

This is Conny nattana - Contour # 5 to the uneducated - Spring 1951, published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and a few friends and acquaintances who trade fanzines or letters with me. Publisher, or, to be more precise, editor, is Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland. Conny is a Hodgepodge Press publication, and is published through the courtesy of Frank Kerckhof, T. E.

Braintrust:

REWMDBJITVILIP PAHRRSDBTHWJR

I hope that no one expects this issue of Contour to be similar to any of the previous issues. The other four did have some sort of planning, but not nattana. Nattana should, obviously (to a reader of Islandia) be the best of all, but it isn't. At least, I don't think it is. I haven't seen it yet, so I'm not sure. The only part I've seen so far is the Cole article, and that, at least, is very good. But here it is, the 21st of April, and I haven't even started my mailing reviews. Usually I finish those within the first two weeks after receipt of the mailing, but not this time. Oh well, maybe I can wind up this magazine in a day.

Hibrows:

VKBBGR LJREW

I recently joined SAPS, and ran off a six page fanzine for their current mailing only a few days ago, so naturally some of my usual energy has already been expended--and, frankly, I don't usually have too much energy. Sometimes I think that maybe I should just slap out a cover (O. R., title page) and a half page editorial and a half page mailing review and let it go at that. At least I could catch up with the mailings that way--this running a mailing behind is getting to be annoying--but that wouldn't be fair to the Coles. So: onward!

Graybeards & Vets:

CBTSGSIFJSMIS

And now I can talk about what I consider to be a second of the interesting features of this issue: The above and all subsequent interlineations on this page. A few of you: Warner, Speer, Croutch, Laney, Evans; will remember that Juffus did the same thing in the Summer 1944 Sustaining Program. Juffus had at that time been in FAPA for something like seven years, and might be presumed to have had a right to step on a few toes. I haven't even been in FAPA for seven mailings yet, but I'm going to step on a few toes anyway. Not very hard, tho.

Infants:

SDRERCH

Speer used the following classification in his analysis: Braintrust, Hibrows, Graybeards, Droops, Infants, Leeches, Vets. I've amended this somewhat, but not overly. Next year I may include either the "Leeches" or the "Droops" classification.

Unimpressive:

WDDDEESCOLRROT

The main thing I noted in running over Speer's review was the ease with which the members of the braintrust, and even the graybeards and vets, could be identified (and a lot of these were already out of fandom by the time I was in) and the extreme difficulty had in identifying the leeches droops, and infants. I had to call upon Bill Evans for some help in identifying some of the names, but even yet some few of them are only initials to me.

Jr. Braintrust:

RGEFACECERSKMSIII

The unclassified FAPAs may be unclassified either because they are leaving FAPA, because they're new in FAPA, or because of charity. Anyhow, I hope this provokes some comment and ratings by others, but it probably won't.

One of the most important features called to my attention by running this breakdown was that the braintrust is not so strongly the "all" of FAPA that it once was. Nowadays, Slotful Thing and Tanobrel are as typically FAPA products as Horizons, Fan Tods, Yhos and "Sus Pro" used to be. Even when a magazine changes for the better, as the Irusaben replacement of Spaceship, it doesn't necessarily result in a new brain-truster journal. Maybe the "long thought" influence is too attenuated now, and we'll never again see the old go-rounds on politics, slan center and such like, but Thompson, in the latest Phanteur, seems to believe differently. The revival of Tucker (and I hope that my informant is correct) bids to be a large shot in FAPA's arm. Now if only a couple more of the old guard would either revive or even semi-revive, we might really see some action.

My, my, isn't it interesting how a magazine will change from day to day? Just today I got the Earley manuscript you'll find inside. Suddenly this magazine changes from a Conny supported only--the certainly ably--by the Coles, to one supported by the Coles and Earley. I think it's a pretty good issue.

