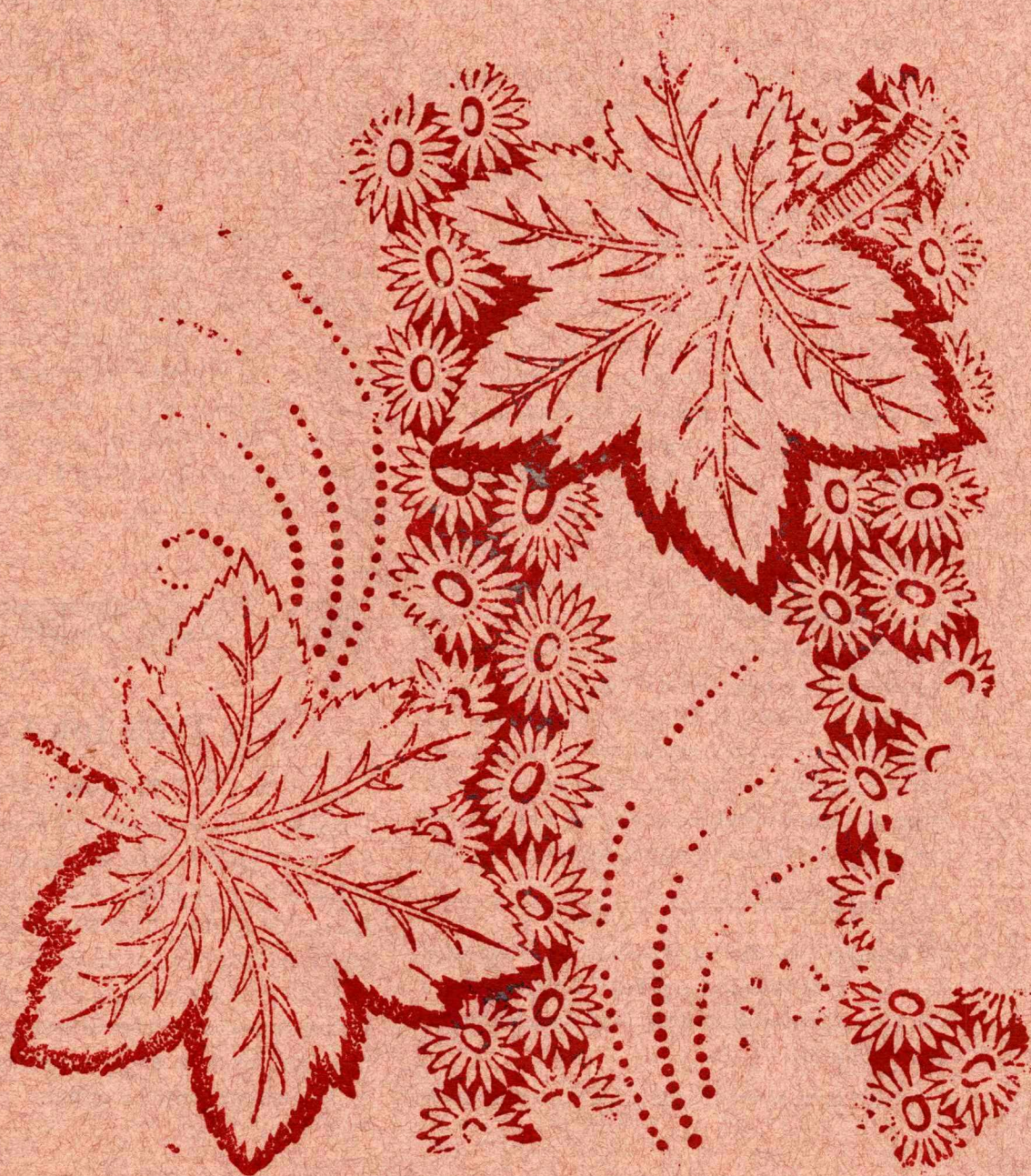


# Fantasia





# Lilith

WHY WAS THE TYPE face named Lilith? Well, I can't be sure, but I can tell you who Lilith ith—or wath—and let you draw your own conclusions.

Legend or mythology tells us that Lilith was Adam's first wife—she preceded Eve—and Lilith fled upon Eve's arrival. (I wonder why she did that?)

