

Chanticleer



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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER - WALT LIEBSCHER

CHAUVENET'S:

MYFFSAW

Since Fran Laney by a most interesting device has gotten away with naming two favorites of his in each category, I will risk repeating his exploit with a device of my own. It is not in my nature to revere what is called 'literature' especially, and I have seldom bothered with the distinctions Fran makes. To me, in a given sector of the field there are usually two stories I remember with greatest love, one being remembered for the freshness with which I came to it, and the consequent influence it had on me, and the other being a connoisseur's choice made after years of perhaps superficial reading in the field. To the wars, then:

NOVELS: Science-fiction: There is no sf. novel I remember with warmer pleasure than E. E. Smith's "Spacehounds of IPC". It was the first sf. novel to become real to me, to rouse within me an admiration of an alien race (ah, the Vorkuls!) and teach me that man was not sole lord of creation. I first read "Spacehounds" at the age of ten, concealed under a bed in an upstairs bedroom for fear of parental discovery of the forbidden Amazing Stories. I loved it. I love it yet. But the best sf. novel I have ever read, the one which makes the most enduring impression on a mind almost sated with extravagant tales, is Sidney Fowler Wright's "The World Below". This is a book whose atmosphere makes the 'World Below' truly alien, perhaps all the more alien in its very resemblances to our known world. There are books which almost equal it in this respect, but none to surpass it.

FANTASY: Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger" does not seem as profound to me now as it did when I first read it at 14, but my love for the wonderful story will never die. It was here that I was first introduced to a view of man radically different from any I had been taught, and this introduction brought me a freedom of intellect for which I have ever been grateful. Yet for sheer enjoyment, for sustained power of fantastic imagination, I have never found a book to match "The Worm Ouroboros" by E. R. Eddison (if I am recalling his last name correctly). ((You is.)) I am aware that the mere reference can convey nothing of the quality of this book. I can only say that it is a strange blend of mediaeval chivalry and humorless but wondrously compelling fantasy. If you disliked the "Idylls of the King" you will have scant patience with "Ouroboros", but if the legends and loves and adventures of Arthur's knights ever appealed to you, you will find enchantment in Carcè, and discover a peril and suspense in "conjuring in the Iron Tower" no amount of plodding through the dreary pages of Lovecraft or the longwinded ones of Merritt ever conveyed to me.

WEIRD: Unless "Conjure Wife" be called weird, I don't remember ever having sufficient interest in a weird novel to read it through.

SHORT STORIES: Science fiction: Try as I may, I cannot recall title or author of my first love, but I know it appeared in the same issue of Amazing as did Part Two of "Spacehounds of IPC". It concerned some hero who shrunk himself to smallness (not to atoms like Cumming, but to something like a fraction of an inch in size.) He discovered a world in miniature and a beautiful princess and any quantity of superscientific rays, so that warriors went about in 'fighting suits' equipped with numerous 'arms' each projecting a different type of ray; each type a different color for better identification. Yes, it sounds crazy, but when I was ten I swallowed it all and followed the duels with breathless interest as the rays sizzled under the dueling domes. Some story! And on a plane immeasurably higher, there is Don Stuart's "Forgetfulness", which I read seven years later and enjoyed in a different and

more enduring way. Forgetfulness advanced a theme I had not previously considered, for I had been drugged on the orthodox visions of man's future super-civilization. And it was told with a power and restraint which make it live freshly in my mind; it still possesses for me a value and endurance I have found in no other sf. short story.

FANTASY: H. G. Wells' brief tale, "The Door" is simple and apparently easy to forget....yet long ago it opened a very real door to me, and I have remembered it. In later years there has appeared no short fantasy to surpass "Mimsy Were the Borogroves" (Laney errs grievously in speaking of borogroves, which are quite different and not Lewis Carrollian at all). ((For borogroves read borogoves throughout, I blush)) I don't agree that this is properly a sf tale. It's fantasy, and wonderful fantasy at that.

WEIRD: The first weird short ever to make an impression on me was one of H. R. Wakefield's tales in his excellent book, "They Return at Evening." This was the one called "Professor Pownall's Oversight" and would hold nothing special for the seasoned weird fan. But to me, if only because I play chess, it was somehow fascinating. Much the most effective weird story I have ever read was Robert Hichens' "How Love Came to Professor Guilden", a tale which positively gave me the creeps, which is practically unheard of.

MOVIES: The only sf. movie I ever was able to see was "Things to Come". It was wonderful, and I'd go far to see it again. For fantasy, "Fantasia" is a logical choice, tho I escaped the musical accompaniment, due to my possibly fortunate deafness. I like what I could see. As to weird movies, there can be no question about it: "The Cat Creeps", a grade B or C shocker I saw when 7 or 8, scared the very daylights out of me. I even still remember some of its corny scenes after all these years! And though it doesn't perhaps fit into this paragraph in a logical way, I would like to mention Disney's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" as a fantasy film I enjoyed a lot.

RUTHLESSLY: ((Now there's a classification, blame me)) I will suppress the yammering urge to keep on indefinitely with remarks on favorites in poetry, art, fanzines, fen, non-fiction, and so on through the intolerably lengthy list of subjects which sf or fantasy may have touched or been touched by, somewhere in bygone years. Another time, mes amis; this is all for now. (Besides Walt wouldn't stand for it if I expanded this article any further!) ((Shucks, why didn't you continue Russ, I might have condescended to do a slight stoop for it.))

MEECE

--Maud Fitzgerald

Little mouse atop the wall
How you doin in the fall?
How you doin in the spring?
How you doin anything?

BOIDS

--Gerald Fitzmaud

Little bird out in the street
Sing, sing, sing, tweet, tweet, tweet
You're a wren, I like your warble
Better'n a catbird's, his song's harble

BURTON CRANE:

LOLANOA

Continuo auditae voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animae flentes in limine primo:
Quos dulcis vitae exsortes, et ab ubere raptos
Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo.
Hos juxta, flaso damnati crimine mortis.

---AENEIDOS, VI, 426 et seq.

I have taken my god betwixt thumb and forefinger---and I have squeezed. Yea, I have squeezed, and the black loathsomeness that oozed into my palm was rank with the stench of my own soul.

I have done this and yet now I am afeard and I cry in the night to my god and to the other gods that whimper among the endless turnings of perpetual Nothingness, for the gelid grip of the Unknown is upon me and my heart is an icy cherry-pit that rattles in the windy hollows of my bosom. Last night They took Lolanoa.

You with the candid eyes, what do you know of the ways of the city, the seething life of the xenogenetic scum? Have you looked behind the masks that city-dwellers wear, have you fingered the little red souls that quiver hungrily within? This I have done, for I have known Lolanoa---and to know Lolanoa is to know all desire and all fulfillment.

The spikes of the horse chestnut were sticky and the leaves of the willow uncurled again to the wet, warm lips of the springtime wind as I followed the little red heels of her shoes, followed them street after hurrying street, for Lolanoa was life itself, high of bosom and golden-skinned. She smiled as she came to the little red door and I followed her in.

Little red heels...little red door...and the little red souls were bare inside.

The door closed behind us and we stood for a moment in the gloom within. My hands found hers and the shock of her touch ran like acid in my veins.

"Osiris, Isis and Typhon give you welcome," she said.

She went before me and now she moved, not as a hurrying home-bound city-dweller but as a priestess bearing a censer in her own sacred fane. The curtains parted, perhaps at the touch of her hand, perhaps to the bidding of her will, and we went down into the inner room.

It was an amphitheatre on four levels, with three tiers of couches mounting upward in the dimness, all facing the simple golden altar. Behind that bright spot, picked out by a ray of light that fell directly from above, there were drawn curtains. Beyond them lurked the essence of the mystery of the place, so secretly withdrawn from the clatter of the streets.

"What are we?" I asked, and my voice sound strange and strained to my own ears. "What is this temple to which you have brought me?"

"It is a place sacred to Isis," she said.

"But the ancient Egyptian religion is dead!" I exclaimed.

