

I thought I was going to have plenty of time to cover this last mailing - 81st - of FAPA in a leisurely way, but, as always[?], good intentions seem to be of no avail, and I'm starting this issue with only a month to complete this, something for OMPA, and, if I can, another and fatter Remembrance of Things Past. One can only hope.

Holidays are always a source of disappointment to me; I have plans for the extra time, and then something comes up. This Christmas, for example, I'd planned on a couple of days for fanning, with perhaps a trip to New York thrown in. So, I went with my room-mate to New Jersey to spend it with his folks - loafed most of it, and got no fanning done.

But this seems to be enough of such idle chatter. More will undoubtedly appear further along the line, but at the moment it seems a fine time to dive into the stack of fanwriting comprising the 81st mailing.

LOOKING BACKWARD

A glance at the 81st mailing of that sterling organization, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, together with such postmailings as have popped into Box 86. If you're looking for your 'zine, I'm arranging them in the order listed in the FA, except that, as always, the first title is

The Fantasy Amateur. Looking over the totals for the last four mailings makes me cringe. They total 2656 pages for the year. What a wad of stuff to read through, and discuss, in one year. One thing I'm firmly convinced of, after three months of the sec-treas job. Members - and waiting listers - don't read the FA. I've seen too many variations of my address, too many variations in the way checks, money-orders, etc are made out, etc., not to feel that most members look only at the list of magazines. And my apologies to Wrai Ballard, Charles Burbee, and John Hampson for the typos.

The Rambling Fap (#13). The Oopsla Thoughts were very cleverly done - no great shakes as poetry, to be sure, but something different.

The Rambling Fap (#14). Gregg [for some reason I always want to write Dick Calkins] I'm afraid I disagree with you on the matter of excluding/non crediting material in the mailings. The only restrictions I'm in favor of for material in the mailing is lawfulness; the matter of credit for the material is something else. Thus, there was no question of not including the material of Woolston's; it was merely a question as to whom the credit should be given. Higgin's was much the same; suppose he had stapled it to his magazine? Should they have torn the page off? As for Wansborough's offering. There could be a difference of opinion as to whether it was "legible" or not; I've seen stuff from Speer and many others, in and out of FAPA, that was as hard to read. It was just more interesting to read, when you did puzzle it out.

Would you really rather be in a big American hardtop with a steel roof supported by four tiny corner posts or in a smaller foreign sedan with quite a heavier steel roof supported by heavier corner posts and by two center posts? I'm not talking about the sports roadster, but about the smaller car, such as the Borgwald. I'm about your size, and I fit comfortably into the front seat of one, with plenty of room for driving actions; I can also get into the rear seat as easily as I can any American two-door, and have almost as much room.

And I'll agree that there is only one lane for any

single car (although I sometimes wonder while driving in rush-hour traffic) but the smaller car, being narrower, can keep out of trouble where a wider car would have a crash. For example, here in Washington there are many two-way streets with parking on both sides. They are four lanes wide, from curb to curb - but the lanes were laid out for the narrower pre-war cars. As a result, if two new cars are parked opposite each other, two new cars can't pass. With streets parked solid, this creates a problem like the old single lane mountain roads. But, a narrower car, without the extra padding that the American cars have [why have foot-thick doors?] can pass perfectly easily - even if the other car is wide. And on the streets with bus lines.... The same is true of parking. The parking spaces are laid off to give four feet more than the average car length - of 1940. I've had to pass up spaces that were legal, just because my 1951 Dodge - not a really large car - won't fit; my roommate's 1956 Packard is even worse.

And there is no reason that the cities should have to widen the streets, at a cost of millions, and re-measure parking spaces, with the loss of at least one space per block, just because Detroit has convinced the great American public it wants Big, Wide, Long cars, that are so low they won't go over a rough road in the country.

Sorry I can't do a Remembrance on 66psla; the sad fact is that I don't have a file of it. Maybe I can borrow one someday.....

Your remark about fencing brought back memories of college, where I did some fencing. I'll agree that a jacket isn't really necessary. Of course, there were several times when the tip of the foil stuck in the sweater or such, and broke off, leaving a reasonably sharp tip....Lots of fun.

You should find your membership card in this mailing - if it was your turn to renew or you just joined. I mean that I'm issuing cards as I receive the money, and am saving postage by slipping them in the bundle [or rather I hope that they will do so - and in the correct bundle].

Goonboy. Oh. Comments, Gregg?

Sputnik. Washington, at least, has those four-way stop intersections - and even some six-way, where an avenue comes in from the diagonal. Usually they are stop-gaps until the powers that be get around to putting in the traffic lights that are to go in - when money is available from Congress. One intersection I go thru much too often is a five way stop, one way no stop - and the through route is down off a railroad overpass, and blind as can be. I'll avoid this intersection if I can; I want to live a little longer.

I'm very afraid that the effects of Mr. Davis can be seen on EQM already - and for the worse. The covers of the news-stand issues are suddenly bad - back to garish blood and thunder. And there is a slightly different feel in the stories; I can't put my finger on it, but it's there, somewhere. And for the worse. One of these days I'm afraid the Saint MM will be the better.

"There is one thing that hasn't been brought out in this "all the money you want" issue. If you are involved in collecting, you can't just go out and buy what you want; you have to find it first, and then persuade the owner to sell. Take old street-car pictures as an example. There are a number of people - four or five in Washington alone - who are looking for a picture of a street car at a little waiting station that was a terminal on the Capitol grounds for several years [30, at least]. They won't offer a million for it, but might go to \$10 for a good negative. In all the thousands of pictures of the Capitol I've seen, only a few have even shown this shelter, and none have shown a street car. One, in a book, with no source shown, did show a

horse car at the shelter - but it was a view from in back of the shelter and didn't show more than the end of the car. And even that can't be traced back to the negative.

