

# SPACEHOUND'S Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST SAPS-ZINE!!

Fall, 1948

Ahhh, yes, fellow Sap, the withered pile of mimeographed sheets which you are now holding in your paws is the fifth issue of SPACEHOUND'S GAZETTE, which erupts quarterly from 84 Baker Ave., Dover, N.J., and flows into the mailings of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. Kennedy claims the dubious distinction of being its editor, handle-cranker, and chief office boy.

No, this issue is not going to be another sixteen-page monstrosity like last time. The summer heat has sapped my publishing ambitions. I would've just let the mailing slip by, only the thot of shattering the GAZETTE's sterling record of not missing a SAPS bundle to date was kinda painful.

Ho hum. SAPS' annual elections are coming up soon. Anybody desiring to snatch away from Alpaugh the juicy job of Official Editor should file his candidacy right away, start making soap-box speeches, and prepare to stuff the ballot boxes.

I think we owe Ghod (also known as Lloyd Alpaugh Jr.) three rousing huzzahs for the excellent job he's done as SAPS' manager. The mailings, by gorsh, have appeared on time. That, folks, is no small accomplishment.

Would anybody be interested in conducting a poll of the SAPS membership to determine favorite SAPSzines, best SAPS editors, artists humorists, poets, and stuff like that there? Think of the glorious ego-boo.

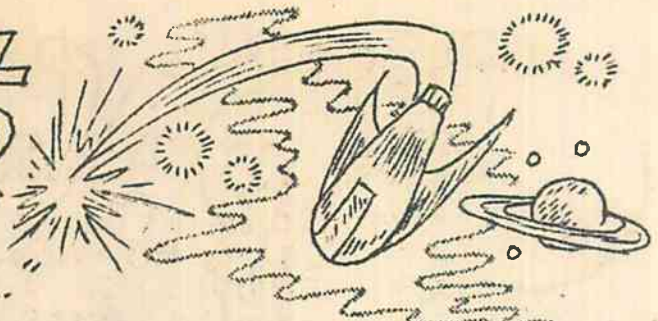
South Gate in '58.





# SG TRAVEL CORNER

"JOIN THE SPACEHOUNDS  
AND SEE THE GALAXY..."



We quote from a recent letter from the one and only George R. Fox, former Jerseyman, editor of Nightmare, Speculations, and a SAPSzine called And..., founder of the Eastern Science Fiction Assoc., Philcon attendee, and judge of fine oysters. Here are Fox's impressions of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where he's now residing:

This is one hell of a section: miles and miles of forest occasionally dotted by towns. The next town to this lies beyond forty miles of the most desolate territory I've ever seen. Our house is three miles from Baton Rouge, with no bus line apparent. So far most of my personal transportation has been by way of the ever reliable extended thumb.

I arrived in a true scientific fanfare -- the same day two pilots reported sighting a rocket ship some distance out of the city. I'm not kidding either. The thing was supposed to be about eighty-five feet long with a jet trail twice that length -- built in the form of a cigar with two rows of large windows. I have a feeling that Moskowitz is having me followed.

The principal sport down here is roach swatting; the damn things are everywhere you turn, not a house excepted. They give out with the most hellish crackling noise when you tread upon their fragile spines -- if roaches have spines (until recently I never thought much about it).

Weather conditions are, of course, sizzling. It's not too uncomfortable, however, because of the almost non-existent humidity. I've picked up a delightful, rose-red sunburn -- a serious threat to my cultured pallor. If Christensen ever heard of it, he'd probably never speak to me again. Such are the perils of outdoor life.

I get in quite a bit of swimming at a country club my father joined. Get this, though: the water temperature fluctuates from 80 to over 90 degrees, almost like diving into boiling oil! After half an hour you feel like dying right there and letting them suck you down the drain at night....

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## NUTSHELL MOVIE REVIEW

THE GOLEM, featuring Harry Baur. This costume horror-melodrama was produced in France in '42; there are English subtitles. The old tale of a man-made monster created by Rabbi Loew, lying dormant until summoned forth to avenge the Jewish people against their persecutors, is effectively retold. Harry Baur is excellent as a vacillating medieval tyrant. There are too few glimpses of the Golem itself, but the climax, portraying the cloaked, dead-panned monster stalking through a castle, tearing down walls with a sweep of his hand, is highly effective. Photography is generally good, especially in the opening scenes of an alchemist's laboratory. The film is spiced by a couple touches of broad Gallic humor.