"Not dead," she said. "Not even sleeping, for in Greece the ancient rites of Isis, of Serapis, of Osiris and Typhon were preserved with the Bacchic orgies and the Eleusinian mysteries. Our devotees are few but they are faithful and in every great city they have their secret temples."

"I have read of these mysteries," I said, "in strange books by Porphyry, Iamblichus, Proclus, Damascius and Zoega but never dreamed that they might be alive today, open to such a one as I."

"And you will join us?" asked Lolanoa.

"Gladly," I said. "How gladly!"

And thus I was taken into the inner chambers and clad in a simplet white chiton edged with blue, then led once more to the upper circle of couches. Lolanoa left me then, pointing silently to the wine on the low table before the dais.

For a time I reclined, sipping the wine and wondering what lay behind the soft curtains beyond the altar. From time to time they swayed, as if a vagrant breeze had found its way into the holy of holies or as if some restless spirit sought escape. And, as I waited there, I became conscious that others were joining me. Hardly recognizable as humans in the gloom, soft-moving shapes came from the curtained walls and went stealthily to the couches. They went one by one but the murmur of voices, male and female, told me that they did not stay apart for long. Each of the couches about the hall, although one might no longer enter them, held a pair of Isian devotees.

Then came the note of a gong. It hung in the air as if caressing it, golden and long-sustained, and as its molten melody died, a single flame sprang upward from the altar. About the hall there was a long-drawn sigh, as if this had been a long-awaited moment.

Somewhere a breathy orchestra of pipes was playing in the five-toned scale of the Mixolydian mode, playing a simple air dripping with honeyed minor harmonies. Below the moving figures of the piece a flat-toned drum beat softly and to this rhythm a naked figure commenced to dance. At first it was barely seen, moving in the outer nimbus of light cast by the wavering flame. Then, as the beats of the drum gained power, it moved closer, closer, closer, until it was dancing within the fire itself, a gold and black female figure with inspired madness in its limbs.

It was Lolanoa!

Emotions choked me. I tossed off draught after draught of the wine. All about me the susurrations of passion rose in an ecstatic shiver: Here the hysterical snatch of a woman's laugh, the groaning satisfaction of a man's suspiring sigh....

Silence came like a thunderclap. The flame winked out. Lolanoa was no more. I lay on my couch gasping, fighting hard for breath, for the breath which linked me to the life of everyday.

Once more the music commenced. Now it was not the sensuous weaving of pipes but the gradually speeding tempo of tuned drums, flogging the senses, rising in pitch, rising in passion until they took me by the throat and shook me as by very physical power.

And as they thrummed at the gates of my soul the curtains opened behind the altar and revealed, in cold green light the contorted images of Isis, Osiris, Typhon and Serapis, images which my sober mind of two brief hours before would have called abominations, but now.....!

But now! Lolanoa was in my arms!

Lolanoa! Lolanoa! Never again for me can there be forgetfulness. Ever shall I feel you about me, your wet lips on mine, your little heart on mine, the furnace blast of your searing devotion. Zoë mou! Zoë mou!

Her tiny tongue was in my ear and I stirred deliciously, awake again.

"On the coming Friday," she said. "On the coming Friday. This is but the beginning!"

The beginning? Alas, I shall never learn the end. What more could Lolanoa have taught me? That page is turned forever.

The Vice Squad raid last night was a complete success. The Commissioner himself promised me that I shall be made a detective lieutenant with the new year.

Last night They took Lolanoa.

THE CASE OF THE MELODIOUS MISANTHROPE
or
Tin Fan Alley

Of course we are all familiar with the clique of schizos known as fandom! Granted that, I take you into the future, when fandom is one huge clique composed of semi-cliques, even as you and I. I shall not attempt to describe the various factors that were conducive to the forming of these fanclaves, but shall dwell at length on one in particular, The Melodious Misanthropes.

In the year 1963, Bobulus Tuckerowsky became the first fan to receive national acclamation. He composed that perennial favorite hunk of classical stuff, "Amazing Stories and Juniper Bushes". Serge Bronsonawitz, leader of the Boston Popscore Orchestra, extolling the beauty of this new type of music, said, "Never have I heard such fouty cadenzas, such forchny pianissimos, such wudgy fortissimos". Bromotosis McSqudge, leader of the Philharmonic, gushed forth with this choice bit of sentiment, "It does the work of calomel, yet it has no calomel in it". Exclaimed Francesca T. Laneyobber, diva of the Metropolitan, "I, too, shall become a fan."

In 1964, while "AS & JB" was still number one on the hit parade, Bobulus composed his undisputed masterpiece, "Will you Love Me in September as You Did at the Denvention". When Frank Robinsonatra sang this over the air, women swooned, and it is rumored that Ablu Ashleyyna, the poor fans Jenny Lynn, crashed her helicopter into a mountain.

Other fen, not to be outdone by "that assinine Tuckerowsky", began composing like mad. Little children hummed "Chiquita, the Chicon Cutie", octogenarians whistled "When They Ask About Unknown You" and "My Cosmic Story of Love"; bar tenders hummed "A Cocktail, Astounding, And Love"; crooners bubabooed "On a Little Street in FFM"; quartettes harmonized "My Weird Tale of Love"; and the whole world went wild over "Fen ree Fmz and Tem ree Fmz and Liddle Femmes ree Channy".

About this time Madam Merry Bethyl Tuckerowsky went mad and bore a son, a mischievous little boob who astounded the musical world by burping in absolute pitch, at the tender age of 2½ days.

That was the day I broke my time machine.

POSE PRASTELS

--Clark Cinderpound Jones

Young Xlothurb, progenee of Omani Pahdmay Huum, cut his way thru the Stygian gloom as a zephy slicing the midnight gloom with the saber of Duxthytyl, the scion of Demons. Muy Xanthrope arose from her emerald couch, cast an iridescent effluvium at her young god and philiprogenitiveness comandeered her ebony countenance into a phalanx of cicada flutters, which permeated the darkness into a compellent situation akin to pretty Klub-dub, Rooshbud, and PopoCaxth Xpetl. Young Xlothurb had the confidence of these elders instilled within him, he was the chosen of Blu Tuth MxGee, pater of all children of the night. He reached the flower of Wrump, gazing at its Fenixilian beauty, a beauty spawned of Brindilian drums of wrath. Lightly he fingered the scintillant blooms. Offering a prayer to Xitchel Pahd he carefully began the ritual. He plucked a petal, another. "She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me."

RED TAPE

--Author Unbeknownst

As head of the Division of Provision for Revision
Was a man of prompt decision - Morton Quirk.
Ph. D. in Calisthenics, P. D. Q. in Pathogenics,
He had just the proper background for the work.

From the pastoral aroma of Aloma, Oklahoma,
With a pittance of a salary in hand,
His acceptance had been whetted, even aided and abetted,
By emolument that netted some five grand.

So, with energy ecstatic, this fanatic left his attic
And hastened on to Washington, D. C.,
Where with verve and wim and vigor he went hunting for the n [REDACTED]
In the woodpile of the W. P. R.

After months of patient process, Morton's spicular probocis
Had unearthed a reprehensible hiatus
In reply by Blair and Blair to his thirteenth questionnaire
In connection with their inventory status.

They had written, "Your directive when effective was defective
In its ultimate objective - and what's more,
Neolithic hieroglyphic is, to us, much more specific;
Than the drivel you keep dumping at out door".

This sacrilege discovered, Morton fainted - but recovered
Sufficiently to write, "We are convinced
Sabotage is camouflaged behind perverted persiflage;
Expect me on the 22nd inst."

But first he sent a checker, then he sent a checker's checker;
Still nothing was disclosed as being wrong.
So, a checker's checker's checker came to check the checker's checker,
And the process was laborious and long.

Then followed a procession of the follow-up profession
Through the records of the firm of Blair and Blair;
From breakfast until supper some new super-follow-upper
Tore his hair because of Morton's questionnaire.

The file is closed, completed, though our hero, undefeated,
Carries on in some department as before;
But Vict'ry is in sight of - not because of but inspite of
Doctor Morton's mighty efforts in the war.