YHOS, as doubtless a dozen other fans will state, was used by Art Widner as an abbreviation for Your Humble Obedient Servant. First appeared, I think, in print in Fanfare.

Speaking of being utterly baffling (page 20), the rest of that line is likewise.

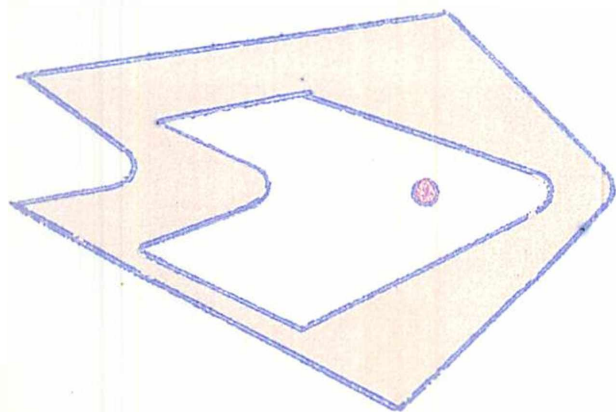
I wonder if the reason I didn't have much to say on Cabel and only a little on the DAG section here is that I don't disagree with you; you don't seem to rub me the wrong way and get me mad at you. I'd argue more with you, if I didn't find so little to argue about. Even music - I like the CHSLBS and was most annoyed when the Camden came out, minus two of the best items in the first 78 album. Now I'll have to dig up the missing sides and dub them or something.

Alif.
Now what does grogram - or at least the kind defined in my dictionary - have to do with bars? I'd say it implied females. Suppose you noted death of Dorothy Sayers other month ago. This now means that my three favorite mystery writers - Freeman, Crofts, and Sayers, all English - are gone. And I wonder if the third part of her translation of Dante is/was finished. [I just had a horrible thought. Was it Sayers I read about? I didn't jot it down, but think I'm right. wish not, tho.] It is interesting to trace the development of her detective stories from the very early like "Whose Body?" with just a puzzle and a few two-dimensional characters to "Gaudy Night" which is one of my favorites. The characters get fuller, the black-and-white plot gets grey.

Might I mention one more author (or two/one) - Manning Coles. I think the first two books he/they did are among the best spy books written. The second, "Pray Silence" [Toast to Tomorrow, over here] has a light touch that makes it entertaining, while being still exciting.

Science-Fiction
Fifty Yearly. Do we have to wait 50 years for the next issue? Muchly enjoyed; a lot of those names you dropped brought back interesting memories.

Report on
the London Convention. Thanks, GMC. I'd like to have been there.



Haemoglobin.
A most welcome newcomer. Glad you liked RoTP; one of these days I'll try to dig up a listing of "endigo" unless someone beats me to it. The Dawn Patrol I saw had Richard Bartholomess (sp?) in it; I still have hope of seeing it on TV some day - when I get a TV set.
Fantasy Press No. 15. What can I say about this massive history of the early days of FAPA except "Thanks, Dan." It is bad to pass over such a labor of love as this with the equivalent of "noted" but what can one say. One thing that might be done by someone with the files would be a list of all FAPA members, with dates. I don't have the FA, etc, and the official records were lost back in the past. Any takers?

Lark. Bill, you really should have let me know of the address change. Suppose I hadn't read Lark?

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I still say a lot of 19th century organs sound muddy. I don't have the details of Biggs' recital at hand, but judging by what I've heard in the past, and of both Biggs and other organists, I'd say that any contrapuntal music, such as Bach's, would sound muddy - although the sound might seem to be typical church organ - and the various melodic lines would be lost in a mass of unresolved sound. Most of the organs installed in Europe during the 19th century and those installed in the US up until a couple of decades ago were designed to have long reverberation periods, which made them suitable for the type of music then in fashion for the organ - The Last Chord, Wedding March, Lohengrin, [slowed down] - and which depended upon only a single melodic line and an harmonized accompaniment. These organs - and their settings, which determine the acoustics of the instrument - were totally unsuited for the rapid and intricate interweaving of the baroque music of Bach and his predecessors. It's worthy of note that almost no good organ music was composed between the time of Bach and the beginning of the present century. Only Brahms and Franck made any serious steps in this direction; Franck was the more successful, since he was writing music so that he would have something to play. Much was undoubtedly composed for the organ; none of it has done more than survive. And if you've ever heard a good organist - Biggs, Weinrich, etc - try to play Bach on an average church organ, and seen what a mess it was, you'd realize the difference.

This business of special 4-way walk lights for intersections isn't something new. It seems to have started in Denver [prewar?] and has been in use in Washington for about 5 years. This traffic movement is called "barndance" after the traffic engineer in Denver who thought of it - Barnes.

The best railroad record from the point of recording is probably the Audio Fidelity one - but the sounds are mere snippings, unrelated, and are apparently taken only when the engine is right by the mike. The Folkways pair are much better artistically - you hear the train in the distance, whistling for the crossing, before it roars by you, and you hear the cars clack by as the engine goes into the distance - but not as well recorded. The Cook is somewhere in between.

I can hear the 15759-cycle whistle - which is one reason I don't like television for too long a stretch. I wonder if the later sets - which are supposed not to have it, and which are much less annoying - haven't deliberately cut down on the frequency range of the speaker or audio stage to eliminate this.

