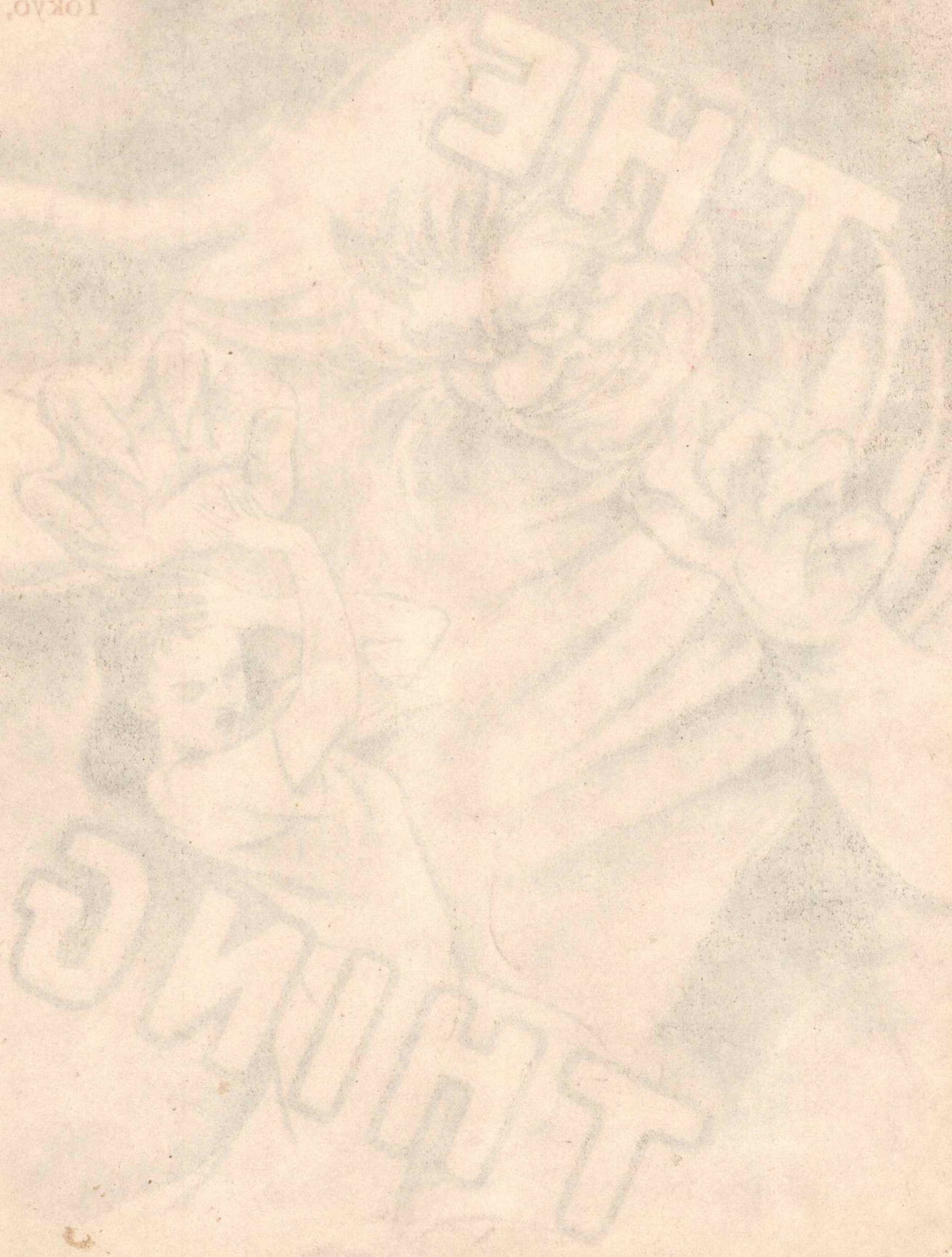


Number Three
Tokyo, Japan



Number Three
Tokyo, Japan





Rathnaka

by Burton Crane

This is the rune of Rathnaka, maker of swords for the
slayers of men in the forge by the fen of Kalmore.
These are the words that hang hot on his breath when the
mist of the marshes is stinking of death
And the weirds by the whispering willows are numb with
their fear of the presence to come.
This is the rune of Rathnaka, maker of swords of Kalmore:

Where red breath rasped in a Rothnic throat, where the
sword drank deep of its own warm wine,
There went Balto the Berserk, brutal and ruthless and
bold.
Wherever his lean ships ground the sand, there the morrow
saw blackened land
And women wept for their ravished vows and men for their
vanished gold.

Save for the gentian blue of her eyes and the white of
her teeth and the red of her lips, Hulda the Haldeck
was golden, golden as sun on the vine.
Golden the down that lay light on her thighs, golden the
glow of her blossoming breasts,
Golden the charms of her welcoming arms--
But Hulda the Haldeck was Balto's, and I willed it that
Hulda be mine!

Lonely the hours and lonely the days and lonely the years
that the Berserks be gone.
The women all watch through the westering haze for a sail
at the sunset, a sail at the dawn,
And their bodies grow bleak for the lack of a man. The
plump breasts go slack and the eye comes alight

And the strong vows grow weak in the niggardly night. So was it
with Hulda and so it began.

What would you have them do, my lord, when past loves follow them
into their dreams,
When their eyes stare wide at the black above and the bed beside
is cold, so cold?
Women are juicy and meant for love and the wily wind in the raft-
ers screams:
"Hurry, my darling! Hurry, my dove! Hurry, my sweetheart! You're
growing old!"

Winter was wound about my soul when Hulda came to the forge of
Kalmore.
With her came Spring to the raftered room and with her a dream
without a name.
I touched her. She clung to me hard in the gloom and the heat of
her burned through the vows she had sworn,
Burned like the bellows-fed blast of the forge till she stumbled
away at the coming of morn.

All that winter was thrashed with storm but Hulda came with her
gentian eyes
And the golden gift of her glowed like dawn as she stretched like
a cat in the forge-fire light,
And the taut little muscles rolled under her skin and her lips
were wet and her eyes were bright
And oh, it was passing sweet to sin, for the night was cold and
her arms were warm!
Together we lay in our clean-scoured fleece, welded as one like a
new-forged brand.
In Hulda's arms there was love and peace while Winter was wreak-
ing its wrath on the land.
But then came Spring with gall in its mouth, for Balto the Berserk
was back from the South!

The women waited with secret eyes and the women whispered, as
women will,
When Balto leaped from his blood-black ship and Hulda went to him,
smiling still
But with death-cold lips and a stark white cheek.
They kissed, and a tell-tale titter ran from woman to woman and
man to man and the leering laughter said: "Kill, kill, kill!"
Balto the Berserk turned and frowned and the very silence was
tense and shrill.

A day. Two days! Oh, the sand ran slow and the sun stole laggardly
down the sky
As the women whispered that all might know that Balto the Berserk
or I must die.

TAPPING THE

Infinite Will

by FRANCIS T. LANEY

"...a Supreme Being, Mind, Will, Power or whatever He or It may be, that is Infinite in knowledge and ability..." "...though most men are unable to make complete contact, anyone who follows the broad general outline of His plan can gain much in Power, and, more important, in Happiness and Peace within himself."

---E. Everett Evans
(TIMEBINDER #4, ppl&2)

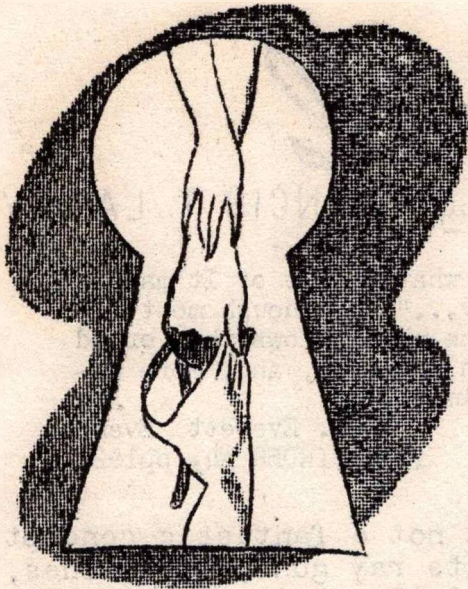
A happiness machine! Certainly this is not a fantastic concept for one steeped in scientifiction--with its ray guns, time machines, rejuvenation machines, space ships, and similar bric a brac. The man in the street might boggle at such an implement, but when I read Everett's article I was Inspired.

"I can, I must Create!" I cried, and forthwith fell to designing a whole factory for the dispensing of Infinite Power and Inspiration. There were difficulties, even for me, but when I thought of what my friends could do if they had a hot and cold running tap of Infinite Will into which they could insert themselves and draw off Power and Inspiration, I was carried past them as though borne by a mighty torrent. The very thought of a Power and Inspiration Emporium, with tens of thousands of fans standing in orderly, ecstatic rows--each plugged into a socket of some kind while they literally filled themselves with the essence of Infinity; ah, I was swept out of myself.