# BOGGINS IN BOOKS ---

Fall clearance -- er -- clearance. The following items are stuff I want to get rid of, priced accordingly. Minimum order: \$1.00.

- THE BABYONS by Clemence Dane. Excellent condition. 35¢  
 WEREWOLF OF PARIS by Guy Endore. Very good, with jacket. 35¢  
 LORD HALIFAX'S GHOST BOOK. Collection of ghost yarns, some supposedly true. Excellent condition. 50¢  
 THE DEVIL IS A LONELY MAN by Morrison Wood. A Thomas Wolfean novel with a vaguely scientific twist: a character establishes himself as dictator of the U.S., a huge flood sweeps across the continent, etc. Brand new, with jacket. 50¢  
 THE LOST WORLD by A. Conan Doyle. Very good. 25¢  
 WORLDS BEGINNING by Robert Ardrey. Very good. 25¢  
 HECTOR SERVADAC, OR, OFF ON A COMET by Jules Verne. Very old, cheap edition, but in sound shape. 10¢  
 MR. ALLENBY LOSES THE WAY by Frank Baker. Excellent, jacket. 75¢  
 THE UNFORESEEN by Dorothy Macardle. Lending library copy, but in good condition. 25¢  
 QUEEN OF NECTARIA: A FANTASY IN FOUR ACTS by Francis Neilson. Satiric play about a lost land which produces nothing but wine. New, uncut, with jacket. 25¢  
 TO WALK THE NIGHT and THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER by William Sloane. Brand new copies, Tower edition. Excellent supernatural novels. Both for \$1.00.  
 PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY by Oscar Wilde. Tower edition, mint, with jacket. 25¢  
 LOVERS OF LIFE by Edwards Davis. 339-paged fantastic prose poem, superlatively printed and bound. 35¢  
 DELUGE by S. Fowler Wright. Excellent condition. 75¢  
 THE UNDYING FIRE by H. G. Wells. A chip missing from top of spine, otherwise very good copy. 25¢  
 THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD by H.P. Lovecraft. John Michel excerpted this from the original printing in Weird Tales, and bound the story by hand in heavy red pasteboard and paper mending-tape. Amateur binding job, of course, but a very neat volume. 75¢  
 SPACEHOUNDS OF I.P.C. by E.E. Smith. Fantasy Press first edition, excellent, with jacket. \$2.00  
 WORLD AFLAME! by Engèl and Pillar. Atomic novel of war with Russia in the near future. Brand new, jacketed copies @ \$1.00 per copy.  
 SPECIAL: 3 copies for \$2. One dozen copies for \$5.00.  
 FANZINES: jumbo assortment of FAPazines, recent and ancient sub-zines, Vanguard mags, news sheets, contains many good items. Pot-luck package of 50 assorted fanzines: \$1.00. 150 for \$2.00  
 POCKET EDITIONS: THE DUNWICH HORROR, by Lovecraft - 10¢. AVON GHOST READER - 5¢. BAR THE DOORS! - 5¢. TERROR AT NIGHT - 5¢. AFTER DINNER STORY by William Irish (horror and mystery short tales, in Army edition) - 10¢.  
 ORIGINAL PROZINE ILLUSTRATION: from PLANET STORIES, around '46, I think. Illustrates one of Simak's Granny Annie yarns, shows bat-winged bem swooping down on hero, while old lady weilds ray-gun. The artist's name has slipped my mind. Slight wrinkle in middle of pic. Price: 1¢

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The visitor from outer space casually plucked the rings from Saturn and, holding them delicately in one hand, began to munch upon them. "This," pronounced he, "is the finest doughnut I have tasted." "Egad!", exclaimed his companion, tossing him the Coal Sack Nebula, "try this -- it's more fun when you dunk it in something." -- Old Martian Fairy Tale.






