







CHANTICLEER

Lucker's  
HYFFSAW

Bloch's  
FUNTASY

Laney's  
HIBAWF

Rooster's  
USUAL POMES

Crane's  
FREE SEEDS FROM CONGRESS

Rooster's  
PREPARE FOR JUDGMENT DAY

Couple Fen's  
THOSE GAY DECEIVERS

Lotsa Fen's  
REVIEWS FOR YOUSE

Antolycus  
REVIEWS FOR US

Publisher's  
LAST CHORUS

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(.)(.)(.)(.)(.)(.)(.)(.)(.)(.)  
(e\_e) REMEMBER THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS (e\_e)  
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EDITOR & PUBLISHER - WALT LIEBSCHER

I choose my favorites in almost every field by whether or not I want to return to them. If I want to read a story or date a girl the second time, it/she evidently has something worthwhile. And if, upon completing that second trial I still want more, I've found a favorite. ((Tucker just adores used books.))

BOOK-LENGTH STF: This is something of a tough decision to make because I've read so many good books and so many fine serials that the mere reviewing of them in memory makes me want to drag them all out right now and re-read every one of them. I believe however that I can narrow down the choice to three particularly good "worlds" and should you threaten to deprive me of any two of them, I would hold onto "World D" by Hal Trevarthen. The remaining two are "Brave New World" by Huxley and "When Worlds Collide" by Balmer and Wylie.

There hasn't been a lot of mention of "World D" in fan circles outside of Liebscher's fanzines, mostly I suppose because there are so few copies of the book in fan-circulation. Perhaps only a dozen in all known-fandom, at a guess. I'd like to have a hundred copies of the volume to give away for Christmas presents.

Someone like Campbell may stack all his nova, thought-varient, and what-have-you yarns atop one another until hell freezes and still not approach "World D" in scope, theme, arm-chair science and all the off-trail twists you can think of. There are at least three different books in this one. The only apparent weakness worth complaining of is the milk-sop romance between a couple of healthy people who know that they want but are afraid to touch it---but for that one should blame their parents (or the author) but not them.

STF SHORT STORY: "Helen O'Loy" by Lester del Ray, in Astounding for December 1938. Positively, and then some. Sentimental sap that I am, this love story between a man and a desirable feminine-type robot touched me here---you know where.

BOOK-LENGTH FANTASY: Merritt's "Moon Pool," the whole and complete opus as published in book form. I have that edition in which the villain has first a Russian and then a German name. My tabulations on this book show five readings and I'm about ready for the sixth. I hold this as Merritt's best, surpassing by a comfortable margin "Dwellers in the Mirage." (And incidentally, a Chicago book store still offers new copies of the "Pool" in the above mentioned edition for \$1.79 each.)

FANTASY SHORT: In the February 1940 issue of Unknown you'll find a subtle chiller by E. A. Grosser entitled: "The Psychomorph." That's it, brother. If you don't remember it, it is one of those "Is you is or is you ain't?" tricks Campbell employed so very well in "Who Goes There?" In this particular case the hero-character discovered it was just after he had successfully bumped-off what it wasn't.

BOOK-LENGTH WEIRD: Now I'm stymied. My weird-likes are few and far between because I seldom read weird tales: I don't care for them unless they happen to be larded with fantasy or have been published in Unknown. However there is one distinct weird novel which I read fourteen years ago and which still haunts my memory. It was published in Clayton's Strange Tales. It concerned vampires. It's too bad I can't recall the name of it. ((In all probability Tuck refers to "Murgunstrumm" by Hugh B. Cave; it appeared in the January, 1933 issue. It's a real, goshawful chiller-diller.))



Ca dnoos

Today, everybody collects fan magazines. It is hard to observe this craze without being overwhelmed by an almost irresistible apathy.

Of course, fan magazines offer a big field. And when you go into a big field, you have to be careful or you might step on something.

I was talking to a well-known collector just the other day -- in fact, I talked to him so long, he nearly dropped his shovel. He gave me many valuable tips. (Butts, tips -- what's in a name?)

Before we go any further (if, indeed we do go any further; personally I'd like to get off right here and lie down) we had better define our terms.

To begin with, what is a magazine?

The dictionary says a magazine is a place in which powder is stored.

Now, what is a fan?

Again according to the dictionary, a fan is something that blows.

Put them all together and you have a powder-blower.

Now this may come in very handy for milady's boudoir, but you won't find many fan magazines there. At least, I never have. But then again, maybe I wasn't looking for them.

So let's get out of the boudoir (COME ON, get out, I said!) and get back to fan magazines. We'll throw away the dictionary, too. It isn't used much in fan magazines anyway, I notice.

At the present time, according to the latest World Almanac, there are 11,563 different fan magazines published in the United States alone.

The same source estimates there are only 115½ active fans.

This means they have to do a helluva lot of collecting.

Remember, too, that some of these magazines come out monthly, some semi-monthly, some weekly, and some only come out when they can see their shadows.

All of this means one thing...your true lover of fantastic fiction must spend so much time reading the fan publications that he cannot, under any circumstances, ever get a chance to read any professionally published fantasy books or magazines.

As a matter of fact, your true dyed-in-the-woolheim fan hates professional publications, because:

1. They are printed without typographical errors.
2. The contents are written in English, or reasonable facsimile.
3. They don't have funny borders of filler-lines at the bottom of the pages. ((As the star borderer of fandom I resent that remark!))
4. They contain stories and such stuff, thus taking up valuable space which could otherwise be devoted to letters about fans.
5. All professionally written fantastic fiction is an insult to the intelligence of fandom because it deals with imaginative happenings. Fans, as you know, are so-called because they are interested only in sex, religion, scientific formulae and equations, politics, and each other.
6. Worst of all, no professional publication has yet been devised so that it can be mailed folded into 18 parts, stapled 12 times, sealed all over, and bent so that it arrives in ribbons.

Of course, this doesn't mean your regular publications are out of the picture. They are very valuable for collecting and trading purposes. A copy of a 1920 WEIRD TALES or a 1924 June THRILLING WONDER would fetch a high



Women who wear girdles  
Always feel like tirdles

--Ima Snapper

This thing is not a story of my early associations with Duane Rimel, it just happens that my HIBAWFianism was so thoroughly entangled with "Rambo" that it is hard to say where one commenced and the other left off. It is hard to say just when I met Duane, or how, or why. All I can state with certainty is that he was drunk at the time, I was drunk at the time, and a gal piano player named Dot Tady (who was much drunker than both of us put together) introduced us drunks to one another drunkenly. It was probably along about mid-1937. Anyway, from then on, Duane swam drunkenly in and out of my own drunken orbit for several years. I never did learn much about him, except that he was a good piano man, and was a load of fun on a party, and especially good in these long, drawnout bull-sessions amongst a bunch of guys and gals and bottles in some all night restaurant in the wee small hours.

A rumor floated around Duane, persistently. He was, they said, a writer. Well now, for some reason I never followed up this clue, and he himself never let on anything about it. Along in mid-1939 he and I began getting extremely chummy, getting together on lots of good record sessions, going around in the same crowd most of the time, and what not---but for some reason neither of us discovered that the other was also a book worm.

Now enters Earl Hines. Over and over, Duane would rave at me to get Hines records, get Hines records, ah-h-h he's fine. Well, I was wrapped up in Louis Armstrong Deccas, which were then coming out in big gobs, and trying to keep up with Fatso's innumerable Bluebird waxings; so I kept postponing the Father.

In the meantime, I got married. (Yes, I'm coming to HIBAWF.) Being somewhat more settled down, I hauled a couple of boxes of miscellaneous books down from my Mother's house, and at the same time bought a stack of Hines' latest releases (such wonderful things as PIANO MAN, RIDIN' AND JIVIN', GRAND TERRACE SHUFFLE, CT STOMP, and so on). Duane had been on a protracted trip through Montana selling pianos, and I'd not seen him for several months. When he got back, I dragged him over (with no difficulty when he heard I had this new Hines stuff!)-he more nearly dragged me.) and proceeded to knock him out. We both reached a state of drooling ecstasy in no time, and by way of relaxation for a moment I took him in to see my new den, which of course had the books in it.

