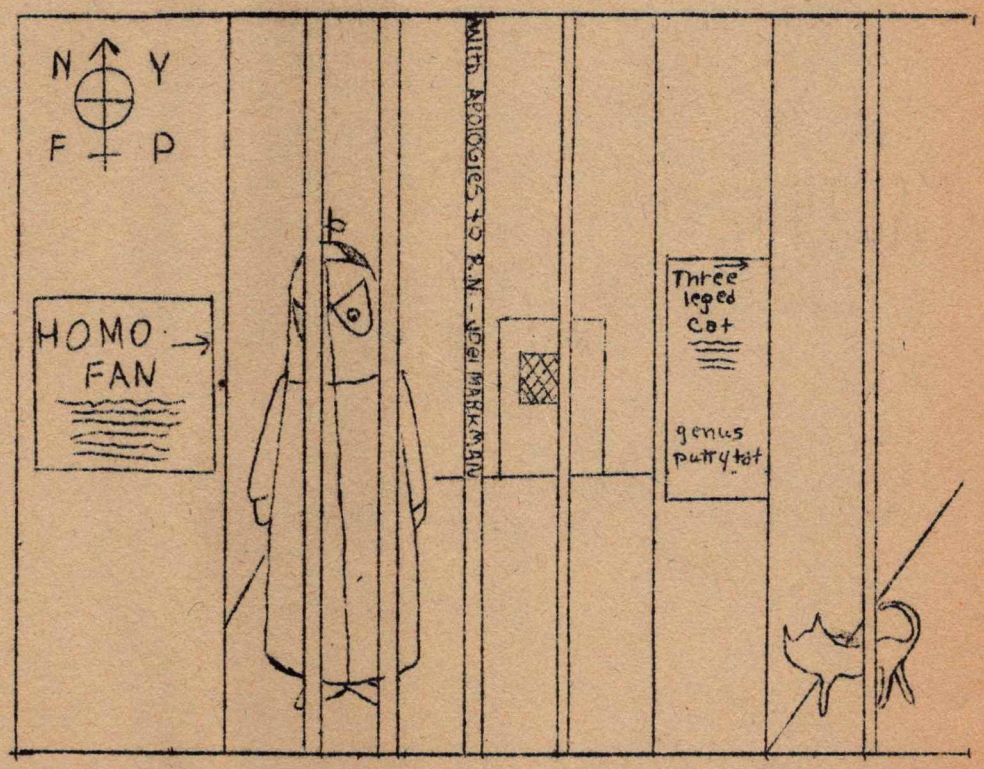
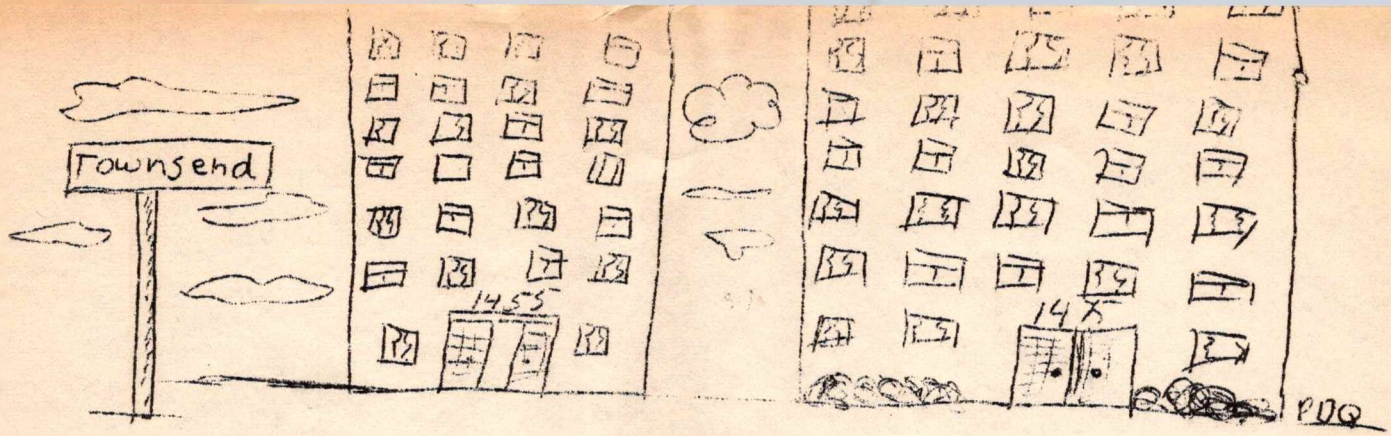
SAPS 17(?)

