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A
Mafia Press
Publication



Bergeron
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Bleen is a supplement to "Grue, the Fan's Magazine," published for the purpose of commenting on the previous mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (the 68th in this case). It is thrown together by Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, USA. In hoc signo vinces.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR (Burbie & Boggs) Profuse and public apologies to CEB for goofing last time by complimenting Boggs for listing HECK right after DAMN. A mere trace of cerebration would have revealed that Boggs couldn't possibly list the magazines as they come in. But I was misled by the fact that Boggs stencils the constitution and such other material as does not have too pressing a deadline. Henceforth that chore will be taken over by Sam Martinez, who ran uncontested for the job of Sex'y-Treasurer---WOOPS!---I meant to say "Seg'y". And as the faithful Boggs bows out and re-joins the common herd, I propose a standing ovation in recognition of his long career as OE and ST. Well done, Redd!

The haul of new members is uncommon rich this time--Richard Geis (has a hard G and rhymes with vice), Chuck Harris and Nancy Share...not an ounce of deadwood in that crowd! It faintly peeves me when people join FAPA only to hang around till their year is up and drop out without having ever contributed a thing. The lack of a mimeo is not an acceptable excuse in my mind. There are, after all, plenty of other fans who will reproduce your material on contract if you will only write it and foot the purely nominal cost of printing and postage. What's the answer? Does FAPA need an initial-contribution clause like SAPS has in their constitution? Any comments on this?

SIAMESE STANDPIPE (Wesson) Commented upon to some extent via airletter, but I'll try to amplify a bit. I'm delighted to see that FAPA will be sharing this beautifully-produced publication with the so-called "Mundane Apa's." Trouble is, Helen, when you get this good, people are apt to shrug it off and say "Well it should be good--she's got a printing-press" or something like that, never realizing what mountains of meticulous painstaking it requires to get results like this on a press. I have a firm conviction that good presswork--I say good presswork--is vastly harder to achieve than good mimeoing or dittoing. And I think I have some idea of how many hours you must have spent on just those beautiful little initials. I find this delving into the less-explored folklores most fascinating. "Corroboree" strikes me as a notable suggestion for a fanzine title!

hFANTASIA (Wesson) Condolences on the fire amidst congratulations on the littlest Wesson (a girl, born August 29th). What with one thing and another, one imagines that the late summer of 1954 will be long remembered at the Wesson household! There's something so tragic and infuriating about losing your treasured belongings in a fire...you keep missing things for years later and saying "That must have went up in the fire too". Our house burned down when I was somewhere around 10 or 11 and the inconveniences accruing thereto were almost unbelievable. Your own situation, compounded by living in a foreign country, must be pretty thick. Hope you had insurance. #Yes, the dye used in the spirit-ditto process will fade in time...rather a short time, too. It depends upon how much bright light it's exposed to. I visualize future fanzine collectors keeping choice items like FANDANGO and PSYCHOTIC in argon-filled light-tight vaults. Someone, with a nod to van Vogt, should start a fanzine with this in mind and name it "THE BEAST". #Thanks for saying you like Little Willies...you've given me courage to go on.

STEFANTASY (Danner) Because of you, certain of my peers doubtless think I'm entering senility. Ever since the mailing arrived, at odd and unpredictable intervals, I keep thinking about that slogan on your cover and--in spite of myself--I feel an asinine smirk steal across my countenance. If I could only control it or feel it coming on so I could go off and smirk in the corner, it wouldn't be so bad. But it is apt to strike without warning and usually does. The part about "It's soft as a grape" is what shatters my poise and equanimity...a noble example of the incongruous, sudden-switch type of humor.

STEFANTASY (Danner, continued) #The takeoff on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was excellent. Passing thought--wonder what Abe would say if they revived him today and gave him a look at our national budget? #Really got a charge out of the sober speculations as to the feasibility of a coal-driven power generator. Particularly since it shows quite clearly about how silly our speculations on nuclear generators are going to seem in another 50 years or so. #Nineteenth-century journalism had a certain unique flavor to its writing which is interesting to read--in small doses. I suppose it could get terribly tiresome to a time-traveler marooned back there with nothing but "old" newspapers to read. #I'm sending for both of Hall's books...thanks ever so for bringing these to my attention. #Glad to hear a description of the process of locking up type in curved lines. Now if you will just tell me how to write in circles on this typewriter... #This Cerro Bend stuff must be similar to a bismuth alloy called "Woods Metal" (or Wood's Metal) which melts at a temperature substantially below the boiling point of water. The element, gallium--a metal similar to aluminum--has a very low melting point too. Almost seems as though it's a liquid at normal room temperatures but my reference books here don't list it and I'm too lazy to climb two flights of stairs and look it up in the encyclopedia. If I think of it, I'll check and scribe it on the margin of the stencil with a stylus. Imagine the indescribable élan of centering your type around cores of solid gallium. #What size of type is that interlineation at the bottom of p. 11? With a press and a font of that stuff, I could print an entire issue of Grue on one side of a postcard! #When Nature designed the egg, I think she must have had the comfort of the oviparous beastie in mind. (Just found the melting-point of gallium--it's 87°F) Speaking of ersatz eggs flavored with coal-tar derivatives reminded me of a half-remembered facet of lore I wanted to look up and quote but I can't find it, although I did run across the other bit of data I was looking for. Seems that when they first started working with coal-tar they discovered how to synthesize the active ingredient of raspberry flavor. So at once they started producing great vats of raspberry jam that had never been near a bush. Only thing was, it lacked a certain something so they solved that by adding timothy seeds to replace the missing raspberry seeds. Well, it interested me. #Your ads fracture me. #Funniest SMIYHTO: "Good heavens, I'm in the wrong joke!" #Though I use and appreciate the billowy bustle on my Olds, I second your deploation of this trend to power every little operation on cars. I snort with derision and some disgust at power brakes and--to a lesser degree--at power steering. Though I originally reviled the Hydramatic transmission, I've gradually come to appreciate it...especially when getting started on a steep grade. These new Dual-range GM H'matics have eliminated most of the features I objected to--the neck-breaking downshifts in thick traffic and the futile roaring when striving to pull away from an arterial stop in a hurry. #I've become numbed to being called a "fan" though it's still not a term of my preference. First time anyone ever called me a fan was when Ray Palmer introduced me to Dick Shaver as "a fan of Other Worlds" (wonder how many friends this revelation is costing me) and it took all my iron self-control to keep my features from betraying the wince of agony that shook me. Gad.