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EDITORIAL NOTE: Gosh, all shucks. SPACEHOUND'S GAZETTE is beginning to print more travelogues than HOLIDAY magazine. When the travelogues are by Fox, however, we can't resist 'em. We were all a-fixing to mimeo this issue, when an airmail letter arrived from Baton Rouge, and the contents were so wondrous that we stopped the presses, in order that we might stencil and hereby bring you -- George Fox's exclusive report of his visit to Los Angeles. Take it away, Fox...

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In the interim between my last letter and this I managed to pay an abbreviated visit to the west coast. The details of my three day bus ride I shall mercifully spare you; such horrors should not be related to tender, virginal ears. Suffice to say I hit L.A. looking like someone ripped off the cover of a paper-backed Lovecraft collection.

My first night in that fair city was wasted by attending a LASFS meeting. I brought my butterfly net, but there didn't seem to be any pink winged little creatures hovering about that I could notice. This was, of course, a great disappointment; what good is life without an occasional nance-slugging? Random observations follow:

The celebrated LASFS clubroom was a soul-searing jar, simply a hundred square feet or so of rather soiled confusion. Weary furniture; immense piles of waste paper (some with lithoed covers); battered typewriters, mimeographs, stenotypes, etc.; proofs of some varityped pub profusely scattered over the walls. The most interesting piece of junk I saw was a large booklet by Evans; literal testimony to my belief that a fan's knowledge of political science could be printed on the back of a rusty Hoover button.

The meeting itself was of the we've-done-all-this-before-but-let's-give-it-that-old-college-try variety. Folding chairs were arranged in semi-circular formation, and we stared bemusedly at each other; considering the overwhelmingly ugly features of several members this was really too much for me to bear without resort to a whoopee cup. I was soon surprised to find that these creatures ACTUALLY read and



ed science-fiction -- and talked about little else. This, of course, left me in a conversational vacuum, and I eventually fell back on a blanked-out mind and a chain of Parliaments. The rest of my stay in Los Angeles was completely fanless, largely featuring visits to the beach and local houses (movie, of course) displaying the better cinematic imports.

Hold your hat for this next, startling disclosure! After talking with Forrest Ackerman for a few moments, I suddenly saw him as a slightly matured Phil Froeder. The psychological resemblance is really amazing in a way, and I'll bet you'd find both lads had a similar home life. I was itching to go into the matter further, but didn't know how.

E. Mayne Hull has much nicer legs than her husband. Van Vogt, the louse, gave me the severest disappointment of the whole adventure -- when I bluntly challenged him to the effect that Child of the Gods was stolen from the novel Claudius Nero (taken solely at Schaumburger's word, as I'd never even seen a copy of that ponderous tome) he forthrightly agreed with me! Things are sure getting tough when you can't even accuse a man of plagiarism with any sort of success.

The meeting's main attraction was Ray Bradbury, a quiet, rather likable fellow who spent most of his time there correcting the manuscripts of would-be Weinbaums. One of the damn fools had actually (hold your breath) dummied his manuscript to the extent of having each paragraph end directly at the right hand margin! Without any strategic spacing -- just painstakingly rewritten to fit the given space. He claimed it gave the story metrical swing.

On the way home I stopped off at Phoenix and saw Lloyd's old flame, Lee Budoff. She hasn't changed much -- still neck deep in the "intellectual" life. For some reason I find it impossible to get her riled; I besmire her friends and ideas profusely, but her only defending gesture is a tolerating smile. I must bring out the maternal instinct in them. (I vividly remember wandering into the ESFA on one occasion to be confronted by a wildly excited Rickey Slavin; seems Mason was one of the attendees, and she had sworn to protect me from the hulking brute.) Anyway, Budoff imparted the news that she had sold two paintings to Seventeen for a total reward of \$150.00 -- maybe there's something to the "intellectual" life after all. Quick, mother, my dirty shirt!

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#### MORE NUTSHELL MOVIE REVIEW

Another quote from Fox's letter: I saw The Search and enjoyed it immensely -- largely due to the lack of over-sentimentality in a story that, handled more loosely, could well have crawled with it. On the same bill, incidentally, was a curious little short subject, purportedly one of the first of a series. Utilizing Debussy's Engulfed Cathedral as background music, it describes the music's program, Fantasia style with actual sets instead of animation. Opening with a few random seascapes, the camera soon shifts beneath the surface of the waves to the cathedral itself, half seen behind the eerie greenness of the water, and proceeds within the ruined edifice, where phantom fingers turn hymnal pages and press the keys on the



church organ, then finally returns to the outer world. Very neatly handled, the main drawback being the misguided use of cinecolor -- though black and white, I suppose, would fail to catch the richer points of the scene.

