

TRUSABEN Number Seven, Majuju 1952. Published quarterly by Bob Silverberg at 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, N.Y., for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and for anyone else who'll pay a nickel to make me feel that I'm not doing all this for free. 59th mailing.

REPORT FROM THE FORGOTTEN PAST

As behooves one who has been chosen as the 19th best commenter in FAPA, and who came in breathlessly tied for 51st place in the FAPA poll (this is, indeed, an achievement--I believe I was 52nd the last time I placed, though I may be wrong) I feel it is a mandate that I comment on the 58th mailing, reviving my mailing comments after a year's lapse.

First, though, let's get it down for noted that the two Boggs mailings to date have shown, if nothing else, that FAPA is still alive. I think that Coslet saw the club through two years of near-crisis, and at last it's on its feet again. But I'm still thinking of those three consecutive mailings in 1950 which averaged about 150 pages.

But to commenting:

LARK: Despite the poor (but justifiable) reproduction, I read most all of this and liked it. Since it's all comments, I have little to say, but I might mention that I think your mimeo ink is no good, Bill--likewise; I think GM Carr should change her ink. I use Heyer's Economy myself, sometimes vary it with Speedoprint. Steer clear of Pilot, which, although it's made by the Speedoprint company, is surprisingly bad.

PHANPEUR I liked the cover. Nothing much to it, but a darn sight better than I could manage, which is why this mag has no cover. I still refuse to comment on comments, for fear of setting off one of those circles-within-circles affairs such as happens when you sit in a barber shop with front-and-back mirrors and stare at the reflection of the reflection of the rear mirror. This gets quite terrifying after a while.

SKYLARK: This mag puzzles me. Why someone should blow twenty bucks on front and back litho covers instead of buying a decent mimeo with the money is unfathomable. The covers are attractive, I suppose, though the front one was not as well drawn as most of Gillen's work--but the interior is the most goshawful light mimeographing I've ever seen. Now I know right well that my own mimeography at one point was nothing to boast about, and I can say with complete calmness that I've done mimeo work twice as bad as this. But I must add that I wasn't much past 13 when I did it, and that I had had no experience with mimeographing at the time, so I can justify my poor job if not completely excuse it. But Gluck (I don't know his age) has been a fan publisher since 1949, and one would think he would learn just a little about publishing in all that time! # I didn't read Drosdick's story, because I rarely read fan fiction and especially when reproduced that way. Ditto the Duane, though glimposes as I turned the pages seemed to indicate I might be missing something...dunno. I liked the Ashfield bit, but it dates at least from 1950...no earlier, judging from the titles, but probably no later. #one of the funniest items in years here: "Thanks to Gerry de la Ree for the mimeography." Hell, why thank him for that job, unless he paid you for the chance to do it?

DJINN: Very neatly dittoed...general appearance of the typing is much like Laney's, in color, typeface, and all. # Is "The Stamps of El Dorado," which you mention, the same as "Postpaid to Paradise" by Robert Arthur? I strongly suspect it, considering that Arthur is boss of "The Mysterious Traveller." The "Paradise" story was printed in Argosy in 1939 and may have been reprinted in F&SF.

SNULBUG: I assume Boggs mimeographed this, or else it's just the Boggs influence wearing off on the hired help. # Enjoyed most of this as usual. My musical tastes run to Gilbert & Sullivan, as many know, but I'm fond of a good deal of orthodox classical stuff...inordinately fond of Beethoven, Rimsky-Korsakov, Mussorgsky, and (don't quote me) most Russian music. G&S has always been joy unbounded for me, and I imagine I could quote from the librettos for hours on end, though I'd rather not like to try. # Yup, I did that IRUSABEN in an hour 20 minutes...I had most of it written out mentally, anyway, all summer...I type round about a hundred words a minute, when I'm in a hurry. Not particularly accurately, I'll admit, but at least it's quick.

SUBURBAN HARVEST: Noted, but not read carefully. As might be inferred from my affection for Gilbert, I prefer the old-fashioned kind of poetry that scans.

AL LA BABOOM: Noted. Noted especially were the pictures of Hoffman and Mahaffey. # But Max, the Coles are 15, not 14.

HORIZON: Harry goes into detail over why he can't do good mimeo work because of his ink pad, and then comes up with a pretty-near flawless job, unless I was just one of the lucky 20. I liked the comments on the P.O.D. the best...I'm conducting a one-man boycott on the 2/ postcard. Right now I'm using up a huge batch of 1/ stamps which I scrounged up for nothing, along with 1/ postcards which the post office is very glad to sell me. I still don't think a postcard is worth 2/3 the cost of a letter. # The mail delivery is shocking sometimes. Just today I received an airmail letter from Mack Reynolds, discussing a fairly important matter--dated four days earlier. Now four days to fly from New Mexico to Brooklyn is a pretty slow plane.

