





This is Contour #7, Spring 1955. Published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md. This ish intended for the seventy-first FAPA mailing, which to my great amazement is the twentyth mailing since Conny #1 appeared. This is a Hodgepodge Press Publication.

++++  
Herewith, for the first time, is a magazine on which I have done all the duplicating work. In fact, it's the first of my efforts to have been cranked off manually, all others having been run-off on electrically operated A.B.Dick mimeos or Ditto spirit duplicators. Here's how it came about --

"Hey you old Pentagon portion of a horse, can you drop by the shop on your way home tonight? I've got something to show you." "O.K." I said, "See you about five--you furnish the beer."

My office, which starts to work at the ungodly hour of 7:45, lets out at the conveniently early hour of 4:15. Since it's about a twenty-five minute drive from the office, at 21st and C streets, NE, to Derry's at 12th and Eye<sup>NW</sup>, and another twenty minute job to maneuver the car into the alley behind his joint, I usually reach his place at just about his quitting time, five p.m. Cherchez la femme (my '51 red Ford convertible) and I beat the rush out of the parking lot that night, and arrived at Derry's a good ten minutes ahead of time. Accordingly, I picked up the beer. Damned expensive proposition, arriving ahead of time.

Derry was still sweating over his job-sheets, trying to figure out a way to stick someone for an extra ten bucks on the latest Ditto overhaul ("It needed a new impression roller, but we gave him a new fuel tank and...") when I brought in the beers. He looked up at me, reached into the desk drawer for the opener and pointed with the thumb of his other hand to the work-bench behind him. "Looky what we just inherited" he said.

I looked, and there it was--a beat-up Monkey-Wards mimeo. "Does it run?" I asked him.

"You darn right it runs. It will out-perform that Model 78 A.B.Dick you got seven ways from Sunday."

Derry explained the intricacies, if you can call them that, over our cans of Schlitz. Seems that one of their salesmen had finally managed to convince one of the local firms that direct process was best, and had taken the mimeo off their hands when the Ditto was delivered. Arriving back at the shop, he'd picked the machine out of the trunk, heaved it in the general direction of Derry onto the paved alley, and said "Want it?"

Derry looked it over, carried it into the shop, slapped some paper in the feed tray and a stencil on the drum, and turned the crank. It ran, it printed, and it fed the paper. That was when Derry called me.

We experimented around some that evening, trying the machine on different types and weights of paper, and fiddled around with the various knobs and levers to find out how to vary impression height and tension, and Derry convinced me that my basement was the best place for the machine. It's there now, inkily waiting for me to finish this stencil.

The A.B.Dick Model 78 is waiting also, but it has great difficulty in handling newsprint (which is what this is printed on) and so it will just have to keep waiting till I decide to print something on regular weight paper where precise impression is required. About the only trouble with the machine I'm using is that some pages print too near the top, others too near the bottom. However, it's a jim-dandy if proper care is exercised.

+++++  
Most pages of this issue are slip-sheeted. The exceptions are pages 3 and 4, which were the first carefully prepared (meaning pages intended for distribution, rather than as experiments) pages run on this machine. I've slip-sheeted for two reasons: 1) Elite type backed-up on newsprint is hard enough to read even without the stray blobs of ink which result without slip-sheeting, and 2) Slip-sheeting gives me time to make sure that the next sheet is going to feed before I turn the handle. On this machine, it's easy to see if the next sheet will feed by the position of the top sheet on the feed tray. I've found by trial and error that about one sheet in thirty does not position itself properly, and will misfeed if not corrected. I detest the job of pulling out the impression roller, cleaning it off and putting it back in. I'd sooner spend a little more time and make sure that I'm printing on the paper, and not on the impression roller. Since I'm going to take that extra time, I'd might as well slip-sheet. Also, using this size paper and 8½ x 11 newsprint as my slip-sheet stock, it takes hardly any extra time to separate the two. I've a notion that 8½ x 11 mimeo bond might be even easier, maybe I'll try it one of these days.

About this paper. Derry and I have a full carton of the stuff--someplace in the neighborhood of 100,000 sheets. I'll admit that for reading ease it doesn't compare with 24# bond. If you find it too difficult to read, I'll switch to pica type, or switch to printing on one side only. However, I intend to continue using newsprint for the next ten years, so you might as well get used to it.

