

Rosebud









# R O S E B U D

fandom's intimate fanzine

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Ill.

Vol. 1 November 1944 No. 3

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It's amazing how many fanzine come out ... and how few your editor receives. Many of you who are receiving Rosebud on a supposedly exchange basis have failed to send us copies of your publication. If you are one of these people, and we still haven't heard from you by the time the fourth issue is in the mail ... you're out.

On the other hand, out thanks to all of you who wrote us such nice letters and sent us your fanzines. We try to acknowledge all of them but-- in case we missed you we appreciate it.

Our apologies to Jack Wiedenbeck for our failure to acknowledge his lovely cover on the last issue. Thanks, Jack, for that one and the one on this issue.

As a special Rosebud feature starting in the next issue, we are going to run a picture of the featured guest along with his article or story. Watch for the surprise picture next issue.

Rosely yours,

*Mari Beth Wheeler*

# NIGHT-TIME VOICE

-by Eunice Guyy

Martin lay outstretched on the cool white sheets of the bed when the small voice came. It was elfin, faraway. It startled him.

"Hello-- " the girl called softly. "Hello . . can you hear me?"

Martin sat up abruptly and glared around the bedroom. She wasn't there. He looked to the window and the neon-lit sky beyond. No one. Softly he put his feet on the carpet and glided to the door. He flung it open savagely but the hall was empty.

"Where are you?" Martin demanded aloud, baffled.

"Oh . . hello!" she responded instantly. "I'm so glad you heard."

Martin whirled in the darkness of the room. "Where are you?" It irritated him. "I can't see you."

She paused for the tiniest moment before answering, and then: "Of course you can't see me. You're new, aren't you? Don't you realize how we are conversing?"

". . . mental telepathy?" he asked hesitantly, a little afraid.

"Of course!" she told him quickly enough. "How else? I'm so glad I've found you. There aren't many young men to talk with."

"This is all rather strange to me;" Martin sank back on the bed. "I never realized mental telepathy was so . . so far advanced, so taken for granted."

She laughed. "Few people do. It always supprises them. It was so strange to me, too, at first. Oh! I'm so glad I've found you."

"I would like to meet you!" he blurted suddenly, almost bashfully self-conscious. His temples burned.

"And I, you," she answered him. "It is too bad we cannot."

"Can't?" He leaped from the bed in surprise. "Why not? Why can't we meet? I want to see you. Are you near here? Where I am? I can hop a bus. I can be there in no time. Why can't I see you . . . ?"

She was suddenly silent for a long, breath-taking moment. He was in a frenzy, his thoughts racing.

Finally she spoke again, in a timorous, shocked voice. "Oh! You're alive."

## ALL THIS AND NO HEAVEN

Author Unknown

It was ten years since New Armistice, eight since the day that the talent scout had approached him suggesting a screen test, seven, then, that he had enjoyed global fame as a film star.

At first he was undecided as to what to say. "Why---I don't know anything about acting," he protested. "Besides, I'm not sure I'd want to be an actor."

"Not want to be an actor!" the studio man had sputtered. Why, did he realize... Didn't he know that... "Mister, look at all the men like Power and Ladd and Trent." The scout was very persuasive; and, well it would be fun, and couldn't do any harm just to see yourself on the big screen, at no cost and no obligation.

He went, that rainy Saturday afternoon, that he might ordinarily have passed in reading. And it was the end of his blind-alley mechanical job, and the beginning of an entirely new life.

He felt awkward and embarrassed when they put him thru the little scene with the new starlet, Waverly Ronson. His blush registered beautifully (and to his further mortification) in omnicolor when he kissed.

That was before he held Wanda Turner in his arms, embraced Jonquil Ducharme, whispered sweet nothings into Hedy's ear, and died in the arms of Ellen Frazier---and became very ennui of it all.

When they offered him \$25 a day just to study acting, one hour per day, well, his friends all said it was a marvelous opportunity and he'd be crazy to throw it away; and he thought so too as he day-dreamed of all the splendid things to do with money like that for his hobby.

His hobby was science-fiction. He was a top fan.

