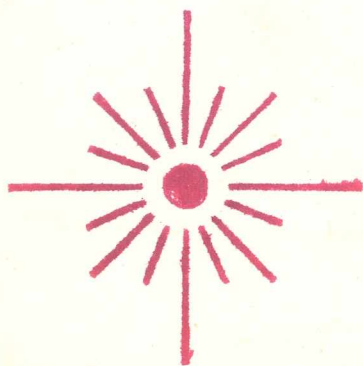
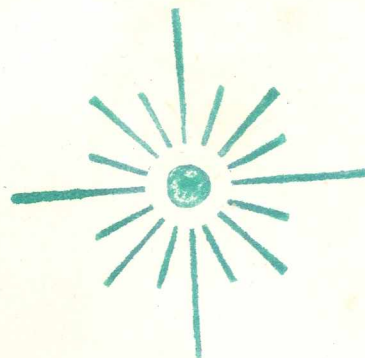
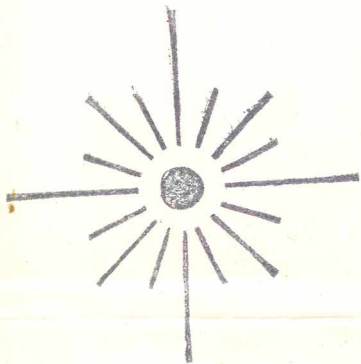
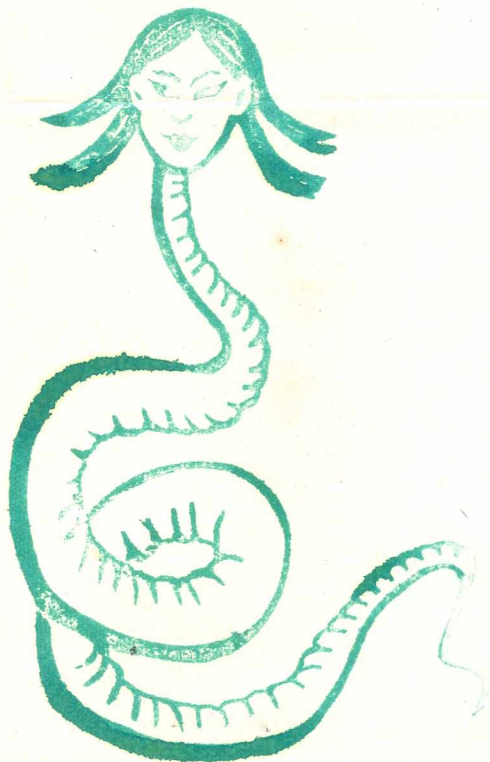
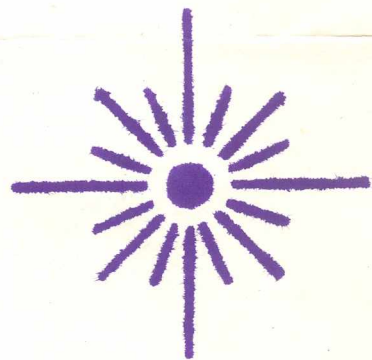
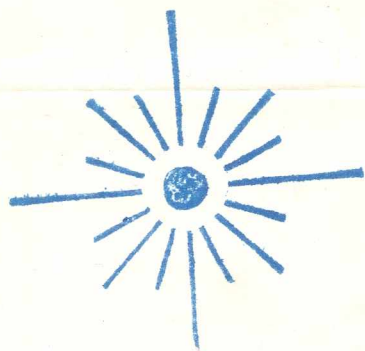
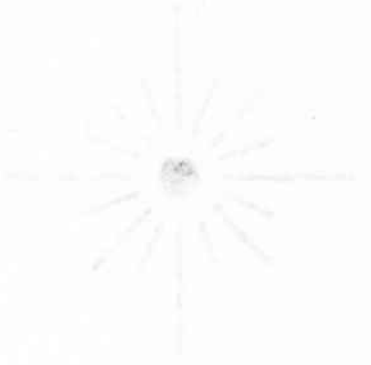
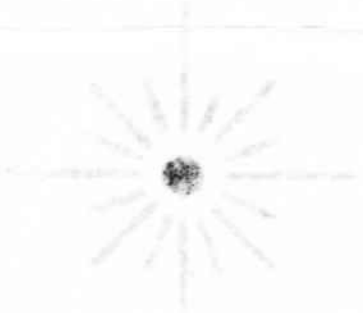


SCATAALOG



#1

SCOTT'S



SCATALOG #1 is bashfully presented to COMPA for inclusion in the 26th mailing thereof. (I think we'll make it if we hurry.)

