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C E L E P H A I S

Washington weather has reached that season where one never knows whether it will be a bright, mild, delightful spring day - and a real spring day in Washington can be delightful; it's just that there are so few of them - or a hot, sticky summer day, or, even, a raw, wet winter day. Two weeks ago, when the baseball season opened, it was almost 90 and humid; after the game, it rained hard. That was a nice day in Boston. That Sunday, which was of course the Cherry Blossom Festival, it snowed - not just a few flakes, but a real sticking type of wet snow, with up to four inches. Of course, it didn't stay long, but it did finish off the blossoms and festival, which the heavy Saturday downpour had seriously dampened. But tonight is a nice evening; a little cool, but not heating weather.

I mentioned Boston above. This quarter has been rather hectic at work. Right after the last mailing I had to give a paper at Purdue University to the ASLE at a symposium on Transport and Thermal Properties of Substances. (No, that isn't the AIA, Jack, it's the American Society of Mechanical Engineers) They have a cute system for keeping speakers under control. The session chairman controls a miniature traffic light. When you start, it's green. Five minutes from the end of your time, it turns amber - and I've never seen a redder amber - as a warning. Then, three minutes later, it goes red as a sign to stop. If you go over, they flash the red light at you. Somewhat nerve-racking [or should that be nerve-racking? My Collegiate is no help.] when you're speaking and there is this light staring at you from the other side of the platform. I managed to get through before the red flashed.

So, I got back from Purdue on my birthday and found my desk loaded with stuff I hadn't done before I left, plus things that had come up in the time I was gone. It is surprising how much stuff piles up in so short a time. So, I got this cleared up, and a little work done, and then it's off to Boston for the ACS meeting the first week in April. No paper, thank goodness, but too many people to see, and to be seen by. I did get some free meals and drinks from expense-account attendees, who were after information. Thursday I sneaked out and decided to visit Cambridge. I'd tried a couple of times before to call the Youngs, and found no one home, so thought they might be out of town. So, I did some bookstore browsing - poor results. As I was heading back to the subway I saw someone dash out of a store and head down the street at a fast walk - so fast it was almost a run. It looked from the back and from the walk as if it might have been Larry Stark, so I started in pursuit. However, he was going so fast, I couldn't get within hailing distance or see his face. Finally, after several blocks, he suddenly turned around and almost ran me down before doing a double take and recognizing me. He'd overrun his destination and had to retrace his path, otherwise, I might have been chasing him back to Boston. Larry had a dental appointment, but said that Jean was home, and gave me directions on how to get there. So, I blithely catch the trolley coach and head for 11 Buena Vista. [Wonderful trolley coaches - fast, quick starting, and no fumes. Almost as good as a street car....] When I reached 11 Buena Vista I found no one answered my ring. I waited a few minutes, thinking Joan might be asleep or such, and started to leave. As I was descending the steps a beard suddenly came around the corner of the house. It was Andy, racing over from the observatory. It seems that Joan had gone down town, and seen Larry after he had been to the dentist. Realizing that there was no one home, Joan had called Andy, who dashed over, just caught me, and dragged me over to the observatory

to listen to a seminar on the Zeeman effect and the magnetic atmosphere of stars. Most interesting, too, except that I still don't know which stars they were talking about, as most of them were identified by number. I could follow what was done, how it was done, what the results were, what conclusions were drawn from them, but I don't know where it applies. Interesting, though.

Then, back to the Youngs for dinner and a wonderful gabfest. A most enjoyable evening; I just wish I'd had more time for visits; but it was back to Washington on Friday morning, with a brief stop in NYC. No time to do more than pick up a few records that were being held for me.

So, I've been late starting this issue of Celephais. I'm afraid that I might not even make the mailing. Just received word of another meeting - local this time - with a lot of Pentagon brass in a JANAF conference on propellants. I fear that this is going to mean more work for me - night work, I fear. So, this issue may be cut short. And, as I've rambled for far more than usual, I think I should turn to the main item of this opus.

And may I ask special notice of the first section below. I think it contains matter of import for a large number of us.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

A second glance at the 86th mailing distributed by and under the seal of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, hereinafter referred to as FAPA. As is my custom, the order of comment is that listed in the Fantasy Amateur, except that that is the first considered. So, forwith.

The Fantasy Amateur [me, et al.]
First, I'd like to thank all those worthy souls (and bodies, too) who voted for me in the Egofoo pool. And, I should like to point out, that according to section 6.12 of the FAPA constitution, the title is now officially the egofoo poll.

This should probably be in the FA, but I feel it might be better covered here, for reasons which will be obvious. As S-T I of course receive applications to be placed on the waiting list. Below, I am transcribing, as nearly as I can read them, four letters. The first two are typed; the last two are handwritten.