After his first appearance, the third lead in "Reconstruction Woman", the fan letters (of a different nature) came like a cascade, crying for more of "that devilishly attractive" Rick Douglas -- they had changed his name of course, for the marquee value. Three more pictures and he was getting featured billing.

He starred in his fifth. It was a smash hit. The nova of '48 was picked by Filmondo as the star most likely to top the ladder in '49. And the whole world knew Rick Douglas read science-fiction.

When Rick became a movie idol, he automatically did more to spread science-fiction than any apostle before him, including Gernsback, Glasser, Hornig, Ackerman and other great popularizers. Because his idolizers knew from the distorted fan magazine stories that Douglas doted on "stories of the glorious, fabulous, future ray-men in solar ships, and wide-eyed monsters from Arturus." All his fans had at least a superficial knowledge of science-fiction so that they could flatter him by references in their fan letters, or speak to him when they met him.

Some actually became interested in the crazy stuff.



And the Douglas devotees mailed him books and excerpts from a 11 over Mono Mundi, tokens of appreciation, and tactful bribes for photographs. And it quite naturally occurred that his collection exceeded all others, for no private enthusiast could compete with the free-will offerings of an adoring world.

Fandom did not have to wait for "HST" to die, that the Science Fiction Institute might be established with the thousand dollar legacy from his insurance policy. Rick Douglas made fandom an outright gift of \$50,000, and the "STFoundation" was officially opened in conjunction with the Second Pacificon in 1950. As every fan knows, at his own expense Douglas had the entire proceedings photographed, and the reels formed an integral part of the Institute itself. From then on all gifts of a science-fictional nature from his admirers were regularly added to the Foundation.

The status of science fiction was mirrored by Rick Douglas' success. Twenty-three editors blessed his name, authors ate better, he was voted "Honorary Top Fan".

In his third year of success, his stock slumped a little due to nearsighted mis-management. The public began to tire audibly of his character-tag. At first it had been terrific: the novelty of a handsome film hero wearing glasses, and the magnetic moment when he removed them slowly and pocketed them, never removing his eyes from the fascinated victim, just before he deliberately kissed her. Countless million women hold their breath and thrilled vicariously as, with the surrendering female, they were devastated by the dynamism, the "enigmatic charm" as the press agent put it, of Rick Douglas.

But the inevitable cheap imitators sprang up--the poor men's Rick Douglasses, with their eccentric glasses and lesser finesse-- and New Yorker and Mundopolitan and all the sophisticated slicks caricatured and satirized Douglas too, if not death, a serious wane of popularity. The tag wore thin.

Then it was time for him to discard the glasses (they were placed in the Institute with a small ceremony) even tho that left him pathetically astigmatic--and grow a mustache, and double-part the hair in a new style--and popularity, ever fickle, flamed higher than before. And every paraplane brought more packages of fantasy from every latitude and longitude. A new wing had to be added to the STFoundation. Finally, in 1954, Rick Douglas married the most glamorous actress on the face of niterra.

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He stared at the Oscar, and the Oscar stared back.

The Academy had awarded him the coveted statuette for the best male performance of 1955. His admirers were legion...he had toured the world...his assets were staggering...his wife worshipped him...his home was a palace...and...

He hadn't read a copy of Astounding for the past five years.

(continued on page 8)

# MUMBLINGS

-by The Mumbler

The "slan shack type" of fan-civilization is an odd thing, if indeed it may be regarded as a branch of civilization at all. Some certain aspects of its innermost workings resemble nothing even remotely approaching any known institution to the world at large . . . except, possibly, a politically mismanged hospital for the insane.

We recently spent a gay and hectic week of our vacation in the fan colony at Battle Creek, and are happy to report it was as entertaining as a similar length of time hypothetically spent at the Brookfield Zoo. (Except that Brookfield possesses a female ant-eater named Toby, an attraction Slan Shack regrettably lacks.)

Attending the fourth Michicon June 17th and 18th were some twenty and two other milling grains of corn caught in the turmoil of a grain elevator; and for a second time we observed this strange civilization at work and play--two phases sometimes extremely difficult to distinguish. The wheels in action are indeed inspiring, dizzying sights.

