



R O S E B U D

fandom's intimate fanzine

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Rosebud is published for the editor's amazement and enjoyment. No set publishing date has been established. However we do hope to go to press oftener than friend Ashley's Nova and not quite as often as the very punctual Fanewscard. Cash subscriptions will not be accepted. Only those on our "preferred" list will receive copies. We will gladly exchange fanzines with anyone who cares to do business on that basis. A copy of your fanzine by return mail will be taken as your wish to do so. Submitted material will be most welcome, especially from the feminine gender. Articles can be on almost any subject; we are not a strictly science-fiction or fantasy publication, however we do not favor material of a risque nature.

We do hope to keep our publishing standards much the same as this issue; that is, we intend to include book reviews, articles and poems and a letter department. The latter is lacking in this issue for the obvious reasons. We welcome criticism, favorable or otherwise. Let us hear from you.

We had the opportunity to help in the assembling of the LeZ anniversary this year, and we want to congratulate Bob here for the grand job he, and those other people in the issue, did with it. It's the best!

Until the next issue,

-Mari Beth Wheeler

INCIDENT IN A COUNTRY LANE

by
Eunice Guyy

The last of the three young men stood in the middle of the dusty road and watched his companions out of sight. When the brow of the distant hill hid them from him he turned to the strange woman waiting silently at his side, and noted the amused smile playing on her lips.

Behind them, her overturned sedan rested heavily on the grass.

"I do not trust you," the last young man said to her, looking full into her bemused face. "Unlike my over-eager friends I know well the deadly paradox you offer. Legend is full of deeds such as yours. Full of tales of unsuspecting people helping someone in distress, and being repaid by the simple granting of a wish."

She remained smiling, not speaking.

"Those people always come to grief, for your granted wishes hide a sting--always. Never has a man won anything by such an offer. You always trick them. Such as you have just tricked my companions. The one who wished for a house filled with gold, for instance. I don't doubt but what a houseful of gold awaits him even now--but will he be able to make good use of it? Will you let him live to reach it?

"And the other, the one who wished to live forever. You almost laughed in his face when he asked that, the poor, unsuspecting fool! He will live forever, wont he? Not for just eternity until all things come to a natural, preordained end---but beyond that--forever!"

She stopped smiling, turned a cold face towards him.

"I granted them," she sneered, "exactly what they wished for. It is not my fault they lack the foresight to see the consequences! It is not my fault the first will never spend his gold. It is not my fault the other will remain floating carrion beyond the end of time. I gave them their wish." She smiled again, cruelly, and asked: "And now your wish remains unasked--what do you seek?"

Boldly he answered, "I do not intend to be tricked. I do not intend to ask something that hides that fatal stinger. Yet I realize I am too selfish not to make a wish at all."

"Then name it."

"I wish for you." He stopped, looked for some sign on her face and plunged on. "I want the material and spiritual possession of you."

Only then did she smile, that same cruel, amused smile. "Take me, then." She held out her hand. He took it in his.

"You realize," he said, "that I own you? That you are for all purposes my slave?" She nodded, still smiling.

"Do you?" she asked archly.

MUMBLINGS

by Bob Tucker

Once upon a time, back in the golden age of fandom (1941) we published a column by this title in Gilbert & Jenkin's first - class fanzine, The Southern Star. It is our intention here to resurrect that column for it appears fairly certain that fanzine will never be with us again, despite the fact that Jenkins tightly holds on to our last-submitted column, claiming the Star will again be published "when Joe comes home." We doubt it.

Our chief complaint with the brothers Vulcan Publications is the extremely annoying habit they all seem to have of reviewing only the other Vulcan Pubs within their pages, altho they claim to be presenting a fanzine review column.

The second issue of Van Splawn's Vulcan publication, Mars, reviews Vulcan, Apollo, Saturnalia, and Thoth---all Vulcan publications. Strangely, there is no room for any further reviews. Perhaps Splawn wasn't whistling 'Dixie' when he entitled his column "Vulcan Views."

