

CELEPHAIS

Bill Evans

May has come and gone. June has come and gone. July has come, and is fast going. And nothing has been done on an issue of Celephis for the August FAPA mailing. I could blame this unhappy state of affairs on the weather, which is particularly nasty now, and has been for the last couple of weeks, but that wouldn't cover the nice spring-like weather of May and June. The real reason, though, is that I've been running stuff for the local street-car fans, which has taken some spare time, especially as I've had to explain to them that you don't use correction fluid on the face of a Ditto masterset. I've finally found the way to lick the hot weather; I come into the office on Saturday or Sunday, or in the evening, and enjoy the coolness of the air-conditioned office, with it nice and quiet. This is swell, except that for about three weeks of the last hot spell, over the 4th, for example, the air-conditioner was broken. Everyone during the day "borrowed" space in other rooms, but that didn't work at night. So, it's the last weekend in July, and I'm starting the quarterly expedition through the maze of a FAPA mailing; I hope I reach the exit on the other side.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

A glance at the 83rd mailing of the venerable Fantasy Amateur Press Association, more familiarly known as FAPA, to which is appended some discussion of sundry postmailings, if I remember them. Again, the order is that listed in the Fantasy Amateur, except that, as always, the first title is

The Fantasy Amateur. I should like to remark for Dick's benefit that I do dig Bill's fanzines, but that apparently he doesn't. .-. .-

People who read the FA closely will notice, in the one in this mailing [84th] an interesting addition to the waiting list. At the regular rate of turnover, it will be about two years before matters will get critical. However, I feel that something should be done now; and, for the sake of some of the members in FAPA, it should not be applicable to one person only, I feel. Gertie, how about it?

The Incomplete Burbee: Reading this brought back a lot of memories - of events, of fans, of fanzines. I'm sure, though, that at least part of the impact will be lost on people who didn't know the background and the personalities involved. However, it is a most worthy item, and goes directly into the permanent collection.

Malignant. By chance I've been reading the original LeZ file; there is still gold in those bodies. Do you plan more, or can I reprint too?

Diagpar. There is some purpose in a record such as those of railroad engines - at least I feel there is. It serves to sharpen your memories and gives a three dimensional effect to your visualization of the engines you knew and which are now gone. I spent too many years near the SF's Cascade line, listening to the whistles of the through freights and the clunk-aclunka-clunk as they passed in seemingly endless array over the switch-points and frogs of the local yard [the cars I mean] to be satisfied with the diesels that I hear now. The whistle just doesn't have the same feeling, and the throb of 16 cylinders is no substitute for the bark of the exhaust of a Pacific. I like to listen to these records.

It is interesting to note that I've had no reply to my letter to Bowart, nor has he acknowledged the FAs. the ditto issues of Horizons did have covers, in color; I believe several of these did go through FAPA. I liked the general ramblings

Isomer. The revista of the 55th mailing was interesting; it would have been even more so to have compared the comments prepared at the time with those now.

The article on art and homosexuality is much too short to really get the point over; it left me with a feeling of a clever idea, but one that wasn't properly developed. In one or two spots it reminded me of the "from this, one can obtain, by a simple transformation," type of article [serious, technical type] that so often plagues one in scientific reading. You sit down to work out the "simple transformation" whose final product you know, and find it takes some forty pages of math.

Only about 25 more steps on the wl to go, Pete.

Lighthouse. Again I enjoyed reading - and rereading [there has been a time lapse of 10 min] - non-world-shaking ramblings. But what can you say about them, other than that?

Barean. Thanks for the kind words, Ron. I can imagine that the water you left in that mold, when converted to steam, would certainly throw lead all over. Like tossing water into a beaker of conc. sulfuric; quite a mess.

Could your liking for light classical music be because you don't like to concentrate on listening? Light music has easily followable themes - and usually only one at a time - that can be half-way followed without devoting full attention to listening. You can listen, let your attention wander for a while, and come back and pick up where you left off. More "serious" music won't let you do this; you have to keep awareness of the themes involved, and of the changes being made, or you are lost. Jazz does the same thing, only not at such length.

Fafhrd. I find a few comments on the margin of Wilson's paper. [And what is serious writing on fantasy doing in a FAPA mag?][Shades of Searles] Wouldn't the "Gothic" novels fall into the category of the weird-fantasy novel? Of recent writers, I think your statement is true, since it seems to be harder to sustain the atmosphere of the weird for a long work in a present-day setting. And of course, the best of Machen novels are made up of episodes, related, instead of a single story. I've read both of the Arkham books and enjoyed them; I wonder if I'll ever reread them? Knowing the plot and events, I probably would not feel like wading through the writing for the good sections.

A most interesting review; more like this would be welcome. With folded hands.. is good - as far as I can tell [page 19 is missing; will have to get a copy from Enoy] - and I find myself agreeing with the conclusion. I have reread Gather, Darkness; I feel no urge to reread Gunner Gade. [And the latter reminded me in some vague way of Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron"- why, I don't know]

Snooze. Oh.

Stencil Gazing.

Why can't you take a long walk in Texas? Has it shrunk? Or where are the wide open spaces? Why does the Woodstock give double letters? Worn type? Or my imagination.

A Fanzine for Me. I grew up in a middle-sized town; this I would recommend for good living. But a small town - this is only for those who have nothing to interest them but their neighbors and their troubles. Anyone who dares to be different will suffer in a small town. A big city is good, if you want to be alone; a medium sized town will give you a lot of the advantages of the big city, but will give you some human interest.

Light. Enjoyed your return. Lee; why not a little more often. Did that quotation actually come from a regular newspaper? Similar material here can be obtained only under-the-counter at one or two bookstores.

The Fossil. But I wonder if FAPA really fits into this. After all, most of FAPA consider it to be nothing but a big round-robin. Very few are interested in publication as such - after all, only Danner consistently publishes a printed magazine.

