

Rosebud







# R O S E B U D

fandom's intimate fanzine

Mari Beth Wheeler

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Eunice Guyy	4	The Dreamer
Francis T. Laney	6	Two Borderline Fantasies
Bob Tucker	7	Mumblings
Sgt. James Thomas	10	"Somewhere in Belgium"
Tigrina	11	A Book Review
M. J. Nuttall	12	Kismet -- And Gone
Jonne Evans Bates	13	The Bowling Tournament
Al Ashley	14	Lost Land
Walt Liebscher	15	The Revolt of the Mermaids
Jack Wiedenbeck		The Cover

Rosebud is one year old with this issue.

And Rosebud has acquired an assistant-editor with this issue. It would be of little use to mention his name here; you will discover his identity soon enough when you begin to note an insidious personality creeping into the pages. Accompanied by an unmistakable odor of over-ripe corn.

At this writing SPAR Wheeler is camping somewhere in the wilds of Brooklyn. According to a recent letter, she can poke her feet out the window and dabble her toes in the Atlantic ocean whenever the mood strikes her, and no one is looking. This no doubt appeals to her rugged nature.

Therefore, the former copyboy-typist-proofreader-staple-pusher-stamp-licker and mailer has been given due credit for his efforts and elevated to the position of assistant-editor. He will receive and forward all letters, manuscripts and exchange-fanzines to the editor.

Because SPAR Wheeler's address is Brooklyn at this writing, but will be something entirely different when you read this, you are requested to address her mail to Box 260 until further notice. You recall, no doubt, that the price of this fanzine is a letter or a fanzine to the editor. Several former readers overlooked the price, and as a result they are now former readers.

(continued on bottom of page 16)

## THE DREAMER

by Eunice Guyy

It was one of those unexplainable dreams. Weird and upsetting. Scott was waiting tables in a restaurant. Actually, he had never waited tables in his life. A middle-aged man walked into the dream, accompanied by his wife; they seated themselves at Scott's table.

She had begun to order for the both of them when the man suffered a heart attack.

Scott rushed away for a glass of water. It was the only move that occurred to him. When he raced back to the table with it, the man's wife took the glass. She poured a little water between the deadly pale lips. Scott thought the man was dead.

But the water revived him. He sat up and smiled at Scott as if he were apologizing. He brushed a drop of water from his coat, and introduced himself to Scott as Gerald Langhoff. Scott mumbled something in reply and fumbled with his pencil.

Then Mrs Langhoff spoke to him. She seemed cool and undisturbed. "Gerald isn't to go until next Friday," she said.

Scott went to the kitchen without taking their order. He awoke then, and the dream existed vividly in his mind as he dressed. He thought about it as he walked to the bus line. All the way across town and to the doors of the museum he remembered the dash he had made for water.

Inside the museum he left his lunch box in the locker of the staff room, and changed to his guard's uniform. He stood all day before the glass cases of Egyptian relics but he saw only those two people in his dream.

That evening the memory of the dream was fastened so clammily to the back of his neck that he consulted the telephone book and the city directory for Gerald Langhoff. The address was 3939 Ridgeway.

Scott supposed the right thing to do would be to write a letter. Langhoff should be told. But he was afraid to sign his name. He wrote, merely, that it would be a week from today--Friday, and that he, the writer, was very sorry . . .

Scott left it to Langhoff to interpret the letter. Somehow ---he couldn't force himself to mention the word death.

Scott rode the bus downtown to mail the letter. The postoffice might have some vague way of tracing such matter to the box near him. Suppose there were other such letters . . . ?

There were other such letters, each a few days apart. Sometimes in the dreams Scott would be selling newspapers at an unidentified corner stand, or again, he might find himself in a theatre boxoffice. It was always some place where he met people.

Some of these people he would know by sight, some by name, and one was a personal acquaintance. Each of them made themselves known to him in some manner, as had Langhoff. And always, by word or sign, they indicated a date.