One of the more witless Joe Fanns attending the meeting, observing this hurly-burly movement and no doubt mistaking it for something else just as fascinating but infinitely less dangerous, weakened, and in that moment of weakness signed away forever his future rights to sanity by requesting admittance to the sacred temple of Higher Fen.

In true democratic fashion the old guard republicans and economic royalists inhabiting the termite-infested premises gathered one night around the dinner table to debate the application. We were a delighted onlooker. It was a revealing spectacle, resembling the Ringling Bros. three-ring circus in all but the trained seals tooting "America" on the tin horns.

Mr Liebscher was of the dubious opinion that the Joe in question would not make a fit sleeping companion because he snored. The Joe was an habitual snorer, Mr Liebscher remembered, and reported several enlightening incidents of past nights spent with the witless wonder at past fan gatherings. Various desperate measures of surcease from the nerve-wracking noise had been attempted, including the pouring of cold water in the open mouth, the giving of the hot foot to the bare pedal extremity, and the depositing of ice cubes in the pajama trousers, all without success. The impervious Joe snored on. Mr Liebscher shuddered.

Mr Liebscher further reported that the body had been placed in various and strained postures recommended for silent sleeping, such as on the stomach with a pillow-block completely covering the face and nostrils; doubled up like a pretzel with his feet in his mouth; and on his head with his knees hung over the head board. To no avail. As a last resort they shoved the snoring body under the bed, from which region there resounding a resonant clang.

Thus, the never-ending snoring was chalked against the record of the hapless Joe. But, spoke Mr Ashley, doubtless mindful of the other and brighter side of the ledger -- the chap had money!

Mumblings - continued

Ah yes -- mazuma. The man was duly voted admittance. But then ... ah, then what happened? The Joe, for some unknown reason, decided to stay home. Thereby saving his precious sanity but impairing ours.

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In September there appeared two of the most colossal fan-publishing projects fandom has ever known. Not since the early days of the printed fanzine, some ten years ago, has anything of like nature appeared on the fanzine horizon. It is a happy coincidence for fandom for them to emerge so near each other.

In early September the NFFF had printed and began distributing a booklet entitled "What Is Science Fiction Fandom?" In some forty pages six men undertake to describe and explain the tickings of fandom to newcomers and just plain readers who could be newcomers. To this reporter, this is the first such effort known in which an organization actually attempts to guide a reader into fandom and succeeds without becoming hysterical or hilarious.

In the middle of the month the first copies of Jack Speer's huge "Fanencyclopedia" were mailed to advance buyers. A more momentous undertaking than the first mentioned booklet, this 98 page volume, with red imitation-leather covers, covers for all practical purposes the entire gamut of fandom from inception until the end of 1943. It is published by Ackerman with the monetary and physical assistance of the LASFS and the NFFF.

There should be a place in your files for a copy of each. In times to come they will of a certainty be rare and valued collectors' items.

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Wily Waldemar came out and spoke to us a little while ago. -Wily Waldemar is our den mouse. It will be seen presently why he is termed wily. He used to be an honest church mouse but grew quite tired of people casting aspersions upon his economic standing --which, actually is tidily respectable-- and now helives among the oddly assorted paraphanailia in our den; quite happily too, as he has often pointed out.

Wily Waldemar loves the clatter of our typewriter. Often when we are typing he will stand for hours in the closet doorway, his hands clasped behind his back, listening intently to the clacking of the keys. He has never been able to explain why this sound so attracts him and usually shrugs away our repeated questions with a vague reference to ancestral memories.

But as we were saying, he came out from behind the model spaceship and spoke to us. (Wisely, we had taught Waldemar only the Swiss language so that none but ourself could ever converse with him.)

He asked a question. "Dunno," we replied in English, which he can understand. "We've a column to do but the fount of inspiration is dry."