Is Science Fiction In a Rut? I enjoy the serious/semi Bloch. Out of the Mouths of Babes reminded me of the great changes that have occurred in the pulp detective stories as far as the language used. I've recently been rereading the file of The Shadow back in the late 30s, and the contrast with the language used in the present-day magazine such as Manhunt is startling. Off-hand, I can't remember any curses being printed in The Shadow; such situations were treated as "Mouthin' a stream of vile curses. Snooper hurled himself at Vincent." Compare this with today; not only simple cuss words, but phrases that have very suggestive meanings. I'm not saying that the writer is any worse today, but merely that what is written is certainly more explicit. It seems that the cliché used so often in the magazines of the 30s - the "beady eyes," "slinking walk," etc.-- have been replaced by the off-color cliché.

Gad, if you like the Romantics in music, you should go for Bruckner and Mahler. He's probably moaning in his grave over being banded together with Berg, Cage, Varese, etc. And you don't like Puccini? How about Benny Goodman and his 1937-9 band? Or maybe the Spanier's of the same period?

And do you like "Final Blackout"?

Acetylsalicylic Acid. The fanzine for the morning after. The current situation re Buck Rogers is unusual. The daily strip is drawn by Murphy Anderson, and the Sunday by the former daily artist [?] Rick Yeager. I'm wondering when Yeager will completely disappear. And, as an old time BR fan, who missed a lot of the last years, will someone tell me what happened to Wilma, and Buddy, and Alura? Only Dr. Heur (or is it Huor) remains of the old group.

Fringe. "Receipt" is a localism for "recipe" - I don't recall anyone using it back home, but I've run into it in the middle west and east. Probably started as a misunderstanding and mispronunciation of the two words.

Your comment on Gemzine seems to me to be unanswerable. In fact, I am looking forward to the attempts.

Which, by some freak of fate, brings me to Gemzine. Do I see a break in the armor of proof in regards to religion? Or at least a scratch on it. I wonder if the Jewish idea of the lack of an afterlife wouldn't be more practical than the current Christian and Moslem ideas of a literal Heaven/Paradise. Anyone qualified to give more details?

Whoops. We're off on the constitution question again. I assure you, Gertrude, that most of the "semi-legal" language was designed to cover matters which had come up, and which were not explicit in the old constitutions. Putting them in the Constitution merely records various official decisions, in effect getting them on record. Why will it be impossible to get rid of husband/wife memberships? Section 8 gives very clearly [to remove unclear points that have plagued earlier elections] directions for amending the constitution. It only requires 17 members yes votes.

As for exclusion of some "as yet unknown duplication media" read carefully sections 5.52 and 5.53. Note "or legibly reproduced in some other way that gives a sufficient number of identical copies." It also has the effect of restricting such mailing items as Clyde's abottivo one.

So far, there are no concrete objections by you, other than the above; if you think things are wrong, put them out as specific proposals.

Or maybe you'd like to work under the old one for a while. When are you running for sec-treas?

Didn't the copy of Celephais you got have the title in red at the top? I wonder, since you quote from the sub-head. There is a simple solution to your record problems - just put everything on tape and play a tape at a time. It could be worse, too. You forgot to list such items as 15" 33s, standard needle, 78rpm lps, 7" lps (33rpm), and the 16 rpm records. And then there is the new stereo record....Personally, I prefer 45s for short pieces over either lps or 78s - although the little 7" lps that Columbia used for a while were nice (I have a few of those) - the handling and storage problem is so much less than with 78s. And you don't have nearly the breakage problem.

You reminded me of a little girl banging her head against a brick wall because it felt so good when she stopped.

From the way certain fans write, I wouldn't be surprised if the English fandom were expecting anything. I really wish you could have gone; the suspense to the English while awaiting the plane would have been most interesting.

Did you ever try really thinking about something for half an hour? It's hard work. Which is why most people - and this will include a lot of FAPA, although as a group we probably have a higher than average think quota - do so little of it. I know that there are hours, and probably even days, when I do very little thinking. True, I cogitate, day-dream, read and digest material, etc., but as far as thinking goes - I just don't do it. Of course, by thinking, I mean the concentrated type that solves problems, creates new ideas, etc.

I've found one solution to static in lps [back to records] that works. It's the Discharger, a small piece of Polonium that you fasten to the head and which ionizes the air to let the electrostatic charge leak off, thus eliminating the dust pickup. And you don't gunk up your records, either. And, of course, lps are softer than 78s, and will scratch easier. Nothing is worse than a scratched lp.

Apparently you still can't listen to jazz; you want the sight of the players. I assure you that the air-shots of Goodman or the Ellingtons or Armstrong Hot Five I listen to are not listened to "sitting with ear glued to the Hi-Fi sets," meaning with joy over the technical aspects of the recorded music.... I listen to them as music, not as an exercise in instrumentation. "Which is why a lot of the later Armstrongs, the bop stuff, the cool jazz, leaves me cold. I feel that it is sterile. The early jazz has an inner feeling that is natural, not worked up intellectually. The same holds true in classic music [make that classical]. In many cases I've selected a technically poorer performance of a chamber work, a song, an opera aria, simply because the performance had the inner feeling that the better rendition doesn't have.

Strange, but I don't remember any defense of the Reporter on the grounds that it printed a Bradbury story - or isn't FAPA all corners of fandom?

J. C. Campbell? Has it come to this?

"Loyalty" to what?

To church, to state, or to the human race? There is such a thing as misplaced loyalty - Hitler Youth, for example.

The Dreistein Case. Why did Boucher have to steal my thunder. I wish I had been able to get a teletyper for one page. Snooze. Still ugh.