6200 Weisterstown Rd.
Baltimore 15, Md.

June 3, 1958

Dear Bill,

Ren Ellik said to write you if I want to get into FAPA. Are there any qualifications, other than a desire to join, to get in? And can I have a copy of the last FAPA club bulletin - the one which has the waiting list? I hope to find on it the address of fans to whom I might write.

Do you know where the next World SF Convention will be held?

fannishly,

/s/ William Lance

This seemed to be a usual application type, so I placed him on the wl, and sent the usual letter re qualifications. Letter 2 came in response to the Aug FA.

(all the rest have same address)
August 19, 1958.

Dear Bill,

This is in acknowledgement of receiving the copy of The Fantasy Amateur as set down as qualification for membership by yourself.

I have written over 2 dozen letters to fans and have just about stopped-getting replies only from you and Ellik-when the FA came. Apparently the others are too busy to answer a newcomer like myself. Guess the only way to get notice is to put out my own fanzine.

Still just a neofan. I'd only wondered why none of the Baltimore group knew him. Then came the following in response to the next - November - FA. Hand-written. Until I read the signature, I thought it was from W****L. The handwriting looked like his.

Nov 21, 1958

Dear Bill,

This is to acknowledge receipt of Fantasy Amateur for Nov 1958 so that I don't get bumped off the waiting list [And it is damn hard to read his writing, so excuse the typos. I prefer NGW's writing.]

Could you tell what I could do in the event that someone forgets to send me the next Fantasy Amateur; and not knowing about it, I could not acknowledge receipt?

I understand such a practice has been secretly indulged in, in the past to kick off the waiting list some person not personally liked by someone of the officials. When Don Wilson was an official, I understand someone complained to him not getting 2 issues of the F.A. but nevertheless that waiting lister was punished and picked out for something not his fault. He was an anti-communist & certain communists in F.A. wanted him kicked out & even wrote about changing the rules to do this in "Obliquo".

For your information I too hate communists. Does this now mean I too will get kicked out?

This letter was sent to or showed to several FAPAns who had seen W****L handwriting, and all felt it was W****L writing under a pen name. Meanwhile, the November mailing had gone out; the reply came. [that should be February mailing]

Dear Bill,

This is to acknowledge receipt of Fantasy Amateur volume XXII #2 so that I still stay on W.L.

I don't know if you told someone in FAPA that I hate communists (since I mentioned it to you) or whether it was some one else. In any event, I received a very nasty letter from New York City blasting my right of opinion and freedom of thought. The letter was unsigned. Personally, I think most communists are queers and that letter just about proved it. [[So far as I know, only Ellik and Carr on the west coast and the local group have seen the letter up to now.]]

I see that some FAPA fans live here in Baltimore. [Is that why most of them are leaving?] But Ted White (for example) once put out a pro-commie fanzine with Larry Stark - attacking J. Edgar Hoover, Congressman Walter, McCarthy and sundry security conscious [sic] people. White also is a fanatical nographile. For that reason I desire no association with him. We might come to fisticuffs.

Am I suppose to write thanking John Magnus for sending me a sample copy of his FAPA zine to stay in FAPA?

The recent feud between Magnus and Hitchcock and Pandy [sic] Young does not surprise me. They are part and parcel of the pinkos or science fiction communists in fandom. And it is known that pinkos can not get along with others - not even their own stripe.

I suppose my anti-communist sentiments herein might get me kicked out of FAPA as happened to another fan I heard about. However I am not afraid to speak up for my civil rights despite the double standard of morality existing among the "liberal" fans.

yrs,
William Lance

This letter made me more sure than ever that Lance was either a pen name of W****L or a close friend of his. I favored the first theory. So, I dug out some authentic W****L letters, both typed and handwritten, and took them to the last WSFA meeting [that's the Washington SF Assoc, of course] to check my impressions with the other members and officers there. They were all of the same opinion - it was W****L. The decision was based on the following points:

1. Style of letters - the phrasing and usage of words.
2. The handwriting - similar or identical letters, some of rather unusual shape, such as F and e.
3. The typewriter seems to be the same - same letters high or low, same flaws in certain letters.
4. The typing style was the same - same kinds of errors.

So, I feel that we have proven, to our satisfaction, that the person listed on the waiting list as "William Lance" is really G****E W****L. Of course, if someone has met both of them, the situation could change; to date, I know of no one who has seen Lance. For rather good reasons, none of use locally want to stir up the hornet's nest, if we can avoid it.

The lengthy discussion above is a frank attempt to influence your vote next election on the question of amending the constitution to provide for the vote, along with the egoboo poll, of a undesirable waitinglist poll. And if this is adopted, to influence your vote on two waiting listers. For obvious reasons, I didn't want to put this in the FA.

On to more interesting, and certainly more enjoyable things. To wash the bad taste out of my mouth, we come to

Horizons [HW]; Harry, wasn't it something Bill Danner published through FAPA that let Myers in? I seem to remember that there was something about his credentials being the very item that Bill was trying to keep him out with.