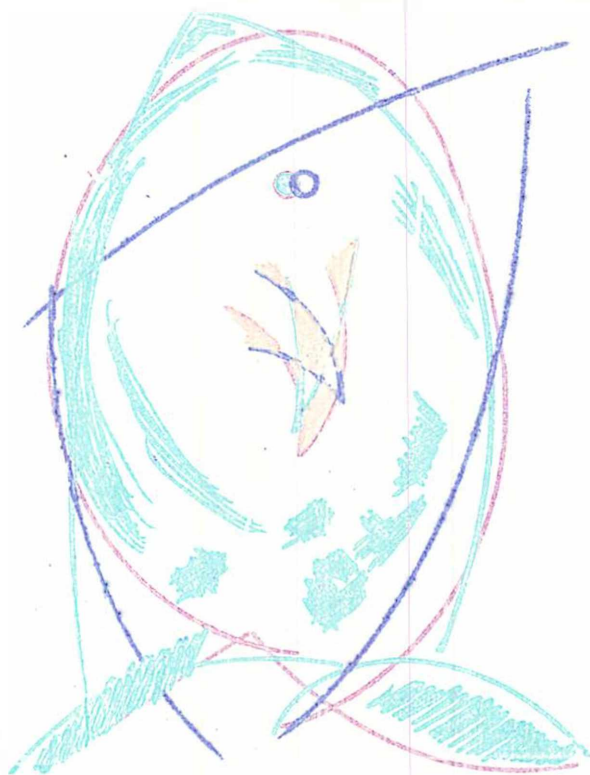
Bill, it's obvious what the "flight deck" on the new cars is for. How else are you to land the small helicopter you use to go from parking place to office? Was the typo dams on page three intentional? It fits.

Gavage. Another Fagan who doesn't realize that all the oe does is count the pages of a magazine - which can well include the cover - and not assign credit. However, covers count as credit, since they fall into the category of art-work. But you did get credit for only 3 pages.

Amen to the remarks on jazz [which should be in quotes] chamber-music; this is merely an updated version, and much quieter, of the Alec Wilder and Raymond Scott school. Seems to me I've heard some wonderful solos by a couple of guys named Armstrong and Dodds [Johnny, that is] over a full background of band; they may not be quiet, but they could be subtle. But why the grouping of Bunk Johnson and Elvis? Bunk played jazz; maybe not the kind you - or Gertrude-like, but jazz.

There is a point in research where you have to take the word of others; you just can't go out and redo all the previous work. If I want to prepare a certain compound, I have to make use of others' previous syntheses of similar compounds, or of intermediate compounds; only in exams are you asked to "start with inorganic chemicals and synthesis a vitamin." And there, of course, you merely use steps that have been used before; steps that have been proven by many others. Or take a logarithm

table. Every time I want to use a log, I don't derive the series expression for it, and then calculate the actual log, or even just calculate the value from a series derived by someone else. I look it up in a table. Or, to consider a different field, how about the various studies of the Civil War that have appeared in the last few years. They have had to draw on previous published material - accounts of various leaders and soldiers of both sides, official documents, other summaries by earlier writers, etc. In many cases, the recent works are an addition to our knowledge of the events, since they have used sources that have become available since the earlier works. For example, the memoirs of the various leaders - Grant, Meade, Lee, etc., - are first hand accounts, but are not complete. They could see only one side, they did not have access to the opinions and statements of the opposition, or even of their own comrades. They did not have the official records, which were published at intervals over a long period of years. Thus, the new work is a synthesis of all the earlier material, each piece of which must be assessed as to value, discrepancies noted, and the pertinent data integrated into the whole work. This is "egghead" scholarship? Or maybe you consider any work that does not have immediate practical value as "egghead"? Like the work of an obscure Swiss patent clerk around 1905? Or the discovery of the electron around 1890? Or the researchs of an obscure [and he really was] monk on crossing sweet peas in the 1850s? Or the mathematical papers by J. Willard Gibbs of Yale, which only a few men could even read and understand, if they did stumble onto them in the Conn. Acad. Sci. Journal [I think it was].



Horizons.

No one else seems to have noticed the inserted item, Harry. They are authentic. I'm confused by the last lines of page one. Whom is they confusing with whom? A more prosaic explanation of the code address of those Italian appeals is that they used a telephone directory; mine had the exchange number in the address.

If you stay in the shade, black shorts might be cooler; they would radiate more. But actually, in such a circumstance, most cooling is by convection, which removes the primary product of the body's cooling system, water. The next Remembrance will have more "arner in it; it's virtually impossible to cover a fan mag of the period and not find you. So, be warned.

uch. When you say a jazz record is no longer bearable after the tenth hearing, you are really asking for trouble. A pop record, maybe; a good jazz record, no! I've got Ellingtons and Armstrongs and Dodds and Watters and Bechets and Hines and Goodman's and.... that I've listened to for at least a 100 times and enjoy them more with age. I get more out of them as I become more familiar with them. And there is "good" [to use your term] music I've grown very tired of - Schereazade, for one. I feel that here you are equating "good" with "what I like" and, since your tastes run to classical music, jazz is thus automatically excluded. For once, I think you've fallen into the GMC method of setting up straw men and then knocking them over.

One thing you've overlooked in your remarks about the prevalence of old phonograph records. During most of that period there was no radio, and if you wanted music at home you had to either make it yourself - and thus a lot more people could play the piano than can nowadays - or get it on records. And if you wanted to hear an opera, and didn't live in one of the big cities, you had to get it on record. True, the opera singers made concert tours, but how many would get to a given city in one year? And for the duets and trios, you had nothing else. So, everyone who could, had a phonograph. And too, when you wanted dance music at home for a few friends, a phonograph meant that someone didn't have to sit it out, playing the piano. So, phonographs were sold and sold and sold. Only with the coming of radio did the sales fall off - especially in the categories of music and comedy that were available over the air - dance, comedy, singing. [Where do you find the comic dialogue records today?] People disposed of the phonograph - or put it in the attic with the records - but often kept the old classical records as sentimental favorites. And the reason there are more Victor or Victrola records - is simple; they had Caruso. He carried the whole line. They also had most of the biggest names of the period - Tetravini, Farrar, Chaliapin, McCormack, etc. They had the resources of the continental His Master's Voice to draw upon. Columbia had no single star of the magnitude of Caruso. They also had a management who were uninclined to turn to the classical music, preferring to concentrate on the popular. And there were several reorganizations at Columbia, which kept them from becoming established. But the big difference was the snob appeal of Caruso on a red label. [In Europe, HMV went one step further. Melba got a mauve label. Duets got yellow, orange, or green labels. Several super stars had special colors - Battistini and Chaliapin had orange, I know. All made for snob appeal. And all sold.] But if you're looking for good recording and good singing, in general, but by relatively unknown Italian singers - unknown in America - look for Fonotipias, which were issued by Columbia. [One more reason for Columbia's failure. They used the same label and same series for both classical and popular singers; the 1400 series included all 10" records; in some cases they even mixed artists and type of selection on two sides of the same record. No snob appeal.]