The technical difficulties, as I have implied, were literally tremendous, but they were surmounted. Such was my boundless enthusiasm that not only was a site purchased and cleared, but a large portion of the Infinite Power and Inspiration Emporium was actually erected and fitted with various models of my new Infinite Power and Inspiration (henceforth abbreviated IPI) machines before I got around to patenting the literally scores of startling innovations which were embodied in IPI.

What a shattering disillusionment! IPI, I found, was unpatentable, being a public domain idea. It seems that there exists in nature millions of units of a power source into which any man or wouldbe man can insert himself with the most beneficial results to all concerned. This source, moreover, has an advantage not included in IPI as originally planned; to wit, the power units are self-contained, do not require massive installations, and are self-propelled, so that they may be moved from one spot to another without the use of expensive handling machinery.

Unlike one whose chief interest in life is the garnering of ego boo, I was not cast down. Since my chief aim was the altruistic betterment of fandom, the failure of IPI and the consequent loss of prestige for myself went unnoticed. (The name is spelled L-A-N-E-Y, in case you are having difficulty remembering it.)



...thorough program of
research...

I went into a very gruelling and thorough program of research and consultation, and at this time am happy to be able to present to fandom considerable information on the tapping of Infinite Power and Will through the use of natural power sources.

These units are not difficult to obtain; many men, in fact, choosing to maintain several different models simultaneously. Though they are not sold by leading department stores or the Thrifty Drug Company, they may often be found in such places.

They are most often to be obtained, however, in bars, restaurants, night clubs, and similar places of entertainment, or even occasionally gotten in the streets. The world is filled with them, and it is probably safe to say that at one time or another every single haunt of mankind has known their presence.

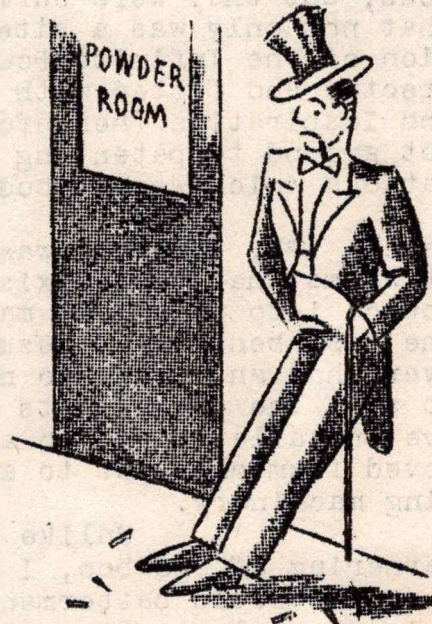
Most moving parts of these natural IPI courses are of such durable construction as to outlast the life of the machine as a whole. On the other hand, the maintenance of these Power units requires constant attention, even though many of the maintenance operations are, in some inexplicable manner, performed by the machine itself.

The fuel tank, for example, is of limited capacity, and must be replenished two or three times a day. The Infinite Power and Inspiration machine comes in several permanent finishes, including pink, yellow, brown and black--and this finish will endure unbelievable abuse, being capable of self-regeneration within a few days. However, for some reason, the machine gives better results if the upper portion is frequently covered with a layer of powdered chalk, perfume, and colored grease. The operator of the machine does not, as a rule, have to make this application for himself, the machine taking care of it.

The insulation of all models I have seen is rather poor, and the machine gives far better service if the bulk of its area is kept covered when not in use. Cotton, wool, or silk is most frequently used, though many other substances, including several synthetics, are also suitable.

The IPI machine creates a number of waste products, but the operator need not concern himself with their disposal, since the machine is self-emptying.

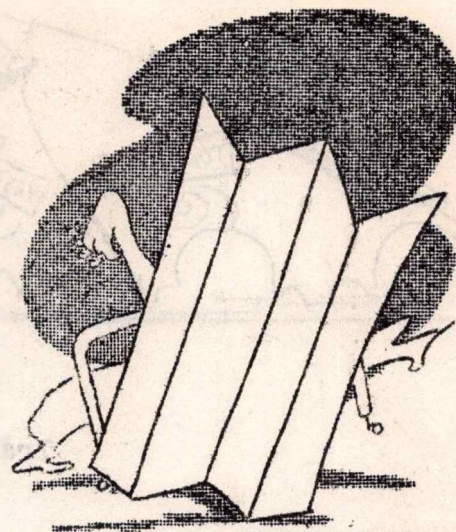
The natural machine embodies one very marked advantage over the synthetic IPI with which I was going to equip my Emporium,



...the machine is self-
emptying...

since the operator does not have to be equipped with any special jacks, plugs or other attachments. The collet on nature's IPI dispensary is capable of almost indefinite expansion or contraction without becoming permanently distorted.

Some difficulty may be experienced by the unskilled operator in getting the best results from the Infinite Power and Will machine, but even a totally inexperienced individual can usually get reasonably satisfactory effects on his first attempt at operation. Though truly skilled operation is surprisingly involved, the learning of the proper techniques is seldom onerous, even for inferior workmen. And since the machine apparently possesses in some inexplicable manner a certain vestigial intelligence, it can often teach the operator new modes of tapping this Infinite Power and Inspiration source, many of which are most fascinating as an end in themselves.



...truly skilled operation is surprisingly involved...

And though Everett mentions that "most men are unable to make complete contact," the tapping of Infinite Power and Inspiration is a truly holy endeavor, one which should appeal to the basic instincts in us all. Evans deserves an accolade for bringing this matter to the attention of fandom.

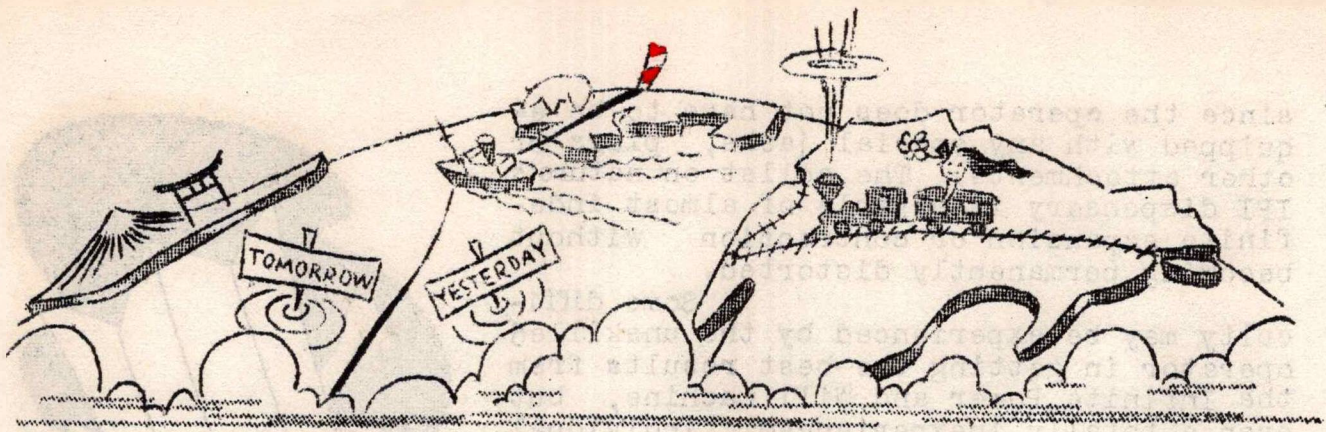
THE FAPA BUNDLE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO SQUEEZE IN....

FANTASY AMATEUR When official organs descend to the uninspired state of this one (Winter 1946-47) something obviously is wrong with the association. Perhaps too many of my ideas stem from the mundane IPI's, but it has always been my conviction ((mine, too-H)) that the organ should provide leadership, should poosh out the pep in eye-popping portions. This one carries nothing but a load of So-Whatism ((behind a cover page that is more of the same)). --BC

PLENUM An intelligent issue, with plenty of cud to chew on. But why does it have to explode the USRocketSoc? Just when Helen and I were thinking of starting a new religion, too! (We've been having a little trouble getting things going, because Shep thinks we ought to let him be Ghod and we don't think he has enough dignity for the job.) --BC

EIGHT PAGES If Sam Russell wants to encourage literary interest in sf-dom, he should alter his method of book reviewing. What sane man wants to read a book (not too highly recommended) when the entire plot has been paraded before his eyes? Indicating the basis for the story and its method of handling should be enough. Don't give everything away. *** Those who go all wet-eyed over higher mathematics, semantics and the quiddities of sociological research should remember that an ignorant person is somebody who doesn't know what you've just learned. They boo their egos by assuming all the erudition of the last books they've read, instead of trying to make the advanced ideas understandable. Let them pretend that everybody is as dumb as I and the world will be a more instructive place. --BC

My own comment on EIGHT PAGES is that while I heartily agree with Sam's opinion of the current trend of FAPA reading matter, I don't think Sam's attitude of "Stick anything in" will help. Why not set a good example, Sam? --HW

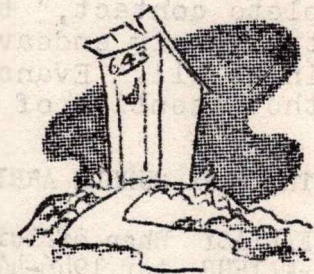


THE LONG WAY HOME
or
Travelogue of a Gourmet
(French for Glutton)

MYRTLE'S MERCY

Though Wessonmale wrote on his honeymoon, "My hobby used to be printing," there was some debate in a few circles as to which he had given first priority on shipping space, his press or me. I won. Just before Port Call, I received his instructions: "Go to Seattle via Los Angeles, and spend whatever time you have with your Fantasy friends. Have fun, darling, and tell me all about it as soon as I give you chance to talk."

