

SaFari

OCTOBER 1959

SAPS #49



JOURNEYS THROUGH THE TRUE-FAN JUNGLES OF DARKEST METROPOLIA

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is edited by Earl Kemp and published with more than the normal amount of assistance on the part of Jim O'Meara and Nancy Kemp. SaFari is NOT for sale. Please stop sending money. Outside SAPS SaFari serves as a letter-substitute to my long suffering friends, both of them.

SaFari, with the capital F, wishes to call your attention to Safari, without the upper-case F. Safari, I discovered last Saturday, is an amazing little portable TV manufactured by PHILCO. It was demonstrated here at the annual Stereo Show and captured my immediate attention. I was disappointed though, in not being able to get full details on the model to report to you. The demonstrator was so harried with questions and other gaukers that the most I was able to get out of him was "It sells for around \$208."

Safari, as I understand it, is the first totally portable TV. The model I saw, whether others exist or not, I do not know, was black plastic, approximately 7 inches thick, 18 inches high and ten inches wide. It features a gimmick fold-out antenna, and the most amazing picture set-up I've seen in eons.

The picture tube is one of those little things from far by-gone years, about 1½ inches across, but it points straight up, into a mirror and magnifying glass arrangement, like a periscope that tricks you optically into thinking you are seeing an image about 7 inches across.

It operates off a dry-cell battery, or 60 cycle AC, and the battery is re-chargeable. The sound was excellent, as was the picture.

I only wish I had more details to tell you about it. I suggest you go to your local PHILCO dealer and look into this little gem. Tell them SaFari sent you to see Safari.

[illegible]

If memory serves me correctly, the next issue of SaFari will be published on January 15, 1960. This being the case, Nancy and I both (with an assist from Jim) want to wish you

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

[illegible]

At the Detroit Convention I bought a copy of the FANCYCLOPEDIA II, perpetrated by fellow saps-man Richard Eney. I read the entire book through from cover to cover and found precious few mistakes. I feel sure that this will be a most valuable addition to my reference shelf, where it now resides. I cannot urge you too strongly to send the money \$1.25 for a copy to Eney. You will find it increasingly harder to obtain as time goes by, so send your money now. You will also find it a source of very valuable information. All true-fen should have a copy. Congratulations, Eney, on a job well done.

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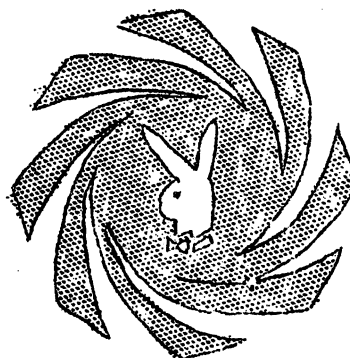
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REPORTING THE
PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL
CHICAGO STADIUM
August 7-8-9, 1959

WHEN HUGH HEFNER BEGAN Playboy magazine six years ago no one could have predicted that it would attain a circulation of close to a million copies. Earlier this year, when "Hef" announced that Playboy would sponsor a jazz festival no one could have predicted that it would draw 80,000 people to its concerts. Some had doubts whether the festival would be a success financially--others familiar with financially successful jazz festivals wondered whether it would be a musical success.

It would be quite a test, not only Chicago's first jazz festival, but the first jazz festival to be held in a major city; the others being held in resort areas.

A recent resurgence of jazz in Chicago may have been a factor in attracting some people to the festival but most of them undoubtedly came because going to catch jazz, or a jazz festival, has become the thing.

This was easily apparent by a glance at the audience at any of the five concerts that August 7-9 weekend. They were attentive when Brubeck, Bostic, the Four Freshmen, Dukes of Dixieland, Kenton, Christy, Connor and others of that type were on stand--but walked around, talked and laughed when groups such as J. J. Johnson and Coleman Hawkins were on. Also they were about as unhip as imaginable--even to the extent of clapping in the middle of the last line of Angel Eyes when Ella Fitzgerald paused between words, thinking it was the end of the song. They roared at the superficial humor Armstrong forced on his group with the appearance of Velma Middleton, bouncing and shaking her three hundred pounds around. Yet few (if any) dug the imitations of style and mannerisms that Don Elliot did of various vibists, the subtle humor of Sonny Rollins, tenorist Cliff Jordan's paraphrasing even as to the sound of J. J. Johnson with whom he appeared or Ella Fitzgerald's use of Sarah Vaughan's How High the Moon cliches in her own rendition of the tune.

The people on the main floor (the \$5.50 seats) of the Chicago Stadium were fairly well behaved. But to have to put out a lot of money just so you can hear

well, defeats one of the purposes of a festival or concert. The majority of the seats were in the balcony (general admission at \$1.10), making it possible to catch all five concerts for as much as it would cost for one or two nights at a jazz club. Teenagers and others (too young or too poor) who couldn't even afford one night at a jazz club could catch at least one concert.

Where else but at a festival can one hear so much jazz (time wise and style wise) and have such inconsiderate crowds destroy the one advantage of a festival? They were so noisy at one time that I barely heard one of Coleman Hawkins' numbers--and Hawkins hadn't been in Chicago in years. And as if the noise from the audience wasn't distracting enough there was hardly any amplification of the piano and bass.

Mort Sahl emceed all five concerts and he was by far the biggest disappointment. Sahl, who wanders brilliantly on almost everything in the news (continually changing his monologue almost entirely), was on for only a total of from 3½ to 8 minutes per concert, and used exactly the same material--with a few unnotable exceptions--each time.

Also appearing at each concert was the Henry Brandon Orchestra and the George Brunis Dixieland Band. They played before each concert and during each intermission. The Brandon group unfortunately played more than Brunis. A glance at the band's personnel gave the impression that they were all either too young or too old to get a job with a more prominent band. Although their ages may have reached both extremes, their playing certainly didn't. It was just the sort of orchestra, playing hokey swing, that appears at many poor high school dances.

Brunis is one of the few remaining good dixie trombonists, but he usually just fools around. Here however, he played with taste and imagination for the most part.

The opening concert Friday night (a benefit performance for the Chicago Urban League) was totally the most satisfying of the five sessions. Besides the near 19,000 audience and 200 newsmen, over 50 photographers were on hand. The National Broadcasting Company and the Armed Forces Network taped the entire concert. For this one concert Sahl even discarded his sweater and donned a charcoal grey Ivy League suit and stayed on for the longest time--the aforementioned eight minutes.

The Count Basie band opened the concert still managing (thanks to a few good soloists such as trumpeter Thad Jones) to put some excitement into tired numbers and tired arrangements. Fifteen minutes later Kai Winding and his all-trombone orchestra were dragged onto the stage. When he and J. J. Johnson broke up, J. J. decided to go another way, feeling that the trombone duo had been run into the ground. Kai evidently didn't feel that way and started a group featuring three trombones besides his own. The main result has been an exaggeration of all that was wrong with the Jay and Kai group. Also Kai seldom solos, the others are poor soloists and even Kai's own solos are uninteresting, though in the bop era he was an excellent soloist. Even the group's imitations of other trombonists lacks life.

Next came Dakota Staton, appropriately backed by the Brandon orchestra. She sang as usual in that sharp whiney voice, doing uninspired interpretations of Sarah Vaughan and Carmen MacRae, adding her usual horrible cliches. As if her singing voice isn't bad enough, I discovered that she talks that way too. Her singing faults were amplified when she sang The Party's Over, twisting all feeling out of the tune.

Dizzy Gillespie's quintet was next up and Dizzy played the best I've heard him in recent years. This is very satisfying as I was afraid at one time that his time had ended, despite his great work during the early years of bop. Every time I heard Miles--who himself has made a comeback in '55 I thought of Dizzy's poor work. Now if only the musicians in Diz' group played

equally as well. The bassist and drummer are all right, and pianist Junior Mance (who is slowly finding himself and losing Horace Silver) is excellent, but the other soloist, flutist-guitarist Les Spann, is terrible and always seems to be getting in the way of Diz and Junior with his atrocious comping.

Brubeck was his usual self. He frequently plays a time different than drummer Joe Morello's and the audience was no different by way of its clapping.

Miles Davis' Sextet (sans tenorist John Coltrane) followed. The recent slight change in personnel is all to the good--Jimmy Cobb, an excellent drummer, might not be quite as good as Philly Joe Jones but pianist Wynton Kelly (formerly with Dinah Washington) is far better than Red Garland. Kelly can play beautifully inspired blues without any of the blues cliches many soloists resort to. Altoist Cannonball Adderley has perhaps too much gusto for Miles' subdued playing, yet it is this driving spirit that makes his solos so great. But there was little ensemble playing in the group as is the usual case. No matter how good Miles, Cannonball and Wynton played individually I kept hoping there'd be ensemble playing with good interplay but there wasn't. This lack of ensemble playing is characteristic of much East Coast jazz but that is mainly because much of it, especially record wise, is done by musicians who don't normally play together and are only jamming together. The best of the East Coast groups do have good ensemble playing, reaching near perfection in the groups of Charlie Mingus and Horace Silver. The support and assistance the musicians give each other in these two groups is amazing, as are the results. If Miles' group (composed of six excellent musicians) did this their playing would always be stimulating, rather than just very enjoyable, as it was that Friday night.

Count Basie returned to close the show (which lasted four hours) with vocalist Joe Williams. Williams' drive whipped the band into an excitement they hadn't achieved at the opening. But as much as Williams' singing swings like crazy (it drove the audience to wild foot stomping and hand clapping), it is totally lacking in any blues feeling and thus grows weary after a while.

Saturday afternoon Duke Ellington opened the concert (after Brunis' group brought things to life by playing while wandering up and down the aisles), and an uninspired opening it was. Cat Anderson's screeching high notes, tenorist Paul Gonsalves' endless unimaginative solos and the wooden rhythm section all grow tiring within a short time.

The Jimmy Giuffre Three followed with its subtle folk-inspired jazz. What the group did was good but I wish they had dug deeper into the numbers and gotten more out of them. They took only a brief excursion with each number.

Next came the Signatures, a highly polished, three-woman, two-man, vocal-instrumental group. Accompanying themselves, they did such songs as Old Man River and April in Paris. If you like the Four Freshmen enough to want another Four Freshmen group but with girls in it, this is your dish.

Then came what has become the most successful all-family group since Guy Lombardo--the Dukes of Dixieland. They ran through their old and worn charts, paraded around, tried to hit high notes, in short did everything except play jazz (or even music) and the audience loved it.

Next came the Oscar Peterson trio for a brief stint after the intermission. He has seldom sounded better. Drummer Ed Thigpen fills out the trio better than did guitarist Herb Ellis, giving Peterson the proper support for his full-bodied powerful playing. Thigpen (who had been with Billy Taylor) is one of those rarities, a good trio drummer (he doesn't just play in the background).

The audience, or at least I was spared some agony (the audience would probably have enjoyed it), as rock and roll singer Bobby Darin failed to appear. Frank D'Rone replaced him. Though D'Rone was better than Darin probably

would have been, he certainly doesn't belong at a concert. He has a pleasant voice and style but is of the type you enjoy only while having a drink in a night club with a girl.

