

Origin 58



Official organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation
History and Research Bureau

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Origin is a journal whose purpose is to increase and augment and advise the activities of history and research, giving knowledge and learning regarding the history of science fiction, fantasy, fandom, and the N3F, and discovering the significance of these and their place in the world of today. We have a fine staff:



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EDITORIAL



Hard Times Make Hard People. Avoid the Existence of the Negative

It's pretty hard to be good when nothing around you is that way. We are all responsive to the environment and when it is not a good one we are apt to descend accordingly.

A person who is not influenced by others is not interacting with them and not having interaction is different from the way we really are. To a varying extent the way we are is brought about by our activity and familiarity with others. When there is nothing but ourselves we look around us and see nothing. Anything that there is if we reason from this state must come from ourselves, and what that passes before our contemplative eyes is apt to be the work of others, in memory; we have not found ourselves as yet. We can get in this state of mind when we become tired of anything. It does seem to be so that people are getting this way now, and people are not listening to advice about it either, all the advice getting pretty old and repetitious. We've seen too much that really doesn't suit us, and have perhaps been enslaved by it. Of course if someone is in a good rapport with us (rather than a bad rapport), there is enough of him or her in it to keep it from being trite and used up. This underlines our situation in the N3F, where a lot of things have stagnated. Talk is not altogether welcomed because it comes from strangers, people we have not met, and a real rapport cannot be achieved, only an imitation of one. But by this same token we are talking from individual hemispheres and if we are individually productive we might be beneficial to one another. If we become interested in one another we will not remain stagnant and that will be different for us than it was when we were not interestingly communicative, and fandom will be returning to what it once was. We want some magic to what we do, too, to ward off the perils of our present existence without fighting with them, for fighting is joining in to bad activity. I know it sounds abstruse,

Here I would mention the people who strive to become one with others in the Cosmic All, which is a concept which has not been ignored by science fiction fandom. This form of getting together requires telepathy, a thing which does not exist, so the cosmic all and the people adhering to it also do not exist, having a nonexistent requirement. The problem here is that the togetherness of the cosmic all is sexual, and sex is telepathic, and the reason telepathy does not seem to exist is that it is sexual and hence is not discussed and is kept quiet; you can't ask adherents of the cosmic all what

they are into, unless you get into it also. Do you notice that feelings come from people who have your sexual attention? There wouldn't be much to sex without those feelings, but they are conveyed without anything visible being there. Print is related to what is visible, though of course in fantasy the imagination takes flight. Sorcerers strive to cause illusions to occur which will dissipate and leave people standing who were interested in it. Rather avant-garde too.