In one night's dream Scott picked up a newspaper from his stand and read of the death of Gerald Langhoff. The shock awoke him.

Scott continued to stagger the mailing of the letters. The police or the postoffice men would be watching for them by this time, would stick little colored pins in a map where each was picked up and recognized. They would wait only long enough for the pins to form a circle, and then they would close into the center. He even began to create a false circle.

Without warning, Scott found himself waiting tables in that restaurant again. Langhoff's widow was dining at his table, alone. She thanked him pleasantly for the water he had brought in that earlier, identical dream; and she said, yes, Friday had been the day it had happened. It was nice of him to send a letter, reminding them. Now she would like to repay his kindness.

Would Scott be good enough to leave his address, that she might write him on the morrow? He jotted down his street and number on the back of a guest check. She put it in her purse and smiled her thanks. Then she left, but he didn't awaken right away.

When he did wake he leaped out of bed and dressed in a hurry; he grabbed his lunch box and ran for the bus. He was almost half an hour early but he rode out to the museum anyway. He looked woodenly at the mummy cases and assured himself he was awake--now. He had been looking at those cases for years. They were real. Last night was the dream.

By noon he was exhausted. He couldn't eat the lunch that he had packed. He threw it in the locker and walked outside to think. On an impulse he leaped aboard the first bus. It was an agonizing long time making its way across town. People stared at his uniform.

At his corner he jumped off and ran. The mailbox was in sight, a grey-metal thing nailed beside the door. He kept his eyes on it as he ran. He couldn't help himself. This was real. This was daylight.

There was a letter in the box for him.

The postmark was smudged and undecipherable. He looked at the handwriting which curled backward in a feminine manner. Automatically he studied the capital letters in his name; then he sat down on the steps and tore open the envelope.

She hadn't signed her name. She merely said that she, the writer, would miss him two weeks from today, and that she was terribly sorry.

There was no date indicated. He dropped the letter in his pocket.



## TWO BORDERLINE FANTASIES

reviewed by

Francis T. Laney

("The Threshold of Fear" by Arthur J. Rees; 283pp, 8vo, New York City: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1926. B/58/77/1)

This volume treats of the psychological plot against a young English recluse, Edward Gravenall. He has undergone some harrowing experiences during an exploratory trip in the wilds of Peru; including twelve days at the bottom of a lake, dead, after which time he was brought back to life by Munyeru, the ancient priest of a lost tribe of natives. Under the terms of his being brought back to life, he must leave the entire land of Incas, veiled, so that Nogul (death) cannot see him. Nogul, Edward is told, will continue to seek him, but his coming will be known by the beating of his small drum and by the sign of the Withered Grey Paw.

This is all the fantasy in the book; most of the story being taken up with the phenomena being faked by Gravenall's doctor as a cold-blooded experiment in suggestion. The four chapters in which Gravenall tells of his Peruvian experiences--"The Secret of the Ranges," "The Valley of Ghosts," "The Lake of Flamingoes," and "The Dwelling Place of Death" --comprise a story within a story and might well be considered as a short fantasy. I personally thought these four chapters on a par with Merritt, whose style is closely approximated by Rees thru-out.

However, there is so much straight adventure and mundaneplopping and counter-plotting thru-out, that I can list it only as a borderline item. It can be fairly strongly recommended.

("Flame Eternal" by Willis E. Roys; 403pp, 8vo, New York City: F.C. Osberg, 1936. F/77/1)

"Flame Eternal," I regret to say, is definitely fantasy; further more it is probably the worst fantasy ever to have appeared between the covers of a book. I should be interested in learning how much Mr. Roys paid Osberg to publish this conglomeration of rubbish. I doubt if any of the stories I have rejected for The Acolyte were anywhere near as bad as this one---and I've been annoyed with effusions from some of the brightest-eyed thirteen-year-olds you ever heard of.

