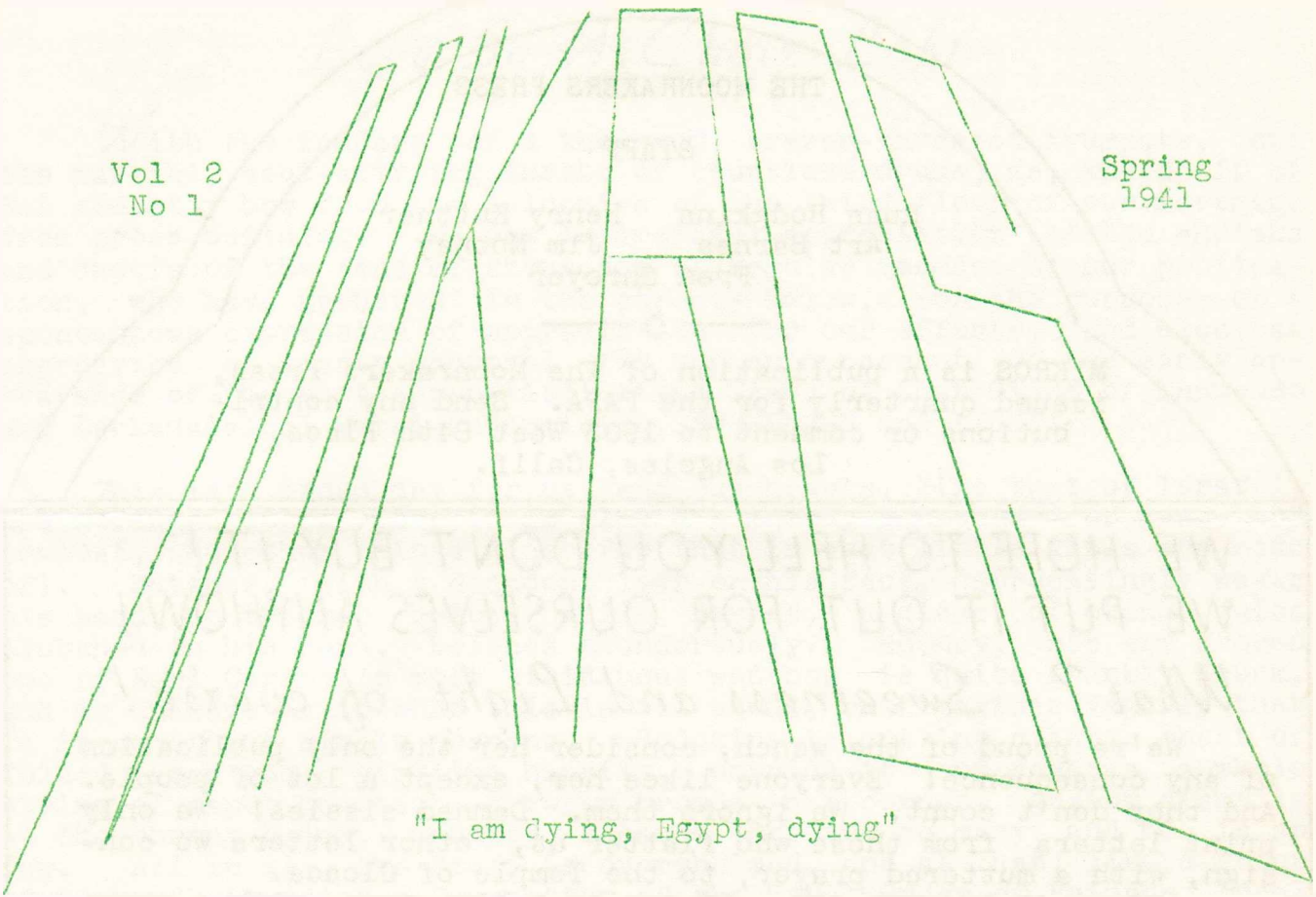