It is possible that Conny will start skipping issues from now on. No, I'm not withdrawing from fandom, I'm not fed-up, I'm not overloaded with fannish work, I'm not revivifying my sex life. I'm working. I've been working for some time, of course, but I just recently changed from a routine typist's position to the high-sounding position of "Military Manpower Utilization Analyst." Briefly, I'm a trainee as a job analyst and consultant. I'll be dealing strictly with military jobs, and generally with enlisted positions. One of the large features of the job will be field trips. The schedule is subject to change at any time, but currently it appears that I'll be leaving town about the first of July, and will be gone for about 60 days. Where I'll be sent, nobody knows, but it will probably be either in or around New York, Georgia, Texas, California, or Michigan. On the other hand I might go anyplace else in the country, or to Alaska, Korea, France, or almost anyplace else in the world. Naturally I'm not going to worry too much about Conny if I'm out in the field. I'll be too busy having too much fun. In any case, I'll try to get out one more issue before leaving town. Anyone who wants to contribute, please get it in early.

I don't know what will happen to the Checklist. I'll keep it up as best I can from the field, but it will certainly suffer from my absence.

.....

"They all belong in the same zoo now, but even while giving them the old heave-ho into the cages, Model 1950 [man] gets a queasy feeling. Now that Left is Right and Right is Left; now that T. S. Eliot is a Time cover boy and many exotic obscurities no longer come out on lavender paper in editions of sixty-nine copies, but sell like hotcakes to the Kansas housewife trade who want to be in the know; now that Jackson Pollock's technicolor spermatozoa get double-page spreads in the million-copy picture magazines and Nightwood is a Few Directions bestseller and the fashion books feature Isherwood, and the queues of the Socialist experiment look almost (if not quite) as grim as the concentration camps of the Communist experiment; now that Robert Taft votes to cut military expenditures while the drop-the-bomb-on-the-Russians Republican press supports him -- I ask you, friend, is it any wonder that Underground Man Model 1950 finds himself embarrassed for a solidly obscure underground opinion, a really radical, rascally attitude that will knock the Sears, Roebuck socks off the fuddy-duddy old man back in Oswego?" -- "Robert Lowry, "Don Quixotes Without Windmills" in the New American Mercury, December 1950.

The line for sixty-eight copy publications forms to the right.

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television: the poor man's fulton lewis, Jr.

by Les and Es Cole

We are in a lousy mood tonight, but whenever we hear the word "television" we are immediately thrown into a series of horrendous fits.

What started as a beautiful friendship threatens to end in complete chaos and actual property damage on our part.

The senior author remembers his first contact with the word. The year was 1934 and big things were happening in the San Francisco Bay Area. Two large bridges were being erected north and east of San Francisco; it had just been announced that an international fair would be held on a man-made island in the middle of the Bay probably in 1939; and in a certain grammar school classroom, a bright-eyed little lad was giving a "speech" on dinosaurs. Confident he was that his would be the "best speech" of the day: why, these peasants had hardly ever heard of dinosaurs.

And when he finished the well-presented speech, a girl was called upon next. Fumbling and stumbling, she began, "There's a thing—I mean, a machine called—called, um, 'television!'"

At the end of the day, the senior author—for it was the senior author all the time—learned (1) humility (somewhat), (2) people are more interested in the future than the past, and (3) the most wonderful, awe-inspiring, inconceivable invention was on the way to gladden men's hearts!

The frustration from paucity of information concerning "television" was lessened, somewhat, during the following five years by science fiction. Someone was always flipping on the television set in that wonderful literature. And there were pictures—"Transatlantic Tunnel" and "Things to Come"—to ease an aching heart.