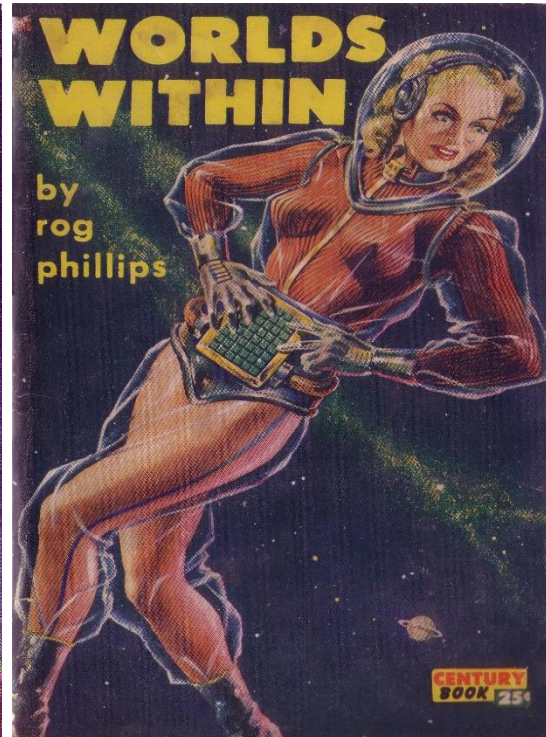
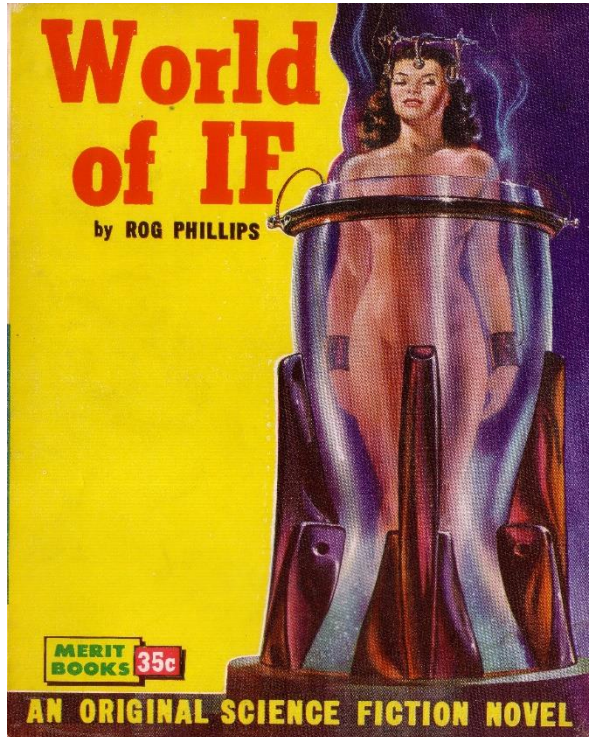
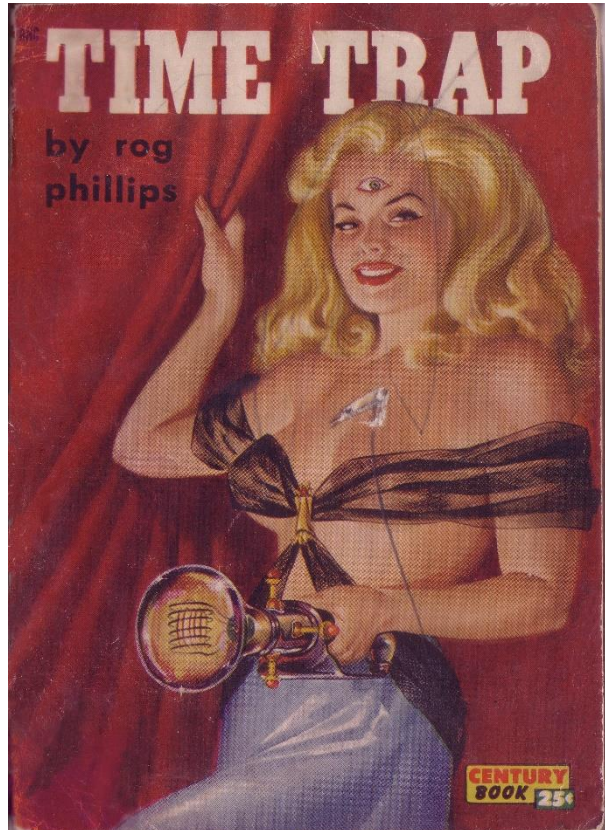
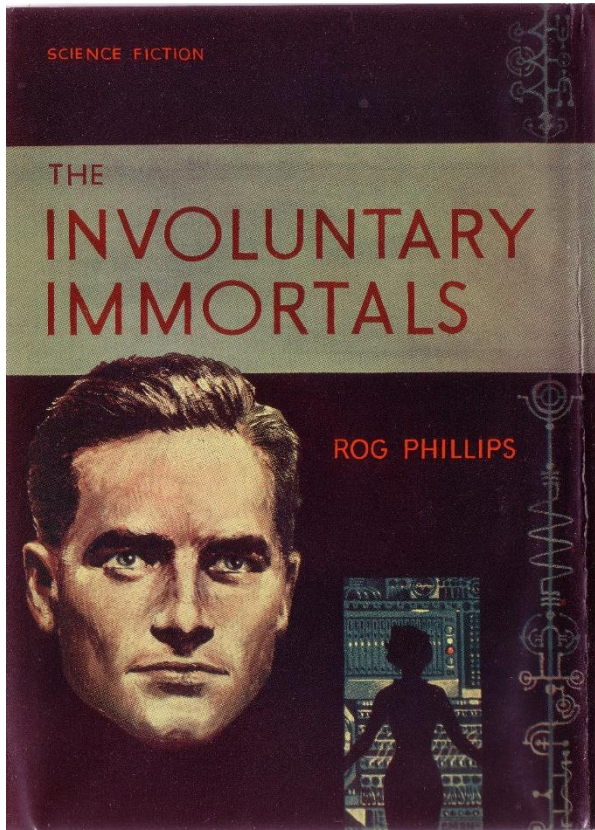
Here I am saying that in being members of the NFFF and other fan organizations, we cannot be identifying with the general angst and anger of the present time, and the negativity that has come to pass. When ALL the reading matter sounds discouraged, we are not finding much comfort in reading—but I am trying right here for an attitude which is not generally discouraging, and which turns away from the evils of the present time. Let us not accede to the collapse of things; let us instead do things a bit different than they are presently being done, and more to the profitability of ourselves and those around us. That is what a science fiction organization should be like, not a feuding mess. I joined the N3F hoping I could get some positive action started, instead of everyone calling other people a bunch of indecent crumb-bums. That's why I quit the N3F some years before this; the "politics" in it was vicious. The incoming President declared my fanzine, then also called IONISPHERE, invalid, and appointed someone else to do the bureau zine. Someone took it up and changed the name of the zine to Skiffy, and told me "I feel like Judas doing this, but it's the way things are going". I allowed my NFFF membership to lapse; the dues were coming up then so it was easy to part ways with the NFFF. There was at that time no reasoning to the contrary of the attitude of sabotage of it had by the organization, because the attitude had by the people had not been clarified, and people were being blocked by people making dubious assertions for doing so. Now a lot of this riddle-my-ay is gone and I think it is time for the organization to develop a more positive attitude. One of doing right. Not iconoclasm.

