

## TURN BACKWARD, O TIME...

With a look first, as always, at the last mailing - what there was of it - although why I should protest, and me one of the 45 blokes who wasn't represented in the mailing. But this time I'll be there - if Frank's mimeos hold out. Taking the items in order - hence maybe just one more little post-mailing will sneak in - we have:

Light #46. Browsing thru L again - this is of course being typed ad lib - I note that Les is also against post mailings. I think this is going to come up in the form of an ammendment for the next election, but it seems as if the general sentiment - at least around Washington - is to weight them less than regularly mailed items. This, from talks with Briggs, Pavlat, Eney, and Loan. I don't favor the every other mailing idea, although something like that is being tried in SACS, I believe, and with success (?). The rest of the issue was enjoyable - in fact, I enjoyed Les getting down and looking at the rest of the members fanzines with his cold northern eye.

Sirius #3. I didn't care at all for the fiction - "Torture" I found too drawn-out and lacking the air of realism that is needed in this type of material. My reaction a third of the way through was "Yawn", and a reaching for the latest Planet. Rapp's short note is all too true. My desk...

Snulbug #1. Jazz, especially Kenton! That noise is Joe Oliver and Johnny Dodds, as well as a few dozen others, spinning in their graves to the strains of "High Society". But, after all, it is a Chem E. speaking, and what do they know, anyway. (At least the ones I teach, anyway, who say "3-1-1") Anyway, the article on Kenton is of interest, since he is of importance in the field of modern music, although I just don't care for his stuff. A nice neat first issue with lots of promise.

Beelzebub #1. For once I find myself reading some fan fiction with interest; I'm actually looking forward to the second part of Ascension. The review of Bradbury was quite matter-of-fact, with very little of the pro-or con-Bradbury bias often apparent. DeAngelis' poetry is very similar to that of CASmith, as would be natural. See page 2. I like the poetry, tho. A + iss.

Narom #78. Shades of Tom Swift. Or rather, it seems that Tom was merely the expanded version of Frank Rende.

Science Fiction Assortment #1. Quite an interesting collection of stuff, with the four pages of index most interesting to me. Incidentally, if anyone has any ideas on format for such a listing, let me know, please.

Gold Turkey #1. Spear's little piece gave me some wonderful moments trying to identify the items tagged with their new labels. I think I got most. Also well received was the review of the Simak "City" series. Note the new story in this series in Amazing (or FA) recently?

Contour #3. Since I've been discussing most of the t/ings with Bob off and on - usually in the local pub - for some time, I don't have much new to add. However, I'd like to register a protest on the practice of changing the title when reprinting a story. This really messes me up, since I can usually remember a story title, but a new title is one which lures me on.

Zap #1: The true Briggs humor springing out on stencil. Some of these drawings are oh so true. And only one word misspelled.

Horizons #45: And to refute Croutch, there was a time when H did have artwork, back in the days before it became one of the FAPA mags, and was hecto. This issue of Horizons doesn't have the meat for discussion that many of the other ones do. FJA's article, the first part, that is, seems to me to build up Harry's side more than 4e's. Looking back over the last ten years, I can think of only a few things in connection with Ackerman's VoM, of course, and Madge before that; the support of struggling fanzines, although little mentioned, was really worthwhile; the checklist and other special publications such as the Fancyclopedia; I know that he gave Swisher considerable help with the checklist (not the same one mentioned above), but unfortunately the Ackerman collection is still uncataloged. On the negative side would go most of the odd quirks that used to be evident in his writing and such...brown and green ink, very advanced (!) spelling, etc. I think I would tend to agree with Harry, that FJA could have done much more in fandom than he did. And yet, when I think of a number of other big - read ex-big - fans who did as little, but weren't commented on as thoroughly by Harry, I again wonder. Perhaps it was the tongue in cheek attitude that was so characteristic of all of the Ackerman writing that gives this impression; even when writing seriously, as here, he still does it with a slight - or more than a slight - unconventionalism that may irk some and lead them to believe it is mere froth.