Phantasy Press. A couple of corrections to the Burroughs article - Of course, a Princess of Mars was the first, even before Tarzan. The Moon Maid is in the Barseem series, even though the action is on earth. And I believe the first Venus book is connected with both the Mars and the Pellucidar series. The Man-Eater and Beyond Thirty, of course, are now in book form. City of Mummies, Black Pirates, Yellow Men, and Invisible Men of Mars are in Llana of Gathol. The pardoned musician was Leadbelly, the blues guitarist. Was Air Trails published back then? I remember it as Bill Barnes Air

Adventures. [small, or rather, regular pulp size]. I'm sorry, but I can't help much on the Operation Dragnet, since my files are no longer with me. I can add, tho, the following sure and possible members: Ashley, Al, Ashley, AbbyLu, Anderson, Andy [?], Daugherty, Walt [?], Evans, Emery [?], Felkel, Warren, Fortier, Joe [?], Knight, Damon [or knight, damon, as he writes it], Loan, Roy W., Jr., Phillips, Rog [?], Searles, A. Langley, Wilmoth, Gus, Hoffman as Hoffman, Zimmer as Zimmer, and of course Myrtle R. Douglas [Morojo] Patty Grey [Pogo], and the Decker Dillies of Decker Indiana, who had, I believe, a joint membership. And how about Claude Deglor?

A nice issue, Dan.

Le Moindre. Enjoyed the insider's view of the elections.

Too many people feel that the only good music is that which they enjoy - and in too many cases that verges on the slop. Many people are musical dumbbells; perhaps it's the way they are exposed to good music in school, creating a hatred for the stuff, just as so much good literature is ruined by the way you have it forced down your throat. [I was that way with Shakespeare; it took me ten years, and Olivier's "Henry V" to get back to reading him with enjoyment.] You don't have to take the position that all classical music must be listened to with folded hands and bated breath. A lot of Mozart, Brahms, Schubert, etc, is good listening, even if you don't try to follow the inner meanings. But the sickening slop some people consider the height of "good music" is horrible - the worst hangover of the Victorian and Edwardian ages.

Maybe GMC will change, now that GW is back on the wl.

Lokr [of course, that should be Lark]. I find the most satisfaction, in sending back all the prepaid replies I got in the junk mail, with the whole sending carefully stuffed inside. I remove my name, of course. If no return, I mark return to sender if at all possible.

Did I give the impression that the Biggs set was muddy? I certainly didn't mean so, since he was playing the type of organ the music was written for. I had in mind some of his earlier albums on 78, and several other artists on lp, who use the wrong kind of organ.

Uncommentable this time; just enjoyable.

Snooze Ugh².

Own. Nothing exciting, true. Since I'm staying out of the Carr-Willis etc. I'll keep quiet.

Landslide. Now read the constitution. That should settle a number of points.

Horizons. Harry, in going back thru the file of Horizons while getting ready to film them, I noticed somewhere you slipped on the FAFA number either up or down [up, I believe]. I now don't have the file out, and can't remember just when (about number 30??).

Harry, if you run into any of those old pictures of Hagerstown (or elsewhere, for that matter) that have clear shots of streetcars, I'd like them. Not for myself, but for friends. Actually, the pictures aren't scarce, it's just digging them up.

My feeling on the Boris scene is that Shuisky is trying to drive Boris from the throne, or drive him mad, so that he can control the empire as regent for Feodor. Knowing Boris's fears from the previous hallucination scene, he brings in Pimen, who is unconnected with any intrigue, to tell his convincing story as the final straw. Even if Boris doesn't die, he would probably become deranged, and the nobles would force him to abdicate in favor of his son.

It seems to me I heard about that final issue of Sloane's Amazing from Julie Unger, one time during a gabfest. I had heard of it from someone who knew someone who had seen a copy - as I remember the incident. Like the one small issue of Amazing Detective Tales [Cernsback] I've heard about, but never seen.

We're off again on jazz. My own feeling, and that of several of my friends back home - Oregon - with whom I've had many a bull session on the stuff, is that the core of good jazz, as opposed to good dance music or good swing, is the depth of feeling in it. Of course, we are setting up our definition of jazz, making it more subjective than most people would. "With emotion in the music, I find I can listen to the same performance again and again - not one right after the other, but at convenient intervals - and find something vital, something that makes me respond emotionally and achieve rapport, in it each time. I find that my collection divides into two parts - the swing-type music that makes nice background listening, the jazz, that I listen to. Most of Benny Goodman, for example, and a lot of my favorite composer, Ellington, falls into the first group. The Bessie Smith's, the Armstrong Hot Fives, the Dodds Chicago Footwarmers, the Spanier Ragtime Band, at their best, all fill the second, and smaller group.

From your explanation, and what I know of Ted's taste in jazz [generic usage], I imagine you have been listening mainly to the chamber jazz, or the cool jazz. To me, most of this is enjoyable, but sterile; I enjoy listening to it once, but don't especially want to listen to it again. Some of it makes for useful background music, when doing something that demands only about half my attention. But I don't consider it is part of the folk music that is jazz.

In many respects jazz - the kind I mean - is like classical music. I don't listen to Boris, for example, only once, or as background music. If it is performed well, I find myself becoming more and more aware of the feeling, the mood in the music. I reach a rapport with the character. On the other hand, La Boheme makes wonderful background music for me; I find that I listen, enjoy, and yet the music doesn't react on me, or I to it. The best of Johann Strauss, Jr, can make me immerse myself in its depths; Verdi in many of his operas does the same - with the exception of Aida. JSBach, Mozart, the Schubert Lieder, Mahler, most of Beethoven [make that much], Sibelius, Vaughan Williams, all have the ability to make me go into their music, if well performed. And here, perhaps, lies part of the trouble with jazz.

