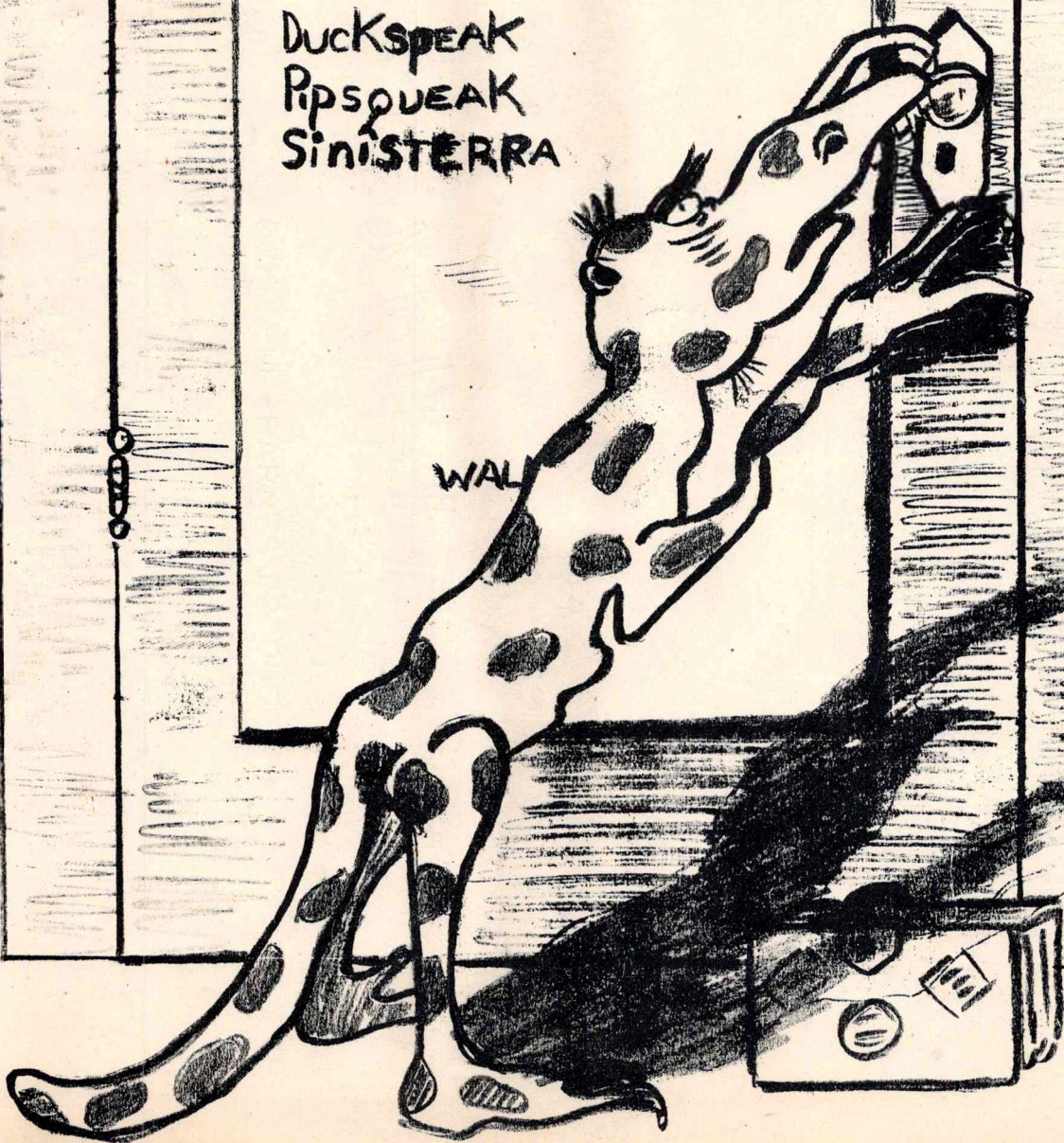


ROYAL H. DRUMMOND
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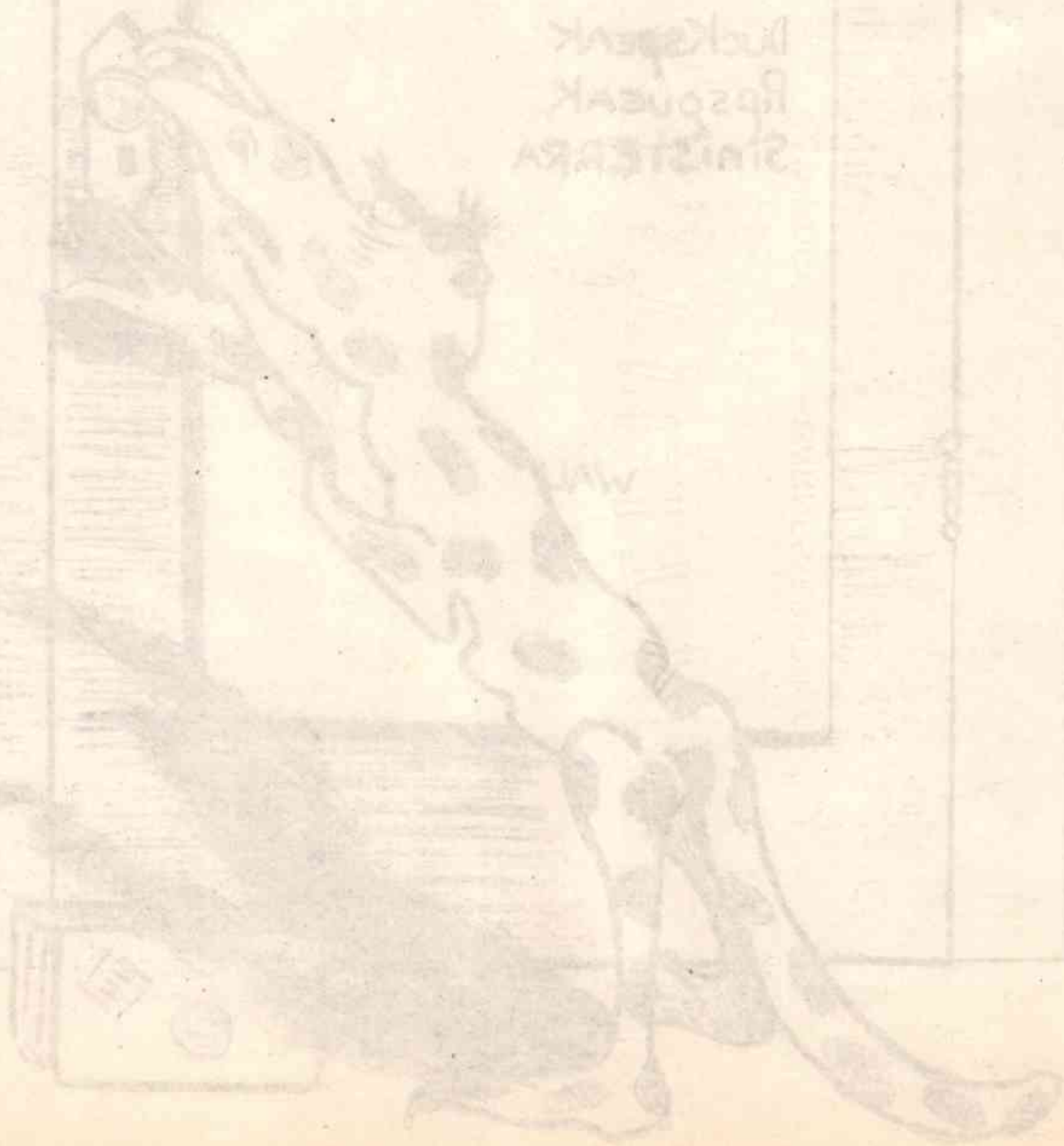
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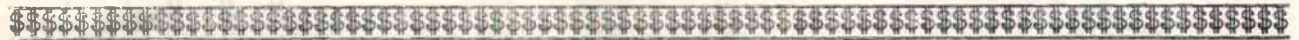


