

This is the first page—the cover, you might say. By rights, there should be a title hereon, with a scintillating coverpic, the information that it mailed as a follow-up to the first mailing of Seventh Fandom Amateur Publishing Association (7APA) and all sorts of data, both pertinent and impertinent.

Instead, we find an essay entitled:

#### ON TITLING A 7APAZINE

When Ellison first announced that he was going to christen his proposed 7APazine:

ZORTCH—THE MAG THAT'S RIGHT IN THE OLD

our first impulse was to rush into print with one called:

CESSPOOL—THE MAG THAT'S LEFT IN THE OLD

But Harlan switched to ELLISON'S WONDERLAND (which seems a natural) and Cessie's chief excuse for being was withdrawn from existence. "Cesspool" has unpleasant connotations to some—even Al Capp has remarked that "...a Cesspool is not to be sniffed at." But we're fond of pool so we considered:

WHIRLPOOL—THE REVOLUTIONARY FANZINE

Only we couldn't see where it would very revolutionary. Our material seemed pretty humdrumb....why not?—:

WHIRLPOOL—THE MAG THAT GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND AND DOESN'T GET ANYWHERE IN PARTICULAR

'Twas vetoed.

We kept dawdling along. An issue of GRUE was whipped up for FAPA. Somehow we didn't like the idea of having a whole string of GRUES...one each for FAPA, 7APA, SAPS, etc. Next thing we'd know, someone would come up with an article called "Five Little Fanzines And How They Grue"...nope, a new title was needed.

We thought of SPACEWOOF but passed it by out of fear for a lawsuit from Art Rapp who might charge mutational plagiarism on his title SPACEWARP. So exits SPACEWOOF. For all time to come.

In febrile desperation, we thought of "AW-DAGGWK!" but turned it down out of consideration for the fannish tongues which might be dislocated in a vain attempt to pronounce it. A member rose and suggested "LACE CRETIN" out of a clear, blue sky. He was shouted



But, somehow, even a name like CYANIDE, etc., didn't spur us into publication. We dallied...and shillyed and shallied. Finally unable to wait any longer, Miss Dunn sallied forth with Mailing #1.

Now it was too late. We had missed our Golden Chanct. No longer could we get in the first mailing of 7APA. O the bitterty, the wormwood, the gall divided into three living parts or vivisecti

The picture was completely changed. Now we had to come up with something in the Monday-Morning-Quarterback tradition. HINDSIGHT...REAR GUARD...TAGALONG...BETTER LAIT THAN MORTIMER... THEY-WENT-THATTAWAY...BUSTLE...CAUDAL COMMENT...ECHO...

We went by devious routes to FS and thence to POST SCRAPS (abandoned because Maggie uses it in his maggyzine, "SF") and from there to things like EDGAR ALLEN POE'S CRYPT.

Too long. Bah.

For a while, it seemed DEFINITELY (there's your egoboo, Bill) established that we would use a MAD-COMICS type title, e.g.

"The Title Of This Fanzine Is  
U N P R I N T A B L E ! ! ! "

and call it "UNP" for short. One day, perhaps—quién sabe???

Quién indeed?

But, for now, we wanted something brief so as to cut down the time spent in drawing it onto the master. Fanzines should have short names for this reason. Just think of all the time Magnus must spend in stencilling SATURDAY MORNING GAZETTE on his masthead. Something sheepish—expressing our chagrin at missing Mailing #1. Something to evince our humillificatory attitude. How about A Wesley's initials? We were desperate. We tried it. Here's the first issue ever of:

How does it feel to be aw-struct

AW

WHICH WAY'D THEY GO?



HUH

Page Zweiback



(And you know, of course, that an Old Crow is a beast of Bourbon?)

Quite apart from the fact that it's too late to have gotten this into the regular mailing, we still think there are good reasons for mailing this out direct to the consumer. There's a worthwhile saving in postage for one thing. We think that the Post Office is making too much money the way it is.

