



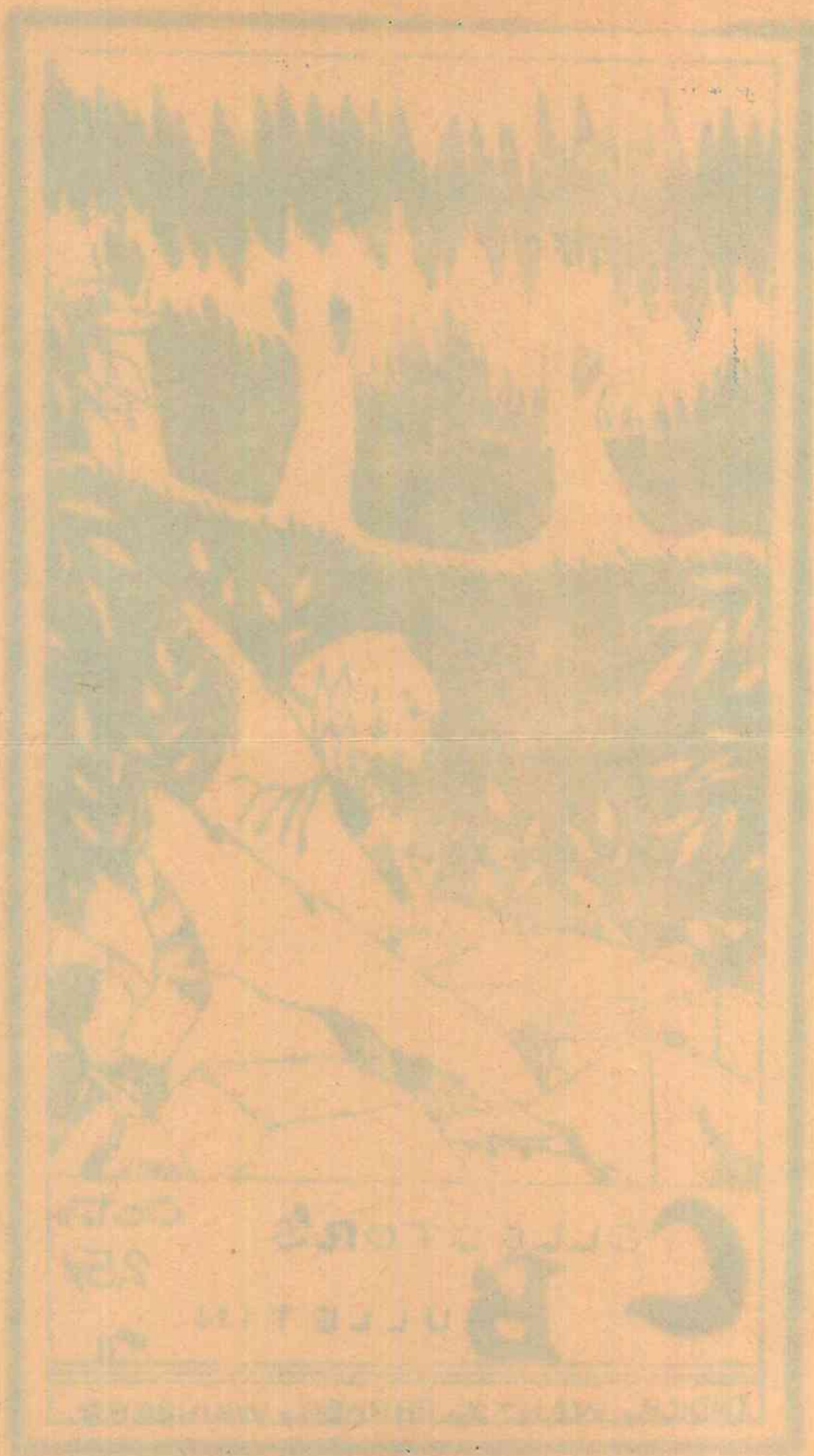
COLLECTOR'S
BULLETIN

Oct. 71

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#11

INDICK, WENTZ, PARKER, WEINBERG



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odical may be reproduced without written permission of the editor and
the authors. Collector's Bulletin is published bimonthly.

A bit of history, some deservedly laudatory
comments and a look at this issue.

The first issue of Collector's Bulletin was a four page rider attached to the April, 1963 number of TNFF edited by Norman Metcalf and contained one ten year old article by Robert Silverberg plus excerpts from letters by Stan Woolston and Don Franson. Six years later, this anemic infant developed into a confident adult boasting fifty-three pages packed with information on authors and artists in articles, letters and checklists, all edited under the auspices of Ned Brooks.

Ned worked on each issue since the second number and, although pressed with other duties, managed to turn out a fairly regular zine that never failed to delight and inform its readers. After the tenth issue dated April, 1969, the urgency of other work became too strong and a two year hiatus followed that is now broken with this issue. Anyone owning a complete file of CB will agree wholeheartedly when I say Ned did a superlative job and deserves a large vote of thanks for all the time and energy he devoted to this zine. Ned is at work on a huge series index which will be published in a future issue of CB.