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Have you found the yellow sign?

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## *The FELLERS in the MIRAGE*

---a short short story in the Merritt manner---

Over the azure-shadowed cliff that was the wall of skyscrapers, Leif Coslet watched the light slowly creeping. Oozing slowly over the crest of the granite towers, the light seemed to corruscate with an unearthly brilliance. A new radiance swept across the path of the light as the open-faced moon swung into the twilight sky. The two channels of luminosity met ... clashed ... blended together with a scintillating wash of brilliance. Leif Coslet blinked. His heart was pounding in his chest like a wild beast surging against the walls of its cage.

Tiny ripples of diamond-like color twinkled along the twin streams of light. The moon, silently hovering above the skyline, showered a waterfall of gold upon the sleeping city. But the earthly glow was moving, Coslet knew, moving relentlessly toward him. As it came, he saw the dancing flecks of a million fireflies swirling through the perfume-choked city air. The fields of poppies nodded in the moon-enchanted breeze, their scarlet heads bobbing forward and back, ever forward and back. Nearer -- nearer flowed the eerie light, rippling upon the scented air as if keeping time to the stirrings of the poppies in the park.

Down, down leaped the cataract of light upon him! It lashed into his eyes. He perceived the glowing, dancing radiance of a billion rainbows torn apart, robbed of their corruscating avalanche of color. Rubies, sea-green emeralds, sparkling sapphires, and tiny droplets of midnight-ebon onyx churned about him. Some unknown chariot -- some vehicle of the very gods -- must be descending upon him! A beam of pearl-white, mind-wrenching brilliance was approaching. As it grew closer, Leif Coslet saw that there were two lights, blazing their flame-ridden pathway through the night's darkness.

Madly, the crimson poppies leaped happily upon the breeze!

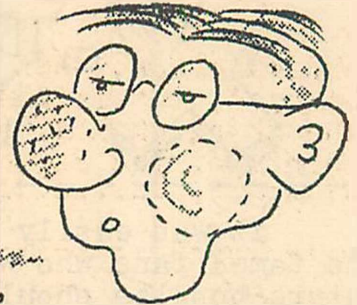
Out of the night was pouring music. The music of woodland elves prancing the nameless melodies of the dryads. The tinkling and jangling of a multitude of bells. Bells of madness. Bells that dinged like chimes carved from gigantic diamonds, bells that sang and tinkled, providing music for the swaying, blood-red poppies of the park.

Then, as the last cloud darted across the surface of the golden moon, the entire scene became as bright as day. Along the canyon between the skyscrapers drifted -- a glittering white metal chariot! The gleaming cube of metal dazzled Leif Coslet's eyes. The bells chimed insanely, the chariot's headlights blazed into Coslet's brain, and a voice thundered its challenge across the darkness:

"Good Humor! Good Humor! Any kinda ice cream -- fifteen cents!"



# THOTS WHILE MUNCHING ON A DILL PICKLE...



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We have been doing a lot of reading this summer, and got thinking on the subject of books and literature and all stuff like that there sort of thing. We have come across a lot of lists in which various critics have listed their ten favorite books, and we thought that just for the heck of it, we would do likewise. Here is our list of the ten favorite books which we have read:

These are listed in no special order.

MOBY DICK by Melville. This, in recent years, has won acclaim as the greatest American novel. Regardless of the allegory between the Great White Whale and the Mystery of the Universe, we like this one because it is a corking-good sea story, written with sweep and power and gusto and colorful characterizations.

THE RHUBIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. We spelled Rubaiyat wrong. 'Tis magnificent poetry. I wouldn't agree with the Oriental philosophy of pre-destination, but, otherwise -- wunnerful!

THE SHORT STORIES of De Maupassant.

TRANSITION by Will Durant. A fascinating intellectual autobiog.