Duke Ellington returned in a subservient manner--backing Jimmy Rushing. Ellington's backing left much to be desired, but Mister Five by Five's singing didn't. His urban blues style gave life and depth to such tunes as Sent For You Yesterday and Going to Chicago. The latter tune has been recorded recently by Joe Williams, who has a more powerful voice than Rushing, but Rushing proved that it takes more than a powerful voice to sing that song with feeling and meaning. Certainly this was the way to end a concert.

At the Saturday evening concert, Don Elliot (on trumpet, vibes and mellophone) was accompanied by the Eddie Higgins trio, which always seems to be all over Chicago. Higgins is a fairly good (but repetitious) pianist, bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Walter Perkins are two of the four best rhythm men in Chicago. Elliot is both a good showman and a good jazz star. He played each instrument well and with good ideas (unlike the Australian Jazz Quintet of a few years back). His imitations of such vibists as Terry Gibbs, Lionel Hampton and Milt Jackson were perfected to even include their every mannerism. These are a gas to watch if you're in the know, which the audience for the most part wasn't.

Next came Earl Bostic--that's right Earl Bostic. Well if the Blue Note books him, why can't the Playboy Jazz Festival? Bostic had even composed a number especially for the festival. Or at least that's what he claimed--it didn't sound any different than all his other noise if you ask me. Bostic honked and squeaked on his alto while the audience went crazy--proving that while Norman Granz may have broken up his Jazz at the Philharmonic tours the JATP spirit lingers on.

Playboy had offered \$20,000 to Frank Sinatra for one show but he turned it down as filming began Monday on his next film. But half way thru the second half the lights dimmed, a voice announced the sudden arrival of a special guest singer, Henry Brandon's band began to play The Lady is a Tramp and a figure in cigarette and porkpie hat walked onto the stage. After one chorus he left. It wasn't Sinatra//see note 1// but (almost) sing-and-look-alike Duke Hazlett, a regular at a Chicago night club.

Jack Teagarden closed the first half of the concert. There were only two weaknesses in his performance. One was his habit of playing the same old numbers. But then T has been around so long there are dozens of numbers that have become closely associated with him, leaving few he can play which he hasn't played thousands of times before. The second weakness was the rest of his group. A couple were the typical old men playing dixieland from memory sans feeling and ideas. The only exception was the young collegiate-looking drummer who, though a fair drummer, just didn't fit in. With so many excellent musicians around who fit in well with Teagarden (such as tenorist Lucky Thompson) and are frequently without jobs, I wish T would pick up some of them, doing the audience, his group and the musicians themselves a favor.

The "Master of Musical Cliche," Ahmad Jamal opened the second half. The only talented person in his trio is bassist Israel Crosby who somehow managed to hold things together. Drummer Vernell Fournier continually, and with a heavy hand, rode the ride symbol--producing nothing but a steady "ching, ching, ching." In between his lengthy pauses during his solos, pianist Jamal kept repeating worn-out cliches or bits from other songs which didn't fit in at all --or perhaps actually did since his playing lacked any structure//see note 2//.

After Jamal, the Lambert, Hendricks and Ross vocal group appeared with Basie for what was the most totally satisfying part of the concert. Individually each are excellent singers and they fit themselves together well. They were more free at the concert than they are on records, sometimes doing strai-

ght improvising rather than following previously improvised instrumental solos. A joyous gas.

Count Basie closed the concert with an assist from Joe Williams (who had joined Lambert, Hendricks and Ross for a number) as had been done the previous night. There was little actual duplication in the numbers played but still they all sounded the same.

Stan Kenton's aggregation opened both the afternoon and evening concerts Sunday with overly long sets. But then even if he had played only a short time it would have seemed long. Everything Kenton did sounded the same, arrangement and solo wise. Tired latin rhythms that never did fit into the arrangement (i.e. Intermission Riff). The soloists just blew notes in undistinguishable styles. Since tenorist Bill Perkins and trombonist Jimmy Knepper left the organization, Kenton now finds himself without a decent soloist. Maybe in the future he might have to (if they want any part of him) hire a negro //see note 3//.

At the afternoon concert pianist-singer Nina Simone followed Kenton, she was a pleasure to hear and promises more. In both her singing and playing she displayed both sophistication and a rural blues quality. How she will develop these qualities remains to be seen, it was enjoyable however to see her in this stage of development.

Sonny Rollins followed, backed by Cranshaw and Perkins. Rollins has been working in the tenor, bass and drums idiom for some time now but unfortunately his bassists and drummers have often left much to be desired. But here Cranshaw and Perkins kept things swinging throughout and participated excellently in the interplay, always responding to the ideas Rollins threw out. Rollins himself was in top form, pouring out an endless stream of ideas but still not tossing one away until he has played with it, turning out many fine variations upon it.

Mellow-voiced Dave Allen followed. Though good, it was hard to enjoy him in this setting. What I said concerning D'Rone also applies here.

The Austin High Gang appeared next. Jimmy McPartland, trumpet; Bud Freeman, tenor; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Art Hodes, piano and George Wettling, drums--excellent musicians all--and they didn't fool around. McPartland and Russell sounded good but it was the smooth playing of Freeman that was the most satisfying. He gained little attention at the concert but perhaps soon his melodic solos will attract a wider audience because of the results of Lester Young's death, as Young's playing bared a strong resemblance to Freeman's. McPartland invited Brunis to play for a while and everything was lifted to greater heights. Brunis clicked well with the group and it was good to hear him play great on the stand instead of off on the sidelines.

After the intermission, the Four Freshmen came on stand and passed off their ear-shattering way of distorting melodies as jazz.

Then the Kenton band returned and was joined by ex-Kenton singer and the first of a long line of Anita O'Day carbon copies, June Christy. The Misty Miss was pleasant to hear as long as you didn't listen well enough to discover that the mist covered emptiness. And with that the concert ended.

After the Kenton opening Sunday evening, came the J. J. Johnson Quintet with Clifford Jordan, tenor; Cedar Walton, piano; James DeBrest, bass and Albert Heath (bassist Percy's brother), drums. They did a fast run through four numbers with the rhythm section barely audible due to the poor audio. J. J. and Clifford played imaginatively and beautifully interwove the two lines of Mysterioso, a number whose solos contained some clever variations on the simple Thelonious Monk theme.

Ella Fitzgerald followed, her singing showing an amazing amount of taste, but her shortcomings were still apparent. Her approach to each song was the same--only the tempo changed--and there was little feeling for the lyrics.

There wasn't any blues feeling in Lover Come Back To Me and no joy or happiness in You Make Me Feel So Young and You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me. Her first two skat choruses on How High the Moon were among the most beautiful and well-constructed skat singing I've ever heard. But the audience didn't dig her skat until she started throwing in repetitious cliches, imitations of a bowed bass and bits of A Tisket, A Tasket.

After the intermission, Coleman Hawkins came on with Higgins, Cranshaw and Perkins. Hawk's playing was the highpoint of the festival. In his mid-fifties now, Hawk played great during the 1920's, the 30's, the 40's, the 50's and that night's performance indicated that he will undoubtedly be playing great through the 60's. He led off with All The Things You Are. His opening chorus was a bit choppy but in his return after an inaudible chorus by Higgins he had gotten beneath the surface melody to create his own beautifully flowing melody. A blues followed which began with a subtle repetition of the melodic phrase used in Everyday but before he had a chance to get anywhere in his solo the crowd was clapping with wild abandon, few paying any attention to Hawk and blotting out almost all sound of his playing. All that I heard was an occasional loud honk. Next Hawk started improvising immediately on Body And Soul, not even stating the theme. Though excellent, Hawk struggled with it--perhaps trying to create a new solo creatively equal to his '39 recording of the tune. Unfortunately every time Hawk plays Body And Soul people start comparing it to that recording instead of judging it by itself. I sometimes wish Hawk would abandon the tune temporarily. A swinging medium up-tempo Just You, Just Me brought his set to a close. Hawkins was so impressed with his accompaniment, he told them he wants to fly them to New York every time he has a concert appearance there. And that afternoon, Rollins told Cranshaw and Perkins he wanted to take them on the road with him. But the group is going to remain in Chicago--for now at least.

Red Nichols and his Five Pennies followed playing the most sterile jazz of the festival. Their set consisted mainly of medleys (with occasional solos) of such tunes as 'S Wonderful, Chinatown, Ballin' the Jack and Ja-Da, the latter accompanied by singing from the audience.

As if sterile jazz wasn't bad enough Chris Connor followed with the most atrocious attempt at singing I've ever heard. I'll take r'n'r which at least has a beat. Chris has always had a flat, short ranged voice but has managed to give some flavor to ballads with her pseudo-sexiness. She did only one ballad, Misty and then just mumbled the lyrics. I never saw her lips move once. The other three tunes she did were an unrhythmic I Got Rhythm, a bluesless Senor Blues in which even the 7/4 rhythms were mangled by a terrible rhythm section and a Lover Come Back to Me in which she didn't even bother with phrasing. To make things worse Chris has put on so much weight she's lost all attractiveness.

Next came the most artistically varied set of the festival. Louis Armstrong, came on a few minutes after 12 (the concert had begun at 8:15) and remained on until 12:50. But the last half of his set consisted of numbers devoted to each of his untalented accompanists. Including Velma Middleton who came on and attacked the stage by throwing all her weight on it in every conceivable manner. During the first half Satch expressed himself mainly by singing, he took few solos and they were brief. But these, despite the occasional lack of sharpness, were full of spirit and excellent conception making the whole thing worthwhile.

That was the festival as far as the concerts went, but there were also two panel discussions and an art and photography exhibit.

Saturday morning the film Cry of Jazz was shown and discussed by a panel that included Leonard Feather as moderator and Dom Cerulli (Down Beat's former New York editor), George Avakian (who left Columbia as jazz a and r man to go to Warner Bros. and produce the Kookie record), Edward Bland (Negro producer of the film) and Joe Williams.

Technically the film was fair but (with poor editing) content wise it was contrived and superficial. It began at a mixed race, home party where people around 20 years old were discussing jazz. The filming (and their acting) reminded me of those horrible high school films which begin at a classroom discussion. The basic premise of the film is that jazz is dying, just as the American Negro is dying, and the latter is especially bad because the only true hope for the world is the American Negro. The panelists, of course, ignored the latter ideas and concentrated solely on whether jazz was dying or not. A rather ridiculous discussion ensued. Mainly because noone bothered to clarify what each meant by the dying of jazz until the very end when several questions were brought up by the audience. Each person should have set up definitions, and these in turn should have been discussed.

Jazz, like any art form is developing. Because of this changing process it cannot help but lose some of its original characteristics--at the same time gaining others. The nature of the characteristics gained by the music will determine whether the music remains jazz or not. No matter what happens to it, all of its previous modes will still exist, on records, and artists will undoubtedly try to recreate them.

Mr. Bland feels that jazz died in the late '30's--in the pre-bop days. If he wants to believe that, let him--let us not destroy one of the wonderful things about art, the wide amount of individuality and thought that can be applied to it. But then what must be done is for Mr. Bland and the other panelists to discuss the music that followed (after Mr. Bland defined jazz) on its own ground. This would call for Mr. Bland to dismiss any prejudgments he may have against the music, because of it being passed off as jazz.