The cat over here to the east has been bowdlerized by the signboard hanging from his tail. SCAT is a family magazine & will tolerate no vulgarity. No kidding.

Letters of comment are invited & will possibly comprise a future letter section. I mean, why should I compose all this ~~great~~ literature when my readers can do it for me? DNQs will be honored. I am too old to be starting feuds.

Contributions are also urgently needed. You don't believe me? Just turn a few pages.

CONTENTS:

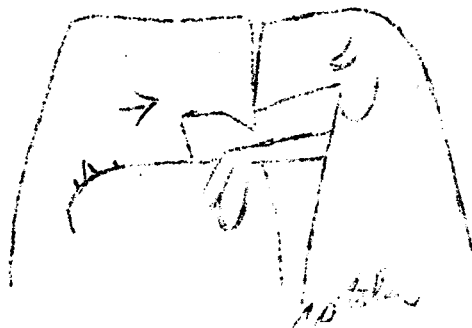
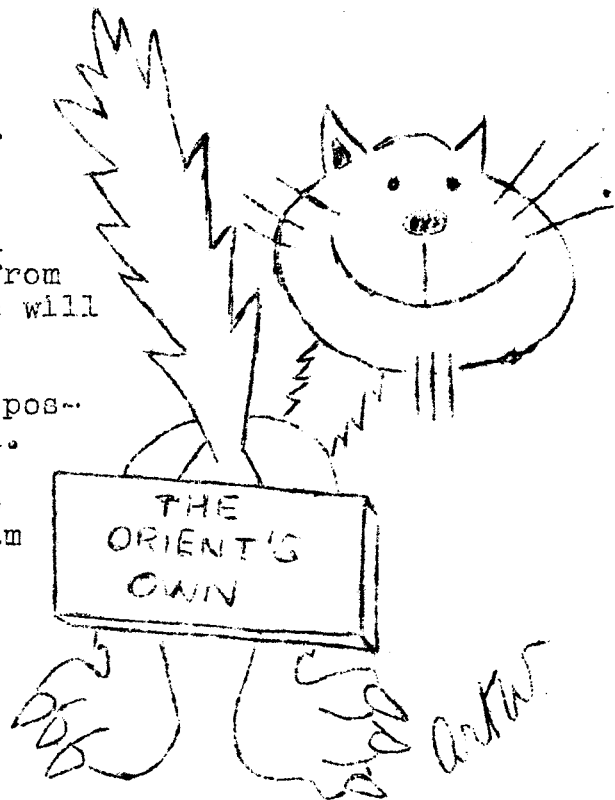
Page 3 will explain the cover, but not necessarily excuse it. Pages 4, 5, 6 & 7 contain diarrhetic verbage from your kindly, dandruff-covered old editor. I keep telling you, I need contributions.

Pages 8 & 9 consist of book reviews; skip them if you like. After all, who reads books?

Page 10 is a short-short story; not short enough perhaps but possibly the last piece of fan-fiction which will appear in SCAT. I don't happen to like fan-fiction.

WM ROTSLER is contributing artist this & occurs on pages 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7. I happen to like Rotsler. If he does not look good herein, send the bombs to me. The originals are pretty.

Mimeographing done by LLOYD CARPENTER, a good man & true, even tho a non-fan. I do plan to ~~sub~~ convert him.



"Is this where I subscribe to SCATALOG?"

SCATALOG #1 is for inclusion in the 26th mailing of the OFF TRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, if we make it. Otherwise it is for the 27th mailing. Sixty additional copies will go to various other fannish types & Good People. Bombs & Fearless Attacks should be sent to Art Wilson, c/o CAT, Kaitak Airport, Kowloon, Hongkong. For non-Ompans; be happy to trade for your zine or letter of comment. I need contributions, as any fool can plainly see. No fiction, please. Articles, poetry, drawings & like that. SCAT is not serious & any attempt to make it so will be dealt with. Don't send money; I have reason to believe it is going out of style.

- 0 -

The cover is rubber-stamped. The stamps were carved by me. In short, there are so many man-hours in the cover that future covers will probably not be rubber-stamped. The snake lady is from Chinese mythology. Her name is Nü Kua Shih, alias Nü Wa, alias Nü Hsi. According to one version, she (or he) is credited with having been the creator of human beings when the earth first emerged from Chaos. She (or he) "moulded yellow earth & made man." Not an easy trick for an armless lady. This legend is not in good repute at the present time. Perhaps someday I shall tell about the popular one.

