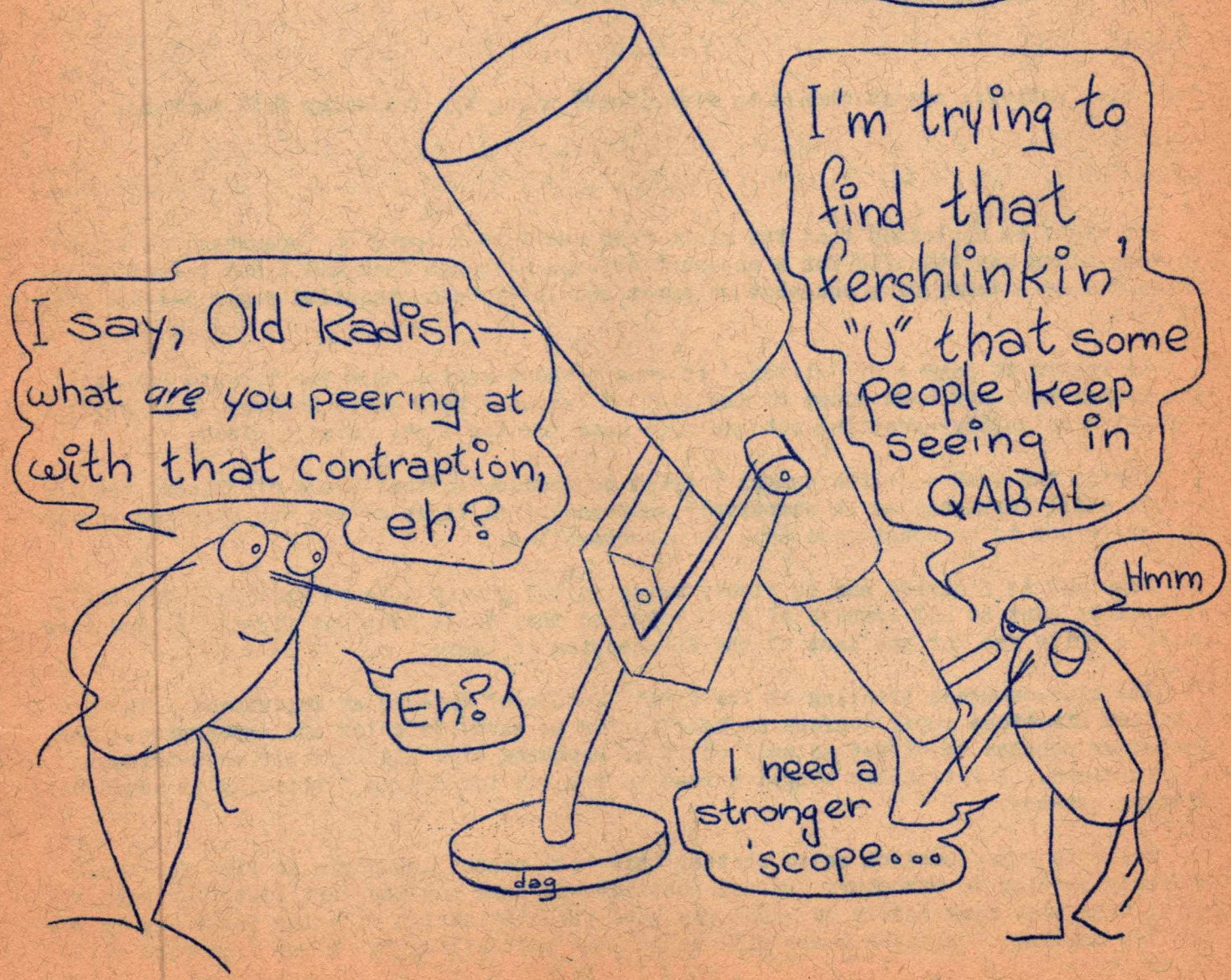


Fapa 78

QABAL

3



QABAL NUMBER THREE FAPA MAILING 77 NOVEMBER 1956 PAGE THE SECOND
"WE COULD GET BLISH TO DO AN EASTERN EDITION OF THIS AND CALL IT
THE 'JAMES BRANCH QABAL'..." --REDD BOGGS

MONDAY EVENING, 5TH NOVEMBER, 1956

And, although you, gentle reader, are just starting with this, I am just finishing with it. This cannot properly be termed a one-shot since it is a veritable by-gosh volley. For a while there after the August mailing arrived, it seemed as though nearly every weekend brought new fannish visitors and new experiments with The One-Shot Fanzine As An Artform. It was fun while it lasted, too.

Now it becomes necessary, in the cold gray twilight of the year, to print all the stencils and prepare them into some sort of easily managed whole for sending to the new OE of Fapa, Richard Harris Eney, whose imunpeachable sobriety I can personally vouch for which withal.

Experience has shown that a few pages of bulk are desireable for an apazine like this so I'm binding together the following titles:

QABAL THE ROVER BOYS AT WEYAUWEGA SLITCH CLOG AND VUG

For which activity credit should be distributed among the following FAPA members:

JACK SPEER, ROBERT BLOCH, REDD BOGGS, GERALD A STEWARD, BOYD
RAEBURN, RON KIDDER, ANDY YOUNG, JEAN YOUNG, JEAN & DEAN GRENNELL

It might be explained that the night Jean and I took Speer to Weyauwega, we forgot to take along any stencils for a one-shot session although Jack and I had talked of it. So we did up a dummy of a one-shot on paper and later Redd stenciled pages 3-4-5-6 off of that.

In regard to page 4 of "Slitch," it goes without saying that the Toronto Mob and the Youngs have now been added to the list of Fapans I Have Met. However, I am still --forgive vulgarity--sweating out one more name for the list. Rowf. Slzst.

During the course of the summer I tried to produce another issue of "Bleen" but the result still impresses me as abortively substandard so those of you who received copies, no, it is not to be considered as a FAPA postmailing.

Grue #28 is finished and is slowly being mailed out at date of writing. Eventually it will be sent to all members of FAPA provided they don't drop out first. It may take quite a while yet for the last of the FAPA copies to leave.

The blue-on-green printing of the first portion of this is an experiment. The A B Dick Mimeotone paper confers no benefit for me save its color and appearance. The Gestetner manages to offset as well on it as anything else although the show-through is minimized. I originally bought a ream to try out for "Bleen," thinking it would be fitting somehow.

There is some question as to whether this will reach Alexandria in time for the assembly session 10 November. Parcel post between here and the east coast has been at an alltime slow mark lately so QABAL may have the distinction of being first mag in for the Feb mailing. Or maybe there will be an Xmas postmailing or we may even make it. In any case

It's Eney's Fault,



THE ROVER BOYS IN WEYAUWEGA

Jack Speer -- Robert Albert Bloch -- Dean A Grennell

PRODUCED AT WEYAUWEGA

18 AUGUST 1956

"Krazy Kat---the Antediluvian Pogo"

It will doubtless come as a comfort and a blessing to you to know that when the Democrats conclove in Chicago over 13-17 August 1956, FAPA WAS THERE!

Yes-comma, Jack F. (For Bristol) Speer was right down there on that old convention floor, working to get a plank put in the platform guaranteeing every Fapan franking privileges and a pension at age 18.