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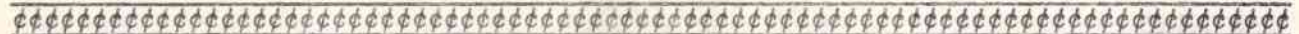


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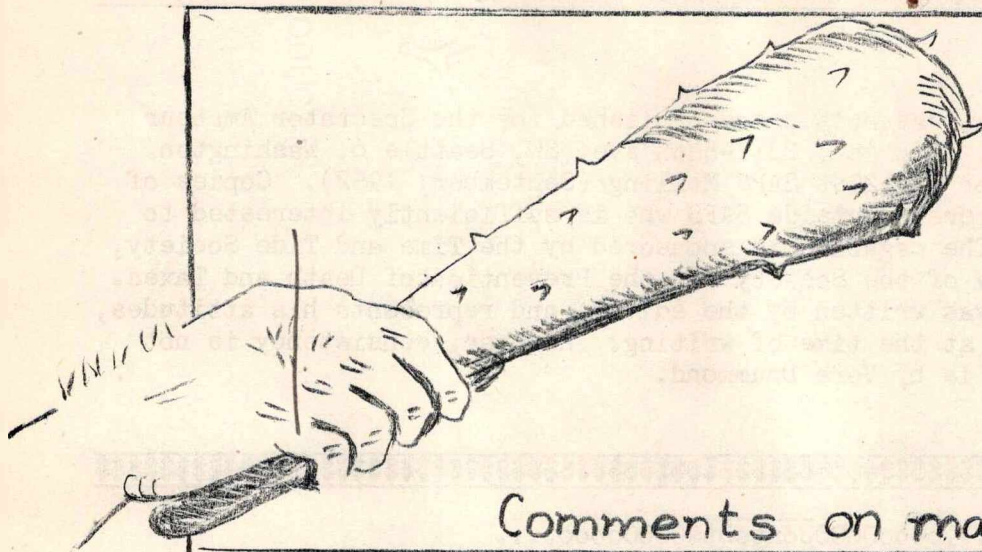


Twenty lines of freedom of speech, and a tank full of hot air. To task, Austin!

In the second paragraph of his commentary on GEM TONES on page 5, Royal has re-distilled ("de-refined") another definition with his usual terse alacrity. There we find "voloptuous," meaning "sexy, but on one side only": a lopsided curvaceousness to wit. But then Royal has never been the same since reading Gordon Dewey's "tight-writener" story in the final SPACEWARP conjured by Laney and Burbee.

Note: add "continually issues" after "Coswal" at the bottom of page 11. Or slip it in at the beginning of page 12 if different you are.

When a revised history of fandom has been written, it will be recalled by old-timers that one fanne who was not not only one big wheel, but four rolled into one (SAPS, FAPA, TNO, NFFF), once skidded all four wheels on a dirty word in a SAPSzine and publicly invited half the membership to perpetuate their lascivious thoughts in some other society---which they did. From the dust was thus PAPA created: the Pornographer's Amateur Press Association. And here, as with other apa's, the leaves faded and the fruit became sour. Women infiltrated (concluded on bacover)



EVERY
HEAD
THAT
SHOWS

Comments on mailing 20

Somebody, I forget who, regretted a couple of FAPA mailings back that there were no mailing comments in my 'zine. As the last Pipsqueak showed, there's nothing I like to write better than mailing comments, and for that reason I've always been a little ashamed to load up my pages with them. But if you-all so desire, I can give with the comments until they come out of your ears. If after reading what follows here you still want them, let me know. En garde!

SELECTED LETTERS OF P. H. LOVE

A-a-a-huh! Somebody doesn't like Derleth. Have you got reasons, Lloyd, or is this another Dr. Fell case? I won't say it wasn't clever, though, especially the bibliography on the last page. Things That Walk Where Naught Ought, yuk, yuk. I'm awfully tired of these satires on English place names, though. Everyone jumps on the British, seems like.

GEM TONES

is usually fascinating and exasperating both together, because it always features an article or editorial that is pregnant with all sorts of possibilities, but which favors an attitude or situation which is counter to my prejudices, or else seems utterly unimportant. For example, this issue's editorial considers the feasibility of an all-fandom poll, and only in the last couple of paragraphs does Gertrude express misgivings about the desirability of undertaking the work entailed by such a poll. Even then her dubiety is base on a frivolously expressed fear that winning such a poll would expand the winner's hat size to ungovernable proportions.

I can't see why it should be important to anyone who is the best-liked (Or most hated) person in Fandom. Not even to the fan who won. Winning a poll, pleasant though it may be, proves nothing so far as the individual is concerned except that more people were willing to say they liked hisr work and/or personality than were willing to say it about anyone else. There is no guide to the quality of the persons voting, or to their reasons for feeling as they do.

Speaking personally, now, a compliment such as might be implied by my winning such a poll would mean absolutely nothing, so long as I were unaware of the judgement and personality of the persons making it. Like a gift, the compliment without the giver is bare. There are fans whose high regard I would value greatly, and undoubtedly there are others in fandom whose dislike would be of equal value to me.

"But," you might say, "Fandom as a whole has approved. Does that not please you?" Ptui! on Fandom as a whole, or on Presbyterians as a whole, or on batcheons as a whole, or on anybody as a whole.

GEM TONES (continued)

The article STF and Armageddon (though I could find no mention of STF anywhere but in the title, and suspect it was put there to justify its publication here. That isn't necessary in a SAPS-zine, Gertrude) was extremely interesting, but in the same way that I used to be engrossed in the way my kids put building blocks together -- as an insight into the workings of an entirely different sort of mind. "Bible Prophecy is an interesting subject for study." Perhaps so, but no more so than, for example, the profound question of whether Roscoe's two front teeth really are false. The Bible, I grant, contains great poetry and may be read for considerable pleasure on that account, but the only practical use I ever derived from it is in the form of quotations for the discomfiture of aggressively proseletyzing Christians.

* * * *

Outside of the fact that my fierce masculine jealousy is aroused at the idea of a naked woman in another man's lap, I am enjoying the Preacher And The Pussycat, and am even anxiously awaiting the next installment, though I'm sure how it will end eventually. However, one passage was distasteful: ". . . she recognized in Kitty a basic decency that had no reflection in the voluptuous curves and sexy connotations of blue eyes, red lips, and curly, golden hair." Assuming that "basic decency" here means conformation with sexual mores as verbalized in the Ladies Home Journal, et al, my reading of this is: There is a positive correlation between sexual looseness and emphasized female attributes. Now, it's difficult to tell whether this is supposed to be Aunt Agatha's attitude or the author's, but no matter. It just ain't so, and I'm sure that plenty of amateur and professional womanizers would be only too sad to corroborate that statement.

* * * *

A Rose By Any Other Name points up once again what I have often observed before -- that even the most respectable, conventional persons in the world can enjoy profane or obscene terminology, and vulgar, puerile humor, so long as it is directed at opposing politicians.

GHU SAPLEMENT

Although I've never been to Tucson, I did spend a few miserable days in Phoenix, and your statement that you have the best weather of anyone is SAPS surprised hell out of me. All the people I knew in Arizona just hated the weather there. Chon, come visit us on the western side of the Cascade range, where the grass grows green, and then go back to your desert, to weep.

