

C E L E P H A I S

It seems that it was only last week that we had assembled to mail out the 79th quarterly mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, and yet the inevitable passage of the sun higher into the sky warns me that the time is fast approaching when the faithful will gather once more, this time to celebrate with the 80th mailing, the 20th year of FAPA [more or less]. And so, if I wish to have Celephais in the mailing, I must sit down and write - and having written, move on to the ditto and toil. So, in spite of the weather which I feel is too hot - anything over 80 is too hot - I find myself sitting at the typewriter, wondering where to start.

To postpone for a few moments the plunge into the mass of material, I would like to declare that I have decided to run for sec-treasurer this year. Vice-president was fun, but since I can't run for re-election, I decided that s-t would be interesting; at least I'll get a lot of mail. I've been around FAPA for quite a while and feel that I should do a spell of the dirty work - if the job is dirty. At present I have no plans for changing jobs, leaving town, or otherwise fouling up things; I think I can do a reasonably good job. If elected, I plan to continue the general policies Bob has started; I may not agree with all of them, but feel most are worth continuing. Since I got my own ditto, I have been able to be more active, and fully expect to continue. But enough electioneering.

And on to the road-making job of plowing through the 600+ pages (plus some postmailings to the 78th mailing] that make up the 79th mailing. o, throwing the 'dozer into gear and limbering up the drag-line, its

L O O K I N G B A C K W A R D

A glance at the 79th mailing, with some postmailings from the 78th and a few for the 79th, and in no special order, except that, as always, the first title is

The Fantasy Amateur. McCain has raised a most interesting - and disturbing point - regarding the question of submitted material that doesn't meet the desires of the majority. Elsewhere in the 80th mailing - in the S-T report, I imagine - you'll find details of the plan Pavlat and I have put into effect. It seems to me that such a system could be expanded to take into account such complaints as re Coslet's recent submission. Under our current rulings such reprinted material would probably not receive credit.

And there is no reason to keep out magazines in French. No less an authority than Speer had both all-French and all-German fanzines in the same mailing, once.

The Tattooed Dragon. This I greatly enjoyed - but can't find anything to argue about.

Harmon's. This would be much better if I could read it. What I could decipher of the Tom Mix was interesting - it certainly brought back memories of Saturday afternoons at the movies with the latest serial episode, the newest Mickey Mouse cartoon, and a Western feature - of which the best were Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson.

Qabal. This is another of the category that fail to arouse me; they just provide entertainment and would be missed if not there. I have no notes on the margins here, so....

Gemzine. Which does have

marginal notes. I was surprised to see the attack on "The Reporter" since I've understood that this is the arch-conservative magazine which makes even the Chicago Tribune seem like a liberal paper. I may be confusing it with another of similar name - the one I have reference to seems to be sponsored by Texas oil - but the one I've seen certainly isn't for the "eggheads." And what have you against the "egghead" or have you joined the great attack on learning as dangerous to the people? This attack on learning as such is part with the low pay and low social standing of our teachers; when the teacher is paid as much as the ditch-digger it indicates a strange set of values in this country. There are whole classes of people - including many "successful" men (i.e., well-to-do) who look down on anyone who is interested in anything but the avid pursuit of the dollar. The school-teacher and college professor used to be looked up to with respect; today they are looked on as somewhat queer, and admired only if they can demonstrate the value of their knowledge on a quiz show.

Gertrude, I think you're sidestepping the point in this censorship by the Church matter. Maybe Seattle is very different from other cities, but I've known a number of places where the NODL has censored the newsstands and movies by a threat of boycott if the offending items were not removed or not shown. And I know that from personal knowledge, since for thirty years my father worked in a book store and during most of that time had to keep certain magazines off the racks because the Catholic organization (I don't remember which one) threatened a complete boycott otherwise. Weird Tales was one of them. At least two issues of Life were attacked. This was done, not because the Catholics weren't to read them, but to keep temptation from them - and at the same time it deprived others of a choice of reading matter. If the Catholics are so interested in keeping only those of their faith from seeing/reading something, why not just say so - and all good Catholics will stay away. [The American Legion, with its 110% Americanism, is another of my pet peeves in this respect; they persist in attacking something not on its content, but upon the supposed politics of the author, etc.]

I'm wondering about the "guideposts" that are offered to those who are capable of real thinking, and whom the Church encourages to think as much and as deeply as they can. How can the Church know that these are metaphysical blind alleys; it is true that they may not lead in the direction desired by the Church [and thus be defined as blind alleys] but that doesn't mean that they are not valid thoroughfares leading to a worthwhile conclusion. It's like telling a prospector that a certain area is the only place to look for gold, since that is the only place you have found it; it may be that over the range there is a much bigger Klondike field.

I think you are wrong about stuff not making anyone study science. I know of at least one - me. And at work there are quite a number of more or less regular readers - non fans, of course, but certainly readers. And readers who prefer aSF and Galaxy and MoFaSF to Amazing; they want stimulating ideas, not dream-world stuff.

A note further on returns me to the censorship item again. It may be that the Church itself doesn't engage in these censorships, but that groups of Church members, assuming the name and banner of the Church, act as if they had the backing of the clergy in exerting pressure. And I can see that quite a few businessmen would back water if they were threatened with an unofficial, whispering-type boycott by members of the Church. And, since it would be unofficial, the Church would have no official stand on the matter. [I've seen the Methodists pull this, too.]

I think you could offer objective proof of the existence of a headache; "brain waves" should show the presence of malfunctioning of the brain during the headache.

And where in your racial classification do the AmerInds fit?

I've got to stop rereading the other parts of Gemzine or I'll never get through. And I got by this time with only a little over a page.

Birdsmith.

I wonder if some of the Northerners weren't worried about the possibility of the South becoming industrialized, and undercutting the North with the cheap labor the slaves would provide? Something like the Japanese did 75 years later. [as an aside, on this machine it would be the QWERTYUIOP[PRESS, Vernon.]

Vernon, can I add to the classical/jazz debate you and Warner are in; I feel that I'm actually in the middle since I like both. Have either of you read Borneman's [I'm not sure of the spelling] "An Anthropologist Looks at Jazz" which ran in the Record Changer during 1944/5 and was later reprinted as a booklet. I think Harry would find it most interesting as disclosing something of the backgrounds of jazz and what jazz is and tries to do [and I'm not referring here to modern jazz].