"My god, are you a reader too?" he demanded astoundedly. He immediately got wound up at great length about the stuff he'd written--that in fact one of his tales was then on the stands (THE CITY UNDER THE SEA in the July 1940 FUTURE), how he'd corresponded with several writers that I'd never heard of (obscure names like Lovecraft, Smith, Derleth, Price!), that there was a wonderful branch of literature all in itself, that lots of his stuff had appeared in amateur magazines which were a swell medium for beginning writers because they could get criticism and see their stuff in print, there was one called Fantasy Fan he used to illustrate for as well as write but it had folded a long time back, oh yes and there's a terrific one coming out now called Polaris, of course it is only mimeographed but it's got some fine stuff in it....he raved for hours, it seems in retrospect, Hines forgotten.

And the next time he came over, he had an imposing black volume under his arm. "This is a collection of stories by that fellow Lovecraft I used to correspond with," he said almost diffidently. "I thought maybe you'd like to look at it." I wasn't too enthusiastic, this pulp stuff y'know, but being unwilling to hurt Duane's feelings, I accepted the book on loan with the idea of glancing at it and then giving it back with some non-committal remark about how good it was, or something.

A few evenings later I had nothing to do, and started leafing through it



idly. Hmm, this looks fairly interesting, and I started reading PICKMAN'S MO-  
DEL. Then...I hit the denouement, after a continually mounting excitement!  
WOW! Before I got up from the daveno, I'd read over half of THE OUTSIDER AND  
OTHERS, and it was nearly three in the morning.

In later, more and more frequent sessions, my doom was sealed by the ava-  
lanche of old WT's, fanzines, and whatnots that Duane shot at me in fast suc-  
cession. The two Merritt's that came out that fall in FFM and FN helped the  
process a good bit. (FACE IN THE ABYSS and SNAKE MOTHER). After my next trip  
to Spokane, where I cleaned the place out by aid of a list compiled from SUPER-  
NATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE and from the reviews in Fantasy Fan and Fantasy  
Magazine, my collection started.

But my HIBAWF really centers first around Duane Rimel (whom I knew almost  
intimately for at least two years before discovering that he was devoting a  
substantial portion of his waking hours to the field as yet unknown to me --  
fantasy; and second around THE OUTSIDER AND OTHER which, I believe, gave me the  
most powerful intellectual and emotional stimulation of any book I have ever  
read.

#### THOUGHTS WHILE CONTEMPLATING MY EPIGLOTTIS

---Ogden Nash Rooster

Truer words are seldom uttered  
Bread today is seldom buttered  
In fact, for just a pound of oleo  
I think that I would give my soleo

Oh have you not tripped down the path  
In search of beauty rare  
And smelled the beauty of the world  
Digested in sunbeams there  
Lilacs and cicadas, entwined  
Leave cares of the world behind  
And are you acquainted with the fuchsia  
If not, I'll introduchsia

Oh, are you acquainted with the cicadas  
Of all the insects, they're the vicadas

Heart of my heart  
Love of my love  
Soul of my soul  
All else above  
Is dimmed into nothingness  
When you roll your lapis lazuli eyes  
And coruscating thunder  
Rents the morning dew asunder

Sweet of my sweet  
Kiss of my kiss  
Hug of my hug  
Nothing like this  
Has happened before  
I cry out in the sweet agony  
Of blinding Love's pulpit  
Alas, I can not hulpt

BURTON CRANE:

FREE SEEDS FROM CONGRESS

URGENT TELEGRAM

DR. ALFRED SORENS  
PRESIDENT CAMELOT UNIVERSITY  
CAMELOT WYOMING

DEMAND IMMEDIATE EXPLANATION GHASTLY OUTRAGEOUS HORRIBLE OCCURRENCES INVOLVING MEMBERS OF YOUR FACULTY WHICH PRESS REPORTS FROM SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY. YOU WILL BE HELD STRICTLY ACCOUNTABLE.

NATHANIEL CARSON  
CHAIRMAN BOARD OF TRUSTEES

URGENT TELEGRAM

NATHANIEL CARSON  
CHEYENNE WYOMING

GET OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE, NAT. I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED AND NEITHER COULD YOU. I WAS ONLY THERE. IF YOU WANT TO FIRE ME GO AHEAD. THAT WOULD GIVE ME MORE TIME FOR FICTION.

ALF

URGENT TELEGRAM

DR. ALFRED SORENS  
CAMELOT UNIVERSITY  
CAMELOT WYOMING

AM COMING DOWN

NAT

Professor Bials had been missing for three days when Stoneham came in without knocking, dropped his big rump into my easy chair and tossed a small book to the table in front of me. Stoneham is a rough, red-headed bull for anybody's china shop. He has enthusiasms.

"Alf," said he, "I know where Bials is."

"Is she a nice girl?" I asked. "Maybe she's got a sister."

Stoneham brushed me aside with his hand, like a fly. "He went to rescue Morgan."

"J. P. or the pirate?"

"Morgan the Congressman, the one who disappeared in the Snake River country about nine years ago. Here! It's all in the diary and it's one hell of a story. You read it. I'm going to round up a gang with half a dozen rifles and see if we can rescue them both." He was half-way to the door.

"Wait!" I said. "Where did the diary come from?"

"When Bials disappeared we looked through his things for a clue. That's what we found."

So I read the diary.

Alexander Bials was one of our assistant professors of anthropology, a bachelor about 34 years old, a tough, wiry specimen who used to run up and down mountains before breakfast. I never liked him much. He was one of those men who always act as if they had a private secret and were laughing at their superiority over the rest of the race. Women do it ever more than men. Both should be spanked.

The diary, however, was not Bials'. It had belonged to John Petrie Morgan. Back in 1936 he left a political meeting and steered his ancient Buick out into a section of Wyoming which is obviously one of the early models for Hell, rejected as too repulsive. Where a drygulch had spilled spring rains across the dirt track the old car didn't quite make it. The car went over the edge for a thousand feet and Morgan pulled himself back by his



finger nails, just barely out in time. But suppose we let the diary tell the rest of the story:

I started to walk but after a couple of hours it got so dark that I was groping my way and looking for a place to hole up for the night. No luck. I kept going. And then I became conscious that I was not alone in the night. There were tiny noises, as of people or animals walking beside me and occasionally turning over stones. The stench grew terrible. It smelled like corpses left out in the sun for a long time. I am not an excitable man but I grew terrified. What were these beings which stalked me in the night and smelled like the breath of a ghoul? I stopped and called out. No answer. I called out again. There was a sudden rush of feet and hands reached for me. I tried to beat them off. No good. They seized me. Many hands seized me. I was hurried along like a child. The smell was awful.

Somewhere a torch was lighted and I saw my terrible captors. They were not apes but they were squat, powerful, hairy creatures with pendant arms and steeply-shelving foreheads. And their skin! It was white, a disgusting belly-of-a-dead-fish white, like the slugs you find under a stone.

I had lived in Wyoming all my life and never once had seen or heard of any such beings in its wasteland hills. Could these be creatures from another planet? Perhaps they were the remnants of a lost race of man, beaten down by the competition of our race, as were the Neanderthal and Piltdown men.

We wound through a maze of coulees and canyons. After half an hour of this they stuffed me into the narrow mouth of a cave. I crawled for twenty or thirty yards, ending in a room lighted by torches. I was seated in the center of the circle and a council was held about me. And what a council! My captors seemed no more beautiful to me than at first. Their tiny eyes were sunk under heavy ridges of bone. Their arms were exaggeratedly heavy, like those of a gorilla, their legs small and twisted. And they were women! What I had taken for clothes were coats of greasy, matted hair. Otherwise they were naked.

