

Chanticleer









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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER - WALT LIEBSCHER



# WARNERS:

## MY FFSAY

It is my theory that a favorite is a most whimsical, elusive, ever-changing item. It depends not upon real worth, over and above all other things in the same category; rather, it is one of the better things from any given category which at the moment appeals the most. Its choice may be determined by the fact that only recently it has come to my attention, or because I discovered it long, long ago and it is now shrouded in a lovely mist of perfection. Or I may prefer it just now because it fits in with my present mood, with the things I have been doing for the past hour, or with the state of the weather. Therefore, any given favorite hereunder mentioned is guaranteed to change without notice, and does not conform necessarily with the choices I've spawned for polls. It's a most silly business whichever you look at it, anyway.

BOOK-LENGTH STF.: "The Time Machine", since that can probably be called booklength. I've read it at least once a year every year since it was given me in the Wells novel omnibus one wonderful Easter Sunday; the latest time I tried it, last December, it seemed to be a better story than ever. I can't find anything lacking in it: excellent exposition of scientific theory, adventure, romance, pathos, social significance, terror, and any number of other elements.

STF. SHORT STORY: "The Circle of Zero", by Stanley G. Weinbaum. All the manifold and enormous sins of Mort Weisinger are nullified through his publishing of this story, the greatest new conception in the field of stf. since Wells stopped writing good stories.

BOOK-LENGTH FANTASY: I think that "The Blind Spot" fits pretty well into the hazy boundaries of fantasy as distinguished from stf., therefore it gets the nomination. The title and hints about the story fascinated me for years, everytime the novel got a mention in letter columns of the prozines. I read it through twice immediately upon publication in Fantastic Novels, one time right after the other, and was tempted to do it all over again right away. Matter of fact, this is one of the three or four stories out of all the reprinted Munsey fantasies that was not in the least disappointing.

FANTASY SHORT: With memories of a hundred and one great little stories from Unknown still fresh, how can a sensible choice be made? My only recourse is to choose at random, and come up with Algernon Blackwood's "The Pikestaff Case", which didn't appear in Unknown at all. It is one of the first and probably the best of the stories in which a strange man does strange things which no one quite understands and vanishes in the end. You'll find it in his "Tongues of Fire" volume of short stories, and maybe in other editions of his collected shorts.

BOOK-LENGTH WEIRD: None of the stock classic weird novels has ever made too great an appeal to me; "Turn of the Screw", for instance, was positively boring. Fresh in the memory is still "Conjure Wife", so I'll note that here and append the suggestion that it is impossible to write a novel in which an atmosphere of horror and fear is kept up throughout; and that that is why most of them fail.

WEIRD SHORT: Isn't published as a short story. It is a rather lengthy section from Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain", near the end of the 900-page book, in which the hero of the volume and some of his tubercular companions hold a seance. As in the remainder of the novel, Mann achieves his most telling



effects by treating things a bit lightly; yet there is a genuinely great atmosphere of the outre, brought about in the strangest ways--for instance, through the introduction of a phonograph record playing the "Even Bravest Heart May Swell" aria from "Faust". If you want to be technical, though, and insist on a weird short written as such, I'll choose HPL's "The Festival", which I read yesterday for the first time.

FAVORITE NON-STF. NOVEL: If you can call it a novel--and I don't think critics, even, have yet decided--Laurence Sterne's "A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy" fills the bill without a sign of competition. How many fans, I wonder, have really bothered to read this wonderful, hilarious, profound, marvellous work?

FAVORITE NON-STF. SHORT STORY: Competition is so strong, and I've read so many hundreds and thousands--a story that stands out particularly in my at this moment, though, is Thomas Wolfe's "The Lost Boy". It is not precisely a story, being autobiographical, and not precisely a short story even if it were a story, being part of a single unfinished novel of which Wolfe had written more than a million words at the time of his death. But it's published as a short, and may be found in his collection of short stories entitled "The Hills Beyond".

FAVORITE NON-STF. NON-FICTION: Mortimer Adler's "How to Read a Book", despite the fact that it was a best seller, is one of the finest things published in our day. None of us is the all-out reader that Adler would have us be, and I am not certain whether his methods are the wisest, carried out in the extreme manner he suggests. But the blows he strikes against the semantics fiends are telling, and fans being such quantity readers, they particularly need this volume.

FAVORITE FANZINE: It is one that hasn't even seen general fan circulation, and whose next issue won't appear, if the publisher maintains his usual frequency of issuance, until around 1954. It is The Ghost, the second issue of which W. Paul Cook just recently issued. Distributed through the general ayjay organizations--or possibly only through the NAPa; I'm not sure--it contains more than 40 8 1-2 x 11 pages, beautifully printed, with contents unmatched in any other fanzine in history. Half the issue is taken up by a "one-act play", tremendous in word power and learning, by the old Weird Tales writer Samuel Loveman; another long feature is an article by E. Hoffman Price on Farnsworth Wright, the first detailed description of the man ever to appear, I believe.

FAVORITE STF. AUTHOR: Weinbaum, inevitably. If we must choose among the living, it would come very close to being Heinlein, who turned out in 2 years more new ideas, writing innovations, and superb fiction than all the prozines published during the five preceding years. For book writers of stf., Wells is the only conceivable choice for anyone, in my estimation; after all, Stapledon didn't write fiction in LAST AND FIRST MEN, LAST MEN IN LONDON and STARMAKER.

FAVORITE FANTASY AUTHOR: Howard Phillips Lovecraft, among the magazine writers. Curiously enough, I've read very, very little of his work--the two long stories in Astounding, "The Weird Shadow over Innsmouth" volume, and a half-dozen, perhaps, stories in Weird Tales. Among all my fan correspondents, surely there is one who will remember me in his will when he is disposing of the Arkham House Lovecraft volumes? I can wait... Among book writers, I frankly daren't choose, since Cabell no longer impresses me as he did a year ago and Blackwood's stuff is so infernally uneven in merit.

FAVORITE PROZINE: Was Unknown, probably from the literary standpoint the finest pulp magazine ever to appear; is now uncertain, since I've read only one or two 1944-dated prozines as this is being written in November, 1944. I'd rather read Astounding than FFM, though, because the novel's merit determines the worth of the latter magazine.

FAVORITE FAN: Why, who else could it be, naturally, than the Hermit of Hagerstown?



TANNER:

[illegible]

Common among fans, whenever fans are wont to gather together, is the argument as to which among the great stories of fantasy is the greatest. Merritt's "Ship of Ishtar" often gets the palm; almost as often, perhaps, it goes to "Slan" or one of Smith's epics.

But I know better, for I have read deeply, reader; and I am an authority whose edict may not be questioned. Listen then to my words and wisdom; and I will descant upon the greatest of all fantasies, the jewel of jewels, the priceless immortal treasure which, like the Abbe Mendel's work on heredity, has lain buried and forgotten for the last decade.

In May of 1934 it began, in "Amazing Stories"; it ran for three issues; and instead of making history as it should have done, it passed and was forgotten. Ah, readers, surely this is a sad reflection on the perspicacity of the fan of that day. I am sure that the average fan of today would seize upon that literary treasure and give it the credit that it deserves. That it may no longer lie dormant, in a state of innocuous desuetude, let me attempt, in this article, to bring it once more to the attention of modern fandom.

"The Lost City" my treasure is called; and it is by Milton R. Peril, whom the blurb at the beginning announces is "a new author as far as our readers are concerned." From the very first sentence, the flavor of the writer becomes evicent, the odd ability he has to say things in a way that no other author could--nay, that no other author would even try to, express himself.

"El Kasr," he says, "is one of those ancient spots on the face of the earth that strives to acclimate itself with each fleeting generation." Get that? "Strives to acclimate itself with--" What ordinary, run-of-the-mill author could work up a phrase like that in the very first sentence of his story? It takes a full minute before you realize that he means "accomodate itself to--" But wait. Milton is cold, now. Wait till he gets warmed up and you will see wonders and portents such as never before were seen in sci-entifiction or fantasy. For in the next paragraph we learn of Sir John Mans-field, the hero, an eminent archeologist and Egyptologist, who loves this an-cient Egyptian town. "It was in his blood, those centuries-old dwellings of masonry which squatted against a slithering desert to protect the pliable and susceptive body of man from the oppressive heat of the overhead sun." Like that? Want to know why he liked those centuries old dwellings of masonry? It's because "the very essence of material crumbling manifested the lurking mysteries." "That feature quickened his blood", wouldn't it quicken yours?

But ah! a "gristly, evil character," is watching Sir John, none other than "Horda el Abrim", a superintendent of fellahin who has been out of work for five years because "work was scarce in this land for one of Horda's type". Surely none but Peril could work out a complication like that. Work is scarce in Egypt for superintendents of fellahin!

Horda takes our hero to a "squatty, one-story building" in the basement of which, Sir John meets another character. Peril again demonstrates his power of description, for "In one corner" of the squalid room "leaned a three legged table that had once consisted of four extremities" and "its tops was shoved into a crevice in the wall to keep it on an even keel." "The floor was without adornment of any kind save for more debris" and "Upon the table



was heaped a pile of odds and ends of every description."

What surprises the Englishman, however, is a white man with a straggly, frizzy beard, a hairy arm and bloated, leering eyes, who slouches in a corner of the room. He nurses a bottle and blows "a volume of odious breath from him, perhaps bent upon craftily neutralizing the stench already contained in the chamber."

This renegade has a papyrus which he wants to sell to Mansfield. He shows it to the archeologist and Mansfield "glares" at the first sheet. Here Peril begins to rise to proper heights. Let me quote: "This faded papyrus which he now held was old--old! Old! The knowledge kept ringing through his brain like a clanging spirit. His hot eyes were intent upon the small characters inscribed thereon. The treacherous light gave him no assistance and he heaped an epithet upon it." One epithet! Surely we cannot accuse Peril of the bad habit of over-accentuation. Mansfield does not viciously heap epithets upon the light. No. Just one epithet. But clearly Peril shows Sir John's intense anger at the treacherous light, for that one epithet is so huge that it needs to be heaped. ((I'm in a heaping mood; fornchy))

Sir John looks at the manuscript and a sinister suspicion begins to breed in his mind. "'Where di you get this,' he questioned slowly. 'Anything's fair in this man's country,' the white man spat, mirthlessly. 'Dead man's graves carry things--things which people like to have.'" And now the suspicion in Sir John's mind becomes a certainty. "'You mean--it was taken from some tomb--'" he breathes. Can you imagine the horror which this noted archeologist feels when he learns that this renegade is also a grave-robber? Even Ed Earl Repp never conceived a theme as thrillingly horrible as this scene. But Sir John buys the manuscript, and with a horrible threat to set the government on the villains who have sold him the papyrus, he departs.

