

# CHANTICLEER





# THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY  
JOSEPH NEALE

VOLUME I

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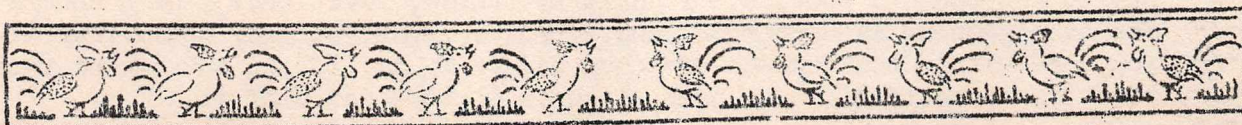


# CHANTICLEER

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ARTWORK BY WIEDENBECK





Fear and Phobias

Phobias, those indefinable fears, always interested me intensely. Mainly I suppose, because I have a phobia of my own. Yes, my very own phobia which I detest and, frankly, am ashamed of. I've tried time and time again to rid myself of this ingrained fear but it seems irremediable.

All it takes to put me on edge is a gathering of dark clouds, for when dark clouds gather in the sky, my heart begins to beat faster, I become extremely nervous and smoke countless cigarettes. No, it's not the storm in general that causes my uneasiness, but what comes with the storm--lightning.

You who have no phobias will probably say that I am weak, a coward. Probably I am, but I don't think so. For if I was a coward I would be afraid of the wind also. On the contrary, I revel in the wind. I actually enjoy a wind of tornado proportions, enjoy seeing branches being blown off trees, enjoy seeing the futility of man against the breezes when they get their dander up. If a storm consists of a high wind, rain, and hail, it is not a storm to me, it's sorta fun. But--throw in the lightning and I'll crawl into my shell like a whimpering puppy.

I'm not scared of the dark, height doesn't bother me (enjoyed myself immensely climbing mountains in Colorado), I like to travel fast, I'm nuts about flying and the more rolls, dives and twists the better. I enjoy the thrill of dropping fastly and getting that sickening feeling in my stomach. I have no fear of water or fire. I do have a slight fear of dismemberment, mainly, I believe, because I dearly love to play the piano and the organ. I do not fear death as I firmly believe that death will be a surcease from trouble, absolute nothingness.

Let me deviate a bit. That all men have a fear of some sort seems to me to be irrefragable. No matter how vehemently a person argues his lack of fear, I can not believe him. A confession of complete lack of fear strikes me as being a vain attempt to bolster ones ego, or a plain unvarnished falsity. I mention this because I know a fan that will state emphatically that he fears absolutely nothing, in other words he says that he has a complete lack of fear.

If I had a complete lack of fear I would think nothing of swimming in a pool full of crocodiles. I would break laws because I had no fear of the consequences. If I myself, had no fear, I would have no inhibitions, for I would not care what the dictates of society were. I would do any damn thing I pleased. I would have no qualms about throwing bricks at windows, I would tell my bosses to go to blazes, I might even be a polygamist. Why shouldn't I do these things, I fear nothing, I have no fear of being punished, no fear of jail.

Well, that's not for me. I venerate the laws of humanity, and isn't venerate a synonym of fear? Thus a man who fears nothing, venerates nothing, and one who states that he has a complete lack of fear is bound to be one of two things: a falsifier, or a criminal.

But to get back to phobias. I admit my phobia, admit that I am a coward as far as lightning is concerned, and I believe that you too, would fear it if you came within ten seconds of being killed by it, if you saw one of your best pals practically take your place in death because of it.

I was in the Civilian Conservation Corps at the time. We were working in the



-/- Then and there I got it, and I still have it. It's there inside, and nothing -/-  
 -/- I've been able to do since can stop it. Do you have a fear, or a phobia? If -/-  
 -/- so how's about writing an article about it? I have one: I'M SCARED TO HELL. -/-  
 -/- OF LIGHTNING. -/-

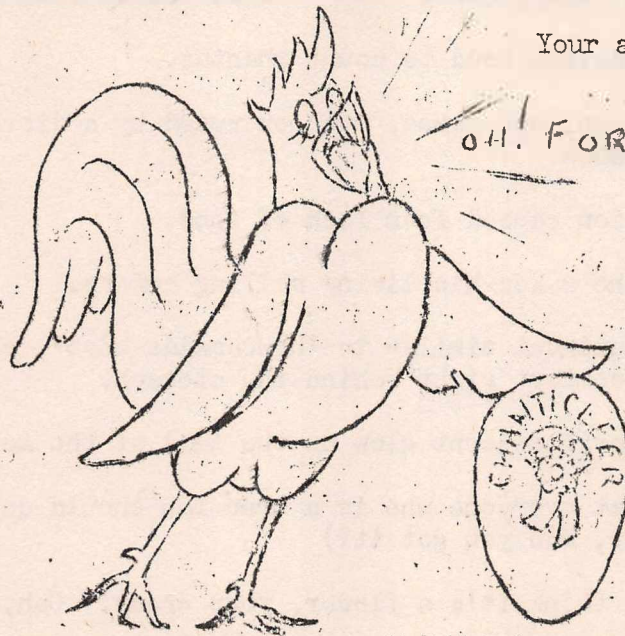
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MY DEAR CHILDREN:

So it gifts "Chanticleer". It has been fun, a lot of work, a headache and damned expensive. I've tried, to the best of my ability, to make it an interesting, humorous and informative fanzine. Frankly, it would have been a lot better if all my supplications for material had been answered. There are several reason for the large book section. Firstly, books are my forte, secondly, I want "Chanticleer" to be sort of a reference book for fantasy book hunters. In other words, if a fan goes on a book hunting expedition he can look through the book section of "Chanticleer" and ascertain just what titles he wants. And children I'm in the market for book reviews, a whole bunch of book reviews, a plethora of book reviews. Also I'm in the market for humor, articles and good fan stories on the order of Warner's tinyarn in this issue. I make this promise: "Chanticleer will be published as often as material warrants. And--I AM DEFINITELY NOT ALLERGIC TO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Your acolytical Rooster,

041. FORNCH Walt





{0.0} 4  
{(.)}

# FLANCYCLOPEDIA

{0.0}  
{(.)}

{0.0} Pip pip - a complimentary close, now passe, much overused by a dis- {0.0}  
{(.)} reputable member of fandom. {(.)}

{0.0} Fouty - no good, bad, worsen, it stinks. Originated by the MFS. {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Flan - fan slan. Originated by Liebscher. {0.0}

{0.0} Foogie - a grammatical error, a word jumbling. One can also foogie {0.0}  
{(.)} with the ears, i.e. misunderstand someone. Originated by {(.)}

{0.0} the Slan Shackers. {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Glerbins - the gremlins of fandom. They cause you to lose articles, {0.0}  
{(.)} makes mistakes while cutting stencils, hide your correction {(.)}

{0.0} Boob - a creature of the nether regions, now passe. {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Suddsy - how the water gets when you put in bubble bath. {0.0}

{0.0} Tod - how you feel when you need sleep or after a convention. {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Yhos - Ynot {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Nova - a periodical, published once every five years. Name filched {0.0}  
{(.)} from a popular war song, to wit: "We're comin nova, we're {(.)}

{0.0} Cheerio - a greeting, now passe, much overused by a disreputable {0.0}  
{(.)} member of fandom. {(.)}

{0.0} Wudgy - long and fuzzy, hence "Wudgy Tales" means long and fuzzy tales {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Phantagraph - a device used to count phantas. {0.0}

{0.0} Chum - a salutation, now passe, much overused by a disreputable mem- {0.0}  
{(.)} ber of fandom. {(.)}

{0.0} Unger - a condition caused from lack of food. {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Ackerman - one who makes his living selling ackers. {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Wiedenbeck - an ailment similar to 'housemaids knee', causing much {0.0}  
{(.)} discomfort right behind the stomach. {(.)}

{0.0} Acolyte - the phosphorescent glow on the tail of the Aco beetle. {0.0}

{0.0} Buck Rogers - what everyone who is a true fan should do. (Whatsa mat- {0.0}  
{(.)} ter, Don you get it?) {(.)}

{0.0} Rosebud - if you think it's a flower, your crazy. Ooh, la la. {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Robinson - male offspring of a redbreasted bird. Or is it female? {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}

{0.0} Female - a new method of sending letters to the fans in service. {0.0}

{0.0} Tucker - a disreputable member of fandom, now passe. {0.0}  
{(.)} {(.)}



Widener's  
MYFFSAW

BOOK:

(7.7) 77 7 7 666 7777 7 7jk ;l . - / ll tyyyt t xxxxx  
(7.7) The above is Pete's favorite fantasy book. Unfortunately, I can't translate Mimsy, so we'll have to let it go at that.

'Tis extremely difficult for me to select my one favorite anything, since I usually have several favorites I like equally well, but among books I think "Odd John" has a slight edge.

Why? Well, for one thing, it was a damn good story that had my interest all the way thru, & made me wish for more when it ended, & then there was the excellent characterization. The hero of course is outstanding, & as sharply delineated as a mortal could hope to describe a superman. Then there's the horrific Hebridean infant, Ng-Gunko, Jacqueline, & Adlan, amongst others.

& some of the descriptive passages are very beautiful, especially John's period in the wilderness.

But perhaps the greatest effect it had on me, was that which is supposed to be the mark of the author's success with the reader---- identification of the reader with the hero. My identification with John was more complete than with any other character in any book.

That sounds pretty egotistical, I'll admit; but I can't help it. I don't claim that I'm a superman, becoz I obviously am not. However, my thots & emotions are different from those of most people, & rather like those of John's. To me, he isn't Odd John, but just John, a guy I kinda like & sympathize with. (& damn the prepositions! full speed ahead!) ((Hm, a rugged individualist like me)).