The Fossil. Most interesting article on HPL. But I'm sure there are some members of FAPA who will ignore this, since it has to do with FANTASY, which is a dirty word. Appreciated.

Helen's Fantasia. A footnote to the above. More, next time?

Phantasy Press No 17. It's Pavlat who was the Sexy-Treasurer. Your figure that 99% of FAPA members would be unable to do justice to a French mag makes me wonder. This says that 2/3 of one member can read French. Since at least the editor would be able to do so, and I think I can, something's wrong. [It was L.R. Chauvonet, not Juffus, who did the French and German mags.] I still say, I'd not object to any fanzine in one of the common western languages. I do draw the line at arabic tongues, tho. Your remark on Wings magazine set me to recalling the old air-war mags of the 30s. I can still dimly remember some of the stories George Bruce did for Wings; much superior, I thought at the time, to the rest of the magazines. I wonder how they would hold up on rereading. This one mag didn't require that the hero always emerge victorious and alive at the end. And then there were the semi-science fiction stories that appeared in Daredevil Aces, Battle Aces, and Battle Birds (before G-8 and Dusty Acres, respectively) and which usually featured some super German invention - one, I remember, was a tank so large the planes landed on it - which would win the war, but which was destroyed by the efforts of one or two or three intrepid American aviators, sometimes with a British or maybe a French sidekick. Remember the Three Mosquitoes? Again, isn't the Summary off? [Such a change of topics!] Eney and White both live in Virginia.

Enjoyed Speer's article, although it wasn't exactly what I had expected.^o A number of the early Tarzan stories appeared in two sections in magazine publication; I don't think these did, tho.

Sambo. I wasn't there, so it doesn't make much sense.

Gemzine. Perhaps I may be wrong, but, to me at least, the reason you seem to break affinity is a feeling that you've got a chip on your shoulder. Even when I'm willing to agree with you, I have a feeling I shouldn't; that you've put out a proposition expecting to have someone take a swing at it. Probably it is just because you like to argue - I imagine a discussion in person could be most interesting [or even more frustrating?], since in that way certain obscurities that are now present could be cleared up before they obscure the essential points of the discussion. A large part of the difficulties comes from the varying use of certain words; you mean one thing by them - and don't take the place and time to define them, since they are defined to you so clearly they don't have to be explained - and Ted and Vernon and Jack and.....and I using the same words in the sense we are used to using them. Neither side will admit that it is not using the only correct meaning for the word, and so the arguments degenerate into discussions about the meanings of words. But it is just this inability to see what the other person is using as a definition that breaks affinity for me; I follow so far, and then suddenly come to the point where I realize that you have been talking about something different.

Another example of how you can break off with others in on pg 5 [counting the cover] in the discussion of 45 speeds. "Everything you say is true, but it gives the impression that you feel that the whole record industry is out of step, but you, for not continuing to make 78s. After all, records are a business proposition; if 78s don't sell, they won't be made. A friend of mine with a record store kept count of the number of 78 pop records sold of the top ten or twenty or such, and compared with the 45s of the same performances. He would sell 50 to 100 of the 45s for each 78 - and this was several years ago, before the switch was as great. It got to the point that the space he was using for the 45s wasn't paying its way; it was actually losing several times the gross on the 78s. So, he dropped the 78s; it wasn't worth it. So why not get a small 45 player attachment, connect it to the 78/33 set, and modernize. After all, the 7" record fits nicely on a bookshelf; no special record shelves are needed. But, as I was saying, the tone of the article makes me think there is a large Douglas fir toothpick on the GNC shoulder. It rankles.

This is perhaps the place to remark on how many FAPA versions of the pseudo-German rocket terms appeared in this mailing. I think there are five copies.

But what if Germany had won his Russian gamble? Or are you ready to speak German at the drop of a Ja? Sprechen Sie Deutsch? And that could have happened. Or, if Russia had won, and on her own, there would be Russia all over Europe. How's your Russian?

The SEP doesn't give the really dirty side of the US; it has a tendency to gloss over the sordid, to compress the bad in between two slices of good, as if to show that this is only a minor thing. And the fiction is universally goopy. It is less real to life, in most cases, than asF.

Did you ever read the Chicago Tribune carefully? This is the American counterpart of those English papers you mention, but with the "ant" more cleverly done. There have been some of the most beautifully done examples of making the news say exactly the opposite of what it actually is printed there. It is - or was when I was reading it while in Iowa - the best [or worst] example of a paper with two editorial pages - page 1 and the editorial page

- I have ever seen. It may have changed, but from the few copies I've seen lately, I don't think so.

One argument for not raising the FAPA membership limit - by much, anyway - is that if the organization gets too large, it tends to break down into smaller, semi-independent groups. I think this happened in the NAPA [Helen?] and did once in the past with VAPA [Harry, want to give with details for the younger generation?] and perhaps with SAPS. "With sixty-five reasonably active fans you get a really good-sized bundle every three months - and yet not too big a one [although I'm wondering about the last few...] With 100, it would be a case of either too much, with some one getting shut out, or a lot of feet-draggers and free-riders, and the same active ones doing the work. Actually, I think we have a turnover of about 20% in a year, which is not too bad.