Pure as the driveling snow.

LARK (Danner) Agree that dancers inturpreting (or, for that matter, interpreting) the Bolero is an urpsome thought, much as I do occasionally enjoy playing my album of it. #Bloch will see LARK, as he does all the rest of the mailing. #The name "Clissold Pramdrukkener" was suggested by Redd Boggs. I wish I could give an exact quote but the context is buried amidst hundreds of thousands of words of WO3W c'spondence and I'd be from now till the deadline digging it up. Something like "An outré first or last name is bad enough; Clissold Jones or John Pramdrukkener can be tolerated. But Clissold Pramdrukkener..." #My standard exposure for movies is 1/10th @ f3.5 on Super XX film. Using a special holding technique I won't go into unless coaxed, I've shot as low as 1/5th second, handheld, and obtained steady pix, even with a 35mm. #Studs: have you explored the possibilities that studs might use some sub-molar level like, for instance exerting pressure on a piezo-electric crystal, suitably amplified through relays? #See comments on DAMN for remarks on over-drives. (page 9)

SHADOWLAND #5 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Martinez) You know Sam, you caused a lot more comment by leaving the tagline off of that joke than you could possibly have done by running it! When I commented on it in an earlier Bleen, Vee Hampton wrote and professed to have understood it...as originally written. She tried to explain it but only wound up making me even more confused. #Where can I send and get a rig like that in the illo? I mean the flying outfit. SHADOWLAND #6 The cover illo turned out very well indeed. I remember your explanation over the Dictaphone of how it was done (two different runs with a light brown and a dark brown). If I ever want a portrait of myself painted, I will look this Fred Morgan up. That's a very chaste-looking nude on p. 3--and the gentleman by whom she is being chaste (you, Sam?) looks very dashing. Mais oui! I'd be terribly pleased if you went ahead on that index to FAPA with Redd or whoever. #SHE STRIPS TO CONCUR...frightfully clever title, frightfully. Cute yarn & pix too. #7 Wonders of the World: Even in those days, a statue would have to be awfully high--much over 110 feet--for ships to sail under its outspread legs. Have to leave room for mast and spars and occasional sloppy navigation due to crosswinds, tide and plain poor seamanship. I read somewhere--can't recall where--that they found this statue a few years back and it was just such a little thing, maybe 35 feet high, no more. These things grow with the re-telling, you know. #Liked your little poem on page 39--reminded me of a cartoon I've always been going to draw up: Two Pan-like creatures lounge under a tree, gazing after a very comely nymph who has just passed them. One nudges the other in the ribs and says, "Some kid, eh faun?" Real fine magazine you got there, Sam.

Chew SHEIKLE...the Original Gum Arabic

(Adv.)

MARY HAD A LITTLE etc. (Clyde) Some of these were fairly clever, some of them... Most of them I'd heard years ago. I sort of wish you'd write something that was William Clyde talking, not just compiling random scotophilia. Try reviewing the mailing or just plain writing something for the fun of it. FAPA is quite broadminded about choice of subject matter and you can write about nearly anything that interests you (I realize that MHALL Poems may interest you, but...). That way the members can get to know you...something they can't do if you only keep feeding them second-hand scatology. Try it once and see if your reviews don't get bigger.

Erin go Pogo!

HORIZONS (Warner) Always a special favorite of mine in any mailing. But Harry, I wish you'd do one thing. I don't know how immutable your format is but I think it would improve things if you'd stick all the names of the magazines you're reviewing over on the lefthand margin. I know this issue I looked and looked for what you had to say about Grue and finally concluded--a bit sadly--that you hadn't mentioned it. Then, when I sat down to read the whole thing through, I found your extremely nice review. But can't you take pity on the people who are gradually becoming cross-eyed from scanning your pages for mention of their mags? Show me just one Fap who doesn't leaf through the mailing reading his reviews and then settle back to read the magazines (provided he had something in last mailing, of course). #I think it would be a champion idea for Sam to circulate copies of THE IMMORTAL STORM through FAPA. It would certainly qualify, being the work of the contributing member! #I used to know a woman who would describe the plot of a movie she'd seen a month or so before, in infinite detail. It was unutterably boring. A propos of that, I think Tucker will bear me out that seeing the same movie over and over is sheerest torture. Even a good one is nauseating after 2 or 3 performances and a bad one...! Circa 1941, I augmented my meager earnings by working nights as an usher in a Racine (Wis.) theater and I still have mental scars from enduring 14+ performances of "How Green Was My Valley." It played for a solid week and I got so I could render whole passages of the script verbatim. Thirteen years later, I can still hear those mine-whistles blowing the signal for the cave-ins. But I didn't mind when we'd get bands on the bill. That was the Golden Era of the "Theater Date" when bands would tour the country, playing one or two engagements from the stage to an audience seated and listening. I still say that that was the way to enjoy a really good dance-band rather than on a crowded, scuffling dance-floor. I saw Harry James and Will Bradley (now a trombonist with The

HORIZONS (continued) Band of America...anyone know what ever became of that cute little brunette vocalist he used to have named Lynn Gardner?) and Tommy Dorsey and B. Goodman and Glenn Miller and all the biggest names in that heyday of the dance-band. And all for free too! That was a faint psi of nostalgia you just heard. #The only advantage I can see to magnetically-taped movies is that it gets away from the arduous and boring job of developing film. But hardly anyone develops their own movie film these days so I guess there's really no use going ahead with it. #I didn't mean to give the impression that F&SF was exactly like UNKNOWN--but that it was a sort of spiritual heir to it. The type of story that might have wound up in UNK is more apt to find a niche in F&SF today than it is in, say, BEYOND which impresses me as almost completely different than UNK. #Howzat about Yngvi again?? #I, for one, would be very pleased indeed to see you getting back into the midst of the fannish furore, Harry! Perhaps there's less ferocity now and more fatuousity than there was in your day but it's still fun, sort of. But I should mention that, unless someone comes forward with financial assistance, Grue may shrink in the future from stark necessity. At the moment, I'm wondering where I'll get the price of paper and ink to use up all the stencils I have cut...and I'm not done with that yet. #Miss Twiddle dates from sometime around the late 30s, ditto Rollo and Lena. I haven't read the furshlugginer thing for years now. The local Hearst outlet (Milwaukee Sentinel) upped its Sunday price to 20¢ and after a bit of introspection, I found that Prince Valiant was the only thing I read in it so we quit buying it. #No, I wasn't too serious about space-travel killing sf...but look at all the comment I stirred up with that remark. #An uncommon good bit of fiction you had there. #Then I first got my S-38 H'crafters, I had a lot of fun hunting for distant stations on the AM band. Used to drag in Denver and Dallas and San Francisco (mostly, though not always, the 50,000-watt jobs) and even farther with ease. One night I picked up a faint, very wavery signal and tensely nursed it along, waiting for the station-break to see what distant corner of the earth I was hearing from. Finally it came--Oshkosh, about 18 miles away! #As I recall, when THE ANOMALY OF THE EMPTY MAN appeared a few years ago, I spotted a fallacy in the plot gimmick. Established to my own satisfaction (I think) that the record in question would not play but would only click endlessly on the groove at the end of the record. You want to check or should I? You pack a lot of mag on a few pages, friend.

