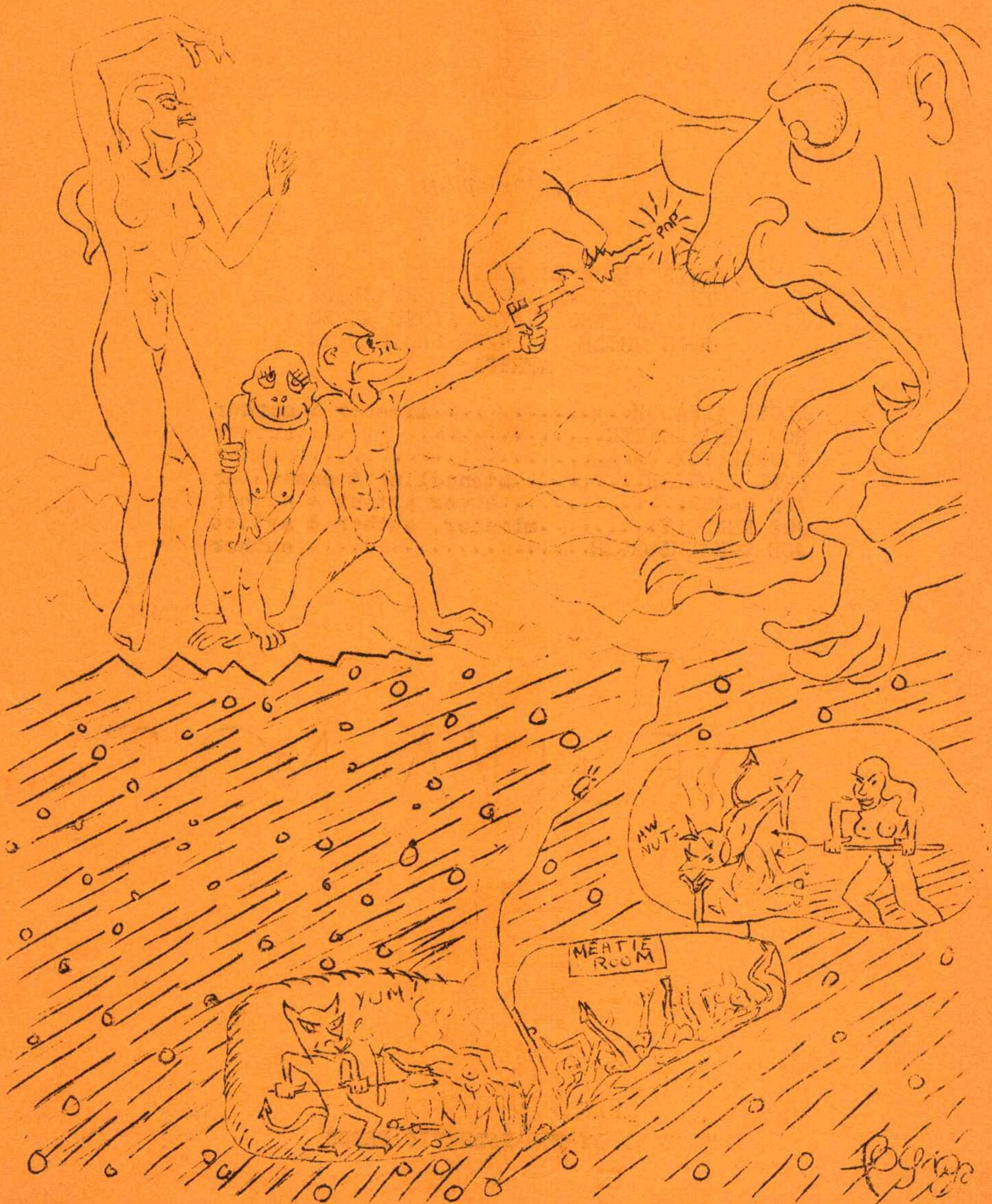


# YELLUM

no. 2



DEDICATION

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO ALL  
THE NOBLE MEMBERS OF THE SPEC-  
TATORS WHO HAVE AIDED ME SO  
MUCH WHILE I HAVE RESIDED IN  
AFRICA:

