### The Editorial We

The last mailing - the 58th, wasn't it? was so puny that it didn't even rate a Wiltyish Stake. What there was of it ranged from fair to good on the Gizmontter. The FA cover was very smelly. Forry's "Fre-c'ficen Report" was too fannish - pertugas, We liked it, Gariner concludes his "Recent Mrands in Stf" in fine style. Yes, indeed. Amusing Stories is gaudy and Polymer is its profit...... The print event of 2000BC (or thar-abouts) was the Deluge. No one seems to agree on the oract date. Firthetanes, we read an article not long ago stating that our calender is governly years off one way or tother, So, maybe it is later than we think -- or sooner, .. Harry says that Outre Space might turn into something really funny with a thomoght revorking and organization. Any body wanna try it???? Rey Kant Whidin dakat humbari We engarly await the 2nd ish of Grillah. Reckon Joe was too busy with Funtasy Review lastime Ac work on Grulzak. The report on the Philly Conference was interesting & entertianing, the. Joe says he fears he won't be able to publish future issuesof the Review, since the amount of time involved is staggering. We made the following suggestion. (Joe liked 11) They not let the NEFF or FF or both publish the Review, Joe could remain its editor and act as co-ordinator. A Review staff(whiters, mimographers, artists, etc) could be appointed or elected; the expense soulds be orvered by the organization (or organizations) sponsering the arrund and. of course, the money collected on saids would revert to maid organisation (or organizations). They think year, amigost?? Speer says that there is nothing sweater Than a versa with perfect meter But if we wrote the thing that way It simply would not be doctray took

We've been gyped! Pages 17 & 18 were missing in my copy of SusPro. (Oops! Should have said four copy") The green ink was hard to read. Blurred, that is.

S'nuff guff and stuff. — ljm
FAGLOMMOOATOTEPHERUMHORIZONSFORLONDNEPAGESEX POSE SUSPROALLOKMOONSHIME

Ego-Boo Dept.

I've seen
Your 'mine
Cover, poetry and features, too
Mokes me glad 'twas sent from you
To me'un.

—Stan Woolston this magis dedicated to the proposition that fansare this magis dedicated to the

The Cover on our last issue (Moonlit Maiden—by Shirley Jean) was done by the "Hair Brush Mekkod. We have two pics by J. Stanley Woolston. If we can get them on stencils they will appear in this issue. They are the first two in a series: "Monsters I Have Known"

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#### The Bughouse Blues

Pistachio glared at me. Vranduski frowned and Zankowitz sneered. I had just dropped a verbal bombshell into their complacent lives.

They continued to glare, frown and sneer while I sat there in gleeful silence. I, whose only musical accomplishment was the ability to thay the phonograph. and the radio, had given those three famous nusicians something to think about.

three famous nusicians something to think about.

Pistachio was one of those long-haired boys; he played first piccalo with the Vranduski Symphony Orchestra. Vranduski, of

course, was the conductor.

Zankowitz was a far-famed singer of Trish folk ballads. He also composed those little advertisment-jingles which are the delight of every radio-conscious housewife...

"When everything goes floosy
Use the soap that's known as Goocy;
Goocy's suds last so long
That you simply can't go wrong!
Mrs. J. K. Dewey uses Goocy
Why don't you-seecesee?"

Ah, yese

Finally Wanduski spoke.

"My friend," he said, "You are mistaken. These blue songs....
pah! They greenk!"

Pistachio's gurging voice came to the surface.

"I second the motion," he mutttered loyally, "Vranduski-he is right. But then, of course, he is always right. These blues somes, bah! Stink? They smell to high heaven like a dead cat under a door step, That last is a quotation from a poem. One of my favor-ites. Like a dead cat..."

Zankowitz interrupted.

"I amo with Mr. Moffatt(a bow to me) but I also agree with Pistachic and Vranduski. (a bow to them) Attend! I explain: Moffatt says the blues song is immortal. I disagree. The blues cannot be considered real music. Real music comes from the heart..." He smote his chost. "From the soul..." He smote his head and was forced to readjust his spectacles. "But the blues come from the body...the physical—and is dressed up to appear as though? It came from the hast, you see? No, it isn't immortal. It is, shall we say, immoral?" He paused for the laugh. No one did. "Now! Moffatt says that the blues music did not originate in the deep south...in this place...what is it....Basin Street? He says that the blues were su ng in ancient times also. There, I agree with him—but only there. Otherwise, the Blues stink and are not here to stay, as the saying goes..."

Pistachio stood up. He waved his arms and popped out his eyes.
Then it is decided! The blues she is nothing! She will not

lastin

Vranduski murmured, "Bravo!"
Pistachio sat down. I stood up.