I think you've gone too far in rejecting improvisation as an element in classical music. There are several fields in which it is vitally necessary - although not in the same obvious manner as in jazz. Consider a singer in an opera or a recital. No matter how many times he may have sung the part, he must still recreate the role or the mood of the song - or it ceases to be a great performance of great music and becomes an average performance of fair music. An extreme example would be the late Feodor Chaliapin, who never sang a role exactly the same twice - not even singing the same notes. I have recordings of songs and arias that he did as many as six times and all are different; it depended on the mood he felt while singing. However, this is true to a lesser extent of all good (I mean great) singers; it often takes a singer years to master a role so that it becomes a living thing. This I call improvisation, building upon the bare bones presented by the composer. It is no more than the jazz musician does when he improvises on a theme; if the basic theme is good, it makes for better improvisation (Ellington, for example, in the 28-40 period), but it depends upon the performer. "Saint James Infirmary" can be played by Guy Lombardo, but it won't sound or feel the way the Teagarden version does. The organ music of Bach, for example, is another place where the performer can and does make or break the music. Too many organists just play the notes - and that is what it sounds like. Only a very few have the inspiration, the ability, to improvise around the basic material, with the delicate touch necessary to keep the changes unobvious, and make the music live. And Bach is not usually considered the first great composer; he is generally regarded as the last of the group of polyphonists, summing up the work of the earlier masters. As the last, and probably greatest of them, he has obscured the earlier masters; with the event of LP, they are coming more into their own.

I'd question whether jazz was born only sixty years ago; I'm certain that the elements go back much further. The major factor in bringing Armstrong into a dominating position - notwithstanding his ability - was the phonograph record, which by that time had reached down until the people to whom the jazz was significant had phonographs. This brought Armstrong into the foreground, displacing the earlier greats. And the radio, coming just later, enabled even more people to learn about him, to hear him, and thus to get his records. Would Ellington have reached the place he has

the radio build-up he had during the 20s from the Cotton Club? It created an audience for the dance dates the band played on the road; and in turn these built up a record market. After all, the music of Bach was almost completely ignored for about 100 years; references to Bach's music of that period refer to his sons' music. Not until Mendelssohn rediscovered his music a century ago and started a revival movement was Bach considered by the average person to have written more than a few tedious organ pieces [which didn't sound good on the massive, muddy-toned organs of the early 19th century] and one or two hymns and such. Even in the present century it has only been in the last few years that much of Bach's music has been regularly played - twenty-five years ago a Bach society was formed to record the "48" for the first time; the records were issued only upon a subscription basis, and costs had to be guaranteed by someone other than the recording company.

I've long wondered if the eye-strain of television is due to the scanning line giving you a wavering picture, changing not all at once, with whole new scenes to fix on, but constantly flickering. I've noticed that, if I look at a TV screen from the corner of my eye it flickers. (So does a fluorescent light).

How did you take a train through San Francisco? No train that I know of from the South into San Francisco goes out to the North. The trains that come into San Francisco from the south come in at Third and Townsend; the trains for the north leave from Oakland - a ferry ride across the bay. So, did you walk in your sleep to a cab at the station, then at the ferry building onto the ferry, and at Oakland off and onto the train? Or did you - I can't think of another way. Please elucidate.

Down Beat and Metronome have really switched since I first knew them. My first reading of them found DB more on the side of the "classical" jazz and swing, with a good collectors corner for old stuff and good reviews; Metronome was somewhat wishy-washy then. Then, DB went modern; if it had a 12-bar blues theme it was moldie figge and no good. Metronome took over as the all-around magazine. Then both went too modern for me - and I stopped reading them. This must have been in the mid fortys.

I see that Bill Morse is a rail-fan; I wonder how many Americans know how strong the cult of the locomotive is in England. They really go in for it there in a big way; I've been leaving through some 30 year old issues of Railway Magazine and was amazed at the minute detail they go into on old lines, times of runs over the last century, a whole series of articles on railway stations, etc. Much more intense than we have ever been.

Damn! another page and a half review.

Spindizzy. Sorry, I'm the wrong kind of a doctor. I don't bother answering such questions; usually a DD would beat me to the victim. I can add at least one more photo cover - the first and second (I think) Palmer Amazings had photo covers; they weren't too good. And there were photo covers on early LeZombies and Vomms. Did that story about the part of the hair actually happen? I've heard several variants of this over the years, but never met anyone who had actually had it happen to him.

Stefantasy. Bill, how do you comment on something like this? I like it. Did you see the bit in the Wall Street Journal about the coming Imperial with the enormous tail fins and the hood much lower? Will look somewhat like the older Studebakers, in front, at least. Why do you have to have a stove? A bed and a TV would be enough, wouldn't it. Can the bride cook?

The Happy Traveller. This is improving; I can read about half of it, with a struggle. But then, why? It would be better, Norman, to not write over the typing - it makes it a little bit hard to read.

Bandwagon. No, I didn't start on Amazing. The first sf mag I read was Science Wonder Quarterly for Winter 1930. The second was a 1930 issue of Wonder Stories [pardon me, I mean Science Wonder Stories]. I missed out on Air Wonder Stories, but followed Wonder after the combination. I didn't discover Amazing Stories until the Aug 1930 issue (it should read September) with part 2 of "Skylark Three". I missed the next issue and it took me seven or eight years to read all of the story. I did get the Nov issue, with the first part of "Drums of Tapajos" by Meek and "Solarite" by JWC Jr and was hooked on Amazing. Astounding came a year later, with the August (I think) 1931 issue; feature "Widgit from the Island" by Burks (?) (Strictly from memory). Amazing Quarterly about the same time; first issue I remember had "Blue Barbarians" by Coblenz; this has stood up ~~vi~~ well over the years; I reread it this last year and still liked it. And I can remember when the first S&S Astounding appeared; that was a time for rejoicing. And the first FFM and Startling, heralds of the deluge to come. And Unknown.... Pardon me while I get my beard out of my lap.