LLOYD ALPAUGH.....mimeoer & author  
RON CHRISTENSEN.....author  
GEORGE FOX.....author  
PHIL FROEDER.....stenciling & assembler  
JOE GROSS.....cover artist & author  
JOE KENNELY.....mimeoer, author & artist  
JOE SCHAUMBURGER.....author

—O YELLUM NO. 2

Y

# THE CANNIBALISTIC FANZINE

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L L L

SAPS FAPA

L M

1948

Edited and largely composed by Ron Maddox, residing at present in deepest Africa. Editor may be reached by addressing an envelope c/o A. H. Garretson, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia; or his present address: Scott House, Prince of Wales School, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, British East Africa. If addressed otherwise the letter is not likely to arrive.

Published exclusively by Lloyd Alpaugh on the PATHETIC PRESS, with special assistance from Phil Froeder who does the stenciling. Circulation limited to SAPS and FAPA, other people are dopes.

## EDITORIAL

Gad, but I'm placed in the unprecedented position of having to review my own fanzine. The first issue of YELLUM arrived one day, quite as a surprise. It was only through the untiring efforts of the noble Spectators, Messrs. Alpaugh, Christensen, Fox, Froeder, Gross, Kennedy, and Schaumburger, that I remain a member of FAPA (much to the sorrow of most FAPAiens no doubt), thus I owe them uncountable thanks.

I found # 1 YELLUM immensely amusing, though personally I had never intended to let quite so much sordid humor creep in. In the future I think it best to keep the wild animal a little better tamed.

(Stenciler's note: It will be of interest to note, for both FAPA and SAPS members, that the first issue of YELLUM was in part censored by FAPA. Editor Burbee considered a 2 inch section on the next to last page beyond endurance, thus snipping it out with a pair of scissors. SAPS members, however, will be pleased to find that the same magazine went through the 3rd SAPS mailing uncensored. Compliments should be extended to SAPS Director Lloyd Alpaugh for his integrity in not censoring material. Apparently SAPS Director Alpaugh has much more foreseeing vision than editor Burbee of FAPA. Join SAPS and receive the unexpurgated works of fandom ---- Froeder)

It was interesting however to note the enthusiasm of the school here in excepting YELLUM. It took all I could do to get it to read myself, due to the hilarious laughter which followed the viewing of the artwork and contents. I really wonder whether this was good or bad.

Plans for the future? There just ain't no such things, at present in any case. YELLUM will appear very sporadically with the aid of the aforementioned gentlemen, or in part at least, plus a lot of crud inserted by yours truly.

By the time this is seen, unless it happens by some miracle to get in the May mailing, the Torcon will probably have long since ceased to be. Therefore, all we can say is,

AFRICON IN FOUREY NINE

BE A FOURTY NINER AND COME TO AFRICA, PLANS FOR THE CONVENTION ARE ALREADY WELL UNDERWAY. AT LEAST ONE FAN IS EXPECTED TO ATTEND.

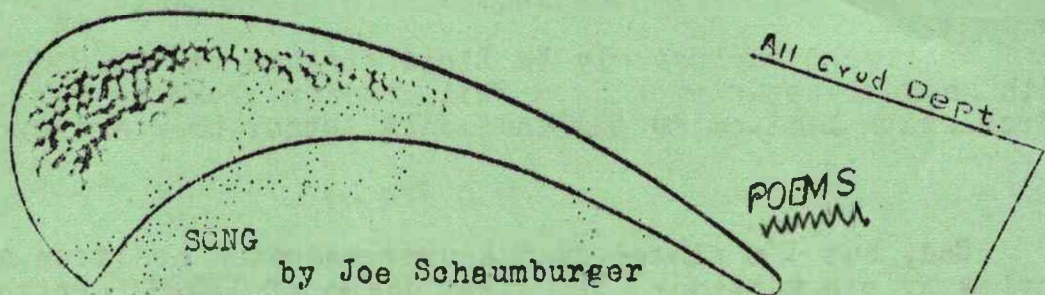
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AFRICAN STEF NEWS CORNER:

Arabs view copy of Amazing Stories; America now at war.