Wait a moment, Gertie. You certainly aren't a moldy fig; if you were you'd know what McCain and I and White and the rest were talking about. So the "big name jazzmen, now revered as 'early leaders in the field' were not particularly considered 'leaders' at the time. This venerable halo is strictly retroactive and a very recent bestowal..." Before ripping into this, let's consider exactly what we mean by several terms. By "leaders" do you mean "leaders of large, popular dance orchestras, playing in large, refined hotels, and with the leader doing just that - waving a stick in front of twenty-five or thirty men." Such men as Whiteman, Lombardo, Pryor [remember his band on records] and Prince fall into that category; they do not and never did play jazz. But the early leaders in the field of jazz - leaving out the men who never recorded, and whose talents are to be assessed only by those who heard them play many years ago - such as King Oliver and Buddy Bolden and Freddy Keppard were certainly considered as the leaders by the jazz men at the time. The Oliver band of the early twenties in Chicago attracted a large number of other musicians in the area - who wanted to sit in, just for fun. Armstrong and Dodds and Ellington and Hines and Henderson were leaders in those days - and they are still considered leaders, maybe not leaders in the modern jazz, but leaders in the New Orleans style. And Bill Basie, the Count, has been around for several years. And then the great blues singers, Ma Rainey and Bessie. They were and are considered great. Maybe more people have heard them recently, via records, than did in those days, but in the jazz area they were tops. And consider how the early jazz records sold, in the areas they were issued - the metropolitan colored sections, mainly. And this was in the poorest area, economically, too. Just as most of the 1910 vintage Caruso's aren't especially scarce, so most of the early Armstrong records aren't scarce - if you don't mind a record that has been played to pieces.

I think that most of the bands you danced to in the twenties would have been laughed off a jazz bandstand of the same era. I can just imagine the Oliver band at Lincoln Gardens or even the amateur Dix group that recorded for Gennett cutting a small town "jazz" band.

As a thought. How many musicians do you know of that got two pardons for major crimes because of their music? And this was long before he was a national figure as a folk singer.

The boycott I had in mind was an unofficial "official" type, sponsored not by the church but with the church's blessing and off-stage aid. The point that I'm making is that in this way a few people, with the threat of the organized church behind them, can intimidate businesses just as much as the "protection" rackets can. And the end result is the same; the majority paying tribute to the few, either in taste or in money. I'm not arguing against the Sunday closing idea, although I think the establishment should have a voice in which day is closing day [In Washington there is a car agency that is either Jewish, Moslem, or Seven Day Adventist; it closes at sundown Friday and reopens at sundown Saturday, and is open Sunday. This I think is quite

all right.], but at the banning of certain items just because a part of the populace doesn't like it because it offends some of their pet beliefs. Another example would be the campaign by vegetarians against all meat and meat products; if there were a strong group that the vegetarians could threaten the meat packers or butchers with, meat would go under the counter. After all, there are laws against pornographic material; if the item in question is such, then take the legal steps. Remember, to a Hindu mother, a picture in an American magazine of a boy eating a hamburger would be unfit for her children to read.

My real question is the matter of who is going to judge the material unfit for me - and on what grounds. Maybe I don't recognize the grounds as valid; should I still be deprived of what I want.

But I feel this is an argument with no answer.

You really left yourself wide open when you said "What I have against the 'egghead' is the same thing that most of FAPA has [change "that" to "as"; the quote must be correct.] against the fuggheaded religionist who blindly insists on some particular tenet of his belief which has nothing of truth in it, nor any evidence of fact to back it up." Don't you see this as a mirror? Of course, you can say that whatever you believe is true; this is merely defining truth in a particular, and I believe fugg-headed, fashion. What is "true" in a religion; what evidence is there for it? And I am not referring to the code of morals that is part of a religion - and which, I believe, forms the main reason for the growth of a religion as a formal thing. [Add ethics to morals, please.] What truth is there in your statement that communism has no truth in it? What grounds do you have for the universality of the statement? As far as I can tell, there is as much "truth" in a religion as in communism; both have a code of ethics, both demand belief in a central idea or group of ideas.

I certainly haven't overlooked the fact that some of the brainiest men in history have been Catholic theologians; I have also considered the fact that a great many of the brainiest men in history have not been Catholic theologians. My point is that the Catholic theologians examine any new philosophic idea with one fixed point in mind - how does this fit into the accepted scheme of ours. If it fits, it is good; if not, it is bad. And this deprives the Catholic scholar of a large number of very worthy - in my view - philosophic arguments and ideas. In effect, blinders are placed on his eyes; he is told "We have decided that only these ideas are worthy of study; any other notions are worthless and must be neglected." This means that any "real 'Brain'" cannot "learn all there is to know" before it ventures off on its own. It is given a good road-map - or



topological map, to be more precise -- for certain parts of the country, and is told that the rest of the country is 'terra prohibita.'

But would a smart prospector turn down advice from several types of geologists? After all, classic geology had little to do with deep prospecting; it required the seismologist to discover new oil fields, after ordinary geologists had indicated many dry holes. And the trace-chemical techniques and magnetic surveying are locating lodes that geologists hadn't suspected, or had located in the wrong places. So why should we stick to just the philosophy that is "approved?"

In science, this would leave us still using the phlogiston theory and the "life force" in organic chemistry; heavy bodies falling faster than light, etc.

"I was not there so I have no first-hand, factual information to prove it was not true, and merely because a thing seems highly improbable is no proof that it did not occur." And what basis is this for stating as a truth that it did occur? I have no proof that you didn't poison Mr Carr, and merely because it seems rather improbable, is no reason to suppose that you didn't. What you have done is merely believe that what some other people tell you is true [i.e., what they believe to be true, since they weren't there, and, as far as I know (any one know otherwise?), have no direct evidence that it did occur] rather than form your own opinion from the evidence that can be obtained.