When the council ended Morgan was led off to a cell guarded by four women. Day after day he was called back for similar long and unfruitful conferences. Food was largely roots, snakes, toads. At the start he could not eat it. Later he forced himself to do so. He began to learn the language, for he had nothing else to do and his guards appeared good-natured.

Nov. 7 --- I have found out why they captured me. I have also found that all the creatures are not females. There are men -- but what men! Little hairy, red-eyed runts who lurk in the shadows and are apparently barely tolerated. They watch me everywhere with a cold hate which turns my bones to ice. Three times they tried to kill me today and each time the attacker was torn to bits by the women. Tonight we had meat for the first time since my arrival. I suspect where it came from but I do not care! I hate them, I hate them all and I am not a cannibal if I eat them.

Now that I can talk a little with the women, I begin to suspect their purpose in taking me. The little men can no longer carry on this dying race. They want new blood, new fire. I am to be it. Avala, my chief guardian, could not say so in so many words, but she expressed the idea with gestures and a leering laugh. My God! The creatures are so revolting that the mere thought makes me retch.

Nov. 9 --- Avala and Oema show a proprietary interest in me. The decision of the council is now near at hand.

Poor Morgan! The disgust inspired by those ape-like women mounted in him. It changed to terror, to blind, unreasoning hysteria. One entry in his diary, dated Nov. 12, reads merely:

I won't I won't I won't I won't I won't I won't  
I won't I won't I won't I won't I won't I won't  
I won't I won't

Then:

Nov. 13 --- They are laughing down the passage. Avala tells me that Clossa has drawn the first lot. They are bringing her to me. I feel an overwhelming impulse to vomit...

Nov. 13 --- (later) I fought them. I used my teeth and fingernails but they laid their rough, hairy hands on me, crowding into my cell with much laughter and crude joking. I could not help myself. I could not help myself.

In May he wrote a list of 30-odd names: Avala, Ooma, Mirdith, Clossa, Fandix, Palla, Rani, Lippis and so forth. Each is followed by a row of checkmarks, the early names by four, the later ones by three, so that we can assume the use of the list. There are few notes in the diary thereafter until September, when the following appears:

Clossa delivered my first ape-son. I have named the hideous little slug Alfred Sorends Clossa, because he looks like the old so-and-so who heads Camelot University.

When Stoneham handed me the rifle five minutes later I did not know whether I wished to use it on Morgan's captors or on Morgan. There were a dozen of us. We camped overnight in the shadow of a mesa. The next morning early we started into the hills, following the tracks left by Bials' car. The going was rugged and the farther we went the more believable the diary became. Three miles beyond Rattler Ridge we came on Bials' car. It had been driven a couple of hundred yards up a draw and apparently was in good running order. There were no signs that he had walked ahead of us, but we started in after him. This proved difficult, for draw ran into gully and gully into coulee, making a maze. Each time the way split our party had to divide. Before long I was walking onward alone.

I heard a snarling ahead of me and advanced cautiously, my rifle ready for use. It was no snarling from a single throat but that from a hundred half-crazed maws. Testing each rock before I trusted my weight to it, I mounted the hill to one side of the draw. Before long I found myself looking over a natural arena in which one of the most amazing sights ever seen by man was spread.

A duel was being fought. To the shouted encouragement of a hundred hairy beasts, two men armed with stone axes warily circled each other. One I knew as Bials. The other, covered with matted fur, could only be Morgan. Flat-footed, with infinite caution, they made false leads, each hoping to trick the other into making an opening.

"Bials" I called. "Bials!"

The smooth ripple of the young professor's muscles checked. As if against his will, he turned to see whence the voice came. It was not a full turn, yet it was enough, for it gave Morgan the advantage he had been seeking. While a hoarse scream of horror clogged my throat, Morgan's stone axe swung quickly sideways, catching Bials beside the head. Bials went to his knees. As he knelt there, like a victim before a Chinese executioner, Morgan slowly raised his great stone axe, balanced it for a moment and then brought it down. There was a sharp inhalation of breath from the ringed spectators and the stone crushed Bials' skull and spurted grey brains onto the rock floor of the valley.

"Morgan!" I screamed.

The ape who had once attended Congress turned to face me.

"Go away!" he snarled, and the savage throats of a hundred others echoed him. "Go away!" they said. A hundred? Yes, more than a hundred, for there



were smaller apes among the hulking females, Morgan's offspring. "Go away!"  
"But, look, Morgan!" With my finger on the trigger of my rifle, I walked slowly down the hillside. "Why should I go away? Why can't we ---"  
He charged, his voice screeching high in his throat, his axe held over his head.

I raised my rifle, fumbling too late with the safety catch. But I did not shoot Morgan. Stoneham shot him. From a rock well up the other side his .405 Winchester cracked once.

Morgan's axe fell before him. He dropped to his knees. For a moment his head sagged slowly. Then he pitched over on his side, dead.

Stoneham came sliding down the far side of the draw, his heels making little avalanches in the shale. The ape-people jabbered and pulled away from him.

"Thanks, old man," I said, but he turned on me, his rifle covering my belly. There was a set to his jaw, a cold light in his blue eyes which I did not like.

"Drop that gun," he said. I tried to argue but he repeated his command. "Drop it and get the hell out of here."

I did as he said, walking slowly backward. He snapped a shot at my feet. Stones kicked upward against my shins. I turned, began to run. Another shot went by me in screaming ricochet. I got out of the draw and to safety as fast as I could.

From behind a rock I looked back. Stoneham was in the midst of the ape-women and they were caressing him.

You may have all the scientific investigations you wish, Nat, but I feel that we know already why Morgan and Bials and Stoneham did not return to civilization.

#### HOW TO GET HYSTERI, CAL.

--Chan T. Cleer

Wanna have lots of fun at a party. Here's a nice little game that makes you wonder why no one thought of it before, and it's lots of fun. You don't have to explain it, just look at the following list that was in one of them there newspapers:

Deathly, Ill.	Olla, La.
Goodness, Me.	Poison, Penn.
Grandpa, Pa.	Hittor, Miss.
Praise, Ala.	Proan, Conn.
Coco, Colo.	Either, Ore.
Rockand, R. I.	Farmerina, Del.
Montmore, N. C.	Apples, Ida.
Squee, Mich.	Bee, O.

See how fun it is. Make up a list of your own and send them to ye ed and I'll publish them with due credit in the next issue of this sterling rag. Here are some of mine.

Falldownon, U. S.	Noah's, Ark.
Umpa, Pa.	Citron, Ala.
Unever, Wash.	Pacifi, Conn.
Dairaintno, Mo.	Uranium, Ore.
Illbeseein, U.	One Million, B. C.
Can, Kan.	Albu, Minn.
Look, N. C.	Elef, Ont.
Havent, N. E.	Hyerand, Ia.