Very few performers today are playing jazz because they feel it; to them, jazz has become a play, a pastime, a game in improvising. It's like your baseball team, playing as well as they can because it makes more money for them; only occasionally does a player come who puts into it that extra something that makes it more than just a game. Someone like Ty Cobb, maybe; or maybe like Jim Thorpe in football; he just played because he had to. And many of your earlier jazz men, especially those who played with dance bands for a living, played jazz because they had to, it was inside of them, and had to come out; their playing has that emotion that makes it jazz rather than popular music. Improvisation is part of this; however, they don't have to invent totally new "riffs" - it isn't the music itself so much as the way it is played that makes the difference. It's hard to pin down the difference, since it is so subjective a thing. Perhaps the closest comparison is in the field of Lieder. What makes singer A a great Lieder singer, while singer B, with perhaps a better voice, and able to sing the notes as written even more precisely, is a poor one? Time and again, you read reviews which stress the interpretive skill of a singer, while admitting that the voice isn't as great as some one else. Or why are certain quartets [string] preferred over others, though the second may have a better tone or more precise playing? It is that inner something that makes the difference. And it is that which makes the jazz I have jazz.

There is the composed "jazz" with Ellington the best example of it. Arrangers and composers do their work in the jazz field, using the jazz idiom and instrumentation. Only when played by a group that have

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been able to obtain the same degree of interpretive skill as shown by a great singer. do these pieces warrant a second listening. Then, they are not jazz, but jazz-like music, composed music that depends upon the interpreter for its greatness.

The blues are an offshoot of jazz. When well done, they are most effective. A voice with instrumental accompaniment is different; the effect is no longer jazz or blues.

The remark about jazz being feminine indicates also to me that you've been listening to the current cool stuff. I don't think any of the Hot Fives would sound that way. And the tempos are more varied than that; there is the slow blues, the faster dance tempo, and the very fast march-type tempo, at least. And the sax is not a true jazz instrument. When it comes into a jazz performance, unless superlatively played, the mood usually vanishes. Hodges, perhaps, Bechet, Carney [baritone, and much fuller-bodied] are the only ones I know who can maintain the mood [I can see Ted open mouthed here, frantically shouting "Parker"]. The clarinet can set the feeling better than any sax I've heard.

Some of the composed "jazz" certainly can match the Haydn quartets for key changes and such - but not for musical values.

"The record industry... is largely responsible for the present trend to jazz." If you'll amend that to "cool jazz" I might agree; trying to get real jazz and blues nowadays is like looking for hen's teeth. The record industry has been responsible for the average length of most jazz performances; they were recorded in three minute sides, and the dance bands that used jazz arrangements timed their numbers to such length. On the actual bandstand, or in a jam session, the same basic selection might go on for 15 min. Only with LP have the records caught up with the music - and now, most of the recorded performances are timed for the lp.

Heaven jazz for a moment; I've got lots of things to say, but don't have them organized and thought out. Hagerstown Journal is interesting reading, as always.

I wonder if the figure you quote for Galaxy circulation is the distributed copies, with no allowance for returns. The ABC sounds like actual sales.

Glad to hear that the "Return of George Washington" was an angry scribble; ditto "Return of George Washington" when I read them back before JFF. I don't think much of them. I found that the early columns were much better.

Agree with your remarks to JFF, especially paragraph 2. This time I've been trying to say much better than I could. It could be said.

If you can't make up Joy's request re baseball this evening, I could wait. After all, I did enjoy her notes re cricket. We will make my reading of English detective stories quite interesting. [Dorothy Rogers "London Last Adventure" has the most bewildering cricket scene...]

I like it; you agree with me too much for it.

When each into the history of the civilization [civilization] you will find that the Indians were the only ones strongly in favor of the music on drums. Most of the Indian people, and the white class, were opposed to or were generally uninterested in the movement. I really don't consider you a "well-known authority" - at least when I consider its full of biases, some of which I feel very strongly about. Oh, "ok, it is "equations". But the relation is that the ratio of the circumference [now I can't spell it] to the diameter of an Euclidian circle is a constant. I don't think it is necessarily more important to learn the operations I use logs-for than the use of them. They are used as short-cuts in rather simple calculations. I believe the trouble is in your use of the word "used" to mean - or this is the impression I got - the application of data to some final use. I don't believe in just gathering data, but you can't use the data if you don't have it. You've got to catch your fish first.

No more marginal notes but I like @ better than Tyke, this time - you're more coherent and sense-making.

Tyke: It wasn't a plot against you; the goop Dick was using to make a rubber stamp with your address wouldn't stand up; I don't think it came from a medical supply house.

I'm finally convinced that you suffer from a disability to project yourself on paper. I know from personal conversation that you are much more understandable in person; perhaps it is because one can pin you down the moment you start getting away from known and common ground, and find out exactly what you do mean. It may be clear in your mind, but unless someone forces you to bring out the inbetween steps, you just don't make the sense you should.

Null-F: That copy of LLP is incredible; I hope you sent a copy to the bottom of the current waiting list. Really, this time I have no comments; I seem to have worn out the jazz theme - and we still disagree on modern jazz, I see. I can see, though, why you don't like both older jazz, and older classical music; they depend more on mood and emotion than on "adventure" or the dissonance. It's simply that we get entirely different things from music.

Bleen: I realize, of course, that Glephas will not get the Greyell seal of approval, since it violates most of your "rules" for a comment zine. I didn't put my name on the first page - I may still do so, tho. I don't list the editor after title, although I often indicate in the text whom I'm talking to. This, I will do next time, if I think of it in time. I try to make the comments reasonably self-contained, or at least give enough to make recall easy.

If gold fulminate is worse than mercury fulminate I don't think I'd want to play around with it. I'd say the difference in force would be a matter of degree rather than of kind.

Thanks for the kind words on Remembrance; I feel its fun to go back through the old mags, looking for the pearls among the crud. I've tried to select items that would give feel for the magazine, and yet not be toooo bad.

The "Mark of Zorro" and I believe a couple of sequels, were originally Argosy serials about 1921-2. Quite popular, then. Their revival somewhat surprised me someone in Hollywood must have read the old Argosy.

I find I enjoy your reviews; maybe it's the hour, but I don't find starting places to ramble - unless I start really rambling, and then I'd be in the office till it was time to go to work again.