The discussion of music was interesting, as always. I wish I could write as well about music; I like the stuff greatly, all the way from Armstoring and Dodds to Bach and Mussorgskii, but perhaps don't have the background to speak learnedly about it. However, there are a few items I'd like to throw in in the line of vocal music which I consider well worth having. First is a rather scarce cut-out, and unfortunately on Victor (14277/8) which means probably no lp, of an anon. Catalanian Massa pro Defunctis as sung by the Univ of Penna Choral Society under Earl McDonald. This is not a new recording, but the music is so powerful, and so haunting, that it is well worth having. I would like an lp, new recording of this, but only if it comes up to the standard of the old performance. (Which brings up the very vexing problem of what do you do if a new, lp performance of a work you like and have comes out - in an average performance, while the old, 78 version is a superb performance, but only adequate recording. An example would be the new and old recordings of "Der Rosenkavalier" where the old version has Lohmann, Schumann, and Olczewska in their prime.) The second work is one of two that have the power to calm me no matter what is bothering my mind (the other is Victor M87, Gregorian Chants) (one of the great albums of all time, and one which is now being cut out both here and abroad!) Gabriel Faure's Requiem, and especially the opening Kyrie, as performed by the Chanteurs de Lyon (Col MM354) is a truly magnificent choral work, rising to true heights of grandeur, and yet never storming to heaven the way Beethoven, and Bach, too, do, or being dramatic, like Verdi. It is quietly reflexive, considering the world as from outside, rather than taking part in it. I find it truly inspiring. Why, o why, have the powers that be in Columbia not put this on lp!

(For an issue that didn't have much in it, Harry's efforts have made me use up almost one full stencil!) (What would a full, argumentive Horizons do?)

I hate to start a review of Phanteur on the bottom of a page, hence a filler, especially for Coswel.

The Black Cat listings are exactly in the order the stories are listed and published in the magazine; they are taken from the stories themselves, and not from the table of contents (there is none!).



Phantaur #9: DBT always has an interesting issue, even though it contains only smiling comments, like this one. As a sullenment to the discussion on reprint mags (I should have left off the "dis" above, just for the chuckles a few would get.) I note with alarm, and point with dismay, to the current trend among the detective pulps, with the once proud house of Folular well in the van. There are several new magazines, and revamped old ones, I seem to recall, with nice format ala FFM, but with stories that are from 50 to 100% reprint, and with changed titles in too many cases. Now the reprints I don't object to too greatly, although one of the magazine titles is New Detective (!), and the covers give no indication of the reprint nature, but the changing of titles...! (I note that I discussed this under Contour last week; memory!) Anyway, when such once-proud magazines as Adventure, which was once of the highest standards of writing - not arty but good sound story-telling - descends to reprints - even of the best - I draw the line. And they change titles, too. I can remember the few times Adventure reprinted stories (this is back in the past) they always identified them as by popular request, or such. In fact, I believe there were only about five stories reprinted in 30 years, one of them twice (and a third time last January) (Talbot Munday's "Soul of Regiment").

DBT may have misunderstood my remarks re Bradbury. I don't object to his non-science; I do object to having it labeled as "Science-fiction" by writers and readers. They are good fantasy, but not science-fiction. I like them, but not as stf.

There is no reason to insert this here, but I've been having a wonderful orgy of listening to "Die Fledermaus" in the London recording. It is wonderful music, bubbling over with wit and mirth, and full of delightful tunes, some familiar, some new, but all about the best music that Strauss ever wrote. After finishing that, I turned on the radio and set down to type; the selection was the second half of the new recording of "Yeomen of the Guard" by Gilbert and Sullivan. I've always thought that G&S were about tops in light, sparkling humor in music (that should be humour, since I'm discussing G&S) but after "Die Fledermaus" the whole thing was rather flat. And that is a good performance, too. I recommend the two records (LP) of "Die Fledermaus" to anyone who likes music, even if only as a change from B,B,&B.