And just what dictionary are you working out of? "It (the letter 'e') is the most commonly used letter out of all 34." Dog-gone, John, you can't stop there. Thirty-four WHAT, for crissake? Of course, mine's an old dictionary, but I didn't think it was that out of date.

REARGUARD ACTION

It's beyond me why I go to all this trouble for my SAPS requirements. All I'd need would be to save Vera's telephone pad doodlings, and there'd be ten times as much material as necessary. If Briggs can get away with it, why not I?

OUTSIDERS

You seem to be writhing under the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism on you spelling, Wrai. It probably appears to you that we are being picayune, since even Webster's Unabridged gives two or more alternative spellings for many words. The thing is, your style is such a clear, translucent, easy-flowing one that one notices misspellings instantly, and stops to puzzle out just what you meant to say. Like a wart on the nose of an otherwise beautiful girl, it interrupts the flow of comprehension, and is exasperating for that reason. The same effect is produced by unconventional punctuation, too-frequent italics, and footnotes. (Some men, some men, cannot pass a footnote. As Dorothy Parker should have said.)

OUTSIDERS (continued)

Your word of caution to John Davis anent the comparative cost of women and automobiles was well taken, but you didn't go far enough. You should have warned him that it isn't the initial cost that hurts (though Lord knows that's high enough!) but the upkeep. You put yourself in pawn to the bank or the finance company, and carry home your purchase, -- and then your trouble starts. Do you have to give an auto a fancy new garage, or wall-to-wall carpeting? No! Can you feed a woman for 28¢ per gallon? No! Can you lock a woman up and expect her to stay put? No, no, and again No! Cars have to be stolen, but women can wander of their own volition.

When it comes to maintenance work, automobiles have it all over the other subject under discussion. A good handy mechanic can keep a car running with his own know-how, but women! Brother, when something goes wrong with a woman there's no help for it -- you've got to have experts, and they're expensive as hell. Why, just to keep the finish looking nice takes people with years of training. And when it comes to the inside mechanism, you're headed for disaster if you so much as lay a finger on it. I know a man, an electrical engineer very handy with tools, who swears he'd build Boulder Dam single-handed rather than tinker with a woman again.

It's true that a woman is definitely a social asset, that a nice new shiny one raises one's prestige no end, and that they are almost a necessity for those who wish to rise in the business or professional world. But so is a car, and with prices as they are nowadays, the two are almost mutually exclusive. My own advice to John, if he must make the choice, is to buy the auto. If later he needs a woman for business or social occasions, he can always rent one.

* * * * *

The Poetry Hater's Corner was chucklesome, especially Bergeron's offering about the no-dry paint. Also enjoyed the rundown on Hercules. Were the stories actually written in the breezy narrative style, or is that your own?

Those quotes from Kipling reminded me of the troubles I've had with my own writer friend, a fellow named H. E. McNeil, who has revealed exploits of mine better left untold.

Hope you have good luck with your Turtle Mountain expedition. How's to send me a couple of scalps, if your take is big enough?

Z PRIME

It's embarrassing to reel off paragraphs of comment like the one on Outsiders and then come to something like this which doesn't seem to stimulate me in any way. No reflection on you, Bob, just that there's nothing that I can disagree with, or add to. Except, of course, the comments on Coswal's dicta re activity credits. These I heartily agree with, though not personally affected by them, but since our new OE's newsletter has established new rulings, there seems no point in discussing them at length.

SKYLARK

Thought sure I'd caught an error, Sid, when I ran across the word "feverous" in your translation from the French. But sure enough, there it was in the dictionary. I'm curious why you used that word, rather than its equivalent "feverish". Do both words have French equivalents? That's a nice job of translating, by the way, and an excellent story to choose. Much as I hate to admit it, it was worth the effort of deciphering your hektographing, or whatever it was.

Your advertisements didn't ring the bell, though, because I have little or no use for the services offered. For one thing, I already have more praise than I know what to do with -- people fall all over themselves heaping encomiums on me, and panegyrics in my honor are delivered weekly. I am almost a household word in this part of the country. (No, not a four-letter word.) Also, I already have a small potbelly, one that is quite sufficient to give that puffed-up look. The Greetapest Cards Inc. offer does look attractive, but I already have a system for annoying my friends. I borrow from them.

BOFFIN

"What does a real bona-fide trend look like face to face." Well, imagine a paretic Trader Horne, whose mother was frightened by a bell-shaped curve in the fourth month of pregnancy. That's what a trend looks like. If this is confusing, ignore it and trust to your ears. They periodically emit a mushroom-shaped wail on an ascending scale.

Well, you asked, didn't you?

* * * * *

I share your sentiments on fan criticism, and imagine your analysis of critics is correct, in the main. Agreed, it would be most helpful if everyone in SAPS would give helpful comments on your writing. But, there are a lot of reasons why they don't. For one thing, it's work and takes time. First of all, the offering to criticized has to be carefully read. Most people prefer to skim. Then, one has to decide what the reaction is, and why. What, in the content of the article or story has affected you that way. That is the difficult part.

It's a rare person indeed who can tell just what's wrong (or right) with a given piece of material, and those persons are much sought-after by people with money to offer. It's the quality that makes a good editor, who as we all know, are hard to find. Play-doctors, so I hear, are very hard to find. And how about the people who charge so much a thousand words for criticising the work of would-be writers? I doubt very much if that field is overcrowded with successful practitioners.

Coming down to the amateur level, what is the make-up of a good critic? Well, first of all he has to be interested in what is being said. (of this, more later.) He needs to know something about literary styles, and be familiar enough with the fan field to make comparisons with the general level of work being done. The personality -- well, in my opinion, good critics are about the same type of person as those who are interested, responsive listeners to general conversation. And how many of these do you know, in or out of fandom? In my experience, they're few and far between.

It is difficult to judge a day writing without know the purpose for which it is written; and these motives are as varied as the number of writers. People write to entertain, to shock, to exchange ideas, to make someone else angry, to express scorn, distaste, delight, or exhilaration; or they write just to have fun. (This disregards the people who fill six pages just to stay in SAPS, without any clear idea of what they want to do.) Until you know that purpose, it is impossible to estimate the effectiveness of their effort, and how well they have succeeded.

Criticism falls into two main parts (1) subject matter and (2) method of expression. In SAPS, there's not much to say about the first. Since there are no rules to go by (we seem to have one of the freest modes of expression extant) there are only three possibilities: a given piece of writing agrees with your experiences and/or prejudices, conflicts with them, or is so far outside either that you are indifferent to it. (Cöswal's indexing is an example of the latter, for me.)

Well, if you're indifferent to subject, all you can do is say so. Otherwise, you can give reasons why you disagree, or enlarge and extend the statements made. The point is, that's a purely individual reaction, and only to be given weight to the extent that that is recognized.

Therefore, I think it silly for Everett Winne, or anyone else, to worry about your readers' reactions to you subjects. Say what you want to say, what you know best, what you have fun with. The reader who shares your interest will enjoy it; the lively avid minds will go along with you, collaborating in your fun. Those who dislike it will say so, and you can heed or dismiss them according to how they say it.

Style, on the other hand, while it is usually not thought of in this loose open-letter-like form that most SAPS use, is nevertheless present, and can be criticized according to conventional standards. Here, too, personal preferences play a large part in enjoyment of a piece, but obvious defects arise and can be commented on. In this field, the writer can certainly profit by adverse criticism.