The first issue of de la Ree's new Vulcan publication, Beowulf, reviews Vulcan and Mars ... and surprise! .. finds itself at bottom of page so it promptly quits. de la Ree entitled his column "Book and Fanzine Reviews".

The third issue of Joel Hensley's Vulcan publication, Apollo, reviews Saturnalia, Thoth, Mars ... and guess what: LeZ, Centauri, and Cosmic Circle Commentator. We can almost visualize the board of directors calling a meeting for the express purpose of firing member Hensley from the group for his ungallant conduct. The three magazines in mention have all appeared at nearly the same time, the turn of the year. We aren't guilty of picking particular issues to harp about.

Nor are we the ones to complain of self- or co-advertising. Not us, for we are frequently guilty of that. We are complaining that the reviewing of other Vulcan publications is annoying because it is done so often, and at the expense of other and better fanzines appearing at the same time. If these Vulcan brothers insist on reviewing one another, we demand they label the column honestly; and stop pretending they are reviewing all fanzines in general.

To our deep regret, it remained for Britain to publish in book form the finest fantasy of two decades--a fantasy written by a Britisher, but first published in America. A whole new magazine was created for this one story---something that is done only in the pulp trade when some editorial big-shot has a brainstorm that usually results in something like Captain Future or The Shadow. Happily, this was not the fate of this particular magazines.

In 1938, Britisher Eric Frank Russell delivered to John W. Campbell a manuscript he entitled (we believe but are not positive) "The Forbidden Acres". By some magic unknown to us, Campbell prevailed upon Street & Smith to create Unknown. Its first issue, March 1939, presented the Russell story, now retitled "Sinister Barrier". The resounding smack is still echoing among the rocks and rills. Many, including ourself, vote it the best story of that and many another year. "Sinister Barrier" is the type of story variously labelled "thought variant," "nova," or plain confounding. It presented an entirely new idea in fantastic fiction, dragged the cobwebs of semi-obscurity from some of Charles Fort's stranger phenomena, and gave fandom a new word to play with: Vitons.

It was our hope that some book publisher, perhaps Henry Holt who has published many of de Camp's Unknown fantasies, would see fit to publish "Sinister Barrier". The story certainly deserves book publication. Perhaps some publisher still may bring it out over here. But Britain saw its merit first. 'The World's Work, Ltd.' has brought it out in a tight little 135 paged wartime edition. We have a copy. We wish it were available to all American fans.

We bring from our dusty files for your inspection a baffling enigma we entitle "The Case of the Ian Photos." The story, a somewhat strange one, revolves around a collection of photographs Joe Gilbert assembled for publication in an NFFF project, Fannual. The fanzine has never appeared, but the photos have --- in a way.

The Fannual was to appear in 1942. Gilbert collected the photos of the ten top fans of that year (or perhaps of the previous year --- they change so rapidly we're not sure), assembled the pictures onto a page and had them lithographed. At that point the bottom seems to have dropped from everything. Whatever work Gilbert put into the Fannual seems to have gone down the drain, the project vanished, Gilbert joined the Merchant Marine.

We were in New York the summer of 1942. While visiting Norton of Astonishing we chanced to see upon his desk a copy of the lithographed page bearing the ten pictures. Shall we say we were slightly astonished? The page was sent to him by Ackerman. We've never learned how FJA got hold of it, or whether there were other copies floating around. Some months later Fred Pohl sent us a batch of fanzines to sell for him. You guessed it---the litho page was included. Needless to say we kept it. It was our intention to have the page re-lithographed and published in Le Zombie. The cost would be cheap because the pictures wouldn't again need screening before lithographing.

But did we? No. We've lost the page. And there you have the story of the pictures that defy publication. From Gilbert, to Ackerman, to Norton, to Pohl, to Tucker, to hell for all we know. Bewildered NFFF members are presumably still waiting for the Fannual and the pictures of the ten top fans of 1942 ... or perhaps it was 1941.

