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# denventioneer ALCHEMIST

is edited by

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With the next issue out in a few days, THE ALCHEMIST is suspending publication temporarily, if not ultimately. The reasons for folding will be given in the editorial. Having much good material left over, we want to publish as much of it as possible in Denventioneer form. Needless to say we are overjoyed to publish a poem by Clark Ashton Smith, who needs no introduction to fantasy fans. This poem has not appeared before. Random Ramblings was one of the most popular departments in Al, so we thought you'd like a nice long one here. We have had his column for some time so it's dated in spots. With that we turn you over to Widner. Take it Art:--

## R A A D O M R A M B L I N G S

Art Widner, Jr.

While in the vicinity of Plymouth Rock the other day, I found myself fervently wishing for a camera. Not to snap the celebrated and over photographed stone, however but for something else. Something that would make a fan's eyes bug out like a tromped-on toad-frog. Yas-suh, if I'd been able to shoot it, any fan would swear I had an authentic picture of a giant amoeba.

There it was, a dirty white, undulating, crawling mass; about fifteen feet in diameter, looking like a just-poured, jumbo flapjack. It heaved slightly in the middle, and began thrusting out pseudopods in our general direction, and also grew in all directions, until it nearly covered the width of the street. But alas, (or fortunately) our fear-some monster turned out on closer inspection to be nothing but a huge mass of soapsuds, somehow forced up through the invisible manhole cover from the sewer, whence they had come from a nearby factory.

THE SKYLARK IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE SKYLARK! Sad but true, Ye Olde Skylark of Foo has died of extreme decrepitude combined with an advanced case of dilapidation. However, I feel a pang at parting for I can't forget the faithful services rendered in better days. Especially how she gallantly bucked and charged her way thru a mile of muddy New England dirt road last winter, to rescue a sleek '39 V8 from the mire.

Paradoxically, the "new" Skylark is two years older than the first, but in much better condition. 'Tis a '28 Dodge, and seems good for two years at hard

labor, which I plan for it. Anyhow, you can't go wrong for twenty-five bucks. 'Twill be christened -- as soon as I can get a femfan and a bottle of beer together -- SKYLARK OF WOO'OO: (Accent on last syllable.)

Did anyone notice on the cover of the April 13, 1940 Saturday Evening Post by Emery Clarke, that the telegram lying carelessly in the foreground, was addressed to Graves Gladney, ASTOUNDING cover artist? Evidently the two artists are friends.

Fans can add some excellent books to their collections now that these "pocket" books are on sale everywhere. I saw somewhere that they originate in Damon Knight's territory, but I can't find the exact data now. Anyhow, they can be bought in practically every drugstore and first rate newsstand in the country. They are quite elegant looking, with very stiff, very shiny, and very colorful covers. I noticed such titles as WORKS OF POE, LOST HORIZON, TOPPER, and some of Sax Rohmer's thrillers. The book of Poe is certainly worth the money, as it contains all his most famous short stories and a good many of his best poems. The best part of it is that these books sell for only two bits.

Just a word about FANFARE, if we may be permitted a small plug, that really isn't a plug. . . . Ninety percent of the fan articles being written now, are intended for the consumption of fans who have been in fandom at least a year, and knows what it's all about -- as far as it's possible for any fan to know what this dizzy business is all about. But many persons, who are potential fans, are not enthusiastic enough about fantasy to devote a long enough period of time to become acquainted with the fan field. They send for a fanmag or two, are bewildered by such confusing names, terms, and abbreviations as "RAP", "4e", "CFS", "Denvention", "Sald", "Ivory Tower", "Lorojo", "Juffus", "FAPA", "IFF", "VoM", "LeZ", etc., so that many are discouraged (maybe disgusted!) and go back to just plain reader status.

Of course, that's only part of it. Fandom and stf now have histories that must be learned before a really active part can be taken in the field. Therefore, FANFARE will cater -- at least in part -- to the new fan who wants to know what it's all about, and to the casual reader who seems to be prospective fan material. We also want to encourage new fans to contribute, as it seems from where we sit, that about 90% of all fan writing is being done by the veteran fans, and about only twenty of them at that. We are going to feature material by new fans like Knight and Gilbert, whom I figure are most competent to guide the "rookies".

