

QABAL 2

BOGGS
FAPA 75



Eney, Janke & Boggs

Assorted Mimeo Supplies
Soft Drinks, etc.

dag
APR. 56

MP

{Printer's Note: The cover, added as an afterthought, was traced from a photo taken during the course of festivities. My apologies to the three subjects and especially to Der Boggs, since it unflatters him not especially. Please accept my assurances that all three are vastly more personable in person than this. The cover also has the effect of goofing up the pagination. This page, intended as #1, becomes the 2nd page. I think if you will just add one to the number on each page, you will come close. Hell, most one-shots don't even have their pages numbered. This goes to FAPA, to most waiting-listers, and to certain selected Extra-Special People. Publishing expenses have been paid by Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. Published at Mafia Press, 1956, and you know what that means: Caveat lector! --DAG}

"But I haven't anything extemporaneous prepared!" Curtis Dean Janke pointed mendaciously.

"Is Thurber a fa-a-aan?" asked Boggs meditatively.

"Molecules are particles of the first order, and first-order vibrations include everything in the electromagnetic spectrum from long radio waves /'to short-snorter quote-cards' Janke interrupted excitedly/ down to the extreme ultra-violet," declaimed Richard Harris Eney, pontifically around a mouthful of Nuclear Fizz made with Southern Comfort. "Do you know," he continued thoughtfully, "last night we found that Scotch, added to Doctor Pepper, makes Doctor Pepper taste like prune-juice (regardless of the time of the day) and now I believe---yes, by the beard of Ivan, I'm certain---that Southern Comfort, added to a Nuclear Fizz, makes it taste a goodly deal like blueberries." He silped his Nuclear fizz with Southron Comfort in the Serious Constructive Manner.

"William Rotsler is a Good Man," stated DAG positively, with the assurance of deep faith.

"What do you do", asked Jean plaintively, "when the back of your head itches and your hands smell of shrimp?" Receiving no answer, she thoughtfully embraced her husband, deftly scratching her head on his beard.

"This nuclear fizz experimentation," asked DAG around a mass of brunette hair, "how would a Nuclear Fizz taste made with codeine cough syrup taste?" (For we had been comparing the odors of Triple Sec, Southern Comfort, and cough syrup.)

We considered this question with various degrees of revulsion. "Like huckleberries?" somebody suggested.

"Turn in your ovipositor--you're through!" snapped someone else in reply.

We meditated fannish considerations for a while. "This business of parallel lines never meeting--" began Janke, "where did it start?"

"It was started in a house of postulation," explained DAG calmly. Strangled laughter rewarded him.

"We ought to have the tape recorder up here" offered Janke.

"Nah. When a tape recorder comes on the scene everybody freezes up", corrected ~~REDD~~ Redd.

"Not me," disputed DAG. "I thaw out and drip all over the place."

"We can't have a thaw here," warned Redd. "We haven't a red velvet swing." There was a horrified silence.

"Think of an interlineation, quick!" commanded DAG. "Eney--"

"I loaded sixteen tons of number nine chicken fat", I replied.

This Eney is the bee's knees. Pollen, he is the bee's knee. Scientifically speaking, I mean. He is just one knee, the middle one on the right side, lettering the knees as follows: A knee, B knee, . C knee, D knee, E knee.

Esoteric remarks are passing thack and fist in this kitchen of the Grennell, but here is one that may be so esoteric, its significance will be known to God alone, for even the person for whom it is intended will not comprehend it:

"The only cities in Delaware I know are Wilmington, Dover and Feros."

This is Fond du Lac, which no further from Minneapolis than Belfast from Rainham, according to Robet Bloch. (Cameras are flashing all over the place; I am glad I didn't bring my camera; bringing Kodaks to Fond du Lac is like bringing nuts to Newcastle.) Here I am in Fond du Lac, and I find Willis does not live here after all. Now I find out.