Is there an anti-cathartic called 'pollux oil'?

--Eldrin Fzot

PHLOTSAM (Economou) I don't see any reason why I can't comment on this, Phyl, as long as I don't compliment you on your impeccable reproduction. Actually, the repro was a bit peccable because I used the portable for a number of reasons. Wanted to set it in pica for a number of reasons*and cut the stencils over two nights on an out-of-town trip and didn't want to lug the big, delicate office-model along. Besides you had a lot of places where I could show off the e-with-accent-acute which the portrzebie has and which I'm proud of. Have solved this now by making a small die for accent marks which enables me to type things like "Déjà vu" with precision and accuracy. #But I wanted to say how pleased and delighted I was with that article. It abounds with the delicious little touches that I look for in my reading...things like "checked in...bright-eyed and bushy-tailed," "The custom-made, fur-lined, 16-cylinder Snit," etc. I still say that this is the way a con-report should be...no snide reputation-butcherings and no anonymous slams like, for a hypothetical example: "A certain New England fan who got drunk and passed out in the lobby..." A thing like this not only reflects on the guilty party but casts a pall of suspicion on every NE fan who attended because the name is not given. But you did a good job, gal--jus' plain old good. Let's give that little girl a great big hand! (*please pardon the repetition, unavoidable for a number of reasons)

S-F PROGRESSIVE (Speer) It was?

SPEER BY-LAW, THE (Tucker) Could write 'Noted' but, since I signed mine and sent it in, I'll write 'Voted.' But I'd like to see a little more of the Speer output in future mailings. If this goes through--and I hope it does--let us trust that Our Elder Ghod won't stop publishing entirely. Remember, Speer, he who rests upon his laurels will flatten them.

JACK SPEER--ELDER GOD (Tucker) "Eager to hobnob with a real old-time BNF, they were invited to breakfast." --Who was eager to hobnob with whom? Reading through the backfile of Le ZOMBIE, I came across this little gem which has changed meaning with age: "If that big-chested guy next to you tries to impress you, pay no attention to him--he probably dates from 1937." #0 to Gehenna with pseudo-quotes--here's a direct transcript...had to look it up to get the date anyhow!_# "...and don't let that big chested guy tell you he is an 'old-timer.' He probably dates from 1937!!" (LeZ, #9, July 39). I still say I hope this amendment goes through.

How's your 'ead, Mom?

(Cf. MAD Comics)

RAHU (Speer) Nice to see you in a mag of your own though it appears that if a Fap wants to get mentioned in its pages he has to do something which strikes you as fuggheaded. Be that as it may, vivisection is fas'natin' too...and is there a word for dissection of dead bodies--mortisection, maybe? #Pretty much agree with your answer to Shapiro re religion. The chief discernible effect of the church today is to render the average man a bit more tolerable...exceptions, of course, such as some that feed their sheep a doctrine of intolerance of other creeds. But in the main the advantages outweigh the drawbacks. #I refuse to take up the dozen or so stencils I'd use if I tried to answer your views on communists (and then I probably wouldn't manage it). But I'll note that our minds verge as of the first tenet. "But our policies should be based on avoiding real war, ... they should not be based on the war actually occurring." Following this through to its logical conclusion, there's no point in having armed forces or weapons of any sort...just a corps of very skillful diplomats. But where will we get any that skillful? Nossir--as long as a possibility exists of a war with Russia (and it's a possibility I can't ignore) then I say that some of the American commies are in a position to do us a lot of harm if it should develop. So we don't want war; but what do we do if they spring a surprise attack, a la Pearl Harbor? Turn the other cheek and wait for the next move? And even a few key figures strategically placed can raise havoc with us at a time like that. I've no incontrovertible supporting data but I've heard that we had a great deal less labor trouble in defense industries in the Hitler War after Russia got in on our side. Is this a fallacy or a co-incidence? Main reason I prefer not to get embroiled in such erudite acrimony is that I have no first-hand data to base any arguments upon. And I don't care to cite quotes from newspapers or radio commentators as evidence because frankly I don't believe much of what I hear along those lines. Stuart Chase, in his book "Tyranny of Words," mentioned a survey that he'd taken pre-WW2 wherein he'd asked around 100 people what they'd give as a definition of "Fascism." He got around 100 different answers, of startling divergence. I fancy you'd get the same thing if you conducted a similar survey on Communism today. To one person it's a stimulating subject for academic discussion and to another it's a formless bugaboo that must be Stamped Out At All Costs. That's why it's so pointless to argue about these things...we very likely aren't even talking about the same thing. #An interesting mag, even tho I didn't agree in toto.

Just to be different, he joined the knights of damon.

MASQUE (Rotsler) Possibly the funniest thing in this mailing--to me, anyway--was this one little item on your cover: "A hollow-point H-Bomb." That really croggled me! Got a tremendous charge out of the various bits of G FitzG. stuff here and there...first time I'd encountered this chap but I hope it won't be the last. #liked A WARNING TO THE FUTURE...fine stefnal humor! #EXPERTS: I wish you hadn't of asked that Bill. Ever since I read it I've been trying to think of something that I'm an expert in and I haven't come upon anything yet. Years ago, when I was deep in the thrall of fotofandom, I became tolerably well-informed on the subject of print-toners. I bought every toner I could find, sought out every formula in every source I could find and accumulated such exotic chemicals as gold chloride and vanadium chloride and for a while I toned every print I made. Once I even toned a baby pic green, just to see how it would look (and it looked horrid beyond all belief!). Suddenly one day I got sick of it and haven't hardly toned a pic since except for wedding-pix which I usually give a hasty dunk in selenium. Experts, hah!