I think you've twisted Jack's argument re Elvis's income by a little mis-semantic reading. He didn't offer to pay you \$5000 for your expectations from Elvis's income; he was offering you \$5000 if you would pay him a sum equal to 1/10 of Elvis's income. The implication is that if you think he will have so little left after taxes, you should jump at Jack's offer, since you would be money ahead, even after paying him the tenth. [This is perhaps an extreme example of what causes various Fapans to attack you, and causes the break of contact.]

But I like Gemzine; otherwise I wouldn't spend 3+ pages on it!

Phlotsam. The dictionary says that panhandle comes from pan, a bowl, + handler, meaning to offer a bowl for alms.

An example of a show with a scene "in one" would be Kiss Me Kate [stage version]; the scene featuring "Brush Up on Your Shakspeare" was done in front of the ojo.

Morse is good, as always, but uncommendable. I just like to read him; he has such a nice narrative style.

Oh, no! Phyllis. I don't like diesels. The modern locomotives I was waxing enthusiastic about are the late steam engines, the big ones, as opposed to the little yard goats and the older Atlantics and 10-wheelers of the late 19th century. I grew up along the SoPac lines in Oregon, and have many fond memories of listening to the distant whistle of the big cab-forward 2-8-8-4s as they highballed a solid string of reefers to the north, for the east, or to the south, for California to export as "California" products, after they had been canned. (And I bet that gets a rise from someone.) Then there were the big Pacifics and semi-streamline 4-8-4s for the strings of varnish (with a big articulated AC to get over the Cascades and Sierras.) They are my favorites among engines. I don't enthuse over a little old logging tea-kettle, although they are nice; I like the brute power of the big ones -- the SP cab-forwards, the UP Big Boys and Challengers, the big Mallets of the WP and D&RGW. And then there are the big steel Pacific Electric interurbans, gleaming in red paint, whirring past with the overhead wire singing. They are nice, too. But the diesels; they are lacking in personality, in individuality.

Le Moindre. Your comments on the reaction to science fiction readers by the general public after sputnik is interesting -- and quite different from mine. Of course, several at the lab already read stf; the rest have made no mention of it.

I don't doubt that Meddybemps is in Maine; I was just pointing out that the report of its being in Oregon was apparently wrong.

I guess GMC is affected by her initials; she seems to be following "Engine" Charlie Wilson's famous remark about "What's good for GMC is good for the country."

All "hat There Jazz. In books, this type of title, so promising, is called a "gay deceiver." I was expecting one thing; the let-down was hard.

Sound on the Rebound. ibid.

Tough Toenails. I won't argue with you about those people whose only asset seems to be a omniverous memory; they are, in general, just a cross-section of the general public, except for this one thing -- smart and dumb, thoughtful or happy-go-lucky, etc. But I do resent your attack on what you assert are the "eggheads" -- which here seems to be anyone who does any independent thinking, any cogitating on what would happen if.... I think I've met a number of the physical scientists whom you are calling eggheads [and wasn't this term originally applied to the political science/economics men, who happened to have ideas that were different from the accepted ones of the times -- the former brain-trusters and such] and they seem like any other group of people, with individual characteristics and personalities. They have homes and children and get into neighborhood affairs. Some are absent-minded -- but so are doctors and mechanics and farmers and... The only thing that they seem to have in common is an inquiring mind -- a common characteristic of a group of scientists is the "bull session" over any and every subject. They are Republican and Democrat; liberal and conservative. Of course they can get off the track occasionally -- but so can everyone else! Some of the most illogical, crackpot ideas come from the man in the street -- the common man who doesn't take time to even look at more than one side of a subject. If my barber had his way, we would be at war with Russia right now, have occupied most of Central and South America, made Canada into a colony [hi, Toronto], have sent a few Marines into the Middle East to make everyone behave, etc. Russia would have folded with one or two A-bombs. And domestically taxes would have been lowered, old-age payments doubled, dams built everywhere, labor unions broken, big business put in its place, etc. Of course, when you try to get details and facts, he changes the subject or gives out with more double-talk.

Your "egghead" isn't overspecialized. He specializes, sure, but he keeps up on current events, and on literature, arts, music, etc. About half of the people in my section subscribe to Scientific American, just to keep up with things in different fields of science. And most of them are interested in music and art. They read the latest books -- except the best-seller [sic] historical fiction. They do this for the same reason they are in science -- they have an inquiring mind.

And they know how to do things with their hands. I'm one of the very few who isn't an expert glass-blower and plumber and machinist [not professionals in these, but good amateurs]. But I've never been interested in handicrafts -- even as a child I didn't build model planes -- and have gone into the theoretical end of physical chemistry. But, in general, chemists and physicists find it easier to build what they

need themselves, modifying it if necessary to make it work and things progress, than to try to explain the pieces to a professional machinist and glass-blower and what-have-you, who won't see what is really needed, and won't be around when something goes wrong. True, when a special piece of apparatus is needed, and it can be designed completely, it will be sent to the shops, but this can often mean a long delay.

So there has never been a business that failed because the hard-headed business man was "beguiled by [his] imagination into doing something that seemed a good idea at the time but proved to be a dismal blooper by hindsight?" Or a farmer that planted the wrong crop in the wrong place, in spite of advice, and came a cropper?

It seems that you are equating the scientist (physical) who is "going to out-think and out-figure the new aristocracy of brains in Russia" and save America, with the social "sociatist" or economist of very extreme ideas (to you), and the latter in turn with the "egghead." Back off, boy; you're on the wrong tack.

Null-F.

Speak for yourself, Ted, when you say "jazz to have reached its first peak at the end of the twenties" unless you consider 1924-5-6 to be the "end" of the twenties. Jazz reached a peak around 1926, another with the emergence of the Goodman, Basie, Lunceford bands in the mid-'30s, and another just before the war. Then there is the current 1947-55 peak.