This issue contains a interesting article by Neffer Ben Indick, a satire by the inimitable Walter Wentz, four letters from a social reformer whose skill with a knife is well noted and a short story that shatters a fantasy every collector has had at one time or another. My sincere thanks for all the great copy.

The December issue will have Tom Cockcroft's index to the artwork of old-timer Elliot Dold, a section for letters from you readers (providing you write) an article on the late John Campbell and more whimsy by Walter the Wentz.

I leave you, for the moment, with the hope that you have as much pleasure reading CB as I did putting it together.

THE WORLDS OF ROBERT NATHAN

An Examination and an Appreciation

by

Bem P. Indick

Composer, musician, public servant, artist, oft-married (a man married seven times would seem quite qualified to write a book entitled The Married Look) and, of most importance to the fantasy loving public, a writer who employs fantasy in nearly all his fiction, Robert Nathan has been providing pleasures in his exquisite writing for practically a half-century to the enjoyment of innumerable readers.

"One has to make the best of what one has," he has written and his best is an estimable list of titles which Knopf has been astute enough to keep fully in print; a list which includes some 35 novels, 7 books of poetry, three plays, several juveniles and a title which he rather whimsically refers to as Archeology. Now 77, Mr. Nathan most recently produced Mia and will surely have another equally fine novel for us next year. With luck, if he so chooses, he will continue at his craft for the traditional 120 years.

It is the good fortune of fantasistes that aspects of fantasy constitute so much of his novels, although this is not their *raison d'etre*. Quite remarkably, in view of his extraordinary record, his work refuses to fall into a pat formula; there are recurrent themes and favorite devices, but the work is always fresh and ever likely to offer some surprises. The true test is that one may read a number of them successively with no sense of *deja vu* or ennui. The sensibilities that created beauty in one work as well in another with no repetition. However, the Nathan devotee realizes these themes and devices will recur and rather looks forward to them. Love itself is at the heart of all his writing. A character in the Mallot Diaries says "There is nothing more mysterioud than love." With this as a basis

we may discuss, from the point of view of Fantasy, the devices he uses to extrapolate on it. They are: time distortion, fantastic situations per se and satire.

First we should hear what he says directly about love from his 1933 novel One More Spring: "You believe in life, Otkar, and in generosity. I believe in love." Love is not merely the motivating force, Nathan tells us, but the meaning and purpose of living. It is so important that in one novel (So Love Returns) love actually becomes corporeal, personified, for a grieving widower. Again, in Mia, a woman has never known love at all and the girl image of her youth appears and follows her about, bitter and accusing. Obsessed by love, she seeks its meaning in a very unusual novel being part autobiography, part a summation of the creative process, wherein an active but aging author exhumes his past, re-examining past and present until reality and fiction become one. An older character from one of his novels sits with the author and tells him, "There are grades of love, like eggs and butter. What an old man feels for a young woman and what a young woman feels for a young man are not the same thing at all. I no longer feel the exaltation of the senses which, combined with jealousy and a nervous stomach, once told me I was young and happy." The novelist replies, "It is a mistake to think of youth as a time of happiness. All the answers for which a young man waits are still ahead of him." "But the answers for which an old man waits," the character answers, "Where are they?" "Ah, where indeed?"

If he cannot tell us what love is, at least he has marvelous ways of telling about it and these are his fantasy devices, of which the best known is time distortion.

"There ought to be something timeless about a woman," and several of his finest books demonstrate this. In Stonecliff the wife of the novelist, herself in her sixties, is transformed through her husband's mind alchemy into a young woman. Most well known is the little girl first

seen by the young artist as she plays hopskotch in the twilight. Admonished that it is growing dark, she asks, "Is it late? I don't know time very well." She talks lightly of matters a quarter century old as if they were contemporary and, as she walks away from the amused adult, she tells him her favorite game is a wishing game. And her wish? "I wish you would wait for me to grow up...but you won't, I guess." She is Jennie Appleton in Portrait of Jennie and she will reappear at intervals in the life of the artist, abruptly older each time. He quickly realizes this and cannot understand, but is too wise to wonder how or why. "From the mystery which surrounded her my mind hung back, my thoughts turned themselves away. It was enough for me to believe wherever in this world she actually belonged, in some way, for some reason, she belonged to me." He will wait for her and, indeed, she catches up with him, but Time is their enemy as well as their benefactor.

In Mia the fifteen year old girl whom she lives in the periphery of the spinster's empty life, bitter against that older self who represents the self-chosen doom of loneliness and unfulfilment. Hungry for time which she will not have, the child disrobes in an effort to entice the narrator into making love to her; however, her middle-aged self, never having known physical love, recoils when a moment arrives. The climax is reached when the woman tries to love and, in a chilling gothic moment, is destroyed by the past and the girl who was and is herself.