The Ghods look on.



malware activity

Roger Phillips Graham by Jon D. Swartz, N3F Historian



Roger Philip Graham, (*aka* Rog Phillips) was born in Spokane, Washington, in 1909. He graduated from Gonzaga University and then did graduate work at The University of Washington. He most often wrote his science fiction (SF) under the pen name of Rog Phillips.

Although he used several other pseudonyms, including house names, only Rog Phillips, Craig Browning, and Melva Rogers were the notable ones used in his SF and fantasy writing.

Graham was most associated with the Ziff-Davis magazines in the mid-1940s through the 1950s—principally **Amazing Stories** and **Fantastic Adventures**—and some genre critics feel his stories did much to raise the standard of the fiction these pulp prozines published at the time.

Mundane Occupations

Before he became a full-time writer after World War Two, Graham worked as a power plant engineer and as a shipyard welder. Earlier he had worked at other jobs, including farm laborer, plumber, construction worker, and carpenter.

In the same interview in which he listed his several previous occupations, he stated that the last thing he looked like was an author. At one time he taught a writing course to prisoners at San Quentin.

Activities in SF Fandom/Personal Life

In SF Fandom he was known principally for conducting an influential fan column, "The Club House", that ran in *Amazing* during 1948-1953. This column, created by editor Ray Palmer, reviewed fanzines and covered other fan affairs—and was later revived in **Universe Science Fiction** (1954-1955) and still later in **Other Worlds Science Stories** (1955-1956). These columns were later collected and published by SF fan Earl Kemp as *ROG PHILLIPS' THE CLUB HOUSE* (2014).

Graham was married from 1951 to 1955 to fellow fan Mari Wolf, who ran a similar column, "Fandora's Box", in the SF magazine **Imagination**. After he and she divorced, Graham married Honey Wood in 1956. Wood was also involved in fandom, and at one time all three were members of The Outlanders, a Los Angeles SF Club for members of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society (LASFS), who lived in the "outlands" of Los Angeles.

Graham also contributed pieces to various fanzines during his time in fandom, including his "autobiography" ("Christ: An Autobiography") that appeared in the September, 1950 issue of Art Rapp's fanzine **Spacewarp**. Graham once said that any of his fan writing could be reprinted in any fanzine without his permission—and that he felt his fan articles were some of his best writing.

Graham was also very appreciative of his fan mail. He once wrote: "Fan Mail is the answer to my being able to so consistently sell my work. I've had rejections from publishers, but I have never written a story I haven't sold. I hear that other authors have their sacred pile of rejected stories that have made the rounds and have been given up, their current half dozen hopefuls that might be sold yet in the expanding market. I don't have a single reject hanging around, nor do I have any stories out 'making the rounds'. When I write a story, it's sold. Fan mail has done that."

Graham was a close friend of fellow SF author, Chad Oliver, and was best man at Oliver's wedding in 1952.

N3F Activities

Graham was made an honorary member of The National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) in the early 1950s. Both Mari Wolf and Honey Wood were also N3F members. In fact, Wood was quite active, at one time serving on our club's Directorate and also heading up the Membership Activities Bureau.

Genre Novels

All the stories listed below were published under his Rog Phillips pseudonym, unless otherwise indicated.

TIME TRAP (Century, 1949) [cover illustration by Malcolm Smith]

WORLDS WITHIN (Century, 1950) [cover illustration by Malcolm Smith]

WORLD OF IF (Merit, 1951) [uncredited cover illustration]

THE INVOLUNTARY IMMORTALS (Avalon, 1959) [dust jacket illustration by Ed Emshwiller]

Representative Short Fiction

"Atom War" (1946)

"The Mutants" (1946)

"Battle of the Gods" (1946)

"So Shall Ye Reap" (1947)

"Armageddon" (1948) [as by Craig Browning]

"Starship from Sirius" (1948)

"M'Bong-Ah" 1949

"The Robot and the Pearly Gates" (1949) [as by Peter Worth]

"Face Beyond the Veil" (1950) [as by Franklin Bahl]

"Null F" (1950) [as by Peter Worth]

"To Give Them Welcome" (1950) [as by Melva Rogers]

"The Cyberene" (1953)

"Lady Killer" (1953) [as by Franklin Bahl]

"The Yellow Pill" (1953) [his most reprinted, and perhaps most memorable, story]

"Game Preserve" (1957)

"Rat in the Skull" (1958) [nominated for a Hugo]

"Ground Leave Incident" (1958)

"Services, Inc." (1958)

"Lefty Baker" Series

"Squeeze Play" (1947) [as by Craig Browning]