MASQUE (continued) #Haw!--You misspelled 'potsarcd'. Bloch and I recently bought a pc and mailed it to Walt from Weyauwega. The entire message read: "We sent a potsarcd to ghod this afternoon." #Of all the "Wish I'd written that"s, I enjoyed Horace Gold's the most. Perhaps it's because I know quite a bit of the untold background of all this (like, for instance, the identity of the "bastard with a saintly mouth" he refers to) maybe it's because Gold is incapable of being dull, no matter what he writes. I envy you that article, Bill! #So many delightful bits here that I checked--can't begin to comment on them all.

Epidermophyton inguinalis...

...is a cacoëthes of sorts.

BURBLINGS c/w &c. (Burbee, Wilson, Cox, Miller, Rotsler, Jacobs) I've never seen a one-shot that gave me such an insatiable desire to have been in on! What a ball that must have been and how many quarts of hb must be represented here. #Yakked at the "Genuine Rotsler Girl" and chuckled happily over Cox's Hyphen-Grade gem of fan-fiction (this is what fan-fiction ought to be like). #Who is this "Charles Burbee"? #Mind telling us how Wilson wrote an article called "The Immortal Sergeant" that was sans brawl and lust? #Somewhere I remember reading Vorzimer's account of his visit to casa burb. He mentions (with an implied shudder) your trying to ply him with strong drink and how he resisted your blandishments. Yuq. #This was one of them things that is wunaful to read but a ring-tail devil to comment upon. Don't ask me why...maybe it's because I keep reading it over again everytime I look for something to comment upon. You should do this more often.

Horses possess certain qualities that Cadillac.

SPACESHIP (Silverberg) I've never chanced to read any of the SKYLARK series but Redd's monumental review makes me wish that I had! About all I can say about this is that I liked it a lot. Aside to the rest of fapdom, I might say that it ran just the weest bit over the weight-limit and Bob was just mailing the sub-copies of this issue when we visited him last June. He carried an armload about with him wherever he went, dropping one or two in each mailbox. (How many came back, Bob?) I had my rubber-stamp along with the name and address that I usually use on the cover of Mafia Press pubs, among other places, and I went through the stack of unmailed issues and affixed my imprimatur to the ones going to certain people I knew (we happily imagined how much puzzlement it would cause but Rich Bergeron was the only one who ever mentioned it!). #Glad you liked the reply to 4e Bob--I'm afraid Jim Harmon wasn't amused though.

Veni, vidi, vichysoisse...

DAMN! (Browne) BIG, wasn't it? If I stretched myself, I could undoubtedly cover 50 pages in reviewing it but I damn if I will. #I'd suggest "Apasubzine" rather'n "Hashzine" on account of it's easier to pronounce. The labial shift from sh to z is difficult at best and to a person even lightly in his cups it would be starkly impossible. Bystanders would get sprayed and dentures would get dropped and broken and it would all be your fault for suggesting such a barbarous word. #I hear from a couple different sources, including EC themselves, that they are dropping the horror comix from their line and the EC bulletin said that they will have a few new titles to replace them by and by. As I said, I never read their horror titles--or even the sf titles for that matter--but I resent the thing on principle. A casual glance at any US newsstand (I haven't seen a Canadian stand #better make that "newsstand" or Lyons will have a field day!# since 49 so I can't speak for them) will show a lot of magazines which would appear to be potentially more harmful than even the goriest of the comic-type books. O well. #Read your account of the 53 Midwescon with considerable interest as you might well imagine. #Are you certain that it's spelled "Melegunia"? Can't check it right now but I'd have guess^d something more like Maleguena but that may not be right either. #Wish to enter it on the record, since you mentioned helping carry in my gun that I hadn't brought it for defensive purposes. It was just the little .22 S&W and I'd brought it hoping that Magnus and I would get a chance to slip off to some dump and pot rats and bottles with it. Shortly after we brought it in, I decided a con was a poor spot for hand-guns so Maggy and I smuggled it back to the car and locked it into the glove-compartment.

DAMN! (continued) I half-vaguely considered quoting a few choice passages from Grue #12 --that was the issue that carried the con report--in cases where you and I both described the same incident. It would be particularly interesting to compare versions in the episode with Olsen and Hickman but my natural reticence makes me refrain. I prefer not to run anything in a general-circulation thing like this that might cause Lynn embarrassment because he's a nice guy and I like him. But I will say that you err when you say, "...Hickman and Grennell had gone for a drive in Grennell's car around the point." We were in Hickman's Lincoln convertibobble and Hickman was driving. That was what made it such an interesting cruise.

But I think you may have missed the one incident at that affair that impressed me the most, Norm. This occurred on Saturday. I'd just been into the Detroit room to see Hal Shapiro and he had invited me to mix myself a drink from his really notable selection of potables. Not wanting to seem boorish by refusing, I thoughtfully compounded one from bourbon mixed with Seagram's 7-Crown, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ fingers in a water-glass. This I intended to carry about and sip thoughtfully upon at intervals, thinking fine friendly thoughts of Hal Shapiro the while. But while I was engaged in conversation with some other people, Harlan Ellison, that impetuous youth, came up and gently disengaged the glass from my fingers. I suppose he thought it was a gingerale hiball or some similar revolting concoction but I thought he was just going to take an appreciative sip from it. Instead, he gallantly set out to drain it chug-a-lug...and I'll be the title of your magazine if he didn't do just that! When he got his voice back, he gasped something like "Jee-zuss, I wish I hadn't done that!" I replied, "I'm sorry you did too--I'd feel kinda foolish going back to Shapiro so soon and sponging another water-glass of bourbon and 7-Crown off of him." Turned out I didn't have to; found Richard Z. Ward and refilled the glass with some Old Smuggler he had. Like Ellison wrote in SF, there was quite a bit of drinking went on at that affair... Tssk. S'funny...I thought you'd be impressed enough to mention that we touched 85 mph a couple times going up the Outer Drive in Chicago on the way home...

So you got one of those complimentary copies of F&SF from Ackerman too, hrm? Believe it or not, I did too. It was right after I started getting the mag on a new bargain-rate sub I'd just taken out and I thought they'd only goofed and sent me too many copies. It wasn't till I got around to sending the extra to Vinø Clarke that I found 4e's card in it. Wonder what the story on that was anyhow? THE IVORY TOWER: Interesting, in a purely clinical sort of way, what with knowing the guy and all (I'd prefer to think that this was fiction but I s'pose it isn't). I wonder how HE hopes to benefit by splurting a thing like this across the fanworld. #Refuse to get drawn into a long discussion of movie background music. I will note though that I like "Caravan" and "Conquest." #What collector would want the item I'm sitting on? #Lyons does very well indeed as your mailing commentator...recommend you keep on this as a steady thing. I wonder if I ever mentioned that Bloch said he thought the logical place for a head would be on the poop-deck. #Yes, Howie, somebody may do that article on 4e yet...staffer Y Y Flertch is said to be working on just such a bit. Watch for this.