As to the packing of the waiting list by non-existent fans, see above.

I'm more worried about the stereo records now than I was three months ago. Already, I'm having trouble getting certain records I want on standard LP, although they are available on stereo with no trouble. I'm afraid that if the bigger companies decide to push stereo, and drop or curtail seriously their standard lps, I may be forced to buy a stereo pickup to play them none through my set. I certainly don't expect to go stereo - I've got too many records that aren't even lp or even electrical to warrant getting a second parallel audio set. It just doesn't make sense. I'll get a taper instead.

Are those hoktographed covers of Spaceways from the unfinished issue, or did you mean Horizons? I suspect the latter.

Have you heard of this protective cream for use on your hands when they are to be immersed in chemical solutions? Has a silicone base, and repels the solution leaving the hands untouched. I haven't used it - no lab work - but reports say that it is quite good.

I think I put in about 40% of the material in the three issues of Fantasia; I know I left out several poems, much fiction, two letter columns, to review columns, etc.

Isn't that opening in the attic of the house - probably right under the peak of the roof at each end - for ventilation? I know that our house - Oregon - had that; I remember being worried because I thought it was an oversight and that the whole house was as poorly made. Usually there is a ventilator set in to keep rain out.

There is one other aspect of a hog and its eating habits. I understand that if a hog eats it, it is safe for a human; their digestive system is very similar to a human's.

[still Warner]

Jason was interesting - as is to be expected of Warner fan-fiction. But "You Aren't the Type" was much more so. One can see how the newspaper touch invades such writing-as this, with the development arranged so that later sections could be deleted without changing the article as a whole. This differs from the usual Warner article in that most of it is descriptive, rather than argumentative. It is just a relaxation to read such as this.

Stefantasy[Danner]:

I can see that neither Harry or Bill keep up with current stf, as embodied in Galaxy, or rather that they should have waited until the June issue was on sale before doing this issue. In this issue Willy Ley tells all about Tschiolovski (using the German transliteration of the name (and what system are you using, Harry?)) and his treatise.

I assume that the Exlux you advertise is the bottled New Jersey meadows "air" but somewhat refined to take out the worst of the odors? The Pennsy tubes under the Hudson are such a relief after crossing the meadows.

Speaking of Galaxy above brought to mind the cute one Gold caught for his editorial - or had caught for him. It really belongs in something like Playboy, tho, not the Montgomery Ward cat. I don't have a late catalogue; I wonder if anyone has checked on it.

Lark [mere Danner]: Having just been to Boston, I can vouch for the screwy system - or lack thereof - of the Boston streets. I remember one street - Summer - that crossed Washington St and was suddenly "inter St. And then there are the "squares" where half a dozen street run in and lose their identities, emerging maybe as something else, or at some strange angle. The square is nothing but a large open place where everyone goes his own sweet way. Not even any traffic lights at some of these. And I don't remember seeing one stop sign anywhere in downtown Boston; traffic lights or nothing. I'll take San Francisco or even New York any time [but not Brooklyn]. And speaking of Boston reminds me. While digging up the Boston map from the ACS stuff, I found the announcement they passed out "See and Hear Your Fellow Chemists on TV and on the Radio" For Monday, April 6, at 3:15 PM on WELI-Radio on "Beantown Matinee" we find listed as speaker and subject: "Isaac Azimov, biochemist and science fiction writer will be interviewed." I didn't have a chance to listen to see if Mr (or "Dr") Azimov was anyone we know.

My

Ramber is the medium 108" job, not the Ambassador. So far I like it fine around town; on trips it steers hard, and is very sensitive to winds. This may be due to the fins, tho. I do enjoy picking up parking spaces that the Plymouths and Fords and Chevys pass up. It makes me feel good. And I like to make U turns in ordinary streets without backing up.

I've dated the comics craze at about 1940 by my memories of the second hand magazine store I worked in. Before about then, there were only a few - I remember Famous Funnies and Tip-Top - that were reprints from the daily and Sunday (mostly Sunday) newspaper strips. Every month they would print about four pages of each comic - the Sunday edition of about a year or two before. It wasn't until Superman came along and started the craze for character funnies that they became so numerous. The earlier ones were read by the kids, but the later ones were for the "adults"; how else would the love romance type keep going.

Going strictly by memory, I'd say that "Tekeli-li.. tekeli-li" is from Poe - a story about the South Pole. I could look it up in one of the HPL references, but I'm too lazy!

Those Rubinstein's from 78s were marked as reissues and not of high fidelity. The same applies to the Mozart operas, etc. They were in the LGF series, which denoted "collectors' items" and not modern recordings.