SEVEN FAMOUS NOVELS OF H.G. WELLS. It has everything! All the best science-fiction plots, written in a wonderful style. "Food of the Gods" is my favorite, but I also like "Time Machine" and "War of the Worlds" very very much.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD by A. E. Housman. Terse, clipped poetry -- and o so effective.

LANGUAGE IN ACTION by S. I. Hayakawa. The simplest and most entertaining book on the fundamentals of general semantics. It will change your life, no kidding. Hayakawa writes in a friendly, straight-forward style, tells amusing anecdotes, peppers his text with quotations from famous people -- which you're supposed to analyze. A tremendously stimulating and absorbing book. If you haven't latched on to it as yet -- grab it, brother, grab it!

LEAVES OF GRASS by Walt Whitman. Whenever I get down in the dumps mentally, I read this book. "Song of Myself", especially, presents a tremendously dynamic and inspiring filosofy of life.

TRAGEDIES and SONNETS: Shakespeare. No kidding, I really enjoy Old Bill.

ARCHIE AND MEHITABEL by Don Marquis. Rib-tickling blankverse observations of a Reincarnated Cockroach. Immensely funny, yet thought provoking.

Them's my favorite ten. It'll probably change as my reading expands further, but it's fairly representative of literature in general, at that. Two (actually eight!) novels, 2 non-fiction, 1 volume of short stories, 1 book o' humor, 3 books of poetry, and some dramas.

Wonder how many SAPS didn't bother to read this page. You slobs.

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Herewith A Couple Definitions from Ambrose Bierce's Devil's Dictionary  
BACCHUS: A convenient deity invented by the ancients as an excuse for getting drunk. LEARNING: The kind of ignorance distinguishing the studios. OCEAN: A body of water occupying about two-thirds of a world made for man---who has no gills.



# X-RAY ON SAPS

leave us slither through the 4th mailing----

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It was easily the best mailing yet, altho considering some of the famed fans who were inveigled into joining SAPS at the Torcon, future bundles should be even better. I had hopes of holding an informal bullsession of SAPS members who were present at the Convention -- Cheney, Lyon, Cox, Alpaugh, Gross, Chris, Schaumburger, Froeder, MacInnes, etc. -- but somehow the idea got lost amid all the other goings-on. O well. It's a suggestion, anyway, which we might put in cold storage until the Cinvention. # Alpaugh's third SUN SHINE is certainly the neatest publication yet produced by the sage of Somerville. I found the utter screwiness of the Jogros cover thoroughly delightful. The story about the book shop is truly a classic of Alpaughania. I'm inclined to agree with Alp that the demise of Hadley Publications wouldn't be much of a loss -- altho Hadley has produced at least two worthwhile books: The Time Stream and Final Blackout. There are, however, way too many semi-professional publishing outfits in the field today, in my opinion; but I've already gone into this in an article for Wilson's Dream Quest. Agree that TWS seems to be the best-edited stfmag on the stands today. The fillers in Sun Shine were, as usual, immensely rib-tickling. # Gross's competent artwork seems the best feature of HALF-FORMED DREAMS. Incidentally, the title for the mag was selected by a revolutionary new system. Somebody chose a number at random and then counted the books on Lloyd's library shelves. The number, I think, was 26 -- and the 26th book was Derleth's SLEEP NO MORE. The number 365 was picked at random, and page 365 of the book turned out to be Lovecraft's "The Rats in the Walls". Again at random, number 28 was selected -- and on line 28 appeared the phrase "I found my vigil occasionally mixed with half-formed dreams..." And a name for the one-shot had been found. # Andy Lyon's FANDEMONIUM holds its own with the best Fapa has to offer. The article about Von Weber's opera, "Der Freischutz" makes me most anxious to attend a performance, altho I don't believe it's presented often. You'll frequently hear the very well-known overture to the opera played on radio stations which feature classical disc-jockies, however. For me the most interesting ~~xx~~ portion of Fandemonium was Andy's detailed review of the previous mailing; Lyon impresses me as being a hard-hitting and mercilessly honest critic. A good guy to have around. For people who didn't attend either Philcon or Torcon, it might be worth noting that, despite Fandemonium's blurb "The Austere Fanzine", Andy Lyon in person is far from being the austere character that his fanzines might lead yuh to believe. # We have a budding Erskine Caldwell in our midst. Paul Cox's short yarn, "June Wedding" in RESONANCE #1 is as close to God's Little Acre as anything I've seen in a fanzine so far! I thought it was quite nicely written, tho not even remotely scientificfictional. Enjoyed Cox's comments on the last page; there should've been more of them. Three cheers and an empty beer bottle to Cox's classic remark, "A little good clean sex in the mags won't hurt..." # NAMLEPS is neat, pleasant, but skimpy. # 'Tis good to see somebody with the ambition of Ray Higgs joining SAPS. Judging from his work in the NFFF, the guy would seem to be a veritable whirlwind of energy. The page of cartoons by Ray Nelson in SAPIAN are named good satire, I theenk. New type-faces on his typer, a little study of the rules for punctuation in any good grammar book, and a little more time spent in preparing his material, and I betcha Higgs' publications would be among the most popular in fandom. # Fooey, I'd hoped to review the whole mailing on one page. Ahhh, dreams of youth!

