

KABUMPO₂

SFPA





"watch out, Hon,
here Comes
that idiot
knight again!"

ER

KABUMPO



This is KABUMPO #2, published by Dian Pelz, 1231 12th St. Apt. G, Santa Monica, California. Telephone:451-4180. Intended for SFPA 15.

I would very much like to buy mailings 10, 11, and 12 to complete our collection of SFPA material. I also need the pre-mailing flyers that came out before the first mailing. If any of you are willing to part with yours, or know where I might be able to get them, please let me know. Thankew. And now on to Mailing Comments.

WARLOCK(Montgomery) Please to putting name on fanzine next time, yes? I have been rather startled that APA 45 has done so well. Not because of the ages of the participants, but because fen of that age are necessarily tied up with school and have so little time. However, it seems to be bounding along beautifully and the content is certainly among the better efforts by the members. N'APA used to be the training ground for the neos, in fact, this has been its supposed reason for existance. If Apa 45 keeps going N'APA will have to do a little retrenching.

NOTHING(Mann) Congratulations on your new acquisition. I have always liked ditto better than mimeo, especially for art work. Unfortunately my ditto, "Puddles", has never worked right. It overfluids very bad ly and lately has been refusing to take the paper without chewing up every third sheet. If I have the cash some time during the next few months I'd like to have it fixed. I need a ditto if I'm ever to get the second issue of the Impossible Five out. Have you ever seen the ditto art Bo Stenfors did in CANDY SPECIAL? There is a real beautiful job.

MANNDATE(Mann) Yeah, I know. I invariably start my SAPSazines the week the mailing comes out, and then finish it at midnight on the deatling for the next mailing. It's a lost cause so you might as well give it up. }{ the rest of the zine is interesting but unfortunately not really commentable from this quarter.

SUCH AND SUCH(Luttrell) Of course God is a slob, or haven't you ever seen him walking around in his dirty bathrobe. He's a pretty good guy though; Godwise, that is. Your mention of the magazine shop owner reminds me of a little candy shop down in Los Angeles that I am sure had a leprechaun for a clerk. He was about 4'10, had white hair, a little wrinkled-apple face, and a high squeak of a voice.(The shop specialized in marzipan and had everything from plain squares of candy to a mineature roast suckling pig with an apple in its' mouth. I can't stand marzipan.)The little man has since disappeared from his place and I like to think he's off selling marzipan to Cuchulainn.

STARTLING(Luttrell) There is something either sick, or sadistic in me (maybe both) I though "Funk's Fable" was very funny. Are you a fan of Jack Douglas? You know, "My Brother was an Only Child."? This Fable reminds me of the little boy with the pet dinosaur./This is altogether a very well put together zine.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS(Katz) Ah, shuckin's. That's what I get for hanging onto a piece of humor for two long. I

got a copy of this from a co-worker three years ago when I was working at the National Automobile Club. I ran off 30 copies on the office ditto and stashed them for future use. Unfortunately I never got around to using them, and now I've been scooped.

DAMN YANKEE(Katz) Tell your roommates that they are not supposed to watch the pepsi re-liquify. They are supposed to drink off the small amount of liquid on top of the ice that remains unfrozen. That's what my father always said, anyway. // Naw, I never get angry at being called a "Girl of Some Sort" After all, as I once told the Cult, I am 4'10" in my wedgies, and my hair is red except where the gray is growing out. I used to be Bruce Henstells den mother. Do any of you remember Bruce Henstell? (I feel old, suddenly.) Bruce and I are also folk song fans. Who's your favorite artist? We've been hung up on Judy Collins lately. Please understand, I like folk songs, but not the ethnic renditions.// Lee Jacobs drinks an awful lot of beer for a hoax.

ZAJE ZACULO(Bailes) Oh well, at least I knew the title was from the Worm. I had the greatist idea for a zine title a few weeks ago? But it took so long to explain it to Bruce that I thought I had just better drop the whole idea. It was Fifth Card.

LOKI(Hulan)(I will find something to comment on this time even if it kills me!) I remember that meeting at LASFS very well. I have seldom been as embarrassed over the LASFS treatment of a guest as I was that evening. I feel that the LASFS members could at least exert themselves to behave with a little consideration for a guest instead of acting like the nitwitted asses they seemed to be that evening.} (Because you are a friend and because I think a lot of you, I shall let you in on the innermost secrets of Belly Button Fandom. I'm not quite sure what started it, probably a few too many drinks on the part of the Lupoffs and myself. We postulated the idea of a civilization in which the only covered area would be the navel. The populace would go around naked except for a small decorative patch over the navel, some of which would be arranged so that they could be lifted erotically. The new gesture of obscenity would be the gesture of removing lint from the belly button and casting it onto the floor. ("-----, you, Lupoff", but I never did figure out what the dashes would stand for.) We even had a theme song worked out, but luckily I've forgotten it. Lessee, that was the night after we traded with the Lupofffs.// Gee, remember that nice afternoon down in the bar, sending kisses to Ethel and Ella? It's a shame Katya took sort of a hesitant attitude towards Joe Gibson, he swings.// "Desert Pursuit" was reasonably enjoyable, but it crammed in a little too many of the standard gimmicks for my taste.// All in all, a very enjoyable issue.