Did you hear about the big election scandal in Minnesota? Fellow name of Courtney was arrested for accepting a roll of greenbacks at a polling-place in the 20 March primary election. He admitted accepting money that was intended to influence his vote, but so far he has refused to tell who bribed him. So the burning question in the North Star state is

Who sought Courtney's vote?

Is that esoteric? I could say it was essoteric, but that would be stooping to humor to placate you: the old standard oil. Don't credit it to me. Who said corney jokes?

I refuse to interlineate that.

I have just read that essoteric/standard oil gag a few lines above: Wadham I going to say after a thing like that. I know. I shell just call in Curtis Dean Janke.

Having promised, on my death-bed, my young and beautiful step-father, that never - no, never, would I allow myself to be inveigled into participating in a one-shot session, I find myself possessed of the necessity to explain my p. in a o.-s.s. Now, far be it from me to impugn the abstemiousness and tee-totalitarianism of the Grennell hearth, so I shall have to content myself with saying that I've been bam-BOOZE-led into it. (now there's a crack I've been clutching to my booze-om for years.) (That'll teach 'em to hang me up with half a stencil to fill when when I've left my note-book full of ad-libs at home. And having done so, they're now distracting me with non-quotable interlineations - non-quotable because previously copyrighted by a Mr. Walt Kelly. Which reminds me of a trouble of mine - I am continually being plagiarized by persons such as the above-mentioned Mr. Kelly - and without a leg to stand on, either, on account of these characters have the habit of plagiarizing my ideas before I get around to thinking of 'em - THEM'S THE WORST KIND.

Gee, dad, it's a genuine ROTSLER walnut!!!!!!!!!!

Having dreamed of being frightfully witty on stencils being paid for by someone else, I now find myself in the embarrassing position of one whose wells of wit have dried up - a result, no doubt, of the triple sec I've been imbibing (that's as esoteric as I ever get.) --- And so I leave you with a parting thought ----
GET YOUR NOCE-PICKIN' THUMB OUT OF MY SOUP.

"What's the good of being Ghod," asked Eney querously, "if you have to be fair?"

"Kraft's dinner made with chocolate milk ba-a-aad!"

It must be nice to have an alien mind. Earlier this evening we were speculating upon what all of the countless millions of square feet of newsprint might have been covered with had not Grace Kelly decided to marry Prince Ranier. Jean mentioned that she had seen an item in the current paper saying that Grace had been given an old fashioned shower. To this Redd observed that, even on a small scale, that was going to take an awful lot of old-fashionedes.

Later in the evening, Boggs said, "Art is Rapp, but is he pretty?"

"Don't tell me you read that crazy Dick Tracy stuff!" sneered Eney.

"You'll have to think up," Jean observed quietly, "I'm a little hard of esping."

"Can you recognize watered gin?" asked Janke.

"No," replied Grennell cautiously, "but I think I could detect ginned water."

"You know," said an unidentified voice thoughtfully, "people are going to have a helluva time figuring o_ut who is saying what on all this." Another voice: "Who cares?"

Eney takes over with a firm hand

"There is no disputing about tastes", observed Curtis Janke. "I made that up," he added, proudly.

"That's a little older than you are," said Redd. "In fact, it's even older than Tucker."

"Immemorial antiquity ba-a-a-d!"

"Do you suppose anybody will realize that this clutch of quotes like 'Nuclear Fizz good--scotch and Dr. Pepper ba-a-a-d!' trace back to DAG's seeing Animal Farm a while ago?" I asked.

"Uncertainty good--positive knowledge ba-a-a-d!"

"What in the name of Roscoe are you doing, DAG?" I asked. Dean had mixed Triple Sec, frozen limeade extract, gin, Southern Comfort, and black cherry soda, leering a trifle; now he presented the thing to me and watched closely.

"Guess!"

"It looks real ghouly, dad:.." I sipped and thoughtfully set the stuff back down, avoiding sudden shocks. "But", I protested, "I'm not one of the spawn of the pit, so I don't think I could identify it."