En route back to North Bend, Wash., in a Nash with Kansas plates (the explanation would drive you mad), Speer found himself adrift in the uncharted wastes of inner Wisconsin...in the sinister little town of Weyauwega, notorious as a hotbed of Boskonian intrigue and plot-hatching: This, then, is his (Speer's) story...as he lived it and as he wrote it. Ladies, gentlemen, Fapaa-a-aans: Jack Speer ---

In Pandaemonium i mentioned one factor--personal prejudices--which might sometimes lead delegates not to vote for the nominee they thought would go over best with the public. There is another one i should have mentioned, bandwagon sentiment, the desire to be on the side of the one who is apparently going to win the nomination, even if you don't think he would make the strongest race against the other party's nominee. This played an important, though not a decisive, role in Stevenson's nomination, but very little part in the vice-presidential thriller. It is probably determinative in the GOP v-p race. Republicans on the whole are rather stupid, but i do not think that most of them, or their delegates, believe that Nixon is the strongest v-p candidate they could put up. However, he has been the only one in the field for so long that everyone realizes he is going to be the nominee, and consequently it is hard to interest anyone in backing an alternative, except personal enemies such as Goody Knight, the governor of California.

"Gilgamesh -- the Antediluvian Tucker"

This is Bloch...a man who never built a better mouse-trap. Apparently, FAPAns don't care, because they continue to beat a path to these doors. In the three years I've been up here it seems as if half the active rostership has at one time or another ~~d~~graced this house with their presence. Latest visitor, as attested above, is Jack Speer, returning from the Democratic Convention. I am now awaiting the aftermath of the Republican Convention, and the coming of Gertrude M. Carr. Who knows where it will end? Perhaps some day I may open the doors to Rotsler, lured from the fastnesses of his wal-you'll-pardon-the-expression-nut ranch. Next week, Harry Warner.

"Bill thought he was a cow in a cat's body."

--Abney.

It's rather a pity that Bloch didn't know Jack was coming so that he could have made ready for his arrival. Well do I remember when Silverberg came up to this room and found a page of Bloch manuscript half completed in the old gray Royal here. Fascinated, he leaned over to read it--something like, "No! No!" she screamed, "Go back! Get away from me, Silverberg!" Something like that, anyhow.

"I hope it's not his center foot."

"Hullo. Is Mr Boggs there?"

"This is he."

"Uh. Mr Boggs, I'm Don Rogers. I got a new organization I'd like to talk to you about. It's called the Cosmic Realm of Amateur Publishers. Would yuh like to join it?"

"Well, I don't know. What does it do?"

"You can be the director of the Minneapolis chapter if you'd like to be. Send me a dollar dues for a year, and you get the official organ, the C.R.A.P. Commentator, and all other privileges of membership."

"Well, I don't know. What would you want me to do?"

"Oh, you get people you know to join. We've got members all over. Say."

"What?"

"How'djuh like to be the director for the whole state of Missouri?"

"Why Missouri?"

"Wull, ain't that where yuh live?"

"No. I live in Minnesota."

"Wull, gee whiz, am I dumb."

(The conversation didn't go just like that, but something like it occurred in calls to Vernon McCain and Dean Grennell.)

DAG: It's amazing, when you slipsheet, how your whole past flashes before your eyes, all these old pages --

Bloch again: Isn't it amazing, the way these FAPA characters react? The normal fan (if I'm not employing a contradiction in terms) generally greets me at the door with, "Hey, you got anything to drink?" And the FAPA member enters with a yell of "Let's put out a one-shot!" It's peculiar. When the FAPA gang gets together, do they act like normal fans -- viz, sit around and chew out those who are not present? Nah. Right away they have to sit down and grind out their infernal one-shots. Trying to think up linos, yet. Like:

"Tucker -- the Antediluvian Harlan Ellison."

Or even more apropos, to say nothing of accurate:

"Tucker -- the Antediluvian."

Come to think of it, Tucker Himself is probably heading this way, on or about September 8th. And it may turn out, to our horror and consternation, that Tucker is really Prodiluvian. We'll have to wait and see what he says in his one-shot. And, as Rotsler probably says; meanwhile, back at the ranch:

Nix on Nixon!

DAG here. Jack has brought back a pair of trophies from the fray as it were: A huge shoe-sole, perhaps 49 inches high and $17\frac{1}{4}$ across the sole, black, emblazoned across the toe (too shrewd, them Demo's, to have it on the heel!) with a chaste but firm "Adlai," only without the quote-marks. By way of flaunting the center of interest in a highly celebrated news-picture of the 1952 campaign, there is a neat but ostentatious hole in the center of the sole. Bloch has just said that the Republicans should have similar posters showing an ilium with a hole in it. The other sign

merely shows an intellectual-looking (one for Forrie) young lady in heavy horn-rimmed glasses and chokers, with a 187-point STEVENSON placard across her brow in fluorescent ink. What puzzles me is who gets the sign-painting concession for one of these brawls and how do they get it? Multiply that sea of waving pasteboard by the probable cost of having each one painted at union scale: You know, there could be money in politics.

"Eff-you' isn't an insult, it's a prozine!"

Juffus again. In answer to dag's question, there is a regular shop set up in the exhibits section of the amphitheater building (where they pass out everything from Florida orange juice to Tums), where, for a price, you can have any kinds of political posters painted up in a hurry.

And they had to paint them up in a hurry when Stevenson unexpectedly threw the vice-presidential race wide open. It was at this point that the convention system functioned at its best. No one knew who would be the best candidate for his wing of the party. The liberals were divided between Kefauver and Humphrey, the Catholics between Kennedy and Wagner, the South between various favorite sons. There was some danger that Stevenson would be given an incompatible running mate, but on the other hand, he was probably wise in submitting to the judgment of two thousand delegates the question of whether Kefauver's advantages overcame his drawbacks, whether a Catholic would be acceptable now, etc. It seemed fairly certain that the choice would be Kefauver, Humphrey, or Kennedy, all of whom were acceptable to Stevenson.

So the night before the v-p race was to take place, the delegates were very busy, talking with the candidates and their supporters, getting information about them, feeling out the strength of various possibles, discussing with each other, etc.,

while the so-called bosses began discussing tentative strategy as fast as the situation jelled sufficiently.

The next morning there were state caucuses which showed the situation still highly fluid. Organized parades and demonstrations began to show that Humphrey was much weaker than Kefauver, but there remained a distinct possibility that the convention might deadlock, and if the liberals did not re-form around Humphrey, a dark horse might emerge. The Southern states had the clearest idea of what they wanted. They realized that a segregationist Southerner couldn't be nominated. The deep South wanted, above everything else, to punish its maverick, Kefauver, and for the sake of that, they would swallow a Catholic from New York or Massachusetts.



A FA-A-AAN AT THE DEMO CON...

Tennessee decided to tie up its votes with the other senator from that state, Gore, and certain other states such as Oklahoma went for him as a holding operation.

The first ballot showed that we had a bipolar situation, Kefauver versus Kennedy, rather than a three-way division. On the second ballot, as southern states began going for Kennedy, it was apparent that the liberals could switch to anyone more acceptable to the South, so some Humphrey votes switched to Kefauver. Then came that dreadful cascade of New York and southern states switching to Kennedy, and the shouts of his supporters grew louder with every switch. (Allowing this switching before the announcement of final count on the roll call is a sensible thing; one may well want to change his vote when he sees how other states, later than his in the alphabet, have voted.) The rolling of the Kennedy bandwagon was symbolized by the North Carolina delegation, which announced that it wanted to be on the winning side for a change, and therefore wished to switch its vote from a favorite son to Kennedy. Unknown to us,

Tennessee, whose withholding of votes from its own senior senator seemed most unsportsman-like and provoked loud boos from all over the hall, had hoped to settle on Humphrey, but preferred Kefauver to Kennedy if that was impossible. They waited until the last possible moment, when Kennedy was within reach of a majority, and then got the attention of the chairman and announced their change to Estes. Then the dam broke, and other votes impounded for Gore poured into Kefauver's reservoir. One effort to stem the tide was made by some state switching another block of votes from a third candidate to Kennedy, but the current continued to set in toward Kefauver, with Pennsylvania's large contribution, and many small ones. We were hysterical with happiness, tho we couldn't keep exact count of how they were adding up, and screamed ourselves hoarse. There was still voice left a little later, though, when Kefauver came to the haul, and the crowds of delegates pushed forward to cheer him, and a true victory for the people's candidate.