(0 @)
((o))

BRAZIER:

EVIDENCE FOR SLEN

In what ways will Slen distinguish themselves from normal Homo sapiens? Will it be physical, mental, spiritual, or combinations of these three. Will it be in the field of special abilities, seemingly a result of no known factors? Or will it be something defying discrete classification, a neither-fish nor-fowl proposition such as the slime molds of the Myxomycetes claimed by both zoologists and botanists? Or will it be harder yet to classify because it will be something so alien, so outre, so beyond our ken that the senses cannot perceive and the intelligence cannot conceive?

Insofar as our normal abilities extend, let's be attentive to information which might possibly point a finger - gossamer 'tis true - toward their existence. We'll never get that far. It's not a question of lack of evidence or lack of experimental proof; it's the Slen themselves! We must reckon with the Slen! This very article may be my undoing!

Consider some few illustrations of possible trends in Homo Superior.

There's the familiar case of the man who has developed a seemingly incredible mathematical ability and a number sense far above and beyond anything we can believe is humanly possible. A Mr. J. R. Williams - to cite an actual case from PIC, Sept. 12, 1944 - has learned the Social Security number of a thousand fellow workers in a shipbuilding plant where he is a welder. He went through five grades of school in one year by "photostating" the books on his brain, he say. He quit school because it was so easy. Given up to two hundred numbers in rapid-fire sequence, he will give the sum immediately, either backward or forward.

You have read of similar cases for the newspapers are full of them. Do we have here a mutant with an unknown mathematical skill? Or is it something more important still: the ability to "photostat" written material on the brain as a camera would record the same material on a sensitized film? The normal brain of Homo sapiens does not work this way; so, given a super-normal brain, do we have a super-normal Homo?

Let's examine another field for unexplainable abilities of the human being - unexplainable, that is, unless there be Slen. This field is manifestations of an electrical nature.

Industrial records gathered in the study of safety and static electricity show cases of so-called human "spark plugs". Watch factories are cognizant of this fact that some workers store up excessive voltages and ruin many watches with their magnetic properties. A new oil-company driver burned up three trucks in a few days with no fault on his part except that he sparked. A woman factory worker set seven fires before she was transferred into a less combustible environment. Another woman handling rubber cement in a shoe factory set fire to her cement pail five times before putting herself into the hospital for three weeks. No one doing similar work had ever had their pail catch fire, and the girl who relieved the "spark plug" had no such experience; but fifteen minutes after she got back on the job her pail of rubber cement burst into flame! (Science Year Book 1944 - Ratcliff).

Water dowsing or divining seems to be an ability some people possess. You don't believe in it? Well, as Kenneth Roberts said in a recent issue of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, you and other scoffers have your laugh and he has his nine wonderful springs located by dowsing. Let's admit the existence of the ability; is it, then, a new sense in the same category as clairvoyance, or is it some unknown electrical or magnetic interaction between the body and the stream of water, loaded with static electricity caused by friction? If the

latter, does it tie in with the paragraph above?

How shall we explain some of the mysterious and unusual allergies of otherwise normal human beings? A man reported in to the Mayo Clinic on one of the hottest days of the year, and he wore ear muffs, overcoat, and woolen underwear. He couldn't keep warm. A London man was rescued apparently unhurt from under bomb wreckage, but a few days later he suddenly dropped dead. I quote from the Science Year Book 1944, underlining mine: "These seemingly unrelated events had a curious association. The shivering patient in Rochester, and the air-raid victim in London were brothers under the skin. They were related by blood, in the sense that their veins harbored the same mysterious substance which had brought chronic misery to one and sudden death to the other."

How many unexplainable, mysterious maladies in medical records may not be explained by the recognition of a mutation in the species that has backfired, making, not Homo superior, but Homo inferior?

LAMENT FOR A LOST LOVE

A Commode Ode

--Robert Bloch

She was so beautiful.
Her hair, an auburn jungle
In which strange passions prowled...

I ran my fingers thru her hair
And the rat came loose and fell
Revealing the bald crown.

She was so beautiful
Her eyelids beaded curtains
Hiding doorways to lost dreams...

I kissed her eyelids
And they fluttered --
Fluttered down to the floor.

She was so beautiful
Her cheeks roseate petals
Of desire's perfumed flower...

I stroked her cheeks
And lo, the powder streaked
As rouge my fingers incarnadined.

She was so beautiful
Her body moulded in the matrix
That shapes all flesh for love...

I caressed her body
As padding fell awry
Beneath the girle and confining stays

She was so beautiful
Despite the flaws her lips
Were true, natural, her own...
So I kisses her lips
And she spit her false teeth out into my mouth.

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AH! ART!

(v v) --Ogden Nash Rooster (v v)
 ((1)) ((1))

(0 0) Of all the jerks that I have met (0 0)
 (*.*) In my many peregrinations (*.*)
 (—) The lover of art, is set apart (—)
 As the jerkiest jerk in creation

(*.*) He'll rant and rave, and misbehave (*.*)
 (6) In a manner most pedantical (6)
 (—)

(0 0) Discoursing at length on an artist's strength (0 0)
 ((.)) In words most unsemantical ((.))

(0 0) He'll tell you that Rivera paints (0 0)
 ((e)) And glorifys the paeons ((e))
 Those South American paupers
 (0.0) Who haven't got much maeons (0.0)
 ((w)) ((w))

(r r) And at the merest mention of (r r)
 ((0)) An artist handled Goya ((0))
 The oohs and aahs and words of praahs
 Resound clear out to the foya

(0 0) But, shucks, I let him rant and rave (0 0)
 ((.)) Who cares what he believes ((.))
 I shuts my ears, and never hears
 (0!0) His corny superlatieves (0!0)
 ((*) ((*)

(0 0) Oy yes, my friend, someday I'll send (0 0)
 ((*) These art entrepreneurs ((*)
 Where they belong, with all their throng
 (0 0) In dank and dirty seurs (0 0)
 ((-) ((-)

(0.0) And there they'll dwell, in their own little hell (0.0)
 ((u)) So blase, so chique, so arty ((u))
 And, oh brother! each other they'll smother
 With their own little brand of reparty

(0 0) Then when some Joe wouldst have me know (0 0)
 ((0)) Of Van Gogh's reds and saffrons ((0))
 (0 0) I'll look him in the puss and say (0 0)
 ((0)) What the hell's the daffrons ((0))

(:.) (:.)
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CHANTICLEUCKS

LA LANEY

The 4th issue of your sterling rag came the other day and moves me to speak to you about it. It is very nice, Wrooster, very nice. The following paragraph, however, might not be amiss in your next Clucks:

Tanner's enthusiastic article on "The Lost City" leaves considerable to be desired. I have just finished reading the story in question and find it of a very poor quality. While it is quite true Peril employs an odd and intriguing use of syntax somewhat reminiscent of MPShiel, this alone is not sufficient to raise the story above mediocrity. The plot is the conventional pulpuking sort of thing we meet with in the crummiest stories--the manly hero, beautiful heroine, heroic scientific whatsis, and the bems, all industriously engaged in a series of hairraising adventures which come out happily in the end. This hackneyed stunt of throwing in a scuffle every 500 words may thrill the souls of of juvenile pulp readers, but is scarcely acceptable in literature, where one expects some logical reason for a fight. Nor is it exactly pleasurable to find our hero forgetting about his gun, the odds against him, and other obstacles just for the atavistic and hackneyed pleasure of beating the bejesus out of a half dozen monsters any one of which would probably be an overmatch for him. I fear that Tanner's understandable delight in Peril's really unique way of telling a story has blinded him to the irreparable lack in what he has to tell. About the only truly acceptable portion of the yarn is the excellent scene in which Sir John finds his way into the crypt beneath the sphinx. ((Gee whiz, chum, I know for a fact that Tanner thought the story stunk. You're the only one who interpreted Tanner's article as a recommendation to read it, at least with a view of getting anything out of the story except hilarity over its verbiage verbiage verbiage, er somethin. You should have become acquainted with the Peril saga as we Slan Shackers did; in various stages of disarray, all over the Slan Shack living room, and grouped around the imposing figure of Charles R. Tanner who would read a paragraph, and then we'd laugh, and then he would read another paragraph, and then we'd roar, and then he would read another paragraph, and then came the dawn.))