Other books which gave me much pleasure are; "The Outsider & Others", "Day of the Brown Horde", "The Jungle Book", & "Last and First Men".

FANTASY STORY:

(9.9) This one is a little easier. "It" is the story. Fine writing & characterization stand out here, also. To my mind, it is about the best written of any short story that has appeared in pulp fantasy.

& strange to say, identification plays its part here, also. I could understand "It", & I felt a little sorry "It" had to die so young. "It" might have made something of itself.

Now you'll know I'm queer!

The sharp competitors in this group are; "Sinister Barrier"



"Fear", "Math of Magic", "They", & "The Upper Berth".

# SCIENCE FICTION STORY:

(o.o) I suppose a pulp story is indicated here. "Final Black-  
(w) out" is the choice & again sympathy with the leading character is the main reason.

FB is a "special" story in one way, & in another it is not. It did not depend entirely on the Lieutenant, or its other unique features. It had everything a "best" story is supposed to have. Good writing, characterization, ideas, action by the galore, & a strong plot. & some well-handled sentiment for good measure.

"Methuselah's Children", "Universe-Common Sense", "6th Column" & nearly all of Campbell-Stuart's & Heinlein's works rate high with me too.

# PRO-MAG:

(o.o) As of this date, I'm not very qualified to speak in this  
(.o) department, but from the few stories I've managed to read lately, & a study of the various pros & cons opined by "people who should know" "Astounding Science-Fiction" seems to be maintaining its pre-eminent position in my regard.

# PRO ARTIST:

(.o) Ah! I could go on about this all nite, but it's only  
(- ) fair that I should save something for the article I pro-  
mised to do for Rosco Wright.

I absolutely refuse to pick one & only one this time, becoz it isn't fair to discriminate between one whose forte is color, & another who excells in black-&-white. If I had to, tho, I'd grudgingly award the palm to Rogers, since he's pretty good at interiors also.

I say "grudgingly" becoz I have such admiration for Schneeman- & his work. He has done mediocre, & even poor work, but at his best he really deserves that favorite Gernsbackian adjective, "inimitable".

There seems to be three periods to Schneeman's work. His first was his best. When he broke in with the illustrations for "Reverse Universe", "Glagula", & others about that time, he was undoubtedly taking considerable care with his drawings in order to make a good impression & secure further work. Then, with his position assured, he tried to work faster, produce more, & thus make more money. His drawings became hurried & scratchy. Then he slowed up again (or else learned to be both fast & careful) & improved a lot. Some of this later stuff matches, or betters his first period. I particularly recall the scene showing the Rull facing the Ezwal. ((doubletalk)). All the dramatic & dynamic tension which Van Vogt's powerful writing packs into the scene is captured in that drawing. It leaped from the page & held me. I must've looked at it for a full five minutes before continuing with the story (& it was not a dull story by any means!) & I didn't need to be told what were the salient features of the Rull. 'Twas truly a case where a picture was worth 10,000 words.....







--Harry Warner, Jr.

"You're dead," yelled the little boy, waving a stick at his mother.

"Junior," she scolded, "I don't know what I'm going to do with you. Why do you keep pretending those sticks are ray guns, and old stone are Plutonian jewels?"

"That's the fault of these crazy magazines," said Junior's father, who walked in just then. "Imagine," he said, as he slapped Junior across the ear, "trying to make our kids believe there's life on other planets."

Junior ran howling out of the room, forgetting his magazine. Junior's father picked up the magazine. He showed it to his wife.

"See," he said. "Look--they show Venusians here in these pictures, and kids believe they really exist."

Junior's mother glanced at the illustration. It showed three blobs of shapeless white stuff with tentacles. She laid the magazine down with disgust.

Junior's father looked about the room, to make sure Junior was really gone, then said confidentially,

"You know, that's not the worst of it. Of course, some day we'll have to explain to Junior about birds and flowers, and things--but don't you think these magazines should stop publishing stuff like that, that kids too young to know can read, and get wrong ideas about?"

Junior's mother nodded, then murmured, "To think they print things like that!"

Junior's father offered, "Well, they do, and I suppose there's nothing we can do about it."

He picked up the magazine again, and leafed through it. "Here," he said, "is another story about another kind of Venusians. It shows what I mean."

"Look," he beckoned to Junior's twile, who had just entered the room, "they actually try to prove that Venusians could be born with only two parents! What kind of ideas is stuff like that going to give kids?"

Junior's twile solemnly assented, eyes full of quiet indignation, then walked to the window. Junior's father took his wife's arm. They walked across the room and stood beside Junior's twile. He, she and It thought of the day the three had been united in holy matrimony, with fond memories of Junior whom all three parents loved despite all his faults. The two tiny moons of Mars cast a feeble light on their hairy antennae.

QUERY

--Frakine Robinson

I like the spots where shadows grow	I like the moon, it's spectral glow
And where the sun no light does throw	A deathly white upon the snow--
And where the slithering things do tread	The darkening wood--a barking dog
The valleys where the light has fled.	The mortician's spade, the bottomless bog.

I like these things but I'm afraid  
That these are things of evil laid.  
For mankind hates these things so low--  
Yet whatam I to like them so?



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















## TIME TRAVELING WITH TUCKER

-or-

The Mills of the Gods Grind Slowly without Lubrication

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- 1933: Editorial lead in Fantasy Fan: "This magazine is 100% yours. Your letters shall ~~direct our~~ pages."
- 1943: Editorial implications in Chanticleer: "This magazine is 100% yours. Your letters shall be ignored in our pages."
- 1933: Superman Siegel publishes Science Fiction, a fan effort.
- 1943: Superman Siegel affiliates with US Army, a pro outfit.
- 1933: Ackerman writes movie gossip page for Science Fiction Digest.
- 1943: Ackerman writes movie gossip page for Fanslants.
- 1933: Clark Ashton Smith deplores Ackerman.
- 1943: Heck (hissss) Koenig deplores Ackerman.
- 1933: Fantasy Fan prints series, "My Favorite Fantasy Story."
- 1943: Chanticleer prints series, "My Favorite Fantasy Story."
- 1939: Sykora proposes fan organization embodying principal of inner-circle and outer-circle memberships. Is poooo'd.
- 1943: Degler proposes fan organization embodying principal of inner-circle and outer-circle memberships. Is poooo'd.
- 1923: Ray Cummings pens yarn concerning horrible invaders.
- 1943: Ray Cummings pens Yarns concerning horribler invaders.
- 1940: Wollheim launches Futurian House with butter-smears door knobs.
- 1943: Ashley launches Slan Shack. Butter rationed.
- 1933: "Supernatural Horror in Literature" begins publication in a fanzine.
- 1939: "Supernatural Horror in Literature" sees print in book form.
- 1934: Charles Willard Diffin reportedly writes his stories by electric typewriter.
- 1942: L. Ron Hubbard reportedly writes his stories on electric typewriter.
- 1935: F. Orlin Tremaine announces 'thought-variant' yarns.
- 1940: John W. Campbell announces 'nova' yarns.
- 1933: Tucker produces reams of indigestible material for fanzines.
- 1943: ditto.
- 

NEWS ITEM (11-4-45): Slan Sh ackers telephon Los Angeles Sassafrass & Fooey Society! One of the highlights in the first week of existence of Battle Creek's Slan Shack was a long distance phone call to the L.A. hoodlums.

Needless to say the hoodlums thot their collective leg was being pulled, and one precious minute of the allotted five was used in convincing them we were the McCoy. The Ashleys, Liebscher and Tucker conversed with Ackerman, Morajo, Yerke, Frechafer, Bronson, Laney.



11

SOME NUTS & OBSERVATIONS

ON SHANGRI-LA FANDOM

BY RANDOLPH TILLYWISH

11

Maybe you have been wondering what these Los Angeles fans are like? I know I wondered about this myself, long before I became active in fandom and was high pressured into joining the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Well, after having associated intimately with these outre people for a period of six months, I feel qualified to give you a glimpse into what goes on at the famed clubroom.

Ah, when I remember those carefree days of my ignorance! I was just a small town fan, hailing from Sonoma Beach, California. How glorious it would be to just be able to visit the world-renowned LASFS--just for a day! I became despondent, lonely, longing with every fiber of my being for contact with kindred souls--real, honest-to-goodness science-fiction fans.

At last my day arrived: I was offered a job in LA, and accepted the position. The first thing I did upon arrival into this Mecca of Fandom was to search for the clubroom, which I finally discovered with little difficulty. There it was--just as I'd pictured it: the emblem painted on the large window; the sound of the mimeograph functioning; raucous voices emanating from the room.... Oh, sweet ecstasy! ((How wonderfully fornicous))

Just as my foot fell on the first step someone banged open the door, knocking me flat on my back. "Sorry, old man," came the hurried apology as the unidentified person dashed madly down the street. I dusted myself off, and, summoning up my waning courage, strode valiantly into the room.

"NO!" bellowed a Herculean voice, "we do not conduct spiritualist meetings here!"

"But--" I began, and was interrupted as a strange-looking individual hurried into the clubroom, grabbed me by the arm and shouted into my ear: "You must be the telephone man--it's to be installed over in that corner."

"I'm not--" I attempted again, but was interrupted once more as someone yelled, "Hey, fellas, look! A blonde!" There was a concerted rush for the door ((by Oliver E. Saari)). Picking myself up from the floor, I noticed that two of the fans had wedged themselves tightly in the doorway. Pressure from the rear, however, soon precipitated them into the street, where they landed before an elderly woman. "Drunken louts," she snapped, rapping each of them smartly on the noggin with her umbrella. "Hell," snorted one, "the blonde's gone." This odd pair, as I later learned, consisted of T. Bruce Yorke and Arden "Buns" Benson.

"WELL," said Yorke, confronting me, "what do you want?"