"Beyond the Whither is Elsinore stoobled."

---Stuart Chase: "Tyranny of Words"

MARCHING FIRE (Eney) Seems a great passion lately for working in the word hubris. As Now.

Lot of very interesting stuff here. I especially liked the bit about, "He's going the way of Lee Jacobs." Very FB. TARGET: FAPA! (Also Eney) Well, you tell me the exact date when "ecological balance" stopped being a meaningless noise and then I'll try to dig up an instance of ecological goofing that happened since then. As for the part about the "Civilize 'em with a Krag" business. The complete verse went: "Damn, damn, damn (#Browne will flip) the lousy Moros, / Pock-marked kaliak ladrones; / Underneath a starry flag, / Civilize 'em with a Krag, / And return us to our own beloved homes!"*Which hardly seems the sentiments of a conquest motivated by 100% benevolence. Actually, from the viewpoint of the Filipino, they had just gotten rid of the Spanish yoke and here were a bunch of Americans with another. Quite naturally, they revolted just as another group did in 1776 or so. If they'd have been successful, they'd have beatified Aguinaldo the way we have Washington. But unsuccessful revolts draw little glory. How that song hits you depends a lot on whether you're an American or a Filipino. (*Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp")

DAMN!--again (Browne) Looking back over the stencils already cut, I see that I referred Danner to this review for some remarks on overdrives on cars. So I'd best re-open the discussion to get that out of the way. I don't know why it is but it seems that about half of the magazines I've read lately take a swat at overdrives and they almost always say the same words--"hard on the brakes...lose braking power of the motor" something like that. I can't speak for other makes but I can say that a fourth-speed is a necessity on the Oldsmobile. I drove a 48 once with synchro-mesh (i.e., clutch & shift) transmission and it was the only lemon-flavor Olds I ever drove. It had the conventional three speeds forward (they don't make Oldsmobiles with overdrive, per se) and 3rd was still plenty low. At 70...about the highest acceptable cruising speed...the motor was racing like mad and 83 was the absolute terminal velocity (needed a lo-o-ong downhill grade to make it). I broke that car in with loving care--didn't go over 35 till after 500 miles or so--and it used a quart of oil a day by the time it had 30,000 miles on it. With the next one I got I determined to try out a theory I'd heard--that the way to break them in was at normal driving speeds. Next one was also a 6-cylinder and I had it up to 70 and 75 before the speedometer showed 20 miles total. Result: it went some 94,000 miles with never a ring-job or anything...and still not using more than a quart of oil to 2000 miles. This one (a sleek-looking 49 Model 76 2-door with a pointed tail) had hydramatic with a 4th gear that cut in about 18 mph but there was no way to keep it in third should you want to. 109 horses gave it enough pick-up, even in 4th, so that even after 90+ thousand miles I took a demonstration drive in a V-8 Ford and it felt like driving a Briggs & Stratton motor hitched to a pair of roller skates. The brakes, getting back to the crux of your argument, held up fine. I think I had them re-lined after 60,000 or so but didn't begrudge that. When we finally swapped the 49 in on the 52 I'm still driving I got my first taste of the 88 Olds and I hereby confess rabidly prejudiced affection for the car. They now have "Dual-Range Hydramatic" which means that you can put the shift-lever in "S" position and it stays in 3rd gear up to 70 or so. This is tremendously handy if you happen to look up in the mirror and see a gendarme closing in at 6 o'clock level. You can casually let up on the gas, flip the shift down into 3rd and the speed falls off quickly without the tell-tale wink of the stop-lights or the visible crouch as you reach for the emergency brake (which doesn't blink the stop-lights on the Olds). If you want extra pick-up (from 35 to 50 in 3 seconds flat) or braking power in traffic you can hold it in third but the smooth-running, economical 4th is there for cross-country work. Currently I'm getting 20+ miles to the US gallon and for a 4200-pound car (loaded weight), I don't think that's a bit bad. The 48 model 76, a lighter car with only 3 speeds forward, used to give a jolly 12 to 14 mpg. I say that overdrive--as far as the Olds is concerned--is a damn good thing and the flat of me hand to him wot sez different. To Danner and Raeburn and other aficionados of the powered kiddie-car, a big fat snort of tolerant derision.

In typo veritas.

WAWCRHBSJWGATWCMWPMSSACW (Willis & Harris) If I ever make up an anthology of Willisian punnery--and I've had worse ideas--"Wilde Heir" is certain to find a place in it. This is the sort of pun you can cling to and take out to admire at odd intervals from time to time. It is, in short, a superlative example of the punster's art and I can only stare in rapt admiration at the neat way it fits without any superfluous wordage...and wish to hell that I'd thought of it myself. And that noble title wasn't wasted either. The whole blamed thing is very much the kind of thing I hoped to see in FAPA when I joined and have seen all too little of in actuality. I liked this a lot better than PAMPHREY. By the way, how come Chuque didn't get any credit for this in the FA? He definitely participated and he's a member now (Hooray!) and can use the page-credits. I crogged at the thought of feeding hb to Willis...and I see that Tucker sent you that Rotsler illo but you didn't see fit to use the caption provided. Ahwell. Also liked 'Chucklings fo'evah, you all'. Rum go, this..."Wilde Heir" rates an Oscar!

I think Burbee is a fabulous Willis-type character.

BirdSmith (McCain) Enjoyed this, but no particular comments occur to me right now.