Isn't all science in the same boat; the opinions of today can be overturned tomorrow by a new bit of data. I agree re your comments on the "egghead". I'm interested in seeing what GMC has to say on it.

There are three types of readers, apparently. Some read by word, vocalizing each sound; these are the slow ones. The average fast reader - up to 1000 word/min - read by the fixation method, ~~using~~ seeing several words at once, and stopping only a couple of times a line (which is why double column material is easier to read - you can span the whole line with one fixation). Then there are the very fast - super-sonic - readers, who perceive whole lines or even sections of pages at once. They can read at incredible speeds - up to 2500 wpm or even more. And, although it may seem strange, the fast readers usually retain more than the slow readers. The slow reader is so immersed in reading each word that he loses track of what he wants to remember, of what the writer is saying. (Like I do when trying to compose on typer - my thoughts get away from me and I don't always say what I started out to.) The rate depends upon the material; for ordinary prose, I can do about 1300-1400 wpm, if I'm not tired. When the going is heavy - like trying to follow some of the arguments in FAPA, I drop to as low as 200-300 wpm. The same is true of technical material.

There is a possibility of a fourth thing happening if someone off-key joins fapa - and this is what GMC refers to - and that would cause the break-up of FAPA and the possible investigation of members for alleged Communist activities.

The horror pulps of the thirties were much less blatant than the comics of today. The pics were line drawings, and the objectionable features were usually covered. The real meat required reading - and thus the little tots were protected; they wouldn't know the meanings of the words.

And this was to be only a short paragraph because I really didn't have much to say.

Phlotsam. Someone has been mis-leading you, I fear, re Meddybemps, Oregon. At least I've never heard of it - and I lived there for 25 years - and a check of the standard reference on the subject, "Oregon Geographical Names", by Lewis A. McArthur, 3rd ed, 1951., (a fascinating book, by the way) has shown no name even close to this. If McArthur doesn't mention it - and he lists over 5000 place and thing names, including all the post-offices and settlements - I don't think it exists.

Sure you can send money to ^{the} England. You can't mail coins or bills; they must be registered, and the recipient has to pay a double fee if you don't register them. (I meant mail in ordinary mail.) But you can get -- in a town the size of New York, I'm sure -- a postal money order or a banker's draft. I usually just send a check if it is a concern in England; they can get them cashed for about 15%, which I add to the check.

I wonder how many of our so-called stable marriages would go bang if the couple involved could afford the cost of a break-up? More than a lot of people realise, I bet. And a lot of them probably should; they are marriages in name only.

Washington parking garages downtown had -- and still do? -- a nice Sunday custom of parking your car free for church services; all you had to show when you claimed your car was a program from the church.

I think one reason they tear buildings down by hand is salvage. There is a good market for used brick, used lumber, etc. and pounding a building to pieces by wrecking machinery is hard on the salvage value. And too, it is quieter, and, in a crowded area, safer. If a whole wall is pushed over, most of the bricks are still whole.

Grotesque. Whynot put a name on it ~~.....~~ somewhere? It is ~~.....~~ rather unsettling to not know who is talking.

Rambling Fap 10. I don't agree with you on the ending of the "Ring" series of Tolkien; I feel that it is natural and follows directly from the action and from the background laid for the story. Any other ending would have been unartistic. Of course, there could be a sequel laid over the sea. I do like your rambling.

Gocontact. When does Campbell's come out? Surd. Aren't you doing St Paul an injustice -- you're attributing to him the ~~.....~~ writing style used by the translators -- or were you quoting from your own translation from the Greek?

Did the European countries reach their peak after the Reformation? Spain? Italy? And what is your basis for stating ~~.....~~ that the lot of the ordinary Russian has improved since ex religious instruction was abolished. How can you separate the ~~.....~~ other effects and causes?

First time I've ever seen the jingle on the bells of London; thanks.

Target:Fapa. The trouble with the meteor hitting the atmosphere and getting heated on the surface only is that that is just what is delaying the ICBM. The nose of the ICBM is heated so hot so suddenly that it can't get rid of the heat -- and fails. If the heat could be distributed throughout the whole unit, it would be much nicer.

A Song Not For Now. I liked this immensely. Especially ^U Coastlands I, Unstern, Coastlands II, III, Forest, Marshlands, ^Mapple, Vassily III.. Again, I liked. Thanks, Jean.

Garage Floor. When I read Call it Modern for the first time, I liked it. On rereading, though, I found that it actually didn't say much, and took a long way around to say it. Shadow Bird was interesting; obvious, but the writing carried it. In research, you can plagiarize -- if you document your ~~.....~~ plagiarism and state where it came from. This is called synthesis.

Null-F. The jazz issue. Ted in print is much different than Ted in the flesh - or rather it may be that you can go back and analyse what he has said and point out some of the over-enthusiastic statements he has written. In person, the discourse just goes on. I'm not sure that length is always an advantage in classical music. It does allow for more development of a theme - or for the introduction of a second theme. However, most of the longer works - symphony, tone poem, concerto, quartet, or opera - are divided into several sections. With the exception of a few composers - Bruckner comes to mind immediately, and he has been accused of being "wordy" in his music - the average symphonic movement will run not more than 10 minutes - and most less than that. And there are any number of songs - Lieder - which run less than two minutes (I have a 78 10" record with four well-done Schubert songs on it - and it isn't crowded). Then there are the shorter piano pieces - Chopin, explicitly - which run 1-2 minutes. With the event of long playing records, the jazz compositions have gone on to symphonic lengths - one whole 12" side to one piece. The older 3 minute length for most jazz recordings was due to the limitations of recordings - one 10" side - and also because they were designed for dancing, and most dancers want to come up for air once in a while. [I can remember listening to Ellington in 1940 while he was playing a one or two night stand in Portland; he played dance music - and at least half of the attendees were dancing rather than trying to push over the rail on the front of the bandstand. The jazz (and swing) of that period was gebrauch music - dance music]

If you're going to use that listening test to decide what is good music, then it is going to be wide open. I can listen to a lot of music - without tiring - under the right conditions. For example, I like Gilbert and Sullivan; I like Ellington; I like Bach organ music; I like Johnny Dodds; I like Mussorgskii. But I don't like any of them at such a loud volume that my hearing is impaired. I don't like them on poor equipment [I don't mean I object to the surface noise; I collect old vocals, and you have to have surface noise here. I object to listening to music on a distortion-ridden system, that makes every note sound like a cracked dinner bell.] And I find that too much of modern "jazz" is just that - it sets my nerves on edge because it feels as if it is being played too loud.

