

The Chattahoochee,  
Okfenoke & Ogeechee  
Occasional Gazette  
combined with

The Wassaw & Ossabaw  
Backwater Journal  
and the

Castleton Corners,  
New Dorp &  
Arthur Kill Bugle:  
Illustrated

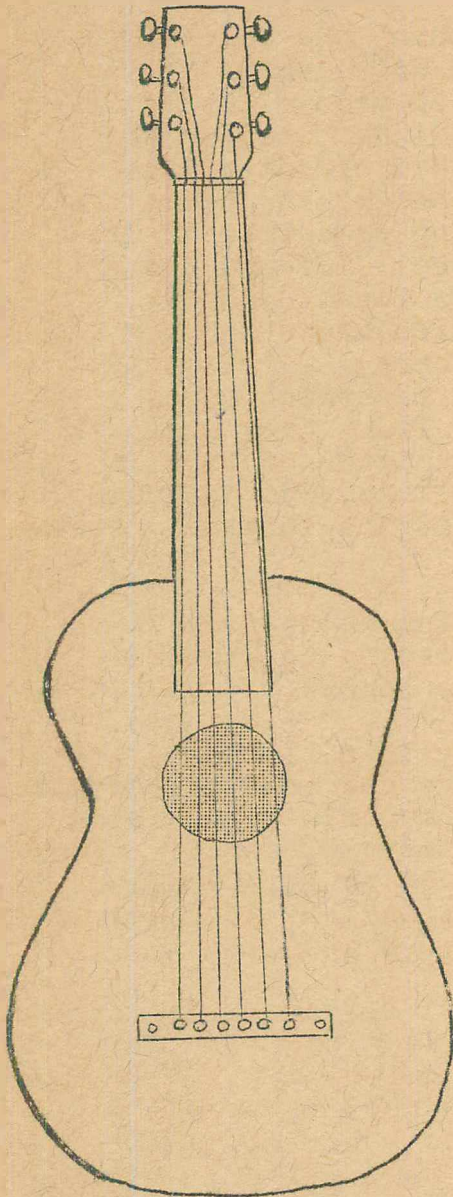
VOL 2 NO 1  
L. SHAW, LTD

FAPA #79

May 1957







LeeH here on the 21st of February, introducing the first issue of the New CHOOOG, or rather the new series of Chooogs. Reason for the new series and the second volume bit is because I long since lost track of what issue number x each chooog should be, and I wish to have some numerical manner in which to identify the zine. Hence, Vol. 2 No. 1

I expect to get some mailing comments into this, but undoubtedly an incomplete selection of them. Rather I have decided, cover a few zines properly than to stab inadequately at the lot of them.

OBSERVATION: Some drivers seem to think that, when parking in a NO PARKING zone, they can lessen their guilt by leaving the car as far away from the curb as possible. For instance the auto that is sitting by the new NO PARKING sign in front of this building is far enough out from the curb to obstruct traffic if both lanes were active.

NEW YORK CITY is the double-parking capital of the world.

HI-FI, MIDDLE-FI, and LOW-FI: I have always admired Cook Recording Laboratories for a number of things, among them, the fact that Cook produces a series of records which are labelled High, Medium, or Low Fidelity. I faunch over the mere concept of owning a real labelled Low Fidelity record.

But that isn't what I started this heading for. I began to tell you about the tape recorder and What Has Happened To It Lately. I mentioned some distortion in it to my Dad when I wrote home, one day, and in reply he sent me a copy of the service manual on this model.

I had not given much attention to the taper since we moved out here and I knew that it needed a few things, like a good cleaning and oiling, so with the inspiration of the manual, I ripped into it.



LeeH (2)

I blew the dust out of the chassis with the vacuum, and oiled the sundry friction points (except for the friction drive wheels). Lacking alcohol in a pure form to clean the rubber, I used a bottle of Port Wine that no one seemed interested in drinking. That worked fine. I discovered a big blob of dirt on the face of one of the recording heads, and removed it. I found that one of the heads had worked loose and was wobbly. I reset it, peaking on a tape of Oscar Brand, since I didn't have a 6000 cycle test tape. I found the main cause of distortion: the tweeter had also worked loose, prob'ly during the trip up from Savannah a year ago (which shows you how much attention I have paid to the taper since I got here). I reset it, gathered the debris (chunks of paper, wood, and recording tape) out of the bottom of the cabinet, and put the pilot light back where it belonged, and then reassembled the works. As a matter of fact, all this took several chassis barings and re-assemblings, and included one complete pulling of the chassis, before I got the infernal machine to a point which satisfied me.

Now it is sitting in the corner wailing at me from 70 to 7,000 cycles uniform response at 3-3/4 ips, according to Mister Webcor and Mister Chicago. Personally I have my doubts.

All this tearapart called for peeking into the phono, of course. The phono is in pretty good shape. I geased some of the guts, and that was all there. But I didn't get out the owner's instruction guide which came with it, and I learned that Messers W. and C. believe that this machine has a response (uniform) from 50 to 15,000 CPS. Mebbe so. I couldn't tell. I can't tell an E flat from an E sharp. ((Mebbe it is uniformly distorted from 50 to 15,000 cps.))

ONE OF MY HEADS IS WEAKER THAN THE OTHER: That I discovered by observation while playing with the taper. I have always had a tendency to run tapes from left to right (as I did wires before them). And the right head did conck out early in its career and get replaced. So now the left head is weary. It is a scant difference but perceptible.

ALL THESE FANCY PICTURES this issue can be blamed on Ted White, in a way. A very short time ago Larry and I were in Washington and environs for the FAPAcon, and we went up to Ted White's office-studio where a large party was being thrown. Ted's place looks like some fanpubber's heaven. As you step in the door of the workroom, on the right is the electric mimeo. (Keep your hands off, it starts suddenly and bites.) Then there is a work table with a scope on it, and a panel of peg-board behind it. The panel is covered with an unbelievable assortment of guides and plates. At the foot of the panel is a rack of styluses. There are racks of cut stencils, and uncut stencils in multi-quireload lots. There are shelves of paper in various weights and grades. On the far side of the room is a typewriter, a tape recorder, a phono feeding sound through a fine old radio (Atwater Kent, I believe), and there is even a shower.

Of course, Ted White does do professional mimeography, but he never lets it interfere with his fanac. He is a Trufan.



Anyway, Ted showed me a clutch of stencils with artwork rendered onto them, and I was so inspired that I determined to cut some drawings when I got back to Staten.

Here, I took in hand my box of stencil-cutting materials, a fair assortment for the average fan. Here the stylus I used in Q # 1, here a stylus that had been used by Fred Warth. Here an odd little plastic thing on the order of a lettering guide without letters, which had been a gift from Tucker. Here the Old English guides I had bought in a mad moment. Here the shading plate I bought while with Walt Willis, in Chicago...and later discovered I already had one just like. Oh, the memories this box of trinkets holds for a tired old fan!

So I whupped out my favorite styli, and lay hands on the pack of stencils. "Old Town Stencils" according to the brandname. Old Town Stencils for Miltown fans. So I cut a covy of drawings onto stencil, and then found myself confronted with a problem of no mean consequence. (No kind consequence either.) Namely, there was a lot of space on the stencils that the drawings didn't fill up. According to the fine old traditions of FAPA (and fandom at large) the space on stencils with is not filled up with drawings should be filled up with typing of some sort. So. . .