Back to reviews.

Stefantasy #21: Denner is rapidly becoming one of the lights of fapa; STF is certainly the best looking, and one of the neatest fanzines in recent times. One improvement Denner forgot that should be on cars, to say nothing of most trains, is the new disc brake, that has about ten times the braking power, and gives a much smoother stop. I think Buell is using it on some of the new 100 mph trains, and they stop in about the same distance an old 60mph job would. Black Cat ran until about 1920, as a rough guess. I have heard rumors that it folded about 1921. As always, the ads are about the most amusing things in the mailing; the center spread gives one thought, though.

Irusaben #2: Nice rambling notes, but nothing profound; I do prefer it to Spaceship. Longer comments where necessary would b better.

which brings me to the last item, the

Fantasy Amateur #54: with nothing of note but the fact that there is a large hole in the membership, and perhaps more come this mailing. As of this date it appears that another of the old-timers, little Elmer, will no longer be with us. This makes me feel rather old, since I believe I joined originally before almost all the members - Speer, Warner, Train, and maybe, although I don't think so, EEE, and DBT.

One post mailing only - Fantasia. Fiction again, and not above average. I've read most of the stories before - not the same of course - in pros. Sorry.

The following is taken from the Bulletin of the Yale University Library Staff Association, Vol VI, No 1, January 1951, through the courtesy of a friend who used to work there.

The record of the discovery of the famous literary forgeries of the past is often as fascinating reading as any modern "whodunit", and admirers of that form of literature may be interested to learn that the card catalogue of the Yale University Library has recently been the victim of such a hoax.

One afternoon last fall a reference librarian was asked by a student to check a call number which the Circulation Desk reported it could not locate. Such requests are part of the routine work of the Department and they seldom have such unexpected and interesting results as this one did. The student's number, strange as it was, had been copied correctly. Although the card was different from the usual catalog card it was the statement printed in solid caps at the end of the card SEE LIBRARIAN: THE UNIVERSITY WILL ASSUME NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR MISHAPS TO USERS OF THIS VOLUME which first attracted the assistant's attention, and she started to give her customary speech on the circulation of "Restricted Books" among readers who do not come fortified with a letter from their instructor.

A second reading of the card plus the still fresh memory of the performance of Bell, Book and Canille, gave the assistant the uneasy feeling that possibly she herself was being "hexed".

Yoh-Vombis Alhazred, Abdul 4. 738 A.D.  
Vault Necronomicon, tr. by Olaus Worminius.  
Nkk 36 Germany? c.1400  
0137a Quarto, 1204 pp.  
Black letter. Title page red and black:  
"Liber Arabis aut Al Azif". Unusually  
illustrated. Bound in vellum believed human.

SEE LIBRARIAN: THE UNIVERSITY WILL ASSUME  
NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR MISHAPS TO USERS OF  
THIS VOLUME.

After this momentary hesitation she asked "What's this, a joke?" On being assured that it was not she proceeded to explain to the completely mystified student, that even though he had not been playing tricks on the Library, the Library had inadvertently been playing one on him, and that the card which he had been consulting was a forgery.

Further questioning brought out the fact that another card had been filed under the title, and it was that card which the student had found. A third card was located under the heading Witchcraft. During the last two weeks additional cards have been found by other students under the headings Demonology, Exorcism, and Occult sciences. Careful questioning, however, has failed to discover the original perpetrator of the trick. Although the cards would not fool a careful reader for long they had sufficient resemblance to our cards to mystify at least four other undergraduates, some of whom even tried to identify the author and translator in reference books in the Reading Room.

My friend (this is Bill again), who happened to be cataloging that class while at Yale, says that the call number is correct.

Only one more stencil, so there will be only two pages of Black Cat this time. See you in two or three or four more months.