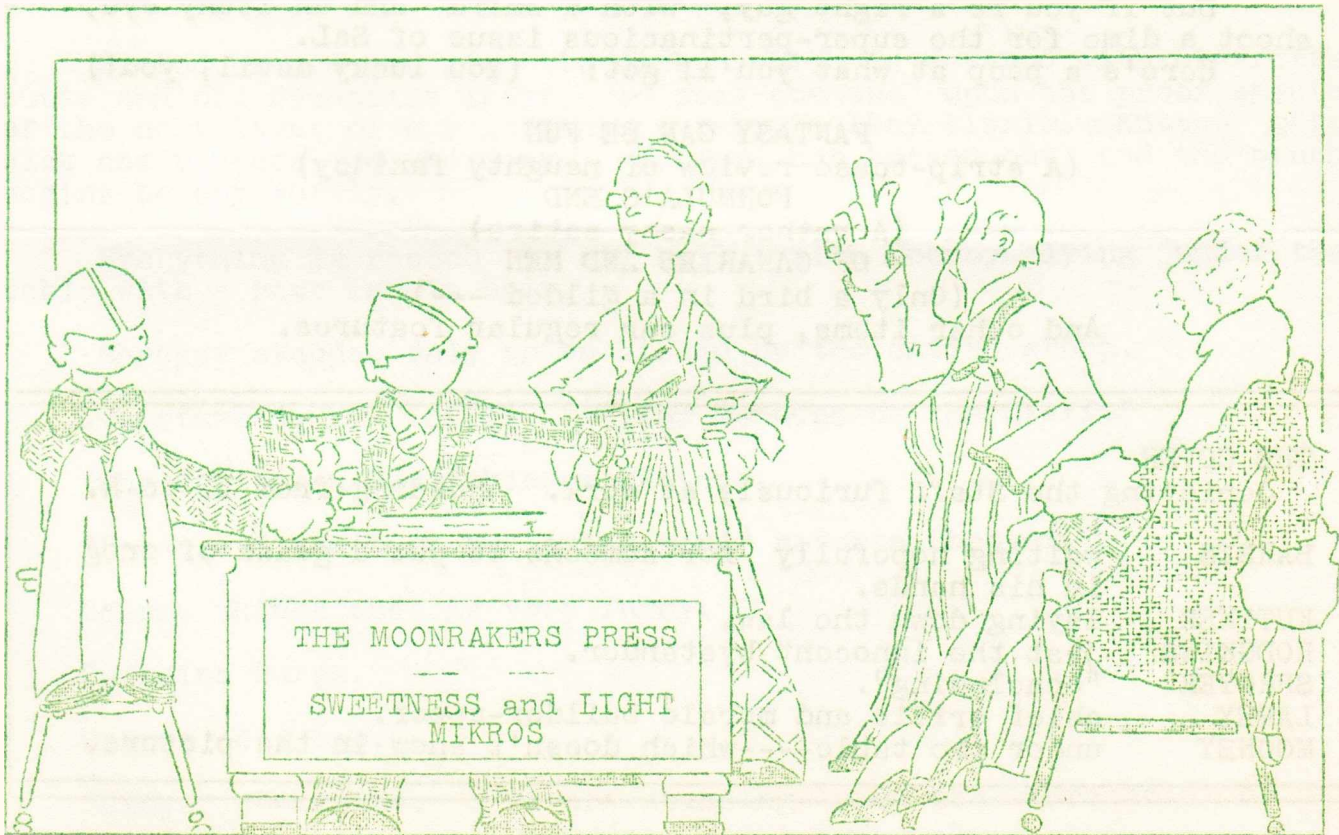