Then in my own review of SOWER OF THE WIND (under Gay Deceivers) I was horrified to notice that I failed to state emphatically that the volume is not fantasy. The way I have discussed it, I give a wholly false impression that the volume is actually fantasy but is listed among the deceivers because of its poor quality. As a matter of fact "Cuggal" (supposedly a god) actually turns out to be a very mundane octopus, and all other fantastic leads pinch out without any reward whatever for the reader.

I notice that you announce reviews from Laney. I don't have any reviews in your hands, so to keep you from being exposed as the unmitigated liar of all time, I enclose a pair of reviews. ((We get more reviews this way)) Face-savers for the Wrooster, no less! Next time I shall let you wallow unrescued in the mire and morass of the reckless and unjustified editorial statements of the Liebscher. Now won't I feel silly if you DO have a review from me I've forgotten about? ((Feel silly, you old rotter, I had on hand two "Gay Deceivers" at the time Channy 4 was mailed. You may now crawl into an Astounding and nuzzle with Helen O'Loy. If a whale can do it, so can you.))

ENCHANTING EBEBY

Chanticleer is here! I cheer! And, incidentally, chuckle. Yes indeedy, the mag is something to snicker about and with. I proceed to cases:

Number one--An Utterly New Concept. An Utterly New Brand of Humor! Hang on to this Laydshur fellow, he's got something. It may be something he smokes but it's a potent something anyhow. To J. Wontford: Ah did you then see Tuc-plain? And speaking of Tucker. . .

Number two--Vote for Joe Q. Fan. But I'll vote for Tucker! Yes! Maybe. Who says Tucker is slipping? Let the varlet step forth to grovel on the greensward. Is Tucker in the groove or in a rut? Who knows? Who cares? Anyway...I laughed when I sat down to read this article--I laughed when I got up: hah! Enough of this stuff; on to

Number three--The Shadow Out Of--Rothman. It had a host of new concepts, was drenched in alien horror, the essence of the weird and disgusting. How I reveled in the author's boundless imagination which encompassed aeons of time and space! ((Uh, uh, just one page.)) How I thrilled at the unearthly denouement and gasped at the myriad wonders spread before mine eyes! Whee-e-e...

Number four--A Peril of Great Price. Hold on there, bub. Is Tanner satirizing the Amazing yarn or has he read that masterly article in that masterly fanzine _____ La _____ entitled, "The Forgotten Few". If the former is the case--Tanner's a good man. If the latter eventuality I shall procure me a little wax doll and a supply of pins. Oh, the article was fine.

Number five--Oh Play That Thing. Not that I particularly care for jive jazz, swing or discussion thereon. For one thing, as Laney himself says, jazz is a huge field, and I suppose one could dig into it up to his ears and still not know a hell of a lot more than when he started. But such discussions in a fanzine make for much needed variety--so, Laney: write that thing! (Incidentally, seeing the Laniac under the influence of strong swing music and strong liquor at the same time is an unnerving sight. He squats on the floor yoga-fashion with a glass in one hand and a record in the other and jerks, quivers and vibrates to every beat of the music.)

Number six--Those Gay Deceivers. Laney again with the best bkrvs of the issue. His choice of invective is no end good...but I might insert a caution: why criticize non-fantastic yarns--no matter how bad from a literary standpoint--for being non-fantastic. ((Because of misleading chapter titles, blurbs and stuff like that there which make you believe a book will be fantastic when it really isn't))

Number seven--Reviews for Youse (corny title, chum). More nifty reviews. Along with The Acolyte you have the best consistent bkrvs in the field.

Number eight--What They Are About. Good, but it's hard to see how you're going to get hold of the books he mentions, in the States. ((Trade with him as I do))

Number nine--The Last Chorus. Nice.

Number ten--MyffWAS...no MYFFSWA..darn MYFFSAW..anyway I've forgotten what it means. I've also forgotten what the colyum was about. Isn't that strange? I read it almost ten minutes ago.

Poetry--Tanner: TIME STREAM...is he kidding? appreciation plus. Liebscher: ENTOMOLOGIA...I can take it or leave it alone. Dunno what to do at the moment...THE PLIGHT OF BOIDS...I've been toucan...funny, anyway...MAUE BUONEE...haw...

Letters--what? Only three of the things? Make the fans write you more letters, Liebscher! ((I like this guy, he mentions my name a plethora of times))

Cover--Wow! A nude griffin! Who's idea was this? ((The griffins))

Question: isn't it just as much work to type out those intricate right hand borders as to dummy the 'zine?

Suggestions for next issue: more artwork...and couldn't you get a different typewriter? Channy is a little hard to read.

And that is that. Sure is a lot of magazine. Physically, I mean. And maybe the other way, too, I should know. ((Thanks for the long letter, and dere kind woids. Most readers think Channy uses a beautiful type and yours is

the first complaint I've had about the mags type of type. Personally, I dislike pica type, and besides with elite you get more wordage per page. Re the plea for more artwork, I want Channy to go over with words, not pictures. Readers Digest uses very little artwork, and look how popular it is. Not that Channy comes within a parsec of being as good as RD, but it just show to go you that a mag can get along without artwork. Too many fan publications depend on artwork to 'carry' them along. When you come right down to it, Channy's borders and headings are artwork, albeit mechanical. Tis much easier to border than dummy. When I get an article or a review I stencil it immediately, and when I get 24 pages I have another issue. Space left at the bottom of a page is filled in with a pome, or something I make up on the spur of the moment. It's all so easy. This continues to amaze Ashley who makes a most intricate imbroglio out of Nova.))

BUBBLIN BLOCH

I threatened you, I believe, with some material. Knowing you love and appreciate poetry, I have ripped off an ode. If it seems sufficiently ode-rous, you may wish to embalm it forever in the pages of CHANTICLEER. This poem is also suitable for reading aloud against a musical background, or a riveting machine. Those who have been privileged to read it agree that, like CHANNY, it is truly a collector's item. A garbage collector's. Yours for greater antlers on the Poetic Moose. ((Thanks for the pome, chome, it is sweet petite, it's in this issue, and readers will wissue, hadn't sint it, so I could print it. But enough of this Feep, dreep, I have a boon to pick with you. Said boon concerns the recent rise of interest in roosters, boosters, and my hallowed gallus. How dare you, sir, get an inspiration from my scarlet jaegered cockerel, have the audacity to write a story inspired by aforementioned, and then let the poor little thing run around naked, with nary a pair of red pants to cloth it. While I admit that your story increased the stature of my rooster, I can not forgive your exposing him to pneumonia, scrofula, or whatever fowl get when they have no red pants to keep them warm. I demand an explanation, or else it gifs cream puffs at ten paces.))

BEAUTOUS BRATTON

Rather tardy but mighty hearty acclamations for Channy #4! 'Twas a fine issue. The cover was outstanding; and the borders looked more ingenious than usual.

Best item (altho all those excellent book reviews make it hard to judge) was the one by Tanner, the super-review of Peril's "The Lost City." I've resolved to read that thing, first I can get hold of my issues. Warner's MYFFSAW was also dandy.

Liked Tanner's "Time Stream". Is the author the same Tanner of the preceeding article? Charles R. Tanner? ((Exactly))

Did you really rite the letter supposedly by Tucker? ((Exactly)) Heh! It will al go down in the catalog! Before I forget, wasn't that a misprint on the first page--or is it really Liebscher? Now, I'm confused. ((Liebscher it was and Liebscher it is))

Everytime I reread the issue, I find another book reference which I didn't notice before. Hope you can keep up the fine work of recommending such books. Hoping many more Channys come my way. ((Exactly))

TINTINABULATING TUCKER

Channy was very good; easily the best issue to date. I like best Tanner's "Peril of Great Price." I was necessary for me to read the entire first page before I tumbled to what was going on. Naive me. ((Slipping, no doubt))

A NICE ANONYMUS

Now, I want to talk about the latest issue of "Chanticleer". This is a good magazine, and, while you may not enjoy the comparison, in my own worthless opinion, it is a better bunch of material than the issue just previous offered. (Of course, that's only my re-action). The first thing of all I want to comment on is the general appearance of "Channy" --before one even begins to read its material. It is so neat, and its cover is attractive. I'm very sincere in this: the mimeo work is well done--there are no lines here and there so faintly done that one has to guess their content, and the borders on each page are extremely attractive.