XX  
 ( PREPARE FOR JUDGMENT DAY! )  
 XX

the forthcoming catastrophe! E  
d is destroyed when its atom

protect yourself as so many are  
from repelling safety globe for

fe from all atomic explosions  
atom repelling globes, assur

or everything is composed of  
ructed of Nihilite, that new  
te is not composed of atoms

... is not composed of atoms,  
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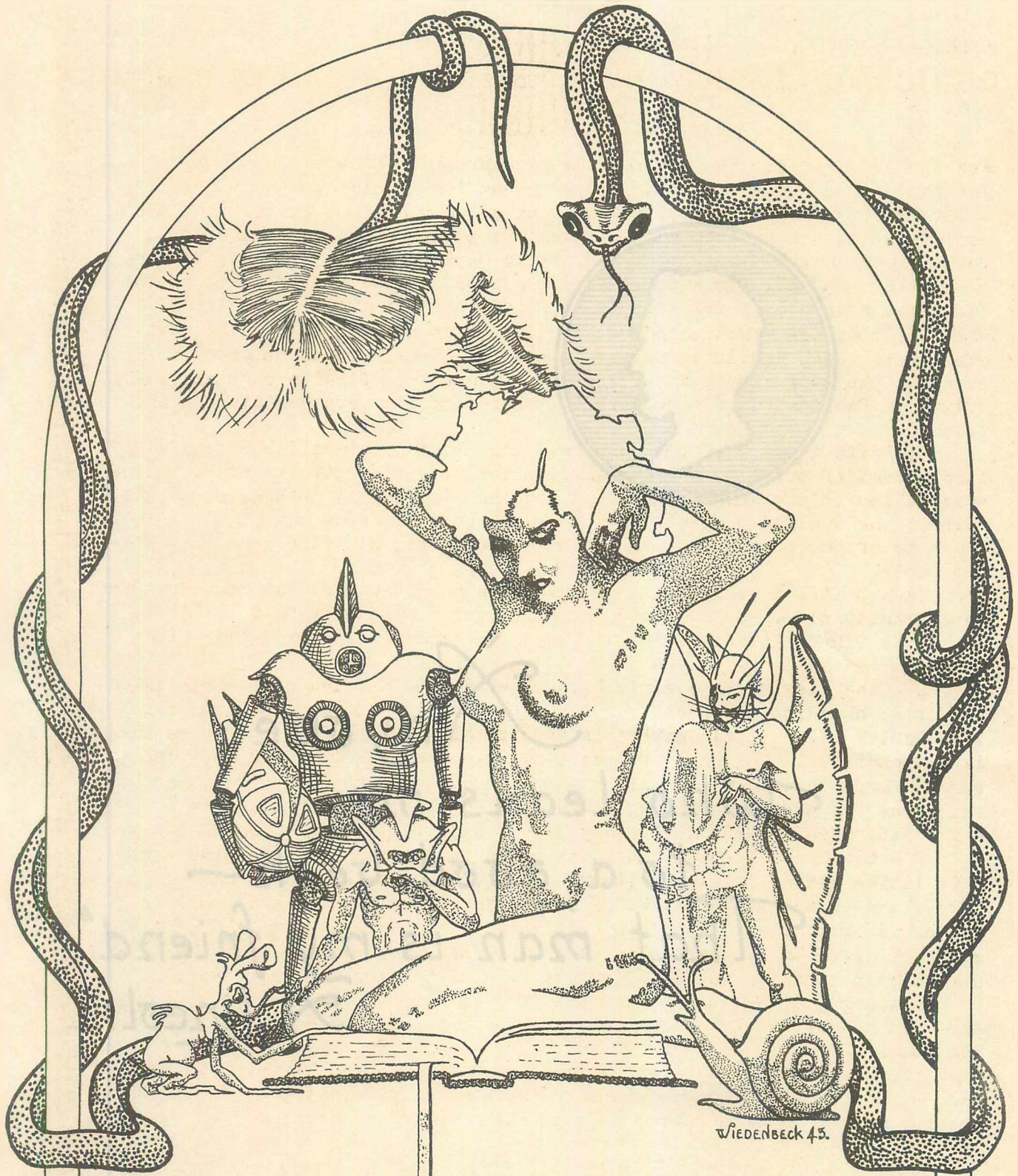
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ists and nothonic engineers, N

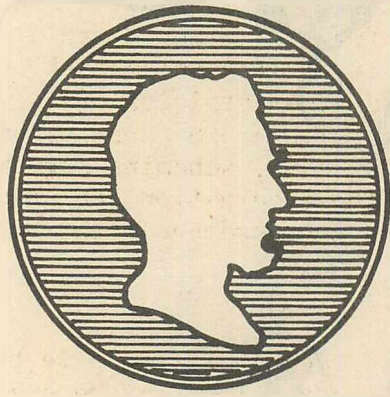
Lettuce and celery combined  
Is known, I think, as celtuce  
But when, I wonder, when  
Will we be eating mayoneltuce





BOOK SECTION





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



THOSE GAY DECEIVERS

THE GHOST IT WAS - Richard Hull - Putnam's - New York - 1937 - 245 pp. - \$2.

The combination of an intriguing title and a peculiar puzzle-like format on the front cover was responsible for my wasting a whole dime for this neatly gotten up volume. Upon reading it, I discovered that it deals in a sprightly fashion with the murderous and other exploits of a gay young blade, Gregory Spring-Benson, whose rich uncle believes in ghosties and other supernatura. The action teems with faked ghosts, scheming poor relations, and the crusty uncle, but by no stretch of the imagination can this volume be considered fantasy. It is a much better than average light murder story.

THE GHOUL - Frank King - Grosset & Dunlap - New York - 1929 - 308 pp. - 75c.

"The Ghoul is an eerie mystery for which there seems to be no possible solution but the supernatural. To see a man killed before one's very eyes, to hear him solemnly declare he was already dead when he was knifed, to hear him mockingly declare that he cannot be killed, that he is eternal and will return---and then once again to see him in the flesh!! To run into all the fiendish machinations that only a vampire, a "ghoul" could devise...."

So begins the blurb to this wad of wastepaper. It is not fantasy; it is not even a good story. Cheap written, hackneyed characters, erratic action, puerile motivations, and other common faults of the pulp field abound in this uninspired mystery. The apparently supernatural events are explained away by one of the crudest uses of the identical twin hocus-pocus that I have ever had the misfortune of encountering. The book was not worth the nickle I paid for it.

--Francis T. Laney

THE BABYONS - Clemence Dane - Doubleday, Doran & Co. - Garden City, New York.

Only the slightest hint of fantasy appears in "The Babyons", one of Clemence Dane's very fine novels of English families. In the first section (circa 1750), Sir James Babyon jilts his cousin Hariot and elopes with her companion Manella. Their continental honeymoon holds hints of ghostly apparitions. News of Hariot's suicide reaches them in Milan where they are suspected of the Evil Eye. They return to England and Sir James shoots himself after seeing Hariot's ghost - though the more likely alternative of insanity is presented. Successive generations people the book with comedy, tragedy and love intermingled. In the last (and modern times) section hints of the occult or insanity again appear with culmination in disaster. An engrossing novel of people, of little interest to those who care only for fantasy.

SATAN'S CIRCUS - Eleanor Smith - Bobbs-Merrill Co. - Indianapolis - 1931.

A collection of eleven short stories by a woman who has been quite successful in lighter vein writing. Only two or three have a slight tinge of fantasy, not enough to recommend the book to fanatics.

--Autolycus

OUT OF THE SILENCE - By Erle Cox - Rae D. Henkle Co., Inc. - New York - 1928

I read this book several years ago, and, not having a copy to refer to, can guarantee only the general outline of the following description. This, I trust, is better than nothing.

The story concerns a young man who, while digging a well for his country home, comes upon the entrance to a great metal shaft going inside the earth. He descends, aflame with eagerness to find out what lies at the shaft's bottom. There are stairs leading down, but this inviting convenience proves to be negated by the presence of a number of extraordinary and hair-raising "booby-traps" scattered along the way. In one ingenious way or another, our hero succeeds in getting safely past these, and finds himself in a labyrinth of corridors far beneath the earth's surface. Here are gathered records and various devices of a great, highly advanced prehistoric civilization; and in one chamber lies the comatose body of one of this culture's people. A woman.