"Your best bet is Slan Shack," Fran answered my cabled query, "but you can try the Commodore if you'd rather." I didn't want to impose. I wired the Commodore and was off. I spent two days in LA not imposing and ran into a hotel limit. Back to the old Army-wife routine of finding a roof... Jack Wiedenbeck trotted with me on the rounds of NO VACANCIES, and when he thought I'd had enough, he explained the Slan Shack setup to me, reassuring me to my welcome. I tripped back to 643 and threw myself on Myrtle's mercy. Myrtle is gracious. (She's a good cook, too.) So here I am, the star boarder, typing scraps of TUP copy on the remington rand of Fandom's Scarlet Cockerel, and lousing up the run-off stencils he leaves around underfoot.....



"Is this Slan Shack?" I phoned from the Commodore the minute I checked in. "No, this is Sunset Cleaners." THREE times I got the Sunset Cleaners before I began to doubt Fran's telephone numbers, such was my faith in the Laney. I said was. "Is this the Sunset Cleaners?" "No." "Is it," I asked hopefully, after having checked with Mrs. Burbee, "Slan Shack?" "Yes." It was Ashley. "Come around any time," he purred. Three in the pm I wander around and a guy opens the door and I voice the question raised by the casual invite. "Doesn't anyone work in California?" "Huh?" It wasn't Ashley. Ashley had left. It was Wiedenbeck. I had to explain.

FIRST AND LAST MEN




So Jack Wiedenbeck was the first Fangelano I met, and happened to be the last I said goodbye to—both times. (The first trip back to the station I had to return in a mad taxi chase after the forgotten movie camera.) I took a particular shine to Jack. He was so thoughtful and helpful and considerate in little ways he seems now, a couple months later (this is written in widely-timed spurts) to typify Slan Shack hospitality. Easy-going. It is Fandom's loss that, along with too many of the Fangelanos I met, he has transferred his interest elsewhere—to ceramics.

Fran Laney was the first Fan I'd known. Alf Babcock had given me some ACOLYTES, and a year or two later, when Shep was in OCS and I had time on my hands in a strange Army town, I finally wrote Fran. I judged him solely from ACOLYTE, and his few informative, but not gossipy, letters. Such high standards, I reasoned from ACOLYTE, could only emanate from some old crank as old and decrepit as Crane. ((I'll get it for that crack.)) I came to LA to sit at the feet of this venerable old man and absorb the esthetic view of Fandom. HAH. Laney is older than I, quite, but still in my age group; and though he's vastly older in experience, I feel so much more mature. Fans cannot understand a joy affection--they cannot divorce affection from sex--or I'd say I've developed the same affection for Fran that a mother feels for the black sheep of her brood. We are poles apart, but he is one of the last men I'd care to lose dim track of. He has the wildest burst of laughter--and usually catches the point a fraction ahead of anyone else, so that it just bellows out. He is a fount of uninhibited gossip, FAN-DANGO personified. I could gab with him for hours. I did.

A VERY LIVELY GHOST

For an ajoy who'd been reported dead only a coupla weeks previously, Walter Daugherty is one of the alivest guys I've met. I shall always associate Daugherty, however, with good food. (That is unjust to Walt's hosting in general, as excellent as his World Championship dancing.) Not only does he know the specialties of LA eating places, I found out my first night in Fanland, but he broils a mean platter of steaks himself. Walt had phoned me, "Come on over." At his apt, I found Gus Willmorth and a hic-ing Himmel, and a whole slew of dancing cups. You must go dancing with me." Me? with a Champ dancer? A guy who dances for the sake of dancing and not just gabbing set to music? "You're out of my class," I begged off. He won. "Tomorrow night," During an intermission I mentioned Theodore Chamber of Commerce Daugherty picked this up immediately, baiting me further with a Walt-cooked meal to start off on. Blithely disregarding Laney's fatherly advice about visiting wolves in their dens, I went.



"I have a surprise for you!" Walt greeted me, in his airy, all-out-for-a-good-time manner. Tigrina and Ackerman! I was tickled. Tigrina I had imagined to be Orientally exotic, with sleek black hair and long jade earrings, of indeterminate age. Instead she looked like a poster ad for the Typical American Girl, with curly blondish hair and long jade earrings, of indeterminate age--but young. I had expected to tear right into Ack. Instead we just grinned at each other. It was a jolly dinner party. I stuffed myself with steak and Walt's homemade chocolate cake and Ack's fantasy till they just whirled me bodily away from the table to see Theodore.

As for Theodore's performance, FAN-DANGO expresses my opinion adequately. That man can so perfectly slobber his features, like a Lee Brown Coye, that I was exceedingly grateful for the company of the gang in the dark of Walt's station wagon, when we drove the Theodores home. But first to a coffee mill--Tigrina and Ackerman, Gordon Dewey and AE Van Vogt, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore and mine host, Ah, Van Vogt. I hadn't read anything he'd written, nor do I even like science fiction. But I like Van Vogt. He's tall, dark, definitely no stuffed shirt, but rather, an attractive personality with a fun-loving sense of humor.

But all this was Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday. Monday?

Monday was my literary date with F. Towner Laney, Esq.

JAW, JAW, JAW...

At least I rate one distinction in Fandom. I daresay I'm the only woman who has kept Fran Laney up half the night just gabbing. In Fran's own words to the Slan Shacklers, "I had to get up early, so at what I figured was 10:30, I decided the most tactful way to get rid of her ((HMMM)) was to suggest going out for a bite to eat. I looked at my watch--it was 2:30!" (If I forgive him his phraseology it is because he bequeathed to TUT the ACOLYTE estate, sweet dear that he seldom is, plus a batch of fanzines and a bound volume of amateur journals dated

1888.) And so it came to pass, that I did sit at the feet of the Laney and absorb the esthetic view of Fandom. Esthetic, hell.

Wednesday I was the supper guest of the Evans, EEEEEEE and Joan. "I keep my fanships separate from my friendships," explained EEEEEEE, when I warned him before accepting that I'd probably light into TIMEBINDER and everything in it, as soon as I could get around to reading all that mush and goo. Would that more fans heeded that philosophy. As far as Fantasy is concerned, EEEEEEEEEEE is a solid citizen. He wears his steel gray hair stiff up in a GI haircut, and he keeps his temper when provoked. I know! Joan is even taller than I, and reminded me somewhat of Sylvia Crane, except Sylvia's blonde with blue eyes, whereas Joan is dark. (You figure it out.) Along about the point where the Conchie argument was getting warm, I had to leave. I had a date to tell Gordon Dewey, Hollywood script writer and #1 Merritt Fan, that in my humble estimation, Abe Merritt stinks. We got no place on Merritt at the Torch Club, so Dewey recited limericks for me. I took them down in shorthand--they lost same.

OVERBLOWN AND UNDERGROWN

Thursday was Hallowe'en. What more appropriate occasion to visit LASFS? Surely Hallowe'en would be the big blow-off of the whole season. During my visit to Ackerman's famous (or notorious) Garage, Tigrina had talked me into wearing costume. I dearly love costume parties, but being a New Yorker, I was suspicious. At a NYC costume ball, 999 will turn up in drab everyday wear and the 1000th will feel like an ass. Daugherty was even more suspicious; he begged off. But Laney came as Laney, and Burbee came as Burbee, and Tigrina wore two red sequins as vampire marks on her neck. Burbee, incidentally, talks exactly the way he writes. The two red horns (hatpins) with which I converted my red traveling suit, was intended to depict my ajay pen-name, Li'l Red Devil.

We sat around. None of the Slan Shacklers attended but Dale Tarr. Liebscher had another date--in fact, he's got so much social bug the only time I saw him was the night he let me in at 3 am when Laney brought me home without a key. Al was out of town, Jack preferred a good book. Laney made it clear he was only showing up to give me the low-down. We sat around. Then the program started. We sat around.

Speer has accused me of judging Fandom by Ajaydom. At this distance of 10,000 miles, I get a better perspective, and find comparison ludicrous, for never the twain shall rub noses. However, let me make one comparison where Fandom stands on the same foot as Ajaydom. Here is a club with a mutual hobby as a raison d'etre. Like the APC. There the similarity ends. The Amateur Printers Club, pre-war*, met monthly at various ajay printshops, with a monthly attendance of 25 to 50 from six states, with hostesses figuring on 35. (*All its active members but Alf and I were in the Armed Forces; it has now been re-organized.) All afternoon into the evening there was a constant hub-bub. Never was a small group in control, though Crane and Wesson are nostalgically missed. Never was there a set program, with most of the members seated in a do-nothing circle against the wall. There WAS a meeting project--printing of APC NEWS as large or small as the host's press permitted. If one didn't print or write copy, one gabbed, ate and/or flirted. Somewhere in these lines may be the solution for Lasfas. For the APC has printers' ink in its veins, scorn it as you may, while LASFS has embalming fluid.



