

## CELEPHAIS

The arrival of the 75th mailing the end of May stirred some faint ideas of having something in the August mailing; I had plenty of time, though, since I wouldn't be going on vacation until the end of August, so I had plans kicking around in my mind for several features. However, the best laid plans.... Early in June I was told that I should attend a meeting - Symposium on the Production and Utilization of High Temperatures - the end of the month in Berkeley. For this I would get travel expenses, per diem, etc. Unofficially it was suggested that I might like to take my vacation then, since I could go home (Salem, Oregon) after the meeting on leave, come back to Berkeley, and then return to Washington on government travel. Since the biggest vacation expense is the cost of travel, I naturally took up this idea. However, there was a little catch to this; I had a report I was preparing for publication. (It should run 30 printed pages. I get free reprints. How would you like to read about the "Thermodynamic Properties of Boron Compounds"?) Normally I would have had several more weeks for it, but they wanted it by the middle of July. So I spent the month of June typing the rough draft at home, rather than FAPAing. So now, I have only a week or so left and nothing in mind. This, then, will be all direct-on-master-composed material (The Germans would have one word for that phrase; English lacks the ability to run words together that way.)

## LOOKING BACKWARD

A glance at the 75th mailing, taken in the order the items appear in the pile on the table, and starting, as always, with

The Fantasy Amateur. Somewhere along the line another proposed amendment has been stalled. It would have required the publisher of any postmailings to send 10 copies to the OE as a reserve for non-delivered copies, new members (Or maybe it was only 6). To change the subject, the reason for the double address for me is the post office. Since both my room-mate and I are working all day, there is no one at home to receive bulky packages. As a result, two things may happen. Either the postman folds, rolls and otherwise mashes the package into the apartment letter box - along with the other mail - which raises hell in general and makes it very difficult to empty the box without tearing everything to shreds, or he takes it back to the post office - and not to the main office, but to a nearby station which opens at 8:30 and closes at 5:00. Since these are my office hours and the Bureau is across town - 8 miles - it means either a noonhour trip or waiting until Saturday, always supposing I'm not going to be elsewhere then. Murphy has a box (to which I contribute, since they won't list two names for one box) and the main office is open until 6P.. So I get my mail in one piece (usually) and several days earlier.

Bobolings. I've discussed this with Bob earlier; although I voted I feel this is something to be done rarely. I can remember the attempt to vote out Megler (I believe it failed) and it seems there was considerable discussion before the vote. Assuming it goes through, I will miss Almer; he has been in/out of Fapa as far back as I can remember. Back when I was first in he appeared more frequently.

Birdsmith. As a footnote to Alec Wilder; this is an example of an attempt to unite jazz and serious classical music and is an example of what some people thought jazz should become. I first ran into it about the time of Raymond Scott and the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street; it seemed to be an attempt to make jazz polite, intellectual music. In all these cases they

were sterile, intellectual attempts to play something written which was to sound like the jazz, with its terrific emotional content. Wilder, especially, wrote clever things that were nice sounding music for chamber ensembles, but were almost devoid of feeling, and were played in the same way. The music wasn't great enough, in the sense of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, etc, to endure and merit repeated hearings; the playing was likewise a following of notes as written, with not real attempt to instill feeling into the routine music. The difference is more apparent, I feel, in listening to a sweet band - Lombardo's, to use an extreme case - play a blues tune, or even an old pop, and then listening to the same tune as played by a good jazz group - Armstrong's Hot Five, for example. The notes are all there in the first case, but it just lacks something. I feel, and I'm not alone in this, that in jazz (even the modern stuff) the material is a minor matter, the playing is the important thing.

