your instructor, usually write in the third person. I find the third person easier to get into. The second person is a cad, so don't bother.

-/- PLOT -/-

There are five basic science fiction plots:

1. Earth is invaded by things from another planet.
2. Earth is invaded by things from another galaxy.
3. Earth is invaded by things from another time.
4. Earth is invaded by things from another whatsit
(optional) and last but not least
5. Earth is invaded by things.

Of these plots, the latter is the most used. If you want to climb your way to fame as a science fiction author, by all means use the latter. This is one sure way of assuring yourself a high place in authordom.

So you are going to use plot No. 5. To be patriotic, you should plant a victory garden, but we are talking about story writing. (In it's broader sense of course). Plot No. 5 (northeast corner, south 40) requires a lot of assinine names, such as Doo Diddl, Wutta Wrump, or Plunsh, for all creatures, besides homo sapiens (which is a dilly in itself) must have unpronounceable names. This trick will help you in many ways. The prime reason is to make the reader stop and attempt to pronounce these nomenclatures. This will make him forget the plot, which is probably putrid anyway. In desperation you can always use the plot of one of the classics. A notable example of this is "Five Steps to Monte Cristo", which appeared in Startling Stories. Always remember this: When writing a story take care with your plotting, or else your efforts will go for notting".

-/- ATMOSPHERE -/-

A good story always has plenty of atmosphere, good atmosphere. Lack of atmosphere is bad for your characters, they might be asphyxiated. S. Fowler Wright's "Deluge" is a classic example of a story with good atmosphere. This story was literally flooded with it. Throw yourself into the atmosphere of your story, but be sure you are not writing about a sewer.

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-/- ENIGMA ELEMENT -/-

All stories should have an enigma. Try to sandwich one of your own enigmas into your epic. What! you've never had an enigma? Well, then you sure have missed a treat. They're delicious, especially with whipped cream. Of course anything is good with whipped cream, but that is another story. The enigma element is that little bit of stuff in a science fiction story that baffles everyone, including the author. It is usually something like a 'neutron stream', 'space warp', or 'inertialess drive'. Thus, you must think of something utterly impossible and then explain why it is possible. Don't let your lack of physics bother you. Just glance through a physics book and pick out some long, pretentious looking words. These words along with hyper space, the square root of -1, and negative reasoning will take care of the enigma element for you. If your enigma element sounds plausible to you, tear it up and write it over. Many science fiction authors have become rich by writing about things utterly beyond their comprehension. And it's a good trick if you can do it. Always remember this: "Into your story insert an enigma, or else it will only give you a stigma."

-/- INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS -/-

Your story must be replete with incidents, for you must realize that if you have no incidents, you have no story. This is an astounding conclusion. While you can have no story without incidents, you can have a story without accidents, but a story without an accident is very boring. Always make your incidents seem accidental, and your accidents seem incidental, or vice versa. Repeat the last sentence over and over. Not only will it help you, but it is alliterative. Always remember this: "If you don't wish for your story to be detrimental, stuff it with things such as incidental".

-/- SUMMATION -/-

To sum things up, now that you are a budding author, you merely add. This is an astounding conclusion. Remember, too, if you want to be an author you have to write. The latter is indispensable. When you get into the swing of the literati, you'll probably wonder why it was so difficult before. Why the answer is obvious. Someone forgot to oil it. None of the aforementioned instructions will do you one particle of good unless they are all an integrated part of a wholesome. For without just that, the whole bottom of literature would be shaken, and after you scraped the veneer off, you'd probably find ash. Also, it is essential to be in the mood while writing a story. Glenn Miller would make a great author. Shakespeare usually partook of eggs and Bacon before writing his plays, and the play is the thing, even if your partner had little meld. Always remember this:

If all your stories are mediocre
You'll make more money playing pocre

THIS IS AN ASTOUNDING CONCLUSION OR FINIS

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Editor's Notes: Do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti, do, do, ti, la, so, fa, mi, re, do. One of the greatest cartee blanches of the year was my securing J. Wontford Layschur for a series of articles. In the next issue Mr. Layschur will discourse at length on "Biblionions, or Books That Make you Cry".

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WHAT PRICE FANZINES?

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Oh! Fantasite's Phil Bronson's passion
Tis one of the best fanzines in creassion
It's full of reviews, and articles swell
Subscribe to it, for Phil's my pella

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Nova, the quality fanzine, is super
Fans like it as jitterbugs like Gene Kruper
It's colorful, readable, studded with art
And it's the darling of Ashley's hart

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Now Lez is a fanzine, six for a quarter
If you ain't subscribed, I think you arter
For it's stuffed with droolings by Wadsworth Pong
And Tucker, too, you can't go rong

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Fanfare is published by the Widners
You'll laugh until you weaken your kidners
Last issue was super, contained "Alicia"
Art's been inducted, gosh we'll micia

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Acolyte is concerned with the weird
Well liked by fans who enjoy being skeird
Chuck full of reviews and things Lovecrafty
Three for a quarter, six for fafty

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Infinite, pubbed by the CC's pastor
Affected all like the oil of castor
His putrid mags are now plagueing fandom
And all true fen have properly bandom

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If common fanzines make you weary
Try Bill Watson's "Diableary"
He calls his mag 'poor fans Esquire'
One ish and you'll be a regular buire

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Newest zine is Brown's Fan Slants
Get the first ish if you have the chants
Includes fan news from reliable sources
Will you like it? Why of cources

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Last, but not least, is Chanticleer
Best fanzine in many a yeer
So good it makes you want to dance
Remember the rooster that wore red pance

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WATSON: SOMETHING ABOUT BURTON

A short little something concerning the translator of what we believe to be the finest fantasy ever composed by man.