"The Immortal Menace" (1949) [as by Craig Browning]

"The Insane Robot" (1949) [as by Craig Browning]

"But Who Knows Huer or Huen" (1961)

Stories Reprinted in Anthologies

"Game Preserve" in SF:58—THE YEAR'S GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY (Merrill, 1958)
"The Yellow Pill" in SF:59—THE YEAR'S GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY (Merrill, 1959)
"The Yellow Pill" in BEST SF 4 (Crispin, 1961)
"The Yellow Pill" in A SCIENCE FICTION READER (Harrison & Pugner, 1973)
"The Yellow Pill" in SCIENCE FICTION (Brodkin & Pearson, 1973)
"The Yellow Pill" in THE ASTOUNDING-ANALOG READER, VOLUME 2 (Harrison & Aldiss, 1973)
"The Yellow Pill" in INTRODUCTORY PSYCHOLOGY THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION (Katz, *et al.*, 1974).
"The Hypothetical Arsonist" in MURDERERS' ROW (Hitchcock, 1975)
"Rat in the Skull" in INTRODUCTORY PSYCHOLOGY THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION (Katz, *et al.*, 1977)
"The Yellow Pill" in SCIENCE FICTION (Brodkin & Pearson, 1979)
"The Yellow Pill" in WEEKEND BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION (Gendall, 1981)
"Game Preserve" in SCIENCE FICTION A TO Z (Asimov, *et al.*, 1982)
"Game Preserve" in BEYOND ARMAGEDDON (Miller & Greenberg, 1985)
"Game Preserve" in ISAAC ASIMOV PRESENTS THE GREAT SF STORIES: 19 (Asimov & Greenberg, 1989)
"The Yellow Pill" in ISAAC ASIMOV PRESENTS THE GREAT SF STORIES: 20 (Asimov & Greenberg, 1990)

Note: Stories are listed by date of publication of the anthology in which they were reprinted.

Awards/Critical Comments

I don't believe Graham ever received an award for his writing, but he was nominated for a Hugo Award (Best Novelette) in 1959 for his story "Rat in the Skull". He received an earlier Hugo nomination in 1956 in the Best Feature Writer category.

In one of the GREAT SF anthologies he edited with Isaac Asimov, Martin H. Greenberg wrote that "The Yellow Pill" was one of the best perception of reality stories ever written and then further commented: "It is also evidence of what 'Rog Phillips' could have accomplished if he had a more demanding editor and/or greater motivation."

In the light of these comments, it's interesting to me that Graham's most praised (and most often reprinted) story, "The Yellow Pill", was published in Astounding, and his only Hugo-Nominated story, "Rat in the Skull", appeared in **IF**. At the time these two stories were first published, both Astounding and If had strong editors (John W. Campbell, Jr. and Damon Knight, respectively).

Concluding Remarks

Graham also wrote mystery and adventure fiction, often under his John Wiley pseudonym.

He died of heart failure in California on March 2, 1966. He was under a doctor's care for the last six years of his life and was scheduled to have heart surgery to replace a defective valve. After being hospitalized for a preoperative period in late February, 1966, he was placed into intensive care after he lapsed into a coma. He never recovered. He was survived by his wife, Honey.

Some of Graham's work is currently available through Project Gutenberg; and recently, Armchair

Fiction of Medford, Oregon, reprinted in new paperback editions several of his SF stories, including his four SF novels originally published in book form during 1949-1959.