## ONESHOT

..by charles derry..

Lens came lumbering down the shaky steps. Below the big cardboard box--bag-kneed tweeds; above it--a shock of wiry black hair and horn-rimmed glasses. He set the box on the floor. It was crammed with papers.

From his reclining position on the broken couch, Brush eyed the box distastefully. He tilted his narrow head and drank from a beer can. Pop folded his hands over his round, boyish stomach and said, "Well!"

Jug emptied his beer can, and with a grand flourish designed to illustrate to one and all that he had finished his already, set it on the floor.

Brush belched loudly, took out a battered cigarette, and lit it. He refrained from looking at the box.

Lens proceeded to extract sheaf after sheaf of paper. He placed them in separate piles in a semi-circle around him. He worked with one hand, sipping beer the while from the can held in the other.

Pop said "Well!" again, and managed to sound like a Gilbert and Sullivan admiral confronted with a perplexing tactical problem. "What's this? Immortal prose?"

"Sublime literature" said Brush. He pronounced it "litter-chur" but no one bothered to correct him. The chore had long since grown wearysome.

"Divine nectar of the slobs" crowed Jug, punctuating his remark with a can opener applied to a fresh beer.

"Len's been frenetic again" said Brush and drank again.

Lens ignored the remark and handed a wad of typewriter sheets to Pop. "Draw something funny for this."

"Be funny" said Pop loftily, taking the papers.

"Being funny is like being constipated" Jug shouted, rising to his full five feet, "you feel so much better after you've had a pill."

"You are so right." Brush exhaled more smoke than would have been thought possible by anyone not acquainted with him.

"Who's got the opener?" Lens peered around and speared the opener with a skinny claw. He squatted on his haunches and opened the can with a vicious wrist twist. A frothy geyser sputtered toward Brush.

"Now what the hell are we going to put into this damn rag?" No one paid any attention, so he went on as if he had their rapt interest. "We got articles, stories, humor, pics, puns, and plain crud. And most of all, we got the strangest examples of misspellings in captivity."

"You're jealous." Brush snubbed out his smoke and lit a new one.

"Listen to this," Pop shouted, "listen, listen!" He stood up and scattered papers in a puddle of beer.

"Hey, that's my sterling stuff." Brush leaped up - the first time he'd moved from the couch - and began to retrieve the sheets, shaking each one partially dry.

"Don't bother drying them off" said Lens. "You can smell the beer that went into the writing anyhow."

"Hey, listen!" yelled Pop.

"There was a young lass from Duluth, who..."

"Listen!!"

"...the cat's..."

"QUIET!" screamed Brush, "that's my stuff he wants to read. It's good."

"For what?" Jug swept his beer can up in a dramatic gesture and drank.

"For hanging on the outhouse wall." Lens said.

"Shut up. All of you."

Jug held his arms outstretched and flapped his hands up and down while standing on one leg, dribbling beer and cigarette ashes over all.

"Harken unto him who remaineth sober." Brush sank back on the couch. It sagged another inch and gave up another of its springs, popping it onto the floor.

"If we're gonna put out a zine we've got to get together. We've only got two weeks till the con."

"So? We've got more stuff than any ten zines." Pop fell back in his chair. "This stuff is shaggier than Shaggy." He took out his pencil and began to sketch on the back of the paper he held.

"Whattawe gonna call it?" Brush tossed his beer can into a corner.

"Thud and Blunder Tales." Lens tossed his can after Brush's.

"Crud Bucket Blues" Pop said, never lifting his head or ceasing his drawing.

"How about 'Confessions of a Male Prostitute?'" Jug fell into his chair, spraying Pop with beer.

"No, no, no! We'll call it 'What Every Young Fan Should Know'." Brush reached for a full beer.

"It's been done" Lens said, pencilling page numbers on a handfull of tattered stencils.

"So what? Everything's been done, sometime, by someone."

"Let's make up our minds about this thing. I've got twelve stencils here and every damn one of them is a beginning. There isn't a finished piece in the lot. Two of them are only half a page." Lens looked at Pop. "Plenty of room for illos." Pop continued to draw.