This fellow Burton had something to do with the translation of several hundred Arabian fantasies and other Oriental ramblings, and was quite a guy. He was certainly no parlor pinkie, which is easily proven by the fact that he was one of the few white men to penetrate the Moslem holy city, Mecca, without either the good Moslems' permission or the grace of the Christian missionaries. His general attitude toward both of them was: "To Gehenna with you---I wanta see Mecca." He did, but we'll go into that later.

Anyway, and as said before, Burton was no pansy. Knocking about the orient as he did, fighting God knows how many minor wars--occasionally on both sides, I'll wager--he soon became rather hardened to that particular way of life. Burton, however, not only became conditioned to it; he began to revel in it, and eventually adopted the Eastern habits for himself. He was, all in all, about as bombastic a character as ever spent a dozen nights in a Sultan's harem. Ah----luck Burton!

Sir Richard Francis Burton was born in England, in a comparatively small town known as Hertfordshire (the English towns!), in 1821. He was, therefore, and by all rights, a bonny Englander. Such, at least, are the laws of that noble country concerning individuals born inside its boundaries. Burton, however, objected strenuously to being tabbed as "just another Cockney". As a matter of fact, he cared about as much for the land of his birth as he would about a fly on the wall or a flower in a garden. The latter two would, in fact, probably interest him a damnsight more.

This attitude, to say the very least, displeased the English social set. His eccentricities---a misunderstood desire to learn "those pagan languages", his gradual progress toward becoming a free thinker, and particularly his strong excessively powerful features and mannerisms---all went toward making him a semi-social outcast.

So, Sir Richard joined the army and was immediately trundled off to Bombay, which didn't faze him in the slightest until he learned that he was to serve tedious details and boring drills. Then, surprisingly enough, the army discovered what an excellent linguist Burton was, and promptly enlisted him in intelligence.

He was forced to assume a native disguise, to his intense joy, and sent out to act as a spy for the English against the nasty Indians. This Burton did, for it offered an opportunity he had long sought---a chance to study the people of the East.

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So it was that Sir Richard began his career as a venerable old pottery salesman traveling from here to there and back again, associating with dope addicts, harlots, and kings. From pottery he later turned to medicine, and it is rumored that he saved many a sultan from an embarrassing expose. His disguise was penetrated only once, and then only by a servant. Burton could trust no one, though: the servant never told an---ahem---soul. . .

Eventually Burton---who had, if not materially, become spiritually a Moslem---was seized with an unquenchable desire to see Mecca. Good old Mecca, where a white unbeliever's foot had never trod. Burton, however, had strong faith in that old adage, "There is always a first time," and had resolved to become that first.

His trek to the Golden City began on a sail bot device together with a hundred other pilgrims, along the coast of the Red Sea. After pig-sticking and otherwise gutting several bands of robbers who sought to---well---"detain" them, they finally reached the jerk-water village of Yambu, the Arabian equivalent of a hick town, where they would begin their overland march to Medina, and from there to Mecca.

The Pilgrims, Burton among them, and now their leader, set out. They were, though, momentarily stymied when the dirty old Bedouins charged hell-bent for fresh blood out of the hills and told the Pilgrims' escort of two hundred soldiers to beat it. No plainer hint was needed by the gallant two hundred. They all turned tail and headed home in a flurry of dust.

The Pilgrims were then left to finish the jaunt all by their lonesome. Heh heh, they were naive. The bedouins had other ideas, mainly---loot. So the hapless Pilgrims got looted.

They broke free, however, and arrived in a somewhat battered condition at Medina, the second step to Mecca. Burton, who was quite fagged, was greeted by some Oriental friends; and rested there awhile.

Then he set out again, and again those damned Bedouins stormed out of the hills to ravage the demented Pilgrims. This time they went about the sloppy business of killing in earnest, and many a Pilgrim kicked off without ever beholding the Eternal City. The Pilgrims could not kill any of their harassers, either, because then all hell would really break loose. They could only fire into the air and hope to be protected by the heavy smoke and fumes combusted by their old flintlocks and pan-firing pistols. And through it all Burton blasely eschewed his dinner, quoting weighty phrases from his own Kasidah and other Oriental philosophers.

Eventually they came upon the outskirts of Mecca, though, and were immediately beset upon by thousands of beggars pleading for alms. Purses were opened, coins were strewed, and the pitiful babbling subsided somewhat.

Then---Mecca! The Eternal City! Where millions of lips and twice that many hands had fanatically caressed the black stone of the Kaabah, "Bride of Mecca". About Burton the frenzied Mohammedans struggled and beat against the unceasing, unabating tide of packed bodies. All seeking to pay homage to their god Allah.

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Through it all Burton went about, unrestrained, examining the black stone---and later deducing it as a meteorite---measuring the size of the room containing it, noticing architecture and design. He later emerged, bright and cheerful, and happy about it all, undetected, and tramped homeward.

Sir Richard had conquered the heretofore unconquerable. Little wonder their is some debate as to whether he was a true Englisher or not. The English, of course, after Burton had gained fame, took him to their breasts, called him stout fellow, knighted him and sang his praise.

He laughed in their faces.

-o-

*

--F. Leogan

All dogs delight to bark and bite,
And little birds to sing,
But all the little fly can do,
Is * on everything

In every room about the house,
You find the pesky fly,
They * and * and * and *,
And * until they die.

And when a little fly has died,
And given up the ghost,
His friends, they gather all around,
To see who can * the most.

The one that makes the biggest *
They deem is King of their species,
And crown him with a golden crown,
All garnished over with *.