"What's your opinion of Lasfas?" asked Daugherty. "Frankly, I mean."

"Overblown and undergrown."

He whooped.

DROOL, GROVEMAN, DROOL

I'd come to Los Angeles to specialize on Fantasy. The ajay doings in the East had been hot and heavy--social stuff like nightclubs and picnics--and I felt I wanted to dedicate what few days I'd allotted to LA (actually a week) to being

proseltized into Fandom. So I brought no ajay address list with me. To Daugherty, therefore, I owe my visit to Thor Mauritzen. "I always have time to talk amateur journalism with an ajay," Thor said as he thrust aside his work till the evening when I'd be en route to Seattle and the Port of Embarkation. Thor showed me bound volumes of his paper, published and printed since 1878. I bow my head.

Among the ajay papers Thor gave me were some CALIFORNIANS with Lovecraft articles, and oh Billie-boy! a copy of Cookie's GHOST #1, to complete my file. Bill, who'd give anything but his OUTSIDER for this item, is a corry of Thor's, too. I guess you're just the wrong sex, kid!

CITY OF ANGELS(?)

The first day I hit Slan Shack, I collared Jack and Al about the electro stencil reproduction and the airbrush method. Both arts are impractical here in Tokyo. Also, during that week, I acquired three bumps on my head where I stood up in Liebscher's sloping office, so graciously turned over to me for my daily to Shep.

It was quite an event to see one Slan Shacker, Dale Mart (where do I get Tarr from?) actually fanning. (FYI, Dale is td&h in a sloe-eyed way.) These days only Ackerman remains true to Fandom, seems. Barbara Bovard I thought to be direct and unaffected. Virgil Douglas (Morojo's Air Corps son) I remember mainly for his appealing shyness, and sanity as he looked on at fan cavortings. Myrtle sold me on Esperanto, #988-X-642 on my list of things I'm going to do someday.

The Fangelanos in general reminded me of my college life--what there was of it before I married and toured USA on my husband's GI shirt-tails. A gang of us from Psych ul or Pro Writing r5 used to go down the Lion's Den at Columbia, and discuss Topic A, psychoanalyze each other, and discuss Topic A. In Los Angeles, they are still in that dim past of mine, in reverse--psychoanalyzing each other, discussing Topic A, and psychoanalyzing each other. For those so inclined, be ye informed that Ashley ascertained I am enough in the Somatatic column to be so rated. All we need now is an electroencephalograph.

I have two regrets. I'd brought along both a snapshot camera and a Revere 88 movie, yet I came away without a single shot of anyone for our ajay album, and to show Shep, who has otherwise complete photographic coverage of all my hobbying--about the two years we were separated. I still want snaps of the fans, if someone has negatives to loan me.

And I didn't hear enough of Walt Liebscher's improvisations on the piano, and on the English language. That boy is gifted.

Los Angeles, to sum up, is the most wonderful place to visit. I want to return some day. But it would be a helluva place to try to raise a family.

SETTLE IN SEATTLE

The Edmond Meany reservation Jack Speer arranged for me was a delightful hotel room. When the bed folded into its closet, I had a comfortable sitting room, with a corner of windows overlooking Mount Rainier and all Seattle. It was 'in' the University section, where I felt at home, only two blocks from Jack and ten minutes from the ajay Moitoretts.

I got Jack on the phone, for an evening's gab-fest. "Come on around to my room," I invited. Jack thought this one over. He remembered TUT #2. "Can I bring a friend?" My motives were undoubtedly Pure. "Delighted," I was. The friend was a bird named Don Lockman, who understood Fandom well enough for a three-way gab. Jack himself is red-headed, argues like a lawyer already, and seemed a Paragon of Virtue after LA.

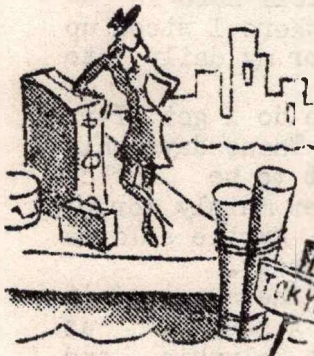
Then the Army pounced. From that Meany comfort, the Army expressed its known opinion of women by thrusting me into one of the stalls of the Hotel New Richmond, a reformed brothel. A huge red neon sign proclaimed its name right opposite my window, and the ruby glow just completed the atmosphere. I kept expecting someone to knock on the door. My room at the Ed-



mond Meany, for the same rate, was a palace compared to this closetless, bathless cube. My only consolation was that a manger had been good enough for Christ....

There I was left indefinitely, to develop dry rot. The Army kept me in that Shunned House so long, twas only my hobby that kept me from oozing out as putrescent green goo. How else but through Amateur Journalism, and its component, Fandom, could a girl in Wechawken have friends in Seattle? And such friends. Ma Moitoret gave me Shep's letters which had accumulated in her mailbox, though she had never met either of us. One of his effusions gurgled, "I can just sniff you getting nearer and nearer..." "I'm not getting nearer and nearer," I answered. "With no shower in this dump, I am merely smelling louder and louder."

FORT LAWTON BLUES



The Army wasn't through with me yet, though. They moved me to Hostess House, at the Fort, already bulging with two boatloads of dependents. I never could stand women en masse, and as for the kids who clambered all over my typewriter, and pecked at the keys when I had my stencils in, I can only repeat Groveman's succulent remark as we watched a Times Square mob one night: "You know, I think there's a lot to be said for birth control." There also, for the first time in a checkered experience with numerous Army camps, I contracted GI runs; and a cold that rendered me speechless, thereby putting me at a distinct disadvantage during the ajay gab fests which sustained me those two weeks.

Jack and I had a luncheon date, Chinese chow. Having determined he was safe enough, he invited me to his map-hung room to show me how that duplicator works. It seems cleaner than aimcoing, but I bet I could change all that. (Shep calls me Messy Wessy and that's more truth than baby-talk.) The ten ajays in Seattle did the honors for the rest of my looooooong, two-weeks stay. In Seattle's Five-and-Dime, I acquired Morley's THUNDER ON THE LEFT on Warner's sayso, and two of the Best Books that go 13¢, 2 for 25¢: SUSPENSE STORIES #592, and a riotous cartoon series, THE GHOST IN THE LADY'S BOUDOIR #514. The cartoons tickled me no end. You'll find one stuck in Warner's article, quite irrelevantly, in this TUT.

US ARMY TRANSPORT AINSWORTH

No, I didn't get seasick. I was about the only girl who didn't, the first few days, and got on scrounging terms with the handful of troops on board who were likewise sea-wise. Groveman depicts seasickness adequately when he wrote in DA, "I puked my guts out." Conceive of 7 out of every 9 of the 500 troops, and all the 300 dependents but me and a bunch of tots, all seasick and in Groveman's position or worse yet, below deck. Then you will understand why I did nothing aboardship but lie in the fresh air on aft deck, gab with the troops, and scrounge the REX STOUT MYSTERY MAGAZINE with Lovecraft's Rats in the Walls. There may be a lot of Pacific Ocean but, even used in minute-to-minute swabbing as it was, it couldn't drown out those smells. Ugh.



HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

Upon my arrival home--in Tokyo--I found awaiting me one excellent cook, Sueko; one giggling maid, Taseko; one TUT coeditor, Burton; one new TUT art director, Alsan...and after almost two years, one palpitating husband, Shep. An ajay has already commented, "I noticed that after you arrived there was an earthquake in Japan. Such a reunion!"

Burton strode to the entrance of the Correspondents' Club on Shimbun Alley. Like a red streak, I dashed out and embraced him affectionately, fervently--yea, passionately. Then Shep noticed he was shooting our movie camera into the sun, and Crae and I had to go through the ordeal again for the benefit of Posterity. (What did

Posterity ever do for us?) ((I'll hear about this widow line eternally.))

COMING ATTRACTIONS

But of Japan later--TUT #4. Now, though, I realize why Burton has had no time for TUTing since Esther arrived. Tokyo is a social rat-race. Cocktail dances, formal dinners, home entertaining, plays, something every night with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. So much so that I frittered away three months before I got around to attending a session of the International Tribunal, War Crimes Trials, held in a building next to my apt at War Ministry.

Fantasy? Mike Fern is here! And in my various flittings from one club to another, I've managed to scrounge Armed Forces Editions of THE DUNWICH HORROR, THE ISLAND OF DOCTOR MOREAU, DRACULA, CROCK OF GOLD, DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE & OTHERS, Hawthorne's GRAY CHAMPION & OTHERS, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER, Nathan's THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE, THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, and ON BORROWED TIME--all of them potential collectors' items, according to DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

Also, a start on Japanese weird lore: a Jap "angel" doll with story attached; a translated edition of THE GOBLIN SPIDER, profusely illustrated in color; selections from KWAIDAN also in English; illustrated Jap weirds, preface to which, has been translated for me and will appear in TUT #4 as it explains the Japanese theory on "Oni" sake; a start on a collection of weird masks and objets d'art representing Japanese mythology; and a book Mike Fern gave me: UWEPEKERE or AINU FIRESIDE STORIES, in English and Ainu both.