And so ends the first chapter, and so our author presents the beginning of a tale that is to enthrall us through the ensuing months.

Chapter two takes us to Sir John's rooms, where the archeologist gloats over the papyrus which he has chiseled from the poor renegade and sets about to translate it. He knows, almost at once that the suspicions he had when he first saw it are true. This is something big. BIG! As our author says: "Every scientist is suffused by an undercurrent of hope that at sometime he will pierce the gloom and bring out a discovery that will obscure all others!" and that is what Mansfield is sure he has done. All night long he works on the papyrus, and in the morning he reaches "the foregone conclusion" that "no living hand" had written the manuscript.

It was written by Cheops himself! And it explains that Atlantis is under the Sphinx of Gizeh! It also tells how to open the concealed gateway under the sphinx, that leads to a passageway to the underground Atlantis! At first Mansfield is dubious, but after a moment's thought, he reflects, "After having existed for almost five thousand years this manuscript, mellowed with age, would be indeed farcical if it were anything but the truth." "But Mansfield wasn't one to jump at conclusions and let enthusiasm run amuck." He rises from his chair and paces the floor. "With every passing moment, his blood seeped through the shackles of restraint." So at last he decides to go to the Sphinx and see if the statement made by Cheops is true. "He felt that anything else he would do would only rasp on his nerves." And that ends chapter two.

Chapter three finds him before the sphinx, ready to follow Cheops' instructions and seek for the entrance to Atlantis. The instructions on the papyrus say he is to insert a knife in a slit between two slabs of rock "until some response was got." He tries and tries, unsuccessfully. Then "his reoccupation suddenly snapped from its lethargy as he felt the blade in his hand fall into a well-defined groove. The thin steel clicked into something. With nerves that couldn't be held from prickling into irresistible exaltation he turned away for a moment. No use getting unduly enthusiastic over this,



he reasoned."

Surely, the traditional reserve of the British upper class was never so well depicted as in that paragraph. Wildly excited, with nerves that couldn't be held, he "turned away for a moment." And when he returns to his work, calmly, he has a lot of trouble before he can make the blade of his knife contact the hidden spring again. But at last "There was a slight movement from within the breast of the sphinx. And then a hum grew in intensity, a low, whirring noise which to him was a tolling, clanging ring of the dawn of success....It held him breathless; he gaped at the hole in front of him, his hair whirling madly." Reader, I defy any of you to pen the superior, nay even the equal, of that sentence. Perhaps at first you do not perceive the beauty of it, but let me explain. Other authorz have spoken of their hero's head whirling with some emotion; here Peril again, in a single succinct word, depicts the reserve of the Englishman, for; excited as he is, his head does not whirl. Only his hair.

And now he must stick another knife into another slit. When he does so, the purring sound "rose in volume to a high pitch," and the rocks draw back, disclosing a black pit. Armed with a flashlight, he enters, the first man, or nearly the first, since the days of Cheops. He goes down, finds himself trapped, for the gates close again after he enters and there is a blank wall a little distance from the foot of the steps. He suspects that this wall is another gate, sticks knives in the slits between the stones until again a gate opens, and he's off into another passage way. He grows tired, sleeps, loses his torch and worries about becoming lost in the Stygian blackness. "And then it came to him out of the eerie interment which for a moment had seemed a hideous possibility. His fingers fell upon the floor and encountered the torch."

On he goes, the chamber becomes a low tunnel where it is necessary for one to "belly along" as Peril calls it, and then he comes to a great treasure room. The walls are "fabricated" and we gather that he means hung with fabrics. He grows thirsty and dust from the floor, rising as he walks, makes him thirstier. Says Peril: "His throat was terribly parched from the particles of dust, which had scattered from their dormant bed into his nostrils and mouth. For only one drink of cold, clear water--just one long gulp!"

At last he finds himself on an elevator, dropping rapidly. He bursts out suddenly into what looks like a million lights and "Milling before his eyes" is "a vast throng of men and women!" Whereupon, with a sense of drama that only Burroughs could equal, Sir John Mansfield loses consciousness and the fourth chapter ends.

When Sir John comes to, things are lovely. He's in a finely furnished room and "a delightful soft lounge was like balm to his tired and aching muscles, and its soothing miraculous salve crept over him as he lay relaxing!" A man and a girl are watching him and when the man sees that he is conscious, he "rises to the floor" (had he been sitting in a hole?) and speaks to Sir John. He speaks in Egyptian and sir John understands him, for "not for years had he devoted himself to the study of this tongue without picking up, as he could, the conversing in it." So "'Who are you? Where am I?' he managed to ask, realizing his incompatibleness before the mastery of this man." And Yuxa, the high-priest of Atlantis tells him that he is in Yuxa's own chambers in the Temple of the Gods. And, he announces impressively: "We hail you, my man. Your wish is to be humbly obeyed by us."

Study that for a minute. It will grow on you. The first time you read it you will be quite certain that you know what it means. But read it again. And again, and again. Everytime you read it, new complexities creep in until at last you find yourself in a Cretan labyrinth of meanings that will keep you enthralled for hours.

Yuxa tells of how Atlantis came to be under the Sphinx. Of how when



the old Atlantis sank and the people emigrated to the Sahara, and later to the great caverns under Egypt. To Mansfield the story seems quite plausible. As Peril says: "It seemed highly probable, now that he pondered it, that a remnant of the race had survived for ages and had been injected with the fact; but the years of assimilation with the other rising peoples had induced forgetfulness and had perfected the fact into a theory which gradually descended the ladder of time and became a full grown myth, with no evidence to prove the statement."

I could go on for hours like this, for Peril never tires; in every paragraph new wonders rise to intrigue the imagination, but I cannot take up too much space, and too--the work is there, for all of us to wonder at. Reader if you have the issues of May, June and July 1934, of Amazing Stories, seek them out and you too can learn to revel in Peril as I do. And to your dying day you will thank me that I have led you to one who is a master of words, for like Humpty Dumpty in "Alice Through the Looking Glass" Peril lets no word dominate him, he makes it mean what he wants it to mean, and the reader must suffer or profit accordingly.

-o-o-o-

NOTE: I am aware that this article has shaped up a little like Mark Twain's "A cure for the blues." but I have been unable to avoid it. Our subject matter was much the same, and I couldn't think of any treatment other than the one I have given. If there is any place where apologies are due, apologies are offered. C. R. T.

#### POEMS

--Charles A Tanner

#### TIME STREAM

Time is a river flowing to a sea  
Of deep oblivion. Every thoughtless hour  
Carries us on with grim, relentless power  
Toward a brink of blank eternity.  
And all along the bank, fair flowers grow;  
And passing, we may pluck them if we will;  
And to the end, their fragrance lingers still,  
Recalling other scenes of long ago.

These scents, these memories, make no mistake,  
Are all that we can gather as we go;  
And he who fails his proper share to take  
Will, at his journey's end, have naught to show  
For all the toilsome journey that was his--  
Tis sad, but that's the kind of stream Time is.

#### appreciation

how fantile is the cruden cry  
be so be so and make it done  
the scrubal answers i am i  
a lone alone all one alone

your round is square my fat is flat  
your red is white my greenish blue  
you seek nor see my simpen that  
and so i say to hell with you



J. WONTFORD LAYDSCHUR:

(\*.\*)  
(.))

AN UTTERLY NEW CONCEPT

(\*.\*)  
(.))

Are you acquainted with your inner being? Are you aware that deep within you lies power beyond your wildest dreams. Do you realize that an indefinable something resides within the shell known as the human body, an indefinable something that can be tapped, allowing limitless power to pervade your very soul? Are you aware of this inner power. You are! Brother, you have a tape worm.

I talked with Tucker! Yes, actually and literally. I talked with that great personage, and assimilated his wisdom. Through KNOW THY SELFNESS I, too, became as one with the ages, I developed an infinite wisdom unparalleled since the dawn of time. All this because I talked with Tucker, for then I acquired a vermillion soul, with green spots. You too, can talk with Tucker. But don't expect much, he's a horrible conversationalist.

An inner consciousness can be restricted to emulate a lugubriousness at the slightest provocation of contrasting situations which will resound through the gristmill of time. Notwithstanding the fact that gregariousness is adamant where connubial elasticity permeates, the SELFNESS OF IAM continues to maintain complete mastery of plethorical plenipotentiary. Don't be an octogenarian jet Joseph. Never concentrate on the juvenile poultry until the process of incubation is completely materialized. Elucidate for your edification. Don't be ashamed. There is many a slip between Nebuchadrezzar and the Boston Tea Party. Necromancy was never wedded to neophytic ghughuism. Remember that an absolutely abysmal prerequisite will not cringe at the perihelion. You buttered your bread, now sleep in it.

Take a candle. Take two candles. This will be very enlightening. Put the candles at the exact opposite of each other making the same difference on both sides. Now fix one eye on the opposite candles, and one eye on the quasi-opposite candle. The remaining eye should be kept in the doldrums. Sit on it if necessary. Now bring the candles together from parallel directions. Keep the right eye on the left candle, the left eye on the right candle. Rotate the candles in opposite parabolas; while this is going on you add more candles, keeping your right left on the eye candle, and your left candle on the right eye. I know this is difficult at first, but practice makes a pretext. When your eyes and candles and the room are in a semi-circular vertigo, put the candles on a cake. HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

La Fornchetta, the eternal book, can be your salvation. Read through this book just once. An initial reading will change your ego tremendously. You will not know yourself. Neither will anyone else. They will not desire to. You will be as one with the salubrious fortissimos of time.