Credit for the star-burst design surrounding Nü Kua Shih goes to Roger Horrocks, whom I do hear is gone gafia. It won't do. It really does sadden me when fen go permanently gafia.

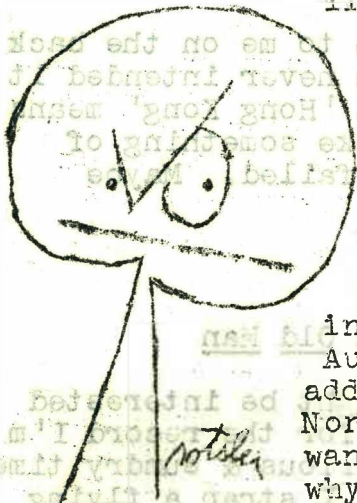


Art

noted 3

The Old Man Continues to Yak

fen. So naturally I wrote to him. Those of you who remember PEON will recall that it was immaculate; Lee had justified margins & in general a sober, sedate & irreproachable zine. I assumed that most fanzines followed this general format. I had a lot to learn. Apparently Lee is completely gafia now, a condition which I regret very much. Before he left us, he got me to corresponding with Jeannot Linard, he of Vesoul. Jeannot it was who thought I should publish something. That was three years ago. Did I say something about being lazy?



notisler

Fandom is fun. I've never met nicer, friendlier people anywhere, even though I've yet to meet a fellow fan face-to-face. This is a condition which I hope will be corrected before this issue of SCAT gets to you all. As this is being dummied (Sept 26 1960, Year of the Rat) Mervyn Barrett, he of New Zealand fandom, is sitting in Hongkong & has been since Aug 12. I am at my publishing address of 47A Chung Shan Road North Section III Taipei Taiwan Free China. One may ask; why do I use Hongkong as an editorial address when I actually live in Formosa? It's a good question & I'm glad it was brought up. So CAT is busy just now & can't spare me, therefore the Hongkong SF Convention (HongKon) has been temporarily postponed. So stop whining, Wilson. Merv tells me that he will be there until Nov 19 or so; c/o Kowloon P.O., Kowloon, Hongkong.



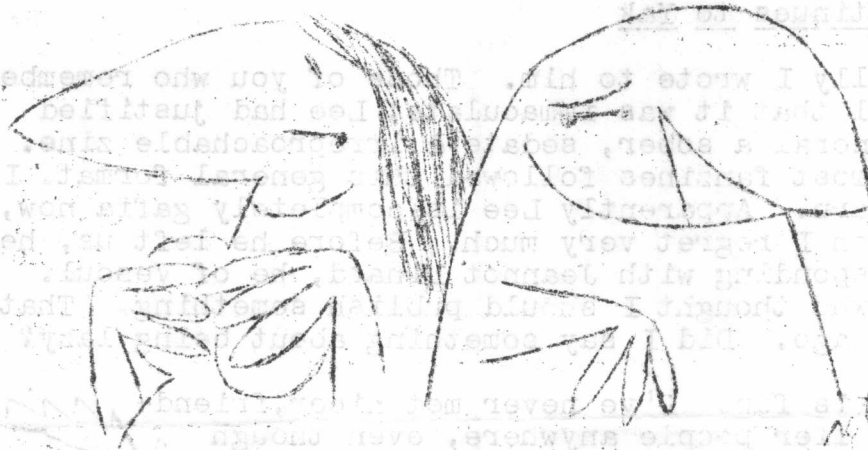
LINN MAE.

Actually the Mystic Orient is loaded with fans. Why, there's Mervyn in Hongkong, me in Taipei & Helen Wesson in Yokohama. Helen & I have been, to use her expression, playing musical chairs about the Orient for several years, all without ever having actually met. Yet. But by the time you read this, I piously hope.

A digression; the drawing up there on the right is by my daughter, aged six. Really. I didn't add a thing. I don't know about that kid. Guess they come on like precocious these days.

But back to Helen Wesson, who is a good FAPAN.

HONG YOUR KONG, BABY?



This delightful illustration came to me on the back of an envelope from Wm Rotsler; perhaps he never intended it for publication but I couldn't pass it up. 'Hong Kong' means 'Fragrant Harbor.' I've been trying to make something of this translated punchline but so far have failed. Maybe some one of my esteemed readers?

