

Celephais

#23

The second week of April is well underway, I find, and the pile of some 584 pages of assorted crud and wisdom that came via Dick Eney last Feb is still sitting on top of the phonograph, largely unread. A sad state of affairs, indeed, and one that I propose to remedy during the next week or so. To make matters even worse, along side of it is a somewhat smaller pile of the last MPA mailing, which arrived a week or so ago. Likewise unread. And I fear, destined to be unread for a couple of more weeks. Until this issue of Celephais. A sad state of affairs. But one not entirely my fault; the office has to bear some of the blame. I'm probably just getting old, but after 10 hours or so at the office, I just don't feel like doing much fan-ac - or even anything but putting a couple of records on the player and relaxing. Or maybe reading a light mystery, just for variety. And then there is that fiend with the beard, Eney, who keeps wanting material for Speculative Review. And to satisfy him, I have to actually read the pros, including Amazing and Fantastic. But the latter aren't as bad as they once were; I've actually found some pretty good stories, including novels that are actually novel length. May I recommend Marion Z. Bradley's "Seven from the Stars" as worth reading for entertainment, and also for some darn good writing about the southwest.

And then, of course, there is always the weather. Around Washington this time of year it is always a topic of discussion - and cussion. For example, in March it snowed, hard enough to tie up traffic, on the first three Wednesdays. The first one was a real mess all over, with about 8" of a nice wet snow that packed into ice easily. [I know the people in the midwest are smiling at this, but I'd rather drive in a midwest snow, with snow loose enough for traction. Here, even chains are not much use after the snow packs. And we don't have too much in the way of plows and such.] So, the week of the 19th it cleared off, and turned warm and springlike. Did it snow on the fourth Wednesday? No, it snowed briefly on Tuesday! So now we are well into spring. Yesterday it got down to 28 at night - Sunday was cherry blossom and rather nice, although a little chilly - and today it went up to the mid 60s. I still have antifreeze in the car. Who knows.

But enough - or do you really want more? - of this idle chit-chat. I should go on to the mailing, but this time I'm going to vary things and sort of put an article that isn't an article here, with no title or such. After all, this isn't a formal publication.

As part of the aforementioned Speculative Review [if you haven't gotten your copy, write Eney] I've been reviewing the pros. After the first issue letter writers - one at least - asked me what I meant by "science fiction" and "fantasy". That made me do some thinking - real hard work - and review the various definitions and discussions I'd remembered from the past, as well as what I considered "science fiction" stories and "fantasy" stories. So, I finally came up with an idea of a definition, which I'll toss in on the next page, together with a few words about it. And before someone out in the vast audience of some 70 people (how many dual memberships?) [and I should have used the expression "70 odd people" up there - wasted opportunity] yelps about including such a discussion in FAPA I will refer them

to the Constitution, wherein is spelled out the name of this august organization, and its field of interest. So there. Anyway, the definition:

Science fiction is the fiction that is based on contemporary science and extrapolations of that science, and which is not in opposition to the knowledge of the period; extrapolations that change basic theories must do so logically. The science must be an integral part of the plot, and the development of the story must be consistent with the assumptions made.

For fantasy, a companion definition is Fantasy fiction is fiction based on assumptions impossible according to contemporary science; but again, the assumptions must be an integral part of the plot, and the development must be consistent with the assumptions.

The first of these, of course, throws out all time-travel stories (except suspended animation) and makes faster-than-light travel possible only by a change in the properties of space. By custom, though, time-travel is admitted into the canon, usually for the sake of the story; likewise, C_r velocities are assumed, usually with no explanation other than "hyperspace" or some such lip service to Einstein. Which, of course, is not too bad, if it is used merely as a means of getting to the requisite location of action, but not too good if space travel per se is the theme of the yarn. Even Heinlein uses this gimmick - look at "Citizen of the Galaxy".

And both definitions admit stories not usually considered in the groups. And exclude others that are part of the canon. For example, again, 16th and 17th century stories about vampires and ghosts would not be fantasy; they would be realistic fiction of the period. An airplane, though, would be fantasy, as would any idea that there might be human life on other worlds. (Or maybe the latter would be stf.)

But what touched off this rambling discussion was the arrival of Peals No 4 from Belle Dietz. On opening it, I found myself faced with a illustration of a venerable bearded sage expounding, and the heading "Definition of SF". This was just after I'd sent the last bunch of stuff for SpecRev to Eney, so I'm using FAP_n as a sounding board. The definition, as formulated by Sam Moskowitz, is:

Science fiction is a branch of fantasy identifiable by the fact that it eases the 'willing suspension of disbelief' on the part of its readers through insisting upon an atmosphere of scientific credibility for its imaginative speculations on science, space, time, sociology and philosophy."

And I don't like it. Of course, any such definition depends upon what you are defining. First you pick the items to include, and then write your definition around them. I did that, basing my idea on the old Gernsback thesis, with a broader inclusion of science as not just physical science. Sam, it seems to me, is first saying we know what fantasy fiction is - which I doubt - and then selecting certain of that group as science fiction. Since there are no specific examples given, it is a little hard to refute them, but I'm certainly not sold on the willing suspension of disbelief through scientific atmosphere. To me this simply means that a space opera will become science fiction with enough pseudoscience thrown around; that the Shaver stories will be part of the corpus of science fiction - and when that occurs science fiction will be a corpus indeed. The novels of ER Burroughs and Ralph Milne Farley about the center of the earth are science fiction by this definition; at the time they were written, they were fantasy, as no attempt was made to refute the weight of scientific evidence against the idea.

But this is enough discussion of a mere statement. Sam, how about giving us some more details; I'd like to know how you define fantasy, for one thing. And how do you exclude the crackpot ideas from science fiction. And a final point, what sort of temporal yardstick do you use?

But leaving such matters of import, we come to the part of this ~~magazine~~ magazine that inspires the most interest, I suppose - the section where you anxiously search for your name and your magazine, to see what aside remarks I have to make about you: the comments on comments on comments on commas. I'm going to make it easy for you this time - note the color below [Ashworth, Bennett, Morse, Smith, and Wanborough, you can note the colour under.]

But before the nice remarks to people, we have THE FANTASY AMATEUR. My thanks to all who voted in the egoboo poll, and its additional side section. This apparently has had no evil repercussions, as I have not heard of any unusual bomb explosions in Berkeley the last few months. I wonder, too, why Phyllis went all bashful in listing herself among the favorite unsung fipans. And, I might remind you all, if Ron doesn't, that elections next time. Candidates?

Genesis [Wesson]. One of the nice things in this mailing. I've always enjoyed your ramblings, Helen; you manage to make the mysterious east into something not quite so mysterious - giving us the other side of the picture from the newspapers and travel magazines. [[[Somewhere I read or heard or something that the various Japanese years were arranged in the order of strength or something, and that men would generally pick a wife from a less strong year. If so, and if the dragon is the tops, this would explain why our poor maids were doomed to spinsterhood. Any truth to such a rumor? [[[I'm sure that the US Civil Service would be equally dumbfounded were an employee so inconsiderate as to change sex and wish to continue employment. It would probably blow a fuse on the 704 that keeps track of all the NBS employees, for example. And I wouldn't want that; the damn machine is down enough, without such a further delay. It's a long walk from the office to the machine (four blocks) and not too nice in the snow or rain - different buildings, obviously - so I want to have positive results awaiting me, rather than comments like - "The machine is down with tape troubles; maybe we can get back tonight or tomorrow." [[[Why don't other countries take up that patriotic blouse idea? Why should Indonesia be the only patriotic country. Why shouldn't FAPA take the lead. I'm sure Janke would approve. [[[I enjoyed the clipping bureau; I've thought of the idea, but never get around to clipping the item.

That bit of pied type at the bottom makes it look just like an AP release as it appears in the local papers so often. UP-INS too. And I wonder just how many FAPAs can place your reference to Cassius? Nice 8 pages, Helen, and I'll be waiting for the rest.

Target: FAPA [Obviously, it's Eney's Fault]. I'm sure that GMC doesn't look like that; I don't remember noticing a beard. [[[What kind of number system are you using Dick? I've gone over that calculation on the Andromeda nebula and come up - 3 times, yet - with 4×10^{18} miles (that's an 18 in the exponent), which is 4 quintillion (American style). Roughly, we have $700000 \times 200000 / 680000 \times 186000 \times 24 \times 60 \times 60 \times 36$ miles. Using 1-place logs, which is all I've bothered to memorize, we have $\log D = 18.6$, which is 4×10^{18} miles. So, I was off by 20%. But, of course, there are nebulae only some 850000 yrs away, which could be seen as a blur, I believe. If so, there is the necessary extra quintillion miles. Or, for the benefit of such poor souls as I, with glasses, let's add opera/field glasses. [[[But, Dick, I've been informed by an A*U*T*I*O*R*I*T*Y on the subject (my roommate's father, who is a printer - newspaper and job shop) that there is non-rectangular type in regular use. For headlines, and such, they cast letters such as A and V so that they can be set closer than normal, AV, making the white space less prominent. Other such combinations - TA, AY, AW, LVPA, LYFJPJ, and similar groups in lc. Only in large sizes, though - 24 pt and up, or maybe even starting with 48pt. [I wish I had details on the Fletcher Pratt naval game; I believe it was the closest thing to the real thing possible. I've heard that the War College and Navy Postgraduate school as well as various foreign schools, took it up for training. Anyone know more about it?

