

Handwritten text in a stylized, bubbly font, possibly reading "Sunday". The letters are filled with various patterns: the 'S' has a dense dot pattern, the 'u' has a wavy line pattern, the 'n' has a cross-hatch pattern, and the 'd' has a vertical line pattern. Below the main text are three small, simple shapes resembling the letters 'u', 'o', and 'i'.






# Green Stamps

written by someone in Tuscon, Arizona, and published in the Winter issue of SING OUT! this should be sung (if it should be sung at all) to the melody of GREENSLEEVES.

It's true the prices are too high  
The merchandise is shoddy, too --  
But still I know I'll get my reward:  
A bunch of lovely Green Stamps.




(ch) Green Stamps are my delight,  
Green Stamps are my happiness.  
What could give me so much joy --  
What but those lovely Green Stamps?

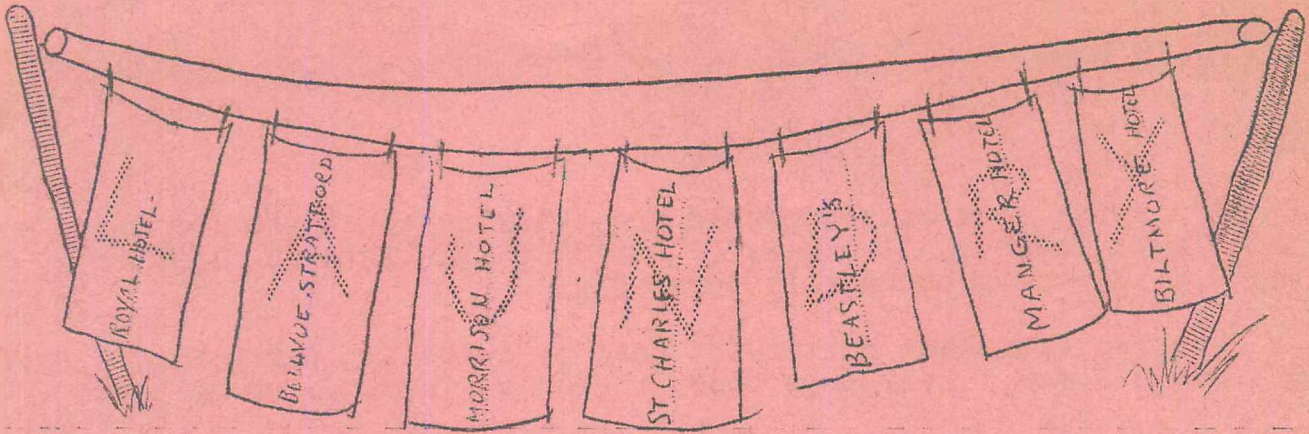
To get these stamps I roam four miles  
And purchase wares of little worth;  
I stand in line for hours on end  
Those lovely Green Stamps to procure.

One day, alas, to my dismay,  
Whilst shopping in a strange new store,  
When I had paid my twenty bucks  
Forsooth! Brown Stamps they gavest me!

(final chorus)

Brown Stamps are my dismay;  
Brown Stamps have brought me woe.  
I'd gladly give two Browns for one  
Of those wonderful little Green Stamps.





Whole No. 1

A Clean Fanzine

Feb. 1958

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Art (?) by yed

poetry by several people  
including the ever-popular  
Anonymous.

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\*this phrase copyrighted by Robert Block 1877.

L. Shaw Apt 5P 780 Greenwich Street New York 14, NY



# GHUOS

First off, some of you people are thinking about pronouncing the name of this fanzine, "Laundry". DON'T DO IT! This is "LAUNDRY". I beg you, please pronounce it correctly.

Have you ever been hit on the head by a falling fireplace? I have. The first S-F fan I ever knew once dropped a fireplace on my head.

Boy, did I sure have trouble getting this fanzine out. Which one of youse guys put the curse of Ghu on us? That's the only possible explanation for all this trouble. Gee whiz, what trouble! First I had all this trouble with the material, and then I had all this trouble stencilling, and then you should have seen all the trouble I had mimeoing it, and after that, gee, did I have trouble at the post office trying to mail it. ~~Gosh~~ Ghosh, what a lot of throuble!

I didn't get my tonsils out after all.

