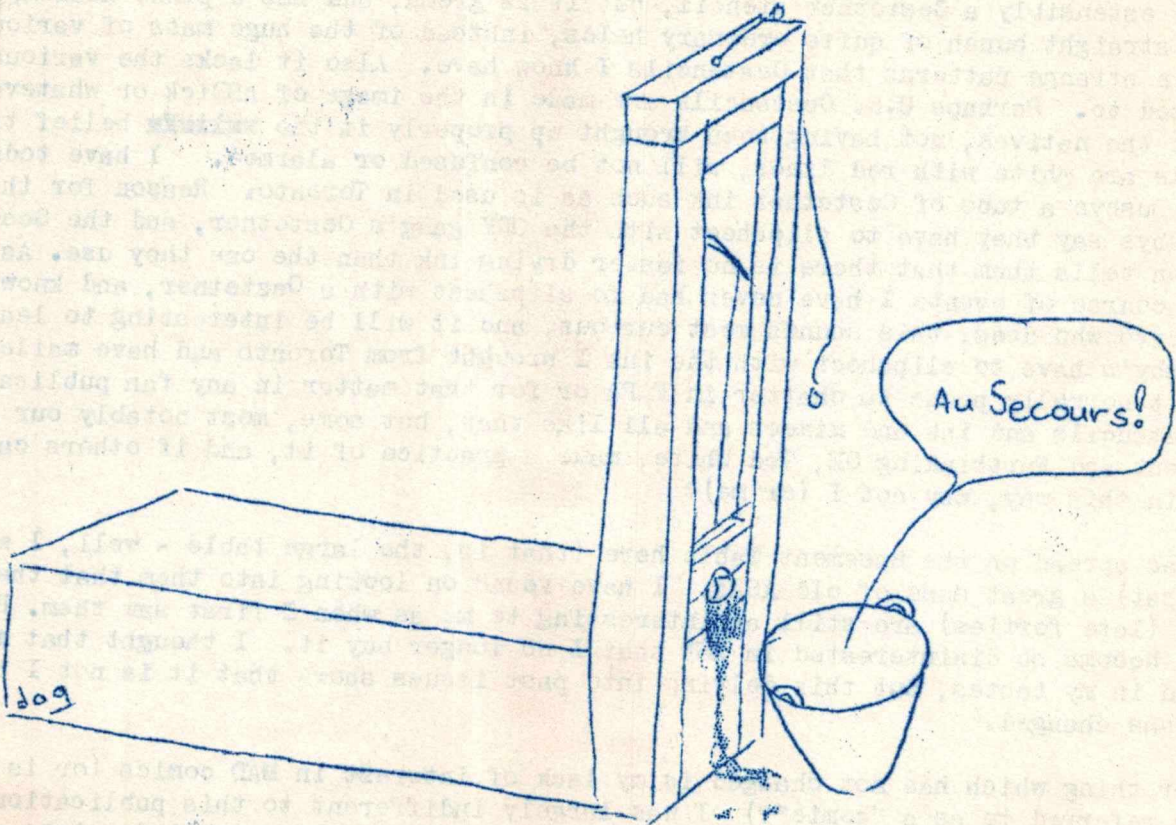


QABAL

FAPA 88
AUG. 1959

D. GREENELL
B. KAEBURN
C. LECTOR

WHOLE
NUMBER 4



606

THIS IS DO-SOMETHING-FOR-FAPA-WEEK

I (Grennell) note with a touch of alarm that I still owe three pages or somesuch of activity credit which must be in by the Augmailing. I have comfortably more than three pages in the hands of various people who might publish them but I don't feel like living that dangerously. Therefore, we propose to grind out anyhow three pages (and will refrain from doing it doublespaced)--"we" being Boyd Raeburn and perhaps others alongside myself.

HAVE RIOT-GUN, WILL QUELL

For the interest of William Rotsler and other fapan ballistophiles, I now have a shotgun again, for the first time since 1951 or so when I sold my old one in a fit of high grotch. This is a Remington Model 11, with 20" barrel, 12 gauge, auto-loading, and unchoked cylinder bore. Shot pattern spreads so rapidly you feel that any time pellets may start pinging onto the back of your neck but it's good on clay pigeons if you shoot fiendish quick, without taking aim or anything. I got it for a figure so ridiculous you wouldn't believe it, which is how come. I also thought it might be handy to have in case I have to stage a shootout with Bjo for Top Gun of FAPA honors.