Let me remark how very much I enjoyed the interesting article by Tanner. Here was an article on something absolutely new to me, and I read this avidly, and with pleasure. I am entirely frustrated by the thought I can't put immediate hands on that "Lost City", and read it. Now, I never heard of this fellow Tanner--don't know a thing about abouthim, but I hope he appears with something else some day. ((This reader has since found out that Tanner is the author of "Tumithak of the Corridors", one of his special favorite stories.))

And I like the book reviews. If you already have the book, it's fun to see what another thinks of it; and, of course, if you lack it, the value is obvious. Of special value is the page headed "Laney", wherein the author does signal service when he steers me away from three books, which might otherwise be "grabbed." This is exceptionally well-written, too. He ends up asking if others know of any similar "duds". I'll put on my thinking cap and see if I recall any. Locke wrote one titled something like "The Red Planet", for one.

And that long review on "The Landslide", which I own (and thank you, sir) is extremely well done. I agree with you on "Dromenon". I started it, and I did not even bother to finish the thing.

I don't know if I'm stepping on someone's over sensitive toes, but on the same page is an excellent poem "Time Stream" and right below it something or other titled "appreciation", out of which I just can't make any sense at all! (I have even checked the metre on "Time Stream" and find it O.K.). But what in the world is that other 8-line affair supposed to be? ((Tanner has an explanation as I've heard it. I'll write him about it and try to publish his explanation next issue.))

Warner's 2-page article was very good, too. Really fascinating. I also never heard of Warner. ((Warner is a prominent fan.))

Carstairs McStairscar's (what an odd name!) little poem is really amusing! ((Mr. Starcairs thanks you.))

And Tigrina's 3 reviews were good, too. Of these 3 books I have only read the Drake. The Tigrina uses words well: I think he's one who can write, from this example. ((Tigrina is a her.)) Again, an utter unknown to me--but then, probably I only know a very few of the important in the hobby.

There are some of my reactions to this issue, and, as I said, they are no more than my opinion, and the value therefore goes only to that extent.

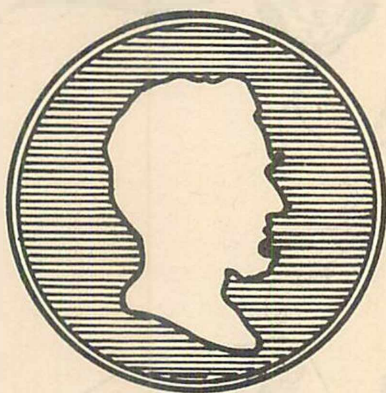
((Your reactions, fellow book lover, are the kind that gladden an editors heart. Here's hoping I get more of the same.))

TEMPTING TIGRINA

Your magazine is an excellent source of information on many hours of good reading, brimful as it is of fans' opinions on various fantastic tales. Readers will also have Francis Laney to thank for saving them precious moments in the perusal of enticingly entitled stories whose material proves unworthy.

PALPITATIN PINKHAM

Hubba, hubba, you're my lubba.



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

BOOK SECTION



BOOK SECTION



ROSENBLUM:

WHAT THEY ARE ABOUT

The book section of Channy III intrigued me so much that I felt, for some peculiar reason, that I should like to add some comments to the remarks of the various reviewers anent their chosen books.

Firstly, may I strongly support Mr. Leys condemnation of the idealistic basis behind C. S. Lewis' two attempts at science-fantasy writing. Mr. Lewis is a prolific writer, who has produced at least a dozen books within as many years. But Mr. Lewis is primarily a religious propagandist and for some queer reason greatly beloved by the BBC - I have switched him off on numerous occasions. He states quite blithely that science fantasy is the modern mythform and he intends to use it to convey his idea of truth to the masses who are unable to digest his rather more scholarly works on such erudite theological points as "The Problem of Pain", another of his works. "Screwtape Letters" might be classified as fantasy if you so desire consist of a file kept by an infernal imp regarding the actions - good and otherwise - of the "hero" of the book. Unfortunately Mr. Lewis is a literate writer and those who venture into the field of fantasy are sufficiently rare to make this sort of contretemps most regrettable.

Re Art Widner's mention of "The Next Hundred Years" by C. C. Furnas; I'd never noticed that this work was American in origin. Attached to my fantasy collection are a number of related works and this is one I do possess. It nestles amongst a number of confreres, some details about which may be of interest to you. There are:

THE BIRTH OF THE FUTURE - Ritchie Calder - Barber - 1934. Mr. Calder is a journalist on the staff of the Daily Herald over here, who has made a special field of interest in modern science. He surveys the field adequately and reports what each variety of scientist has to offer.

THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW - What Is Going To Happen To the World - Philip Gibbs - Hutchinson - 1928. This work not only gives science's forecast but takes also the future of thought, the conflict of the spirit and such mundane affairs as political problems.

AFTER US - The World As it Might Be - J. P. Lockhart - Mummery - Stanley Paul - 1936. One particular vision of the world of 100 years hence and the intervening period.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FUTURE - John Langdon-Davies - Routledge - 1936. Goes to the length of providing us with a list of definite prophecies which it discusses. The author is slightly out on this war - he said Germany and Japan would attack Russia in 1940, but here are a few others - large tracts of America will go back to the primeval wilderness; by AD 4000 there will be one race in the world, with a pale coffee-colored skin, mongolized eyes and rather shorter than the Englishman of today; by 1960 work will be limited to 3 hours a day; ((Ashley read this and he is attempting madly to build a time machine)) by 1995 parents will have ceased to bring up their children in family units, mankind like the social insects, will be divided into four or five different sexual types according to the needs of physco-logical and social division of labor.

TOOLS OF TOMORROW - Jonathan Norton Leonard - Routledge - 1935. An account of the things known to science today that must change our tomorrows.

Besides these I know of two more similar tomes which so far I've not managed to acquire - THE WORLD OF 2030 by the Earl of Birkenhead and WORLD OF TOMORROW by L. O. Evans. This latter (published Denis Archer, 1935) is the only one to possess an imaginative format. The binding is of a spiral typesuch as will be used in the future (perhaps) and the illustrations are

printed on a type of diaphane so as to give a semi-stereoscopic effect. Unfortunately this work is quite rare as the publishers stock went up in the 1940 fireblitz on London.

James Stephens "Crock of Gold" was available here in a 2/- (50 cents) edition before the war; is quite well known. It was even included in a list of best modern fiction by a member of the BBC "Brain Trust" (Professor C. E. M. Joad I believe) when they were asked to name their selections.

THE ISLAND OF THE GREAT MOTHER - Gerhart Hauptmann - Martin Secker - 1925.
Authorized translation from the German Text by Willa and Edwin Muir.

Curiously, this work has only the above title on both the spine and title page. Yet the heading of Chapter I subtitles it, "or The Miracle of Ile des Dames" which is an accurate one-phrase synopsis. Still, that doesn't tell you, dear reader, all the tale so your reviewer proceeds to embellish. Some years ago, maybe 30, the author isn't explicit, there was a shipwreck somewhere in the South Seas and the ships boats sufficed only to save somewhere over 100 women, one month-old girl child and a boy of 10. This motley assemblage makes landfall on a sumptuously provided deserted island, where they proceed to settle and build up a community. After they have been there some 15 months one of the ladies is discovered to be pregnant. This is somewhat surprising; and the whole community has to absorb the announcement. However this is only the start, for with a handful of exceptions, the whole assembled femininity proceeds to reproduce regularly at intervals of about 20 months. Naturally this performance somewhat upsets established ideas and a new culture complete with religion evolves. Men are superceded - there is no further use for the creatures. Most of the babies are girls but a few boys appear. One school of thought favors murder of the males, but it is decided merely to isolate them in a peninsula of the island. Time passes - and the islands inhabitants settle down even more.