"Robert Louis, the Antediluvian Stevenson."

Bloch again, yet: I must confess that I am dazzled by Speer's dissection of the Convention, and for two reasons. The first being that I am not used to such coherency in a one-shot, where the comments are usually as unjustified as the margins. The second consists of the fact that to me a Convention has a strictly non-political significance, to say nothing of insignificance. At the moment I am contemplating (and with muchos dismay) the SF Convention in New York. Here there will be few dark horses -- unless Lee Hoffman obligingly supplies a specimen -- and a plethora of portions of horses. Of course, who am I to complain? Hindsight is better than foresight. Which reminds me... who is the Antediluvian Noah?

Anyone for Scrabble in Chinese?

Well, I've been napping over on Bloch's genuine simulated leather couch and I awoke with a dark brown study in my mouth to find it was my turn to go to bat again. Bloch is right: I came home Thursday night to find a pocsarcd saying "How about us people with Cosmic Minds getting together after the Convention?" signed JFS. I at first assumed that he was going to the convention at New York over Labor Day and was suggesting stopping in afterwards. Fine business, I thought. Then I happened to see a scrap of writing buried underneath the Chicago postmark: Jack Speer, Washington Delegation, Hotel Morrison; Chicago. It dawned on me, not with a whimper but a bang, that he meant after the con, not after the con. I sent a special delivery pocsarcd and made a person-to-person call to the address, neither of which arrived. But happily enough, he stopped by anyhow and, despite all misunderstandings, here we are. Jack, how about putting this paper to bed?

The only reason i got heavy up there was that my sense of humor is limited to appreciation; i can't create it. Since there is some space left here to fill, i will be heavy for a bit longer, particularly since we have just had a recess during which we all three got serious.

There was the civil rights fight at Chicago. This, like the Stevenson nomination, illustrates the peculiar way a convention functions. By the time the issue reaches the floor, it is usually a foregone conclusion, and the conclusion is simply acted out for the TV cameras. Yet the conclusion that was reached was reached because the final stamp was to be put on it in this way. On the civil rights plank, the South yielded an enormous amount of ground because it knew that only in this way could it win the floor fight. Then apparently another modification was made, after the draft of the plank was released to the press, in order to take the force out of criticism of the plank. "the right to education in publicly supported schools" was, as the Tribune pointed out, a tacit endorsement of segregated schools; and when McCormack delivered the report on the floor, it read "in all publicly supported schools", and he stressed "all". After that, there was not so much to fight about, and the minority's fight was so poorly handled that many Northerners did not think anything was at issue. There wasn't very much.

SLITCH

"WHILE YOU'RE GONE, PICK UP A
SIX-PACK OF SLITCH..." --JEAN G 1

"If it weren't for Eve, we'd still be in the Garden of Eden, publishing one-shots."-DAG

FOLLOWING FOUR PAGES BY REDD BOGGS & DEAN A GRENELL... MLG. 77

Five months have past since I last walked the streets of Holy ~~Galaxia~~ Fond du Lac, and again I hear the soft fannish murmur, "Let's publish a one-shot!"

The suggestion pours through me like a wind from the frontiers of cloud country -- and the similie is appropriate. Sighs are wind, and so are belches; both are part of the ritual at a typical one-shot session, for lack of any inspiration except the liquid kind. (But one should not despair, for didn't Swift say, "The gift of Belching (is) the noblest act of a rational creature"?) Words also are wind, and words are common enough as wind at a one-shot session, though they don't often make the hazardous transition from a puff on the tongue to visible form on paper.

"Let's publish a one-shot!" -- a wind indeed, as Campbell would say. The fan involved in a one-shot session should feel kinship with Daedalus, of whom Ovid said, "Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes": "He sets his mind at work among unknown arts." But Daedalus had merely to change the laws of nature to sail the wind; the fan one-shotter has to change the laws of human nature. At other times in his fannish career he can write and rewrite his witticisms on paper before committing them to stencil; now he must be spontaneously witty on stencil. The correct method of being witty on stencil eludes most fans, as one can easily prove by reading most one-shots produced at one-shot sessions. The art of the one-shot is a strange one to set the mind at work in.

Never having lived in Los Angeles or Fond du Lac, I have escaped participation in one-shots for the most part. In fact, the first one-shot session I ever helped fire was the All Fool's con this spring at Fond du Lac. I had a few close scrapes previously. One of them occurred in April 1952 when Hal Shapiro and an airforce buddy of his visited Minneapolis, and they, as well as John Grossman and myself, gathered at Rich Elsberry's for the avowed purpose of putting out a one-shot. Fortunately Elsberry was inspired just then to create the InVention and we didn't get around to a real one-shot session. Insofar as one-shot sessions are concerned, I was, and am, a very inexperienced fan.

Furthermore, I labor under the massive handicap of writing for a fanzine other than Skyhook. Boyd Raeburn wrote somewhere that I have written "some great stuff" in my fanzine -- he emphasized it like that -- by which I presume he meant that only in Skyhook am I capable of writing "great stuff." It is crushing to discover the truth after fifteen years of writing for fanzines other than my own. After Boyd's remark I fear that all my arrows are too lightly timbered for so loud a wind.

Having arrived at Nephelococcygia and unruffled my feathers, I have sat down to study the problem. Should I, in this one-shot; attempt to uphold my position as sixth best article-writer in FAPA (tied with GM Carr, Calkins, and SaM), or my position as seventh best humorist in FAPA (tied with no one)?

Slitch -2

To Jean Young: rend any good rocks lately?

The fact is that Wisconsin is the home of Dean A. Grennell; Robert Bloch, and Curt Janke, among a few others; hence it is well-fixed for humorists, and may even be overstocked. One gets the impression that a traveler might have to pay duty to bring Hyphen into the state -- there should be a tariff wall to protect the flourishing native product -- and that humorists qua humorists may find their immigration quota filled.

Therefore I have decided that I should contribute a serious article to this one-shot, an article full of erudite wisdom and keen observation. What shall I write about? Shall I write, at last, my definitive treatise, "The Case Against Insurgentism," postponed from 1949? Shall I write "Legion of the Lens," promised to Don Wilson in 1947 and still hopefully solicited by him -- he is so anxious to read it, I'm sure, that he'd be happy to read it here, just as in Dream Quest. Shall I write "The Bitter Young Man," my psychofanalysis of Richard Elsberry, first projected in 1952?

None of these is suitable, somehow. I know what I'll do. I'll write a witty and informative article called "Wind Over Wisconsin."

-- Redd Boggs

"Gaius Titus wasn't a wandering Jew; he was a Roamin' Roman."

It has been the Boggs, being kittenish on the keys and now it's Grennell, as ye may ken from the fact that the lino's are bracketed by underlines instead of hyphens. Thus:

"I'm making some Campbell soup and I'm using real Campbells!!"