UNASKED OPINION: Hektoing a bit blurred on my copy. Surprised and pleased to see half a page on IRUSABEN. # You seem to be confused on this matter of dittography--the closest I can express it, the ditto machine is a cross between the mimeo and hekto, with many advantages over both (but a number of disadvantages too.) It certainly isn't hektography in the usual sense of slapping paper to goo by hand and rubbing it to make the impression darker. And I can't quite see Coslet hektoing some 50 pages each mailing, (including his work for Laney, etc.)

LIGHT: Still as bright as ever. The switch to second-sheets makes for sharper mimeography than you've ever had before, but it's pretty sloppy. You'll need to slipsheet for best work. # You must have worked like a dog on that crossword puzzle...and then to botch it up by making the solution illegible! ((Didn't Heinlein once write a story called "Solution Illegible?" Nah, it couldn't have been...wait a second while I dig ahead in the mailing for the Boggs key. Ah..."Solution Unsatisfactory."

CODE OF HONOR: I got two copies, so if someone didn't get any let me know. # For a supplement to this booklet, see page five.

CHOOOG: Very pleasant going, although novelty for novelty's sake, such as the odd size, isn't always welcome. I enjoyed this hugely, though there's not too much to comment on. # I've never met any of the people whom you try to describe, but I've heard accurate descriptions of them, and you're wrong in a good many places. I think Pavlat once told me Boggs wears glasses, though I may be wrong. Dunno what "medium short in height" means, but I'm told that Redd is round about 5-10 or 5-11; in which case only George Mikan would call him medium short. Coslet, though, certainly isn't "tall and very thin"--he might well be thin, but he said himself that he was 5-2, which doesn't rate as tall in my book. (On reflection, 5-2 seems like a typo on Coslet's part, methinks.) # I had built up a carefully-designed mental picture of you which was rudely shattered when you-know-what was disclosed. Nevertheless the picture is so sharp that some of the time I still refer to you as "he." Remind me to describe your masculine alter-ego to you some time.

TANGENT: Hope you've found your mark now. Your cover stencil can, of course, be used over once more simply by putting "Number Two" on it. # I refuse to take part in the Laney-Bradley squabble, but my heart flutters at the thought of what Fran could do to a statement such as "...his attack on EE Evans, whom I know to be a nice man..." # The drawing of the two chaps at the end of the Willis column is obviously part of Lee Hoffman's preoccupation with Jack F. Speer, if you recall what the "F" stands for. The two guys are bent into swastikas.

FAPA POTLATCH: First time I've seen the word since reading a National Geographic article about it five years ago, which of course makes me feel vastly superior to the people who are wondering just what the hell a potlatch is. # And seeing such minor Boggs items as this brings out the fact that making Redd OE gives him a convenient way of publishing as much as he wants without paying postage costs (which form a great part of FAPA publishing expense) and therefore there are three or four Boggs items in each mailing instead of a postmailed SKY HOOK now and the

STEFANTASY: I suppose this was just a breather issue. Still fine stuff, particularly the ads. I thought the HARSH ad was magnificent, with the exception of one word: "Full" in "full 2-9/16" speaker", which is completely out of context, or so it seems to me. But the whole thing was simply grand. # We have a gorgeous Magnavox console which plays like a dream, but I have to keep fiddling with the bass and treble settings. One thing I like about it is that it plays London FRRR recordings superbly--and probably none of you but Harry Warner are aware that FRRR is the company which makes the authoritative G&S records, the D'Oyly Carte.

ONOMATOPOIESIS: Gad, next someone will hit aposiopsis as a title (this is a particularly favorite word of mine, a harshly esoteric item picked up while struggling through Vergil.) # I note that Eney sidesteps my criticism of his mailing comments by not commenting on my remarks at all...but he does a good job this time, though I'm accursed if I can stand his typewriter...and the little habit of sticking *** in every which place doesn't make it easier to read. I've always thought that the elite * was much more unattractive than the pica, since the pica has a space in the center while the elite * is just a collection of crossed lines. # Breaking my rule and commenting on comments...where you say "I can't cook a--say--roast beef that's fit to roast, but do you mean I can't tell when somebody else's efforts in that line have failed?" Me, too...in the words of someone or ther, "When you discover a counterfeit bill in someone else's possession, you may point it out to him but you are not obliged to replace it with a good one."

GEMINI: This was hard to read, so pass it as noted. But Elsberry must have had a stroke when he saw... "Who is Stan Kenton... I've never heard of him... one of those talented amateurs everyone seems to know but me?"