MOLOT(Hulan) I don't recall any covers with much enthusiasm, but I do remember the wonderful interior Finlays that illustrated the Merritt stories. I wish some of the up and coming young artists would develop an interest in Robert Howard and illustrate some of his stories and poems.



RACK and RUIN

dedicated especially to George Scithers.

Throughout history mankind has shown a diabolical cleverness in devising means and devices for the torture, humiliation, and death of his fellow man. F.H. Wines, in Punishment and Reformation states that "burning, beheading, hanging, drawing and quartering, breaking on the wheel, crucifixion, strangulation, suffocation, drowning, precipitation from a height, stoning, sawing asunder, flaying alive, crushing beneath wheels or the feet of animals, throwing to wild beasts, compulsory combat in the arena, burying alive, boiling, empaling[sic], pressing, piercing with javelins, shooting, starving, poison, thr trough, melted lead, serpents, blowing from the mouth of a cannon, and electrocution " have all been used at some time or other, in varying forms, to cause death.

The various forms and refinements of these ways of death provide an interesting study. In pressing, for example, the usual means was simply to render the victim immobile and then pile weights upon his body until the bones collapsed and the unfortunate person died. Many of you may remember the famous quotation, "More weight", he said, and died." This was varied in one way by simply piling a painfully heavy weight upon the persons body and then slowly starving him to death, the direct cause of death actually being lack of food. Another refinement was that referred to as the Scavengers Daughter, in which the knees were drawn up to the chest, and the heels caught up to the thighs. The limbs were held in this position by iron bars. This was tantamount to rolling the prisoner up like a ball and it usually caused, when sufficient pressure was applied, the breakage of the ribs and breastbone.

Starving was usually merely a by-product of imprisoning a person and then conveniently forgetting about him, but methods like live burial and burning were calculated and carefully carried into execution. Live burial was a common punishment for breach of the vow of chastity in Rome, lewdity in Gaul, and up until the 19th century was the punishment for infanticide in Germany. Burning was utilized in most countries, and reached the height of its renown during the Inquisition. In more ancient times, the Babylonians built a fire inside a hollow brass image and then laid infants in the lap of the idol, where they were effectively killed by the heat. The Gauls and Britons built wicker images, thrust their captives inside, and then set fire to the whole mess. During the Middle Ages, burning was the punishment for sacrilege, parricide, poisoning, arson, and crimes against nature. A stake was usually driven into the ground, and a platform built around it. Burnable materials were piled on and under the stake platform, the prisoner was bound to the stake by iron bands, and the fire was ignited. Sometimes the victim was mercifully dispatched by use of a iron



dart attached to the end of the pole that was used to stir the fire, or by means of a cord passing around his neck being secretly tightened from behind. Sefi II, King of Persia, enlarged on the burning theme by piercing the body with countless holes in which burning wicks were placed, and in China they used "pao-lo", which consisted of a tall metal tube. The victim was tied to the top of the tube, his arms and legs encircling it, and a fire was kept burning at the bottom, thereby effectively roasting him to death. (In the days of Nero it had been common practice to smear Christians with pitch and then use them for street lamps.)

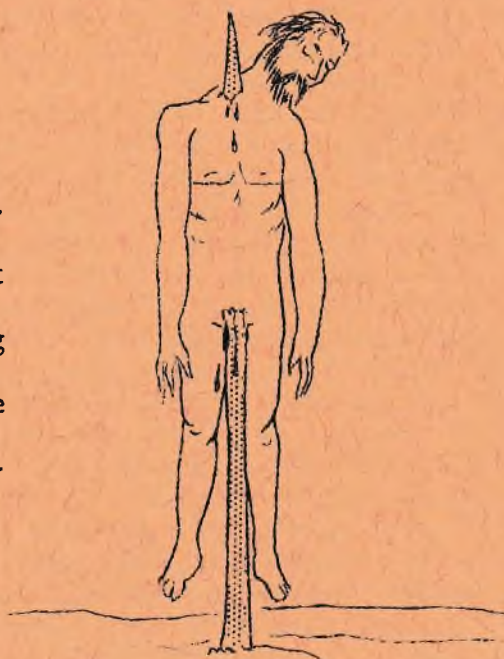
Beheading is also a favored means of execution. The Romans used the "glaiive" a type of short sword, and in China and Japan a two handed, extremely heavy executioners sword was used. In both of these methods a third party held the neck of the victim out stretched for the blade. Beheading came to England in 1035, undoubtedly on some appropriate occasion. After this date heads were commonly struck off with an axe. Beheading, at least in France, climbed to new pinacles of importance with the invention of the guillotine. Actually, the guillotine was a refinement of numerous ancient devices along the same line. It was used, in one form or another, in the Netherlands (1233, the Panke), in Italy (16th cent., the mannaia), and in France itself in the 15th century when it was called la doloi-re.