Lilith wath (or ith) no ordinary mortal, but a jinn (or djinn)—a magic person. I think our usual word “genie” is what a jinn is. You know, like “Jeannie” on television, who lives in a bottle and is pretty magical.

Some accounts make Lilith out to be pretty monstrous and untrustworthy and horrible and like that. Other accounts indicate that she was OK, a sprightly fun gal—but tricky. Ancient Semitic mythology has her as an evil roaming night demon who beat up little kids. In Goethe's *Faust* she comes on as a witch in a night scene. (Remember, now—“witch” and “demon” are not necessarily bad or horrible.)

The type face Lilith was designed by Lucian Bernhard, an educated German who would know about such things. Many other Germans would know about her, at least through Goethe. I would think it probable that modern Germans know more about her than the little I've told you. Possibly, too, there are some nice and/or zippy bits about her in modern German understanding.

Trees and forests are big in Germans' minds, and the motif of the Lilith design is tree- or plant-like in character. I conjecture that Lilith is also a lovely forest sprite who dances about seductively from behind one tree to another on moonlit nights. Anyhow, that's how

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Mr. Klumpp, type designer, has been associated with American Type Founders and Bauer Alphabets. He is well known personally to many hobby printers in the East and Midwest.

Reprinted from *Siamese Standpipe* 51, September 1968

By Emil J. Klumpp

A 1966 letter, reply to queries from Lillian Worley and Helen

I'm going to think about her. And whatever she is, she's a girl; that's good enough reason for any red-blooded type designer to choose her name for a face.

Anyhow, that's *my* conjecture.

But just to check further, I phoned Lucian Bernhard and asked him how the name “Lilith” came to be chosen. Alas, he has forgotten! He tells me that he designed the face for the Flinsch Type Foundry over 50 years ago. He is surprised to see the face in use these days. (The Flinsch Foundry was acquired by Bauer some years ago.)

Frau Harand [of Bauer] gives me this information: The owner of the Bauer Type Foundry, at the time of the Flinsch acquisition, was Herr Georg Hartmann. He was a devotee of Faust (and doubtless appreciative of Goethe). Frau Harand is certain that Herr Hartmann renamed the face, from what it was then called, to Lilith.

Until somebody gives me a better explanation, I am going to stand by *my* conjecture! It makes a pretty plausible story, doesn't it!



## The Pink Ink Caper

Or: *The Mysterious Disappearing Ink*

HEADINGS for Helen's July *Fantasia* and various parts of *Standpipe* 50 were printed in a shocking pink obtained by mixing IPI Speed King Cerise and MPI Heavy Cover White. The *Fantasia* heading came out bright and bold—and 48 hours after drying had faded to a pale gray, and is now *invisible*! The SS pink type and cuts have slowly melted to a shadow of the original tone. Pink ink never dries—it just fades away.

Can anyone solve this mystery?



helen's FANTASIA #22 is published for the November 1968 FAPA mailing by Helen Wesson, 340 Washington St., Glen Ridge, NJ, 07028. The cover design, if time permits, is printed by hand from wooden textile design block from India, Stern's Foreign Market, 87¢. With SCW's help, thanks.

PURPLE HAZE. Lichtman. Another "really good thing about the Fantasy Amateur Press Association" is that the scope of material presented is unlimited, catholic. Take PH. I'd have read and enjoyed all of it but the music, normally. However, PH just happened to arrive at a time when I knew David was being pressed to write an article on this type of music for the one-shot Shel is printing on the press he brought up to his house in Troy, on the RPI campus (or nearby). (I knew about this from relaying Shel's dire warnings that if Dave didn't send him the copy "tomorrow latest" he'd.... all of which David was blithely ignoring.) I showed David your "Feed Your Head" and David actually took off his stereo earphones to murmur approval of the article. In fact, I learned that the name chosen for this psychedelic one-shot had been Purple Haze! Let me add that my birthday present from Shel this year was Sgt. Pepper. He'd brought it in for me to hear, arriving from RPI in time to eat pot roast at midnight and we played Sgt. Pepper and talked till 6 am. So much for the communication gap. I saw Ravi Shankar on the Les Crane show. (I can't find Les Crane any more. I guess his shows were too intelligent.)