But of Japan in TUT #4. Despite the obvious difficulty of having all our supplies sent from Stateside, including paper as needed, TUT #4 will not be as long delayed as this issue--in fact, if the War Department continues to refuse transport of my sewing machine left in Jersey due to their snafu, you may even find TUT #4 in the same mailing as this ish...I doubt.

---HELEN WESSON

Post Script:

COMING ATTRACTIONS (Contd) -

April - When we started using halazone tablets to purify our water, I felt a slight malaise. Shep didn't agree that the halazone caused it. He had other ideas. I stopped the halazone and felt fine. So maybe I was right. Shep, though, was righter. "Little Halazone" will probably be the first issue I'll ever get out on time!--come this Fall.

With our delightful Spring calling me out among the cherry blossoms, hand-feeding, slip-sheeting and hand-painting this TUT has been drudgery steadda fun. Now that I only have but a few more months in which to flit about before Little Halazone becomes more self-assertive, work on TUT #4 will subside to worrying about procuring paper from the States, our major problem. See you later. Much later.

** ** * ** * ** * **

--HVW

MEET AL-SAN

The Japanese suffix "san" ends all names or words used in address. The omission of "san" is an impolite familiarity, like the French "tu" or the German "du," only more so. Occupation personnel who probably know no other Japanese will use it playfully when addressing each other. I'm "Helen-san" or "Oku-san"(wife).

So that Al-san's real name is Captain Alfred Rathofer. He is, among other things, art director for the TWAPC; liaison officer, assistant to the Chief of Liaison and Programs Branch (that's Wesson, no less) of the Textile Division, Economic and Scientific Section; and Shep's favorite cribbage partner now that Burton is too decrepit to withstand the rigors of the Wesson game, which involves a decibel rating that makes Mike Fern shudder.

Al-san is about 32, owns the tallest wife in Tokyo, and exclaims "Ah!" when he's pleased. His TUT work is handicapped by our lack of equipment. I thought he was fascinating till he insisted--need I add, unsuccessfully--that I dummy ALL TUT copy. Men are beasts.

** ** * ** * **

jolly good fellows

HELEN WESSON: One Sunday in August, three neighbors--fantasy fans--hopped the train to Albany, for one of the most enjoyable, and homey visits a group of Fans ever had. I found Mine Host to be about 43, devoted to his Milly, ~~their~~ three teeners, and to his "bizarre" reading. He possesses a dynamic enthusiasm which I found refreshing in a blasé world. He listens enthusiastically to others, but gabs still more enthusiastically. He is enthusiastically hospitable, and enthusiastically generous--to an extreme. Quite obviously he was as thrilled as we to enlarge his personal friendships with fantasy readers and to gab hobby with literary bed-fellows. I present our Host:

THYRIL LADD: Never have I found an uninteresting adult fantasy fan, because, I suppose, the stodgy and utterly unimaginative never become enthusiastic hobbyists.

STEVE WEBER is the perfect example of the all-around fantasy reader, interested in all types of fantasy. He is a person unusually gifted with imagination, and keenly critical. In fact, I feel that this fellow could produce some readable and printable tales, himself, and could illustrate them, too. Weber is a real fan--I prophecy that he will continue to add to his Fantasy library until it becomes one of the really important collections in the country. Weber has plenty that is interesting to say--but only a very few hear it, or read it. His personality is strong; it is easy to see that anyone who once really knows him, values his friendship.

HARRY REISDORPH has that touch of intellect which would, I think, make him as avid a "fan" as any, if he were "educated" into our hobby -- carefully, lest an unwise selection of titles adversely influence him.

OPEN LETTER TO JACK SPEER

24 February 47

Dear Jack: "There are more important things Burton could be telling us about the Japanese," you say in a letter to Helen, "than their habit of coming in on you at any time."

I am in Tokyo for The New York Times. I work seriously at my job about eight days a week. I do not intend to carry that job into the pages of The Thing. Those who want my version of what is happening here may find it in the Times or in the 60-odd other American papers which carry our syndicated stories. TUT is meant for relaxation.

I realize that life is very real and earnest to a lot of FAPA members and that there are those who wish to discuss the problems of life and death and immortality, the political make-up of the world and the philosophies of Evans. Not for one tick of time would I discourage them. In fact, I shall join them, gabbling happily about things of which I know nothing, like everybody else.

But not the job, Jack! Not the job! --BC

MATTHEW ONDERDONK is an erudite, polished gentleman, and possessor of an excellent, large library which leans very sharply to the supernatural. He is the greatest admirer of H.P. Lovecraft (along with August Derloth) whom I know. Onderdonk is extremely well-read, not only in H.P.L. and Fantasy, but in almost every line of literature, especially witchcraft and Black Magic, and has on the tip of his tongue the names and histories of medieval necromancers. I can picture M. Onderdonk

in that great big, white house of his--set far back from the road on a hill-top--ensconced among his books; a genuine and sincere critic and philosopher of the weird and supernatural.

A. LANGLEY SEARLES is much akin to Matt in his affection for the weird and supernatural. He is just a little "college-professorish" -- but not too much, so it's all to the good. He takes a keen delight in "teasing" this reviewer. Langley possesses the largest Fantasy library that I have ever seen, but admits he has had time to read only a fraction of it. He is a "completist" collector.....

HELEN: To be as brief as my acquaintance with him, Searles is tall, blonde, and one of the nicest all-around young fellows I've met in Fandom. Sense of humor--naturally--to rate that.

THYRIL: Now, HELEN WESSON possesses a vivid and entrancing personality. This is a girl of pronounced intelligence, quite positive opinions, and genuine enthusiasm. It is true that her enthusiasm leans to the publishing side of Fantasy. In books, she, like Onderdonk, Searles, leans to weird and horror. She would always demand excellence in execution, a literate production. This girl will always command interested attention in any group--not necessarily because she is a very attractive girl--but because of the real value of what she has to say.

((Don't he kiss the blarney, though.--Herself))

STEVE WEBER: Thyril's collection is superb and, had he retained all the titles he's ever owned, it would easily run into the thousands.. ((Instead, he gives them away!)) Rare items are scattered throughout the book-cases in his home. His knowledge of the hobby I know to be phenomenal; for example, Millie told me he once offered to write down from MEMORY alone, the names of a thousand fantasy authors and their works. Time after time, during our correspondence, he would write a precis of some story that he had read perhaps a score of years before, entirely without any written notes.

THYRIL: I, Thyril, intensely enjoy a gathering such as this. Such a meeting, with its inter-changes of ideas--with the chance to see in person, people whose indentities have so far been only names in letters--is one of the grandest phases of our hobby. I think, if I ever get the chance to analyze my life before it ends someday, one of the most satisfactory angles of such an analysis will be the memory of the stream of friends who have paused to visit for an hour or a day.

Book Review:

MR. ADAM

By Pat Frank. Lippincott. \$2.50

TUT gives this one a rating of (Superlative)ⁿ.

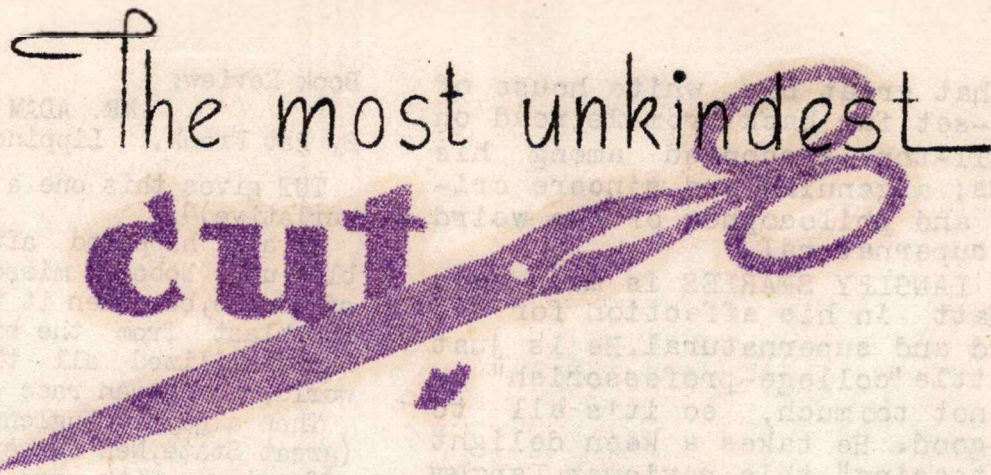
It all happened after Mississippi blew up. Nobody missed Mississippi, of course, but when it turned out that the blast from the big A-bomb plant had sterilized all the men in the world, the human race seemed doomed.

Then a guy in Englewood, New Jersey (great State, New Jersey!) produced an offspring, with some help from his wife. He was a mining engineer, and had been in the lowest drift of an abandoned lead mine.