-o-



ROTHMAN:

FUBAR

OR

TALES OF THE GALACTIC LEGION

THE GREAT GALACTIC WAR - AS INTERPRETED BY A VETERAN OF THE BATTLE OF OREGON
STATE COLLEGE

Scene I

-Those Who Do Not Return-

They filed slowly, shoulders drooping, into the barracks. They, the graduating class of Galactic Legion Academy, with the grimness on their faces unrelieved by the shadow of a smile. William, the tall and blonde, his mighty fists clenching and unclenching. Lester, the dark and moody, sitting on his bunk, his face working with emotion. Melvin, the bulky and brawny, dragging with weariness, gazing with reddened eyes at the empty bunks that no longer would creak under the weight of his comrades.

Empty beds--the sign of those dread casualties, the reminder of those who would never return and never go forward. Signifiers of grief, heart-break, terror.

"Wasn't it," Melvin said wearily, "a devil of a final exam we just had? So many flunked!"

Scene II

-Strategy-

William, the tall and blonde, walked quietly into the control room. Captain Blatz ((a two beer General)) motioned him to keep silence with a finger to the lips. In this, the third month of the Great Galactic War, the might vessel Antar III ranged the farthest depths of space in search of the secret prime base of Pinekone ((sometimes called Iskreamkone)), the enemy.

Around the conference table sat the High Command, the air around them thick with smoke from a dozen different species of weeds ((puffballs?)). Fimble Finnegan, the mighty leader of the fleet, stared at the table, his face a mask of intense concentration.

Plans were being made, William surmised, for the battle on the morrow. The fleet was closing in, and the strategy must be set to go off like clock-work. The enemy must be trapped in it's base, and from Finnegan's super-human mind would come the plan.

The men around the table glared down at the papers in their hands, shifted them nervously. Commander Schlitz turned purple with rage and stood up, overturning his seat.

"I'll be damned if I play with you again, Finnegan," he roared. "You and your extra sensory perception."

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Scene III -Maintenance-

In the sixth month of the Great Galactic War, the beleaguered Gamma Base fought bitterly with Pinekone, the enemy. Rays, sheets, and stillets of intolerable energy poured back and forth between the mighty base and the attacking ships.

Within the vast stretches of the Base, ceaseless activity went on. Enormous machines, strained beyond endurance by the tremendous powers that flowed thru them, broke down and were immediately repaired by the mechanics that swarmed over them.

Lester, the dark and moody, was in charge of the immense spare parts filing machine. He grimly labored to keep up with the demand for the parts that were necessary for the repair work.

In a distant sector a mechanic placed a defective part in the receptacle of a teleform. The spatial configuration of the mechanism was coded and transmitted to the spare parts machine. The machine searched among its vast bins and in a moment a Rod, connecting, Geodrive, vertical bracket, 597-XLC-48, was shooting down a conveyor to the distant sector.

In Turret 59, a vital part of a ray generator went smash. The operator cursed and rang for Space Parts.

"No!" he barked. "I don't know the serial number of the part. Show me a blow-up."

On his telescreen there appeared a photograph of the ray generator. Bit by bit it was torn apart, in image, and then the operator saw the part he wanted in the exploded view, he pushed a button and the filing machine went to work.

One of the main generators of the Base suddenly broke down. The ensuing unbalance of voltage sent a momentary surge of current thru the filing machine that blew out several units with a puff of blue smoke.

Lester swore and shouted for mechanics. They tore off the cover plates and ripped out the dead units.

"What's the nomenclature and serial number?" the mechanic asked. "I'll ring for Spare Parts."

Lester grew pale and staggered back. "This is Spare Parts!" he gasped. "We can't locate the parts as long as the machine doesn't work, and we can't get it to work without the parts."

"FUBAR," the mechanic sighed.

Scene IV -Courage in Space-

Melvin, the bulky and brawny, walked happily down the gayly lighted street of Strangafangadran ((gosh, I betcha that's good with whipped cream)) the great space terminal of Vinda, in the Epsilon Sector. His ship had just docked for repairs after a fierce, but victorious battle in this, the tenth month of the Great Galactic War. It was his first planet leave in three months and he was out to make the most of it.

It was a relief to walk along the street, head erect, arms swinging jauntily, free of the nagging feeling of danger that haunted him all the time he was cruising space, closing in on the enemy.

The city roared with the play of fleetmen on leave. A pair of Boskonians lurched beside Melvin, knocking him into the gutter, their tentacles intertwined. A winged Brankaslavian ((wish I had some whipped cream)) was

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suddenly ejected from a drinking place; falling flat on top of Melvin.

Melvin pulled himself out from under, beating the other's head on the street for a few times, and continued on his way. A giant of a thekla-sodden beard-blackened brute towered before him.

"There you are, you obscenity earthworm," ((shades of Hemingway)) the brute bellowed. "Gyp me out of two-hundred bucks-----."

"You must be thinking of someone else," Melvin said, casually kicking the other in the groin. ((Indescribably charming)) "Annoying," he murmured, stepping over the prostrate form.

A sign which read "Welcome Service Center" met his eye. He looked thru the window and saw a large hall with many soft chairs and few people. A quiet place, he thought, for temporary respite from the raucous clamor. He entered, and then saw the sign on the wall which explained the emptiness of the place: "No Smoking. Ghod is Love."

"Um," he thought. "One of these missions." At least he could get a cup of coffee.

Then he saw the piano in the rear, and he thought how long it had been since he'd played last. A large sign over the piano said: "Have you written to Mother?"

It was nice to play again, and soon he forgot the war and the dangers. Presently he noticed a Clean-Cut Young Man standing close by. The Clean-Cut Young Man came over and said: "A person who plays like that must have a potentially beautiful soul. Why don't you complete its beauty by accepting GHU as your savior?"

Melvin was a blur as he ran back to his ship, sweating over his narrow escape.

"What a dangerous planet!"

-o-

Scene: The Slan Shack dinner table, with the usual so called humor pervading the atmosphere.