By some means which slips my mind, he revives the girl, who is something of a blinding flash and a deafening report. The two manage to communicate with each other and it develops that she was put in suspended animation in this subterranean vault in order that some trace of her civilization might survive the Ice Age or some similar cataclysm. You will not be surprised to learn that they fall in love. There are, of course, complications, and it is typical of this story's overall hackness but great ingenuity of detail that the "menace" is not a third party, but the girl herself. She presents a very knotty problem indeed. It seems that her civilization was far in advance of ours not only scientifically but sociologically and she feels an altruistic compulsion to remake our world on a more enlightened basis. This would be fine except that the world is not anxious to be remade, and our superwoman's ideas as to method have an icy mathematical precision which rather daunts her devoted but dismayed awakener. She plans to make herself at least temporary dictator of the world and set things right by an overnight, drastic revision of our civilization; including such extreme remedies as wholesale slaughter of the unfit and of troublesome races (she cites the Turks -- this isn't a recent book). ((Also she advocates complete decimation of the colored race, which, to my mind, is the only flaw in an otherwise perfect book.)) Our hero is all the more shocked and horrified by her schemes because she is so obviously sincere in her motives, and, after all, he loves the girl. After a struggle with his conscience, he resolves to thwart her plans, but this isn't easy, inasmuch as she is armed and protected, rendered practically invulnerable, by numerous superscientific devices.

The maddening thing is that I have forgotten how the story "comes out" save for a vague memory of a harrowing climax.

"Out of the Silence" - insofar, I must emphasize, as I recall - is not a strikingly original book, but the plot is handled with refreshing ingenuity, and the writing is most effective. The description of the descent into the subterranean wonderland, in particular, is handled with great suspense and vividness. Throughout, the development is slow, careful, -- and fascinating.

--Paul Spencer



ARMAGEDDON: A Tale of the Antichrist - By Eleanor De Forest - 219 pp - Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co. - Grand Rapids, Michigan - 1938.

While this book is largely devoted to a fictional depiction of the literal coming true of biblical prophecy, by this very fact it is definitely scientificfictional. I shall ignore the utterly loathesome love interests, and the ridiculous way in which coincidences are stretched beyond anything else I've ever read. I shall also ignore the rather mawkish religious drive which permeates its pages.

But there is a fairly solid core of good stuff left. The tale is laid in the indefinite future. At the time of its action the various nations of Europe are banded into a federation of dictatorships, each of which takes its orders from Rome. One of the greatest nations is Iraq, with its capital, Cosmopolis, built on the ancient site of Babylon. As the story progresses we find an interesting character named Ivan Sikorsky (the anti-christ), the "Man of Mystery", the "King of the Socialists, the Communists, the Fascists, and all the unsatisfied people of the world". He aspires to world dictatorship and godhead. For some obscure reason, which the book does not make clear, the culmination of his seizure of the world is to be the conquest of Jerusalem on Xmas morning and the slaughter of the Jews -- an odd idea, since no mention is made of such insignificant nations as the USA, Japan, China, and the countries of South and Central America. Perhaps this peculiar concept arises from a too literal following of the bible.

Anyway... It later develops that Sikorsky's true name is Hajj Loosaphur (Lucifer), and that he has spent an enviably pleasant life of research and study amidst devil cults, astrologers, and black magicians. In fact, "One night I came face to face with my master, Satan...ever since that hour I have been a chalice for the spirit of supreme evil...connected with the Chaldean devil cult...."

All these machinations are brought to naught by our fashing hero, who has invented an insidious death ray and foisted it off on Sikorsky under the guise of a health cabinet which will make his followers immortal. They all wither into a mass of dust and bones; at the last god and all the angelic hosts etc. from heaven come down and blast Sikorsky and his head priest in the midst of their diabolic rites.

Ho hum. Thus ever with enterprising young men! The millenium comes in, of course, and we are left to imagine a happy utopia in which everyone loves everyone and spends most of their time praying. Bah! It still isn't too bad a story, though.

--Francis T. Laney

THE HIDDEN CITY - By Walter H. McDougall - Cassell Publishing Co. - New York 1891 - (Cassell's Semi-Monthly Sunshine Series No. 88 - 321 pp.

This story treats of the adventures of Eric Gilbert, who was balloon-wrecked in an unexplored Arizona desert and discovered Atzlan, a prehistoric city of Atlantean antecedents. Gilbert is drawn into the customary intrigues and actions, is taken for Quetzalcoatl, and of course ends up marrying one of the fair-skinned, blonde, feminine inhabitants, in a dashing romance utterly unimpeded by the consciousness of rosebud.

Beneath the city are ancient crypts of unknown extent, packed and crammed with priceless relics brought directly from Atlantis by the city's founders, and bulging with treasure. Gilbert decides to use a vast part of the treasure to bring the technological features of civilization to Atzlan, and the story closes with the formation of a huge corporate stock company, in which every inhabitant of Atzlan is a share-holder. Plans for a Utopia on earth are outlined, and, it is presumed, all lived happy ever after--all the villains having been killed off and true love having triumphed.

The Hidden City, while suffering from certain weaknesses and tritenesses in plot structure, is nevertheless a very readable and entertaining novel. There is an entire chapter devoted to the legends of Atlantis, as demonstrated by the museum in the crypt, and a fairly good fictional portrayal of Aztec city life. Most of the flaws in the story are due to its age, and when considered in comparison with other sf and fantasy of the 1890's, The Hidden City gets an unreserved "excellent" from this reviewer.

--Francis T. Laney

SELECTED RADIO PLAYS OF NORMAN CORWIN - Norman Corwin - Armed Services Edition - Selected from THIRTEEN BY CORWIN and MORE BY CORWIN.

Normally one gets little pleasure from simply reading plays, especially radio scripts which are meant to be heard and have little setting of the scene except by appropriate music or sound effects. But this book is an exception.

Up until the time I had read the eight plays in this book Arch Oboler was my selection for to-man in fantasy writing and Orson Welles the greatest experimenter in the radio idiom. Norman Corwin combines fantasy situations with technical innovations in radio drama, and has developed what appears to be a new art-form.

I think you will thrill to Runyon Jones' odyssey through Dog Heaven and Curgatory in search for his dead dog, Pootzy. Especially interesting were the notes applicable to the harp conversation of the Harpy. And you musicians -- what would you score for when confronted with the following musical direction: "Bass bautant, followed by variation on previous interstellar movement cue."

"The Plot to Overthrow Christmas" is written in rhyme, oftentimes Ogden Nash Roosterish, such as commoner with phenomena, phosphorus with loss for us, and:

"Sometimes you are an awful tease  
My Master Mephistopholes."

Cary Grant starred in the motion picture production "Once Upon a Time" which was based on Corwin's "My Client Curley" which was itself based on an unpublished short story by Lucille Herrmann. If you have neither seen the movie nor read the play, this story concerns the adventures of one "Curley" who happens to be a dancing caterpillar. I liked the movie and I liked the radio script. If you don't like that type of fantasy -- light, humorous, yet with an underlying wealth of vital philosophy -- you will not care for this book.

All the plays are not strictly in the trite groove of fantasy as we know it, yet all are so startlingly original, fresh, and experimental I'm positive you'll not go amiss in reading them.

--Dom Brazier

A SHORTER HISTORY OF SCIENCE - Sir William Cecil Dampier - Macmillan Co. Armed Services Edition.

This book is a rewritten version of the author's larger book A HISTORY OF SCIENCE AND ITS RELATIONS WITH PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION, in which almost all the latter half of the title has been disregarded.

The history begins in prehistoric times and continues to the probable end of the universe, covering eleven chapters and numerous sub-headings on its way. By starting at the beginning and reading to the end, one could



obtain a grasp of the development of science and the changing of man's conception of the universe through time. But if you're like me, you'll skip around in such a book, following the leads given in the table of contents.

The first chapter to catch my eye was "The New Physics and Chemistry", especially the sub-head, "Transmutation". The news of the atomic bomb has urged my interests along that line, and this is what I found. The "catch" in getting more energy out of forced transmutation than is put in is that only one deuteron in  $10^8$  is effective in striking an atom of lithium. So, although we get 22.5 million electron volts for each deuteron of energy 21,000 electron volts which transmutes a lithium atom into one of beryllium, we have to put in more energy than we take out because all but one of  $10^8$  deuteron atoms are wasted energy.