However, it is in precisely this field that the would-be critic feels the

BOFFIN (continued)

most diffidence (if that is the proper word to use about SAPS). Adverse comments about writing mannerisms are like asking casual acquaintances to please stop picking their noses, or why they blow bubbles in moments of abstraction. It isn't done, for the reason that the recipient is quite likely to resent it. And there's no writer living that doesn't occasionally pull a boner of expression; thus, the critic is open to retaliation in kind. Which, of course, is the retaliation that hurts most.

Personally, I always have the feeling that the guy knows better, but that he just slipped this time, so why worry about it. However, since you have asked for it, herewith my review. If you want more of the same, let me know.

The style is easygoing, suave, and delightful, and is well above the average in both SAPS and FAPA. Polishing would have eliminated several awkward spots and improved the readability even more. For example:

Page 2: "We are all the product of more gentler days (?) than those of 1907." You caught this one while stencilling, nichtwar? (Incidentally, and quite apart from the style, I can't agree with this. I think most children are the product of some pretty damn' violent nights.)

Page 3: "to try and get some humor" No, no, NO! If you must use this phrase, make it "try to get..." But it would be better to say "we planned an attempt at humor."

Page 4: "We are overjoyed to note from your remarks on batcheons that we have fellow lovers . . . in our midst." This is the sort of thing that has soured people like me on the editorial "we."

Page 4: Wartkats "have fire red eyes, and full sets of tusklike teeth, and knifelike claws." (1) Most fires aren't red, but orange. Wouldn't "fiery" be better? (2) A tusk is a tooth; this is equivalent to "toothlike teeth" (3) Just how do those claws resemble knives -- shape, sharpness, material, or what?

Page 6: "They seem more and more attached to us -- in fact we can get within three feet now -- before they snarl at us with their teeth-tusks while they can't take their eyes off of us." I won't comment on the unwieldiness of this sentence, or the last three words. Surely you can see those for yourself. But something you might not notice is the unwarranted shift of viewpoint in the last clause. In the first part (and indeed, all through the talk about wartkats) you are looking at the little critters from outside, which is well and good. Use of the word "can't" however, ascribes to the wartkats an emotion or compulsion that takes place inside their ugly little heads, and which you as narrator could not possibly know. This is not kosher. For a really good exposition of this matter see The World Of Fiction by Bernard DeVoto.

Well that's enough of that. I feel like a junior researcher for the New Yorker, who was given a chance at writing the little squibs under quotations from other publications, and has just been told to get back to the library. I quit!

I have a suggestion for your wartkat's hot-weather diet, but it is unprintable. If you want to hear it, drop me a card.

MRAOC

Apparently your spies are everywhere, Lee. Your title is exactly the combination of letters I had decided would best phoneticize the mating cry of the barred batcheon. This variety is even more obscene than the black, or attic batcheon, which is the reason it has been barred.

Redd Boggs, Superfan was really super. It read exactly as I remember hearing Superman, last time the kids got loose from their straightjackets. Most enjoyable thing about it was the songtitles. Only one objection -- whaddya mean, "it's not like Royal to miss a mailing."? This is the first time I've hit two consecutive mailings since I've been in SAPS.

8

INVENTION REPORT

I honestly didn't know whether this was a hoax or not. It sounded so much like a BNF's daydream, that it didn't seem possible it actually happened. What finally tipped the scale in favor of belief was Elsberry's breezy pattering narrative, and the inconsequentialists that no one would have had the ingenuity to invent.

Who was the silly person who thought up the subject for that third day panel discussion "Can Fandom Get Along Without Homosexuals." What a notion! Of course it can't. The homosexual fans can't, for obvious reasons, and the hetero's must have a subject for gossip, hate, and fear. Fandom without homos would be like Kenton without bongo drums -- just an empty shell of its present lustful self. If there were no homosexuals, Fandom would have had to invent them.

WHATSIT

This first effort at mimeographing compares favorably, reproductionwise, with almost every other 'zine this mailing.

Ham radio has always held attraction for me, too, but not sufficiently to cause me to do anything about it. And I doubt if it could ever wean me away from Heinlein, no matter how many VS2's I needed. Perhaps, though, if my XYL got interested sufficiently to get to work at it, I'd find myself slaving away for her WAC regardless.

It would tickle me pink to talk with you and other members of the WSFS. Bill Austin, too, probably. The phone number here is WE 4460.

CUAGN SN.

SUN SHINE

Who is Alpaugh, what is he, that all these fabulous people write such fascinating letters to him. I laughed myself sick throughout the issue. The reprint from Punch was a perfect little gem; thanks for publishing it.

Have a beef against Joe Kennedy, though. He ought to check up on his stories more carefully. I told one of them that was in his letters (about the guy who went to his girl's house on his birthday) to some friends of mine as a true story, and got the merry ha-ha. Seems it's been going the rounds in one form or another for the last couple of years.

PROTOPLAST

Back when I was talking about criticism to Winne, this was the sort of thing I had in mind as being excellent mailing comments. These are very good indeed.

I can't quite agree with your comment that "it's fairly unlikely that any of us would care for a Negro partner; prejudice aside, the American standard of beauty just doesn't fit the black race." Putting aside the semantic confusion here (at least one-eleventh of the "American" standard of beauty is definitely focussed on negroid characteristics) it isn't necessarily, or even primarily, beauty that determines sexual attraction. Other motivations include curiosity, bravado, desire to change one's luck (actually!), or, and this is more frequent than any other factor, the fact that a given person is available. And there is still a wide-spread legend that negro women are willing, nay eager, to cohabit with almost any white man.

It's inadequate and faulty sampling, of course, but the few persons with whom I've discussed the subject are divided about two to one against sleeping with negro women. Assumin that the people with whom I am friendly enough to discuss such a subject are similar to my SAPS friends, then by extension one-third of the male SAPS find negresses sexually attractive. It would be interesting to know the results of Pope's poll; let's hope he will see fit to publish them.

To satisfy my curiosity, how do you get along with male gorillas?

PIPSQUEAK

Thank whatever Ghods may be, here's one I don't have to read over again.

HURKLE

Picked up a copy of A Passage To India a month or more ago, in a second-hand store, for no particular reason except that I thought it was probably worth a dime even if I never looked at it again. I couldn't imagine why I thought so, since to my knowledge I had never even heard of it before. Now I see in Hurkle the review which I skimmed over lightly and forgot three days after it arrived. Boggs, you are a force.

But whether for good or evil, I know not. I'm angry and disappointed with your answer to the miscegenation question in Pope's Now Then poll. "Since no race is pure, I've already 'partaken' of miscegenation merely by being born." You have complained in the past about misplaced humor on polls, voting cards, etc. that you've received, and here you are committing the same offense. The form of the original question "Would you partake . . ." implies an element of choice. Knowing the geographical location and the racist views of the questioner, as revealed elsewhere in the same mailing, it should have been obvious that the question meant "Would you sleep with (or marry) a member of the negro race?" I think that you read it that way but preferred not to answer it, and to hide your evasion pretended to have misread the question. This, to me, is dishonest and is all the more disheartening coming from your usually forthright self. You'd have done much better just to skip the whole thing. Of course, I don't know your reasons. Whose sensibilities were you sparing, Redd? There ain't nobody here but us SAPS.

SAPIAN

Oh, lucky lucky Van Couvering, to dream in color. All my dreams are in blurred, fuzzy black and gray and white, like a 1920 film revival. They move just as jerkily too, at least in recollection.

There is a 30-foot bluff on the shores of Carter Lake, near Omaha where I spent most of my boyhood. I used to hike past this bluff on camping trips. About halfway up the bluff, someone had started to dig a cave, and left a dark, mysterious-looking hole that was very intriguing to us youngsters.