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"I am dying, Egypt, dying"



THE MOONRAKERS PRESS

STAFF

Russ Hodgkins Henry Kuttner
Art Barnes Jim Mooney
Fred Shroyer

— ○ —

MIKROS is a publication of The Moonrakers Press, issued quarterly for the FAPA. Send any contributions or comment to 1903 West 84th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

WE HOPE TO HELL YOU DONT BUY IT!
WE PUT IT OUT FOR OURSELVES ANYHOW!

What? Sweetness and Light of course!

We're proud of the wench, consider her the only publication of any consequence! Everyone likes her, except a lot of people. And they don't count. We ignore them. Damned sissies! We only print letters from those who flatter us, other letters we consign, with a muttered prayer, to the Temple of Cloaca.

And, just to warn you, if you're a blue-nose with a punctured Libido, read ninety percent of the other fan mags. That crap's good enough for you!

But if you're a right guy, with a smirk and an itchy eye, shoot a dime for the super-pertinacious issue of SaL.

Here's a peep at what you'll get: (You lucky devil, you!)

FANTASY CAN BE FUN

(A strip-tease review of naughty fantasy)

FORMULA'S END

(A rather nasty satiro)

OF CANARIES AND MEN

(Only a bird in a gilded ---)

And other items, plus our regular features.

THE COVER

depicting the Staff furiously at work. Reading from L. to R.

BARNES	waiting hopefully for someone to put a glass of grog in his hands.
KUTTNER	laying down the law.
HODGKINS	just the innocent bystander.
SHROYER	"concluding".
LANEY	chief critic and morale builder-upper.
MOONEY	under the table----which doesn't show in the picture.

Love In A Choir Loft

With the fanfare of a thousand brazen-throated trumpets, and the martial, soul-stirring throbs of countless drums, we, the Staff of SaL modestly bow from the balconies of the third floor of our mortgage free press building. We bow in grateful appreciation of the shrieks and cheers of the tens of thousands of regular readers of our publication, who have gathered in the streets below, for the purpose of a spontaneous expression of appreciation for our efforts, and also, an expression of hearty approval for our announcement of the early appearance of the next super-tittilating issue of that Giant of Innuendo and Lackadaisical Moral-Undermining, SWEETNESS and LIGHT!

This is a proud day for us, and our hearts, like that of Israfil, are stringed lutes wherein is played a melody compounded of guano and compost, and other things nice (for that is what little girls are made of). Kuttner, with a decadent leer on his face, deprecatingly waves his hand at the mob below, while Barnes, a glass of orange juice clutched in his hand, belches thunderously. Mooney, his arm around one of Earl Carroll's most libidinous wenches is quite frankly drunk, and is unaware as to what this is all about, but imagines vaguely that it is something nicely obscene. Hodgkins is cutting a large sheet of folded paper and, giggling happily, unfolds it and reveals a whole string of paper hearts. Shroyer broods in a corner, gazing dismally at the throng below, unhappy because they are so many and he is so few. All in all, the Staff is overwhelmed, and at last, like a group of members attending a Convention of the Royal Order of Priapus, Local Number 7, they leave the balcony, but not before Kuttner snatches the glass from Barnes and baptises the crowd below, at the same time muttering a particularly revolting passage from the Necronomicon.

Seated around our gigantic desk, which is covered with cigarette butts and old Byzantine Ikons, we pass comment upon the proof sheets of the next issue of our gargantuan baby. They sizzle. Kuttner gets sick and retches on the desk. Mooney has passed out and the wench begins to cry softly.

Everything is rococo as all hell, with Mooney lying under the table with a rose in his hair.

Shroyer stands, only to be hissed by the entire group.

Unperturbed, he flutes: "Fellow members of the Staff."

"Why don't you die?" hisses Kuttner.

"Because I can't go on loving you!" retorts Shroyer.

No one thinks that is very funny.

Hodgkins burps.

Barnes does too.

Shroyer continues: "We are standing upon the threshold of our

first century. "And", he fumbles with the left ear of Mooney's wench, "we feel that it is time to withdraw SaL from the FAPA, and make her a straight subscription affair."

"Why?" the little fellow asks from the lavatory.

(About this little fellow. He came, years ago, and has been living in the throne room ever since. He is very dirty, and has no nose. He keeps the place clean, though, and we don't do anything about getting rid of him because he bites.)

Barnes locks the lavatory door. The little fellow can't get out now. "That'll fix him," gloats Barnes.

"You know what happened the last time," warns Hodgkins.

(The last time we kept the little fellow locked in all right, but at the same time we were locked out.)

"Order!" yells Bert.

(Where did this "Bert" come from? Never saw him here before....)

The little waiter from the cafe around the corner pops in on his scooter. "Watcha want? I recommend the beef stew."

We threw him out.

"And," continues Shroyer, "now that order has been restored I shall make a few closing remarks. If you please."

"Which we don't," responds the entire Staff in a chorus.

Ignoring this, as only Shroyer can ignore, he draws himself erect and a glass of gin, and finishes:

"In conclusion, my drunken and slightly repulsive friends, it has been decided that SaL shall go on as a regular subscription magazine. In her place in the FAPA we shall resurrect that mighty midge MIKROS, with a policy that will veer with the moods of this illustrious group. Right?"

No one has the slightest idea as to what this is all about, and as a result the entire motion, if it can be called that, is adopted by a resolution of absence.