It's been years since I read either the "White Company" or "Sir Nigel" and all I can remember about them is that I liked them, and thought they were among Doyle's best works as a writer; of course I do not include those he agented, such as the reminiscences of Dr John H. Watson about his friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Because, of course, I am speaking only of fiction. One other item in "The White Company" intrigued me; Doyle used "The Song of the Bow" several times, and I wondered how it would sound. So, I've been looking for a recording of it; finally found one, but am still after a better one. It is typical English folksong stuff. [[]] By whose tradition did books pre-empt the underscored title [*italic*]? I've usually referred to books in "" with mags underscored. This is the usage I'm constantly encountering at work, and it just naturally seeps through into all my writing. [[][]] American-style bread for sandwiches? Ugh. I prefer the home-style, heavy bread; it retains its flavor much longer and doesn't compress into a mass of dough during the time between making in the morning and eating at noon. [Yes, I carry a lunch to work. Only the blue-collar workers can afford to eat out....]

KEEP [Linard]

I was glad to see this in the mailing; I had feared that the recent events might have kept Jean and Annie out of activity. The writing in "You Who Knew Her So Well" intrigued me; for a non-native the English is very good, with a more precise choice of words than many natives can make. As I read it, though, I kept feeling I was missing something, was reading only one side of each page in a book. "A Man at a Time" left me feeling uneasy, again, the writing per se was excellent. I'm looking forward to more Linard.

Eleonore Pappas [Friar

Tucker]. This account of the insides of the publishing/writing business is wonderful; it could have been very dry, but with the Tucker touch it reads delightfully. [[]] I can remember having five sets of galley proofs once for one part of a book - the bibliography. It ran about 40 pages of probably 6 pt type, double column, and I believe I had practically memorized the whole thing by the time we gave up. It was a GPO job, only they were rushed and farmed it out. This meant that our corrections, which were mostly corrections of errors in setting, and not author's additions, had to filter through: the NBS publication office, which transferred them from the author's galleys to the printer's galleys, the Dept of Commerce ditto, the GPO contract room/office or such, and then the outside typesetter's proof room, and finally to the compositor. So, corrections were made to correct entries, items were transposed, wrong corrections were made. We finally gave up in disgust, and let it go, errors and all.

Horizons [Warner].

I might add, Harry, that the English and the Continent both make use of medium-play, 10" lps, at a smaller cost than the regular 10", lots of 10" lps, where a work takes one or two sides nicely, with no unwanted fillers, and lots of short selections - Lieder, for example - on 45 eps. I've been getting a large number recently. And may I recommend here one Columbia (English) 45 reissue. Ralph Vaughan Williams "Serenade to Music", a tribute to Henry J. Wood. Written for a small chorus of 16 voices for a tribute performance some 25 years ago, it is a setting of some passages from "A Merchant of Venice" in which each member of the chorus has a short solo. [I just checked. It's for Sir Henry's Jubilee Concert, Oct 5, 1938; the recording, which he conducted, was made 10 days later.] The composition even has the names of the singers specified for each solo. The "chorus" was made up of 16 of the most distinguished English singers of the day, all of whom had been associated with Sir Henry. Imagine a small chorus of Isobel Bailie, Elsie Suddaby, Margaret Balfour, Muriel Brunskill, Heddle Nash, Parry Jones, Roy Henderson, Harold Williams, Stiles Allen, Eva Turner, Astra Desmond, Mary Jarred, Walter Widdop, Frank Titterton, Robert Easton, and Norman Allen, with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, and Sir Henry J. Wood conducting.

Or a reissue of Maria Ivogun doing four Austrian folk songs, plus two (one?) air from Die Fledermaus. [[[I think the transformation in Mary Worth herself was a surprise to me. I must have missed something, because I can remember when it started, with "Apple Mary" an old woman selling apples for a living. Then, the papers at home dropped it - good sense, for a change - and I lost track of it for a number of years. Then, in Washington, I resumed looking at it - not reading, for there is nothing to read - and found it was entirely different, with Mary Worth now a cultured, dignified, middle-aged (upper-middle, or elderly, really) lady who drifted around in rather upper-middle class circles, as a perpetual house-guest and baby-sitter. What happened in between? [[[And Prince Valiant also shows some age - at least his children grow older and his wife a little more matronly. [[[Allow another of the timeless ones into your select company? Maybe we could get together and hold a concert at the next convention that we all make [] and really break things up. I'd suggest Danner as a fourth. [[[Do you mean that "Aaron Slick" is a real play? I'd always taken it as a "typical example" that didn't really exist. Which means that in my area, at least, it wasn't put on between about 1930 and 1942; later my records/memories are less complete, as I didn't have the paper all the time, but I don't ever remember seeing note of a production of it. [Of course, that should read "remember ever".] [[[Langley Searles is not at NYU any more; he left about 5-6 years ago to become the organic at one of the smaller denominational colleges in NYC. More money, less throat-cutting, and no damn graduate students to worry about. [[[I'm mourning the loss of the Haydn Society mono catalogue, too, with the Anthologie Sonore records that I hadn't picked up. A lot of the MGMs are available from England on Parlophone, Vox might be obtainable from France. [[[Oddly enough, I believe most of the LCT series still available is orchestral! The really choice items were transferred to LVT - Vault Treasures, that had to be specially ordered from Indianapolis by the dealer, who usually wouldn't mess with them; they have now been dropped. And many of the transfers were done very poorly; I'm replacing my Rosenkavalier with the COLH issue for the better sound. But the latter, incomplete and old-sounding though it may be, is still the recording by which all others are judged; and none have equalled it for interpretation. I have the Angle/Columbia new one, with Schwartzkopf; it is good, and sounds wonderful - until I put on the old one, and then you appreciate how much in the singing has been lost. I'm still hoping that the legendary complete stage performance with Lehmann, Schumann, et al. will be issued.

I can understand the cuts in the complete operas - after all, for many people, the dialogue is just sound between the arias, as they don't understand the language, and without stage action much of the opera becomes pointless, anyway. But cuts in orchestral and instrumental works - even Bruckner - are reprehensible. But, of course, this is not new. Remember the old Sibelius Society recording by the Budapest Quartet of his quartet? I've never followed the score myself, but I understand that the last movement is cut severely, with some 30-40 bars being chopped. They apparently had only so many sides, and just couldn't fit in the music, so they chopped. And the "complete" Strauss waltzes that took one side of a 12" (or 10") 78 - like "Tales" that takes 3 sides with zither. And never an indication of any cuts. [[[Lowndes does [did] indicate that the stories were reprints; there was a copyright notice at the end of each one, and some indicated these were reprints in the blurbs, or in his editorial notes.

"Jason" missed fire, this time. Maybe because I know too much about Weird Tales for the allusions to ring true. The baseball article did ring the bell, probably because I agree with it. I like baseball because I can follow the action, in general, without a battery of spotters, announcers, etc to help me. The action is in the open, localized at one or two points, and involves only a few people. And, I guess, baseball is the one competition sport that has no time limit - except legal. In every other game, strategy can be dictated very strongly by the clock; in baseball, the score seems more important. Anyway, I like it. [Cricket, maybe, has many of the same points, but in a slower way.]

Catch Trap [Bradley]. Of course, there are certain types of FAPazines that just don't seem to inspire comments -- not that I'm referring to Catch Trap here, merely that your comments on mailing comments brought this to mind. For example, how do you comment on something like the Fanzine Index. It certainly isn't the type of material that arouses you to tilt a lance with Pavlat. And yet, the mere "noted" doesn't express the value in it. I've been worried about this for ye ars, and have no suitable answer. [[[Right now one of the local AM stations -- I'm typing this at the office, and FM doesn't work too well, especially on an AM radio -- they're playing the most recent Mario Lanza record -- a sponsored program, obvious -- with interpolations from the lp reissues of Caruso, to show how better Lanza is. The Acoustic Caruso, are played wide open, with the treble turned up to accentuate the transferred surface noise. Of course the newer Lanzas sound better as recordings, which is what they are trying to do. But the singing.... Lanza never was in the same class. He sings loud, true, but....

But that isn't the worst I've heard while working on this issue. There was something called "Roll Call of Company J" all about this army company that was wiped out during WWI or WWII or Korea -- I didn't listen that closely. Complete with sanctimonious narrator, and then when he gets about half way through his spiel, the chorus starts singing, softly at first, and gradually louder, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder." Now, I don't especially like the latter, but the whole combination makes it seem like a breath of fresh air in a foul room. But, of course, you can't hear WTRICUY because of the narrator.

Lanza's "Celeste Aida" is now on -- I've heard worse.

Do you mean Sax Rhomer's Dream Detective? I'm sure you don't remember the first appearance, which was in 1915 or so. And even in book form it's hard to find. And then there are the stories by Clayton Rawson (sp?) which I've forgotten the titles of at the moment; one was about fake and real (?) mediums, and all involve magic with a magician as detective.