Malactors in different periods were often hanged, a means that is still used today. The lucky ones had their necks snapped by means of a trap, or by having a support jerked out from beneath them. The others were just hoisted into the air and strangled to death. Allied to the simple death by strangulation were use of the cord, (as in Sparta, where two executioners pulled on the ends of a cord looped around the victims neck.) and the garrote. This latter invention consisted of an iron ring in which a screw is inserted. The screw is turned until the point of it pierced the spinal column. This was fairly well limited to usage in Spain.

Impaling was a favorite in the near east. There are two general methods of impaling. One is to force a spike, stake or other implement through a prone body and pinning it to the ground. The other means is to force the body onto a sharpened point. Both the Siamese and the Mohammedans impaled their prisoners longitudinally. The body was then hoisted up on the stake which had the other end firmly driven into the ground. Sometimes the person was held over a staff by horsemen and driven forcibly down upon it, being left to slowly die as his weight forced him down onto the pole.

Dragging to death has been practiced both in Europe, in Africa and Asia, and in the U.S. (by indians). Slightly more final was the asian method of tying the victim to the feet of an elephant which then trampled him to death. (Ancient Chinese used this method for dealing with unfaithful wives, and Hamilcar used it to punish deserters from the army.

Allied to dragging is the time-honored sailing device known as



keel hauling. This, or was, accomplished by tying ropes to the feet and arms of the malfactor. The person was dropped into the water with the ropes extending from one side of the ship to the other. The crew was then forced, by pulling on the ropes, to drag the unfortunate seaman the length of the ship, under water, along the barnacled keel. (This did not necessarily result in death, but often did.)

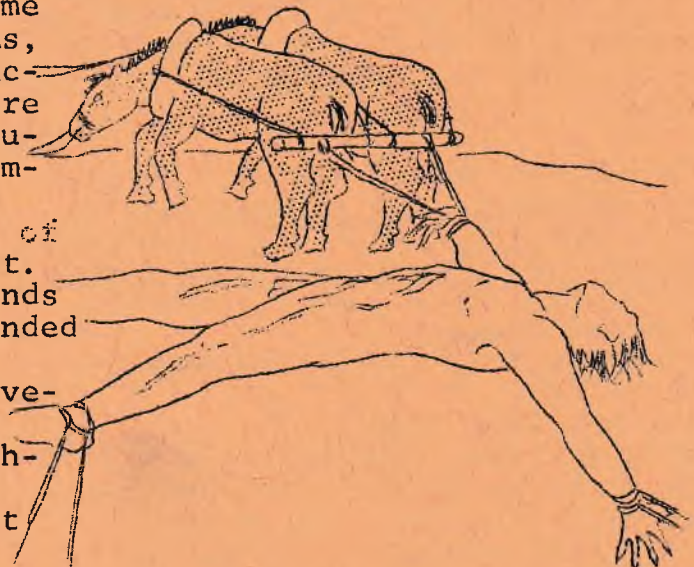
Animals, as in the aforementioned trampling, were frequently used to carry out the death sentence. People were thrown into pits filled with beasts that tore them to pieces, tossed in with poisonous reptiles, or frequently tied down in forested regions where one or the other would be certain to get them. Mithridates was executed by being smeared with milk and honey, encased in a box from which his head, feet and hands protruded, and placed out in the sun where he fell prey to insects and vermin. In ancient Roman times, animals such as asses, lions, apes, and bears were taught to rape women prisoners, a practice which usually resulted in the death of the women. (Who were executed if they didn't die.)

Horses played an important part in the English punishment of drawing and quartering. This was strictly a punishment, not a torture, and was reserved generally for cases of high treason. The victim, if he had used a hand weapon, had it tied in his hand which had been filled with sulphur. The sulphur was then ignited so that the hand was burnt off. Next he was torn on the legs and breast with hooks and a composition of rosin, hot lead, wax, and sulphur was poured into the wounds. His legs and arms were then torn off by ropes attached to teams of horses. And finally, the mangled remains were burned. Alternately, the person was disembowled after having been dismembered, and the torso was then cut into four sections which were either burned or preferably hoisted above the city walls as an object lesson.

Captives were often thrown off of cliffs or walls, stoned to death, or executed by a group of javelin throwers. (Or, more modernly, by a squad of riflemen. Suffocation was practiced in several different forms. Benhadad was supposed to have been smothered by having a thick cloth saturated with water spread over his face, and Menelaus was put to death by being tossed into a "tower fifty cubits high, full of ashes, which could be stirred by some round instrument...". Smoke, especially that given off by sulphur was also used to smother prisoners to death.

Some of the more refined peoples offered their prisoners poisons, (such as Socrates) some of the others flayed their victims, boiled them in lead or oil or practiced dichotomy. (As in China where the "ling chee" or Death of a Thousand Cuts was practiced.) The Moham-
medan punishment for imbibers of alcoholic beverages was a measure of hot lead poured down the throat. Crucifixion was used in pagan lands but the spread of christianity tended to force an association with the death of Christ as so its effectiveness as a punishment of criminals was somewhat impaired and the method fell into disuse.

One means that still remained, as was extensive-



ly used during the Inquisition, was breaking on the wheel. The wheel was really a means of pounding a man to death. The wheel was formed of a cross with the arms all of equal length, sloping slightly towards the point of intersection. The prisoner was laid on this wheel, face up. "Supports were nailed to the arms of the cross, so as to come half way between the shoulder and the elbow, the elbow and the wrist, the hips and the knees, and the knees and the ankles. With a heavy iron bar the upper and forearms, the thighs and shinbones, could each be broken into three pieces. After being thus rudely disjoined, the body was bent backwards until the head and heels met, when it was attached to a wheel, with the hubs sawed off, which was rapidly revolved on a pivot, until the sufferer was relieved by death."

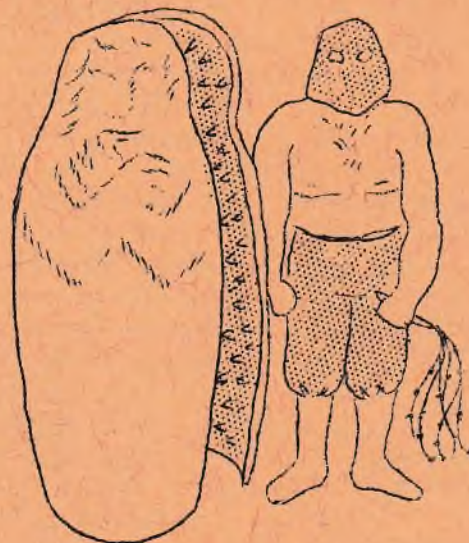
A rather novel means of causing death was that used for parricides in Rome. A goat, a cock, a serpent, and the murderer were tied up into a leather sack which was then tossed into the sea.

Mention should be made of the so-called iron maiden, which is now believed to have been a pseudo or fake torture device. That is, it probably was never really used. The modals extant date from a comparatively late time. The maiden was a figure of a woman cast in iron. It was formed in two pieces, hinged at the back, and large enough to accommodate a good sized man. The interior walls were furnished with spikes which would pierce the body of the victim when the maiden was closed around him. Other devices which may or may not actually exist are the wire jacket, the six gates of wisdom, and the Chinese water torture. The prototype of the wire jacket is supposedly the use of fish nets in some islands in the south seas. In them, as in the wire jacket, an open mesh is tightened on the body so that the flesh protrudes through the openings. These protrusions are then hacked off with a sharp knife, ultimately resulting in death by loss of blood. The Six Gates of Wisdom is an elaborate cage, divided into six sections by sliding partitions which may be removed from the outside. The cage is placed over the prone victim, so that feet and ankles are in the first compartment, and the head in the sixth. Ravenous rats are then released into the first compartment, and allowed progressively into each of the following compartments. The Chinese water torture involves the use of dripping water, a device supposedly well known to the Orient.

Equally as interesting as the death dealing devices are those intended merely to torture, and those designed as punishments for those offences not punishable by death. These forms of justice will be investigated in a later issue.

Material for this article is derived from Punishment and Reformation by E.H. Wines (from whence all quotes), Curious Punishments of Bygone Days by Alice Morse Earle, and a curiously retentive memory.

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This has been KABUMPO #2,
Talisman Press Publication #
32. Portions of this article
are reprinted from Gooney Bird.
It is still dedicated to George
Scithers. ...Dian Pelz 3/3/65

Even when death is not the object, justice can be harsh. Among the earliest forms of punishment were whipping. This might range from the use of the bare hand, to any of the whips and scourges that man has invented. A supple rod of green wood was often used, as was the "cat", a leather whip with one handle and nine or more lashes. These lashes were sometimes finished off with a sharp bit of metal on each one. A rope with knots in it was sometimes used and the Russians invented the "knot", a rope braided with strands of stiff wire. Ivan the Terrible is said to have beaten his son to death with a knot. The plet was a similar, wire and rope, whip.

Differing methods of disfigurement were sometimes used to indicate the status of a person as a criminal. Among these were the slitting or removal of the fleshy part of the nose, the cropping of the ears, boring of the tongue, and branding on the body or limbs with a hot iron. Felons were often branded on the palm of the right hand, which led to the custom of raising the hand while taking an oath.

Castration, maiming of the limbs, blinding, removal of the tongue, rolling in a barrel lined with sharp spikes, and various other means of gashing and abusing the flesh were practiced as punishments, but perhaps more interesting are the means employed in inquisition. These were often seriously damaging to the victim, and were designed to be as painful as possible while still leaving the victim able to testify. People were jabbed with pins and needles, cut with knives, and sometimes had their teeth, fingernails, and toenails pulled out with pincers. The "boot" was an iron shoe-like object into which the foot could be placed. It was furnished with thumbscrews which were then tightened, forcing certain plates together to crush the foot. Similar devices were used on the hands. In using the "wedge", the legs of the victim were roped tightly together and then wide wedges of wood were driven between them, resulting in the tearing of the flesh and sometimes causing breakage of the leg bones. Flat blocks of metal were also used, being designed to crush the male genitals.

Perhaps the best known of the inquisitional devices is the rack. This consisted of a flat table with a windlass at either end. The wrists and ankles were fastened to ropes that were then wound about the windlasses. These windlasses were turned so as to stretch the body and often pull the legs and arms out of their sockets.

In the method referred to as "strappado" the arms are caught up behind the back in a double hammerlock and tied in place. A long rope is attached to the bound wrists and the victim is pushed out of a loft or over a cliff. The rope is used to stop him before he reached bottom, which results in the sudden dislocation of the arms at the shoulder.

Hooks, similar to a modern grappling hook, were used to tear the flesh of the chest, legs and arms, and in the American Indian tribes a wet piece of rawhide was tied about the temples and allowed to shrink in the hot sun. This led to the cracking of the bones of the skull.

Prisoners in Europe were sometimes confined in a closefitting cage made of strap iron where they might or might not be allowed to die of starvation. These cages were often hung on the wall, or exposed to the weather. Allied to the cage in that it was a confining torture, was the Room of Little Ease. This was a tiny cell in which there was insufficient room to stand, lie, or sit. The only possi-

ble position was a torturing crouch. A variant of this is the method in which the prisoner is stretched out and loaded with weight just insufficient to crush him. He is then fed on bread and water until he eventually dies.

A particularly interesting series of tortures are the "ordeals". In these methods the outcome of a certain test determines the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. The "single ordeal" and "triple ordeal" are those in which a number of objects are placed at the bottom of a cauldron filled with boiling liquid and the accused must withdraw them one by one. A certain time is allotted for the healing of the burns and if they do not heal correctly the prisoner is adjudged guilty and is put to death. The polynesians used a long pit filled with glowing coals through which the accused had to walk, and the American indians used the gantlope[sic] in which the prisoner was forced to run between two rows of armed warriors who tried to cut him down.

Forced labor has been used as a punishment, as has tarring and feathering. Some of the more interesting punishments are the disciplinary methods used by the armies of Europe and America. Among these are "picketing" in which the prisoner is held aloft by one wrist with all of his weight resting on the opposite heel. Under this heel is placed a fence picket, rounded just enough so as to not puncture the flesh. One-half hour was considered sufficient for picketing.

Another interesting device was the "wooden horse". This was a triangular log mounted on legs like a child's hobby horse. The prisoner was tied astride of the wooden horse and sometimes wheeled around the town. This punishment often caused permanent injury to the genitals.

A rather strange device was the one called the "whirlgig". This was a restraint mounted on a rotating base so that the prisoner could be rapidly spun in circles. It sometimes caused permanent damage to the senses.

Shackles and fetters were also employed. The "bilboes", two shackles with a stout iron rod or bar holding them apart were used to hold the legs and/or arms. The stock and the pillory both consisted of boards with cutouts for the ankles, wrists or neck. These boards were hinged together at one side and fastened with a lock at the other. In the instances in which the neck was secured, the ears were sometimes nailed to the board, forcing the prisoner to rip them loose when he was released. In most instances the public was encouraged to throw garbage and filth at the immobilized prisoner.

One of the greatest problems of the early settlers in America seems to have been the scolding or rumor carrying woman. These ladies were forced to wear the "brank" or "scolds bridle", which was a helmet-like affair with a tongue of metal that fit inside the mouth and gouged the tongue when the wearer attempted to talk. Alternately, the woman might be dunked into a local pond or the sea by use of a seat mounted on a pole affixed to a swivel base (called a ducking stool, cucking stool, tumbril, trebucket, gumstool or coqueen chair), or tied to the back of a wagon which was pulled in and out of the water by horses. For whispering in church the brank was used, or a split stick was pinched onto the tongue for a certain length of time.

For various other offences there was public penance, fines, the wearing of printed signs, wearing of a barrel (Called the Spanish Mantle) or being forced to ride a horse backwards.

FAPA ECHO

GOOFJA NOT-POETRY

LEAFLET No. 5

(Most of this has appeared elsewhere before, in OUTSIDERS, HODGE-RODGE, or the SAPS edition of SPACEWARP. But not in FAPA.)

Maturity

Llewellyn Ethelbert McCann
Was a serious, constructive fan
Who preferred reading Other Worlds to dating
And rated the zines with a decimal rating.

He read Fantasy Times with demeanor solemn
Sent screeds to each prozine lettercolumn,
Locked down upon all non-fen with pity
And worked on an N3F committee.

McCann (Llewellyn E, that is)
Got drunk at most cons, on a Nuclear Fizz,
And asked the pros for their autographs
And carried a zapgun, just for laffs.

But fate conspired to disconcert
Our dauntless Llewellyn Ethelbert:
Now fandom lacks his well-known presence:
He's abandoned stf with his adolescence.

For L.E.M. in his thirst for knowledge
Emerged from school and enrolled in college.
Now he neglects his beanie-blades
--He's too busy staging pantie raids!

Caveat, Lector

To be quite specific, is stf soporific?
Does space-opera put you to sleep?
Does romance of the rockets put lead in your sprockets
And make you a drowsy-tyme creep?

I pronounce malediction on readers of fiction
Who doze in the midst of a line:
Their sin is unbounded, they ought to be grounded
--Especially when what they read's mine!

Philosophical Fragments

Plato planned the perfect state
Whose laws would work sub rosa,
But Plato's been ignored of late
In favor of Spinoza.

Aristotle's laws of thought
Make fuzzy logic risky
But Aristotle's brought to naught
If one believes Korzybski.

Bacon may have penned some plays
(His talent was terrific)
He brought to medieval days
The method scientific.

Rousseau wanted thought to end
For all men, everywhere,
But found that he could not contend
With thinkers like Voltaire.

The sockesman of a later time
Was Hegel, to be sure,
But to ignore him is no crime,
For Hegel is obscure.

Philosophers make little head
In shifting history's current
For most are much less simply read
As simply incoherent!

Remedy

"Obscenity on fandom!" cried the Cynical Old Fan,
"I've no time for fannish nonsense. I must Mull the Cosmic Plan!"
Angrily the Young Fan muttered, "All youse Old Guard are destructive
But I shall further fandom -- I'll be Serious and Constructive!"

Then the Old Fan jammed his Beanie low upon his Tendrilled Brow
And resolved to Forsake Fandom, vowed it with a solemn vow:
But the Young Fan strode the sidewalks with his Zapguns in his hands
Seeking out the latest Planets and Amazings on the stands.

Now the Old Fan fans no longer: as the Veil of Time descends
We see him ignoring fandom to read "Pogo & His Friends"
And also, far from Crifanac the Young Fan has been weaned:
He still haunts stands, but now, alas, he's just a Hot-Rod Fiend!

L'Envoi:

Prince, to halt this Drift From Fandom many methods have
been tried,
How in Ploor shall we preserve it? I suggest formaldehyde.

A

SPACEWARP CHECKLIST

If I thought you were holding your breath while awaiting publication of this I'd hold off a mite longer and rid fandom of your fuggheaded presence. But even though you are unfilled with a wild anticipation, perhaps you care to know how close to complete your SW file is getting. Personally, I assembled this information mainly to find out when I would have an excuse to publish an Ann-Ish.

<u>Vol</u>	<u>Issue</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Wh'o'e #.</u>	<u>Remarks</u>
I	1	Apr 47	1	Hecto, half-legal size, handwritten.
	2	May 47	2	
	3	Jun 47	3	Got a typer about here, thank god!
	4	Jul 47	4	
	5	Aug 47	5	
	6	Sen 47	6	Beautiful hecto covers by Bob Stein in this era.
II	1	Oct 47	7	Switched to letter-size format.
	2	Nov 47	8	
	3	Dec 47	9	
	4	Jan 48	10	
	5	Feb 48	11	
	6	Mar 48	12	
III	1	Apr 48	13	Mimeography began here.
	2	May 48	14	
	3	Jun 48	15	
	4	Jul 48	16	Torcon account - a scarce issue.
	5	Aug 48	17	
	6	Sen 48	18	
IV	1	Oct 48	19	First issue without a lurid hecto cover.
	2	Nov 48	20	
	3	Dec 48	21	
	4	Jan 49	22	Combined with Ray Nelson's UNIVERSE.
	5	Feb 49	23	
	6	Mar 49	24	
V	1	Apr 49	25	First mimeo/hecto cover.
	2	May 49	26	
	3	Jun 49	27	Roscoe revealed to fandom about here.
	4	Jul 49	28	
	5	Aug 49	29	
	6	Sen 49	30	Cinvention account issue.

Ah, them wuz the days...

<u>Vol</u>	<u>Issue</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Whole #</u>	<u>Remarks</u>
VI	1	Oct 49	31	
	2	Nov 49	32	
	3	Dec 49	33	With <u>The Spacewar Index</u> as a bonus.
	4	Jan 50	34	
	5	Feb 50	35	
	6	Mar 50	36	Third Ann-ish.
VII	1	Apr 50	37	
	2	May 50	38	
	3	Jun 50	39	
	4	Jul 50	40	Last civilian issue,
	5	Aug 50	41	FAPA-52, edited by FTL & Burbee, ditto.
	6	Sep 50	42	FAPA-52 postmailing, same editors.
VIII	1	Jan 51	43	*SAPS-14 - Indiantown Gap, Pa.
	(2)	Oct 51	44	*SAPS-17 - Camp Stoneman, Calif.
	(3)	Jan 52	45	*SAPS-18 - Korea,
	(4)	Oct 52	46	*SAPS-21 - Mid-Pacific.
	(5)	Dec 52	47	*SAPS-22 - San Antonio, Texas, henceforth.
	(6)	Feb 53	48	*FAPA-62
IX	(1)	Mar 53	49	*SAPS-23
	(2)	Jun 53	50	*SAPS-24
	(3)	Sep 53	51	*SAPS-25
	(4)	Nov 53	52	FAPA-65
	(5)	Dec 53	53	SAPS-26
	(6)	Mar 54	54	SAPS-27
X	1	Jun 54	55	SAPS-28

*Publication courtesy of Martin Alger
& the AHMF 3.75 Mimeograph.

Hope I haven't slipped any chronons in placing those annotations in the right-hand column: sometimes the chronology is hard to remember because of the time-lag between writing and publication of an issue of SW, during the time Alger was doing the duplicating.

Wreaths of laurel and garlands of gratitude are due those respective pillars of FAPA and SAPS, Redd Boggs and Wrai Ballard, for doing the necessary research into the back mailings which I could not do because I don't have my fannish files with me.

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Little Willie, meretricious,
Peddled cheesecake, most delicious.
Enormous profit he'd have made
Had not ptomaine wiped out his trade!

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No SAPS credit for this Checklist, Wrai -- it's appearing in FAPA, too.

THORNE SMITH Lighthearted Moralists

Thorne Smith was a writer of the Depression. He wrote fantasy and non-fantasy that was open escapism and betrayed the desire of the time for a return to better, happier days. His novels are virtually all the same in theme, varying only in plot machination and the characters involved. Basically his scheme concerns the monied man, usually hardworking, who has reached a point of bitterness and cynicism about his life, but lacks the initiative to do anything about it. This man, strait-laced, unobtrusively efficient, and often the heir to a wealth of family background and fortune, is chronically misunderstood by those around him. He is, in the end, only rescued from the damning obscurity of mediocrity by the intervention of a woman. This woman is usually hardworking, seductive, worldly, and, for some strange reason, passionately devoted to our hero. The man is at first reluctant, then agreeable, and finally almost wildly enthusiastic about the changes that have come into his life. The liquor flows free, there is a vast throng of winningly insane people, and one emerges from the tale finally convinced that carpe diem is the only way to fly.

Perhaps the best known of the Smith stories are Topper, and Topper Takes A Trip, immortalized on the screen by Billi Burke and Roland Young, and lately massacred on television. A madcap young couple, having died in an accident, become "spiritually" attached to Cosmo Topper, an alarmingly staid banker, and together with a few ghostly friends manage to run him ragged. These two books were the beginning of a long series of unlikely narratives that sparkle with goodnatured sex and imbecilic dialog, which combine to make up some of the funniest books written in this country.

The protagonist of Rain in the Doorway is a much-put-upon and recently cuckold attorney who has the care of a large estate in his hands and is looking for a missing heir. He cares only vaguely that his wife is unfaithful, and when he is snatched through the side door of a large department store and forced to become a partner in its ownership, he welcomes the diversion with relief. His new partners are more than slightly mad and came into ownership of the store by means of a poker game. With these madcap sinners and Satin, the girl who works in the Pornography department, Mr. Owen goes through such unlikely adventures as biting a bear in the city zoo, purchasing a preserved whale, and assaulting one of the city's finest. In short, he goes through all of the mad escapades that any of us have thought of in our maddest moments.

The Nightlife of The Gods is the hilarious story of a rather mad scientist named Hunter Hawk who discovers a means of turning people into statues. A female leprechaun called Megaera, who knows how to turn statues into people attaches herself to him, and together they invade the local museum, there to liberate seven of the more high-spirited Olympian gods. One of those released is Perseus, who brings along the revitalized head of Medusa which persists in stealing food off of dinner plates and, when drunk, sings in a stirring basso. The gods and mortals cavort through the city and countryside and then, having had enough of this new life, retire to their pedestals.

The Bishops Jaegers involves a strangely assorted group of people. A small pickpocket who goes by the name of Little Arthur Springtime, an Episcopal bishop, a young coffee tycoon, the tycoon's fiancée, his secretary, and a stout lady called Asprin Liz who used to be an artist's model find themselves thrust into the mad whirl of a nudist colony by dint of getting lost in the fog on a Staten Island ferry. Needless to say, they make the best of their predicament, in true Thorne Smith style.

In the Glorious Pool a elderly gentleman and his mistress of twenty years take a plunge in the garden fountain and suddenly find their youth restored. Eventually his wife discovers the secret of the pool and the three of them lead one another on a merry chase. They are aided in their flight from mundanity by Mister Henry, a bloodhound with no sense of smell; Nockashima, a small Japanese houseboy who is always drunk, telephoning, or both; the Major, who fears lest his "old and rare" be destroyed; and Baggage, the delightful girl who started it all. This novel ends with what might be the line that best expresses the authors' creed: "No matter what happened, he was certain it would be fun."

When a modest photographer experiments with some chemicals and manages to make his flesh invisible, the hilarious result is Skin and Bones. Looking for all the world like an animated skeleton, this man comes to work as usual, wearing a false beard which he fondly believes disguises him. He decides to buy a coffin for himself, in a singularly drunken mood, and goes down to the morticians to try one on for size. His wife accepts the change in his appearance with, if not enthusiasm, at least equanimity. She offers to help when he decides that he ought to be buried in the back yard, but asks whether he wants to be buried head-up or head-down. To bury him horizontally would, she feels, tear up the garden too much.

In Turnabout, which has also been made into a movie, a small Egyptian statue named Mr. Ram becomes so tired of the eternal bickering between the man and wife he lives with, that he changes them into each other's bodies. He watches delightfully as the husband fights off an attempting seductor, but even he feels matters have gotten out of hand when the husband gets pregnant. Every thing turns out all right at the end of course, as it does in most daydreams.

In The Stray Lamb a man becomes dissatisfied with his life, and with the nonchalant adulteries of his wife, but bears it all silently until he finds himself change successively into a horse, a seagull, a cat, a cur dog, a goldfish, and finally a dragonish sort of thing that defies description. His wife, outraged by these undignified demonstrations gives him his long desired freedom, and all ends well. This is not one of Smith's better books, lacking the fast paced, double-entendre dialog that is one of his trademarks in the other books. There is also less of a plot development, giving the reader the feeling that the Stray Lamb is more of a sketch than a completed story.

Standing off by themselves in the Smith series are The Birthday Present, and Did She Fall. The former tale is different not only in that it is a short story, but that the protagonist is an average, moneyless, working stiff. Determined to buy his wife a birthday present despite the fact that he is broke,

he decides to bash the head of the next stranger to come to the door and lift the mans wallet. The plot and dialog are well developed and the story, although quite short, is very enjoyable. Did She Fall is, as far as I know, Thorne Smiths only murder mystery. It combines the usual whimsy and repartee with the tragedy of a man accused of murdering his prospective sister-in-law. While still managing to retain the daydream quality, and loaded with the pointless dialog that Smith loved so well, it nevertheless has some passages touching pathos, which come as a disconcerting contrast to his previous works. It is, although not as wildly insane as his other books, a worthwhile novel in its own right and well worth reading.

Thorne Smiths last book was The Passionate Witch. He died before the book was completed, unfortunately, by a friend working from his notes. It consequently lacks the sparkle that Smith would have given it and is at best an imitation Smith. The plot is there, with all of the maddening machinations that Smith loved, but the characters that could have gamboled so well for their creator are little more than shadows. Perhaps what is lacking is the insight into character which made Thorne Smiths characters move in a way that was supremely logical, however mad it might be.

As a person Thorne Smith was much like a character out of one of his own books. He was a small man, somewhat colorless, strongly alcoholic, and given to whimsical actions. A member of his publishing firm once happened to look down into the street and saw their prized author doff his sport jacket, hang it on a safty railing, and disappear down a manhole. They kept watch from above until noon, at which time the workers came out for lunch. Trailing along at the end of the line of men was Smith, who seated himself on the curb along side the workers, who seemed to accept him without comment or question. One passed him a sandwich, another a piece of fruit, and he in his turn passed around the ever present hip flask. When lunch was over they all disappeared down the manhole once more. Smith could be diligent at times. He once decided to swear off liquor and, as he was taking a ship to Paris, set up his typewriter facing the ships bar. He remained steadfastly dry and completed a good portion of the novel. Upon getting to Paris he was so proud of himself that he got roaring drunk and stayed that way for three weeks. He complained bitterly that his publishers would let him stay as drunk as he wished until the deadline for another book approached, at which time they would haul him out to a local sanitarium to be sobered up. Having fun, and getting as much enjoyment out of life as possible was important work to this man, and it is a great pity that he did not live to preach his creed a little longer. Like his own Hunter Hawk he approached life with the attitude of "wouldn't it be fun if..", and it always was fun -no matter what.