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Cold wave sweeps across Kenya, all inhabitants are warned to stay indoors as mercury drops to 65

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Kenya is harassed by terrific rain storm as .0000000009 inches of water pound down on the drenched inhabitants. Dams are being repaired as rapidly as possible.

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One dozen Esquire Magazines arrive at Scott House, no work has been done since. O'Hara (Oh hurrah), who was responsible, is now quietly munching cheese in his little rat hole.



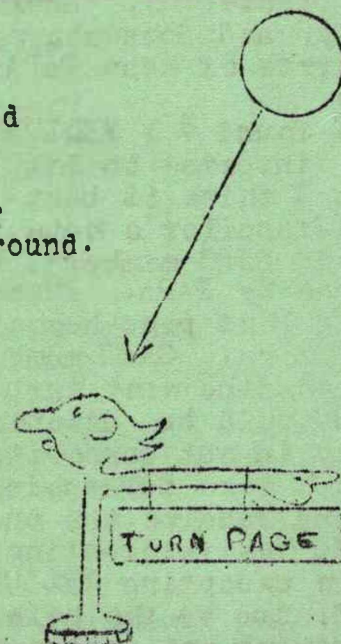
(To be sung to the tune of "There's A Tavern in the Town")

Oh there's a cavern underground  
(Chorus:) Underground  
Where all the deros gather round  
(Chorus:) Gather round  
With their wild, wild hair  
And their ravished maidens fair  
That's where the deros gather round.

-----  
Amidst the mists and coldest frosts  
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,  
He thrusts his fists against the posts  
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

-----  
HYMN TO THE SAPS

On the stern and rockbound heads  
I wasted all my arts  
My genius used in lonely sheds  
To grease up rusty carts  
What good is all my wit,  
Sent to morcns near and far  
When the only use fans find for it  
Is oiling up the car.



# THE HUNTING OF THE FAP

BY

LEWIS CARROL

WITH ADDITIONAL DRIVEINGS BY

RON MADDOX

Just the place for a Fap the First Fan cried  
As he inspected his crew of four.  
Just the place for a Fap, or I'll be fried  
So saying he fell through the door.

The rest of the crew, it may be said  
Disembarked in a dignified way.  
The poor First Fan nearly lost his head  
But the crew had nothing to say.

A mimeograph, there was, to be sure  
Included amongst the crew.  
The First Fan claimed it was only a lure  
The rest could merely say "Pooh".

The publisher of fanmags was exceedingly tall  
And the Newfan exceedingly short.  
The former they didn't know what to call  
While the latter they just called "Wart".

A writer of fiction, whose skill was immense  
Or at least that is what I am told  
Though none of his stories made any sense  
And all of his jokes were old.

And this they had left, with but one thought in mind  
The city of New Rawdosterville.  
That one thought being, "A Fap we must find".  
To capture, to maim, or to kill.

(THE HUNTING OF THE FAP -- CONTINUED)

The First Fan himself they all praised to the skies  
Such carriage, such ease and such grace!  
One could see he was First Fan, and wore no disguise  
The moment one looked in his face.

He was thoughtful and grave but the orders he gave  
Were enough to bewilder a crew.  
He told them to sit, their strenght for to save  
Though the seats in numbers were few.

But the danger had past, they arrived there at last  
With their trunks, steamers, and bags.  
The crew looked glad, the conductor looked mad  
He had never before seen such faps.

Come listen my men, while I tell you again  
(Hey there pay heed you Saps!)  
The marks you should know, where-ever you go  
Of the warranted genuine Fap's.