SPEAKING OF FINE FANNISH DENS, goshwowoboyoboy, has Eney got a beauty! In the basement of a very fine house, just the other side of Belle Reve, the visiting FAPAn finds Richard Eney, surrounded by bookcases, duplicators, and similiar fannish oddiments.

But one of the nicest things about Eney's house is his parents. They are wonderful hosts, exceedingly hospitable to the visiting fans, and they set a fine buffet, even down to crottled greeps, which Jean Young served to the visiting FAPAns, on our last visit there.

Eney is a solid citizen.

SPEAKING OF ODDIMENTS, I just encountered an apparently somewhat old shopping list in my own handwriting. I don't remember it. I don't usually make shopping lists. I think I know why: this one lists, and I quote:

"Meat,  
Phlurth  
Sugar  
Pickles  
Cocoa"

The back of the list reveals that it is a section out of a mimeo-ed sheet, apparently a TV news release of the sort that clutter up the waste baskets at Magnum. Or maybe a release about some forthcoming book that had already forthcome and gone.

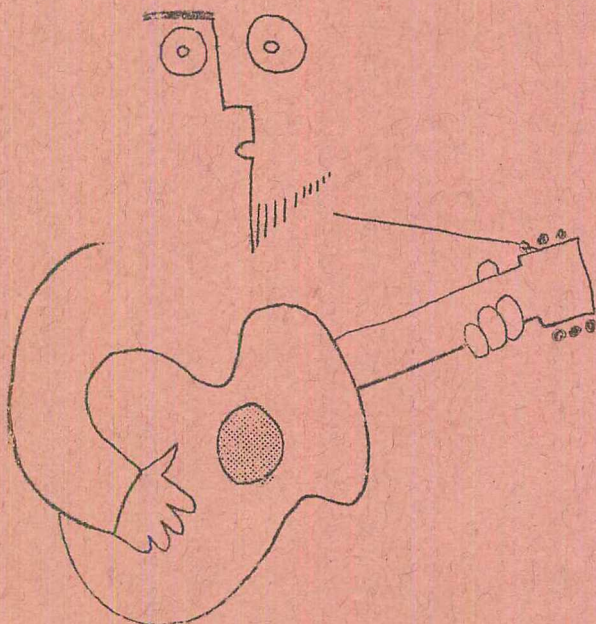


Lee (4)

HOW WE REMINISCE IN OUR OLD AGES DEPT: Larry brought me a new batch of stencils tonight. More Old Town, but when I opened the package I was shocked to discover them to be YELLOW. Chee, the last (only other) time I had yellow stencils was my birthday, the year of the first Q. Q#1 came out in July and I had a birthday in August, and at the time I was going with Hank Rabey, and for my birthday Hank (being a very practical youth) gave me a quire of stencils and a ream of paper, both lemon yellow. Both ABDick. I was no end of pleased since I was a pretty practical kid then myself, but Hank's mother could not understand giving one's girl stencils for a birthday.

Hank was pretty helpful in those early days of Quandry. He borrowed the loan of the Savannah Gas Company's multilith to duplicate a Ralph Rayborn Phillips original which I pubbed in Q. And later on that same machine he and I ran off a cover for Tom Covington's BIZARRE, one of the few combination multilith-hektograph covers ever to appear on a fanzine. And when I took sick, and the zine had to go through, he mimeographed the whole thing for me...and wrote an account of doing so. He wrote an item for Q while he was in the service too. And on some rare occasions he even read science fiction.

The last I heard of Hank, he was living on the West Coast in a house with three television receivers and an incredible Hi-Fi.



Popular Commercial  
"folk singer"

IN CASE ANYONE WONDERS, the reason for all the dates, and signatures on pages and individual items is for your reference, and/or our reference. I think it is well worth while to have an item dated. And I suppose it might help you keep from being considerably confused to know which half of L Shaw Ltd. is responsible for some certain comments, etc. I know it is considerable interest to me to know which of us wrote what.

UNLINEATED INTERLINEATION DEPT.

"You stop using my office for a garbage can." Larry to Lee.

IT IS STILL FEBRUARY 21, 1957. This is National Fanac Day in the Shaw household. I mimeographed an OMPAzine and assembled it,



Lee (5) ((This bit is for my reference when I am putting these things into order for mimeoing and assembling.))

and got mailing info on CELSY from the P.O. I prepared CELSY to be mailed first thing in the morning. Rather, we prepared it. And I have cut Ghu knows how many stencils for this FAPazine today. All in all about as Fannish a day as we've had arpund here in a long time.

LARRY STARK III is Okay. He will make a good FAPAn, in my opinion.

I WAS LOST IN THE SMITHSONIAN; only I wasn't lost. They thought I was through, and I guess I sort of messed up the trip for them. But I have my own method of going through a museum, covering as much as I can/want quickly, and they weren't doing it right. They were my husband, the Ellisons, the Silverbergs, and Richard Eney (the Solid Citizen). And they weren't looking at the museum right, so I went off looking on my own. And I saw a lot of beautiful things and I learned some about the Devil's Causeway. I saw polished slabs of black marble with small fossils in it, and opened geodes, and bits of dinosaurs, and concretions of clay that people had taken for fossils, and all sorts of things. And then Eney found me in the meteorite section and dragged me back to the remainder of the party. And they said I had been lost. But I wasn't.

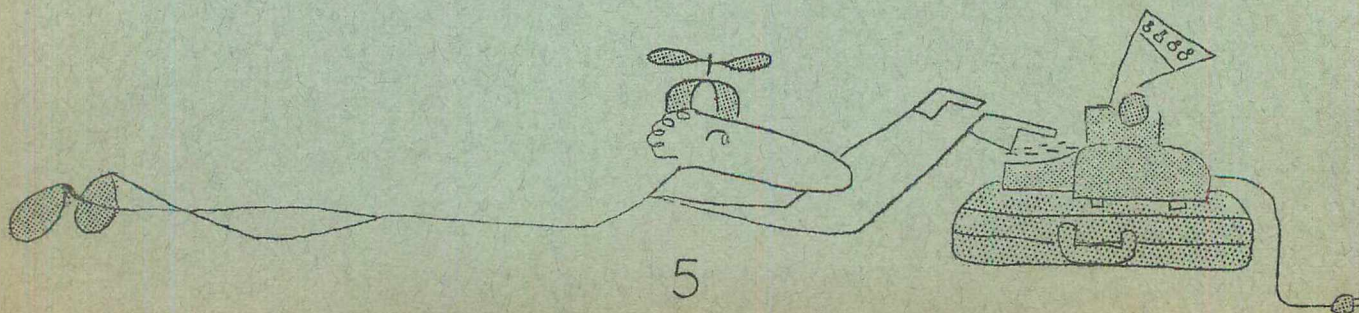
I wish I had a clay concretion of my own. Or a chunk of polished black marble with fossils in it.

THE POSITIONS in which one (this one) sometimes gets while "sitting" on the floor typing on a machine that is elevated from the floor by the thickness of a suitcase ( 3") occasionally lead to stiff joints. Another portent of creeping Old Age, I suppose.

