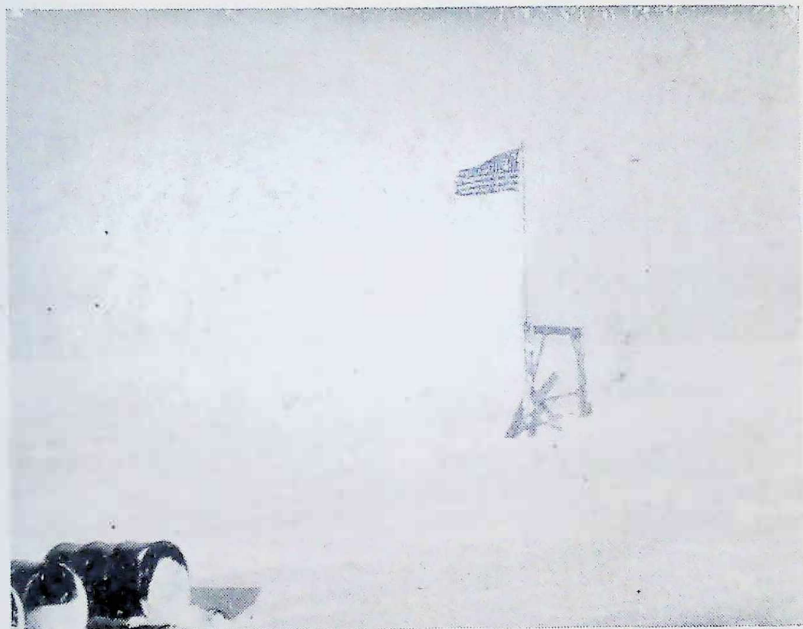


STEFANTASY

Volume 12

Number 1

Whole Number 35



Picture 1

Westernmost U. S. Flag

Al Lopez

Stefantasy

Volume 12

February, 1956

Number 1

Whole Number 35

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"Everyone's queer but thee and me, and even thee's a little queer sometimes."

THE FIRST PAGE

"You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time."—AMBROSE J. WEEMS

So True To Life, Too

ACCORDING TO a newspaper article dated Jan. 6, NBC-TV has decreed that henceforth the cowboy hero may not kill the villain. Testifying before a NY legislative committee Strockton Hellfrich, director of continuity acceptance, said:

"We have moved the cowboy hero from the bar to the hotel lobby or street when he meets the villain. And the hero no longer kills the villain but wings and disarms him and turns him over to formal justice." Furthermore, fights which originally ran two minutes or so are now shortened to show that "a battle had taken place and the hero was triumphant."

I have never been fond of tv westerns but I hate to think what this sort of thing might lead to. Perhaps some of these days the hero and the villain, after meeting in the hotel lobby, will sit down among the potted palms and just talk things over. After a few lines like "Why, you—" to indicate that there may be strong language involved, they rise and shake hands and the villain says, "You have shown me the error of my ways. I shall do all I can to make restitution and will henceforth try to be a better man." Pandering to the Sunday School crowd he may even add, "—and I hereby accept Jesus Christ as my personal savior." But I hope not.

To hell with censorship, self-imposed or otherwise.

Adventures of a Player Piano Addict

by CHARLES BURBEE

SO THERE THEY SIT, my two player pianos. In our smallish living room they sit, leaving two pianos' worth of living space less to live in. My wife is not exactly displeased but I could not by any stretch of the imagination say that she is happy. She thinks I ought to sell one to get the money to fix the other one.

Sell one to get the money to fix the other one. Well, that does sound pretty sensible. But I hate to see a player piano slip from my loving grasp into the hands of some fool who might not appreciate it.

Actually, the second piano is two pianos in one. You see, there are two sizes of piano rolls in existence. There is the 65-note size and there is also the more common 88-note size. To play each type you need a separate piano, unless you have a dual tracker bar type that will play both rolls. And that is what my second piano is. It will play both kinds. My other piano plays only 65-note rolls. I really should, as the lady says, sell the 65-note one and use the money to fix the dual-roll type.