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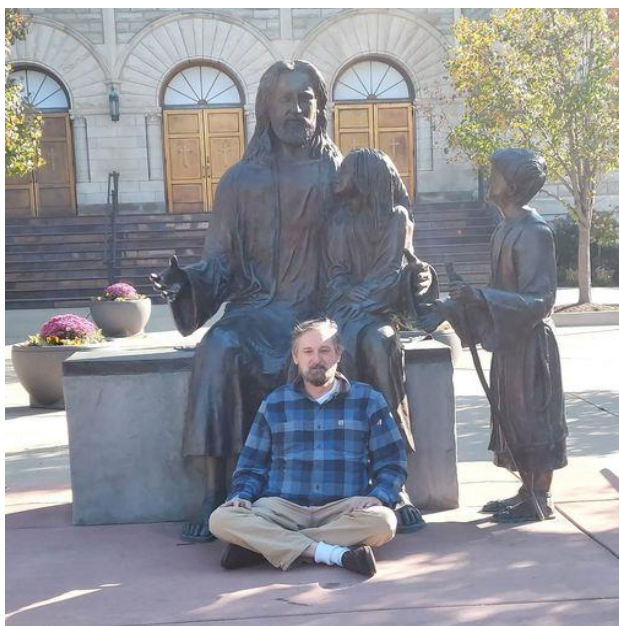
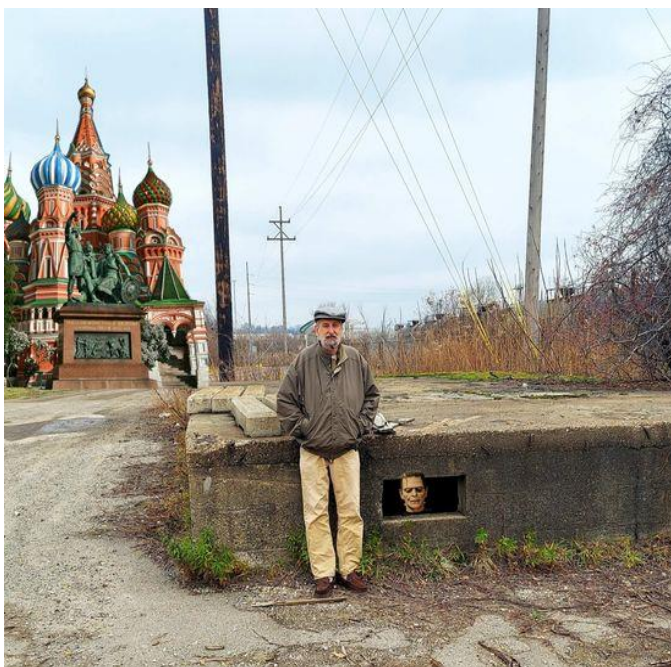
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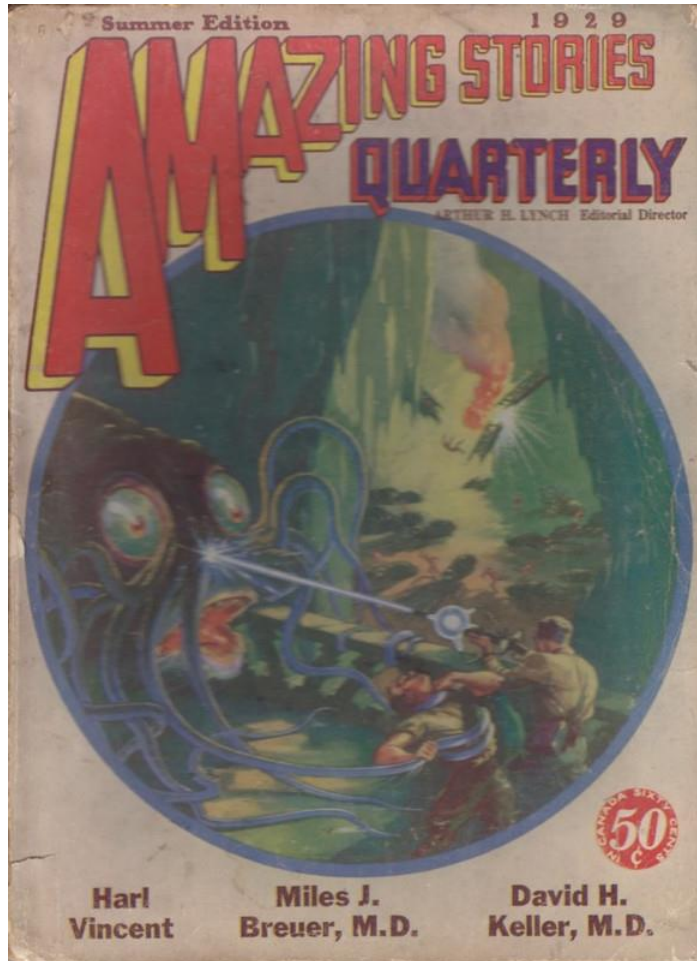
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Note: In addition to the above, various Internet sites were also consulted, including Wikipedia, ISFDB, and Fancyclopedia 3.

OUR OLD PAL REDMOND putting in a word for him



Into the past by Martin Lock



Let us start by going back over nine decades here, to the Summer 1929 edition of **Amazing Stories Quarterly** – volume 2 number 3. It was another thirty years before **Galaxy Magazine** reached a fifty cents cover price, but that was what was being asked for here – a substantial chunk of change back then, but it did get you 144 large “bedsheet” size pages, plus covers. The editor at this point was Arthur H. Lynch. “Our cover this issue represents a scene from ‘Venus Liberated’ by Harl Vincent, in which the Tellurians and Venerians are battling on the gallery of the council chamber, with the royalty of the intelligent beings inhabiting the interior of an invisible planet near Venus.” The artist is uncredited. Harl Vincent’s 69-page “complete interplanetary novel” is the main event here; also included are “Rays and Men” by Miles J. Breuer, M.D., “White Collars” by David H. Keller, M.D., “Paradox” by Charles Cloukey, “Doctor O’Glee’s Experiments” by T. Proctor Hall, and “The Singing Moonbeams” by Edward S. Sears. The contents page doesn’t mention the features—Doc Breuer earned himself an award of fifty dollars for a guest editorial, “The Future of Scientifiction”, while in the back there are some letters, under the headings “Your Viewpoint” and “Editorials from Our Readers”.

