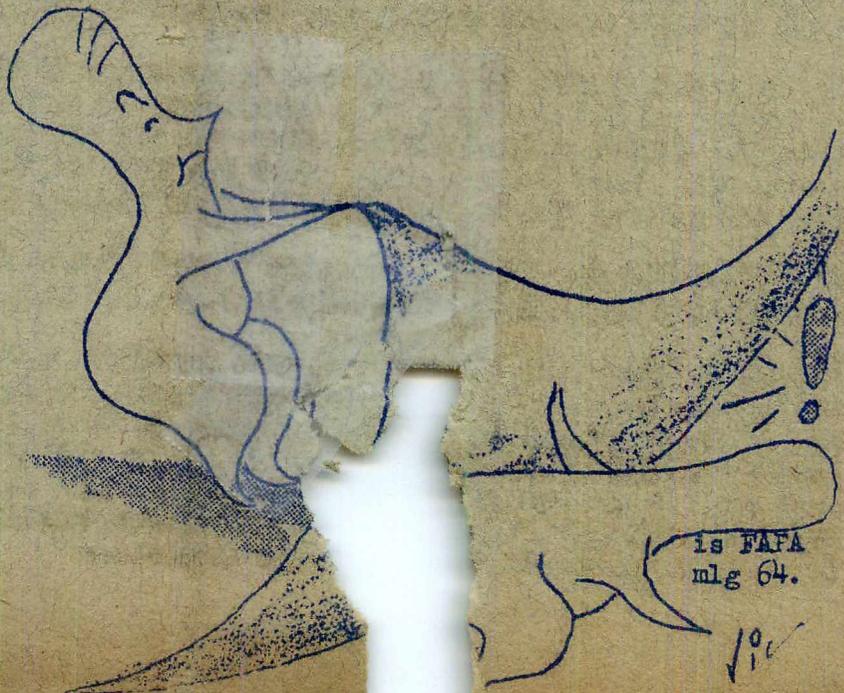


RICHARD BERGERON  
Rt 1  
Newport, Vt



is FAPA  
mlg 64.

10/16



# EGAD!

IT'S - VICK!



What have we here? Y' got me. ...that is, to be grammatically correct, you HAVE me. And you have some puffins. And you have a couple of witty guests from San Fran, name of Bobby Stewart and Terry Carr. You all know Terry Carr, of course; you're familiar with the name of Stewart, too, tho I can't guarantee you whether this is the original Bob Stewart or not; could be the natcheral-born San Fran Stewart, could be the one from Greenville, or Kirbysville, or Brashoe happen to be out in San Fran visiting. You gotta take your chances. Wanta take this chance to thank them two fine gentlemen for their trouble; they stenciled their bit for me; if they hadn't, I'd have never had time. In fact, I'm not TOO sure I've got time, as it is.

Anywee, due to a few circumstances that mistakenly let themselves come within our control, you now find yourselves with a copy of EGAD! in your hands. (Exclamation point optional.) If you're a member of FAPA, you will find attached to EGAD, a copy of one Vernon McCain's BIRDSMITH. (An irrelivant /irralivent? YOU look it up! / pause to give thanks to Ghu that there IS only one Vernon McCain...) If you have recieved EGAD! for some reason other than fapa membership -- like being an enemy, or for some other reason deserving crool punishment, you won't find BIRDSMITH, as VLMcC said it's strictly for FAPAs.

So we have my first entry into FAPA. Oh, yes -- my name is Shelby Vick, address generally something like Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida. Which fact I mention with a mite of ire. Irritates me to pick up a FAPazine and not be able to find out who's responsible for it without consulting the FANTASY AMATEUR.

As might be a bit too obvious, I'm not using much correction fluid. Oh, I have some, and for extremex errors, I'll dab a little on. But that always holds up my stencil-cutting time a tremendously. I wait at least a full minute for it to dry, which wastes quite a few minutes. When I complete a thoroughly corrected stencil, the stencil is so spotted with correction fluid that it looks like it has the chicken pox.

I remember once, when cutting stencils for cf., I read an entire Mickey Spillane novel in those minutes waiting for the fluid to dry...

Oh, yes; this oughta be a good time to apologize to Vernon for the lousy job I did on several of his stencils. The excuse for the first two is that I needed a new ink pad. That's understandable, since the old one had been put on about eight monyhs ago. Then I wasn't sure about how much ink to use in a run. It worked out okay for several sheets, but a few were left spotty when I tried to cut down a bit.

**ATTENTION, VAN SPLAWN:** This is also a good time to remark that I agree with Vernon's comment that DEAR MADELEINE should be reprinted in a subzine -- so, Van; may I?