Women at lunch counters are a pain in the neck -- and elsewhere. They are the ones who always light up a cigarette while they dwaddle over their coffee, and blow smoke right into your face. As a non-smoker I really object, but if I say anything, I'm made to feel that it's none of my business and stop bothering me or I'll call the manager. Which is probably one reason there are so many men's grill rooms, etc, that don't admit women. [[[If it rained in the Western movies, no one would believe it. And, how would the handsome hero keep himself so neat if the rain turned the dust on his clothes to mud? And, of course, everyone knows it never rains in Texas or Montana or California. At least, not in the California used for movies.

Revoltin' Development [Alger]. My roommate, who is a car nut of some sort -- he doesn't collect the things, just catalogs about them, especially the older big ones and especially Packard, thoroughly enjoyed your notes on the Custom. The car he had before his present one -- a '56 Clipper -- was a Custom, and about a '49. He traded it in when the block cracked the second time. On another Packard, of course. Now that Packard is out, I don't know what he will do when he needs a new car. He's not interested in collecting cars, as we have only an apartment, with no garage; I suppose if he had room and facilities, he'd go after a classic. I know he'd like a Rolls. So would I. To get the odor of embalming fluid out of the ~~leaf~~ station wagon, you might try some of Bill Danner's Nucar spray, or the HP66. Or maybe some squirts of ammonia. Assuming formaldehyde was used.

I can remember getting wood delivered with a two horse team. Not from a farmer, but from a regular fuel dealer. [That was back when the school -- grade -- I was going to had a huge stack of four-foot cord-wood piled up every fall. I am not sure, but maybe 120-200 cords.] And when the family built the house in 1926, the basement was dug with horse-drawn scrapers, and fill dirt brought

Rotsler is, as usual, most interesting - and most uncommendable. I like these excerpts from a life of such difference from mine. However, somehow Dewey failed to click. I read it; I reread it. And still I didn't really get it. I think maybe I know what's going on, but I'm not sure. Would writing it in English maybe help? But Burbee makes up for it. Here I can follow what is going on, and know who is on first base. Maybe, if Dewey collects the material, and then lets Burb put it into English....

Armenians - poor starving kind. Sure, there was a time when the wicked communists, Russian type, and before them the wicked imperialists, Turkish type, were running wild over Armenia, killing and pillaging. So, there was a move to send relief to the poor starving Armenians, victims of the unspeakable Turks and menaced by the horrible communists. There seemed to be a perpetual state of famine, so food was wanted. Hence, the expression poor starving Armenian. Sure, once the Armenians got here, they looked up the earlier Armenians, and got a start in rugs or such. But I've known of a lot of Armenians who weren't exactly rich. Got one working for me, to be exact. Oh, yes; I see I omitted when the Armenians were starving. Around 1916-1921, roughly.

You know, reading in this mailing all the drama experiences makes me feel rather small. Only stage I was on was once in a local theatre - Kid's Sat Matinee. Friend of mine had "invented" a robot - cardboard box, cardboard tubes for limbs, etc, worked by a third friend inside. I was the straight man for the one time it appeared. Fun, and we got to see the show free for once. Must have been about 14 at the time. Probably didn't do more because spare time was taken up then by scouting. Someday I'll have to dig back in memory for a few memories. Some real times.

I'd like to know how you can put in a quality-quantity factor for weighting page-count of mailings, Terry. After all, stuff you consider good, I might consider trash; stuff Coslet liked you'd dismiss as uninteresting. Look at the Gernsback booklet last time. I'm ready to bet that a number of members tossed it aside as uninteresting. Others probably found it worth a "noted" while some really enjoyed it. So, what is the value of this? What would the quality factor be - 10, 1, or 0.01 as extremes?

I certainly can agree with you on the sobering effect of learning to drive on the ability to relax while someone else is driving. I learned only when I got my car some 9 years ago, although I had driven a little way back in high school, with a friend in his 1926 Essex. [Naturally, no automatic transmission or four wheel brakes or power steering or automatic choke.] I can still remember my first trip downtown just after I had gotten the car - a Saturday evening, I believe, with some rain, and right down one of the main routes, Route 1 before the Balt-ash Parkway took most of the traffic off it. Dodging street-cars (at least I knew where they should go) and greyhounds and cars and cars and pedestrians (are all pedestrians Armenians? The -ian ending, you know) and wondering if I could keep the clutch and brake straight. So now I blithely wheel down the same street and think nothing of it. But now riding with my roommate can worry me. He has never had a serious accident; he's had a couple of rear enders, one where he didn't stop and two where he did, and scraped fenders a couple of times, as he is not adverse to sticking his car into a space most people will consider too small. But he does rely on the other fellow doing what he should, and on his own reactions being good. In traffic he shoots out when I wouldn't consider it wise; if he ever stalls, it will be a real mess.

But isn't all California part of the Los Angeles city limits? I seem to remember a sign about the time we crossed the Nevada border saying LA city limits. And that was four years ago; by now LA has probably grown enough to reach about to Chicago.

No east Texas "Intlands" - you mean those marshes are hilly? And here I've always pictured the Texas lowlands as flat. [[[After all, even the Fantastic Novels reprint of the Kuttners' "Earth's Last Citadel" (which I had more or less forgotten about) was ten years ago. That makes it hard to find around here. I'm sure I know at least two young fans who haven't read it. [[[I've had to use an electric typer that had the tab where the backspace is on this machine, and vice versa. I was always tabing [tabbing] when I merely wanted to back up a space. Or hitting the carriage return and suddenly having the machine jump back and space up a line or two if I weren't quick. [The carriage jumped back, of course, not the machine.] But the main fault of that old Remington I had was the lack of a shift key on both sides of the keyboard. This made it almost impossible to type touch system, as you were always reaching across the board for a cap that came on the same finger as the shift key. So, I type a modified touch, which requires odd fingers for various keys, but does let me go faster than I can think, often. But I sure don't get any good rhythm typing.

Seems like I liked

Klein Bottle this time.

Happy New Year From [too many to count]. [I guess we can blame Phyllis for this]. I wish I could have made it, but. That was the time I got the shock of learning that our magnum opus of 10 years ago, NBS Circular 500, Selected Values of Chemical Thermodynamic Properties, had just gone out of print at the GPO. This information actually came through about noon of the 31st, when people [people] were starting to drift away for the evening. I was so shocked I had to stay sober that night. This meant a sudden hurry-up revision of plans for several years, and a crash program to reissue it - reprinting would have cost too much, as the GPO had destroyed the plates! - in two years or such.

But I wish I could have been at the party. Maybe I would have felt better.

Fantasy Press

[McPhail]. Part two of Marion's Detention Diary was better than the first. I wasn't there, but she makes things so vivid. I get the impression that you weren't quite in the little clique set. In some ways, I feel this can do more to harm a convention for the large number of "fans" who come to see the big wheels, and never really get to meet them. Too much of the fun goes on offstage, among the "ins"; too little of their group appear at anything but the big affairs. Something is missing in the list of titles in Under the X-Ray, Man. Things like Postscript and For your Information and Fanzine Index [!], A Cutty Fapazine, Words Without Music, Olympus (or is this O), Pavlat Report, etc. Or aren't these considered titles? And, to quibble, 63-16 = 47 (Economou); 101-28 = 73 (Janke); 32-9 = 23 (Quagliano); 82-50 = 32 (White). Which merely proves that I read it carefully. [[[Thanks for the pics of the convention - as a non-attendee I enjoyed them. [[[Want to borrow Ah Sweet Idiocy, Dan? Might be able to arrange a loan. [[[Maybe a better description of McPhail in regards FAPA would be "an island of calm insanity." After all, you are a fan....

I find

your Out of the Past section one of the most interesting of all; but what can you argue about here? I remember a couple of later Sweetness and Light that certainly didn't live up to their name, at least not in the usual sense. And mention of The Spicy S.F. Number of Flabbergasting Stories makes me wonder if there has ever been a "spicy" fanzine, in the usual sense of the word. And, by same process of association, this reminds me that the men's magazines are running fantasy and sf. Playboy of course started it. But now Adam is really featuring it. At least one per issue, on the average. And not too bad, reminding me of the old Planet, but including the parts Planet omitted. [[[What is this "Maid of Mars" which (who?) interested you in s.f.? Flying saucers back there? A nice issue, all in all, Dan, with Marion's con report of most interest, because it isn't a recurring feature that we are accustomed to. The old shoe....

Light [Croutch]. It's been a long time, Les. Please don't stay away so long, next time. That remark about crawling through the trap door makes me think you have been crawling through a collection of old Blue Books and read Nelson Bond's "The Magic Staircase" which describes just such a case. [[]] What sort of girls do you know who have girdles that break, in public or no? I've never heard of one around here having such trouble. Maybe you mean a garter here, too. And I don't know more than a couple of men who still wear garters.]]] We, too, used milk cans for noise making. I have a feeling it was an attempt to get a sound like horse shoes on pavement.]]] Do you remember the letter below? Amazing, Feb 1935. How time flies.