You'll notice we don't have anymore of those "things" by Bob Tucker in this issue. That's because he hasn't sent us anymore. Not for years and years. I don't think that's my fault at all. So to you, Ghuey.

Walter A Willis didn't get his regular column in in time for this issue, so we've had to write it ourself. We hope you will enjoy it. It is all original, except for the reprint material.

-----  
"I did NOT set fire to my tent!"  
-----

Notice of Import: Laundry is not expected to be affected by the draft.

A point of interest to all but, perhaps, A B Dick: one can make very effective wheel-styli from old clock or watch works. The fine dooted lines in this ish were done with such a stylus made from a pocket watch wheel and a pen handle. In case you're wondering, a doot is a small, messy, misspelled dot.

-----  
"...actually I was a pretty curly-headed little girl. Then one day some gypsies came and stole me out of my eot and left a hideous little boy..  
-----

The dark blue mazzil gazzil zilled  
The amber colloid molloid smite  
The crummer fuller rammer billed  
And the hoot owl howled all nite.



# FROM DER VOODOORK OUT



by Bob Silverberg

It occurred to me, as I filed away my 81st mailing on the groaning shelf where I keep my FAPA mailings, that I've now received 33 mailings since joining this organization. In other words, I've begun my ninth year of membership.

The train of thoughts that sprang from that startling moment of inner truth led in various directions. But the main concept that obsessed me for the next four minutes was that it's a hell of an easy thing to become a Grand Old Man in fandom or in the microcosm of FAPA. You don't even need talent. All you need to do is survive. And the great thing about it is that you don't have to be very old to be a Grand Old Man, either, if you start aiming for it early enough.

I started fanning when I was twelve or thirteen, as those few FAPAns who remember the early Spaceships recall. It took me a while to discover that fanzines were not supposed to be composed entirely of the editor's attempts at writing s-f, and it took me a little longer than that to figure out how to make a mimeo machine work (I was never mechanically inclined.) But by the time I was fifteen or so Spaceship was rolling along well near the top of the heap of current fanzines, and I was turning out articles and stories for my contemporaries with much the same ominous regularity that I now practice in writing fiction for the prozines.

The result was that I found myself being hailed as a veteran fan not long after I began to shave, and that I began to be elevated to Grand Old Fanhood somewhere around the age of seventeen, when my activity cycle had passed its peak. Part of this impression was created by my familiarity with events in prodom and fandom dating back to earliest stefnal times, a familiarity I acquired during a diligent collecting career. And in the next few years, as I dropped out of fandom altogether, reduced my FAPA contributions to a bare minimum, and reappeared surprisingly as a prolific professional, I entered the final stages of my patriarchhood. The other day I got a general fanzine (I still get a few, and read them with varying interest) that referred to "such old-time fans as Bob Silverberg."

Yeah. As I said, it's easier than shooting fish in a refrigerator to become a Grand Old Man of fandom.

We have a few authentic members of the genus with us, too -- men whose fannish careers began, not circa 1947-49, but circa 1932-34 or 1938-40. And I think it must be said that a few of these boys are utterly talentless joes, patient plodders who simply have hung onto fandom because they're not much good at anything else. Fandom is a pretty good hobby, but for most of us it has its limitations; folks



like Damon Knight or Fred Pohl or Bob Lowndes or even myself pass through it, find the professional side of science fiction more appealing, and cease most or all activity. Others -- Larry Shaw, Bob Tucker -- retain a sentimental interest in fandom after entering pro ranks. And still others -- I'm thinking now of Redd Boggs particularly -- have no special desire to turn professional, and continue to find creative rewards in fandom, continue to discover new avenues for their creative output, continue to grow and develop. These fans are rare; you don't find a Boggs under every barrel.

But then there's another kind, and I won't mention any names, for a few of these boys are my dearest friends. They published drearily little fanzines in 1937, and they published dreary little fanzines in 1947 and they're publishing them today. Maybe some of them vanished from fandom for a while, but they've returned and still operate on approximately the same level of intensity they did twenty years ago. These are the Grand Old Men. We revere them as founding fathers, and they seem to be happy in what they do.

Of course, there's one other group, whose membership consists of one at the moment: the professional who, feeling the access of senility, turns into a fan. The Sage of Weyauwega is the unique example of this phenomenon, a pitiful filthy old man with a foul mind, who contributes material to fanzines and then several years later salvages it and sells it to cheesecake magazines at 5¢ a word.