NEW YORK
ZOOLOGICAL
PARK

BRONX CHEER



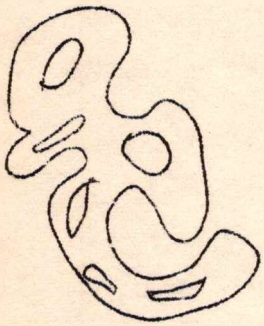


From Townsend Avenue, the heart of Bronx Fandom, we give you this great

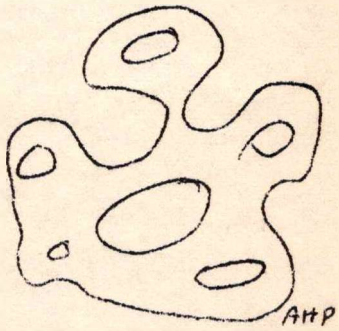
BRONX CHEER

1 April 1951

ABSTRACTS



A man said to the Universe,
"Sir, I exist."
"However," replied the Universe,
"The fact has not created in me
A sense of obligation."
— Stephen Crane



I say " elephant," and immediately a picture comes to your mind. Had I said "currycomb," or "cymbal," the image might have been a little longer in coming. Had I said "hobbledehoy," perhaps none would have formed at all. However, we all have quite firm and definite ideas of what an elephant should look like. The vision leaps fullblown into our minds — there is no painstaking assortment of fanlike ears, pachydermous legs and long proterbances. You feel no amazement that a mere handful of generations ago few individuals in America, at least, could summon up an instantaneous picture of an elephant. Indeed, several centuries ago no one in the Western Hemisphere had seen a living elephant. (elephant...elephant...elephant...the world becomes more a liquid sound and less a memory). No doubt you would be surprised should an elephant materialize before you at this very instant. But you would not greet it with the same thoughts Plato might have. Your reaction (outside of a desire to remove yourself from the immediate surroundings) would be to think that an elephant had escaped from the zoo. But if, let us say, you were confronted with an elephant after seventeen years in a Tibetan monestary, you would marvel at the long, tensile trunk, the great folds of flesh, and many other details which you would more placidly observe on a trip to the zoo. The very name of the beast, so undescriptive and out of joint, would surprise you.

And have you looked in the mirror lately?

Blood is RED. The opposite of RED is GREEN. RED and GREEN produce a GREY. GREY, we know, is a mixture of WHITE and BLACK. WHITE is everything. BLACK is nothing. RED is the color of Blood.

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I say " elephant," and immediately a picture comes to your mind. Had I said "surveyor," or "cymbal," the image might have been a little longer in coming. Had I said "hobbledehoy," perhaps none would have formed at all. However, we all have quite firm and definite ideas of what an elephant should look like. The vision leaps full-blown into our minds — there is no painstaking assortment of familiar cars, proboscis legs and long protuberances. You feel reasonably that a mere handful of generations ago few individuals in America, at least, could summon up an instantaneous picture of an elephant. Indeed, several centuries ago no one in the Western Hemisphere had seen a living elephant. (elephant...elephant...elephant...the word becomes more a liquid sound and less a memory). No doubt you would be surprised at seeing an elephant materialize before you at this very instant. But you would not accept it with the same thoughts Plato might have. Your reaction (outside of a desire to remove yourself from the immediate surroundings) would be to think that an elephant had escaped from the zoo. But if, let us say, you were confronted with an elephant after seventeen years in a Tibetan monastery, you would marvel at the long, tonsile trunk, the great folds of flesh, and many other details which you would more placidly observe on a trip to the zoo. The very name of the beast, so unaccepting and out of joint, would surprise you. And have you looked in the mirror lately?

Blood is RED. The opposite of RED is GREEN. RED and GREEN produce a GREY. GRAY, we know, is a mixture of WHITE and BLACK. WHITE is everything. BLACK is nothing. RED is the color of Blood.