"Racial memory doesn't help," Boggs assured me. "I'm one-third Irish and I don't even know how to pronounce 'Willis'."

 -- This will make Ted White grotch! --

"What are you reading, DAG?"

"He must be reading Needham," I observed; "he's only read one paragraph and already he's laughing his head off."

"A hideously conformist reaction."

"True...wonder if anybody will react that way to this?"

DAG shuddered.

"Yes, I guess that is more like it," somebody admitted.

* -- This Isn't All! as the heading used to went on the page following the conclusion of a Grosset & Dunlap juvenovel of the old days. So take your stance, or if you have imbibed too many Nuclear Fizzes, at least take your sitce, and prepare for more good humor. And this is good humor. To mint a phrase, all this is as piqueless as a silence in Darien. If you connect with this, you'll find it the unkind cut. But of what fannish significance is Darien, Connecticut?

This one-shot is dedicated to the memory of Dean A. Grennell.

All both of you who rue Grue are celebrating prematurely, for fortunately our man Grennell is still with us, although hobbling around on a bad leg. He told us how he suffered the injury. It is a nasty cut to have received from falling drawers. It is the excellent memory of Dean A. Grennell for the passing ~~comments~~ in conversation that I meant to honor in this respectful dedication. Thanks to his memory we have been able to rescue from oblivion the deathly comments that now, in print, are deathless. Grennell has a fine memory. Of course you feel instinctively that you can match his memory, for an identifying characteristic of the true fan is a firm belief that, if he is not star-begotten, at least he has an eidetic memory. If you will concede, then, that DAG has an eidetic memory, I will admit you have an eidetical one.

DAG could tell us exactly in what connection the name of F. Towner Laney was mentioned in our conversation. Laney ~~is~~ (alas, no; the term has Freudian overtones, perhaps) hovers over all one-shot sessions like a genius loci, and of course we evoked him. It occurred to me then that the most crushing, though inaccurate observation one might have made, circa 1948, would have been, "The Laney doth protest too much methinks." Ah well. Better never than late, I sometimes think and oftener say.

In this picturesque village, where the historic lighthouse eternally guards the routes of commerce at the bottom of Lake Winnewinkle (?), I have witnessed many solemn and stately events. I have seen such sights as no acolyte has seen since the inspiring miscegnation of the Rose and Cross. (I hope I shall not be accused of making AMORCery of religion.) I saw Richard T. Eney humbly become the slave of a machine which is certain soon to make its stain in the world. DAG toted a bottle of its duplicating fluid around in the trunk of his car in chilly weather, and claimed to worry whether it might freeze, evidently only to provide an occasion for him to remark, "The spirit is willing, but the flask is weak."

I have removed mail from Dean A. Grennell's great mailbox -- under orders, I hasten to add, of DAG Himself. I have even been to Weyauwega (which around these parts they pronounce something like Why-O-Wee-Ga. Wey?). Weyauwega exists. To look out of a Greyhound window and see the name unexpectedly, on the postoffice window, was as unlikely as looking out and seeing "Accursed, Wis." on a window in a strange town. "When I drew nigh the nameless city, I knew it was Weyauwega."

The secret of the successful one-shot session is this: gather those who can type, if not think, straight under the influence of five Nuclear Fizzes, two Dr Peppers, and a shot of codene cough syrup. Get you men your fathers got and we will have more one-shots.

"Who wants to go to heaven with those fuggheads?"

One of the very small Grennells was seen sitting at a Remington Noiseless, as if she was typing. I have great faith in the quality of work any Grennell can evolve on a stencil, but I must say I like a quiet Remington; it annoys less than any other typewriter. A Remington annoys less. That's what I must say.

It's minotauric.

Dean A. Grennell came out of the cellar with both hands cupped protectively around a green-and-gold can.

"Redd! Eney! I found a full one!" He reverently displayed the thing: a full can of Gluek's Stite, the original pale light-bodied malt liquor.

