

LIKE, MHAAN, IT'S

binx

Number 3

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Substantially the work of the member contributing; namely, that lovibile wight:

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upon whose grizzling head, may the fapal credit descend, s'il vous plait. And the blame, if any, as well; only gently, brother, gently pray...

The secret of success is... ..never make the same mistake once.

For the benefit of those people who can't dig the prose-unless they can visualise the bloke in the process of hacking it onto stencil, the following background data is deftly inserted.

It is evening, 9:00PM, it has been August the 5th, 1966, and still shall be for another 180 minutes or so, Foo willing. Our camera starts with a long shot of the Megapolis of southern California, as one might view it from an incoming jet, only sans the curvaceous hostess jiggling a martini into your elbow. Then, for all the world-like the opening shot of "Psycho," the camera zooms down, down, ever down, the sparkly lights swim up like the old scene with the planets and stars on the Twilight Zone leader and we seem to be heading for the open door of a double garage in one of the small, overlapping towns not too far from Covina. We zoom under the door, over a stack of workworn apple crates (purchased at 5¢ the each, long ago in Kroger's supermart in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin--a legendary land far ago and long away.) The sound comes up and we hear "La Paloma," at an estimated 93 decibels; it issues from the open left windows of a car parked in the drive. It is parked in the drive because there simply ain't no room for it in the garage. There is barely room for a cerulean-blue and gray Yamaha 80cc which dozes quietly next to a homemade, unpainted but functional process camera. Along the wall, we see a rank of shelves holding--to name a few items of heterogeneity at random: 2200 rounds of ammunition, caliber .45 ACP, an assortment of stove bolts and sheetmetal screws, various photo enlargers, drill presses, power saws, loading presses, cans of gunpowder, stacks of faanzines, elephant rifles, airguns, harmonicas, boxed chessmen, acrylic spraybombs, dictionaries, backnumber US Cameras, small arms primers, equipment for blending and fabricating homemade ciggabutts, filing cabinets, oil paint kits, lab balances, enlarging paper and film boxes, an empty bottle that once contained an elixer called Schmitz Burbon, decorated with a handmade label that says "Olde Oglerp," with a bem clipped from some longforgotten ad for Shell petrol products, a shaving mirror, with lights and connected Norelco, gun cases, glacial acetic acid, mimeo paper, sixguns, holsters, target holders, sandbags, rifle rests, a pool cue with the tip splintered off (the fat end makes a lovely shillelagh) a hand-drawn insigne for a doubtlessly mythical organisation called "BDSA," featuring a green alligator smoking a cigar and wearing a plug hat as a pair of hands in the background holds a ventilated rodent and a revolver to point up the motto: "Sic semper ratus." At a bench along the wall, a mesomorphic figure clad

in wrinkled boxer trunks and thong sandals is standing, thoughtfully pecking at the keys of an old black Underwood. There is a blue mimeo stencil in the typer and, as the camera dollies over his shoulder, we are able -- but dimly -- to make out the words on the stencil; we read:

"He went over the hill from the Salvation Army because he couldn't STAND the spit & polish."

As BINX #2 came to its conclusion -- not with a whang but a bimper -- Cur Hero had arrove upon California's sun-drench'd shores, had turned in the huge U-Haul trailer, after duly decanting its cargo, and had taken out his first papers to become a naturalised citizen of this wound'rous land. That was in May; three months later, we find him a harried property owner with a mortgage, with a California driver's license in his billfold, and with California plates on his car ... the Faithful Blue Beetle having come up lame and been traded in for a younger cousin. Virtually all ties with the Vaterland lie untidily severed and he is practicing sneering at Florida oranges, by way of striving toward the proper Californian viewpoint. For the first time since the halcyonic days of the mid-fifties, he has had stuff in three consecutive FAPA mailings and for the first time in aeons, he does not really NEED to have any material in the August mailing; but he has some anyhow. Thus, the DAG of 1966 ... for the first time in what seems like ages, there are a few occasional scraplets of Leisure -- a wonder so shining that he chooses to spell it upper-case initials, at the risk of incurring the august displeasure of Juffus The Grammarian. Dammit, I always TOLD you people that I would publish if only I could find the time! It was worth all the harrowing experiences recounted in BINX #2 for the sake of getting into a spot where one can sometimes find a bit of spare time..or take it, if one so wills.

Out Here there is not only Leisure, but congenial fellow fen; there is, for example, Don Fitch. Say something for the multitudes, Don:

After using the first stencil to take inventory, I can guarantee that each of the items listed is, indeed, present in this garage. Mr. Grennell informs me that the FAPA will forgive owning six typewriters, but not a swimming pool, so I will not mention the lawnless back yard.

Mr. Fitch, sirrah, what that is that you are referring to, withal*, is a kingsize birdbath. (*I cherish the fond delusion that you can get away with any sort of mad grammatic gaucherie, if you throw in a few "withals" here and there.) It is just that we are fond of birds. The thought of insinuating our corporeal beings into that body of water, I can steadfastly assure you, has yet to flit acrost our mental screens. Withal. Your mike, mon vieux:

"Sirrah" is "Harris," spelled backwards.

Gee, Mr. Grennell, sir, I didn't know you were a member of birdbath fandom.