And here is Raeburn, to whom Grennell has cunningly handed the typr - I mean "typer" - and gone off to work some wood. I feel it is carrying lassitude to an extreme to inveigle a guest from far-off exotic Toronto merely to trick him into writing stuff to fill up one's pages for FAPA. The reason I didn't just corflu out that typo back there is that DAG is using a film stencil, and the film is attached to the top of the stencil, and thus, from casual observation it would seem that to apply correction fluid to any portion it would be necessary to remove the entire stencil from the typewriter, which would be a large drag. This is ostensibly a Gestetner stencil, but it is green, and has a plane heading, with just a straight bunch of quite ordinary holes, instead of the huge mass of various-sized holes in strange patterns that Gestencils I know have. Also it lacks the various lines I am used to. Perhaps U.S. Gestencils are made in the image of ABDick or whatever stencils so that the natives, not having been brought up properly in the ~~xxxxxx~~ belief that stencils are white with red lines, will not be confused or alarmed. I have today mailed to the Busbys a tube of Gestetner ink such as is used in Toronto. Reason for this is that the Busbys say they have to slipsheet with the CRY gang's Gestetner, and the Gestetner salesman tells them that there is no faster drying ink than the one they use. As in the normal course of events I have never had to slipsheet with a Gestetner, and know of nobody in Toronto who does, this sounds most curious, and it will be interesting to learn whether the Busby's have to slipsheet with the ink I brought from Toronto and have mailed to them. I am not normally prone to chatter in FAPA or for that matter in any fan publication about stencils and ink and mimeos and all like that, but some, most notably our Alert and Efficient and Farthinking OE, Ted White, make a practice of it, and if others can fill space in this way, why not I (or me)?

Dean has spread on the Basement Table here (that is, the large table - well, I won't go into that) a great mass of old ASFs. I have found on looking into them that these issues (late forties) are still as interesting to me as when I first saw them. But today I have become so disinterested in ASF that I no longer buy it. I thought that maybe I had changed in my tastes, but this delving into past issues shows that it is not I but ASF which has changed.

Another thing which has not changed is my lack of interest in MAD comics (or is it no longer referred to as a "comic"?) I was largely indifferent to this publication when it was at the height of its popularity, with various people making excited noises about artists names Bill Elder and so on. Today in the Grennell basement I came across a few old issues, and on looking at them discovered that my disinterest ~~xxx~~ is even greater than before. The first time I saw the item GOPO GOSSUM I read right through it, although I was Not Amused. This time I found it unfinishable. The earlier MADs repelled me with their air

galloping insanity, and the style which the zine changed to later on still seems a bit too juvenile for my jaded tastes. Understand, I'm not trying to mount a Holy Crusade against MAD, but just Expressing My Views. If some champion wishes to spring to the zines' defense, maybe screaming that MAD expresses the Cosmic Futility Of It All or whatever, he'll get no argument from me. Hm. Maybe I should have indicated at the top of the page, for the benefit of our less astute members that THIS IS STILL RAEBURN WRITING, and please do not clobber Grennell if you happen to disagree with me.

I notice in the latest PLAYBOY (which will not be the latest playboy by the time this gets into circulation, but I can't remember the month on it - I'm typing this on June 27) that one Maggie Ryan has her photo in it in a picture story on Coffee Houses, with reference to the Beat Scene. I presume that this is the Maggie Ryan with whom Rotsler is acquainted? Anyway, what I meant to mention was that her photo was in this thing because she'd been elected Miss Beat Coffee House or something. By whom I disremember. I wonder which is more goshwow - to be Miss Coffee House or Miss Subways. One thing can be said in favor of the U.S. Coffee House (or is it Coffee Shop?) (and I use the initial capitals to distinguish them from places where one merely buys a cup of coffee without Reading Henry Miller In The Back Room - hi there, Tom Condit) is that, unlike their English counterparts, one's ears are not likely to be assailed by the horrendous sounds of a Skiffle Group. And don't come leaping in with remarks about Folk Singers, Bill Rotsler. The lousiest of folk singers, even Woody Guthrie or John Jacob Niles (Hi there, Juanita Coulson) are as a Bach fugue in comparison with even the best of the English Skiffle Groups, which horror fortunately has stayed confined to that area, ~~xxx~~ the North American peoples showing great good taste in refusing to display the slightest interest in such crap, (and I think I am being rather restrained in using such a comparatively delicate and refined term.) There was a great deal of arrant nonsense written about the skiffle craze when it was at its height. One line was about The People going back to their Natural Heritage of Folk Song. The trouble with that bit of apologia (although I guess it wasn't considered as such) was that the songs were very often not folksongs, and in any case I can't see how such a song as Rock Island Line is an Englishman's Natural Heritage. Around the time of the Ioncon, Sheldon Deretchin (The American Peter Reaney) attended a skiffle season at some London hangout, and he remarked that he was most intrigued by the way the skiffles would announce their numbers in some thick English dialect, and then start to sing with a weird and phony quasi-U.S. hillbilly accent.