"THE LAST AND WORST MEN"  
(With apologies to Olaf Stapledon)

CHAPTER OL:

The culture of the Last Men, after rising steadily for many centuries, was greatly influenced in its later stages by the discovery by a group of excavators in what once was the American continent of a steel film on which was recorded in miniature the pages of an incredibly ancient volume. This priceless manuscript was deciphered by experts, and was found to be a most astounding document from an elder civilization. The book described many wonders and marvels, and was regarded with awe and reverence. It was translated and published in millions, and so influential were its revelations that this ancient record became the nucleus of a new religion.

The scripture - now adopted as the official Bible of mankind - was entitled "Amazing Stories", and it would seem that its contents had been compiled by one known as "Palmer", with the assistance of his disciples, "Ziff" and "Davis". The followers of the Amazing gospel, however, became divided into two sects; those who maintained that Palmer was the true Messiah, while Ziff and Davis were his comrades; and those who said that Ziff and Davis were the real Holy-Ones, and that Palmer was merely their mouthpiece. Even then, conflict might have been voided had not one fanatical Palmer-worshipper pointed out that the word "Ziff", when reversed, formed "Fzif", which was Martian for adenoids, and was therefore, a blasphemy and could not possibly have sacred connections. This ingenious but over-zealous religionist was promptly torn to pieces by a frenzied mob of Ziff-Davis followers, who immediately seized power, enforced martial law, and brutally suppressed the Palmer cult.

This state of affairs might eventually have led to spiritual decadence in the race but for the astuteness and genius of one aged philosopher who, after reading carefully the Book of the Amazing Bible called "Discussions", came to the conclusion that the Palmer, the Ziff, and the Davis were really all three slaves to the whim of the Hack. And thus was conceived the concept of the Hack which had such far-reaching effects upon the social system of the Last Men. In order that he might not be apprehended and executed for heresy, the aged savant fled to the south pole with a group of followers, male and female, and there formed a Hack Colony. And, as generations passed, the teachings of the first Hack-worshipper became an ingrained part of the Colony's moral and aesthetic code. All that was Hack was glorified and praised; from birth boys were taught to idealise and revere the Daughters of Mad Scientists, and girls - to worship Newspaper Reporters. The forces of evil, it was taught, always materialised themselves in the form of Alien Beings who Wanted to Destroy the World.

It was indeed unfortunate for the Colony that the remainder of the race, by now dogmatically pro-Ziff-Davis, decided to permit colonisation of the poles by Martian immigrants. The Hackites, strongly prejudiced against all alien immigration because of their religion, regarded with disfavour this Martian concession and the climax came when an irate Martian slew a Mad Scientist who had wanted to inject Castor Oil into his Umpe-dumpa. The Mad Scientist's Daughter, grief-stricken, became a national heroine and like a certain maid of Orleans millions of years before, organized a mass attack upon the Martian colonists.

The Martians promptly appealed to the Ziff-Davis worshippers for aid but, unfortunately, the latter were powerless to assist; for the Governing Council, with true religious fervour, had scrapped all their orthodox weapons and had substituted in their place blue rays, red rays, green rays, electronic rays, atomic rays, beta rays, gamma rays, and many other kinds of rays as ordained in the Amazing Bible. That fact that these rays would not work had been of little importance hitherto, for they had never been put into practical

use. But when the Martian crisis demanded immediate military potency and the rays were found to be ineffective, a curious psychological reaction disturbed the mentality of the Ziff-Davis devotees.

Doubting the truth of their own religion for the first time in centuries, they committed suicide en masse to find out for certain whether or not there was any life after death in the Celestial City -- Fandom.

Meanwhile the forces of the Hackites had completely overwhelmed the peace-loving Martians, exterminating them ruthlessly till none were left. Then, to their great astonishment, they found themselves the sole human inhabitants of the world, and rejoicingly set out to rebuild it and make it a Hack paradise. The Mad Scientist's Daughter was ordained the Highest and Most Holy Person in the Land, and was the living symbol of all that was the ultimate of moral and aesthetic perfection and virtue. And Hackite culture became sophisticated and florid in keeping with the new creed.