Morse makes interesting reading, but nothing seems to stir me. I saw "The Ladykillers" and agree, even though the sweet little old lady stole it from Guinness. See it. The Other Fandom is interesting in that I entered the record collecting craze years ago - and am still in it. There must be 30 feet of 78s in the living room here, as well as 5 feet of lp. However, McCain overlooked the collecting of classical records - mainly vocals. Since most jazz records date back to not before the early 20s (1924 would cover most of the good material) and the majority are later than 1926 (and hence electrical) most jazz records sound fairly good. Vocal records by the great and not-so-great operatic and singers, though, date back to before 1900; since they are usually only one central voice, plus unimportant accompaniment, they sound fairly well even today. And there are just as many scarce items in the classical section as in jazz - and even worse, records known to have been issued, but of which no copies exist. I've been in this rat-race, which has its own fan literature, for about 10 years. I'm trying to complete my collection of recordings by Feodor Chaliapin - and still have about 30 items to go.

This isn't the only fandom I know about, though. Coin collecting is a widespread and well respected hobby, with its own literature and devotees, but it is beyond what we consider fandom - its over a thousand years old. The same, except for the antiquity, applies to philately. But how about those who collect railroad engines or street-cars? There are numbers of otherwise sane and intelligent people who will spend a Sunday, a weekend, or even a whole vacation taking pictures of, riding behind, and otherwise making a fool of themselves over, steam locomotives. They are organized, with amateur publications ranging from 4 page mimeed bulletins to elaborate printed and illustrated histories of 75 or 100 pages. One, the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society, has its headquarters at the Harvard Business School. Then there are the ones with their own railroads - full size. Then there are the street-car fans. They will come for miles around for a special fan trip, with a chartered street-car going over the most interesting (and unused) portions of the lines. They take pictures by the hundreds, which they trade with other fans. On going to another city they will at once head for the car barn, or at least ride all the lines they can. I know. Two of my best friends here are such nuts (pot calling kettle black). Three years ago I went for a vacation trip of five weeks out west with one of them. We made a hundred mile detour in Iowa to find one little electric interurban line, now freight only. He rode street-cars in Vancouver, B.C. He rode street-cars in Portland. He rode street-cars in San Francisco. He rode the transBay lines to Oakland. He rode street-cars in Los Angeles. He rode the ex-Pacific Electric red cars out of Los Angeles. We spent labor day riding the D&RGW narrow-gage line from Durango to Silverton, Colorado, and back. (That was a real trip. Part of the road is cut out of the side of the canon wall, a thousand feet above the river. The cut is just wide enough for the little, three-foot gage cars. One side of the cars is almost brushing the rocks. From the other, you can look straight down a thousand feet; you can't even see the track. We rode back sitting on the platform steps of one of the cars, looking down at the river! A wonderful ride.)



Anyway, these street-car fans are quite literate. They publish histories, illustrated, of public transportation in large and small cities, histories of single companies, rosters of cars, discussions of systems. They collect old transfers and tokens, old guide books with track maps and timetables. Some of the histories are real scholarly works, important entries in local history collections. One fan is doing an all-time street-car map of London; a true British fan, he is including all the pubs along the routes!

Day Star. For some reason I can't find anything I don't like here ~ but nothing that stirs me to comment. How about another article like the one you did on Norma and the "Casta Diva" some time back? That I enjoyed, more especially as I like the aria and have some 20 recordings of it.

Qabel. These one-shots don't have much to them, do they? They're fun to read, tho.

Gemzine. I find myself in agreement with G&C re modern art: very little that I've seen does anything for me. The painting is no better than some I've seen pre-school children do. (Or is that the aim of the modern school - to get back to the "natural" and avoid the realism or formalism of the old masters? I find an afternoon now and then in the National Gallery is very rewarding - I'm beginning to appreciate the 19th and early 20th century French painters. But the real modern painters...!) The letters in this issue bring back memory of the last issue and the Wetzel letters. Being one of the FAFans who have been "honored" by a visit from GW, I can fully appreciate the mess he can cause. One day a couple of years ago I got a call from one George Wetzel (whom I'd never heard of) who explained that he was interested in HPL. Being still interested in fantasy I responded mildly. The next thing I knew (turned out to be a long-distance call from Baltimore) he invited himself over, coming on the next bus. So, I met him, and we had a chat. As long as he stayed on HPL he was rather interesting - he had dug up a lot of obscure stuff - but when he got around to fandom it became somewhat boring. After a couple of hours I was able to escape by pleading a prior engagement. Since then I've had a couple of letters - unanswered - and one call. I still have some of his stuff; someday I may edit it and publish it. As long as he stays in Baltimore, all is well; I dread the day he invades a meeting of WSFA.