"All I want for you to know," I replied, "is that I'm a fellow fan--"

"Oh! Why didn't you say so?" he yelped. "Pull up a chair and sit down." This he uttered while seating himself in the last vacant chair in the room.

I opened my mouth to say something trite, but--you guessed it--just then someone else, a very enthusiastic-looking guy burst into the clubroom, choking



with suppressed laughter. "Hey!" he screeched, "did you hear what the guy said when he saw the sweater girl?" People looked bored. "All that meat for only two points!" And then he broke into a spasm of laughter, slapping me heartily on the back.

"Er, you aren't Forrest J. Ackerman?" I asked.

"No, I'm Daugherty--Walt Daugherty."

"My name is Tillywish, I'm--"

"Oh, Tillywish, glad to know you." He pumped my hand vigorously. "Say!" ejaculated Walt, "have you heard about my new fan-mag? It's called FAN. How about subscribing for a page of photos in the mag? It's only \$2.50. I'll mark you down for \$5.00. Thanks a lot, Mr. Blish. Well, so long gang, gotta go!"

"But Mr. Daugherty--" I began.

"Sa-a-a-ay!" he interrupted, grabbing me by the arm. "Did you hear what General Eisenhower said?"

"Er, no," I said glumly.

"Did I tell you about my operations!" Once more choking with laughter, he exited from the room.

By this time I was a bit bewildered. Just as I turned to leave, a small, incustrious-appearing woman approached me. "You're not leaving so soon?" she said. "I know we're not doing very much, but some excitement will start as soon as the rest of the gang arrives."

"Excitement!" snorted Yerke disgustedly from a corner, "nothing ever happens around here."

"Oh, I don't know," exclaimed the woman indignantly, "we chased a mouse from the closet the other day."

"Mouse have been lots of fun, Morojo," chuckled a tall, mustached individual from behind a green and brown typewriter. This was Ackerman.

I feigned laughter at this atrocious pun, and noticed Yerke sneering at me as I did so. "I see," he said, "that you appreciate real wit."

"Er, yes--" I mumbled, reddening.

An up-to-this-time quiet person, with a wild gleam in his eye walked across the room toward me. "Hi!" he said, "got a match--and a cigarette?" I proffered him my pack of cigarettes. He snatched the package, took three cigarettes from it and handed it back. ((Shades of Don Rogers)) "Hm-mpf," he breathed, noticing the brand.

"Know anything about Communism?", said this person, breathing smoke in my face.

"Well," I began....

Half an hour later I emerged from a corner of the room, thoughts of Russia,



good living conditions for all, better education, tolerance, and the incompetency of this government swirling about in my mind. This gentleman proved to be Eddy "Red" Chamberlain.

Ackerman tapped me gently on the shoulder. I spun about. "Comrade!" I shouted. "Er, excuse me--this Chamberlain--" I started to explain.

"Would you be interested in sending a magazine overseas. This latest As-tounding you may send to Gus Willmorth, our Ex-Director, for only two-bits, Eh?"

"Why, sure!" I said, feeling a great warmth suffuse my being for this poor Ex-Director, way across the ocean, and unable to be with these enjoyable, if screwy people. ((Gad, what an understatement)) I pulled out my wallet, reached into it, and--

Six people ((I was under the impression they were flen)) rushed across the room, knocked me down in the scramble, and fought madly over the wallet. "I saw him first!" screamed one of my attackers, tramping heavily on another's toes. "What's Fantasite ((or Chanticleer)) got that Fan Slants hasn't got?" bellowed one chap. "Line forms at the right," interjected another individual.

These, I later discovered, were the LASFS fan mag publishers. When they allowed me to arise from the floor, I found that I was now in possession of subscriptions to twelve different magazines.

But why go on? Suffice it to say that in some insidious manner I was absorbed by this group. ((Osmosis?)) Perhaps it was that some malignant emanation from the walls of the room had broken down my resistance. At any rate, I am now hopelessly entangled with this organization. "De Profundis, Ad Astra!"

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MR. MIRAKEL - a book review. "Mr. Mirakel" is another of those matter-of-fact fantasies that seem to be so popular with modern novelists. It is somewhat like "Grand Canyon", and then a bit like "Fortress in the Skies", but it is always "Mr. Mirakel", a unique and different Utopia yarn.

"Mr. Mirakel", a strange, shadowy, but very mortal person of unknown background, is probably the richest man in the world. People have intrinsic trust and blind faith in him. Once you've met Mr. Mirakel, you are inclined to do his slightest bidding without any forebodings of evil, no matter how strange and unusual the request, or favor asked, may be.

His one great enjoyment is taking war-weary people to his "land of Mirakel", a strange, but wonderful place of salubrious climate. In "Mirakel" there are no connections with the outside world, except Mr. Mirakel's radio and other apparatus. Talk of war is strictly forbidden and Mr. Mirakel asks you not to try ascertaining the location of "Mirakel". One pays no money for the luxuries of "Mirakel", and to desire is to have, if it is within reason. What happens when a group of people sojourn in "Mirakel" is best left untold until you peruse the volume yourself. Don't expect a gadget story, or the type of Utopia story you've been used to reading, for it's a different, charmingly simple tale.

I have two faults to find with this book. Firstly, the author takes too long to get to the 'meat' of the novel. Secondly, the author's explanation of the reasons for 'the catastrophe' are vague, unconvincing, and, I believe, scientifically inaccurate. Book I merely gathers the characters together, preparatory to their trip to "Mirakel", and is utterly devoid of fantasy, except a brief incident in which a super movie device is used. Despite these faults the book warrants a perusal. Do not expect a super-doooper science-fiction novel. But you can expect a tale well worth the 3 hours you will spend reading it. Incidentally, the book is by E. Phillips Oppenheim and it was published late in '43. Chan T. Cleer



# CAPTAIN SUTURE

AND  
THE  
SPLINT MEN OF FRACTURIA  
OR  
SUTURE SELF

BY - Edmond Hamilpound

The days consumed time like a walrus slurping fish. The rising sun nestled on the tip of the snow-capped peak, looking like a cherry topping a marshmallow sundae, with whipped cream. And nuts. Spring bubbled forth in all it's glory. It ran down the housetops and drooled over the lawn. In fact, it was so very much spring you might say it was sprung.

And that is what Gornch McFornch did. He sprung out of bed with a loud "huzzah" and hissed vehemently at his reflection in the mirror, which was hanging lazily on the wall. "Rosebud", he cried and with one fell swoop, jumped out of the window, executed a beautiful butcherknife and slid into the water like a weasel slides into a barrel of grease.

Presently his head popped up and split the purling water asunder. He swam furiously to the edge of the pool and clumb out of the enervating effervescence of the spring water which was constantly feeded into the pool by the subterranean wells, hissed vehemently at his reflection in the sky blue water and then began to dance. As he danced he sang:

Spring, sprang, sprung  
Ding, dang, d---  
Rosebuds are fornching the slithy toves  
and phooey to the borogroves

This incredible spectacle completed, he flew into the kitchen like a frigate in full sail, kissed the maid violently, five or six times, then sat down to his morning repast of ice cream and gefiltifisch, and a perfectly ordinary cup of coffee, with salt in it. Gornch like salt, said it was wonderfully saline. In fact he claimed, and who are we to doubt?, that eons ago his ancestors had acquired the land he now owned through some misinterpretation of the Salic law. Anyhow it was a salty deal.

Gornch edged his chair away from the breakfast table, arised, hissed vehemently at his reflection in the silver coffee pot and rushed out of the kitchen so fast the suction drew the maid after him. This created a vacuum and the kitchen collapsed. The other rooms of the house, thinking the time for revolt was at hand, did likewise. The dining room collapsed the bedrooms collapsed, the drawing room collapsed (and another little ant went in and brought out a grain of wheat) and Gornch collapsed. "Horrorrrs," he cogitated ebulliently, "A collapsible time was had by all. Oh, where will I ever find another house? Oh, well, seek and ye shall find".

Verdure was rampant in the countryside, making the scenery just too, too bucolic. Snakes hissed vehemently at various and sundry people and stuff, flies abounded in innumerable numbers, mosquitoes were so plentiful they began to de-blood each other, the temperature was 110 degrees in the shade and the shade was beginning to resent the intrusion. Gaily trudging the path that ran through this hodge-podge of nature was Gornch. He was smitten with the beauty of the whole affair. He looked as though he had been bitten by the love bug, and it had given him rabies. He was looking for a stray house, an uncollapsible dwelling place, a lair. He stopped by a brubbling book and hissed vehemently at his reflection in the stream.