Well, for the past several years, about once a month I've dreamed about this hole. After various adventures -- some good, some bad, some indifferent -- I descend in a parachute, or step out of a car, or ride up on a bicycle, or crawl out from under some bushes, on the road just below this hole, and after examining the locality climb up to it. Invariably the dream ends, just before I reach the hole.

This probably means something, but I'd just as soon not know what it is. Freudians in the audience will kindly keep their damn mouths shut.

As long as we're printing poems about wimmen (well, Racy printed one, didn't he?) here's a toast:

There is a girl lives on a hill --
She won't, but her sister will.
Let's drink to her sister.

and another:

To our wives and our sweethearts -- may they never meet!

(Leave us go
on
to the next page)

AJ 7316

Not that it wasn't interesting, well told, and bawdy enough to hold my attention close, but Ray Nelson's letter promoted symptoms of nausea. This sort of thing may be all right for private correspondence, but publishing it where it is likely to be seen by acquaintances of the girl and her family is all wrong. Especially when her identity has no more safeguards than you have given her. I'll bet the word spreads like wildfire among those delightful Michifen Alger described a mailing or so back.

Better get acquainted with the libel laws, Hal. This sort of thing is definitely actionable.

The rest of the issue was fascinating stuff, especially the account of the goings-on at Indian Lake. Hope my wife doesn't read it though, or I never will get to a convention. Incidentally, this was pretty well done, considering it was written directly on stencil.

BLACKLIST

I can't quite see what is wrong with wanting to fondle cuddlesome little critters, and I doubt that such an urge is in itself an indication of homosexual tendencies, as your discussion of Pogo-type illos seems to imply. I do agree that this widespread imitation is undesirable, because of the lack of originality it implies. Although I'm wild about Walt Kelly's Pogo, his imitators haven't the same spark. They're subduing their own personalities to produce pale shadows of the Master. I'd much rather see plain, unadulterated Fan, which is what I am in SAPS for. Pogo I can get at the bookstore.

See here, Black! That sentence you quoted from the comic book doesn't sound a bit like something I might write. Except in headings, I never underlined a word in caps in my life!

HOW LOW CAN A FAN GET?

Apparently indignation makes Alice incoherent, just like me. It appears there have been great ructions in Michigan (as when aren't there?) involving letters, hoaxes, apologies, counter-apologies, etc. But I can't quite figure out from this just who did what to whom, or why whom got mad about it. Must have been hot down there in Missouri.

WARHOON

It's a long time since I saw one of these rather dreary little pieces about the farmer and the bathroom; they don't improve with age. I suppose everyone reaches the stage when that's funny; unfortunately a great many people never pass it. I imagine Dick will, though.

This issue was a mixture reproductionwise. Several pages were neatly laid out, well typed, and except for the unjustified right margins looked as professional as anything else in the mailing. The balance is about as amateurish and scrappy as you can get. I suspect that Dick had his issue nicely planned and executed, and then decided to enlarge it at the last minute. Most of the poor pages were probably written on the master.

Most enjoyable article was the Education of a Fan Artist, which I intend to read to Vera some day when she becomes a fan. That reducing glass is a brand new gadget to me -- sounds like just the thing to read Gold Medal books through. One thing puzzles me, though, your remark that you couldn't seem to get enough money together to buy pen points. What are they made of, platinum? Speedball points cost 10¢ the copy; what more does one need?

DZYAN

Try as I may, I can find nothing to interest me in these reviews Coswal

(11)

DZYAN (continued)

except my own amazement at the fact that he can spend so much time on the stuff. At the age of 33 I should know enough not to be surprised at any daft thing people do to persuade themselves they're leading happy lives. But apparently I don't.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE

This is a captivating title; I wonder someone hasn't used it before. Mailing comments are adequate. At least you give some idea of what you're talking about, which newcomers sometimes fail to do.

I gather you have lately been exposed to a course in French (High School?) from the little tags scattered here and there. Excuse my mentioning it, but there are a great many people who consider it good form to italicize words in a foreign language. In typed material, this is indicated by underlining. Also, too much of this sort of thing is objectionable, from my point of view. It's in the same category as name-dropping.

THE THING IN THE BUNDLE

I hope you're not trying to start a feud with your article It's Funny. I fear you would be hopelessly outmatched. Maintaining a feud is, I suspect, more wearing than one would imagine. Probably, feuds go on from sheer inertia, long after both participants and bystanders are weary of it. Please don't be one of these characters who is mad at somebody all the time.

Justified margins are very pretty and improve the appearance of a page tremendously. But the effect is marred when the extra spaces necessary to achieve a straight line occur just before the last word in the line. As, for example, in the sixth paragraph of It's Funny. To do justice to your work, make a dummy. Then when you stencil, it's simplicity itself to spread the extra spaces throughout the line.

"At what age, Doctor, should I tell my child about mastication?"

"The day I will be married, oh, the sky it will be blue
And buds they will be burstin' on the blackthorn and the yew,
The birds they will be singin' and the wather gently flow.,
By the bushes by the briars beside the banks of Caherlo.

That day I will be airy like a butterfly on the run,
With me toes I'll pluck the daisies and I'll hop and skip and hum,
I will bind my hair with bluebells and I'll meet him when I go
By the bushes by the briars beside the banks of Caherlo."

--- Walter Macken

(12)

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Laney . . ."



Assail the gates, ye hordes,
Bent upon destruction.
Burst them asunder
Send the thunder
Of your fear-born hate
Into the city of the temple.
You will find nothing
But empty buildings
And no temple.
For we have built our temple
Where you can never find it.
We people our armour no more
And our walls hold emptiness.
You in your frustrated rage
Call it cowardly retreat
And rail upon us to fight.
But we have gone to tend
Our temple fires
Where you cannot quench them
Nor mend the tenders.
The fires shall live on
In their hidden place
While you shall die,
Worn by your own thundering --
All your rage and sundering
Gone for naught.

Carolyn Bunce

BUT NOT FOR LOVE

His ears hurt.

That was the outstanding and most constant impression among the myriad aches, pains, twinges, smartings, itches, and thirsts that beset Jimmy when he awoke that Saturday morning. Recalling similar awakenings, he kept his eyes fast shut, and after only a moment's fumbling found and removed the glasses in which he had slept. Verifying by touch that they were still intact he relaxed, eyes still closed, and reluctantly allowed memories of the previous night to seep into his consciousness.

He'd cashed his weekly paycheck, paid his roomrent, treated himself to a steak, shaved, showered, put on his good suit, and gone out on the town. He had fallen in with a group of soldiers and gals at the local Elbow Room, and gone on with them to one of the after-hours bottle clubs. Events thereafter lapsed into a wild montage of evanescent scenes: haggling with a cab driver over the price of two fifths of whisky, a disagreement with Marines at the next table, amazement at the stripteaser's luminescent G-string, and a wild, careening ride through empty streets. After that, oblivion.

Can't lie here all day, he told himself sternly. Wincing, he forced his eyelids apart and surveyed his tiny cellar room. All three lights blazed merrily; his hat hung rakishly from the corner of his framed Finlay original, trousers dripped from a chair, and the good coat was flung over the foot of the cot. A stack of aSF's leaned drunkenly against the desk lamp, the topmost brown and scorched from the heat of the bulb. At this sight he was enabled to rise. Rescue accomplished, he became conscious of other stimuli; fortunately, his bathrobe was in its accustomed place behind the door.

Back from the hall bathroom, it occurred to him to wonder how much had been spent last night. Fifteen minutes later he sat back and looked at the results of his stocktaking.

Item: one empty wallet (noting the absence of a certain accessory normally carried therein, he wondered just how much of the previous evening he had forgotten.) item: three partially punched meal tickets. item: eleven cents and a streetcar token, plus a trade token worth twenty-five cents at any of several stores in Juneau, Alaska. item: one empty matchfolder with "Anna" and a number that looked as though it had been written in the dark, under water.