We had to put in more energy -- past tense! Dampier says a similar catch appears in every case of transmutation yet examined, but the facts of the atomic bomb calls for a revision of this chapter. Too, we will possibly be able to answer this implicit warning: "...it might be dangerous to put the destructive power of atomic energy into the hands of man."

Here are the chapter titles: The Origins, Greece and Rome, The Middle Ages, the Renaissance, Galileo and Newton: The first Physical Synthesis, The Eighteenth Century, Physics and Chemistry of the 19th Century, Nineteenth Century Biology, Recent Biology, The New Physics and Chemistry, The Stellar Universe.

This book is small for the terrific amount of ground it covers, but I think each topic is sufficiently expanded and developed with illustrative material to be interesting. It is not merely a catalog of dates, names, and figures, though all these are included. It is a book you can both read, study, or keep in your library as a reference work.

--Donn Brazier

THE PRINCESS AND CURDIE - George Macdonald - A. L. Burt - New York

The recent discussion in FAPA of children's fantasies reminded me, inevitably, of the books of George Macdonald. I first became acquainted with Macdonald at the age of seven, and was at the time thoroughly fascinated; this may account to some extent for the equal fascination I experienced on rereading The Princess and Curdie recently. To some extent, but not entirely. This story is far more than a fairy tale. It is, in fact, a delightful light fantasy, of interest to anyone willing to dispense with the proverbial grain of salt for the sake of an hour's reading pleasure.

The props are those of a fairy tale: the king, the nine-year-old princess, the fairy godmother (in this case, great-great-grandmother). Even the fairy tale's simplified ethics. But from there on Macdonald diverges from Grimm and Anderson. Curdie, the son of one of the king's miners, is summoned by the aforementioned g.-g.-g.-mother to come to the aid of the king and princess. To assist him in his rather vague mission, he is given a strange power. By grasping the hand of any person whom he meets, he can perceive their character: if the character is that of an ox, he feels an ox's hoof, and so forth (Here Macdonald anticipates Merritt's The Drone.) Curdie also makes the acquaintance of certain remarkable animals, who turn out to be reincarnations of errant humans, serving penance on earth. So armed, he sets out for the palace; what he finds there is the story.

To detail further the events of the tale would be purposeless, for as always with this type of fantasy a bare synopsis conveys none of the book's charm. The description, the humor, the occasional morsels of philosophy and satire, and the general delicacy of touch are the things that make The Princess and Curdie. "Curdie at this time grew faster in body than in mind -- with the usual consequence, that he was getting rather stupid -- one of the chief consequences of which was that he believed less and less of things he

had never seen. At the same time I do not think he was ever so stupid as to imagine that this was a sign of superior faculty and strength of mind." This in Chapter II; and an excellent introduction it makes, in my mind, for the fantastic events to follow, and for the light, simple, semi-satirical tone of the whole.

Macdonald's book has faults, due mostly to the fact that it is primarily for a children's consumption. At times the over-simplification of character is annoying (which is also true in much adult fantasy); and there's a trace of the divine-right-of-kings thesis which mars so many of the traditional fairy tales. But the author is basically too puckish and disrespectful for these faults ever to spoil the effect.

A word about this author's other works. The Princess and the Goblin, to which T.P.a.C. is the sequel, is more readily obtainable, having been reprinted since the original A. L. Burt edition. It also is good fantasy, and structurally superior, but lacks something of the sequel's imagination and maturity. The Light Princess, Macmillan, New York, 1926, is a unicorn of another color, and easily merits a little write-up of its own.

In the first place, at least three fans--Liebscher, Tucker, and Bloch--would find it worth reading for the puns alone. In the second place, the conventional story-book props are here quite the reverse of objectionable, since they are subjected to mild satire at every occurrence: "The prince was a fine, handsome, brave, generous, well-bred, and well-behaved youth, as all princes are." In the third place, the experiences of the princess who lost her weight and became quite literally light, are in themselves worth a good many chuckles. And the sophistication, both of vocabulary and attitude, makes this really more suitable for adult than for juvenile fare. But definitely suitable for either.

--Chan Davis

HERE ARE MY PEOPLE - Arthur J. Burks - Funk & Wagnalls - New York - 1934.

This interesting volume comprises an autobiography of Arthur J. Burks during his childhood and early youth, terminating in 1917 when he enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps. While there is absolutely nothing in it of a fantastic nature, even very little which might indicate the factors that influenced Burks to write scientific fiction, as an associational item it should at least be known to fantasy fans.

Burks was born in 1898 in Waterville, Washington, in the Big Bend country of the Inland Empire, which was one of the last frontiers in the West. During his childhood and adolescence, Waterville and its surrounding farmlands grew from pioneer conditions into those of a modern rural community. His characterizations of his parents, relations, and associates are excellently done, and the entire volume stands as a regional history and authentic sketch of pioneer life comparable with the work of Hamlin Garland.

Fans who have enjoyed such masterpieces as SURVIVAL will probably enjoy having Burks' autobiography on the shelf with such volumes as MARGINALIA and EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

--Francis T. Laney

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN - Don Freeman - Harcourt, Brace and Co. - New York - 1945

A series of sketches accompanied by a few words showing what happened to one Pfc. Albert Bedlington when he was suddenly transformed into a dog. His experiences in camp, in the PX, at the USO, and in New York are supposed to be funny, but your reviewer was not much amused. Not recommended, certainly not at two bucks.

--Autolycus



AUTOLYCUS:

REVIEWS FOR US

HIGHER THINGS - By Michael Harrison - Published by Macdonald & Co. - London

Whoever Michael Harrison may be, he has written an unusual and fascinating story, one to be read carefully and pondered over. The element of fantasy is simple. James Farraday, young and discontented bank clerk, suddenly discovers that he possesses the ability to fly, not mechanically, no flapping of arms or wings, but merely by wish, a sort of levitation which hardly required conscious thought. His first, entirely unexpected flight brought such a shock that Farraday deferred a second, and deliberate, attempt for months. Then he metaphorically spread his wings and took off.

Actually the tale is not one of physical adventure. Farraday considers flying to Tibet or Patagonia, but, in reality, confines himself to hops around England except for a visit to Hitler. What makes the novel exciting and gives it an importance too rarely found in fantasy is the mental adventure, intellectual turbulence. Farraday (or the author) is an anarchist. Not a Communist or Socialist or anything else which so many people fail to understand and confuse with each other, but a simon-pure anarchist, hating nationality, government, law, rule of any kind, and finally hating the entire human race.

Farraday's progress (or deterioration if you wish) from sullen acquiescence in his position as bank clerk to his ultimate determination to leave the earth entirely can be considered either as a manifestation of insanity or as the logical development of a doctrine which, in effect, teaches the annihilation of social and political relations. The reader may recoil from all the doctrinal implications (I, for one, am too old and too fat to want government displaced by an anarchy in which some huskier guy could, with impunity, bump me off because I had a couple bushels of potatoes or because he didn't like my face -- in other words, I like police protection) but none can deny the skill and cold reasoning of their presentation. Anarchy is equated with complete freedom, all restraints disappear, controls no longer exist in the mind of the one man on earth who can fly. Robbery and murder prove that in Farraday there are no social or moral inhibitions. In his revolt against economic servitude he gives way to ruthlessness.

The Hitler visit is a remarkable affair, partly because of the conversation between the two men but mainly because of shrewd and unique analysis of the reason why a depressed outcast could become dictator of millions. It will make you think. The close of the book is vague, though there are one or two hints of vast stretches of time and space, subtle references to the esoteric side of relativity, and indications of matterless life pondering for eternity. Maybe the author will write a sequel. In any event, this rambling reviewer highly recommends the novel.

THE SHIP OF FLAME - By W. S. Stone - Published by Alfred A. Knopf - 1945

Polynesia is a land of beauty and to its primitive inhabitants of long ago it was also a land of magic, everpresent gods with a background of fear and terror. From Hawaii to Tahiti, Raratonga to the Marquesas, the islands are peopled by men and women whose origins go far into the dim past. Perhaps their ancestors were among those driven out of India by Aryan invaders millennia ago -- the bulk were slaughtered or enslaved but some, daring prototypes of Columbus and Magellan, fled across the seas to fill distant islands.