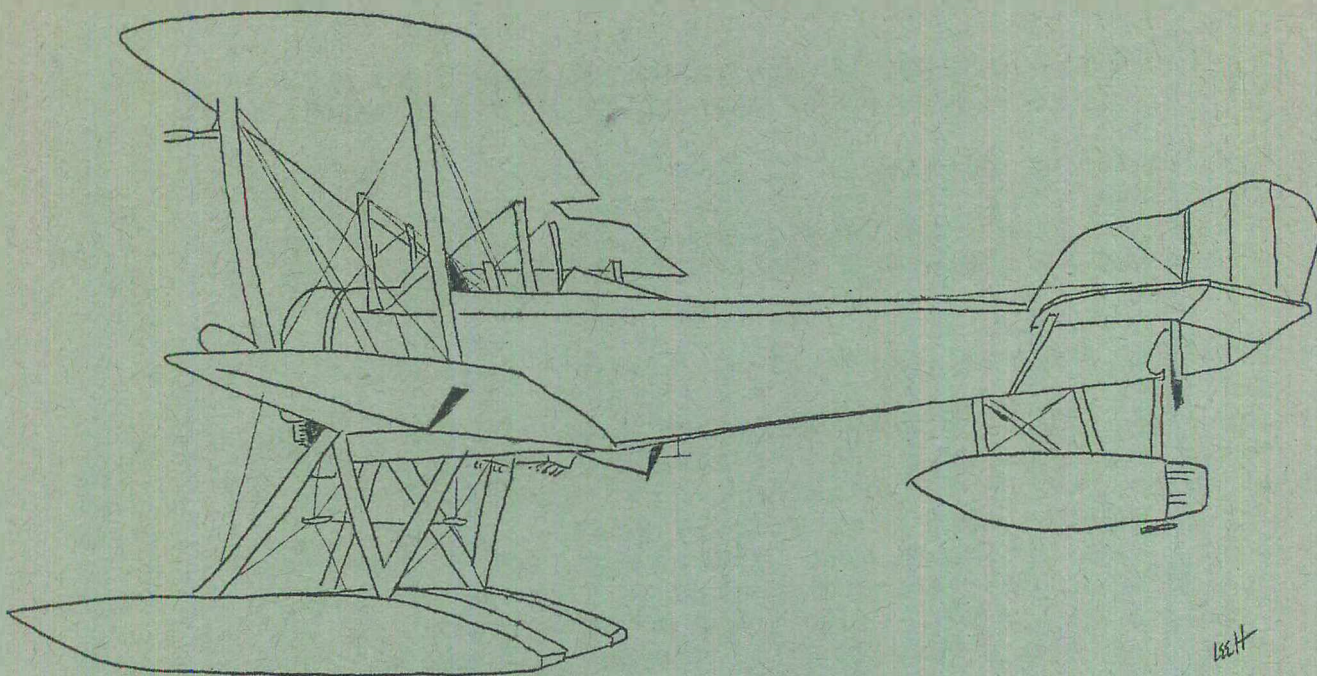
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN LARRY AT TED WHITE'S, hunkering down on the next-to-the-top step up to the office, with a typewriter on the office floor, banging away at his contribution to A FANZINE FOR ANDY YOUNG. On top of it all, it was a billing machine.

THREE PAGES IN THIS CHOOOG have also appeared in our OMPazine.

I AM SHOCKED to discover that it has taken me near on to an hour to stencil the front cover for thish. I now habe a bad case of styluser's cramp, a disease common to fans with long-titled zines.







REMEMBER THIS LITTLE CRITTER? She's the Sopwith Baby Seaplane, known occasionally as the Schneider, since she is a direct descendent of the famous Schneider trophy winner. She spanned 25'8", weighed 1,226 lbs empty, and reached a maximum speed of 98 mph at sea level. She mounted one Lewis, and often carried a pair of 65 lb bombs under the wings. She went into service in 1915 (the year they shot Joe Hill) and by October 1918, fifty eight Baby seaplanes were serving with the RNAS.

It was August 1915 when Ft. Lieut. W.L.Welsh flew a Baby, fitted with wheels in addition to floats, off the deck of H.M.S. Campania, paving the way for the Pups, 1½ Strutters and Camels that later came to be flown off the decks of aircraft carriers.

The plane shown here was one of the Blackburn's, subcontracted by Blackburn Aeroplane and Motor Co. Fairey Aviation Co., built a special version known as the Hamble Baby, fitted with trailing-edge flaps along the entire length of the wings. She was the first plane so fitted.

The dope on this ship and quite a few others can be had from a really beautiful book titled AIRCRAFT OF THE 1914-1918 WAR pubbed by Harborough. It was compiled by G.G.Thetford and E.J.Riding, and D.A.Russell, M.I.Mech.E., was managing editor. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

---LeeH



## DEPARTMENT OF UNNECESSARY EDUCATION:

Like just about everything else nowadays, color is non-Aristotelian. This has led to considerable confusion, for me at least. When I was young everything concerning color was either black or white, either this or that. All absolute. For instance there were three primary colors, name of RED, YELLOW and BLUE. But not anymore, boy! Now gives color TV, and the discovery that one can have just about any old primaries one wants. It is practically a matter of personal choice.

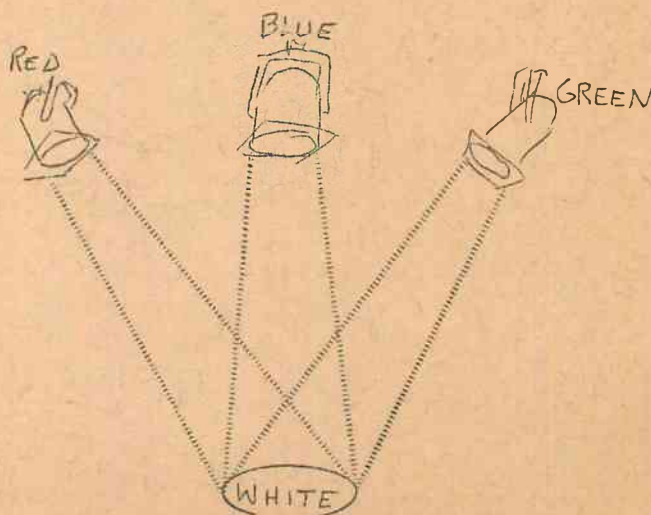
Bill Bowman and I have been hashing over additive and subtractive color systems, using for reference Philco's color TV manual, which is completely inadequate for our purposes. But it is the only reference on the subject we have at hand, and searching in a couple of Village bookshops turned up nothing better...or as good for that matter. But the inadequacies of the Village bookshops is another subject.

To understand the color system which we are discussing today, you have got to orient yourself as to the difference between PIGMENT and LIGHT. I trust our average reader knows enough of the difference to proceed from here.

Next you have to understand that when you mix the right colors of light, you get white. Remember that when you break down "white" light with a prism, you get a spectrum of colored light. When you mix back these colored lights, you get white light. No? This can be verified by experimentation, if you have at hand several controllable light sources and a wide variety of colored filters. I got my grounding in this field playing with stage lights and gels way back when.