But my 65-note piano has a sentimental value. I bought it in 1951 for \$35 and a friend of mine and I moved it from the Silver Lake district in Los Angeles to Whittier, a distance of 18 or 19 miles. I have never learned to downshift a player piano while cornering at 80 miles per hour, but I did learn the innards of one because I had this one down to its component parts. You can verify this statement with my wife because for several days these component parts were lying on

her living room rug. Of course it is also my living room rug but she speaks of it as "my" living room rug. I fixed that piano. I had first to wipe the oil off the moving parts because the former owner had evidently operated under the impression that if any machine will not work you must douse all moving parts with oil and thus cause it to work again. His eyes, which missed no moving parts except the ones that were hard to reach, somehow missed the two front pneumatics whose rubberized fabric lay in shreds in plain sight.

I fixed that piano and now it works. I pump the thing quite often in order to listen to my rolls, which consist almost entirely of ragtime and marches and two-steps.

I search the countryside for rolls. I have found considerable stacks of them in various places and have routed out some sixty-odd rolls that conform with my ideal of what rolls should be. Marches, two-steps, blues, ragtime. In the process, sometimes buying bulk lots, I have picked up about 400 additional rolls. Hymns, waltzes, Hawaiian stuff. Golly, I wish I could find somebody who would trade me ragtime for this other stuff.

One day while in a Los Angeles piano store I saw my dual tracker bar piano and had to buy it. I ran the thing down because I knew a good deal of player piano lingo by that time, and the manager finally knocked off 30% of the asking price. I triumphantly thought I could fix it. I did fix some of the stuff I could understand, but there is a leak in it I cannot locate. I can hear it but I can't find it.

Players operate on air suction, and if there is any kind of air leak that is harder to find than a suction leak I don't know what it might be. I have used a stethoscope. I have used a candle-flame, but the flame method isn't much good because the pumper bellows stir up a wind of their own. Soapy water, too, I have used. None of them work.

The other day a teen-age girl, one of my daughter's friends, came over. She looked from one piano to the other. Finally she said, "Why have you got two pianos?"

"I collect pianos," I said.

I guess I do, at that.

FILLERS AN' STUFF

FROM "GILBERT LOVE'S NOTEBOOK" in the *Pittsburgh Press*:

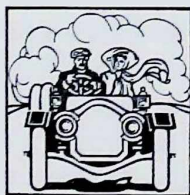
A holiday package received by Mrs. Maurice Klein, of Rankin, appeared to have been mailed in 1975, which would be a neat trick. The postmark carried the date "Dec. 13, '75."

Bill Butterbach, of the local TWA office, has returned from a trip with a wondrous tale.

It would seem, from his account, that a strange furry beast had been terrorizing farmers near Parkersburg, W. Va. Those who sighted it said it looked like a bear, but the footprints it left resembled those of a small boy.

All efforts to capture it failed until Chan, the local laundryman, said he had heard of such beasts in China. They could only be caught in a teakwood trap, he said. Luckily, he had some teak.

Several days later newspaper headlines said—"Catch Boyfoot Bear with Teak of Chan."





THE MAIL BOX

EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

From LARRY SHAW:

Dear Bill:

Well, I did it again. Moved. The lease ran out, Wilimczyk didn't want to stay, and I didn't feel like finding a new room-mate. This is a typical Greenwich Village cold-water flat, and might seem to some like a step downward in my standard of living, but I like it much better, and expect to stay until I can afford to move into a big stone house in the middle of the woods in the wilds of Pennsylvania, which will probably be some years from now.

Meanwhile, there are some advantages to my receiving mail at the office instead of here. That's Royal Publications, 47 E. 44th St., NYC 17 (Boycott *Infinity*!!).

I'm sorry I never did anything about the annish of *Stef*, either before or after it appeared; I'd like to have been represented in it. No. 34 just showed up, and this time I'll make some comments before I have a chance to shove it under the general debris.

The cover looks extremely familiar. A bit more like Baltimore than anywhere else I know of, but it could be almost any city, I guess. As social protest and modern art, I like it, but I'd almost just as soon you hadn't used it, because my nightmares are bad enough already.