It's fanmags of course, have a great deal of force  
Though usually without any covers --  
And it seeks ego-boo, with comments so true  
But of ten without though for others.

It's habit of getting mags off so late  
Is it's only reliable failing  
For it always seems behind on the date  
Which causes a many post-mailing.

The third is it's slowness in taking a jest  
Should you happen to venture on one,  
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed:  
And it always looks grave at a pun.

The last is ambition. It next will be right  
To describe each particular batch:  
Distinguishing those that have Amazings, and bite,  
From those that have whiskers, and scratch.

For although common Faps do no manner of harm,  
Yet I feel it my duty to say  
Some are Grulzaks -- The First Fan broke off in alarm,  
For the Newfan had fainted away.

They roused him with fanmags, they roused him with ice  
They roused him with Startlings too  
They roused him with pokes, with mouses and lice  
And told him they had a clue.

"A Clue", cried he, with sudden glee  
As from the ground he leaped  
Yes a clue, cried the First Fan as he looked at the crew  
It has just now upon me creeped

(THE HUNTING OF THE FAP -- CONTINUED)

We must search with hope, and search with concern  
We must charm it with Unk's and Asf's  
We must threaten its life with a Shaver yarn  
And a membership in the Lasfs.

(That's exactly the method, the crew bold  
In a hasty parenthesis cried,  
"That's exactly the way we have always been told  
That the capture of Faps should be tried!")

But oh, squeemish crew, beware the day  
If your Fap be a Grulzak! For then  
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,  
So take you heed my fen.

They sought it with hope, they sought with concern  
They charmed it with Unk's and Asf's  
They threatened its life with a Shaver yarn  
And a membership in the Lasfs.

"There is Newfan shouting," the First Fan said  
"He is shouting like mad, but Saps!  
He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head,  
For he must have found some Faps".

"It's a Fap!" was the sound that first came to their ears  
And at first there was only a lull  
Then followed a torrent of laughter and cheers  
Then the onerous words, "It's a Grul---."

Then silence. Some fancied they heard in the air  
A weary and wandering sigh  
That sounded like "--zak!" but the others declared  
It was only a breeze that went by.

In the midst of the word he was trying to say  
In the midst of his laughter and glee,  
He had softly and suddenly vanished away --  
For the Fap was a Grulzak, you see.

--- RPM

P.S. Let's hope Mr. Carrol has remained station-  
ary in his grave during the entire proceedings.

THE END

# AFRICAN FANDOM

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The typical African fan seldom rises earlier than five P.M., and can therefore look forward to a pleasant day, having been so well rested.

Before dragging on his new suit of beautiful material (which can best be compared to that of an inhabitant of Hoboville), he may find time to dip his fingers reverently into the finger bowl which resides at the head of his heap of straw (occasionally described as a bed by those of a more optimistic nature), thus starting the day well washed and refreshed.

Now that he is well washed, dressed, etc., he may consume his high calory content breakfast of 1/47th of a raw egg, mixed well with three and a half flakes of oatmeal, all swimming in a heaping thimble full of pure sour milk.

Now our fan is ready for a days job well done. If he is a true believer though, he will go in and gaze in reverence for a full minute at his fan collection, his eyes full of awe as they light on the name of John W. Campbell, which has been neatly clipped from an issue of ASF which appeared on display at the last ASFA (African Science Fiction Association) meeting, framed in grass, and hung on the wall. This represents one of the largest fan collections in East Africa and our fan is truly proud of it.

Then our fan is off to work. His chores, being a fan, are lighter than most Africans, due of course to his superior intelligence. His working hours are never worse than sixteen hours a day, thus leaving him with a considerable bit of spare time to pursue his fan activities.

Having joined his local union his wages were also unusually high, being equivalent to some \$1.525673872 of our American dollars per week. (To enlighten the reader it must be explained that ordinary Africans usually have to do a months work to receive the same wage).