Was muchly interested in the Rosary article - had wanted a short, clear explanation of what it was, minus the usual metaphysical double-talk.

Grotesque. "It could be verse."

Horizons. Maybe most of the things dogs have been trained to do are tricks, but some things, like sheep-herding and seeing-eye work, fall under the heading of darn useful things. A dog can keep a flock of sheep together, and moving, where several men would have things all fouled up.

There were two issues of Snide, plus the one sheet in the Unconventioneer. Not wanting to dig out the last mailing, I'll just add that, as I remember, "Unite or Fie!" appeared in about the fourth or fifth issue of the Stranger Club's Fanfare, under Art Widner's editorship.

Wasn't the main idea of canals their ability to move very heavy loads (which roads couldn't handle in those days) easily, and for those times, quickly? Also, the new world settlers would remember the large network of canals in use - successfully - in England and Germany and Belgium and the Netherlands, and not realize the differences in terrain here.

In one of the older Weird Tales there was a prose story that was actually written in rhyming verse. Can't check now, but I think it was "The Land of Lur" by Earl Leaston Bell in the May 1930 issue.

The piece on expression of opinions started me thinking of how restricted another group in the country is. If you happen to be a physical scientist - chemist, engineer, and most of all, a physicist - you have to be extremely careful in what you say and do. Since most of the physical scientists today are connected in one way or another with the national defense - either working for the government, for an industry with vital functions, or for colleges with government-sponsored classified research - they are regarded as people to be watched. You naturally can't talk about your work - even if it isn't classified it might be some day soon. (At the meeting in Berkeley one man from GE who had worked on the successful making of diamonds was asked if he could tell something about the process. He said that he couldn't, for security reasons, and anyway the military had classified the machine and he didn't even have access to it.) You're not supposed to talk about what someone else is doing, even though it has been in the technical journals. If you want to send a reprint of a paper from such as the Journal of the American Chemical Society you are supposed to get a permit from (I think) the Office of Strategic Information. (This isn't always done, of course, unless you work for the government.) In addition you have to be very careful of whom you know and what you read. In the course of my work I've picked up a little Russian; some day someone may use that against me, even though it is part of my work to keep up with Russian work. I have a good collection of Russian music - opera and some folk - on records, including a number recorded in the USSR, and even a few pressed there. (These have horrible surfaces; I'd like to replace them, but can't find other recordings of the music.) I'm sure this collection would be immediate grounds for suspension if the wrong people found out about it. Then FAPA.... (The FBI, etc, must be puzzled the way it keeps moving from city to city on the various yearly clearance forms I fill out.) You've also got to be careful about your private life - no odd sexual habits, little liquor, etc. "Poor security risk," they say.

Basanais. But aren't the Russians Slavs? Or do you mean all the inhabitants of the USSR? They would use a wide number of alphabets, since a number of the languages are oriental. They are teaching the standard Russian, which uses the Cyrillic alphabet, the "Russian" one. Slovaks, I believe, use a similar language - as far as sound and structure - but use the Latin alphabet, with a few odd squiggles ala French and Spanish. The Bulgarians and Serbians also use the Cyrillic characters, as do the Ukrainians, although the languages differ somewhat from the Russian. I've got a joint project with Ted White underway - I plan a complete index to the Shadow, with a synopsis of plot, list of characters, etc. White's files are lacking only about 6 issues, and I hope we can get those somehow. Will take a long time, though, to read all those mags.

Heathen. As far as I know there has been only one recording of Scriabin's "Black Mass" Sonata (#9); I have it on 3 1/2 10" 78 sides on Parceleto (?). I believe this company went out of business before LP. Quite unusual music, but the surface noise is fierce. Some day, I may transfer it to tape, when I get a tape deck. As for the record of the month clubs; I've been disappointed in the ones I've had contact with - the music was rather poorly played and the recording was only fair. American Recording Society, though, has had some interesting, out of the way music. (Incidentally, Scriabin also wrote a "White Mass" Sonata (#10), which was also recorded.)