Once you accept the concept of precept, the inception will complete your training. You may now take part in the Tournament of Roses. Lightly you will enter the temple, don your gown of envious permeation, doff your cares as is hydrangias wafted on an enchanted river of incantation. You will be permitted to scoop the rose petals from the sacrificial urn and crush them to your aching heart. Your salvated soul will shout for glee as you crush the roses with your lily white pedal extremities. You will crush the rose, the rose of KNOW THY SELFNESS.

A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose, a crush is a crush is a crush is a crush. Revel in the roses, crush the roses. Rosebuds a la Fornchetta.

With the crushing of the roses you will have been initiated into the gloriousness of the SELFNESS OF IAM. You are now a ROSEACRUSHIAN.

AMORK



ROTHMAN:

## THE SHADOW OUT OF

It is with much reluctance that I set on paper the journal of events which took place in the old town of Adkhabtakawny some years ago. The story of these strange occurrences, leading up to the horrible climax of June 30, 1932, have up to now been suppressed in the interest of the equilibrium of civilization. But since civilization no longer possesses equilibrium, I feel it to be my duty, tho an unpleasant one, to submit to the world the heretofore suppressed facts of the terror that arose from the library of Sholom University.

Several years before the time of which I speak I came across a small and strange volume on the library shelves devoted to ancient and rare volumes on obscure and occult subjects. It was written in a little known and archaic language with which, thru my extensive studies in such matters, I happen to be acquainted.

When I read the first page I was seized by a gripping terror at the horrible implications and inferences which lurked between the lines of that evil book. So that you will better appreciate the madness that was later to come, I show you fragments of this unspeakable book:

Yuggoth and Vishnava, Shl'la'a and ~~and~~, and ~~and~~, the Elder Gods, who dwell in the farthest removed corridors of past time, returned from a journey to the Zelkha star system. Passing thru the darkest, most empty reaches of intergalactic space, they discovered, floating alone, a hard, glittering cylinder within which was a tablet containing a message written in a language so hoary with age that the Elder Gods reeled with unbelief at this evidence of a civilization that had existed in the cosmos eons before the black age which had spawned the Elder Gods. This writing must be a product of the Eldest Gods! With hast they deciphered it and read avidly:

We, the last surviving members of a great culture, wish to pass a warning on to those who may follow: BEWARE OF AMMA.

First hints of the existence of this immense organization coexistent with ours, but hidden from all by an ingenious device, came when a meteorite flashed into the ocean near one of our great cities. It was recovered, and found to be a container which unreeled a long metal tape upon opening. Experiment showed magnetic voice recordings to be present on this tape. It gave us this message:

Kal Nova reporting to Stellar Council findings of secret mission on Planet IV of star BG-648, Fleet Code C. Reached the inner fortress of Gelsten in the course of routine investigation concerning the unorthodox behavior of Crels in the Gelsten region. Accidentally came across a matter of the greatest importance. The evening of 6/9/874 I sat in a drinking place listening to tarf music. A man came in. He saw my customary expression and assumed I had drunk myself to a stupor. He hid a package of paper in a secret panel behind my table. I removed the paper, and report that it contained the following:

Organization of the Elta Sector proceeds according to schedule except for Planet 9-75-H, whose inhabitants possess a psychological pattern not amenable to our customary methods. In order that our psychologists may be able to construct a proper method to use on this planet, the following extract from a popular writing of that planet gives insight as to the mentality of that race:

It is with much reluctance that I set on paper the journal of events which took place in the old town of Adkhabtakawny some years ago. The story of these strange occurrences, leading up to the horrible climax of June 30, 1932, have up to now been suppressed in the interest of the equilibrium of civilization. But since civilization no longer possesses equilibrium, I feel it to be my duty, tho an unpleasant one, to submit to the world the heretofore suppressed facts of the terror that arose from the library of Sholom University:



LANEY :

$$\left( \begin{array}{cc} (0 & 0) \\ (0 & 0) \end{array} \right)$$
[illegible]
$$\begin{pmatrix} 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 \end{pmatrix}$$

BY WAY OF PREAMBLE, I suppose I should break the sad news to you that this column will treat of the various aspects of hot jazz and swing, and is likely to ramble a great deal. Jazz is a huge field, upon which many scholarly volumes have been written, and it is obviously going to be impossible to do more than touch on various aspects and angles of whatever current kick I may be on. Those who would like to get a comprehensive view of the entire subject, complete with reviews of several thousand of the best records available, should investigate The Jazz Record Book by Smith, Ramsay, Russell, and Rogers. This 513 page tome was published in 1942 by Smith & Durrell, and is well worth the \$3.50 it costs. Frankly patterned after David Hall's The Record Book, it not only gives a very fine comprehensive (though not complete) discography, but the long historical section furnishes one with the background necessary to understand the different records.

OH, PLAY THAT THING! is a long way from being an original title. This is a traditional exhortation which has been shouted for many years by exuberant patrons and/or musicians of negro honky-tonks. Though I look down on so-called "jive talk" with righteous scorn, this one phrase is rather dear to me because of its connection with so many of the versions of Dipper Mouth Blues aka Sugar Foot Stomp, wherein it introduces the last ensemble chorus.

MY MENTION OF "CURRENT KICK" in my first paragraph should probably be amplified somewhat, else certain of the longhairs in our group will yelp around that jazz is of no permanent interest, and that it is not a field in which one can play the same record over and over. Such an attitude is evidence of a lack of comprehension; many of the best and more famous jazz sides have been reissued on as many as six or seven different labels over a period of nearly two decades, showing their continued popularity with both the record buying public and the jazz addicts. Truly good music, be it jazz or symphony, Shostakovich or Louis Armstrong, is permanent, and will stand repeated listening. In my own collection are scores of records which I have played several hundred times, and which I still play with great pleasure. But just as in symphonic records where we will find the enthusiast temporarily booming some particular composer, though retaining his liking for his other favorites--the jazz collector will take sudden spurts of interest in various facets of the field. At the moment, for instance, I am on a terrific Waller kick, brought on by my recent purchase of the album of Victor solos (P-109) Waller On The Ivorys. This consists of eight of Fats' better sides and makes for lovely listening. Naturally, this had me digging out my other albums of Waller, playing some of the old "Waller and His Rhythm" Victor's going back as early as 1934; and also set me on a frantic raid of the local used record shops. However, this momentary enthusiasm does not in the least dull my liking of real jazz, as exemplified in the earlier work of Louis Armstrong King Oliver, the various Chicago groups, and ably carried on today by such exponents of the style(s) as Wingy Mannone. Nor does my Waller kick keep me from further grinding down my boogie-woogie solos, my Ellingtons, or any of my other favorites.

REAL JAZZ IS RARELY HEARD by the layman. The stuff dished out on the air is usually not even classifiable as good swing, and it is readily under-



standable why the sensitive music lover would turn in disgust from such things as the typical banal rendition of Shoo, Shoo Baby; or the pointless, blaring, and exhibitionistic screeching of Harry James' trumpet. I myself do not care for these things, nor would very many other jazz and swing collectors. By way of definition, I perhaps should mention that "jazz" refers entirely to a way of playing; the purest jazz being entirely spontaneous and improvised, ensembles and solos alike. Most real jazz, however, consists of improvisations around some given theme, and oftentimes we will find arranged lead-ins and codas, though of course the tried and true dixieland ensemble of cornet, trombone, and clarinet requires no arrangement. Swing, on the other hand, is arranged music with a jazz background and ancestry, and lacks much of the spontaneity of true jazz. Solo work in swing orchestras is of course more or less improvised, depending on the band.

JAZZ VERSUS CLASSICAL music seems to be a favorite subject of many critics. I fail to see why there should be any occasion for bickering here: classical music is primarily intellectual and aesthetic, jazz is primarily sensual and aesthetic. Any symphony lover who is capable of an unprejudiced approach can certainly find much of musical merit in jazz. Inasmuch as many of the more exuberant jazz discs are rough listening after the sonorous banalities of many symphonic works, I suggest an approach through Duke Ellington as exemplified in such compositions as Crescendo In Blue, Diminuendo in Blue, Subtle Lament, Creole Rhapsody, I Never Felt This Way Before (without vocal), The Mooche, Black and Tan Fantasy, and many others.

THE ESQUIRE JAZZ RECORD BOOK just came to my attention, and I urge anyone who is even remotely interested in the field to get one immediately. The price of \$1.00 includes a record of jazz examples, or rather, a priority on one when certain material restrictions are lifted. The book alone is worth anyone's dollar, however; comprising reprints of most of Esquire's articles on jazz during the past ten years, a number of new articles, a rather helpful discography, an intensely interesting "family tree of jazz", and hosts of rare pictures of famous bands, musicians, and such. The book may be had at any newstand, or may be obtained from the publishers by mail.

I'VE MORE THAN USED UP MY SPACE; however, I am sincerely interested in hearing your comments on this venture. If you think I am out of place with such a column in a fanzine, say so. If you agree that fandom should not be limited to the narrow confines of stf, give some encouragement to continue such features in Channy. If there are certain phases of the field, or certain musicians that you would like me to discuss, let me know, and I'll see what I can dig out.

#### ENTOMOLOGIA

--Carstairs McStairscar

I once picked up a katydid  
And ever since I've rued it  
For you can never guess, my friends  
What katydoes when katydoodit

Oh, legend says the scorpion  
Is a creature most inferior  
When ringed by fire it suicides  
By using its posterior



tucker:

(o o)  
((o))

V O T E F O R J O E Q . F A N

(o o)  
((o))

In the opinion of this witless wonder at least, fans would do well to investigate the fascinating and perhaps profitable field of politics. Dont laugh. For most fans would make wonderful politicians, and there can be gravy to scoop up if you are honestly dishonorable. A happy hypocrite, in short. Like me.

In the November 7th general elections, now comfortably past, I had the distinguished honor of "running" for the lower house of the Illinois State Legislature from my home-town district; as a write-in candidate. By that I mean that I wheeled and bulldozed my friends to write-in my name on one of the blank lines (provided for the purpose) in the Democratic column. There were also some blank lines on the Prohibitionist ticket but I felt I was slightly out of place there.