Well, the Government declared him Critical Material and the Army and a dozen Government agencies started fighting about him and all the nations that didn't have any Mr. Adamases of their own started trying to divide him up through the United Nations--and there were rumors that the Soviet Russians had found two Mongols who still could.

This is one hell of a funny book, with Washington bureaucrats taken for a fast ride. It is fantasy in the best sense. --BC

The most unkindest cut,



HARRY
WARNER JR

S. Fowler Wright is to blame for this article. I own five of his novels and have heard much in praise of his story-telling ability. But until FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES published The Island of Captain Sparrow, one of those inexplicable psychological quirks had kept me from reading any of those five books. But the sight of the story in magazine form and the pretty pictures by Lawrence overcame the unfathomable prejudice: I read the story, in its FFM form. Something then inspired me to leaf through the novel in its book form. I discovered that I hadn't had a chance to read it all in FFM, because of editing. That in turn led to comparisons of other novels, in the form of a check to find out how much their FFM versions varied from the original book forms. The results seem to be worth summarizing here.

First of all, let it be understood that I am not conscientiously opposed to editing and cutting. I did it myself when I was editing SPACEWAYS, on most of the material that fell into my hands. During the four years that SPACEWAYS existed, I had only one complaint from an author on this score; that was a professional, in whose story I had cut out some redundant passages, and changed the hackneyed title to a subtle commentary on the yarn itself. Most of the editing, I think, helped the material--not because I knew more about writing than the authors of the manuscripts, but because the creator of any manuscript is bound to miss at least a few glaring faults. The question, then, is not whether editing is justified; it is, how well is the editing and cutting that is necessary for FFM being done?

A pulp magazine cannot publish everything that can be published in book form. While the pulps have no such self-imposed censorship as the movies, they save their skins by keeping out of print stuff that would be likely to shock too severely parents who pick up the magazines to inspect their kids' reading matter. Most of the pulps do, and the All-Fiction Field is definitely superior to most of the pulp chains. ((*)) Considerations of length are also obvious: the magazine now contains only 128 pages, into which must be crammed advertisements, readers' department, illustrations and at least one short story in addition to the novel.

FFM's reasons for cutting appear to be three in number: "offensive" material, too great length and makeup problems. The deletions in the novel appear to be numerically in about that order. There are also some

((* - Thyrl Ladd to Steve Weber: Sorry you didn't like The 25th Hour..In using it for FFM, Miss G. was, of course, forced to do quite a bit of cutting, or altering, since some pretty frank and sexy passages in the book wouldn't do for the magazine. FFM has a large teen-age clientele and they--properly, I think--have to watch these tales. I approve; if our older ones want to read the obliterated parts, that's our business, but I don't think they should be left in a mag so largely bought by fantasy-mad kids.))

changes made for which no good reason can be assigned. More about them later.

The value of the cuts made to avoid offending sensibilities varies from story to story. My opinion is that they definitely harm The Island of Captain Sparrow, make little difference in Even a Worm, and improve Three Go Back, the three novels wherein they are most noticeable. To cite chapter and verse:

Deletions in The Island of Captain Sparrow often approach the ludicrous. If you have read the story, you will remember that a major part of the plot is motivated by the fact that Marcelle's clothes had become worn out during her stay on the island, with the result that she ventured into the stronghold of the enemy in an effort to swipe some garments to end her nudity. Yet when she first is glimpsed by Charlton, the editor cuts out the words, "Nude as her first mother in Eden," from the second paragraph on page 36 of the FFM version. Lawrence, it may be noted, has no delusions on this score, and no effort is made further on by the editor to keep the discussion on a more aesthetic level. However, once in the course of the long conversation that ensues Charlton yields to his caveman impulses and grabs her ankle. This, too, disappears from FFM, although when it is referred to later in the story this reference is permitted to stand.

This question of later references is an embarrassing one: I suspect that the person who does the cutting is none too careful and quite frequently forgets what he has cut. In the Wright story, for instance, the entire section dealing with the mating between Sparrow's crew and the satyrs is deleted. The more sordid facts of Devers' ancestry automatically disappear in this manner. However, twice toward the end of the story, references to Devers' horns are not cut. Along the same lines, the fact that Devers has already acquired three wives by the time he sets his sights on Marcelle vanishes from FFM. (So does the statement that the priest of Gir and his wife are brother and sister.)

More harmful to the story are deletions made to save space. These probably do not amount to more than 5% of the text of the novel, yet contain some of its most important parts, including most of the characterization of Marcelle. Her actions become far less puzzling when the story is read in its complete form. A dream which Charlton experiences during his first sleep on the island is completely cut out, although later references to it are allowed to stand. This cut is also unfortunate, for it is important as a symbol of the struggle and also creates an atmosphere of the mysterious over the island from the very beginning. Virtually all speculations as to the location of the island are omitted from FFM. One of the few that is allowed to stand, moreover, simply confuses matters because (in both book and magazine) it states that the pair hope to reach the Americas by sailing westward, an obvious misprint for eastward. The book makes it plain that the island is in the North Pacific.

Wright's delightful philosophical excursions are usually abridged or omitted altogether from the FFM version. When, for instance, Marcelle decides to help herself to roast satyr, Wright takes the opportunity of spending several paragraphs describing the differences between the French and the English girl: the French woman will ~~kill and eat her favorite~~ without compunction, while the English woman will trade her favorite for a neighbor's favorite, then kill and eat the neighbor's favorite.

Several of the changes in the FFM version cannot be explained on any grounds at all. Near the end of the first column of page 32, FFM, we learn that the "stars are very brilliant." In the book, they're just plain brilliant, no "very" about it. It doesn't add a line, so can't be explained on grounds of makeup.

Quite unexpectedly, The Man Who Was Thursday escaped virtually unscathed in its FFM appearance. This is probably because it isn't such a long novel to begin with. I could find almost no deletions of any consequence in the magazine version, aside the method of descent when Syme invades the lair of the anarchists. Chesterton obviously wrote

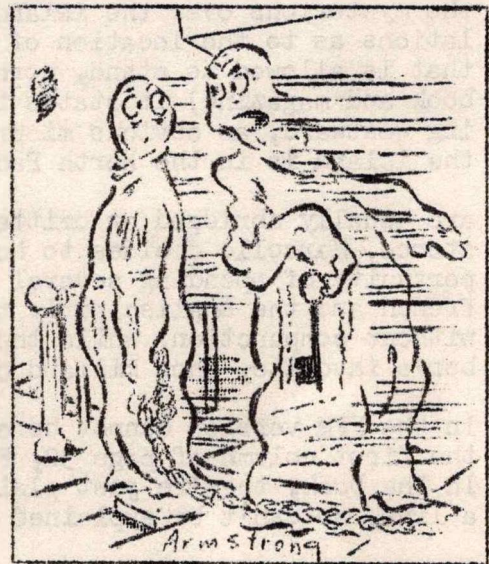
the passage about the table's antics in all innocence: "You must not mind it," said Gregory; "It's a kind of screw," "Quite so," said Syme placidly, "a kind of screw! How simple that is!" However, the rather lengthy poem that prefaced the book was not published in FFM, which is a pity. It gives some hints on the meaning of the story, stating that

"This is a tale of those old fears,
Even of those emptied hells,
And none but you shall understand
The true thing that it tells—
Of what colossal gods of shame
Could cow men and yet crush,
Of what huge devils hid the stars,
Yet fell at a pistol flash."

Parenthetically, FFM retains the contradiction near the end of the Chesterton story—the statement that "Sunday has told them that they would understand him when they had understood the stars," when he has actually stated just the opposite thing a few pages earlier.

I have mentioned that the omissions in Three Go Back assist that novel. In the book form, it is a little too self-consciously sexy. The heroine is made to be a writer of pornographic novels (in FFM, she is just a writer of novels) and she is considerably more cynical about things between hard covers. Occasional incidents that have been cut from the FFM version smack much more of the love story pulps than of good writing. A few of the deletions are to be regretted, however. The fact that Clair and Sinclair sleep together to keep warm is quite a natural thing under the circumstances, but FFM cuts it out. The relations between her and Acerte are cleaned up considerably in FFM, as might be expected; although such things as substituting "flesh" for "white body," "nice engagement party" for "nice honeymoon," and "my wife" for "my woman" seem to be carrying things a bit too far. Mitchell wrote a rather long dedication for the novel, which was not used in FFM. In it he claims that the "main theme and contention of the story... seem to me quite unassailable," except for the existence of Atlantis and the ferocious nature of the "gray beasts." He doesn't think Atlantis ever was, and apparently thinks the "gray beasts" were just as wonderful as the other dawn-people. In fact, he asserts, "There is not a shred of evidence that the gorilla in his native haunts behaves in the least like a gorilla."

Even a Worm, because of its episodic character, can stand the cutting better than the other novels. It lost a greater percentage of its text than any of the other stories I checked. The incidents which were retained were not sliced up, however, and the entire yarn quite possibly is better in its briefer FFM form, at least to American readers. Several of the cut passages contained incomprehensible talk about cricket and fox-hunting. Mrs. Grundy has been at work, again, though. Reading about the drowned rabbits in FFM, you don't learn that some were "does pregnant with young, young as swollen with water as their mothers were with offspring." Admirers of Lovecraft who seek to have HPL's work published in FFM would do well to contemplate what would happen to the ending of The Dunwich Horror, as long as the magazine is edited to offend no one who still believes in the stork. And when a man and woman are killed in a train accident, FFM turns the woman into the man's wife.