Besides that, there are a lot of folks to whom we want to send this who are not on the "approved list" for 7APA. People of unimpeachable charm, sterling worth, the epsom salts of the earth, veritable paramours of virtue. Are they to be bereft of this deathless (unfortunately) prose merely because they are not on the list of The Chosen? Nay, nein, non no (English), no (Spanish) and nyet!

Take Ted Wagner, for instance. He brings out the very first of all 7APA publications and his name isn't even on the list! Well, by the uranium urether of a Uranian, he is on our list!

Just offhand, we only see about 8 members out of the whole 21 who have published a blame thing in the last two months. The people who are keeping fandom alive these days are the ones who are still grinding out their fanzines. People like the Share sisters, like Richard "Polter" Geis, Larry Balint, Shawn L. Magnus Jr., Denis Moreen, David Ish and his brother Codi, Ray Thompson, Bob Featrowsky, Hank Martin, Walt Willis, Larry Anderson, Terry Carr, Charles Hall, Ron Elik, Bob Texas Stewart, and several others.

Besides that, we intend to bombard our friends with this—at least those whom we think might enjoy it. A copy goes to that noble Canuck, Bill Stավdal, to Arlene Brennan the Berkeley Bombshell, to Robert Bloch (leave him out? how unthinkable can you get?), to Russ Watkins, Shelby Vick, Hal Shapiro, Bill Calabrese, Paul Mittelbuscher, Ken Slater, Earl Kemp, Dale Graham, and one to be passed amongst Plato Jones, Arden Cray, Eric van Lhin and Lynn Hickman.

There are names on your list of people who have studiously refrained from commenting on numerous letters and fanzines, etc., which were sent them. We can see no particular reason to send these a copy of this since—presumably—they wouldn't read it anyway. There are other names of fans who perished giving birth to an annish end may never fan again...who haven't been heard from in months. Take, for instance, Don Cantin.

There are even a few names on the list that we don't want to send a copy of this for another reason. We like them but they don't like the kind of yoolazawpery that we might stoop to in these pages. We would rather these folks only viewed us in our more staid and studious moments. This is not for them—for them, no minstrel's rapture swells, for them no knote of knonsense knells.

So we're making up our own little list of people who get this. Either you got it or you wouldn't be reading this, would you? If you don't care for any more all you have to do is to keep mum and you will have seen the last of it.



MAILING...comment on 7APA Mailing #1

AFFINITY--David Ish Whoa, boy!--I'm not quite the only senile hulk in 7APA...Geis, Peatrowsky, Silverberg (?) and Venable are all in their 20's and nobody could ever call Silverberg "beardless"...he's fearsomely hirsute. Matter of fact, by the time I was your age (15?), I had to shave every other day to avoid the appearance of a well-downed duckling. I haven't had a barkeep question my age since I turned 16--but that's all quite irrelevant. The only thing I really regret is that I didn't get into fandom when I was your age. I could be a Hallowed Old Name by now. I might even be a demi-god like Tucker and Bloch. Don't confuse this with "demi-job" which is a fractional comfort-station for the semi-fundamental. #Certainly, you've turned out the most provocative and thought-stimulating item in the mailing. PROLOGUE is an interesting postulate and one I can't remember encountering before. It shows unmistakable signs of What It Takes To Write SF. Thinking up the bases for stories like that is the hardest part. This might be compared to the wire framework which a sculptor builds to be later covered with clay--if the skeletal structure is soundly built, the surface is amenable to endless poking and pinching and prodding into a pleasing whole. #As for S-O thinking (and this is another fine bit of framework), have you ever noticed that a place or a town looks quite a bit different the first time you visit it than it does after you've been returning to it for a long time? Pick a spot with which you're quite familiar now and search back through your recollections for your impressions of it the first time you ever saw it...see if you feel the same way. #THE OBJECTIVE VIEW is one damfine chunk of writing and I think it's a refutation to the people who think fan fiction is for the birds. But Balint may disagree. Drop around the east paddock for your floral horseshoe.