Abby: Makes some remark anent Walt's constant constipation.

Walt: "Woman: you are speaking of the bowels I love."

Evans: Starts to laugh right in the middle of a gulp of coffee and attempts to hold back the spray. Chokes and spurts in such a manner as to spray coffee all over his head. Runs dripping into the kitchen.

Walt: "Ye Gods, such hidden talents around this joint. First human I ever saw who could take a bath like an elephant."

Evans: Returns and resumes his coffee drinking.

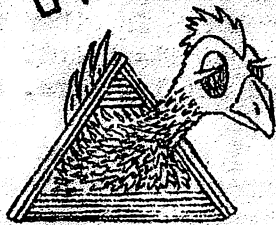
Walt to Evans: "How much would you charge to be a bird bath?"

Evans: Caught between another gulp of coffee, makes like an elephant again.

Pandemonium
breaks loose
as Evans

sits there with a dumb look on his puss

CHANTICLEERS



cluck? cluck?

LANEY

F. Laney, RB -- Sends greeting to -- W. Liebscher, RB. Mine comes from a somewhat different source, however. In a recent horror broadcast, I noted a grisly reference to a certain GREEN JADE BUDDHA. Though I am not the least bit JADED (as yet), I am quite sure that I am a ROSE BUDDHA, so...

I sign my name:

The FT Laniac, RB

((I, too, am a ROSE BUDDHA, in fact I am one of the original disciples of the doity deity)).

UNCER

Still can't get over Chanticleer, I really love it, especially like Tuckers Time Travelling and your poem Yandiced Yobber. ((Thanks))

CONNOR

After a really complete perusal of Chanticleer, I came to the conclusion that it was better than the last Le Zombie, the one with the Cover. ((I shall now be able to commite suicide and die in piece and triumph)) It is true, of course, that the reproduction in a few spots was not all to be desired; it was however, easily dismissed as negligible--doubly so when one considers the appearance of the conventional first issue. ((Oh! little sir Ecco, you have made me very happy. I assure you Tucker will never hear the last of this)).

ACKERMAN

Dear President Roostervelt: Boy-y-y! "Chanticleer" is here. What a hensome publication. Step up to the Crow Bar & have a cackleberry nog on me, old dog! ((Ackie sure can hen out the compliments)) Woud like to secure "After the Afternoon" & "Two Serious Ladies" thru your Xecond Hen Bookservice, if possible, O roguish rooster. eese ((Sorry, chum, no got, in fact, the only two copies of "After the Afternoon" in fandom, I believe, are the property of Tucker and I.))

BRONSON

Chanticleer came, I saw, it conquered. Marvelous. Will write later. Soon (Honest!) ((The compliments I like, but I still didn't got that 'soon honest' letter))

CLINE

Chanticleer came as a pleasant surprise; I enjoyed it very much. Best feature was the 'Bibliopinions of Ye Editor' - I only wish you had made it longer. Glad to see that there is a fan mag specializing in book-reports. The cover was very exceptional. But then I always did like Jack's spray gun covers. More please! It certainly was more effective than the inside litho. ((Glad you liked Channy. Ye Ed sorta liked the litho better than the cover))

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LANEY AGAIN

I think your mag is lovely. I have one rather violent criticism, however, and that is that you tend to overdo your humor. In other words, there is so much utterly hyper laff-stuff, that no one item stand out. If you used less humor, the remaining belly-shakers would stand out far more, and, I think, the effect would be much more emphatic. ((Thanks for some real constructive criticism, pal. Others have told me the same.)) I shan't list MY fears and phobias at any length, because I don't wish to expose my complete inadequacy (yes, I'm a good fan, too). However, I have a sickening and unreasoning terror of water (except as a chaser), due to a near drowning at the age of nine or ten. Even a year in the U. of Idaho tank under expert instruction failed to make a swimmer out of me, so I gave it up. This is one of those things I can reason myself out of easily--as long as I'm on dry land--but let me get my face under water and oh god! I also have trouble with heights--not so much a terror as a sense of dizziness and a desire to jump off. Crazy, eh? A lesser fear is one of losing my job, feeling of inadequacy, and that sort of thing--but I seem to be shaking that off bit by bit. ((Brother, you is exposed))

ROTHMAN

Received Chanticleer yesterday, and believe me, it was just what I needed to keep from going absolutely potty in this solitary confinement. You have never had a more appreciative audience. ((Milty was in hospital combating a lovely case of spinal meningitis)) Your mag inspired me to spend some of my overabundant time writing a thing. It should be moderately funny. ((See FUBAR, this ish)) Your editorial about the phobias was very good--a big contrast to the comedy of the rest of the issue. Sounds like the kind of stuff I used to have in Milty's Mag. ((I've never had a better compliment)) Also sounds like you are trying to get rid of the phobia by talking about it. Which is the best thing you could possibly do. ((Thanks for a swell letter, and a sweller 'thing' for publication.))