I wonder why the yearning for the fancrud of yesteryear; I really don't think everything was so serious and constructive. There was a fan named Tucker, for one. Maybe just the big items remain in memory. As I remember, Ashley was always (pre LA) in Michigan - Battle Creek.

Lasque. I enjoyed Bloch's piece on Tucker - for all the tongue in cheek writing he got his point across. In school there was a girl named Violet Ray.



Esdras. I enjoyed the rambling comments, but nothing was stirred up by them.

Le Moindre. (Somehow a postmailing got out of place) I've seen, over the last few years, several silent films at the Bureau, ranging from Valentino to Douglas Fairbanks Jr, with everything in between (especially Buster Keaton) I've noticed that when there is music they are much easier to follow - easier to concentrate. One of the Bureau employees (he's retired now, worse luck) had been a pit pianist; he would take the old scores that came with the film and give the authentic touch. Quite effective.

Ginza Gazette. I got lost somewhere. Stefantasy. Shouldn't we change the name to the Fantasy and Automotive Press Association? I want a new car, but find that in the five years since I got my old one, things have gone from bad to worse.

Go D.C. But none of us live in DC.....

Soroooge. Agreed re raisein dues. Ditto waiting-listers. Zip, Zip, and Mini. Lee is so right about FAPA (Wasn't Zip #8 omitted from the FA?) Nite Cry. McPhail's reminiscences bring back memories. More of this, please.

It Isn't Altogether Eney's Fault. No it wasn't. But it should have been. Malignant. Most welcome for the files.

Phantasy Press. (The old spelling of Fantasy brings back memories of the Phantagraph) I thoroughly enjoy the old stuff and is digging up.

Tyke. Re Hell, wasn't there hell before the early Christian one? I was going to take off on the idea of time as a dimension (the handy standby of the hacks) when I noticed that Andy Young had done a thorough job of it. Defining space is a tricky thing; how do you define the lack of something? (That is wrong, I think. As I remember, space is that which contains matter-energy and is generated by them/it. "high" should be perfectly unclear.) I think Jack is using some of his "logic" in the definition of logic. Logic is not a thing but a method of orderly thinking, a method of formalizing thought processes. It depends upon the input data for the validity of its results. The process of reasoning may be logical, yet if irrational or multivalued data are used, the answer will be meaningless. For example! No cat has nine lives (true as far as we know). A cat has one more life than no cat (also true). Therefore a cat has ten lives (which follows logically). The gimmick is in the two-valued use of the word "no" as meaning both "none of the known cats" and "the absence of any cat."

The Zwickey item illustrates the dangers of quoting out of context and running items together. The impression is given that within ten years we will be hurling masses of Jupiter around. Actually, this is no more than long-range speculation, no worse than a large number of other eminent men have made. I don't think that Jack can show what's wrong with this item, with the possible exception of poor taste (the segregation item, which is after all something that is present everywhere).

Null-F. The portrait (or portrate) on the left is certainly that of a non-entity. I agree with Larry (see above) on the jazz item. Les Paul, Sauter-F., etc, leave me cold. I can admire the technical skill, but I always get the feeling that the musicians are just following the notes printed on the pages, without any real feeling for the music. Someone might raise the question of classical music, where this is precisely what is done. Here, it depends upon two things - the genius of the composer and the skill of the performer - as to whether the music will be just pleasant sound or music. There are lots of



pianists who can play all the notes of the "Moonlight" Sonata (Lv3), for example, but not very many who can make the music live, and make it the great thing that Beethoven intended. Vocal music is even more dependent upon the performer for interpretation. The great Lieder singers are often singers who have passed their prime vocally, but who have finally gotten "into" the song, and can bring out the whole meaning of the music. They have reached the point where they feel the music, and can make others forget the shortcomings of their voice and feel the inner content of the song. RCA a couple of years ago developed a machine that can "compose" music; I feel that this will be useful for the catchy popular song, here today, gone tomorrow, but that both serious music and jazz will be beyond its abilities.