Not only are women subject to time distortion; in But Gently Day two men travel from the days of World War Two to the Civil War era, and one of them recalls that his late grandmother was rumored to have loved a soldier more than his grandfather and is doomed to be that soldier himself! Nathan writes in Mia, "How silly we are to think that the past is no longer relevant. Why! it is still part of the whole: it is all one, one thing, one river flowing; this very moment as I write slides past me on its way to yesterday. How many yesterdays, endlessly deposited

one upon the other , have reached today?" For Nathan, Time itself is endless.

Aside from time-distortion, the fantastic situations and devices Nathan employs are numberless. The Fair uses imaginative animals from a medieval bestiary; basilisks, wyverns, even a unicorn...of sorts. And in Sir Henry, a dragon, sorcerer, damsels in distress and a duel with his own shadowy self. The Puppet Master: marionettes which suffer a moment of life---and death. The Weans: visitors of a future civilization find relics of a dead ancient one---ours. The Mallot Diaries: a Neanderthal tribe lives on in our era. In The Fair and The Bishop's Wife angels descend to the earth while the dark side gets its chance in The Devil with Love. There is Another Heaven concerns the soul of an earthling which goes to Heaven, only it's the wrong one and in Mr. Whittle and the Morning Star a man speaks to his God and is answered. These are but a handful of examples.

There are also semi-fantastic situations: a group of theatrical and literary luminaries celebrate the opening of a new carousel in a park where a small band of souls live in The Orchid. In The Enchanted Voyage a sailboat takes a remarkable journey by land. These devices, the fantastic and the near fantastic, are not the primary purpose of the tales; he is writing no tales to amaze. They are means to his ends.

The language he employs is likewise; it is deceptively simple and direct, rarely adorned past immediate needs. The effortless and meaningful prose has its own poetry however, at times, he may use actual poetry, his own or that of close friends such as Stephen Vincent Benet or Elinor Glinn. This apparent simplicity also cloaks his characters; they are prone to tell us their thoughts, the men are usually introspective while the women are hopeful and dreaming. His heroines are often young, with budding sexuality and self-consciousness such as Jennie, Mia, Penryhd and if not they tend to be mature women like Rose

Grogarty, Mia's older self and the two damsels in Sir Henry who keep poor Henry immersed in philosophy for sanity's sake. The active ingenué of today is likely to appear only in a satiric vein as in The Devil with Love and The Mallot Diaries.

Satire or light mockery is present in nearly all of his work as he observes the universe and he has a poet's fun with it. In several books it is the dominant mode and, interestingly, these may be considered his closest approach to science fiction. In The Mallot Diaries he postulates the discovery of a still-existent tribe of Neanderthal folk living in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. Their only contact with our society consists of secret swapping of silver dollars of unknown source for jelly beans and root beer. The story is thinly disguised commentary on our own youth oriented culture and the generation gap. Written in 1965, it is as topical, if not more so, than ever. In the even more delightful The Weans (also listed as Archeology) Nathan has written perhaps the most unusual of all his books. Scientists from Kenya of 5000 years hence discover and interpret ruins found in the "Great West, or Salt Continent;" digging in such forgotten but once populous centers such as "Bosstin, N. Yok, and Oleens." The book is illustrated with photos of the intrepid explorers and sketches of the artifacts found including one bearing the peaceful remark "I Like Ike." Weans is a deadpan and hilarious exposition upon our ways as seen a decade ago. Perhaps a second expedition may yet endeavor to look into the ruins of the Great Salt Continent as it existed ten years later. The Weans will remind one of J.A. Mitchell's seventy year old classic The Last American, wherein Persians of the future visit a dying America. Written without knowledge of the latter, Weans belongs on the same shelf.

Not satire or mockery, yet written with a bitter condemnation of

of a blind, hating world is The Road of Ages. This is a fantasy concerning the expulsion of the Jews from all western nations and their tragic trek to a home in the Gobi. Thirty years later, in a stirring non-fantasy, Nathan would write of the exultant birth of the state of Israel in Star in the Wind.

Truly an ecumenical man, Nathan's books embrace priests, rabbis, demons, ministers, angels, all the beliefs and disbeliefs of Man, and none, not even God, is omniscient.

"The best of what one has," indeed. Robert Nathan, in prose that has grown as he has in maturity, in a vision that has deepened without darkening. Man may be tempted to give up but not God: "I am not unkind; I am only indifferent. That does not mean I'am without love; but my love, unlike yours, must stretch to infinity and last forever." Nathan's work has helped to illuminate our lives and our times. He has followed his own style and never adopted current vogues thereby achieving beauty with economy. There are times when this economy, as in Sir Henry, achieves perfection; at other times we leave his characteristically short novels with regret, as in The Fair wherein this tale of post-Athurian Britain is redolent with myths of the era and peopled with delightful folk capable of many adventures and cries out for the full-blooded treatment that T.H. White lavished upon his omnibus The Once and Future King. However, the skeleton and flesh of a story is the prerogative of its author, and we, who are privileged to share Nathan's imagination, can only be grateful for what he has given us. It is a fine and overflowing largess .