Your squib about boats, tho, started me thinking about the disappearance of one of my favorites - the ferry boat. The first one I rode was in NY/NJ - the old 125th St ferry. During the war I visited a friend who lived, at the time, in Edgewater, NJ, and worked in NY. Naturally, I rode back and forth, since NY had the points of interest. I remember the evening Langley Searles, Sam Moskowitz, Julius Unger, and I spent at Julie's in Brooklyn, discussing fanzine publishing. That was when Sam had just started writing the Immortal Storm, before it had been published at all. He had the draft of the first chapter and showed it to Julie, who had been around way back. In about an hour of reminiscing, that one chapter had grown to several, the first paragraph becoming a whole chapter. Also, at that time Fantasy Commentator changed into a subzine, from a FAPazine, with support from all of us. Searles published most of it - The Immortal Storm - in FC; to answer Chappell in Grue, I would say that the early part had been edited by Searles; he tried to remove the worst grammar errors and condense somewhat, but in general kept the Moskowitz flavor. This might be the reason for the change in style towards the back. Anyway, we broke up about one and Langley and I caught the Subway to his house at the tip of the Bronx - 242nd street or so. I didn't leave the subway with him, but rode back to 96th st, and went out to catch the ferry. I got in about 5 AM, and was back in New York by eight the same morning. The ride across was cold, but kept me awake. It was late October, and I was wearing a light raincoat. The wind on the Hudson can be cool, even in fall. But, the ferries I really liked

were those on San Francisco Bay. Unfortunately, I never was there in the golden age of the Bay ferries, when all traffic from Oakland, Berkeley, and the other northern cities had to use the ferry. The first time I was in San Francisco, in 1945, there were only the train ferries still in service - two of them at a time, one going each way and passing in the center of the bay, just about as they passed under their replacement - the Bay bridge. Last summer, when I was there, there was only one, meeting trains only. Since I first saw the ferry building, the street cars, that once had four tracks on Market Street down to the Ferry Building loops, have been diverted to the Bridge Terminal, and two tracks removed; trolley busses now use the curb lanes on Market St. And now, the last of the ferries is gone, the Key trains are no more, and only the rumble of busses resounds on the under deck of the bridge, where once the big red SP interurbans, the yellow Key articulateds, and the Sacramento Northern's plus interurbans whirled along. I would have loved to ride the big red Interurban Electric's four and six car trains; or have taken the SN trains to the valley. Too late; they disappeared before the war. Killed by the bridge. And the automobile.

But, back before the bridges - Bay and Golden Gate - were built.... I would like to be able to go back, with camera and color film [I'd even get a movie camera], and ride and shoot the Ferry Building, with the ferries arriving and departing in a steady stream, especially during the morning and evening rush, for the Northwestern Pacific pier and the electric lines of the NWP on the Marin County side of the Golden Gate; for the Key System mole and the electric trains to Oakland, Berkeley, Richmond; for the Southern Pacific Interurban Electric pier, and the big red cars for Alameda, Berkeley, Oakland, Thousand Oaks; for the Sacramento Northern's fast trains into the central valleys; for the SP and Western Pacific and Santa Fe trains to the North and East.

And the wonderful confusion of the Municipal Railway and the Market Street Railway streetcars on the loop at the foot of Market St, and the cable cars heading away up the hill. Those were the days of the Ferry Building.

At least I've had the pleasure of a number of rides on the ferries, before they quit. I can remember coming into San Francisco on a foggy morning, with the sun just breaking through, and only the tips of the building visible. And leaving in the evening, with a sunset beyond the Golden Gate, sometimes clear, more often with a fog rolling in, blotting out the Golden Gate, and its bridge, and then Alcatraz, and coming closer and closer. The Ferry Building would disappear, and the mournful fog horn and the clang of the buoys and the whistles of the boats would be all that was left of San Francisco.

I'll miss the ferries.

I can do it,

Dean.

Crue: got moved out of order. When did we lose 7 states? Or did demon just lose count [the cover]? Tucker is interesting - but it makes me wonder. This could be the way his book would turn out. Muchly enjoyed was the The Fallen Mighty this time. I was never a Wild West reader; I read the air-war stories instead. My friends did, tho. If you want a real western writer, you might try Eugene Manlove Rhodes [I'm not sure now of the spelling, and can't check]; he was familiar with the west and the people thereof, and wrote of real people. There's only one trouble; his books are being collected, and you have trouble finding them.

The missing phrase in Warner's letter is something like "...the National Gallery Orchestra's recording of Richard Bale's cantata "The Confederacy"...." and they have also done a similar one for the North, "The Union." Both well done, and full of music both familiar and unfamiliar. I imagine the trouble with Marquand's B. F.'s Daughter title is the first letter, which in England is an abbreviation for a profane word.

I'm waiting, but not with bated breath, since I can't expect to bate it that long, for the next Crue.

Target: Papa: Did any of those ram-equipped ships see action during the wars in the Mediterranean Sea during the latter half of the 19th cent? These rams were something akin to the older fire-ships, which were usually a handicap to their own fleet. I wonder if better sailing ships couldn't be built now, if there was a demand for them. After all, we've improved regular ship design via model testing, and such; why not do the same for sailing ships - I'm referring to "working" ships, of course. The RC church still disapproves of Masons; hence the Knights of Columbus. I've always felt that the logical time to have stopped Hitler was when he occupied the Rhineland; I've read somewhere that if there had been resistance by France and England then, Hitler would have collapsed. Worlds of If....

A Fanzine for (Joan and) Andy Young: This was the weekend I had to work. So, I missed both FAF and Disclave. Work is hell....

Gallery: mailed with, but unlisted. Who's going to start the GBA [Girlish Disrobing Assoc.]? Maybe that could be a feature of the 1960 convention, if in Washington. I can remember when it was "the thing" to listen to "One Man's Family" every Sunday. Actually, it was better than most soap operas; the people at least grew up and talked like human beings part of the time.

A Save English Sketchbook: I enjoyed leafing through this, but, maybe I'm just a square, I didn't really appreciate it.