But, Ted, banana oil is the solvent. It is one of several similar compounds - ethyl acetate, amyl acetate, ethyl propionate, etc - all with nice fruity odors and fairly high vapor pressures (they evaporate quickly) that are used as solvents for the cellulose cements. Nail polish is another that falls into this category - cellulose acetate dissolved in something like amyl acetate. As for mail from California taking 12 days - that is not improbable. I've been home (Oregon) and mailed a package two days before I was to leave, gone to San Francisco (by train) for a couple of days, stopped off in ~~NY~~ Chicago, and returned to Mt. Rainier, and then waited a couple of days for the package. First class letters from home take six to seven days. Newspapers about the same, but everything else at least eight days.

Dyaus. thanks, Jack, for the plug. I'm still trying to keep up with all of the stuff, but the foreign mags, except the English ones, are making it impossible. Anyone want to loan me the mags for indexing? (Or do the indexing for me?). I need Mexican, Spanish, German, French, Italian, Dutch, Scandinavian, Australian.... As for the reading rate - it's simple. I do a lot of my light reading while eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner. At this rate I can do a mag a day in otherwise unused time (10 min at breakfast, 30 at lunch, and 20 at dinner). Other reading is more orthodox; it takes me about an hour to read a normal mag or book, usually in the evening. Not having television helps, since I can listen to music while reading. Most of my reading is rather light - to balance the heavy stuff I get at the office. (I guess my reading habits are the reverse of most of FAPAns; I read to relax from the heavy stuff I plow through at the office, and thus want light reading, which I can read fast enough to keep my reading rate up.) After reading a good half of an issue of Chemical Abstracts at the office (remember Asimov's article about scientific literature in ASF a year or so ago?) in an afternoon - and very little skipping - I prefer a mystery or fantasy to relax with.

But isn't the X in Xmas from the early Greek for Christ? (I quote from the Webster Collegiate: "The word Christ, alone or in combination.") The reason you can photograph coins but not stamps (full size) or paper money is that a photograph of a coin won't make it any easier for a counterfeiter. As far as I know this has been true for years - I can remember photographs of coins in magazines twenty years ago.

Please, wall phones are used in other than remote areas. We have one in Salem, and through choice. It's in the hall, and takes up no room other than unused wall space. More convenient, too. It isn't one of the old crank ones, though, just the usual box with the phone on it, rather than on a separate base. As for the rail-truck questions: The rails can and will carry anything anywhere; the trucks take what they will, and leave the rest. I don't see why long distance shipping should be by road; the cost to the country of building roads for the heavy truck traffic - which doesn't pay its way, truckers to the contrary - would be saved, which would offset most of the handling charges. And the recent Trailer-on-a-flat-car service would take care of a lot of handling. As it is, the railroads in most states pay taxes to the states, counties, etc, which build roads for the use of their chief competition. I don't agree with your third solution to the publication question - writing letters to the authors, etc. I would have less time to do this than to do the



publishing I have done - and much less inclination.

Lark. I don't agree with you, Bill, that organized religion is a "lot of meaningless rigamarole." I'm not a church member or church-goer, or even a believer in any particular creed, but I feel that a good service, with its solemn dignity, adds immeasurably to the feeling of spiritual insight one can get. I'm not talking about the other aspects of church as we know it - charity, etc. - but strictly about the religious part. And this doesn't include - I'm sorry to say - most of the average churches (and the Protestant churches are in general the worst in this respect) where the service is so much rote, with nothing inspiring about it. I've heard a few great services, which have this quality I mean. I'd rather hear a fine service by radio, with music that makes me think, than go to a local church and be either insulted or bored. I'm holding no brief for the activities of the clergy to which you point with horror - and may I add one more, the habit of censoring everything to prevent the people from getting ideas or from having their morals hurt. I simply mean that I get a real emotional push from music such as Gregorian chant, some of the Bach organ music, the Brahms German Requiem, the Faure Requiem (but not either the Beethoven or Verdi Requiems) when performed well in the appropriate settings.

