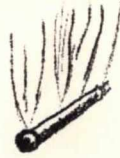
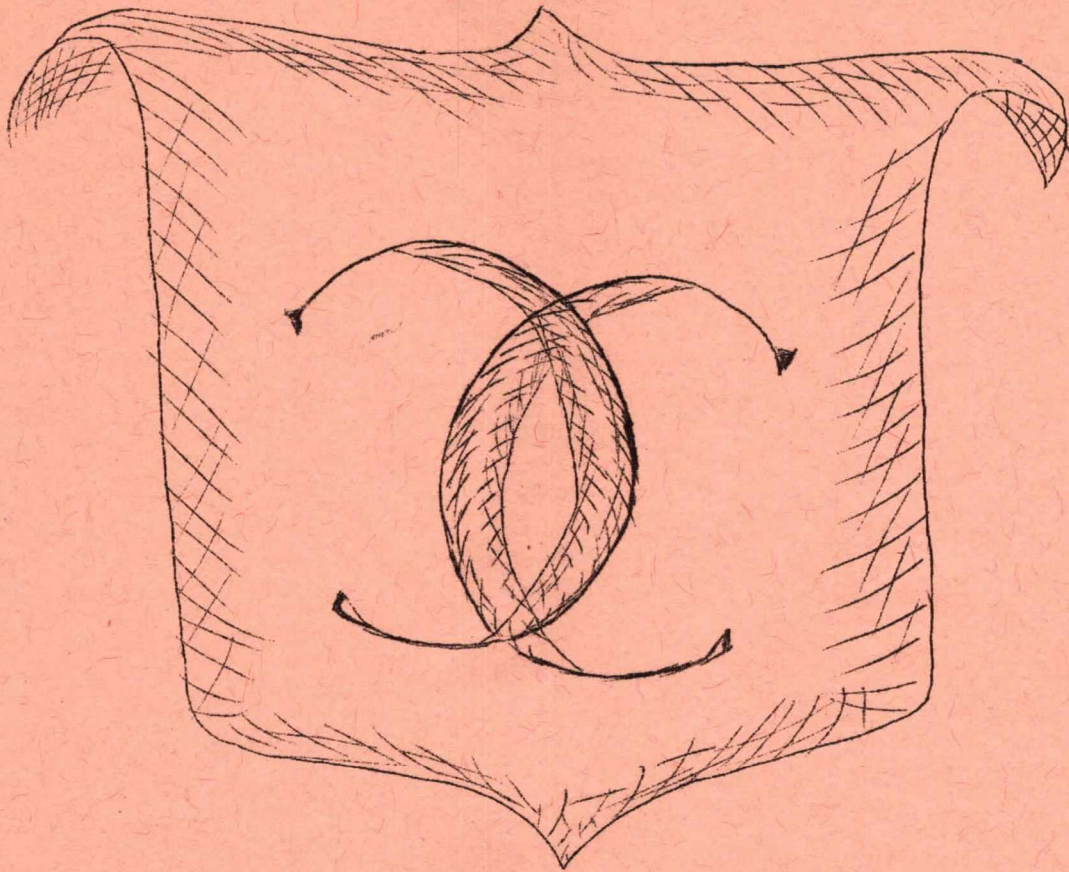


QUARK



QUARK 2



Quark # 3

QUARK 2 is published for the 11'th mailing of APA 45, April 1967 by Lesleigh and Christopher Couch, Rt. 2 Box 889, Arnold, Mo. 63010.

Thanks thish go to Greg Shank for the story, p6-7, Mike Montgomery for the Feginand Furdhoot p.4, Jerry Kaufman for the illo p. 4, Jeff Rensch for the illo p. 7 and Dick Flood for the illos on p. 15-16.

Thanks also to Michael Couch for filling p.5 and Leigh Couch for pages 10, 11, and half of 12. All other unsigned art and deathless prose by Chris Couch (I signed my stuff, Lesleigh).

Repro thish all our fault.

Gnatterings

Last Saturday (April 1) the phone rang (profound statement there) and I was quick to answer its call. The voice at the other end asked for my mother and, when I answered that she wasn't home, he said, "Well, this is a long distance call, is there anybody there I can talk to? Does anybody else read sf?" Rather surprised, I answered, "I do." Came the reply, "This is Roger Zelazny." At this point I dropped into a chair in a complete state of shock and gasped out, "Roger Z----!" Anyway, it seems that my mother had written him a rather informal invite to be GoH at the proposed Ozarkon II, but hadn't told him the exact dates. And he had called to find out when it will be. I was in a catatonic seizure, to say the least, that such a ghod would have cared enough to call. But nobody else seemed even the least bit excited. As a matter of fact, when I told my father he said, "I bet it's an April Fool." But it wasn't.

Chris and I have joined N'APA, compulsive apa-joiners, we. Actually, we are not as inseparable as this might seem to indicate. It's just that I can't draw at all, and Chris doesn't like to write a great deal. It works out very well really.

In somewhat the same vein, Dave Hall recently gave us a rather ancient SFPA mailing. While reading thru it, I noticed one mc marked with a large X. The author had said something to the effect that even tho his 13 year-old brother read sf, he'd never let him near a stencil. I wonder if that meant anything. I mean, my little brother is a good kid really. Give him a couple of comics and he is oblivious to all else.