This is the editor. A friend of mine, Driscoll Parker by name, submitted the following checklist of Mr. Nathan's works. He has listed only those books still in print and, to the best of his knowledge, it

is accurate. All books are listed in order of publication and all are published by Alfred Knopf. Corrections and additions are welcomed.

Robert Nathan Checklist

ONE MORE SPRING, 1933	SIR HENRY, 1955
THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE, 1936	RANCHO OF THE LITTLE LOVES, '56
BARLEY FIELDS, 1938	SO LOVE RETURNS, 1958
PORTRAIT OF JENNIE, 1940	WINTER IN APRIL, 1958
THEY WENT ON TOGETHER, 1941	SNOWFLAKE & THE STARFISH, 1959
SEA-GULL CRY, 1942	THE WEANS, 1960
BUT GENTLY DAY, 1943	COLOR OF EVENING, 1960
JOURNAL FOR JOSEPHINE, 1943	WILDERNESS STONE, 1961
MORNING IN IOWA, 1944	THE MARRIED MAN, 1962
MR. WHITTLE & THE MORNINGSTAR, 1947	STAR IN THE WIND, 1962
LONG AFTER SUMMER, 1948	DEVIL WITH LOVE, 1963
RIVER JOURNEY, 1949	THE FAIR, 1964
ADVENTURES OF TAPIOLA, 1950	THE MALLOT DIARIES, 1965
THE MARRIED LOOK, 1950	JULIET IN MANTUA, 1966
INNOCENT EVE, 1951	STONECLIFF, 1967
JEZEBEL'S HUSBAND AND	TAPPY, 1968
SLEEPING BEAUTY, 1953	MIA, 1970
TRAIN IN THE MEADOW, 1953	THE ELIXIR, 1971

. A Pride of Carrots, a short play, was published in the December, 1959 issue of Fantasy & Science Fiction.

The Dog and the Physician

A Dog that had seen a Physician attending the burial of a wealthy patient, said: "When do you expect do dig it up?" "Why should I dig it up?" the Physician asked. "When I bury a bone," said the Dog, "it is with an intention to uncover it later and

and pick it." "The bones that I bury," said the Physician,
"are those that I can no longer pick."

That's old Ambrose Bierce speaking; the master at pricking the ever-swelling balloon of Man's vanity. Collector's of SF have their own gad-fly who lurks in the lush green of Eugene, Oregon, and occasionally writes hysterical lampoons of our own peculiar brand of madness. Walter Wentz is his name and the last time he was heard from was in the April, 1969 number of CB which published his "Did You Ever Have One of Those Deals?" Old hands at CB will remember and enjoy this new example of Wentz's humor while newcomers will be delighted with this bit of insanity.

A NOTE FROM ONE OF THEM "DAMN YOUNG PESTS"

by

Walter Wentz

Every hobby has its supreme luminaries, its old-timers and its aristocracy. Also it has its wistful and naive newcomers, the would-be compilers and anthologists, the hoarders and a drove of riff-raff and miscellaneous characters who cannot be assigned a precise position. Some of the latter can be real pests at times.

Let us assume that you are one of those unfortunate monomaniacs who is driven by the urge to know everything there is to know about some obscure subject, and to impose that irritating knowledge upon others. You have, then, all the makings for an eminently successful Damn Young Pest. It is only required that you be too young to remember the Year One of your interest and too impoverished to buy outright everything related to it. This means that you must rely on others for the information you need. I wish you joy!

Let us assume, again, that you are a budding D.Y.P. intent upon compiling a monumental index of the old pupps published by the Mendacious

Magazines, Inc. Some of the things you want to know are just plain impossible; so you write to the elderly hermit who is known to possess the only complete file of Tales of Tedium in existence, and inquire politely (enclosing SASE) whether J. Darlingford Qualm was the cover artist for Volume I, Number I, and whether it is actually true that you can see where the press foreman's thumb got caught in the rollers on page 37 of Volume 2, Number 7 (September 1927). The reply you get is a most profound and interesting silence.

So, you sigh deeply and write to Joe, who has Everything and knows Everybody. Joe owns the fantastically rare Stultifying Stories, Volume I, Number I, in absolutely perfect condition which was sealed in argon on the day it was bought, October 13, 1927, and carries an attached note from the press foreman (written with his left hand due to the loss of his right thumb) verifying that this copy was the very first one off the presses. Joe not only has the unbelievably scarce first issue of Bloody Mess Shoot 'Em in the Guts and Watch 'Em Die Detective Stories, but he ALSO has the completely unheard-of proof sheets of Number 2, which was never published because They came and got the Editor before it could be slated for printing.