NASTROND. Hulan. Nastrond?? John Dickson Carr, John Creasey, Ngaio Marsh.. Agatha Christie, but preferably not Poirot or Harlequin or the other monsters she spawns regularly.. Rex Stout, unless there's a choice on hand.. # Yes, I know a normal Turk. In fact, he's more normal, and more socially acceptable, than most s/fans, which is not saying much, admittedly. He is a naval architect for the Turkish Government, in charge of the ships which were built for Turkey by Japan, and we attended a christening at Uraga shipyards. We also attended his wedding reception, culmination of an unusual romance, by American standards, but not by Turkish standards, where the parents have more say. During his first "tour" of Japan, Cecal decided he wanted to marry--a Turkish girl, of course--and consulted the proper go-between, in this instance, the highest ranking member of Turkey's Diplomatic Service in Tokyo. (I forget whether they had an Embassy at the time, in which case B was the Ambassador.) B was acquainted with Cecal's family, and yes, he did know of a charming and worthy young lady, Nuran. Cecal remembered having met Nuran once. He approved. B then informed Nuran's family. Nuran also remembered the handsome young man. Her parents approved. Presumably both sets of parents got together in Istanbul. It was arranged that Nuran would visit B for a month, as Mrs. B's guest. It was a true love match. The Muslim ceremony was private, but Nuran was a beautiful bride in white at her reception at the Yokohama Country & Athletic Club. We renewed our friendship when they returned to Yokohama for a second tour, and we keep in touch during the Holidays when I sent them a year-end Standpipe, and they return with Turkish New Year's Greetings. Some day I hope to go to Istanbul.. who knows. Another interesting item about this Turk: in Yokosuka, a U.S. Navy port, he was mistaken for an American by two Japanese punks, who started to rough him up. Faster than I can type this, Cecal had disarmed them, knocked one out and held the other for the police to arrive, though he is only medium height (shorter than I). Remember the report on Turks in the Korean War, from Rapp?# Old Japanese scrolls, even Hakata dolls, are more pornographic than anything seen in the Occident. Many are on public view in certain temples and museums, others are collectors' items. Know of any wealthy collectors?



"Nothing's so urgent now,  
that won't  
Be urgenter tomorrow." (POGO)

Corollary: Helen's Law..I'm broke today but I'll probably be broker  
tomorrow. (...busy-busier...)

SAMBO. Martinez. David Martinez. David receives special mention here  
for his art work, as I enjoyed the  
cartoon on the backcover. # The unresolved ending you mention re "2001"  
is also present in "Rosemary's Baby," which spoiled the book for me,  
but really made the movie...being a mother myself, with a strong  
maternal instinct, I understood her reaction (to Mia Farrow's credit)  
though I didn't much empathize with it. The New York Times advises  
that one see the movie "2001" and then read the book, to learn what  
it was all about. I found the movie a new cinematic experience and re-  
commend it on that basis, though a ctually someone can argue that Walt  
Disney paved the way with some of his scenes in "Fantasia." # The ab-  
surd pricing of anything old - "antique" - in America probably rules  
out experimenting with the old-fashioned stereo slide projector; be-  
sides, if one did find a projector for the lens; and did publish such  
a cover as you suggest, how 'd the rest of us manage to get the ef-  
fect? But it is a fascinating idea... I am looking forward to the  
promised (?) SHADOWLAND. I enjoy all your publications but SHADOWLAND  
was my favorite. Parker: Is there a non sequitur here someplace?:-  
"I still treasure BJo Trimble's cover for our one-shot LET'S THROW  
REDD BOOGS IN THE POOL,...depicting the Squirrel about to throw my  
(then) wife in the Trimble swimming pool."

Fapan: If I don't mention your paper in this issue, it's because I had  
to close up shop abruptly. Continued next issue, perhaps.

TRILL. Wells. "Why should we protect someone from a bad trip if it's  
his own free choice?" No reason at all--if he is/isolated  
from society, yet self-supporting, so that he cannot harm nor burden  
others. Effects of a bad trip can come unexpectedly months later,  
when one is traveling 70 mph on a crowded freeway, for instance; or  
immediately, like walking out a 6-story window (as one 15-yr-old did  
in NJ) and landing on an innocent passerby. I am willing for anyone  
to go to hell in his own way AS LONG AS IDON'T HAVE TO FOOT THE BILL  
for his medicare/welfare/penal bed-and-board when he's a prematurely  
delapidated wreck. Nor do I wish myself or mine to be killed or in-  
jured in the process of HIS doing his thing. And that's why pot is  
illegal and always will remain so, hopefully, because youth grows  
wiser as it grows older, hopefully; until youth is older and wiser,  
a jail sentence remains a bit of a deterrent. Like mandatory motor-  
cycle helmets. # I do hope SF retains its one remaining cable car line.