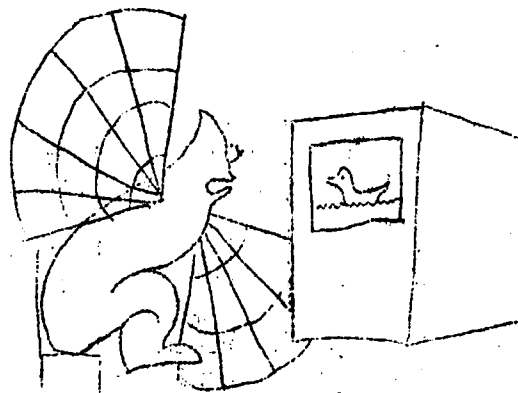
And then, wonder-of-wonders, the New York World's Fair opened in 1939, and on opening day, television sets went on sale throughout New York City! You could obtain one of these jim-dandy little gems for a mere pittance: about \$600 (pre-war American). If you didn't have the \$600, you could go to the Fair and see it free.

At the Fair, the Senior Author stood, with a group of adults, before a con-traption. For a moment there was a hushed silence. The man smiled, and we were watching television—television! On a screen, direct from the Empire State Building flecked with ghosts and lines, came a beautiful moving picture of ducks floating around a lake in Central Park. Little did the Senior Author know that this was a portent of things to come!

Down through the years he, and later we, waited breathlessly. Rumors crept out of the East: New York bars were installing TV sets. Then it spread to Los Angeles and a wee-little black cloud crept up over the horizon.

We were in L. A. that first week after our marriage, and just before dinner one night, we stopped in at a neighborhood bar. The man had his set on, so for five minutes we watched stills of used cars Madman Muntz was selling. This enlightening bit was followed by an Indian beating a tom-tom. That was enough for us.

Since then, we have watched-- but only under severe pressure-- go by on TV screens, a parade of anal neurotics ringing bells in time to "Roll Out the Barrel"; mongolian idiots dressed in "humerous" costumes emceeing "comedy" programs; animated cartoons (des'gnaed, quite well, to fit the mentality of the audience) advertise everything from wine to cigarette lighters--and we're expecting Julius Schmidt any day now; a petite cretin known as Space Cadet Happy ("Smoking Rockets!"); and moving pictures old enough to rank (emphasize that, please!) with George Melier's.



Recently, we called at some friends we hadn't seen in two years. The house was dark, but since we were expected, we knew what the score was. Father was stretched out on the sofa with his head turned toward the screen: in a short time he will develop "television paralysis" of the neck muscles. Mother was sitting in the easy chair chain-smoking: watch the Philip Morris ads when "television cough" appears! The young man, home late from work, was perched on the piano stool, balancing his dinner while his eyes were glued to the set: "None of the good programs ('pogroms,' better!) are on yet; but I don't want to miss anything."

Trying to hold conversation is next to impossible. It goes something like this:

"How are you?"

(Pause) "Fine, and you?"

(Pause) "Fine. Did you know..." By this time your eyes have wandered to that brightly-lit screen, and that's all, brother!

We also attended an engagement party recently. Even there the monstrous thing was going full-blast. We left after an hour. Lately it's been that we feel complimented when our hosts don't turn on their TV.

To sum up, then, television is a malodorous, malignant, anti-intellectual evil that is making of us an anti-social culture. It should be banished immediately, if not sooner, if we want our American Heritage of Free Enterprise, Free Education, and Free Dishes for the Ladies Tonite to survive!

foof

One of the few things which is very good over television, football, seems to agree at least in part that TV should be banned. Attendance, as I remember, is down about 30% at football games in TV areas, and up about 30% in non-TV areas. I believe that each team has now been limited to telecasting two games a year, and only one game will be televised in an area.

It's too bad that TV can't find something to build up, instead of always tearing down, don't you think?