Ted, if you can concentrate on doing something else that requires more than just mechanical repetition and any attention at all, and still listen to music, you're a better man than I am - and than 99.9999% of the rest of the population, I suspect. When I'm doing something else - such as typing from copy, not actually composing as I go, as here - I like music in the background. It makes things easier; it's pleasant. But, I know I'm not really listening to it. For that reason I have to avoid both good jazz and chamber music, since both these are too apt to pick me up and make me follow them, and I can't do anything else. I can do two things at the office - carry out a fairly intricate series of calculations and carry on a conversation, for example - but I can't do that with music. There is a passage in Dorothy Sayers "Gaudy Night" - a most superior mystery story, by the way - that may make clear what I'm trying to say:

Masters, undergraduates, visitors; they sat huddled closely together on the backless oak benches, their elbows on the long tables, their eyes shaded with their fingers, or turned intelligently towards the platform where two famous violinists twisted together the fine, strong strands of the Concerto in D Minor [Bach]. The Hall was very full; Harriet's gowned shoulder touched her companions, and the crescent of his long sleeve lay over her knee. He was wrapt in the motionless austerity with which all genuine musicians listen

to genuine music. Harriet was musician enough to respect this aloofness; she knew well enough that the ecstatic rapture on the face of the man opposite meant only that he was hoping to be thought musical, and that the elderly lady over the way, waving her fingers to the beat, was a musical meron. She knew enough, herself, to read the sounds a little with her brains, laboriously unwinding the twined chains of melody link by link. Peter, she felt sure, could hear the wheel intricate pattern, every part separately and simultaneously, each independent and equal, separate but inseparable, moving over and under and through, ravishing heart and mind together.

That, I think, describes what I'm trying to listen to/for in chamber music, and to a lesser extent in jazz. In symphonic music, the various voices are not as apparent - so much of the effect is do to harmony, rather than to polyphony. And too, the masses of the orchestra tend to blur the inner workings of the themes - it is so much easier just to listen to the violins carry the melody, with the lower strings and woodwinds providing interesting counterpoint and harmony. [To mind immediately comes "Scherezade (Rimsky-Korsakov, not Ravel), although at least part of this is having been brought up on the lush Stokowski-Philadelphia Orch version.] But in listening to a chamber work - a trio, sonata for piano and violin, quartet, or quintet - the individual themes and melodies are readily apparent in their relations to one another. The Mozart quintets, the Borodin 2nd quartet, Beethoven's quartets, Mozart's quartets, ditto Schubert, etc... most of them have this same fascination for me. In fact, I don't dare put on such a recording when I want to do anything but listen; I find myself stopping just to listen. The same is true of the early New Orleans jazz - trumpet, trombone, clarinet, rhythm support - where it isn't a case of solo after solo, but ensemble playing, with the cornet carrying the lead (I see I just swapped instruments - thinking of the Hot Five, I guess), the trombone backing it a octave lower, and the clarinet swinging free over both. That also requires intense concentration to really "dig" as Ted would put it. Sure you can listen to it as background music, or dance to it (which is what it was designed for), or halfway listen to it, murmuring "Louie is hot there" when the trumpet takes a really nice piece. But that isn't getting into the music. The same with some of the blues - the interplay between the voice and the accompaniment is much like the interplay of the piano and voice in the Lieder of Wolf and Schubert; without it, the music falls flat. And the difference between a good and a bad accompaniment is very subtle - in the blues it can be the difference between a true note and a slightly flatted one.

But to skip on, having perhaps only succeeded in confusing the muddy waters. I'm going to jump with both feet - and with corked boots - on your statement that classical music is dead music. Sure the composer has an idea of what he wants in his music when he writes it; but so does the singer - to stick to one example - have an idea of what the music means to him - and this may be quite different from the composer's intentions. Why are some singers considered to be great Lieder Singers, while others with much better voices are ignored? It is simply a matter of the interpretation of the singer - and this is the creative part of classical music. Sure the same thing exists in popular music - even the compositions of Ellington have been improved upon in cases - but it is not restricted to the popular field. And in the classical field it is a much more refined (which isn't the word I want at all, but I can't think of the word I want) creation, involving more often the ultimate in rapport between the several performers - much more so than in most jazz.

Your next statement shows that you've never really listened to good classical music, since in small combinations - such as the jazz combos you are referring to correspond to - every player has his own theme, his own melodic line. Or two players may interchange their themes, passing them up or down the scale. Or one player may echo another player, or play in mirror fashion, going down where the other goes up. There is no lack of interest there.

And good classical music is also lively - when it is supposed to be. I don't imagine you would call a lot of the blues "lively" would you? Or does lively here mean something different, in the sense that the music moves? If so, most classical music is also "lively."

Personally I find most of the so-called "modern" jazz I listen to to be quite sterile. The three requirements you list (and does "Everyone" agree to them? These sweeping statements are as bad as such ads as "Luckies taste better" than what? I say. Likewise, everyone who has made the statement that these are three essentials agrees that these are three essentials.) are present, but one more item that I feel must be present is missing - the emotional content. The musicians all too often give me the impression that they are merely seeing how high they can go, or how many changes they can ring in on a particular riff. There is more emotional content in one chorus of Armstrong's "Potato Head Blues" for example than in fifteen or twenty of his more recent records. The same thing is true of classical music. There is a lot - a hell of a lot - of classical music that meets the same general standards of composition as does that of Bach and Mozart and Beethoven; it doesn't get played, except once in a while by some experimenter, because it lacks the feeling that great music must have. So I would add as the most important part of jazz as music the emotional content that makes it live, rather than just jerking along.

I'm surprised that you don't like Welk's music; it has the elements you list, and in addition it has one of classical jazz's major points - it is dance music. Of course, the dancing style is much different now than it was during the 20s and 30s, but it is still dance music.... And remember, Johann Strauss wrote his waltzes for dance music.