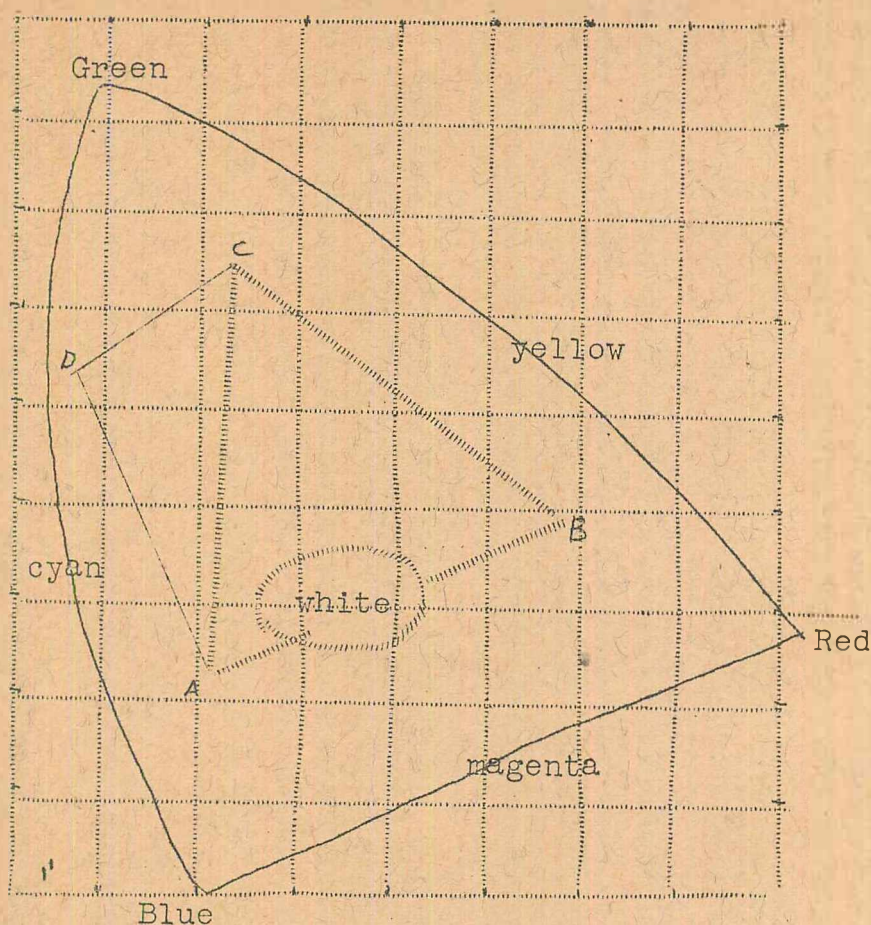
It has been proven by experiment that, using light sources of the proper hues, these proportions -- 30% red, 11% blue, and 59% green -- will produce white light. This would be illustrated by focusing three spotlights on an area that would reproduce white under white light, and then placing filters of the proper hue and ratio in front of the lights. Please note that this is not the same as placing all three filters in front of one light source.

Red, blue and green are the "primaries" of light. That is, they are the hues which, when mixed in proper proportion, can produce any desired hue. This is called the ADDITIVE color system. It can be represented on paper, even in black and white, by a chromaticity diagram.





## Color (2)



This is an unbearably crude representation of a color diagram. From it you can see how any color could be expressed in terms of coordinates. In fact, with far more accuracy than terms like purple, pea green, and such. This diagram has been determined by better men than I, and since none of them have deigned to explain to me just how it is established, I can offer you no more than assurance that it works. The heavy line enclosing the color area, and determined by points BLUE, RED, and GREEN

represent hues at full saturation. Any hue is desaturated by adding its complementaries and thereby bringing it closer to white.

The point (or area) labelled WHITE in the diagram represents the balanced mixture of the three primaries. It encompasses an area because white as we think of it is a variable thing. True white, as would be represented by a point on the diagram, is a matter for the bureau of standards. The FCC does have a "true white: for reference in color TV. I regret that I don't know just how they produce it, but undoubtedly it is the light given off from a controlled light source. Sunlight can't be classified as "pure white" since it varies quite a bit by the time it gets to us. Brightness of color is not represented on this chart. To represent it a three dimensional shape is generally used, a pyramid, and I don't feel up to dealing with it in this particular lecture.

In case I failed to make it clear earlier, the secondaries are as follows: red and green give yellow, red and blue give magenta, and blue and green give cyan. This is represented in the above diagram.

Visualize, if you will, the above chart in color. Line RED-GREEN is red at point RED, shading through yellow, to green at point GREEN.



### Color (3)

A line from point RED to point WHITE would begin an intense pure red, and get paler and paler through pink, becoming white at point WHITE. Similarly the remainder of the chart. Mentally imagine the entire area in color, intense on the edges, white in the center, and shading through pastels in the area between. Got it?

Now pick an arbitrary point somewhere.. Anywhere. Better make it where I have put point A so we can stay together on this. A represents a light source of bluish-cyan hue and something like 50% saturation. All you can do with it is produce this one color light. Now pick a point which lies opposite point A on the chart... that is, directly across WHITE. This is a complement of A, and is an orange hue which here is of something like 50 - 60 % saturated. With these two light sources, you have a TWO PRIMARY COLOR SYSTEM. Anyone who has dabbled with kodacolor, or who remembers the early days of cinecolor, is familiar with the results of a two primary system. By mixing these two light sources, varying the ratio of one to the other, you can produce any color on the line AB, including white. Admittedly, this is a limited choice of colors, but if the primaries are chosen properly, quite a range can be reproduced with only two primaries.

But add a third primary. Pick a point C up in the green area. Draw in the line that would be produced by mixing A and C, then line B and C. Now, by varying the proportions of one to another of these three light sources, you can produce any color which lies within the tri-angle ABC. This is quite a range.

Not at the points I have given for A, B, and C, but at similar points, are the hues of the phosphors used to dot the face of the shadow-mask picture tube employed in the current crop of color TV receivers. Three guns, light the tube. Each emits a cathode ray directed at the dots of a particular hue, and each individually controlled. The dots are evenly spaced over the face of the tube, like Ben Day, and the ratio of brilliance one to another determines the apparent hue of the group. So using three simple primaries color TV (when properly adjusted) is capable of producing a wide range of "colors".

But back to the diagram: Add a fourth primary, D, and see how much you extend your range of producible colors. And notice how little it would contribute to something like the reproduction of a picture. You'd get a wider range of greenish hues, and more intensity in some of them, but that is all. For purposes of economy and practicality, three primaries are adequate for most uses, like color TV, if they are well chosen. And choice depends on the means of producing the light source you have at hand. The TV boys use colored phosphors. The stage lighting technician uses colored gels. The photographer used chemicals. All in all, quite a mess, eh?



BUT I LIKE WILL BRADLEY...

Remember those fine old drags like CELERY STALKS AT MIDNIGHT, and FRY ME COOKIE, IN A CAN OF LARD? Will Bradley fronting, with his trombone. Ray Mac (McKinley) on the drums and the vocal (if you can call it that), and Freddie Slack beating the piano to death. I wanted an LP of the album they did under the title BOOGIE WOOGIE, for my brother for his birthday. There we were, Larry and I, on Broadway. They say it is the main drag in the main city, and they say that if you know where to look, you can get anything you want in this city. If you know where to look. Where on Broadway would you look for a Will Bradley record?

It figures: a record shop. Only it was late, and there were only a few places open. We hauled in to one shop, and trying to shout over the cry of a Dizzy Gillespie disc, asked for the Will Bradley. An incredulous clerk stared at us, and told his buddy what we wanted. They sniggered together, and then one of them disappeared into the stockroom. He came back some time later with a bare, unjacketed 10" record by Bradley, the name of which I've forgotten. That was their stock of Bradley, and they were asking list price for it.

I hoohawed in his face, and we left. I rather picture him, after we were gone, rolling the Bradley disc back into the stock room and flinging it down into a corner to wait for the next poor imbecile who asked for Boogie Woogie.

We found another shop and were greeted by a genial gentlemen of goodly girth who wore dark-rimmed spectacles and a Birdland beard. We told him what we were looking for and he sent us off to a dark corner of the shop where we had to ask another sales clerk for the record we wanted. He stared blankly, and after affirming the name, looked the record up in his catalogue. Sure enough, much to his surprise, there was such a thing listed. Quietly perturbed, he went into his stock room and sometime later, came out with the record we wanted.