"We can call it the 'Unfinished Fanzine'." Brush scattered cigarette ashes on his shirt.

Lens got up and crossed the room. On an upturned packing crate reposed the great-granddaddy of all A.B. Dick machines. It wasn't so much its actual age as its appearance. It had been around. The monster was the pride and joy of Jug, who now joined Lens at its altar. The machine had originally belonged to an obscure government agency and Jug had acquired it at an auction.

"Paid two-fifty for baby." Jug patted the greasy wreck fondly.

"You was robbed" Lens said. He picked up a gallon can and shook it. Satisfied, he unscrewed the cap and upended the can over the machine's drum.

"Probably dried up." Brush came over to watch.

"Careful," Jug cautioned, "the drum leaks if you get more than two cupfulls in it."

Lens allowed a black sluggish stream to flow into the drum. Carefully calculating the amount, he snatched the can away, screwed the plug in the drum, and rotated the handle.

"Good," Jug cheered, "only spilled a couple of drops."

"Where's the paper?" Brush opened several cardboard boxes stacked against the hot water boiler.

"Here." Pop came up, his arms loaded with a stack of assorted papers. "I saved this up around the office and we've got a choice of colors, sizes, weights, and quality. Take your pick."

"Oh, fine." sarcastically. Lens began to sort the paper into separate piles. "Everybody can have a color he likes."

Brush was holding a stencil to the light. "Pretty damn good stuff."

"Your own, no doubt." Jug stood on tip-toe and read over Brush's shoulder. "First time I ever saw galaxy spelled with two 'L's'."

"That's an easy one," Lens countered. "Wait till you get to perihelion."

"I have. It's a doozy."

"Anyway," said Brush loftily, "I write more, even if the spelling is worse."

"The last is true." Lens had eleven piles of sorted paper scattered over the top of a three legged table.

"Where's the contents page?" Pop asked. "I'll put in the drawings."

"Thank foo you're an artist," breathed Lens. "I can stand Brush's spelling, but your's turns me purple. Here. Use that piece of glass over there on the washing machine for a 'scope." He handed Pop a stencil.

"Better start cranking, the juice is leaking out." Jug twirled the handle several times.

"Fresh brew for the crew." Brush began popping cans with rapid opener strokes.

Lens got a fairly even stack of paper and put it on the feed tray. Jug clamped the stencil to the drum and began to crank. The first three copies were snatched and scanned in silence. Editorial accumen operates best in silence, with momentous decisions being indicated by sage nods and lip pressings.

"Well now, this is something of an occasion" began Brush ponderously.

"Ink's leaking!" shouted Jug, and resumed his cranking. Brush and Lens gathered at the receiving end and admired the new wet pages, symbol of their efforts.

\* \* \*

The beer case had only four cans in it that were unopened. On the table a sloppy stack of inky stencils bled into a newspaper. A black, tarry puddle was slowly forming under the still machine.

On hands and knees Lens carefully chose a sheet from

each of two dozen stacks. Beside him rested a small pile of stapled sheets.

Stretched out on the couch, feet over one arm, Brush slowly doled out the remaining dribbles of beer in the can he held. He belched loftily.

+++    +++    +++    +++    +++    +++    +++    +++    +++    +++

On this 27th of February I've just come in from washing the car. The weather is pleasant, but the water is still damn cold. Consequently, my fingers are most indecisive about whether they want to function at all, and smoothness of touch (hi Dagner) is a myth of which they've heard but cannot, at this time, experience.

+ The mailing arrived a day late this quarter, coming on the 25th, which was Friday, rather than on Thursday when I'd expected it. The thing most immediately apparent was that HORIZONS for the first time in its none too brief existence had departed from its twelve page format. The second was the absence of GRUE and SKYHOOK, but more on those subjects in the mailing reviews. I rather hesitate to do mailing reviews this time, since I've stenciled four reviews in the past couple of years, and have yet to put one of them in print.

Reading the mailing made me feel real bad. All this emphasis on deadwood, when I've so recently been such a fine imitation of a log. Over the past several months, my interest in fandom has been gradually returning, and I believe you can expect more production out of me than has been true since mid-51.