Editor, AMAZING STORIES:

The mail is in, and our honorable, long-suffering editor is hard at work ripping open letters and receiving brick-bats and posies from irate and praising readers. He opens one, and glimpsing the signature throws down the offending epistle and roars, or should it be "moans?": "Another letter from that terrible bore, Mr. Croutch! Have I got to put up with him every month? The good gods that rule over all editors have mercy upon me!"

This is that offending missive:

Here I am again, commenting on the November issue of my magazine, the book of all books.

"Yiddle-e-o yumpin' yiminy, as the Swede would say. What happened to Morey? Since the September issue his art of cover painting is, in my opinion, improving by leaps 'n' bounds. What say, you readers, am I right? I hope so.

The editorial: our mighty editor certainly knows how to get editorials out of that massive brain of his. It was—let the above statement speak for itself.

"The Moon Waits." Mr Sullivan sure has an imagination. Instead of sticking in the rut and using a space ship, he developed a new, new to me anyway, method of Lunar-Earth travel. How about another story by H.L.G. Sullivan?

"Noekken of Norway." Thank glory for a story with an eerie touch. But —Bob Olsen gave his idea of the origin and manner of beast in the tarn. O.K., why didn't he give us a theory as to why the mistletoe should exert such an influence over the tarn orgy?

"Land of Twilight." Just another story. Moses! How many times have I read stories based on hero-set-out-for-planet-gets-off-course-lands-on-other-world-fights-savages-beasts-rescues-pretty-girl theme? Nuff sed!

Haven't read the "First Flight" yet.

"Through the Andes." Atta boy, Verkill, fellow-me-lad. How you can write. Keep it up. Give us more archaeology theme stories.

I say, Mr Editor, isn't it about time for another Quarterly? How about one with all the "Skylark of Space" stories in it, huh?

"Liners of Time." "here is it?

Now for a question, Mr. Editor, and I sincerely wish I get an answer so I'll thank you for it in advance.

How about a swell, spooky story on psychology? You know, something shivery. Now don't say I want a thriller yarn, I do and I don't. There's a science back of psychology and what I mean is a science fiction psychology story by a man who knows what he's writing about. Get me?

O. K., guess I'll have to sign off now, so please don't think me impatient in making that request.

So adios till next month, I hope, (and you groan).

Leslie A. Croutch,

Parry Sound, Ontario, Can.

(Our readers are to be informed that this letter is from a man, as the name does not disclose this fact, and certainly from one of a very appreciative

disposition. The editor gets plenty of brickbats, but fortunately he gets pleasant letters on the majority side. We have every reason to believe that we have a great many friends, and this is a very pleasant belief for us to hold. Sometimes we get real scoldings and we are not so conceited as to think that they are always undeserved. There is a theory that a person, who claims to "do his best" is apt to be insipid. And that indirectly expresses a justification for our editorial sins. We thank you for your appreciative letter--EDITOR.)

Did you ever get an answer to your question, Les? And this is what you get for not putting out something that gets lots of check marks.

Soreen's Song

[Busby, F.M.] Ha, my Olivetti 44 has also -- and][instead of the usual fractions. And that's nice when you're typing German a lot.]["hucks, Buz, you didn't read the constitution. Sure, new members must pay their dues before the fourth mailing; so must old members. This is just to remind the new members that it isn't a year before dues come due again. They aren't members until they have paid their dues for the first time, remember? [I'm sorry that Elinor hadn't had the sourdough going when I was there. Now I know I'll have to return.] Washington (state) has it's counterpart in Washington (DC) re that standing up with a glass in hand. It is unlawful for anyone but the waitress or waiter to carry a glass in hand. So, if you are at the bar, and decide a table would be better, the waiter has to carry your glasses - even Coke, I believe - to the table.][Sticking my two bits in on the peyote discussion, and strictly from what I've read/been told by those who have tried it. I'd hate like hell to be driving and meet someone who had been "up" on the stuff in a tight spot. I fear he would still be in his dream world, and not care what was happening, or maybe not realize the time involved or something. That's is what makes me fear it. Like alcohol, except that alcohol can put the victim out, sometimes.][Ouch, Buz, now you've changed my meaning entirely. I didn't say that the scientist was trying to find errors in the Cosmos; you did. And I don't agree. He's trying to find errors in what someone else has said about the Cosmos, or some segment of it, but not errors in the Cosmos. How can he, when he doesn't know what is really right? There aren't any errors, just errors in interpretation of it. And these errors are what I'm always snooping for, in my work. And boy, do I find them. Not big ones, necessarily, that will shake the whole structure of the universe as we apparently now see it, but little careless ones.][But why shouldn't Andy wear a hand-painted bow tie? Either it's a hot nude, [he gets cold easily, he says, and this might keep his throat warm] or a modernistic daub he wants to keep hidden.][Maybe after a boat trip to Hawaii you would be too tired to enjoy a lei?

Phylotem [Economou]. Cute cover, Phyllis, and I like it. But, does that cat have extra toes?][Do you remember - or I guess you don't - the wartime Horizons printed on yellow second sheets? They were eyestrain publications; with real bad showthrough and some poor repro, they certainly don't resemble the present H. But the material in them was good.][I wonder if the dating of the tarkington stories and not of the Twain is not due to the longer temporal displacement of the latter. Most of us can remember, or at least visualize from parents, the period of Penrod. I know I can remember a slightly later period that was not too changed. Twain, though, today is very remote. Dirt roads in town, whitewashed board fences, gingham girls in one-room schools:... far, far away. Although I have heard both parents talk about such things at the turn of the century and slightly earlier. But it is so far back that it has attained a glamour of its own. Penrod, though, is just "old-fashioned" now; maybe in another thirty years, he will be back in fashion. [Or maybe we won't even be reading then....]][Somewhere back in my memories is a remote impression of hearing some old Sarah Vaughn platters that were good. But then she became big name and stopped singing....

I assume you've never cooked a duck shot with a shotgun and one killed with a rifle (small bore) or you'd know the difference between the two.

Another one that has a pop-song remembrance key. There are still a few songs that bring up specific events to mind. The fanish one, though, is "Springtime in the Rockies" which always makes me think of Buck Rogers, or especially the Sunday strips with Buddy Deering and Alura [?] on Mars versus the cat men. So, that probably dates me real strong.][Now you've got me wondering about your inlaws. Your brother-in-law has Arthur as a brother-in-law? How?][The taste of a strawberry ice cream cone -- ugh. I have never liked strawberry ice-cream, although I like strawberries and strawberry sundaes.][Southern Comfort is about as low as you can get. Ugh again. I'd even prefer strawberry ice cream.][doesn't True Story go back further than TC? I'd date both from the early 1920s. And I believe S&S's Love Story pulp goes back to the early 20s or late teens. But I suspect that what Buck means is that the confession mags took over from the love pulps in the general disappearance of the pulps from the onslaught of the comics. And then there are the comic love stories -- I mean love story comics, of course -- which now attract the non-reading, Life-picture-oriented teen age girl of today. These, I suspect, were what really killed the love pulps. They graduate to the confession magazines -- maybe they want to see how some others like themselves have done.][I've read the LHJ, when I'm home (Oregon), as mother subscribes. And I'll have to ask Jean Young to forward the article, if she will; I've not been able to locate another copy of that issue. the article is a little overstrong, perhaps, but it does point out that many of the articles and stories in the LHJ are very similar in content to the material banned as pornography, except in the non-use of four letter words and omission of a few scenes.][It is strange, to me, to look at today's neatly costumed, necktied and sports-coated highschool boy. When I was in school it was the custom for all boys to wear cords. And the cords were not to be washed during the school year, unless parents got too violent about it. The dirtier they went, the better. And they were really dirty, some of them. No neckties, open necked shirts, with a sweater, maybe. It was custom, too, to write names, etc, on the knees of the pants. In pencil. Which added to the darkness. A real pair would have no visible trace of the original color. They faded badly after washing, and when wearing such a clean pair, one hurried to get them acceptably dark.

I'd say that the nasal whinny is more characteristic of the hill-billy singers from the hills of Missouri and Arkansas. I can remember the "grand old opory" from way back on radio, and they always had such hill-billy singers.

My Collegiate has "tad" as (US). A small child. So, tadhood could mean smallgirlhood, as Elinor uses it.

On to Bill Morse. It's nice to have a second set of reviews under one cover. Especially when they are as nice as Bill's. Thanks for the info on the MichelinX tires (I can now spell it thus, as there is a local dealer handling them. And the Firelli with demountable treads. But how would the latter stand up at high speed? Too often I see parts of a recap that has been shed lying along the road.] I saw one Al Jolson movie, once. It talked, the ads said. That was all right. The trouble was, Jolson sang (sic). Probably either the Singing Fool or the Jazz Singer. I don't remember, now. And don't care.

One of the advantages of having a Chemical Soc meeting in Milwaukee -- they tell me; I didn't get to that one -- is the tours of the breweries, ending with a stop at the tap room. It seems all good breweries have a tap room for visitors, who come with proper sponsorship. I don't suppose the local lusher could visit more than once or twice. And I've had the same at a winery. Italian Swiss Colony at Asti (?) Calif had a tap room with any wine -- except champagne -- you wanted. You didn't even have to take the tour. Just drop in. But, the road south -- US101 -- isn't too good, after a few wines. I've seen the salt in beer here; lots of taverns keep a salt cellar on the table. Supposed to release the CO2 faster, I believe. More bubbles to tickle going down.