(\*) Suddenly he burst into a clearing and his eyes spied an abode which was (\*)  
(\*) built like and acutely resembled a confectioner's nightmare. "Aha", he (\*)  
(\*) cried, "a lair cake". "Now I can have my cake and live in it too". (\*)  
(\*) And so our little hero, of the golden tresses, moved in lock, stock and (\*)  
(\*) barrel. The latter was occupied by stotch, pardon, scotch. And soda (\*)  
(\*) days passed quietly. (\*)  
(\*) Gornch's bedroom was on the top layer, right under the P in HAPPY BIRTH- (\*)  
(\*) DAY. Sometimes it rained but the house was staunch and Gornch didn't get (\*)  
(\*) wet. Gornch would lay on his little bed and day dream by the hour. He (\*)  
(\*) thought of the snerpdillys that used to edinlo over the stotlines, of the (\*)  
(\*) smordenburgers with whipped cream and of his old bosom pal, Captain Suture (\*)  
(\*) of Earthsavia. (\*)  
(\*) Winter fell over the valley with a loud crash. Snow tripped gaily down (\*)  
(\*) the mountainside and comfortered the valley, supplying a nice marshmallow (\*)  
(\*) icing for Gornch's lair cake. Jack Frost skipped frothily through the (\*)  
(\*) valley, painting phantasmagorical pictures on the window panes, burdening (\*)  
(\*) the trees with stiffened dew. Icicles hung lazily on whatever they found (\*)  
(\*) to hang lazily on and the cold north wind whistled "Hut Sut Ralson" (\*)  
(\*) through the forest and blowed at the man who had no place to lie down. (\*)  
(\*) The cold enveloped everything, practically smothered it. Snowflakes tink- (\*)  
(\*) led in the moonlight and the brubbling book sang icily. In other words (\*)  
(\*) it was Winter, very much Winter, and who in the hell likes Winter? (\*)  
(\*) Gornch was hibernating when Captain Suture burst into the upper layer. (\*)  
(\*) The swashbuckling Captain looked at Gornch, looked at the ceiling, look- (\*)  
(\*) ed at the mirror and hissed vehemently at his reflection, then looked a- (\*)  
(\*) gag at Gornch. Captain Suture was a good looker and his x-ray vision (\*)  
(\*) took in everything. In fact, the man was a veritable ocular kleptomaniac. (\*)  
(\*) "Gornch", drooled the Captain, "I hate to tell you this but you are a (\*)  
(\*) THING". "Why Captain", drawled Gornch sleepily, "I didn't know you cared!" (\*)  
(\*) "This is no time for frippancy", the Captain came back, "this is serious. (\*)  
(\*) You are doomed unless you come clean." (\*)  
(\*) "I'll take a bath immediately", Gornch ejaculated, "and by the way, just (\*)  
(\*) how did I get to be a THING?" (\*)  
(\*) "That, my friend", answered the earth-saving Captain, "is a long story. (\*)  
(\*) I've just returned from Fracturia and I might say that I had a cracking (\*)  
(\*) good time. But that is beside the point, you are doomed unless you say (\*)  
(\*) 'proot' immediately." (\*)  
(\*) "Proot", said Gornch, and then, "But if that is all I have to do to save (\*)  
(\*) myself, why do I have to come with you?" (\*)  
(\*) "Oh, I'm going to the Dentist", answered the brave Captain, "and I'm just (\*)  
(\*) too horribly afraid". (\*)  
(\*) Spring broke over the valley once more and showered the surrounding coun- (\*)  
(\*) tryside with green. Birds buzzed, bees sang, the little cowlets munched (\*)  
(\*) on the fresh new grass and the piglets made bubbles in the mud. I'll not (\*)  
(\*) mention the goats because they always get my nanny, but the cows finally (\*)  
(\*) mastered the trick of giving homogenized milk. (\*)  
(\*) Gornch gazed out at this bedecked bucolic beauty, sighed and thought: (\*)  
(\*) "The world's alright, Captain Suture has new uppers, I have a wonderful (\*)  
(\*) home and the world has me, wonderful me. But I wonder if it would have (\*)  
(\*) been nice to be a THING?" (\*)  
(\*)



# J. WONTFORD LAYDSCHUR

## "MY TRIAL-YOUR ERROR"

### OR HOW TO HAVE A DRAIN CHILD

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(00) THREE BASIC QUESTIONS (00)  
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Before you start a science fiction story you must ask yourself three questions, namely:

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1. Do I have plenty of coffee brewing?
2. Do I have the stamina?
3. Am I nuts enough?

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Re the first question: Coffee is a prime requisite when composing a space opera. If you do not have enough java in the pot, that is where your story is liable to end up in.

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Re question two: If you have the stamina you'd better return it because there are a lot of old men looking for it.

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Re question three; Brother if you even contemplate writing a science fiction story you are fit company for squirrels.

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(00) FURTHER PREPARATIONS (00)  
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Being prepared to write a science fiction story is half the story itself, and no one will probably read the last half anyhow. But just in case some one is idiotic enough to plough through your bilge (one of the dangers of writing stories, as this is very painful, especially, especially when they reach your bilge button) you might as well be prepared to complete the whole mess.

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Taking for granted that you won't get too messed up, you next order several reams of paper. Brown paper is not so good, tissue paper is too fragile, sheet paper is by far the best. Also, youse will need several quires of carbonated paper. This is to whet your appetite and put effervescence into your story. I quote: "A story that is frothy is never slothy". If you are working a cross-word puzzle, you will find that another nomenclature for a sloth (triple toes) is Io, and there you have the locale for your epic.

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(a\*a) GENERAL MAKEUP, NEW IDEAS, LOCALE, WHO'S PLOT SHALL I (a\*a)  
(- ) FILCH?

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So the locale of your drama is to be Io, one of the moons of one of the Planets of one of the Solar Systems, of--this could go on indefinitely but the mention of a moon probably makes you hungry so you go out into the kitchen and make yourself a cheese sandwich, with mustard and pickle. The latter might sour your outlook on life, so you must beware or you will end up writing a pessimistic story which is not good, for the story will probably make one of the slicks (lucky story) and you will begin writing for them regularly and slicky paper is damned expensive these days. Besides slicky paper doesn't

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(e) have as many uses as rough paper. This vicious circle will make you a pauper, and you'll suddenly remember you don't like kids anyhow. (o\_o)  
(e)

(o\_o)  
(e) General Makeup: Personally I'm just kaarazy about Max Factor's new Pancake as you can also use it on your legs as stockings. As your heroine will wear little or nothing, the cake of stuff is all she will need, excepting maybe a hunk of gossamer stuff which she will wear for about ten seconds, this usually being the cover scene. (o\_o)  
(e)

(o\_o)  
(e) New Ideas: You must have at least one new idea for a story of this type, i. e. if author Kleve Kartwheel turns out a hunk of stuff wherein a man travels to the planet FFuts in an ultra-space-warp globe (tubes are rationed) you go him one better and have the planet FFuts travel to the ultra-space-warp globe in a man. This would undoubtedly give the man indigestion, but the fact that you are writing science fiction shows that you are a sadist. Then there is the idea of a man who travels sidewise in a circle through time, and bumps into his alter ego. This idea never fails to satisfy and always produces a few bruises. (o\_o)  
(e)

(o\_o)  
(e) Who's Plot Shall I Filsh?: Why anyone's of course. You don't want to be unique in the fantasy field do you? People would call you a hack, and some wag would probably send you a telegram, wanting to know the fare to Podunk. This would send you rushing out in one fell swoop, which in all probability still has payments due on it, not to mention the holes in the bottom. (o\_o)  
(e)

(o\_o)  
(e) (o\_o) SUSPENSE (o\_o)  
(o\_o)

(o\_o)  
(e) Always remember to inject suspense into your stories. If your hypodermic needle is rusty, make a slit in the outer tubing and blow in with a straw. One way to achieve suspense is by killing, oh by all means, have plenty of killing. Killing always puts new blood into a story. Use the boy meets girl, wants girl, obstacles in the way, boy gets girl theme. The obstacles in the way can be villains, BEMs, plant men, BEMs, phantoms, BEMs or Bug Eyed Monsters. Granted that boy gets girl, be fickle, have him kiss her. Don't be silly, if you do no science fiction magazine will touch it, the editors will be out looking for the girl, for it will be an entirely new concept to them. Always give your story something for the readers to cogitate over. If you can give them something to cogitate under, O. K., that's nice too. If you think your story is becoming cold, put on your thinking cap. This is to keep your ears warm. Always remember this "If you've got any sense, don't dispense with suspense!" (o\_o)  
(e)

(o\_o)  
(e) (v.v) BITS OF BUSINESS (v.v)  
(o\_o)

(o\_o)  
(e) Always garnish your story with bits of business. This is not a point to auger about and though it is sometimes boring, it's an old ratchet. The present trend is to describe a person by what they do not do, i. e. "She didn't put her hands on her hips, she didn't have to. You weren't looking at her hips anyway". If you were, you must be cross-eyed. You can also use the 'negative twist'. No, I'm not talking about a 'no' girl but a trick that always works. (For Supplementary Reading See Any Magicians Manual). It is always a good bit of business to have your characters indulge in a bit of marching, no water, dying of thirst, etc. This is an old trick but it always (o\_o)  
(e)



(0 0) works, thus leaving your readers satisfied and your characters with (0 0)  
 ((.)) corns and bunions. Bits of business often interest Hollywood and ((.))  
 hence they will buy your story for the movies. Give your heroine  
 (0 0) some kind of handle (if you've buried the hatchet, use the hatchet (0 0)  
 ((.)) handle) like 'Smerp Girl' or 'Girl We'd Like to Ride Within Rockets! ((.))  
 or just plain "Girl We'd Like To". The latter fits almost any blob  
 (0 0) of pulchritude in Hollywood and your story is a cinch to be pur- (0 0)  
 ((.)) chased by some studio. If you can think of no handle for your her- ((.))  
 oine, make your superman a casting director for Comet Films. Some  
 (0 0) casting director will sign you to a contract out of sheer gratitude (0 0)  
 ((.)) and you'll make more money that way anyhow. Always remember this-- ((.))  
 "If your story lacks that certain dizziness, just put in some bits  
 (0 0) of bizziness". (0 0)  
 ((.)) ((.))

(b b) (b b)  
 (o o) CONVERSATION (o o)  
 ((.)) ((.))

(0 0) Always sprinkle your stories generously with conversation. Don't (0 0)  
 ((.)) make a mistake and use water or your story will be all wet. When (0 0)  
 your characters are conversing they must sound au naturel. If you ((.))  
 find it hard to get into the mood to write conversation thusly, make  
 (0 0) the locale of your story a nudist colony. (Note: This will help (0 0)  
 ((.)) the artist too, as he won't have to draw that gossamer hunk of ((.))  
 stuff). Always make your conversation sound slightly insane. In  
 (0 0) other words, put yourself into your characters' mouth. If you can do (0 0)  
 ((.)) this you will have something greater than the 'camel through a needle's eye' and you will be hailed as the Eighth Wonder of the World. ((.))  
 (0 0) You'll probably make more money this way than by writing stories (0 0)  
 ((.)) anyhow. Always remember this: "If you want to give your readers e- ((.))  
 lation, sprinkle your story with conversation".