+ The Washington crowd has had sole franchise on the gentle art of silping nuclear fizzes since 1947, tho we didn't call it silping back in those days. So far as I know, our esteemed prexy Jacobs dreamed this up (cf. ROBERT GLENN BRIGGS---FAKE FAN.) (Incidentally, I wonder how many FAPANS except Boggs, Eney, Evans, and Jacobs know what is a Nuclear Fizz.) I had thought that I was the sole FAPAN enamoured of Jim Beam bourbon until the 69th mailing, at which time P. Howard Lyons indicated a nodding acquaintance with the beverage. I believe Bloch also made comment on a bottle of Jim Beam as being a passport to Tucker's, but cannot now find the reference. And who here has ever tried E. G. Booze? It's a thoroughly adequate replacement for Beam.

## HYPODERMIC

...being a review of the 70th FAPA mailing

Warner's HORIZONS. The change of size of Horizons is even more surprising to me than was his switch from yellow to white paper some years ago. After all, this is the first time he's deserted the twelve page format. ++ "...containing catches and glees from the Restoration"--so that's what a glee is. ++ Seventh fandom was too a hoax. The gang admittedly got themselves known as seventh fandom, and some of them will be remembered seven years from now as members of seventh fandom, but it's a seventh fandom in quotes. Tucker and Willis aren't dead, even though successful hoaxes convinced people that they were. Seventh fandom doesn't live, even though a successful hoax convinced people that it was. ++ Bless you, Harry, for "A Young Man's Mancy." I willingly read anything you, Tucker, or Speer has to say about their fannish past. It doesn't even matter if it's accurate. Your remarks concerning the Moskowitz vs Lowndes axis reminds me of Speer's foul-up when he accidentally sent a letter ~~went~~ for a member of one faction to a member of the other. I never have come across a reference to this incident except for the one mention in SusPro--what were the results?

### I rue grue

Carr's BAITBOX. What kind of fandom do we have when even GMC admits that the n3f is not perfect?

Danner's LARK. Your Abe Lincoln quote - "You cannot build character and courage by taking away man's initiative and independence. You cannot help men by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves." - is one of my favorites (tho I've never memorized it.) ++ I recognized RAP immediately from the picture in Dream Quest. ++ Your comment about Crutch and his tires was the cleverest in the mailing. ++ I'm having difficulties. I used to be able to trace back in mailings for remarks made by Warner which I recalled and wanted to read again. Nowadays, I get remarks you made and those Warner made confused after the lapse of a few months.

Wells' FIENDETTA. Funny, but I can't quite get used to just who Charles Wells is. ++ How can people say their

fanzine is distributed to individuals of the editor's choice, and yet offer to trade willy-nilly with other fanzines? Boy, what a chance for Willy to foist off old copies of Boy's Herald on you! ++ You have the most nearly unreadable index of contents I've seen yet. ++ I wish Britishers (such as Ashworth). ++ When a person sits down and figures out why he's not prejudiced, he's prejudiced. ++ Home brew is legal - at least in some states - if produced in quantities not exceeding those which the brewer (and beer buddies) can reasonably be expected to consume. It can't be brewed for sale without permits, stamps, taxes, etc. Recipes for home brew fall into the same category as pornography, contraceptives, and white slaves insofar as mailability is concerned. ++ Savannah my have 155,000 people and no actifans, but Washington DC proper has about 700,000 people and only one. About a dozen people, all told, have published fanzines while living in DC: Speer, Rothman, Perdue (or was it Widner?), Ed Hopper, Kerkhof, Briggs, Jacobs, Davis (maybe), and Felkel. Did Willis Conover live in Washington when he was active? He's been a disk jockey here for many years.

---

Silver spoon hell! She was born wearing a maidenform bra.

Tucker's THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE. How does a neo-fan get one? ++ For Ghod's sake (see Foo) it's Phthalo, not Pthalto. Grennell and Anderson ought to do something about that FUBAR. I also greatly resent the definition of Foo as being a minor god of fandom. I looked up a poem Karen and I had constructed about Phthalo (in green and red typing!) just to check the spelling. Ghod, am I glad I never printed that abortion.