I don't know how it has been at the con in New York this weekend of Labor Day, 1956, but I know the con at Fond du Lac has gone famously. We have ground out some 150 photos on the contact printer, we have gestetnered pages for Grue and Bleen and taught Boggs the fine art of rudimentary gestetion en processe. Imagine the egoboo of introducing Boggs to Gestetner--surely this is the greatest honour since Willis introduced Ackerman to Hoffman.

Speaking of ghod, we went around to the local postoffice this afternoon to mail off some pocsarcds and Boggs went with me to pilgrimate at the FdL PO where, believe it or no as ye will, Walter Willis has been. Yes, really--he stopped here on his way from Amherst or to Amherst after the ChiCon and I saw him not nor wotted of him. This was about 3-4 months before I innocently wandered into fandom, having mistaken it for the gent's powder room. Filler number twenty-three.

"But I go in them frequently, Eradicate. So does my father. ... "

--TS

Boggs and I peered in vain up and down the length, width and breadth of the terazzoed floor of the FdL PO in search of some luminously glowing footprints remaining from the hallowed visit of WAW. All we found were some hairpins and cigarette-butts (six Winston, three Salem, one each Camel, Lucky Strike, Old Gold and a home-rolled one containing Bull Durham and trichinopoly) which Boggs thriftily gathered up to send his friends for the oncoming Xmas season. We theorized that the glowing footprints will someday appear to presage the Second Coming of Willis. We burned a candle made from stencil scrapings and ponie and took our departure. None too soon either.

"FAPA With All The Lumps Took Out"

--Motto of Kteic Circle

Sketch 3

Redd here: This one-shot is going to be shorter, I fear, than Qabal #2, which we produced at the All Fools con. Today is Labor Day, and soon I must return to the mundane world, where everybody talks in outerlineations. Having been oriented in Fond du Lac after several days here, I feel quite nonminused to hear people say things like

"Even her protective coloring is colorless."

Most such interlineations originate between the straight lips of Dean A. Grennell. Take a letter to posterity. "Dear Posterity: Henderson is a Good Man, but Grennell is a better." To assure posterity receiving this message, we are publishing this one-shot for FAPA and the fanzine collection of Chester A. Polk.

Those who visited the Nycon will feel smug and superior for having attended the larger convention of 1956. Well, we feel a little smug and superior also; it works both ways. (The "also" instead of "too," in the last sentence, is dedicated to Juffus, whom I like to keep happy.) The response works both ways. Reminds me of this quotation: "'I said there was not a guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place.' Johnson: 'But, Sir, there is half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it.'"

There are good odds that none of the Nycon attendees, not even Lloyd Fuller or "Cheech" Beldone, blasted a Hilex jug with a .357 Magnum. Attendees at the con in Fond du Lac did. Nor did Nycon attendees brave acres of poison ivy, inhabited solely by hordes of ferocious mosquitoes, merely to behold a sign, "POGO FOREVER" painted high on a rocky cliff. The site of this shrine, regarded as a holy place by Sixth Fandom, is an inaccessible rock quarry which might have served as the scene of Hal Clement's ASF story "Assumption Unjustified." At any moment we expected to see the slim silver shape of Thrykar's spaceship loom out of the lush green underbrush. This allusion is dedicated to the weird notion that there are still pro-philes among fapans.

"Get dressed, ye merry gentlemen; let nothing nude display." --Llewellyn Argyllbargle

Dag here. I shd explain that the sign forever screaming "Pogo Forever" at the cringing sky is emblazoned near the crest of a soaring cliff of basaltic granite a bit west of Fairwater (pop. 311) in Strontium Yellow oil pigments. It was done many years ago in a burst of fervor by self whilst Kincannon clung to self's ankles half-idly with one hand (eating an apple with the other the while) and self hung, head-downermost, and did the lettering with one eye as the other glumly scanned the jagged shards of granite some 75 feet below. The Permanent Pigments people, who made the paint (it was a tube I never used on canvas, being a nambypamby nondescript yellow anyway), will be happy to hear that it has survived five years and more of scarcely clement Wisconsin climate without undue fading, peeling nor decomposition.

And yes, Redd has become a full-fludge member of the Brandon Dump-Shooting Association by visiting the site and submitting himself to initiation into the orders and the mysteries of that ancient band. In a few weeks, given proper treatment, he may even be able to eat with that hand again. ...

"He looks all proud and snorty."

--Jean Young

This is Redd, to finish this off. Yes, we had a good time. Only one blot on the blue horizon. I've come to Wisconsin at least three weekends on fannish business and have yet to meet Mr Bloch. Once he was ill; twice he was out of the state. Can you imagine this chap attending the Nycon instead of the Fond du Lac affair? I regret giving him indirect egoboo in this one-shot except that "A Way of Life" is a Classic. I'll meet him yet. So this one-shot stands as monument to a memorable fannish get-together.

SLITCH 4 "LET'S GO PROSPECTING...I'VE GOT THE BURROUGHS."

--DAG

GLEEPS, I CAN HEAR SOMEBODY COMPLAIN BITTERLY, WE ONLY JUST GOT TUCK SHAMED INTO GETTING RID OF HIS SANS-SERIF TYPEFACE THAT WAS SO HARD TO READ AND NOW GRENNELL GOES AND GETS A SANS-SERIF BURROUGHS...AND A DOTTY ONE AT THAT! YOU MAY BE RIGHT...

IT'S AN OLD ONE THE LOCAL BANK HAD FOR WRITING CHECKS AND I GOT IT FOR A FAST \$15. SO FAR, I'M STILL CONGRATULATING MYSELF. IT'S FINE FOR DOING ODD TITLES, CAPTIONS AND STUFF IN GRUE AND IT'S A WHIZ FOR ANSWERING LETTERS WHEN YOU'D JUST AS SOON FILL UP THE PAGES FAIRLY FAST. ONCE IN A WHILE, WHEN I THINK OF IT, I EVEN USE IT FOR CHECKS.

I MIGHT EXPLAIN THAT QABAL--WHERE THE HELL PEOPLE SEE A U THERE, I DON'T KNOW---HAS GRADUALLY TAKEN SHAPE AS A VEHICLE FOR ONE-SHOTS. THIS TIME IT SERVES AS A SORT OF BLANKET COVERING COMBOZINE MADE UP OF SUCH VARIOUS EFFORTS AS HAVE ACCUMULATED IN THE INTERIM SINCE LAS LAST MAILING. I SUPPOSE IT WILL GO ON LIKE THIS. BUT PLEASE, PEOPLES, THE 'U' IN QABAL, LIKE THE SECOND 'A' IN QUANDRY, IS NOT ONLY SILENT...IT'S INVISIBLE AS WELL!

I HAVE JUST BEEN COUNTING UP THE NUMBER OF MEMBERS OF FAPA WHICH I HAVE PERSONALLY MET AS OF DATE OF WRITING /3 SEP 56/ I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THERE WERE MORE BUT MANY OF THE MEMBERS I'VE MET HAVE DROPPED OUT...MAGNUS, BROWNE, NYDAHL, ETC. THE TEN MEMBERS AT THE MOMENT, ARE ALGER, BLOCH, BOGGS, DUNN, ENEY, JARNESS, L SHAW OF L SHAW LTD, MEANING LARRY BUT NOT LEE, BOB SILVERBERG, SPEER, AND TUCKER...PLUS JANKE, RUPP AND HICKMAN OFF THE WAITING LIST. BEFORE TOO MUCH LONGER, I HOPE TO AUGMENT THAT LIST WITH SEVERAL MORE BUT I'D HATE TO LIST THEM SPECULATIVELY LEST IT OPERATE AS A HEX TO KEEP THEM AWAY!