HYPODERMIC

to relive ten years! I guess that this was a postmailing to the 52nd mailing which just came in a little late. I still remember the plot, so it must have been pretty good.

light 46 Which leads off the 54th mailing. Congrats, Les, on finally hitting first place in the listing. " I wish to hell that you would do more mailing reviews. Nice, undressed style. Very good--I didn't even mind the adjectives.

sirius I 3 I'd swear I'd read that thing by Rapp, "No Litter Today" somewhere else recently, but maybe not. The Raymond L. Clancey "Torture" piece wasn't bad in its over-all effect, but when broken down into its elements it wasn't so hot. Worth reading, at any rate.

beelzebub II I think that it will improve. The editorial shows promise.

narom Noted.

science fiction assortment II Interesting past- and side-lights.

cold turkey This magazine doesn't enthuse me either. Bill Austin knows this was readable and little else, so why should I insist otherwise? It neither helped nor hurt the mailing.

snulbug I I Elsberry's work bears close scrutiny. I note that I didn't classify him on the editorial page, I wonder why. I think this boy will go places. He is one of the few younger (I assume) fans who is willing to sit down and think through a problem to a logical conclusion, instead of dashing merrily where his emotions lead. Keep it up Rich.

contour 3 Somewhat late, but it should be a good test of general interest and mailing review readability.

zap (1) Briggs, you know good and well that I like your cartoons, so stop looking for egoboo here! I still say the best cartoon is that of the recumbent and spider-webbed NFFF.

horizons 45 Thank Foo! Something to comment on. " I'm glad to see MAR included in "And Gone Tomorrow" this time around; had been waiting for something on him. I hope he'll come back, but so darn few of them

do. " The 4e response to your former memory of him was something else again. It is too bad that 4e sees it necessary to defend himself at such length. It is rather interesting reading, but none-the-less annoying to read "I did this" for four pages, with four pages yet to come. Mainly, I find that I still don't understand his intense interest in fandom, now or then, or his getting as deeply involved in it as he did, so that it could, as he admits, make him bitter. It made Laney bitter too. We can all look back on a person's background and say "but this was silly" and all, even the person involved, agree, or, if we don't, it will be because of basic or of personality differences rather than differences in interpretation of facts, so why argue with his beliefs? " I don't believe that I ever realized that Rothman was a Jewish name until you pointed it out Harry. It just doesn't usually occur to me to think, either consciously or unconsciously, of the nationality of a person. At times a name or a face may be so typical that the nationality of a person is forced to my attention, but that is a minor matter. None-the-less, the utter unconsciousness I usually exhibit to the derivation of names or faces strikes me as the way the world should be. " Your anti-postmailing drive has shown extraordinary success. I think it was Perdue who commented, back about 1947, that he would sooner "hit the jackpot than collect on three oranges" when this same problem came up then. Nicely put.

phanteur 9

And already we're getting to the tail end of the mailing. At least, it's the better end. " And Boggs speaks of the "chaotic format of Washington fanzines...!" " Your own mailing comments, I think, go further into discussions of the latest mailings, rather than just reviews of it, than do those of anyone else currently reviewing.

stefantasy 21

The ad of "Hugo the Hermit" was the best part of this issue, and most of the material was much better than that in any other fanzine in the mailing. " Praise you for being another who sneers at the often cited "7 mps escape velocity." I will say, however, that you are the first person I've ever heard suggest a trip to the moon at 10 mph. Talk about your slow boats to China! Had you figured out how long it would take to get there at that rate of speed (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ years) I probably would have been struck with the immensity of space again. It seems that some figure like that is bound to come up about once a year in my reading, to stun me anew with the tremendous vastness of the cosmos. One part of "Terrann" hit me that way not over a month ago; hit me so strongly that I stopped reading for a quarter of an hour or so just thinking about it. Fascination with that and similar concepts lead me into science fiction to begin with, and an outstanding space story is still the best type of science fiction in my opinion. " "You cannot help men by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves." That should be engraved in the halls of Congress and the minds of our legislators." I wonder if the misprint of Astra's Tower as Astra's Towel in the Postmailings was intentional?

irusaben two

I am surprised (not to mention pleased and gratified) to note the difference in reactions of FAPA and SAPS to Eney's fanzines. So far, Eney seems to be looked up to as the little tin god of SAPS (no, you non-SAPS, I'm not kidding!) while Silverberg's comment about Slothful Thing while under the mistaken impression that it was one of Eney's zines seems to more-or-less express FAPA's reactions. I'm also pleased by Eney's recent statement that he was going to break his fanzines into FAPA and SAPS issues in the future.