Whoosh! that's through for this quarter - unless something has popped into the box since Saturday [Saturday, I know].

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The piece on the Fallen Nighty in Gras this mailing decided me to include in this issue something I've been considering for several months. At a WBA meeting some time ago at Miss Elizabeth Cullen's house, I noticed a book on her bookshelves [they line one wall of the living room] that interested me. [Her books fall into several categories - horses, western stuff, railroads, and stuff.] Sam loaned it to me, very kindly, and I've been browsing through it with great enjoyment. It is Ramon F. Adams "Western Words: A Dictionary of the Range, Cow Camp and Trail," University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, fourth, entirely reset printing, 1956. For the benefit of those of you who are unfamiliar with our western lingo - especially the English contingent, who have bewildered us with cricket and "football" terms - I'm copying out a few of the definitions, since some of them may come in handy to insult your friends [of "blackmailing"]. So, herewith

Western Words

airin' the lungs: What the cowboy calls "cussin'," which seems to be a natural part of his language; and he has a supply of words and phrases that any mule skinner would "be happy to get a copy of." As one cowboy said, "The average cowhand ain't pickin' any grapes in the Lord's Vineyard, but neither's he tryin' to bust any Commandments when he cusses. It jes' sets on his tongue as easy as a horse-fly ridin' a mule's ear, and he can shoot 'em plenty o' grammar into it."

all hands and the cook: This phrase signifies an emergency. It is used when every hand is called to guard the herd, when the cattle are unusually restless or there is imminent danger of a stampede.

all horns and rattles: Said of one displaying a fit of temper. A man in this mood, as one cowboy said, "maybe don't say nothin', but it ain't safe to ask questions."

augurin' match: A talking contest such as is held nowhere else except in the West. [and FAPA?] In the language of the cowman, an augurin' match is "jes' a case of two loose-tongued humans a-settin' cross-legged, knee to knee and face to face, talkin' as fast as they can to see which one can keep it up the longest without runnin' out of words and wind. 'Here's jes' a constant flow of words that don't make no sense a-tall, both of 'em talkin' at the same time and each one's got so much to say that it gets in his way. At the start they talk fast and furious, but after an hour or so they slow down to a trot to be savin' of both words and wind. By the time it's over, neither one of 'em's got 'nough vocal power left to bend a smoke ring."

Bill-show: A wild west show such as Buffalo Bill's and Pawnee Bill's.

Bill-show cowboy: A show-off cowboy of the Buffalo Bill show type.

blackamithing: Pimping or procuring for a woman of easy virtue. A polite way of giving information of such a man, as "Bob is blackamithin' for Bertha."

bottom: Endurance, as "This horse has plenty of bottom"; also a low ground contiguous to a stream. One of the sayings of the cow country is, "Real bottom in a good hoss counts for more than his riggin'."

built high above his corns: Said of a tall person. Cowboys are strong for exaggerations. I heard one speak of another's being "so tall it'd take a steeple-jack to look 'im in the eye," and again, "so tall he couldn't tell when his feet was cold."

buscadero: From the Spanish buscar, meaning to search for, to seek. Used in the Southwest for a tough, gun-carrying officer of the law. Later occasionally used to mean any gunman.

cahoots: In partnership. The cowman always threwed in or went into cahoots with another man when he entered a partnership.

California buckskin: Baling wire.

case of slow: Said of the loser in a gun-fight, said of a man too slow in getting his gun into action.

catalog woman: A wife secured through a matrimonial bureau. Usually, as Alibi Allison said, "one o' them widders that wants 'er weeds plowed under."

chaps: An American abbreviation of the Spanish chaparejos, meaning leather breeches or overalls. This word was too much of a mouthful for the American cowboy, so he "bit shallow" and said chaps, pronouncing it shaps.

They are skeleton overalls worn primarily as armor to protect a rider's legs from injury when he is thrown or when a horse falls upon him, pushes him against either a fence or another animal, carries him through brush, cacti, or other chaparral, or attempts to bite him; also they are proof against rain or cold. The word occurs in English dictionaries as chaparejos, but the Spanish word is really chapareras.

In spite of the movies and popular fiction, the cowhand sheds his chaps when he dismounts for ground work, for they are hot and uncomfortable to walk in. Only the hand of the brush country keeps his on, because he never knows when he is going to have to tear a hole in the brush. When the cowboy rides to town, he leaves his chaps hanging on a nail in the bunkhouse. If he does wear them, he takes them off when he arrives, and either hangs them over his saddle horn, leaves them at the livery stable, or throws them behind the bar of some saloon where he is known.

choke-bored pants: A name given the flare-hipped, tight-kneed riding breeches of the Easterner.

choke strap: The derisive reference to a necktie, something for which the cowboy has little need.

chuckle-headed as a prairie dog: Contrary, undiscerning.

chuck-wagon chicken: Cowboy's slang name for fried bacon.

coffee cooler: A frequent name for a prospector, a loafer or bum.

could outhold a warehouse: Said of a lucky person, especially a winner at gambling.

corpse and cartridge occasion: A gun battle. The aftermath of some of the early western gun battles, as one cowboy said, "looked like beef day at an Injun agency."

cowboy: This word seems to have originated in Revolutionary days when a group of Torry guerillas roamed the region between the lines in Westchester County, New York, and called themselves by this title. I have never been able to discover why they gave themselves this title since they had nothing to do with cows.

The next men we find calling themselves by this name are a bunch of wild-riding, reckless Texans under the leadership of Eben Cameron, who spent their time chasing longhorns and Mexicans soon after Texas became a republic. To the Mexicans they became the symbol of calamity.

Then came the real cowboy as we know him today—a man who followed the cows. A generation ago the East knew him as a bloody demon of disaster, reckless and rowdy, weighted down with weapons, and ever ready to use them. Today he is known as the hero of a wild west story, as the eternally hard-riding movie actor, as the "guitar pickin'" yodeler, or the gayly bedecked rodeo follower.