DVAD NO. 1 (Ballard & Gerding /age before beauty, Y'know/) Well, I see 200th Fandom has finally invaded Fapdom. Tallyho, Yoicks and 7 come 11! But how come you spell the Good Bergeron's name with three "e's"? This is an atrocity only a shade less heinous than spelling Grennell with an "i"! But, all seriousness aside, I'm awfully happy to see you two Sappish pillars join us and if you do even half as well for FAPA as you do for SAPS, we may have to raise the dues yet another notch (especially now that Browne's developed the 50-page psychosis). Wrai, I've written many pages of fannish copy whilst pottering about the state in the Olds. I'd wondered if anyone else "wrote" their stuff that way too. Milking is another activity that should be very productive to stefnal thinking (I could work in a reference to "galactation" here but I won't). Hmm--it's DVAD on the cover and DYAD on page 3...which do you prefer? #Anyess...guns...I hadn't better let myself go on the subject here as I still contemplate a page or two about guns, most likely in Bleen where it won't bore the wider readership of Grue. I think all of the gun-bugs who read Grue are either in Fapa or Saps and I can always send a copy to the party who isn't. But I read your comments on the old black-powder burners with complete fascination. No, I've never owned a flintlock, or fired one either for that matter. I have a purely arbitrary standard a gun has to meet before I keep it. It must be a hand-gun (i.e., pistol, revolver, etc.) and it must be capable of hitting a gallon jug at 100 yards with fair frequency...say, a minimum of 3 out of 10 shots. Only shoulder-gun I have at present is the old tubular magazine, bolt-action Springfield .22 my Dad bought me when I was a kid and no amount of money could buy that from me, despite the fact that I haven't even had the bolt in it for 2-3 years now. The hand-gun collection, right now, is down to three specimens: an S&W .22 Combat Masterpiece with a 4" barrel; a nice commercial-grade .45 Colt Automatic (not a liberated Army weapon) and my pride and joy, the S&W .357 Magnum with 6½" barrel. I had an old S&W .455 once with a sawed-off barrel which I had converted to .45 Long Colt with an auxiliary chamber--rather, cylinder--for the .45 ACP cartridge. Used to load the .45 Colt hulls with black powder sometimes but I never really developed the passion for that sulfurous stench of the stuff. Nice thing about black powder is that it is totally impossible to ever develop a breech-pressure in excess of 30,000 p.s.i. with it. Smokeless powder, especially the economical but temperamental Bullseye, will climb to 100,000 psi and beyond, given half a chance. The first week after I got the S&W Mag I bulged two of the chambers in the cylinder*and it still gives me pause to think when I reflect that the blame things are proofed in at around 55,000 psi...which I must have exceeded substantially. The S&W people were very nice about it though, and replaced the cylinder no-charge. #If you haven't read DODGE CITY, QUEEN OF COWTOWNS (Stanley Vestal, Pennant Books, #P34) I think you'd like it, Wrai. It's got a good bit about the Earps and others as well. And did you see that article on Wild Bill Hickok in a recent issue of Grue's near-namesake, "True, the Man's Magazine"? To Nan: If you still have the dummied-up copy of that Grue revue down there, I'd be curious to see it. I must see if I can dig up an old rejection-slip I once got from Aitchell Gold and loan it to you--may you get as much good from it as I did! Quiet shift now to:

RE (Gerding, solo) Wonder why you didn't say that HECK! was HECKtic...and, for that matter, why I didn't say it myself lastime. It's good to see somebody in FAPA that isn't afraid to let some paper show around their reviews...I think you're one of apadom's top reviewers and don't mind admitting it. #Huh!--you tink that was a thypo?? #I see you've clung to the motto of 200th Fandom but have dropped the coat of arms...wonder why????? #The cuddly-pets business had its inception in a F&SF tale called GRATITUDE GUARANTEED (R. Bretnor & Kris Neville, Aug 53) which you should look up and read if you missed it. #ELL!--finally I find out which cartoon in SHADOWLAND Danner didn't like. I was too lazy to get out the mailing in question and look it up, figuring that I'd eventually find out and I did. If "Grennell's puns are growing on you" all I can say is you poor kid. I'd much rather have warts! #Re the typo-word 'bovious'--I hope this doesn't drag virgin cows into the calm philosophical pages of FAPA. Next thing you'll have all the faps silping nuclear fizzes. #Your review of MOREEN MUMBLINGS makes me wish all the more it hadn't been missing from my bundle--wot did you say about me, DeMo?? Might as well go on and round out the page here with the homo SAPIens. #Well, I see that you spell it DYAD on the typer too. You'll please pardon my mis-titling above...you'll have to 'cause it's all your fault. Bney, for once, is blameless. I'm glad you 2 are faps. Glad, you hear me? (*shooting my own reloads)

GEMZINE (GM Carr) #My Olds is a GM carr too# #Harris a fine example of a gal who does give a Rapp for puns. Somebody should warn that puns are the lowest form of wit; that she can't win at this game, even though it may Slater for some votes as top reviewer in the coming Pohl. Eney-way, it's fun to see you Toth around the various Geis names that way, Gem. I laughed till I Clyde! If you could just Harness all fanergy...good 'Evans! #The distinction between "son" and "child" is purely one of obscure semantics. We'd have to have a good reading background of Latin, Hebrew and such other tongues as the originals were written in to discuss the matter intelligently and even then, I doubt that we'd get anywhere. But a random thought occurs...supposing Jesus had been born a girl? Would divine omniscience have been enough to conquer the feminine prejudices that I suppose must have existed then? Provocative thought--a female messiah--one I must cogitate about. As far as I know, the only person who uttered the phrase 'a jehad on an interplanetary scale' was myself. "Jehad," for the benefit of someone who asked, means a holy war or crusade but principally a religion-based dispute that reaches the level of physical violence. Sometimes spelled "Jihad." I think at the time that they were drawing up our present-day religion the concept that there might be other inhabited planets in the universe was one that hadn't received much thought. Odd, when you stop to think of it, that no major new religion has sprung up in the last several hundred years...unless you count the Nazis, et. al. With all the progress along other lines, it seems odd to me that a totally new and original religion hasn't developed more in keeping with current conditions. I'm only half-kidding...I think.

"The Divine is rightly so called."

DIASPAR #2 (Terry Carr) Something seems vaguely familiar about that cover--a saurian critter standing on a cliff looking down at a spaceship. Can't pin the association tho. But it strikes me that the chap who is peering through that scope-sight will not score a clean kill. Am not an erudite student of saurian anatomy but I'd judge the heart and other vitals would be a mite higher. "...tall and thin, but I never gangle" is a thing I think up and put in Norm Browne's mouth for Filler. Being a bit prouder of it than most of the heterogeny I dream up, I wish you'd give credit where due. Not mad, just thought I'd mention it. #Agree that STAR ROCKETS is a pretty miserable title but I'd hate to see a good title wasted on such an equally miserable magazine. As yet I still haven't tired of Grue as a title...if nothing else, nobody has challenged its originality so far. #Under no conceivable circumstances would an exploding cannon wind up looking like that illo. #Apparently Little Willie is a subject that nobody finds adiaborous. Either they like 'em or they HATE 'em. As for me, there's some I like and some I don't like. But just for you, Terry, here's one tailored to order:

"Will must go!" said Terry Carr,
 "Take him quick and take him farr!"
 Little Will gives Carr no thrill--
 Never has and never will.
 Carr says Will don't fill the bill
 Carr says Will is just a pill.
 This gives Willie quite a jarr--
 Wonder what he thinks of Carr!