I received  $9\frac{1}{2}$  votes including my own. This surprised every one, particularly me. I didn't realize I had  $8\frac{1}{2}$  friends, until then, and until they all came around the next day begging for lush jobs in the Statehouse. The  $\frac{1}{2}$ -friend wanted to be Capitol bootlegger. They laughed when I sat down to vote . . . . .

Maybe I'm wrong, but with this I claim the dubious distinction of being the first fan to be a candidate in an election. Of course, at this point some envious Futurian will pop up and claim he once ran for Alderman in New York City, but pay no attention to such a claim, the man is an imposter. Come next Spring this city will hold city and county elections, and I intend to file for Alderman of my ward on the Democratic ticket. This will be a cinch. The ward is strictly Republican, and provided I am not run out of the precinct first, I will be the only Democrat to show his ugly head. No opposition, presto, I capture the Primaries!

A fan is well-equipped for politicking because politicians by nature and by preference are big blows. In most places and for most offices it is necessary to be a blowhard to win votes. The people, that down-trodden mass--bless their intelligence quotients, prefer the inspired purple oratory compared to hum-drum but sane discussion of the issues at stake. The bird with the biggest mouth and the fanciest promises (coupled with a screw-loose sense of humor) usually wins. ((Oh, goody, Tucker for No. 1)) Sometimes.

That's fandom, brother.

Fans, because of their beliefs in "fantastic" dreams that are now coming true in newspaper headlines, should be able to sway larger multitudes and paint prettier pictures of the utopia to come (if they are elected) than any dozen run of the mill politicians whose ideas of vote-grabbing consist of promising wider streets and an immediate reduction in taxes.

Show me the politician who can hold a feeble candle to the fan who tells the voting hordes he can and will reduce the fares of planetary rocket trips to within the reach of even the poorest pocketbook! Can any professional politician top the fan who promises his followers old-age rejuvenating machines? What voter will be able to resist the delectable lure--when held out by Joe Fann running office--of being able to travel back in time and bump off his grandfather?

Yes indeed, always vote for Joe Fann and Utopia. (If you lose you can always write a fanzine article.)

#### THE FLIGHT OF BOIDS

--Esmerelda McGlop

You've heard, of course, of the pelican  
Whose beak holds more than his belican  
And of the Mariner's plight, alas  
His neck was adorned with an albatrass  
But consider the life of the African toucan  
His beak is so big he's horrible loucan



(B.D)  
(o))

CHANTICLEERS  
ROBERT BLOCH

(B.D)  
(o))

Mein Liebscher: I should have acknowledged receipt of the handsome black rooster some time ago, but I have been sick. Arrival of my illness and arrival of CHANNY simultaneously --- huh, I still regard that phenomenon as purely coincidental. I must again voice approbation of what you boys and gallus ((fornchy)) do with book reviews. In that connection, mention should be made of Tucker's masterly analysis of DONOVAN'S BRAIN. Might I suggest that Tucker proceed from this opus to similar review of, say, THE HEART OF JADE ... and THE EYE AND THE FINGER ... perhaps ending up with a super-review of THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY (sometimes known as THE GUTS OF MISERY, but not, thank Gawd, very often). I appreciate also your explanation of the slan-slen-flan-flen mlixulp, and can detect but one flaw in your reasoning. You predicate it all cunningly upon one inadequate postulation, viz: ((gin?)) (and I quote) "if the plural of slan is slen". Now, are you SURE that the plural is slen? Is vanVogt? Is Campbell? Is deCamp? Is Heinlein? Is Sturgeon? Is Rumpelstiltskin? My OWN theory is that the plural of slan is slans (plan, plans; slan, slans - same diff.) ((man, mans - uh uh)) Just because somebody SAYS so in a story -- why, don't be so naive; the story is MERELY fiction and if you start telling me you BELIEVE what you read in pulp magazines I shall look askance at you. Now you don't want that to happen, do you? Getting looked askance at. For shame! (Can you think of a better reason?) ANYHOW I demand further proof of this slan-slen business before I accept fan-flen, and if anybody is trying to philologically flim-flam me, then I'll be Glod-dlammed. Hoping you are the same, and with sincere thanks for a swell issue. ((Sir, how dare you repute the word of the Grand Ubiquitous Egg Producer of Chanticleering. I have said it before and I will say it again and again, the plural of flan is flen. This should be evident to a man of your interrogatory. Let us suppose you had a lot of plan. You wouldn't say your plan were planstifful, would you? Don't be a ninny, of course not. They would be plentiful. Ergo the plural of plan is plen. Thus two Rumpelstiltskin would be Rumpelstiltsken, or Rumpelstiltleather. That should be obvious. Is van Vogt? Is Campbell? Now there's a point. Suppose there were two van Vogt, you wouldn't say van Vogtses would you? It would be van Vegt of course. And, in the same ilk, two Campbell wouldn't be Campbellies, but Cempbell. And, you sir, cad, how dare you even jestingly intimate that I don't believe merely fiction. I'll have you know I expect to save the universe for Hamilton when I get tired of being Flash Rogers in the 24th Century, Centery, Senchry -- when I grow up. And to think you had the audacity to call me naive, why I'm not even a Knarve. As for looking at my askance, I'll have you know my askance has been admired from the rock bound coast of the Monangahela to the sloppy slopes of Podunk, round trip too. Is de Camp? Is Heinlein? Is Sturgeon? I think they is, and as far as I am concerned, you is too. Is you is or is you isn't? I'm glad you liked Tucker's review of DONOVAN'S BRAIN. Next issue Donovan reviews TUCKER'S BRAIN. I don't expect the latter to be quite as good as the former, for Donovan won't have very much to review. Thank you for your parting words and the best to you and the rest of the Blech.))

WATSON

I have received CHANTICLEER. To say that I like CHANTICLEER would be an understatement. To say that I didn't like CHANTICLEER would be fibbing. Therefore, it might be said that CHANTICLEER throws me into hysterics, but no, I'm not the hysterical type. However, I do snicker at CHANTICLEER. I laugh rascally at CHANTICLEER. I light up when I see CHANTICLEER. What fandom needs, besides more Rosebud, is more CHANTICLEER. ((Silly boy)) Everybody should be reading CHANTICLEER. CHANTICLEER is the magazine of the hour. Huzzah for CHANTICLEER the magazine for young Chanties. Missed Wiedenbeck. ((Venum,vidi, I concurred))



T/5 EMRYS H. EVANS

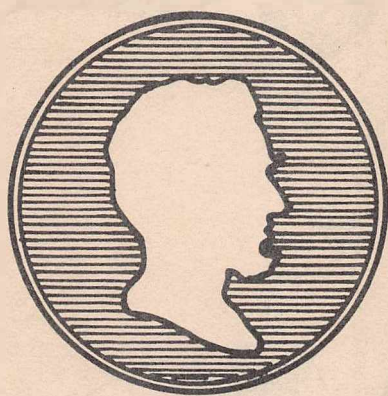
Received the third issue of Chanticleer and congratulations on a mighty fine issue. That black and white cover is different. Too bad the white ink has a tendency to smear and rub off. I like this cover much better than the last one ((I learned my lesson anent the cover, used more absorbent paper this time.)) Pretty good quality of contents, and I like your emphasis on the book reviews. A good book review helps me to decide whether I want to read that particular book or not. And you seem to have the best reviewers writing for Chanticleer. Sometimes the comments are better than the book itself, meaning I finish reading the review even though I've decided not to read the book. Laney's classification was interesting, though I suspect every fan has his own ideas as to what constitutes the best in fiction and nonfiction. Would like to read more by the author of Books That Make You Weep - what peculiar humor. ((You'll get your wish as yours truly is Laydschur.)) Tucker's review was not too good. He had a difficult subject to write about. ((Haven't you heard, Tucker is slipping.)) The Nether Gardens is a good bit of weird verse. That short story by Ashley was really excellent. Perusers Chanticleers is a good heading for your reader's comments. Tucker was funnier in his letter than in his article. ((Ah, you kind, kind, individual. I was waiting for someone to say that. For you see I, Walt Liebscher, wrote the Tucker letter in Chanticleers last issue. I did it to prove to the Bulpington of Bloomington that I am funnier than he is. Now it is a matter of record. Avast Tucker, you slipping sage, you is told.)) Nice illustration you have for the Last Chorus, and keep your unique borders by all means. Well, that's about all I have time to write now, except to wish you a Merry Christmas, and may Chanticleer crow many times in '45. ((And may you have had a Merry Yultide when this ish reaches you. Yours are the kind of comments that gladden an editors heart.