IN ADDITION, I'VE TAPE-TALKED WITH BALLARD, BURBEE, CALKINS, COX, DANNER, JANSEN, KIDDER, LYONS, MARTINEZ, RAEBURN, ROTSLER, SHAW, STEWARD AND THE YOUNGS. I'VE SEEN PHOTOS OF K ANDERSON, ASHWORTH, BRADLEY, BOTH CARRS, CROUTCH, DUNKELBERGER, ECONOMOU /AT FEARFUL COST!/ ELLIK, ELLIS, GRAHAM, HARRIS, MCCAIN, MOSKOWITZ, PERDUE, RIKE, NANSHARE, SHREWSBURY, WARNER, WELLS, WESSON, WHITE, WILLIS, AND STAN WOOLSTON...IN ADDITION TO HAVING SEEN PIX OF MOST IF NOT ALL OF THE ONES I'VE TAPED WITH. OF THOSE REMAINING, I HAVE CARRIED ON SOME SORT OF FITFUL CORRESPONDENCE WITH THESE: L ANDERSON, COSLET, MAY, MYERS, PAVLAT, RYAN, WEGARS, AND WILSON. THAT LEAVES, IF I HAVEN'T GOOFED, THESE WITH WHOM I'VE HAD NO CONTACT WORTH MENTIONING, AS NEARLY AS I CAN RECALL: CHAPPELL, CLYDE, EVANS, HIGGS, MCPHAIL, MARTIN, MILLER, SCHAFFER /NOT SURE, MAY HAVE HAD A BRIEF NOTE FROM HIM ONCE...DID I RAY% AND VAL WALKER.

I HAVE BEEN WANTING TO BREAK DOWN THE MEMSHIP INTO FRACTIONS THIS WAY EVER SINCE READING MAL ASHWORTH'S NOTABLE INTRODUCTORY CONTRIBUTION A FEW MAILINGS BACK WHEREIN HE TRIED TO LIST WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT EACH MEMBER. WHAT SURPRISED ME WAS HOW VERY LITTLE I COULD ADD, AFTER ALL THIS TIME, TO WHAT HE HAD FOR INFO ON ENTERING.

--DAG

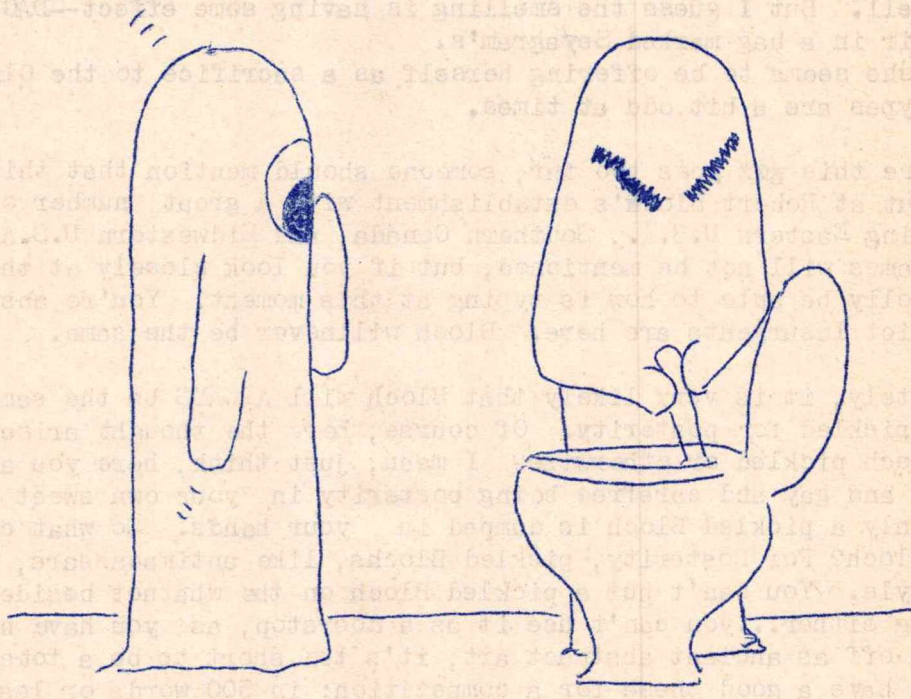
CLOG

"Drei eis in
the Fountain"
- Tender West-Coast
Love Song

NEW YORK

JAPA-77

WEYAWEGA



"Diapers! Diapers!"

"The accidentally titled one-shot"
Hand-made at Weyauwega, 9 Sept 1956,
by Kickapoo Indians, namely, Robert
Bloch, Marion Bloch, Andy Young, Jean
Young, Boyd Raeburn, Gerry Steward,
Ron Kidder, Jean Grennell and friend.
caveat lector

jean

Someone has got to kick these things off and it might as well ought to be someone else but, since it has to be someone...oh hell.

This was originally going to be called "Cloy" but just as our logotypist was designing the logotype, someone chanced to speak to him at the last moment and the final letter came out g instead of y. Quick to recognize divine intervention, Jean Young, Girl Birdbath, changed her plans for the cover illo and there we went.

Dean has pointed out that this is one of the few fanzines without Steig's "People are no damn good" as cover or fronticepiece or something. We like restrained, original fanzines. Jean is about to draw some restrained, original Yobbers which should appear later in this.

Gads but Fond du Lac is far from Cambridge, Mass. I thought I would spend most of the rest of my life riding sickly prone towards the west. I was (and still am) suffering from a cold and Jean was (and still is) suffering from lack of sleep. And then Raeburn drank her rum&ginger ale.

If all goes well, by the time this fanzine is done Bloch will be pickled for posterity.

People are milling about me and urging each other to "smell this!" but I cannot (alas) smell. But I guess the smelling is having some effect--DAG has just inserted Jean's hair in a bag marked Seyagram's.

Now she seems to be offering herself as a sacrifice to the Olny True Ghod. These fannish types are a bit odd at times.

Before this ~~xxx~~ goes too far, someone should mention that this mess is being knocked out at Robert Bloch's establishment with a great number of fans present, representing Eastern U.S.A., Southern Canada, and Midwestern U.S.A. For obvious reasons names will not be mentioned, but if you look closely at the above paragraph, ~~xx~~ you'll prolly be able to how is typing at this moment. You're absolutely right, the Derelict Insurgents are here. Bloch willnever be the same.

Unfortunately, it is very likely that Bloch will ALWAYS be the same....in the process of being pickled for posterity. Of course; here the thought arises, 'does posterity want a Bloch pickled or otherwise? I mean, just think, here you are, posterity, all happy and gay and carefree being posterity in your own sweet individual way, and suddenly a pickled Bloch is dumped in your hands. So what can one do with a pickled Bloch? For Posterity, pickled Blochs, like antimacassars, will be completely out of style. You can't put a pickled Bloch on the whatnot beside the aspidistra, not having either...you can't use it as a doorstep, as you have no doors, it can't be passed off as ancient abstract art, it's too short to be a totem pole...in fact, there you have a good theme for a competition: in 500 words or less, give your idea of what Posterity could do with a pickled Bloch.