(continued on bottom of page 12)



## WILLIE WRITES A REBUTTAL

by Bill Watson

With a hiked eyebrow and what must have been a disgusted expression, I read Mr Laney's article appearing in a recent issue of Shangri-L'Affaires, "My Ideals of Fandom". What I read for the most part, was silly. Merely for the sake of argument, we'll take up the matter of collecting phantasy books and magazines, and being cultural, which Mr Laney says are essential factors if one wants to be a good, decent fan.

I quote loosely from Mr Laney's four pages of Ideals:

"A good phan should collect intensively ... and possess cultural leanings..." We'll start with that statement.

This business of collecting seems to me to be a pretty damn futile pastime. Some phans I know, personally, or have had any correspondence with, collect avidly but read only about one-tenth of what they buy. We have one example of this type of flora & fauna residing about 8 blocks from here. His name is Harry Honig.

This chap has an exorbitant amount of money to spend on anything he wishes. I do not belittle him this advantage, but think him remarkably fortunate that he has such indulgent parents. But, instead of putting his money to good use (future schooling, etc.) he puts it all into books and magazines. Needless to say, our Scotch ancestry rises in revolt.

Honig does not read what he buys; rather, he sets it in his book-cases and proceeds to blow his horn about the magnificent volumes owned. He pretends to be well-read, as many phans do, but after ten minutes of conversation it is all too apparent that his opinions and ideas are borrowed from someone else with whom he has talked. Most of his conversation is bluff.

Of course, on the other side of the ledger we have fellows like LC Smith, who buys judiciously, with an eye for excellence in content and value -- unlike Honig who buys anything and everything -- and then reads and absorbs what he purchases. Also, he does not limit his reading to phantasy and stfiction.

This type of fauna is indeed out of the ordinary. We'll take myself as an example. I consider myself to be an average phan, perhaps a trifle naive, a trifle adolescent, but this is to be expected, since I am an adolescent, and I've discovered that naivete can often be advantageous. But anyway, I publish an average phanzine, carry on the typical correspondence, and write occasional letters to Planet.

If, however, you were to trip lightly thru my library, a measely 200 volumes or so, you'd find: Salvador Dali, James Cain, Hemingway, Dos Passos, de Camp, various art volumes on Cezanne, Mexican Art, Van Gogh, Dali, and others plus the customary books on anatomy.

You wouldn't, however, find any of the trite publications of Mr CA Smith & company, or the volumes of Arkham House (I did get the first Lovecraft book because I wanted to see the format and layout), or the supposedly unbeatable Dunsany. I don't like 'em.



Yet Mr Laney infers that I should buy them anyway, just for t h e sheer hell of it. The man's mad.

Now comes the question of cultural leanings. This is really the big kick as far as I am concerned, and as far as the majority of the bay area phans are concerned. I've asked.

Some phans who have blown thru here, just visiting, and to get the lay of the land, have attempted to deeply impress us with their colossal intellects, their indefatigueable ((sic)) will-power, the effortless ease with which they swill their creme-de-menthes (20 proof!).

We frankly preferred the unassuming type; they were infinitely more likeable; they didn't grate on the nerves. Fellows like Milt Rothman and Dick Kuhn (remember Eclipse?), Niel DeJack, and a few others I cannot recall immediately to mind.

A great portion of the phans attempt to be so damnably intellectual (there are going to be retorts to this article asking tritely: "are you jealous?") They write to Vom and gobble cliches and pat themselves on the back, saying ain't I the clever one and that isn't one of my typographical errors! Ghod pity them.

You may relax.

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ALL THIS AND NO HEAVEN  
continued

An afternoon was all the time the Studio was able to spare him during the 1950 convention, when the Institute opened. On rare occasions when he went to the old club, everyone insisted on talking cinema instead of science-fiction, crowded him for intimate information, asked for autographs of his wife. And Valri, for all her love of him, loved no part of science-fiction.

His thoughts returned to Astounding, all those wonderful Heinlein "revised" historyarns, the Widner series, Kutter-Moore's masterpieces, and he didn't dare think about Dollen's Fascinating Science, with the superb artwork of the maestro himself...

Then his introspective vision refocussed on the Oscar. Gross golden thing, symbol to him now not of achievement but illusion and enslavement. Again his vision blurred and the Oscar seemed to grow. It became a gleaming giant towering over him, hands crossed on the broad-bladed sword that had cut him to the quick. That sword could set him free.