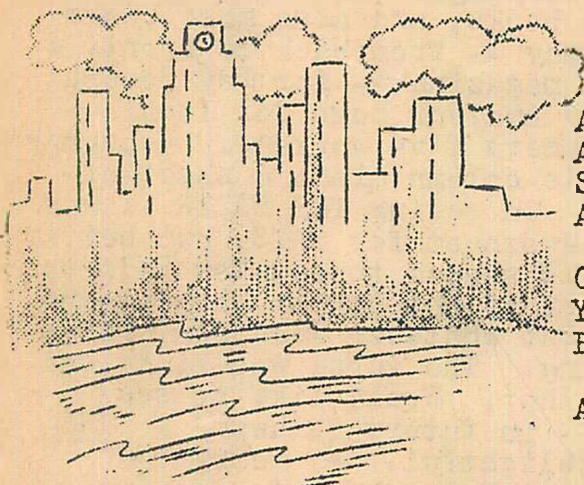


And still the SAPSazines come, in a devouring tide. But we love 'em, every one. # SAP-ORIFIC is a worthy first sortie into SAPS; hope to see it around regularly. Personally, I very much enjoyed Zimmer's incisive and well-thought-out comments on our organization. She hit many a nail on the head. We'd better look to our laurels, fellow males -- in the opinion of yours truly, Miss Z is about the best poet in SAPS. There are one or two excellent phrases in "Three Fragments of a Poem", notably the line describing Lovecraft: "Lapped in an ebon mantle, star-enwrought..." Marion's verse seems just a trifle wordy in spots, but she does have a knack for well-turned phrasing; as her poetic talents develop, she'll doubtlessly become even more adept at fitting her ideas to verse form. Was glad to note the contribution from Larry Shaw; to my knowledge, the fan version of Strip Polka is the first thing Shaw has contributed to a fan mag in -- lo! -- two years. As for the editorial comments anent the relative advantages of hektographing over mimeographing, I'm flabbergasted to find somebody who really prefers hektography and its accompanying purple plague to the comparatively easy task of handle-churning! SAP-ORIFIC's format is pleasantly peculiar. I believe Chinese books, and also most books published in Arabic and Hebrew, read thataway -- from back to front. # THE NEW SIXER seems to be a nicely handled magazine -- for Boy Scouts! Wonder how many fans have published mundane amateur mags for local circulation, like this. For the past 4 summers I've worked in a nearby YMCA boys' camp, and have published a triple-column mimeo'd sheet of news and "artwork" written by the kiddies. On seeing THE SIXER, I was tempted to run off 30 copies of the camp newssheet for SAPS, but better judgment prevailed. You lucky dawgs. # It's good to see Con Pederson active in SAPS. SNARL was fun to read, even if not nearly so neat and coherent as Con's excellent subzine, IF! But whatever Pederson writes or publishes is generally well worth reading. The verse was kinda sad, tho. Brazier's story was well written, I thot. Would like to see some of Con's own fiction -- and artwork -- in future issues. # THE VOYAGE OF THE BOOJUM: wacky, but utterly delightful. # Perry's FUNCYCLOPEDIA proved uproarious. Haw! Beautiful take-off on Speer's classic work of crifanac, even to the little drawings inside, and the last-page publishing credits. My favorites from among the topics in the 'Pedia are the entries for "Fanne", "Hectograph", "Number One Face", and "FAPA" -- all of which are painfully true! How come no double-columned format, tho? # KEYNOTER enjoyed. Natcherly, I got a big kick outta "The Case of the Big Name Fan". And the disturbing thing about it is that it's not absolutely impossible! The comments on aSF were relished; let's have more of same. # PLOOR: Still reminds me of Speer's pubs. Very good issue, I thought, despite all the pages and pages of dates and volume-numbers. The reprints were all interesting, and well-picked. Dick Wilson is a writer that would-be fan humorists might do well to study. He wrote a flock of wonderfully whimsical stories about 7 years ago, when the Futurians were in their prime. Coslet's detailed mailing comments were extremely welcome, but foey on you, WC, for not appreciating that MacLeish sonnet. If you don't like poetry, try reading Ogden Nash and Don Marquis, then grab one of the better anthologies of modern verse -- Untermeyer's, or Williams's, or Aiken's -- and try browsing through it. Bet you'll find a lotta stuff you'll enjoy. Compliments on PLOOR's excellent ditto reproduction. # Maddox does a better job of editing his own fanzine, as proved by the big improvement in the second YELLUM. Thought "The Hunting of the Fap" a dangood parody; must've taken some time to write. I got one reply from the "Blue Bems of America" ad! Hugh MacInnes (FAPAn) applied for membership, so I sent him a button ripped off an old shirt. # COAL: "The Belch" and "CRuller out of Space" amusing satire, and close enuf