Some 16 years later a great crisis occurs. The new generation are growing up. What is to be done - are the boys and girls to mingle and reproduce in the normal manner, or can the "spirit of the island" be depended upon to do its stuff with the second generation. The "Mothers" decide on the second alternative. But youth is restive; and led by our now-grown-up 10 year old boy - revolts ignores the older women and an orgy results, whilst the boy and his sweetheart, the former baby girl, set off to sea in a boat of their own construction.

Personally I enjoyed the tale, in spite of its being so involved and tortuous at times. Recommended if you can get hold of it.

WANTED: TRADERS

Your editor has the following books to trade: SWEET CHARIOT - Frank Baker; GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL - Fraser & Wise; SLEEP NO MORE - Derleth; THE FRUIT STOMERS - Blackwood; THE CROQUET PLAYER - Wells; USELESS HANDS - Ferrere; NONCE - Brandon; THE BABYONS - Forgot; KILLER AND THE SLAIN - Walpole; and others. What has you got?

I want a complete of Strange Tales in mint condition; am willing to offer my life if necessary. Also want OUT OF THE SILENCE - Cox; THE WORLD BELOW - S. Fowler Wright; EATER OF DARKNESS - ?; a mint copy with jacket DR. ARNOLDI - Thayer; RED SNOW - Moxley; several reading copies of AFTERNOON, AFTER THE - MacArthur; and a mint copy with jacket BEWARE AFTER DARK - Harre.

Shall we dicker?

LANEY - WATSON - CAMDEN - TUCKER - AUTOLYCUS:

REVIEWS FOR YOUSE

THE MAN WHO WOULD SAVE THE WORLD - 210 pp - 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " - Longmans, Green - New York & London, 1927 - John Oxenham.

This novel treats of the crusade of a hero of World War I, Colonel Carthew, to cure the ills of the world by filling the soul of each person with the spirit of Jesus Christ. His means of procedure was to focus on getting men everywhere to pray regularly: "Our father in heaven, we pray thee to send into our hearts, and into the hearts of men everywhere, the spirit of our lord Jesus Christ". This prayer was engraved on medallions known as "Carthew's Sigils", which were made of a gold-like new alloy called orominium (stfictional interest; this is a new and unheard of alloy made exclusively for this purpose).

According to the story, this all worked. Carthew told the disillusioned and selfish and suffering people about Jesus, and they all got sweet and innocent and the world became a Utopia. "Men who could not look at the Colonel's token, and set out as of old to grind their neighbors' faces or filch the money from their pockets." Mr. Oxenham certainly has some quaint ideas, hasn't he?

In any event, England first, and then Europe generally became imbued with the spirit of Jesus and as a result all was well. (I forgot to mention that Carthew wore spectacular robes like the prophets of old, except he had his war medals on them.) The spectacular figure of Carthew met its end in a railway accident--heroically (he would!)--and in death his plan to save the world worked. For a world wide radio program was held via television, and in the course of a two minute pause in his honor, the spook of the dead Colonel appeared on the program, and spoke loving words of pompous sonority, and his face appeared on all the television dials, and this was a great mystery, for the BBC had nothing to do with it they said. In a fast-paced and sketchy concluding chapter, we learn that so imbued was everyone with love and god-sense and the spirit of Jesus that they quit being such nasty wretches and there came into being an idealistic and christlike world state.

Huh! Anyway, the book is definitely fantasy, and is exceedingly well written in a style vaguely reminiscent of Arthur Machen. Too bad the philosophy and plot are so putrid; the fine writing deserves something better to express.

THE GLAND STEALERS - Gayton Bertram - 314 pp - Philadelphia & London - Lipincott - 1922 - 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

This extremely amusing volume treats of the madcap experiences of "Gran'pa", a 95-year-old who reads in the newspaper of rejuvenation through gland transplantation. When he locates a gorilla, has its thyroids inserted in the place of his own, and sheds years until he is apparently but 40 years of age, he philanthropically decides to fit out a gorilla hunting expedition to Africa, for the benefit of the hundred most worthy old, old men he can find.

The fun really starts when he stumbles on an ancient love of his, now past 70, and gets her in on the deal. They all go to Africa, have an utterly mad time getting their gorillas, and end up with too few glands.

More fun.

Anyway, it turns out that all the old people slip back into their proper age quite shortly, and at a most frustrating rate of speed---all but Gran'pa, whom the story leaves still hunting gorillas to beat the band and apparently having sheared half a century from his life.

THE GLAND STEALERS is not a great book, but it is recommended as good light fantasy. The writing and humor at times borders on the corny--as might be expected in a book of this type this old--but it is not badly written, and should appeal to most fantasy fans.

--Fran Laney

MADMAN'S DRUM - Lynd Ward - Jonathan Cape, Harrison Smith - \$7.50.

That isn't, incidentally, regular price. But if you can pick up a copy for less, you're darn lucky. I had mine on order for three months before my dealer finally discovered a copy.

Anyway, MADMAN'S DRUM, as any real fantasy collector knows, is a novel in woodcuts. Not one word of text--not even chapter titles. But talk about the story, mood, technique, style--and Lynd Ward has it.

The story: A pirate, coming on shore of a small island, hears the mad-cap beating of a drum. Drawn to it, he sees a native insanely beating an oddly shaped drum. Killing the native, he siezes the drum and sails back to New England. He marries, has a child. The child, to say the least, is odd. He doesn't play with the boys, doesn't play with the girls, doesn't play with anyone. When not reading, he marches about the house beating the madman's drum.

He grows up, as most children do, and still will have nothing do do with the galls. When he finally breaks down and does get hitched, his wife bears a son who is even more odd than his father. (The drum, of course, has been passed along from generation to generation.)

The second son will have nothing to do with anybody. He has delusions, illusions, hallucinations. One of them is a rather queer looking little pixie with a hideous grin who plays insistently on a wooden fife. Then, when the fellow falls in love with a girl--a lovely girl--who doesn't return his love, he kills her. He stumbles into a slave mart, holding a fragment of her dress. The people go hysterical with laughter. He feels his mind splitting. He wanders into a graveyard, clutching the drum. He is insane.

The last cut shows him disappearing into the horizon with the queerly dressed fife player, still grasping the drum.

The mood: As Time would probably say, a tragicomedy. Tragic to the normal, comic to the cynicist or insane.

Technique: Distinctly superb. Ward has improved his style since this book was published, in 1930, but still the technique is so consistent, so individual, as to make this book valuable to either the artist or fantasy collector.

The style: Just plain good. Buy this book, steal it, beg it, borrow it, commit grand larceny to get it. But above all--get it!

--Bill Watson

THE SWORD IN THE STONE - T. H. White - 310 pp - Putnam - 1939.

The Sword in the Stone is a deCampish sort of fantasy satirizing English character and education. To achieve this end the author retells the story of King Arthur's boyhood in his own way, sprinkling the book liberally with anachronisms, quaint characters, and some genuine humor.

The fantasy is wholly derived from the actions of Merlyn the magician

who becomes Arthur's (or War as he is nicknamed) tutor. Wart stumbles on Merlyn's cottage in the woods quite by accident, being lost at the time. Inside he is introduced to such wonders as a 24 volume set of the Encyclopedia Britanica, Archemedes, a talking owl, bunsen burners, stuffed phoenix and camelopard heads, and other surprising objects. Merlyn, himself, turns out to be quite a guy, living backward in time instead of forward.

Merlyn returns with Wart as his instructor and launches him on his way to a formal education by changing him into a fish. Succeeding lessons consist of similar metamorphoses wherein War becomes at various times a hawk, a snake, an owl, and a badger. On assuming these shapes he learns that he may converse with other creatures, and that each species has, in effect, a sort of society. As a hawk he is inducted into a military system that prevails among birds of prey. In reptillian form he talks with a grass snake who reviews the history of life on earth from the beginning until the coming of man. As an owl in company with Archemedes, he is shown by Atene, the goddess of wisdom, that even the trees move and speak, although at a rate so slow as to be imperceptible to man. When Merlyn changes him into a badger, the last of these transfigurations, he meets a musical hedgehog whose repertoire includes "Sweet Genevieve", "Home Sweet Home", and "The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill", and another badger who reads War's treatise he has composed for his Litt. D. on how man became the master of all animals.