The other critics were in relative agreement that jazz was progressing and thriving. A complaint was made that nothing really new had happened in jazz since the creation of bop some fifteen years ago. Much that is new has happened though, it just hasn't been as radical and as thorough as bop. In a music searching as wildly for new directions as is jazz (and striking out in dozens of them simultaneously) one cannot expect such a wide change so soon.

Regarding Bland's other two theories which were neglected at the panel discussion. The American Negro is dying, he believes, because whites have closed so many fields and directions to him. Thus his life can only be a repititious recreation of the present.

Unfortunately to some extent this is true. But it isn't completely true, new fields and directions, at an ever increasing rate are being opened to him. Thus his life is not a recreation of the present. Once widely admitted, what will he choose to do? Will he continue striving for more and better things (things here not meaning material goods only) or will he become like the majority--shuning progress and anything which is important on a wide scale and voteing for father symbols, reading newspapers with humorous home-spun news and news magazines which, through cleverness, avoid all but that which is emotional? This leads me to question his other belief--that the only true hope for the world is in the American Negro. What of the Negroes who have deserted their race (and I'm not advocating apartheid here) to pass, at least part of the time as whites, participating in the white American culture at its worst and ignoring the problems of the Negro? What about the Negro who cares

only about himself? The Negroes presented in the film were intelligent and well-educated (not necessarily meaning they had degrees, it's possible to have a degree and still not be educated) and certainly in these there was hope for the world, just as there is in any similar group in any culture or sub-culture.

Mr. Bland kept stressing that the Negro had suffered and this was what made them so important. Hasn't every group had to go through some suffering at one time or another (let's not go into comparing degrees and kinds of suffering)?

Extrapolating Mr. Bland's hopes into the future, what will happen when the world does turn to the American Negro for hope? The American Negro won't be suffering any more (at least not doing the kind of suffering Mr. Bland makes so important)! Having reached this stage of development they will be almost completely isolated from their suffering of the past.

Sunday morning a panel moderated again by Feather and including Gene Lees (Down Beat editor, formerly music and drama critic with the Louisville Courier) Jack Teagarden, Nesuhi Ertegun (a and r man at Atlantic records) and singers Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks discussed "New Directions in Jazz." The discussion started out well but soon lost all sight of the subject until the questioning period at the end. But it always remained interesting and revealing.

Mr. Ertegun began by saying that jazz would not merge with classical music and that improvisation in jazz would not die--although under the existing conditions one could not always expect excellent improvisation, and thus arrangement was important.

Mr. Lees brought up the fact that jazz had covered as much ground in 1/20th or so the time (I forget the exact figure) as classical music and was now paralleling classical music. (As long as it does no more than parallel it, it's okay.) But jazz in its early years, up until at least 1940, drew mainly upon other musics while classical music had to struggle mainly on its own, though of course it did draw much from folk musics. Now jazz also has to struggle mainly on its own and thus the progress is slow.

Teagarden had found jazz getting too mechanical, and Lees said jazz was getting too serious and technical as was most contemporary classical music. Lees mentioned the emptiness of most of the works commissioned by the Louisville Symphony Orchestra (the orchestra commissions at least six works a year to encourage contemporary writing and records them on its own label), hinting that jazz may become this way.

Feather said that he found John Lewis' work to be too serious and technical. Ertegun agreed (the Modern Jazz Quartet, of which Lewis is musical director and pianist, records for him) although he found Lewis' The Golden Striker light and humorous.

Humor is important in any art, said Lees, as it gives relief for contrast. That's what is good about Lambert, Hendrick and Ross, Feather pointed out, their singing is filled with humor.

Was the current flood of lp's good or bad, Feather asked? A musician can't keep finding new ideas to record all the time, Teagarden said, that was why he made so few records. Ertegun agreed that too many records were being released but he showed that there was little hope for change because of the importance of recording for a jazzman's survival. What was needed, Ertegun said (and I feel that this could lessen the importance of recording), was for more jazz to be played on the radio.

But there wasn't just a deficiency of jazz on radio, Lees pointed out, there was also a deficiency of good concert music--only trash is played. There was hope for the future (according to Lees), since the trash attracts only kids and kids don't buy products--thus the trash will soon lose sponsors. This is pure nonsense, I think, the kids will buy products in a matter of years, so

why not hit them now, when they're impressionable so the products' names will stick in their minds.

Festivals, were they a help or a hindrance to jazz, Feather asked? Ertegun thought that not too many groups were presented at a festival. Twenty to 25 minutes was enough time for them to say what they have to say. However, Feather pointed out, Duke Ellington and Erroll Garner successfully split an entire concert at the French Lick festival. But, he pointed out, these were musicians who could sustain that long.

Two advantages of jazz festivals were, according to Feather, that they brought jazz to people who wouldn't otherwise hear it and, according to Lees, people got a wide sampling of jazz and thus could widen their interests. The intolerance shown by the audience at the Playboy Festival to groups that didn't interest them, refuted Lees' point.

Feather said there was too much non-jazz at festivals. It didn't belong, Ertegun added, the festivals were just going too much for big names.

Every style of jazz should be represented, Teagarden said, and the festival should also bring over foreign jazz groups.

Feather brought up the matter of the 20% entertainment tax, a "war-time" measure which forces clubs to pay 20% of their intake (excluding operating expenses) to the government. This cost, said Lees, created a lack of opportunity for not only jazz musicians, but comedians and singers as well. Both Lees and Teagarden suggested that people write to their congressmen urging repeal of the tax.

In response to a question from the audience, Lees said he felt jazz was searching too much for form and could easily be pressured into a form from outside the music which didn't fit.

The question of how much form (and thus restriction) jazz has, was discussed at both panel sessions. A wide variety of answers were given, but nothing was done with them.

At the end of the discussion, when the panelists were wondering about hope for the future (for jazz and music as a whole) Ertegun said that his daughter had been brought up on jazz since she was two and now brings home rock and roll records.

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The festival also sponsored an exhibit of "jazz-inspired art and photography" which was held in the Sherman Hotel Art Gallery the week prior to and during the festival.

Much of the art was loaned by Playboy magazine, and it showed. It was good art for an article but that was it, it was never meant to be on exhibit on the walls of an art gallery or even a home. This was especially obvious on a few which had been touched up with opaque. There were a few good portraits, both line drawings and paintings in which only two colors were used, but they failed to capture the mood and excitement of jazz. The wide variety of strokes and colors an artist can use (his imagination and ability are his only limitations) are of special value to an artist working on jazz, a music with so much force and emotion. (One slightly modern painting of a jazz group looked more like a chamber group.) That this has not yet been taken advantage of, with few exceptions, shows the immature stage that jazz art is in.

Photography is also in the same stage. The photography at the exhibit, just like most photography in jazz magazines and books, looks as if the photographer set his camera on the edge of the stand and snapped the picture (with technically correct exposure and focus, of course). There was no use of angles, various exposures and little eye for composition--the easiest thing to do in photography. Only one photo showed some imagination, Don Bronstein's

"Bespeckled Clarinet" and that had poor composition.

But since photography is being accepted as an art form later than jazz was accepted, one cannot expect as much of jazz photography as one can of jazz art itself.

Whether the festival was a success or not depends upon what you're looking for, and how much of it you want. I'll go next year only if musicians are presented which I want to see and cannot see at a night club or civilized concert in Chicago.

Financially, and as far as Playboy is concerned, the festival was a success. The magazine claims its expenses were \$200,000 and the gross about \$213,000. It is not unreasonable to suppose that they padded the hell out of their expenses to make it sound good, so they could have made a tidy sum. The festival will be an annual thing now. Dr. Nathaniel Calloway, President of the Urban League, was so satisfied with the League's Friday night benefit that he wants to repeat it next year. "Everything's been so great we'd like to make this an annual event," he said. And there was even talk of Playboy holding three (Chicago, New York and Los Angeles) simultaneous festivals next year, with the musicians flying back and forth between them.

+ +

EDITOR'S INTERRUPTIONS - - -

It was quite a task for me to read through this piece without going into violent arguments, at least with myself, and disagreements with Jerry on several points. I have managed to cut them down to the following three notes that definitely need comment:

NOTE1: The Hazlet/Sinatra fiasco. In a recent telephone conversation to Playboy magazine, for the expressed purpose of getting to the bottom of this, some, I'm sure charming, young lady insisted to me that it was Duke Hazlett, and that there was no attempt to make it appear that it was Sinatra, and that furthermore, it was announced at the time of his appearance that it was Hazlett. I beg to differ with her, I was there, and at no time was there any audible mention of it being Hazlett. It was introduced as a "Playboy extra" and after Hazlett had finished the one, poor chorus of The Lady is a Tramp, Sahl came on stage, shook his hand, and said to the audience, "It was nice of Frank to drop buy and pick up the \$20,000, wasn't it?" Underscore is mine. Draw your own conclusions.

NOTE 2: Perhaps my most violent disagreement with Jerry is in his treatment of Ahmad Jamal. When he appeared, well into the evening, he received the biggest round of applause for the evening. Admittedly this was topped later in the Basie frenzy, and admittedly the accoustics for Jamal's delicate keyboard work were deplorable (this condition I was glad to see, was somewhat rectefied by Sunday evening). The exuberance and applause from the audience at the completion of Taboo left little doubt as to the high regard of the audience for Jamal's work, nor indeed for his secure place in the jazz field.

NOTE 3: I must confess I am at a complete loss to understand this remark. Especially since I remember quite vividly Kenton's concert tour of several years ago (around 1950?) that featured, among others, the incomparable Candido. Not to mention, off hand, the Kenton records that featured King Cole, Jam-Bo and Orange Colored Sky. Admittedly, both Cole and Candido are "big name" enough to fall outside the category of race, and into the category of artist, but I feel sure if I had time I could dig up a few more examples to refute Jerry's implication.

AN OPEN LETTER TO: Science-Fiction Times, Inc.
P. O. Box 115, Solvay Branch
Syracuse 9, New York

Dear Fugghead House:

I am against Mr. Taurasi's (let's differentiate, Sr., not Jr.) singular proposal for a New York convention in 1964. I am irrevocably opposed to any disruption of the present rotation plan as it applies to sf conventions.

It would be unfair to ask some west-division city to step aside so 2 east-division cities could have the convention 2 years running. It would be inconsiderate, to say the least, to expect convention-going fans (a category apparently excluding S-F Times) to go to either Washington or Philadelphia in 1963; again to New York 1 year later. In view of the fact that Washington has been campaigning for 2 years, Philly for 1, it would be stupid to expect them to withdraw in favor of a west-division city for 1963 so the east-division could have 1964.

Just to clear the records, the 25th Anniversary SF Convention, most everyone knows, will fall in 1967, not 1964. You are quite correct in calling 1964, the 25th Anniversary year of the first convention, due to the war-time lapses, but kindly do not try to take away anything that belongs to the 1967 consite by usurping it in 1964.

Why would it be necessary to change the Labor Day tradition? The July 4th weekend is just as busy, just as deadly and a damn lot hotter. Most of us will long remember the last New York con, not by reason of any cooperative action on the part of the New York groups, but simply because of the HOT Biltmore.

Are you so naive as to suppose that the support of a few non-fan oriented magazine editors is all you need for a convention? Do you think that fans have the time to prepare the display that you suggest they make for their fanzines, much less to think they can dig up enough scratch to pay for that much display space even if it is from a convention committee, much less if, as you suggest, space be rented within the grounds of the world's fair itself for housing this display. And I venture to suggest that precious few professional magazines, even assuming the possibility of there being such an item by 1964, could finance such a display.