Since Joe has Everything and knows Everybody, you drop him a note inquiring about everything and everybody. He utilizes your SASE for some pleasant chat about the weather and offers to sell you a reprint of the pressbook for Ma and Pa Kettle at the Sanatorium at a price only five times that of the original.

After four or five years of this, you utter a burning curse and fling your manuscript to the rats, who have been waiting with an air of cynical expectancy all this time.

Then you decide to turn out a short biography of the fantastic Rama Abdulla Ammagonnagetcha, whose books sold literally in the dozens in the 1930's

the 1930's but who seems strangely and unjustly forgotten today. You go through all the University Libraries and find out how pathetically little the benighted fools have on the great R.A. Ammagonnagetcha. No leads. Then, in an old fanzine entitled Barf, dated 1934, you see that a West Virginia collector named Lemuel Funk has obtained a copy of the hard-to-get autobiography of Ammagonnagetcha, The Nose-Ring of Salvation. It's the Edinburg edition of 1917 with all them naughty engravings by Harvey Sigafreos. Since one of the things you want to find out is just who it was that lit the trick cigar that blew a hole in the dining-room floor, you negotiate with the Postmaster General for Funk's present address and, after only two years, you are able to write to him and aske if he would please xerox page xxvii of the Preface at your expense, utilizing SASE, yours very truly, etc., etc., etc.

Will Funk cooperate? Will John go back to Marsha? Are you completely out of your everlovin' gourd?

After three more years, you give up on the idea to publish a great memorial to Ammagonnagetcha and compromise by making a pilgrimage to Lompoc, California, in order to desecrate his grave.

What creates a Damn Young Pest? Chiefly, I think, time and older collectors. There are several Flare Gun collectors in the world and I know of one elderly such collector in Scandinavia who can hardly live with himself since he obtained a genuine flare cartridge from the American Civil War. Without a doubt, there is somewhere some young Flare Gun collector, owning one rusty World War flaregun and a defective Israeli model of 1959, who is insane with frustration because he can't publish anything about the details concerning the crimping of the Civil War cartridge. But will the old collector divulge? Not by a snootful! To do so would make his treasure less precious and...well, something.

Granted, all the pulp fiction published in the Good Old Days needs to be indexed and cross-filed. Granted, all the great pulp authors need to be bibliographed and their life story be told. But unfortunately, the young collectors seem to be the only ones with the enthusiasm and spare time necessary to produce all them there indexes and things. Still more unfortunate, the only way to produce a really first rate index or whatever is to own virtually everything about the subject you are trying to cover.

Hence the rise of the Damn Young Pests, of which I proudly number myself one.

The old stuff is rare and getting more so every day. No D.Y.P. can ever hope to own a moiety of it. They never have and they never will for several improtant reasons.

First: If any of the old stuff ever comes up for sale, old Joe will pop up and bid five thousand, seven hundred and eighty-six dollars and twenty-three cents, and grab the whole mess off. The D.Y.P., who lives under a manhole cover and only preserves his own ridiculous "collection" by bribing the rats with his lunch, is pretty well outclassed. The cold-hearted dealers won't accept pet frogs in exchange for old magazines.

Second: Very little of the old stuff ever comes up for sale, and soon none at all will. This is because the Old Collector, who has saved every magazine he has ever bought, will occasionally curl up his toes and pass into the Sweet Subsequently, leaving his mountainous collection to nobody in particular. That landlord, a coarse and brutal soul who has been waiting for the room rent the past twelve years, will grope his way into the Deceased's palatial slum, curse sulphuriously, and toss all that beautiful old stuff into the alley, where our little rodent friends, with their paper-shredding grins, will be waiting expectantly.

Or, if another old collector passes away, his widow (no fool she) will sell his huge collection to some hermit who has been living under a rock outside of Moose Factory, Wyoming, since 1927. Then she'll spend the proceeds on a 33 foot marble shaft inscribed "At Rest" along with other optimistic conjectures, and sink the remainder in a chihuahua plus parakeet and go to live with her mother.

The time is coming when the Damn Young Pests will have their revenge; absolutely none of the Old Stuff will be left in existence and, when printing costs have risen to the point that pressmen are too busy collecting their princely salaries to bother reprinting the old pulp fiction, why, we can chuck all those damn indices and settle down to something meaningful.

I'm already getting set for the big changeover.

We Damn Young Pests only arise because we are interested in stuff that the older collectors have a monopoly on, right. Well then, the thing to do is to collect and index something that nobody else is collecting or ever will collect. That way you have it made!

I myself have started collecting chunks of gravel from various macadamized roads. No kidding, it's a fascinating business. You should see the differences in erosion caused by iron wheels as opposed to rubber tires; the beautiful cleaning effect of a few decades of rain, and the hilarious results of substandard gravel used by a corrupt paving contractor. I believe I'm the foremost macadamized gravel collector in the world, and I have a collection that nobody need blush for. I'm all fixed--the only thing that bothers me is a few late-comers, petty dabblers that keep sending me letters asking stupid questions about some of my prize specimens. Gawd, talk about pests....!