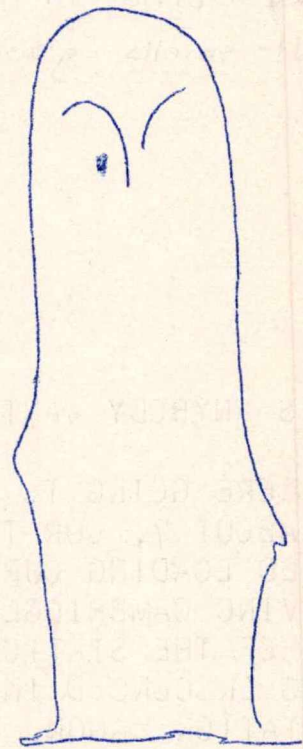
Let's pickle posterity for Bloch...

This is Bloch, or more exactly at the moment, Blog. And the question which occupies the cramped quarters of my mind at present is "How many pickled Blochs can Peter Piper pick?" In an atmosphere of Derogations and Canadians clubbing all over the place it is difficult to localize thought, let alone express it. Of course it is always quite interesting to see how a cosmopolitan gathering of this type can bring out diverse viewpoints. For example, somebody was just telling me about the two Southerners who decided to ask a friend to pick up a couple of girls for a blind date. At the appointed hour the girls showed up. The first Southerner glanced at his friend in horror and said, "Why these girls are negroes -- we can't take them out." And his companion shrugged and said, "Who cares? After all, it isn't as if we had to go to school with them." Enough of this. There is liquor to drink, conversation to exchange, people to see. As far as I&M concerned, the session is over. Fapa is all.

VUG

MAILING 77
November '56
Young/Grennell

You, there, friend, with the
Big Yobber eyes — prithee
just what is a "VUG"?



jeany

"Why, a Vug is a Larsen geode - I
thought everyone knew that!"



VUG HEADS

THOSE OTHER FANDOMS.....



Whicky Bottles in the Costlets
"It smells good."

YOU KNOW THOSE OTHER FANDOMS PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT...WELL, IT SEEMS THAT THERE IS YET ANOTHER ONE WHICH IS OWNED AND OPERATED SOLELY BY DEAN A. GRENELL. IT SEEMS THAT HE RIDES ABOUT THIS FANNISH WISCONSIN COUNTRYSIDE EVERY DAY JUST TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THESE CRYPTIC FOLKS. I RODE WITH HIM RECENTLY AND I MUST ADMIT THAT I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT IT IS THAT THESE PEOPLE ARE FANS OF-- UNLESS IT BE DAG HIMSELF--BUT I DID DISCOVER A SORT OF PARTING PASSWORD THEY HAVE...IT IS 'THE TRUCK WILL BE AROUND MONDAY!'. IT SOUNDS SINISTER AND MYSTERIOUS...THE N3F SHOULD LOOK INTO IT.

WILD RIDES I HAVE KNOWN

DOES ANYBODY WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY TRIP TOO BAD _____

WE WERE GOING TO LEAVE ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 7, AT TWO IN THE PM. ABOUT 7, OUR TRANSPORTATION FINALLY ARRIVED AT THE DOOR AND WE STARTED LOADING OUR PARAPHERNALIA. BY NINE OR THEREABOUTS, WE WERE LEAVING CAMBRIDGE. ANDY WAS SICK, AND LAY ON A BED OF PAIN IN THE REAR OF THE STATION WAGON -- A GENUINE BED, BY THE WAY -- AND SUSAN WAS ENSCONCED IN THE TOP OF HER BABY BUGGY, ALSO IN THE REAR OF THE STATION WAGON. NEW ENGLAND ROADS BEING WHAT THEY ARE, PROGRESS WAS VERY SLOW. WE CRAWLED INTO THE ENVIRONS OF PHILADELPHIA AROUND SEVEN THE NEXT MORNING, SORE GROTCHEDED IN THE OILPAN. IT APPEARED THAT SOME ESSENTIAL PART HAD BEING TEMPORARILY REPLACED BY A FIBER PIECE INSTEAD OF A BRASS OR COPPER ONE, AND THE FIBER WHATCHAMA-DIDDLE WAS SHOT. FORTUNATELY, MY FOLKS LIVE NEARBY THERE, AND WE WERE ABLE TO REST WHILE THE REPAIRS WERE BEING MADE. HOWEVER, WE LOST ABOUT SIX HOURS ONE WAY AND ANOTHER HERE....

GEORGE -- THE OWNER OF THE STATION WAGON, AND SOLE CHAUFFER -- DECIDED TO GO THROUGH OHIO ON ROUTE 30 INSTEAD OF THE OHIO TURNPIKE, SINCE IT WOULD WIND HIM UP IN INDIANA MORE NEARLY WHERE HE WANTED TO BE. IT WOULDN'T BE HEAVILY TRAVELLED LATE AT NIGHT, HE CLAIMED. AND INDEED IT WASN'T. WE WERE TRUNDLING MERRILY ALONG ROUTE 30 JUST

EAST OF WOOSTER, AND HAD JUST CRESTED THE BROW OF A HILL. THERE WAS A YALLER LINE IN THE ROAD WHICH WAS SLANTING TOWARDS THE OTHER LANE AND WAS COMPLETELY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD BY THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL. VISIBILITY WAS PERFECT, AND ONCOMING TRAFFIC WAS NIL, THO THERE WERE A COUPLE OF CARS AHINT OF US AND ONE AHEAD. WE ZIPPED OUT TO PASS. THE THIRD CAR BEHIND US WAS A COP. GEORGE PAID A SMALL WAD IN BOND WHILE WE WAITED IN WOOSTER IN THE CHILL OF THE NIGHT....

EH, WELL, IT CUDDA BIN WORSE. THERE WERE NO OTHER REALLY UNTO- WARD INCIDENTS ON THE TRIP, ALTHOUGH WE DID DRIVE STRAIGHT THROUGH ON SUNDAY, NOT STOPPING FOR MEALS OR ANYTHING EXCEPT FOR A DAIRY QUEEN GULPED AT A GAS STOP....ANDY HAD COME THE WHOLE WAY ON THE BED IN THE BACK, AND GEORGE HAD DRIVEN THE WHOLE WAY WITH ABOUT FOUR HOURS SLEEP. I'D HAD ABOUT THE SAME AMOUNT OF SLEEP, BUT I WASN'T DRIVING.

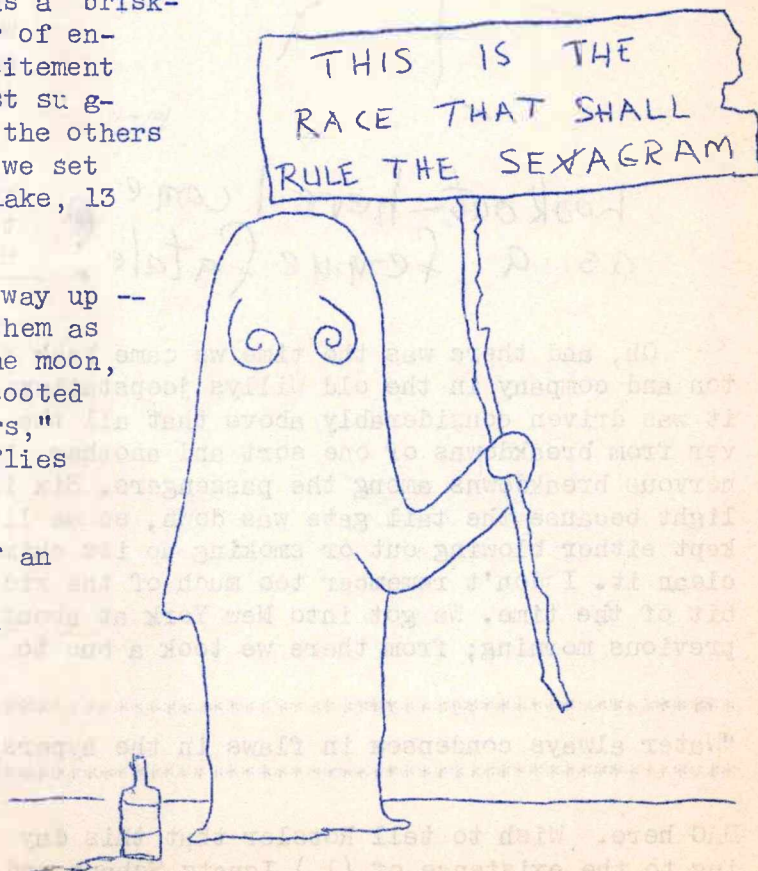
AND THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO A PARTY AND DIDN'T GET IN TILL ALL SORTS OF WEE SMALL HOURS....