I am, incidentally, now driving a 1953 Willys. Bob Pavlat was shocked at such a choice on the part of a hot rod editor, and you may be shocked* since you know me as a classic car fan—but it seemed and seems like the best possible vehicle I could have selected from the ranks† of relatively new American ones. For my purposes, which are hauling occasional loads of furniture, books, friends to conventions, and the like, but still being able to park on NYC streets, it's fine. Of course it's a stick shift with overdrive, and amazingly economical. Also, apparently, relatively durable and reliable; I've gone 5,000 miles in a little less than four months since buying it, and have given it no attention whatever aside from gas, oil and grease.

* Not at all. A '41 Willys served me well until '47, and got me to prefer small cars, and now that most of them are such bloated monstrosities I have more respect than ever for Willys, Rambler and my tiny Metropolitan.—wmd

† Ranks is right!—wmd

Eventually I still want a couple of classics and a couple of VWs (one sedan and one Micro-Bus), but for now Milly is just great.

I hate trucks too, especially for the way they clog up the one-way avenues here, which would be excellent 23-mph arteries without them. As it is, it's impossible to keep in step with the green-light sequence because the trucks start and lumber along so slowly. Your solution sounds fine—but I bet it won't happen.

A. J. Franck is absolutely correct. I owe all my editorial success to my astuteness in buying a hat 11 years ago, when going to apply for the job on *Hat Life* magazine (honest!). I soon discovered that wearing hats gives me headaches, and haven't owned one since leaving that job (us really big-time executives don't have to care how we look), but I earnestly recommend them to any young man starting out in life—if he doesn't care whether his head aches or whether he loses his hair.

Practically every office I walk into these days has a sign somewhere in it reading THIMK. And on the Royal walls we have SNEER and FROWN. Last New Year's [1955—wmd] I made one resolution, which was "Hit People!" and I was going to print and frame that—but somebody hit me back before I got around to it (I have a scarred chin and two porcelain jacket crowns to show for it), so I dropped it. Next time I'll make it "Have a Cortico-Thalamic Pause!" but that's too long to put on the wall.

Cheers for Grennell. He is a Good Man.

It happens I am a Ralston Straight Shooter from way back; I used to join all the clubs. You're right; that button did come from a game, which of course you got for sending in box tops. There was a lot more equipment to go with it, though. It included several similar buttons; all but one said INNOCENT and the odd one was the one you have. There were also several lengths of stout rope with built-in hangman's nooses. The idea was for all the players to stand around under an appropriate tree with the nooses around their necks and the ropes over strong branches. The buttons were placed on the ground in the middle of the group, thoroughly mixed and with the lettered sides face down. Everybody chose a button, and all turned them over at the same time. Soon as one kid turned over the GUILTY button the others grabbed the end of his rope and gave it a hard yank. It was fun.

Lankes may have a point there. But suppose a goose wanted to show his superiority to a man, would he go to the trouble of writing an article about it? No, he'd just fly overhead and let his bombs drop, that's what he'd do! Which proves to my satisfaction that no matter how much we

yap about the simple life, we're never going to find it anymore, so why not just knock it off and make the best of what we've got?

Your quotes from *Typo Graphic* are generally the poorest things in the issue. The blind man story, though, strikes me as an exception. (I know, we shouldn't poke fun at the afflicted, but I still thought this was funny. I also think Mr. Magoo is hilarious and have no compunctions about it; after all, he really isn't much more nearsighted than I am.) The bronze lion thing is just another version of the legend about the stone lions in front of the NY Public Library, though.

720 Rockwood bears a strange resemblance to the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. It also looks like like the kind of place that should have an ancestral ghost. Does it?*

Lopez was interesting, Harness funny.

Enough for now, but keep *Stef* coming, and write if you feel like it.

Best,

Larry

* Haven't seen any yet, but I've been here only 14½ years.—wmd

FOR SALE:
ONE SLIGHTLY USED
MAN'S HAT
(Brown fur-felt
snap brim model,
size 7¹/₈.)
LARRY T. SHAW
419 West 17th Street
New York 11, N. Y.