We glanced at it and one another with ill-concealed greed. "You can't get it up here," DAG had said.

But in a moment the fatal flaw in the matter occurred to us. One after the other we shook our heads in mingled regret and renunciation. Redd put it into words:

"I forgot," he admitted mournfully. "If we drink Gluek's Stite at this session GM Carr will grotch."

Poostermoolies, bitte schön.

This reminds me: Dean A. Grennell snagged a sleeve of bock beer a while ago, and only yesterday Richard H. Eney snagged the sleeve of his coat. I commiserated with him over this disaster to his new coat, but the next time I saw him, as I rose to the foamy bosom of my third Nuclear Fizz, the snag had been neatly repaired. I was puzzled and impressed with this flawless, neat work, and I was curious. But the question that flickered on my tongue died a-flickering, for Eney was deeply involved in explaining particles of the first order, and a correlation with the nine General Orders (Einstein) to Jean Grennell.

I hated to interrupt this serious discussion, but the question burned on my lips, and I eagerly turned to Janke, who sat next to Eney. "Tell me," I panted,

Who sewed, Curt, Eney's coat?

"A folk ballad," said the fan thoughtfully, "can be defined as a song in which the best part of the melody is devoted to the part of the lyric that goes "Ragoo-dane-oo-way," or "lolly-too-dum," or "hulla-beloo-belay" or similar nonsense."

"Black is the collar of my true love's shirt"

This is the Underwood, talking to itself. The rest of the people have gone off to listen to Boggs as he is about to tell the story about the one-legged coffin salesman and the mortician's cross-eyed daughter.

While they are gone I right as well transcribe some notes of Jean's: Grennell's restaurant is frowned upon by Duncan Hines for several reasons. Guests are required to cook their own meals, shop for groceries, do the dishes, and anything else that needs to be done. If Phyllis thinks Wisconsin has some odd place-names, she should look at a map of Texas. It, at least, has the most fannish names---we found 82 and may have missed some.

We were worrying about Lee Hoffman-Shaw a while ago, we were; wondering whether to contract her name LeeSH now, or refer to the editor of INFINITY as Larry Hoffman; I think it was Boggs who suggested adding a virgule. Lee/S, like that. There always seems to be something to distract Lee from fandom--first it was horses, then prozine editors---

What we were going to do, however, was to list a few Cosmic Truths for Lee's benefit, she having asked how to recognize them when found. First, nacherly, was Good Old Burbee's Law:

"Things get smaller as they go away."

Or Vortches Law: "As the amount of ink in a typewriter ribbon approaches zero, the time between cleanings approaches infinity (asymptotically)."

And Glog's Law of Mean Subjective Gravity: "Once things get so bad you could cry, they can't hardly get no worse."

Who else can think up some Cosmic Truths off the top of their head?

E.'s law: "When you take the sprocket-holes off the top they come back on the bottom." (Cosmic Truths are fully comprehensible only to ghod.)

DAG's rule: "Don't black the eye that reads yo_u."

(Ralph's Principle: "A star is an object that shines by its own light.")

Grennell's axiom: "Never turn away from the firing line without locking the slide on your revolver."

Jean's hypothesis: "Crooks are people who don't cheat fair."

Fzot's Law: "Most of us are dull eyes but some of us are bright eyes." (Burbee)

Dean's Law: "On icy roads all cars have power steering."

He ran amok with a zapgun full of hypo.

"By'ghod /Roscoe, that is/", I said, "is it there?"

DAG, Redd, and I poured over the March VUE Magazine. "She said the bathing suit was cold and clammy from having been worn by another model earlier that morning, and Rotsler and Gerald FitzGerald were off mike laughing like f/riends," recalled DAG. But though we poured over all the photos we couldn't see a sign anywhere. Not one of those cheesecake pictures of Abney were labelled: I AM A GENUINE ROTSLER GIRL.