[still Danner]

I started highschool in the first public one the town ever built. Before it had been built, there were only 8 grades of public school. Anyone who wanted to go on had to go to the Academy, which offered a college prep highschool in connection with the college/university, or to the commercial schools. The high school was built in 1909 or so, I believe; it lasted about 30 years. The class I was in was the first to be graduated from the "new" high school; now they have two, and are building two more. As you can imagine, the facilities were rather crude by present-day standards, but we did have fun and learned something. I miss the old school when I go back home; there is now a department store on the site, as it was just on the outskirts of the - then -

business section. Damon Knight, incidentally, spent a year there after it was no longer a high school, taking art at a extension/evening/adult education school.

Didn't you get number combinations in the first two grades? I have little memory of the year I spent in the first two grades, but I do remember the fun/drill with number flash cards, learning the addition number combinations and later the subtractions. Writing, on the other hand, I learned poorly; they were switching from one form to another - some form to Palmer - and I learned to write the first way, and then in the third and fourth grade had to try to learn the other way - which I never really did.

"hat is a "bed bed of roses"?"

Goldstone, I believe, is in the Bay area; a note from Terry Carr mentions seeing him.

Bill, you should remember the origin of the "goshwow" stuff in fandom. Remember the writeup in Time in 1939 describing the NYcon, with the quoted letter starting "goshwowboyoboy" reprinted from TJS Aug, 1939? It describes, in the usage I've made of it in fandom, the wildly, uncritically enthusiastic newcomer to the field. He is highly excited about anything - but uncritically. Andy may be entausiastic, but he still retains some degree of critical sense.

Lark's Appendix [W.Danner, of course]: I imagine anything with the correct address would be the one to go astray. I know that I'm always getting mail forwarded from somewhere in Washington (state), and I gave up the street address, among other reasons, because frequently mail was being sent to Queens-town, Maryland, down on the shore. And it was correctly addressed.

Try the

verb "to be" for an irregular English one.

Amis [Trumble]: That looks more like a Texan on the cover, with those lone stars all over. I liked this, but have really little to say. In the "A Medal..." I had a nagging feeling about the month dates. I have a feeling the author did, too, as he avoids July and August. Having no reference works to hand, I can't check for sure.

Thanks for

the kind words re RoTP; I'll try to dig up the Bradbury issue.

Colephais [me]:

I note I forgot this - I'd taken it out of the pile. Only one comment so far on the problem on the back page - Jim Caughran, who screamed foul when I sent him the answer at his special request. The fact that it was written - supposedly - by a Neptunian, plus the "h" in the text, and the apparent impos-

[me] sibility of the first multiplication, should have warned that we were working in some number base other than 10. It had to be at least 11, as 9 was shown, and was probably even, because of the multiplication by 4 to give 0. Inspection would show that 12 would not work, but that 14 would. The complete answer is below. D represents 10, E represents 11, Z stands for 12, T is 13.

9Z48943D7 + 153D37 = 7343
97E1D7

476ZE3
419DD7

5E20DD
570500

If I didn't make a mistake in my 14-based multiplication and subtraction.

419DD7
419DD7

0

Vandy [Coulson]: A welcome item. Duck, remember that Calkins was postulating unlimited funds in the car pell. I got a 1958 Rambler 6 sedan last fall, when I was faced with either a new car or lots of repair bills. However, although I like the Rambler, especially around town, I would much prefer either a Mercedes-Benz 220S or a Jag 3.8. or a Rolls to either of them. Hence, if money were no object, I would have a Rolls, with a custom body. I'm hoping that the next car will be a M-B; the thon equivalent of the 220, probably. [Why does studying/reading/sveral foreign language/s ruin the ability to spell in English?]

I have fun at work, sometimes, when I have time, rewriting papers for other staff-members. One fellow cannot write a decent paper, no matter how hard he tries. Apparently, he was brought up in awe of the polysyllabic word and the paragraph-long sentence. In any case, he gets so tied up in long, involved sentences, with clauses and clauses in them, and big words that don't mean what he thinks they mean, that no one can really figure out what he is trying to say. I've taken a page of his, with about four sentences, and rewritten it into half a page with 7 sentences - and had a much better, more understandable section. But, he feels that he knows how to write, and it makes him mad for anyone, even his section-chief, to change a word. And if the typist makes a change, so that there is a subject and a verb in the sentence, he objects. He boasts that he has never read a book "for fun"; his writing shows it.

[Really, that should be Coulson above] But what do you do when the back roads are the main roads - as they are in much of this area, which has grown so fast that it has swamped the road system? One of the main routes to Silver Spring is, for most of the way, only two lanes wide, and narrow lanes at that, and traffic is so heavy that if a car stops for a moment, or a truck for laundry, you may wait a couple of minutes before you can pass. I've seen lines here with over a hundred cars in them, just sitting.

Juanita, I'm typing this to the music of "Der Rosenkavalier" in the new Columbia/Angel version. I'll admit that I'm not paying the attention to the music I should, but I'm really checking the records for defects. But, in several places, I've stopped and devoted my full attention to the music; there are so many beautiful passages in this opera - and I don't apply that adjective to music wildly.