CHRISTOFF

Just received the first issue of your truly great CHANTICLEER, and enjoyed it very much. From cover to cover it showed that you had put a lot of work into its publication. ((Lots more than lots of work, chum)) The front cover was very neat looking, and the Table of Contents most unique. In my opinion I enjoyed "Captain Suture" the most. ((Goody, I wrote it)) Somehow the humour and tickling sarcasm made it stand out above the other articles. Your ode, "Nun-roses (bud)" was very good, even though there seemed to be a 'tongue-in-the-cheek' attitude; however what at first appears to be a conglomeration of words, and phrases, soon crystalizes into some very striking bits of contrast. It was something different. Your format is to be especially praised. ((I always said I was good looking)) I particularly liked the borders of little foo-faces accomplished on the typewriter ((my own invention)). However; and I do not mean this to be other than constructive, I do feel you used these little faces too much. ((Comes from not dummyping. Realized I have overused them when I put the mag together.)) The art work for BOOK SECTION is very good, and the reproduction process is to be envied. Upon observation, the figures have separate individualities. For example: upon gazing at the center of attention, the naive miss reminds you a little of Finlay, and the same holds of the Robot, however, the little THING turning the pages of the Dark Book looks like one of Bok's children, while the shadow to the left has some of Ronald Clyne's doo-dads. The pic was very effective, and added eye appeal was cleverly brought about by the serpent frame. ((I suggested the snake, and Jack really did it up brown. Kind words like yours are always appreciated))

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WITTLE WILLIE WATSON

CHANTICLEER received and is one of my favorite pubs already. I enjoy extremely your naive atmosphere and helter-skelter outlook. God, I wish I could get some of the same feeling into DIABLERIE, but me---I'm a stinking perfectionist. Isn't it awful? ((Glad you like the uninhibitedness in Channy. I never dummy, refuse to have even margins. I really publish Channy for my very own enjoyment, not to impress others. If it is well received, O. K., if not, I have had loads of fun making it up, so nothing is lost.)) The cover is, well, it's er, ahem, well, dammit, it's just what I could expect of Liebscher (I don't, however, spot the red pants. Tsk tsk.) ((Heavens to Ghutsie, man, are you color blinking blind. We did try blood, but it clotted in the air gun, but I thought the substituted color was a bright enough red. Channy even had red suspenders.)) O hell, I won't even attempt to comment on everything in the issue. 'Twould be a mansize task. ... Things I liked: Myffsaw, Slite-ly Plastered, Shangri-La Fandom, Slan Shack Soirees (watch out, chums, Watson may take youse guys up on the invitation) Book Section (picture; and I might say that anyone who leads me to that book is my friend, I drool). Book Reviews ((ram-ifications)) ... Things I didn't like: Turkeys in Printers Ink, Captain Sutuer, My Trial, Your Error, and that's about all. ((that's about all was good, wasn't it)). The rest was passable. I might add here that I'd like to have you do me a short something for the fifth issue of DIABLERIE. God, but Ginch McFinch is the most popular thing in the third issue. O you sly devil, you. Ummm-m-m-m. That's all. ((oh, you nice pipples, Channy thanks you)) NUTHER ONE: Kind words about Channy were nothing. Anyone who doesn't like a zine of its type is a chump and an ass and a rotten critic to boot. ((a moron, too)) The only real criticism I might make, and I believe that I mentioned it before, that the rooster did not wear red pants. Why this error? Cannot the artiste Wiedenbeck draw red pants? ((No, but red pants draw Wiedenbeck)) Or has he got something against red pants. Do red pants hurt his eyes? ((On the contrary, he sez they are soothing)) Is Jack unable to draw the drape which all red pants carry? Perhaps I have discovered a flaw in Wiedenbeck's makeup - - perhaps red pants hold some type of horror for Jack. (What an opportunity for a psychological pantasy). You're telling me you have a peculiar sense of humor. I sense the Tucker influence, but at times you surpass even the inimitable BooB. ((For that I shall give you a lifetime sub to Channy -- as long as you continue to publish Diablerie.))

DAUGHERTY

ALL RIGHT -- SO YOU WIN -- I'M A ROOSTER -- HORRAY FOR CHANTICLEER ((BRAVO))

CUNNINGHAM

You should indeed be proud of your "brain child". After glancing through CHANTICLEER, I knew that here was something new and invigorating in the way of fanzines! I wish to congratulate you on its compactness, neat format and nice lay-out. The text I find most enlightening and in such enjoyable reading style, that for the most part I have fain refused its dismissal from my belinkers til I had read snatches of everything from front cover to the back. Thanks a lot for a most enjoyable evening of reading pleasure, which your stfzine "Chanticleer" has given me. ((My humble appreciation for such a nice letter))

LYDIA PINKHAM

Chanticleer took Innards, Indiana, by storm, and didn't lay a single egg. Of course I may be prejudiced because of my love for the editor. My new treatment: Two tablespoons of vegetable compound and a copy of CHANTICLEER.

LANEY:

THOSE GAY DECEIVERS

No fantasy book collector worthy of his daily sodium chlorida has failed to get stuck at one time or another with some utterly non-fantastic item which looks like the real business. Being of a trusting and gullible nature, I have a deplorable tendency to take the blurbs at their face value, and as a result have accumulated the loveliest crud shelf imaginable. Of course I do not limit my collecting to fantasy and stf, but when I get a non-fantastic item, I naturally want to get a good one. So instead of reviewing something that you people should get, I thought it might be an interesting experiment in reviewing to tell you why you should not buy certain items. I reached out at random, and grabbed three, which seem definitely UNfantastic to me. What do you think?

THE CROOKED HINGE, by John Dixon Carr (#19 in the Popular Library and originally published in 1938 by Harpers). The blurb says "Murder, witchcraft, magic and the hideous Golden Hag, a mechanical automaton which begins to move again after centuries of inaction..." I say focey. On examination, we find that the Golden Hag is an 18th Century manikin (or should I say, girlikin) which though originally designed to play musical instruments through clever clockwork arrangements, is today completely wrecked mechanically; is in fact in much the same battered and ruined condition as Tucker's ((Oh, goody, I split Tucker in the wrong place)) ex-gal friends when he casts them aside. Well, anyway, despite the blurb, this is merely a better than average hoodumnit; the hag is worked by modern, human hands, and not by the ancient clockwork (in which case I might have considered it science-fiction), or by the atomuted and anemic witchcraft society which occasionally is mentioned during the story. THE CROOKED HINGE contains a much better than average case of double identity, is highly enjoyable reading for the 'ted fans, but definitely it NOT fantasy.