The subwaw train started. The car was crowded. I saw a seat. I looked at the people around me. They also saw the seat, and they were looking at each other. We all looked at the seat and we all watched each other. No one moved. I took three quick steps and sat down. The people stared at me. I tried not to notice. When the train arrived at my station I got up and left the train. I looked back for a second. My seat was still empty; and the people were watching each other.

Whither, civilization? Is the path of mankind destined to lead from the materialistic brute to modern religion (God, literally, forbid) or from present-day doubting to some future Utopia of religious attainment. —Mr. Wylie, whether one worships Christ or Jung makes no difference to me— what I want to know is whether religion is a Cosmic Answer or paranoid system.

— the above bits by Paley et moi.

— — — — —

"Schools are mills in which human creatures are moulded to type, clipped and rounded for smooth conveyance of customs and enactments. The less reasoning an individual does on his own account, the less friction, in the operation of the System.

The fact that the current edition of the genus homo carrying on life in an organized community is as much a manufactured article as the tools he works with or the cloths he wears... Actually he brings nothing into the land of his birth save the capacity to animate, grow, and sustain for a given term, the corpus of a Chinaman, a Briton, an American, or a German, as determined by the location of the delivery."

-from: Man: A Citized of the Universe, by John O'Hara Cosgrave.

* *

BRONX CHEER, in case you're interested, is thrown together by Alan H. Pesetsky, 1475 Townsend Ave, New York 52, New York; which is, if you haven't guessed by now is the fair Bronx. And, is intended to be distributed in the 17th(?) mailing of the Spectator Amature Press Society. Praise to Foo-Foo.

* *

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Alternate paragraphs: Pesetsky first; then Markman.

THE DAY IT HAPPENED

It was raining the day It happened. The rain washed the air clean and there was the pungent odor of ozine. Most everyone was indoors. The kids huddled in the doorways waiting for the rain to stop so that they could continue to play. There was a grayness about everything.

"It's going to happen," she whimpered. "what will it be like?"
"I don't know, perhaps like butterflys being cut up and pasted into a picture," Bradbury mused.

The few who know about It waited impatiently. The men in the weather beaureau' were shocked when they suddenly realized that it was raining all over the world. They know something uncanny was taking place, but they never dreamed that It was going to happen.

It even rained in the mountains of Spain.
"Cojones," the old man said. "The rain of coldness will stop," somehow his words were not convincing to the young American flyer.
"Yes, it will stop," he said to please the old man,knowing that it would not. "Where is Maria?", he asked.
The old man smiled lewdly. "In the house, don Ernest."
"Fine," Hemingway said. "You know how it is when you have the feeling of tender passionate love."He knew he had said that not only to please the old man, but because of It, and this might be the last time.

It rained and it rained. But the waters did not accumulate. The sanatation men were puzzled, but of course they did now knew that It was going to happen.
It was going to happen. It was going to happen. It was going to happen. It was going to happen. The words went round and round and round and round in the minds of those who knew that It was going to happen. They knew. No one else just them. And the whole world, oblivious, waited for the rain to stop.

The tall pale man stopped infront of the ice-cream truck. "A quart today sir, or the regular six gallons," the vendor said politely.
"I sold a story yesterday," the tall man said absently. Make it the regular. No. Wait a minute. I feel strange, as if something was going to happen."
The vendor stared at the retreating form of the pale man. He seemed to absorb the rain he walked through. "Twelve gallons, even for Lovecraft that's a lot."

The rain stopped, and the streets were suddenly dry. The greyness vanished and on dayside the world was a deep orange and on nightside a thick blueness pervaded. The ones who know, tensed, stiffened, and were afraid. It was going to happen

"Flakes of butterfly wing."
"Maria, are you there?"
"Vanilla, butterscotch, maplewalnut, tutti fruti, choclate, chilli concarne."
THEN IT HAPPENED!

THE ART OF NOT PUBLISHING A ONESHOT

by Morton D. Paley

To the uninitiate it might seem that this article would be entirely superflous, due to the manifold obvious ways of not publishing a one-shot. One might, this obviously unintelligent layman would postulate, take an axe to his mimeograph, cut off both his hands, or enlist in the Marines. Any of these processes will, indeed, accomplish the desired result, BUT-- it is obvious to any veteran nonpublisher (henceforth to be termed 'nonpub') that this line of action is notably without that certain finesse that typifies fanzine nonpublishing.