Obviously you haven't attended many conventions. An adequate convention leaves NO time for anything but the convention, short of a few taxi rides to recommended eateries. How many cities have you been to where you never left the convention hotel? What makes you think 1964 would be any different? How many fans do you honestly think, can afford to extend their convention stay additional days in order to take in something extra? I have every intention of going to the fair, if there is one held, in 1964, I also have every present intention of attending the 1964 convention. I further have every intention of doing all I can to see that the 2 events are spaced apart, in separate locales, to ease the concentrated financial pinch of a prolonged stay in one undoubtedly hot, undoubtedly expensive hotel.

If you honestly feel that you can enter the race now, with no apparent record of participation in fan politics (or convention attending) and disrupt the procedure and foundation of 21 previous conventions then more power to you. If you did nothing more than bring about unity within the New York area your effort would not have been wasted.

As I have said, I am against the entire project, and I hope that everyone else is, and will write you, and let you know why.

The truth will come if the proposal ever goes before a convention for a vote. I will actively campaign against it, and offer my support to any qualified west-division city who wants, and should rightfully have the 1964 con.

If the majority rules that I am wrong you will find me willing and able to assist you in any way possible, once fandom at large has voted you the con.

Most sincerely,

Earl Kemp

G | L GOLDING | N G

BY SIDNEY COLEMAN

This is not a review of the latest William Golding novel. Here is why:

In 1938, John Dickson Carr published a lovely mystery novel called The Crooked Hinge. Much of the joy in this story comes from the audacity of its denouement; I don't want to go into detail, but the central revelation is that one of the characters, the murderer, has no legs. Normally this would be the worst kind of unfairness-to-the-reader, but the novel is so skillfully constructed that dozens of incidents that, on first reading, appear to advance the plot, establish character, set atmosphere, or be clues in the mundane, time-table sense, appear in retrospect to have double roles--they are really glaringly obvious evidences, symbolic signposts pointing to the central improbability of leglessness.

Now, imagine the predicament of a reviewer of mystery stories trying to explain the virtues of this book. He can't mention leglessness; he can't even intimate it--that would be giving away the surprise in a book where surprise is all-important. Yet how can he explain the peculiar, the wonderful, virtues of The Crooked Hinge without it?

The situation is ten times as bad with William Golding's The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin. At least in the case of The Crooked Hinge, although leglessness is at the base of everything, it is not at the center; there is much in the novel it does not touch. But in Christopher Martin that overwhelming surprise which I can only call "It", for like that of God, Its true name can not be mentioned, permeates everything; It is woven through the obvious texture of the novel like warp through woof.

Indeed, I have probably already revealed too much of the nature of It by mentioning It here, for you know now that It exists, and that It is fantastic in nature. The ideal reader of Christopher Martin should have no suspicion, until he is halfway through, that he is reading anything but a mundane, albeit somewhat morbid, novel about a man marooned on a rock in the middle of the Atlantic.

And then, ah, and then, the first twinges of discomfort appear; things grow stranger and stranger; It appears on the horizon; and when It finally comes forward, in the last chapter, clearly and unmistakably, the major part of the book performs an astounding gyration; words rearrange themselves to form quite other sentences than the ones they made up on first reading, like one of those trick pictures where a group of figures turns, on the blink of an eye, into a staring and unmistakable face.

So, in order to save for you this pleasure, I must refrain from taking apart and displaying the inner parts of this wondrously contrived mechanism, and am reduced to delphic praise and frenzied hortatory gestures. The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin is powerful, moving, surprising, exciting, wonderful. It is a tour de force, a coup de grace, and a roman candle. It is one of the half-dozen or so great fantastic novels that I know of. If you can't get a copy from the library, go out and buy one; the book has been remaindered. If you can't buy a copy, write to me and I'll lend you mine. Read it!

=====

THE SIRENS SOUNDED LAST NIGHT

We had a panic. Here there be a baseball team known as "White Sox". Last night, in Cleveland they won the game that cinched their leadership in the National League for 1959, if anyone gives a damn, I don't. There was mild celebration around abouts, a few drunks and lots of horn-tooting. Forty-five minutes later, the sirens sounded. It was ten-thirty PM, the signal sounded was "Red Alert." And all hell broke loose! The "Red Alert" signs lit up at the telephone exchanges, and people calling in to the operators with a "why fo?" got the message back from them, "This is a red alert, take cover." A large segment of the pupulation uprooted sleeping children and headed for the basement, arms loaded with canned goods. Another large segment went rushing up and down the streets in their birthdays or what ever they happened to be sleeping in.

I surmised that it could possibly be a salute to the Sox, but why the hell, I wondered, hadn't they sent the "All Clear" signal? I tried the telephone. On a private line, it took me 3 minutes to get a dial tone. I first tried the operator, no answer, after two minutes I tried information, no answer, after two minutes I tried the local police station, no answer, after two minutes I tried the Chicago Tribune, no answer, after two minutes called NBC, MIRACLE, an answer. "Why fo the noise?" asked I. "The Sox won." Said he. "A hell of a damn note," says I, "that was an hour ago, and will never be an excuse for Red Alert."

Today there has been much discussion about why the Federally owned sirens were brought into play for a local incident, which was apparently of interest to a few people. The state office of Civil Defense denied any knowledge of why they were used, and said they would have forbidden use of them, had they any foreknowledge. The Fire Commissioner, he who gave the order to push the button said it came directly from our honorable Mayor Daley. Mayor Daley is out of town, so no comment is forthcoming from him.

The Federal authorities locally are investigating to see if it was legal to use the horns. The outraged citizens of Chicago are wondering if it was legal to terrorize so many children and women. And they were terrified, especially the children, more than the adults, because they have been taught that the sound means run for your life, and they tried it last night, after being rudely awakened by the screaming noise.

Inevitably it brings to mind the boy who cried "wolf." I hope to God that the next "wolf" cry never comes, because now who could believe it?

MCs

DEAR FRIENDS OF FANDOM:

Regarding the SAPS # 48 Mailing

RAY C. HIGGS: Sapstype. Your bit about censorship and removing the zines from the stands hits home here. We do work for Capital News Company, a magazine distributor (handles Ballantine books among others) locally and much to their surprise they were raided a couple of weeks ago, cops took every copy of 52 different magazines, & in addition hit them with a "peddlin pornography" charge. The newsstands have mysteriously cleaned up locally too. For a while, even ROGUE was on the forbidden list, arbitrarily issued by the Corporate Counsel of Chicago. ## Y our campaign to get Tosky to Detroit was successful, I met him there, more of which might come later.

LARRY STONE: Coaster. NC

NANCY SHARE: Ignatz #21. NC

WALLY WEBBER: Creep. Enjoyed your "Truth About the Westercon" very much, thank you. This is an example of good intelligent reporting.

ELINOR BUSBY: Fendenizen #13. Seems like there was unanimous applause for Bjo's cover, which I see you commented on too. Will you please tell Buz how sorry I was to hear about his father? Maybe I'll make more sane comments next round.

RICHARD BROWN: Poor Richard's Almanac #5. Your bit about ice-skating brings to mind my own trials & tribulations at the same "sport". I used to roller skate every possible minute, this would be around 12 years ago, but I only went ice-ing once. That was enough. (In the first place, we never had any ice where I came from, hence no opportunity.) My ankles bouckled like a wet soda straw, I took off the skates, never to return again.

F. M. BUSBY: Retro #13. Buz, I was particularly appreciative of your "sex-wise" comments. It too, like Rich's ice-skates, brought back old and fond, old and horrid memories. I too used to think, "man-oh-man, what a crazy immoral, mixed up guy am I." Fortunately Kinsey came along and tole me it was all more or less normal type, with no real roman candles. Since then I've felt remarkably relieved. Course there were other things adding to this relief, like age and patience and practice, all the virtues, I suppose. But I've also pulled the "father, tell me about the birds and bees" routine for several friends who could spiel the four letters in front of me, but somehow couldn't approach the subject at home. I hope to God I helped them. Someday we should get some other 'older SAPSsters' (my single quotes) together and compile a manual of "What every young SAPS-man should know." Do you think Tosk would send it through the mailing? About the Vodka bit, I had my share, and yours too, at Detroit. Had a swell time, but missed you & Elinor.

OTTO PFEIFER: BOG #10. My 4-year old son is no flying do-gooder, at least not a terrestrial type, but Superman-Reeves' suicide did have an affect on him. I came home from work one day, pooped, & collapsed in my ezchair and he approached me solemnly, "know what, dad?" asked he, "Superman kill himself." Yours to Bjo about spiders. I think I can top all of you here. When I was very young, a spider of the tree variety, bit me on the big toe, account of I was bare-foot. It hurt, this I remember, & I had to soak my big toe in turpentine for many a long hour before the swelling would go away and leave me in peace. It is not a pasttime that I recommend, being bitten on big toes by spiders, however I do recommend bare-footedness.

LEE JACOBS: TTT Revisted. What's this Revisted bit? Otherwise NC

ED COX: Maine-iac #17. NC

BURNETT R. TOSKEY: Flabbercon. NC on this one, I'll get to you later, Dr. T.

ROBERT LEE: The Saturday Evening Ghost. I would never intentionally surprise you, therefore I won't say no.

ES ADAMS: Rock. Apparently I am with you about mailing comments. How the hell can I run comments on someone elses comments of someone elses comments etc. etc? It is my opinion that there must be some meat in the meal, if for no other reason than to foster comment. The comment's can either be the desert, or the washing up of the dirty dishes. But mailing comments are NOT the be all and end all, immorality or not. Give me something to talk about, please? So, why didn't you talk more about SaFari?

BRUCE PELZ: Speleobem 4 1/2. It was a pleasure to meet you in Detroit, will I see you around some more? How about making the Midwestcon this year?

SOBER SELF: SaFari. No, I'm not going to comment on myself, but I just don't want to break the chain from SPECTATOR. But I will ramble a-while here. I made a fantastic book buy recently. This might slay you, be sure you're sitting down. A prof from the UofC was moving & didn't want to cart books with him. He offered them to Rick Prairie, who didn't want them so he offered them to me (Rick did). He didn't know what they were, only that they were hard-cover. I said, ok, buy the lot, give him \$10 if there's 100 of them. So Rick went and picked them up, nicely packed away in box of dust. There were 32 books, Rick paid him \$5 and carted the books all the way to Detroit to give to me. At Detroit I unpacked the box of sight-unseen books. What a haul, all first eds, in good condition, some Arkhams, SLAN, etc., some Shastas WHO GOES THERE, etc. lots of old FPCIs, Primes, SOME ERE HUMAN (autographed). Anyone out there still with me? I think I left Howard back at the bar. PIT IS IT FOR 1960, send your money NOW, when it is most needed. SEATTLE IS IT for 1961, will someone please straighten me out on the Seattle bit, who's what, etc? Are there two Seattle bids? Why? CHICAGO IS IT IN 1962, HELP!