- 0 -

A Portrait of the Editor as an Old Man

Ron Bennett thinks that fandom might be interested in how I earn my living. I disagree, but for the record I'm a commercial pilot. This means that at various & sundry times, & at the urging of my ever-loving company, I strap a flying machine to my ponderous haunches & roar into the murk carrying either passengers or cargo or a combination thereof. Aside from cutting drastically into fanac, flying has been described as 99 per cent utter boredom & one per cent sheer panic. I'm not sure anymore whether I drifted into flying because of my laziness or whether the laziness is a result of eighteen years of flying. Whichever, my favorite position is horizontal. Second favorite position, seated.

How do people get all involved with fandom, anyway? Apparently they start reading that crazy Buck Rogers stuff & start writing to each other & away we go. In 1952 there was a splendid pulp available in Swindon's Book Store on Nathan Road in Kowloon. (Hi, Mervyn!) This was Startling Stories, & the editor was very good indeed to fans, printing their vapid & frequently insulting letters in toto & running pages of fanzine reviews. Therein I saw a review of PEON in which Charles Lee Riddle stated that PEON was free to overseas

Gadfrey! The Old Man is STILL Yapping

Once long ago & before I knew any better, I stupidly said for publication that I was the only faan in the Far East. Helen was nice enough about it; she merely said that she was not a fan, but the only FAPAN in the Orient. But of course you are a fan, Helen. By definition. See? Here is a public retraction. I am NOT the only fan in the Mystic Orient & it's a good feeling. We Are Not Alone & all like that.

ALANDODDI SNOTAHOAXALANDODDI SNOTAHOAXALANDODDI SNOTAHOAX

But Mervyn Barrett is beginning to suspect that I am. A hoax, that is. Not that I blame him. Sometimes I suspect it myself.

Other near misses in fandom, to date, include the West Coast of the U.S. Every three years, CAT (Civil Air Transport, that is; the Orient's Own) in their infinite benevolence allow us types to take three months of what is known for want of a better expression as "home leave." These jolly holidays are contingent upon operational requirements for flat-footed pilots, & therein is the rub. I generally try to go during June July & August for the simple reason that that is when the house-apes are turned loose from their (giggle) schooling. THIS year, confusion was rampant if you'll

pardon the expression. On July 1, the Orient's Own said that I was on home leave as of July 2. We finally made it to Bremerton, Wash. on July 16.

There I spent three blissful weeks of beer-drinking torpor in my father's house. On Aug 9, all puckered up to meet fandom face-to-face at long last, I picked up my marbles & proceeded to San Francisco. On Aug 10 comes a cable from the Orient's Own saying in effect, come back to work. & that, my dear friends, is how I almost met Jim Caughran, Dick Ellington & all the other Bay Area types of fabulous fandom. Why, I even had scrounged a pass to Los Angeles, to visit those legendary people. Sob.



Be brave, the Old Man is Running Down

So I shall have another whack at West-Coast faandom in 1963. Really. That will be, uh, the Year of the Rabbit. Much better, I hope, than this here Year of the Rat. Not that I'm superstitious, but nevertheless.

One may not realize it from reading this brave dum-mying, but my soul quails at the thought of putting all these complicated notifiers on stencil. I'm still a virgin, stencil-wise.

GIVE EDUCATION TO A MORON, & HE WILL BE AN EDUCATED MORON.



SIDEWAYS THROUGH BOOKSVILLE

Whenever books read & enjoyed seem to warrant it, this column will carry a small review thereof. Books reviewed here will mainly come under my definition of fantasy or SF, although we may occasionally branch out & review some pornography for you. Or a fantastic movie, although I have not seen a good one since 'King Kong'. I shall probably not review much main-line SF here, since it is reviewed better & earlier elsewhere.

MY FIRST TWO THOUSAND YEARS by Viereck & Eldridge.

The legend of the Wandering Jew redone, but well done. You know; Jesus told this smart-alec Isaac to stick around until He returned to earth. Two thousand years later, Isaac (or Cartaphilus) is still waiting but not exactly holding his breath. In fact, despite his protestations of how miserable & unhappy he is, it looks to me as though the kid is having an ever-loving blue-eyed ball. Like, he learns the secret of 'unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged' & other fun & games. Of course he plays touch-tag with Salome, who seems to be the Wandering Jewess. This is a very wise book, based on sound psychology. I doubt if it could be better done, but the Wandering Jew is in the public domain. Theodore Sturgeon, maybe? You?