[Snoary] c/w TH [Linars]. Jean's English, I am sure, is better than my French; so much better that I won't even attempt an answer here. Je M'Excuse

Gasp! [Steward]: Of course, you notified the S-T of your new address..... The race account was interesting. I'm interested in the Michelin tires; are the standard tires good, or are these special racing tires?

[Caughran]: That cover is really the nuts - or nutty!

A Propos de Rien

Did you ever try a 7:45 AM class, in winter, on daylight saving time? And in your major subject, which you couldn't cut?

Was the writer you were trying to remember Dunsany? I doubt it, as he is not an authority on language, but some of his comments on English are very similar to the one you quote.

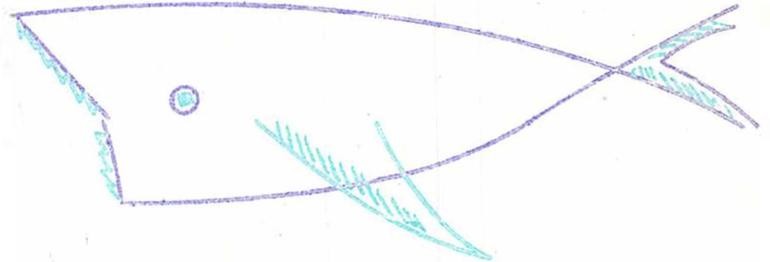
Have you checked your mail for bombs from Parry Sound recently?

Did you give GMC's address to Austin L. Moore? In many respects they sound like kindred souls; or maybe we should send his address to G****E W****L as a perfect follower. He sounds like the "man-in-the-street" (actually I heard most of these in barber shops) before 1941 (Dec) who said we could clean up the Japanese in a month, with one division of Marines, and stop the European war in another month with two Army divisions (the Germans were tough). "It can't happen here!"

You left out JHafness in your Fannish Mail Answering Form.

Phantasy

Press [McPhail]: Hey, Dan, you ma' at me or sumpin'? Second year you credit my mags to someone else. Eney is a good man, but I'm sure he doesn't want to be responsible for the stuff I put out in Celophais.



And when

Myers gets first with six issues....

All one pageers, too. And, what

happened to the 85th mailing and Myers? I don't see him there in section D

More seriously, your crediting Burbee with 102 pages for Incomplete Burbee is in error, as he had little to do with it - other than writing a forward, as I remember. It was by, and should be credited to, the Berkeley group. Ditto, how can both Purdue and Burbee get credit for the same fifteen pages?

On thinking back, I can remember some band concerts in the summers, back when the street-cars still ran, and things were quieter - about 1927-9. There was a small bandstand in the city park adjacent to the Capital grounds, and every couple of weeks there would be a concert in the evening. I can remember sitting on the grass, listening to the music - but dimly. Then, when it was darker, after the concert, there would be a "concert" by the memorial fountain, which could spout, spray, jet, and otherwise squirt water, and at the same time illuminate it with different colored lights - the Viennese strains of Rosenkavalier are hard to type against - making quite a display. All operated by a man inside the fountain. It was suspenseful to watch him crawl over the pool on a little bridge, unlock the door, crawl in, carefully close the door, and then sit back and wait for the show to begin. By that time, I'd be sleepy, and the cool sea breeze would have come in from the coast, and sleeping would be easy.

The mood that this evokes in me has been captured, I feel, in music in Samuel Barber's "Knoxville 1915". In this work, whose title is actually "Knoxville: 'Summer of 1915,' for Soprano and "Orchestra" Op 24 [I just looked it up] Barber has set to music the last part of an autobiographical essay by James Agee, published in the "Partisan Reader".

The part of the text used opens:

"It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangers. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt; a loud auto, a quiet auto; people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber."

There has been only one recording of this, by Eleanor Steber (who commissioned it) and the Dunbarton Oaks Chamber Orch, on a 10" Columbia LP, ML2174. This is now cut-out, but I'm still looking for a couple of copies for friends for whom I have played mine. It can really evoke the nostalgic mood for someone who remembers back 25 or 30 years.

This also brings to mind another musical [?] activity of that period. The American Legion in the early 30s was a much younger group of fun-loving joes, and their conventions were something. One of the big events of that time was the drum-and-bugle corps contest. The local post had a corps that was best in the state, and took first a couple of times nationally. They practiced summer evenings on the university football field, which was only a couple of blocks from home. I can remember many a night lying in bed about 10 PM and listening to them practice over and over "Good Night, Ladies" I remember that, every time I hear that tune.

Dan, if you ever batted out "mice, thick issues like this, Gem?" I think most of FAPA would believe you were not McPhail, but somebody else. And what a blow to FAPA!