A Short Sermon with Additional Plugs

You'd probably expect something like this to appear in the editorial but I decided to insert a few plugs while you were listing Nathan titles to purchase and slightly helpless after reading Went's "Note." You're vulnerable now.

The quality of Collector's Bulletin is entirely dependant on the interest and involvement of its readers by expressing their opinions, wants and suggestions by the old fashioned practice called letter writing. If you like CB say so; if not, tell me why. If you have a favorite author or artist you would like to see discussed send me a note or, better yet, write an article yourself. In any event, don't just read CB---write to it. There will be a letters section.

Now, if any of you would be interested in becoming a member of the largest science fiction fan club in the United States write to Janie Lamb, R.R.#1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn., 37754, and ask for information concerning the National Fantasy Fan Federation. It's a great way to make contact with other fans like yourself. Incidentally, you might mention to Janie that (ahem!) CB sent you.

To all Neffers. Busy Elinor Poland sent me a note stating that the members aren't taking advantage of the N3F Lending Library. To enlighten new members (and a few old-timers) the Lending Library has over two thousand paperbacks just waiting to be read. To join, send Elinor four SF paperbacks in reasonably good condition for which you get \$1.00 credit. The credit is used to cover postage on whatever books you care to read and, since it costs about 24¢ to mail six paperbacks, you get to read around 24 books for your original contribution of four! Not a bad return on such a small investment. Borrowed books may be kept out for three months at a time. Write to Elinor for further details. Her

address is 3523 S. 70th Street, Omaha, Nebr., 68106. Where else can you read the latest SF at such a small price?

Gary Mattingly's new zine, Axolotl Exward, is going into its second number and should be in the hands of subscribers as you read this. AE #2 contains articles by Bill Wolfenbarger, Mike Scott, (never heard of him) and the editor plus artwork by Jim McLeod, Steve Utley, Jackie Franke, Marc Shirmeister and more writing by Leon Taylor and Charlie Smith. Looks like a pretty good zine coming up. Write to Gary at 210 Marlatt Hall, Kansas City University, Manhattan, Kansas, 66502.

The second corrected, revised, etc., edition of Bob Weinberg's Hero Pulp Index is now for sale at \$4.00 a copy. A beautiful reference work with sixteen repros of pulp covers. A must for collector's.

The Editor

H. Rider Haggard's "Allan Quatermain" Series

Date given is date of first book publication. Book titles are those of English edition with American edition in parentheses when it differs.

1885 KING SOLOMON'S MINES

1916 THE IVORY CHILD

1887 ALLAN QUATERMAIN

1917 FINISHED

1888 MAIWA'S REVENGE

1920 THE ANCIENT ALLAN

1889 ALLAN'S WIFE Contains Long Odds;

1920 SMITH & THE PHARAOHS

"Hunter Quatermain's Story," and

1921 SHE & ALLAN

the title story.

1924 HEU-HEU

1912 MARIE

1926 TREASURE OF THE LAKE

1913 CHILD OF STORM

1927 ALLAN & THE ICE-GODS

1915 THE HOLY FLOWER (ALLAN & THE

HOLY FLOWER)

(Thanks to Banks Mebane.)

I have an abiding interest in criminology and things related to that dark subject; but when Driscoll Parker brought me this curious sidelight on one of crime's legendary figures I could only shake my head and mutter, "This? In Collector's Bulletin?" Parker gave me his best Hollywood press agent smile and said, "Sure! It shows a side of the Ripper many people aren't familiar with and you've got to admit, it's pretty unusual." So I ran it. I can vouch for the fact that these letters actually exist because of their presence in several authoritative books on the subject. I hope your curiosity about the Ripper case will be piqued by this little offering which Parker has the temerity to entitle:

Love Letters from Jack the Ripper

by

Driscoll Parker

I suppose everyone is familiar with the story of Jack the Ripper due to several great books, one good play and a handful of atrocious films but few know the contents of four letters Jack sent to various London newspapers during his short and bloody reign of terror.

Cranks had sent in hundreds of letters claiming to know the Ripper or actually be the murderer but only these four (plus several sheets of doggerel) are said to be notes from the true madman for the simple fact that the letters mention things concerning the attack that the police never released to the public. Between each of the letters a series of points will be raised explaining the statements the Ripper makes and breaking down some of the 1888 slang. The first letter was received on Thursday, September 27, by the Central News Agency and was written, appropriately, in red ink. At this point, two murders had been committed.

Dear Boss,

I keep on hearing the police have caught me, but they won't fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. The joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits.

I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work, the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now? I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me and my funny little games.

I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job, to write with, but it went thick like glue and I can't use it. Red ink is fit enough, I hope. Ha! Ha!

The next job I do I shall clip the lady's ears off and send them to the police, just for jolly, wouldn't you? Keep this letter back until I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp, I want to get to work right away if I got the chance. Good luck.

