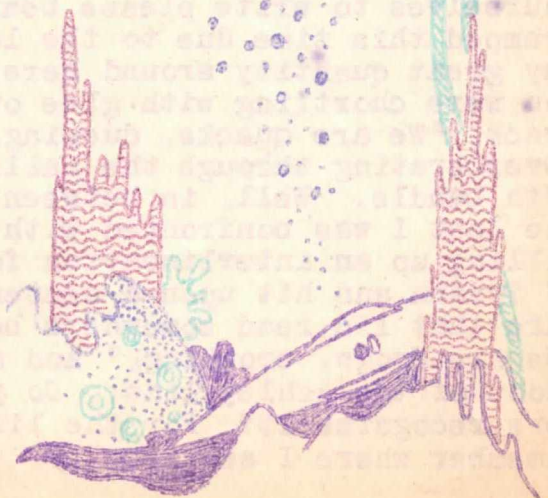
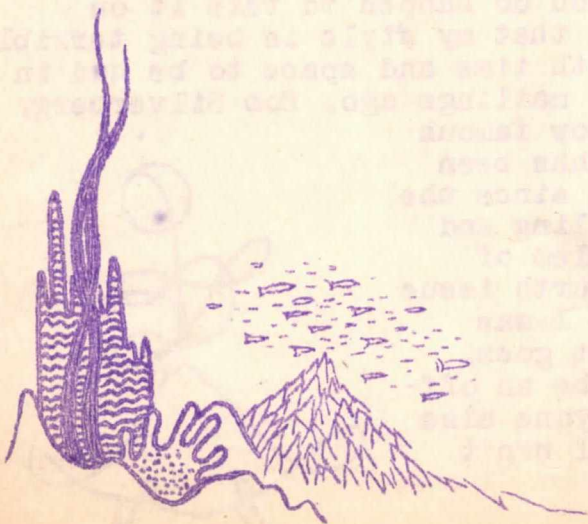
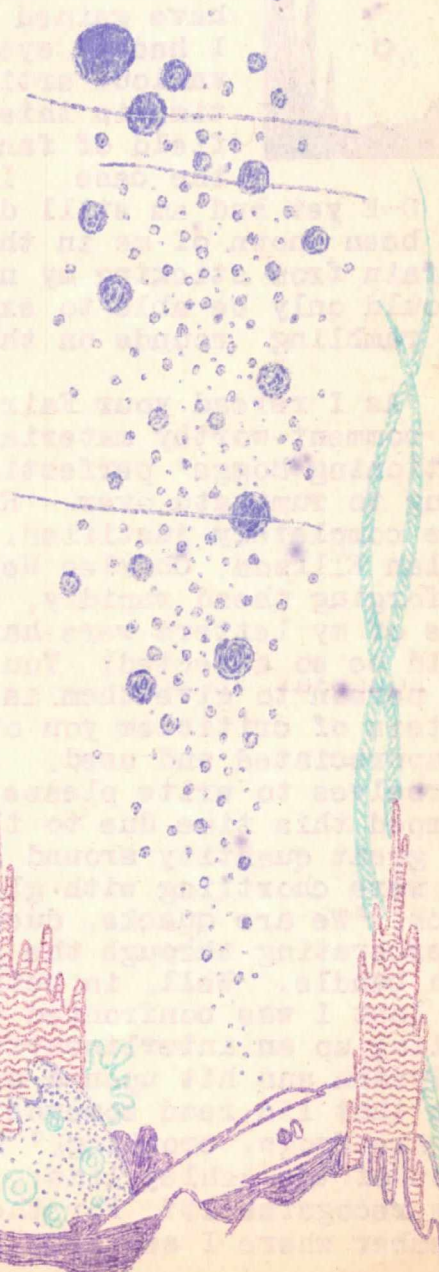
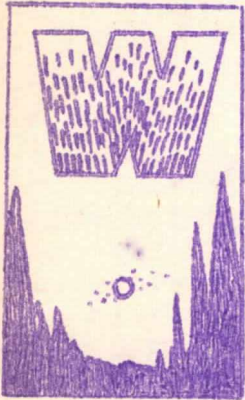


Downward Tide



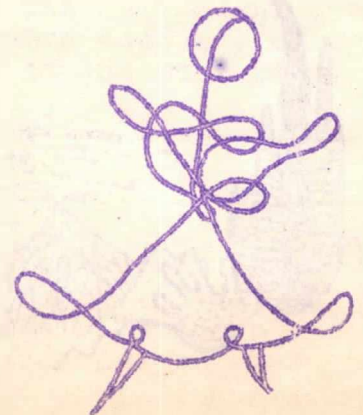
The Albino Utters



WHEN THE BASIC IDEA of D'Journal d'Art was haltingly conceived it was furthest from my hectic dreams to consider that the first issue of my brainchild would be borne in this state. At the time the plans were drawn up I thought that at this time -- in fact, long before -- that I would be the newest addition to the fannish rollcall of either Minnesota or California where I fully expected to have gained sufficient knowledge from one of two artschools I had my eyes on at the time in L.A. and Mpls. to enable various articles, which I intended running from time to time in this submission, discussing odd phases of the art field of fandom, to be written. But alas! Such is not the case. I've not had to send a moving statement to