TERRY AND MIRIAM CARR: S--- #2. Had to watch myself, almost typed it that time. About Rotsler, I am a party of one for the advancement of the fan-art of WR. I appreciate Rotsler cartoons. If I had the patience to put one on stencil I might ask for one. But you do it so much better than I. Thanks to both of you for the excellent picture. About the Chicago Review. You got the story slightly wrong. The Big Table people were forced to resign from Chicago Review, not for featuring beat-type writing, but for perpetrating unnecessary pornography. The particular issue, resulting in the fuss about town, was the filthiest thing I've ever read in my life & I've read some rare ones. The four-letter-filth in that issue was literally shoveled in out-of-context with a large spade and a shoe-horn. The University was justified in their irony, especially when the irate populace descended and demanded an accounting for such activity under their auspices. I like a bit of dirt as well as the next guy in line, but it has to be authentic, and justly belonging, not inserted for shock effect. Feifer's Fables carried locally by the Sun-Times, and enjoyed. I too am in love with Ann Landers, who incidentally originates with the aforementioned Sun-Times. We get a lot of her locally, on TV, etc. & she is just as great "in person", currently running a detailed series on her trip thru Russia, very good. Thanks for your offer of '62 support by running a plug in every issue of FANAC, could anything be greater? Blue Monday Blues, I know of no recording, am familiar only with the version in the old Warners Bropic Rhapsody in Blue that haunts the TVlanes about once a month. Extremely good, try to catch it, the bit, not the pic.

Miri, your bit about Levant/O'Connor "stable." Did you know that for a time Bob Bloch telecasted from a stable? The program IT'S A DRAW actually came from a stable for a while, I know, I was dere, Charlie.

HOWARD DEVORE: Substitute #1. (I just noticed that someone goofed up my lineup to deviate from SPECTATOR, I won't re-arrange them at this point but just continue at random.) No one but you could have gotten away with that substitute. And you only because I had such a damn fine time at Detroit. I wonder if you've sobered up yet? Sure do hope you made the mailing with something a bit more substantial.

RAY SCHAFFER: Blabbercasting Tales. NC

KAREN ANDERSON: THE ZED, Object 1959a. Karen, sorry to have put you to so much trouble with that City of Spokane Warrant. We used to have all kinds of trouble like that. At Advent we get lots of City Warrants & State Warrants, but we just deposit them in the bank like regular checks, & they clear right through. Only had to return one and request a bank check. And best of all our bank doesn't charge us anything for handling these warrants. Tell Poul I passed along his compliment for "Though a Sparrow Fall" to "McDow" at Detroit, he was pleased. Personally I think it was an exceptionally fine story, I have heard that it might be picked up for an anthology.

BJO WELLS: Gim Tree. Bjo, it was a pleasure to see you again at Detroit, I mean this sincerely, almost as much pleasure as it was reading this issue of Gim Tree. It was exciting, interesting, well written and above all entertaining. You are setting a killing pace, you know that Gal? When you try to fluff off some cut-rate material from now on, everyone's going to jump you (wrong phrasing). I mean it's going to get harder and harder to keep up such good work. But I for one like it. BJO WELLS FOR TAFF! BJO WELLS FOR TAFF!

GUY TERWILLIGER: Sapling. I, like you, wonder about Tosk's production capacity. I asked him at Detroit how he manages to do it. Somehow I just don't think it's legal for a SAPS OE to maintain a stable for producing material under his name. With any luck the AVON listing follows somewhere in this zine, the stencils are already cut, all I need now is luck enough to get the machine running. If they're not here, expect them next issue. Yes, but definitely, when the index is completed & all additions, corrections, etc, made, it will be published as a single volume.

ART RAPP: Spacewarp. Art, I think you were the first SAPSman I met at Detroit. It was my pleasure. But for the life of me I can't find a spring-board for comment in this issue of Spacewarp.

NAN GERDING: Nandu #22. I deliberately moved the two of you together
LYNN HICKMAN: Bullfrog Bugle. for this double-comment. Apparently Lynn has started something that the three of us really should finish. May I sincerely suggest that we put out a triple zine. I will suggest the following as an operational possibility. Nan will name the zine, coordinate the material to go into it and in general boss the thing. I will prepare all the pages to go in it on paper masters (EXCLUDING ARTWORK). Lynn will add the artwork and multi the thing. From a work standpoint, this looks pretty even to me. Cost wise, let Lynn but a price on the whole thing & we will split it three ways. I further suggest that this be IN ADDITION to our regular SAPSazines, a little something extra. Literally "little", maybe we could hold it down to one piece each, something that we are, for the moment, proud of. Nan, may I hope that if this is agreeable with the two of you, you get this underway, AND COMPLETED before the Christmas holidays. ##now MCs. Nan, like you, I dislike MCs because of laziness. They are a job, and for me, composed on stencil, as I don't have time, nor patience enough to write them twice.

WRAI BALLARD: Outsiders. About record labels. There are a variety of cheapies available here, though most of them have switched exclusively to stereo. I can recommend, with glowing phrases, DESIGN and CROWN, the fidelity and performances are excellent. Also is available SOMERSET, MOPS, HOLLYWOOD, MASTERSEAL, & more. Why is Outsiders so hard on the eyes?

JOHN BERRY: Pot Pourri 7. John, have they deported you yet? I really don't know what I expected, but I was surprised to meet you in Detroit, I suppose it was just the change of seeing a full grown empire citizen. I think you could make two Willis, Bennets, or who-have-you. I am looking forward with much excitement to reading your account of your trip.

DON FULANO DE TAL: Pencil Point. Sir, you are a cad, not just because you hide behind a cloak of anonymity, but because you "loathe jazz." Just for your edification, kindly read the up-front piece in this issue of Safari. Man, jazz is the living most. Get with it, or get lost

RICHARD ENEY: Spy Ray of SAPS, Operation Crifanac Style Sheet, SAPS Index, Report From the Forgotten Past. For all the titles, the only note here to be found is "PLUG THE FANCYCLOPEDIA", which I have done on the #3 page. Now if I could only find your address, to tell people to send you \$1.25, that would make the plug complete. But I don't have it. Everyone send him the money anyway, the book is a smash.

BOB LICHTMAN: The Bem and I. Bob, I hope you realize what a waste it was to use that lovely coated stock on Bem. Not that the issue was a waste, just that so much nicer things could have been done with this stock. About black-back cover pages. I learned my lesson with that #1, you will remember #2 was blank inside, as is this issue.

EVA FIRESTONE: Bronclette. NC, but appreciated the justification.

WALTER A. COSLET: The Bible Collector. Right, it is loosely classified as printing. Sorry, I can't straighten out the British copyright differences. Mechanically I think your issue is a failure, it doesn't lend itself to binding along with the rest of the mailing, but then neither does:

LARRY STONE: Go to Hell. Apparently your SAPSzine did. At least the condition of my copy was beyond rescue.

BRUCE PELZ: SpeleoBem #4. Bruce, you I remember too, before and after shaving. Yes, and I repeat, I am a G&S despiser. If you'll look at the cover of Safari #2, you'll see that I too use the metal shelving from the stationery store for bookcases, I only wish I had room for more shelves, I've got the books, just no place to shelve them. Why, oh why, did you delete that bit on page 13, it took me hours of precious time decoding it? The only souvenir of the Holbrook Motel we kept was the klenex box, used them enroute too, though we did have a mimeo in the car trunk at the time.

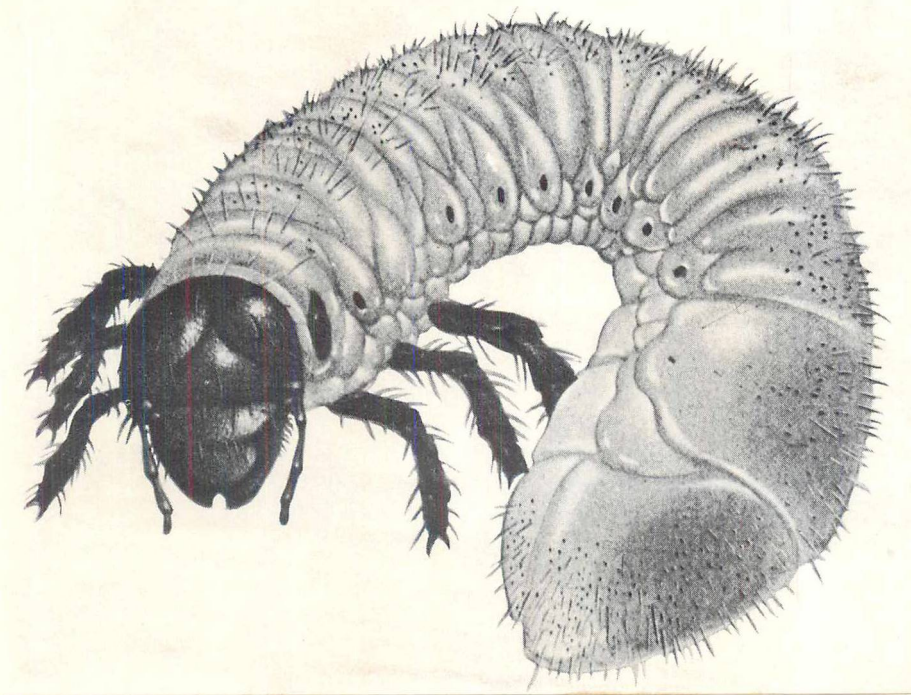
BOB LEMAN: Nematode #4. I agree completely, about the sad lack of criticism in fanzines today. Now you take for instance this guy Leman, fluffs away his time putting out 12 pages of MCs, how vastly more valuable would have been 6 pages of criticism, and I'm sure he's just the right fellow for the job. Serious up now, I've been after dk, & others, capable of the job, for one little piece for 9 months now. I think hell will freeze before anyone comes across with some grade A material. Sidney Coleman is capable, but the Golding bit in this issue does neither him nor Golding justice. NO, I'm not running. ~~What~~ What the hell are you goind to do with a slide rule for computing "safe" days?

EVA FIRESTONE: Bronc #13. If I could only have remembered, I would have con-

solidated this with the above comment to you to save space, but I'm the forgetful type. Of course, you know by now that Bantam has a 35¢ paperback edition of BELL, BOOK AND CANDLER out, the original play version, with the fantasy element more strongly represented than in the movie script. And of course you probably know too that Frank Hoyle's OSSIN'S RIDE is now available, if you can stomach his brand of sf, which apparently you can, but I can't.

TED PAULS: Contro #1. Only one comment, more next time please ? ? ? ? ?

BURNETT R. TOSKEY: Flabbergasting #11. Dear Dr. T., you must be he with the 5,000 fingers, each of which types a wavy line, to produce such a whopper as this. Is there any truth to the rumor that you're going to change your name to E. E. to go along with the Ph.D., O.E., etc.? Seriously, this is no funny matter, your degree, I both envy you and am proud for you. Did you know that I took your picture while we were together in Detroit?