A Prepon de Nothing [Caughran]. In spite of the postmailing of A Prepos de Rien I'm still not convinced that page two was not by Caughran. Maybe the postmailing is a hoax? But there are a few too many * on page two. But it is a nice idea. Taking APdR here too, the only reason for daylight time -- which we are now back upon -- is to avoid changing people's time habits. We are used to getting up at a certain hour, getting to work at 7:30 [that should be 8:30; I leave at 7:30, and get to work at 8. Avoid much traffic that way, and only takes 15 extra minutes to get time to read the paper in comfort.] leave at 5 (or 6) and so forth. Be much harder convincing people they should start work at 7:30. Too many people wouldn't want to, preferring an extra hour's sleep. So, sneakily, they change the clocks, so you have to get up earlier.

What's wrong with Mozart played -- or his music, rather -- by a brass band? especially music that was written for a brass band.

Maybe telepathy follows an r^6 or r^9 inverse law, like intra-nuclear forces. Or a Lennard-Jones potential -- $r^6 - r^{12}$ -- as in virial interactions in gases. Short-range forces seem to decay more rapidly than the inverse square law.

I've been waiting for some time for someone to suggest, in view of the length of the waiting list, that the membership be upped to 75. I'm not going to, as I feel it would be a move in the wrong direction. But I'm still surprised no one has.

Genuine 4/26 Part Two [GHCarr/Rapp/Gerding] I really don't know what to say about this. I found it interesting; it seems that the author has some knowledge of what he is talking about. I believe thanks are in order to Rapp and especially to Nan for producing it. It is thought-provoking. And I feel Heinlein had seen/heard this before writing SSSoldier. This may have provoked his close-knit units. The material in this makes one wonder about our homes and schools. I'd like to go on and on about this, but I haven't gotten my ideas really in order, yet. Anyway, thanks.

Le Moindre [Rasburn]. Your comments on job hiring remind me of a recent experience I had. We've needed another literature abstracter for some time, but haven't been able to find one -- preferably female, with a degree in chemistry and perhaps a year pg work, for a grade 7 or 9. Any takers? -- although we have had our eyes open. So, when we heard of a woman in another section of the Chem Div who was dissatisfied with her work, we let it be known we might be interested. So, she came over in Jan, and discussed it. She wanted to wait until her present boss retired the end of Feb, but thought the wrong man would be named to succeed him, and would probably want to transfer. He seemed to be interested in the job. Came the end of Feb, and she was still undecided. Then she got pneumonia for a couple of weeks. Then she said she didn't want to come -- and two days later changed her mind. So, we set a date for the 18th of April, the end of a pay period, and leaving enough time to clean up her work. So, Monday she came over and started work. All was well -- it seemed. Then, Tues AM, she told me she had changed her mind, and didn't think she should change -- she seemed afraid she couldn't do the work, although she seemed capable enough at the end of one day. So, she finished out that day -- and went back to her old job (they were glad to have her back, and had been working on her self-confidence, I believe) Anyway, she had only two days with us. So, anyone want a job?

But, after all, those shrimp were from R*E*D C*H*I*N*A, and everyone (in the USA) knows that they are untouchable. Who knows, those frozen shrimp could have contained deadly poisons, timed for release as they were crossing the great wheat fields, or the watershed of Chicago or something. Thus periling our N*A*T*I*O*N*A*L S*E*C*U*R*I*T*Y. After all, I can't even collect their stamps. And if I want a reprint from one of their technical

journals, I get the National Academy of Science to write a letter to the Academy of Science of the USSR, requesting them to ask for the reprint, which is forwarded via the two academies. The same is true of East Germany and North Korea. Or I can write using my home address, and not mentioning my official capacity. For Russia, and other recognized countries, we can write direct, and can send reprints, but with a letter asking for similar material, or offering similar material. This can go official.

Boyd, Marlene is better than the Divine Sarah. At least she doesn't pretend to be a jazz singer. And have you ever heard her old recordings, made for Polydor in Germany back about 1929, of "Jonny", "Peter", "Allein--in einer grossen Stadt", "Wo ist der Mann", and "Mein blondes Baby" and some others? They were reissued in 1950 on a lp by Vox, but with the disappearance of 10" lps, they are again among the missing. I found a copy only after several years of looking. Anyway, She puts S*E*X in the songs the like I've never heard before. And at the same time there is the feeling of Weltschmerz that was so common in Germany of that period. It gives a feeling of real decadence. And some of the words.... There is no translation of the lyrics on the jacket. But if you know German....

I imagine it is too hard to change a "transliteration" scheme that is so firmly entrenched as the Peking example. Russian had one advantage; up until the Revolution, the educated used French for all foreign contacts. (I don't know why the blank there) The scientists had been mostly trained in Germany or France; they accordingly published their papers in the journals of these countries, with the same paper in the Russian journal, if they desired. So, except for proper names, which were either Germanized or Frenchified, the Russian words didn't have to be transliterated. Even the libraries more or less ignored them. Then came the Glorious October Revolution. And it became the thing to use Russian where possible. And books and magazines and journals in Russian came pouring out in ever increasing numbers - in Cyrillic characters. So, transliteration schemes were set up. And no one used or uses the same version. The Library of Congress uses one set; the US Board of Geographic Names another; Chemical Abstracts still a third. And the French a different one, and the Germans another. So, look at the various spellings of the names of composers. Like PITchaikovskii or Chaikovsky or Tschaiowsky or. And the capital is known as Moscow from the German transliteration with the w representing - as it does in German - the v sound - Moskov. And the French Moscou. I've seen the same author spelled three different ways depending upon whether he was writing in a German, French, or English journal, with a fourth version from the accepted transliteration. I might say that the transliteration does attempt to represent the sound of the word, or at least give a fair approximation of it, so that a person can reconstruct the Cyrillic word - maybe.

Wraith [Ballard]. I still think most members don't read the FA. Sometime I'm going to sneak in a clause voiding membership of all who don't write me by a certain date. Bet the WL would love that. [After all, it is a situation not covered by the constitution.]

I assure you, Wrai, I do not and have not mooched on your tapes. I don't have a machine, although some day.... So it is just great minds working on the same ideas.... I'd guess the guard would merely take a hammerlock on you until help arrived. I've never tried to find out though. Those Big Little Books and Big Big Books and Better Little Books are now collectors items, bringing up to \$5 each for the good items. Even the common ones go for 50c per from the dealers who know.

Remember, when meeting FAPans, that it often takes two people to make one FAPA member - Youngs, Busbys, Coulsons, Carrs, Whites, Shaws, Linards and I've probably forgotten some.

Maybe the Pittoon group should investigate the use of one of the White House copters to descend on both Danner and Warner from above; as far as I know neither have planned any anti-aircraft installations. Of course, they might decide to invite the National Guard in for practice at that time.

I'll match a job I had in the cannery against combining. Not too hard as far as work goes, but.... It involved running cans into the pressure retorts and taking them out. First you'd load a buggy with the sealed cans - filled with hot water and blanched by steam beans - then run it into the big retort, which was still hot from the last batch - hot and steamy, which did me no good as far as glasses went. After they were cooked, you unloaded the buggy of hot cans into the casing machine. And then trucked - hand - the cases out to the loading dock. This was at night, and you went continually from the steamy retort to the cool outside and back. I know I would be dripping wet, and freeze every time I went out and then steam back to hot with the next buggy. And a friend of mine once had a job at a cold storage warehouse, unloading barrels and cases for freezing on the loading dock, with the temperature in the high 90s, and then trucking them into the cold rooms at about 0°F and then back out and in again. He had colds all summer.

Bleen [Grennell]. Your comments to Janke add fuel to the rumor regarding the author of those Peghoot things in P&SF.

I can't stand Scotch mixed with water; it tastes like some medicine. Or with soda or as some misguided fools do, with ginger ale. But plain, and not too cold, I like it. Just straight, with no ice; maybe a water chaser but not necessarily. I've found that good Scotch taken straight in moderate quantities - up to a pint over a long evening - merely puts me to sleep; I wake up with no effects. But start mixing them up - soda or any other mixer - and wow. That's the one thing I don't like about Nuclear Fizzes or rather Fuses - they taste so nice going down, but after the third one - wow again. And I prefer the Fuse, with Vodka, to the Fizz with gin. Gin is undrinkable, as far as I'm concerned.

I don't smoke, and hate to go to some of these conferences where everyone else is a chain smoker. I can smell the cigarette smoke on my clothes for days. Pipes are not bad; they seem to use tobacco with a flavor that makes it tolerable. A cigar that is freshly lit is not too bad, but when they go out and stand for a while and then are relit - I try to leave.

I don't know what it means, but the birthday of my roommate's father is the same as my father's - April 19. Different year, though.