THE CURSE OF DOONE, by Sidney Horler (The Mystery League, NY 1930) is the next horrible mistake to be considered. "For 200 years, Doone Hall... had been shunned...its cellars hold the body of...an early owner who, legend had it, lay buried deep beneath heavy stone flags with an oak stake through his heart, a vampire...a ghastly, black mysterious shape...a gigantic bat..." On and on the blurber blurbs, even going so far as to compare THE CURSE OF DOONE with DRACULA. Bah! This utterly rancid assemblage of drivel is strictly from E. Phillips Oppenheim, and contains nothing even remotely of a science-fiction or fantastic tinge. The paper is not absorbent enough for its only logical use, so join me in cursing the 19¢ shelves of circulating libraries!

HOUSE OF THE DAMNED, by Anthony Rud (NY, the Macaulay Co., 1934). "Who are the damned? They include a hunched ogre of appalling strength who burrows deep under the surface of Long Island exploring "the waters of the earth", a gaunt man high up in a tower, a fanatic inscribing the entire bible on an inch of glass, and two men building a mysterious structure of



BOOK SECTION





Anyone
Who leads me
to a good book—
That man is my friend"
A Lincoln

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marble and mirrors." I, in my childlike and trusting simplicity, thought that this was a mad scientist deal. It is a better than average murder mystery, but not what I expected from one of the old time Weird Tales authors. Oh well, it cost only 15¢.

Readers -- How do you like this type of review? Like 'em well enough to want more? Let me know. If so, more will follow.

A FEW SHOT ONES

~~Ol' Doc Evans.~~

MINUTE MYTHS AND LEGENDS: by Marie Schubert. Grosset & Dunlap. \$1.00.

Don't be misled by the title -- here is one of the finest Fantasy books you can have in your collection. It is just what the name implies -- myths and legends of all countries, told in three or four brief paragraphs, one to a page, and taking about one minute to read. BUT, the great value and charm of the book are the wonderful fantasy illustrations, done by the author herself. Hundreds of them -- and they are, each and every one, a veritable fantasy masterpiece. Finlay, Bok, Cartier -- any of the artists we call great -- would have been proud to sign their names to such pics as these. A MUST for your collection.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE AND THE HEROES WHO LIVED BEFORE ACHILLES: by Padriac Colum. The MacMillan Company, New York. Illustrations by Willy Pogany.

Colum, you probably know, is an Irish American writer well-known for his Irish Folk-Tales. In this book he has rewritten the old Grecian sagas of the heroes of the Argonautic voyage, as well as a number of other ancient myths and legends. His style is exceptionally interesting, and the pics are fine. Not an outstanding book, but one that the "completist" collector would want in his collection. Mine is autographed by the author, to whom I listened enthralled for a couple of hours one evening while he told, in his inimitable way, many old Irish tales.

C. S. Lewis

OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET

\$2.00

Short Review -- Ed Counts

"Out of the Silent Planet" is undoubtedly one of the best science-fiction novels to be written in the last few years. It has, to my mind, the flavor of the old time stories without the heavy accent on science. ((Good)) The author takes his readers to Mars, and shows, through the eyes of Professor Ransom (the hero), the greed and stupidity of the human race. Those who read this story will, I am sure, agree that the abbreviation of the Latin term really fits, "Homo Sap". Plot and motivation are both good. The description of life on a dying planet, where three forms of intelligent and reasoning life exist side by side in perfect harmony, is excellent. The readers interest is held all the way through the book, and when the covers are finally closed, he will find himself with something to think about, and he will have spent three hours of enjoyable reading.

((C. S. Lewis is a new author, to Americans at least, who writes philosophical fantasies. He also authored "Screwtape Letters" & "Perelandra".))

ROSENBLUM:

WHAT THEY ARE ABOUT

JULIUS LE VALLON -- by Algernon Blackwood -- p. Cassell & Co. -- 1916 -- 5/-

A study in metaphysics might be a good title, but would fail to convey the considerable interest evolved - by the usual extremely-slow-moving Blackwoodian plot. 'Tis a tale of an "old soul", living a modern day life and remembering previous existences. Not, and here is an interesting point, in the usual Greek, Roman and Ancient Egyptian run, but in mysterious older civilizations and apparently on other planets too. However we learn how the existence of three souls has remained intertwined throughout the ages till the wrong done to one of them is put right. But it seems a shame to cut so intriguing a story to such bare bones, for there is a wealth of embellishment wherein the story of school years and an early career are given. Description is a strong point, as is only to be expected. For eeriness, how about an experiment in raising nature forces, performed at night in a deserted dissecting room of a medical school, deserted, that is, except for the ghastly forms of the used, unused, and partly-used "subjects". Ugh!!!

THE DREAM OF MR. H____, THE HERBALIST -- by Hugh Miller -- p. William Blackwood, Edinburgh -- 1961?