Do this again and I'll compose a Little Terry poem!

SLIPSHOD (Hoffman) How does one distinguish between Virginia Ham and a FAPA postmailing?

Tantivy League

FAPESMO (Harness John, Used Carr Dealer or, if you prefer, Honest Carr, Used John Dealer I herewith quell as sub-standard a gag about a used Faro dealer) Grennell does not rhyme with kennel. To have a valid rhyme, you'd have to change that to "Cuddly polecat, built-in smell, / Get a Cuddlee-GrenNELL!" Seems as though I coulda picked a better sample.

FIENDETTA (Wells) A pun on MOREEN MUMBLINGS? Well, Well, Wells, it ain't easy. Best I can do on the momentary spur would be "Marine Mumblings, from the Denisens of the Deep." Will that do? I feel mixed emotions over your note that you have a hard time commenting on Grue. Sorry you don't but glad because it assuages my conscience over not being able to think of anything to say about fta thistime.

Abdominal Snowmen.

FANEWS (Dunkelberger) Honestly, Walt, I'd like to say something nice about this--something to encourage you to contribute oftener--because I know you can turn out a really top-notch magazine when you want to...or could anyway. I've been privileged to see some FANEWS of the old days and thought it a very fine thing. But this thing... I can't see any reason for it other than you apparently think it will establish your activity minimum for another year. It looks like a whole bunch of reprints, poorly chosen in the main (I remember the Clyne cover cartoon from the bacover of the Sept '43 FAN SLANTS) And I am too fond of my warm, brown 20/20 eyes to subject them to all that fuzzy 4 and 6-point type on the antique pulp paper. Maybe I should have just written "noted."

One day, whilst strolling down Peccadillo Circus...

TORRENTS (Share) Like you told me once, "Even if you hadn't put your name on it, I'd still have known whose magazine it was." There's something about a Sharezine--maybe the vaguely uneasy feeling that one has inadvertantly wandered into a Turkish Bath On Lady's Night--or that unique, heavy, blue-black ink you use---or the very distinctive Nancy touch with the stylus--anyhow... #Shux, gal, there's a lot of rhymes besides kiss, bliss and desist. In fact, the latter isn't quite admissable...like Roberta Stuart once said, "It may be kosher but it just isn't cricket!" Try these--hiss, miss, this, abyss, amiss, dismiss, remiss, chrysalis, nemesis, synthesis, Dis, and--if you're going to admit "desist", then you can also have things like twist, mist, cyst, amethyst, etc., &c. A really resourceful poet will invent his own word (f'rinstance "scoringe"/orange) in a pinch. #When I was in 7th Fandom, I kept my nose well-blown. No snot-nose, I...

GROTESQUETTE (Martian) First I was gonna write "NOTED" (in majuscule, you'll notice) and then I thought of NOTABLE but I wound up saying it's a shame you had to chop off such a cute little thing just when you got warmed-up and going good. More?

CAMPAIGN LIAR (Graham) Dug.

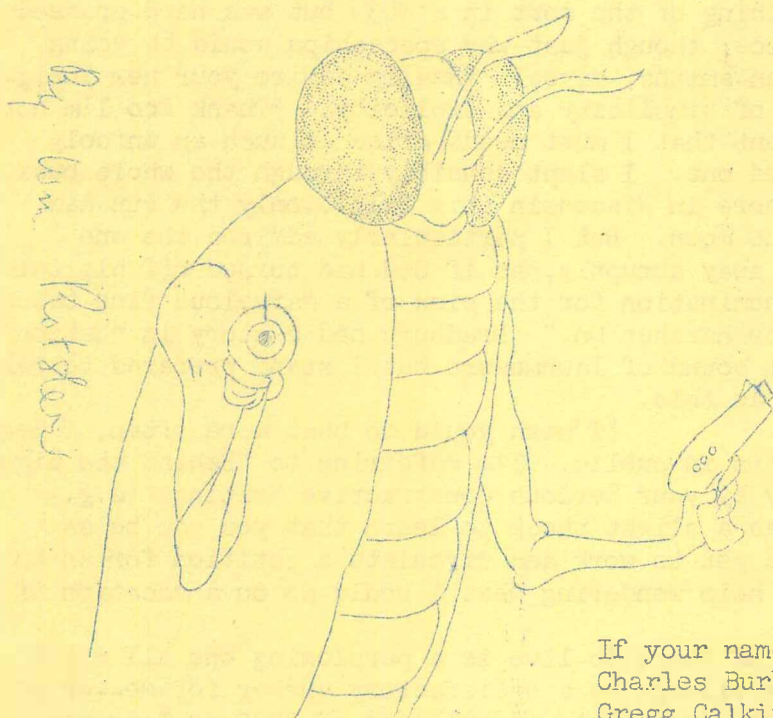
FAN MAGGOT (Pavlat) That's what I miss about the Rexograph...those fumes...ahhh!

CATACLYSM (Briney) Ghastly mimeography but I liked Tullis's bit.

THE STFMAG (Carr and Stewart) I'm wondering if both of you guys set out with malice aforethought to produce the most wretched crudzine the fanworld has ever seen. I hope you did because if you didn't I got news for you...you came damn close. Thank Foo that I have never had a brush with the gelatine hecto process! The only fan I ever encountered who had any luck with hecto is this Charles Harris (not THE Charles Harris, but a Charles Harris) who edits a mag called INFINITY (I think that's the name...we don't swap but I've seen a copy or two that he sent to Bloch). He does right well by it but I don't know how. And incidentally, he doesn't do the whole thing in hecto, just the illos in very skillful multi-color, with the text in black mimeo. Yes, the more I look at this, the surer I get that it is really a lampoon on some of the crudzines that come creeping in every nownthen...but you came within an ace of doing too good a job of it.

Knock-knock/who's there?/José/José who?/José, can you see, by the dawn's early light....