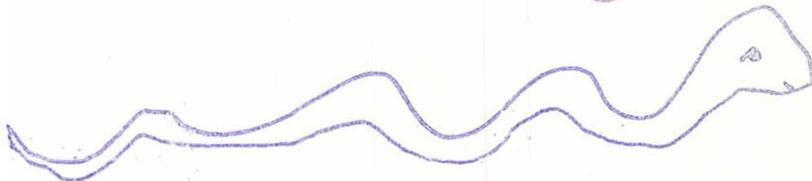
Your statement to Warner about the illustrated Horizons makes no wonder if you get a different FAPA bundle from an different FAPA in a different time stream.

There are two types of fanzines, one of which needs a cover, the other not. I don't feel that I need a cover for Celephais; I consider it merely a rambling conversation about the last mailing, with such asides as occur to me as I write. There is no dummy, no rough draft [which should be apparent to all], and only a few notes on the margins of the mags as a guide. A cover on this would be pretentious. ROTP, on the other hand, is a formal publication, and as such, I feel, needs a cover. So, I put on one - even though it has no picture.

I'm glad Ted prompted you to rear back and let go. This is what you've done too little of, in the past.

Jimmy Taurasi should know that a lot of mags count both covers. After all, they have print on them, don't they?

The most important statement, from the point of both FAPA and fandom, is the pointing out of the lack of a prozine outlet for fandom. We have no way in which to contact the new readers, the potential fans. Even neglecting the lack of a fanzine review, there is still no letter column such as was in the Gernsback/Sloane Amazing or the Gernsback Wonder or the Bates/Tromaine Asteuding.



[McPhail]

Where will the noofan find out about fandom? There is no real way for fandom to locate them, or for them to locate fandom. Only at a convention, and how many neos will get to one, unless it is their area that holds it? Personal contact, via used magazines or book stores? Only possible in larger cities, that have both those and fandom available. Any answers?

Always enjoy the reviews of the old mailings. You really should have pointed out that one of the most controversial fanzines appeared in this mailings Michael's "Mutation or Death" the foundation of Michaelism. This was certainly more important at the time and later, than the first issue of the FA.

A nice issue, Dan.

only 11 items covered! And Gemzine still down there somewhere....] [page 10, and

Poor Registration [Pavlat]: No room for margin comments, so, no comments.

Tapebook [Rotsler/Pavlat]: Not having a taper - yet - This doesn't interest me as much as it could. The poll results were amusing.

Helon's Fantasia [Wesson]

I enjoyed your rambling - especially the comments on the pornographic items - at least I guess they would be so considered. This reminds me of the celebrated Gichner case here in Washington last fall (I think it was - I'm right, I remember now) in which the police raided a well-known collection of objects of such nature, as well as similar items, books, etc, from all over the world - a miniature Kinsey collection. Gichner had never attempted to hide the fact that he had the collection, but showed it only to qualified persons - he kept it for study, not amusement. He had published three books on various aspects of the erotic field - on Indian (eastern), Chinese, and Japanese items. Well illustrated, and annotated, they were not for general distribution, but for libraries, anthropologists, etc. Locally, a few were made available to select booksellers, for customers known to the sellers. The thing that started the whole fuss, tho, was a report from the Library of Congress Copyright Office, where Gichner had sent copies for copyright and addition to the LC collection, to the local District Attorney disclosing the publication of the books. A deputy, without consulting his chief, who know about it, it developed, and had seen the collection, and didn't feel any action was needed, took upon himself to issue the warrant and the police descended and carted off truckloads of fragile Chinese statues, Indian carvings, etc [I think the local precinct wanted to do some reading]. This aroused a furor, especially as the possession in the DC isn't illegal, and as people wondered why the LC should set itself up as an unofficial censor (the report wasn't an official report, just a phone call or such, I believe). The upshot was that the collection was restored, a Foundation was set up to administer it, with Gichner one of the trustees, all was smoothed over. There was never any attempt to class this with the pornographic merchants, except that Gichner obviously had items obtained from such sources. The big furor was over the censoring question, together with the question of whether a man can have such material for study. Unfortunately, Gichner is not a Ph.D., although his researches in the field of the erotic are as complete as many a Doctorial thesis.

I've seen the books, and they are definately not pornographic. They are erotic, but certainly do not belong in the same class with much of the material in Playboy, Mad, Ladies Home Journal, or Life, where the suggestion is much stron er than the actual wordage. The words may not be as explicit, but the suggestion is much, much stronger.

Hope you have a nice trip back to the States, Helon. In spite of the digression above, I like your zine.

de Mayflower [Pavlat]: See what I mean above? Come to DC in 60 and see for yourself. Deflowerin:

Wraith [Ballard]: For several years I had a note of the exact quote on that Western/stf story, but I've mislaid it. I don't think it was the "Sheriff of Thorium ulch" though, but could be. It was the best [sic] case of a rewrite I've caught, with the former story so exposed. As far as I know Heinlein wrote "Hoil" as Lyle Monroe.