This ad is
reprinted from
Stefantasy
for March, 1946

“There can be but little liberty on earth
while men worship a tyrant in heaven.”

—ROBERT C. INGERSOLL

A Letter From Al Lopez

(Concluded from No. 34)

Picture 4 is taken from above the operations hut which was located on the side of a hill, about 2 miles from the camp site. About 1 mile from camp was a well house which supplied the camp with water, pumping the water through an electrically heated pipeline to the camp. This waterline followed the powerline shown in the picture. Two days after we arrived in camp, this waterline froze up. In spite of heroic efforts by the troops, the line froze solid from the well to the camp. (Once the water stopped moving thru the pipe, there wasn't enough electrical heat to keep it from freezing solid.) For five weeks we had no water for drinking, bathing, shaving, or anything else. We melted snow for water to wash the cooking utensils in, but it wasn't fit to drink. I never knew snow could be so dirty! During this time we had beer and orange soda to drink. And poor unfortunate me—I don't like beer!!! (God, how I hated that soda after a while.) (Some 3½ weeks later when I had occasion to fly to Nome, I stopped in a bar and ordered a glass of water!! The bartender thought I had cracked up!) Fortunately for me, while I was in Nome I got a call to report to Anchorage, and so I missed the last two weeks of being without water.

Incidentally, flying with bush pilots is interesting. They usually fly at low altitudes (so you don't have so far to drop if anything happens) and stay on course by picking out visual landmarks. On one occasion while flying from Nome to the Campsite, the pilot was flying parallel to a mountain at an altitude of about 200 feet. After a while the Captain got a little disturbed and remarked to the pilot, "Shouldn't we fly a little higher?" The pilot (who was a real silent guy) thought



Picture 5 Coming down the mountain A. *Nother Fellow*

for a moment, then said, "Why?" "Well," said the Captain, "Suppose your motor should conk out?" The pilot thought for several moments, then, "My motor never conks out!" And that ended the conversation.

On April 5th, I flew out to St Lawrence Island (In a two engined plane, CAA doesn't allow single engined planes out over the ocean). The island is about 38 miles from Siberia, and on a clear day you can see the Siberian coast. The campsite here was similar to the other campsite on the mainland. The operations hut stood on the top of a rather steep mountain. Photo 5 shows a soldier climbing down the mountain, using the rope which was a necessary aid in going up or down



Picture 2

Communications Shack

Al Lopez

the mountain. (This picture was taken in late summer by another fellow; I only have color slides of the mountain.) Isn't that a hell of a trip to make twice a day!

There was an Eskimo village about half a mile from camp which I visited several times to pick up ivory carvings. The Eskimos do beautiful work using walrus tusks, polar bear teeth, bones of prehistoric animals, etc. Unfortunately, contact with the white man has made them conscious of the value of their work, and so it's difficult to pick up anything worthwhile without paying a lot of money for it. I happened to be in the village the day that the ocean ice broke up sufficiently for the Eskimos to go out hunting, and so I got pictures of the returning hunters. The color slides of the Eski-