(\* \*) (\* \*)  
 (o o) SUBTLETY (o o)  
 ((.)) ((.))

(0 0) When writing a story, muster all your artifice. If you don't know how (0 0)  
 ((.)) to muster your artifice you are too young to write a story and had ((.))  
 (0 0) better wait a few years. Always remember this: "Wily authors are (0 0)  
 ((.)) smily authors, for authors who are shrewd and smart will have oodles ((.))  
 of shekles from the start".

(' ') (' ')  
 (q ) THE NARRATIVE HOOK (q )  
 (0 0) (0 0)  
 ((.)) ((.))

(0 0) This bit of chicanery will not catch fish but you'll invariably (0 0)  
 ((.)) catch your readers interest. If he has a lot of stocks and bonds ((.))  
 (0 0) the interest should be quite pecuniary and you should soon be roll- (0 0)  
 ((.)) ing in meme meme tekkel. The narrative hook is the trick of start- ((.))  
 ing your story with conversation. Always start your story with a  
 (0 0) conversation that is effervescent. For example: "My, what a love- (0 0)  
 ((.)) ly Bromo you have there", or "Could I have a little more fizz in my ((.))  
 scotch?". This will do one of two things. It will either make the  
 (0 0) reader think of the night before, in which case he will hate you and (0 0)  
 ((.)) your story, or it will make him thirsty and he will imbibe to the ((.))  
 extent of intoxication whereupon he will have that 'night before'  
 (0 0) feeling the next morning, again causing him to hate you and your (0 0)  
 ((.)) story. Always remember this: "If you desire for your story a sec- ((.))  
 ond look, remember to use the narrative hook". ((Cont'd next issue))

(0 0) (0 0)  
 ((.)) ((.))



# YAUNDICED YOBBER

--Ogden Nash Rooster

(0 0)	Yobber, yobber, sentimental	(0 0)							
((.))	Your charm to you is detrimental	((.))							
(0 0)	Fandom's wags have worn you ragged	(0 0)							
((.))	More so than "She's" H. Rider Haggad	((.))							
(0 0)	How sad 'tmust be to was a yobber	(0 0)							
((.))	Your name's misuse must make you slobber	((.))							
(0 0)	Till you are forced to seek nepenthe	(0 0)							
((.))	In bathtub gin or creme-de-menthe	((.))							
(0 0)	You can't escape the heinous horde	(0 0)							
((.))	That dash off stuff that leaves you borde	((.))							
(0 0)	They use your name in their inanities	(0 0)							
((1))	But good for one thing -- wiping canities	((1))							
(0 0)	Their hunks of stuff are often lemons	(0 0)							
((.))	Resembling drooling delerium tremens	((.))							
(0 0)	They vent on you their paranoias	(0 0)							
((o))	And shout 'Gosh wow oboyoboyas'	((o))							
(* *)	They speak of you, these minds unstable	(* *)							
((-))	In tongues unknown at the "Tower of Babel"	((-))							
(0 0)	Yes, even you're spelled with so-called finesse	(0 0)							
((-))	You poor thing, it makes you resemble an ess	((-))							
(o.o)	They flaunt your name, dead serious, or jocular	(o.o)							
((w))	And often you're mentioned, in the vernocular	((w))							
(0 0)	Your name is used in the Cosmic Circle	(0 0)							
((.))	Without permission, by that damn jerkle	((.))							
(.i)	Some of these creatures think they're Napoleon	(.i)							
((1))	But really they're no more than my end's Eolian	((1))							
((Q))	Their magazines are oft times rotten	((Q))							
((o!o))	The whole darn mess should be verboten	((o!o))							
(0 0)	Yes, yobber, I pity thee, made decrepid	(0 0)							
((-))	By droolings of fans, so foully insepид	((-))							
(0 0)	Your life so fair is being ruined	(0 0)							
((-))	By adolescents with minds off-tuined	((-))							
(v v)	They spend their time making plans gargantuan	(v v)							
((1))	That no sane person would even mantuan	((1))							
(.r)	They act, and think, they're sophisticated	(.r)							
((0))	When, really, they're just pixilated	((0))							
(0 0)	Yes yobber true, oh friend indeed	(0 0)							
((e))	For you, oh love, my heart doth bleed	((e))							
(+. +)	Fear not, beloved, your height's Olympian	(+. +)							
((o))	And flen are merely simple driplan	((o))							
(0 0)	(0 0)	(0 0)	(0 0)	(0 0)	(0 0)	(0 0)	(0 0)	(0 0)	(0 0)
((o))	((0))	((-))	((x))	((!))	((!))	((x))	((-))	((0))	((o))



20 SLAN SHACK SOIREES

My dear children: What follows is not fiction, though it may seem to be. All incidents set down herewith actually happened and (horrors) stuff such as will happen again.

[illegible]

Scene: The Ashley bedroom. Upon the bed lies Abby Lu, prematurely asleep, snoring racously. Al decides to set the alarm for the next morning. He goes over to the bed and shakes his spouse.

Al: Honey is seven o'clock early enough to get up.

Abby Lu, drowsily: Oh, seven o'clock will be plenty warm.

[illegible]

Scene: The Ashley dinner table, surrounded by Walt, Jack and the Ashleys.

Jack: I wonder how it would be to eat without teeth. (Meaning Al).

Walt: I should think he'd get hungry, he looks so pekid and wan.

Al: Shut up you jerks, I don't wan to hear any more about it.

Walt, sarcastically: When you come up to bottom, let me know, I'll salvage you.

[illegible]

Scene: The Ashley living room. Wiedenbeck furiously digging through the desk in a vain attempt to discover some typewriter paper.

Jack: Al, where's some plain paper, some typewriter paper.

Al: Why don't you look, there's some under the Nova stationery.

Jack: I can't find any typewriter paper.

Al goes over to drawer and digs through it: Ah, here's some typewriter paper, wouldn't you rather use that.

Walt: I wonder whatinell we would do if we were human.

[illegible]

Scene: The Ashley living room floor, upon which two goons, Wiedenbeck and Liebscher, are striving valiantly to get some shuteye. Liebscher is just on the verge of sleep.

Jack, suddenly: Who played Betsy Trotwood in the picture "David Copperfield"?

Walt, quizically: BETSY TROTWOOD?

Jack: Oh, pardon me, that was in the "Wizard of Oz".

Walt: I give up!

[illegible]



Scene: That pandemoniac Ashley living room.

21

Walt, to Jack: Don't you think Al's face looks cadaverous and consumptive?

Al, in dead seriousness: Oh, that's easily explained. I haven't enough teeth to fill out my cheeks. As for my face, my hide is too tough to let the bleed vessels bring any color into it.

Walt, to Jack: Curious creature, isn't he?

[illegible]

Scene: The Ashley kitchen. Walt bubbles in the door, fresh from work.

Walt: Gosh it sure is going to be tough sledding tomorrow.

Abby Lu: How come?

Walt: No snow.

[illegible]

Scene: The Ashley dinner table, surrounded by the usual hungry horde.

Al: Gosh, I wonder what it would be like to be as dumb as Liebscher.

Abby Lu: Oh Junior can't help it if he is ignorant.

Wiedenbeck: I'm afraid he's a hopeless case.

Walt: Oh well, at least I've got my taste buds.

[illegible]

Al: Walt can you make goose pimples at will? I can.

Walt: I don't believe it. Elucidate pictorially.

Al strives valiantly to make goose pimples appear on the skin of his forearm. But he fails utterly. Walt loses interest and goes into the living room. Suddenly:

Abby: Hey Walt, come here, he's done it.

Sure enough, Al's arm was resplendent with a bevy of goose pimples.

Walt: I wouldn't have believed it. How do you do it?

Al: I think of a knife scraping an aluminum pan.

Walt: How come it didn't work before.

Al: I was thinking of the wrong kind of knife.

[illegible]

And so it goes, day in, day out. Puns, cracks, jokes, chatter. Do you wonder why I love it. Fun, you bet it's fun. I pity the fans who live far from other fans. We have our minute differences, our little squabbles but the fun we have far exceeds anything a lone fan could imagine. Moral: Move to Slan Shack.



# Chanticlucks

## Cullings from the Rooster's correspondence.

Dear Walt:

As for the exact connotations of the word WUDGY, I can't really state with definite assurance what the word does mean. It's actual suggestion is very remote even to the membership of the secret inner-circle of the MFS. Doubtless the word has been handed down from father to son from the dim, misty days when Atlantis was yet a thing to come; or perhaps it originated in some blasphemous region Beyond the Stars--out where They dwell in unspeakable surroundings. Most certainly it is derived from the ancient symbol expressed by the spoken word "Wudjon", used by the nameless acolytes of the Hyper-God of Namp. At any rate, the ritual in which this word was used is not long dead and forgotten, which is good, and the word's meaning has been twisted and warped through the ages to suggest a subtle combination of "raucous-bawdy-hilarious-corny". --

I'm shocked at the disclosure that Manse likes dirty literature. Why, when we used to get-together back at the old meetings, the subject of sex was definitely taboo, and anyone who even hinted at such disgusting ideas was forthwith banned from the club without even a second chance, and was never granted a pardon by the High Potentate of Floo, Mr. Samuel Davenport Russell. As a matter of fact, there was at one time a move to force Russell to change his middle name, because it is too reminiscent of a piece of furniture commonly used for such vulgar practices as (dare I say it?) "necking", and. . . well, "necking". But Mr. Russell countered with a remarkable speech in which he stated that his name was not necessarily associated with such practices, but was done so only by the subconscious mind-in-the-gutter instincts inherent, unfortunately, in every healthy male person. And he informed us that the word was in reality an ancient, and honorable one, being derived from the old Nampian and meaning, in its broader sense "true love", or "idealistic love", instead of the baser instincts which are not love-motives but dark passion.