MAUE BUONEE

--Odgen Nash Rooster

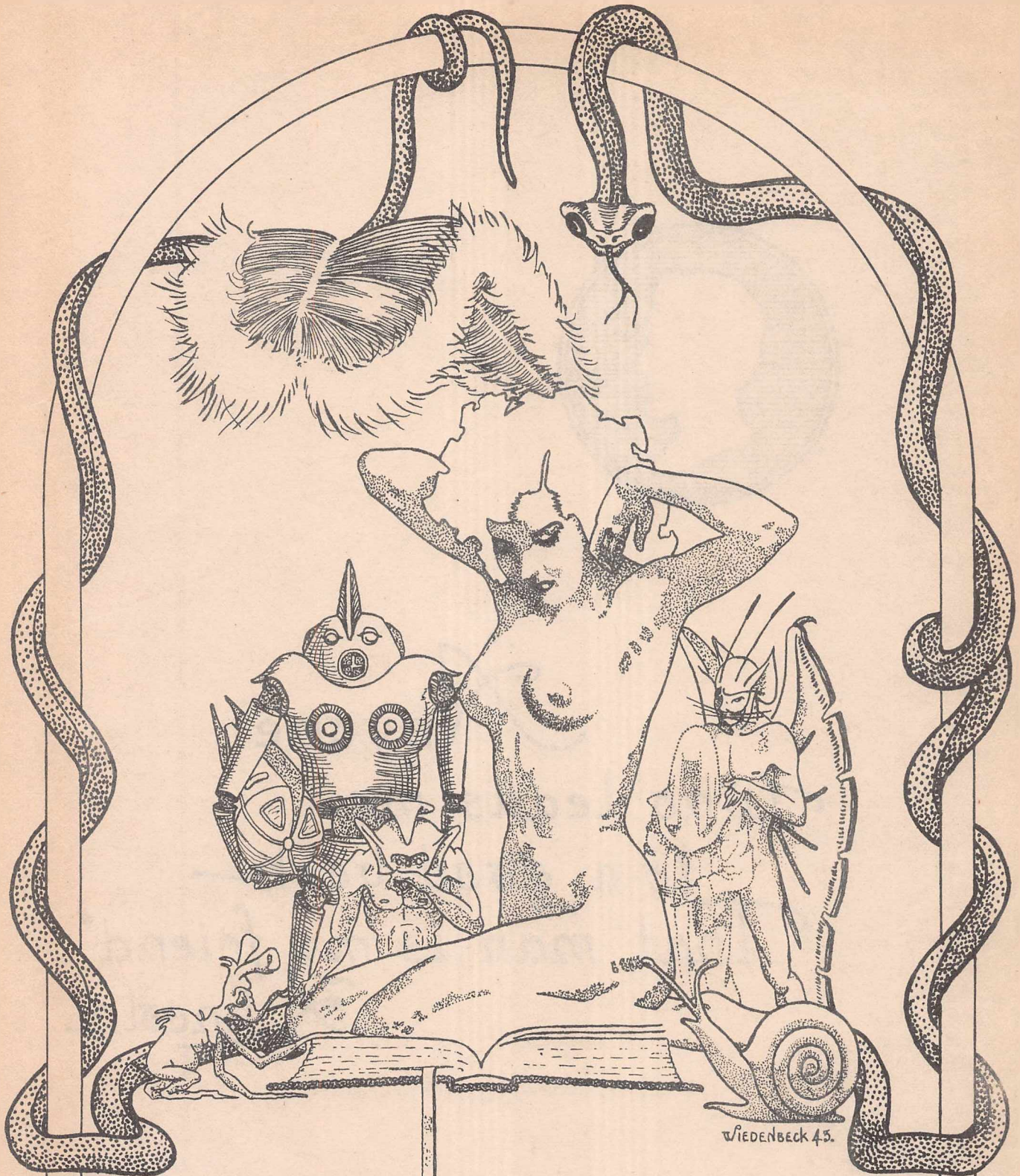
I dived into the golden dawn, and washed my feet with sunshine  
 Whilst nature with her coruscating folds  
 Entwined my soul with emerald tree leaves  
 Until my very being throbbed as one  
 With purling vibrations of nothingness  
 And in a blinding blaze of iridescent flame  
 Maue Buonee, shimmering with love, appeared, sliding down the  
 With her saffron tresses caressing the morn  
 As ripples on a turbulent brook of love  
 Her dionysian charm perfumed the air, as fragrant blooms of  
 Amethyst flowers, while fireflies and cicadas caressed  
 The swirls of radiance in her vibrating hair  
 Alas, I know her but for one fleeting moment, but in that moment  
 The earth became as one with heaven, and the sun sent  
 Streamers of passion round our entwined bodies and then  
 She left, Maue Buonee, quintessence of loveliness  
 Sprightly galloped o'er the gentle hills, and melted into  
 The restlessness of the sea. Afar in the distance her  
 Shimmering and lovely arm waved a lingering adieu  
 Alone, alone am I, with my aching heart, about to burst  
 With the throbbing of bleeding ecstasy, for I have lived  
 As has no other man, for I have know the fullness of  
 Compassionate embraces, and the radiant delights of love  
 Alone, alone I sit and muse, and wait invain, Maue Buonee,  
 Lithe, over the ocean  
 Oh, bring back Maue Buonee to me.





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





WIEDENBECK 45.

BOOK SECTION





CHAUVENET - SPEER - SPENCER - WATSON:

## Reviews for Youse

OUTLAND - Mary Austin - No other information.

It may be stretching the term 'fantasy fiction' slightly to include "Outland" within the field of our interest, yet the basic idea of this interesting story is sufficiently unusual to lend it some of the charm and glamor of fantasy.

The tale is simple, the plot almost pathetically childish, yet I have remembered the story with a certain affection thruout the two years which have passed since I read the book. To say why some books should be remembered for the charm of their atmosphere (as, for instance, I recall "The Golden Scarecrow" or "The Wind in the Willows") is probably impossible, but from the account below I think you can probably see enough of the elements I found attractive to decide whether you think the book worth looking up.

In the world we know, people have their ordered niches, their established functions as cogs in the complex gears of our elaborate civilization. To hold these places we have abandoned much of our primal freedom, often to sink into a routine of aching monotony.

The Outlanders are the free spirits never subdued by the weight of our civilization. Wise in the ways of mankind, they take care to leave no traces of their passing when they cross by cultivated fields, or slip over lonely highways at night. They are the children of the woods, the only men since pioneer days who are fully at ease with nature. They live where the hand of civilization has not yet tamed the forests, in country for one reason or another never "developed". They pass unseen with their women and scanty possessions, easily eluding rare members of civilized humanity who may cross their secret domain. Hardy and self-reliant, the Outlanders are almost a race apart, yet they thrive in the gaps where 'culture' has not penetrated, much as vigorous weeds spring up from the cracks between stone pavings.

In her book, Mary Austin traces the fortunes of one who accidentally stumbles into the Outlanders hands, by fortuitious circumstances of a slightly dream-like quality. The subsequent adventures, and the fight for the treasure between the two warring bands of Outlanders, are of subsidiary interest compared to the depiction of the way in which the Outlanders live undetected among the stolid masses of mankind. This depiction I found to be of extraordinary interest, for Mary Austin at least succeeds in the fantasists prime necessity, the suspension of disbelief while the story is being read. For this reason alone, then, I think the fantasy fan should find 'Outland' interesting, and it is, to be sure, at least as valid 'fantasy fiction' as Murray Leinster's tales of Burl and the 'Mad Planet', or any of the innumerable dawn-men stories with which most of us are familiar.

THE BURNING COURT - John Dickson Carr - Popular Library - 25¢.

Fran Laney's disappointment over the 'Crooked Hinge' might have been alleviated had he gone on to read Carr's "Burning Court". In this latter tale, the murder puzzle is not only most ingenious, but it introduces elements of witchcraft and sorcery which I found present with surprising effectiveness. Moreover, the possibly plausible 'explanation' at the end is so constructed as to fulfil two purposes: (1) it shows the author capable of inventing a materialistic explanation of how the deed might have been done, and yet (2) certainly



in no way impairs the slightly demonic atmosphere of the whole book. To me, then, 'Burning Court' is fantasy of a decidedly effective kind.

--L. R. Chauvenet

MAITRE DU MONDE (Master of the World)--By J. D. Pledy, published papercovered c 200 pp at five bits in North Africa - 1941.

Central character is an honest sap named Pierre Verdal, engineer at the Nice gas works. Acting on the theory that "everything is waves", he first made a gadget which amplified and transformed brain and heart waves (the latter being more intense with someone who's in live). These were detected by the fact that they made tiny colored geometrical figures on flower petals, a constant number of the square millimeter. Next he found out the unique wavelength of human and other brain waves (different species differ in frequency, individuals of the same species differ in timbre). A more fantastic instance of Gallic popular science was the trick of sensitizing a psychic medium so that her mind could cross the Mediterranean and detect the waves of past sights, thus finding the location of the treasure in the Tomb of the Christian (notice how such a locale is dragged in by the heels to play up provincial pride). This last was performed by means of the psychopompe, which eventually became a gadget you carried around in a suitcase which subject others to your will without their realizing it.

In justice to the author, it should be noted that this is not a gadget story. His main interest is in the human relationships resulting from this new discovery; more's the blame because those human relationships are so corny.

The plot is easily synopsisized. After the fall of France, Verdal was seeking surcease on the Riviera when he became enchanted with the beautiful and worldly Miss Van Honghen, who had come with her father (a man of dubious background) from Holland. "Become one of the world's great money men," she said; "then you can speak to me of love." He returned to his researches, in which he was assisted by his friend Dr. Delatre and an unappreciated PSD, who typified sweet, honest French womanhood. When Van Honghen, whose finances were becoming straitened, heard of the psychopompe, he formed a partnership with Verdal to exploit it. They acted as agents to bring agreements between commercial parties, but Pierre insisted on not taking any real gouge deals. An improvement of the psychopompe by which Verdal hoped to extend its range proved lethal, at 10 kilometers. Verdal, the dope, didn't see the possibilities, but Van Honghen called in a representative of a foreign power (obviously Great Britain) to negotiate a deal. Verdal, at Delatre's advice, wanted to consult the French general staff before turning over to a foreign state a weapon which might someday be used against la France (remember that this was published under the Vichy regime), but Meryem Van Honghen, now his fiancée, prevented him, and brot him at evening to her father's apartment where the contract was to be signed and plans delivered. A very lucrative contract, too; several million dollars down, and lots of gravy on each unit constructed. At the last moment, Pierre remembered the ideals of Honneur and Patrie in which he'd been raised, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his lapel. "You can keep your gold. I will not sign the contract." Re-enter villainess with the psychopompe. Verdal signed the contract and delivered the plans, then overcome with shame at what he'd done against his will, rushed out into the nite. Next day, as he and Delatre sat conferring with the chief of police, a bulky package and a note, addressed to Verdal, were found in the Van Honghens' apartment and brot to them. In the note, his fiancée told how impressed she'd been with his idealism, and the realization of the wrong she'd committed. Using the psychopompe, she had gotten back the contract and the plans, which together with the psychopompe were forwarded under separate cover. She and her father were leaving for faraway America.

In the first and last chapters, which are printed in italics as foreward



and afterword and must have been supposed to take place years later, the author stated his belief that that great scientific secrets lie hidden in such writings as the Bible. In a monastery library he encountered his old acquaintance, Verdal. Verdal told him his story, concluding that he realized that he had transgressed the limits God set on man, and returning to his parents, regained his faith, and (quite forgetting the PSD) took holy orders. I am sure that these two chapters were not written by the author of the main story.