We paid for it and left quickly, aware of the clerk, the genial joe, and several customers who'd overheard it all, shaking their heads sadly.

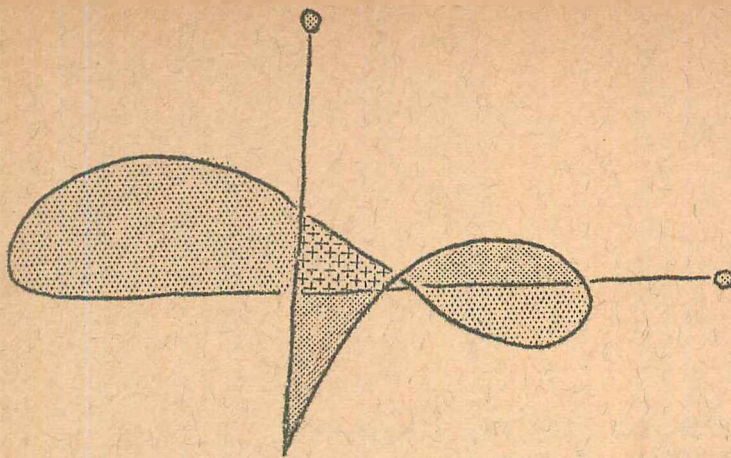
As we closed the door behind us, we heard the first few notes of a disconcerted sax. I clutched the hard-sought record close to my bosom, and together we crept away.

Broadway is a poor place to buy a boogie-woogie record.



LSH





## Poetry Corner

Like an hourstick I stand,  
With hand outstretched,  
My shadow on the sand,  
Marking the sinking of the sun,  
Beyond the western land.

I hear the hour sound, a knell,  
Like the broken thud,  
Of a darkly muffled bell,  
Unrelenting in its note,  
The coming of the night to spell.

The silent web spun like glass,  
Shattered by coarse sound,  
Into tinkling crystal shards,  
Broken into dust upon the ground.

I walked  
To the end of the world,  
And found nothing there.

I turned  
Back to the world,  
And found nothing there.

LH 21-2-57

our poetry editor



## For Elmer Perdue

He paused  
In the middle of the last block of the last street,  
Struck by sudden looming thoughts of simultaneity,  
And asked the soundless shape that hid the moon,  
"What else will end with this?"  
A nightbird called.

The wind was chill and then  
Not wind;  
Its moan became a siren spearing near--  
He knew a fear  
He'd thought forgotten long ago:  
The earth's jaws yawned to taste him and his feet  
Were baking clay.  
There was no way to run.

Blindness.  
The next he knew for sure,  
Surrounded by fierce grinning gnomes, he fought  
To speak. They bathed him in the ghastly glow  
Of weapons shaped like picture-tubes;  
Entranced, he felt his mind begin to go.

"Pedestrian!" they shrieked,  
"Defiler of the right!  
"Corrupt one! Know you not  
"That Bradbury is king? That he has passed  
"A miracle, and led all men  
"To life more real than life  
"Beneath the warming wings the devil-god spreads  
"To shelter those who seek and kneel before  
"The altar of the peppermint TV?"

They vanished, but the trial had been complete.  
Sentence had been pronounced and carried out,  
And Fate's last grisly laugh rang in his ears.  
His legs were splintered stumps,  
Crushed by the well-spiked club of one  
He'd called his friend. And as the darkness fell,  
He murmured, "Et tu, Burbee?"--and was still.

He woke--the nightmare over--, rubbed his eyes.  
The quicksand swallowed him and he was dead.

--L.T. Shaw  
Feb. 21, 1957



Department of Folk Music

AN OLD CHICAGO LULLABY; during the '30's when I was a spratling in Chicago, my mother lulled me to sleep with this variation on an old children's song.

Hush, little baby, don't you cry,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a mockingbird.

If that mockingbird don't sing,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

If that diamond ring don't flash,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a looking glass.

If that looking glass gets broke,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a billy goat.

If that billy goat don't run,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a Gatling gun.

If that Gatling gun don't shoot,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a horn to too.

--- LeeH

Mnother of my mother's contributions is a fragment of a well-known folk song. My grnadmother brought this verse of Cindy from the North Carolina hills.

I went ~~to~~ on the mountain,  
I carried my horn to blow.  
I thought I heard Miss Cindy say,  
"Yonder comes my beau."

Oh, Cindy in the kitchen,  
Cindy in the hall.  
If it wasn't for my Cindy-gal,  
I wouldn't get married at all.

I went to see Miss Cindy,  
She met me at the doocr,  
With shoes and stockings in her hand,  
And her feet all over the floor.



LeeH 22-2-57

THE STILLNESS IS OPPRESSIVE. It is exactly 9:22 PM, EST, and the place is the Shaw residence at 545 Manor Road, Staten Island. Larry is in the bedroom, hovering over the phone, and I am here at the typewriter, working off my accumulated energy banging the keys. We are waiting.

A few moments ago I was chewing at my nails, all the while realizing that by biting them off, I would be ruining my career as a promising young finger-style guitarist. But it didn't matter to me. Nothing else mattered in the tenseness of this moment, but the instrument on the badtable. It isn't really a bed table. It is an upended suitcase. And the instrument on it is the bedroom phone. That phone was the key to it all.

Somewhere in this city there is a switchboard operator, and she is trying to contact another switchboard operator in a far distant city. And it is up to that far off operator to answer all our questions. Is he there? Will he answer? Does he have a phone?

We speculated a long time (five or ten minutes) before we decided to do this thing. It had occurred to us in a moment of madness to do it. And then we had stopped and thought of the consequences. But disregard the consequences, we decided. This is a far greater thing than the mere spending of mere money. This is...this is fanatic.

The phone rings!

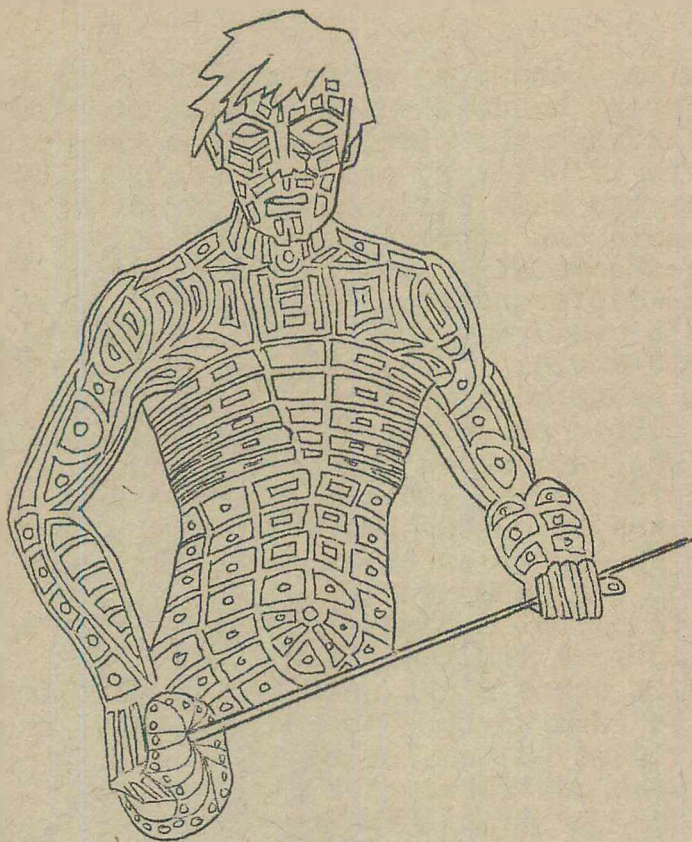
No...it is she, the operator, but the tidings she bears are sad indeed. He is not there. The Fates are against us. We are shattered.