I had to do a double take on the Grace Kelly joke, Dag, as I still consider Salem as my home town. Mt. Rainier is just a stopping place where I have no roots. The only people I've any knowledge of are the clerks at the PO, the bank, and one fellow record collector who is in the same apartment development. I hadn't heard it, but I can guess.

School - started in 1927, finished high school in '38. It may be that I didn't get a grounding in phonics because I was reading when I started school [mother was a school teacher before marriage] and they were pusing several of us through the first two grades in one year. I know I got a poor foundation in writing - physical penmanship - because they changed systems when I was in the third grade. I'm not sure, but I believe they were changing their reading methods at that time, too. I know I learned to spell only by memory. And I still can't spell. And German and French and Russian haven't helped me.

Try a Blaupunkt radio for the car; I understand they hold up well. Or, like me, don't have one. Just remember the music in your head as you drive. That way, you get the music you like, not what some moronic dj likes.

For a real cloverleaf/ves try some on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The favorite trick there is to put the sign telling you where the turnoff goes on the far side of the turn. So, you don't realize you want to take the left turn, and are in the center lane when suddenly there is a turn, and then the sign telling you you should have turned there. So, you end up going through the Pentagon or Alexandria or Potomac Yards or something.

Sure, the Philip Francis Nowlan was the guy who wrote Buck Rogers - remember "Armageddon 2419" and "Airlords of Han" in Amazing Aug 1928 and Mar 29? I don't remember any Nolan stories, tho. After he left the BR strip he started writing again, but suddenly died in early 1940 - just after copping the covers of both Fantastic Adventures (Feb) with "The Prince of Mars Returns" and Astounding (May) with "Space Guards" which was to be the first of a series.

But my Olivetti has a carriage release on the left. What model is yours?

I haven't come to that Shadow issue you cite, but I remember one earlier with much the same plot, except there was no mindreader involved. Same detail of American girl dying herself yellow.

"Colombia Gramophone"? Are you sure it wasn't a Columbia Grafophone or some thing similar? I believe that for years Gramophone was a trademark of HMV/Victor and no one else could use the word Gramophone.

But those old - 1940 - songs were at least reasonably well sung, and the band records at least were : smooth rhythmic performances for dancing, rather than today's horrors. I know I loved to study to the broadcasts from the East of the dance bands - Miller, Goodman, Lunceford, Dorsey, Ellington, Basie, et al. - playing at the various ballrooms. Made wonderful background to study to. One advantage was lack of commercials at 3 minute intervals for two minutes. Spot announcements at the quarter hour was about all. So now I study to the classics, and just try not to get too interested in the music.

Shall I send you a sample of DC water come summer? The Cl₂ content is so high that unless the water is iced you might as well be drinking hlorex. A water cooler is all that makes it drinkable. Out here in the sticks we have different water - Washington Suburban Sanitary Commission water - and it is better. Cooler, for one thing.

Wouldn't a writer with lice or cooties or such also be entitled to use "we"? Or are most/all writers cleaner than that?

One advantage of living in this area is that you can get over to Swartz in Baltimore for suits and pants and such. [Written up in SEP last November sometime. The article is true, but is too restrained. Nothing can describe a Saturday there. Someday I may try.] Anyway, a couple of weeks ago we went over to there for summer clothes. I wanted some summer slacks, but they didn't have my size in a material I liked. After all, it was the end of the season; they were about to start on fall slacks. So, I wandered back and started looking through the bolts of material until I found a couple I liked. So I'm getting a couple made to order. Costs a buck or so extra. But still cheaper by far than in any store in the area. Even for the same pants from them. And I believe I noticed some dark green gabardine material. For the benefit of the uninitiated, Swartz is a regular suit and pants factory, making up for the wholesale trade. Except that they will also sell at "retail wholesale" which is more than wholesale, but under regular retail. Beats even the discount places. And you get a selection right off the racks with hundreds and hundreds of suits to choose from. A good thing, and people know it. Saturday is a three ring circus.

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Day*Star [Bradley]. The comparison of writing was most interesting. I wonder, though, if "EQ" actually wrote the "EQ,Jr" stories, or just allowed the name to be used. Come to think of it, though, I believe they list the Jr stuff in the front of the regular books. Or, maybe he thought that using his own words would lead to incorrect descriptions. [[]] I liked the cover.

The Ramblings Fap (#20) [Calkins]. By logical extrapolation, the century mailing, FAPA's silver anniversary, should contain about three reams of paper (or rather 1.5 reams) and weigh about 10 lbs. And would break the treasury.

I believe that article writer is kept distinct from fiction writer because of the general poor quality of fan fiction, as compared with the articles. For example, I know I can write an acceptable article - if I decided to, which I've not taken the time to do - because I'm used to hitching facts together logically, developing ideas, and drawing conclusions; after all, a good part of my work is just that. But I'm no good at all at fiction; my mind just doesn't function that way. I find I can't even pad an article to make it longer; at work one of my tasks seems to be that of pruning excess verbiage and making clear, concise statements out of long, rambling ones, like this one. So, the custom of separating the two types of writing, which do have different purposes. One is for communication of ideas and information - like Andy Young - and the other is for entertainment of one form or another, or for teaching or moralizing. Very few can do both - Warner is FAPA's outstanding example.

Ha, Gregg, you've come to realize what it is that makes jazz Jazz. It isn't the virtuoso playing, it is the feeling that is in the playing. And the players who have the guts and put in the mood and feeling are often not the best technicians. They're more interested in what the music is saying (the former, I mean) rather than in forming the perfect tones and balanced runs and such. Which I feel is why I don't like the modern jazz groups, but do like the rough Hot Fives and the blues; they communicate a mood, a feeling, a strong emotional impact that the pretty and loud and virtuoso groups don't get over.

Try Morris Dollens for some good color slides. I got a batch and like them very much. Of course, they are paintings, not photographs, (photographs of paintings, really) but they are very nice. And as yet, there are no direct photographs of Saturn from its moons.

I wonder if it is because the Mormons do not have a regular missionary group, but use regular church people for a period instead, that there is this special provision written in. After all, they are not members of a missionary order as are all other missionary groups, I believe, but are engaged in the same work.

Did you ever notice where the "Luke Short" pen-name came from?

Utah

is not the only state with a no-smoking rule on busses. Oregon has one (or did last time I rode the busses there) and so do/did San Francisco and some other areas on the Coast (Idaho, maybe?). It isn't religion that does it, but safety and comfort of passengers. Like on the city busses around here. I've gone to NY by bus a couple of times where they allow smoking, and it is very unpleasant to have a heavy smoker sitting along side of you for 200 miles, if you don't smoke. Some places permit smoking only in the rear seats; if you sit there, you presumably like smoking. I find that in a closed bus, with the vibration and probably some engine fumes, smoke can make me car-sick. Hence, I drive or ride the train to New York. On the train I can get a no-smoking car.

Nope, credentials are required only to get in FAPA, not to get on the wl. After all, credentials cited then would be out of date when they came up for membership. But see the FA this time for a chance to do something about it.

The Rambling Fan (#21)[Calkins, again]. Thanks for this Gregg; I'm sure it was a hell of a lot of work, and yet will be unappreciated by many. ut thanks again. I'll try to locate the questionnaire and send it on. I hope.

It was interesting to note how some positions in the Egofoo poll have been held by one fan - like War ner - for years. Maybe we out to leave him there and vote on the second-best or this and that.

[Bennett]. What can I say but thanks for a most useful item. I certainly appreciate this. The Directory of 1959 S F Fanzines

Gemzine [GMCarr] What a job stenciling that cover must have been. [[[I tried the Fog index on some of Gemzine and found, on pages 1 and 2, values from 12.5 to 15.5. Which means Gemzine is harder to read than the Atlantic Monthly. Of course, I would probably do as poorly, with my habit of using long, connected sentences and short paragraphs.

I feel that the reason you find more Jews in the professions and business is that they were forced into them in years gone by by Gentiles who considered business an "unclean" occupation and favored farming as the only occupation for the upper classes. Other than the military, that is. So, forbidden to own land and farms, the Jew was forced to live by his wits. And so his wits were sharpened, he worked harder, and his children did the same. Natural selection, perhaps. Like, once you get a tradition of a certain occupation, you tend to become better at it. And, too, the Jews have had a tradition of education, which favors the professions. And, finally, they are city dwellers - the Jews that we know, that is, not those in farming countries where they were permitted to farm - and so would predominate in occupations based on city life - fashion, finance, entertainment, etc. But I don't feel that your super scientific center would work. Most of the Jews I know are not that strong for Israel. They feel they are American first of all; to them, religion is what they have in common, not a country or nationality. Why not do the same thing with the Catholics; send them all back to Italy or Spain? Or Lutherans to Germany or Scandinavia? And the loss of them would be a blow to America. Consider the loss in science, in music, in medicine, in business.

Gads, you are tottering, or something. Juanita Coulson a 6' male fan? Maybe she is a fan of a certain 6' male, but not the other.

Twenty years ago, as LRC mentions, most of the top fanzines were subsines - Spaceways, for example. There were fewer publishers because fewer fans were rich enough to have a mimeo or even ditto. So, the big boys could get subs for their mags, with exchanges only with the other tops. Multilith, for example, was unheard of; when Vom started multilith covers it was S*O*M*E*T*H*I*N*G.