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I am strolling down mummery lane.

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DEFINITELY--Bill Dignin Cartoonery is definitely your forte and I must abjure you to hold the forte at all costs. This is not to be confused with the Fortean Society. The point to the cinnamon-flavored spaceship escapes me just now but the hairy, many-toed critter at lower left of your cover half-asphyxiated me from laughing. You think Filler #27 was funny?--how about #528? #Flipism reminds me of the two acrobats who met in a bar and flipped each other for drinks. #Du bist ein spahnfrinkel. #Your challenge is accepted...sledge hammers in six feet of water? #Cute poem by Geis--it just occurs to me that "dg" could also stand for Dick Geis. #With your psycho-interline above it, if it weren't for the legs, I'd be inclined to think that the critter on "page nicht" was a spotted adler--if it only had spots. #Five-foot-nine, eyes of green covered with scales...touché, é?(read "eh?"). #Reasons for getting this issue were so hilarious as to cause severe discomfort. I'm glad you didn't send me any heroin as I am a bentlam-eater myself. Unless, of course, it was one of those heroins on a PLANET cover! #You're an authority on the movies, Bill--how did you like ABBOT & COSTELLO MEET THE BOBBSEY TWINS???

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You read these things?

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SHALL WE SALLY FORTH PAGE



We came here to talk for Joe.

DRIFTWOOD--Sally Dunn Cute name, well chosen. Attractive format. I'll bet that's the first time the Ellison mimeo has ever carried a stencil without justified edges! Even edges?—who needs 'em? Please note our rightedges which are carefully and artistically deckled. #Sun-Barreis have a ferrous and ironical taste to them. #Digninonsense on page 3—omigod! In case you've forgotten, Cleveland was A-bombed off the map by Bob Heinlein (PROJECT NIGHTMARE, AMAZING, Apr-May 1953)—or hadn't you noticed? #Picture of NGB by Ellison is the most devastating bit of caricature I've ever seen! Obviously Harl has artistic talents what ain't even been scratched yet! #Much as I hate to have to wrap a brick in with the bouquet, do we have to run stuff like the Eisberry lines in that play? I know all the other APAs do, but I can't for the life of me see the necessity of scattering rude words through a fanzine. I've shied away from stuff like that in my general-circulation stuff because I know of several of my readers whose parents also read what I put out and I don't specially want to give them that kind of impression. The fact that Eisberry might have said just that still doesn't justify its inclusion in my opinion.

Would a lady Buick be a Roadmistress?????

ZEEPS--Jack Harness One of the finest things in the whole mailing. Especially this full-blown bit of poesy called "GUNNERY LESSON". . . . But never beam a haffey." By Klono's carballooy clavicle, that's RICH!!! #Do you think gongs are cymbalic? What in the ever-lovin' is that gizmo you drew at the bottom of page one? It looks like a cross between a willow whistle and a stoker for corncoobs. . . . and, if you count Dracula, who'd want to stoke brams anyway? #Pic of Art Wesley on cover obviously shows Kincannon as he is writing with his left hand—Art is a northpaw. #Eric Frank Furter—speechless, that's what I'm. How about Robert Brich? #Your editorial is so dammm funny it's even worth deciphering... wish you luck on your acquisition of a new duper. #Bee Tree Honey Wood, right?

"If this is 'TOPS IN SF' then Bottoms Up!" --Redd Boggs: Corresp.