Disconsolately he reviewed his situation. It could be much worse, he decided. The meal tickets would carry him almost through the week and with luck he could count on two or three meals at the home of married friends. There were three clean shirts left, and he could walk to and from work by getting up half an hour earlier. Thank Ghu, he was not a smoker. As for amusement -- there were no movies coming that he wanted to see, he was behind with correspondence, and the fellow down the hall was always ready for a bull session. As a last resort, he could kill an evening cleaning his room.

At this thought he turned and looked about; the dismaying clutter on all sides spurred him to action. Something to eat would make him feel better, and give him needed energy to tackle the mess. Besides, he needed razor blades. Hastily he donned sport shirt and slacks, turned out the lights, and locked the door behind

him. With an almost jaunty pace he struck off downtown.

* * * * *

The pert waitress punched 85¢ worth of hamburger, malted milk, and apple pie and handed the ticket back to Jimmy with a smile. He picked a handful of toothpicks up and slipped them into his hip pocket for future fingernail cleaning. Pushing through the swinging door he sauntered idly up the street. It was a beautiful day, he decided, neither too hot nor too cold and the sun shining like a Galaxy cover. Much too nice a day to spend in a basement, and besides, he'd been neglecting the bookshops lately -- that was not the way to build up a collection.

First stop, St. Vincent de Paul. One seldom found anything in this particular branch, but it never paid to pass up an opportunity, and as long as he was in the vicinity ... Inside it was as he expected, nothing there in the line of fantasy that he didn't already have, and darned little else worth looking at. He paused over a new Mickey Spillane, but passed it up because he already had three copies. In reaching up to one of the higher shelves he tripped over a cardboard carton previously unnoticed -- obviously new acquisitions waiting to be shelved. A gleam of color inside the half opened cover caught his eye; he bent and opened it wide. What were these? Hmm...not comic books after all...ASTOUNDINGS! Great Scott! (Montana, he added with an inner giggle.) A whole boxfull of the old, large-size Astoundings lay before his dazzled eyes. And, as his eye caught an unusual yellow backstrip, he realized that here were also some Unknowns. In mint condition, too, just as they must have come from the newsstand years before. His mind was a whirl of conflicting notions, wonder who had 'em and why he got rid of them, prob'ly got married or died, poor guy, wonder how much they're asking, will they hold them for me, how much of a deposit is required, WHERE CAN I GET SOME CASH?



With trembling hands he folded the covers back over the gleaming hoard, placed another box on top of his treasure trove, and darted to the front of the store to buttonhole a saleswoman. No, they never held things for people, this was a cash-and-carry business, first come first served. Sure, he could talk to the manager, here he came now.

Jimmy stammered his request; the manager regarded him with pursed lips. Apparently the eagerness in Jimmy's face was persuasive, for all the signs of acquiescence appeared as the manager opened his lips to reply. He was interrupted by a hearty bellow.

"Say, mate, how much for these books?"

The speaker was a bull-necked, heavy handed giant with tattooed arms, in which reposed the BOX. He hoisted the box to the counter with the aid of his companion, who now turned to him in remonstrance.

"For cripes sake, Stan, whaddya want to load us down with this junk for? We were gonna have us a time tonight, remember?"

"Why, hell, we can take it right back to the ship -- it won't take long in a cab. I used to read the stuff when I was a kid, and want to look it over just for kicks. After all, it isn't like it was worth anything. I can just toss it over the side when I'm through with it. Or give it to the purser; he's queer for this crap -- sends it hometo his sister to keep for him. How much, Mac?"

This last was for the manager, who said, "Well, they're a nickel apiece, but this gentleman here was just asking about them. He has prior claim if . . ."

Under the three pairs of eyes that turned on him, Jimmy would have been unable to sneeze, let alone speak. He made a negative whuffle in his suddenly dry throat, and shook his head forlornly.

Stan seized the box and upended it; its contents spilled helter-skelter over the counter and overflowed onto the floor.

"Here, mate, gimme some of that twine." Stan began hustling the magazines into four stacks and with quick economical motions wrapped them round with twine, cinching it tight. Jimmy cringed as a cover ripped across. With misty eyes he found his way to the door and stumbled down the street until he found a doorstep to which his weakened knees thankfully lowered him. Oblivious to passing time, he sat numbly until the pair of seamen passed before his fixed gaze, a bundle of magazines in each hand. Drawn as by a magnet, he rose and followed them.

Three blocks down the street they paused and held colloquy, then entered a tavern. Nose pressed against the window, Jimmy watched the pair as they stood appraising the situation.

"Stan, baby!" A flossy blonde slipped from her bar stool and scurried toward the grinning sailor. Stan flung his bundles to the winds, wrapped his arm around the blonde's waist and whirled her around, exhibiting a gratifying length of white thigh. But Jimmy saw not; he was watching a bundle skitter across the floor to violent collision with a spittoon . . .

* * * *

Jimmy emerged from a blind fog of misery to find himself wandering down an unpaved street in the industrial district. "How'd I get here?" he wondered dully, "Better get those blades and get home." The day was no longer beautiful; clouds cloaked the sun's rays, and a chill wind had arisen. Sullen, resentful, distraught, he retraced his steps until a drugstore impinged on his field of vision. Entering he went by force of habit to the magazine stand. To his surprise and dismay, there gleamed a brand-new Galaxy, by its side was a hitherto unseen aSF and wonder of wonders, the third of the triumvirate, The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction. A buck-and-a-nickle's worth of golden words; the apex of his desire. How, oh how could he wait a whole week?

The Galaxy drew his eyes. What a cover! Who's the artist, Emsh? Yeah, sure it is. And look at the line-up this month, would you! Blish, Leiber, Kornbluth

He was on page 17 when a hand fell roughly on his shoulder and a raucous voice said "Say, fella, what's the matter with you? I spoke to you three times already. Are you gonna buy that magazine or aintcha? This ain't a library, you know."

Jimmy put the magazine back tenderly and marched defiantly to the door, where he turned and shouted, "Aw, drop dead!"; then hurried up the street while he composed withering repartee calculated to make its target do just that. Still seething, he entered another drugstore, dropped his dime on the counter, and scooped up a package of blades. Anger carried him out to the sidewalk again before it ebbed, leaving him drained of all emotion. His head ached and his chest hurt; his very bones were weary. Might as well go home, he thought, there's nothing for me downtown.

After a seemingly interminable wait, he climbed aboard his bus and went directly to the rear seat whence he stared fixedly with lacklustre eyes while the bus jockeyed through the Saturday afternoon traffic. A shout from outside drew

his attention to the window; dully he recognized the two sailors of his earlier encounter skylarking on the sidewalk. They had acquired female companions. As Jimmy watched, Stan yelled "Catch!" and tossed a package of magazines to his buddy some yards away. That worthy, having his hands full, blithely watched them sail past and plop to the concrete. The twine gave way and magazines slithered over the sidewalk. The light turned green, the bus pulled away, and the last glimpse Jimmy had showed him a reeling Stan piling magazines high in the arms of a giggling girl.

Now the day had darkened in earnest. They were in the residential section now; the houses seemed shabby, gimcrack affairs with windows like soft chancres, from which straggled grimy curtains. The lawns were trampled by children, mean, scrofulous, quarreling children, products of squalid couplings in unmade beds with gray sheets, whose shouts were like the squeaking of chalk on reform-school blackboards. Disreputable flivvers driven by moronic, disembodied faces kept pace with the bus for a space, their occupants staring up at Jimmy in insulting curiosity.