It is not easy to separate flyspecks from pepper wearing boxing gloves

A few more Cosmic Truths for Lee Hoffman:

Burbee's second law: "It's called Bohm brew because Lee Jacobs has such a low resistance to it."

Carse's Law: "At the Fond du Lac post office you can get seventeen three-cent stamps for a cent and a half."

Folsom's Law: (from Funk & Wagnall's /made it, Chuch!/ Dictionary of Folklore, page 859) "In Alabama, if a girl eats nine unripe persimmons she will turn into a boy inside of two weeks."

Mill-Fried Wires

Redd just asked Eney if he had read Don Stuart's book about Gernsback's office, the title of which is "Hugo's There".

"I'm a diehard-in-the-wool fan." --JIG

There is a better than average chance that this is the first one-shot in the history of fandom whose progress was interrupted by the lights being turned out so that some picture postcards of Phyllis H. Economou could be turned out in the darkroom across the basement from the typing table.

Phyllis transmitted a ritual curse on that subject, by the way. When I (Eney) took her picture in her New York apartment--being under orders from Dean Grennell at the time--she put a geas on me to set her curse on DAG, explaining that she wasn't at all photogenic. Nevertheless DAG gleed to get the negative; of the two shots he'd previously gotten of Phyllis, the first showed her turning to speak to somebody while holding a cigarette, perhaps in a long jade green holder, in front of her face; the second featured Good Old Agberg displaying some feature of a prozine whose proper demonstration required him to hold it up square in front of PHE's face.

It's all very well to say you like Texans, but would you let your sister marry one???

We were driving along the Main street--the capital is proper--of Fond du Lac the other day when Redd Boggs suddenly stared at the windshield instead of through it.

"Have you been noting interlineations on your front window?" he asked.

"Oh," said DAG, "that writing?" He chuckled. "Eney drove behind a truck throwing up a spray of mud, so I indicated his responsibility."

"Ah, I see," said Redd. "That motto was supposed to be 'IT'S ENEY'S FAULT. But," he protested, "the possessive-case endings are reversed--?"

"Yeah," explained DAG, "that motto is backessward."

Will Sturgeon's next anthology be entitled Isinglass?

Officially speaking, practically all of this publication is the work of one Redd Boggs, of the Minnesota Boggs'. Actually, a few other people may have had a hand in it but Redd needs 7 pages of FAPA activity credit and ordinarily seven pages of one-shot to be credited to him would do the trick but the counter of credits has gone queer for odd fractions and we are confronted with spectacles like Joe Glotz still in need of 3 and 19/57ths pages of activity credit. Therefore, we say that Redd Boggs wrote everything herein and it is up to the readership---including the hypermeticulous line-counter---to figure out who wrote what and how much.

Somebody put a geis on the present writer of this one-shot. To save myself from oblivion, I need seven pages. I could do it alone. My pockets and cuffs are full of notes, like the MS of Beethoven's Ninth; indeed, even my pretty pink brains are invaginated with great ideas. I have too many for my cerebral cortex and have stored some of the overflow in my cerebellum. This storage interferes with my motor reactions and I can't talk straight or walk plain.

For instance, here's a note about William Butler Yeats who once dreamed, it says, of Bernard Shaw in the form of a sewing machine that "clicked and shone, but the incredible thing was that the machine smiled, smiled perpetually." GBS imagined as a smiling sewing machine (how subtly Yeats called him an old sew-and-sew) could easily yield seven pages that would keep you in stitches, but after all, this is a family journal and we can't deal here with the seamy side. There are areas where angels fear to treadle. I'm of course just needling you. A hem! Hah, I've lost the thread of thought.

"Think A and J will call himer Very?"