## The Threbouse Mines

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#### The Bughouse Blues (cont'd)

"You are entitled to your own opinion concerning the blues ... that is, whether they are or are not real music. But I assure you, gentlemen, that the blues have been sung for ages and am happy that Mr. Zankowitz agrees with me.

Zankowitz beamed.

"Yes, "he said, "I have noticed certain blues notes in my Irish ballads though, of course, I always try to suppress these ... er .... undesirable elements .... "

Vzanduski leaped to his feet thus forcing me toa sitting position. "So all right! So there are blues notes in Irish ballads! SO what? They are not so ancient! And Mr. Moffatt mentioned ancient music!

As they say in Japan, Wa ka re mas ka?"

"Wa ka re ma sen," I replied, "But where did you learn to speak Japanese?"

He thrust out his chest but it failed to overlap his stomach.

"I once played in The Mikado."

(I later learned that he did have a bit part in this Gilbert & Sulliven masterpaece and had apent weeks learning to speak Japanese. When he discovered that there is as much Jap lingo in The Mikado as there is English in Col. Stoopnagle's dictionary he attempted to commit suicide; he was caught in the nick of time by some kind heatted policeran...)

"Tell me. "I inquired. "What do you think of David's song poems?

And Solomon's for that matter?"

"David? Oh!You mean David The King by Gladys Schmitt?" "Well....yes. Though I had the Bible in mind..."

"Ah! So that's where she got her ideas! Stealing from the Bible .... Come to think of it, I read some of those Psalms and the Songs of Solomon some time ago --- that is --- "

"And the Book of Job and the Lamentations of the Prophet? " "Uh. yesss."

"And do you agree that the Bible is considered one of the best books of poetry by many of our literary boys?"

"Yesss...wonderful poetry. Wonderful song lyrics..."

"And when you read Job and the Lamentaions and the Song of Solomon ... what impression did it make on you?"

"Some of the sounds, they were so beautiful; they make me sigh. But mostly they make me feel blue ... "

I leaped to my feet. Vranduski fell to the bench. "There!" I shouted, "There you have it! You admit that those ancient songs made you feel blue. And that is exactly what a blues song is supposed to do! Huzzah!I win!"

Vranduski hung his head. Pistachio imitated the dejection of his employer.

Zankowitz srited. He patted Vranduski on the shoulder. "But the blues still stink," he consoled, "These modern blues, that is. Just because the blues have degenerated sown through the ages is no reason for you to weep. You still have your classical music. You still have Chopin and Bach and ... " (continued-next age)

## The Nucleoner Bluce (Bedrou)

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# The Bughouse Blues (cont'd)

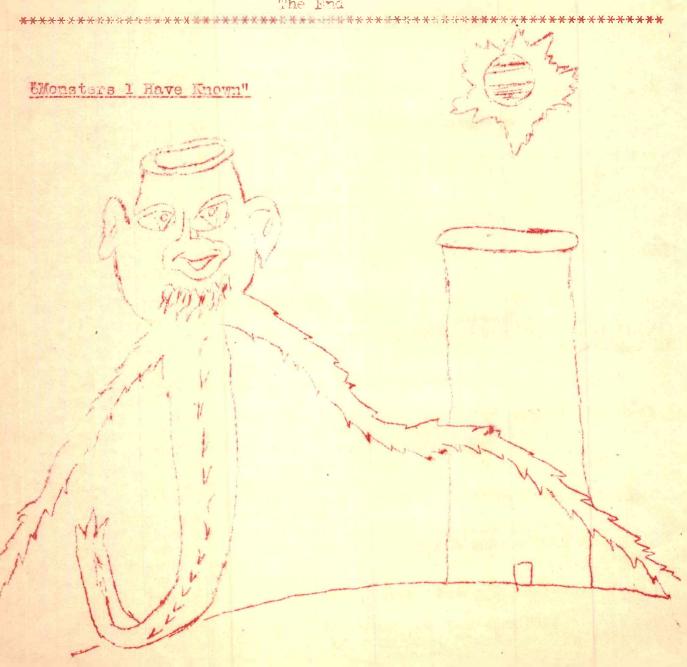
"Aw, shaddup!" growled Vranduski. "I-got-those-lost-an-argument-to-a-man-who-dunno-nothin'-about-music-Blues..." He began to hum softly.

Pistachio hurmed with him. Zankowitz yawned. A restful peace

settled over our little madded cell.

I stretched myself on the floor and wondered when the man in the white coats would ring us our supper.

The End



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Martin Can E September