Picture 3

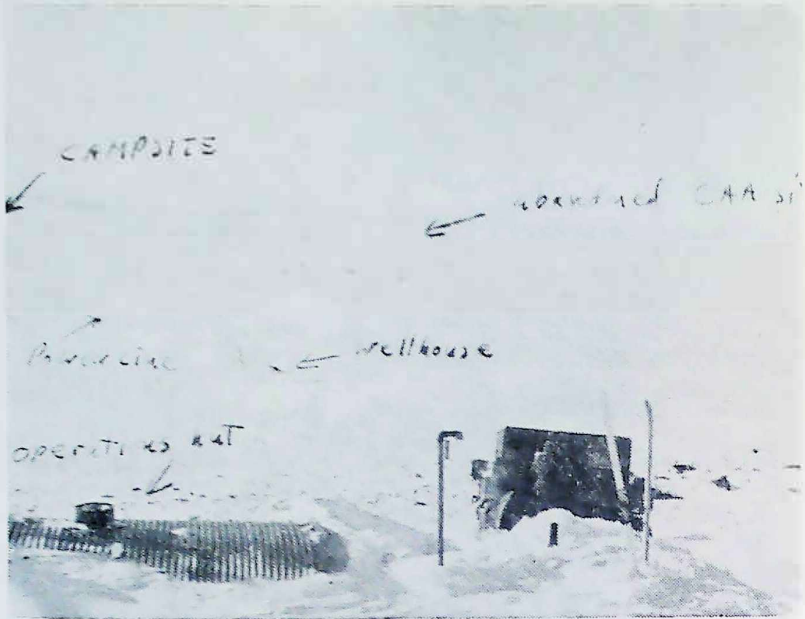
The Campsite

Al Lopez

mos hauling the bodies of seals and walruses over the snow are very colorful. . .

I had only planned on a week's stay on the island, but bad weather & several mishaps with planes (too long to relate here) stretched my stay out to a couple of weeks. I finally chartered a C-47 from Anchorage to come pick me up.

We stopped over in Anchorage for a couple of days to brief a general on the results of our visit, and then flew back to the States. Incidentally, the temperature in Anchorage was about 10° above. This was so warm (compared to 40 below) that we went around dressed in only suit jackets (no overcoats) and we felt comfortable!! Now, in State College, if the weather drops to 10 above—we think it's a real freezing



Picture 4

Alaska

Al Lopez

temperature. This leads me to conclude that weather is all in one's mind!!

My conclusions on the trip are:

- (1) I don't know why anyone would want to go to Alaska.
- (2) I can understand *even less* why anyone would want want to stay there!!

Well, Bill, this hits some of the high spots of the trip. If there's anything here you can use you're welcome to it. Unfortunately some of the more exciting features of the trip have to remain untold, but that's life.

Regards, Al

P. S. I haven't been able to locate this bird with the radio-controlled lawn-mower. Perhaps he isn't here any more.

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

Teacher: What did the Puritans come to this country for?

Pupil: To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same.

A childless couple advertised in the newspaper for a housekeeper. They interviewed a prospect and liked her very much, but they saw that she hesitated about taking the job. Finally she blurted out, blushing all the while: I'm going to have a baby, and I'm not married!

Couple: Your problem is solved. When the baby arrives we'll adopt it and we'll all live here together.

Some months later the blessed event took place—in the form of quadruplets—but the couple kept their word and adopted the children. Two weeks later the housekeeper packed her bags and started out of the house. The couple asked her where she was going.

Housekeeper: I'm leaving. Too many children in this house!

Young people always seem so silly right after you have ceased to be one.

Farmers seem determined to vote anyone out of office who isn't squarely for free enterprise plus controlled production and government subsidies.

"George Washington could broadjup 23 feet, a record in those days."—Newspaper filler. Today we have politicians who can sidestep further than that.

It soon became evident that the Evangelist was no mean musician. He played with fuller harmonies and a finer grace than the Priest had been able to command, and presently, tempering his fine voice to little above a whisper, he began to chant some old revivalist hymn, a look of immense rapture on his simple face.

The Priest was shaking with anger. "Are we to stand this?" he cried.

The little Baptist turned on him, white of face. "It's preferable to the idolatrous filth of Rome," he shouted in a queer cracked kind of voice. "May God strike you down for coming to Heaven uninvited."

"Good stuff," said the Canon quietly. The Conception of the Roman Catholic Priest as a celestial gate-crasher evidently appealed to him.

"He that saith unto his brother: 'Raca'——" began the Rector.

The Priest was contorted with fury. "I know your sort, you canting hypocrite," he stuttered, turning on the little Baptist. "You strip religion of everything that's sweet and beautiful, and make it as mean and ugly as your own wretched little soul. I have eaten of the Body and drunk of the Blood, while you have snivelled on the dung-heap of denial."

"You lie! You lie!" flared the Baptist. "All your prayers are lies. That's why you tell them in a foreign tongue, as though they were dirty stories. May God curse you as a leper. Unclean!" he shouted. Uhclean!"

The Priest was livid with passion. "You——" he hissed.