The plot deals creaking with a lost civilization in the wilds of Brazil; consisting largely of native tribes, and ruled over by albino whites of Portuguese extraction. There is some mystic flame of life which is supposed to grant eternal life; there are motley quasi-religious trappings filched from every theology Roys ever heard of; there are revoltingly corny characters.

The whole thing is presented in the most loathesome fashion imaginable. It would take pages to enumerate the hundreds of faults of Roys' "style"; the most annoying is his platitudinous method of saying something thoroly obvious, and then clinching it with a sententiously bald sentence explaining it still further. Now that I've offered myself as a martyr, no other fan will have to read the damn thing!

## MUMBLINGS

by  
The Mumbler

Mr Palmer Gnashes His Teeth: Writing in the February 18th issue of Fantasy News under the title, "The New Fandom," the right honorable RAP, exalted bigwig of Amazing Tales and points west, clamps his molars down hard on our little antisocial body known as fandom. Of course, with some justification from his point of view.

Said Palmer: "The greatest thing ever to happen to science fiction has happened, and the "fans" have missed it entirely--because they did not read it!" This unduly surprises and chagrins him.

And forthwith RAP develops a hard-on at the "fans'" expense. "After seven years," he continues, "I gave them something great--and learned it is actually true that they buy the magazine, but do not read it." Aside, we can't help but wonder if it will take him seven more years to discover why "fans" do not read his magazines? He should also come to realize that after seven years the "fans" distrust the adjective 'great' when used by him. He's the boy who has cried 'great' far too often.

However, he says later in the piece: "I am referring to Richard S. Shaver's "I Remember Lemuria," which is two things--- 1) the "new" science fiction; 2) not fiction!" Let's skip the fine contradiction without comment and peruse the next bit of the letter:

"Fandom has an organization about which they have boasted. Here is something they could have pitched in and helped develop. Now they are too late. Overnight a new "fandom" has sprung up, with a powerful organization, which will get all the credit. All the fans can do now is sit helplessly back and watch the fireworks. For a solid year I warned them of what was coming--but outside of those I told in person on their visits, the warning went unnoticed because it was not read."

Well whaddya know about that? We sure missed the boat all right. To be sure, we didn't read the Lemuria story and so of course do not know what credit and what fireworks he is referring to, but it sounds mighty spectacular. We like a good show, and we are quite an enthusiastic fireworks-watcher when it comes down to that. But at the moment we must confess we are more interested in this "new fandom" that sprang up one surprising night.

We suppose this means the dismal, unhappy end of our old and unresponsive fandom--lacking as we do a sensitive nose for great stories.

We can picture it now: our tottering, useless organizations such as the NFFF, the FAPA, the SASFA, the LASFS, and yes, the Cosmic Circle falling by the wayside in pitiful, odorous decay. All because we will get no share of the credit. And there are the dingy fanzines: Acolyte, Chanticleer, Shangri-L'Affaires, Vom, Fanewscard, and even Rosebud, tumbling to the ground like dead autumn leaves. Shamelessly cheated of their fair share of the credit. Ah, what a sad, sad fate--all because we cannot stomach great stories.

Alas, we are done. Sic transit--you know. A new fandom has sprung up around us, quietly and without warning, to take the credit and shoot some fireworks. We had only baseball games, dollar banquets, exclusions and first-run movies---they have fireworks.

Goodbye Ackerman, goodbye Ashley, goodbye Burbee, goodbye Laney, goodbye Sehnert, goodbye Dunk, goodbye Wiedenbeck, goodbye Kennedy, goodbye Evans, goodbye Raym, goodbye Speer, goodbye Liebscher, goodbye Chauvenet, goodbye Gray, goodbye Watson, goodbye Swisher--- you are but helpless, bedraggled has-beens, too late to plunk down your quarter and purchase membership in the new fandom of Lemuria. The new fandom with fireworks.

Gone indeed are the wonderful days of old when we could gather at conventions and swill gin; gone are the poker games; the hotel-room hooliganism; the hot-air oratory; the money-making auctions; the romping days and nights of slans gone mad. The old fandom is dead. The new fandom has appeared and taken the credit. With fireworks.