While the inside front cover advertises books “no home should be without”, from Experimenter Publications, they aren’t actually given as this issue’s publisher, and the “Statement of Ownership, management, circulation, *etc.*” at the back talks of “Irving Trust Company, owner, as Trustee in

Bankruptcy of the *Amazing Stories Quarterly*", so times were difficult. The *Quarterly* did keep going into 1934, if not always at four issues a year—and the regular *Amazing Stories*, after a gap or two, is still running, albeit a bit sporadically.



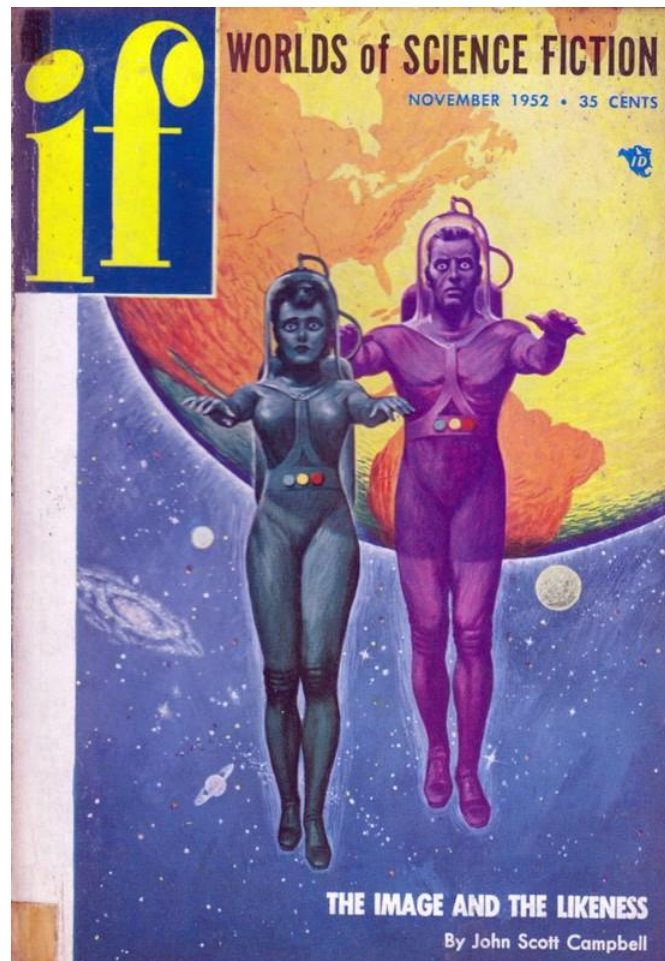
"Unloading empty fuel tanks on the moon" is the description for the Chesley Bonestell cover on the October 1960 issue of **F&SF**, celebrating eleven years of publication—they're up to seventy-three now. The list of authors is impressive, though Isaac Asimov is just writing his usual science column, and Alfred Bester is reviewing the books. Alan Drury is the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *ADVISE AND CONSENT*—while the Miller in question is Wade Miller, described in the story's introduction as a "distinguished mystery-writing combination"—Robert Wade and William Miller, in fact. The James Blish novelet, "The Oath", starts the issue, while the Philip Jose Farmer one finished proceedings; it's a Father Carmody tale.

Allen Drury's "Something" follows the Blish novelet, while "Inside the Comet" is the Arthur C. Clarke story, followed by "Welcome" by Poul Anderson, "From Shadowed Places" by Richard Matheson, "Interbalance" by Catherine MacLean, and "The Sight of Eden" by Howard Fast, "How Lucky We Met" by the Wade/Miller combo follows the features, and Farmer's novelet "A Few Miles" concludes the issue.

In the review section, four books are covered by Alfred Bester in three pages, after he deftly sidestepped the issue of defining science fiction and fantasy, in favor of "somewhat broader

horizons". THE WORLDS OF CLIFFORD SIMAK is a twelve story collection, and Bester calls him "a master of the Narrative Hook", to captivate the reader. Mark Clifton's EIGHT KEYS TO EDEN is "a novel that should have been a short story". As for OUT OF BOUNDS, Judith Merrill's collection, he calls it "a warm and colorful rendering of the minutiae of the future". Lastly, he reviews a novel "from that great trail breaker" **Unknown**, L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt's THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER, which "holds up amazingly well after twenty years".

Oh, and there's a Feghoot as well, number 32. He tells of how the Premier of Cuba, on a visit to India, wandered the countryside sightseeing, while the Prime Minister of the host nation, waiting for their meeting, grew angrier and angrier. Yes, "Fidel roamed while Nehru burned..."



This copy of **if**, from November 1952, has a suitably hypnotic cover by Ralph Joiner. The magazine had only begun in March, so this was the fifth issue; the editor was listed as James L. Quinn, but the "A Chat with the Editor" editorial was signed "pwf", for Paul W. Fairman, who is generally credited with just editing the first four issues.