I'm not sure that the early jazz men were all musical illiterates. Some of them were, but a lot of them could do a pretty fair job of reading music. And you've forgotten one of the main streams of jazz tradition - the professors of the sporting houses and saloons. They could read music, usually; a number were composers of note - Morton, for one. And the clarinet was one of the three major melody instruments of the early bands - the marching bands (and still is, in general). The string bass replaces the tuba; the piano was added when they got into inside quarters and could use it. The major change came when the sax was added (and this is the instrument used in brass bands often to take the place of the clarinet.) since it didn't have the singing qualities necessary to stand out over the cornet and trombone. Listen to the Hot Fives and the Creole Jazz Band and then listen to the similar groups with a sax added. The sax could be heard only in solos or in section work, where several saxes took on one or two trumpets. [For years Ellington carried only two trumpets and two trombones, and five saxes.] The trend to arranged jazz, as distinguished from the loose "head" arrangements, with the general outlines marked out only, dates from this time, and was necessary so that three alto saxes could keep together.

And I rise to ask, how can you have composers of jazz - Ellington - in a field where all is improvisation? And I'm not talking about arrangers, but composers, who write the solos.

And a musician who cannot read music does not necessarily have to be musically illiterate. The old boys who couldn't read music had someone who could play over the tunes - and they had them memorised. Otherwise, we have at least one Johann Sebastian Bach reincarnation among us today. Helmut Walcha is a blind Swiss organist who has recorded all the Bach organ works - and perhaps the best performances of most of them, too - from memory, since he has been blind from birth, I believe. The same is true of Alec Templeton.

Again I disagree with you. The New Orleans men were not obvious in their melodic and rhythmic approach; the moderns are obvious in their desire not to be obvious. Go back and do some really careful listening to the older recordings; it may seem obvious, but look under the surface; there is more there than meets the ear at first listen.

I have a few more odd notes on the margin, but I think I've rambled enough on this topic. The above may be somewhat incoherent, since I've been writing on master - and I may have said somethings that aren't exactly what I meant - or not agreed with myself on the first pages of Celephais. But, that's the way I feel. tonight.

That is not a blank page; how can it be when it says so?

Yipes! the old Ellery "seen mysteries are full of cliches and cardboard figures; I've tried to reread them recently and got bored - they were almost as cliché-ridden as The Shadow (don't forget the capital T in The) and the characterization was blah. Recent ones are better, but in some of them the story becomes so diffuse you lose track of things. Queen as a writer stinks; as an editor they are good. For nice rereadable stories with real charm and a few characters that have three dimensions try Inspector French or Dr "horndyke or the later Peter W Insey.

Page 7 se are back to an absolute statement that is untrue - plenty of the good jazzmen could read music - Armstrong for one, Hines, Wilson, Ellington, Hodges, Morton, etc. And they weren't all trying to use their horns as voices - human - all the time. And how the hell can a piano sound like a voice? Classical music is used to communicate emotions - or maybe you've never tried to get any emotions from classical music. Ever listen to the Mozart quintets? Or the Faure Requiem, Beethoven's 9th, Strauss' Rosenkavalier, Mussorgskii's Boris? "motion - they're full of it.

And now are you satisfied with the ego-boo, Ted? 2 1/2 pages - more than GMC or McCain.

Contour. I was fascinated by Dean's ability to string words together; I counted one of 16 lines, and another of about 14 - the whole paragraph. I'm wondering if DAG has been delving into German technical writings - they are the only ones I know who can string words together into such endless sentences as these [The word after "one" four lines up should be "sentence" obviously].

I've seen books where the hero has come up against a stone wall; will that do?

The "Last American" first came to fanish notice about 15 years ago via a review by Tucker, I believe [Check me, Bob?] and also appears in a large size octavo with somewhat larger pics.

I think I could dig up several stories where the protagonist is satisfied throughout with his society - this would come under the heading of a lost city story, for example. Otherwise, for a story laid in his society, there would be no conflict, and hence, no story. The news is the unusual, not the ordinary.

Chappell was interesting, but somewhat vague - I had the feeling in several sections that he was setting up straw men for the fun of knocking them over. True, Laney and Burbee et al. contributed a sane way of looking at sf and fandom in general - but I have felt that in some ways they were going too far, with a general trend toward sneering at anything that could be considered constructive. Ackerman, with all his faults, seldom tried to tear things down because they wouldn't play the way he wanted to. He also served as a background and stabilizing influence in a fandom that sorely needed such as he during the great battles. Perhaps his refusal to plunge into the fights that were swirling through fandom may have led to his being little appreciated; the ones who were the loudest are the ones most known today.

Horizons. Was that movie "Lost Patrol" or "Dawn Patrol"? I have memories of the latter, which did have Richard Bartholomew (sp not gtd) and plenty of WWI air action. Those early air epics had a sense of adventure that has gone today (the sense of wonder?). All was gay spirits and high daring; only later did the grim war pictures appear. Anyone remember "All Quiet on the Western Front"? One of the best war pictures I've ever seen.

As I remember it, "Omega" was a story of the last man on earth - a rather depressing thing. Apparently it had quite a publishing history. I might remark that the one issue Hornig edited was a dull one - I had trouble getting anything reprintable from it. Madge did have a personality all her own. But then wait till I try to do her daughter, VoM. That will be a typing nightmare.

I wonder if the reason the average American likes a big car is that it gives him a sense of power - a feeling of being something important. He can zoom past the other jerk on the road, slide across the front of the oncoming cars at the yellow light, and feel that he is a hell of a big shot. I know that I've had some of that feeling - getting in a car and just wanting to take the road as my own. It's most noticeable when some other driver cuts you off, crowds your, or such, and you want to take it out on all and sundry. I know I'd love to have a steam locomotive whistle on my car - or maybe just a loud record of one - that I could use to scare the pants of other drivers. And in San Francisco a year ago I heard a fire engine with a noisemaker that really cut through traffic noise. They had a siren, but as they came to an intersection they cut loose with a really loud air-horn that could be heard for blocks and around corners - and even in closed cars. I think it's a wonderful idea.