The West, who knows him best, knows that he has always been "just a plain, everyday bow-legged human," carefree and courageous, fun-loving and loyal, uncomplaining and doing his best to live up to a tradition of which he is proud. He has been called everything from a cow poke to a dude wrangler, but never a coward. He is still with us today and will always be as long as the West raises cows, changing, perhaps, with the times, but always witty, friendly, and fearless.

cowpuncher: A more recent title of the cowboy, derived from the metal-pointed prod-pole employed to urge cattle into stock-cars. While punching is thus the accepted term for herding livestock, it ordinarily is restricted to cattle, the term herding being used in connection with horses. A cowpuncher might punch or herd cattle, but colloquial English makes him herd horses and will not let him punch them. The term is usually shortened to puncher.

coyotin' 'round the rim: Touching a subject on the edges, as in a conversation or speech.

critter: By this word the cowboy means cow, and the word cow stands for cattle in general. If the feminine gender is spoken of, it is designated as "She stuff," or if an individual is pointed out, the sex is designated as "that two-year-old heifer" or "that line-backed steer."

cut the bed: To share one's bed with another.

cut the deck deeper: A request to explain more fully or more clearly.

draggin' her rope: Said of a woman who is trying to catch a husband. Jack Davis used to say such a woman "might have a short rope, but she shore throwed a wide loop."

draggin' his navel in the sand: Leaving in a hurry. Bill Keith, in describing to me a friend running on foot, said, "He was hobbled with a pair o' hairy chaps, but he couldn't have made better time if he'd been stripped to the buff."

elbow room: The old-time, open-range cowman felt that he was being crowded if a neighbor settled within fifty miles of him, and he complained of not having "elbow room."

equalizer: A slang name for a pistol. It is a common saying of the West that "a Colt makes all men equal."

feeding off his range: Said of a meddler. According to the western code no one questions a stranger. If he rides for the aimless pleasure of going places and seeing things, that is his won business. If he chooses to explain his reason for traveling, the cowman will listen, but if his reason is one which he dares not tell, that still is his business.

fire-water: Indian term for whiskey. Derived from the custom of traders in demonstrating the alcohol content by throwing a little of the liquid on the fire to let it burn. Unless this was done, the Indian did not trade, fearing to be cheated.

five beans in the wheel: No Westerner carries more than five cartridges in the cylinder of his gun. The hammer is always down on an empty chamber. He does this for safety, because of the hair-trigger adjustment. Men who know guns have too much respect for them to take unnecessary chances, and a man who carries six cartridges in his gun is looked upon as a rank pilgrim. As the cowman says, "If y'u can't do the job in five shots, it's time to get to hell o' of there and hunt a place to hole up in."

flannel mouth: A person who talks much, a person who talks nonsense, a braggart. Doc Strawn used to tell of a braggart who "had more lip than a muley cow" and invariably "bragged himself out of a place to lean ag'in the bar."

from soda to hock: In faro soda is the first card exposed face up before bets are made. The last card in the box is said to be in hock. In the West the expression from soda to hock became common as meaning from beginning to end or the whole thing as the East uses from soup to nuts.

got callouses from patten' his own back: Said of a braggart.

great seizer: A humorous name for a sheriff.

gun: The name for a pistol. The rifle, with the exception of the buffalo gun, was never called a gun, but Winchester, rifle, .30-.30, from the caliber of the gun, or the slang name Worchestershire.

gunman's sidewalk: The middle of the street, so that he could see from all sides and not run into an ambush.

hair in the butter: A delicate situation.

hair off the dog: Said when a man has gained experience.

hard money: Coin, the only kind of money seen in the early West.

hardware: A common name for a gun. I heard one cowhand speak of a heavily armed man with, "He's packin' 'nough hardware to give 'im kidney sores."

Haywire: Crazy, muddled, twisted up. When a Westerner removes baling wire from hay, he twists it into crazy shapes before throwing it away, thus keeping stock from becoming entangled in it. From this practice the expression originated.

hear the owl hoot: To have many and varied experiences, to get drunk.

home range: The territory with which certain cattle are acquainted and where they belong.

hook up: To harness horses to a wagon or buggy. The verb harness is never used in the cow country.

hunker: To sit, or squat upon one's heels. The cowboy rarely used a chair; he saved it "for company."

hymns: What the cowboy calls the songs he sings to cattle. They are usually religious tunes accompanied with profane words and as "hymns" would surely shock the clergy.

All cowboys are not good singers. There are many who "couldn't pack a tune in a corked jug" and sound as if they are "garglin' their throats with axle grease, or givin' the death rattle." An old cowhand I knew only as Cut-bank used to say, "They lost their voices explainin' to so many different judges how they'd come to have their brands on somebody else's cows."

iron: Short for a branding iron; also slang for a gun.

jawbone: Credit. A cowhand who lives on his credit until next payday is said to "live on his jawbone."

Jingle your spurs! Get a move on, hurry up!

John Law: The frontier name for any law officer.

Jones' place: The cowboy's reference to a line-camp; also a privy; sometimes used in reference to a honkytonk.

John B. Cowboy's hat, named thus after its maker, John B. Stetson. The cowman takes pride in the age of his Stetson. As one writer said, "A Stetson will take on weight with age and get to the point where you can smell it across the room, but you can't wear it out." The big Stetson is just as much a part of the cowboy as his hands and feet.

Justin's: Any cowman knows that this word is synonymous with good cowboy boots. From the day in 1879 when Joe Justin settled at Old Spanish Fort on the Texas side of the Red River and made his first pair of boots, down through the years to the present modern factory in Fort Worth, Texas, run by his three sons, Justin's has set the style in cowboy boots. A few men have left their names to enrich permanently the vocabulary of the Westerner through the excellence and popularity of a necessary product. Among these are Colt, Stetson, Levi, and Justin.

keno: This word came from the gambling game, keno, and the cowman uses it to mean everything is all right. The conclusion of any act might evoke the exclamation, "Keno!"

kept the double-doors swingin': Said of an habitué of the saloons.

kidney pad: The contemptuous name the cowboy gave the little riding saddle used by an Easterner. Also called kidney plaster.

lean forward and shove: To get out of the way in a hurry.