The above is the beginning of an article entitled "Pure Fantasy".

Foggily,

Phil

---

Remember the rooster that wore red pants.

---

Granny  
Nooyak--World  
Slanton

W.X.Y.Z. Liebscher  
c/o A.B.C.Ashley

Cheerio:

Oh, happy day! Oh, lucky Liebscher ((in the middle again))! Mary, myself, and maybe Ecco will be in Bottle Cap the first week in November!

Did you get the September issue of Shangri-La'ffairs? Lucky Liebscher is getting around. Photo and 3 toothpicks arrived. We Glee.

Boob



Walt, Jack, Abby Lu  
et Al:

23

A horde is planning to descend upon you-all Saturday October 29. There will be three or four of us: me, Mary, Frank and Ecco (maybe). I invited them-all. ((That's what I like about Tucker, he's so impulsive))((or is it repulsive?))

What accomodations should we plan on in B.C.? A hotel? A tourist room? A road-side cabin? ((foxhole)).

Mary and me ((sech gramma)) can stay until the following Thursday, maybe. Ed and Frank will have to leave a couple of days earlier.

Hoopla! Let's throw the annual midwest conference and invite Schmarje and Degler!! ((Omigod, anything but that)).

Robert the Rosebud  
4th Regt.,  
Rosebud Rangoons

---

Remember the sow in the wheelbarrow

---

Walt,

Have been buying records like mad these last few weeks and so far I have gotten the following: Tschaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite---La Valse by Bolero---etc. ((La Valse by Bolero must be a heavenly musical concoction for try as I did I couldn't find any such selection listed in the various catalogs. However I did find "Ave Maria by Francesca da Rimini".))

Frank

---

Remember to subscribe to this fanzine, "Chanticleer"

---

Walt,

This is important and I would like to have you answer me immediately (and I mean immediately). What was the name of that phonograph record that you had about a mad-man wandering through a forest and stumbling upon this dance-platform in the middle of the forest and then losing it? ((I once lost some money!))

My efforts in looking for stuff for you were not without results. ((Ach das is goot)). I picked up a non-fiction book (YE GODS, YOU WHAT? WL) on a very science-fictional subject such as what we will look like in a million years, rocket-ships, and the end of the world. And it is one of the most fascinating books I've ever read a part of. It is called "Creation's Doom" and is by Desiderius Papp, ((with a nomenclature like that, it must be good)) translated from the German. ((Oh, to see Tucker translated from the German)) There are some more copies floating around. The book is vintage of 1934. I am sending it along with Filly. Can also get several copies of INLAND DEEP, by Richard Tooker if you want them.

P. S. SAARI'S STORIES STINK! DOWN WITH SAARI!

yours---frank

---

Remember when Tucker was dead. Ah, nostalgia.

---

Vegetable Compound Ave.  
Innards, Indiana

My dearest Walter:

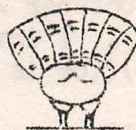
How could you say such a thing. Of course I love you.

Lydia Pinkham



24 TURKEYS IN PRINTER'S  
 OINK

by Boob



the Tucker

Being a pair of books that ought never to have seen the light of day, and we might say the same for their authors.

VELLED VICTORY by O. Chester Brodhay. Published by Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia, 1941. \$2.50; 357 pages.

And here, dear friends, and you other readers, we have 357 pages of drip, sheer, unvarnished drip that trickles from the eaves and forms sloshy puddles at your feet whenever you pause or flounder. ((Sounds fishy to me)). There is an illustrated dust-jacket to the book that promises much: the artist pictures a rocketship hanging near Saturn. But oh! how the book fails to deliver. ((The storks are now welding at Lockheed)). The planet Saturn has nothing whatsoever to do with the story nor does at any time a character approach it, either with or without a ship. We can only assume the amusing idea that the artist thot Mars had rings. ((My Mars got a ring)).

For Mars is the planet that figures in the story. On the second paragraph of the seventh page our hero, John Westfall, establishes communication with Mars, aided and abetted by his assistant, Leslie. First there is wireless telegraphy, followed in about ten years with radio-television. All that happens on the first ten pages. ((musta been a big book)). The book should have stopped right there. Instead, the author saw fit to drag it out an additional 347 pages, pouring on the blue-purple drippings by the gallon. ((Deep Purple Falls))

In the next 340 pages absolutely nothing worthwhile is accomplished. Promptly after visual communication with Mars the hero falls in love with a beautiful Martian girl, Marcia, who is the daughter of the aged scientist on the Martian end of the communication beam. Sounds slightly familiar doesn't it? You will be further astounded to learn that the Martians look just like we do, only taller, handsomer, and more peaceful. ((Heavens, are there flans on Mars?))

As I said, this love affair drags along for 340 pages, and then all of a sudden both interested parties decide it's high time they join the other on the other planet. ((Other is a nice word, isn't it.)) Unknown to the other ((see what I mean)) each of them takes off in a newly-constructed anti-gravity ship, pass each other ((other, other, other, it's driving me mad)) in space, and land on the opposite planet. Here the author steps in and brings the yarn to a blundering ((pardon, should be thundering)) finish. The girl from Mars, in her anti-gravity ship, crashes in the Pacific and dies. Our manly hero, in turn, falls into a pool of quicksand on Mars and promptly dies. How quaint. ((See last line, next review)) 'Tis a pity this final chapter didn't follow the first ten pages I spoke of above. We would then have been spared the 340 pages of d-d-d-drip! ((Have you ever read a Tucker yarn? I hate to say it but--even the first ten pages--)).

In all fairness to "Undying Monster", which Tucker reviews on the following page, I am forced to inform all and sundry that I enjoyed this book immensely. So did Widner. After all, how could Tucker enjoy a ghouli story? He's one himself.

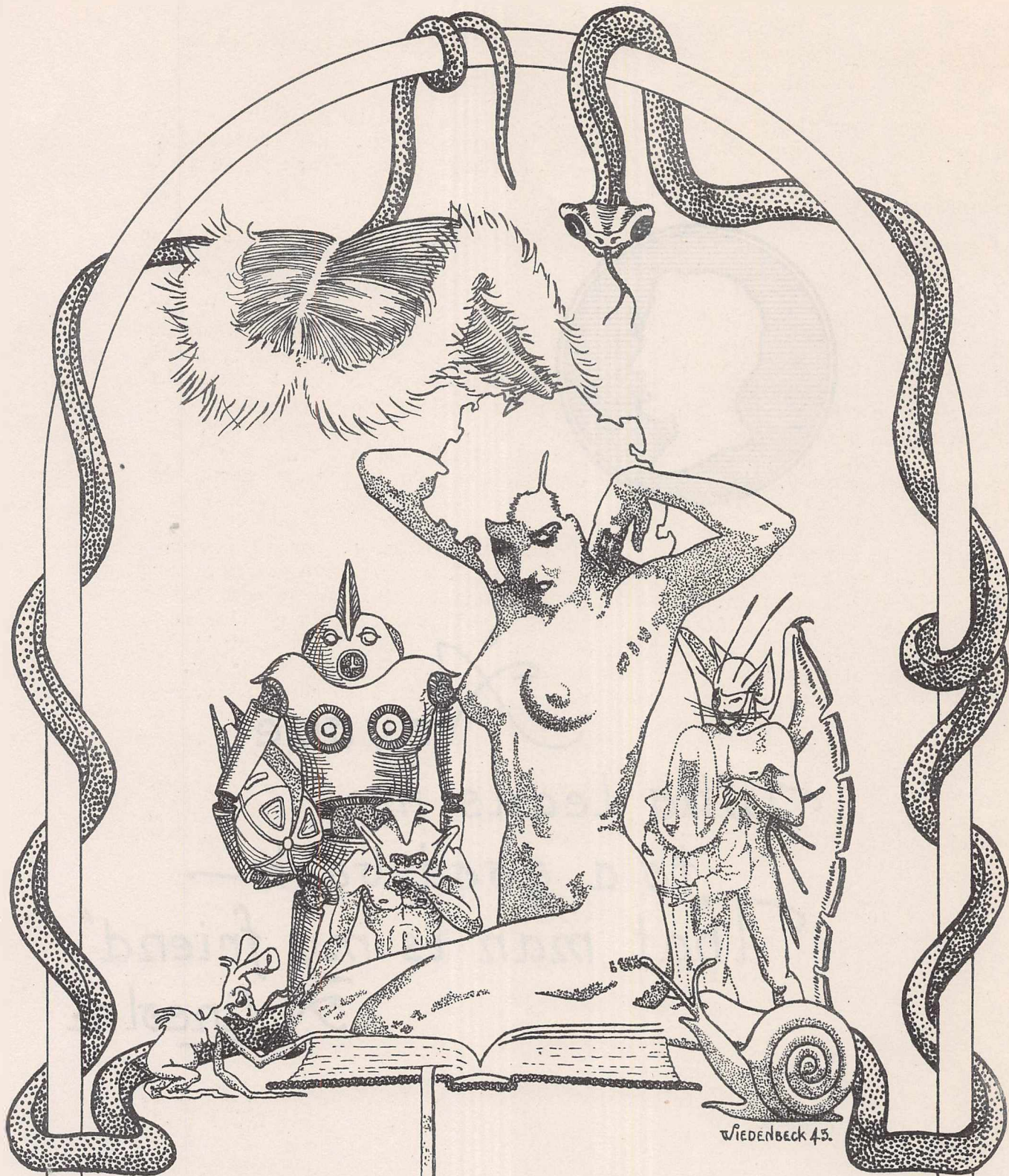
if you can stand more--next page





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





BOOK SECTION





THE UNDYING MONSTER by Jessie Douglas Kerruish. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York, 1936. \$2.00; 256 pages.