Yours truly,

JACK THE RIPPER

P.S. Don't mind me giving the trade name. Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands; curse it. No luck yet. They say I am a doctor now. Ha! Ha!

Jack didn't get the "lady's ears" but three days later he comitted (sic) a double murder in less than ten minutes in an area filled with people. One of the ears of the first victim had been visiciously slashed but a thread of skin held it in place. On the morning of September 30, a card was dropped off at C.N.A.'s office which read:

I was not kidding, dear old Boss, when I gave you the tip. You'll hear about Saucy Jack's work tomorrow. Double event this time. Number one squealed a bit. Couldn't finish straight off. Had not time to get ears for the police. Thanks for keeping that last letter back till I got to work again.

Yours,

JACK THE RIPPER

That explained why the ear was only partially removed. The other victim had something else removed. The police didn't mention what portion of her anatomy had been lifted, but boastful Jack mailed a cardboard box to George Lusk, chairman of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, containing what appeared to be a piece of kidney. The note read:

From hell, Mr. Lusk, sir, I send you half the kidney I took from one woman, prasarved it for you, tother piece I fried and ate it; was very nice. I may send you the bloody knif that took it out if only you wate while longer. Catch me when you can, Mr. Lusk.

Jack

It is doubtful that, mad as he was, Jack actually ate a portion of human kidney. It is far more likely that it was merely an act of bravado; for dramatic effect, so to speak. Jack was nick-named "leather apron because of an early arrest of a suspect who was wearing a blacksmith's leather apron at the time he was stopped by police. There are other letters and cards bearing Jack's name but none of them present so many interesting conjectures as the three seen. In closing, let's have a bit of that insane verse I mentioned. The poem was a take off on the famous, and grim, "Ten Little Indians." It was enclosed in a letter posted from Liverpool and is typical of the Rippers twisted sense of

humor. What was Jack doing in Liverpool besides composing verse?
That's the making of another article.

Eight little whores, with no hope of heaven,
Gladstone may save one, then there'll be seven,
Seven little whores begging for a shilling.
One stays in Henage-court, then there's a killing.

Two little whores, shivering with fright,
Seek a cosy doorway in the middle of the night.
Jack's knife flashes, then there's but one,
And the last one's the ripest for Jack's idea of
fun!

yours truly,

JACK THE RIPPER

-----**-----

After reading and stenciling Parker's contribution I imagine I feel
like many of you--a little curious and a whole lot sick. However, twas'
interesting. What did you think of it?

-----**-----

The "City" series compiled by Ron Eberle

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. "City" - May, 1944. ASF | 5. "Paradise" - Jan, 46. ASF |
| 2. "Huddling Place" - July, 44. ASF | 6. "Hobbies" - Nov, 46. ASF |
| 3. "Census" - Sept, 44. ASF | 7. "Aesop" - Dec, 47. ASF |
| 4. "Desertion" - Nov, 44. ASF | 8. "The Trouble With Ants" |
| ("City" series by Clifford Simak.) | Jan, 52. Fantastic Adven. |

Bob Weinberg is one of those energetic fans that talk about putting together huge indices as a weekend project and, by God, the man does publish those indices he plans! Aside from being a avid collector of pulps, Bob is fast becoming known for his Morgan Smith stories that've made appearances in Witchcraft & Sorcery concerning the adventures of a character modeled on Robert E. Howard's dour righter of wrongs, Solomon Kane. In this story, Bob takes a poke at a typical collector's fantasy which will probably continue to rear its head despite such a sound drubbing.

The Collector .

by

----- Robert Weinberg -----

Being rich, especially in the prosperous society of the Twentieth Century is not particularly dangerous. Nor is being eccentric when every man seems to have his certain little quirks which distinguishes him from his fellows. Collecting science fiction and fantasy is also not a hazardous venture, as most collectors will be happy to tell you, for hours at a stretch. But, put all these three together in the form of one J. Abner Stone, and it is like juggling nitroglycerine in milk-bottles, blindfolded.

Abner inherited his wealth, so he was rich all his life. Expensive tutoring, having his every whim granted and some very queer relatives brought about the second condition. The March 1965 issue of Super Science Fantasy Adventures was the fuse to light the already smoldering powder keg. Abner was without a purpose, had nothing to devote his life and fortune to. Abner had no direction, no star to reach for, no holy grail to seek out--until he found science fiction. And, after

that, fandom.

At science fiction club meetings, at conventions, at used bookstores, Abner learned of the great quest for rare old magazines. He sent away to magazine dealers who furnished him samples of those vintage pulps of so long ago. Abner heard of the great collections, and of the great collectors. Soon, he found himself entrapped in a mania unlike any other in the world. He began to search, to travel about looking for used magazine stores. He traded, bought, borrowed every old magazine in the field that he could find. Abner had a purpose. He had become a collector.