We think this is a good way to build up and strengthen fandom, but there is still something lacking. What is needed, we think, is a national organization, not dependent on the pros, or tied up in any way with the cliques now dominating various sections of fandom. Above all, the crying need is co-operation among ALL fans, and this seems an impossible situation at present. Damon Knight has for such a national organization and his article on it will appear in the fourth issue of FANFARE. Perhaps something will come of it, but I fear not, since the unco-operativeness of fans is legend. Whether Knight's plan is welcomed, attacked, or ignored, the fact remains that fandom should have some sort of united front to put toward the rest of the world, or it will continue to be regarded as just the juvenile, "gosh-wow-boyoboy" gang. And a puerile, "send-a-coupon" society is a most unsatisfactory remedy for the ailment.

At the risk of calling down adverse comment for too many book reviews, we would like to tell you about a fantasy story that is seldom if ever mentioned, even in Collector's Corner's and the like. We feel that if the books we mention in this column are sufficiently rare and also interesting, they won't tend to dry up the rest of the column.

The book is titled THE UNDYING MONSTER and the authoress is Jessio Douglas Kerruish, and comes from England, as might be expected. (Why is it that there are so few good fantasy writers on this side of the Atlantic?) Even Lovecraft had not heard of it when I mentioned it to him in a letter, so it must be comparatively un-

known to most fans, and so a good one to review here.

In the main, it's supposed to deal with lycanthropy, a giant werewolf constituting "the undying monster" (altho it turns out to be quite different in the end) which is active for thousands of years, "sleeping" most of the time, and being aroused by certain sets of conditions. But Norse mythology, psychology, and clever mystery suspense are brought in and skillfully blended with the love interest to make the book one of the best fantasyarns it has been my pleasure to read. The unusual ending is also a refreshing pleasure to come upon in a novel length story.

Why is it that fans of the fair sex do so little fan writing? A. R. Long, Perri, Lerojo, and Gertrude Kuslan seem to be the only ones who do any amount of it. And there are absolutely no femfans to compare with Warner, Ackerman, Tucker, Moskowitz, Lowndes, etc. What can the matter be? Are the "Fanshees" incapable of turning out more than a very occasional article? I think not -- yet the fact remains that they do not. Are they just plain lazy? In a way, I think they are. They seem to think that their gracious presences at club meetings is all that is necessary to make them full-fledged fans -- or that they have done something when they have a letter printed in the reader's department of a promag. Or maybe they want to cling to their age-old prerogative of not letting on what they think, and so keep an aura of mystery about themselves. C'mon gals, open up and tell us what's what! Even if you hop on me and show me where I'm all wet -- if you can! -- that's O. K., but write!

Odds 'n ends:

For the benefit of any future fan club, here are some of the names THE STRANGER CEUB fooled around with before choosing the one we have: OFF-TRAILERS, LUNA-TICS, OSCARS, FANTASIACS, SUPERFANS and FANTASYANKES. You're welcome, no extra charge... . . . . To find that DTG, after the name of Epaminodas T. Snooks (Traders In Treasures, etc.) meant Doctor of Terrestrial Gravitation, was more or less of a surprise to me. I had labored under the delusion that it stood for Delirium Tremens Giganticus! . . . . Don't be surprised to see the name of Leslie A. Crutch in the promag's contents tables any day now. He is a bear for work, and is turning out yarns right and left. His ideas are good, and it's only a question of time until his writing improves enough to get him to land an acceptance. . . . . We have checkmated Jim Avery in our chess game via postcard. If there are any chess fiends interested I'd be glad to send the gory details. It took only fourteen moves . . . . Recipe for coolly concocting a column on a simmy summery day in August -- Remove all clothes except a pair of pajama pants, and sit next to a window thru which is wafting a gentle Massachusetts breeze. If a Mass. breeze is unavailable, you'll have to get along with the electric fan . . . . Altho both (?) deny it vehemently, I still have a lingering suspicion that Reitrof and Fortier are on and the same. I shall have to behold both in the flesh plus birth certificates before I am finally convinced. In the meantime Reitrof is granted a temporary existence license. ((Reitrof is Fortier--Ed)) Of the plethora of comic magazines now being perpetrated we have seen only one strip we would like to read again, and which we are unable to locate. Its name is "Professor Fiend" and it burlesques all the rest of the thousand and one "stf" cartoons. The Prof. is a gink with an extremely eccentric-shaped conk, and wears windsheilds, adhesive tape, and a remarkably amiable leer. If this strip is still in existence and any fan knows where we can get it, we would appreciate the info very much . . . . Harry Warner is ten pounds underweight. We shouldn't wonder, with his manifold activities. We still entertain a faint idea that he is twins, not being able to see how he could otherwise do all he does. Editing a fanmag is no doubt a good reducer which could easily replace all the gadgets and tonics now on the market (I hope not!)