The morticians did a good job of repairing the cavity he bashed in his temple with the Oscar, so that morbid millions might admire his handsome features in the casket. He was mourned universally; more than Valentino or Barrymore.

Hus suicide was never explained.



## YESTERDAY

I see her every now and then  
She smiles as she goes by  
And as I walk on down the street  
A tear drops from my eye

Her smile for me once held a gleam  
That gave my heart a thrill  
A gleam that promised, oh so much  
It made the world stand still

Oh foolish me, I held her love  
And let it slip away  
Too steeped was I in conquests new  
To know where true love lay

Someday, perhaps, she'll understand  
The fool I used to be  
And then she'll know I sought the things  
That dreamers often see

My love, I sought perfection, rare  
A love completely true  
And seeking, did but blind myself  
To all the charms of you

Oh, how I wish my aching heart  
Could speak when you pass by  
For as I walk on down the street  
A tear drops from my eye

Walter C. Liebscher

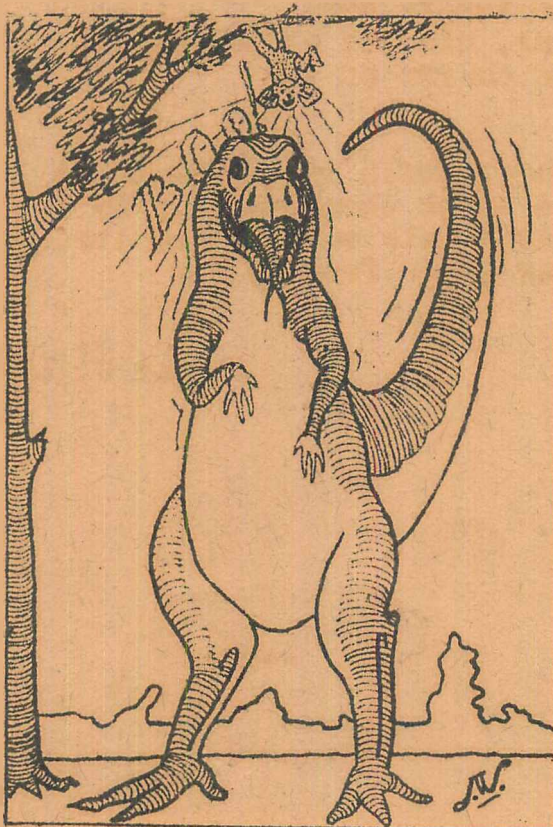


# WILL-O-THE-WISP

Will - o - the - wisp! As in a trance  
I walk beside the marshes here,  
And watch the ~~phantom~~ lights that dance . . .  
And fade away . . . and reappear . . .

"My love for you is like a tree  
Whose leaves are always fresh and crisp,"  
One April night she said to me . . .  
Where is she now, will-o-the-wisp?

James Russell Gray



# DREAM'S END

by Thorne Smith

This is that practically unobtainable book that you always read listed along with "Out O'Luck" and "Haunts & By-Paths" at the end of "Topper" or "Turnabout" or whatever familiar title you happen to be reading. I am perhaps an improper person to be reviewing this book for you, for I am not a Smith fan; in fact, till "Dream's End", had never read a word by him. Now that I have, I'm not so sure I want to read any more, Not for the reason that you may immediately think, It was not--not at all--that I was disappointed; it was just that I enjoyed this one so much, and I presume it is so differed from his other stories, that I should not like to spoil an illusion.

I have never read "Nite Life of the Gods" or "Passionate Witch" and such, simply because I've always heard so much about them or already seen the movies that I feel like I know the contents by heart; that a reading would be superfluous. For the same reason I may never get around to reading "Frankenstein" or "The Lost World".