So positive and dogmatic was the religion of these latter-day humans, so binding and unifying, that Utopia might have been achieved from sheer force of co-operation, had not something happened which completely disintegrated the beliefs and ideals of this fervently Hack-theistic community. It was so unexpected and unprecedented -- this iconoclastic disaster -- that the nation was frozen into a kind of mental stupor.

For the Most Holy Person in the Land -- the Daughter of the Mad Scientist -- gave birth to a Martian baby.

Society experienced a black-out. That the figure-head of their religion should so defy and blaspheme the very basic principles of the Hackite cult was a bitter blow to all followers of the faith. Gone was morality and perfection, gone was all that was good in life, for the powers of evil had literally subdued and beamirched the personified criterion of righteousness itself. Now that idealism and reverence were proven fallacious and futile, man reverted to a crude animalism that was the perfect antithesis of his earlier fervour and high morality.

But, in the extreme north of what had once been America, a small, clear-sighted group perceived the disorder of things and, with something akin to philosophical intuition, divined the motivating factor. And it came to them, in a blinding flash of spiritual revelation, that a new order of culture was in the making. The old Hack society had vanished -- disrupted internally by its own excessive moral rigidity -- but its very annihilation was in itself the first pre-natal groping of the new, unborn state; a state in which Hackism was to be deplored -- not cherished, a state incorporating a holy doctrine to which Hackism was noxious anathema.

And they called their religion "Lovecraft", partly because the love craft of the Mad Scientist's Daughter, as evinced by here giving birth to a Martian, had been responsible for the decay of the old Hack state; but chiefly because they knew that the very name -- Lovecraft -- stood for all that was perfect and spiritually satisfying, a name that automatically relegated to the level of utter scorn all that was of the Hack domain.

And so, at long last, after countless millennia of blind striving and triumph over adversity, man achieved Utopia.

Thus endeth the story of the Last Men

by DAVE McILWAIN.

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This is CELEPHNIS, volume 2, number 2, whole number 5; April 1951, published for the Fapa with the aid of the AAR mimeoing of F. Kerkhof by Bill Evans, still at 4330 37th St, NW, Washington 8, D.C. (Colophon here since I don't like to waste nice white space, in spite of Rotler.)



August 1896 - Volume 1, Number 11.

The Mysterious Card Unveiled - Cleveland Moffett 17p

A sequel to the original story (February 1896). After the death of Richard Burwell the secret comes out. The card was a depiction - visible to all but him - of his crimes and his real soul. The words "thus I killed my babe; thus I robbed my friend; this is the soul of Richard Burwell" were all in old French. Very good.

Mrs. Bilger's Victory - Emma S. Jones & Geik Turner 7p

The railroad killed her cow, and Mrs. Bilger was determined to make it pay. She did - little things liked soaped rails did it.

A Defender of the Faith - John D. Barry 10p

He won his girl - by answering brilliantly an atheist in Hyde Park.

Tim's Vacation - L. E. Shattuck 6p

The elevator boy at the paper, just before he was to go on his first vacation, delivers the copy - at the cost of his life.

Wet Horses - Alice Macgowan 8p

Horse stealing in Mexico, and a double cross.

September 1896 - Volume 1, Number 12.

The Reapers - Batterman Lindsey 9p

A man and a woman fleeing the law for embezzlement spend the winter in a ghost town on the western prairies. The solitude and remorse drive the woman somewhat crazy, and she has visions. On their way back east they freeze in a spring blizzard - as she had "seen".

A Kindergarten Hold-Up - Mabel Shippie Clarke 7p

The tramp invades a country kindergarten and finds it run by his baby sister, who had been separated from him at their mother's death. He departs, unrecognized.