At Christmas time we did our good turn (and had a lot of fun too) sending copys of Wollheim's PocketBook overseas to gents ambling about the world. Six or eight went to American fans then abroad; about six more went to Mike Rosenblum for re-mailing to English fans at war. At this writin four fans have notified me their copies arrived--including Graph Waldeyer's, which reached him after he was returned home. I can only guess at the fate of the remainder.

In closing, I offer a reprint from the Battle Creek Daily Ledger for Monday, March 6th, 1944. Our local paper did not carry the story so I have no way of knowing if the wire services carried it; if so, it may not be news to you. Let me say only that I've been expecting such.

STAR CULT RAID NETS SEVEN "FUTUREMEN"

Police Sunday raided the residence of Alfred Ashley, 32, taxicab driver, after continual complaints by neighbors branded the house at 25 Poplar Street a public nuisance.

Taken in the raid in addition to Mr. Ashley were his wife Abbey Lu, age not stated; Mrs Thelma Morgan, age not stated; E.E. Evans, 51, government clerk; Walter Liebscher, 23, government clerk; Jackson Wiedenbeck, 26, engraver; and an unidentified WAC known only as "Ky". All were released on bail pending their appearance in court March 20.

Statements taken from the men indicate that the residence, named "slan shack", is the Michigan headquarters of a star cult of science-worshippers and faddists who style themselves "the men of the future". Claiming to have political and sociological views of the world 100 years from now, the self-styled futurmen were contemptuous of those social responsibilities of today as laid down by Police Magistrate W.W. Lyons.

Cried Ashley, the apparent leader: "We must all work together to see the fancy promises we read about come to pass! Fancy becomes fact only when there is a loyal, hard - working group interested in that fancy, pushing to a successful conclusion. Tomorrow will be Utopia!"

Repeated complaints by neighbors caused police investigation of the "slan shack", which was opened October 31st of last year. At that time, contend neighbors, as many as twenty or so people at one time would be visible on or about the premises and carrying on in a noisy manner. Revels lasted all night, preventing many others in the block from sleeping. Week-ends found large groups of noisy people congregating at the house, many of them soldiers stationed at Kellogg Field and Fort Custer.

Police Magistrate Lyons released the WAC know as "Ky" when she tearfully explained she did not belong to the "star cult" but merely visited the place on week-end leaves because "they made it like a little USO to me. You could always find a few soldiers there, having a good time. It was so friendly to us away from home." Hereafter, she promised the magistrate, she would spend her free time elsewhere.

Cried Mr. Liebscher, youngest of the star-clan: "Gosh, wow, boy-oh-boy! Long live science fiction!"

FAN'S INFERNO
by
Randolph Tillywish

"Arise, worm!" a voice bellowed in my ear. A heavy foot prodded not-to-gently into my side. Opening my eyes I jerked myself up to a semi-sitting position. "Why cantcha let a guy sleep--" I halted in mid sentence as I saw who--or what I was talking to. He--or It, was roughly human in shape, had a long nose, wore glasses, and had skin ----- brilliant red skin. I'd rather not describe the rest of him.

"Just call me Syk," it said. "Follow me."

"Now just a minute," I growled indignantly.

"So!" hissed the thing delightedly, "gonna be stubborn, eh?" I had noticed that he was toting a long pole at the end of which was a glowing minature of the planet Saturn, complete with rings. Now he prodded me with this pole, and as the rings came into contact with my bare skin I got a jolt that almost knocked me flat.

"Hey! Be careful---that thing's dangerous."

Syk grinned evilly as he started off. I followed without another word. Apparently we were headed toward the other side of the cavern. Oh yeah-- I had noticed we were in a monstrous crimson cavern--- where I could faintly distinguish a large metallic structure.