Please, Harry, keep that government testing idea under your hat. At least the Bureau of Standards, which would probably get the job, wants no part of it. Remember the ADX-2 hassle? Anyone who had a product turned down by a government agency would rush to his congressmen and bring pressure to bear. With a private testing lab - which is what the Bureau is trying to get to take over most of the routine testing - the disgruntled person can go to another lab or just forget the whole thing. Would be nice - except for the government agency that had to do the job. No thanks.

I don't seem to have more to say about Horizons except that I enjoyed the whole mag; the parts I liked the best I didn't even comment on.

The Rambling Feb 9. It could be that the long delay in filling orders for the Tolkien books was due to their being out of stock in this country. They are printed in England, and the number of copies needed was underestimated here - I had to wait 2 months for one of my volumes until a second shipment came in - and I ordered soon after publication.

Next page for comments on Interplanetary.

WSFA has built a board, and after quite a little experimentation, we have found several changes advisable. First - when you make the board, don't follow the diagram for the inner planets as to size. Make the inner planet group at least twice as large - at present it gets too confused there. Then, the game needs to be speeded up - our first attempt took six hours to get to Saturn! We use two dice. The negasphere, we decided, makes a more menacing item if it moves the larger of the dice - I mean the larger of the two numbers thrown - and moves first. Then the ships move the total of the two dice if empty, the larger of the two if laden (only one cargo to a ship). We did away with exploring and cargo ships and made them all the same, but with different speeds. Finally the planet or planets toward which the ships of the member rolling are headed move the lesser of the two numbers. The member has to say where his ships are going, but can change in mid flight. The negasphere moves each roll. Only three doubles in a turn - after that you pass the dice on. We move the planets clockwise; ditto negasphere. Only two ships in the spaceways at once per player, but the others can be parked on any planet. Disabled ships not included. Pirates move the total of the dice, even when loaded. Ships on, or one space from a P space are safe from pirates. No backtracking, except for salvage. [We've found that in general salvage doesn't pay. Usually just disregard the disabled ship, unless you can salvage with no trouble to yourself. I'd be inclined to reduce the salvage cards, add more minor repairs - lose one turn, missed, etc type. A meteor space now is just too much of a hazard for a ship to land on.] A pirate ship is not included in the limit of two on the spaceways at once. If a player has pirate ships as well as ordinary ships out he moves all of them each roll. A ship has to move every time in the spaceways, unless forbidden. When a planet overtakes a ship, it is picked up, unless on a penalty space. We also let the ship that obtains a concession "radio" it in, and then bring in a cargo at once. Otherwise, getting a ship to Saturn takes much too long.

Mimeo and ditto are now generic terms - the companies have lost the trademark protection. Coca-Cola is fighting hard on "coke" since if they lose it, someone could come up with a Coke drink. Hence the ads in the writers' magazines, etc. They have to show that they have made a genuine effort to keep it a trade-mark or they can lose it. And does everybody know that coke means only Coca-Cola? Often I hear people speak of Popsi-Cola as a "coke," which delights the P-C people no end. To me, coke means coal that has been heated to drive off the volatile aromatics, etc, leaving a carbonaceous material with ash and mineral salts as the main non-graphite impurities.

Hornig

was living in the past when he wrote that advice to faneds I reprinted. His ideas of fanmags are evident in Fantasy Fan which is real serious stuff, a real literary magazine. And the issue of Madge that he guest-edited is the dullest of the lot.

Please, "lurmurings" has appeared more than three issues worth in FAPA. I can remember at least five first issues!

I don't agree with you in considering chemical warfare more dangerous than atomic. Unless you're considering the danger of such things as Sr⁹⁰ as chemical rather than radiation. Chemical warfare - at least as far as I'm aware of it (and I've got to be careful here) - is still a serious tactical weapon, but not a major strategic weapon as painted in the papers. Nerve gas is bad - but it can be controlled. So can poison water, etc. Biological danger is worse; both mutated germ and virus strains and longrange effects such as crop-destroying blights and insects can backfire - and backfire seriously. I think it can be mentioned now that the Germans had stockpiled Tabun (nerve gas) in France - but only considered using it for tactical operations in a cross-channel attack. Hence, it wasn't used in the Normandy invasion; we got it first then.

Three lane highways are death-traps; most states are rebuilding them into either four-lane roads, or if they can't do that, restriping them into two lane roads with good wide lanes; this leaves you with a margin if things do go wrong. On hills, though, the third lane, at the side upgrade for trucks is wonderful - even the trucks like it. But the center-lane-for-passing road - ugh. a stretch of 240 West from DC was three lane (they're now tearing it up and rebuilding it to four lanes) and the only thing they could do was to make it two lane-one lane for a ways, and then reverse it. Still scared you, though.

I like the FAP. (I'm in a good mood tonight).

Grax. All you have to do is insert the lyrics in question in the center of a several-page magazine and not call attention to them in large type, and chances are the OE will let them go. "Actually, only those items that are apparent at a rapid leafing-through are unmailable, since that is all we hope the po will do. lyde's was much too obvious, in both picture and word (and mainly the picture).

Gorgio. But I like the right kind of pomp and music - mainly the music - as it makes it easier to contemplate - you aren't worried over will the fly light on the head of the man two pews over. The most boring services I've been to were the plainest - plain music, plain - and lengthy - talk, plain prayers, etc. The best have had music that let me think, that didn't offend me with the plainness of its content - the bareness of its ideas.

SPJR No 2. Congratulations on the event.

Hoy Ping Pong. The misprint in the first makes it even more interesting. Otherwise, entertaining.

Lark. The typos are easy - I think. Wrong font V in Vice-President; colon omitted after Editor. Right? However, we here all like them muchly.

Bill, the traffic lights I meant were like some we've got here and that I've also found in New Jersey. They use only three bulbs for all four ways. Two ways red is at the top, yellow center, and green bottom; the other two ways are green at top, yellow, then red at the bottom. So, when light one is lit, the top shows red and green from the same bulb. Thus, when the yellow comes on, all four ways get it. I hate these. Then there are the old San Francisco signals. Installed in pillars on the corners, with upright windows through which you read either stop or go on an appropriate colored background. A bell rings; the go sign swings around to stop; a pause, then a second bell, and the other posts (these only work two way) changes to go. The pedestrians have their own walk-wait lights as small colored signals on the sides of the posts. Weird and wonderful. They are now being replaced.