A certain radical group of the nonpub set has recently expounded a technique which, to the beginner, at least, may appear the most pleasureable of all those in existence today. This interesting method entails the collection of large quantities of intoxicating beverages and/or beauteous damsels and their aggregation in the immediate vicinity of the nonpub at the assigned time. It is said that this is virtually a foolproof method, but I have my doubts. First of all, to my experience, the first distraction named encourages fan publishing in the long run, and if the nonpub has access to the second, what's he doing in fandom?

A more practical way is that generally employed (with various regional variations of course). I find myself in a position to recount a prime example of this....

The time was last Fall. The first (and, so far, only) meeting of the New York Science Fiction Ass'n. was being held at the home of Joel Markman. Lee Quinn, who had just started THE FANZINE EDITOR at the time, told us about his plans for having a large size one-shot put out. (Ah! Little did Quinn know that he had sparked the greatest one-shot of nonpublishing history). It was Lee's idea to have all the interested parties mail their completed stencils to him, but I suggested that we all get together the following Sunday for a oneshot session. Soon I had enlisted the aid of most of the fans present-- Alan Pesetsky, Henry Chabot, Joe Dean, Mike DeAngelis, and Markman, whose home was to be desecrated again. The plan must have begun under a lucky star, for right at the start things pointed to a swell nonpublishing session. Quinn had already left when we made our plans, and no one remembered to inform him! As you can see, with this auspicious beginning we had to succeed!

The great day arrived. Again fate played into our hands, for I, who had started the ball rolling, forgot all about the meeting, and went to the football game. (The Yanks trimmed the Bears--life's little pleasure's are so few!) I have often been congratulated by admiring nonpubs for this feat of omission, but must confess in all modesty that it was entirely a subconscious one.

Late in the evening I thought I'd saunter over to Good Ole Markman's for no reason in particular. Imagine my surprise to find not only Good Ole Markman, but Good Ole Chabot, Good Ole Mike DeAngelis, and my coeditor, there. Good Ole Dean was also present. Good Ole Steve Taller and Nasty Robert Weiss had left already. After an exchange of mutual recriminations I set to work on a stencil.

Now, I must admit that at this time I believed that there was actually a chance of the one-shot's being published, despite our efforts. The completed stencils were sent to Quinn, who was to publish the magazine. But unknown to us Lee no longer had access to the mimeograph, temporarily at least. And it was here that a true master of nonpublishing developed in our midst, for Kem Beale, who I seem to have forgotten to mention previously, came up with a tour de force that astonished the nonpublishing world.

As the matter stood, the one-shot still might have been published. Beale, however, executed the final stroke by sending a post card to Quinn querying as to whether that worthy had come out of hibernation yet. I was astonished by this brilliant move, as, no doubt was Quinn. At any rate, the magazine has not yet appeared and to Beale must come the full credit for this.

The subject of not publishing a fanzine has hardly been touched on in this article. If you would gain fame as a nonpublisher, I advise you to be original and develop your own techniques. Who knows, perhaps some day you, too, will feel the thrill of not publishing a fan magazine!

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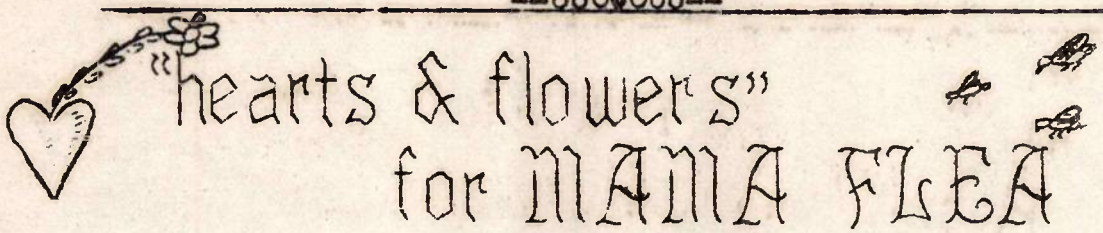

When the fleas have laid their eggs in the dust, in the slits of the floor, on cushions where animals sleep, or in the clothes of young children, then the white larva, without feet, and very shaky, come out, twisting themselves like little eels. The mother flea pours into their mouths the blood with which she has filled herself, and one sees under their transparent skin the colouring of the digestive tube. Thus the drop of blood she takes from us forms the nourishment of her children.