But do we give up? NO! Valiantly, defiantly, we tell her, "Try again later. Try, for it is fanatic, and as such is of great honor and value."

So she said that she would try later to put through our long distance call to Dean A. Grennell.

LATER: It is done. We have spoken to Dean A. Grennell . . . .





MAILING  
COMMENTS  
ON THE 78<sup>TH</sup>

LARK: Danner - Why is your typesetting department on the second floor, and your press room in the basement? I can see why the press-room would want to be down there, but whuffo the type is upstairs? # The Wilcox-Gay has 1-7/8 ips on it, but currently it is at the Bowman's. Since they are getting more use out of it that I would, I have left it there. Besides, Bill has offered to tear it down and clean up its guts, which are a mite noisy now. # I have been considering the common grammatical error you quote from Vern's comments on Horizons, and have come to the conclusion that a lot of people use this construction ("anyone who is thinking of letting themselves...") because the singular "himself" has such connotations of male individual, which the writer (or speaker) generally wants his sentence to imply anyone of a group which likely contains members of both sexes. "Themselves" gives the writer more sense of having said what he intended. Of course I often use this incorrect construction out of pure carelessness. I find myself growing more and more careless of my grammar lately. And I discover I am using more and more uncommon colloquialisms and "wrong" pronunciations. For instance, lately I have been dropping the r's out of words like "through" and "throw". # What is forgivable in an ignorant fan, is not always forgivable in a schoolteacher with delusions of publishing grandeur. # Speaking of Liverachle, I have recently come to the conclusion that anyone with reasonable intelligence, good eyes and ears, and manual dexterity can, with enough training and practice, can learn to (1) paint reasonable photographic likenesses, (2) write saleable articles or stories and (3) play a given musical instrument



## Mailing comments (2)

according to written music. He may become an excellent technician or craftsman. But there is a difference between the craftsman and the artist. There is a difference between the pianist who can keep time and hit every note when and where it belongs, and an artist. That's my opinion. Maybe in some way the same differentiation can apply to the listener. Maybe some people can appreciate craftsmanship at an instrument, and maybe it takes something more in the listener to appreciate art, and to tell the difference. # Nope, I missed Passport to Pimlico on TV. Don't even know what it was. About all I see on tv these days is the old movies. Got too many good discs in the record collection now to waste much time on TV. # Speaking of TV, I finally got around to putting a sofa-side speaker switch on my set. I was driven to it by the announcers who do the breaks in the old movies. They are a despicable lot who love to anticipate the next reel for the viewer, as if they figured they'd have to explain it beforehand for poor old Homo Viewer to understand it. "And now back to our movie for tonight and its happy ending." etc. # Bill, I hate to sound ignorant or anything but I have a question which I think you can answer. What is Thermal (White) Noise? # My Dad bought a '35 Plymouth in 1936. It was a might used but in excellent shape. We hauled from Chicago to Lake Worth, -Florida, and back, in it a couple of times, before we finally moved to Florida in it. In Savannah Dad pulled the front passenger seat out (a simple matter of removing a couple of pins) and used the car for light hauling weekdays, then put the seat back in and used it for us on Sundays. When the war was over he loaded us and our luggage into it and we made a great long haul around the country; from Savannah to Carlsbad, N.M., to Grand Canyon, to Bryce Canyon, to Yellowstone National Park (where the radiator boiled dry, and dad refilled it with water from a hot spring), and back to Savannah is about seventeen days. We went to Chicago again in it, and made a numver of trips into North Carolina to drive through the mountains. Dad thought nothing of loading us into the Plymouth and driving from Savannah down to St. Augustine or Daytona Beach for a Sunday. I don't know how many miles he put on the Plymouth, but he did use it. And every so often, he'd get out the air compressor and spray gun, and paint her. Then in late '46 or early '47 (wherever they got delivery on the '47 Dodge) he passed the Plymouth along to my brother, who used it hard and sprayed it gray. I don't know how long he drove it before he traded it on a later model, different make, but I do know it was still in good shape when it left our family. It was a good car., It had fenders and a running board, and stickery upholstery that smelled like an automobile to a spratling. And it had a Chicago AAA sticker on the rear window. I liked it. # I found out why the a on this machine keeps getting displaced. Now if I only knew a cure... # Unless I am in excellent health, riding busses (particularly in the winter) makes me sick to my stomach. # I suspect the bull in a bullfight does suffer considerable pain. Do you reckon the fighter in a prizefight suffers any pain? What about the soldier shot in combat? Who expects the person who doesn't give a damn about other people to care what sort of pain a bull suffers? Who cares about the Brahma ride in the rodeo who is thrown and trompled? It is a fine old



### MAILING COMMENTS (3)

tradition among rodeo performers that, no matter how busted up a thrown rider is, unless he's unconscious he has to try to get off the field under his own steam. This assures the audience that being busted up doesn't hurt a man anymore than the bandilleros hurt the bull. Of course, the rodeo rider does have some choice in the matter. Unlike the bull, he can get work somewhere else if he doesn't like show business... # My favorite car is the new Grisley-Torque. # In Grand Central Station there is a huge turntable on which there is usually a new car, with advertising. This last few weeks it has been a very unappealing red ~~KXX~~ Oldsmobile, with a lot of the thin coat of chrome scraped off the hulk on one bumper. The last time I was by there, I was waiting for Larry, and watching a young woman in very unattractive but stylish sports clothes, ~~x~~ ride on the turntable and offer literature on the Olds to bypassers. Two apparent exurbanites on the way to the 5:15 paused to look at her, and one of these young men in the Madison Avenue suits, turns to the other and says, "It's fun to watch her, isn't it?" The other snaps back, "It's a pile of junk." And then they disappeared into the crowd. # The Whollbie with the off-size wheel is a special model for operating on hillsides. A hodag type. # I think my favorite book by White is THE ILL-MADE KNIGHT, about Lancelot. -- Speaking of Lancelot, the TV show about him is about the best of the kids' shows on TV. Lance is portrayed as a pleasant, good humored sort who bumbles around getting captured by the enemy and sold as a slave by a lot of Vikings and such as that. The whole show is done with such an air of good natured self-enjoyment that I forgive them the sillinesses and technical errors. Any story about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, set in the period and costumes that are customary to them, is more or less fantasy anyway. # I have heard that the BBC used to require its announcers to have similiar voices so that they would not stand out as individuals. # Did we tell you about the little train we rode, just across the Jersey line somewhere? I will ask Larry about it, as he has the dope on what kind of train it was, where it came from, etc. and he'll prob'ly remember whether we already brought it up. It was a thing of beauty and we took a number of photos...before we discovered that the camera didn't work. #I don't listen to Bob & Ray anymore either. I did hear a rumor that they may pick up on a 5 minute TV show, weeknights, sometime in the future. And I'll be glad to give that a try. I've never seen them on TV. I remember your beautiful description of one of the episodes of THE LIFE AND LOVES OF LINDA LOVELY, though.