The book is interesting for its picture of the mind of Unoccupied France. When 1941 is casually spoken of as "post-war", one is almost convinced that the French did believe the war was over for them. Until you see "Censure No. 5829" at the back, you may wonder why Pierre in his patriotism never thought of using the psychopompe to reverse the decision of 1940.

--Jack Speer

THE FRUIT STONERS - Algernon Blackwood - E. P. Dutton & Co. - 1935.

The first fanzine I ever read--a 1935 issue of Fantasy Magazine--contained a review of "The Fruit-Stoners", giving it an A rating. Since then I have seen no mention of the book, and I am at a loss to account for the fact. For "The Fruit-Stoners" is unquestionably a masterpiece.

It is the story of a little girl's dream, and to that extent reminiscent of Carroll's "Alice". But where Carroll is light and humorous, Blackwood is more frequently terrifying. The dream takes place (if I recall correctly, I don't have the book at hand) in the space of five minutes, but it has an apparent duration of - well, just how long? That's the question. In any event, our small heroine meets, in her dream, the nine characters associated in her mind with prune pies - soldier, sailor, gentleman, thief, etc. Her adventures with these creatures of her imagination have a truly dream-like inconsistency and fantasy, mingling, as dreams so often do, the quaint, the pleasant, and the horrible. And as the story goes on, the horrible comes increasingly to the fore.

Now, the horror in "The Fruit-Stoners" is not the sensationalistic type relying for effect on monsters, bloodshed, and so on; it is psychological horror, the establishment of an almost unbearable feeling of suspense, of terrified waiting for the end of the five minutes. When the time is up, you see, something quite dreadful is going to happen - the more dreadful because there is no hint of what it is. Very few stories have held me in such fascinated terror as this one; and the most disquieting thing about it all is that the fantastic experiences of the little girl have a subtle disconcerting relationship to the lives of you and me.

There is only one story I know which stands comparison with "The Fruit-Stoners" for suspense and between-the-words horror: L. Ron Hubbard's "Fear" and "The Fruit-Stoners" is markedly superior even to that.

You probably get the general idea by now; you're to waste no time in hunting up a copy of "The Fruit-Stoners".

--Pfc. Paul Spencer  
Somewhere in India

NONCE - Michael Brandon - Coward McCann - 1944 - \$2.75.

There is no good writing here. There is effective writing though. Effective because the author--horrors!--apparently knows people, which is more than can be said for Tarkingtons, the Kellands, the Wylies. They get good reviews though. Brandon didn't.

But I digress. This is not a treatise on contemporary literature, a la Cloete, but supposedly a review of a more or less recent publishing venture.

NONCE is an utterly insane, catastrophically composed book. The author tosses around Webster and Roget with a skill equaled by few. Yet, perhaps because of this verboseness, the book has the distinct fragrance of pulp. I got



the idea the author was counting the words by the penny, not by the effect they might create.

The plot is simple enough--Man plus Woman equals, for a change, What? --it's the handling I liked. But anyway, for its sake, I shall outline the plot: Borde Kane becomes a hermit, goes into the Florida everglades (or the Georgia swamps) meets a girl whom, while impassioned, he chokes to death. The girl's servant, a negroid type called Nonce, moves in to clean up around the place, cook the food, etc. It's the etc that counts. At night when she goes out in a hammock for her snooze, she puts on the white bathrobe that the girl Borde killed wore. When she sleeps Borde sees Nonce as Rhoda, the girl he killed. Needless to say Kane is as nutty as a fruitcake, and the psychological angle is played up at this point to its zenith, and damn effectively. But yes.

There is a supplementary character who appears now and then as Tramp, the sheriff of the county, and when he sees Nonce he discovers he wants her as he has never wanted another woman. Finally, when Borde attempts to rape Nonce, and she blasely breaks his back, Tramp gets his chance. He chats with her, unaware of the fact that Borde killed Rhoda and Nonce killed Borde. She finally agrees to his advances, but later Tramp receives the shock of his life when she kicks him out of bed. He gets her drunk, handcuffs her, and is about to rape her when Nonce, enraged, kills him. Nonce, praying to her gods, commits suicide. I liked the closing lines:

"She pitched toward the water and it was like a steeple falling."

The denouement is not horribly radical, if you've done any reading at all but the handling is--violent, harsh, brutally life-like. Too much so. The book, instead of being great, becomes sensationalistic. It's good sensationalism though.

((Editor's Note: I disagree with Willie on one point; I think NONCE contained good writing. In all my reading experience I have never come across writing that could equal the sheer power and absolute fierceness of the last pages of this book. Any author's writing that can weave such a spell, be the author Brandon, Mann, or Esmerelda McGlop, must be good writing. You might ask why this book is reviewed in Channy. I personally believe there is a sufficiency of horror, black magic, and to my mind, fantasy, to warrant its inclusion herein.))

--Bill Watson

#### TOME TIPS

Probably the best book news to gladden the heart of your editor is this; Ben Abramson Inc., Publisher, is now taking orders for a 1000-copy limited edition of C. G. Finney's "Circus of Dr. Lao", price to be \$5, to be out in February. Foregoing courtesy book-spy Mike Fern. Incidentally, the address of Abramson is 3 W. 46th, New York City 19.

Penguin Books has published one of my ten favorite books, in a two-bit edition. Tis "To Walk the Night" by William Sloane. I suggest that you get it as soon as you can. The theme is one familiar with all fantasy lovers, but it is presented in an unusual manner, and the startling denouement isn't revealed until the last ten pages of the book. Sloane also wrote "The Edge of Running Water", another fantasy.

Anyone interested in procuring a copy of "After the Afternoon" (and everyone should be) will be glad to know that the book is still available from the publisher, at original price of \$2.50.

You might look up T. S. Stribling's "Clues of the Caribees". The last story in this collection has a most startling ending; startling and how!

Those interested in ancient Egypt will like Stone's "City of a Thousand Gates", combo reincarnation and time travel yarn.

And if you haven't read John Dickson Carr's "Burning Court", ya better.



LANEY:

## THOSE GAY DECEIVERS

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN - Herbert Quick - Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis - 1924 - 8vo.

This beautifully titled volume turns out to be the tale of an Iowa farm girl who attempts to live down the bastardy in her family line by becoming "invisible". Her "invisibility" consists merely of going to a nearby small town (20,000 population) and taking a job as stenographer. Several intriguing chapter titles lay sizeable eggs on being investigated: "Gog No. 35279 Starts and Ends Something" turning out to be the tale of a prize bull at the state fair, and "The Empress of the Americas" to be a paranoic woman with delusions of grandeur--to name two of the more deceiving titles. THE INVISIBLE WOMAN is quite well written--in a stodgy and dull sort of way--and should prove of considerable interest to lovers of Hamlin Garland. Personally I'll take mine easy over.

THE SOWER OF THE WIND - Richard Dehan - Little, Brown & Co., Boston - 1927.

This volume is a bitter pill to swallow. Says the blurb: "Gaspar Barboas in Droone, a strange settlement on the Australian coast---covets land---unable to secure it because of the well-heads annually visited by---aborigines---draws off the water. In retaliation a "devil-post" inscribed with the curse "May Cuggal claim you for his own" is planted in his garden--The curse begins to work---a work of power and beauty---strange, imaginative, haunting". Pardon me while I vomit. This is an excellently written volume. For a third of the way through it, one is convinced that it is the real business, the next third of the way one has doubts but still can enjoy the Shiel-like writing, the last third one grows increasingly disgusted. The crowning blow comes when Dehan devotes his last 50 pages to an assinine windup which completely destroys the hitherto fine characterization of all the characters in order to come out with one of those sweetly sad happy endings in which the atheistic Barboas--of all people!--repents his sins, is forgiven by the priest and joins the Catholic church!! Need I comment further?

THE SEVEN BLUE DIAMONDS--Charles Billings Stilson-8vo-G&D--1927.

The author of the famed "Polaris" series present us here with a typical pulpuke type of adventure yarn. Strictly bang-bang stuff coupled with a ghostly "romantic" love affair (not a rosebud in a greenhouse full!), THE SEVEN BLUE DIAMONDS fails utterly to live up to the promise of such chapter headings as: "The Brown Finger", "The Devil's Doll", "The Cryptogram", "I Break the Doll", and others along fantastic or weird lines. The yarn is as completely non-fantastic as anything I have yet bit on, and lacks too much to be worthy of reading for any reason whatever. I daresay the followers of "Ranch Romances" would find this volume to their liking.

Don't some of your other addicts have bookshop mistakes you could warn us about? Or do you peddle them to non-reader collectors as hot stuff? Come on, give!



Rosenblum:

## WHAT THEY ARE ABOUT

THE DEVILS CHRISTMAS BOX - H. C. Mason - p. Heath Cranton - 1920.

An utterly ridiculous propaganda work, dealing with the threat of Germany. To show us what is going to happen, the author adopts the theme of a counter-earth at the other side of the sun, with a parallel development to our planet but slightly more advanced. Seems to be primarily concerned with the future of South Africa, for which country the work seems to be meant. Less said about it the better. Sundry scientific developments, particularly "Intra-atomic Force" and a new flying machine are casually included, which bring the work further into the stf field, a fact to be regretted, if anything. You may gather, quite rightly, that I didn't particularly enjoy the book, and I don't think you would.

THE FLYING DRAPER - Ronald Fraser - 1924 (p. Jonothan Cape, Travellers Library 1931 - 3/6).

Basically, this is a yarn about a man who developes the faculty of flight by intense belief that flight is possible; a theme used previously, as witness Frank Baker's "Sweet Chariot" and Eric Knight's "Flying Yorkshireman", not to mention Peter Pan and Wendy! But out of this none-too-promising material the author has extracted what seemed to me to be a fine novel in the modern-English idiom. Mr. Codgers strange ability, together with his growing other-worldliness and insight, have an upsetting effect upon the greater world, which dislikes and persecutes him. A strange friendship developes between the flying man, a young and rising politician and his wife, and a group of Oxford undergraduates, who populate the later pages of the book. There is indeed a wealth of witty conversation, a pleasing power of description, and just enough setting aside of this mundane world to whet the appetite of the fantast. I have a vague impression that this work is published also in the USA---if so, you might look out for it.