Grennell's BLEEN. Eight pages a year is enough activity requirement if you put a bite on non-producers, such as fines in terms of number of pages required, who take advantage of the 45 day grace period too freely. ++ Your argument for the use of liquid vacuum under pressure as a reaction matter for spaceships ignores the fact that mass expelled has an influence upon propellant power obtained. For this reason, your method could not possibly work. My researches have, however, shown that the best way to liquify pressurized vacuum is to equip your spaceship with a number of cylindrical containers similar to those used for commercial pressurized gases. They differ from standard in that they have openings at both ends, and

either or both of these openings can be opened or closed by pressing a stud on the control board. The ship must also be fitted with a device similar in shape to a funnel, mounted on the forward end of the ship to act as a sort of scoop. To gather the vacuum, you take the ship into outer space, open both openings in the cylinders, and the vacuum scooped up by the funnel ships through the cylinders forcing out any air which may have collected in them. The rear opening is then closed, and you goose the ship so that it goes like a bat out of hell, forcing vacuum into the cylinders. The amount you can collect by the method is limited solely by the size and strength of the cylinders, and the number of sun-powers of your ship's engines. The method avoids all the troublesome chilling which must be done on Earth in the packaging of vacuums, but has the defect that, at times, stray metallic particles may be gathered with the vacuum--and everyone knows what happens when microscopic flecks of metal are introduced into a pressurized vacuum. ++ Why all this comment on the 3D craze we recently had? I recall another back about 1939. ++ You mean you're in SAPS too?

#### TRAFFIC TO HURT BEAR LEFT

Alger's REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT. I really should file your fanzines (I'm beginning to hate that word) on my reference shelf. I finally know what a matchblock is, but four months from now I'll have forgotten and have to dig up old files to find out. ++ Will Cosmic Clod never die--and what happened to the old rumor that he shot mummy and committed suicide in Indiana?

Evan's "ALATHON" 10 & 14 POLYETHYLENE RESIN  $(-CH_2-CH_2-)_n$ . I still say I can tell Alathon 10 & 14 from Alathon 5 by the odor.

Coslet's COSWALZINE. From appearances, I'd say you again ran your Wolber on a cold day.

Myers' FAPA SNOOZE. Too much sweetness and light, but not unsatisfactory. ++ Either stop using editorial we's, or use them consistently!

Eney's KEEBIRD. Why in hell can't I comment on Eney's fault when he's good?

Eney's TARGET: FAPA. Was the flashlight sideways? ++  
"...if Gerald FitzGerald had seduced GMCarr." ((My  
capital G in FitzGerald.)) Let FitzGerald look out for  
himself. He gets himself involved in a GMCarr dream,  
he deserves whatever happens. Anyhow, he can have his  
own dreams.

Rike's Z, S, S'n. I enjoyed this. Rike need not apologize  
for (either variety) of reproduction either.

Clyde's FANZINES ARE NO DAMN GOOD. He can write, he can  
draw, but when is he coming out of the box?

McCain's BIRDSMITH. What the hell. Am I getting tired,  
or are you, McCain? This used to be a good magazine.  
Even though your comments about Brando were interesting,  
I don't, at this writing, recall the magazine with any  
glow of pleasure. Or any glow at all. I blame it partly  
on that (16 point?) all cap type used on pp 1-5 of #8.

Yngvi is a louse -- Eney is a Foo-hater

Silverberg's SPACESHIP. I liked this better Bob before  
you got off on your reviewing and analysing kick. I could  
probably learn quite a bit, if I read your reviews and  
analyses. ++ I'd like to and probably should write you  
a good long letter on warfare and soldiers as I see it.  
Your courage in coming out with the statement you id on  
your own "lack of courage" shows just how much you really  
have. I'll abbreviate greatly what I'd like to say, but:  
you're strongly opposed to McCarthy, or, more specifically,  
to McCarthyism. How strongly? That is, just where do  
draw the line between talking about and acting against evil?  
Secondly, why do you project your views on military life  
and purpose onto others to the point where you "regard  
military men with scorn"? The military men are capable of  
being that simply because they don't share your views.  
That should not make them subjects of scorn. The basic  
purpose and concept of the military is: Protection of  
nationalism, Extension of nationalism. Varying proportions  
of each exist in any Army at any given time, depending upon  
the time and country concerned. The military is the sole  
defense against aggression. Offensive warfare, at present,  
requires the employment of troops. Defensive warfare  
requires that the offensive troops be removed. Present  
methods of removal are: capture, killing. The alternative

is to accept the aggression, and this, in many cases, is no alternative at all. You didn't express your feelings without thinking them out in advance. What were and are your thoughts? ++ Use one diagonal and half of the other of the letter "X" on your lettering guide to obtain a reasonable approximation of the letter "Y."