Your description of your reactions to classical music indicates that you are still concerned more with the novel in music rather than the content. I can repeat your statement about classical music almost word for word about blues -- if I listen for the same things you do, in classical music. You will certainly find depth and emotional content in music -- classical -- if you listen for them. It may not be evident on the surface as is much of jazz, but it is there. I find something new in Boris every time I listen to it. Or in Mahler's Das Lied or Beethoven's 9th or Bach's organ works or his cantatas or...

You might find an introduction to opera through Wagner; once you get into opera and vocal music in general -- omitting the salon type -- you have a real chance for emotional feeling. Like the blues.

The American edition of the Ring -- the Hobit one -- was made, as nearly as I can tell, from English sheets bound over here and with an American title page instead of the English. Hence the delay in getting supplies.

If the Rolls is too conservative, how about the Bentley? Probably too conservative; not low enough. It's Pagaso -- and apparently only trucks and busses are available now -- and dictionary.

There are a lot of classical pieces that run much less than 20 minutes -- Most of Chopin's piano music, ditto Debussy and Ravel, Lieder and chansons and art-songs, and a lot of overtures and shorter orchestral works. And operatic arias, which can often be taken away from the complete opera, are not usually long.

Next time maybe gives another long Null-F section; this time nothing hit me.

Birdsmith.

I think you'll find a lot of the best organ players improvise with Bach's organ music. Try Walcha, for example.

Unless they hauled your train into Oakland and then out again back to Martinez, you didn't go through SF. No train has ever gone through San Francisco; there is no bridge over the Bay from Oakland to SF for trains.

And don't bring up the "bridge trains" you Oaklanders -- they have no connection with the lines South in San Francisco.

It isn't the range so much as the balance of the recording as to high and low ranges that makes a recording listenable. Thus, once the surface scratch is removed, many of the older electrical recordings sound very good, although not "wide-range". Only where the instrumentation calls for instruments that are mainly outside the recording range does a difference become noticeable. Several of my friends who have really wide-range equipment also enjoy the older recordings -- and go out of their way to get them. They prefer a superior performance with slightly less range. They prefer to listen to music rather than look at the frequency response meters. And they don't like the people who turn up the extreme ends "for greater hi-fi".

I had to get a work permit when I started working in the cannery, since I was under 16. I think girls had to get one until they were 18. This was to give the state some say as to the type of work a young person would be in, and the hours of work and such. For example -- and this is back in 1937-8 in Oregon -- canneries had three months during the crop season when they could work unlimited hours for men and 10 hours for women without overtime [per day] and unlimited hours per week for men and 60 hours (six days) in seven days for women. But, not for boys under 16. So, the work permit.

As a point, I might mention that the effects of such seemingly identical molecules as d-glucose and l-glucose, which differ only in being optically active mirror-image molecules, have different physiological effects. Chemically, the only difference is the optical rotation; compounds, though, with other molecules may have different physical properties.

But why couldn't your chained man take a bath by sliding the pants leg down the chain for several yards and then taking his bath. Ditto the other sex.

I've seen Salem temperatures down to 5° on several occasions, and in the 10s and 20s many winters. This isn't exactly balmy. True, it is warmer than on the other side of the Cascades, but not the tropical paradise you paint with balmy.

Morse is always interesting and enjoyable reading, but not answerable. This is one of the better parts of BS -- and the one I can't say much about.

Target: FAPA. I think there was only one of the compressed-air dynamite ships in the US Navy; I don't think she was ever in action. And rams were built on ships up to the Dreadnaught era.

Tyke. Such an example of loose thinking here, Jack. "The Colonies wanted to govern themselves as free men..." During this period there was nothing said about governing as free men -- or rather of all men doing the governing. Many of the leading revolutionists were in favor of only the landed aristocrats doing the governing; slaves were slaves, not men, and were not included in the general freedom plea. There were voices raised for general freedom, but they only had minor effect on the Constitution.

The ability to read fast is not a general indication of ability; it is just a matter of training, of breaking bad habits. And it doesn't take scientology to break this habit. Anyone with average intelligence can read faster, with training. The better comprehension follows naturally.

It just happens, Jack, that I've seen the Russian version of Boris Godunov again, together with a Russian version of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. The latter was most interesting, with quite imaginative staging and a very successful capturing of the air of out-of-the-world land that Shakespeare implies. The cast seemed very good; unfortunately, the English subtitles didn't use the original text. The Elizabethan songs sounded rather odd in Russian. But I liked it.

Boris, which I had seen about a year ago, held up well; I found myself seeing things I had missed before and appreciating some of the minor touches that I had overlooked. The propaganda element was still present, most noticeable in the subtitles. In several cases it was very obvious. But the opera and music is still wonderful.

And that brings me to our little Tyke. I don't remember exactly what that bull session was about - I don't even remember it. But, as I see it, I would feel about this way. The data that a method of gaining data gains is the important thing. But, implicate in the data gathered is the method of gathering the data - that is in itself data. An equation has value only in that it interprets data, organizes and unifies apparently unrelated data, and enables one to obtain other data by extrapolation - although any extrapolation must be treated with suspicion unless it checks with data obtained independently - and to suggest places and new means of obtaining other data. [This is actually what an hypothesis and/or theory does; an equation is merely a method of expressing a relation between quantities. An ordinary sentence is a verbal equation; look into any discussion of symbolic logic.] [The equation is merely a tool, not a desired result.] A theory's value is in giving a unified picture of a segment of the cosmos, relating a number of distinct entities into one whole. The fewer exceptions to a theory, the better it is. But no theory is to be regarded as absolute truth [unless in a strictly artificial system, such as a mathematical geometry in which certain axioms are taken as true and the system developed from these. In this case, a proven theory is taken as true, since it will be consistent with everything in the system].