'Sa funny thing. I have ~~received~~ some two-three FAPA mailings now, yet I still have no idea as to how to go ~~about~~ who pping together a fapzine. I know that there are no real rules -- and maybe a ~~what~~ what gives me trouble. Since there's nothing requested further than 8 p ~~year~~ year, you're pretty much on your own. I guess I must lack in originallit ~~ness~~; I suppose that it's time to announce this is FAPA business, and maybe a s ~~key~~ key business, rekeasted (I hope) in time for mlg 64. It's being mailed one d ~~the~~ the deadline...

# KINGDOM OF THE BLIND

by BOB STEWART and TERRY CARR

Leeh lifted back the lace curtains of the big bay window overlooking the muddy murkiness of the Swamp. She surveyed the length of the ooze, and finally caught sight of something shining in the sunlight.

"Mail!" she screamed and was off down the path to the edge.

There, bobbing in the blogginess, was a bottle containing her day's mail (naturally, since Leeh was a BNF, her mail usually arrived in five-gallon jugs). Today, however, there was no five-gallon jug awaiting her eager orbs, but instead there was a container closely resembling a corn-squeezin's jug.

"Oh, of course," Leeh intoned happily. "A letter from Burbee."

Removing it from the jogging jug, she turned and scampered back upon the rambling, tumbledown structure that she laughingly termed a porch and inside the shack.

Tripping lightly across the room, and old sign bearing the numerals "770" suddenly came between her and her Burbee-Letter-Reading-Chair (Leeh had a chair for reading mail from all of her different correspondents: one with a shamrock for Willis, one shaped like a coffin for Tucker, and so on) and she fell, spinning swervingly onto the cold planks of the cabin. Underneath her the jug from Burbee burst, throwing off blinding rays of light.

"By the Holy Almanac--I'm blinded!" Leeh exclaimed.

Feeling her way around the room, Leeh found a chair and sank into it, only to discover that it was the Peter Graham chair, which was, naturally, nonexistent, since most fans don't believe in Peter Graham anyway. Picking herself up from the floor (why don't you try it?) ((yourself we mean, not Leeh)), she staggered around the room some more, until she finally found the Burbee chair and sat down in it.

Once, twice she shook her head, trying to clear her nonexistent vision. "Oh no," she thought, "don't tell me I'm going to be permanently blind! Roscoe, how will I evade the arduous rushed of lnf's at con's if I can't see them coming?"

## Stewart and Carr II

She sat and contemplated her fate for awhile, moaning the while.

Then, like the brave fake-fan that she was, she decided to look at the brighter side of things. "Well," she thought just a trifle happily, "at least I won't get eye-tracks on my mags any more."

The next day, as usual, her mail came floating lazily down the syrupy swamp in a bottle...this time Leeh was baffled: how to read the letters?

Retrieving the bottle from the ooze, Leeh stumbled back into the Hovel and opened the bottle. While doing this, she noticed by the shape of it that it was a beer-bottle. "Hrrm," she thought, "Who do I know who lives in Milwaukee--?" Then, chuckling, she exclaimed: "Oh yes...Bloch."

Removing the letter from the confines of the bottle, she noticed that it was typed on onion-skin paper. "Egad," Leeh thought, "Bloch must be in one of his writing slumps if he's this short on money." Sighing, she put it aside unread.

There was another letter the next day, this one from Warren A. Freiberg. Naturally, since Freiberg pounded the keys so hard, Leeh was able to read it easily via the braille system, and learn just why Ray Palmer was a great science fiction editor and a credit to the profession.

Soon another bottle arrived, this one quite travel-worn. "Must be from England," she thought. Opening it quickly, she was astounded and galaxied to learn that it was typed in infra-red. It was a letter from Arthur C. Clarke, naturally. "Ghu! what a colossal ego he has!" Leeh exclaimed. "Nothing stops him from having his writings read."

The next arrival, about a week after her unfortunate mishap, seemed to her to be rather large and heavy. She finally got it into the Hovel, however, and unplugged the stopper. Then she heard a familiar voice say, "'Tis a pity that I did not have a rolled-up blanket to wrap myself in so that I could arrive like Cleopatra."

"Walt!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here? I thought you were on your way back to Ireland!"

"Sure and I'm supposed to be," Walt said, "but they didn't have enough money left to pay my boat passage back, so they got me hopped-up on milk shake and dumped me in this bottle and set me adrift in the Gulf Stream. They reckoned without my talent for getting into trouble, though, for the Stream suddenly changed course at the last moment and brought me here."

"For that last crack," said Leeh coldly, "you can help me with the third annish of QUANDRY."

### Stewart and Carr III

"Great Foofoo!" Walt exclaimed. "Not that!" He hopped back into the jug and was soon again on his way.

"...It was only going to be a 150 pager," Leeh muttered unhappily.

After several days, Leeh decided that it was useless to go on this way, and summoned her personal doctor, L. W. Carpenter. In a short while he came, carrying the traditional carpetbag that marked a true fake-fan.