As for myself, I don't suppose I can consider myself a fan any more; perhaps I belong in the Larry Shaw class of sentimental ex-fans who still find some enjoyment in low-level fanning. I have a long history of clinging to hobbies after I've worn out my interest in them.

I still find FAPA a fascinating organization, but here a vital segment of FAPA life is closed to me. I ceased to contribute regularly to the mailings around 1955, after hitting almost every one from 1949 to that time -- and almost immediately the mailing comments ceased to be meaningful to me. FAPA is a gestalt, but a stratified one: at its heart is a core of super-active folk like GM Carr and the Washington nexus and Harry Warner and others who never miss a mailing, and for them (and once for me) the mailing comments represent a constant push-pull flow of dynamic energy; but there are mighty few ergs in them for me, since I neither comment nor am commented on, these days. Still, even with the keenest area of FAPA activity blotted out, there's enough in the organization to attract my interest, and so I hang on, contributing an occasional piece to keep my membership alive, and occasionally getting the disquieting feeling as I open a new bundle that I'm reading someone else's mail or tapping someone else's phone.

The rest of fandom, I'm afraid, is not for me any more -- the club-joining and subzine-pubbing and the frantic exchange of letters with thirty or forty correspondents. I been there once, and I ain't goin' back. The energy that I once threw into crifanac now goes, sad to relate, into stories and novels which provide me with the same sort of creative release and incidentally bring in a good bit of cash as well. I'm lucky enough to have been able to turn a hobby into a livelihood,



Silverberg (3)

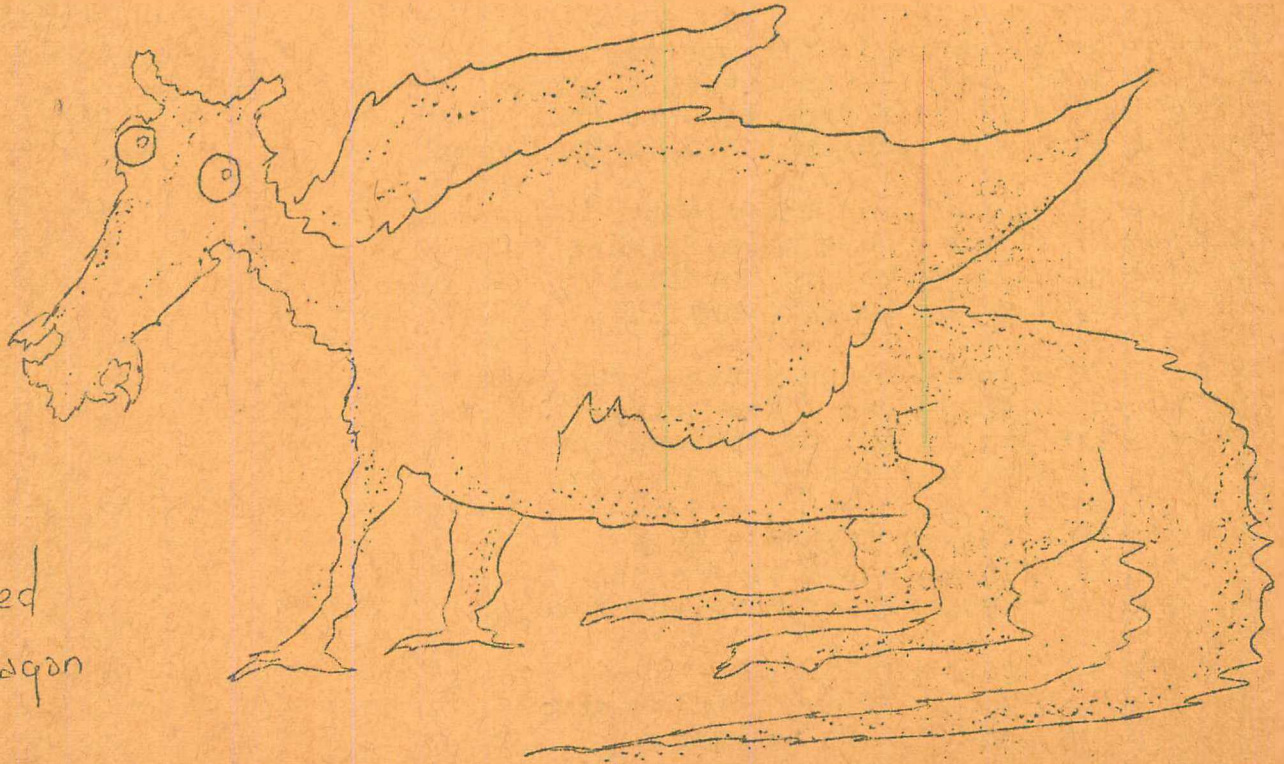
and do well at it. But though I don't regret my fannish apprenticeship -- far from it -- I have no intentions of clinging to a hobby from which I've wrung all the juice.