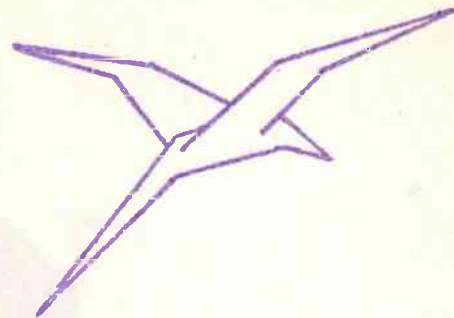
the O-E yet and am still doing my fanning from the same position that has been known of me in the past -- lying down. Therefore, I shall refrain from sticking my neck out and writing about something on which I would only be able to express opinions and will instead compose a few rambling sounds on the last mailing.

As I reread your Fair Hair cover while looking through the bundle for comment-worthy material, Dave Ish, your supposed interlineation mentioning Boggs' perfectionism carried to his letters, gave me something to ruminate over. Recently I've received three letters which were completely justified. The persons who so honored me were Harlan Ellison, Charles Wells, and a new-comer to fandom who seems to be forging ahead rapidly, Don Cantin. Quite frankly, I knew that some of my letters were hard to take but I never realized that fans could be so affected! You do need comments on your humor but I'm not the person to give them as I'm badly in need of some myself. Any letters of criticism you other FAPs care to send my way will be greatly appreciated and used. If a few of you do happen to take it on yourselves to write please bear in mind that my style is being terribly cramped this time due to the lack of both time and space to be had in any great quantity around here....A few mailings ago, Bob Silverberg, you were chortling with glee over the now famous crack, "We are quacks, ducking," which has been reverberating through the halls of FAPA since the 57th bundle. Well, in between this mailing and the last I was confronted with the problem of filling up an interlineation for the fourth issue of Tyrann and hit upon a sentence which I was sure that I'd read somewhere before that goes, "We are frogs, croaking," and may well be an offshoot of the Ashley line. Do you or anyone else here recognize it? For the life of me I can't remember where I saw it.



The other night a few friends came up to the house at my invitation and as often happens

at one of these 'too gay' parties the suggestion was made and carried that we stay up all night. When both the beer and the gamesters had been exhausted we sat around in the parlor and watched T-V until the last after-midnight show had made its exit. After this idle conversation was bandied around until about 3:00 P.M. when one of our number who was sitting near the set turned it on to look for a box of matches he had lost, all the other lights being turned off. In about a minute the set had warmed up and both myself and the conscious members of our party were surprised to see a musical show being televised. We puzzled over the oddity until the screen suddenly went blank. Someone ventured the explanation that experiments might be going on at the station and directly this thought was accepted. Could any of you T-V sharks tell me if such nocturnal emissions are uncommon?....In succeeding issue of this publication the review column which you are now trying to read will be carried on. However, if you or your mag is not mentioned in this installment, please do not feel slighted as no attempt is being made to rake over the long dead material that is the last mailing. I'll hit everyone next time!



THROUGH THE REDUCING GLASS: Richard Eney, prominent SAP and FAP, recently became chairman of the N3F's Welcomittee Bureau when that position was vacated by Nan Gerding...Rapp is now stationed in Texas; see F-A for particulars...A new 50 page quarter size fanzine comes from Don Cantin, 214 Bremer St., Manchester, N.H. It's a very neat little job and Don's sense of humor which needs a little polishing to take the dirt off from it, livenes the pages up. Try a copy; you'll never miss the dime...Bobby Stewart writes that he will soon be starting off a new zine named Fansiful, to specialize in humor. If what I see in his letter is any indication of what we can expect on its pages I suggest you write Rt. 4, Box 8, Kirbyville, Texas and ask for a copy. Bob closes his letter with, "So long; I got a date with an egg and I don't want to break it!"...As any fan who starts contributing written material to fanzines with any great regularity knows, R. J. Banks is still looking for reviewers to put on his 'Pro-Mag Parade' staff. Elsberry treated this item in the August TLMA and by the list of mags that he gave which Banks still needed reviewers, in his column there, I see that R. J. has gained a few men and said good-bye to about as many in the same amount of time. Personally I think that this is going to turn out to be just another one of fandom's lost race stories..

* On the other hand I have five fingers.*

D'Journal d'Art has been presented for circulation in the 62nd mailing of the FAPA by Rich Bergeron, R.F.D. # 1, Newport, Vt. This is issue number one, dated Jan. 1953. Copies are available to a very few outside this organization and their harsh comments will be welcome. Next issue will be out when Van Splawn -- my publisher whom I owe many thanks and money -- and I have the time. Cheerio!