GOODBYE, SWEET BEM

or

A Fond Farewell to Four Fabulour Years of Frantic Fandom

GEORGE EARLEY

Yes, my faithful readers, you read the title correctly. This is a fond farewell to fandom. By the time that Pavlat, superlative publisher that he is, gets this into print, I shall have departed from the campus of Miami University (Oxford, Ohio) - via graduation - and resumed service with the United States Air Force as a chairborne lieutenant. Foo knows where I'll be stationed, I sure don't, and as a result I doubt if I'll have time to do more than read a few magazines and write an occasional letter. Of course, if I get stationed near some nest of fans I'll undoubtedly visit them when I get a free weekend or so.

That title makes me feel like doing a bit of reminiscing over the past four years. As you may have surmised, I am rather new to the fan world, as such. I've been an SF fan for years without knowing I was an SF fan until I ran into the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. They soon put me "wise." (I use the term loosely) and I've been a fan ever since. To be absolutely correct, I backed into fandom, having been interested in the more practical aspects of rocketry before getting entangled in all this interplanetary fluff. Don't get me wrong, I love it, but I refuse to get completely and screamingly frantic over whether Martians have two or three eyes or why is a space woof. So....

Looking back over the four years during which I have met many fine folks and made many friends, I'd say that I got in on a highly interesting time in the history of SF. In my four years I have seen the second deluge of SF mags, seen 'em sprout like mushrooms (a few smelled like skunk cabbage!) and watched some die. Really too bad as the increase in quantity has resulted in a decrease in quality and if you don't agree just look at the past nine months of crud (generally speaking) that we've gotten from the one-time leader in the field. But leave us not be bitter.

And then there is the rapidly increasing number of SF films that are beginning to stream from the cameras of Hollywood's imaginative - sometimes too-imaginative - writers and producers. And we shouldn't forget our British cousins. Ah, but the past year has been a diller, filmatically speaking. I've chased nutty scientists carrying pocket-sized A-bombs around London. I've visited the Moon as well as a stretch of desert that was laughingly called "Mars," and more recently I battled a perambulating super-carrot that even a dozen Bugs Bunnies would find hard to digest. (ad, and again, Gad! And there are about 8-10 more coming including the George Pal version of When Worlds Collide. I've seen the stills on that one, as have the members of WSEA, and it looks superb - and in technicolor yet.

Here on Miami's campus, SF has made enormous strides. When I first arrived and began inhaling the heady drug of fandom, the fans were few and far between and fangabs were even further between. Persistence - something fans are generally over-stocked with - resulted in the unearthing (some were geology students) additional fans and the nucleus of the Miami University Science Fiction Association (MUSFA to those who know) was organized. Like the children in H. G. Wells' Food of the Gods, we rapidly outgrew our regular haunts - a bat-infested belfry - and sought new room. The mechanics and red tape of this University being like that of

universities, we were required to secure a faculty adviser before they would trust us with one of their precious class rooms for an evening meeting place. After several months of fruitless looking, our dauntless searchers found not one but TWO faculty people who were sufficiently bereft of their senses to agree to oversee a bunch of mad spacehounds. Miles of red tape later we had a room, one that would hold more than our listed membership of 20-30 fans and a room that was equipped with ample blackboard space, a much better commodity for sketching ideas than paper. And we are the damdest bunch of blackboard doodlers you ever did see. Don't know how we ever got along without them during the first two years of our existence.