So now I'm an "old-time fan," a Grand Old Man not very long after becoming eligible to vote in national elections, and I rather like the idea. I can take my place with Wollheim and Ackerman and other titans of the past, and no doubt in the minds of the members of Fifteenth Fandom, circa 1970, I'll be considered roughly contemporaneous with those folk. We live in a strange little microcosm, in which elevation to the patriarchy comes swiftly to him who surviveth. The span of individual fannish activity is brief, and the generations tumble one over another; the entire history of fandom is but twenty-five or thirty years long, and in that time era has succeeded era with much fanfare, and Abraham and Isaac still walk the earth, tugging at their beards and pausing in their labors (editing double-novel paperbacks in one case, selling monster-films to Hollywood in another) to marvel at the doings of their remote fannish descendants and occasionally to welcome a newly-designated patriarch to their midst.

-- Bob Silverberg  
November 1957

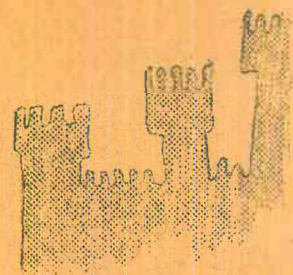
-----  
"And furthermore, I believe the whole solar system is six feet under water..."  
-----  
-- A. J. Budrys

tired  
dragon





# The Harp That Once...



...through Tara's halls  
Its soul of music shed  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled,  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er;  
And hearts that once beat high for praise  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells;  
The chord alone that breaks the night  
Its tale of ruin tells;  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes;  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks  
To show that she still lives.

--Thomas Moore (of course)

## THE CROPPY BOY

It was early, early in the Spring,  
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,  
Changing their notes from tree to tree  
And the song they sang was Old Ireland free.

It was early, early in the night  
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;  
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall  
And I was taken by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in the guard-house where I was laid  
And in a parlour where I was tried;  
My sentence passed and my courage low  
When to Dungannon I was forced to go.

As I was passing my father's door  
My brother William stood at the door  
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was going up Wexford Street  
My own first cousin I chanced to meet;  
My own first cousin did me betray,  
And for one bare guinea swore my life away



## THE CROPPY BOY (2)

As I was walking up Wexford Hill  
Who could blame me to cry my fill?  
I looked behind and I looked before,  
But my aged mother I shall ne'er see more.

As I was mounted on the platform high  
My aged father was standing by;  
My aged father did me deny,  
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

It was in Dungannon this young man died  
And in Dungannon his body lies;  
And you good people that do pass by,  
Oh, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.

## THE RISING OF THE MOON

'Oh, them tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?'  
'Hush, a bhuachail, hush and listen,' and his cheeks were all aglow.  
'I bear orders from the Captain, get you ready quick and soon,  
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.'

'Oh, them tell me, Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be?'  
"In the old place by the river, right well known to you and me.  
One word more--for signal token--whistle up the marching tune,  
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the moon.'

Out from many a mudwall cabin eyes were watching through the night,  
Many a manly breast was throbbing for the blessed warning light,  
Murmurs passed along the valley like the banshee's lonely croon,  
And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men were seen,  
Far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved green.  
'Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the marching tune,  
And, hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'tis the rising of the moon.'

Well they fought for poor old Ireland and full bitter was their fate--  
Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of Ninety-Eight  
Yet, thank God, while hearts are beating in manhood's burning noon  
We will follow in their footsteps at the rising of the moon!

--John Keegan Casey

-----  
"Going to use a gun or a knife?" -----Hammond  
-----

Vote for the BARRELCON

"Over the falls in '52!"

Vote for the YUKON

N.W.T. in '53!