LE MOINDRE #25. Raeburn. I'm filing this issue in the front of my book  
on Mayan Architecture, as I have  
a feeling that I may visit Yucutan some day. I have no interest in  
tourist Mexico, but I do in archeology, and I seem to be following in  
Richard Halliburton's footsteps. (But not to dive into Chichen Itza,  
any more than to climb Fuji yama! Swam in the phosphorescent Blue Grotto  
tho.)

ENEY. I loaned your Aug. 68 zine to Shel's friend who is going to  
Vietnamese Language School, USArmy. Can you send me another, pls?  
FAIL-SAFE..Gen. Curtis LeMay teams with Wallace! Mighod.



Tea and Sympathy  
vs.  
The Graduate

The common denominator in each of these films is that an older, married woman gives herself to a young college boy. End of similarity.

Probably you have seen The Graduate, with Dustin Hoffman and Anne Bancroft; if not, you probably will because it is the Now form of cinematic progress. I enjoyed seeing it because I like to keep up with the world; I don't want my horizons to grow narrower and narrower simply because I make no effort to understand. However, upon further reflection, I believe it is better to be oneself, the result of one's life experiences. Last night, after seeing again the "superbly sensitive" performance of Deborah Kerr in T&S, I am emboldened to fight the New Establishment and state that in my opinion, The Graduate is typical of the Sick Sixties..sick, sick,sick.

TEA AND SYMPATHY is the story of an intelligent, sensitive boy who has gone through his first year of college being only 17 years old, a social handicap in itself. He has been ostracized because he reads poetry, doesn't swagger, so is called "sister-boy" till even his room-mate, under orders from his father, deserts him. His only friend is the wife of a faculty member who has been boarding the boy. She sees in him the rare discernment and consideration and intuitiveness, lack of which she deplors in her own husband. (In both films the husband is a homosexual, latent or otherwise.\*) Although his room-mate admits his <sup>own</sup> girl talk is all swagger and no real action, he feels compelled to turn to the local prostitute to prove himself, a move which the wife tries to prevent. When he rebels against the sordidness of the situation, he is driven to suicide by the attitude of the homo husband and his own obviously inadequate father. The wife learns of his intentions and overtakes him at the wooded lake. In a tender scene which merits all the superlatives the New York Times awarded the film, she asks him, "Next year, when you talk about this--and you will--be kind." Later, married and a successful novelist, he returns to the campus. She has left her husband, but there is a note from her, beautifully worded, about his novel in which she says he wrongly portrays her as "almost a saint."

This is a constructive play. The Graduate is destructive. It does have its humor, but the entire plot is so improbable in its details. I know a boy can graduate college and still be as repulsive as I find Dustin Hoffman, but I strongly doubt he can be as innocent, not in California. California is a wheeler-dealer state as far as morals go, both adult and adolescent, and much of the film is good satire. But it goes viciously beyond satire. With homosexuals dominating contemporary communication media (even to the extent of having a transvestite TV series, The Ugliest Girl\*\*), this film is just another attack on womanhood and all that camp stuff.

As one critic remarked about a Broadway play, "it's a wonder motherhood has survived the year."

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\* Not my opinion, but the interpretations placed by professional critics.

\*\* This is my opinion, : (I'm surprised the show is still on TV) yet I'm the type who needs a guide book for "Suddenly, Last Summer." I think the TV version was cut; was it?



FAPA PEOPLE POLL III. Calkins. Now what year do you believe man will first set foot on the moon? A: 1970's. My 14-yr old daughter announced she is going to the moon. My reply is that she can certainly help to get us there. # Semi-self-sustaining colonies or permanent scientific-military outposts on any other planets in solar system? A: Yes, but further away in time for USA with its labor unions and inflation. # Interstellar travel? A: Why not? Last night I turned on TV and couldn't tell from the picture whether it was live action shots from the Apollo, or a s/f movie. # Faster-than-light drive possible? A: Now you're getting technical. Wait'll I ask some kid what the speed of light is.