JURGEN by James Branch Cabell.

Here is a real oldy, first copyright 1919, but still excellent reading. Mr. Cabell subtitles it 'A Comedy of Justice' but I prefer to consider it an ironic parable, filled with double & triple entendres. It is that rarity of stories, one which tells you more upon each re-reading. After my third reading of it I shall review it here again, at length. Be warned.

The DECAMERON by Giovanni Boccaccio, translated by Richard Aldington.

Did I say that JURGEN was an oldy? This one comes on like maybe 15th century. A collection of short stories, mostly about the trials & tribulations of Italian types of medieval times trying (& occasionally succeeding) to get into each other's rompers. No science here; brute strength & Machiavellian intrigue are stressed instead, so this one is classified as a fantasy.

continuing SIDWAYS THROUGH BOOKSVILLE

MATERIALS TOWARD A HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT by H. C. Lea, LL.D.

What I'm trying to say is, if this thing is only "materials toward", I would hate to try wallowing through the complete history of. This comes on like those volumes & over 1500 pages, all dead-dull. What could possibly be the attraction of devil-worship &/or the Black Mass? Perhaps of daring interest to renegade Christians. There are those who claim, probably with justice, that a cult of witchcraft, complete with horned god, preceded Christianity in Europe. If so, the Christians & anti-Christians have swallowed up all their meager folk-lore in a massive welter of propaganda. People have been burned alive for this type of idle chit-chat & I find it all quite silly. Not to mention, painful for the protagonists.

DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER by (probably) Tsao Hsueh Chin & Kuo Ngho, but definitely translated into German by Dr. Franz Kuhn & from him into English by F.&I. McHugh, heaven help us all.

This is one of the Greatest Novels Ever Written & some day I shall read it & review it for you.

CANDIDE by Voltaire;

A hectic story about life in the Middle Ages as seen through the eyes of a young innocent. Not to be considered a juvenile, this novel deals (successfully, I might add) with such knotty problems as cannibalism & fornication. What happens to Candide shouldn't happen to a dog. The book is witty in spots.

GARGANTUA & PANTAGRUEL by Rabelais, put in English for my benefit & yours by Samuel Pymam.

How to describe a book like this? A collection of chapters, each more intriguing than the last, this book roams the tides of humanity with earthy humor. Revenge, lubricity, toilet training; there is something for everyone here. Very difficult to review in a family mag such as SCAT.

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Endeth here book reviews for SCAT #1. Send to your kindly editor the books you want reviewed. He will treat them with the ~~conzid~~ respect they richly deserve.

Herein SCATALOG proudly presents a new short-short by the self-acknowledged master of vivid writing; the man who put Science & Fiction back into science-fiction where they undoubtedly belong. Be our guest & read

MEAT

by

Philip Farmay Hoser

I.

It was raining on Erotika IV when I stepped out of my space-scooter, the Sexual IV. But I didn't notice the rain in my preoccupation with the strange creature which slunk out of the jungle to investigate my arrival. Aside from its weird appearance - it was roughly one meter long, one meter wide & one meter high - my scientific curiosity was excited by the fact that it seemed to have five hundred & twenty sexual organs evenly distributed over its body. I was still examining these organs, purely in a spirit of scientific detachment, when something hit me on the head.

II.

It is still raining here on Erotika IV & will probably rain forever. My space-scooter, the Sexual IV, is rusting badly. I am not too unhappy here. The five hundred & twenty sexual organs which they have grafted onto my body during my unconsciousness are healing nicely. Sometimes I cry for my mother, but then the Mother of the creatures comes & comforts me. She has five hundred & twenty-one sexual organs.

III.

I am gaining weight. This morning as I drank from the brook, it appeared from my reflection that I might be one meter high, one meter long & one meter wide. I am almost happy here. I could be completely happy if I only had a copy of 'Father Freud's Old Gypsy Dream Book.'

- END -

Author's Note: I am getting sick & tired of critics accusing me of writing 'sexy novels' & hanging it all on a thin thread of science-fiction. In the past I have ably defended myself by proving that sex was a major & integral part of a valid science-fictional story. In the above story, I prove that I can write a sexy short-short story & hang it all on a thin thread of science-fiction.

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PRINTED MATTER

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ART WILSON & C. A. T.
KAITAK, AIRPORT KOLDOON
HONG KONG, B. C. C.



A. V. Clarke
No 1 Pepys Road
New Cross
London S.E. 14



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