SANITY ISLAND - Adrian Alington - London, Chatto and Windus - 1941.

The island Kingdom of Meridia is "somewhere in the Sea"; it is remarkably up to date in all affairs, having all the usual problems of a modern state; but being of no strategic value whatsoever, has managed to remain neutral in a crashing lunatic world. It possesses the normal complement of industrialists, court circles, proletariat and so on; the normal stable political parties, an agreeably raffish and elderly Prince Regent, and also was blessed by the existence of a fascistic, would-be dictator upstart, "The Strongest Man", complete with storm troops and all the usual trimmings, and whose bite noir was redheads against whom he continually raved; besides a small but very earnest Communist clique. Into this milieu is thrown a jovial, hearty, boozy, redheaded British Consul who produces a gospel of ridicule of the pompous, the self-important. He guys the Purple Shirts, organizes mock meetings and parades, and fights with the clean sanity of laughter as his weapon. And when the Strongest Man organizes his coup d'etat, instead of hearing the leaders voice on the radio, the populace gets anecdotes of his neurotic childhood, from an elderly aunt. There



is quite an amount of serious and thoughtful philosophic discourse, hidden in a jam of good characterization, strong satire, adequate action, and a reasonable amount of plot. As you may gather, I like the book.

THE AERODROME: A LOVE STORY - Rex Warner - John Lane, The Bodley Head - 1941.

Quite a while ago I had read this authors "Wild Goose Chase" and found it a somewhat obscure, but highly literary and deeply imaginative allegory fantasy, so when I started this work I thought I was in for the same sort of story. Well, it definitely isn't the same sort of story for it has a downright and down to earth plot; and yet I am left with a strong suspicion that it is, once again, an allegory. But for the said plot! We find ourselves in a little village in some unnamed country, and no means of identification is given. The ordinary life of the populace is offset by a husling aerodrome near by. The air force take over the village and blend it integrally into their machine. And simultaneously the hero is also taken over and becomes an air force officer. His life is affected at every turn by the philosophy of power deliberately engendered by the head of the airforce. This philosophy is developed at length: purpose, stability and ruthlessness in everything; pretty much on the Nazi line although significant differences (airmen are to have free love; but any airman who fathers a child is to be cashiered - the child is a hostage to fate) are quoted. Through it all runs a personal relationships tangle, a most improbably melée of two illegitimate sons of one man to two women, and an illegitimate daughter who is apparently the sister of one - three of the bastards in fact. Then comes the crucial point: the airforce is to seize power in a coup d'etat, and our hero's current mistress is to bear him a child. The woman and the airforce chief cancel each other out by sabotage and murder respectively and our hero is left free to go back to his village rhapsody and the girl he really loved. Tangled, thoughtful, yet a story one cannot imagine taking place under any conservable circumstances. Sciencefictional content is strengthened by devices used in training and operating the airforce. Recommended to the literary clique only; others will probably lose their patience.

THE LOG OF THE FLYING FISH - Harry Collingwood - p. Blackie & Son, Ltd.

Admittedly a "juvenile", but what a juvenile! Very, very reminiscent of Jules Verne without the involved scientific explanation and with whose works it would be apparently contemporary. A German scientist resident in England, with the financial support of a super-rich English baronet, and the moral support of a naval officer and an ex-colonel of Engineers, invents and builds a super airship-cum-submarine; in which the quartet go off exploring. They discover the North Pole - yet another version of the mild-climate-round-the-actual-Pole theory which seems to have been widely held in the last century. Not satisfied with that, they then go chasing King Solomons Ophir in central Africa - which they successfully discover, of course. And just by the skin of the teeth, romance is dragged in and the scurvily treated indeed, succeeds in producing the final loving clinches of the period when stf writing was truly mental-adventuring and not the cosmic-wild-west stuff prevalent recently, though it may be extremely dated; yet the book is enjoyable indeed, far beyond the juvenile circle to which Verne, Wells and their school are to such a large extent relegated in this country. In short, you may say, recommended.

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ALL ABOUT THINGS

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These volumes are entitled as follows:

1. The Nameless Thing - Melville D. Post
2. The Shadowy Thing - H. B. Drake
3. The Unseen Thing - Anthony Dyllington

1. "The Nameless Thing" is difficult to class in any certain category. Upon perusing the first few pages, one might reach the conclusion that it is an ordinary detective story, and so it is, in a way. However, the reader is taken, by devious paths, through a maze of adroitly manoeuvred philosophical arguments, presented through the medium of short stories related by the three main characters of the story, a doctor, a judge, and a priest, in order to illustrate their opinions and beliefs, to a rather unusual conclusion of how the victim met his fate. Although the interweaving of numerous unrelated anecdotes tends to cause the reader to forget the original story, this is an interesting tale. It is slow moving, but the incidental stories, like the accompaniment to a main theme in music, will hold the interest of most readers. "The Nameless Thing", despite its title, is not fantasy, and it is certainly not weird or eerie in the ordinary sense of the word, but I recommend it as well worth reading, if only to stimulate one's own mind toward accepting or rejecting to one's own satisfaction the theories set forth.

2. "The Shadowy Thing" is a story which will appeal to those with a preference for the eerie and the supernatural. It concerns a young man, Avery Booth by name, who possesses a strange, hypnotic power. He experiments in this respect at school during his youth, with the result that his classmates mysteriously submit themselves to his will. During this time, he encounters Dick Bellew, a worthy adversary of his dark power. Later, these two meet again, and Avery Booth's evil influence threatens not only Dick Bellew, but his sister and friends as well. How he and his sister oppose Avery Booth's insidious attempts to destroy their spiritual well-being by supernatural means makes an intriguing story.

3. "The Unseen Thing" is the story of an oversensitive young man, who can not bear the sight or prescence of deformity or physical imperfection, and how this phobia affects his life. His endeavours to escape from ugliness in the world seem only to bring him closer to this thing which he dreads. He learns from his mother and father, from whom he has been estranged since early childhood, that he must share with them the burden and horrible secret which overshadows their seemingly idyllic existence at their lavish estate, "Mon Paradis". The suspense preceding the revelation of this terrible secret will keep the reader guessing. The manner in which the young man reacts to his responsibility and the turn of events which are a result of his behaviour make an interesting study. Although the "Unseen Thing" never makes an actual appearance in this story, one nevertheless is made to feel its prescence, monstrous and foreboding, throughout the book. And although the reader may never have experienced utter repulsion and horror at the sight of deformity, he is nevertheless made to understand somewhat the feeling and consequent suffering of the unfortunate young man in the story. "The Unseen Thing" is a well written book, filled with beautifully descriptive passages, and has a rather unexpected conclusion.



# Bibliopinions

of the  
EDITOR

THE GREAT FOG and OTHER WEIRD TALES--H. F. Heard--Vanguard Press--New York--  
238 pages--1944--\$2.50.

Firstly, the stories in this volume are exceedingly well written. But at times they seem to get no place, but fast. Also, the author evidently knows what he is talking about when he brings science into the stories. Most of the yarns have an early H. G. Wellsish flavor, especially the one about the pen-guins. But, to the stories:

THE CRAYFISH - is a nice little yarn which reveals a new method of murder, efficient, practical; but makes one wonder whether anyone would go to all that trouble just to commit a murder. Somehow or other it reminded me of Keller's "The Doorbell".

THE GREAT FOG - the title story, was to me the most interesting tale in the book. It is certainly unusual; a remarkable fable, parable, or call it what you will. A strange mold, which creates its own 'field of humidity', suddenly covers the whole of earth, bringing a perpetual, impenetrable fog down upon humanity. How mankind adapts itself to this strange and new environment makes very interesting reading.

WINGLESS VICTORY - will probably be the best liked story of the science-fictionists; contained in this volume, I hasten to add. It is the story of a bird Shangri-La in the arctic. The penguin like inhabitants have reached, correspondingly, a higher state of civilization in the bird kingdom than man has in the animal kingdom. To a certain extent they have learned to control cosmic rays, and can speed up evolution, or adapt certain creatures, such as seals, to a certain type of work by evolving their flippers into arms. The story will hold your interest, but the author evidently wanted to say something, and lost his way.

DESPAIR DEFERRED - is an overly long tale studded with useless ramifications. The author rambles on for 27 pages, peering into the mind of a woman who contemplates suicide, and you find out why she decides to go on living. Here again is that marvellous writing style which makes you enjoy the story in spite of yourself. I've been informed that this is an excellent psychological yarn.

THE SWAP - I found to be most intriguing. Sufi, a teaching similar to Yoga, is the motivating force. Two men transfer their minds into each others body, each learning and complaining about the bodily shortcomings of the other. You will probably guess the climax. I did.

DROMENON - is probably the worst tale in the book. This is a pity, for it could have been so good. The beginning of this unusual narrative leads you to believe that "here is one of the greatest weirds of all time". But it sort of peters out in the end, and you are left with a whatinell's-it-all-about feeling. Our hero, through the help of a peculiar church organist, discovers the meaning of the lines of Gothic architecture. This, combined with the music of a medieval organ, allows him to hear music 'out of this world! 'not of this world', or somethin. Yet, the writing will astound you, and will tend to make you think, "Here is something terrific, or at least it should be?"