I like your timebinding on page one.

Purely Personal

[Schaffer]: You really shouldn't have R*E*V*E*A*L*E*D A*L*L about the auto; it is better to let the masses slumber on, unconscious of the hideous trap in which they are held.

But how can you avoid listening to people who don't interest you, when you have to go to these meetings? And I defy anyone to sleep on some of those meeting chairs; the slats in the seats are just wide enough to impress themselves firmly and painfully on your rear. I know; I spent a week in Boston at meetings.

Burblings c/w "murmurings" [Burbee/Perdue]: I had planned to look up nook and fardel in the ICT (the International Critical Tables, aka the Intentionally Cryptical Tables) but just didn't get around to it.

I always

enjoy these annuals, and always can say nothing more than thanks.

Garage Floor

[JYoung/Stark]: The Forgotten "evolution was interesting - I had never thought much about this period; probably I had lumped all of it into "French stuff". It was interesting. Now, please explain the paintings! Only the Loon didn't get me on first reading; a second time through was much more meaningful.

The

back cover is good - but loses by being out of context, as I can see now.

Wow,

Professor [AYoung]: I see they called you to task on Odd John/last and First Men. But you left out the math; all we have here is the voice of an A*U*T*H*O*R*I*T*Y.

This brought to mind the following, clipped from my home-town paper:

It happened at a recent eclipse of the moon on the West Coast. A college girl showed up at a large observatory with her camera. She said she wanted to take a picture of the moon when it would be entirely eclipsed. One of the astronomers remarked that she wouldn't get much of a picture, but the girl was unperturbed.

"Oh, don't worry about that," she said. "I have a flashbulb attachment."

Wall Street Journal
(by way of the Capital Journal)

In the same issue was this, which really doesn't fit in, but I can resist.

"Although others have come along to make spectacular motion pictures, few have had the DeMille touch. In one biblical film he showed both the opening and the closing of the Red Sea, which prompted the comment:

"DeMille did it alone; Moses had outside help."

So I liked it.

Pebbles in the Drink 1 & 2 [JYoung/Stark]: Who is responsible for the unsigned "hey, pretty bird" I should think the poet would wish to acknowledge this masterpiece.

Targets:fapa! [Eney did it]. Is that GMC reading last mailing depicted on the cover? If so, whom is she with? I don't recognize the other. I don't recall having run across that statement that the reason the Jews forbade swine was because the animals were sacred to pagan gods. I've always understood it was strictly for health reasons - as some Jewish friends of mine once found out (to the dismay of their parents) when they ate some undercooked pork chops while

12 [Eney]

at school. My understanding is that they forbade any scavenger animal or fish - carp, for example, and crab are not kosher.

This issue was more like the Eney I like - more meat, but unfortunately nothing to gretch at.

Oil....on troubled waters [AYoung]: I don't know whether you've ever taught engineers; I have. It is a most interesting and annoying experience. Ten years ago, I was drafted into teaching Chemical Engineering Thermodynamics at Catholic U. I'd never had any ChE, but I was up in thermo, so I agreed, and got the book - it was the second half of the course, too. I found that the text was mostly about how to calculate numbers with no data to go on, methods of approximating, and graphs and such from which to read useful numbers. The students - and the text - had little interest in where the numbers/graphs/equations came from or how to do similar things; they were more interested in how to use them, and where to look up numbers. I found that my attempts to show the background of the material were suffered through but were not listened to. So, next year, I decided I'd give them the stuff they wanted, and not bother with where the numbers came from. They liked the course, then.

Campbell merely has the typical MIT attitude - it is an engineering school. But I think that even worse than Hoinlein, GOSmith - especially in the Venus Equilateral days - gives the picture of the engineers' "scientist." Several minor characters are the scientists, who exist merely to give the hot-shot engineers something to work with, but are supremely impractical.

And at work, the engineers from various aircraft and engine cos are always after numbers - not the right ones, but numbers, any numbers.

Stock [Eney]: Did you buy?

Directory of 1958 SF Fandom [Bennett]: Most welcome. Would suggest next issue (a hint) the inclusion of apa addresses. Thanks.

Coindre [Raeburn] Some of that food you describe fascinates me - in a revolting way. Other just fascinates me. "Score" in the sense you mention is not common here, but I have run across it in even the newspapers. I wonder if "ass" wasn't used first in the sense of "Don't make a donkey of yourself" and became confused with "arse" later, probably through the less educated frontier people, who would think the uncommon word "arse" was merely "ass" being mispronounced.

I don't get a hiss on the "ch" sound; I get a "chu" sound, not the "sh" sound I had in mind for the hiss - the ssss sound.

I am sure the Glencannon stories were published in book form - probably in several books. Want me to look them up?