ELLISON WONDERLAND--Harlan Ellison Good to hear from you again, boy! I'm crazy about de Luna's cover. Could "de Luna" be another of your pseudonyms by any chance? Just thought I'd ask. #Well, I's sorry we crossed you up in your "review". Of course, we could have tailored this to your specifications the way JWC built up a whole issue of ASF around a reader's letter that time, but then... #Wish I could have seen CLOUD CHAMBER! #personally, I don't favor "exclusive societies" and the mere fact that I'm on the inside of one for once doesn't make me feel any different toward them. I just hate to see anyone barred from ZFAPA just because he's a member of some other group. Neither FAPA nor SAPS have a board to rule on eligibility and I can't see the necessity for one here. But that's just my barefooted opinion.

He'd always wanted an uncle so he helped his antelope....



THITH ITH PRETTY SIXTH, ITHN'T IT?

Next issue—an article from Shelby's odorless cousin, Aire Vick!

NIGHTMARE--Larry Balint You didn't care for WHACK, hmm? I didn't buy it for the simple, simon-pure reason that I don't think any blasted 3-D comic is worth a quarter. In fact, 3-D is becoming synonymous with 3rd rate in my mind. They seem to feel that the novelty will carry any old sort of sorry plot—this being true of the movies, the comic-books, the movie-mags and the little cards inside the boxes of breakfast-food. There's a rash of puerile imitations of MAD appearing in 2-D comics too—CRAZY, WILD, EH!, etc. One of them, EH!, is so conscientiously putrescent that Redd Boggs was moved to remark that, "Even worse than MADness is EH!ness—Skinny EH!ness, that is." I think it would be sacrilege to comment on a thing like that. #I'd love one of those photos of the Night Owl eating moths! Reminds me of a passage in a recent letter from Bloch, "...but in writing to him, I was intentionally vague. Of course, if I'd been writing to Nydahl, I'd have been even VEGA." #I'm more than a little fascinated by this revolting-combination deal. Have you tried any of these? Dill pickles with marshmallow sauce. A thick slice of baked ham, topped with mint ice-cream and kidney-beans. Tabasco sauce in Benedictine. Cocoa laced with epsom salts and/or castor oil. Horse-radish on baked apples. Mayonnaise on pumpkin pie. String-beans and crushed pineapple. Steak with chocolate frosting. Harvard beets with maraschino cherries. Well, you might try 'em!

Read any good fan fiction lately????

HOO HAW--Bob Peatrowsky & Ray Thompson Yeah, I've often thought of the fact that you two are "Bob & Ray"—but, unfortunately, never when I was writing to you. By the way, Bob & Ray have another stake in fandom—Wally Balloo first appeared on their program. Funny how fandom ignores Arthur Godfrey. Shelby Vick once said he'd heard that Robert Q. Lewis is a reader of s. Your cartoons were really good—I especially appreciated the one of the block (anyone I know?) saying "Why I remember back in 3rd Fandom". #Gad, we really started something with this tic-tac-toe routine. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the one captioned "Last chance" would sell to some cartoon-hungry prozine. I've seen Howard Browne run cartoons which weren't 1/32nd as funny! It pains me to say it, fella, but some of your prose is a bit repetitive, not to say redundant. This two-guys-and-a-typer, what'll-we-say-now? routine has been done to a frazzle. And the take-that-gun-out-of-my-back gag is a bit old too. Cheer up!—next time you can write comments on the previous mailing! #CUSHAW was the best thing in the issue but don't tell Hank! I said so or he will be impossible to live with...as if he weren't! Yes, Hank—English is a strange language and as a fan he isn't so damn ordinary either! (Dave—kommen sie back onct!—we need more illos!) That bit of dialogue with the lady-bug was worthy of The Immortal Walt himself (Kelly, that is)! You should have drawn this into a comic strip, complete with Pogonian characters, etc. #All this talk about personal dimensions reminds me that I was always going to point out that Art Wesley weighs 355 pounds and is eleven feet, eight inches tall. #Drink Pluto water with your Mars bar as you sit in your Mercury convertibobble. #Did you guys ever write that yarn you once spoke of—THE SATURNALIA OF THE SATURNINE SATURNIAN?

So he sat there drinking presidentes till he got the delerium trumans.