I intend to insert it here so everyone can see just why you produce such many-paged issues of Flabbergasting. As anyone can plainly tell, it is because you have six, many fingered hands. I am not actually implying that our illustrious OE is something for the birds, on the contrary, it was a pleasure to see him in Detroit, and I am only sorry that we did not have time for a great deal more conversation. but it appears to me that hurling insults at the OE, whoever he happens to be, is the order of the day. So, this extreme likeness is my insult for the mailing. Now I'll attempt to get

back into the MCs. "Life of Johnson" was an Emmy award Omnibus show that starred Ustinov. Boswel & Johnson both leave me cold, but this play was the absolute most, I hope for a repeat. At this point I had intended to give a book review, about ten choice pages, excerpted, "John Thomas says good-night to lady Jane, a little droopingly, but with a hopeful heart." Then you would probably have killed the whole issue from the mailing.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE: The rather crude tracing of the Kat on the cover does no justice to either the glorious beast or to Hannes Bok, it's conceptor. It is multilith, from a paper master, pencil was used, no ink. There is possibly a small section dealing with our southern vacation, also multi from paper masters in this section, the balance of the issue is mimeod, having been cut on my Olympia portable using ABDick #960 stencils and a Dick \$ 455 mimeo.

BJO WELLS FOR TAFF! BJO WELLS FOR TAFF! BJO WELLS FOR TAFF! BJO WELLS FOR PIT IS IT FOR '60, send your money NOW!

SUPPORT SEATTLE FOR '61!

SUPPORT CHICAGO FOR '62!

IMAGRY IN CONTINUATION - - -

The angular man opened the door and for a moment the emptiness of the night swelled about him, like the fog that covered everything. There was nothing, he thought, but the fog--and in the distance, almost lost from sight, the single light, calling. A siren, perhaps, laying in wait behind that door.

How strange, he thought, that all his life he had been opening doors into darkness, and fog. Doors of wood and doors of iron hiding nothing except the occasional furry things that would scamper about his feet.

There! One passed just now. He could almost feel it touch his trouser leg as it sped by in its flight. Somewhere, just for a moment of life, a sound shattered the darkness with pain, metal against cement. The lid of a garbage can, striking the alley behind a non-existent store. He knew there would be no store. If he looked long enough he would find no garbage can lid, no cement alley-ways. Just doors, doors that could not be opened, and the occasional door that could, and would open at his delicate touch.

The ones with lights, they opened. Opened to take him out of the fog, if for only a moment, for as long as it takes to open the door. Somewhere, sometime, he knew one would open on something, anything. The law of chance would prevent a continuous progression of nothing worlds.

He was almost halfway there. A branch of a no-tree brushed at his hat and pulled his collar from its snug position high up his neck.

And there was no breeze, no breeze to clear the fog away from the moon. Surely there must be a moon, sometimes he could see that, briefly, between frenzies of churning fog. Never, though for very long.

Tonight it will snow, he said to himself.

Not right away, but later. He could almost feel it falling around him, gently at first, the large flakes pushing through the fog to reach him. Then, finally harder and harder, to drive him faster and faster to open the door.

The one with the light.

It was so much closer now, maybe only a block away. It was so hard to tell, to judge distance accurately in the darkness. How very difficult to stumble along, up curbs, down curbs, in the gutters, in the streets. Why was there no light, except the light over the door that called him?

And what was inside? A stupid question to ask himself, but maybe this would be the one--where rest was, where peace and contentment waited. After all, wasn't there always a first time, for everything?

He was in front of the house now. He reached out his hand to feel the harshness of the old brownstone front. How temporary, how insecure, a thing for a moment's use as time goes--but he couldn't move it. He couldn't even make it sway in the night.

"What a farce you are," he screamed at the wall. "Fake front, damn you to hell, you empty shell, eternally tormenting."

Purgatory? He didn't really know, there was the time, before the big ones erupted the countryside into empty flames, that he could remember going through doors of substance, going somewhere. Other people, other times, and laughter.

And tears - -

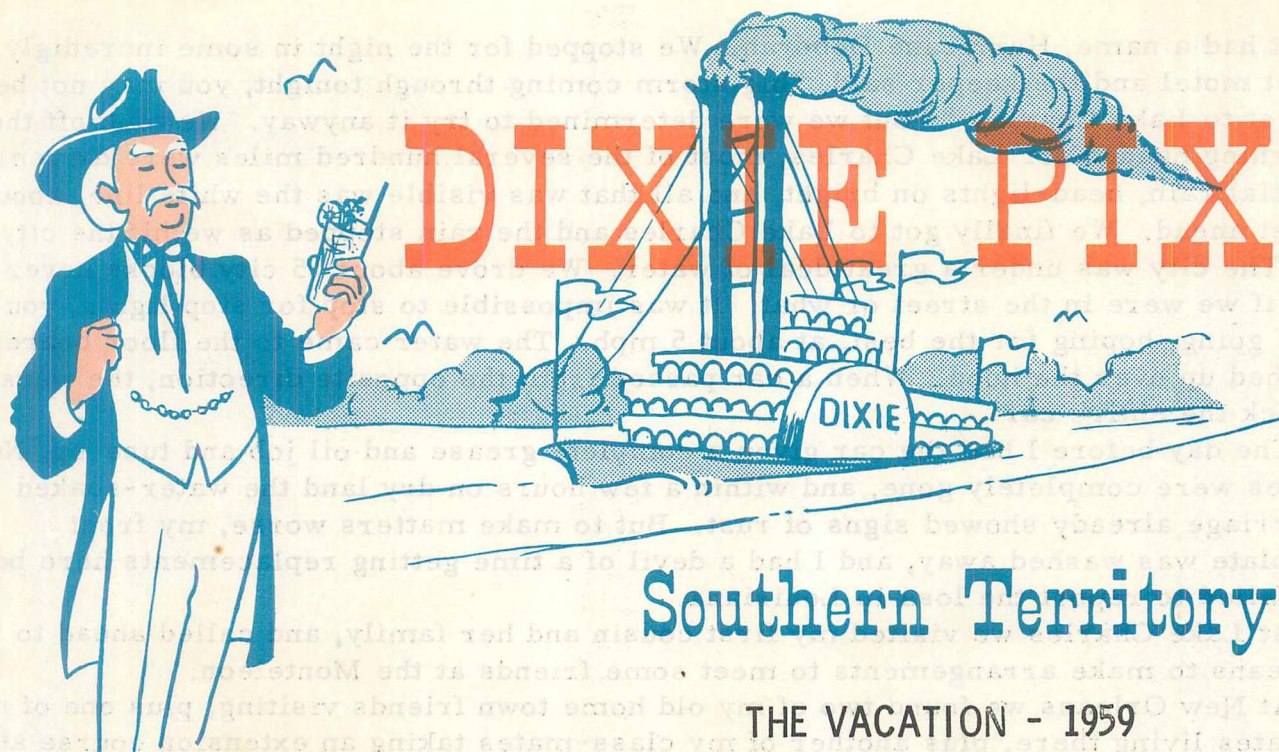
He wiped them away from the corner of his eyes with one clawish angular hand. "Oh God," he prayed aloud, "I'm so tired of opening, and opening, let this be the door - - -"

Wiping away another tear he breathed deeply and reached the door knob, turning it slowly - - -

CONTINUED AT THE TOP OF THIS PAGE - - -

+?

The above piece was written in 30 minutes in response to a hurry, hurry signal for material to fill up page number



If you recall, dear friends, we left you last issue in a frenzy of packing and preparation for our trip to the Southern Territory. Originally we had planned a rather elaborate trip to Mexico City, but some very un-expected circumstances developed to drain away our vacation fund - as well as several days chopped off our vacation time.

We decided then, as a substitute, to tour the southland, visiting friends and relations. We left Chicago on a Tuesday afternoon, around 4:00 o'clock, just in time to get caught in the most damnable rush hour you've ever seen. Once we hit Route 66, and the speed limit went up to 70 MPH, we soon managed to leave most of the stragglers behind. Our first stop of any consequence was St. Louis, where we had intended to drop in and see Tom Scortia. But luck would have it, we got lost in St. Louis (this might sound like a familiar story to those of you who have read the portion of IN SEARCH OF BALBOA that deals with St. Louis). We spent so much time circling about St. Louis that we had to settle for a telephone call to Tom, a quick hello and good-bye and away we went, enroute to Little Rock, land of the brave.

Several miles away from Little Rock the fatigue of driving continually for several hours finally caught up with me. I had all good intentions of driving right straight through to southern Arkansas without stopping. I pulled off the side of the road for a little much needed sleep.

We got through Little Rock without inciting a riot, with our Illinois license plates, though I had my doubts about this ahead of time, and headed on south, through Pine Bluff, for my home town. It is a little town, alternately described as quiet, dead, secluded, locked-up, or just plain damned boring. The name is Crossett, and it is situated some 9 miles short of the Louisiana border.

We stopped there just long enough to get the children situated with my parents, to get the driving kinks out of my rear, to rest a little, and headed further south.

The first stop was Shreveport, Louisiana where we went to visit an old classmate of mine, her husband and two children. This stop was timed quite nicely to coincide with the dinner meal. We talked, ate and ran, leaving Shreveport behind and facing the worst storm I've ever encountered in my life.

It had a name, Hurricane Deborah. We stopped for the night in some incredibly insufficient motel and the keeper said, "big storm coming through tonight, you may not be able to get to Lake Charles." But we were determined to try it anyway. We took off the next morning headed for Lake Charles, most of the several hundred miles were driven in a torrential rain, head-lights on bright, and all that was visible was the white line, about three feet ahead. We finally got to Lake Charles and the rain stopped as we hit the city limits. The city was under a great deal of water. We drove about 15 city blocks never knowing if we were in the street or what. It was impossible to stop for stop lights, you just kept going, hoping for the best, at about 5 mph. The water came to the floor boards, and sloshed up over the hood. When a car passed from the opposite direction, the waves would rock the entire car.

The day before I had the car given a complete grease and oil job and tune-up. Now the brakes were completely gone, and within a few hours on dry land the water-soaked undercarriage already showed signs of rust. But to make matters worse, my front license plate was washed away, and I had a devil of a time getting replacements here because I failed to report the loss in Louisiana.

At Lake Charles we visited my first cousin and her family, and called ahead to New Orleans to make arrangements to meet some friends at the Monteleon.

At New Orleans we found two of my old home town friends visiting, plus one of my class-mates living there, plus another of my class-mates taking an extension course at Baton Rouge, some 80 miles away. So we quickly made arrangements to do the town from a variety of angles.

There was just enough time, after we had checked in at the Monteleon to take a quick shower, dress and rush downstairs to the Carousel bar for cocktails before dinner. It was suggested that we eat at Gluck's, a restaurant about three blocks from the hotel. The cocktails there were excellent, the meal and the service was too, and the price was very reasonable, recommended. Next we started a tour of the jazz joints, made each of them down the streets, The Paddock Club, to recall one name, but most of all Dan's Pier 600, where the fabulous Al Hirt was blowing up a storm (something that he also does on Audio-Fidelity and Southland records, if you're interested).

The drinks at Dan's were rather strong, the music was stronger, and the evening mellowed with each one of Hirt's high notes.

We wound up in the wee hours carrying hurricane glasses around Pat O'Brien's and making like pigs with the Arkansas State Razorback football yell. Apparently this was really Arkansas night at Pat O'Brien's. After this we watched the thoroughly efficient police department towing away the over-time parked tourists' cars for a while and hit the sack.