I'm sure that one of the major sources of errors in spelling is the habit of composing directly on stencil or master. I know that I catch errors and plan to go back and correct them, as soon as I finish the idea. I'm worrying on at the moment - and then miss them on rereading. A number of mine, I hope, are strikeovers caused by hitting the wrong key when I know better.

Double Whammy. Including three ~~WTF~~ examples of the horrible fate that befalls fans.

Poo. I think Andy may have fallen into one of his own traps. It isn't a "simple fact that things don't go faster than the speed of light;" we as yet have found nothing that does. And proving a negative is very hard. (And shouldn't that be material thing? Doesn't either the phase or group velocity go faster than c?) To quibble, relativistic mechanics applies in most conditions (I seem to have heard that there is a conflict with statistical quantum mechanics way down there) whereas ordinary mechanics fits only a set of very unusual conditions to a reasonable degree of accuracy. Like Euclidian geometry, which doesn't apply in surveying more than a few miles, if that much. It works for small-scale projects, though, because the errors are too small to worry about.

To go from Poo to its feminine counterpart, Sundance. I enjoyed Jean's ramblings muchly. In spite of my ant-poetry bias, I liked "Homesick Song" - it fits in with moods I've had, longing for the open spaces. I see the Harvard College Observatory graduate students are the same as most other groups of graduate students I have known. McCain's essay on bicycles omits one fact which I think contributed to their disappearance. The heavy, balloon-tired monstrosities (like Detroit cars) made it work, not fun to ride a bike. And when more and more people got cars, it was easier to ride somewhere than to bike. Around Washington you see older (20+) people riding the English-type bike for fun or to get to work. The balloon bikes are for the kids.

Fantasy Sampler. I really enjoyed the data on CASmith - he's one of my favorite writers. And how neglected and unknown to fandom. After all, he's been writing fantasy longer than any active writer, except Dunsany and (I was going to add Cabell, but not so). If you need the information for a future issue, John, I can dig up the contents of Nero, Ebony and Crystal, and Sandalwood. I see you've omitted The Immortals of Mercury and The White Sybil. Details on those, too, if wanted. If you like Smith you might like the late George Sterling. Look up Wine of Wizardry or Testimony of the Suns. Anyway, more such material. Your list of books is interesting, not only for the items included, but also for what is omitted. Of the first 17, I would include only 9 - and only three

of these are starred! (Slam, City, and World Below). The others are More than Human, Final Blackout, To Walk the Night, Gather Darkness, Man Who Sold the Moon, and Some Were Human. You could cheat a little and include the Hodgson collection (Arkham House) with which I would agree. But not the Web of Easter Island; this has one section that is almost pornographic. The Amphibians I include in The World Below. Others in your list that I would include are Dragons in the Sea (Beautiful sustained atmosphere), Black Flame, I Robot, Long Loud Silence, Sands of Mars, Prelude to Space (I haven't decided about Against the Fall of Night), Children of the Atom. I note the absence of a number of the older writers. Where are Burroughs (surely the Princess of Mars would rate or the Moon Maid) and Wells? How about Taine (the complete stories, not the cut FPM versions). Did you ever read Islandia? (My favorite lost race (after a fashion) story). I don't have at hand the list I sent Miller, but these were on it. Don't you consider any of Merritt

science fiction (I started to write fantasy back there)? How about Moon Pool, Face in the Abyss, and Metal Monster? (Or don't you like him?) How about C.L. Moore (Judgement Night) and John W. Campbell (Who Goes There?, Cloak of Aesir, Mightiest Machine, etc.) and Doc Smith (Seaton and Kimeson)? Some at least should be among the better books listed, or so I feel. The list you give may indicate a trend - the only books known to fandom in general are the book club or pocket-book editions. Which is a shame.

(I had hoped to make eight pages do, but I think not. And this will be post-mailed; the stack of junk on my desk has kept me from getting it done in time to mail out West. Will be ready the mailing date, tho.)