The lead novel took up fifty-three of the one hundred and twenty pages: "The Image and the Likeness" by John Scott Campbell. "Up from the horror of Hiroshima came a god. He gave the people hope and for this they killed him—as they have always killed their gods". This was the sixth of his seven sf sales—the last was the following year, while the first two were written back in 1930.

John Jakes contributed the issue's novelette, "The Running Hounds", which begins with a little

poem, entitled "Ballad of the Black Years":

The bombs fell down from a steel blue sky
And the long, long night began
Where hellhounds ran with eerie cries
And the beastling—chained—was man.

After that, the four short stories, hopefully more up-beat, were by Richard Matheson, Noel Loomis, Horace B. Fyfe, and M.C. Pease. The five page "Science Briefs" was by R.S. Richardson (or "Philip Latham" when writing sf), while the "Personalities in Science" three pager, on Leonardo da Vinci, was by Paul W. Fairman. And three pages of letters closed the issue—entitled "The Postman Cometh..." The last letter ended with the query, "Maybe you will turn monthly soon?" The letters didn't have actual editorial answers after them, but the title the letter had been given was "Maybe we will". A different magazine from the Frederik Pohl era title, for sure, but an interesting start.



The Coming Year by Judy Carroll



The year, 2022, is coming to an end. In a few days it will pack itself up and disappear to wherever used years go, leaving the memories of over seven billion people behind.

Memories are strange entities. They exist somewhere in a person's mind. Sometimes in the foreground of the mind where you can easily remember what your prom date was wearing. Other times they pop in at the strangest moments to send you back several years to when you were a child. Instead of standing in line at a grocery store you suddenly find yourself waiting in line at the drinking fountain while your classmates are a few yards away playing dodgeball.

Sometimes memories are brought on by smells. While talking to a new acquaintance the air shifts, and the fragrance of your grandmother's perfume wakes up a memory. You are in your grandparents' bedroom playing with your sister and your grandmother's ferris wheel.

Memories can also be deceiving. You would bet money that you were home watching the superbowl when the winning touchdown was made. Then someone reminds you that you were on a camping trip at that time and heard the game on the radio.

Memories can be such complicated things, here one minute, gone the next.

I've often thought memories should be filed and put away for future remembering.

Years ago I started picturing a long corridor with many doors on each wall. This was the Hall of Memories. Each door was labeled with Memories. One door might say 4th through 5th year, another 18th through 21st year. While another door might say birthdays, thus giving faster access to certain, hopefully pleasant, memories. Of course there would be a door with Sadness or Heartache in tearful grey letters. This is the door we never want to go through, but somehow we allow it to take up more space than it deserves. Happiness is also a door, one we usually prefer above all other Memory Doors. This door holds all the wonderful memories from our Life So Far.

So, what are we going to do with our memories of 2023? Are we going to let them file themselves, hoping good memories will not be tarnished by being mixed up with sad memories, because memories can be so unreliable?

I suggest we make an effort to file our memories where they should be. Get a notebook, or several, and label them: Happiness, Achievements, Humorous Moments, N3F Highlights, *etc.* You can add sadness, if you like, by putting in the correct details rather than letting your memory trick you by

combining Uncle John's burial with Cousin Amy's wedding, because they both took place outdoors and involved lots of flowers, even though they were five months apart.

If something positive happened at work or while with a friend or family member, write it down. You could also make a notebook of quotes and things that you read that really inspired you. Make a list of books you read and what you think of them, and whether you would like to read them again or recommend them to others.

The point I am Trying to make is Take Charge of Your Memories. Don't let them take charge of you. Then, at the end of 2023, you will have a group of accurate memories, hopefully positive ones, that you want to keep, not ones that will keep you awake at night trying to remember what you can't remember.



NORTH POLE. Photo acquired with 21st Century scientific methods

GOING OVER THE ISSUE

It seems to me there's a lot of controversy possible in Martin Lock's columns. Not with Martin himself, of course—that would be feuding. But with the goings-on he describes about the magazines. Things a reader might complain about. For instance, it looks like some things about the issue of F&SF are fraudulent. It seems to me that F&SF was slipping at about that time. I see 1961 as the year that there were a lot of changes happening in science fiction magazines. They seemed like changes for the worst. For instance, F&SF was ameliorating, taking in Western and Detective fiction that had been given a fantasy touch, and avant-garde writing which was often inscrutable as to its meaning. The Feghoot items also seemed to bring down the quality of the magazine.

It's difficult to read of a science fiction magazine being bankrupt, as with *Amazing Quarterly*; it must have been due to the national depression and to the lack of support of a literary establishment. Too much free enterprise there. Science fiction is so dissociated from literature in general that it's often been beating its way into the public range, rather than having a standard circulation. Readers of it became oppressed; they weren't able to explain what it was they were reading. There has been an objection that when Hollywood made science fiction movies, they weren't advertising it as science fiction, and they wanted people to know that their form of reading matter existed. Since 1970 people have been blaring that there's writing called science fiction, and the readers of science fiction have been causing that. Ultimately there was a television station called the Sci-Fi channel, which was certainly into the public eye, but it took advanced television, cable and the dish, to pick it up. Network execs, anyway, became aware of science fiction.