Of course with such a huge wage it was no trouble at all to support his 16 children ((Ahem, Maddox has really been working! -- sten-siler Froeder)) and four wives, in fact he was frequently able to save as much as one cent over a period of one year or so.

Let there be no doubt that in this fans mind (and you may rest assured that OUR African Fan's mind can always be found, though upon occasions one must look a wee bit hard for them) he is a true believer of the Great God "Astounding" as well as the other lesser gods, Tucker, All Paws, Kennedy, Rothman, Speer, as well as a host of others.

Thus we take leave of our African Fan, but he must not be forgotten. He must be encouraged and cultivated, so that one day, in the far far future, when all the present day gods are dead, there will come to shine upon the Dark Continent a light, which will dispel the darkness, bring everything into a wonderful crystal clear focus, which shall remain for all eternity, followed closely by hundreds and thousands of true believers.

FINIS



The invisible fan stood in the very first car of a Metropolis underground train and gazed out the window at the long line of blinking lights and curving track. Directly beside him, though they did not know he was there, stood Nor Chriscross, J. Hamburger, and Mr. Reflorf, who had made the trip in to Metropolis from a neighboring town, thus enabling him to accompany his old pals to the meeting.

The invisible fan saw these three faithfuls and decided that it was good. Nor Chriscross had long since ceased attending meetings, but had agreed to come this one time by special request of a friend of the invisible fan. Others expected were George Focks, and J. Kennely. The great ghod ALL PAWS was looking in on the meeting from his retreat in the high Somerhills, so the I. fan must be careful that everything went exactly as planned.

When they arrived upon the scene of the meeting, having been guided by the P.O.C.T.F.F. (Prevention of Cruelty To Fellow Fans Society) sign at the foot of the stairs, the first thing the I fan saw with his invisible eyes was a fairly old man, stout, and with gray hair, scurrying about the room, penning quickly into every volume he could lay his hands on the following: "With the best wishes of the greatest author ever born, H. D. Rellek." Over in one corner there appeared a female entity which resembled rather closely an elephant. This the I fan refused to take any further notice of.

The I fan noted with surprise that the "Great Ghod All Paws" had forsaken his mountain retreat in the high Somerhills and was actually present at the meeting. He was accompanied in part by his able assistant Ooj Sorg, who sat cross legged on the floor, by his master's feet, diligently puffing away at an extremely old fashioned hooka.

It was easily seen at a quick glance that the room was crowded. This was to be quite a gala affair and everyone that wasn't anyone was already there. The renowned scientist Koaj Rebwort was testing the relative strength of his shoe laces, while at the same time discussing Einstein's theory with a very bored looking newcomer.

Suddenly there was silence. Everyone turned to the door, and as soon as they saw the great Mas Ztiwoksom they fell grovelling to the floor; that is, all except the small group of Srotatceps who bow to no one except the true ghods.

The great Mas took his place on the speaking platform, and proceeded to speak, "All those that have not as yet paid their dues, please see Yela Forehso; books will be sold promptly at the recess of the meeting." This was

followed by a great cheer and loud clapping of hands.

As the great Mas started to announce the principle speaker of the afternoon, the I fan qui-

THE INVISIBLE FAN

ckly got to work. Hurridly he passed up and down the rows of spectators (apologies rendered), deftly tying their shoe laces tightly together. It must be understood, however, that the little group there who called themselves Srotatceps, were merely spectators. They were in no way involved in the following events.

Dr. H. D. Rellek gave a long speech on the saying from the Bible, "Love thy neighbor as thyself", explaining that the words had been quite evidently twisted and that what Jesus actually meant was, "Love thyself much more than thy neighbor." After this he proceeded to demonstrate with his body and that of the great Mas.

It was at this moment that the saying, "The best laid plans of mice and men often go astray", held true with a vengeance.