The tense drama of the situation was then given a touch

of low comedy by the little Baptist. He had been standing against the refectory table, and, stung to action by his tormentor's disgusting epithet, he snatched a bowl of banana trifle and hurled the contents full at the Priest's face. Happily it missed, and most of the confection stuck on to a holy tapestry depicting the Conversoin of St. Paul—converting him still further; the remainder setting itself up as a mural decoration slightly to the left of the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"You murderous hound!" yelled the Priest, somewhat exaggerating the lethal properties of banana trifle. He was about to close with the fanatical Baptist, when the Negro, who had been watching everything in a little mirror over the organ manuals, swung round. With a tigerish leap he reached the Roman Catholic, and picking him up in his enormous arms, held him for a moment, smiling at him blandly, and then hurled him to the floor.

Immediately there was pandemonium. The Salvationist started shrieking for God—asking Him to come quickly; the Priest crawled about the floor, swearing horribly, and the Negro stood struggling with three of the younger men who were trying to drag him down. Presently the Priest staggered to his feet and threw himself at the Negro, trying to claw at his eyes; and then the Hindu and the Baptist joined in, and finally, peaceful men of God as they were, the Canon and the Rector felt it their bounden duty to add themselves to the conflict and strike a blow for their Church. For fully a minute this regrettable fight went on amongst the holy men; and then, suddenly, the Negro, flailing his tremendous arms out, spun round in a circle, and sent friend and assailant alike crumpling to the floor.

A moment later the hall was plunged into darkness, and there was a sound of rushing wind. Then light came again in great, white floods, and a figure appeared at the entrance.

Everyone remained stiff and still, as though frozen. The Negro, whose loin-cloth had come off during the struggle, stood stark naked by the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, his head outlined against the banana fresco on the wall, and the Salvationist was kneeling on the floor, her face buried in her hands.

"All having a good time?" asked St. Thomas genially.

—ALAN GRIFFITHS: *Strange News From Heaven*

. . . a whole host of other names was suggested: the Newts were to be called Tritons, Neptunides, Tethydes, Nereids, Atlantes, Oceanics, Poseidons, Lemures, Pelagoses, Littorals, Pontics, Bathydes, Abysses, Hydriones, Gandemers, (Gens de Mer) Submarines, and so on. The Commission for the Study of the Newt Problem was to choose from all these terms the most suitable name, and it took up this work zealously and conscientiously right up to the very end of the Newt Age; it did not, of course, reach any final and unanimous conclusion.

—KAREL CAPEK: *War With The Newts*

"I'm prepared to offer you thirty thousand, Buck, six hundred a week, all year round, startin' tomorrow. What do you say?"

Young's Adam's apple bobbed. He cleared his throat. "Every week?" he asked faintly.

"That's how much we think of you, boy. Don't sell yourself short."

"And I could study, too? You'd give me time off for classes and study?"

Roseberry frowned. "Well—there's some pretty stiff rulings about that. You can't play college football, and go to school. They tried that once, and you know what a silly mess that was."

—KURT VONNEGUT, JR.: *Utopia 14*

THE SKEPTIC TANK

by DEAN A. GRENNELL

EVERY NOW AND THEN an item crops up in the newspaper recounting some new depth of asininity reached by *H. Tewler* which might lead a thoughtful person to suspect that the second deluge is already a bit overdue. Not necessarily an account of a hard-working axe-murderer but just little vistas of mental bankruptcy such as the squib from the *Milwaukee Journal* for 25 December, 1955 which told of how the police department in Rochester, New York, had some safety posters printed up bearing the slogan: DON'T CROSS THE STYX IN '56.

No sooner had they gone around town tacking them up when an irate tavern keeper called headquarters and demanded to know the whereabouts of the Styx and precisely why in hell couldn't he cross it if he wanted to?

Before calling the police, he had called the alcoholic beverage control board and told them about the sign posted in his tavern. He asked them what it meant and they apparently didn't know but told him to leave it up since "If the cops put it there, it must be important."

Several of the complainer's patrons had become indignant, making remarks to the effect, "It's a free country . . . I'll cross where I like."