We passed a group of people in a little hollow, working furiously about a tremendous machine which resembled nothing more than an im-possibly gigantic mimeograph. These people, garbed in nothing but tattered red rags, were buzzing about like a flock of bees, carrying paper (eight-and-a-half by eleven feet); pumping thick black ink from an ink-lake not far distant; feeding paper into the machine, and so on. I couldn't help but notice that the place swarmed with counterparts of Syk, and that they all carried Saturn-poles (if anybody says "Sa--turn for the worse," I'll kill him) which they applied with evident glee to the workers from time to time.

Saturn's Rings swung gently and suggestively in front of my kiss-er, so I yelped and turned quickly to follow Syk. He leered. Indicating the wretches swarming about the mimeograph, he said, "Dat's not for youse, sweetheart. We got somethin' choice reserved for youse!" I shuddered in anticipation. (?)

As we passed by a narrow chasm, I stopped to peer over the side. There were Things down there, swimming around in thick, black stuff. Repelling, yet fascinating

Syk let out a scream of rage, and + jerked hastily around, but the ground crumbled beneath my feet. "Hal-l-lp, Syk!" I cried, grasping for support. The next thing--SPLUB!--the black stuff closed over me, getting into my nostrils, my eyes, into my ears, choking me.... However, the goo was rather buoyant, and I rose to the surface, gasping. My only thought was to get the hell out of this stuff as soon as possible. Those THINGS I had seen

Finally something hard and firm was under my feet. I reached out to clutch it, when all of a sudden it was no longer firm, and I went under again. Monsters! Thrashing helplessly about I chanced upon some actual support -- it was a small rocky ledge, leading directly into a cave. How I got there safely I'll never know. Maybe those Things were vegetarians, but if they were it was an awful waste of teeth. I staggered into the cave, wiping gobs of black slime from my white body.

The cave was small enough but it was the darkness that got me. I couldn't see a thing--could only hear small, slithering sounds. Eventually the cave broadened, became somewhat lighter. No sooner did I burst into a large, clearly-lit cavern than I ran smack into an enormous bug-eyed monster straight from the cover of Startling

"Gawk!" I screeched and ran like hell. The BEM took out after me and there resulted a merry chase in and around that cavern, me yelling at the top of my lungs, the BEM breathing ersatz flame and thundering along behind me; but I finally ran into a branch-off which was far too small to allow him entrance. Listening, I could hear him chewing small rocks in his rage. I got underway, wondering where I would come out next, and if it would be a place to afford me reasonable safety.

"Hallo, wise guy!" rasped a familiar voice in my ear. I had walked into Syk's arms, and he lost no time in administering Saturn to the logical place. We resumed our jaunt when I stopped cursing.

"That's the reading room over there," Syk pointed out. I saw a large, glass, roofless structure in which crawled a mass of human beings, frantically reading what appeared to be small pamphlets. Every few minutes a cloud, which hung directly above the place, deposited a shower of the pamphlets on their heads, and they would scurry about to pick them up and stack them in neat piles. The guards were present with the Saturn-poles and found occasion enough to use them. A few pamphlets were wafted my way by a gust of hot air, and while I didn't want to bend over with Syk behind me, I did catch a good glimpse of them ... Space-Tales, Starlit Fantasy I shuddered again.

In the next few moments I saw things I'll never forget: Gigantic typewriters, with poor, damned wretches jumping up and down on the key tabs, interminably. When one would miss and strike a wrong key he was casually tossed into a pit of snarling BEMs. Hungry BEMs. Other unfortunates were chained to normal sized typewriters and answering letters by the bale. Trucks pulled up to replenish the stacks of mail. Other slaves were chained beside them to lick stamps. Ghastly!

"Here we are," chuckled Syk. We were in a huge room, at one end of which sat several figures on flaming thrones. "WHAT HAVE YOU....TO ...SAY?" boomed a voice.

"I" was my abortive attempt.