If a good fairy suddenly appeared and granted you three wishes, would one of them be for money? A: Not ordinarily, but right now yes only if I could word the request in such a way that it wouldn't be a Monkey's Paw. My good fairy was Dr. Alcaro, the ear surgeon, but even then "the Devil grants in middle age what one requests in youth." # Would I go on a space expedition to the moon? A: If my immediate family went, certainly. Mars? A: same conditions. Time travel? A: This would be even more fun, and if I could return to my family, I'd make a hobby out of it!

Do you prefer science fiction or fantasy? A: Fantasy, in the weird-horror field, but I can live without Alfred Hitchcock's hackwork. Don't like Merritt type fantasy, tho.

If you could have one free, unpunished (by man..God is your business) murder, would you take advantage of the opportunity? A: I once did have both motive and opportunity, the murder would have prolonged the life of one and benefited others, but the answer is No, I never would. Not from weakness but from strength of character. (Doormat though I am, even the dog bites me!) # Do you think there will ever be a third "world" war? A: I hope not, but I can expound some convincing hypotheses for one. For instance, if Germany is ever unified...if Red China chooses.. When? A: Today the wrinkles, tomorrow the world.

Do you believe the United States will ever become a Utopia, insofar as one is at all possible? A: Never, not as long as it is inhabited by human beings with all their little frailties and exasperations. The more people on earth, the less chance for Utopia any place. Can't you see the reverse beginning now? I also think Utopia would be rather dull. Paradise can be Hell.

Would I enjoy "free fall"? A: The editors of the Glen Ridge Paper have a daughter who is Woman Sky-Diving Champion. I don't envy them. The days are long, long past since I studied aerodynamics, wanting to barn-storm the country standing on the wings of my plane in a silver-sequin suit! (Boy, does that go back!)

Do you believe there is any other form of life in the solar system? A: I'm sure there must be some low forms of life, perhaps even higher forms of life, but probably not recognizable, or at least, not similar to Earth's. I also think it should be studied up there on home grounds; that it or we may not survive a transplant to Earth.

Do you have psi powers? A: I believe the mind is our last frontier, not space which we are already conquering in our fumble-bumble way. My husband and I have a certain amount of telepathy between us during crises, and once I received in Japan a letter from my mother scolding me for not telling her I was pregnant, written on the day I had a miscarriage. (I hadn't told her, and we are miles apart mentally and every other way.)



BASSACKWARDS. Lyons. "I suspect the real reason so few people vote in the fapa election is that they wouldn't want somebody to vote them into office, so why do that to another person." I didn't vote in this election because I didn't know, for instance, whether friends Pavlat and Evans wanted to be stuck with the dirty jobs again or not, or in fact, who else besides myself was actually running. I am amazed and flattered that I received 7 votes!

It bothers me that one of the socialites who attended a high-toned floating crap game for charity won a Xerox machine. Even if he/she knew what to do with it, he/she could have afforded to buy one. A Xerox! That special Xerox paper..or is it another brand home copy machine..costs 10¢ per sheet, which makes the process impractical for FAPA use; your info about using ordinary paper is therefore interesting.

RUBBER FROG. Eklund. After waiting six years for FAPA membership, you deserve a Welcome. Re your remarks to Ted White, living in New York, S.J. Perelman, visiting New York City, commented: "I think the ordinary New York citizen is fated to be a Kafka character. He's constantly on trial for something the nature of which he doesn't understand." NYC is certainly a beleaguered city and my sympathies are with Lindsay. Today their school children finally started school. The day previous my mother-in-law wanted to know why I couldn't bring Pam to visit her. "Because she's in school," I answered in that tone which points out the too obvious. "Oh, that's right, you have school over there," she replied in a tone which implied she had forgotten all about the institution. Only then did I realize that seeing a situation ad nauseum on TV doesn't necessarily make an impact as such a conversational exchange does. The city I know most intimately, even more than Yokohama perhaps, is Hong Kong. Last night I dreamed I was living there and it seemed so real. As to your choice between Canada and Nepal: Nepal is already high on my list of places, to collect iconography, etc. # I too find it unrewarding to do mailing comments because I'm always up against a deadline for some reason and don't sound natural. This time I'm going into Surgery again, the 4th time since returning to the States, and I do want to be in every FAPA bundle during my 25th year..my own personal way of celebrating.