Why not read Doc Savage by kerosene lights? I've read the old 9x12" mazings by firelight - campfire - and I've been in areas where the power went off frequently enough so that everyone kept the old lamps filled for use. (Middle West, this)

So the unlisted telephone number was the reason I couldn't chat with you last Easter when I was around Pittsburgh. I might have stayed another day - on Government time - if I could have reached you. I didn't know of the trip in time to write.

his issue of Lark disappointed me - nothing I could growl over.

Gavage. Please, put your name in somewhere - an address only doesn't help. I liked and enjoyed the tongue-in-cheek fiction and "news" for some reason.

[Gads, the bottom of page 13 already, and still more to go, especially LeeHS. How about a 150 page mailing once more?]

With which we come to L. Shaw, Ltd and the assorted issues of The Chattahoochee, Okefenoke & Ogeechee Occasional Gazette combined with The Wassaw & Oseabaw Backwater Journal and the Castleton Corners, New Corp & Arthur Kill Bugle- Illustrated. This monumental mass of assorted color paper with black printing upon reduces the reader to confusion when he tries to decide where to start. So, I'm commenting on items in all four, while turning idly thru the pages.

Are you sure you mean that the frequency response of your taper will change - or could change - the pitch of the music? That's the way it sound to me. The speed of the tape could change and change the pitch, but the response - never - or hardly ever.

Thermal (White) Noise is the random noise caused by the variations in the steady-state currents, etc, while flowing thru the various components. Mainly due to tube noises caused by variations in the electron flow. Called white noise because it has no particular frequency. This is what you get when you try to push a tube or amplifier to the utmost limit.

Where did the driver sit in your 35 Plymouth when the front seat was out? And for bus riding in winter - next time try the train - no fumes, no smell? And do you wonder that I like the silent, odorless trolley buss and street car?

I'll supply - via rental service - a long blond wig for the Lady Godiva role, next time.

What is a quarter-horse? I suspect its a 4-way cross-breed, but of what and why? I'd like a few well-chosen words on the horse breeds. A fine fanish topic.

That must have been a remake of Dawn Patrol you saw - or are they renaming these old movies? I say Dawn Patrol before 1930, I'd say - during the period I was avidly reading the air-war mags (make that 32).

The ending of the Hanged Man seemed to me somewhat out of line with the rest of the writing. But I don't know why.

I didn't see the Caddy station wagon - the 56, since I'm told there are no 57 made - but my roommate - the car/model train bug - saw one of the three or four made. A Washington dealer had it. Said dealer gets anything Cadillac makes. After all, he sells more caddys than any other dealer in the country, I'm told - diplomatic, sightseeing, etc. 50 at one crack isn't hay, and he's done that several times.

Make that Interplanetary board large. But those gag caddis are very effective in dealing with the class of people who appreciate them - and who are the ones you want to get rid of, usually.

Maybe you would like to be in New Jersey - I understand no sales tax and no income tax (state). That would be worth a couple of hundred dollars a year.

Let me tell you about my new record. It is a Folkways issue, and is certainly American music: Stack Music. Consists of recordings of the sounds of steam engines working, steam engines calling for the crossing on a cold winter night or in a rain; steam engines laboring up a grade with a string of reefers or rushing past with a string of varnish. The sound of the yard-goat as she makes up the train, and the wheeze of a pair of 4-8-4s starting a heavy drag. The little narrow-gage hogs with the small drivers straining to haul ten cars up a 4% grade. It's clean, honest music. Most of you won't agree, but to me it is folk music - music that helped make America. And the sound of the steam-whistle can still send chills down my back late at night as it comes in mournful from the distance. I want to travel. "Hear the train a callin' Whooee..."

The folk-music issue of Chooog (4) brought to mind one of the most infuriating cases of misrecording I've run into. I'd like - for sentimental reasons - to obtain a good selection of cowboy songs. There is a wonderful selection of titles on a Capitol LP - only two bad titles, and one of those is acceptable - but they are done by the Roger Wagner Chorale in beautiful arrangements for chorus, solo and chorus, and solo, chorus, and muted strings or some such stuff. Beautiful sounding - but not what I remember. And most of the selections - including my favorites - aren't on other LPs. What do I do? I weep.

It Isn't Altogether GMCarr's Fault. I'd question how much even aSF makes you think. And you sound as if you and GMC belong on the same side on the question of academic teaching. Sure there are poor teachers, who merely give the students masses of dates and names to learn. But there are other, and good, ones, who teach their students - at least the ones who can be taught - to think for themselves, and not merely parrot facts back at the teacher. For example, where I got my BA, every senior, before he could graduate, had to pass a comprehensive written and oral examination over his major and minor fields. In the sciences the written was dispensed with, since the senior science courses were designed as a comprehensive integration of the preceding years' work. The written exam took all day, was held on the open-book plan in the library - and asked questions that required the student to have a well-integrated knowledge of his field and related topics - not just the names and dates, but the ideas and reasons and trends and such. Then, on top of this was a two hour oral, with major and minor professors asking searching questions that tested your understanding of the field - and the occasional fuddy-duddy prof couldn't stop the others. I remember the three hour exam I had (three majors) as being no easier, although not as advanced, than the oral I took for the PhD. Questions such as "Prove $1 + 1 = 2$ " aren't easy. Or a question on the philosophy of calculus (make that the calculus) - why does it work, what assumptions are involved, what are the paradoxes in it, etc. Or in chemistry, "What is entropy and what does it do?" Or are you in favor of never becoming familiar with what the other side is doing - not adopting his ideas but knowing what they are. Or are you an ostrich?

As for the last page - Maybe I get a kick out of Gemzine. But, it's one of the most stimulating mags in FAPA today.

APA Aptitude Survey. This makes me actually laugh - it is so loaded with loaded questions that it must have a density of about 16. On the fan side, 19 and 20 are ambiguous - maybe I've heard the work in question on the air, live. (I have, but also on records (78s).) And since both Mr Ziff and Mr Davis are real people, how can the both be a louse? But it is the second side that is most interesting, with the liberal use of all, every, complete, any, and such Aristotelian adjectives. These questions are beautiful examples of two-valued logic - either you are or you are not something; you cannot be partially. Look at No 2, 7 (implied), 8, 10 (implied), 11 (implied), 14, 15, 21, 24, 26 (implied) (this is really loaded in more ways than one), 30, 38, 43, 40, 47. Then there are the incomplete statements, with unresolved predicates, and such; 13, 23, 41 (a typical paranoid statement). Then there are the value questions - 24, 36 (how do you know they are bad), 39 (thinking of sex, what?), 49.