While roughly on the subject of folk-singers: Dean today was wading through a mass of Rotsler letters, and quoted with approval the following bit. "We left the IASFS last night because some idiot was playing a guitar and singing - and what do we find at The Seraglio, Grr. I never mind (honest) any folk singer professionally - because that's their business & I am amply warned if I wish to avoid him. Last night I was just not thinking. But it's the amateurs, who always just "happen" to have their guitars along, who once started, never stop. It's a sort of nasal perpetual motion. I guess I'm not cultured, and I know I'm not "in" it, but I really have a thing about folk singers popping up and - for me, and others - monopolizing the entire room to the exclusion of all other conversation etc. One or two acolytes can make a whole room of people stop whatever they are doing. I don't really care for folk singers (and I've heard the best), their songs are ever so "clever", ever so chock full of 'pathos', "humor", anguish and stuff. A lot are fine songs, a few are masterpieces....but how many times can you hear "black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair" or "Cindy Lou" or about horseflies before you choke, How many parties must be ruined (RUINED, I SAY!) before a halt is called, The humor wears thin in the songs and even the best of them can sing only so many railroad songs, only so many tons of cola, only so many Thirties songs, only so many tales of tender but unrequited mountain love. ..."
Feh" I didn't intend to quote this in full, but such a fine, BACK BLAST type condemnation always wins my admiration, and I think this deserves to be quoted in full. While I have not suffered as Rotsler seems to have suffered, I know full well whereof he speaks. If Josh White, or Odetta, ~~ix~~ were to appear and give tongue at a party I was attending, I would not mind at all, but when somebody whips out a guitar and starts bawling his ditties, it can be quite a drag. Possibly one of the reasons the amateur "folk singer"

so blithely monopolizes the proceedings is that he feels that everybody MUST be interested because, by cracky, these are the songs of The Peepul. Another possibly reason is that he's one of these types to whom Folk Songs Are A Way Of Life -- that is, to him folk songs are the ONLY music (the same type of thinking which produces ~~xxxx~~ Mozart played by brass bands) and these people must like music and thus they must like folk songs. And then there is a third reason - the guy is just an exhibitionist. I could go on and on with this speculation, but with this composing on stencil, I'm getting tangled up enough as is. But worse, far worse, than the solitary folk singer is when there are a few kooks who join in. The Folk Singer himself presumably has at least a little ability as regards rhythm, tempo, timing, attack, and so on. The "average person" does not. Thus the resulting chorus is pretty hideous. But, you may quibble, there are some songs which can be sung by anybody... any random group can render them passably. Maybe; but I hold the firm opinion that any song which can be sung by any such group is a song which is not worth singing in the first place, and probably painful to the ears. On Top Of Old Smoky, sung to the tune by which it is best known, is an outstanding and sickening example. But there are worse things yet than the solitary folk singer with a guitar...even taking into consideration those who might gabble along with him. Beware the folk singer with a banjo. He is likely to sing Songs of Social Protest, and Union Songs, and warble on and on about poor oppressed workers and I'm Sticking To My Union and all like that. I expect any time to hear a tearful lament about how They Railroaded Dave Beck.....

Oh now let me tell you 'bout a man named Dave Beck
He stood up for the Working Man
He said "I'll fight for my underpaid members"
So they put Dave Beck in the can

etc. etc.