This is just one theory, one of several which have been evolved to account for an exotic and mysterious race now rapidly disappearing before the onslaught of European and American disease, vice and war. (Anyone interested in the subject can learn a great deal by securing - and using - a bibliography from the Bishop Museum of Honolulu. I discussed the matter rather extensively in my "History of Guam" as I was intensely concerned not only over the origins of Pacific natives, especially the Chamorros, but over the identity of long ago men and women whose skeletal remains showed that they had grown to the amazing height of eight feet. It is a fascinating study - who were the black slaves, "Mangchangs" by name, found by Magellan in the Marianas, utterly unlike the real Polynesians and now entirely lost? What had been their original home? India, Australia or Mu?)

Polynesian folk lore and legendry is earthy, animistic and at the same time a shimmering, gossamer tapestry of wonder and loveliness. The gods are intimate and active, some beneficent, other inspirers of fear, to be fought, tricked or placated. Mountains, trees and sea, rivers, caves and shores are not merely inanimate forms of nature - they are alive, moved by supernatural beings. No legend, Polynesian or otherwise, for beauty, courage, high daring, gallantry, surpasses "The Ship of Flame" which stems from Tahiti but in its course traverses half the Pacific. It is a simple tale of a youthful Polynesian who sets out in one of those marvellous vessels, which were as stanch and sturdy as any ships the Vikings ever built, to avenge the death of his father in the maw of the gigantic tridachna clam, a malignant entity, symbol of the molluscs which destroyed so many divers. The war canoe is built with miraculous aid from fairies who inhabited a mountain top, launched with ceremonies of barbaric splendor, battles winds and waves sent by evil spirits. And at the end is heroic struggle against the relentless forces of wickedness.

William Stone and his illustrator have produced a memorable volume, glowing words and superb paintings forming a proper setting for an age old tale. "The Ship of Flame" is fantasy in the sense that all legendry is fantasy. Certainly no story of Polynesia has ever had more exquisite presentation.

WHO KNOCKS? - Edited by August Derleth - Published by Rinehart Y Co. - 1946

By the time this review appears in print it is likely that all readers of "Chanticleer" will have gone through Derleth's latest anthology from cover to cover. Certainly no lover of fantasy will miss anything put out under the aegis of the Master of Arkham. There is, in fact, no real reason for writing a review unless it is to compliment the editor of "Who Knocks" upon again having hit one of his usual jackpots.

To be brief, there are twenty spectral tales from twenty authors and each deserves inclusion. Derleth has concentrated upon stories "in which the animating force is in the nature of a return from the dead". Under such a broad heading are included straightforward ghost stories such as "The Shadow on the Wall" by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, psychic residue in W. F. Harvey's "The Ankardyne Pew", spectral vengeance in "Squire Toby's Will" by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, haunted spots as in "The Dear Departed" by Alice-Mary Schnirring, and various other manifestations.

Horror is not always present and is not emphasized beyond the usual unease mounting to fright which comes with the first thought of ghostly apparitions. There are, though, a few manifestations of evil to bring shudders. I need only mention E. F. Benson's "Negotium Perambulans" and H. R. Wakefield's enigmatic "The Seventeenth Hole at Duncaster". Lovecraft is represented in this grouping by "The Shunned House", not one of his best - but what difference does that make, we have all read everything by HPL.

During the past year or two there has been at least a score of fantasy



anthologies, some good, some poor. To this reviewer "Who Knocks?" and Derleth's "Sleep No More" are at the head of the procession.

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND - By William Hope Hodgson - Published by Holden & Hardingham, Ltd. - London - 1908 and 1921.

The most ghastly, terrifying, mysterious and unsolveable story I have ever read. It is unique, standing utterly alone in its genre, a solitary pinnacle of brooding horror. A tale unbelievable and unexplainable in even one detail. An eternal question mark to which there can never be an answer.

Two Englishmen on a fishing trip to a remote part of Ireland some 75 years ago stumble across ruins of unknown age and before they are repelled by strange rustlings and a feeling of primeval evil discover a note book containing the rambling, not always coherent experiences of an old recluse who, with his sister, had once inhabited the structure. Startling and terrifying is, not only the contents of the journal, but the complete lack of congruity between its fairly recent age - perhaps a decade or two - and the antiquity of the ruins.

A reviewer cannot attempt to retell the story - only Hodgson himself could do that - and can only give a faint indication of the grotesque impossibilities contained in the diary. Apparently the writer had lived in this remote house for many years. One afternoon, without warning, he was transported (physically or astrally we are never told) to a vast, darkling plain surrounded by gigantic mountains where lurked Kali, Set and other monster gods whose presences are but dimly discerned and whose purposes are never disclosed. Centered in the plain is a forbidding building of jade, replica of the recluse's house, besieged by swine headed monstrosities. Who or what occupies the building is never told. The vision ends as suddenly as it came with no explanation of its meaning.

Back "home" (though a slight doubt creeps in about the authenticity of "home") the recluse finds himself under siege by scores of the same swine-headed beasts, thought they are invisible to the sister. They can be killed (some with what perhaps is occult assistance) and the disappearance of the corpses hints at cannibalism. Attacks are varied by further "visions" in confusing and incomprehensible fashion, no reason, no sequence, no continuity. A fragment of the journal tells of a journey (actual or imagined) to the Sea of Sleep with just a hint of something terrifying. Another vision carries the recluse to the end of the universe, even to the end of time.

There are glimpses of bubbles of "thought life", eons of ineffable joy with his beloved who is abruptly torn away, scenes of the damned - though who or what they are is never revealed - , glimpses of demoniac gods, a vision of the living center of the cosmos, and a score of other fantasies. And when the recluse "returns" from his journey to the end of time he finds his home unchanged except that, incredibly, his dog is a pile of dust.

The denouement is one of the most ghastly in all literature. Is there a Heaven or a Hell? Is there Justice? Is there a benevolent Deity or is the cosmos prey to evil?

The story, in a sense, has no plot. It has the same superb, grotesque non-sequiter formlessness as the best of Dali. There is no sequence, no logic to anything that happens. And no explanation. One can accept it as a parable, an insane hallucination, a vision outside our time and space - or one can just accept it. Certainly there has never been a more compelling, more terrifying, more incomprehensible piece of writing. I'm no newcomer to fantasy and horror but "The House on the Borderland" jolted me back on my heels.

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\* THE MAZE - Maurice Sandoz - Doubleday, Doran & Co. - New York - 1945 - \$2.50.

Once again a gifted scientist and an eccentric surrealist have combined to produce a volume of fascinating beauty. Their earlier opus "Fantastic Memories" was an arresting combination of exquisite phrasing and graphic evocation. I would not attempt to determine which contributed most, Maurice Sandoz the coruscating writer or Salvador Dali, bizarre Durer of his time, for the duo is as inseparable as oxygen and hydrogen in water.

Everyone knows Dali, superb craftsman, exhibitionist, poseur, imaginative painter who admits that not always can he understand the dream-like, subconscious symbolism of his works. Even a complete dub on paintings, like your reviewer, cannot but be astonished at the utterly unreal scope and visions of his pictures. It is not that they are unearthly or unhuman, rather that they are a distortion of the commonplace, a distortion which is haunting and disturbing. His exhibition "Vision of Venus" at the New York Worlds Fair was superb, especially when it included the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

Sandoz, while a newcomer in the States, has had a distinguished career in France, and, in fact, throughout the Continent where his fan-tal tales are widely known as a sort of half-sensible Dadaism. Only two works of Sandoz have previously been translated into English, "Fantastic Memories" and "Personal Remarks About England", the latter, I think, being out of print, with the former still obtainable from Doubleday, Doran.