to the originals to be memorable. Towber's humor hits the mark about 50% of the time, which is a fairly respectable batting average. # QUEER is a slop-happy conglomeration, and I like it. The poetry was the worst I've ever read, bar none. I liked it. Your biological comments about grulzaks, Storer, betray abysmal ignorance. The true grulzak (the common garden variety) does not have six heads -- perish the thought! It has but one head, like all normal bems, which surmounts a mass of spotted tentacles. For further details, see any issue of BREEZY STORIES, 25¢ at your newsstand. Sneary's story was good for several chortles. The fan club meeting described reminds me of the Queens SF League. # FROZINE: dunno why, but I love this mag. The latest installment of "The Decline and Fall of the Martian Empire" was rib-tickling, but the last episode was hilariously. Somehow liked Schaumburger's "Lines on a Tomb". A hearty belly laff to the reference to YELLUM #1 as one of the "more mature publications of the SAPS" !! # Luffly mailing, folks. Let's keep it up.

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### HARBOR AT SEVEN

A gull knives down to taste the sea  
And vaults a cloud on a tower.  
Stroke after stroke, metallicly,  
A steeplebell measures the hour.

City, you frigid ridge of rock,  
You are lord of the sea today;  
But the berylloid claws of the steeple  
clock  
Are slicing your hour away.

---John Holbrook Caley

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### ANOTHER NUTSHELL MOVIE REVIEW

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKINSTEIN: With the possible exception of the Mummy, all the fabulous monsters in the Universal menage are tossed into this wild and wacky film free-for-all. The two clowns play innocent express clerks who stumble into Count Dracula's castle after an extraordinary express-shipment -- the bodies of Drac and the Frankenstein monster, bound for a House-of-Horror sideshow! -- escapes. The Wolf Man, who metamorphosizes into lupine form everytime the moon comes up, is also dragged into the plot by his shaggy hair. The goings-on are moderately funny, especially the grand finale, when everybody in the castle is chasing everybody else. The few elements of horror which creep in are pretty much diluted by the comedy. Gads, what a let-down for Mary Shelley's brainchild. To this reviewer, the most memorable moment of the movie came near the beginning. In the express office, the monster has just stepped out of his crate. He stares around. Costello, paralyzed with fright, is backed against the wall, trembling, glassey-eyed. The monster comes nearer. Nearer. Costello and the monster are face to face. "AAAAGGHHH!" groans the monster, lurching backward.

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"Human speech is like a cracked tin kettle, on which we hammer out tunes to make bears dance when we long to move the stars..."

---Flaubert, Madame Bovary.