Rather an amusing sort of work to the sophisticated stf reader. Our author uses the idea of transporting his hero back to the carboniferous age, in dreams, whereon to hang a sermon on the greatness of God. Yet it gives a wonderfully brilliant and clear-cut picture of that stage in the evolution of the earth, somewhat reminiscent of Murray Leinster's "Mad Planet" as Mr. H____ wanders meditatively through the glades of tree-ferns and contemporary flora. Quite a rare book this, and terribly dated; yet withal, well worthy of patient perusal.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD -- by Robert Hitchens -- p. Methuen

A tale of transference of personality - not the genuine, one ego in another's body: but the merging of qualities, during a series of spiritual seances tete-a-tete, finally involving the almost complete transformation of each of the parties taking part. The persons involved are two clergymen, a London vicar and his chief curate, whilst the affair is narrated by an agnostic delver in psychics. Personally I thought the work somewhat primitive in plot and plotting, although the style is interesting.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN -- by Ruthven Todd -- p. Harrap -- 1939 -- 7/6 -- pp 281

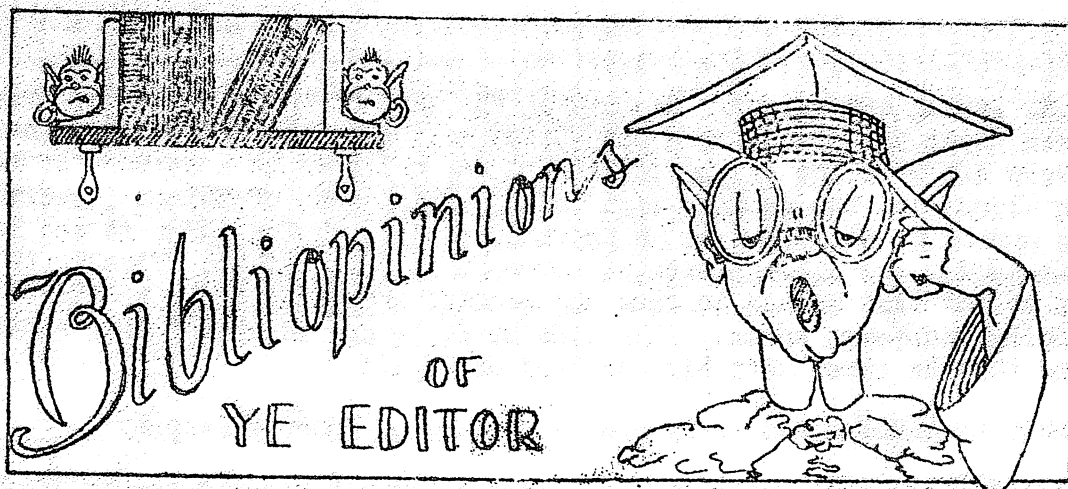
An extremely thought-provoking satire. Our hero lives in a rather peculiar sort of country, though 'tis fairly undefined, but bounded by a ridge of impassable mountains. O. H. climbs the mountains, undergoing great tor-

ture and losing his memory. He reaches the land at the other side. His adventures there are revealing - baby-faced policemen who "play" with their revolvers and love ice cream, secret police, religion as a servant of the ruling clique and the workers kept under. This state of things is very provoking and O. H. sees it with an unjaundiced eye, chafes under it and manages to assist the anti-government movement to some extent. Finally he makes things so hot that he has to flee the country and assay forth to tackle the forbidding mountains again. This time he fails and is driven down again -- to find that he never left his own land after all.

Rather less well-known than the same authors "Dracula" though I'd very much like to see a film made of this work. Suppose it should be classed as an "occult romance", but who is to state just where the borderline falls in such cases as these? Anyrate we learn of the quest of an eminent Egyptologist, who in his youth discovered the forgotten tomb of an ancient Egyptian "witch" queen, to discover and re-assemble all the furnishings of the tomb. For the witch queen has claimed to be merely in a state of suspended animation and our modern savant wants to revivify her mummy by following the instructions she laid down when she was buried. However, mysterious happenings occur - in fact they start the book and we only learn the major theme slowly, whilst wandering through the particularly verbose chapters this author loves. Of course the Egyptologist has a beautiful daughter, born just as he was violating the long-forgotten tomb by the far-away Nile. And, of course, she is fully involved in all these queer affairs. However, to bring you off those tenter-hooks, the revivification experiment is tried and ---- fails. Then we are led to suppose that the true explanation is that the fair Egyptian's double or spirit has been wandering through the ages, looking after her body and causing the queer manifestations early in the book. But the real spirit was born again - in the daughter-heroine and the real result of the experiment was to rejoin the two portions of this ancient spirit. Oh, by the way, the Jewel of Seven Stars is a necessary adjunct to the Great Experiment.

You've probably seen a mention of this book about the time it was first published, if you follow the news of new books at all. Whatever praise you saw was thoroughly deserved and that is a tribute indeed. Probably one of fantasy's classics of the future. Tale is of a middle-aged biologist specializing in reptilia, in whose grounds there lands, by a supreme irony, an extra-terrestrial missile. Investigated, this proves to contain some unknown seeds, a nutrient jelly, -- and an egg which our scientist unhesitatingly declares to be that of a lizard. He carefully hatches this to produce a super-intelligent and rapidly growing iguana who soon learns to communicate with humanity, being telepathic. Apart from the necessary action, which is sufficient to make the tale well-balanced, the book deals with the opinions of our civilization held by this extra-terrestrial visitor, with an entirely detached viewpoint. And very interesting they are too.

I want to take this opportunity to thank Mike for coming through so generously with these reviews, which are super in my opinion. Thanks, too, to Harry Warner for generously giving me the rights to the column. Walt



GOD'S FRONT PORCH -- by Ketti Frings -- Published by Morrow -- \$2.00

"God's Front Porch" is a uniquely refreshing fantasy. It's basic premise will, I have no doubt, be startling to a non-fantasist, but will be old stuff to flen; for it is the idea: "as long as enough people believe in a certain deity, that deity exists, in whatever setting he/she/it is supposedly inhabiting.

Pinky, the book's hero, is killed in combat. He suddenly finds himself on a train en route to Heavenly Bend Junction, where people usually stop for a while to forget the loved ones they left behind, preparatory to the final step of their journey; the trip to the Picnic Grounds.

Upon arrival the passengers, a varied group, are met by their respective deities but no one is there to meet Pinky and Emily, a charming girl Pinky had befriended during the journey. Emily in turn had developed a particular liking for a young Nazi, Rion.