Before I talk about it I must tell you how I came to read this "Dreams End" at all. In the first place I secured it from Lora Crozetti, who has an odd habit of producing impractical volumes --- like Chambers' "The Mask" --- out of thin air. She didn't seem to care for the book, so I got it for a bargain, something like \$4. (I know I'm a beast to be whetting your appetite on this item, as the only professional quotation I ever saw on it was a book hunting chap's \$4.50) I bought the book more as a rarity than a story to read, and shelved it.

Recently Charles McNutt visited Shangri-La, and I don't know how it got into the conversation, but I happened to mention I had the bk. At this, a remarkable transformation came over the fan. He seized me as one gone beserk and shouted, "That book -- I must have that book! Oh, Forry, it's the only Smith I'm lacking. What will you take for it? Is there anything I can trade you? I've got originals. Do you like Magarians? I have a Finley from a Howard story in Weird. I'll give U a back cover from Amazing. Ackerman, I'll give you FIVE illustrations I want that book!"

After this demonstration I decided I'd better read the book before I gave it up --if I was going to give it up-- which I now would not dream of doing unless I could get another. For "Dream's End" has become one of my favorite human interest quasi-fantasies, in the category of Maude Meagher's "Fantastic Traveller" and Tiffany Thayer's "One Man Show".

"Dream's End" is the poignant story --tragedy-- of a neurotic poet who worships a spiritual woman that life denies him, and his conflict, sometimes internal and at one time brutally external, with an animalistic woman bent upon his conquest. Scarlet, the artist's model who displays her body beauty as unabashedly as a Vomaiden, is of the jungle, a sexy she-cat with primitive passions. A rosebud with Thornes. There are at least a couple purple passages that, if you are a he-fan, will get your rosebud in an uproar. But the book is not the least bit ribald, and far from funny.



The characters scarcely lead happy lives; the whole hope for the future happiness for the hero and heroine lying in their faith in a hereafter, a faith I do not share, but I was willing to suspend disbelief for the book's 342 pages. A number of quoteworthy quotes appear in this pages (published in 1927) that've stood the test of time, and I only wish I had started to note them earlier. One I liked, where Hunter Aird, a psychologist, likened the world to "a train running along thru a series of tunnels .. beauty lies all around you, yet most of your time is spent in the hot, confusing darkness of the tunnel." Another, concluding a justification for suicide, "To keep the world filled you must keep it fooled."

The similies in this book are quite often tinged with fantasy... "He felt as lonely as the last man on a lost planet" for instance. This is a work one might have expected Smith to have written toward the end of his career, a serious story after having tired of applause for whimsey! Odd that it came at the beginning.

There is life, death and dream-stuff in this book-- hauntingly beautiful descriptions and frustrating situations that made me want despairingly to step in and influence the course of events. It left me melancholy, and I loved it.

Guest Review by Forry Ackerman

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(Mumblings - continued)

He offered a timid suggestion.

"Nope," we noped, "that's been done to death. Why should we disturb the corpse?"

He spat out a short sentence.

"Oh ho, so you missed me, eh? As much as that? Would you like to come along next time? Those michicons are heaps of fun. And they have some wonderful space ship pictures . . ."

Here, suddenly, Wily Waldemar paused and stared around the room. Then he looked back at us suspiciously. He popped a quick question.

"So that's what bothering you?" we chuckled. "Yep, we've re-done the den. Do you like it?"

He snorted and spoke again.

"So you miss the rosebud pattern of the old wallpaper, do you? We think this is ever so much nicer, tho. Green walls."

Suddenly Wily Waldemar shot at us the question which was foremost on his mind. We really had been waiting for it, our tongue in cheek. This, then, is why Waldemar bears the curious prefix to his name.

"No, Waldemar," he assured him. "your rent will not be raised because the den has been redecorated."

## "PORT OF LONELY HEARTS"

Mari-

Rosebud just came in on the morning mail. It was much enjoyed by this humble personage, as there were no more unread fmz on the place at the time. I see by Fran Laney's letter that Bob has made another stab at us "Vulcan Kiddies". This sort of thing gets tiresome after awhile. I'd like to secure the first issue as soon as possible, so as to see the article and try a burlesque on Tucker.