ELFIN: Why was this labelled #1? I thought you kept up one mag, called Coswal's Fapazine, under a multitude of non-repeating titles? # I didn't bother straining my eyes on most of this, but I noted it in my reference file just to show that I think it's of value. I do wish you had condensed or eliminated the blurbs of the non-fantasy stories, since that clogs reading whenever I'll get around to it.

WABJ: Good Foo, another Hoffman title! I suppose you meant "cave canem" rather than "cave canum"... the nominative is canis, so the accusative is third-declension "em". I know all this sounds rather snooty of me, but it's the only satisfaction I have after studying Latin for 4½ years. # I would be most heartily against any rule which could make a Fapazine unacceptable by 2/3 vote. This would, in effect, be a popularity rule, and an unpopular member--such as Degler was, or Scarles after his famous blast--would be in effect expelled from membership merely by repeated votes. Of course, Degler was expelled anyway.

ASTOUNDING STORY-KEY: As my file of Astounding approaches completion (I need just about a dozen or so more, from Jan 1930 right up) I find it harder to locate material in it... and then Boggs comes up with this. # Boggs says there may be mistakes, but I don't think anyone will spot any very soon... no one is going to sit down and check these off against his file, most likely. But you never can tell about fans.

IRUSABEN: This was an experimental issue... as I look back, I don't like the G&S takeoff as much as I did when I wrote it in a white heat one day in November. But I must add that Bobby Pope was chosen as the New Member solely because at the time I wrote it he was the newest member, and not to cast any aspersions on him personally. # The poor mimeography in places results from a shortage of stencils--I ran out of standard-size stencils halfway through, and didn't care to lay out three bucks just to have three stencils in a hurry... so I used three weird-sized items which I compressed into the proper shape... but the ink managed to ooze out under the compressions on some pages.

STARS AND BARS: Noted. That very stiff paper requires slipsheeting, Ian.

BUILDING AHMF Etc. Noted. I admire Martin immensely for doing something which I could never do in a million years.

PHOTON: Noted. Could hardly read it.

SKY HOOK: Grand stuff... one of the best in the mailing. # Both Coswal (in his zine) and Boggs (in a letter) asked me why I had not used the dating "Nodeja 1951-52" for Irusaben 5. This demonstrates the fact that all OEs are basically the same. Fact of the matter is I didn't notice it until it was almost too late, and then decided to skip it as a cumbersome complication. Maybe I should have included it, but it's too late now. Surprised that Warner said nothing about it... after-all, it was he who coined the word.

Wassaw backwards is backwards Wassaw

Lee Hoffman's reprint of the article on duelling, in the last mlg, led me to uncover the following song. It's Gilbert & Sullivan, and makes a nice companion-piece to the item last mailing. It comes from THE GRAND DUKE, which is one of the three G&S operas not included in the official D'Oyly Carte repertory--it has never been revived since its original appearance, and for good reason, too, since it's the last and least of their collaborations. It first appeared in 1892; and was to serve as a gesture toward re-establishing the partnership, which had been broken by severe quarreling between Gilbert and Sullivan, with manager Richard D'Oyly Carte siding with Sullivan. THE GRAND DUKE was their last work together; eight years later Sullivan died, convinced that he had been a failure in life and had wasted his talents on trivialities; the real popularity of G&S was not to begin until years after his death. (The sturdier Gilbert outlived Sullivan by ten years, while Gilbert's widow was still living comfortably on royalties in 1935.)

SONG: the notary, from THE GRAND DUKE

About a century since,
The code of the duello
To sudden death
For want of breath
Sent many a strapping fellow.
The then presiding Prince
(Who useless bloodshed hated)
He passed an Act,
Short and compact,
Which may be briefly stated.
Unlike the complicated laws
A Parliamentary draftsman draws
It may be briefly stated.

By this ingenious law
If any two should quarrel,
They may not fight
With falchions bright
(Which seemed to him immoral);
But each a card shall draw,
And he who draws the lowest
Shall (so 'twas said)
Be thenceforth dead--
In fact a legal ghoest.
(When exigence of rhyme compels,
Orthography forgoes her spells,
And "ghost" is written "ghoest.")

When off the loser's popped
(By pleasing legal fiction),
And friend and foe
Have wept their woe
In counterfeit affliction,
The winner must adopt
The loser's poor relations--
Discharge his debts,
Pay all his bets,
And take his obligations.
In short, to briefly sum the case,
The winner takes the loser's place
With all its obligations!

AFTER 1939 -- THIS!

by Walter Sullivan

The following article, reprinted from #1 of Damon Knight's SNIDE, was a sequel to Jack Speer's "After 1939--What?" which appeared in FAPA in 1939 and was reprinted by Lee Hoffman in SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY.

Over and over again I ask myself why? why? what did I ever do to deserve a fate such as this? How did I know when I became interested in science fiction that I would become a hunted fugitive, an outcast forever? However, I cannot escape it. I am branded forever as a full-fledged scientifictionist. I wonder if I can be the last of my kind?