Impressions at the Chicon: (Alphabetically)

((Oops, ran out of stencil, let's start again on the next page))

## Impressions at the Chicon: (Alphabetically)

Ackerman	Amazing!	Pogo	Ummmmmmmm. . .
Dickty	Young Mr. Claus	Reinsberg	Worry Wort
Evans	Wahoo!	Rocklyne	Jilted
Breehafer	I don't beleive it.	Rothman	Balanced
Frank	Heavy Robert Young	Shroyer	Charming Monster
Kornbluth	Whist!	Singleton	Gert Kuslan
Korshak	Dapper Dan	Clarissa Mac Dougall Smith	
Kuslan	Singleton		"Personality" Kid.
Lowndes	Fortunate Anachronism	Doc Smith	Negaspheres & donuts
Madle	--Depths of the smiling pool--	Speer	Sign this
Martin	Kemical Kid	Tannar	Three cheers (no bunny.)
Michel	Beleiver	Tarr	"Who'll buy my violets?"
Millard	It ain't right.	Unger	Soft-hearted Shylock
Miske	"Grand Slan!"	Wiggins	Amiable Sphinx
Lorojo	Swell	Wilson	Errol Flynn needs a shave.
Ferdue	Ferdue	Wollheim	Brainy Quixote
	Oh, yes, & Widner		<u>That Dope!</u>

Now that we have partial control of one perhaps we contrive to induce a few pounds of the columnal excess baggage to make tracks for parts unknown. . . drivl . . . drivl, . . . drif . . . drv . . . dvzzzzz .... zzz .... Yhos . . . . .

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 LOCAL NEWS
 

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Ever hear of THE MOON TERROR? No need to ask. What Stf fan has ever failed to see that full page add on the back and inside the covers of Weird Tales for many years past.

A. G. Birch, the author lives here in Denvention City and works at the Denver Post. We drop up to see him occasionally for a short chat. He was amazed to learn that his book "The Moon Terror" had been advertized continously for over a period of years and thought that the story had faded into oblivion. This story he said, was written at intervals on the train when work called for him to travel about quite frequently.

He has written other stf stories also, he stated, for Munsey. Perhaps we can induce Mary Gnaedinger to dig 'om out of the Munsey archives for reprinting.

Willard E. Hawkins, who wrote 'The Dwindling Sphere' for Astounding, March 1940 and other stf stories, is another Denver man who for years has put out the Author & Journalist magazine. He was the founder of it. In collaboration with Frank Cross also of Denver they put out the magazine for The Explorer's League, an international organization made up of scientists and amateur scientists.

Incidentally the ending to his story 'The Dwindling Sphere' was never published in Astounding as editor Campbell lopped off several pages for reasons better known to himself. We have read the rest of the story and found it to be excellent and hope to publish the ending as an extra supplement someday as a collector's item for fans.

For all those who have inquired about the delay in activities here, we are happy to report that the obstructions have been cleared away and now full speed ahead for THE DENVENTION!!!

FLASH! EXCLUSIVE! From the Denver Post we learn that Wendel Wilkie has just returned from England and verified the War!

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# Wizard's Love

Clark Ashton Smith

O perfect love, unhopèd-for, past despair!  
I had not thought to find  
Your face betwixt the terrene earth and air;  
But deemed you lost in fabulous old lands  
And rose-lit years to darkness long resigned.  
O child, you cannot know  
What magic and what miracles you bring  
Between your dulcet breasts, your tender hands;  
What lethal wound your balmy lips have healed;  
What griefs are lulled to blissful slumbering  
Cushioned upon your deep and fragrant hair;  
What gall-black bitterness of long ago,  
Within my bosom sealed,  
Ebbes gradually as might some desert well  
Under your body's heaven, warm and fair,  
And the green suns of your verturnal eyes.