"It sounds clud-burdling." - - - - -Boggs

Four thousand miles to the east and a bit north (if we are to accept Walter Alexander Willis' figures) in or near Kettring (Kettering?), the British con must be entering its declining phase. Here, in Wisconsin, it is 1:49 ante meridian, Central Standard Time: Even the Cytricon West is entering a senescent phase...but no, wait a 'arf a cyclefrac, I err, by the beard of Ivan...it is not Sunday evening-cum-Monday morning. It is only Sunday morning---not Monday. Funny. Wonder what's distorting the flow of the subjective timestream thataway. Over in England, as this is typed, the new day must be well under way and the merriment must be at its height. Lee Shaw, née Hoffman, must be galloping down some staid British street full tilt astride Kehli with Larry Shaw (or LaSh, as the Belfast Crowd doubtless calls him) clutching his helicopter beanie with frightened eyes (oh, shut up, Tucker, that was intentional) as he rides alongside in a sidecar. It is always diverting to speculate upon what other fa-aæans and Fapans might be doing at a given moment. At this given moment, I can state with positive certitude what two other members of Fapa are doing. Redd Boggs, stands approximately 28" SWW of the chair here and puffs meditatively upon an unaccustomed cigarillo (Robert Burns, brought clear from Exotic Japan by Richard H. Eney) and stares at the stuttering typewriter, doubtless plotting some further pun against the time when he again has it at his mercy---the typewriter, that is. The aforesaid Eney sits some 76" NNW of the typer, in an oversize rattan dhair, puffing another cigarillo, slurping pensively at a Voodoo Priestess (a sort of beverage, you might say, but if you did you would hastily add for the benefit of Ted White and all the others who cringe at the thought of alcoholic beverages, that it is merely a concoction of frozen fruit-guices, chock with nourishing vitamins...you would add this lest you be excoriated and exacerbated in some future clutch of mailing comments) and reads through a bound copy of Len Norris cartoons furnished through the courtesy of Bill Stavdal, Nanaimo's foremost Fapa waiting-lister by a dman site. As for the other members of Fapa...the only other one on whom data is available, Grennell, sits with his fingers wrapped around an unopened can of Gluek's Stite, his eyes dreamy, his thoughts far away and ago, in Bloomington, Illinois, on a sweltering July night when the air was pure live steam and the project afoot was to do a burlesque of drunken one-shots. Alas. it was to be discovered that one can be too successful. Too much skill defeats its own purpose. In some cases, anyhow. Eh, Tucker?

My furnace is starting to burn oil.

In the old days, Burbee's home was the center of one-shot activity, and such immoral titles as Wild Hair testify to this Moskowitizian-stormy fact. Judging from the publication of AAA Aargh, Conversation Piece, and this one-shot, the present fannish generation will see Dean A. Grennell's pinkish-tan mansion with white and tile-red trim become the new Trantor of the one-shot, and Wisconsin will boast another pungent product to add to its fame. ("Hast thou not poured me out as beer," cries the Wisconsinner, "and curdled me like cheese?" He shall have reason for lamentation.)

The Buenos Aires Air Depot is BAAD.

Perhaps Helen Wesson can provide the answer to a burning question that has made our eyes red and teary for the past three days. DAG formulated it. When a Chinese or Japanese or Korean draftee gets inducted into the Army, do they march him into a theater as they do his western counterparts and do they show him movies and give him a lot of informative talks and do they call this an Occidentation Lecture? Eh?

Make one lousy typo and they'll say you were plastered.

"You've got to give me the address for these Vee-Pees."

--Eney

Ed Cox talking now:

One night, in a big house on a hill, there was a great party in full swing. Everything was going along fine and small groups of revellers wre going into different parts of the huge mansion to seek what they might.

It was one of these groups that noticed, after a while, that a cat was meowing. Continually. It wasn't exactly annoying, but it was persistent; and, being in a happy frame of mind, they thought they would go find the little devil. For some time they combed the immediate vicinity looking in closets, under chairs, on the stairs, under the stairs, in empty whiskey bottles, and so on. And all the time they heard the mocking "meow...meooow!"

Despite the gaiety of the occasion, some of the searchers were tiring of the fruitless examination when one ventured to investigate a trap-door affair in the ceiling of one of the halls. From a closet he took a stepladder, climbed it, and removed the door. Sure enough! He reached in and took out the object of the search.