Do not accuse this poor and tender mother any more of wickedness. She, perhaps, bites you; it is because she is forced to do so. Nature has imposed this law on her, she cannot avoid it; she acts with all the consideration, all the management of a gastronomic insect, if you will, but she is certainly neither wicked nor a glutton. Once repulsed, the flea hastens to get away; indeed, one might almost imagine she had scruples of conscience. She leaves the scene of her misdeeds, but still goes a lively, jumping insect, tickling all the neighbourhood with a soft and light foot, as if to benumb and alleviate the small pain of the bite.

FROM: Intelligence of Animals
by Ernest MENAULT
N. Y. Charles Scribner's Sons 1894
WELL

"Hearts & Flowers" for MAMMA FLEA

When the fleas have laid their eggs in the dust, in the slits of the floor, on cushions where animals sleep, or in the clothes of young children, then the white larva, without feet, and very slimy, come out, twisting themselves like little eels. The mother flea pours into their mouths the blood with which she has filled herself, and one sees under their transparent skin the colouring of the digestive tube. Thus the drop of blood she takes from us forms the nourishment of her children.

Do not accuse this poor and tender mother any more of wickedness, perhaps, bites you; it is because she is forced to do so. Nature has imposed this law on her, she cannot avoid it. Have with all the consideration, and if some day you will, but the fleas have neither wished nor a grudge against you. Once replaced, the flea hasten to get away; indeed, one might almost imagine she had surprised our consciences. She leaves the scene of her misdeeds, but still goes a lively, jumping insect, [illegible] all the neighbourhood with a soft and light foot, as if to benumb and alleviate the small pain of the bite.

FROM: Insectiposes of Animals
by Ernest MEMAUT
N. Y. Charles Scribner's Sons 1899
WELL

I STUMBLED OVER A LARGE oil can as I felt my way down the long dark corridor leading to the flat of les Schaumburgers. I knocked on the door. I knocked again. No answer. Suddenly a voice says, "come in." I go in.

"Hello" says Joe.

"Hello." says I.

"Hi," says Helena.

"Hi," says I.

"Gurgle," gurgles the kid.

"Gurgle," gurgles I.

Silence. I takes a deep breath and blurt out my mission. "Poof, I want you to write an article for me, " I says looking at Joe. Helena looked as though she had swalowed a fish and then giggled.

"You want me to write a fan article?" asks Joe

"Uh Huh," I replies.

"Do you know what you're suggesting?" gasps Helena.

"I do," I gasps back.

The kid laughs.

"I'm not joking," I shouts.

"But in Alpaughs name why?" cries Joe,"Why?"

"Fandom needs you," I says.

"But who needs fandom", says Joe eyeing Helena.

"Enough of this," I said, sitting down on the floor, "I'm not going to budge untill I get an articles.

ANYWAY, to make a short story even shorter, about 15 phonograph records, 2or3 fanzines, 1 Marvel Tales, three ice cream cones, a few crumpled sheets of paper later, I got my article.

This master piece can be found on the page immediately followi this un. Or if you like doing things the hard way; the page before the page after this page, No that'll get you back here. How about The page before the page after the page after this one. Hmmmmmmm.

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LOVECRAFT: GENIUS? HACK?

by J. and H. Shaumburger
assisted by me

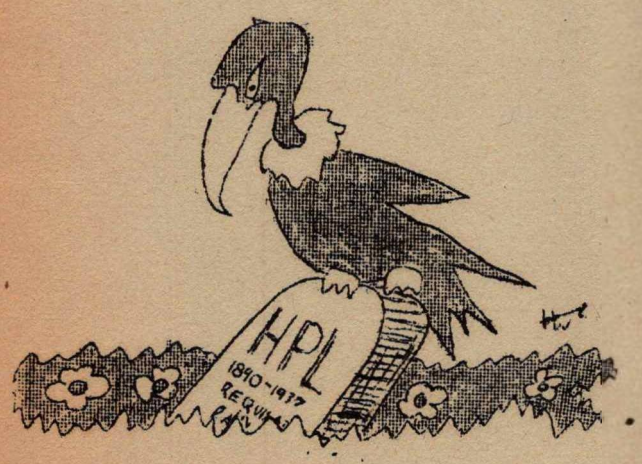
The trouble with Lovecraft is that so few people bother to read him. People have paid close to a hundred dollars for a copy of the "Outsider and Others" and have resold it without its ever being unwrapped.