Tune would probably be The Wreck of the Old '97, with banjo accompaniment (Glugdugadugadug)

Of course, true Folk Songs are supposed to be Ancient, with the composer lost in the mists of antiquity. For that matter, I think it is considered that folk songs (True Ones, that is) had no composer at all, never having been composed, but springing full blown from the Group Consciousness of the People or something. Union Songs, and Workers Songs, on the other hand, are of recent origin, and often, if not usually, or always, have known composers. However, the Folk Song field for a while was heavily infiltrated by a communist group going by the name of People's Artists which dragged in all this Downtrodden Workers stuff...but I don't want to get started on that, because the subject really deserves an article, and I'm not qualified to write it.

But why, I wonder, do Coffee Houses seem to run to folk singers? Possibly, you may answer, because the patrons tend to like Folk Singers. O.K. so which came first? Do people go to coffee houses because they feature folk singers, or did coffee houses hire folk singers because it turned out that their patrons dig that kind of thing? Why in all L.A., for example, which contains, according to Rotsler, at least forty coffee houses, all of which are making money, is there not one coffee house which features madrigals? So maybe madrigals take too many people....how about Lieder then? But you may answer, Lieder takes skill and training. So you think any bum can wander in off the street and start singing about tons of coal and black hair? NO! And that is precisely what is griping Rotsler, and we're roughly back where we started.

"As the quart measure said to the 250cc graduate, ...

Take me to your litre!"

This is Grennell again, saying to Rotsler and Raeburn, Gentlemen, I couldn't possibly agree with you more. I am heartened immeasurably to hear that there are others who feel about this sort of guph the way I do. My musical tastes, by and large, are as omnivorous as anybody's (well, nearly anybody's) and I don't mind a few folksong type things to have on record or tape that I can listen to at the odd time when I feel like listening to them. Fact, Lee Shaw sent me some Oscar Brand dubs on tape once and I still play them occasionally and enjoy them. But to have some whiskery creep twanging a

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"git-fiddle" and belching forth sounds of raucous torment is more than I care to stand. Particularly, as Boyd says, at a gathering of people who would probably just as soon talk and extra-particularly if the guy's repertoire runs heavily to songs of the hum-bul working man. It is notable that most of these peerless champions of labor never did a tap of labor, organized or disorganized, in their lives. My prime complaint against songs of the working classes is not so much that I can't share a viewpoint that was utterly repugnant to me, even when I was a factory worker myself but is that the songs themselves are tasteless, puerile and bloodyawful dull beyond all reasonable expectation. I can only conclude that either composing workman's propaganda is left to the nidding imbeciles of the union structure or that the union structure is composed of nothing else or that there may be some reasonably interesting and artistically worthwhile songs of this sort and I have simply not heard them. If the latter is the case, thanks muy much, amigos, I sooner not try to cull 'em out, gracias anyhow.

We took time out somewhere in the midst of last stencil and were talking about the weird folk-customs relevant to the sale, consumption and advertising of liquor in the various places we've been. I'll let Boyd dwell on that a bit while I chase off on another errand. See ya.

"The fallout comes in on little cat feet."