The desk sergeant—evidently a displaced classicist—finally explained to him that the Styx was a river that bounded the region of the dead in Greek mythology whereupon the tavern keeper fell silent a moment, then snarled, "Why don't they say so?" and hung up.

You know, as I stop to think about it, I've rarely encountered a massive intellect tending bar. Question: does the job render them vulnerable to mindrot or is it a vocation toward which the brighter morons just naturally gravitate?

* » » » « « «

In the issue of *Asounding* for January, 1935, there is a story entitled "Gold" by John W. Campbell, Jr. However, nowhere in *Galaxy* is there to be found a story by Horace L. Gold entitled "Campbell." Hardly seems fair, does it?

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Street & Smith has been in the business for an even century this January just past. It was in January, 1856, that they commenced publication of their first offering, *The New York Weekly*. It went heavily for serials and a custom of the time was to distribute free sample copies on doorsteps in hopes that people would be conned into subscribing so as to finish the serial. Another custom of the era was to give the reader an option on titles. In *The New York Weekly Dispatch* (as it was later called) representative titles were, "The Vestmakers Apprentice, or The Vampyres of Society"; and "Maggie, the Child of Charity, or Waifs on the Sea of Humanity." If you faunch to read these two thrillers, installments appear in the issues for and around October 10, 1857.

Wilkie Connor, in *Muzzy* § 8, confirmed a long-standing suspicion of mine: "And there were other ads, too. Comic books, pocket size, the kind men like, 20 for \$1. The wording hinted at pornography. What you got was a bunch of stale cartoons from *Joker* or *Whiz Bang*, poorly reproduced and sloppily stapled together. I know. I sent a dollar."

I always knew that if the cartoon books lived up to the ads the post office would smack the vendors for a row of hi-fi pornographs. I recall seeing one or two of the things in high school and they impressed me as being somewhat more filthy than funny. That would be my complaint on all the pornography I can remember encountering: it didn't seem about to corrupt my morals but it was so goddam lousy, from an artistic and literary point of view. But it isn't my purpose to sit here glowing with the pure pale radiance of sanctimony—I just wanted to lead up to a delightful quote from the *Milwaukee Journal* for November 16, 1955 (and I hope Wilkie reads this!):

BOOK NOT NAUGHTY, INCURS POSTAL BAN

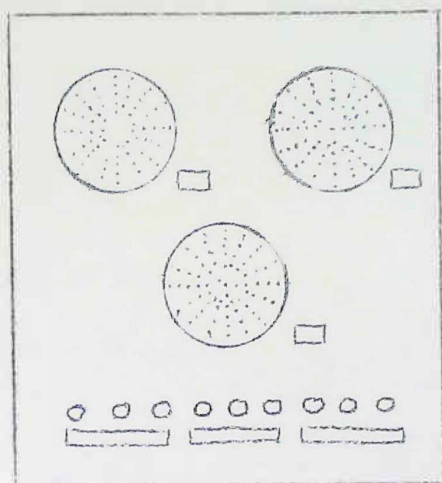
Washington, D. C. (U. P.) The post office department has cracked down on a comic book for not being obscene.

That unusual situation was disclosed in a suit filed in federal court Tuesday by A. P. R. Industries, Inc., of Los Angeles. The firm seeks to prevent postal authorities from holding up the mailing of its "For Men Only" cartoon book.

The post office acted against the firm on grounds that it was engaged in a fraudulent enterprise because it promised obscenity in its advertising "and did not deliver."

I'm not quite sure what it is but something in that item pleases hell out of my simple childish mind.

BE A LUNIAC FOR ONLY \$19.95!

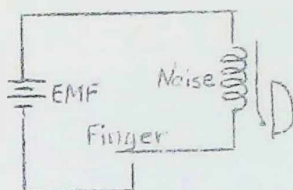


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Machine for ringing a doorbell.



This wonderful kit contains complete instructions for building the goddamnedest assortment of LUNIACS you can imagine. And the high-grade parts in this amazing kit would cost you at least \$20 elsewhere! You can build LUNIACS that will play thrilling games like Tic-tac-toe, TICK-TACK-TOE, Tic-TACK-TOE, TICK-tac toe, etc. Get your LUNIAC ELECTRICAL BABY GENIUS COMPUTER CONSTRUCTION KIT today and start teasing your brain. Even a youngster can do it!