Ibidem. Only one pint of ice cream? Come to Washington; there's a joint here that serves a concoction known as the Monster or such that much contain  $1\frac{1}{2}$  quarts of ice cream, plus assorted toppings. If you finish one at a sitting, you qualify as a glutton and get a membership card and free ice-cream on your birthday each year. Does the post office frown on numbered copies? How about the limited, numbered editions of books? Nuclear Fuzes are made with Vodka. I like them better; they have more kick. The Eyes of the Shadow is the second of the stories. The first three were put out in book form, as were the first three Doc Savage stories.

Mooncalf. I read and enjoyed, but found nothing that aroused my ire (except the BM stuff, which I couldn't stand.). Wait till next time.

Petition. Let's all start one, with space for the necessary 35 people to sign. Just think, no more deadlines to worry about, no more mags to publish, no more FAPA.

Diagpar. The Perdue is the same one. The future history appeared in dribbles, on small cards. I don't know how extensive it actually was. At last someone comments on a one-shot the way I wish I had thought of. I agree fully with Terry re the <sup>sense</sup> of wonder in stf. It is usually the stories that you read first that stick with you because you are just getting exposed to the new ideas. ("Also, you usually reread the first mags you get, since there aren't very many of them - at least I did, years ago.") On going back and rereading some of the old mags (which I did this vacation) I find that the stories that I still like are those that have the sense of wonder, that present something new.

FaThrd. Dick Witter's essay seems a little optimistic - maybe he's too close to the collectors to judge how far away most fans are. Here in Washington in WSFA there are only about 4 collectors of the old school - and that included both book and magazine. Most fans have files of Galaxy, MP&SF, ASF (back maybe five or ten years to where they first got interested or have been able to pick up copies easily) and that is all. They've missed the fun of the chase, though. It is really a nice feeling when you stumble onto something you've been looking for for years - like the time I found a 1919 edition of Jane's Fighting Ships for a buck. Later, I was offered \$35 by a dealer! I didn't sell. I don't agree with Ellik on the Via Asteroid series - they had something of that sense of wonder and also the common-sense treatment that makes stories believable.



Dick Wilson really had an early model time machine to be able to comment on the Dec 1938 issue of TWS in the Feb 1938 issue! Helander informative, but I can't comment because of lack of background. (What a strange admission in FAPA!)

Torrents.

More anti modern-jazz, or rather modern junk, comments. Otherwise, I glided over the comments untouched.

Fiendetta. But the government people that would be the most corrupt are not at the bottom - they don't have the opportunity to do much but filch a few sheets of paper - but those just below the top. I feel that I must rise to the defense of the poor, downtrodden, bedamned government worker; he's underpaid, overworked, and most misunderstood. And that is not said as humor or satire, but as the experience of at least one.

For Bems Only. The Book

reviews/film reviews were interesting; the rest I pass over.

This Goon For

Hire. This, I really enjoyed; comment is impossible. Anyone else remember where goon came from and where it was first applied in this sense?

Fanjan.

I was most interested in the reaction to the American films. It seems as if Jan is going to be a welcome addition to our ranks.

Omnibus.

Last but not least is another English contribution with the same undefinable air that so pleases me. Middle-East Confidential! made me laugh and laugh, which made this page take longer than it should have - I had to get something to eat.

Which ends the hasty looking back-

ward over the 75th FAPA mailing.

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### THREE SONNETS ON OBLIVION

#### I. OBLIVION

George Sterling

Her eyes have seen the monoliths of kings  
Upcast like foam of the effacing tide;  
He has beheld the desert stars deride  
The monuments of Power's imaginings.  
About their base the wind Assyrian flings  
The dust that throned the satrap in his pride;  
Cambyses and the Memphian pomps abide  
As in the flame the moth's presumptuous wings.

There gleams no glory that her hand shall spare,  
Nor any sun whose rays shall cross her night,  
Whose realm enfolds man's empire and its end.  
No armor of renown her sword shall dare,  
No council of the gods withstand her might;  
Stricken at last Time's lonely Titans bend.

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