After waiting for sometime, Pinky and Emily noticed a man approaching, a man they "would have known anywhere", an elderly man with "soft, unwrinkled skin, burnished gently by the sun", with "full, gentle, used-to-smiling lips".

God begged their pardon for being late and told them to follow quickly as supper was almost ready. Julie, the housekeeper, would scold him if they were late.

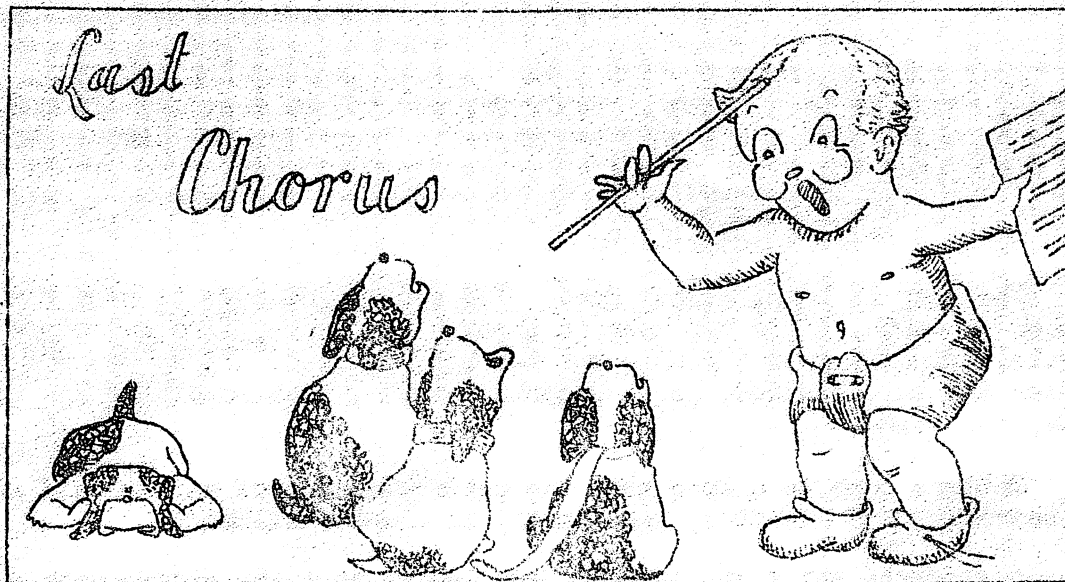
Heavenly Bend Junction was utterly unlike Pinky's conception of heaven. Allah, Jehovah, De Lawd, Buddha, and the other deities sort of delegated God to manage the city, with their help of course. The Nazis had their state as their God and God tolerated them, knowing the state would soon cease to exist because of non-believers. Rion had already forsaken them and he took up residence in God's house, to be near Emily.

Matters of state were in a sorry mess. The noise, smoke, and misery circle, caused by the war, was becoming increasingly difficult to penetrate and God could no longer send heavenly messengers to earth, and, as a consequence, people were beginning to lose their faith in the 'Old Man'.

and implores him to stay, knowing all the while that Shep will take the long road downwards, ever loyal to his master.

The book presents a unique conception of God, one that, if I were inclined to be religious, would be something to look forward to. It is a small, easy to read volume. Personally I can not see how anyone could help but enjoy it.

REPRINTS -- There have been some swell fantasy tomes reprinted in the last several months. Triangle Books have the following on their list, at 49¢ per volume: DONOVAN'S BRAIN, THE CADAVER OF GIDEON WYCK, NOT TOO NARROW, NOT TOO DEEP, TALES OF TERROR, THE LODGER. Star Books has reprinted a very good weird anthology, CREEPS BY NIGHT, which includes stories by Lovecraft and Wandrei. Last, but not least THE UNINVITED has been reprinted in a dollar edition. This edition uses the original plates & original dust jacket. Every fan should own a copy of this one.



Volume 1

CHANNY

Number 2

With this ish the price of Channy jumps to 15¢ per, a necessary step if I'm to continue publishing. Channy 1 received a cloudburst of praise and a mere trickle of subscriptions. One thing I've learned - you can not depend on the actiflen for subscriptions, speaking of those who don't publish their own mag, of course. It's the little guys who send you their dough to help you along. I've received exactly six subs from non-publishing actiflen, and several requests for free copies from flen who refused to send me copies of their mags when my sub ran out, even though I'd informed them that money would be forthcoming. Those who sent in subs before this, the second issue, will receive their copies at ten cents per, until their original sub runs out. To new subbers the price is 15¢, or seven for a buck.

HUGE CONTEST: In an effort to get more, good book reviews for Channy 3, I am offering, for absolutely free yet, a mint copy of Stapledon's "Odd John". Contest begins as of now and deadline is July 15th. Send in a review of either an old or a new tome. Could be you would win yet. Judges will be ye ed assisted by the Slan Shacklers.

I sincerely hope you notice the improvement in the general neatness of this issue. I definitely was not satisfied with the general appearance of the 1st ish, hence the improvements. I want comments galore, and ratings a la Warner system. There are two reasi for the borders; firstly, they do away with dummyming, secondly, they enhance the appearance of the mag.

Next issue gifs material by Warner, Evans, Laney, Tucker, Ackerman, Red Gallus, Widner, Rosenblum, Odgen Nash Rooster, and a still bigger book section. You can not afford to miss it. Send in your sub now and be sure you receive every issue of Channy, the uninhibited flanzine.

The editor gratefully acknowledges the use of the facilities of NOVA PRESS, and the able assistance of the following:

Jack Wiedenbeck Al and Abby Lu Ashley E. E. Evans
Ed Counts Mike Fern Earl Perry Thelma Morgan Boob & Mary

REMEMBER THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS



