

MLC 22

THE
READER AND COLLECTOR
VOL. III NO. I DECEMBER, 1942
MEMBER
F.A.P.A. N.A.P.A.

THE READER AND COLLECTOR

—oOo—

A PUBLICATION ISSUED OCCASIONALLY BY
H. C. KOENIG
2 East End Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Member
F. A. P. A. --- N. A. P. A.

VOLUME 111 NUMBER 1

DECEMBER, 1942

Quotations and Comments by "The Outsider"

FROM THE "CRITICS REPORT" IN "THE FANTASY AMATEUR"

SEPTEMBER, 1942

*"Heck, between you and I now, I
have read, at least twenty times in my
short life, that Swift predicted the
moons of Mars."*

Hells Bells, Schwartzie, me lad, that's not so many. I must have read that little item at least fifty times. But, maybe the rest of the gang ain't so well-read as you and me.

FROM "CREEGAR DARES TO DIE" IN "FANTASTIC ADVENTURES"

AUGUST, 1942

"'That way' he hissed----"

Nix! Nix! Not that way. Thissss way. It'sss sssso sssimple.

—oOo—

FROM "WAR-GOD OF THE VOID" IN "PLANET STORIES"

VOLUME 1 NO. 12

*"Abruptly she collapsed in a heap,
her auburn curls shrouding her face. Under
the red tunic her slim shoulders shook
convulsively."*

I guess that paragraph is an explanation of why I apparently pay so little attention to traffic lights. To my eyes, the girl on the cover is wearing a green gown.

-----oOo-----

FROM "THE HORROR IN THE HUT" IN "LIGHT"

OCTOBER, 1942

"The old priest shooed the dirty bare-footed natives out."

I should be able to say something funny about that one; but I'm stumped.

-----oOo-----

FROM "WAR-GOD OF THE VOID" IN "PLANET STORIES"

VOLUME 1 NO. 12

Title under illustration--Pages 2 & 3.

"Vanning sprinted forward, scooped up the girl, swerved back, and fired the full blast of his gun into the screaming face of the first Swamja."

Another illustration of artistic license. The scene as pictured by Leydenfrost does not appear in text.

-----oOo-----

FROM "CREEGAR DARES TO DIE" IN "FANTASTIC ADVENTURES"

AUGUST, 1942

"'Important', the little man hissed---"

Not particularly. But it's about time these authors and editors got wise to themselves. You just can't hiss that kind of a word.

-----oOo-----

FROM "CRUSADE ACROSS THE VOID" IN "AMAZING STORIES"

OCTOBER, 1942

"'The elevator--can we get it?'---
But before he could reach the panel, the
great doors swung back-----scrambling
into the car and closing the doors, Wolf
and Orcutt sped upward-----The doors swung
open. Two guards (Lundars) spun to face
the raiders---etc, etc-----"

Another example of the failure of the artist (?) to read the story or of the author or editor to look at the picture. Look at Malcolm Smith's illustration (page 52) for that sequence of events. From the description, one is lead to believe that the elevator is equipped with doors. Smith's conception of the elevator, is an open, tub-like car. There were supposed to be two men in the car; that is, according to the text. Yet, Smith populates the elevator with one normal guy and a couple of two-headed goons. And, nowhere have I been able to fine an elevator scene involving seven Lundars, as conceived by Smith.

—oOo—

FROM "GENTLEMEN--THE QUEEN" IN "SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY"

NO. 8

"-----I heard Koenig. 'I'm looking for a
Martian! he hissed, actually hissed. 'I'm looking
for a Martian who dotes on Indians. Someday soon
I shall meet that Martian!'"

I'm looking for the guy who put that hiss in my mouth. Someday soon I shall meet that baby.

—oOo—

FROM "THE ELIXIR OF HATE" IN "FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES "

OCTOBER, 1942

Take a gander at Paul's illustration for this story on page 69. Then read the text and tell me whether or not the artist wasn't in too much of a hurry with the arrows.--Personally, I think the Editor of FFF was in too much of a hurry in selecting Paul to illustrate England's story. Paul's artistic ability is limited; he should stick to space ships, futuristic cities, fantastic weapons etc. and not try to illustrate "The Elixir of Hate" or similar stories.

—oOo—

SCOUT WIDNER

rounded-up a bunch of *lulus* from John L. Gergen's article "Extra-Terrestrial Life" in the June, 1942 issue of Harry Warner's "Spaceways". Some of them probably belong in my "English As She Is Wrote", but here they are, unretouched, unrehearsed and unrefined.

"The thesis of life on other planets has been discussed almost completely thoroughly."

Hates to commit himself, doesn't he?

"Einstein is a great genius... but the popular fallacy that no one is able to understand him is definitely quite mistaken. They do not understand him."

Mr. Einstein has nothing on Mr. Gergen, eh?

"Consider earth a few millenia in the future.- It, too, will probably be run-down and almost dead."

Shucks, I thot our ball was good for a couple of billion, yet....

"Mars, as according to the article....."

Harry must've been desperate to make the line come out even.

FROM "YHOS PERUSETH YE MAILYNGE" IN "YHOS"

NO. 4

"----Yeah, I know, heck, who the hell cares? - but could you do any better in one sentence, or approximately the same number of words?"

That comment of Widner's refers to a Warner quote in my column "English as She is Wrote". The answer to your question, Art, is quite simple. If I couldn't do any better in one sentence - I'd use two, if I couldn't do better in approximately the same number of words - I'd use a few more, or better still - a lot less.

OF BOOKS AND THINGS

December - Charles Dickens - *The Chimes* - Arthur Rackham. That is a rare combination for this issue. "*The Chimes*" is one of Dickens five famous Christmas stories. Most of us are familiar with "*A Christmas Carol*"; I don't believe "*The Chimes*" is equally well known. Fantasy readers, in general, are acquainted with Dickens ghost stories "*The Haunted Man*"; "*The Story of 'The Bagman's Uncle'*"; "*To be taken with a Grain of Salt*"; "*The Signal Man*" etc. Strictly speaking, "*The Chimes*" is not a ghost story; it is a story of a haunted bell and goblins. It has a weird, supernatural atmosphere. This is suggested by the opening sentence of the tale, "*There are not many people ----- who would care to sleep in a church*". My "de-luxe" bookcase holds a very fine copy of this book. It is a large octavo book of about 170 pages; bound in heavy binder's boards and covered with a cream-colored buckram. The title and a design are stamped in gold and black; the tops are gilded. The "high-spot" of this particular edition are the illustrations by Arthur Rackham. There are twenty-four of these illustrations; together with a binding design, an end-paper design and a title-page drawing. Anyone familiar with Rackham's work (and, I'm sure every reader of *Fantasy* is) will look at these drawings with considerable pleasure. The fine weird imagination of Rackham has gone into every one of them. Ghost's flying among the church bells, goblins - everything needed to carry out Dickens atmosphere of ghostliness and witchery. The book is provided with a slip case decorated with red and gold bells; and is signed by Mr. Rackham. Just the sort of book for Christmas time.

I recently read Keller's little story in the November "*Weird Tales*", called "*The Golden Bough*." It struck a familiar chord. Somewhere in the recess of my brain is the memory of similar tale. Druid worship--the moon maid--Pan and his pipe--mistletoe on the foot of the bed--the hair around the husband's neck--the shears. All the details are there, and yet I can't recall the name of the story. What is it? I thought, at first, that I was reading a reprint. But this cannot be the case; since *Weird Tales* definitely states "*All stories new--no reprints.*" Then I thought of "*The Moon-Slave*" by Barry Pain. But, it doesn't fit. Incidentally, to the reader of *fantasy*, I recommend "*The Moon Slave*." It's a good short story, and may be found in Barry Pain's book of short stories entitled "*Stories in the Dark*" published by Grant Richards, London 1901.

I was pleased to find Mrs. Gnaedinger reprinting one of Robert W. Chambers's *fantasy tales*; *The Demoiselle D'Ys* in the November issue of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*. Nowadays many people think of Chambers as a writer of society-novels. Others remember his historical novels, *Cardigan*, *The Little Red Foot*, *Maid-at-Arms*, etc. Most of the readers have forgotten that in his early career he was a past-master of the art of writing fantasy. For proof, read "*The King in Yellow*" from which *The Demoiselle D'Ys* was taken; "*In Search of the Unknown*", "*The Maker of Moons*" and "*The Tree of Heaven*". You'll have a treat in store for you.

In one of the early issues (perhaps the first one) of "*Detour*", *Russell Chauvenet* called attention to the *Golden Book* magazine as a source for reprints of old fantasy-tales. The *Golden Book* has always been one of my favorite magazines. Each issue was good for an hour or two of pleasant relaxation in a big easy chair. And, there was always a goodly number of fantastic stories scattered throughout each volume. Listed in my notes are the following:

<i>Bierce</i>	-	<i>A Baby Tramp</i>	<i>Volume 4</i>	<i>No. 24</i>
		<i>The Middle Toe of the Right Foot</i>	<i>Volume 3</i>	<i>No. 14</i>
<i>Grahame</i>	-	<i>The Reluctant Dragon</i>	<i>Volume 4</i>	<i>No. 20</i>
<i>Jacobs</i>	-	<i>The Monkey's Paw</i>	<i>Volume 5</i>	<i>No. 28</i>
<i>O'Brein</i>	-	<i>What Was It?</i>	<i>Volume 2</i>	<i>No. 9</i>
<i>Adam</i>	-	<i>Torture by Hope</i>	<i>Volume 2</i>	<i>No. 11</i>
<i>Freeman</i>	-	<i>The Shadows on the Wall</i>	<i>Volume 2</i>	<i>No. 7</i>
<i>Middleton</i>	-	<i>The Ghost Ship</i>	<i>Volume 6</i>	<i>No. 36</i>
<i>Blackwood</i>	-	<i>The Wings of Horus</i>	<i>Volume 8</i>	<i>No. 48</i>
<i>Child</i>	-	<i>The Screen</i>	<i>Volume 4</i>	<i>No. 21</i>
<i>Hampton</i>	-	<i>Return of Foo Chow</i>	<i>Volume 7</i>	<i>No. 37</i>
<i>Careleton</i>	-	<i>The Lame Priest</i>	<i>Volume 7</i>	<i>No. 41</i>
<i>Cross</i>	-	<i>The Rishis Finger</i>	<i>Volume 5</i>	<i>No. 30</i>
<i>Averchenko</i>	-	<i>The Beyond</i>	<i>Volume 7</i>	<i>No. 40</i>

The list is by no means complete; it merely represents some titles I had jotted down in a note book. No doubt, there are many others to be found in the pages of the *Golden Book*. The first nine titles in the above list have a familiar ring; the remaining four are not so well known. Hampton's story is about a *Chinaman* who dies and returns as a cougar cat. "*The Beyond*" is a parody on the ghost story and "*The Lame Priest*" tells a typical loup-garou tale with the usual silver-bullet ending.

BARNUM WAS RIGHT

FROM LEZ ADVERTISER -- No. 2
 Books for Sale
 by Bob Tucker

"Zero to Eighty" (AkkadPseudoman.)
 first edition, brand new, without jacket;
 illustrated: 35¢.---

and

by Neil DeJack

"Northrup: Zero to Eighty \$1.25"

by Ronald Clyne

"Tarrano the Conquerer" (Cummings)
 first edition, very good copy \$1.00"

and

by Neil DeJack

"Cummings: Tarrano the Conquerer
 \$ 1.50."

Orders will now start pouring in to Mr. DeJack.

TO
AL AND ABBY LU ASHLEY

Dear Al and Abby:

I just finished reading the *Fall* issue of "En Garde". I didn't like it. I didn't like the *editorial*. I didn't like the *articles*. I didn't like the *poetry*. I didn't like the *illustrations*. I didn't like the *mimeographing*. As a matter of fact, there wasn't a single thing in it that I liked.

Hissingly yours,

H. C. Koenig
H. C. Koenig.

P.S. I particularly didn't like your review of the previous mailing. Two dozen magazines reviewed and not a single word about "The Reader and Collector". Gawd! How I hate you.

To
LEE B. EASTMAN

Dear Lee:

In a little article entitled "Nuance" in the second issue of "Last Testament" you write with some feeling about Doc Lowndes poetry. You mention his "Fragment in December", "Nocturne" and "Pastels" and then add "But I think that I now have something to match these in "Nuance" which I got while in New York. Time and pure awe forbid me to comment much on this poem. What do you think of it?"

Well, Lee, my boy, I've got a little time so I'll tell you. I like some of Doc's poetry but to me "Nuance" is simply lowzay. Boy, oh, boy couldn't Frank Fay take that one apart.

"Dance we must dance we dance
until fogridden faint dampness spent desire
flesh screwgrained lovelogged
meat
and drums will not forgot
or darkling sky and wild geese wheeling
wild, wild geese, wild heart bursting, wild danceheart"

(Cont'd on Page 9.)

Migawd, Lee. Don't tell me that those seven lines are called poetry. How long does one dance before one gets fogridden? And what-in-hell is screwgrained flesh or lovelogged meat or vice versa? Or maybe it should be read "meat and drums will not forget---" It's too much for me. Some day, when you have a little spare time, Lee, I wish you would tell me what "Nuance" is all about. That is, if you are no longer awed. In the meantime, I am gonna pick me out a nice soft easy chair and read something like "Casey at the Bat" or "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

Unawesomely yours,

Ech-Si-Kheh

TO
MESSRS SINN, LUDOWITZ AND WEBBER
EDITORS OF SPACE TALES

Dear Staff:-

Some months ago I called attention to a "boner" in the *October, 1941* issue of *Amazing Stories*. In that issue our old friend *Edgar Rice Burroughs* slices off the ear of one of his characters, in spite of the fact, that both the text and the cover illustration indicates that *Motus* wore a glass helmet.

A short time later I read a most amazing paragraph in your column "*Back Slaps*". Just to refresh your memory; here it is exactly as it appeared.

FROM "INVISIBLE MEN OF MARS" BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS IN AMAZING STORIES
OCTOBER, 1941.

Motus wore a strange glass helmet...He rushed at me like a madman, but I side stepped him, and as he turned I took one of his ears as neatly as a surgeon would have done it...."

Gentlemen: I give you *Edgar Rice Burroughs*, hack writer and surgeon extraordinary. And, by Gar, don't return him.

The text states and the cover illustration shows that *Motus* wore a glass helmet; and yet dear old *Edgar* neatly slices off one of his ears. Boy oh boy, that's a feat of surgery - I should say, legerdemain, to cop the front page, eh, what?

*OK you've had your laugh now *H.C. Koenig* (That man who wrote this article) now its time for us to laugh at you. If you had watched your magazines more carefully you would have seen in *Amazing Stories* the editor say that the artist had made that mistake or reather he had made it that way to give the SF touch. I say it was a smart step it did help the picture but back to the story, *Burroughs* did not make the mistake the editor did not, neather did the artists as far as that goes so pull down your hat a close your (CENSORED). I just say you had plenty of time to see your mistake before this was printed. Well-well-We just straightened out a sucker and I don't mean a fish.

I'll let you in on a little secret, boys. I very ~~far~~ read the ballyhoo written by the editors of the so-called scientific-fiction magazines. These editorial gems are in the same class as the editorial "blurbs". Harold Hersey, who probably knows more about pulp magazines than any other editor in the country, has this to say about "blurbs" in his book *Pulp Wood Editor*. "A blurb is the bait used to hook the reader.... The blurb has also been described as the editorial "come-on" before the circus tent. Wise readers skip these honeyed words....." So!! Well, you get what I mean, dont you? or do you?

And, I'll tell you something else boys, that isn't a secret. I laughed at that "boner" in *Amazing* and I laughed uproarously at your *Back-Slap*. And, so did every other fan who read your comment. And, we are still laughing. Did you ever read a paragraph with so many mistakes in *English*, in *Spelling* and in *punctuation*. Your faces - individually or compositely - should be a vivid red.

You write you would have seen in *Amazing* stories the editor say that the artist had made that mistake ---- to give the SF touch." That's a wow. Read my quotation. "*Motus* wore a strange glass helmet." That's *Burroughs*, boys. Not the artist. Don't tell me now, that dear old *Edgar* slipped a helmet on *Motus* just to give a "SF touch" to his tale. Science fiction has certainly come to a sorry state of affairs. You and the Editor of *Amazing* should get together someday and get this thing straightened out.

You didn't do so well that time, boys, better luck next time. And, mind your language in the future - or papa will spank.

Laughingly yours,

Koenig

TO
ART WIDNER, JR.

Dear Art:-

In one of your recent issues of "Yhos" you take me to task for my attitude on "Fantasy" as practiced by numerous members in the *Fantasy Amateur Press Association*. You write.... "Heck can hardly beef about others straying away from the fantasy angle when he does it himself." Your examples of how, when or where I slipped from the "straight and narrow" in "The Reader and Collector" are rather far fetched and a trifle silly. I haven't bothered to examine old issues of my so-called magazine but I'd like to wager that 99.84% of their contents have been concerned with some phase of *fantasy*. Every book that I described or discussed dealt with *fantasy* in some form or other. Every "hiss" to which I objected was "lifted" from a magazine devoted to tales of *fantasy*. Every grammatical or typographical error to which I called attention was culled from the pages of amateur and professional magazines concerned with science fiction, the weird and the fantastic. Wherein do I stray away from *fantasy* when I describe the "physical aspects" of a de-luxe edition of "Frankenstein", "Erewhon", "Arthur Gordon Pym" or "Kwaidon"? Such books are always interesting to collectors of *fantasy*. And, how far do I get away from the subject when I comment on impossible hisses and on grammatical or typographical slips which result in humorous "boners"? My comments are made in the hope that the amateur writers and publishers will take their jobs a little more seriously. And, am I being very inconsistent when I point out the lack of co-operation between illustrators and writers in the scientific-fiction magazines? Again it is being done in the hope that the editors of the professional magazines will take their jobs and their readers a little more seriously.

I don't object to a non-fantasy article in a *fantasy* magazine. My complaints are levied at the editors of fan magazines who circulate non-fantasy magazines in the *F.A.P.A.* mailings or who devote practically the entire contents of a *F.A.P.A.* magazine to non-fantasy items. I don't object to *Russell Chauvenet* writing an essay on poetry in one of our magazines; but I would complain vociferously if an entire issue of *Sardonyx* were given over to a discussion of non-fantasy poetry. I find many of the learned discussions indulged in by *Messrs. Speer* and *Rothman* interesting, but I'd protest loudly if "Sustaining Program" and "Milty's Magazine" contained nothing but discussions of non-fantasy subjects. You say that I am intolerant. Well, if that view point is intolerant - make the most of it.

Selah

The Outsider

P.S. To remedy the situation, you have given me four choices. You forgot the simplest solution, Art. I could resign.

P.P.S. I ain't gonna do it.