Thus, this has no connection with my feelings on art in general and "communist" art in particular. Art is strictly a subjective matter, with an individual set of values. To me, the fact that a motion picture is produced in Russia is secondary to the question of what sort of art is it. In the case of Boris, the theme is based on Russian history way back - and a period the present rulers do not rewrite - and the opera was written in imperial Russia by an imperial Russian army officer. But the music is so Russian and so great that it transcends the boundaries of ideology and has a wide appeal. The Russians play it reasonably straight; the added touches are easily apparent. It isn't ideological music; it is artistic music. As such, it is universal. To ban Boris now would be as asinine as banning Wagner 15 years ago. It is as bad as the banning of the Battle Hymn of the Republic in the South.

I am not a follower of the communistic idea; I am not in favor of the present government of Russia. But, should we turn our faces away from such items as the Periodic Table which have been devised or proposed by the Russians? To ignore the data they have contributed would be cutting off our nose to spite our face. To be perfectly logical about such items, when our forefathers rebelled against England, they should have banned English as a language and spoken French [after all France was our ally].

Again I detect you making GMC type sweeping generalizations with no backing: "Communism is well known as a cultural crippler." Well known by whom? The Russians? Or the capitalists, to whom it is a crippler. Depends upon what culture you're crippling. And in America I think the same could be said with much truth about both capitalism and television.

Celephais. Of all people, I got two copies.

And so to the post-mailings.

Fake Fantasy Amateur. This brings back memories of the period when almost every mailing had at least one FA Loan-To or some such. And the listing omits the

More Songs of Bosses Artists [2p]. Bosses Lifeguard sings well to Clementine. Which is older, Clementine or Miners' Lifeguard?

Dimensions 16.

I enjoyed Agmountain's little feline piece. Ships a labor of love.

Run

The first two pages of this were quite interesting; I'd like to see more such reviews, "orman - and not just because you picked Celephais to start with. Poetry, I don't like, in general; yours is no exception.

Although I agree with much of the opinion you have on the proposed amendment, I think you are being a little too harsh on GNC. she was merely bringing it up for discussion, as a possible method of preventing a certain person - and not you, or anyone in FAPA or currently on the waiting list - from getting in, since it would almost certainly cause the disruption of FAPA and the retirement of a number of the members from all fandom. There is rather strong sentiment locally for some such plan - but so arranged that it would take a rather large number of votes to keep a person out. In this particular case - whom I have met [ugh] - the situation is so bad that if he is voted out he would probably at once attack FAPA and most of the prominent members through mundane channels. I, for one, could be vulnerable - I might lose my job, and under circumstances that would make it hard to get another in my field. Speer could be hit politically, etc.

But, I think you are a little too down on GNC; I don't always agree with her, but I at least can read Gemzine - it's good for many a laugh.

Keep

coming on the style of the first two pages, and you'll find FAPA is a friendly place.

The Satellite in the Sky and Sputnik Stories. I enjoy such personal description of behind-the-scenes; it reveals the feet of clay of our proud institutions.

Garage Floor. This section of the Road to Abstraction was much more interesting; it made clear some things that had been unclear to me. Otherwise, no comment. I like the cover,

Sundance. This is another of those rare items you just read and enjoy - I've been reading it and listening to the Stradivari Quartet from the LC, which makes for a stop of typing for the nonce. All I can say is thanks, Jean.

The Will-Be That Was. "nother labor of love by Jean. No 2 and 18 really hit me. Maybe I'm in the blues phase.

Science

Fiction Market Survey 1956. From art to fact - and the art seems to win. I just can't get worked up over the mass of figures and deductions therefrom; too much like office work.

Bandwagon. Someday I'm going to have to go through Gettysburg; I've always steered clear of it, since the only times I have to get there - without killing my vacation, when I want to go home - is on weekends, and then I'd run into the other tourists, who seem to always be underfoot. I like to be rather alone when doing such a site; that way I can catch the feel of the place.

How fleeting is fame. Hawk Carse was the super-hero of the early 30s in stf - a transplanted stereotype of the cold-eyed, tight-lipped cowboy of the Wild West Weekly era, the machine killer. He appeared in four stories in the old Clayton Astounding by Harry Bates and Desmond.

W. Hall [Hawk Carse, Nov. 1931, The Affair of the Brains, Mar 1932, The Bluff of the Hawk, May 1932, The Passing of Ku Sui, Nov 1932] under the pseudonym of Anthony Gilmore, and one story by Bates alone, The Return of Hawk Carse, in Amazing, July 1942. The stories are not good -- there is no attempt to picture any characters and anything but cardboard figures and everything is either black or white -- but the first four stories made a real impact on the readers, since they did have an atmosphere of action that intrigued the fans.

Clause. My only comment -- too short. But you just had to get this issue out. Will the next one be for the cat that crossed the desert?

Tension. The Obscenity Yardstick is most interesting; a look at the whole decision would be entertaining. But this should be noted by certain members of FAPA. For example, the Clyde thing falls under points 2,3,4,5, and 12. Rest of your ramblings interesting. Reminds me of graduate school.

Dolor. Normally, I ignore material that comments on items in the mailing it is postmailed to, but I will say that I was most interested, in an official capacity, in the information about Bowart. I now remember getting his mag -- but not just when. So, if this were published before he was offered membership, it would be enough to cite as credentials. Otherwise, he'd still have to dig up the previously published material. In any case, no reply to date. So I'll let you all settle who did read the FA -- and the constitution, from whence the wording comes.

And so, at long last, and 16 pages later, come to the end of the 81st FAPA mailing. It was fun.

DIRGE

O lay her gently where the lark is nesting
And winged things are glad!
Tears end, and now begins the time of resting
For her whose heart was sad.

Give roses, but a fairer bloom is taken.
Strew lilies--she was one,
Gone in her silence to a place forsaken
By roses and the sun.

Deep is her slumber at the last of sorrow,
Of twilight and the rain.
Her eyes have closed forever on to-morrow
And on to-morrow's pain.

---George Sterling

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