In this we have the macabre tale written and designed to supplant our old friend Dracula, by an Englishwoman who ought to know better. And then again, perhaps this is the way the English author works his trade. Frankly, we'll take vanilla. ((With whipped cream)).

Presuming that you will be slightly interested in hearing of the plot, we herewith present it for your edification:

The Hammand family, possessing an estate near a little rural town in England, is beset with a legend and a monster. Both have lived several thousand years. ((My, my, a living legend)). It is said that on cold, starlit, frosty nights the chief of Hammand--head of the family--is never to walk beneath the fir trees that abound on the estate; else the dreaded monster will visit him, and someone will die--either he, or whoever is with him, and furthermore, in the event he doesn't die, he will surely commit suicide in a few days after having seen the monster. ((Ah, me proud beauty, come stroll with me among the fir trees)).

Our hero is lured into the pine woods one night when the conditions are right and ((?)) meets a young lady ((?)) who lives nearby. Sure enough, along comes the ole debbil monster, a thumping, with many a growl and scream that was heard in the village, mile away. When it is all over, the hero lies in a daze, his dog lies dead (having been torn limb from limb) and the girl's body is stuffed in a hollow tree ((pine stuff))--to die a few hours later. She too is torn and half-eaten. ((Anything is good with whipped cream)).

All this occurs in the first chapter. Our hero possesses a loving sister who promptly calls in from London a woman of great renown, a layer ((?)) of ghosts, who announces that she is a Supersensitive. She informs us that ghosts are from the fourth dimension, but this oh-so-horrible monster is above that, is indeed from the fifth dimension. Oh well. In the end the monster is laid. ((Charming)).

Our hero is the monster. Unbekmonst to him, he is a ghoul, or perhaps one would term it a were-ghoul. One of his ancestors put a curse on him, and down thru the ages whenever a Hammand who was of direct descent of this ancestor wandered in the pine woods, under the conditions mentioned above, his other self took possession of his mind and body and went on a rampage. He then turned on the person with him - usually a girl - and proceeded to have dinner. ((Every-one to his own tastes, I see. Besides, maybe he had some whipped cream.))

((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o)) ((o o))  
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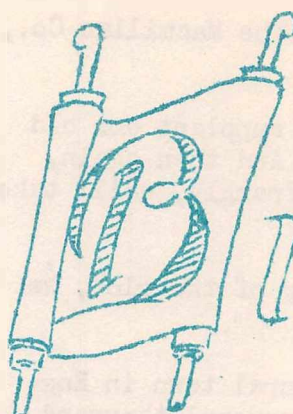
FRUDGE

Anonymous

Starkle starkle little twink  
Who the hell you are you think  
I'm not under the alcofluence of inkelhol  
Though some thinkle peep I am

I feel so feelish  
I don't know who is me  
That the drunker I sit here  
The longer I get





# Bibliopinions

of ye Editor

MR. MIRAKEL - E. Phillips Oppenheim - latest Utopia yarn. Mr. Mirakel has his own Utopia to which he takes bomb-ridden English people. Haven't read, no can comment. GREAT PRINCE SHAN by same author is semi-fantasy, has been published by Pocket Books.

THE MOONLIGHT TRAVELER--Selected and introduced by Philip Van Doren Stern. Collection of fantasy stories, including W. Somerset Maugham's "Lord Mountdrago", Saki's "The Music on the Hill", others by H. G. Wells, Lord Dunsayn, William Hope Hodgson, E. M. Forster, Stevenson, Poe, etc.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS - good psychological horror yarn, intelligently written.

WARRIOR OF THE DAWN--This story ran as a serial in Amazing Stories. The publishers say that it received so many fan letters that they decided to publish it in book form. If you like the latter day Burroughs you should like this one. Pure adventure story of Cro-Magnan man.

DARK WEDDING--Ramon J. Sender--One reviewer describes this one thusly: "Take Arch Oboler's "Lights Out", add Frazer's theory of the "Dying God" and a pinch of anthropological soul-search of Levy-Bruhl. Shake vigorously. The ensuing Walpurgisnacht approximates the story of "Dark Wedding". Such characters as a child named Rusty Pants who believes his father was a wolf, a leper woman who lives in a small locked upper room and scatters papers through a little window and a German revolutionary-turned-Fascist who feeds live birds to a pet snake after first plucking the tail and wing feathers, etc." For a dose of story and a better dose of aboriginal terror, read this one.

TWO SERIOUS LADIES--Jane Ever Bowles--Not a fantasy, but as most fans go for the unusual they might like this. This is a book with the same theme as "The Well of Loneliness". If you have read and enjoyed "Well" you'll like this one.

I WOULDN'T BE IN YOUR SHOES--William Irish--Five novelettes of horror & mystery.

THORNE SMITH THREE BAGGER--Three of his best stories, now published in one volume, including "Topper", "Glorious Pool" and "Skin and Bones".

TWO BOTTLES OF RELISH--edited by Whit Burnett--Seventeen fantasy and weird stories, all of which appeared in Story magazine. This one is a must for all fantasy lovers.

TALES FROM TWO POCKETS--Karel Capek--collection of mystery stories by the author of "Absolute at Large".

DARKNESS AND THE DEEP--Vardis Fisher--The most monumental and inspiring story to be written concerning the Neanderthal man. If you like prehistoric yarns you'll never find a better one. But read it at any cost, even if you are allergic to prehistoric stories. I no of no better cure.



To try to review a book by Robert Nathan, especially one of his delicate fantasies, is akin to attempting an explanation of the unexplainable. But try I must for his latest book affected me no end. If you are a Nathan fan you will understand what I mean, and if you aren't a Nathan fan, you should be. My first taste of a Nathan novella (most of his books are short) was "Portrait of Jennie", a story that I've lauded in fanzines before, and what's more I shall continue to praise this wonderful story until every fan I know or come into contact with has read it.

"But Gently Day", Nathan's newest book, while not quite as pleasing as "Jennie", is nevertheless a story of great merit. It was to me at least. If you like your fantasy to seem earthly and real, and a part of everyday life, "But Gently Day" is your dish, including whipped cream. Nathan's fantasies are written as if they start out to be perfectly ordinary and true to life and the fantasy just crept in because it had to. Much different from a fantasy written with fantasy intent. I hope you get that.

"But Gently Day" begins with an airplane crash. For some unexplained (thank Ghu) reason a young corporal and a chaplain, who were on the plane, are thrown backwards in time. Corporal Arkhester enters his home only to find it subtly changed. He is unaware of the fact that this is his home as it was years ago, before he was born. His ancestors welcome him to their home, believing him to be a distant cousin or unknown relation. He falls in love with a beautiful young girl, who is to be his grandmother - and becomes involved in a triangle, the third member of which is to be his grandfather. To reveal the denouement would be to spoil a wonderful story. By all means read it, it's a strange, hauntingly beautiful narrative.

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In a professional review of "But Gently Day" the reviewer mentioned that Robert Nathan's writings were affected by J. W. Dunne's time theories. I'd never thought of this before but realize now how true it is. Both "Day" and "Jennie" have that peculiar 'time sense' in them. Other authors who have used the Dunne time theories are John Balderstone in his play "Berkeley Square" and J. B. Priestley in his novel "Time and the Conways". The reviewer also stated that J. W. Dunne designed and built England's first military airplane in 1906-07.

Robert Nathan has written other fantasies, which I haven't read but I can assure you that I am going to as soon as I can get ahold of them.

"The Bishop's Wife" is the story of a woman who found out that sex is beautiful and something to be cherished instead of debasing and ugly. How does she find out? From an angel who comes to live with her and her husband, mostly her husband.

"Road of Ages", a story of the final return of the Jews to their native land. Told in an ethereal sort of way.

"Enchanted Voyage" - the story of a wife plagued little man who builds himself a boat in his back yard. He seeks solace and rest in his boat when family life bores him. He sits in his boat and dreams of traveling to strange places. One night when he is so engrossed, the boat sails, but on air!

Whenever you run across a Nathan book and you have some extra change, buy it. Even his non-fantasies are worth reading. You'll be pleasantly surprised by the way this author puts words together.



28 FORTRESS IN THE SKIES by Peter Mendelssohn, Published by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. Price \$2.50.

Gentle People. I'm going to attempt a review of "Fortress in the Skies". I say attempt because I'm not sure whether I can do the book justice. It is fantasy, definitely fantasy, but what fantasy? Take a story, pour in the beauty of C. L. Moore, the macabre of H. P. Lovecraft, the grandeur of A. Merritt, the peculiar time sense of Robert Nathan, the satire of Cabell, the characterization of Dickens, and a dash of Hans Christian Anderson; thoroughly mixed, and with a correct portion of each of these authors, the story would turn out to be "Fortress in the Skies".

This book will take it's place on my special shelf, along with "After: the Afternoon", "World D", "To Walk the Night", and "Dr. Arnoldi", to mention a few. In other words "Fortress" is a different, unusual and satisfying story.

The story? An assorted group of people (and ghosts) wander into a deserted village, built high on a cliff in southern France. The cliff is somewhat isolated by a river which flows around it. One by one these people arrive, not knowing why. Life is peaceful and content; festivals, weddings, young lovers picking blackberries in the woods and going for a swim in the nude, friendships are fasted, until--the ghosts of the past begin to disrupt this idyllic community.