THE CAT, "I AM" - is a weird tale of strange coincidences. Or were they strange coincidences? Here again you wonder just what the author is trying to



(0) convey to the reader. This one struck me as a 'horror through suggestion' (0)  
 (0) tale that sort of fell flat on its nose. (0)  
 (0) THE ROUSING OF MR. BRADEGAR - leads you to believe that the main charac- (0)  
 (0) ter actually lived a portion of his later life, in a dream. At least, that's (0)  
 (0) what I got out of the story. I have no doubt you'll probably get a different (0)  
 (0) idea altogether. (0)  
 (0) So there you have it; a group of stories which are well written. A good (0)  
 (0) example of excellent writing practically ruined by poor story development. (0)  
 (0) For some unexplainable reason, I like the book as a whole. I think you'll (0)  
 (0) find it well worth a perusal. Maybe I'm nuts. (0)  
 (0) SWEET CHARIOT - Frank Baker - Published by Coward McCann - 1943 - \$2.50. (0)  
 (0) Gregory James Spillett was a meek, mild mannered, English school teacher. (0)  
 (0) He went about his work with an acute sense of duty, and, of all the profes- (0)  
 (0) sors at the school, he was the one whom the boys liked the most. But sudden- (0)  
 (0) ly he went a little off the beam, so to speak. For Gregory Spillett did just (0)  
 (0) one thing that set him off from you and I. He captured his guardian angel. (0)  
 (0) No little wonder the school thought Spillett a little off the beam, for (0)  
 (0) he was actually Melchior, an angel, and what did he know about the little (0)  
 (0) things in the daily routine of man. But he soon learned, but too well. (0)  
 (0) The book is comprised of two stories, which integrate into one complete, (0)  
 (0) and interesting narrative. The first story is that of Melchior and his learn- (0)  
 (0) ing the ways of man, the second, Spillett's flying adventures and attempts to (0)  
 (0) enter heaven. Of the two, Melchior's is the most interesting chronicle. (0)  
 (0) How would an angel know that it is bad manners to walk about a school (0)  
 (0) draped only in a sheet, or that a teacher couldn't tell the headmaster that (0)  
 (0) he would like to see a female member of the school staff sans clothing. And (0)  
 (0) how could he know that, because the soup reminded him of a pond, he couldn't (0)  
 (0) look up and say "Quack, quack, quack"? (0)  
 (0) No, Melchior didn't know, but he found out. He also learned of the ha- (0)  
 (0) tred, greed, anger, and passion of the world. And learning he changed the (0)  
 (0) lives of a group of people who sang his praises to their dying days. (0)  
 (0) Here is a book that is full of pathos, adventure, riddles, and life. A (0)  
 (0) book which I guarantee will give you at least five belly laughs, and, on the (0)  
 (0) other hand, much to think about, for the chronicle of Spillett is most inter- (0)  
 (0) esting and is written with a deep understanding of the ways of man. (0)  
 (0) But, primarily, here is a story that is different, meaty, and interest (0)  
 (0) holding. And here is an author who will bring you something new in a fantas- (0)  
 (0) tic tale. Heartily recommended. (0)  
 (0) THE LANDSLIDE - Stephen Gilbert - Published by Alfred A. Knopf - 1944 - \$2.50 (0)  
 (0) This book is so utterly charming that I'm afraid of exhausting all the (0)  
 (0) superlatives in the English language before I finish this review. For here (0)  
 (0) is an author who must have written for his own amusement. Here is an author (0)  
 (0) whose love of life will jump off the page and run an endless chain of smiles (0)  
 (0) across your countenance. Yes, my friends, here is an author. (0)  
 (0) Do you like animals? Do you have a pet dog, cat, mouse? How would you (0)  
 (0) like a pet dragon, a cute little one that was as faithful as time itself, a (0)  
 (0) pet dragon that could talk to you? Of course you would. Nor would you be a- (0)  
 (0) verse to putting a saddle on a sea horse and having a wild, happy ride in the (0)  
 (0) foamy sea. No, I'm not talking about a fairy tale, for this is an unusual (0)  
 (0) thought-provoking book. (0)  
 (0) The story takes place in a remote spot in Ireland, long before the advent (0)  
 (0) of railroads. One night the villagers are awakened by a peculiar rumbling (0)  
 (0) noise, but, failing to ascertain the cause for the disturbance, soon forget (0)  
 (0) the occurrence. (0)



(0) Wolfe, an acutely likeable character around whom the story centers, aim- (0)  
(0) lessly wandering near the Far Beach, a spot seldom visited by the villagers, is (0)  
(0) suddenly astonished to see a dragon and a sea serpent playing on the shore. He (0)  
(0) hurries home to tell his Gran'papa, know that he is the only one who would be- (0)  
(0) lieve such a story. Gran'papa accompanies Wolfe to the Far Beach, and seems (0)  
(0) not too astonished at the sight of the creatures. (0)

(0) The boy and his grandparent discover that the peculiar rumbling noise (0)  
(0) which had awakened the villagers had been a landslide, which uncovered untold (0)  
(0) numbers of prehistoric eggs and seeds, a dragon, and the sea serpent. The hot (0)  
(0) summer sun hatched the eggs and gerrinated the seeds, making the Far Beach a (0)  
(0) veritable prehistoric wonderland. We find out that the animals and reptiles (0)  
(0) lived in a time when man and beast were entirely reconciled to each other and (0)  
(0) conversed by telepathy. (0)

(0) Wolfe and Gran'papa are bewildered when the dragon and the sea serpent ac- (0)  
(0) cept them as bosom comrades, but soon get used to the idea. One of the little (0)  
(0) dragons follows Wolfe home and becomes his faithful 'dog'. (0)

(0) Thereafter Wolfe makes frequent trips to this wonderland with his grand- (0)  
(0) parent. During these delightful excursions, which so delight the boy, we are (0)  
(0) allowed to peer into the minds of the various animals and reptiles, which be- (0)  
(0) come increasingly attached to their visitors. (0)

(0) But the superstitious villagers will have none of this. When the dragon (0)  
(0) crawls into the church one Sunday morning, just to be warm and catch forty (0)  
(0) winks, the villagers suddenly get the idea that the creatures are agents of (0)  
(0) the devil, and that Gran'papa is the cause of it all. The priest tries to e- (0)  
(0) ject the devil by reciting an exorcism, but to no avail. When Gran'papa per- (0)  
(0) suades the dragon to leave the church, the villagers are thoroughly convinced (0)  
(0) that evil is upon them, and that Gran'papa is surely one of the bedamned. (0)

(0) I'll not divulge any more of the plot, though it's a temptation not too. (0)  
(0) You must read the book yourself. (0)

(0) The author writes with a Nathanish pen. He takes a hearty slap at homo (0)  
(0) sap, but we deserve it. His descriptions of the 'jungle' and the plants and (0)  
(0) creatures therein are very well done. (0)

(0) The book has several novel ideas and is chuck full of delightful incidents. (0)  
(0) F'rinstance, how would you like to see a mind picture of a prehistoric world (0)  
(0) through the thoughts of a dragon that had actually lived in that period. Then (0)  
(0) there is the incident wherein the dragon gives the lad a special egg, from (0)  
(0) which hatches a small flying dragon with a delightful penchant for ridding ones (0)  
(0) house of flies. (0)

(0) But best of all, in my estimation, is the sea serpent. I'd give ten years (0)  
(0) of my life to saddle one and ride wildly through the sea. Wouldn't you? (0)

(0) DEAR SIR - Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce - Being letters of ribaldry (0)  
(0) and desperation culled from war plants, draft boards and government agencies- (0)  
(0) Collected and edited by Juliet Lowell. Only one buck. (0)

(0) Did you enjoy the Boners Omnibuses? Course you did. Well here is the (0)  
(0) boners omnibus of a frustrated writing public. Examples: (0)

(0) Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, San Diego Gentlemen: My friend is coming (0)  
(0) Gentlemen: I have just finished a wonderful in for an examination, but I (0)  
(0) brake to be put on airplanes. This brake I have reason to believe that he (0)  
(0) invented can stop a plane that is doing 400 is going to be rejected, due to (0)  
(0) miles an hour in less than 10 feet. Now I a biological idiosyncrasy. (0)

(0) am working on an invention to stop the pilot Gentlemen: In answer to your (0)  
(0) from going through the windshield./queshun I'm a horizontal elevator operator. (0)  
(0) Letters from suffering Americans - the woman who has had no relief since her (0)  
(0) husbands project was cut off, the man who had an ulcer in his large intestical. (0)  
(0) And a hundred more, just as good; pure, unconscious, hilarious and slide-split- (0)  
(0) ting epistles. Wonderful, marvellous. Don't be a ninny; buy it, laugh, laugh. (0)



## THE LAST CHORUS

So here it gifts Channy 4, which is somewhat in the nature of an anniversary issue as the first issue rolled off the presses very near the tail end of 1943. So, in celebration I've added an extra page this ish. Incidentally, since Channy uses elite type you are getting the equivalent of a 40 page pica type mag. I think you'll find the material is much better this ish than last and most of the readers will appreciate a cut-down on the corny humor, altho many seemed to enjoy it. I've also learned my lesson as far as white ink on black paper is concerned. This time I've used a very absorbent paper, and the results were satisfactory in all respects. You can rub all you want to and it won't come off, the white ink I mean. You've probably noticed a bit of poor reproduction on the upper right hand corner of some of the pages. This is due to an elusive and vulpine blind spot on the Nova Press mimeo.

To clear up a misunderstanding anent the review of Channy 2 in Startling Stories. The "cleverly typed borders" are not by Wiedenbeck; they are dood by yours truly, the ed, as is all mechanical art in this and preceding issues. However, credit is due Wiedenbeck for the luffly litho and the cover. Next ish the borders will be too purty for woids; I've discovered a new system.

Plans for Channy 5 are still kinda vague. On hand are reviews by Ashley, Laney, and Rosenblum, Chauvenet's MYFFSAW, a page of book chatter from Rosenblum, inspired by the book section of issue the third, Tucker will probably come through with something at the last moment, and of course Laydschur, Rooster and the rest of my components will be conspicuously present.

I would like to hear comments on the Laney jazz article. Do you readers want any more of the same from La Fran?

Anent Rothman's little contrib, I must admit it was sort of a dirty trick, but it's fun to be fooled once in awhile. Thanks should go to Milty for the title of Laydschur's fiasco herein. The original, and true incident was much funnier than the article it inspired.

Some last minute book news: Doubleday Doran has pubbed a volume of weird and fantasy stories entitled "Fantastic Memories". The author is Maurice Sandoz, and it is illustrated by Salvador Dali, no less, sets you back five smackers if you buy it new. Lucky me, I got it for Christmas. Penguin Books' "To Walk the Night", 25¢, is a must for all fen.

In closing, may I thank all you kind individuals for your nice Christmas Cards, and wish you a bookful, fenful, and bountiful New Year.

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