Jimmy withdrew to a self-sealing cocoon of woe within which he gave himself up to a melange of bitternesses in which the "if only's" and "Goddammit's" gradually gave way to "wish-I-was-dead's" which went round and round in narrowing spirals until they became the center and core of his remaining consciousness. From this slough of despond he presently roused to find he had ridden three blocks past his stop. In his depressed condition this assumed aggravation out of all proportion and he thrust both hands deep in his empty pockets to keep from doing damage to himself. Empty? Not quite ... oh yes, the razor blades. Just for something to do he pulled the package out and studied it idly. Single-edged, hollow ground -- single edged! But his was a double-edged razor!

This was the last and final push over the edge. All at once it seemed no longer worthwhile to continue the struggle against the inexorable disappointments and frustrations he was experiencing. Almost of their own volition his hands picked open the cellophane and plucked out a blade. As if it were an avant-garde movie, he watched the blade drawn across his left wrist, then tossed out the window with a finicky gesture. A fresh blade performed the same service for the other wrist; and he held both hands between his knees and watched his life run out. Presently the ruby flood no longer interested him; drowsiness overtook him and he slipped to the floor with his cheek in the crimson pool that washed back and forth with each sway of the bus.

Vagrant pictures floated through the haze that enveloped him. Once again he experienced the furtive thrill of his first Brundage cover, rode with Conan through the Cimmerian plains, thought Green Thoughts with Collier -- a slash of pain in his wrist brought him back to reality. A blurred green something floated within an inch of his eyes; he made an agonized effort to focus on it. The mists cleared -- it was a crumpled five-dollar bill. His luck had changed!

The realization brought a resurgence of vitality. He scrabbled against the floor; he was too weak to raise his head. He filled his lungs to cry for help; simultaneously a lurch of the bus swept a full gill of blood into his mouth together with the bill. The strangling sensation lasted only a second. There was time to wonder what would become of his Finlay before he plummeted down to the final dark.

...THE...



...END...

LISTEN TO ME WORLD!

Listen to me World!
I have things to say,
Small, intimate things.
Stop this din!
Let a whisper be heard.
Sometimes beauty whispers
Softly -- softly.
Listen to me whisper beauty.

POEMS

SOPHISTICATED LADY

"Love's a music master."
Chloe smiled at me
And lifted one dark eyebrow, charmingly.
"What songs he makes the world of lovers sing!"
She sipped her tea
and waited, charmingly,
For me to make comparison.
How could I say that she
Is but a gilded powder box?
Lift up the lid;
No matter who you be,
It plays the same thin, tinkling tune,
Charmingly.

A POET TO HIS BELOVED

Look! even as I grieve with you,
I catch your teardrops one by one
To lay like diamonds in the sun.
(Where is the pearly innocence of dew?)

Look! when you feel the weight of things,
I cradle your unconscious sigh
As one would hold a butterfly.
(Where is the velvet thrill of struggling wings?)

LAMENT IN AUTUMN

Last night I asked for Spring.
You gave me reddened berries on a wall
To look upon. You gave me tall,
Sky-reaching trees with leaves that fall
Reluctantly. All these are lovely,
But I asked for Spring.

My
HEAVENLY
WISDOMS

THE RELATIVE VALUES
OF OFF-TRAIL
PULP MAGAZINES

It was suggested in a fan magazine of 1952 vintage that there could be set up a listing of fantasy magazines of a comparative value type, in which the magazines would be grouped into categories according to their values to each other, with actual prices ignored in this particular compilation. And further, that the magazines could be separated again by year dates.

Apparently this listing, if successful, was believed to be of potential value in trading amongst the fans themselves because of the difficulty in reconciling cash values, the determination of which has evoked endless controversy between fans and dealers alike.

Even so the following compilation based on the analysis of comparative price differentiation between four nationally known fantasy magazine dealers will offer at best only a suggestion for trades, and cannot be considered in any sense as representing to be more than that.

In the following listings, "(1935x#1)" means "all magazines published during 1935 except the 1st issue," the letter x representing "except."

- /A/ WEIRD TALES (3/23); Thrill Book (3/1/19)
- /B/ Tales of Magic & Mystery (12/27)
- /C/ WEIRD TALES (1923x#1); Thrill Book (1919x#1); Tales of Magic & Mystery(1928)
- /D/ WEIRD TALES (1924)
- /E/ WEIRD TALES (1925)
- /F/ WEIRD TALES (1926); Uncanny Tales (USA, 1939-40); Real Mystery Magazine (1940); Terror Tales (9/34); Horror Stories (1/35); Mystery Magazine (11/15/17)
- /G/ WEIRD TALES (1927); Amazing Annual (1927); Miracle, Science & Fantasy (4/31); Terror Tales (1934x#1, 1935); Horror Stories (1935x#1); Eerie Tales (Can., 7/41); Mystery Tales (1938-40); Spicy Mystery (7/34); AMAZING (4/26)
- /H/ WEIRD TALES (1928-29); ASTOUNDING (1/30); Terror Tales (1936-37); Horror Stories (1936-37); UNKNOWN (3/39); Thrilling Mysteries (4/35); Miracle, Science (6/31); Marvel Tales (5/40); Sinister Stories (1940)
- /I/ WEIRD TALES (1930); ASTOUNDING (1930x#1); UNKNOWN (1939x#1); Mystery Magazine (1917x#1-26); Witch's Tales (1936); Amazing Quarterly (1928); Spicy Mystery (1934x#1); Oriental Stories (1930-32); Strange Tales (1931-33); Terror Tales (1938-7/40); Horror Stories (1938-5/40)
- /J/ WEIRD TALES (1931-36); ASTOUNDING (1931-32); AMAZING (1926x#1); UNKNOWN(1940); Scientific Detective (1/30); Amazing Quarterly (1929-30); Eerie Stories(8/37); Famous Fantastic Mysteries (9/39); Fantastic Novels (1940-41); Flash Gordon (12/36); Horror Stories (8/40-41); Terror Tales (9/40-41); Magic Carpet(1933-34); Marvel Tales (12/40); Myself & Mind Magic (1931); Science Wonder Quarterly (Fa/29); Scoops (Eng., 1934); Thriller Quarterly (ca. 1919); Mystery Novels & Short Stories (1939-40); Real Spicy Horror Stories (4/37); Spicy Mystery (1935-7/40); Startling Mystery (1940)