Turning to some friends, he beckened and explained, "This is the meow's cat!"

"Ferrotripe"

And there, with the clock standing firm and steady at 3:30 a.m., of an Easter morn, we left it lie and went to sleep---for it is truly said that even fa-a-aans need a little sleep. Time has fled at a pace to prove false Einstein's contention that nothing can exceed the speed of light (an interesting concept: time going faster than light---must think about it sometime) and now the Reddhedd must set sail for far Minnaepolis (you can pronounce that if you try) within the 45 minutes so we take stencil from typer in order to append signatures thereto. Curtis Janke has returned to Sheboygan long since ---this having been started on Good Friday and finished on Easter (make of that what you will)---but the rest of here are:

Redd

Redd Boggs, Superfan

Roscoe alone
is great!

Richard H. Eney

Richard H. Eney

Jean & Dean Grennell

Boggs wishes it known that he takes no responsibility for what transpires beyond this point.....

EXTRA

15th April, 1956

The normal course of page-layout leaves about a page and a quarter to be filled in here. I had intended to include a poem here, the first line of which was, "Hold that tiger, burning bright..." Eney completed at least one version but he either carried it off with him to Far Camarillo (Here There Be Rotslers) or he left it someplace here where I can't find it. I have a news item though, if you're interested...

The past week's mail brought a ^{air-mail} parcel-post package from the Youngs which, upon being opened, was found to contain an appealing little critter fashioned from Styrofoam. It is pyramid-shaped, and looks upon the world with an air of incredulous wonder. The accompanying note says:

THE NEW YOBBER IS CALLED SUSAN MARGARET --- SHE ARROVE ON APRIL 5 AT 3:40 PM AND AT THAT TIME WEICHEAD 7 LBS 6 OZ. --- LET THE WORD BE PASSED ON --- ANDY So be it.

The secret of perpetrating a really workmanlike hoax lies in avoiding that first inkling of suspicion. If anyone had had the least doubts about her bona fide existence, it would have been very easy to accumulate evidence which, summed up, would have shrieked "HOAX!" However her pseudo-personality was so smoothly plausible and so likeable that it just never occurred to people to wonder about her. Subconsciously, they wanted to believe in her so consciously they did believe in her.

That's the way it was with me. The shock of having her existence denied, the instant of stubborn denial and the mounting feeling of loss as I mentally re-examined available data against the basis of this new development, the sick realization that this was the way it had to be...all of this added up to a singular sense of bereavement. Ordinarily, when you lose a friend, the loss is all for the future. But here the missing one was in a flick of the eye obliterated from the future and the present and past as well. It was a singular experience.

I've known about the hoax for some few months now--since November or December, I think--but permission to break the story only arrived yesterday. First plans were to keep it a secret indefinitely. Then, in early March, during the course of a meeting in Manchester, the secret slipped out. At this point it was decided to reveal everything, but it turned out that when the story was passed along, most of the people who heard it didn't believe it.

This, in itself, is not surprising. I am prepared to make a small wager that people who read this will, in some cases, consider it the hoax and the existence of the lady in question to be the factual truth. To such people I say, for what it's worth, that I am 99.999999% convinced myself that she does not exist. I put it that way, cautiously, because I am .000001% uncertain in the very existence of the universe itself.