Economou's PELOTSAM. Very good and very amusing. It's easy to see why the "offset professionally" was redlined—although it was easily readable, it would never inspire me to have anything I did offset by your printer.

Geis' SCHIZO. Now that you're in, do you regret the fact that the waiting list was as long as it was? ++ I don't believe fandom ever before saw so many apas: 7APA, the Cult, SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, WAPA, and maybe others I haven't heard about. And, yes, I know about PAPA. ++ It seems to be impossible to make the plus sign on this machine print in a straight line. It's the furthest key on the right, replacing the cents and apiece signs, and the years of usage this machine has seen has loosened the fittings. ++ This is a comment on Schizo?

Fandom is so ephemeral

Pavlat and Evans' FANZINE INDEX. Ghod, why didn't I use a film stencil for the cover sheet? ++ This thing was edited in Mt. Rainier and Hyattsville, Md., printed in DC by a man living in Cheverly, Md., and mailed from Riverdale Md.

Martinez' MAMBO. Inclusion of Pre-Apa in the mailing was not precedent-setting. Good magazine, no comments.

Martinez' VOILA. I wonder if I don't sometimes miss some good material by skipping over the fiction in fanzines such as this. Warner's stories I read, the others I sample, but usually read through. My preferences for reading have nothing to do with my printing of Derry's fiction from time to time—after all, he writes fan fiction.

Higgs' DOGHOUSE. I stayed with this long enough to read the Bottstory and note the cartoon on the bacover. Everybody knows Jacobs is a fake fan—or he was until he started drinking Burbee's home brew.

Wilson's DREAM QUEST. I'm forced to rewrite the comments I'd originally written about DQ (this is revised draft writing.) After rewriting, I'll probably wish I'd used the comments originally prepared. One sentence of the former draft is worth using: "Ah, lovely." ++ Grue interested me for the same reason that Fanews does not: it contained evanescently topical material as a leavening to the solidier and meatier stuff contained in other more serious zines. It's simply not your sort of fanzine. I'm certainly no more informed on current fanac than you are, yet Grue's "chattery crud," as you called it, has bestirred me sufficiently to resume some activity on my own part (and now you know who to blame for keeping one more waiting lister on the waiting list.) Isabel's and Miller's stuff would have been at home in Grue, don't you think? ++ Your piece on Rap was easily the best part of DQ this issue. In rereading for review purposes, I note that I reread everything except the article on Rap. ++ In comment to a comment you made some time ago, I deeply regret that I missed you when you passed through Hyattsville a year or so ago. Next time I'll be home to answer the damn phone.

---

He snapped a closeup of infinite space

Lotsler's MASQUE. Grue with pictures. ++ The two page UNICORN was more digestible than MASQUE. ++ Burbee is one of the few presently active fans whose early efforts do not suffer by comparison with his present output—it's all good. ++ Ghod, I never thot of the effect GMC's dream would have on FitzGerald. I'll bet she didn't either.

Harris' THROUGH DARKEST IRELAND. This was the final straw. Having been approached with The Enchanted Duplicator and softened up with a year of Grue, the final liberal helpings of Ghoddminton, colcannon, and Irish scenery were just too much. This story about faans is good enough to make a person want to be one. Mahaffey's and Harris' visits to Willis have resulted in wonderful documentaries, making it appear that association with Willis has an effect not equalled on this side of the Atlantic—despite the well-known effects of Burbee's home brew.

Ballard's LAGGARD. A Spear rug would be all right, but I'd prefer feminine skin as binding material for my FAPA collection. Hoffman, are you there?