Tyke. I'd say Speer should republish his article on copyright, brought up to date. A new generation of FAPAns needs it.

How could you kill off the Youngs, Warner, Speer, so summarily and without warning. What will FAPA do? What are you talking about on page 17 regarding the vitamin that would produce the effects of fall-out, X-rays, etc, and sunburn. This is completely incoherent, more so than the usual Harness

Day*Starlet. Too bad -- it started out interesting. Next time....?

Wraith. I like your rambling remarks -- and can't find anything to say. Appreciated, of course.

WATMFLA?YY?. No, at themselves.

FAPA Snooze. I'm at least tired of the trading stamp craze by ~~now~~ now. I assume this is a reprint from the State Line Sentinel. Harry, bring on your columns.

Curp! Welcome in; may your stay be long and productive. Aha, a chance to get back at the British over their not knowing their own coinage. First, since 1920 the "silver" coins have been only 50% silver, and since 1947 a copper-nickel alloy. (Except for the Maundy coins.) Then, the last gold guineas (half-guineas, third guineas) were minted in the reign of George III, 1813 to be exact. The five and two guineas went out in George II's reign. You were probably thinking of the last gold sovereigns, which came out in 1925 or 26, during the reign of George V. And these, when payed into a bank, bring about 60/- (or did in 1954). And why not give a few more of the slang terms for the various coins, i.e. tanner. Mike Rosenblum's page was a most welcome surprise -- and I hope he continues to appear. Quite a nice introduction to our midst.

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Driftwood. Congratulations, Sally. And I'm envious of your European trip. Good luck. Or, by now, did you have a good time?

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at a time, with the problem to get and keep the same inspiration through maybe two days. Only a few items were recorded at actual performances, and these were a recording engineer's nightmares, since he had to decide where to break and switch from one turntable to the other, without breaking an important phrase, or if possible, a note.

But when will Ted White fall so low as to have to have something in a mailing? It seems to be unbelievable.

Very few people can hear 20000 cycles/sec. Most people can't hear over 15000. If they could, a number of the older tv sets would have driven them mad with a 17000 cycle carrier hum. I can get to 16000; my room-mate stops at about 9000. And don't forget a short-wave tuner, for all the foreign news.

Fanalysis. I guess it wasn't the FEPA list that went to the Libertarian Leagues since I've never gotten anything from them. I enjoyed the metaphors under Target FAPA.

I don't mind the small ads along the road (I like the Burma Shave ads) but I do object to the big, big ones, that mask the country, and take your attention from the road too long. Sure, a number of the younger drivers are OK, but there are too many who want to be smart and take a chance. I'm not mad at the young drivers, normally, but I am irked at the older drivers who drive only on Sunday and don't know where they are going. But, the insurance companies have to pay off on the cost of crashes, and teen-age crashes are usually more costly, since they are at higher speed - a new car, rather than a new fender, etc.

Tiffany. And at last - I think it is the last, but I'm not sure at this point, I've come to the bottom of the stack - which was in random order. Somehow, Requiem left me cold - too much gab, too choppy.

There is still a question as to what would have happened if we had gone beyond the Yalu river. It could have been the start of WWII. As it turns out, it probably would not have been, but it was a question of bluff in poker - do you call? We didn't. At the time, Truman - who knew more about things here at home in regards to arms, etc - felt he couldn't call and assume the risk of WWII. I hold no brief for him, but I feel he had a better knowledge of the whole picture than did MacArthur, who could see only the immediate picture. I liked the Evolution satire.

And so, tired, but triumphant, we guide our bulldozer out of the wilderness of FAPA mailing 79, through which we have hacked a trail, onto the comparative clear ground of white paper, as the strains of the Grand March from Aida and Pomp and Circumstance echo in our ears (one in each). 'Twas fun.

The only ethical principle which has made science possible is that the truth shall be told all the time. If we do not penalise false statements made in error, we open up the way for false statements by intention. And a false statement of fact, made deliberately, is the most serious crime a scientist can commit.

"The Search", by C. P. Snow

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Celephais, published by Bill Evans, Box 86, Mount Rainier, Maryland, August, 1957.

To be distributed through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association 80th mailing. [] []

A Weltschmerz Publication

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IN THE MARKET-PLACE

Rev. xviii: 10-13

In Babylon, high Babylon,
 What gear is bought and sold?
 All merchandise beneath the sun
 That bartered is for gold:
 Amber and oils from far beyond
 The desert and the fen,
 And wines wherewith our throats are fond---
 Yea! and the souls of men!

In Babylon, grey Babylon,
 What goods are sold and bought?
 Vesture of linen subtly spun,
 And cups from agate wrought;
 Raiment of many-colored silk
 For some fair denizen,
 And ivory more white than milk---
 Yea! and the souls of men!

In Babylon, old Babylon,
 What cargoes on the piers?
 Pearls from a tepid ocean won,
 And gems that are as tears;
 Arrows and javelins that prevail
 Against the lion's den,
 And brazen chariots and mail---
 Yea! and the souls of men!

In Babylon, mad Babylon,
 What get you for your pence?
 A moiety of cinnamon,
 Of flour and frankincense;
 But let the shekels in your keep
 Be multiplied by ten,
 And you shall purchase slaves and sheep---
 Yea! and the souls of men!

In Babylon, sad Babylon,
 What chattels shall invite?
 A wife whenas your youth is done,
 Or leman for a night.
 Before Astarte's portico
 The torches flare again:
 The shadows come, the shadows go---
 Yea, and the souls of men!

In Babylon, dark Babylon,
 Who take the wage of shame?
 The scribe and singer, one by one,
 That toil for gold and fame.
 They grovel to their masters' need;
 The blood upon the pen
 Assigns their souls to servitude---
 Yea! and the souls of men!

---George Sterling