R A N D O M U T T E R I N G S

(With apologies to Burbee and Willis, both of whom sometimes carry on in this fashion for pages and pages and pages &c.)

\*Who's a bloody provincial? \*Yes, I definitely think we should judge Abraham on his own Merritts. \*So he slapped her on the knee and struck her fancy. \*Rutabaga sherbet is your most economical dessert at this time of the year. \*November 29th to December 5th is National Buy Your Child A Pet Ocelot For Christmas Week. \*If you dread the coming of Christmas, it may well be that you're a santaclostrophobic. \*Let me live in a house Bertie side of the Wode and be a Woos ter man. \*Bloch says that the trouble with P. G. Wodehouse is there's too many Jeeves and not enough Indians. \*Now is the time to trade in your nasty old engrams for a bush of brand-new roses. \*Perelman may be a long fellow but H. Allen Smith is whittier. \*There was a girl chef in East Norwich/Who loved to put bugs in the porridge/Ants, beetles and slugs/And white, wiggly grubs/Her kitchen was no place to forage! \*He thought a girdle was a girl turtle. \*Omar? Didn't 'e write the H'odyssey? \*Om mani padme hum. \*If you have a pet Sterna hirundo and he seems well behaved, you really should get him a mate because one good tern deserves another. \*...beside me, singing in the watercress. Ah watercress were paraphrase enow! \*Come to me my melancholy Burbee. \*We provincials are bloody but unbowdlerised. \*Danner probably won't like these either. \*If you Vancouver the Pacific Northwest, be sure to Seattle. \*Free bus to the Hotel Asteroid. \*I'll be back to get you Mildred when the grunion run again. \*Two pints make one quad. \*He's crazy about cutting hair—a clippermaniac. \*There's nothing either bad or good but drinking makes it so. \*Do you think women fall into various broad categories? \*All fandom knew by the Multilith's moans that the man at the handle was Plato Jones. \*We jesters are a motley crew. \*This truse is personally endorsed by Captain Future. \*Erin go bloch! \*Parapsychology?—I thought you said parasitology! \*Gently sir—it's Mothers Day. \*My legs are bandy but unbowed. \*So Navy played both middies against Army's end. \*But doesn't Esso petrol come from a hole in the ground? \*Who's for a fourth at Larks in The Popcorn? \*Jean says how about some butterscotch icecream and pickled beets? \*When are the British producers going to smart up and start using American sub-titles? \*When bay meets girl. \*O my achin' Beck! \*Shall we gambol on the gimballs or gamble on the gum-balls? \*Under my uncouth exterior there is an interior what is fairly couth. \*It was due to an Occidental discharge. \*He was a bloody dwarf—a hemogoblin. \*Viva la Ordena Faisano de la Vaca Morado! \*Roast delerium with all the trimmin's. \*Ha!—hoist upon thine own pretzel! \*Cranberries are red and grow in bogs. \*Hot syzygy! \*Tension, apprehension and distension have begun. \*Wait—it looks as though he's trying to communicate! \*A duck is an animal which walks like a woman wearing slacks. \*Obviously, his mimeo is operated by a crank. \*Heraclitus, theraclitus, everywhere a clitus-clitus (courtesy Redd Boggs). \*Half swan; half goose, Anaximander is a swoose. \*Fat? Obese? Overweight and sloppy? Lose unwanted pounds this amazing new way! For details, write Ghouls, Incorporated, care of this station. \*Jack Harness says, \*How about the cool, green 'ells of Grue? \*Feese for the falcons. \*Zines of great fea all but blind us/ wouldst couldst make this rag sublime/ and departing leave ahind us/ egoboo in LIFE and TIME. \*Lice are lousy lovers. \*Alias Jimmy Christmascard. \*Ditto?—that's the spirit! \*And there I was with that damn piccolo. \*You can't keep a good emetic down. \*Sam you made the complaints too long. \*Did you say Uncle?