Levis (lee-vies'): Overalls. This is perhaps the best-known first name of a man in the West. Only a "greener" would have to be told that Levis are overalls, called this from the name of Levi Strauss, of San Francisco, the pioneer over-all manufacturer of the West. Since their introduction in 1850, practically all cowboys have worn them because they are stout and comfortable. They are not to be confused with the bib overalls that farmers wear. A cowhand would not be caught in a pair of these. Levis are made just like a pair of pants, except that they have many copper rivets to reinforce seams and pockets. The

cowboy wears them with turned-up cuffs, and when shoeing/^{his} horse, these cuffs serve as a handy repository for extra horseshoe nails.

live dictionary: A school teacher, a talkative woman. One who, as Jug Jeter would say, "was shore in the lead when tongues was give out." Jug did not have much use for women, and he got his name because it was said that he "never went to town till his jug needed filin'."

long-hairs: A slang name for the men of the early West who wore their hair long.

lookin' for a dog to kick: Disgusted.

look-see: When a cowman goes on an inspection tour or rides off to investigate anything, he refers to the act as going to take a look-see. The single word look is rarely used.

Mac: A male parasite who makes his living pimping for some woman of the red-light district of the cow towns.

narrow at the equator: Hungry. I heard one puncher say that his "stomach was so shrunk it wouldn't chamber a liver-pill," and another that his "tapeworm was hollerin' for fodder."

neck meat or nothin': The cowboy's equivalent to whole hog or nothing.

nickel-plated: The cowboy's term for the best in anything, from the nickel-plated decorations upon his person and riding gear to a well-dressed woman.

painter: The West's name for a panther, or mountain lion.

packs a long rope: Said of a rustler.

pack: A bundle or bale (as noun); to carry (as verb). A cowman never carries anything, but packs it, as "packs a gun," "packs his saddle," and so on.

pass the buck: This common saying originated in the West in the late 1860's. In poker, during the early days, it was customary for the players to cut for deal, and the winner of the opening pot continued to deal until he lost, when the privilege then went to his conqueror. With the introduction of draw poker, it became the custom to pass the deal to the left after each hand. On the western frontier this practice lead to the custom of using a buck. It could be any object, but was usually a knife, and since most western men in those days carried knives with buckhorn handles, this name was adopted. The buck was placed in front of the dealer to mark the deal and was passed along at the conclusion of each pot. In some sections a player who did not wish to deal was permitted to ante and pass the buck. Thus the term became a slang expression for letting someone else perform a task originally imposed upon you, or letting someone else take the blame for an act.

pilgrim: One new to the country. The word was first applied to the imported hot-blooded cattle, but later was more commonly used as reference to a tenderfoot.

pistol: A young rider, inexperienced hand. The cowboy never calls his gun a pistol.

pistol whip: To whip one with the barrel of a six-gun. Sug Morgan, speaking of such an incident, said, "I let 'im feel my gun where the hair was thinnest and put a knot on his head that'd sweat a rat to run around." Some writers of westerns have their heroes grasping the guns by the barrels and clubbing with the butts. No one but a greener would pull this stunt. "What do they think the villain would be doing all the time it takes the hero to get hold of the barrel?"

shook a rope at him: An expression meaning that the one referred to had been warned of his misconduct and that his fate would rest upon his future behavior.

short horse: An old name for the quarter-of-a-mile race horse, now commonly called quarter horse.

show up on the skyline: To come into view, to appear.

sleeper: A calf which has been earmarked by a cattle thief who intends to come back later and steal the animal (as noun). The earmark is used by cattlemen as a quick means of identification. Thus, during roundup, when the ranch hands came upon such an animal, they were likely to take it for granted that it had been branded when it was earmarked and leave it to roam, so that the thief might return later and put his own brand upon it or drive it away. To so mark such an animal (as verb).

sleeping: The rustler's taking an unbranded calf, earmarking it with the mother's earmark, and turning it loose unbranded. Since the earmark is that of the outfit to which it belongs, it attracts no undue attention. If the calf passes the notice of the riders of that ranch, the rustler will return when the calf is about six months old, wean it away from its mother, and slap his own brand upon it. Then he will change the earmark to go with his brand, and the new mark is one which usually destroys other earmarks.

spook: To scare.

splatter dabs: Slang name for hot cakes.

spread the mustard: To put on airs.

tellin' a windy: Relating a tall tale, telling a lie.

throw down: The act of covering one with a gun, the act of shooting. The high hammer of the frontier six-gun was not designed to be cocked by the thumb tip as are the hammers of modern double-action revolvers, but by hooking the whole thumb over it and simply closing the hand for the first shot. The recoil throws the gun muzzle up in the air, the thumb is hooked over the hammer, and the gun cocks itself by its own weight when level. This is where the phrase throwing down originated.

waddy: It is claimed by some that waddy was created by the cowman from the word wad, which he uses to mean one who fills in or rounds out a ranch outfit in busy times. In the spring and fall when some ranches are short-handed, they take on anyone who is able to ride a horse and use him for a week or so; hence the word waddy, derived from wadding — anything to fill in.

Some cowmen used the word to mean a genuine rustler, or one faithful to his fellows and his illegal calling; later it was applied to any cowboy.

wrangle: To herd horses.

" "" ""

A post mailing just at hand, and a little room, so—

8 Pager: I thought the cover was — I was going to say "cute" but that doesn't give the exact meaning. Anyway, I think I can identify one(?). You know, it could be that the records the reviewers got were from different stampers. Or, more likely, they knew the performances from 78s (were they reissues?) and merely checked the quality of several of the bands. After all, there are so damn many records being issued these days a reviewer can't play all of them through.

I'd like more

Quagliano next time.