Without a word he strode past her and opened the bag, taking out something that was supposed to be a stethoscope, but on cold days it also served as a stove-pipe.

L. W. placed the end on her knit sweater, just above the large Q that was embroidered on it. Placing his ear to the other end, he listened.

"Nothing," he muttered, and reached farther down into his bag. This time it was a mirror.

"Say "AHHHH," he said, and rammed it down her throat. "Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Just what I thought. Your eye-teeth need to be pulled." He withdrew the mirror as an afterthought.

Next came a large pair of pliers that also served a dual-purpose: every New Years' he used it for removing annish staples.

"O-o-open wide." Again the squishing noise as something twice as large as Leeh's mouth went down the yawning gap.

Finally the ordeal was over, and Lee's eye-teeth were out. Carpenter reloaded his carpet-bag, tipped his hat (Leeh noted with disgust that it was not a confederate cap), and left.

It wasn't long before Leeh's mouth was healed, and she soon discovered that she could read fanzines by holding them inside her mouth and looking at them through the holes where her eye-teeth used to be. Naturally, MICRO- soon became her favorite fanzine.

This went on for a week or two and Leeh at last decided that this method was no good either. For instance, how could she read the monstrous annishes that were appearing more and more frequently? How could she read SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN or CONFUSION? The thinner letter-sized fanzines could be mounted on a postcard-mimnograph and rotated in her mouth, but the annish and such were too big.

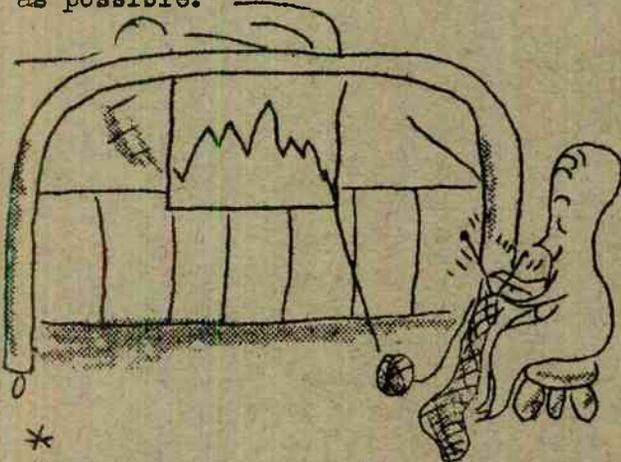
That, dear readers, is why Leeh has left fandom. She says that she is going to night school...this, of course, is absolutely true. But she neglects to state her real reason for going to night school...

You see, she wants to learn to read in the dark.

DEAR 'TO-EVERYBODY-IT-MAY-CONCERN', AND YOU, TOO --

As a lot of you know, I've been sick. Polio. Was lucky, as it only involved a batch of muscles feeling as if a batch of charley hosses had set in; this kept me from sleeping several nights, and has left me a little weaker than I usually am, and took off a bit of weight which I couldn't afford to lose. Anywee, I'm recovering comfortably, but not yet up to going back to work. Doc said to get out and exercise, to get my muscles back in shape. (sidelight: Been after mussels to get muscles. Went out to the lagoon after scallops. Also into the Gulf for a bit of swimming. Doc says swimming is about the best exercise.) So now I'm kept quite busy getting myself back into shape. Don't stick around the house much, so don't get to keep up a lot of fan commitments. So we've got a reversal. At first, I couldn't keep up with things becous I had to stay in bed. Now I can't becous I've got to stay OUT of bed, and in fact, out of the house and moving about as much as possible.

CASE HISTORY	
Mon	3 bottles
Tues	2 bottles
Wed	3 bottles
Thur	1 bottle
Fri	1 bottle
Sat	several more
Sun	no more gin



So now, once again, I need to have some way to explain things to everybody who may be thinking, "That stupid Vick, did he forget again he was supposed to do a thing for me? Or owes me a letter?" or, "Wonder if Vick's dead? Doesn't he know Tucker's got a monopoly on that?" or else "Thank Ghu! Maybe I'm finally rid of that Vick character." And, also once again, I am solving the problem by mimmy-o. Being a real hep sort of cat (not at all related to the ones who were exclaiming, 'Dig that cuh-RAZY grave!') and also lazy, I am in-

\*cluding this in FAPA #64. This way it will automatically reach most of those concerned (...or unconcerned.) I'll run a few extra on the back of lazy letter forms to send to those poor unfortunates what ain't fapans.

Also will take this opportunity to ask a question. (First, to explain.) While recuperating, I have been playing a lot of miniature golf. Seems that this fad is being reborn. Is an interesting game. Like Pogo, I am interested in living off of the fad of the land, so have been trying to figure a way to COMBINE miniature gold with another fad of which you may be aware -- a tend towards this crud called 'science fiction.' Any of you guys and gals out front there familiar enuf with carpet golf to have any smart ideas of working the two together? Some sort of science-fictional hazards, maybe...?