Alimentary, m'deah Watson: I was a charter member of S-----h Fandom: the Fandom wot INVENTED Birdbaths. In fact, though the exzack facks are beginning to grow a bit dim in the foggy backforties of my haidbone, we may have even invented Harlan Ellison.

an occasional fishhead/and liberty/is all i ask

--mehitabel

I (dag) will confess to a bit of a problem: I have been slipshodding it -- Don just observed that the past imperfect of slipsheet is slipshod -- for so long that I no longer have the vaguest glimmering as to what I have published and what I have not published. Also, my mind is clouded by the superimposed layers of eight or nine years of writing for the pro gunzines. I have now reached the point where I don't know what I've fed into the fanzine matrix, what has gone into the gunzine output and what is still Fresh and New for either or both channels. Therefore, it is not at all inconceivable that I may sometimes repeat myself. I may use the same interlineation twice, for instance. If so, I crave your pardons as you may feel that such pardon is needed. I do not have a complete backfile of my published works -- in either genre -- and refuse to wax gravely concerned about it all. One reason that I went to a new title is that I am in some considerable doubt as to what the next sequential number of Bleen, or Qabal, or even Grue should logically be. Now you know.

Don, browsing through a few backishes of Grue, has just asked when the last issue of Grue appeared. I told him I thought it was fairly recently. He wanted to know when the NEXT issue would appear and I said when someone comes along who wanted to lend a hand with the spadework. I thought I detected a kindling gleam in his eye. I can't be sure. We have material on hand, and to spare, for such a renaissance. All it takes is someone with an inclination to help and a talent for goading. Quien, as we used to say in Milwaukee, sabe?

Well, I (df) have no built-in ankus, but still....if we could get a linotype or maybe a monotype caster and setter, and a C&P press and...

Dag again: Well, I still avow as how we have all the physical facilities for putting out a faanzine in the oldtime tradition. All we needs is a spot of motivation and someone to handle what my present boss refers to as "the horrible paperwork." Never again is this cat going to be caught (Juffus will grotch) peeling off sticky quarters and keeping track of whose sub expires with the Octembruary, whatsit issue. And, with 4000 gunfaans to correspond with, this one is not about to take on all comers in keeping up faanish (sf-type) correspondence. Otherwise, if genial, hardworking local types want to take on a share of the burden, I am willing to lend my humble resources to the worthy perproject. That is no typo. It is a leftover scraplet from yet another fandom for a revelation of which the world is not yet ready.

This genial, moderately harworking- type local fan is willing to embark on the project. Perhaps The FAPA will yet complain about the burden to the Treasury imposed by all those pages of blue Gestetnering.

Meanwhile, it would be better not to hold the breath. Those big old Grues had a prodigious appetite for paper and ink and I still shudder to recall monthly bills from Wegner Office Supply for thirty or forty bucks.

"It is difficult to turn out a corpse on a lathe."

--Fredric Brown

As I skiffle back through the foregoing three pages in search of typo's [not to correct them but just to make sure they're present] I'm struck that, as prose goes, this is not very deathless. The reflection follows that hitting every mailing is not necessarily a sovereign virtue in its own right, the gauge of the ° of desiderata being what you hits it with. However, I am attempting to keep something in each mailing for a while and, if I can manage that, I may eventually be able to upgrade the quality and get something good in every mailing for a while. It gives one something for which to shoot.

I am whapping out this final page upon Grey Beask-I, full mindful that it will entail the slipping of sheets + a ° of showthru as well. However, faced with the task of providing impetus for the U'wood's keys at this hour of the morning, when the tide of vitality surges but feebly, I took the easy way out and transferred to the hairtrigger IBM.

There were many items of goodness in the Mayling and I wouldst fain to commit mlg commentary thereupon. However, it has come down the 11th of August, a Thursday this year, and this evening I shall hope to have these 4 pages onto paper so that I can cart them to LASFS for delivery to Cur Bruce who, I get via the grapevine, is going to assemble the Aug mlgs tomorrow -- Friday -- prior to departure on his annual holiday. Thus time grows short and no very memorable nor intensive mlg comments can be extruded ere the deadline falls with its ultimately final thunk.

I did want to insert a note of quiet applause for Len Moffatt on his JEM B'phile: an item I've come to enjoy immensely. I want to congrat the Lupoffi upon admission to the ranques and to note that I have a couple of items in the garage at home which I've been meaning to despatch themward -- for as long as four years now. One of these decades, good patient peoples ... or will you remain patient, now that you know?

There may be a slight malalignment here, since I removed the stencil at that point. The typer repairman -- named George, as was the IEM doctor back in Wisconsin -- came past and asked if ought was amiss with GB-I. I allowed that the uppercase T had come down weak so he touched that up, checked and found that the V was also faint and fixed that, made a few other adjustments, and left. I came back from lunch, put the stencil back in, and found that now the T-key wouldn't even get to the stencil. Called George-II back and got it working, then ran into an impenetrable blizzard of overlapping interruptions: either someone had their head in the door or was on the phone, or both all afternoon. So here I sit now, knocking off the rest of my fapazine on my own time. C the pity of it all.

One of the interruptors was a chap -- sf faan, by the way, as he noted when he saw my Bjo-embellished nametag from the Chicon hanging here on the wall -- just back from Thailand with two braces of handmade Thai pistols and an armful of assorted Thai cutlery. The Thai handguns are fascinating: chambered for the GI .45 ACP cartridge, single shot, break-open; one pair has handles vaguely shaped like those of a conventional revolver, with nicely cheekered teakwood grips; the other pair resembles the GI .45 auto somewhat, with skimpy grips of buffalo horn. The barrels are made like so: they start with a rod of the proper diameter, heat sheet steel (about .125" thick) and wrap it around the mandrel, pounding and welding. The seam usually occurs on the bottom of the barrel and can easily be seen when looking up the bore, which is unrifled. The guy says that they are not too inaccurate, that he has fired them several rounds apiece and that he has never known one to blow up. Every Thai male, he says, carries at least one of the gracefully murderous looking short swords and possibly a handgun as well. The 12-gauge shotgun is another admired Thai handgun caliber and is awesomely effective. He says it is a very polite country. I believe him. Hoping you are the same, Δ