Being a versatile bunch, our activities are not confined to just science fiction in the bull session stage. We have, to date, produced two SF radio shows and held radio discussions on SF, Dianotics, and space travel, as well as attempting to put a children's serial -- "Jet Jim" -- on the FM station three times a week. Unfortunately, small people in high places didn't like "JJ" and he died before he even got on the air. A helluva note, says us. In addition to the radio work, we've sponsored an exhibit of SF books, magazines, fanzines, and movie stills (thank to several swell Hollywood producers), and last year we sponsored a showing of Wells' Things to Come that played to an SRO crowd of enthusiastic students. We had hoped to show several films this year but the offerings on 16mm are strictly from hunger.

And then too we are amateur writers and always hoping that the days mail will put us into the ranks of the pros. So far several of us have a steadily growing accumulation of rejection slips from a variety of SF magazines. I still say if Shaver can do it so can I -- but maybe I don't know the wrong deros. Hiammm?

On re-reading this I see a rather chaotic mental meandering over four years of fandom -- the points that stick in my mind. There have been other things, of course. The Convention -- my first con and I hope not the last -- The Bellecon, which was covered in a previous Conny article ((Conny attana)) as well as my trip thru the midwest and New York, which has also seen print (mimeo if you're technical) ((Conny etteriana)), are all fannish events that call forth fond memories and I hope that the near future will permit me to add to these. This "farewell" is a temporary thing, service induced, and will last only until I'm squared away, when I'll come roaring back (this is a threat or a promise, depending on your viewpoint) for as anyone can tell you, old SF fans never die, they just drift off beyond the moon.

And so we shall drift.....

FtDixFtKnoxCampBreckenridgeLottelmanGeneralHospitalNewYorkPortofEmbarkationFtRiley

Some further unplanned editorial mumblings:

This magazine was finished. I was going to let this page just drift on to the bottom. However, I learned something at work today that I thot I might pass on.

About a week ago I wrote to the Coles telling them something of my job and that if it ever carried me out that far, that I might drop in to see them. I laughed at the idea of going that far -- "They'll never send me out there" I said. Happily (for I've always wanted to go to California) the Army disagreed. The schedule is tentative, and may be amended or changed entirely. However, present plans call for me to be stationed at San Francisco for about two months starting about July 13.

Be warned, you Pacificoasters.

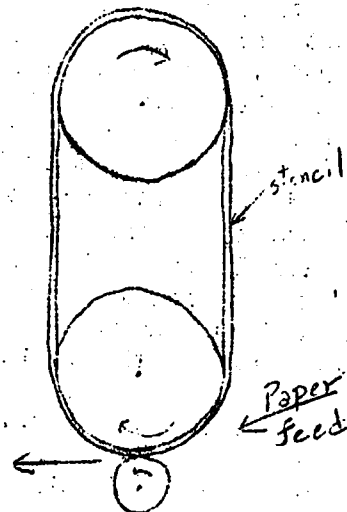
this upstart: science

There have been four gadgets I've seen or heard of recently which have intrigued me.

The first, and most interesting, is called by my informant a "Robotypewriter." Quite a gadget. It is an electric typewriter which types by rote, so to speak. Its beauty is that you can (or rather, it can) type a form letter. First, of course, you type your form letter just as you want it, margins and all, on an ordinary machine. This is just to get the format and what have you the way you like it. Next, you set the appropriate dials, counters, pointers and whatnot on the Robotypewriter and type your copy. While you are typing, the machine makes a record, I'm told, on something not dissimilar to a player piano scroll. Now you're all set. When you come across a letter which should be answered with this particular form letter, you insert your copy normally in the Robotypewriter, type in the heading, date, salutation and the rest, and then turn on the juice. A personal letter is typed, just like that. The machine could, I guess, reproduce a fanzine, but I doubt if you or I will ever see it done--its main purpose is to make possible the answering of important correspondence, which can't be answered by a printed form letter, but which none-the-less can be answered with general terms, in such a way that the recipient will think that his letter has been individually handled.

The second gimcrack intrigued me when I first heard of it, but I've since discovered what it is and find that it isn't so novel after all. When I was first told of it I was informed only that it was a method of reproducing, on a mimeograph, directly from typewritten or printed copy. I didn't believe it. Turned out that I was right. The trick was that once the original copy was prepared, it was placed in an apparatus where it was scanned by a beam which recorded the characters and triggered, by some process far too complex for me, the cutting of the same characters in a stencil, which was then reproduced normally.