Yes, you are done, done, done, because you are stupid, you out there. But not us--oh no, not us. We're smart. We are going to dash out tomorrow and purchase a back-copy of the issue in question. Perhaps this new fandom publishes a fanzine or two---and we are completionists, you know. So long, helpless has-beens. We'll think of you now and then with a tear in our eye, when we are composing articles in the new fandom of Lemuria. Articles containing fireworks.

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Mr Tucker Gnashes His Teeth: Its hard on our upper plate, but we do gnash them gnaw and then. We are currently gnashing them. We have to move; pack up and skedaddle. But not because we neglected to pay the rent or some trifle such as that. The house has been sold from under us as surely as the termites had eaten it away. Perhaps they have.

Not that all this means much to you, but it does to us. Because not many months ago we sunk a sizeable sum of our own dear money into redecorating our two-room upstairs den. Repainted everything, bought a new bookcase, and things like that. Now we have to gmove. We gnash.

= = = = =

We recently received in the mail a cute little thingamabob from Los Angeles entitled Two Fingers. It claimed it was a fanzine. Well, it was in that it had a few pages of mimeographed matter on the usual kind of paper fanzines are found on. All resemblance stopped there.

Some of the boys in the back room whipped it up in a moment of inkleholic generosity. As a completionist we appreciate their generosity in sending us a copy. As a reader we aren't so pleased. It stank of poor taste, bad humor, and unlovely remarks. It was dedicated to a person whom we doubt will ever receive a copy. We weep at such crud.



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It has been said that some things are fit for neither man or beast. Inasmuch as fen fall into neither group, we give them the above.



## "Somewhere in Belgium"

by Sgt. James Thomas

France reminded me of a gigantic corpse...one which was being slowly resurrected. A rather beaten-up phoenix arising from it's ashes albeit rather heavily and painfully. France's history is written in her graveyards and her shattered cities. Wars and more wars -- and intervals between wars to bury the dead. And build monuments to their memory.

A battlefield is a page of her history--and at the same time her whole history. Its script is bold and plain. Acres of wooden crosses put there twenty-five years ago--or six months ago. Ruined trenches & gaping shell holes-- twenty-five years old or six months old. Recency has nothing to do with it. France's wounds have never had time to heal.

The traces that modern war leaves behind are soul-shattering. In fact its gross understatement to call them traces. There's so little that's permanent in this life that it hurts inside to see the results of man's struggle for permanence laid in ruins. A dead city is not a pretty sight. France has a good many of them. There is some small satisfaction in knowing that Germany has them too--and will have a few more before this thing is over. There was an editorial in Stars and Stripes recently consisting of a single picture. In the background are the ruins of Aachen. In the foreground is a sign with a sentence from a Hitler speech on it-- "Give me five years and you will not recognize Germany."

I've made some friends among the Belgian and French people. Like most of the friends I've made in the last few years, they're gone now and I won't see them again. I've talked mostly with young people. They are the only hope left to Europe. A lot depends on which path they take or which path they are led into. Their resiliency is all that is left. They told me of German atrocities--stories which I hesitate to repeat. Jean Fallot of the FFI and Jules of the Belgian Maquis--- their hate for the Boche was so strong it was a tangible thing, a hard substance.

They never used the term "Communism" but they were communists in the sense that they were radicals. They no longer had much faith in their betters--they were no longer sheep. Of course we must deplore this tendency, our betters tell us to. Rumblings like these cause high places to tremble a bit - to seem less high and less secure.

Jean Fallot was typical. We talked for hours, practically a 11 night for three nights. We discussed everything: politics, religion, love. My French is bad but he was patient. He had been deeply affected by the war--his faith in some things we consider essential was shattered, yet basically he was the same type of animal as you and I. The fundamentals of decency and honesty were his. What is done with such material as he, is going to be a great responsibility not only for his leaders but for us.