It's about time somebody sent back some of the stuff he is always sending out to the fans in the guise of "humor". "Long Live King Boob!"  
-Lionel Innman

(Editors note: Tsk, tsk, King Boob -- you and Al Ashley!)

---

Dear M.B. -

Rosebud #2: cover improved, format still fine. Guyy--ugh, but good. Liebscher -- I didn't laff. Wilson -- decent reviews, but who cares about movies anyway? Les Tina -- ending actually surprised me. Nice, even if not too original. Laney -- int'restin'. Other reviews, okay. Gray enjoyable if uninspired. Letters -- necessity and well handled. Think Rudy Kuslan keerect tho. Keepitup. Love and kisses."  
-Larry Shaw

---

Dear Mari Beth-

Nearly said "Dear Rosebud" which is the same thing anyway. Y'know, I'm all for this idea of putting out a mag the way U like it. If this bit of personality is anything like its creator, well .....  
Hmnnnnnnnnnn.

The contents: P2, neat little nothing of a story.

P3, I just love these guys who are always grinding axes interminably. I think I never read anything by Liebscher that wasn't a satire on some part of fandom.

P4, I passed up the first two shows, they aren't the type of stuff I spend good money on. I missed "A Guy Named Joe" when it came. Wish I hadn't. 9 points (Editors note: you missed the thrill of a lifetime in missing "The Uninvited!")

P6, nine points for Les Tina.

P7, Review, nine points.

P8, Reviews, eight points.

Cartoon, ten points.

You must be using the photoscope. Wiedenbeck draws like a professional. His art always adds to a zine. Did he do the cover? (( Yes ))

P9, Fog, eight points.

Well everyone seems to like you and Rosebud. But what does Wiedenbeck mean by an "old man of the sea fanzine"? I thought maybe he ment a free zine by that. Come to think of it, that is rather expensive isnt it child?

Sorry I haven't any contributions to send. Maybe I ll get a brain storm for a short story." 'Til next Rosebud,  
-Jim Wong



Hello Mari Beth-

Thanks for the copies of Rosebud numbers one and two. They were very neat and interesting. I like the lettering on the cover of number two better, I think.

I want to thank you for the nice way you treated my poem. It sure did look good to me, with a whole page to itself. The best of luck to you. Sincerely,"

-James Russell Gray

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Hi Mari Beth-

Was very glad to have your letter and the copies of Rosebud. The format thru-out makes yours the near-ideal of fanzines. Congrats!

Number two: 'Interlude in a Coffin': Well-titled; on the 1st reading seems to lack one last horrified adjective. Iverness seems almost complacent about his guests -- but thinking it over, if the fly bothered him!! Delicious irony!!

'Cacatiti': Travel-talk spelled with a dri. A little jump in the composition, no doubt due to traveling on pogo sticks. Good humor.

Film comments: well-done, well opinioned.

'Point of View': smoothly written, observations true.

'The Babyons': Sounds like good horror; a "must". Also ditto on 'Werewolf of Paris' and 'Lazarus #7'.

'Fog': Too ordinary phrasing in spots, but with good underlying ideas.

Pen Pals: too many adjectives! Sounds like the movieland "terrific, colossal, etc., etc." But that's the penalty of being a gal ed, the slen just don't know we're getting immune to flattery.

Summary: brief, neat appetizing. Sincerely,"

-H. J. Nuttall

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Dear Mari Beth

I received your fanzine Rosebud last week and I want to thank you for sending it to me. I really think it is a fine effort on your part in sending it to me. I appreciate it very much as it fills a gap which is ever so deep out here in the Pacific area, and it helps end the drouth as far as fanmags. and fantasy are concerned.

The magazine as a whole is well constructed and the articles and stories were well done thru out. I enjoyed Liebscher's article so very much. I also liked the fantasy film comments quite a bit; it hit the spot with me. Enjoyed the book reviews and must put them on my list. Book hunting is my favorite game. Best of luck. Aloha,"

-Neil De Jack

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Say Wheeler-

I understand that is is necessary to write you a letter if I want to receive the next issue. Very well, here is my letter, so send along the next issue. Remind me to thank you.

Liebscher is slipping."

-Bob Tucker