Third is a mimeograph machine. It is a British electric model with the trade name "Gestetner." Instead of having a cylinder or drum around which the stencil is wrapped, as does the conventional machine, it has two rollers. The stencil is attached to a heavy, the porous, cloth backing which fits over these two rollers (see diagram at right). Except for this one feature, the machine is fairly conventional. It has the special advantages that roller pressure can be easily controlled, and the ink-feed can be controlled, both in amount and position (middle or either side of the stencil.) Color changes can be made in two minutes--a great improvement over the usual change-over time. Its main disadvantage is that the ink feed must be controlled by hand, i. e., you have to pull a little lever every minute or so. Talk about beautiful mimeography tho, that machine has it! It produces the best work I've ever seen, bar none. I'm going to see if that's produced in a manual model at a reasonable price and, if so, I may buy it.



Of course, the Ditto D-10 also sounds mighty interesting. I've never seen this, nor do I know anyone who has, but the recent ad that I saw sounds intriguing. I'll quote some from it (I'm sure the Ditto Company won't mind). "The new Ditto

D-10.../is/ ready for immediate use--no stencil to cut, no type to set, no inking, no make-ready."

"It copies directly from the original writing, typing or drawing..."

Sounds interesting to you? I may have more information next time, or the ad says you can ask for free folder without obligation by writing to Ditto, Inc., 649 South Oakley Boulevard, Chicago 12, Illinois. (Croutch, you'd contact Ditto of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada). The ad was on page 125 of the April 21st Saturday Evening Post, if you want to explore. Me? I still bet you've got to have a master or something

FtDevens FtJay FtBragg FtCoombs FtJackson FtSill FtSampson FtLewis FtPercy FtGeneralHo

Continued from page 6

fantasy amateur 14=2

I have a hunch that ft1 may have pushed Lee D. Quinn out of fandom, if what he says he said is true. On the other hand, Lee was a rather uncertain fan at best, and quite likely to come and go. Even tho I may not feel that it's much of a loss. I do wish Leney would discover that he, too, can be and often is a Fughead.

elmuurmurings umpteen There are at least 5 fanzines which I'll always greet with open arms, whether they are postmailings or part of the regular bundle. Sky Hook, Horizons, Phantaur, Stefantasy, Masque, Fan Dango and Elmuurmurings are all acceptable and welcome at any time, and tend to prove that there are at least 7 fanzines which I'll always greet with open arms, whether they are postmailings or part of the regular bundle. I said a year ago that I liked his (Elmer's) murings and I still do. Take, for example, "The World is Going to Hell," the subject of the first part of Elmuurmurings. Hardly something normally of general interest, but Elmer managed to make it highly acceptable, somehow. A few of our youngsters will probably ask "Where's the fantasy?" Roscoe take the fantasy! The time-whittling of a ENP, even that of a VOBHP to me far more interesting than most discussion in the sf/fan field, and certainly far better written than most straight fan articles. "Perdue, you might have happened to read a series of juveniles about these two or maybe three girls who lived on a lake and sailed their sail boats all over the joint, eh? Maybe some of the others of you have (assuming always that I still have a couple of readers)? I would highly appreciate any information whatsoever on the series--author, approximate title of one of the books, or anything like that. It's fairly easy to cross-check such information at the Library of Congress once I get the basic data or something to work on. I've been looking for that series of books for about four years now, and it seems that I must have been one of the author's sole readers, for nobody I've contacted has heard of the series or anything approaching it.

Best general fanzine...Stefantasy

Best personal fanzine...Elmuurmurings

Mailing as a whole.....An improvement over the fifty-third mailing, but not as good as the last SAPS mailing. The improvement was pleasant, tho. I hope it continues.