When he left he summed up his whole philosophy in a few words: "We are the little people, you and I. We have talked a great deal but we have said nothing. And what can we say or do? We are little people."



Jules, the Maquis, was externally different from Jean. Yet he had the same basic cynicism and the same violent hate of the Boche. If the energy expended on hate over here could be directed into other channels it could be very productive. Jules was denounced by some one as a collaborator and he had to leave. I don't think he was pro-German, but he might have been--and in this funny world the "might have been" has the ascendancy over "is".

That sacred cow of fandom, Esperanto, even cropped up once. I asked a maquis what could be done to prevent war. His answer was a universal language: Esperanto. "Look," he said, "our betters say thus and so. Our nations go to war. You and I meet on the battlefield. If we have one thing in common - a language- we ask each other 'why?' and we throw down our arms." Of course, he excluded the Germans from this---over here they aren't people, but beasts.

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#### A BOOK REVIEW

by Tigrina

("The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" by Louis Bromfield.)  
(( publishing data not provided by reviewer. ))

Actually, this story could be said to have two settings: one in the picturesque village of Brinoe, in Italy; and the other in the American middle west in the early days of the pioneers. Incongruous as this may seem, the story unfolds smoothly and coherently, nevertheless.

It concerns a Miss Annie Spragg, elderly spinster, who is found dead in her humble place of residence in Brinoe, with the miraculous mark of the crucifixion appearing upon her body. From this point, the readers learn of the unbelievable events leading up to the death of this peculiar and eccentric old woman. From her erratic girlhood life in Iowa, when she was constantly under the subjection of her father, a lust-crazed itinerant roving preacher, who founded and became the leader of a religious cult practicing polygamy, it is no wonder that she became a bit queer. Yet she and one of her brothers decide to seek their fortune in the world, since their father's mode of life and erratic behaviour disgusts them. Yet, from her father, Annie Spragg inherits her penchant for reverting to strange and ancient religious rites.

As a result of her wanderings Annie Spragg finally settles down in Italy. In the second chapter of the book she is announced as dead, but by the manner in which she seems to influence the lives of others dwelling in the village of Brinoe, she might very well have been among the living.

This is an adeptly written book, and the characters (and I do mean characters!) one encounters within its pages are most vividly described, and will be sure to read the reader's interest as much as the actual story.



KISMET----AND GONE

It was not meant to be . . .  
The Three Blind Fates,  
Their turn-shared eye alert,  
Keep careful watch upon the gates  
Of time, of place, and skirt  
Such lines of life ... to keep apart  
Those ... whose halved hearts  
Could beat as one . . .  
Whose splitted thoughts  
Could be one thought . . .  
Whose forms might blend  
. . . One form . . .

It was not meant to be .. and yet  
I stumbled onto your silhouette  
One day .. so close was I,  
That I could feel the incompleted sigh  
Of you .. and know my heart doubled  
In size .. as thru you eyes  
I found a new view. The whole  
World-colour double grew!  
Then .. with our ears ..  
I heard the sound  
Of music .. never found  
By single ears . . .

Thus: for a stolen moment,  
Time stood still . . .  
I knew completion then .. until  
The universe darkened . . .  
You vanished .. and incomplete I  
Was left to breathe the wistful sigh  
Of lonely night . . . . The Norns  
Had found their dropped eye  
.. And set things wrong ..  
. . . Aright . . .

M. J. Nuttall



## THE BOWLING TOURNAMENT

by Jonne Evans Bates

(Th' Youn' Foo)

While it was a beautiful night on Mount Olympus, nothing much was happening that would cause any excitement, so several of the Gods and Heroes decided to go over to the alleys and bowl a game or two. Besides, they needed the practice for the big tournament games the following night.

Just as Apollo Ackerman was to start bowling --for Apollo Ackerman was always first in everything-- Mercury Liebscher rushed in to inform the Gods that Diana Lu Ashley was giving a party in their honor, and they were to hurry right over. As much as they knew that they needed practice, a party was always lots more fun--especially when Diana Lu Ashley was giving it.