Cerely,

*Shelby Vick*

Shelby Vick  
Box 493  
Lynn Haven, Fla

\*This is one HELL of a joke, as the Duchess would say...



WITH FACE SO RED --

And a Crazy, Mixed-up Inkpad

Seems that polio, with the aid of natural procrastination, kept putting off work on this FAPA material. And finally when I do get around to it, I find that I've been mistakenly thinking the dead line was something like the 15th. Y'know when I finished the assembling?

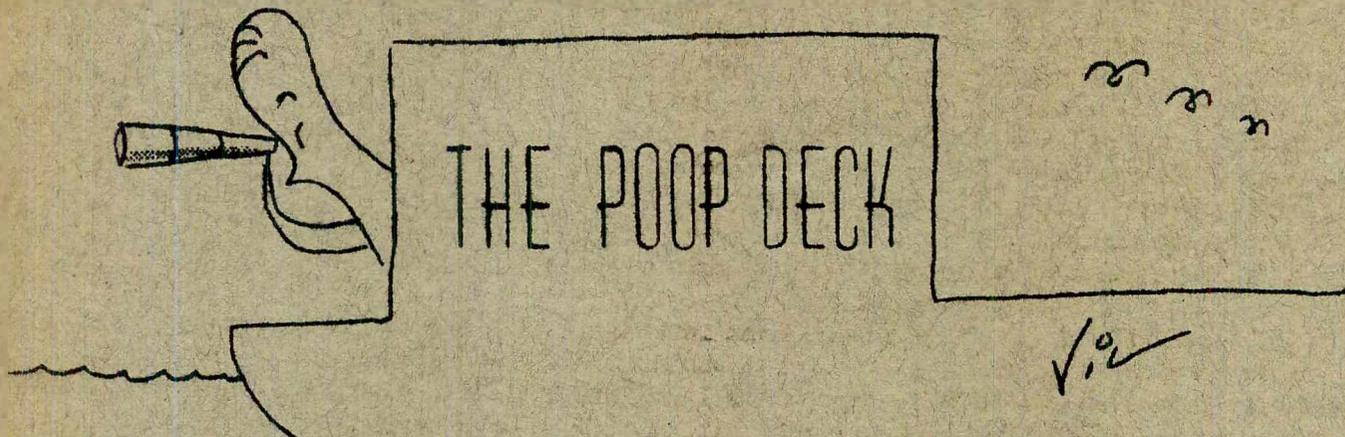
Friday night.

There wasn't much chance, I finally realized, of getting it in in time for the official mailing, so I fear this is a bit post-mailed.

With the aid of some strips of paper I have on hand, and a used inkpad, fugitive from a past colorec cover, and a bit of twisting of Dick's arm, (AB Dick, that is) here we are.



Since I still haven't quite got the hang of things, and since I've got a nonexistent filing system which has lost me several different FAPA mags from the last mailing, I'm afraid I won't give a full report of what I think of the 64th (wuuups! 63rd) mailing; instead, there'll be only a brief backward glance; a few highlights. And so -- without too much further ado -- we present:



Well, first of all we have

and next, a lot more

mainly on accounts that I just went to look for the few copies of the 63rd that I could find. I couldn't find 'em... Maybe I can piece together a few comments from my memory & BIRD SMITH's reviews. BIAPAN KAMIKAZE -- some fen probably got quite a bang out of this. THE STAR ROVER contained some darned good material. (Witty remark, that.) Reacted to Leeh's POLAROID DAIRY same as Vernon. Good to see some of the old Lee style. If you could put 60,000 words of this together, Leeh, you'd have a best seller on your hands... FLOP -- Chuck, one o' these days you & I should do a combo as Vernon & I are doing. On one side is you, with FLOP; on other, is me, with FLIP. SKY HOOK, as always, is tops. Once again, Vernon mentioned the main thing about it that stood out -- the letter to the future fan. (This brings to mind an interesting fact; I suppose all of you, in the beginning, went thru the stage in which you think that fandom is a big group of people who think just as you do, and have pretty much the same tastes, etc. Then, little by little, you discover that you're wrong; there are just as many individual likes and dislikes here as there are in any section of life. So it's rather astonishing that McCain and I still seem to have so many parallel (like I said, YOU look it up!) opinions. Of course, the longer we know each other, the more diverse opinions we find we have. F'f inst, I like Donald Duck...

Well, now I'm in FAPA. So I'd better brush up an interlineation or so. For this time, how about

---

"Is you sure you needs a cuckoo?"

---

which is from that treasury of interlines, POGO. But I personally feels that Pogo is being usurped. Me-thinks there is much to be said for the comic from which comes a good sign-off interline. The soul-stirring cry of

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"ROO-WAH!"

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