The next night was 'Girlie Show Night,' having finished off all the jazz joints. We made the rounds of the girlie shows, it was Sunday night, and deader than hell as far as customers were concerned. Talk of the Town, one joint that comes to mind, was by far the best, and it was a nothing. Ginger, I remember a name, was rather attractive, and kept trying to make one of our group, a minister, no less. Another girl there kept telling us all about her recent abortion that was still giving her pains in the back. Further down the street was more nothing, the Old Opera House, etc. By far the best show was visible from outside, since everyone of the girls played to the street, rather than to the customers.

It wasn't very long until I had my fill of sea-food, the French Quarter, the Four Seasons Pastry Shop and all the typical touristisms so Nancy and I took off for our favorite N.O. spot, Lake Ponchatrain beach. We swam all day, ate chinese food at the lush Bali'Hi restaurant and took off again for Arkansas, to pick up the little brood. This time we went through Mississippi, and while I thought the roads in Ark-La. were bad, these were worse, but still nothing to compare with 66 through Arizona, retch.

We picked the children up, and made the 1,000 mile hop to Chi in one sitting.

Continuing the EDWARD WOOD-EARL KEMP INDEX OF PAPERBOUND SCIENCE-FANTASY
++ Installment II ++

PLEASE, if you can add any single piece of data to the index, write either:
NEW ADDRESS: Edward Wood, 424 Macassar Drive, Pittsburgh 36, Pa.
or: Earl Kemp, 2019 N. Whipple Street, Chicago 47, Ill.

AVON Book Division, The Hearst Corporation, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.
Complete as of October 15, 1959

Due to the several numbering systems used by AVON we have no recourse but to list them separately by numbering system. There has been no attempt to date these titles as to year of issue.

NO NUMBER

THE HAUNTED HOTEL (by Wilkie Collins) AND 25 OTHER GHOST STORIES - ed
Introduction - W. L. Parker W. L. Parker
Haunted Hotel, The - Wilkie Collins
-from

NOTE the 25 Ghost Stories that follow in this volume are the same identical stories, in the same order of appearance as the 25 stories that compose PERMA (DOUBLEDAY) BOOK # P94. The stories in this volume are illustrated with woodcuts & set in larger type than PERMA P94 and the authors are credited in this volume, whereas they are not in PERMA P94.

Black Cat, The - Edgar A. Poe, from
Flayed Hand, The - Guy deMaupassant, from
Vengeance of a Tree, The - Eleanor F. Lewis, from
Parlor-Car Ghost, The - A Lady, from
Ghost of Buckstown Inn - Arnold M. Anderson, from
Burglar's Ghost, The - Anon., from
Phantom Toe, A - Anon., from
Mrs. Davenport's Ghost - Frederick F. Schrader, from
Phantom Woman, The - Anon., from
Phantom Hag, The - Guy de Maupassant, from
From the Tomb - Guy deMaupassant, from
Sandy's Ghost - Anon., from
Ghost of Red Creek, The - S. T., from
Spectre Bride, The - Anon., from
How he Caught the Ghost - Anon., from
Grand-Dame's Ghost Story - C. D., from
Fight With a Ghost, A - Q. E. D., from
Colonel Halifax's Ghost Story - S. Baring-Gould, from
Ghost of the Count, The - Anon., from
Old Mansion, The - Anon., from
Misfit Ghost, A - Anon., from
Unbidden Guest, An - Anon., from
Dead Woman's Photograph, The - Anon., from
Ghost of a Live Man, The - Anon., from
Ghost of Washington, The - Anon., from

FANTASY NOVELS

- 1 PRINCESS OF THE ATOM - Ray Cummings
-from Argosy, Sept. 14, 1929
- 2 GREEN GIRL, THE - Jack Williamson
-from Amazing, 2sr, March-April, 1930

MURDER MYSTERY MONTHLY

- 1 SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN - A. Merrit, 31Opp., 25¢
-from Argosy, 5sr, July 2, 1927

- from Argosy, 6sr, June 24, 1939
- from the book, Boni & Liveright, 1928
- from the book, Grosset & Dunlap, 19 (Photoplay ed)
- from the book, Richards Press, B, 19
- see also the movie, 1929
- 18 MOON POOL, THE - A. Merritt, 201pp., 25¢ (& also Conquest of the--)
- from All-Story, June 22, 1918 "The Moon Pool"
- from All-Story, 6sr, Feb. 15, 1919 "The Conquest of the Moon Pool"
- from Amazing, 3sr, May, 1927 (both)
- from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Sept.-Oct., 1939 "The Moon Pool"
- from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, 6sr, Nov., 1939 "The Conquest of--"
- from the book, Putnam, 1919 (both)
- 24 DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE, THE - A. Merritt, 158pp., 25¢
- from Argosy, 6sr, January 23, 1932
- from Fantastic Novels, April, 1941
- see also BIZARRE # ?, unpublished ending to --
- from the book, Liveright, 1932
- from the book, Skeffington, B, 1933
- 29 FACE IN THE ABYSS, THE - A. Merritt, 205pp., 25¢ (contains Snake Mother)
- from Argosy, September 8, 1923 "The Face in the Abyss"
- from Argosy, 7sr, October 25, 1930 "The Snake Mother"
- from Amazing Stories Annual, 1927 "The Face in the Abyss"
- from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, October, 1940 "The Face in the A--"
- from Fantastic Novels, November, 1940 "The Snake Mother"
- from the book, Liveright, 1931 (both)
- 34 SHIP OF ISHTAR, THE - A. Merritt, 168pp., 25¢
- from Argosy, 6sr, November 8, 1924
- from Argosy, 6sr, October 29, 1938
- from the book, Putnam, 1924
- 41 METAL MONSTER, THE - A. Merritt, 203pp., 25¢
- from Argosy, 8sr, August 7, 1920
- from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, August, 1941
- from Science and Invention, 11sr, Oct., 1927 "The Metal Emperor"
- 43 BURN, WITCH, BURN! - A. Merritt, pp., 25¢
- from Argosy, 6sr, October 22, 1932
- from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, June, 1942
- from the book, Liveright, 1933
- from the book, Methuen, B, 1934
- see also the movie "The Devil Doll", 1936
- 47 CREEP, SHADOW, CREEP! - A. Merritt, 225pp., 25¢
- from Argosy, 7sr, September 8, 1934 "Creep, Shadow!"
- from Detective Book, Summer, 1938 "Creep, Shadow!"
- from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, August, 1942 "Creep, Shadow!"
- from the book, Doubleday Crime Club, 1934
- from the book, Sun Dial, 1934
- from the book, Methuen, B, 1935

MAIN LISTING

- 26 SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN - A. Merritt
- See AVON Murder Mystery Monthly #1
- 69 STRAY LAMB, THE - Thorne Smith
- from
- 90 AVON GHOST READER - ed Herbert Williams
- Introduction - Herbert Williams
- Dunwich Horror, The - H. P. Lovecraft

- from Weird Tales, April, 1929
- from "The Outsider & Others," Arkham, 1939
- Panelled Room, The - August Derleth
- from The Westminster Magazine, , 1933
- from "Someone in the Dark," Arkham, 1941
- Fireplace, The - Henry S. Whitehead
- from Weird Tales, January, 1925
- from "Jumbee & Other Uncanny Tales," Arkham, 1944
- Haunted Doll's House, The - M. R. James
- from " ? ", Longmans, 19
- Squaw, The - Bram Stoker
- from , 1937
- Wingless Victory - H. F. Heard
- from "The Great Fog & Other Weird Tales," Vanguard, 1944
- Through the Dragon Glass - A. Merrit
- from , 1917 (Munsey)
- Naked Lady - Mindret Lord
- from Weird Tales, September, 1934
- Curious Case of Benjamin Button, The - F. Scott Fitzgerald
- from "Tales of the Jazz Age," Scribner's, 1920, 1922
- Bottle Party, The - John Collier
- from , 1939
- By the Waters of Babylon - Stephen Vincent Benet
- from "Selected Works of S.V.B.," Rinehart, 1937
- Salamander, The - William Seabrook
- from Story Magazine, , 1944
- 108 TASTE FOR HONEY, A - H. F. Heard
- from the book, Vanguard, 1941
- 110 TERROR AT NIGHT - ed Herbert Williams
- Haunter of the Dark, The - H. P. Lovecraft
- from Weird Tales, December, 1936
- Judge's House, The - Bram Stoker
- from
- Interruption, The - W. W. Jacobs
- from
- Black Courtyard, The - T. Burke
- from
- Seventeenth Hole at Duncaster, The - H. R. Wakefield
- from
- Second Generation, The - A. Blackwood
- from
- Phantom Bus, The - W. E. Backus
- from
- Change - A. Machen
- from
- Left Eye, The - H. S. Whitehead
- from
- Watcher by the Dead, A - A. Bierce
- from
- Two Bottles of Relish - Lord Dunsany
- from
- Lost Hearts - M. R. James
- from
- Caterpillars - E. F. Benson
- from

- 117 CREEP, SHADOW CREEP - A. Merritt
-See AVON Murder Mystery Monthly # 47.
- 136 LURKING FEAR & OTHER STORIES, THE - H. P. Lovecraft
Lurking Fear, The
-from Home Brew, Jan-Feb-Mar-Apr., 1923 & Weird Tales, June, 1928
Colour Out of Space, The
-from Amazing, Sept., 1927
-from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, October, 1941
Nameless City, The
-from (Shepherd & Wollheim??) , 1936
-from Weird Tales, November, 1938
-from "The Outsider & Others," Arkham, 1939
Pickman's Model
-from Weird Tales, October, 1927
-from Weird Tales, November, 1936
-from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, December, 1951
Arthur Jermyn
-from Weird Tales, April, 1924 "The White Ape"
-from Weird Tales, May, 1935
Unnamable, The
-from Weird Tales, July, 1925
Call of Cthulhu, The
-from Weird Tales, February, 1928
Moon-Bog, The
-from Weird Tales, June, 1926
Cool Air
-from Tales of Magic & Mystery, March, 1928
-from Weird Tales, September, 1939
Hound, The
-from Weird Tales, February, 1924
-from Weird Tales, September, 1929
Shunned House, The
-from Weird Tales, October, 1937
- 165 STONE OF CHASTITY, THE - Margery Sharpe
-from
- 171 AMOROUS PHILANDRE - Jean Galli de Bibiena
-from
- 184 GIRL WITH THE HUNGRY EYES, THE - ed Donald A. Wollheim
Girl With the Hungry Eyes, The - Fritz Leiber
Venus and the Seven Sexes - William Tenn
Mrs. Manifold - Stephen Grendon
Daydream - P. Schuyler Miller
Maturity Night - Frank Belknap Long
Come Into My Parlor - Manly Wade Wellman
- 189 DAUGHTER OF FU MANCHU, THE - Sax Rohmer
-from the book, Doubleday, 1930
- 195 OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET - C. S. Lewis
-from the book, Macmillan, 1946
-from the book, , B, 19
- 204 PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR - Hugh Walpole
-from
- 206 PALACE OF PLEASURE, THE - J. R. de la Moliere
-from
- 211 SCARF OF PASSION, THE - Robert Bloch
-from the book, "The Scarf," Dial, 1947