Raeburn again. Very cunning of Dean to end that way, making sure that I would have no excuse for wailing "But I have nothing to saaaay". I shall now talk about some of the Liquor regulations in Ontario. One of the weird ones is that liquor, wine or beer may not be advertized in Ontario. However, it is quite permissible for publications bearing such advertizing to come into Ontario from outside the province. Thus, many magazines which have their main staffs in, say, Toronto, maintain a "publishing office" in Montreal, which is in Quebec Province; which has no such law, and the magazines thus being "published" outside Ontario, they can carry all the liquor and beer advertising they wish. BUT, I believe there is a federal law which states that no liquor advertizing may show the bottle. Maybe the idea is that if the citizens were confronted with actual pictures of actual liquor bottles, they would rush off to the nearest liquor store and load up, which would be a Bad Thing - except that in Ontario anyway the sale of liquor in bottles is a monopoly of the Provincial Government (just like in Ohio and Washington, to name two U.S. states which prattice the custom) and such a move would produce much govt. revenue. The breweries also get around this advertizing ban by running "Public Service" advertisements in newspapers and streetcars and like that. These can take the form of instructive little bits on How To Recognise Wild Grasses or something, or about how we out to Enjoy..... The Great Outdoors, or we're "amused" by Schoolboy Howlers or The Adventures of Little B'ar, and stuff like that, with the name of the generous brewing company who is paying for all this shown in large letters. But they don't always stick to "humor" and the outdoors. We get things like a happy party scene (decorous, of course. Gracious, in fact.) with the script running on the lines of WHEN GOOD FRIENDS GET TOGETHER THE OCCASION CALLS FOR good cheer. O'KEEFE'S Brewing Company Ltd. Once there was a brewery named Peller's, which also happened to own a small ice company. I guess they did sell some ice. The radio used to be alive with commercials which would go: "When friends come to call, be sure to have plenty of PELLER'S.....(ice)because everybody likes PELLER'S.....(ice) so be sure to stock your refrigerator with PELLERS..... (ice)...." and like that. Peller's was bought out by one of the big breweries, so we don't get these chucklesome double entendres anymore. Apparently there used to be a great deal of "temperance" sentiment in Canada at one time, and for years Canada was a hotbed of weird and repressive liquor regulations. Quebec apparently was an exception (Quebec has enough repressive - usually Church inspired (hi Danner) - regulations as is, without piling weird liquor laws on top) but the rest of the provinces were pretty grim. Ontario was the first to get civilized a number of years back, British Columbia broke down about seven years ago, but some of the other provinces, such as Manitoba and Alberta have just recently passed new laws enabling people to drink in a civilized manner. Previously in these provinces, the only way you could drink liquor would be to buy a bottle and take it home. The only thing you could buy by the glass was beer, and in Edmonton, and, I think,

Calgary (the two largest cities in Alberta) men had to drink their beer in one room, and women in another. Have a beer with your wife? Oh horrors, no! Who knows what pagan orgies might not result? But all that foolishness has been done away with now, although the Maritime provinces are still pretty primitive in their liquor regulations.

One thing which grotches me about the so-called "temperance" organizations is their stupidity. (and for that matter their hypocrisy. I think that any overtly prohibitionist group which hides behind the label of "temperance" is hypocritical) They seem to have the idea that the more unpleasant drinking conditions can be made, and the shorter the hours of sale, the less people will drink. A perfect example of this fallacy can be seen in New Zealand. In New Zealand liquor and beer (and wine) can be sold only by licensed hotels. For years and years and years no new licenses were issued. This resulted in a large city being served by the same number of hotels it had umpty years ago, since which time the population may have vastly increased, while on the other hand a quasi-ghost town which may have shrunk to a thousand or so people may be served by about 27 hotels. With the inadequate number of outlets one would assume that there would be a tendency towards crowding? And add to this the fact that the bars close at 6 pm? Right. At five pm the drinkers make a maaad rush to the bar, where they stand three and four deep, with beer swilling all over, and all is pretty piggish. They stand because there are no seats in the bar, because seats would cut down the room for people to stand. So at six pm they all pile out into the street, having drunk, or rather, tossed down, beer as fast as they could get it and swallow it, and, if it is saturday night especially, carrying ungainly paper parcels of quart bottles of beer (no pints sold in N.Z.) and dropping the bottles and being sick in the gutter and all like that. But the temperance societies are happy. They have made drinking conditions as unpleasant as possible, and it isn't their fault if people behave like that...why, if drinking were made pleasant, obvious there would be even more drunkenness. About ten years ago there was a referendum held in New Zealand on whether to extend the licensing hours to ten pm, and it was defeated. This is not too surprising, as people did not want the 6 pm spew postponed to after 10 pm when helpless women and blushing maidens would be wending their way home from movies and such on streetcars. The thing is, the restrictive N.Z. drinking laws have, over the years, made a lot of the inhabitants slob drinkers. A fine example of this was to be seen at at least one of the parties at the Solacon. (I hasten to add that I am not referring to myself, as I am not a New Zealander.) Australia has pretty much the same set-up, the bars in most states closing at 6 pm. In Queensland and Western Australia they close at 10 pm, but what else could one expect from states which are so far sunk in sin as to license houses of ill fame? Which reminds me of a couple of anecdotes related by a friend of mine who lived in Perth, Western Australia for a while. He tells that it is the custom of certain of the youth of Perth that, when their girl friends will not accede to their demands, they lead them around to one of the houses, and make them wait outside while they get that which their girls would not give. Such is the brisk trade employed by these places that there are often queues outside. One night my friend rode past these queues on the pillion of a friends motor-cycle, taking flash photos of them as they zoomed past. They had to zoom, for they were pursued by an irate mob. I related this incident to Roger Dard, who was properly indignant. Gad, what a sick and malajusted thing to do he said. (I must be sick too - I just think it's pretty funny) and geewhiz he knows some of the girls who work in these places (but not as a customer) and they can't help it if they have to make their living this way (????) and they have hearts of gold and..... Over now to Grennell.