The party was a huge success, in that it lasted until the following evening and everyone was feeling up to snuff (which was the highest cloud in that vicinity.) However, they did manage to stumble over to the alleys. Even in their blurred condition they were able to see that the other team looked good, and it worried them a little--about as much as anything could worry a God.

The team for the Gods consisted of Apollo Ackerman, Mars Ashley, Jupiter Foo Evans, and Pluto Tucker, bowling in that order. The team of the Heroes and Demi-Gods was Hercules Saari, Bacchus Bronson, Perseus Wiedenbeck, and Jason Yerke. Cupid Robinson was score-keeper for both teams and Mercury Liebscher was their Fomchist (known to mortals as water boy.)

They tossed a coin to decide lead team, and naturally, as it was Apollo Ackerman's coin, his team was first --for Apollo Ackerman was first in everything.

After each bowler had taken a practice throw, Apollo Ackerman lifted his ball and prepared to start the game. The crowd of onlookers was silent for a moment, and then cheered wildly as the first throw was a perfect strike. Not to be outdone, Hercules Saari chose an especially heavy ball and also rolled a strike. Mars Ashley was next up, and with his usual luck, the ball, after wobbling all over the alley, finally made still another strike. Bacchus Bronson decided that if they could do it, he could too, so he picked up his ball and started for the line. He slipped, and the ball fell into the alley with a heavy thud and rolled down the gutter, while the light flashed for the foul.

The game continued with most of Apollo Ackerman's team not doing much but making fouls and dropping the ball, altho Apollo Ackerman, not having been on the bing .. er, at the party, lead with the highest individual score, for he was first in everything. But the team led by Hercules Saari had a long lead and it was beginning to look pretty hopeless for the Ackerman team, who were still quite inebriated.

This was bad, for everyone had bet their money on the Gods ----- naturally. The Gods could still win if only the other team were distracted so that they could not bowl well.

Ol' Jupiter Foo Evans got a bright idea and immediately called Mercury Liebscher over to whisper something in his ear. A sly grin came over Mercury Liebscher's face --for his money was on the team of God's also-- and out he sped.

Before long he returned with Venus Kuslan, Hebe Morojo, Diana Lu Ashley, Psyche Beth Wheeler and Minerva Janda, who at once went to the Heroes' team and began distracting their minds from the game. And how those babes could distract! The plan worked wonders, along with the black coffee that Mercury Liebscher had brought back with him ... including a ton-sized cup for Mars Ashley.

So finally the team of the Gods, led, as usual, by Apollo Ackerman, who was first in everything, were victorious. As soon as it was over the girls left the losing team, and with the winners at their side, left the alleys.

Hercules Saari, Bacchus Bronson, Perseus Wiedenbeck, and Jason Yerke sat disconsolately in their chairs, trying to figure out how they had lost at the very end, after having been so far ahead. When they finally realized they had been tricked (Heroes, you know, are long on muscles but no so hot on brains), they became angry, and one by one picked up the bowling balls and threw them all over the place.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the Earth below the people sat cowering in their houses, as a terrible storm raged outside. Many wondered what could have caused such a storm at that time of year, but none of them came near the truth. How could their infantile minds conceive of such a thing as the Gods and Heroes having a bowling tournament?

-----

LOST LAND  
by Al Ashley

Gray and sodden, the dripping skies,  
Endless the leaden sea;  
And serried ranks of granite cliffs  
Brooded eternally.

White on the bare and sandy shore,  
A skull with hollow eyes  
Glared it's hate at the sullen sea,  
And murky, mocking skies.

And shackled there a lonesome wraith,  
Voicing his plaintive wail  
Cursed the fate that left him alone  
To roam that gloomy pale.