In between these pedagogical orgies War has many other adventures. He is captured by a witch only to be freed by Merlyn who challenges the witch to a duel. Duels between witches and wizards have very definite rules in case you don't know. On signal they are at liberty to change themselves into things, the object being to turn oneself into some kind of animal, mineral, or vegetable which will destroy the animal, mineral, or vegetable that has been selected by one's opponent. Merlyn wins by turning himself successively into microbes of hiccoughs, scarlet fever, mumps, whooping cough, measles, and heat spots. ((I hear tell that Tucker has heat spots!))

On a trip to Morgan le Fay's castle it reveals a neon light outside which spells out: THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS, NOW SHOWING, and an ice cream bar complete with 20 negro minstrels singing:

Way down inside the large intestine,
Far, far away
That's where the ice cream cones are resting,
That's where the eclairs stay.

Queen Morgan, he discovers, is a beautiful blonde wearing beach pajamas, smoked glasses, and a Veronica Lake hair-do.

The book as a whole will hold your interest and will undoubtedly strike some as extremely good. White's style is interesting, readable, and delightful. It received excellent reviews in England, and was chosen as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection over here. There are two sequels: "The Witch in the Wood", and "The Ill-Made Knight".

--Bob Camden

THE HOUSE OF THE VAMPIRE - George Sylvester Viereck - Moffat, Yard & Co. - New York - 1907 - \$1.25.

This is a picture of an author madly in love with the sound of his own words. He uses words, thousands of them, to tell an utterly boring yarn that could have been a likeable three-or-four-thousand word short in Unknown, a few years ago. The hundred and ninety pages actually drip with the fancy and purple.

But on the other hand, you remind yourself sympathetically, the chap had to do something to cover up his story. It ambles along somewhat like this:

A young fellow moves into the apartment of a mature man of the world,

a shining literary light, just as another young fellow is moving out. The out-going fellow doesn't seem so happy.

Our first young chap writes a charming play, and then a world-beater of a book, under the guiding hand and stimulating inspiration of the mature man. However, neither opus sees the light of day under the young fellow's name. Instead, the man, that deep-dyed villain, steals both from the mind of the young man and rushes into print with them first. The young fellow gets wise.

The story closes as another young fellow is moving into the apartment of the mature man, a shining literary light, just as our young fellow is moving out. Our out-going young fellow doesn't seem so happy.

((And that, said the old wizier, is why Tucker gives his visitors such sumptuous welcomes.))

--Bob Tucker

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: Your editor is proud and very happy to present the following reviewer to Channy's readers. "Autolycus", the name he prefers for fanzine publication, may be new to fen, but he is far from being a neophyte when it comes to reviewing books as he has had reviews in the New York Herald Tribune and the Boston Post. Here, then, are REVIEWS BY AUTOLYCUS.

DAMNATION OF MR. ZINKLER - Graham Sutton - Jonathan Cape, London - 1935.

Graham Sutton has built a modest but abiding clientele of admirers in England for his novels embodying authentic psychological content. To the best of my knowledge (though I am subject to correction by some omniscient fan) "Damnation of Mr. Zinkler" is his first contribution to the fantasy cum satire field, and a top notch contribution it is indeed.

Kit Grenfell was a famous mountain climber and woman hater - one the cause and the other the result of his wife's desertion to the charms of a gigolo of no uncertain amorous prowess. Kit also hated publicity so he fled to rocky Welsh solitude to escape the clutches of a pestiferous Hollywood producer who bore and actually boasted the name of Pilate K. Zinkler. Woman hating didn't last long when Kit met sweet and tough cored Jo. End of chapter one, Kit and Jo fall from a mountain top and wake in a strange hospital and strange city of monstrous proportions, and temporarily reticent population. In an adjacent ward is Mr. Zinkler of the films also disturbed at his surroundings.

Kit, Jo and Zinkler agree (Heaven knows why) they are in Moscow and set out for their embassies in search of passports and passage home. Then the fun begins. They are informed, and it is finally brought home to them, that they are in Hell - with capital letters. But it isn't the Christian Hell of fire and brimstone, it is a modern equivalent of Greek Hades, an underworld habitation where the dead linger a few centuries before being reborn. There is great similarity between earth and hell. In both there is need for work, food and shelter cost money, there are Big Shots of business, school teachers, police and Safety First enforcers, the Styx and Lethe rivers, fabulous adamantine walls, and even an air shaft which is the legendary descent to Avernus.

Zinkler proposes to grab the infernal movie industry (this reviewer means "infernal" both ways), enter partnership with Shakespeare and Kit in a series of mountaineering pictures. Kit wants to go back to earth and thinks he can climb the shaft. Jo agrees with Zinkler that Hell has possibilities and is willing to help develop them for a couple hundred years. Kit's gigolo rival and a hard-hearted, aphoristic aunt are among those present. Locale and personae for satire which the author exploits and wrings out to the last drop. It's funny and witty and shrewd. In the background, manipula-

ting his puppets, is Satan, the Dictator who only appears -- most effectively -- in the closing chapters.

What happens? Sssh, that's the secret of the author and his readers, but it's worth some hours enjoyment finding out. If any fan is interested ask the editor to tell this reviewer who will cheerfully lend his copy and pray for its return.

THERE WAS A DOOR - Talbot Mundy - Hutchinson & Co., London - circa 1930.

At times Talbot Mundy is an exasperating writer. His "Tros of Samothrace" series is one of the finest sets of historical novels, Jimgrim is an unforgettable character, and King of the Khyber Rifles has thousands of admirers. Mundy knew India and its faquirs, Tibet and its magic, China and its mystery and should have written outstanding tales of the occult and supernatural. Sometimes he came close to deserving laurel wreaths but, alas, not with "There Was a Door".

The book asks and attempts to answer the question, "What happens to the thousands of people who disappear annually without trace?" Colonel Frensham of the Indian Army was one of them and Secret Service Blair Warrender was put on the job of finding out why. Blair is pictured as a tough, hard, resourceful character but he actually appears vacillating and a dupe to men and women who play upon his emotions.

The search for Frensham starts in Bombay's red light district and ends, fruitlessly, in one of Rajputana's deserted castles. Hypnotic madames, Salween magicians, enigmatic Chinese "merry widows", rascally Afghans and Pathans appear and disappear, though there seems little point to most of them. Frensham's beautiful daughter loves Blair and in the last chapter leads him to the hidden crypt where moonlight, crystal and nudity transfer one to our old friend, the Fourth Dimension. Wu Tu, fascinating half caste, steps in and disappears, while Blair and his love decide to go home.

What is the Fourth Dimension? This reviewer doesn't know and neither did Mundy - at least he didn't tell. 287 pages of talk and gory action and an enragingly disappointing denouement which discloses nothing. I prefer Einstein who at least can display a symbol.

THE THOUSANDTH FROG - W. D. Hubbard - Blackie and Son, London, - 1935.

Iodine (and other elements and compounds as well) occasionally diverts animal growth from normal to something outside everyday natural. Now and then the "Thousandth Frog" appears, a hideous, overgrown monstrosity. With this scientific fact as background, W. D. Hubbard sets out to tell what happened to frogs, mosquitos, dragonflies and other fauna when subjected, in a Florida swamp, to a diet of seaweed with unique iodine content.

Every intelligent, adult reader will wonderwhy the book was written. The idea is worth while though by no means new. I can accept mosquitos several times as large as bombing planes, dragonflies that can bump over concrete skyscrapers, frogs with tongues "as large as football fields", (I say I can "accept" them but actually I wouldn't take them with a million dollar bonus) but I cannot stomach the crudest sort of wild west writing, mawkish sentimentality, stilted conversation of wooden figures and an atrocious, worse than amateurish style. Cities are destroyed by the Gargantuan beasts, people massacred by thousands, the Army and Navy called out, with tranquillity finally restored by the heroism of a human marionette who is as characterless as an amoeba. If anyone wants my copy, he or she is welcome - I wouldn't recommend it to a six year old.