I might just mention, re the preservaion of the unfit article, that the world right now is basically on a starvation diet, with only a few favored countries having an adequate diet. True, there are local surplusses, but not enough to make up the gap; complete cultivation might be good for another fifty years, and then.... nd I might ask, what are you breeding for - brains, jungle survival, or what?"

I'd say that we need an official greeter or head of state who does the ceremonial work, as Elizabeth R does, leaving the president time to preside, ala prime minister.

I feel Lee is asking a perfectly valid question re the Corvair, which is not a sports car, but a family compact. And oversteer is certainly one of the things drivers should know about, even if they don't know the name. After all, you do care whether a car responds quickly or sluggishly to a turn, whether it recovers rapidly or not. At least I do. And that, incidentally, is one of the Rambler's weaknesses - it handles poorly on the road. Around town, it steers adequately, but on a winding road, you have to work at it.

Silverberg makes sense. And much too little of Mr. Carr, I miss him .

Salud [E Busby] If you got white sidewalls, would you or Buz be responsible for washing them almost daily? I'm glad to see another anti-Dr. Doolittle in the crowd. I just never could get interested in them, although they were always being touted as great stuff by both librarians and teachers, and friends of my own age. I tried a couple and gave up. The Oz stories made more sense. Well do I remember the Howard Pease books; some were run as serials in American Boy or Boy's Life. The first few were very good, but they came along just a little too late for me to get the full enjoyment out of them. Right now I'm trying to finish out my Snell set - or sets, as he wrote at least three groups - but find the girls' books the hardest to locate. The Johnny Longbow stories are somewhat frustrating; they start with him in Siberia in 1920 just after the war, and he is still the same upper-teen-ager 19 years later. Then there is the Curlie Carson series based on radio, and finally the adventure/mystery stories for girls. Odd that of the two titles you mention, one is for boys - Rope of Gold - and one for girls - Green Eyes.

A suggestion on grating onions that might help. I've never tried it, but it sounds right. Freeze the onion first, then grate. But, after grating, when it warms up, look out.

I don't know if I mentioned it before, but your comments on Warner's lunchcounter series reminds me of the extra 5 or 10c some places charge for toast or toasting the sandwich. Why, I don't know. It takes no more work, nothing extra but a little electricity. Anyone know why?

Is that bandeau all Hedy was wearing? If so, I can see why you would fall off your stool. And why everyone else would too. And I'm sure Ackerman would have loved to have been there, judging by some comments he once made re a friend of his who was a beauty operator, and had the chance to see the stars - Hedy included - in the nude. He was so jealous.

Sure I've read "Unnatural Death" by Sayers. And liked it. And been unsatisfied with it. I agree with you that it opens and closes off-key. But in between, there is some most interesting development. In some ways I feel this is only half a book; it lacks just what "Five Red Herrings" has - deduction per se. And has what the latter lacks - characters. As a matter of fact, I have the feeling that Sayers never wrote a really complete detective story, or one that satisfied her. She was always experimenting, with Whimsey developing into a three-dimensional character, and the story often running away from the plot. And yet, perhaps for this very reason, her long stories are most rereadable, while most of the shorts are potboilers. In fact, I feel that many of the shorts are not written about the same characters as the long stories. But I like Sayers immensely. She was one of three writers I collect - Sayers, Crofts, Freeman. [Detective writers, I mean] I've added one more - Manning Coles, for his humor in espionage.

So that is where that stencil went.

Burblings [Burbee]. Uncombined this time with anything. Maybe the typer was also a gentle hint, like. Now all that is needed is a quire of stencils and beer.

Shipside [USS Trimble]. But if you free-lance, you still have to pay the SS tax when you pay income tax - only 1 1/2 times as much as now. But at least SS follows you around from job to job. Civil Service takes 6%, and if you leave the government, you merely get back your money, unless you've worked 15 years; then you get back a pension at age 65. And we have no say as to which or none; it is automatic.

But I liked your comments, even though there aren't red markings on the margins. But I did miss Bjo's work. And I don't think three months is bad; maybe all at once they would be somewhat too much.

20 Robin Hood [Rotsler]. I enjoyed this. It must have been fun, Bill.

Emotobook [Rotsler et al.] Another that defies comment, but was muchly appreciated. Writing some of these must have been lots of fun.

Queen [Schaffer]. This didn't click with me. I felt the writing was too involved and unclear in places, and the action too jerky, with no flow from scene to scene. In fact, I didn't find out where or when (?) the action was - or why, either - for at least half the pages.

Te Visit the
Appendage [Busby²]. Sounds like it was fun. Why wasn't it in December....

Gapi For some reason, no marks on the margins; on rereading, I still had no marks, but found I had had some interesting reading. Of course, I am not a cat fancier....

Vandy [Coulson]
At least there won't be any vote on doing away with that fine old institution, the Egofoo poll, in the upcoming election - unless a petition comes in the next couple of days. And, without such a petition, I don't believe it could be eliminated in time to prevent the next poll. Unless the new president sees fit to call a special election, or your underground can dig up 33 signatures to a petition, circulated to the entire membership.

"Jazz singers....judged by the variety of odd noises they can make." Who do you class as jazz singers, when you make such sweeping statements? Bessie Smith? Jimmie Rushing? Ivie Anderson? Or Elvis? If the former, I'll certainly take issue with you.

Want me to shop for discount records for you? Right now there's a sale, with the \$4.98s for \$2.97 and \$3.98 pops at \$2.37.

Probably Red Ingle was, like most of the rest of us, originally a gleam in his father's eye.

Probably the great impact of FTLaney on fandom was due in no small part to the time at which he arose. He came in at a period of transition from the s-f oriented fandom to the fan-oriented fandom. In fact, he was originally the first very strongly-as witness The Acolyte. It wasn't until he became a part of LA fandom that the change came about. He found fun in jousting with others with whom he had personal differences; as they were s-f oriented, he chose the other tack. With the help of a few kindred souls - like Burbee - who refused to bow to the sacred idols of Gernsback and Campbell, he swung the center of fandom more and more to the present fan-oriented type. He was a facile and penetrating writer; if his opponent left a single opening, Laney would attack there, and demolish that point. In doing so, he managed to convince the reader that everything his opponent said was invalid.

Turning to Tucker. You are trying Laney tactics here, aren't you? Ted Carnell merely meant not in England, which I believe is true.]][[Thanks for the warning. I'm not much of a movie goer, but I will certainly arrange to miss "The Tingler."

But if you don't pay attention to the lyrics of current popular songs, what do you listen to? Surely not the non-existent music. And how do you compare something that is unique?

I like your art/illos this issue, Juanita [the above is directed to you, too.]. But, I'm curious as to when the high heels first came in to use. This - back cover I'm gazing at now - is intended to be Roman? Yet the sandals look modern. I had other items checked, but find I've covered them earlier. Vandy, though, is one of my favorite zines; it has an atmosphere all it's own.

Three-Chambered Heart [Champion]. Welcome, John. A nice start. I liked the Schnook story, too. Much better than I expected. And, really, a neat little twist.

Popper, at least taken in excerpt, isn't as logical as you proclaim him to be. Probably, because the fog index is up to 27. I always wonder about such excerpts, when they contain those I feel there may have been a complete change in the author's intent by the omission of a few words.

Shipside (2) [The Navy again]. The letters are??? At least I didn't get them. But the rest was nice.

Cutfinity [Silverberg]. I'm glad in a way that Bob is now writing less of; it seems to mean that he will be writing more for FAPA.]][[I wonder if Harry's needle might not be a little worn; on some of the finer-grooved lps, a worn needle will sound bad. The pickup I'm using that I've been told is ok for stereo is an ESL Concert or Soloist - I don't remember which, and am lazy and don't want to get up, but it is the better of the two. I like it, and especially like the way the 78 handles older records. This was one of the reasons I got it; I have too many 78s I don't want to ditch. I've not tried it on the stereo records, though, so can't vouch for it. I've thought about converting to a Fairchild stereo, which got such rave reviews, but then couldn't use my ESLs without changing wiring back of the cabinet, which is annoying. Too much differences in output. At the present, the new Pickering might work, with a special needle for 78s. A reprint from Fandango is probably next, after I finish the current project, which is turning out bigger than I thought - 100 pages already, and only half through.

Jack [Danner]. That WR girl is somewhat like the one that Galaxy found in the Sears catalog - only 2x2 instead of 3x1. I don't remember getting that note from you re the TW action; did it go out?