I PROTEST: Clyde - Clyde says "I am told that although the officers did not think my fanzine fit for Eapan consumption, they all made sure that they personally got a copy." Tsk, grammar again. At the assembly session where the final descision was made on the inclusion of your zine; I understood the reason for the rejection of this zine to be unmailability. Whether it was or wasn't fit for FAPA consumption didn't come under question. Copies were distributed to those members of FAPA who were in a position to receive them, at no expense to the FAPA treasury, without the necessity of their



#### Comments (4)

being sent through the U.S. Post Office under the FAPA label. And in my memory this certainly was not unprecedented. Mr Clyde, if you want to win your argument, you ought to go to some little effort to get your facts stright. A good many FAPAns are too clever to be taken in my arguments based on untruths and propaganda techniques. I do think that, in all fairness, Clyde should have a chance to fulfill his activity requirements. In the spirit of things, though, I think he should indeavor to do so with something more than pages of crude drawings and conundrums bhat, when boiled down, would give somewhat less than 3 pages of worthwhile material. The constitution calls for a member, to be eligible for renewal, to "have published or ~~inavum~~ had published in FAPA mailings or postmailings during the preceding, at least eight 8½"x 11" pages or the equivalent." What has to be on these pages is not specified, and a fan can fulfill his requirements with eight pages of crude drawings, double- or triple-spaced text, or the like. The fan who has been, or plans to be active, who rushes anything he can into a mailing to maintain a membership in which he has a real interest, can be excused. The fan who continually free-loads with eight pages of next-to-nothing, is breaking the spirit if not the letter of the Constitution. He should bow down his head in shame. # All this is not meant to apply to any particular individual. It is under Clyde's review, since it was his sheet that brought it all to mind. Apply it at will, where ever it fitx.

THE HASTY STOPGAP: Mal Ashworth - On regular occasions Mal has proven himself to be a good fan. It is my personal opinion that he would be entitled to the use of stopgap privileges. But Mal has single-spaced his stopgap, and said something in it. Mal is a good fan. We hope you do decide to come Over, Mal.

HORIZONS: Warner - As to your comments on Myers, I go along all the way. Certainly L. Shaw Ltd could chuck newsstand returns on INFINITY into the mailings, if you can use your old newspapers, and Myers, his. Maybe I could have gotten activity credit for the batch of vocational school entrance application cards that I ~~upss~~ fed into a press for a buck and hour some years ago. A member sending a few pages of something which he thinks will be of interest to the membership, thru the mailings, I consider okay. Willful misuse of constitutional freedom is wrong, wrong wrong! # I thought that "critical" in crifanac was something like "critical" in "critical mass". # I am very interested in your comment to the effect that records can't be copyrighted. I have some discs which bear, on the labels, copyright notices. I would like to know more about the whole subject. # I agree with you on the Get-Out-And-Vote-Campaigns. Also on Dante's Hell. # The "true photographer" bit is great stuff. # When I was a sprat, after many years of sandbags on front porches as a main form of Halloween fun, we heard about this Trick-or-Treet racket, and tried it. We didn't really understand it, and neither did the people we tried it on. The whole thing fizzled out, and we gave up. # I am worried about the tilting Mr Guerrero. Has someone been at him with a magnet, ala Young?



## Comments (5)

SAMBO: Martinez - Speaking of anthropomorphic and non-anthropomorphic movie monsters, the Flash Gordon serial, SPACE SOLDIERS, which just finished on Jolly Jack's show, included some handsome dragon-like monsters with claws like crabs. Real production items, which apparently housed human-types, but still looked a far cry from anthropomorphs. # An initiation fee sounds reasonable to me. Maybe the O-E should also assess anyone distributing non-FAPA items (like copies of old newspapers) through the mailings, for additional postage. # TV is a far cry from something for nothing. You have to buy and maintain receiving equipment which is still in such experimental stages of its development that it is far from dependable, and you have to pay for the shows you watch, out of the money you pay for products advertised thereon. Etc. Etc. # One reason why motion pictures shown on TV, are cut, is time. And my impression is that the average film editor for TV is either a moron who likes to cut paper-dolls out of film, or a youth with far more work than he is capable of handling. The usual job of "editing" consists merely of chopping out whole scenes here and there according to an immutable formula ("in a western cut the love scenes, in a love story cut the action scenes,"...etc.) Maybe it is because so many important scenes are chopped out of the average movie-on-tv that the announcers seem obligated to synopsize the film beforehand for the audiences. # Gee, damon's letter will qualify as part of his credentials if he gets to the top of the waiting list within the year, won't it? #

THE MARCH OF THE ROCKET MEN: Wainborough - My copy of this is almost entirely lebile, although far from perfect duplicating. Norman, why don't you try a lot of that wide margin from around your text, and save yourself the cost of postage on it, from there to the o-e?

QABAL: Grennell & Co - Handsome cover. Reminds me of the days when a few obstinate people were unwilling to accept the fact that there was only one a in Quandry. # The blue on green looks fine. Larry and I have solved the problem of getting our zines to the o-e on time by delivering them in person. As long as the o-ship stays reasonably close to us, this is fine. But when it goes back to California it may prove occasionally impractical. # I thought the F. in Speer's name stood for Fascist. # ilium gag - great! # Speer on the Democon is very interesting. # Sorry, Mr Bloch, I no longer have a dark horse available for candidacy at Cons, SF or otherwise. Speaking of cons, I was planning to attend the masquerade at the last one as Lady Godiva, but I couldn't even get the loan of a white horse. Seems he was busy being a pub in England, or something. Besides, my hair wasn't long enough. And Larry objected, anyway..... #

TARGET: FAPA: Eney - I think that quite often FAPAns are not arguing over the question, but over each other's phrasing of the question. Unfortunately some members don't seem to know the difference. # Reading your reprint from GM Garr, I am greatly saddened to know that as a child of miscegenation some centuries removed, I have been lost in the shuffle, a mass-produced human being, etc.etc. If those blasted Angles and Saxons had stayed where they belonged and not contaminated the fine Celtic bloodlines, think of the difference it would have made.



Comments ( 6)

Eney, I often disagree with you, but I certainly respect your ability to state your case well, and offer valid reasons for it. You are a good man. And on occasion your splendid arguments have penetrated the thick shell of my personal prejudices and actually had effect on my opinions and attitudes. # Drinking tea, and drinking coffe are two different things. Ask John Berry. # Everytime I hit the "," key this typer puts a , into the text, whether it needs one or not. Shame. #

CHAPTER PLAY: Tucker - Le Vombiteur? (sp?) # Your comments on the NYCon II are quite interesting. So are the o's from which the centers have dropped. Purty. # Tsk, you ought to look up the "Immaculate Conception" before you go talking about it thataway, Mr Tucker. The child born of the Immaculate Conception is generally acknowledged to have had a perfectly human-type father. You are thinking of the Virgin Conception, a different thing altogether. Although there is the interesting question as to whether the child of virgin conception would bear Original Sin. I suppose so, since I don't recall there having been any differentiation made in the Bible. # While you are reviving fine old titles, what was the matter with Fantasy Jackass? It had a certain appropriateness about it. # I wonder if the little man in the bus station ever gave Lionel Inman your message.

FANAC can take up quite a bit of time, can't it? I just realized that it is almost 2 PM and I've been at this typer for hours. So I limbered the portions of my anatomy which get numb when I sit in the positions necessary with the typer on the suitease, and dragged out to the kitchen for "lunch". I "-mark lunch because it is consisting today of a cold hardboiled egg (with salt) and a can of V-8. That is because these were the handiest things in the icebox, and I didn't want to be away from my fanac any longer than necessary...