DYNATRON. Tackett. Shibano. Note I list Shibano equally; as an ex-Japan-hand, Takumi-san's section is always the first part I read. We left Japan just before Japanese fandom became known (to me, at least). Weren't you supposed to come to Yokohama, Roy, but couldn't make it? or did I discover you, too, after we left? Anyway, Expo '70 would make a good peg to hold a Tokon, or preferably a Kansaicon. The hotels would be overcrowded, though; perhaps a ryokan would be a much more Japanese place to hold a Japanese s/f con. Fans would love it, really. (A ryokan is a Japanese inn, folks, with hot baths, futon on the Tatami floors, and Japanese food. There are, however, fine restaurants for all types cuisine, even Indonesian, and if you're on a budget, my Japanese student friend at Drew University used to be the president of a Kobe gourmet club which specialized in low-priced dinners, he'd know..)

NULL-F 45. White. In the present fad for beards, the only man who really sends me is the Ghost, in The Ghost and Mrs. Muir, but then it is so right on a sea captain of a century ago. # Robin has been very wise, and you, too, in giving your children an Identity. This is not always simple with mixed-religion marriages, and seldom successful with racially-mixed..Sammy Davis realizes this when



he insists, as part of the divorce settlement, that Mai live in a city where the children can be part of a large Negro population, and not in a white suburb. But giving an identity doesn't mean pressuring, I do not wish to imply, remembering the case of a youth who just blossomed after he was allowed his choice of an outdoor career rather than the priesthood being forced on him. # There was a Gold, father and son, at the NYCon. Was that H.L. Gold; if so, it is probably the first time anyone at a s/f con has complimented him on the manners of his son, rather than discuss his stories! #Who's to know whether one's ashes are strewn to the wind? I never even knew it's illegal, though I can see why. As to donating one's body to science, anyone read Choice Cuts, by the authors of Diabolique? It will make a gruesome movie. Another case, like Rosemary's Baby, where the ending left me blah in the novel itself, but was satisfying in the movie, visually, that is. In RB, there were two obvious endings possible, so I naturally expected a third, unexpected ending, after all the ballyhoo, or perhaps after all my specialized reading in the genre. # I shall never forget taking the kids on a cable car, in 1959, our first day in America on home leave. It was a laughing, chattering crowd of tourists and natives on the Powell St. line to Fisherman's Wharf. During a brief lull, David's piping voice rang out loud and clear: "Oh, Mommy, everybody here speaks English!!" # You have trouble with your a's..incompetent and prominently. Since you are a pro editor, maybe there's an interesting psychological block causing the confusion, hm.

TWO SHOT. Albuquerque SFS. Dracula was presented on a late summer TV show but the film's reception was so poor that only the dialogue actually came through. Therefore, when a NYC theater advertised both Frankenstein and Dracula together, Pam and I went. Both are classics, and if she is going to view Dark Shadows, she might as well view the classic origins. I'd had my doubts. I saw Dracula at a very young, impressionable age, in a theater which my dad had built (architect, including interior design). When the lights went out, the Italian-painted ceiling disappeared into a midnight, starry sky. For this picture, life-size classic statues were bathed in green light. There were few in the theater, no-one else in the loge or balcony where my mother and I sat, a subtle bit of sadism on her part. So I was alone in the night with Dracula in his castle and his wraiths all about me, and the impression lasted many years of my life. Nowadays, though, I don't think anything can scare kids, with all the rubber-mask horrors on TV. Pam cosloyally rated Bela Lugosi over Jonathan Frid, but only reluctantly because of the vast differences in setting and period, etc.

OMAHA, Stiles. Happy you are In. # If the Army traces down the connections of every man in service they are going to have a field day in MI. Were you in a sensitive job, security-wise, or are we taxpayers supporting a whole new MI Bureaucracy? # I knew someone in the Chicago riots..a young lady of good middle-class background, holding a position where her leftist, pro-Red China opinions might actually do some harm. Her brother is a CO, ready to go to jail.. but not conscientious enough to have refused to profit by the money his dad earns selling airplanes which American boys must fly and be killed in. Incidentally, re that Chicago affair: when 23 newsmen are injured there's no doubt where this newspaper family stands; but putting LSD in Chicago's water supply--as the Yippies and SDS did--can not be condoned. Fortunately they underestimated the amount this time, but what might happen....? # Again, welcome to FAPA.

DAY TRIPPER. Main. I find your move to Canada fascinating reading.