"LIAR!" And then: "THROW HIM TO THE B-E-MS!"

Two guards appeared magically at my side. Syk had vanished. One of the red demons reached inside his skin and withdrew a squirt-gun , which he aimed at me.

"No--no!" I shrieked as he pulled the trigger.

A stream of rainbow-hued hectograph ink squirted all over me, until I was a dripping mess from head to toe.

"NOW WASH THAT OFF--CLEAN!" boomed the voice.

"WE'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES!" echoed another.

"I c-can't," I wailed.

The guards picked me up and hurled me into the pit. Waiting for me at the bottom was a skinny BEM. I was falling---falling--falling...

* * *

I awoke with a start, dropping my copy of Rosebud from nerveless fingers. Was it all a dream? Do I look at myself and discover I am dripping with hectograph ink? Guess!

THE FAN

by

Raymond Washington, Jr.

If Raym should die, think only this of him:
That there's some congregation, large or small,
That is forever fandom; for the whim
Of fellow fans was his delight, and all
His fanfriends should morn much, and weep aloud
Compose sad odes, and cry into their cloaks,
And loud lament above his pastel shroud
(Before they found his suicide a hoax---)
For him, these fans should carve an Epitaph
That reads: "Here lies a science fiction fan,
Who, fearful of a horrid aftermath,
But with stout heart, dismissed the world of man
To roam the Star Flecked Cosmos, and to fly,
And sprinkle stars upon the purple sky."

A GOOD BOOK

"Now," said a good book unto me -
"Open my pages and you shall see
Jewels of wisdom and treasures fine,
Gold and silver in every line,
And you may claim them if you but will
Open my pages and take your fill.

"Open my pages and run them o'er,
Take what you choose from my golden store.
Be you greedy, I shall not care -
All that you seize I shall gladly spare;
There is never a lock on my treasure doors,
Come - here are my jewels, make them yours!"

Edgar A. Guest

NONCE

(by Michael Brandon; published by Coward-McCann, 1944; price \$2)

The unusual tendencies of this novel begin not in the story, but with the author. According to reports Michael Brandon is either one or several well-known authors. Just who or what combination hasn't as yet been discovered.

The story itself is a fantasy, full of sex, murder, and witchcraft. It could have taken place in the Florida everglades altho the exact setting is not given. It deals with Borde Kane, fortysix and fed up with all women-- black, white and yellow. It's the story of his retreat to the swamp country, of the interruption of his privacy by the bored Rhoda Thorpe, of the death of Rhoda and her return through Nonce --a negro witch.

THE CHINESE ROOM

(by Vivian Connell; published by Dial, 1942; price \$ 2.50)

Vivian Connell was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1905. At the age of thirty he moved to Cuckfield, Sussex, England. He is a writer of long standing but "Chinese Room" is his first important work of fiction. It is a story that can be taken from several angles, depending on the reader's mood.

I found in it a strong sex element---you may find it a love story or a mystery. The sex in it is deep and masterfully handled; the mystery is a new kind--that of the mind; and the love story is that of married life and its complications. It is the story of Nicholas Bude, an English banker; of Muriel, his unawakened wife; of Sidone, Nicholas' secretary and mistress; of John Gregorious, banker's assistant & Chinese mandarin; of Harry Saluby, country doctor; and of Doctor MacGregor, who awoke Muriel.

A cloven hoof, several anonymous letters, and a suicide weave themselves into a plot that is both eerie and pleasing to read.

REVIEWS TO COME

Deluge	S. Fowler Wright
The Ill-Made Knight	T.H. White
The Sword in the Stone	T.H. White
The Werewolf of Paris	Guy Endore
Equinox	Allan Seager
Vice Versa	Jack Woodford
One Man Show	Tiffany Thayer
Tom	Don Prince
Swoop	Don Prince
I Am Thinking of My Darling	Vincent McHugh

("end of the line, everybody off!")