AVON -5

- 214 FOX WOMAN, THE & OTHER STORIES by A. Merritt - ed Donald A. Wollheim
 Editor's Note - Donald A. Wollheim
 Fox Woman, The (fragment)
 -from "The Fox Woman," by Merritt/Bok, New Collectors, 1946
 People of the Pit, The
 -from All-Story, January 5, 1918
 -from Amazing, March, 1927
 -from Leaves, Summer, 1937
 -from Amazing Annual, 1927
 -from Fantastic Novels, January, 1941
 -from "The 3rd Omnibus of Crime" ed D.L.Sayers, , 19
 Through the Dragon Glass
 -from All-Story, November 24, 1917
 -from Fantastic Novels, September, 1940
 -from the book, ARRA Pubs., 19
 -from Avon Ghost Reader, 1946
 Drone, The
 -from Fantasy Magazine, September, 1934
 -from Avon Fantasy Reader # 6, 1948
 -from Avon Story Teller, 1945
 Last Poet and the Robots, The
 -from Cosmos Fantasy Magazine, 1934 "The Rhythm of the Spheres"
 -from Avon Fantasy Reader #3, 1947
 -from Avon Science Fiction Reader #1, 1951
 -from Thrilling Wonder Stories, October, 1936
 -from Alchemist, December, 1940
 Three Lines of Old French
 -from All-Story, August 9, 1919
 -from the book, Bizarre Series, 19
 -from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, May-June, 1940
 -from A. Merritt Fantasy, February, 1950
 White Road, The (fragment)
 -from the book, unpublished, Merritt/Bok
 When Old Gods Wake (fragment)
 -from Avon Fantasy Reader #7, 1948
 Woman of the Wood, The
 -from Weird Tales, August, 1926
 -from Weird Tales, January, 1934
 -from Avon Fantasy Reader #1, 1947
 -from SF Digest, February, 1933
 216 GLADIATOR - Philip Wylie
 -from the book, , 19
 235 SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN - A. Merritt
 -from AVON # 26, which see.
 277 PERELANDRA - C. S. Lewis
 -from , 19
 281 INTO PLUTONIAN DEPTHS - Stanton A. Coblentz
 -from Wonder Story Quarterly, Spring, 1931
 285 EARTHMAN ON VENUS, AN - Ralph Milne Farley
 -from Argosy, June 28, 1924 "The Radio Man"
 -from , 1939
 -from , 1948
 -from Famous Fantastic Mysteries, 3sr, Dec. '49, Jan-Feb. '50 "TRaman
 315 METAL MONSTER, THE - A. Merritt
 -from AVON Murder Mystery Monthly #41, which see.

AVON -6

- 323 FURIES IN HER BODY, THE - Guy Endore
 - from the book, , 19
- 324 SHIP OF ISHTAR, THE - A. Merritt
 - from AVON Murder Mystery Monthly #34, which see
- 339 TERROR OF THE LEOPARD MEN - Juba Kennerly
 - from the book, , 19
- 354 WEREWOLF OF PARIS, THE - Guy Endore
 - from the book, , 1933
 - from the book, Triangle, 194
- 370 MOON POOL, THE - A. Merritt
 - from AVON Murder Mystery Monthly # 18, which see
- 388 AFTER MANY A SUMMER DIES THE SWAN - Aldous Huxley
 - from the book, , 19
- 389 SATURDAY EVENING POST FANTASY STORIES, THE - ed Barthold Fles
 - Enemy Planet, The - Rear Admiral D. V. Gallery
 - from TSEP,
 - Child Who Believed, The - Grace Amundson
 - from TSEP,
 - Scene for Satan - Noel Langley
 - from TSEP,
 - Doomsday Deferred - Will F. Jenkins
 - from TSEP,
 - Eternal Duffer, The - Willard Temple
 - from TSEP,
 - Note on Danger B - Gerald Kersh
 - from TSEP,
 - Terrible Answer, The - Paul Gallico
 - from TSEP,
 - Voice in the Earphones, The - Wilbur Schramm
 - from TSEP,
 - from "Windwagon Smith & Other Yarns," Harcourt, 19
 - Doctor Hanray's Second Chance - Conrad Richter
 - from TSEP,
- 392 BURN, WITCH, BURN - A. Merritt
 - from AVON Murder Mystery Monthly # 43, which see
- 396 HIS FIRST MILLION WOMEN - George Weston
 - from the book, , 19
- 413 DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE - A. Merritt
 - from AVON Murder Mystery Monthly # 24, which see
- 494 SCARF, THE - Robert Bloch
 - from the book, Dial, 1947
 - from the book,
 - from the book, AVON # 211 "The Scarf of Passion"
- 512 GREAT GHOST STORIES ((no information about this title))
- 548 AWAY AND BEYOND - A. E. van Vogt
 - from the book, Farrar, Straus & Young, 1952
 - Vault of the Beast
 - from Astounding, August, 1940
 - Great Engine, The
 - from Astounding, July, 1943
 - Great Judge, The
 - from Fantasy Book # 3, 1948
 - Secret Unattainable
 - from Astounding, July, 1942

- Harmonizer, The
 - from Astounding, November, 1944
- Heir Apparent
 - from Astounding, June, 1945
- Second Solution, The
 - from Astounding, October, 1942
- Film Library
 - from Astounding, July, 1946
- Asylum
 - from Astounding, May, 1942
- 624 STONE OF CHASTITY, THE - Margery Sharpe
 - from AVON # 165, which see
- 628 MONK & THE HANGMAN'S DAUGHTER, THE - by ??
 - from the book,
- 630 20 GREAT GHOST STORIES - ed by ?? ((no details on this title))
- 727 SMUGGLED ATOM BOMB, THE - Philip Wylie
 - from Collier's, , 19
 - from the book, Rinehart, 19

END OF NUMBERED SERIES, NOW BEGINS PREFIX SERIES:

- AT-435 AFTER MANY A SUMMER DIES THE SWAN - Aldous Huxley
 - from AVON # 388, which see
- T-75 AFTER MANY A SUMMER DIES THE SWAN - Aldous Huxley
 - from AVON # AT-435, which see
- T-80 NO TIME LIKE THE FUTURE - Nelson Bond
 - Vital Factor - from
 - Voice From the Curious Cube, The - from
 - Button, Button - from
 - Conqueror's Isle - from Avon Fantasy Reader # 4, 19
 - Life Goes On - from
 - Uncommon Castaway - from Avon Fantasy Reader # 11, 19
 - Cunning of the Beast, The - from
 - Last Outpost, The - from
 - And Lo! The Bird - from
 - This is the Land - from
 - World of William Gresham, The - from
 - Silent Planet, The - from
- T-115 SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN - A. Merritt
 - from AVON # 235, which see
- T-127 OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET - C. S. Lewis
 - from AVON # 195, which see
- T-135 MOON POOL, THE - A. Merritt
 - from AVON # 370, which see
- T-146 21st CENTURY SUB - Frank Herbert
 - from Astounding, , 19 "Under Pressure"
 - from the book, Doubleday, 195 "Dragon in the Sea"
 - from the book, Doubleday BCE, 195 " " " "
- T-152 SHIP OF ISHTAR, THE - A. Merritt
 - from AVON # 324, which see
- T-157 PERELANDRA - C. S. Lewis
 - from AVON # 277, which see
- T-161 FACE IN THE ABYSS, THE - A. Merritt
 - from AVON Murder Mystery Monthly # 29, which see

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- T-168 TOMORROW PLUS X - Wilson Tucker
 -from the book, Rinehart, 1955 "Time Bomb"
 -from the book, Doubleday BC, 195 " "
- T-172 METAL MONSTER, THE - A. Merritt
 -from AVON # 315, which see
- T-175 FROM OUTER SPACE - Hal Clement
 -from Astounding, May, 1949 "Needle"
 -from the book, Doubleday, 19 "Needle"
- T-180 SPACE PLAGUE - George O. Smith
 -from Imagination, , 19 "Highways in Hiding"
 -from the book, Gnome, 19 " " "
- T-186 TIME DISSOLVER, THE - Jerry Sohl
- T-193 YEAR 2018! - James Blish
 -from the book, , 19 "They Shall Have Stars"
- T-202 PLANET EXPLORER, THE - Murray Leinster
 -from the book, Gnome, 195 "Colonial Survey"
 Solar Constant - from Astounding, , 19
 Sand Doom - from Astounding, , 19
 Combat Team - from Astounding, , 19
 Swamp Was Upside Down, The - from Astounding, , 19
- T-208 SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN - A. Merritt
 -from AVON # T-115, which see
- T-211 TORTURED PLANET, THE - C. S. Lewis
 -from the book, Macmillan, 19 "That Hideous Strength"
- T-221 CHILDREN OF THE ATOM - Wilmar H. Shiras
 -from the book, Gnome, 19
 In Hiding - from Astounding, November, 1948
 Opening Doors - from Astounding, March, 1949
 New Foundations - from Astounding, March, 1950
 Problems - from Astounding, , 19
 Children of the Atom - from Astounding, , 19
- T-225 EARTHMAN, COME HOME - James Blish
 -from the book, Putnam, 19
 Okie - from Astounding, April, 1950
 Bindlestiff - from Astounding, December, 1950
 Sargasso of Lost Cities - from Two Complete Science-Adventure Books, , 19
- T-232 2nd FOUNDATION: GALACTIC EMPIRE - Isaac Asimov
 -from the book, Gnome, 1953 "Second Foundation"
 -from Astounding, , 19
- T-238 VOR - James Blish
 -from TWS, Feb., 1949 "The Weakness of RVOG" by Blish & Damon Knight
- T-249 WORLDS APART - J. T. McIntosh
 -from the book, Doubleday, 19 "Born Leader"
 -from
- T-252 MIND CAGE, THE - A. E. van Vogt
 -from the book, Simon & Schuster, 1957
 -from
- T-261 WALDO: GENIUS IN ORBIT - Robert A. Heinlein
 -from the book, Doubleday, 19 "Waldo and Magic, Inc."
 Waldo - from Astounding, August, 1942
 Magic, Inc. - from
- T-268 ESPer - James Blish
 -from the book, Greenberg, 1952 "Jack of Eagles"
 -from the book, Galaxy Novel #
 -from

AVON -9

- T-275 DESTINATION: INFINITY - Henry Kuttner ed Groff Conklin
 -from the book, Grossett & Dunlap, 19
 -from Astounding, 3sr, May, 1947 "Fury" by Lawrence O'Donnell
 Foreword - Groff Conklin
- T-279 TRIUMPH OF TIME, THE - James Blish
 -from
- T-284 CRY HORROR! - H. P. Lovecraft
 -from AVON # 136 "The Lurking Fear", identical, see for contents
- T-287 DEATH DEALERS, THE - Isaac Asimov
- T-289 BR-R-R-! - ed Groff Conklin
 Introduction - Groff Conklin
 It - Theodore Sturgeon
 -from Unknown, August, 1940
 -from "Without Sorcery", Prime, 1948
 Nursery Rhyme - Charles Beaumont
 -from "The Hunger & Other Stories", Putnam, 19
 Doomsday Deferred - Will Jenkins
 -from TSEP, September 24, 1949
 Warm, Dark Places - Horace Gold
 -from Unknown, October, 1940
 Legal Rites - Isaac Asimov & Frederik Pohl
 -from Weird Tales, September, 1950
 Egyptian Hornet, An - Algernon Blackwood
 -from "Day and Night Stories", , 1917
 White Goddess - Idris Seabright
 -from Fantasy & Science Fiction, November, 1955
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