Grennell, here, wondering if Dard digs Saroyan. When I set Raeburn's sturdy little feet upon this path of comment I little thought he'd come up with such a gobstopper as above. I'd planned to mutter about Texas, which has conditions (or had in 1944 when I last was there) like those in Manitoba and Alberta. Only beer sold over the bar, and that mostly the execrable native brews, and "set-ups"--ie, glasses of seltzer or white soda or whatever, with a few ounces of crushed ice afloat in it. These would cost you about a quarter in those happy times (which is damnably good markup on nickel pop) and you took them back to a table, sat down, produced a bottle and adulterated them to your heart's contentment and your liver's stark dismay.

A pleasant (?) custom of those faroff days was to take your empty bottle and wander about, table-hopping among your cheerful friends and the amiable strangers as well and they would all offer you a drink (from their bottle) and you'd pour a small wash of it into your own bottle and continue thus till the bottle was reasonably full once more with a highly unlikely pot-pourri of just about everything alcoholic that people drink. At this stage, you could go off to the bar, order another setup or two and proceed as before. "You" is here used in a loosely non-directive sense, not meaning you, there, reading this or even me, here, writing it but as a more palatable substitute for the omnipresent affected-sounding "one."

Idaho, likewise, has or had an arrangement ideally suited for the welfare of dive-owners but miserable for the chap who likes an occasional mild libation. There you bought a bottle of whatever hit your fancy and trotted around with it to some "locker club"--the polite euphemism for saloon. Here, for a not-too-nominal sum you rented a locker and placed your bottle--your own bottle, mind you--inside, receiving the key to that particular locker in exchange. From then on until the eventual demise of its contents, you could drop by to pay a call on your bottle when the, uh, spirit moved you. This wasn't all you paid. You paid 25¢ or so a shot for the priceless privilege of drinking your own liquor, plus an additional charge for anything you desired for purposes of diluting it. I have never quite seen anything approaching this ultimate pinnacle of asininity--at least not in the line of liquor laws.

Back around 1932, when the 18th amendment was repealed, some all-seeing, all-knowing type decided that all that was really the matter with oldtime saloons was that they were --well--saloons. Maybe it was as a sop to the Anti-Saloon League, I don't know, but it was decreed at that time that, henceforth, saloon was to become a quasi-obscurity. No establishment dispensing drinks could allow itself to be known as a saloon. Most of them today go by the name of taverns. At least they do here in Wisconsin. Glancing through the Fond du Lac phone book, I see that some go by the name of bars, this being second to tavern in popularity. There is one "pub," one "spa," one rathskeller (Hi, Rotsler), a few "clubs" (membership open to anyone with the price of a short beer), a tap, a tap-room, a supper-club, a hall, a bar and package store (the package contains liquor), a steak-house, one establishment is listed as "Dean's Den" but I didn't even know about it until I started looking through the book here (Hi, Boggs); there is also a manor and a hut to complete a nicely-spread gamut. Care to guess how many different drinking places the book lists? One hundred and twenty-four: These serve and presumably are supported by a community of approximately 35,000 people, counting infants, infirm and teetotalers. The economics of such a situation baffles me. Better than half of those places eke out the barest of submarginal existences but even so, for every 282 units of resident population to support so specialized an establishment borders upon the fantastic. Borders, hell--it crowds over into it!

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THE NICE THING ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION IS THE WAY IT GIVES GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE DEPT.

"Not that the original Soviets or their successors forbade space travel. They simply never thought of it. Space flight had been a natural, if late, result of Western thought-patterns, which had always been ambitious for the infinite, but the geometrically flat dialectic of the succeeding culture could not include it. Where the West had soared from the rock like a sequoia, the Soviets spread like lichens, tightening their grip, satisfied to be at the very bases of the pillars of sunlight the West had sought to ascend."