Not to "The Maze". When Sir Gerald McTeam inherited Craven Castle in Scotland, he became transformed from a socially active, likeable young man into a recluse who secluded himself in the Castle, breaking his engagement and shunning previous friends. The change was so startling and unexpected as to arouse the curiosity of an old friend, Mrs. Murray -- more than a friend, in fact, for it was to Mrs. Murray's adopted daughter that Sir Gerald had been engaged. She joins an exclusive, annual group on a visit to Craven Castle, determined to solve the mystery.

House rules were that guests must be in their rooms by eleven o'clock, must lock their doors, and must not emerge before morning. Sir Gerald is moody, nervous, sensitive to sudden sounds, petulant, attended by tight-lipped, dour, Scottish retainers. There are locked doors, forbidden passages, antique carriages coming and going in the middle of the night, and above an unusual maze barred to guests. Strange sounds are heard at night, muffled cries and a sound "as of wet laundry being slapped down".

What does it all mean? As one of the brotherhood of authors, this reviewer refuses to disclose the denouement. Pay your \$2.50 and find out -- unless you can parsimoniously borrow a copy of the book. I will say that the disclosure will not shock or horrify hardened readers of "Weird Tales", though it is novel and unexpected. The entire story is finely written and superbly illustrated, head and shoulders in style above the usual pulp, a splendid addition to any library.

BEWARE AFTER DARK - Edited by T. Everett Harre - Emerson Books Inc. - \$2.50.

Mr. Harre exaggerates when he calls his collection "the world's most stupendous tales of mystery, horror, thrills and terror", but he has managed to gather a first class lot of unpleasant, chilling yarns. 21 in number filling 461 pages. Included are several old favorites of fantasy readers, such as E. F. Benson's "Negotium Perambulans"; Edward Lucas White's unforgettable "Lukundoo"; Lovecraft's "The Call of Cthulhu"; Edmund Hamilton's "The Monster-God of Mamurth"; and Bassett Morgan's "The Devils of Po Sung" which thrilled readers of Weird Tales over 20 years ago.

Nathaniel is represented by "Rappaccini's Daughter"; Irvin S. Cobb by his thoroughly nasty "Fishhead"; Lafcadio Hearne by the exquisite "The Fountain of



Gold"; Leonid Andreyeff by one of the most gruesome and perfectly told stories ever written, "Lazarus", truly a work of genius. Ellen Glasgow, whose recent death deprived American literature of one of its most distinguished writers, contributes "The Shadowy Third", while another eminent author, Gertrude Atherton, is represented by "The Striding Place". Arthur Machen is present with "Novel of the White Powder", reprinted from "The Three Imposter", in this reviewer's opinion the greatest mystery story ever written.

Then there is George W. Bayly's "The Sunken Land", faintly reminiscent of the Wendigo tales. M. P. Shiel is represented by one of his characteristic and grim stories, "Huguenin's Wife". (This is from Shiel's "The Pale Ape and Other Happenings". If any reader has a copy to spare, please, oh please let me know -- Walt has my address -- for I will gladly buy or trade for it, the only book lacking from my collection of Shiel. Won't someone be good to me?)

"Beware After Dark" should be on every collector's shelf -- better get a copy while it is still in print. The various tales are not all equal in quality but the whole makes a grand collection, some familiar but many that are rarely encountered. The volume is another indication of a growing interest in tales of horror, occult, weird and fantasy, an interest which should gladden the hearts of those of us who have been crazy for years. Already the devotees would fill a good sized asylum. Regardless of the sneers of Edmund Wilson and other snooty critics who demand "psychology" or "Moral significance" (god knows why) in horror stories, we form a large and ever growing band who will leave Mr. Wilson undisturbed in the chilly solitude of his ivory tower while we feast with the ghouls.

INTRIGUE ON THE UPPER LEVEL - Thomas Temple Hoyne - Reilly & Lee - 1934.

In the year 2050 A. D. there were two levels in Chicago, the Upper filled with the rich and powerful, their servants, mansions and pleasure haunts, the Lower populated by the workers, intelligensia and unemployed, all well provided with 21st century equivalents of the Roman bread and circuses but kept rigidly in their place. Jimmy Manse and Professor Edgerton on the Lower Level rescue Vivian Ransler, daughter of George Ransler, Master of America, from mob violence and are graciously promoted to the Upper Level where they proceed to stir up trouble. Murder, revolt, almost seduction (pure Jimmy resists - the sap!), explosions and a lot of other things happen, none very exciting or convincing. Poorly written, full of preachment, not even a good juvenile.

SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE - H. P. Lovecraft - Ben Abramson (Argus Book Shop) - 3 West 46th St. - New York - 1945 - \$2.50.

There is no reason to review this serious, critical analysis by the Master of the supernatural element in literature. It was originally prepared in brief for W. Paul Cook and printed in his "Recluse" about 1927. Later parts appeared in "The Fantasy Fan", and the entire essay was included in "The Outsider and Others" which Arkham House brought out a few years ago. Ben Abramson has now published it as an independent volume. If you are contemptuous of the weird, occult, horror -- call it what you will -- you can pass up the book (and you also won't be seeing this notice for you won't read "Chanticleer"). Otherwise, don't miss the edition. It is final, definitive and scholarly.

MR. PIMNEY - Justus Edwin Wyman and Charles Surendorf - Bernard Ackerman - \$1.

A few pages of nonsensical rhyme and illustration about the plight of Mr. Pimney who is threatened with expulsion from ghostland because he just isn't terrifying enough to arouse even a tiny shudder in any human. Pass it up.

## THE LAST CHORUS

Und so it gifts Channy No. 7. Oy, oy, oy, what trials and tribulations. First I waited months and months for a new typewriter so I could make all them there pretty doodles, and then I find the type is so darn sharp I can't cut a stencil without having all the holes in the o's fall out. If you see black o's, blame it on the sharp type. Then there was the LASFS mimeo. I started to mimeo Channy, and I couldn't get it up to it's usual standard. Every page had a blank spot. So I throw away about two reams of paper and start all over again. Then I find I'm not too familiar with the club mimeo, so I go down to get some expert instructions. I master it fairly well. But the club mimeo has a thing known as an automatic slip sheeter on it, and, like all other similar gadgets, it doesn't work so hot, and your pages smear up and, oh! blazes, what I'm trying to tell you guys and gals is that I'm sorry this issue isn't up to Channy's usual snuff. Fogive me, fogive me. Another reason is that I've tried to put out the whole issue in too short a time. I've gone the last four days with only 2 or 3 hours of sleep a night. Besides the magazine I have Tucker and Wheeler on my hands to enjoy myself as I always do when they're around, and I forget the mag.

Right now there are about 35 fans running around the house; fanning, gabbing, playing poker, and rushing out every hour or so to meet some new celebrity. Then the next four hours are spent in introducing the newy to lots of other celebrities.

This issue is, of course, dedicated to the long delayed, but, at last it is here, Pacificon. I look forward to four days without sleep, and about 200 fans. That is the most delightful dissipation I know of.

Next issue it comes up with Tanner's MYFFSAW, HIBAWF will be here along with another of Robert Bloch's popular FUNTASY columns. Autolykus continues to send in reviews by the ream, for which I'm extremely grateful.

Another column I want to start should prove interesting to all fen.

The idea is simply this: What 10 science fiction, weird, or fantasy characters would you like to meet at a party. Now wait a minute. There is more here than meets the eye. Think about it awhile. Would you like to see one of Burroughs women lay an egg? Like to meet Kim Kinnison, or how about a tussle with the psychomorph? Would you like to have cocktails with Sham-bleau? Meet Lykes of After the Afternoon. Get into a discussion with Edmund Hall, Odd John, or inspect the insides of that wonderful character, a machine of course, Old Faithful. That's the idea fellows, and gals, you take it from there. Who will be the first one to send in an article on this idea and initiate a new column in Channy.

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