CALICO (Smith) Not bad for a first issue. As you receive and read a few mailing, you will begin to feel at home and won't have to resort to such things as "Victory Through Space Power" to fill stencils with. But Mifoo..that orange ink on yellow paper! /30dag/

GUNBUG'S
CORNER

If your name is not Martin Alger, Wrai Ballard, Charles Burbee (who likes pneumatic guns anyway), Gregg Calkins, Richard Eney, Dave Rike, Bill Rotsler, Hal Shapiro, Van Splawn, Ralph Grennell or Gerry Kincannon...then you have no business

reading this particular page and I will brook no criticism of it. These are the known ballistophiles among our readership and if others lurk in our midst, let them speak forth and be listed nexttime.

I'd originally intended to drop some notes here on the matter of reloading revolver cartridges. But the subject is a lengthy one and I'll save it for some time when more space is available.

Wrai Ballard was talking about duelling, as applied to shooting for keeps with black-powder flintlocks. If you should ever tire of the solemn perforation of bullseyes and crave some of the excitement of duelling, without the messy chance of shedding corpuscles, you might like to try the System of Bloodless Duelling as practiced under BDSA rules.

The BDSA (Brandon Dump-Shooting Association), in the days of its glory, would bring together on a Sunday afternoon from two to five members, each with from one to five hand-guns with from 50 to 200 rounds of ammo for each weapon. It was deemed a faux pas of deepest dye to leave with a round of live ammo in one's possession but after a while one can tire of merely standing up a bottle and shooting at it. We tried seeing who could break it first but we were so evenly matched that two or three shots would bang as one and the bottle would break and then the fight would commence. So we hit on the idea of each man having a bottle of his own to shoot at. The way it finally boiled down, two guys would stand back to back with guns loaded and pointed upwards. Off to one side by about 40 paces would be a pair of quart fruit-jars, side by side and about a yard apart. At a signal, the two combatants would step forward three paces, make a quarter-turn and start shooting at the jar that represented their opponent. First one to break his jar was the winner and he got to challenge some bystander for another bout. Once in a while we'd have a "Battle Royal" wherein four or five members would line up side-by-side and shoot at an equal number of bottles. The one whose bottle was the last one standing would be the winner. Trick here was to shoot at the other guy's bottles in descending order of skill.

This, to our way of thinking, was practical hand-gunning. Shooting slow-fire at a target is fun, but monotonous. Here, you had to be quick, but fairly cool and accurate. A quart jar at 40 paces isn't such an easy target that you can hit it snap-shooting. But when you have another fellow to beat and you know he may get off a lucky shot at any minute...well, for a completely new experience in shooting, you might try it.

Like to see more of this?

SKYHOOK (Boggs) So that's what a 'pictorial pun' looks like! I recall your mentioning that Dougherty had done something of the sort in a WO3W but was hard-pressed to imagine what it would be like. Nice; though just why spaceships would be going into the "sun" isn't quite clear...sun-smiths, maybe? #Really admire your new insignia--precisely the right combination of simplicity and explicitness. #Thank Foo I'm not cursed with curiosity to such an extent that I must needs arise at such an unfoolish hour just to watch the sun get blotted out. I slept sensibly through the whole business. Eclipses are old stuff to us here in Wisconsin this fall...only the sun has been eclipsed with clouds rather than the moon. But I particularly admired the one phrase you used: "The light dwindled away abruptly, as if God had turned off his television set, ..."---neatly put! #My nomination for the pick of a marvelous fine batch of Twiddlepops this issue was "Science Marches On." Bradbury had a story in "Nation's Business" which dealt on the pleasant sound of lawnmowers but I stand prepared to take oath that it was not as well-written as this.

#I wish you'd do that more often, I mean turn yourself loose in a whimsical vein in public. I'm referring to "Behind the Eighth Ball" now. To fans who know you only by your Serious Constructive Writings (e.g., "The Eternal Femfan"), it must come as a slight shock to learn that you can be as excruciatingly funny as this. I must get to work and circulate a petition for an encore along the same lines. #I can't help wondering what I would do on a vacation if I were Wm. Atheling Jr.

#The problem of where to live is a perplexing one all right and I'm by no means sure that a small village is a satisfactory answer for me--or even for you if you'd care to try it. I've found that, in villages of 5000 or less pop., the natives take a most disconcerting interest in your personal affairs. You are apt to wander into the general-store and find the loafers discussing what you had for breakfast...what you make a week, what time you got home last night or any of a lot of subjects you're apt to classify as your own business and nobody else's. The antithesis of this is to be found in the slightly larger city where one is quite apt to not even know the names of the people next door...and, moreover, doesn't care. I find a situation like this more to my taste though I've often pined for a few of the advantages that come from living out in the open country: would like to keep a dog and have room for it to rove a bit without complaints from the neighbors; would like to have a 25-yard pistol range in the backyard and no timorous neighbors to call the police upon hearing a few .38s snapping off a morning; etc. But we will doubtless stay in a comparable city-area (probably Fond du Lac, though I like the place less with each passing year) till the kids are all at least in high-school. #I'm not sure if you made it clear why you'd want to keep in close touch with your milieu...

#Hmmm...I hate to tip you off because I wanted to surprise you with it but I've been planning on doing a painting for your gallery too. You're familiar with cubist art, I'm sure, and with the well-known cubist work entitled "Nude Descending a Staircase"? (Without a doubt, the most innocuous nude ever painted) Well, I'm doing a 16x12 panel in the cubist manner. In the left foreground there is a small, saurian creature wearing boxing-gloves on its forefeet. It stands on its hind legs in a pug-nacious attitude as if warding off any would-be attackers of the barred enclosure immediately behind it, through the bars of which a grizzly bear may be seen peering. When you get this, you may select a title yourself or you may use the one I've given it: "Newt Defending a Bearcage." #By golly, I sure get a kick out of those spurious booktitles!! Especially the one about Bradbury's "Here There be Geigers." HOW in the world do you manage to think up such screamingly funny stuff?? I'd give anything to have thought of that one. #I seem to vaguely recall Ellison's mention that SFB or Dimensions was circulated to fans "in all 48 states and 32 foreign countries." Hmm. #Just got word from Bob Madle that he is returning to S-F Quarterly, effective with the February issue (which, with characteristic promptitude, will be out in November). I think I heard that Damon Knight will be there too. I glee. #Pleased to hear that Damon shares my epically acute distaste for team sports and particularly spectator sports. #I'd swap the spectacle of a cavalry charge for one more look at a squadron of hot pursuit-ships peeling off for a landing from an echelon formation. #and that takes care of all the postmailings for this trip. Hasta luego, amigos... --dag