"I don't care if you are in a hurry—stop walking through me!"

A whole volume might be written on what happens to the expletives and the cussing when the stories are translated for FFM publication. Generally, the obscure British slang is retained and the oaths modified considerably, but I have been unable to figure out why "bloody" was cut wherever it appeared in The Machine Stops, yet retained in Even a Worm. There is nothing particularly noteworthy about the editing job that was done on The Machine Stops. Because it is not a particularly good story, the good-sized chunks that were omitted did little harm to the narration. Some readers, though, probably wondered how Jessie's love affairs came out--in the book, she settled on Albert and was presumably happy ever after. There is also a censored episode in the book wherein the hero conducts himself like something less than a perfect gentleman when he finds himself alone with Sylvia. The best part of the book--the tenth chapter--is rather seriously abridged where Jamieson looks at the metal. The "aliveness" is emphasized in the book, and it is compared with the prominence of a solar eclipse, with no further explanation.

FFM makes little effort to alter British expressions to the more familiar American equivalent, but usually changes the spelling, and puts into lower case most of the words unnecessarily capitalized, in the British editions. This has disastrous results in The Machine Stops because the editor apparently didn't realize that there is a City in the city of London. The division into chapters is sometimes retained, sometimes not: The Island of Captain Sparrow has 26 chapters in the book edition, for example, and only seven in FFM. Long paragraphs are almost invariably broken up into two or three paragraphs for the magazine publication. I could find few examples of poor proofreading--only one serious one, which turned a sentence from a negative to a positive statement.

Thomas Gardner has stated that Phra the Phoenician lost 25% of its total wordage when published in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, and a pursuit of this subject might prove interesting to someone who has a better book collection and more patience than I have. I think, though, that what I've discovered should indicate that there's no sense in neglecting to buy a fantasy yarn in book form, just because it has already appeared in FFM.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: The stories may vary slightly from edition to edition in book form. Just for the record, the editions which I own and consulted for this purpose are: The Island of Captain Sparrow, Cosmopolitan Book Corp., NY, 1928; Even a Worm, Arthur Barker Ltd., London, first published in 1936; The Machine Stops, Robert Hale & Co., London, first published in 1936; Three Go Back, Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, first edition 1932; The Man Who Was Thursday, Allen Lane, Penguin Books, Middlesex, Eng., Penguin Series Number 95, reprinted Dec. 1940.

WHAT MAKES SAMMY ONE?

Everyone in Weehawken called him Sammy until he Grew Up and then we were instructed to call him Steve. I never did learn and he's all of 31 now. So that when I read in KAY-MAR TRADER that "Stephen Weber, 105 Oak St.." had become one of the NFFFans, I started when recognition dawned. "What makes Sammy one?" I asked me. Then I remembered. Sa..er, Steve is a Reader & Collector. "Everywhere that I turn there are books!" his white-haired mother complains, good-naturedly.

The next day I received a letter. He was surprised to find me in NFFF and what were my intentions towards any pulps I may have (he doubted) now that I was moving to Japan? Now I have but a dozen pulps at most and they are going with me as TUF reference material, but I'd also remembered Steve used to draw very well. "I have REBIRTH, WHEN EVERYONE FORGOT and Merritt's FACE IN THE ABYSS, which you are welcome to, gratis," I lured, adding in blunt honesty, "--such is my opinion of them." He came around the next day. One result: the bibliography following.

Art work? He's lazy.

...HW

FANTASTIC NOVELS

and... Famous Fantastic Mysteries

COMPILED BY STEVE WEBER

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>TITLE</u>	<u>DATE APPEARED</u>
HALL, Austin & FLINT, Homer	THE BLIND SPOT	FN July 1940
SHEEHAN, Perley P.	MONSIEUR DE GUISE	FN " "
CUMMINGS, Ray	THE PEOPLE OF THE GOLDEN ATOM	FN Sept "
MERRITT, A.	THROUGH THE DRAGON GLASS	FN " "
STACPOOLE, H. deVere	THE MIDDLE BEDROOM	FN " "
PILSWORTH, Edw. S.	SPAWN OF INFINITUDE	FN " "
LOWNDES, Robt.	EDGAR ALLAN POE (verse)	FN " "
CUMMINGS, Ray	(An Autobiography)	FN " "
MERRITT, A.	THE SNAKE MOTHER	FN Nov "
ROBBINS, Tod	WHO WANTS A GREEN BOTTLE?	FN " "
LOWNDES, Robt.	SONG OF NIMIR (verse)	FN " "
FARLEY, Ralph Milney	THE RADIO BEASTS	FN Jan 1941
MERRITT, A.	THE PEOPLE OF THE PIT	FN " "
GILBERT, John DeWitt	THE SHIP THAT DIED	FN " "
MERRITT, A.	THE DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE	FN April "

(The following comprise the contents of FFM from its first issue.)

MERRITT, A.	THE MOON POOL	Sept-Oct 1939
WELLMAN, Manly Wade	SPACE STATION #1	" " "
ROBBINS, Tod	THE WHIMP US	" " "
LEATH, Robt. Neale	KARPEN THE JEW	" " "
CUMMINGS, Ray	THE GIRL IN THE GOLDEN ATOM	" " "
WANDREI, Donald	THE WITCH-MAKERS	" " "
GIESY, J. U.	BLIND MAN'S BUFF	" " "
MERRITT, A.	THE CONQUEST OF THE MOON POOL (In Six Parts - Part 1)	Nov 1939
MARSHALL, J. P.	THE WORLD IN THE BALANCE	" "
SERVISS, Garrett P.	THE MOON METAL	" "
ENGLAND, Geo. Allan	THE MAN WITH THE GLASS HEART	" "
HALL, Austin	ALMOST IMMORTAL	" "
BLADES, Leslie B.	FRUIT OF THE FORBIDDEN TREE	" "
STARZL, R.F.	THE RADIANT ENEMIES	" "
GLAENZER, R. B.	GOLDEN ATLANTIS (verse)	" "

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>TITLE</u>	<u>DATE APPEARED</u>
FARLEY, Ralph Milney	THE RADIO MAN (In Three Parts - Part 1)	Dec 1939
KAEMPFERT, Waldemar	THE DIMINISHING DRAFT	" "
FLINT, Homer Eon	THE LORD OF DEATH	" "
FISHER, Philip	LIGHTS	" "
MERRITT, A.	THE CONQUEST OF THE MOON POOL (Part 2)	" "
MARSHALL, Edison T.	WHO IS CHARLES AVISON?	" "
GIESY, J. U.	THE GRAVITY EXPERIMENT	" "
SMITH, Garret	ON THE BRINK OF 2000	Jan 1940
STEVENS, Francis	BEHIND THE CURTAIN	" "
FARLEY, Ralph Milne	THE RADIO MAN (Part 2)	" "
STARZL, R. F.	THE RED GERM OF COURAGE	" "
LULL, Robt. Wilbur and AINSWORTH, L.M.	AN ASTRAL GENTLEMAN	" "
MERRITT, A.	THE CONQUEST OF THE MOON POOL (Part 3)	" "
SMALE, Fred C.	THE "V" FORCE	" "
HALL, Austin	THE MAN WHO SAVED THE EARTH	Feb 1940
STILSON, Charles B.	THE SKY WOMAN	" "
MERRITT, A.	THE CONQUEST OF THE MOON POOL (Part 4)	" "
BINDER, Eando	SON OF THE STARS	" "
FARLEY, Ralph Milne	THE RADIO MAN (Part 3 & 4)	" "
WITTHROW, Laura	THE KISS OF DEATH	" "
GROVER, Leonard	THE PLUNGE OF THE "KNUPFEN"	" "
HALL, Austin & FLINT, Homer	THE BLIND SPOT (Although this was listed as the first of six parts, the story actually was run for only three issues of FFM, after which it was announced that it would appear, in its entirety, in the new companion magazine, FANTASTIC NOVELS, for July 1940.)	March 1940
FREDERICK, J. Geo.	THE PLANET JUGGLER	March 1940
WALTON, Harry	BOMB FROM BERANGA	" "
MERRITT, A.	THE CONQUEST OF THE MOON POOL (Part 5)	" "
SHEEHAN, Perley Poore	THE BELATED TEARS OF LOUIS MARCEL	" "
BYRON, Thomas P.	A PLACE OF MONSTERS	" "
FISHER, Philip M.	THE DEVIL OF THE WESTERN SEA	April 1940
RICH, H. Thompson	THE BEAST PLANTS	" "
MERRITT, A.	THE CONQUEST OF THE MOON POOL (Conclu.)	" "
COBLENTZ, Stanton A.	FIRE GAS	" "
HALL, Austin	Autobiographical Sketch	" "
NEWTON, Douglas	SUNKEN CITIES	May-June 1940
MERRITT, A.	THREE LINES OF OLD FRENCH	" " "
KELLEY, Hubert & BARTON, Fred	RAIDERS OF THE AIR	" " "
KUTTNER, Henry	PEGASUS	" " "
MC MORROW, Will	A WORLD OF INDEXED NUMBERS	" " "
COLLOCK, Frank Lillie	FINIS	" " "
MERRITT, A.	Autobiographical Sketch	" " "
ENGLAND, Geo. Allan	DARKNESS AND DAWN (also his Autobiographical Sketch)	August, 1940
HALL, Austin	THE REBEL SOUL	" "
SNEDDON, Robert W.	HALF-PAST TWELVE IN ETERNITY	" "
MERRITT, A.	THE FACE IN THE ABYSS	Oct 1940
LOWNDES, Robt.	" " " " " (verse)	" "
FISHER, Philip M.	FUNGUS ISLE	" "
REDMAN, Amabel	OUT OF THE DARK	" "