The years have passed in quick succession since that fateful year of 1939. Perhaps I need not hide here alone. It has been years since I went out among men. It may be that in all those lonely years things have changed. Maybe we have been forgiven, and science fiction has been revived. I might be able to answer these questions if I left these monstrous mountains, but I dare not risk capture and possible torture. Forty years is a long time to spend alone, but I have my science-fiction mags to keep me company until I am called.

However, in spite of all the privations and tortures I have suffered, I can still cherish those happy, joyful years before the great science fiction convention of 1939 which turned out to be a Frankenstein. If any old science fiction fan should read this manuscript (which I am tattooing on my chest for want of paper) he will remember the carefree days before the convention. However, he will remember also the dark aspects of the convention itself and the days that immediately followed it. He will undoubtedly remember the break-up of the authors and editors over who should be the honored guests, which was settled by the committee's picking an author and editor who had passed on to their just rewards. He will also remember the tragedy of the beer and sandwich stampede (in which I got two beers and five sandwiches) when twelve fans and numerous spectators were trampled to pulps. Then there was the "Bloody Battle of Science-Fiction" which took place between the Michelists and the Anti-Michelists. It was stirring to see the opposing forces rushing to the fray, the Michelists carrying their blood-red flags and singing their anthem, "Onward Michelism," and the Anti-Michelists carrying their flag with the likeness of Moskowitz on it and singing their song of victory, "New Fandom Triumphant." I distinctly remember wildly waving a loaded copy of FANTASY NEWS as I rushed forward and let out a Cherokee whoop, and being answered from across the hall by Dan McPhail with a Choctaw battle cry.

I remember seeing Dan's lifeless body lying amid the wreckage after the battle, his head crushed in by a volume of FUTURIAN NEWS. It was horrible to see the bodies of familiar fans lying in gruesome pools of blood. After the battle many fans who carried pictures of themselves were arrested for carrying deadly weapons. As if it were not bad enough to have battles between the two factions of science fiction, the surviving fans who returned home were startled to hear of a great upheaval in the directing ranks of New Fandom. It seemed that while preparing for the convention, Taurasi and Sykora had signed Moskowitz's name to numerous checks. Moskowitz was mad enough when he received a

bill for \$300 for the convention, but when he received a bill for \$150 marked "incidentals," something seemed to snap. He suddenly remembered rumors of wild parties at Sykora's on the nights when the committee was supposed to meet. (I know--I was there.)

Fandom awoke one morning to read in FANTASY NEWS that Will Sykora had been killed by Moskowitz and that there would be no more issues of FANTASY NEWS, as the editor had found it expedient to leave for parts unknown. That was the last we ever heard from JVT. It was rumored that Moskowitz caught up with him in the wilds of Flushing's dumps while mulling over a volume of FANTASY NEWS--but I will not go into the ghastly details.

However, the final and decisive blow had not been struck. When it did come, it came with a shock that rocked the world of science fiction to its very base. News of the goings-on at the convention had reached the ears of the Government (and what big ears you have, Uncle!) which immediately appropriated \$10,000,000 to be used to investigate scientifi-
fiction in the U.S. After two and a half years had passed and seven government investigators had gone mad from reading scientifi-
fiction, the government swung into action. Sfn. was outlawed in our fair land.

All scientifi-
fiction literature was confiscated by the government and de-
stroyed. The fans were told that they must forget all about scientifi-
fiction, and destroyed. Secretly, they organized themselves and con-
tinued to publish their fan mags. All went well until one fan who had
indulged a bit too deeply (as is their custom, methinks) told all he
knew. All this valuable information fell into the hands of the govern-
ment (and what big hands you have, Uncle!) and it was decided that the
fans must go. From then on it was a relentless search all over the
country for the poor, innocent fans. Like the Christians in Rome, they
were hunted down and destroyed like wild beasts. But, in spite of the
government's purge, as late as 1946 a few true and loyal souls remained
to preserve scientifi-
fiction. In that year there were just about six of
us left, and to celebrate the 20th anniversary of scientifi-
fiction we decided to hold a convention.

Somehow the government heard about it, and got on our trails. Just as
I was about to leave my house, I noticed two men standing in front of
it, and I immediately knew them to be Federal agents. From then on it
was just one jump after another to keep ahead of them. After being
hounded for months, I found my way into these mountains, where I have
been ever since.

I wonder if there can be any fans left in the outside world. Do the
Michelists rule the world? Alas, I do not know, and I am getting too
old to venture outside. I fear that I shall never know...never know...

-- Walter Sullivan

Ironically, Walter Sullivan, who made this
prediction in 1939 to counter Jack Speer's
grim offering, was one of the first s-f
fans killed in action in World War II.