The Guardian of Mystery Island - Dr. Edmond Nolcini 17p

A treasure island guarded by a spirit dog. Lenartson decides to investigate and finds an old woman dying in a deserted crumbling mansion; she raves of being in the French revolution. The eerie atmosphere finally gets Lenartson and he decides to leave by runs into a cannibal plant. At last he escapes. Weird atmosphere.

A Mental Mischance - Thomas F. Anderson 6p

A mind reader is first a very successful detective, then a top reporter, and finally a Wall Street wolf. His big coup comes when he reads in the mind of the TOP financier of a projected market corner. He acts, only to find to his sorrow that it was only a story plot. In addition, he has lost his mind-reading ability.

The Barber of the Alpens - J. Harwood 9p

The barber visited a dissection and became obsessed with a desire to do the same to his customers. He tells the story to a group of men. Later, one of them, while in the chair of another barber, becomes self-hypnotised and thinks that this barber is that barber, who is starting to work on him. Scarry.

Which Was Like a Woman - William Albert Lewis 3p

A convict retruns home unexpectedly - with tragic consequences.

October 1896 - Volume 1, Number 13.

The House that Jack Built - Harold Donovan Hilton 13p

He was accused of a crime he didn't commit - and left town with only \$100 that his one friend lent him. By gambling he became rich, and returned home, still suspected, to build a mansion "with not a single honest stone." Good atmosphere.

- In the Garden of a Villa - R. George Smith, Jr 11p  
 The story of a pair of larks in Italy - and an American girl married to an Italian duke she doesn't love. Tragic.
- A Peg-Leg Ghost - Wellington Vandiver 5p  
 A haunted house - with a ghost of a man who is still alive! Good.
- How the Run Was Stopped - Richard Stillman Powell 10p  
 There was a run on the bank - the special train with the money was stalled by a washout 40 miles away - and the last of the money was going fast... Interesting.
- My Friend Walker - Geraldine Meyrick 9p  
 A horse trained to talk. Unusual.
- In an Hour - Warwick James Price 5p  
 An odd little story of a dying man's reveries.

November 1896 - Volume 1, Number 14.

- Silas F. Quigley--to Arrive - Lewis Hopkins Rogers 22p  
 The boy from the country arrives at the hotel he has just heard of to find a letter addressed to him! In it is a check and an order for a story. He writes the story, and gets more letters in return. It turns out to be a put-up job, but very unusual.
- The Polar Magnet - Philip Verrill Nichols 9p  
 The sculptor who hypnotised his models and then made plaster casts to secure his great works.
- Fitzhugh - W. Macpherson Wiltbank 9p  
 He was to be a clown in the club carnival, but was injured the day before. To cover up, he hires a professional as substitute, and becomes the hit of the show. As a result everyone makes a hero of him - too much so.
- The Passionate Snake - Ella Higginson 5p  
 The love story of a snake - for a man. Very odd.
- Professor Whirlwind - Allen Quinen 9p  
 Adrift in a balloon on a whirlwind.... But the story is unfinished.

December 1896 - Volume 1, Number 15.

- The Lost Brook Trail - Bert Leston Taylor 17p  
 A story of the Maine woods, a girl and counterfeiters.
- A Modern De Pompadour - Jennie Bullard Waterbury 10p  
 The master hairdresser who creates his masterpiece for the great ball-- on the head of his hated rival! So, the two firms combine.
- The Parchment Diary - Willis B. Lloyd 6p  
 Why a man became a monk.
- A Honeymoon Eclipse - George O. Gardner 8p  
 He was to meet his new wife at a friend's house - and had forgotten the name and address!
- The Captain's Last Cruise - Stanley Edwards Johnson 9p  
 He was buried in a small boat built from a log he had brought back on one of his trips.
- The Blow-Out at Jenkin's Grocery - Ella Higginson 5p  
 He took his wife's last money and got drunk. A bitter little story.