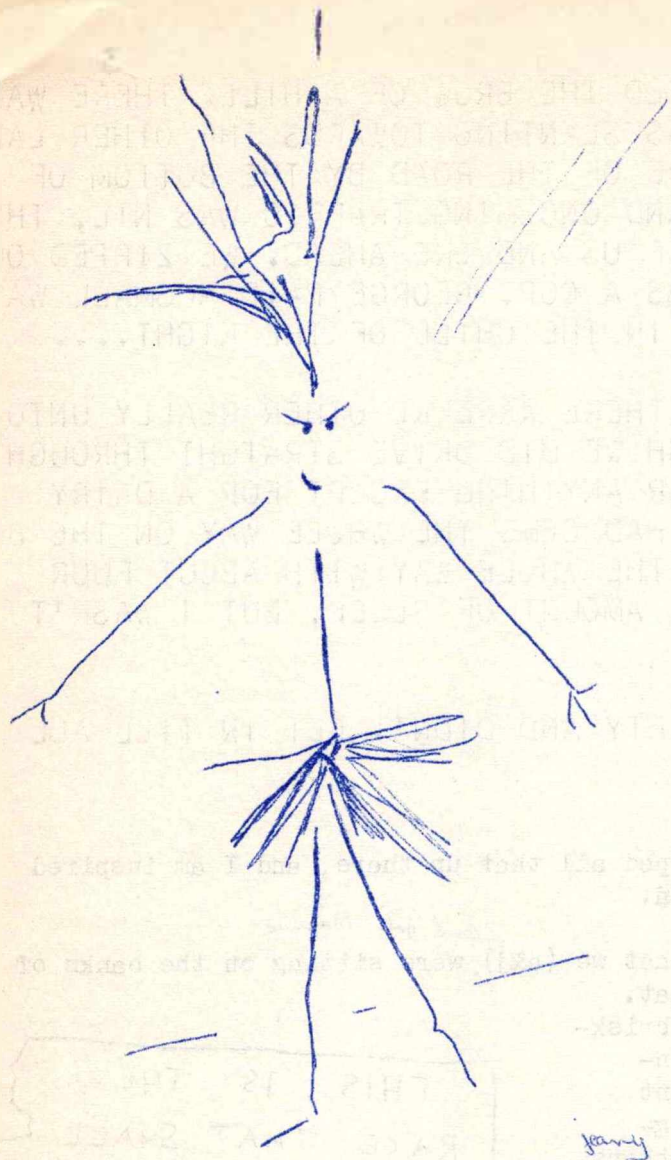
It is now many days later than when I typed all that up there, and I am inspired to continue my sagas of wild rides I have knowi.

It came to pass, in the spring of 1955, that we (a&j)^{and John Magnus} were sitting on the banks of the Oberlin reservoir, chatting of this and that. The air was very springlike, and there was a brisk- ish breeze from the south and all manner of en- ticing night-sounds and adventure and excitement were in the air. I fear it was I who first su- gested that we ride up to Lake Erie, but the others agreed to it. So at 11:30 of the evening we set forth, with the wind behind us, for the Lake, 13 miles due north.

We didn't even need to pedal on the way up -- we just spread out our jackets and used them as sails. Big clouds were scudding across the moon, and at one point, some strange objects scooted across the road ahead of us. "Dune rollers," cried John, and we proceeded with butterflies a flitting in our insides.

We made it to the Lake in about half an hour, and stood for a while watching the waves banging against the clay cliffs and shouting at each other to be heard over the wind, which was getting stronger and stronger. About one we decided to head back. The wind was now in our faces, and about twice as strong as it was before. It took us until two to get five miles to the first town; there were places where not only could we not ride into





lookout—here I come
as a femme fatale!

the wind -- we couldn't even walk into it, and had all we could do to keep from being hurtled backwards. When we got into Amherst, the above-mentioned First Town, cold and buffeted and starving, there was naught open but a sleezy nth-rate bar which served no hot food at all -- nothing but cheese crackers. We had cheese crackers and cokes, and went forth to brave the storm once more. Clouds were piling up at a terrific rate, and it looked as though it might rain. We were able to ride down the hill just outside the town, but as to going up the other side --- it took us about half an hour to get to the top.

Then it began to rain. John said he was going to take refuge in the nearest unlocked parked car, and we followed him. There was a convenient vehicle sitting in the driveway of a nice shiny new cottage just a little ways on. We dropped our bikes and all piled into the back seat and watched the rain and lightening and felt the wind rock the car; and there we held the Car-Con. John told us of ancient fannish history and a grand time was had by all. At one point, the occupant of the house came downstairs to check his windows. We faunched back in terror -- well, Andy and I did -- John was his usual imperturbable self -- but fortunately he didn't come out to check his car windows. After a while the storm abated and we continued on our way home in a gentle drizzle, arriving in Oberlin at about 4 in the am or so....

And the next day we were up at 8 and went through a tough day and at five set off to hitch-hike to Meadville, Pa., to see Jack Harness. But that is another story....

↑MOOA ↑MOOA

Oh, and there was the time we came back from the Cleveland Convention with Dick Ellington and company in the old Willys jeepstationwagon. It wobbled when driven above 35, and it was driven considerably above that all the time. We stopped a couple of times to recover from breakdowns of one sort and another, though nothing was done for the incipient nervous breakdowns among the passengers. Six in a jeep is a few too many. We had no tail light because the tail gate was down, so we lit a construction-flare lantern instead. It kept either blowing out or smoking up its chimney and we kept having to relight it and clean it. I don't remember too much of the ride -- I was sort of half-conscious a good bit of the time. We got into New York at about 3 am, having left Cleveland at about 9 the previous morning; from there we took a bus to Boston, which took us another eight hours...

"Water always condenses in flaws in the hyperspace-warp"A. Young

DAG here. Wish to tell Rotsler that this day (16 Sep 56) we drove past mail-boxes attesting to the existence of (1.) Ignatz Schaub and (2.) Mary Sass. Now to settle back and wait till Jean Linard gets here. And Anie... Rowrbazzle, --dag

DAG again: We decided we had to have another sheet to this. If you only have two sheets to a one-shot, the official editors, in the press of their appointed rounds, are more than a little apt to scrag two copies at a time into someone's bundle and run out before they get to the end. Besides, there's so much left to say. So many memories of so many delicious little incidents all a-skelter in the last month or so during which, it would seem, this quiet little backwater street has become one of the busier crossroads of fandom. There was Speer and Boggs and Ger Steward and Boyd Raeburn and Ron Kidder and Andy Young and Jean Young and a brief but delightful look-in by Bill Stavdal and his friend name of Eric Sinclair (en route via the picturesque southern route from Centralia, Ontario, to Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan). Oh yes....Susan Margaret Young. Hoog.