- K/ ASTOUNDING (1933-35); AMAZING (1927); Amazing Quarterly (1931-32); Air Wonder (7/29); Famous Fantastic Mysteries (1939x#1); (Science) Wonder Quarterly (1930); ASTOUNDING (1942-4/43)
- L/ WEIRD TALES (1937); ASTOUNDING (1936-37); Scientific/Amazing Detective (1930x#1); AMAZING (1928-31); Amazing Quarterly (1933-34); Dr. Death (1935); Dime Mystery (1936-38); Fam. Fant. Myst. (1940-41); Fantastic Adventures (5/39); Ghost Stories (1936-27); Ka-Zar (1936-37); Wonder Quarterly (1931); Mystery Magazine/Stories (1927-30); Terence X. O'Leary's War Birds (1935); Thrilling Mystery (1935-36); UNKNOWN (1941-43); True Strange Stories (1929); True Mystic Crimes (1930-31); Science Wonder (6/29); (New) Mystery Adventures (1935-37); Mystic Confessions (1937); Mystic Magazine (1930-31)
- M/ ASTOUNDING (1938-41); AMAZING (1932-33); Air Wonder (1929x#1, 1930); Dime Mystery (1932-35); Fam. Fant. Myst. (1942); Fantastic Adventures (1939x#1); Wonder Quarterly (1932); WONDER (1929x#1); Uncanny Tales (Can., 1940-45); Master Thriller (Eng., 1938); Mystery Novels (1932-35); Strange Detective Mysteries (1937-39); True Mystic Science (1938-39); Marvel (8/38)
- N/ WEIRD TALES (1938-40); ASTOUNDING (5/43-1944); AMAZING (1934-35); Arkham Sampler (1948-49); Black Cat (1895-1920); Fam. Fant. Myst. (1943-44); Fantastic Adventures (1940); Fantasy (Eng., 1938-39); Ghost Stories (1928-32); Captain Future (Wi/40); Golden Fleece (1938-39); Marvel (11/38-8/39); New Worlds (Eng., #1); Planet (Wi/39); Wonder Quarterly (Wi/33); Doc Savage (1933); Startling (1/39); Stirring (3/42); Strange Stories (1939-41); Super Science (3/40); Tales of Terror (Eng., 1938); Tales of the Uncanny (Eng., 1938); Tales of Wonder (Eng., 1937-39); Thrilling Mystery (1937-38); Ace Mystery (1936-37); Tales of Crime & Punishment (Eng., 1938); Thrills (Eng., 1937); WONDER (1930-31); Uncanny Stories (1941); Weird Story (Eng., 1940); Astounding (Eng., 1939-45); Unknown (Eng., 1939-45); Captain Hazard (1938); Dr. Yen Sin (all); Wu Fang (1935-36); Mystery Novels (1936); Octopus (all); Scorpion (1939); Secret Agent X (1934); Spicy Mystery (1940 (7)-42); Strange Detective Mysteries (1940); Unusual Stories (1934-35); Strange Detective Mysteries (Can., all); Strange Detective Stories (all)
- O/ WEIRD TALES (1941-43); ASTOUNDING (1945); AMAZING (1936-40); WONDER (1932-36); Argosy/All-Story/Cavalier (18 -1919); Astonishing (2/40); Astonishing (Can., 1942); Captain Future (1940x#1); Comet (12/40); Cosmic (1941); Dynamic (1939); Dime Mystery (1939-40); Fam. Fant. Myst. (1945); Fate (1948); Fireside Ghost (Eng., 1938); GALAXY (10/50); Ghost & Goblins (Eng., 1938); Marvel Tales (1934-35); New Worlds (Eng., 1946x#1-47); Operator #5 (1934-39); Outlands (Eng., 1946); Planet (1940-42); Science Fiction Quarterly (1940-43); Science Fiction (Eng., 1939); Spider (1933); Doc Savage (1934-35); Startling (1939x#1); Stirring (1941); Super Science (3/41, 11/41); Super Science (Can., 1942-45); Tales of Wonder (Eng., 1940-42); Weird Tales (Can., 1942-45); Strange Detective Mysteries (1941-43); Weird Tales (Eng., 1942); G-8 & His Battle Aces (1933-37); Secret Agent X (1935-39); Secret Six (all); Startling Mystery (Eng.), Sinister Stories (Eng.), Terror Tales (Eng.), Horror Stories (Eng.)---all 1951-52 ca. reprint editions.
- P/ WEIRD TALES (1944-45); ASTOUNDING (1946); AMAZING (1941-44); Doc Savage (1936-37); Dime Mystery (1941-42); Captain Future (1941-42); Comet (1941); Fantastic Adventures (1941-44); New Worlds (Eng., 1949); Planet (1943); Shadow (1931-33); Spider (1934-43); Startling (1940); Thrilling Mystery (1939); THRILLING WONDER (1936-38)

/Q/ WEIRD TALES (1946-47); ASTOUNDING (1947-48); AMAZING (1945); Argosy (1920-29); Astonishing (1940x#1-43); Captain Future (1943-44); Cavalier Classics (1940); Doc Savage (1938-44); Dime Mystery (1943-46); Fam. Fant. Mysts. (1946); Fantastic Adventures (1945); Fantasy (Eng., 1946-47); Avon Fantasy Reader (#1-#5); Fate (1949); Fantasy Book (#1-#2); Future (1939-43); Futuristic Tales (Eng., 1946); Marvel (11/40, 4/41); All-Story (1920-29); Planet (1944-45); Red Star Mystery (1940); Red Star Adventures (1940-41); Science Fiction (1939-45); Shadow (1934-37); Startling (1941-45); Strange Tales (Eng., 1946); Super Science (1940-43x#1,x3/41,x11/41); Thrilling Mystery (1940-44); THRILLING WONDER (1939-44); Unknown (Eng., 1946-50); Astounding (Eng., 1946-50); Weird Tales (Can., 1946-48); Yankee Science Fiction (Eng., 1942); Yankee Weird Shorts (Eng., 1942); G-8 & His Battle Aces ((1938-40); Speed Mystery (1943-45)

/R/ WEIRD TALES (1948); ASTOUNDING (1949); AMAZING (1946); Argosy (1930-43); Blue Book (1930-48); Dime Mystery (1947-49); 15 Mystery (1950); Fam. Fant. Mysts. (1947-49); Fantastic Adventures (1946); Fantastic Novels (1948-49); Fantasy Book (#3-#5); New Worlds (Eng., 1950-to date); Planet (1946-48); Shadow (1938-42); Startling (1946); THRILLING WONDER (1945-46); G-8 & His Battle Aces (1941-44); Strange Adventures (Eng., 1946-47)

/S/ ASTOUNDING (1950); AMAZING (1947-48); Doc Savage (1945-47); Fantastic Adventures (1947-48); Shadow (1943-46); Startling (1947); THRILLING WONDER (1947); Top-Notch (most); Occult Shorts (Eng., ca.1945)

As noted previously, there are many exceptions to these classifications. The comparative values of various years of ASTOUNDING, for example, varies a great deal, depending upon treatment of serialized novels by hardcover publishers in contemporary times. The Clayton issues are in disrepute at one moment and in high popularity at another. At the moment the large-sized issues of 1942 through April, 1943 are bringing higher prices than issues published some years before.

Within the year classifications there are variations also, with individual prices being determined by diverse factors: desirability, availability, etc. These factors fluctuate too rapidly to be more than hinted at in this index. Certain variations in MARVEL SCIENCE/TALES have been noted; and two issues of SUPER SCIENCE containing above average novels have been set aside from the others. As for the large number of other exceptions, these must be treated individually by the parties involved.

There remain a few other points for comment. It should be noted that the THRILLING MYSTERIES in section H, is unrelated to THRILLING MYSTERY in section L and following; that there is no relation between the MARVEL TALES of 1934-35 and the MARVEL TALES of 1939-40, the latter being a re-titling of MARVEL SCIENCE for two well-spiced issues. And the horror magazines included leaned heavily on fantasy and science fiction in late 1933 through 1935, and after the July, 1940 issues. In between rationalized endings and sex torture were featured in varying degrees.

Value-conscious readers can determine approximate cash values from the section letters: 2C: F; 2F: J; 2J: M; 5J: Q; etc. (wm n austin 2I.ix.52.)

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(concluded from page 3)

into the ranks, editing a terse word here, a questionable connotation there, ever wielding the whip of righteous indignation, and all the time watering down their pneumatic brakes with generalities about Ghod, taxes and the weather. Again, the revolution! Big wheels, little wheels---spinning! And from the dirt lower than dust there was birthed another apa, the Masticator's Amateur Magazine Amalgamation.

For the first time in history we had the unique situation where all the MAMA's were men, and all the PAPA's, women. It was at this moment, by the way, that after a long, illustrious history the Spectator Amateur Press Society ceased to exist, proving only that like everything else, all good things must have an
END.