O beauty wrought of rapture and surprise,  
Too dear for heart to know, or tongue to tell!  
Now more and more you seem  
Fantasy turned to flesh, incarnate dream.  
Surely I called you with consummate spell  
In desperate, forgotten wizardries,  
With signs and sigils of dead goeties,  
And evocations born of blood and pain,  
But deemed forever vain.  
Surely you came to me of yore, among  
The teeming specters amorous  
With faces veiled and splendid bosoms bare,  
That filled my sleep with fever and delight  
In ever-desolate years when love was young.  
Or I, perchance,  
Begot you on some golden succubus  
That writhed beneath me through the Sabbat's night  
In earlier lives forevowed to Satanry  
And sorcerous dark romance.  
For all your heart and flesh are sib to me,  
And in my soul's profound,  
Your face, and irrecoverable pearl,  
Is ultimately drowned.  
So thus, delicious girl!  
In love's foredestined weal and fated woe,  
I hold you now, and shall not let you go.

## A FAN AUTOBIOG

--- by J. Harvey Haggard ---

Time whizzed backward! My astonished eyes gazed into primordial slime, and there before my gaze great scaly monsters were attacking a submarine, while others hovered about.

A strange moment indeed. I felt as though I'd lived it before, one exciting moment from a past life, a reincarnation snatched from the devious pathways of mysterious time.

A speaker on a platform far below. Seats curving down, marching down from the upper curving balcony. The speaker spoke, but my ears were not for him, for my mind was swinging backward along the stream of time, peering wide-eyed into the terrors of a pristine age. Somewhere, somehow, the moment had been lived before.

Those scaly monsters were opening wide fangs. Those tiny mites of human beings recoiled back with impotent weapons in loose hands. Slowly my eyes slid from the control room, out across thick armor plating, toward the bow. Numbers were there. U33! U33! How strangely familiar. U33--and a land of the past.

The Land That Time Forgot! Now I knew. The auditorium came back gradually, and dimly with it came the words of the speaker. How well I remember that scene. It is one I shall never forget.

School assembly. And I was staring at the magazine cover held in the hands of a student next to me--who was utterly engrossed in its contents. And the reason I relished that vivid cover was that the masterful artist Paul had achieved the almost impossible, he had captured the exact figmentations of imagination that had flitted thru my mind, the mental pictures conjured by my first reading of The Land That Time Forgot.

Yes, that was my introduction to science fiction, and none of its thrilling glamour has faded.

The years flit by. I had devoured all the copies of Amazing Stories--the pioneer--available. As years sped onward, others popped up on the news-stand, some to fade away, others to stay.

It has always been a poignant regret with me that my earlier copies were not preserved. Unfortunately, many friends wanted to borrow these copies, friends who forgot to bring them back, and my collection of books is not large.

Of all my possessions I most enjoy are those letters I exchanged with the fans. Those letters came from "away back", when there were but few science fiction magazines. Those letters from ambitious, breathless kids--kids who grew up and seized the helms of science fiction.

I wish I could share those letters, but that would seem like a breach of confidence and companionship. Letters from men who are now in the top flights as editors and writers. Letters from kids who stood before a magic portal, and entered breathlessly and with pumping hearts.

Letters from Rap and Weisinger, Ackerman and Darrow. Letters from fans whose names were unfamiliar. Letters from young fellows whose names were to be emblazoned on the backs of covers. Letters conveying thrilling hopes and ambitions, heartbreaks and promises. Letters you couldn't get now from those individuals for the love of money. Thoughts and experiences that are now to be a forgotten thing of a vanished past--but I wish I could share those letters.

Perhaps that is why I really am at heart so much of a fan. My futile efforts at writing, as I know well, do not compare with the luminaries. The small niche I have earned has been through dint of much effort. I know that I shall never become a great writer of science fiction. But I can always be a fan.

So it is with particular pleasure that I look forward to those letters that come in daily through the mail. Here are the treasures, rough-cut and without a glitter, but tomorrow--ahead through those short scant years, will those letters become priceless treasures as the letters from the past have become? Will those unknown names in the mail have a magical influence in the field of science fiction?

Only Time can tell, and as for my own part, my greatest thrill and possessions as a fan are not large collections of fan magazines--but a collection of all the letters I have ever received.