AUTHOR	TITLE	DATE APPEARED
McMORROW, Will	THE SUN-MAKERS	Dec 1940
CUMMINGS, Ray	THE OTHER MAN'S BLOOD	" "
MARTIN, Stuart	THE SLEEP OF AGES	" "
McMORROW, Will	Autobiographical Sketch	" "
IRVINE, Clyde	THE DEVIL'S BODYGUARD	" "
LOWNDES, Robert W.	THE WOMAN OF ICE (verse)	" "
RICHARDS, Phil	HALL AND FLINT (Recollections of a Former Protege)	Feb 1941
HALL, Austin	THE SPOT OF LIFE	" "
FISHER, Philip M.	THE SHIP OF SILENT MEN	" "
LOWNDES, Robert W.	THE PEOPLE OF THE PIT (verse)	" "
STEVENS, Francis	CLAIMED	April 1941
McMORROW, Will	VENUS OR EARTH?	" "
LOWNDES, Robert W.	NYAGHOOGUA (verse)	" "
SMITH, Langdon	EVOLUTION (verse)	" "
(With the following issue, both magazines combined.)		
ENGLAND, George Allan	BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION	June 1941
BRAND, Max	JOHN OVINGTON RETURNS	" "
NEVIN, James B.	THE WHEREABOUTS OF MR. MOSES BAILEY	" "
MERRITT, A.	THE METAL MONSTER	August 1941
CALHOUN, Dorothy Donnell	AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW	" "
COBLENTZ, Stanton, A.	THROUGH THE TIME GLASS (verse)	" "
GIESY, J. U.	PALOS OF THE DOG STAR PACK	Oct 1941
LOVECRAFT, H. P.	THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE	" "
GREENE, L. Patrick	OUT OF THE DESERT	" "
LOWNDES, Robert W.	FOR HOWARD PHILIPS LOVECRAFT (verse)	" "
ENGLAND, George Allan	THE AFTERNOON	Dec 1941
BRAND, Max	THE LOST GARDEN	" "
CUMMINGS, Ray	CRIMES OF THE YEAR 2000	" "
STEVENS, Francis	THE CITADEL OF FEAR	Feb 1942
COBLENTZ, Stanton A.	THE SUPER-RACE (verse)	" "
FARLEY, Ralph Milne	THE RADIO PLANET	April 1942
DOUGLAS, Norman	AN UNNATURAL FEUD	" "
MERRITT, A.	BURN, WITCH, BURN!	June 1942
FISHER, Philip, M.	BEYOND THE POLE	" "
COBB, Irvin S.	FISHHEAD	" "
CUMMINGS, Ray	CRIMES OF THE YEAR 2000: No. 2	" "
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MERRITT, A.	Article on Modern Witchcraft	" "
MERRITT, A.	CREEP, SHADOW!	August 1942
MERIWETHER, Lee	A ROMAN RESURRECTION	" "
BENSON, E. F.	THE OUTCAST	" "
CARRYL, Guy Wetmore	ATLANTIS (verse)	" "
CUMMINGS, Ray	A BRAND NEW WORLD	Sept 1942
ROBBINS, Tod	WILD WILLIE, THE WASTER	" "
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<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>TITLE</u>	<u>DATE APPEARED</u>
ENGLAND, George Allan HALL, Austin	THE ELIXIR OF HATE INTO THE INFINITE (Part 1)	Oct 1942 " "
GIESY, J. U. HALL, Austin CHAMBERS, Robert W.	THE MOUTHPIECE OF ZITU INTO THE INFINITE (Part 2) THE DEMOISELLE D'YS	Nov 1942 " " " "
FARLEY, Ralph Milne HALL, Austin MEEHAN, John James LEE, William Ross	THE GOLDEN CITY INTO THE INFINITE (Part 3) ATLANTIS (verse) TO A COMET (verse)	Dec 1942 " " " " " "
HAWKINS, John HALL, Austin	ARK OF FIRE INTO THE INFINITE (Conclusion)	March 1943 " "
TAINÉ, John MOORE, C. L. CHAMBERS, Robert W. "NAMEK"	THE IRON STAR DOORWAY INTO TIME THE YELLOW SIGN DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE (verse)	Sept 1943 - " " " " " "
MITCHELL, J. Leslie HODGSON, William Hope CHAMBERS, Robert W. BRADBURY, Ray	THREE GO BACK THE DERELICT THE MASK KING OF THE GRAY SPACES	Dec 1943 " " " " " "
CHESTERTON, G. K. HODGSON, William Hope	THE MAN WHO WAS THURSTON THE GHOST PIRATES	March 1944 " "
TAINÉ, John BLACKWOOD, Algernon	THE GREATEST ADVENTURE THE WENDIGO	June 1944 " "
TOOKER, Richard DUNSANY, Lord MACHEN, Arthur	THE DAY OF THE BROWN HORDE THE POSTMAN OF OTFORD THE NOVEL OF THE WHITE POWDER	Sept 1944 " " " "
HYNE, Cutcliffe DUNSANY, Lord	THE LOST CONTINENT THE HIGHWAYMAN	Dec 1944 " "
SMITH, Wayland KUTTNER, Henry	THE MACHINE STOPS BEFORE I WAKE...	March 1945 " "
HODGSON, William Hope BRADFORD, J. S.	THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN CARRIG" EVEN A WORM	June 1945 " "
ARNOLD, Edwin Lester ARCHIBALD, Joe	PHRA THE PHOENICIAN HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS	Sept 1945 " "
HAGGARD, H. Rider DUNSANY, Lord	THE ANCIENT ALLAN THE HASHISH MAN	Dec 1945 - " "
TAINÉ, John FARRERE, Claude	BEFORE THE DAWN THE HOUSE OF THE SECRET	Feb 1946 " "
WRIGHT, S. Fowler BLACKWOOD, Algernon BENSON, E. F.	THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW THE WILLOWS RODERICK'S STORY	April 1946 " " " "
KERRUISH, Jessie D. MACHEN, Arthur	THE UNDYING MONSTER THE NOVEL OF THE BLACK SEAL	June 1946 " "

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BEST, Herbert	THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR	August 1946
STOKER, Bram	THE SECRET OF THE GROWING GOLD	" "
WELLS, H. G.	THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU	Oct 1946
DANE, Clemence	THIRD PERSON SINGULAR	" "
STOKER, Bram	THE BURIAL OF THE RATS	" "
MOORE, C. L.	DAEMON	" "
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BENSON, E. F.	AT THE FARM HOUSE	" "
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CHESTERTON, G. K.	THE ANGRY STREET - A Bad Dream	" "
WINTLE, W. James	THE SPECTRE SPIDERS	" "
HAGGARD, H. Rider	ALLAN AND THE ICE GODS	April 1947
CHAMBERS, Robert W.	PASSEUR	" "
THIESSEN, E. V.	PRISONER IN TIME	" "

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TUT #3 takes its time, issuing forth gradually from the Emma Dai-ō (King of Hell) Mineory in the Wessons' living-room, on cut-down remnants of Dad's specification paper I fortunately brought along as "household goods." Though it bleeds, it's this or nothing, as ghod knows when we'll ever locate a satisfactory paper source in Frisco, or LA. In fact, our last ream used, TUT #4 may never appear unless someone can help us out on this paper problem.

Considering our relative geographical proximity compared with TUTs #1 and #2, this issue represents no particularly coordinated coediting. Burton has a habit of calling TWAPC meets for Sunday morning waffles, an hour when he is usually nursing a post-jitterbugging head, and I am still sound asleep though ambulant. At one meet, Al-san pinned us down to a general layout (promptly mislaid), and at the other Esther complained about my calling Burtie "Burtie." "It sounds too much like Dirty Gertie from Bizerte," she said. "WELL???" chorused TWAPC.

Burton's "Rathnaka" is reprinted from W. Paul Cook's NAPA journal, GHOST #3.
("...Mary Had a Little Lamb in seven colors..." INDEED!)

TUT is circulated first to FAPA, then to our Swap List, and the remainder of the 150 copies this ish go 15¢, 4 for 50¢. We prefer to swap, for hobby enjoyment.

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