I guess I felt a premonitory chill when I saw that the return-address was Sanderson's. Usually it was Joan who wrote and Sandy who wrote little marginal notes in that precise, tiny, purple-ink hand-writing of his. I wondered, at the time, if something had happened to Joan...the Cyprus situation being what it is. I opened the letter, gave the first page a flash-skim and caught a phrase in the middle of the first paragraph. I can't quote exactly since (as often happens) I carefully filed the letter away and now can't find it. However it ran something like: "There is no such person as Joan Carr." The letter went on from there to tell how Sandy---that is to say, Sergeant Harold Peter Sanderson of the Middle East Land Forces---had 'discovered' her after he was transferred to Egypt. It pointed out that no one in fandom had ever seen Joan except him, how she had never been given leave to go home. It went on to tell how Sandy had gotten some pictures of a cousin of his who lives in Carr Mill...these were the photos of 'Joan' which had been sent out and he pointed out that none had been in uniform (the picture on the 1954 Xmas card was of two unidentified WRACs and some other soldier, the card as such was sold throughout the Corps). He demonstrated how, by using a pen with green ink and writing backhand, with slanting fat capitals, he disguised his own handwriting into Joan's. He told how the cousin who modelled for the Joan pictures was married recently and how she'd been at Sandy's parents' house when Dave Cohen dropped by and Dave was introduced to her, albeit fearfully, by Sandy's folks, who were 'in on' the secret...Dave apparently never connected her with the Joan pix, which he'd seen. He told of the arrangements he had to make to get mail through her name, of how Brian Varley had written once while Sandy was on furlough and the letter had been forwarded through WRAC channels back to England and returned to Brian marked 'impossible to trace without personal number.' He told a great deal more but the story is Sandy's to tell and he's earned the right to do so. Personally, I think it's the most gloriously hilarious hoax I've ever heard of and I think anyone who takes offense is a blooming sorehead. I swear this article is, to the very best of my knowledge, not a hoax. Wistfully, though, I wish to hell it was. --Dean A. Grennell

Great
Grandfather
Bloch

a
poem

Great Grandfather Bloch was too tired to stand,
So he lay ninety years on the floor.
As soon as we were able, we rolled him 'neath the table,
For where he lay, he was blocking the door.

He fell down on the morn of the day that he was born,
And he never again tried to rise.
Oh, we'd hear his gentle snore as he lay there by the door,
But we ne'er saw the whites of his eyes.

He lay there where he fell, and we feared he wasn't well,
So we had a doctor come to look him over,
And the doctor frowned and said, "Folks, I fear the man is dead,
I suggest you plant him underneath the clover."

But we knew he wasn't right, for all through the darkest night,
Gramp's snore could be heard throughout the house,
And once in a while, in his sleep he would smile,
--Or grunt, when he was bitten by a mouse.

{Refrain} Ninety years he lay slumbering,/ His snores beyond numbering,/ And they
ne'er stopped,/ Or ceased to be heard at all,/ While the old man slept.

It happened on a day in the merry month of May,
When they say things about a young man's fancy,
There happened to pass, a maid with a shapely smile,
A girl who was known to us as Nancy.

And we all gasped in surprise at the sight of Grandpa's eyes,
For one of them was opened very wide,
And at this amazing sight, we all shouted with delight,
And rushed to our greatgrandfather's side.

But our shouts turned to a sigh as he tightly closed the eye,
And we realized the old man wouldn't wake,
There was simply no relief to the misery of our grief,
When we knew that we had made a mistake.

Now our family had a curse upon it which was even worse
Than Great Grandpa's strange and odd affliction,
For the youngest of the boys had given up his toys,
In favor of reading science-fiction.

With a S-Fzine in his hand, fresh from the corner stand,
He happened to pass Great Grandpa by,
And the old man shouted "Son!" and he quickly opened one
And then the other blue and long-closed eye.

He then bore down on the boy with a scream of eager joy,
And from his hand he tore that magazine,
Then the glee in his expression simply shattered our depression,
For he was the strangest sight we'd ever seen.

He had ended his long nap with that prozine on his lap,
And he read it all the live-long day and night,
And the tourists came, in time, and they all paid a dime,
For one glimpse of this entertaining sight.

{Refrain} Ninety years he'd lay slumbering,/ His snores beyond numbering,/ But his
snores stopped,/ Not to be heard again,/ When he discovered science-fiction.

{Editor's Note: Not much doubt that
the magazine in question was INFINITY}

--LeeH Shaw
Jan 31, 1956