TAKE THE LUNIAC TEST!

Answer YES or NO:

- Do you like to breathe?
- Do you like to eat cookies with sweet white stuff between them?
- Do you like to levitate things?
- Do you enjoy practicing brain surgery?
- Are you smarter than the average yuck?

5 YES-You're a 100% LUNIAC! 4 YES-90% LUNIAC! 3 YES-80% LUNIAC! 2 YES-70% LUNIAC 1 YES-You CAN BE A LUNIAC (If you have \$19.95.)

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THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

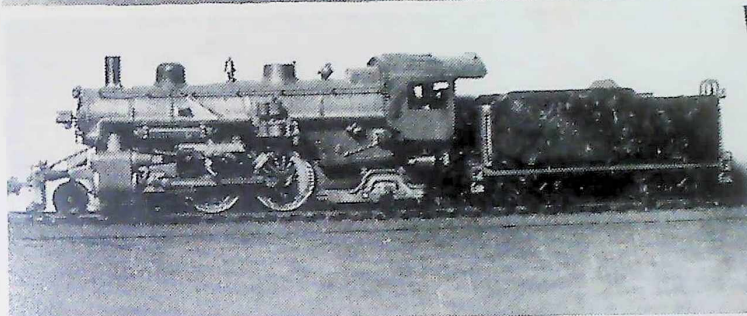
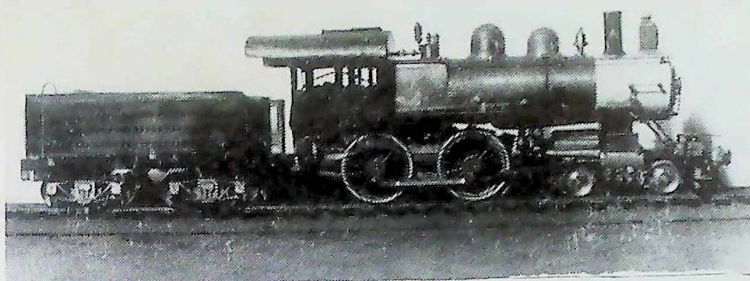
A FEW CHANGES

have been made, starting with this issue.

First, if *Stef* is beginning to look like a sort of poor man's *Look*, don't put the blame on Harry Warner, for there's not a thing wrong with the engravings he made. In fact, those of the snow scenes turned out a lot better than I had expected. But I haven't had much experience yet printing half-tones, and hope to be able to do better some of these days. This E. F. book paper isn't exactly ideal for half-tones, but I can't afford that coated stuff for the inside, too.

For the improved appearance of the text several factors are responsible. Some of the last issue's pages were so lousy, despite attempts at makeready, that I began hunting for the reason. I found my imposing stone (an 8x12 piece of builder's marble) had a slight high spot, which was removed on the press platen with valve grinding compound. From repeated planing on the bum stone many pieces of the old monotype Kennerley were less than type-high. I made an attempt (through more careful proofing and picking out bad letters) to salvage the stuff, but with over 30 pounds of it the job was hopeless. I scrapped most of it and this issue, except for 18 lines of the worked-over monotype, is done with brand-new stuff made on similar machines from foundry metal. It ought to last a long time, I hope.

Don't expect it on the next issue, but you may see that full-color cover on *Stef* yet!



O Gauge, $\frac{1}{4}$ " Scale

Here is depicted the whole locomotive roster of the Rockwood & Western R. R., whose right of way consists of ten feet of test track in the cellar.

The upper loco is a scratch-built P. R. R. D-16 and, as anyone can plainly see, is of the 4-4-0 or American type. I started it in 1948 but there have been several periods of a year or two when it wasn't touched. Motor, wheels, gears, trucks, and a few other parts are store-boughten.

The Atlantic was assembled in about a week from a General Models kit and, like the other, needs a few finishing touches before painting.

One of these years I'm likely to get busy and finish both.