A good proportion of these individuals suffer the pangs of conscience afterwards and write fanzine articles on the so-called merit of Lovecraft's works. Having committed themselves publicly, they feel obliged to attack anyone who "dares" to undervalue the works of the "Master", if only to finally convince themselves.

Frankly, Lovecraft was a primitive. He pioneered a new style in literature — to this day his concept of the Cthulhu mythos remains unsurpassed. He was great in the same way that Edgar Allan Poe was great.

But like all pioneers, he blazed only a rough trail through the wilderness. His work lacks the finish, the polish of truly great literature. Too often he was melodramatic — poured on suspense desperately trying to create "atmosphere". Somehow, it never quite got there.

His characterization, aside from his protagonist, was usually of the most elemantary sort. The best of weird fiction would be handicapped by stock characterization and artificial emotionality, and Lovecraft's material is far from the best.



Much of Lovecrafts fame is due to skill of his imitators. Writers like Frank B. Long(cf:"Hounds of Tindalos" Arkham House 1946) and August Derleth (cf:"The Lurker on the Threshold" 1945) working with the Cthulhu mythos and other Lovecraftian themes, while surpassing the original model, served to spread the myth of Lovecraft's "genius" further.

In conclusion, while the myth of his greatness may persist, due to the efforts of his former correspondents (many of whom own a letter from the Great Man) and grubby little schoolboy fans who have invested heavily with their lunch money in 49¢ Towere printings of HPL, the major portion of his life's work is making the rounds as mint editions.

THE BRONX

Formerly the Bronx was a district comprising several towns in Westchester County, New York. It received its name from an early settler named Jonas (or Jacob) Bronck. Whether he was Dutch, Swedish of Danish by birth is not known for certain. He arrived in America in 1639 and is described as having been a "pious Lutheran." At any rate, in 1642 Jonas Bronck bought about five hundred acres of land in the vicinity of the district that still bears his name. The old Dutch pronunciation of the name survives to this day in some and one often hears it pronounced as it it were spelled Bronk. The land originally owned by Jonas Bronck was acquired by the Morris family and it was the birth place of Gouverneur Morris of Revolutionary fame. In 1898 the district known as "The Bronx" became one of the five boroughs of New York City. Since 1914, when a county named Bronx was formed, the borough of Bronx and the county of Bronx have been coterminous. The New York Zoological Park is in the Bronx and for that reason is popularly referred to as the Bronx Zoo. Some authorities suppose the Bronx River, a small stream emptying into the East River and nearly bisecting the Bronx borough, bore the name before the district did.

—from: A Book about a Thousand Things
by George Stimpson
Harper & Brothers Pub. 1946

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This "mag" has one and only one bit of policy, all material appearing hearin was created by fans living in the Bronx..All except that little drawing in the Lovecraft article. Which by the way was was cut out of a stencil that was used in ASMDOEUS #2 and was grafted onto the stencil. The drawing, as I was saying, is by Chabot and as far as I know he doesn't expect to see it here. SURPRISE!

Speaking of ASMODEUS: ASMDOEUS can be obtained from me by sending the small sum of 15¢. Contents include: Lovecraft, Silverberg, C. A. Smith, DeAngelis, and lots of others I haven't the energy to mention(It's about 1:15 A. M.) 30 pp. Cover stencil made by Stenafax. and loth more features.

I'm going to run off the remaining stencils in school tomorrow. Some I've left over from other mags that never quite came off. Harkman left a while ago, he did the cover. This will most likely be run off on blue paper since I can get the stuff through the school store fairly cheap. By the way I should thank my alma matter(that doesn't look quite rite)- THE BRONX HIGH SCHOOL OF SCIENCE for the use of their A. B. Dick Electric. Nice machine. I'm on the memio squad so I can run off my own stuff everyonec in a while. It seems that I'll be doing stuff for most of the other local fans too. Oh, well, that's life. (like hell it is-non-fans note)

I've got a few more lines left I might as well fill them up. New York fanzines are organized now in case you've noticed the NYFP emblems spattered around on NY fanzines. What do you know. No more sp-