Twice now, AndY and I (dag) have been driving along in Jazzy-Belle VI (an Olds-type auto) and have seen an identical car, same model, make, style and color, go past up a side road which, as it turned out, we drove in the same direction a bit later. This has lead to a vast amount of discussion about Hilbert Space and Past Us, Present Us and Future Us. Also neat bits of razzlery about "Past Us going past us," &c. We postulate that if ever we, as Present Us, should meet either Past Us or Future Us head-to on the road, the resulting impingement of contra-temporal molecules would devastate the land as far off as Aransas Pass (Where They Bite Every Day), Texas. To say nothing of Roseville, Ill.

Then there was the second-hand store in Manitowoc, where I got 20 copies of back-issue Scientific American all for 25¢ and for another 15¢ we bought a perfectly good manual on Gasoline Automobiles (published in 1915) for William Maraschineo Dannerh, of the Pittsburg Dannerhs. This we are embellishing with autographs and what not, making it one of the first short-snorter books in history.

Then there was the Thrill Supreme as I, crouched low in the seat, crooning "VOOM!-VOOM!" between my teeth, accompanied by Boyd Raeburn, making small mewling noises of worriment, went charging up and down the heretofore peaceful length of the easternmost block of Maple Avenue in Boyd's 300SL Mercedes-Benz with me at the wheel and Boyd at his wit's end. Or is it an Alfa-Romeo, Boyd? I dunno, but it was fuuuuunn! {Ed's note: It is really an Austin-Healey 100}.

Speaking of Jazzy-Belle VI, that fickle, diabolical jade played me a dirty sort of trick. With Boyd coming and he the caustic commenter-upon about the riding qualities of Detroit iron...well, I wanted to put on a good impression. Imagine my chagrin when we set off, seven strong, for Far Weyauwega (the Torontorians, the Youngs and the G's) and JB6 suddenly began to float and dip and sway and yaw in the most inexplicable manner imagineable. At speeds in excess of MACH .75, it bored through the thickening night with a motion like unto naught but a drunken corkscrew. I made red-faced apologies but Boyd --being too polite--said it was all right...he understood and all that. As it turned out, it had chosen that particular moment to need all sorts of repairs: Two new shock absorbers on the rear, a new front bearing, tires needed rotating, wheels needed balancing, also alignment. By the time I got done reciting faults to Norm, down at the garage, Friday and by the time he got done suggesting things off the record sheet, we had added spark-plugs, points, a carburetor adjustment, bearing re-pack and Oh I don't know what all but I'll get it all in the form of a list come the month's end. Foosh. But you should ride in it now, Boyd.

Note to Charles Wells. CHARLES WELLS! C H A R L E S W E L L S ! !

Now that I've (I hope) got your attention, Chozz--you remember years ago, way back in (if Tucker will forgive the expression) seventh fandom, I sent around a dittle thing, craftily anonymous, called Enigma? Well, Wells, you wrote about it and said something like "obviously it was written by someone unfamiliar with astronomy since he speaks of them being 'quintillions of Angstrom Units from their native Terra.'" For years I have been meaning to clear my name of this base and baseless canard. Never underestimate the power of a quintillion, Wells Old Wombat. Especially not a European Quintillion (and those referred to, I hastily add, were European Quintillions meaning one of our American quadrillions squared). According to AndYoung, Boy Astronomommer, a parsec (3.26 light-years) is 3×10^{13} kilometers while a European Quintillion Å is 10^{18} kilometers. This is

equivalent to about the thickness of our galaxy and is very nearly up to the radius of our galaxy on the average. And kidly note that it was quintillionS in the plural. So Briggs, Latoni and Federspiel were far enough from home to be running into other stars and stuff. So you see, Chozz, it weren't quite such a botch as you thought at the time. Never underestimate the power of a Grennell to wriggle off the hook, though it may take years...

Then there was the time when Joe Rupp, Jr., Fapa Wailing-Lister and Amateur Astronomer, stopped in to see Andy (Gee! A Filthy²Pro-Type Astronomer!) and the picture of Andy being a Good-Humored and Condescending BNA...

There was the time when JeanY asked if a dictator who didn't drink would be properly called a teetotalitarian?.

Countless pictures taken---enough so that I'll be the next year just getting them printed. One of Bloch silping some of that matchlessly smooooooth Seagram's Crown Royal the Torontorians brought through a straw while JeanY wore the purple velvet sack the bottle came in as a snood. All this and many more, many...

Andy and I have been idly dreaming up a new camera which we propose to market as the Freeble-Gundderson Ultramat. Film-size will be the ever-popular $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches but we are going to have a special film using Thiotimeline in the emulsion which will go the Land Polaroid process one better. This will develop your picture before you shoot, allowing you a look at the picture before you waste film on it and saving you much valuable film. The exact details of the process aren't worked out yet but it merely a matter of research. We are thinking of incorporating a strip-camera arrangement like the photo-reconnaissance planes use so that you can pivot on your heel and get a continuous panoramic view. We may even produce a special sort of rollerskate which is geared to the film-transport by means of an old war-surplus speedometer-cable out of a jeep to assure positive synchronization. The lens will be revolutionary. This is too tame a word but it is the best we can do. We will dispense completely with expensive, easily-damaged glass lenses entirely (how redundant can you get?). The Freeble-Gundderson Ultramat will have the world's fastest pinhole as a lens. It will be about three inches in diameter (in order to qualify as a pinhole, we'll punch it out with the end of a rolling-pin) and will set out at $1\frac{1}{2}$ " from the plane of the film. Thus it will have an effective aperture of f0.5 which you'll have to agree is not bad. Nossir, not bad. As a shutter, we intend to use a large cork, which the photographer will pluck out to make the exposure and will replace very fast. The body of the Freeble-Gundderson Ultramat will be of a special low-impact plastic, ready to shatter at the slightest touch, irreparably (in the finest traditions of American manufacture) so that there will be a brisk trade in replacements. In addition to this we will bring out at least one new model every year and will try to stress in our advertising that anyone using a last-year's Freeble-Gundderson Ultramat is an utter slob. We are still in the process of perfecting the resolution of our high-speed pinhole aperture but this is merely a matter of further research. The question is, would you like to place a deposit down for early delivery of your new Freeble-Gundderson Ultramat? It's never too late to be early!

Remember that.

It's a bus tire!!!!!!

Gads but it is a fabulous fannish place here. We are dying of anticipation waiting for Jean&Anie Linard, who supposedly will arrive tomorrow night. Gads.

The reason I have not taken more pot*shots (drat that lower-case hyp-hen) at the collected one-shottery hereabouts is that I have had a cold in the throat and nose and sinuses and like that, and there is nothing like a fierce infection to dull the mind of fan and send the senses reeling. But gads it has been fun, even with the cold. Dean was overjoyed to find that I am doing intensity-scale photogrammetric sensitometry, and I was overjoyed to find a real piece of Hilbert space floating around in Wisconsin. We attest that science is indeed wonderful, along with fanzines and Ektachrome film and Derelict Insurgents and other Canadians and people named Jean.....WITNAL *andy*