From then on fantasy reigns supreme. A ghost of the past leads his hundred horsemen into the sky to do battle with his ancient enemies, the river suddenly revolts and changes it's course leaving the city open to attack. There is an encounter between a mortal and a ghost, wherein the mortal is killed and the ghost cheerfully welcomes him into the realms of the dead. Odd situations and ideas run rampant. There is the never-empty bottle of wine, one draught of which send you into the past and two draughts into the future. There is the Centurion, four hundred years old, who wanders in and out of the story. His "wrinkles crossed his bearded face in all directions like a maze of dry furrows of earth overgrown with a creeping weed and its white fluffy flowers. His hands, too, were like the dry crust of earth. The white flowering weed grew on the wrists, over the back of the hands, and along the fingers down to the tips. It grew from the nostrils of his small, beaklike nose."

The author is a master of description. For instance, "The wine flowed thick and oily from it ((the never-empty bottle)) and it had a black and burning taste. It smelled of smoke, of leaves smouldering on the dry earth in the thin air of the high mountains. It tasted of ripe, juicy grapes smarting alive in fire, of the stalks of vines burning slowly, their brown skin dry and charred, their sap pressed out by the burning heat, sizzling, simmering, dripping boiling hot onto the dry earth, with the thin air and the smoke of the burning leaves drifting across the field and the cold, golden sweetness of the pale autumn sun mingling with it. Another, "In the alleyways, under the vaults and porches, behind the corners of houses and blind windows of deserted rooms, darkness had been waiting its hour. Now it began to slip out. It crept round the street corners; it stalked forward with caution from the arches. It made long sliding strides as it moved across the square behind the backs of the two men who were talking quietly; it came up the cobbled passages on a hundred small and swiftly running feet. It clambered over the window sills, reached out for the ground with long arms and legs, and stepped into the open. Quietly, at its approach, the dead houses closed their eyes and tucked themselves away into the folds of the falling night".

The book is not perfect. It sort of leaves you with a "what-the-hell's-it-all-about" feeling. Those who lean towards the science-fiction type of fantasy will not like it, but if you like pure fantasy sprinkled with every day matter-of-factness, you will treasure the book as I do.



29

This is an unusual, different book, in which the real and the unreal, the present and the past, phantasms, ghosts and mortals, mingle with such common-placence, it almost frightens you.

DONOVAN'S BRAIN--Curt Siodmak--An excellent horror fantasy yarn. Story of a man who contrives to keep a disembodied brain alive. He succeeds and all goes well until the 'Brain' starts to control him. Phantasmalegical, shuddery and top notch, suspenseful writing. Oddly enough, this story first appeared as a serial in Black Mask magazine. This one is being filmed by Republic.

SWEET CHARIOT--Frank Baker--the story of a young Englishman who catches sight of his guardian angel, catches the angel, changes places and then catches hell, gets into a lot of trouble and has an amusing round of adventures. The angel becomes unangelic. You might call this book a sort of refined Thorne Smith story, if there is such an animal.

THERE IS A RIVER--The story of Edgar Cayce--the account of a man, vouchsafedly true, who saw a winged vision in his youth. Edgar Cayce prescribes for diseases and illnesses while in a trance despite the fact that he has never studied medicine. He learned early in his youth that he could put a book under his pillow, sleep on it, and wake up knowing the contents of the book. This man is still alive and a great many people have faith in him. This book is not fiction, and so far no one has disproven his 'gift'.

A MIRROR FOR WITCHES--Esther Forbes--Tis the story of a woman who preferred to make whoopee with a Demon rather than a human. How she met her end and her Corporeal Body and Immortal Soul were destroyed make good horror-fantasy reading.

GRAND CANYON--story of a war soon after the present one ended. A group of people seek refuge in the Grand Canyon. A blind man regains his sight, a young girl is reunited with her lost brother, couples enjoy idyllic love, etc. This is a strange narrative which I enjoyed immensely.

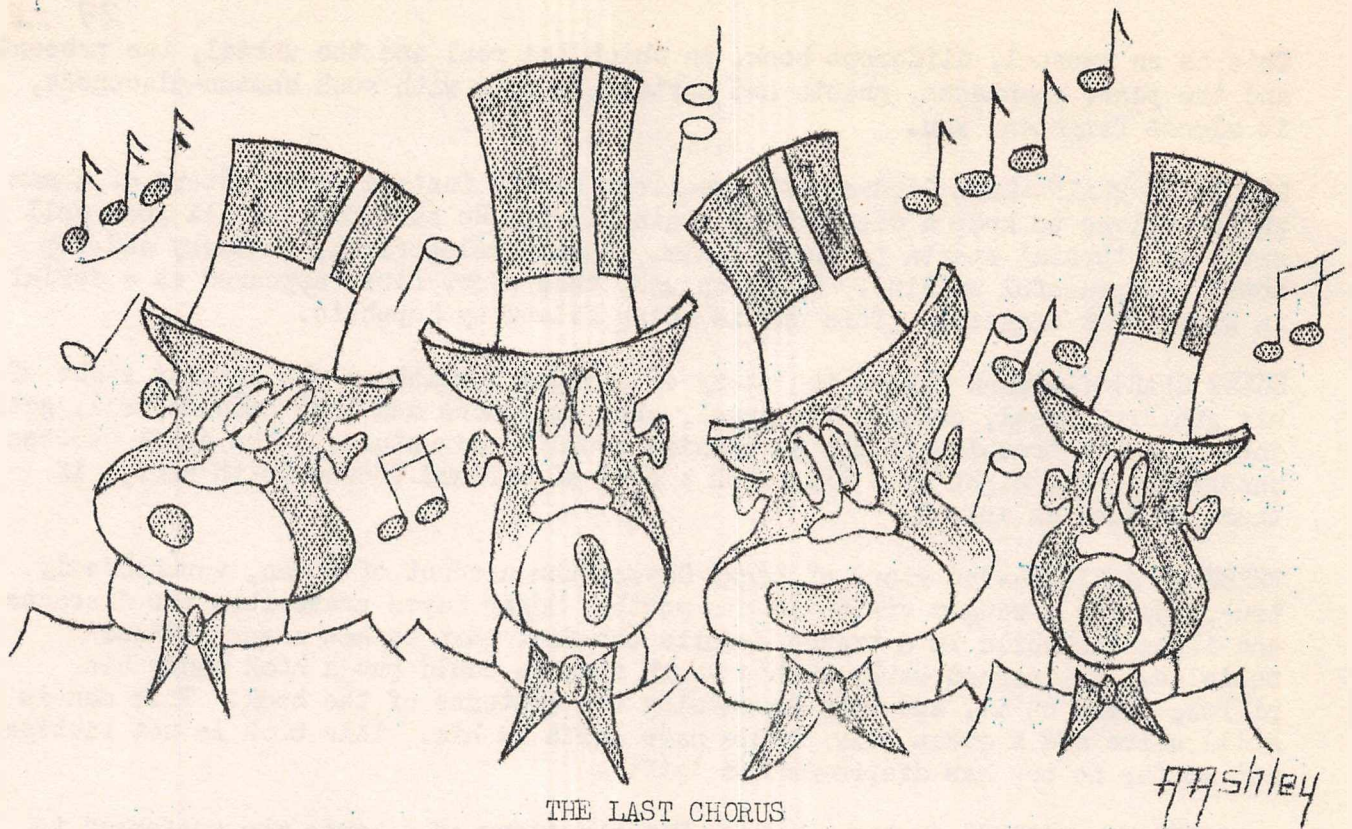
LA QUINTRALA--Magdalena Petit--Unusual novel based on a legendary witch of the 17th century. You might call this the story of a sadistic Scarlett O'hara.

I AM THINKING OF MY DARLING--Vincent McHugh--A new book by the author of "Caleb Catlum's America". 'Tis about a new disease striking New York, which quickly becomes an epidemic. But, oi, what a malady. It is a nice little disease that has the delightful propensity of doing away with inhibitions. Picture 1,300,000 people doing just exactly what they want to do, no holds barred, and you'll have an idea of what to expect between the covers of this swell tome. Thousands of people go fishing, the Mayor goes home to play with his toy trains, hordes of young girls roam the streets accosting happy young men. The hero becomes acting mayor and attempts to keep some semblance of order in the city. This, along with the attempts (fully explained) to find a cure for the disease, brings in quite a bit of seriousness into the story, which only succeeds in making it more entertaining. The hero's wife is an actress and she has the fever. She is chased all over the city by her husband, taking whatever role pleases her whim at the moment; that of a chorus girl, an evangelist, a fisherwoman and on ad infinitum. But definitely entertaining and--such delicious pornography, mais oui.

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON--Carleton Beals--This story takes place in the year 1950. After a brief armistice war breaks out anew. Japanazis again. Most of the action takes place South America. Plenty of action, story, 4 luscious women and 536 pages. Not a fantasy in the fan sense, but good nevertheless.

WHITE WOLF--Franklin Gregory--swell werewolf yarn now out in pocket book form. This is the best werewolf yarn since the wonderful "The Undying Monster", in spite of what Tucker says about it. (See Russell's review of 'Monster' in "Fan Slants")





#### THE LAST CHORUS

And so you come to the end of the first issue of Chanticleer. Frankly, I'm a wee bit disappointed in it, but who isn't disappointed with the first issue of their fanzine, at least to some extent. Some of the pages are a bit messy, due, I admit, to my indolence. You see I tried not to slip sheet. The results are plain to see and I promise the next issue will be slip sheeted throughout. For the next ish it also gifts more artwork, better headings, --by that master of fanart, the inimitable Wiedenbeck. Please, please, you wonderful flen, send me material. I want humor, good fan stories, book reviews, lots of 'em. Next issue, if I can manage it, will be a top ten issue, in tcther words the nations ten top fans will be represented in some way or another. Also I've been promised material from Laney and Watson and Harry Warner has generously given me the rights to Rosenblum's column, "What They are About" ---- Mike has been sending reviews right along, so these, too will be included. To sum things up, the second issue will be better than the first, so don't miss it. Channy is published whenever material warrants.

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Hinkle Pills - for defecation