The door at the back of the meeting hall flew open with a terrific bang, and in stepped "NAMREKCA". The great ghod ALL PAWS jumped from his seat at the appearance of his immortal enemy, and threw a lightning bolt of diabolical strength. NAMREKCA merely yawned, and the bolt subsided into nothingness before it had covered half the distance. An answering bolt was likewise repelled.

The I man, now completely enraged that his carefully laid plans should be so far flung afield, decided to take a hand in the affair.

It was then that NAMREKCA boomed forth "There shalt not be an Amazing Review Column" while the Great Ghod ALL PAWS answered with equal vigor, "There shalt be an Amazing Review Column!"

It was then that a floating chair collided rather suddenly with the head of NAMREKCA. Another chair was seen heading towards the Great Mas, and still another in the direction of the elephant in the corner, when the great Mas finally awakened from his lethargy. "It's the invisible fan", he shouted, "after him!" In un-

ison every one in the hall arose, only to fall flat on their unbelieving noses. If you've ever tried to walk with your shoe laces tied together you will probably understand the situation.

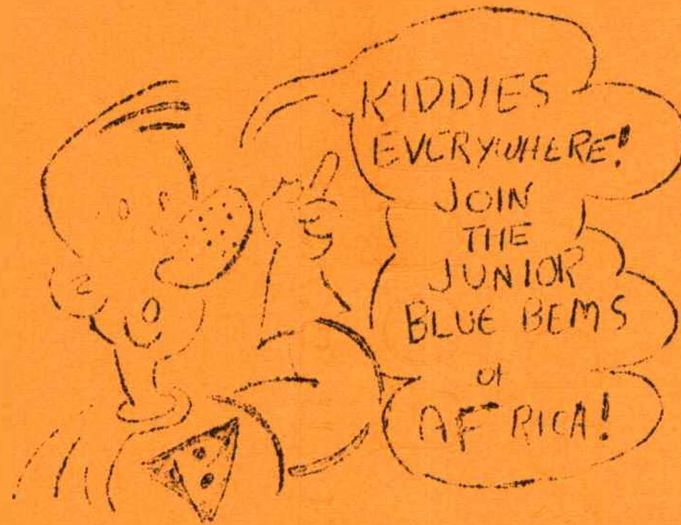
Chairs, shoes, and every other object in the room were now being hurled about by invisible hands. A flower pot, which had been setting on the window sill, floated mysteriously through the air and came to rest with a gracefull clatter upon the hear of a Mr. Arckys, who promptly hit the floor, being no longer troubled with the possible outcome of the battle.

The great ghod Confusion reigned supreme, and all was madness. The Great Ghos All Paws, as soon as he saw the fall of his enemy, had retreated to his mountain retreat in the high Somerhills, accompanied by his ever faithful assistant. The srotatceps were lined up against one wall laughing gleefully and encouraging their invisible comrade.

But here the fun was to end for the ALL HIGH took a hand. He decided that it was not right that his children should so quarrel, therefore The All High, the undisputable ruler of fandom, the GREAT, GREAT, ghod, GNIDNUOTSA dispersed all the rioters to their individual homes where they might think over their folly in peace.

--- The end, thank God.

This story has a moral : Never attend ESFA meetings.



Here's your chance to support the ideals of truth, honor, and decency in stf for which the Blue Bem stands! Show yourself to be a true Blue Bem rooter by joining the JBBA (Junior Blue Bems of Africa) (no relation to any fan organization bearing a similar name.)

All kiddies under eighty-five may join the JBBA, provided they are subscribers of the Pharoah's Bulletin. All you have to do is send your name and address to the Junior Blue Bems, c/o Josephus Q.X. Kennedy, 84 Baker Avenue, Dover, New Jersey. Enclose some object not exceeding in value one cent (1¢). Pennies and stamps not acceptable--it must be worth a cent, but not be a cent. In return you will receive a beautiful membership card in the JBBA, personally autographed by the Blue Bem himself -- and your official Blue Bem Button! Isn't that easy?? Hammm??

DO IT TODAY!!!

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