--Autolycus

BIBLIOPINIONS OF YE EDITOR

MISS HARGREAVES - Frank Baker - Coward McCann, Inc. - New York - \$2.50 - 1941

Frank R. Baker is rapidly taking his place as one of my favorite authors. There is a certain charm about his style of writing; a sort of restrained humor that is most wonderful. He also possesses a remarkable ability for characterization, a talent that he uses to the hilt. But, in my estimation, his greatest claim towards being called an excellent author is his startling ideas, and a knack of knowing just what to do with said ideas.

The motivating premise of his "Sweet Chariot", reviewed in Channy 4, is the idea of a man capturing his guardian angel and persuading him to exchange identities. Of course you'll say that the idea isn't exactly new; maybe you are right. However, Baker takes the idea and twists it around his writing finger and comes up with a refreshingly new treatment that spells entertainment with a capital from the E thru to the T.

The basic idea of "Miss Hargreaves", also, is just a wee bit shopworn, at least as far as fantasists are concerned. But who cares? Baker makes it seem newer than tomorrows headlines. The author, no doubt, had a merry time writing this yarn, and you'll have a merry time reading it.

Norman and Henry were two English boys who had a sort of game they enjoyed tremendously. As they had been inseparable pals all their lives, they were quite a bit of all right at being "on the Spur", their game. This "Spur of the Moment" business was a source of constant pleasure for the boys.

They discovered the infinite possibilities of make believe one Sunday when they played hooky from church. They just had to tell their parents what the sermon was about, so they decided to use the words of a poet or something, to wit: "They also serve who only stand and wait". The thought that it wasn't likely for a preacher to build a sermon around a poetic line, instead of a verse from the bible, never entered their minds at the time. Imagine, then, their surprise when the preacher actually chose the poet's line as the nucleus of his sermon the following Sunday!

As the lads advanced in age, being "on the Spur" became, almost, an art. But this business was to get them in a helluva predicament, for little did they realize the portent of their visit to Ireland, nor could they, even in their wildest dreams, imagine what portals they opened when Henry, being "on the Spur", muttered: "No, but I know his friend "Miss Hargreaves". As their holiday continued the boys extrapolated upon "Constance Hargreaves" until she was a character with more complexities than a telephone switchboard during a fire. They gave her an age of about 80, a slight limp; showered her with blessings such as a white cockatoo named "Dr. Pepusch", an ubiquitous dog; they endowed her with a somewhat feeble ability to play the harp and a fair knowledge of music; they made her the niece of the Duke of Grosvenor; in fact they even went so far as to make her the proud owner of a bath, given her by a Mr. Archer. They mapped out her travelling itinerary for the year and, they thought it was huge joke, sent a letter of invitation to the hotel where she should be living at that time of the year.

The fun began when Norman's father, a bookseller, found the volume of poetry by "Miss Hargreaves". Henry had asked for it as a joke. The boys were non-plussed at such a coincidence, or was it coincidence? The title of the book was exactly the same as the one they thought up while being "on the Spur". Some poetry too, to wit:

My life was complete before Agatha came:
The rosemary, dapple, and fawn;
The carroway petal, the Holloway flame,
The gingham, the gallows, the dawn.

or

The world is so shallow, the shoes are so tight
The moon is so faithful to fortune
The cherry is ruddy, the asp is alight,
The warrior whistleth his war tune.

"Wayside Bundle" was the title they had thought up, and believed it particularly nice, but now they weren't so sure whether it was or not.

But the crowning complication was the letter from "Miss Hargreaves", thanking Henry for the invitation and accepting it.

Then she arrived, exactly the picture they dreamed up. The boys had to be careful what they said for anything they said about her came true. And she was their baby, and oh brother, what a baby.

You'll have to get the rest of the story for yourself. I'll say no more except that Miss Hargreaves begins to get a little sinister and defiant towards her makers.

But you must read it, a thoroughly charming tale.

SPRING BOOKS - 1945

THE BROKEN PITCHER by Naomi Gilpatrick, to be published February 23, at \$2.50 is described as a startling story of strange love, with overtones of psychological horror, by a highly talented newcomer in the novel field.

MR. ALLENBY LOSES THE WAY by Frank Baker, to be published some time this spring by Coward McCann, New York, at \$2.75, should be worth looking forward to. Let's hope it is as good as "Sweet Chariot" and "Miss Hargreaves".

OBOLER OMNIBUS by Arch Oboler has been announced by Duel, Sloan & Pearce, New York, for spring publication, costing \$2.50. It will contain stories, and plays, etc.; looks good.

THE SMALL BLACK ROOM by Nigel Balchin, Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50, is described as an extraordinary novel of a struggle between a man and an infernal machine.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL will be an anthology of tales of fantasy and horror from all over the world. Clip Boutell and Sterling North are doing the compiling. It will have a jacket designed by Dali, publication date July 5th.

MR. MIRAKEL by E. P. Oppenheim, Utopia yarn, has been reprinted by Grosset in a dollar edition. The story, while worth reading, isn't too hot.

THE BLUE DANUBE by Ludwig Bemelmans, to be published by Viking, purports to be an anti-Nazi fantasy set on a disappearing island.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY by Oscar Wilde has been reprinted by Tower at 49¢. If you haven't read this yarn, you should, it's one of the great weirds. MGM filming of this yarn to be released soon.

In answer to those asking where "After the Afternoon" can be obtained, the book was still available from the publishers two months ago. Why do I mention this book so often? It is my favorite of favorites.

THE LAST CHORUS

So it gifts Channy 5. The mag is gradually shaping up to what I want it to be. The last issue seems to have been the most popular so far. I sincerely believe this one is as good or better. I hope you do.

Usually I wait until the whole mag is mimeod, then write this page. But circumstances prevented me from doing it this way this time. I'm changing jobs, which means that I'll have to leave my beloved typewriter, the typer that banged out 5 issues of this rag, the typer with the 14 inch carriage which makes bordering an easy task. In case you're interested it's a Remington Model Seventeen. I'll miss you, old faithful.

Beginning with next issue there will be a new and regular column, a companion column to MYFFSAW. 'Twill be HIBAWF! Whatinell's HIBAWF - How I Became Acquainted With Fantasy. How many times have you asked a fellow fan to name his first fantasy story? Did he have to hide under the bed to read Amazing? Did his parents approve of fantasy? Did he save the first mag of this type he read? Did he ever filch a mag from the corner drug store because he couldn't scrape up the dough when a new issue appeared, an issue which contained the last installment of some super epic, perhaps "Skylark Three"? When did he meet his first fellow fan? See the possibilities? It should be a very interesting column, and one which will not become dull through sameness. Tucker's HIBAWF will start the ball rolling next issue. How about sending in yours for future issues?

Besides Tucker's HIBAWF there'll be reviews by Laney, Rosenblum, yours truly, and Autolycus, a honey of a yarn by Brazier, MYFFSAW, and the usual nonsense you've come to expect of Channy.

How's about some of you readers sending in ideas for regular columns? How'd you like a column on hot jazz by Laney? Is there anything missing in Channy? What type of material would you like to see in this rag. Come on, fellas and gals, give with the epistles, make with the ideas.

How's about some book reviews from you newer fen. Channy always welcomes reviews, articles, or what have you from neophen.

Channy extends heartiest congratulations to Mari Beth Wheeler. 'One meat ball' Wheeler is now a SPAR. May her tour of duty be enjoyable, educational, inspirational, and lots of fun. May she harvest the crop of happiness that her smile and sweetness have sown.

Ye ed thanks Jack Speer for the utterly utt valentine and the method of making roosters on a typewriter - see the borders around "Laydschur's Ledger"! Thanks, also, to good old Sarge Saturn for his wonderful review of Channy in Startling Stories. Two bottles of Xeno and a flask of flerd juice have been sent Sargeward.

And last but not least, thank you wonderful wreaders for all those nice letters commenting on Channy 4. Every comment is carefully considered.

Channy is published on
NOVA PRESS

15¢ per copy or trade

at
25 Poplar
Battle Creek, Michigan

An ASP Publication

VOLUME 1 CHANTICLEER NUMBER 5