For a while, the ordinary digest sized magazines satisfied him. But, with his money and his desire, soon Abner had a complete set of Analog, Astounding, Fantasy & SF, Amazing, Galaxy, If, Fantasy Reader, Fantastic, Beyond and all the rest. Every room in his house had magazines stuck away in some cranny. And, yet, Abner was not satisfied. He had not read the majority of his zines but that was not his purpose. He bought issues just to have a complete run. Other than glancing at its cover, chuckling over the contents page and leafing thru to look at the book reviews, Abner ignored the magazines that he bought. He had become a true collector.

The pulp magazines of the forties and the late thirties fell beneath his relentless advance. The Wonder group, Stirring, Captain Future, Famous Fantastic Mysteries; all he collected with equal fervor, all he bought and filed away. Never reading, but always chortling as he leafed through the magazines of long ago. And then, Abner's bubble burst.

Abner prided that all of his magazines were mint, in perfect con-

dition. But, magazines from the twenties and thirties very rarely could be found in such condition. Worse, magazines from that time could very rarely be found. Money, even as much as Abner was willing to pay, could not buy him the very very early issues he desired. Mad at the world, Abner settled back and decided to read something of what he had bought.

Unfortunately, the first story he read was about a time machine. He read no further. Here was the solution to his problem. At once, he set out to build a time travelling device, one which he would use to go back in time and buy the magazines he wanted right from the newsstands.

He had no desire to change the past, to attempt to rule the world, to earn vast amounts of money by betting on things which had already happened. All he wanted was to buy mint copies of pulp. Perhaps because of his singular devotion Abner discovered how to travel in time, while others who had ever attempted had failed.

The machine was as complex as anything ever described in Abner's magazines, and even its inventor wasn't quite sure how it worked, but he didn't care. All that mattered was that it did work and he was going to use it. Arming himself with a roll of bills dating from the early teens and dressed in the style of the day, Abner traveled back to 1919.

Jumping forward by months, he bought issue after issue of that rarest of all fantasy magazines, Thrill Book. He chuckled as he bought three copies of the March 1923 issue of Weird Tales. He chortled with glee as he bought five copies of the immensely rare first anniversary issue. With tears of happiness, he bought the first issue of Amazing.

His house, the basement in particular where his time machine was stationed, was soon piled high with old magazines, all mint and unopened.

The old Clayton Astounding with its watercolored covers lay in stacks about the room. Frank Paul covers lay everywhere and piles of Unknown were heaped against Weird Tales.

Finally, Abner had enough of time traveling for one day. Exhausted, he rested among his magazines. Beaming like the true collector he was, Abner sorted through his buys. "Weird Tales, Thrill Book, Strange Stories, he sang in ecstasy. "Colossus by Wandrei, Sinister Barrier, None but Lucifer, The Devil in Iron!" he cried out in joy. "Merritt, Stevens, Howard, Lovecraft and Weinbaum, and so many others."

The excitement was too much for Abner and soon he fell asleep in the midst of his treasures. Late that night, he awoke. Moonlight was shining through the basement windows illuminating a strange scene. A machine much like Abner's stood in a far corner. Nearby, a man dressed in unusual garb was busily loading magazines into his craft.

"Time police from some future era," thought the terrified Abner, "returning the magazines to the time where they belong."

Frightened as he was, Abner had to be sure. He crept closer to the busy stranger and, as he did, he was able to hear the visitor from the future muttering, as if in prayer, "Weird Tales, Unknown, Thrill Book, and so many others. And all in mint!"

IN THE FUTURE...

CB 12 will contain the Dold index by Cockcroft, an article on the work of the late John W. Campbell, "The Incomplete Collector," by Walter Wentz, more short indices and a letters section. Get your letters off now.

THE ADS

The ad section is rather small but I expect it will fill out as you readers take advantage of this space. Adspace is free to all members so, if you're having trouble locating that issue of ASF or need an extra copy of the Necronomicon, send in your ad. Over two hundred collectors will see it.

WANTS

Books wanted. Please write for my list. Chester Cuthbert,
1104 Mulvey Avenue, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba, Canada.

Hardcover Heinlein's wanted. Send for my list.

Comics wanted: Conan #9, Not Brand Ecch #1, Magnus Robot Fighter #s 1,2,3,8,10,18. Garth Danielson,
20-327 Edison Ave., Winnipeg 16, Manitoba, Canada.

FORSALE

SF indices for books published in 68,69, 70. 75¢ each.
Indexed by author, title, and series. Joanne Burger,
55 Bluebonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas 77566.

SF hardcover & paperbacks, Wonder Stories, ASF, Amazing, Unknown, Startling, digest & pulp. Send want lists to:
Gary Deal, Bali Books, 32 E. Main, Alhambra, Ca. 91801

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artwork, indices and stories. Single copies 25¢. A
year's subscription (six issues) costs \$1.00 and en-
titles you to ad space. A material should be sent to
the editor-Mike Scott, Box 2043, Alhambra, Ca. 91803

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TO:

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