Both Jon Swartz and Martin Lock have been introducing readers of *Origin* to the exciting aspects of science fiction with magazine covers and covers from the earlier science fiction thrillers, which the readers of today may not have had a sight of amidst all the packaged dross of the modern day book world, with publishers, agents and distributors who seem rather cut-throat.

Swartz brings up Rog Phillips, who was certainly a dynamic influence in science fiction. Reading about his working life brings to mind that a lot of science fiction writers seem to be in the working classes, rather than having desk jobs and being in the middle and upper classes. Several have called themselves "Jacks of All Trades". Yet science fiction is very intellectual. But the working classes seem to give sf a lot of body and bring a lot of action to the writing. Phillips' titles are exciting and very reader attractive. They give me a yen to see some exciting adventures. But I would call in question those later titles—"Rat in the Skull" and "The Yellow Pill". These may be among his best stories but they aren't titled well. With those earlier, news-stand salable titles, why does he have titles like these in the late fifties and sixties era? I can't imagine a man who would go into a magazine shop, see a title like "Rat in the Skull", pick it up, look it over avidly, then purchase it, shouting "Why did I not hear earlier that a literature like this existed?" The title reminds me of the scene in *NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR* where Winston Smith was being threatened by O'Brien with a caged rat, which he put up against Smith's face, which was kept from moving by his being locked into a chair, and said he'd set the rat loose, and it would thereafter eat its way into Smith's skull. Smith had nightmares about rats that the people in

the Ministry of Love had found out about, too, so he could be said to harbor a "rat in the skull". Very strange how that title would fit that story so nicely. He was being persuaded to betray his woman friend. I can't think of any other plot a title like that would fit. I suppose "M'Bonga" could have been titled "Ants in the Pants" and had a similar title. And "The Yellow Pill" seems not to be tops in reader attractiveness either. "What would it contain?" they could wonder.' Considering what's in a story, it could be arsenic, a soporific, an addictive drug, a consciousness-expanding form of dope...but then the reader could realize that those things would be trite, and there would be something new in the capsule, perhaps a wonder drug or a smart pill. He would have to read the story to find out what was in the Yellow Pill. But we find "Rat in the Skull" was nominated for a Hugo; I was there at that time and none of my correspondents mentioned this nomination but perhaps they didn't hear about it. And "The Yellow Pill" was selected for the year's best science fiction anthology by Judith Merrill (who I note also included "The Fly" in one of her years' best anthologies; my assumption is that an uninteresting title didn't put her off on her search for the best. (Her anthology, OUT OF BOUNDS, which I noted in Martin Lock's column, had a good SF title, as did another of her anthologies, BEYOND HUMAN KEN.) Phillips' titles which I considered of outstanding interest were BATTLE OF THE GODS, SO SHALL YE REAP, ARMAGEDDON, and THE IMMORTAL MENACE. I've read none of these myself.

So, as we see, both columnists could chase up a little controversy, if not higher forms of fantasy and science fiction interest. That's what I mean when I say, don't our readers find anything to comment on in all this? But I think, anyway, that they're highly affected by looking at those action futuristic covers. (Present social trends seem to discourage anything but formulated action.)

Judy's column is adding much to our own publication, with considerations of life about us and how we are living, so much of interest to a group of people working on a project together. She advocates, I think, taking more interest in our own lives. I think that we should take more interest in our own bureau as well, rather than far away things. And in one another, as well. I, for one, hope the New Year will be a lot better than things have been, and have decided to resolve that I'll be looking for better in the year to come.

Recently I have had a computer breakdown; my computer equipment had become outmoded and ceased to function well. My brother got me a new "laptop" or as I prefer to call it, "desktop" setup, and although it doesn't malfunction, it is nowhere near as good as what I had; as a result I'm expecting this issue not to be as well formatted as previous issues have been. It operates in a very haphazard manner and has popups and absurd instructions accompanying it. It was the cheapest we could find, costing three hundred dollars, and I suspect from all the scamming I'm getting that the purchaser of it is considered a sucker. I've been receiving misinformed notifications as well. This is mentioned by way of warning all that I am not certain of how well I will be managing things as the future comes up. I'll be doing my best, though. We are awfully dependent on our equipment to maintain this fandom. I'm asking George Phillis if he can repair this on the other end if necessary.

What about what I had? It's antiquated, can't be sold or redeemed. It will have to go in the junk pile, as have some of my other computers along with the robot typewriter I used to do Pablo Lennis

on. One throws one's junk away behind one's progress as one forges on with one's computer system.