THE REVOLT OF THE MERMAIDS  
-or-  
Minnie Isn't Skinny Anymore  
by Walt Liebscher

Tarkle Stringent lay on his bed of roses and mused. He was tired, beyond belief. He had just made up his mind to tell his boss. Working in a bakery wasn't a pleasant way of making dough. He didn't mind hatching the dough to make eggshell tarts, or even punching the holes out of doughnuts by exerting furious energy with a pogo stick, but crawling thru empty cream puffs and dragging the cream after him was sheer drudgery.

"Enuff," cried Tarkle, with considerable bravado as he bounded from the bed, "enuff of this slavery. I'll hit him in the puss with a razzberry turnover, that's what I'll do. I'll take a trip to the ocean and see the world. On second thought-- I'll hit him in the face with two razzberry turnovers and ping his nose with a ginger snapp for measure.

"I shall be a man of the world; women will throw themselves at my feet; perhaps I even may be marooned on a desert island, the king of all I survey. I shall dine on passion fruit and Hawaiian power; women will flock to me at my slightest whisper . . . "

And so far into the night----

\* \* \*

Tarkle was a slight shade of pea green around the gills. Constant regurgitation had made him the worse for wear. His stomach felt as if it were coated with rebellious peach fuzz. In brief, Tarkle was sick.

The ship had blithely entered a cyclone, the mizzenmast had been ripped away by the furious winds and the poop deck was pooped out. The sea was angry and churned furiously. Our hero was seasick and his stomach churned furiously.

Suddenly the ship was rent asunder by a permanent wave, and our hero was thrown to the mercy of the violent waters. "This is the end!" he cried as he sank beneath the briny Frankenstein.

\* \* \*

"This must be the end," Tarkle reiterated.

"Now ain't that a choice bit of deduction?" came a slightly vexed feminine voice seemingly out of nowhere, "and furthermore, it might interest you to know it belongs to me, and I wish you'd get off of it."

Tarkle opened his eyes and was astounded to see he was sitting on a huge fish. On second glance the thing was only half fish, the other half being the top part of a woman.

"Well swan my hide and call me spotless," he gasped, "a mermaid."

"What did you expect, an octopus?"

"Say, why ain't I dead?" demanded Tarkle.

"Brother, that's the sixty-four dollar question."

"What's your name, sis?"

"Miss Haha to you, bub."

"Oh? And what's the first handle?"

"Minnie -- and what are you going to do about it?"

"Have you got a better half?"

"No cracks, bub. We mermaids can hold our own in any situation."

"I mean, have you got a husband?"

"What! Me with a ball and chain-- oh, I get it. Shall we neck?"

\* \* \*

Tarkle was content. Minnie, the Indian mermaid, was a wonderful wife. He was proud of his little brood, six of the cutest little tadpoles you ever saw. Minnie could cook seaweed with a savoir faire that made it taste like ambrosia. What with all this and a snug little wigwam, could a man ask more?

But as the years went on, Tarkle grew more and more restless. He missed the bright lights of the city and an occasional nip or two. Finally he could stand it no more.

In the dead of seavening he arose, lovingly stroked his wife's and rose to the surface. ((Error: we omitted the word 'scales' after wife)) He was picked up by a passing ship. Ah--but fate was unkind. The ship ran into a cyclone. It collapsed with one fell swoop and all the passengers were imprisoned in the hold, which was rapidly filling with water.

"Woe is me," thought Tarkle, "why did I ever leave my Minnie?"

The passengers were drowning one by one and so was the ship. As for our hero, he made his escape just as the ship went down for the 3rd time.

He returned to the bottom, and Minnie.

.....  
(The assistant editor feels quite sure the editor accepted the above "story" only because of the personal friendship between the author and the editor. Readers will undoubtedly concur.)  
.....

(editorial, concluded)

We trust you will see the error of their ways? Simply address your letter or fanzine to MBW, in care of BT, so that BT will not open it by mistake. BT does nothing more than keep a record of who writes and/or exchanges.

- The Editors