Wasn't Rubineff quite a constant part of the old Jack Benny radio show? I seem to remember the name from there. I thought he was long out of things; if it's the same one, it's been over 20 years.]][[Sure, but you need some way to sort out the degrees of being revered; if you are a big-shot, you want some way to let the people know how you should be revered.]][[Virginia also has those Blue laws, and is now starting to enforce them again, at the instigation of the little merchants who are being hurt by the big guys.]][[Was that Marx Bros pic out? I've seen pictures on TV that I'd seen before, and found them dull, only to note that a lot of the picture had been cut. "Titfield Thunderbolt" was one that suffered this way.]][[The book you're thinking about is probably "On a Tornaway World" by Rockwood; a series that dates back to 1906 or so.]][[The only things I like the current Railroad Magazine for are the Bedwell reprints. That man could really write railroad action stories that came alive.]][[I've seen the statement re fragile stereo grooves in several mags; the walls are not as wide as the ordinary lp, or so I've read. And there is more tendency for the needle to jump out, because of the vertical component.]][[The latest for recorders is no standard cell, but a transistor voltage regulator. Data at the office, if interested.]][[More red marks, but I'm running out of master.

Tra-la! [Young/Stark]. Hoffman has certainly made a point with her brief vignette; I wonder if GMC will jump on this. The haiku were interesting; a few were good. But, why not give us some more detail on the original Japanese; how and why and what. Dai of Dim Corners was vivid - but I didn't seem to like it. But I do like the simple Young sketches.

-30-
Bill

Digging through some old prozines, I stumbled across some book reviews that might be of interest. I think it is of interest to see how some of the "classics" were received when they came out. The first two are from the Nov 1931 Wonder Stories:

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE by David Lasser, 275 pages, stiff cloth covers, illustrated, size 5 1/8 x 8. Published by Penguin Press, Inc, NY. Price \$3.00.

Although newspapers and magazines have been filled with sensational material dealing with rocket experiments, and what they promise for the future, there has been as yet no book in English to explain their revolutionary significance.

Mr. Lasser, who is president of the American Interplanetary Society, and managing editor of Wonder Stories, is, in the words of Dr. H. H. Sheldon, who wrote the Introduction, "a pioneer in this field, and perhaps in a better position than most anyone else in this country to speak with authority concerning experiments in every corner of the world." The publishing of this book, continued Dr. Sheldon, "will undoubtedly prove a milestone in the progress of rocket study in this country."

Mr. Lasser first traces the history and development of the rocket, and the history of the idea of interplanetary travel. He then explains how the rocket may be harnessed not only as a means of transportation that shall bring Europe and America within one hour of each other, but also as a terrible engine of warfare and a means to the peaceful conquest of the moon and the planets.

The second section of the book is a thrilling narrative, written with scientific verisimilitude of the building of a gigantic space ship and a trip to the moon. The third section deals with the barriers to the space flight, the prospects of life upon other worlds and what men may find there to justify this unparalleled adventure into the unknown. The book closes with a "Glimpse of the Future" in which the picture of an immense rocket port in New York is described and a round-the-world flight in which the rocket flyers actually beat the sun!

For all those who want an intimate glimpse into the vast possibilities and significance of the rocket, and how it may transform our lives, and bring the planets within our reach, this volume is cordially recommended.

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THE FACE IN THE ABYSS by A. Merritt, 342 pages, stiff cloth covers, size 5 1/4 x 7 3/4. Published by Horace Liveright, Inc, New York. Price \$2.00.

The famous author of the famous "Moon Pool" has achieved a new triumph on this story of the scientific wonders and grotesque magic woven about the stories of ancient Atlantis.

With his powerful word pictures, Mr. Merritt describes a journey of four men into the land of the Incas to find the treasure of Atahualpa. They meet with a maiden of an evidently proud but ancient race and find her to be of the race of Atlantis, a race that had banished death, and as the girl says, "banished life."

Led on by the girl through many weird experiences they find in the abyss the source of a treasure more fabulous than that they originally sought, guarded by the Face that exerts hypnotic power over those who look upon it.

The wonders of science, the trickery of magic are all blended in this story into a well told and exciting tale. It is done in Mr. Merritt's best manner and is recommended.

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A year later, in the October 1932 issue we find:

23

DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE by A. Merritt, 295 pages, stiff cloth covers. Size 5 1/4 x 7 1/2. Published by Liveright, Inc, New York. Price \$2.00.

Merritt continues his triumphs of fantastic fiction in this book, which should be familiar to science fiction fans. Alaska, the white, brooding land of mystery forms the background of this adventure. As in his other stories, Merritt blends together science, fantasy, superstition, and folk lore into a mixture of exciting adventure.

We see a blond giant traveling into Alaska to probe a mystery of a strange forgotten people—a race of pigmies. They take him as their God and appeal to him for aid against their enemies, a race of normal-sized people. Leif, the Norseman, is expected to deliver them from their enemies. There is his love for a witch-woman, the woman of evil, and the struggle between her and the woman of goodness. The struggle between the two races and the two forces represented by the woman becomes absorbing to the last page.

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And in December of the same year:

THE MOON POOL by A. Merritt, 439 pages, stiff cloth covers. Size 5 1/4 x 7 3/4. Published by Liveright, Inc, New York. Price \$2.00

The long awaited book publication of "The Moon Pool" has appeared. To those who have known the story only as one mentioned in our columns it will come as a new experience and adventure; and to those who have read it years ago, it will come as a pleasant and refreshing memory.

Mr. Merritt is here undeniably at his best, as he weaves his threads of mystery about the little Pacific island where strange forces and powers dwell. The story, as our readers know concerns a long lost civilization in the south Pacific, whose members have achieved an uncanny control of physical science, so what they have evolved might be called a "living light." Light performs wonderful feats, it draws into itself a group of innocent explorers who pass through amazing adventures before rescue finally comes.

The story is a long one, but Mr. Merritt achieves such a balance of tension and relief in his flow of incidents that the reader never wearies. The book still remains, as it once was, one of the epics of science fiction.

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Over in Amazing Stories, C. A. Brandt was reviewing the books. In the February, 1935, issue he said:

CREEP SHADOW. By A. Merritt. Published by the Crime Club (Doubleday, Doran). Garden City, Long Island. \$2.00.

Mr. Merritt is well known as a student and authority on Ancient Sciences, such as Demonology—Sorcery—Black Magic—Voodooism—Alchemy—Hypnotism and other related and supernatural subjects. A good deal of his knowledge is brought out in his new book which is as fantastic as the "Moon Pool," and weird, grim, and gruesome enough to satisfy the hungriest of thrill-hungry Mystery Fans. I believe an outline of the book is in order, to whet your appetite still further.

Probably one of the grimmest and most fantastic scientific battles ever fought started with the return of Dr. Alan Caramac to New York from a World Tour. Alan learned immediately that four young and wealthy men had committed suicide for no apparent reason whatever. Amongst these four men was Alan's friend Dick Ralston, who had just inherited five million dollars, and had always been in good health with never a care in the world.

Alan then learns from his friend Dr. Bennett, a brain specialist, that black magic was responsible for Dick's untimely death. Dr. Bennett invites Alan to a dinner party and informs him that he would meet Dr. Rene de Keradel and his daughter, the Demoiselle Dahut d'Is de Keradel. Before the dinner Alan meets Dr. Bennett's sister Helen, who has been in love with Alan since early girlhood. During the dinner very sinister and frightful theories were advanced as facts by Dr. de Keradel and his daughter, who claim that they have rediscovered the lost secret of the transmigration of souls, a science which was known and practised by the Druid priests of Brittany. Dr. Bennett more or less directly accuses the de Keradels of having murdered Dick Ralston by hounding him with the shadow of a beautiful woman, who became more and more material with every visit. Dick fell in love with this shadow woman, who promised to become him, provided he killed himself first.

Dahut d'Is exerts her hypnotic powers over Alan, re-awakens his sub-conscious ancestral memories and confesses to him that she is the reincarnation of another Dahut, the ancient white witch of Is, the lost city of Brittany, who was the mistress of the Shadows, with whom he has been in love, and whom he finally slew, when he was Alain de Cara Carnac, a lord of ancient Brittany.

Her power over him becomes greater and greater, and she compels him to visit her in her tower apartment in New York, though he had an earlier appointment with Helen. When Alan tries to break away, Dahut sends one of her shadows to torment Dr. Bennett, but recalls it when Alan agrees to visit her at the de Keradels' country estate in Long Island. The country-side is full of rumors of mysterious activities on said estate. The frequent disappearance of old people from a nearby Poor Farm, and the finding of corpses add to the mystery.

Dr. Bennett learns through Alan, via Dahut, that Dr. de Keradel has been the lover of a Viennese witch, known as the "Dollmaker" from whom he learned many sinister and evil secrets. This "Dollmaker" (see Merritt's "Burn, Witch, Burn") was burned to death by Alan, with the aid of Ricci, an underworld chief-tain. Alan and his friends become convinced that the de Keradels also have to be eliminated for the good of Humanity. This conviction becomes stronger than ever, when it is learned that de Keradel has erected a Druid Temple a la Stonehenge on his estate. During his visit there Alan manages to gain the confidence of the de Keradels, by agreeing to join them and he witnesses their horrible rites.

When Dahut, who has really been in love with Alan, sees that all her wiles and efforts cannot lure him away from Helen, she decided to make an end of her wicked father, and by invoking the help of the ancient Sea-God, she causes a tidal wave to destroy her father who was busy with the final ritual. Dahut is pushed into the raging Ocean by the shadows, over whom she has lost her powers, and drowns.

An exciting thrilling masterpiece, written by a master craftsman.

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