Later everyone got drunk.

Three days after the above, on Shrove Friday to be exact, the Staff meets again. Mooney, minus his wench, which brings forth a spontaneous wave of applause. She is unpopular. It has not been forgotten by the Staff that she had corrupted the janitor in such a way that he had caused the treble-voiced choristers from the adjacent St. Luke's Rectory to sing beneath the window of the editorial rooms, "Stand Up For Jesus". This had caused no small amount of confusion, not to mention various and sundry contusions on one Kuttner, who, always ready to respond to any appeal, attempted to follow the plaintive

request of the choristers, and promptly fell on his face. This was all very sad when it is considered that the Staff had recently purchased an Indian prayer rug for the office. Kuttner's blood is a repulsive blue, and of a particularly unpleasant oily quality. We don't consider him human anyway, so it didn't matter.

But enough of this. It is significant but not pertinent.

This meeting is not pertinent either. It really shouldn't be mentioned. The only event of any importance is the spiking of Barnes' grape juice with an extremely odious brand of gin. Again, it is agreed that SaL is to go subscription.

Which it is.

Aren't you damned glad about the whole thing?

--The Staff--

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An Observation On A Recent Euthanasia

When I learned that Earl Singleton had died, it was just as I was finishing the reading of his criticism of Houseman in the first and last issue of his "Nepenthe".

While reading the criticism I was unconsciously---or perhaps subconsciously---, formulating a defense of Houseman, as I consider him one of the greatest of all poets; great in the sense that the universe is great. I remember that I was finding it impossible to believe that Earl really preferred the rococo adornments of Poe, to the classic, almost Pindaric, simplicity of Houseman..... And then someone mentioned that he had committed suicide.

Now my answer to Mr. Singleton has been cancelled, and I am not at all concerned with the crystalizing of the impressions that raced through my mind while reading his article. One does not tilt with an adversary when he is asleep. But I am interested in this: Why Mr. Singleton's preoccupation with Houseman? And was it, perhaps, that his criticism of Houseman was based upon a far more fundamental aversion than that of mere poetic principle?

Mr. Houseman was the spokesman of "dead lads" and of those who died by their own hands. All of his poetry has this undertheme. And astoundingly, one of his finest pieces concerns a lad who shot himself!

I am not equipped to venture into the pits and labyrinths of a human mind. These misty regions cannot, as yet, be satisfactorily explored by the master psychologist, and what chance has an amateur dilettante in psychology like myself, to find his way through these hot,

moist lands? But I think there is something significant here, a unity perhaps, between man and Mars, and the worm and a nebula.....

Anyway, here is the poem by Houseman. You formulate your own conclusions:

"Shot? so quick, so clean an ending?
Oh that was right, lad, that was brave:
Yours was not an ill for mending,
'Twas best to take it to the grave.

Oh you had a forethought, you could reason,
And saw your road and where it led,
And early wise and brave in season
Put the pistol to your head.

Oh soon, and better so than later
After long disgrace and scorn,
You shot dead the household traitor,
The soul that should not have been born.

Right you guessed the rising morrow
And scorned to tread the mire you must:
Dust's your wages, son of sorrow,
But men may come to worse than dust.

Souls undone, undoing others---
Long time since the tale began.
You would not live to wrong your brothers:
Oh lad, you died as fits a man.

Now to your grave shall friend and stranger
With ruth and some with envy come:
Undishonored, clear of danger,
Clean of guilt, pass hence and home.

Turn safe to rest, no dreams, no waking:
And here, man, here's the wreath I've made!
'Tis not a gift that's worth the taking,
But wear it and it will not fade."

And in conclusion, those who were Earl's friends---and they are legion---will have to hear, from noxious little pip-squeaks, a certain puerile mouthing engendered in Sunday schools and Boy Scout meetings, namely, the insipid, drooling observation: "To take one's own life is cowardly. It takes courage to go on living." Disregard these imbeciles, they are doomed to the Rotary and Methodism!

Rather, remember Remy De Gourmont, speaking in his "A Night in the Luxembourg": "If your morality had chosen, instead of the teasing role of a jealous old maid, that of an amiable and prudent friend, it would have taught you the art of wrestling with Destiny, and, when her grip is invincible and cruel, the supreme feint, which is to vanish in smoke."

--Fred Shroyer--