NULL-F 6: White - Shame! So I know the address, but maybe I haven't memorized it, and I want to send you something important, and the only Whitezine I can lay hands on at the moment is FULL-F 6, and the address isn't in it; what am I going to do? # Thanks again for your advice on mimeo paper, and for the ink. It is a joy to mimeograf with this new stuff and watch the legible pages roll from under the drum. I glee. # Speaking of miscegenation, as we were a while back, I question how many of the negros in America today are "pure racial stock" since it was pretty common for master to sleep with slave in the AnteBellum days, and a "high yellow" was worth more than a black slave anyway, so the master could sell his own children for more than he could get of the pure racial stock. And there were definitely different races of Negros thrown together in slavery, too. So the Negro in the States today is probably as likely to be of impure racial stock as the white "American" is. # Slipsheeting is against my principles. # I have offered to mimeo his zines for Speer, if he'd let me. Either letting him pay for materials, or under our housename on my materials. But he says no. Shame, because now with all this stuff you've put me on to, I could give him a pretty good legible job. # SFA isn't the only mag with which SFFY should be compared. Write to me for a



(7) Comments

complete list if you are that interested. # when you say "(deliberate, I think)" I am inclined to agree with you. #

CELEPHAIS: EVans - Lower case mimeograph is not a trademark, but is a disctionary word. It is in my disctionary. Apparently it went out of the trademark classification some time ago. When I was a young fan I had some styluses and such in old ABDick wrappings which carried the word Mimeograph with an \*, and trademark line. But no more. And according to my dictionary is a verb transitive meaning to duplicate copy, and "dittography" is a term meaning "unintentional repetition of one or more symbols in writing". # I asked my husband to write an article on why the "novels" in prozines are so short. He said it didn't warrant an article. Or even a paragraph. # Agree with you completely about Josh White and Burl Ives. It surprises me occasionally when I meet people who don't seem to realize that there are any other singers using folk material. You mention folksingers, and they say, "Oh, Burl Ives." Lot of Huddie Ledbetter out now on good pressings. #

AIAS: This ends the mailing comments for now. If I find I have anything else to say in this mailing, I will add it in a later issue of the mag....sections like fancy railroad trains. But this much of the zine is going together in one lump, name of CHOOOG Vol 2 # 1. Whether CHOOOG Vol 2 # 2 will make this mailing or not I dunno yet. I plan on it. So if your zine wasn't covered in the comments here, look for a #2 with the second section.

This zine was written and stencilled in its entirety in two days of madness, and may very well have been entirely mimeoed during the same period, depending on how late I work tonight. That is a full fling of fanac even/especially for me. I sigh with quiet relief at the completion of thish.

---LeeH 22 Feb, 1957

OBSERVATION

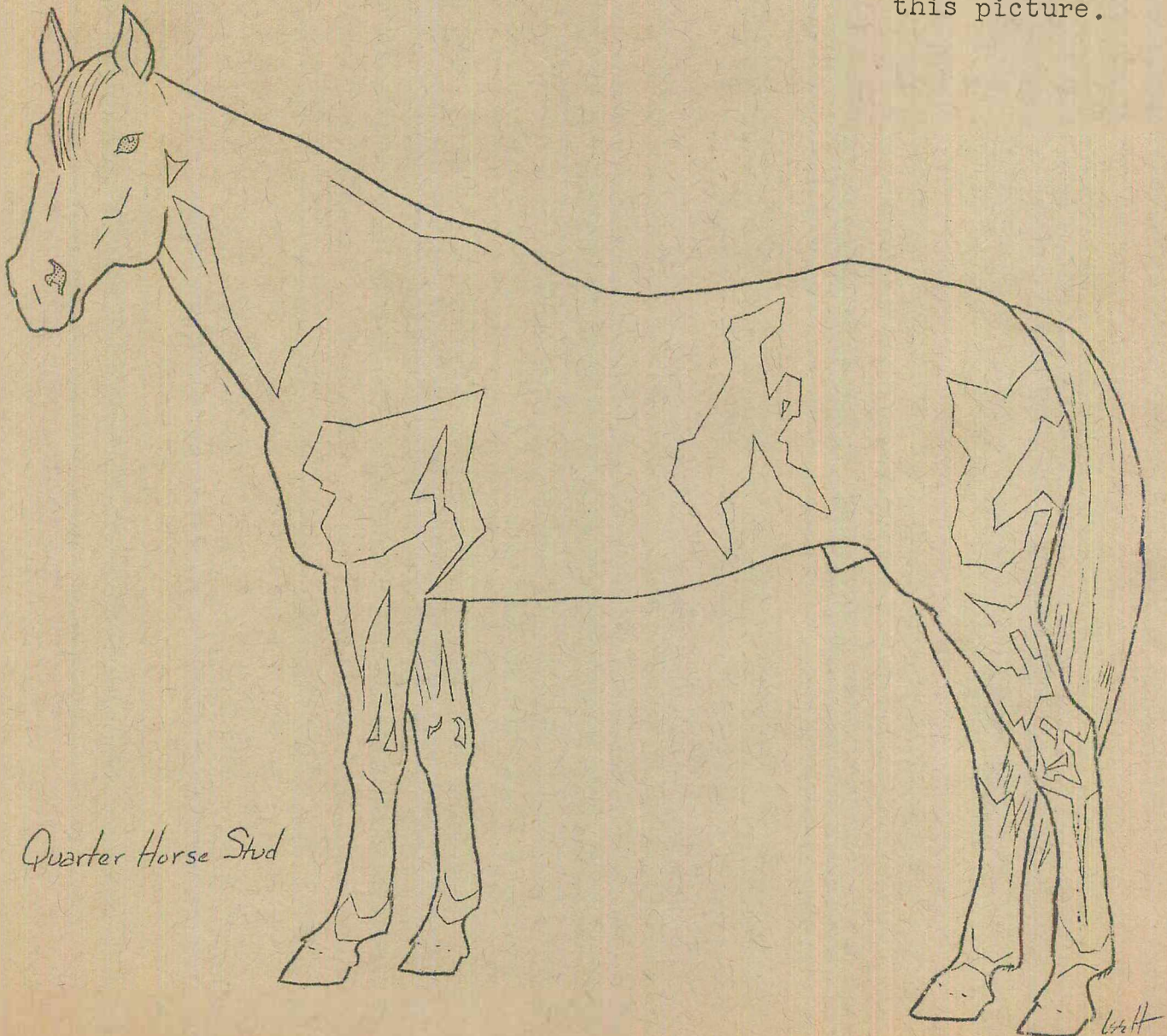
Modern man seems to be in more immediate danger from pieces of falling airplanes than from the A or H Bomb.

Ashes to ashes,  
And dust to dust.  
If the fission don't get you,  
Then the fallout must.

brlfsk!



THE QUARTER HORSE is one of the three breeds commonly raced on U.S. tracks. The others are the Thoroughbred and the Standard Bred. More common in the Western United States, the quarter horse is popular as a working cattle horse, and is often seen racing at rodeos. He is outstanding for his quick acceleration from zero, and his ability to corner, and maneuver. He is usually raced on a short (quarter mile) track as he cannot maintain his top speed over much more distance than that. The Thoroughbred, which is also raced under the saddle, is usually seen on the one mile to one and a half mile track, or over the hurdles. The Standardbred is the sulky horse, seen at the trotting races that are gaining popularity in the East. Racing, the Standardbred is either a trotter or pacer, depending on the order of leg-motion. As pacing is faster than trotting, pacers are raced separately from trotters. The great Dan Patch, most famous harness horse ever to race, was a pacer. This dry essay is an excuse for running this picture.



Quarter Horse Stud