And I'll agree that the Chaplin films are full of "pathos"; he was usually cast as the little man against the world. Most of his comedy seems to me to be of the "sad clown" type - a hopeless fight against fate. I prefer such comics as Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd, who were more in the slapstick tradition, and didn't try to bring out the "laugh, clown, laugh" feeling. I've often felt that Chaplin could be partially described by "Vesti la giuba" [and I don't feel sure of the spelling]. I find I prefer even Laurel and Hardy to Chaplin; I don't go to the Chaplin bringbacks any more.

It's hard to believe that Mayfair magazine can exist. Lancy would have loved this; it would have taken his fughoad award.

A nice issue, Boyd.

Chapter Play [Tucker]: I see that Tucker has gone domestic. Or is Consumer Reports reviewing Jack Daniels?

I like these rambles through the past, but they make for slim commenting. I don't remember where Lowndes' "Trigger Talk at Green Guns" appeared, offhand. osnig is on the list.

But at least most of the cowboys on the screen today are more faithful to the real thing than those of the lat 30s and early 40s. How about Geno Autrey (of course he is still going strong, but he isn't as characteristic as he was)? And where could you get the girl to kiss the hero who looked like some of Remington and Russell's real cowboys?

I wonder how many of the top ten stories would be even mentioned in a similar poll today? Or the authors? Mighty few, I wager. On looking over the story lists, I note one curious thing. One story, and only one, is less than novel length - Forgetfulness by Stuart/Campbell. I'm curious why this story - which I don't remember as being the best of the Stuart stories - made the top ten.

Revoltin' Development [Alger]: Enjoyed, but no comment.

Gemzine [GMC]: With Baitbox gone - and I'm tantalized by a note under Celephais - this loses some of its bite. But enough remains.

According to your remarks, you disapprove of the American Revolution; likewise of the French and Russian dittos. Or is that a different subject and not applicable here?

I've covered the W****L question up front, but I'd just like to point out that there is no obligation to admit W****L to FAPA - or anybody else for that matter - if the club so votes according to its rules. I'm thinking of possible repercussions if the affair isn't done in a straightforward, legal manner; doing it this way would enable the possible victims of his wrath (and I'm thinking of myself) a way to point it out as "sour grapes" in any investigation. And if we don't have some legal way of doing it, how are we going to do it? You can't leave-it up to the S-T; he could all too easily just not put somebody on the list, or not mail them notices, etc, and keep out whom he disliked. At least, the members should have a say in it.

Are those citizens "who would just as soon fight as not..." the ones who would be doing the fighting? And do they know what we have to fight with? It's alright to rattle the saber, if you have something inside the scabbard. The big question is - do we?

I think you might like some of the non-Perry Mason ESCardner stories - I still have fond memories of the mood detective stories of the "hispering Sands" in Argosy and the humor - formula but enjoyable - in the Lester Lieth [sp] stories. In a different vien are the stories by F/Crofts and R/Froeman - both, alas, dead. Froeman gives a wonderful picture of London in the late Victorian and Edwardian eras - somewhat later than Doyle - and a sound scientific foundation for his plots. They may seem dry and technical on first reading, but I find I can reread them with great enjoyment. Crofts stories are more modern - W.I thru WWII - and about the Scotland Yard detective, rather than the private detective (and I don't mean Spilane or Hammott), but just as enjoyable, if you like to watch the unfolding of a neat plot.

According to your criterion described under Null-F this issue of Gemzine - as well as the last one - would be a White magazine [Ted, my apologies] and the eight before would be from Eney's Logic.

The Bullfrog Bugle [Hickman]: Welcome in, Lynn. I like the tone of this issue, and will be looking for more this mailing, I hope.

Dis and Dat [Higgs]: I don't believe that a rocket will be exactly the vehicle for boring through the ground,

14 [Higgs]

as you predict. You need something capable of slow, continuous motion, rather than a rocket, which is good only at high speeds.

As for the death ray. I can remember years ago several discussions on this, and it was pointed out that a practical death ray would have to be an anti-catalyst type. This, of course, is possible - a good shot of supersonics will do a good job of stopping you. A power ray, on the other hand, runs into the inverse square law, which means that you either have perfect focus - and have to hit your target on the nose, which would be no mean trick at a score of miles - or have to handle many times the power at the transmitter than is available at the other end. As an example, consider the high-frequency relay systems. Even with relatively short spans, fixed stations, and small targets, which can be well aimed and easily machined to focus, power losses are high. And this is under ideal circumstances.

[Harness]: You include yourself among those FAPANS in "poor mental condition"..... ^{Thota}

Sex and Sadism [Fapacoon]: It was fun.

F [White]: I commented at the time; I've forgotten what I said.

* *+*+* *

Whew!!

I've run out of comments, etc, so will just use another of JYoung's pics to fill up. Again, I thank here for them.

See you in three months - I hope.

B:11