--"Bindlestiff" ASF, December 1950, page 9
James Blish

* * * * *

Raeburn here again: All I have to add to this subject (liquor that is) as the hour grows late and the mind numb, is that in Toronto the term "tavern" signifies, not a low den filled with beer-swilling knaves and varlets, but a Fancy Expensive cocktail-lounge-cum-dining-room, filled with martini swilling ad agency executives and stock promoters.

The foregoing pages of copy were cut early in July. It is now late in July and I am rounding this out in frantic haste, wincing over every y, u, h, j, n and m because this day (the 30th) I stupidly felt of the surface of the little triangular window in a '59 Potniac station-wagon which had mysteriously shattered into a million tiny granules; all clinging together in the form of a window. I don't know why I had to go and feel of it; I don't know what I expected to learn by doing it. I only know I merely touched it ever so gently with an exploratory right index fingertip and the incredibly keen fragment that stuck up from the crundled surface fanged my fingertip before I could yank it away. Now I sit here, cursing my bountiful stupidity (sic), with a sore fingertip and wishing I had learned to type by the huntandpeck system--it's not that I can't acquire the technic, it's the patience to go with it that I can't acquire. Damb.

* "WHICH" - *The window shattered, not the whole station wagon. Gally, I am rusty!*

And I am filled with rue at the way the summer is flying, with nothing much to show for accomplishments. As so often in the past, I had hoped to bring forth a Grue for this mailing but, due to an acute shortage of every single prerequisite save only consumer demand, I have not managed. No time, no fanergy, no funds, no backlog of paper, ink and stencils to start with...these have been the major holdbacks. I'm sorry. Perhaps later in the year, when things are more fortituous, I'll get something out.

Here in Wisconsin, seemingly, we have gone with only a few days of balmy transition from unbearable winter into unbearable summer. The winter, I understand, set new records for coldness, amount of snow and whatnot. The summer is at least the hottest and most humid since 1955 (remember that steamy night in Bloomington, Tucker??) although, for some reason, sales of air-conditioners are still not marching the way we'd hoped they would if summer ever came to Wisconsin again. However, business in general has been brisk enough, I guess...so brisk, anyway, as to make gluttonous demands on my time and what bits and dribbles of time that are left aren't well suited to devoting to hobbies such as fanning and photography which require sustained activity over a substantial and uninterrupted interval.

I had at least hoped to do a little mailing commentary but the remaining time hardly permits...especially since I'm not sure just how much time I have left before the real, honest-to-Bloch deadline falls (this psychological pseudodeadline, plus considerable uncertainty as to just where the OE is currently getting his mail, plus the fact that if I don't have at least 1 and 3/4 pages in the mailing adds up to insecurity and traumatic sense of impending doom and all that jazz). Who would have thought, a few scant years ago, that by 1959 the pagific Grennell would be sweating like a veritable Perdue to get his activity requirements into the mailing on time? Ah me (sigh). ↘ → i'm out ←

There has been talk that an ammendment is affot (an interesting word so I will leave it though I really meant to say afoot) which would enable FAPA, once a year, to nominate some chosen waitinglister to be moved to #1 position. I would personally favor this very stro ngly. Right now, I'd like to see Bob Leman shoehorned into full membership as soon as possible so that the mailings could include his uniquely delightful natterings.

I still have wistful plans for building a competent 8x10 contact printer so that I can use up 250 sheets of 8x10 contact paper I bought at 1/2 price because it was short-dated (now it's substantially outdated). I had thought that something promising could be done by making a 16x20 composite of photos, clippings and whatnot, copying it on the 8x10 viewcamera and contact 75 copies or so for circulation through FAPA and a select clique of non-faps. Mayhap this may yet be done, one hopes. It would croggle my parsimonious soul to let that paper and film rot away unused. Would that, say back in 1953 or 54, I had stashed away some of that burning fannish zeal in a deepfreeze against future need!

Had a momentary jolt the other night. Was working late-late-late on a heating layout, had the taper going to keep me awake--some old taped music from the FM--and had lost track of its being tape, not radio. Suddenly in a break between records the announcer said something about "Heavy snow warning out for southern Wisconsin." A bit later, "All roads in Fond du Lac, Dodge, and Washington counties are snow-clogged and impassable." I tottered out to the kitchen and peered through the window at the thermometer. At 1:30 AM it was still 82° above zero, Fahrenheit. Ah, Wisconsin...interesting place... --dag