My English teacher is getting almost literate. She actually played some S&G (Sounds of Silence, Richard Cory, I A a Rock, Most Peculiar Man) in class one day. She said that they are among the few who can combine nice music with words that really say something (hasn't been listening very hard, has she?). The reason she 'discovered' them was probably an article in the St. Louis Review, our archdiocesan newspaper (Catholic, yez). Some priest advocated playing S&G to prove to students that 'poetry can be fun' and contemporary. He also recommened "Everyone's Gone th the Moon", "Elinor Rigby", and "The Times They Are A'changing", but the Beatles and Bob Dylan have yet to grace our classroom.

Chris and I joined the ranks of Diplomaniacs recently. We played one game with a make-shift set and liked it so much that we decided to institute a Postal Diplomacy game. All of the players are OSFA members (except Michael, my little brother) so it's all very fannish. But then Diplomacy games usually are. I think that I rather like the game. In fact, we recently took W.W.I in history and I often found myself looking at the map of Europe at thet

Gnatterings (cont.)

time, which is of course the same as the Diplomacy map, and figuring out new strategems.

Do you people really compose your apazines right on the stencil? I don't see how you can. I write mine either terribly late at night or in study hall.

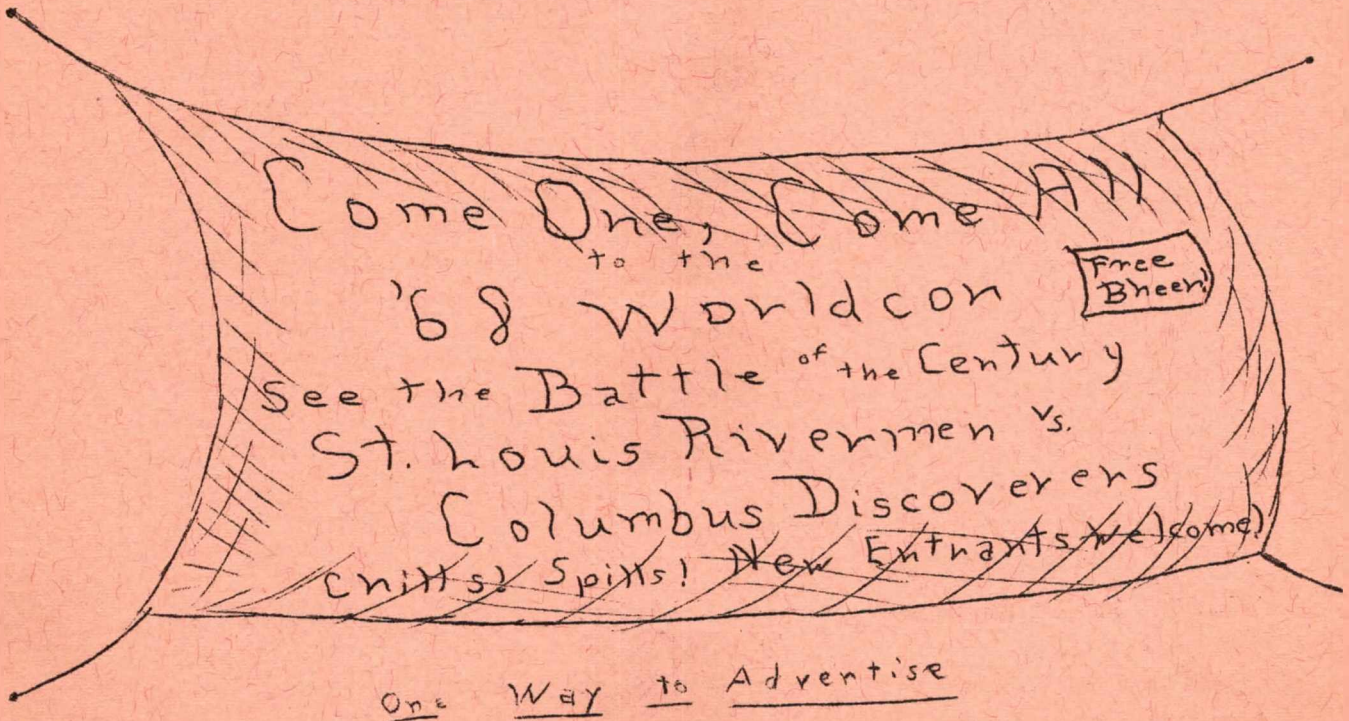
A high hill at night,
I look upon the city,
Loneliness of light.

Feginand Furdhoot used his time machine to travel to the year 3009 to observe conditions there. He found that the entire Earth Empire was filled with turmoil because of the spread of an earth insect, the chigger. The chiggers had organized and begun warfare against humanity.

"How did this happen?" Furdhoot asked a scientist.

"Twenty-seven years ago, liquor was accidentally introduced to the chiggers as food by Emperor XXVII who laved his body with Earth wines. These wines had a mutating effect upon the chiggers, who multiplied and spread to other planets. Their intelligence was increased greatly, and they have warred against humans for 15 years. It is hard to defend ourselves because of their very small size."

"Well, that proves one thing," Said Furdhoot. "Chiggers can't be boozers."



The Saga of Superfink

by Michael ("Little Brother") Couch

Faster than a speeding turtle,
More powerful than a gnat,
Able to leap small anthills in a single bound,

Look!!! Up in the sky.
It's a goofy bird!
It's an escaped kite!
It's Superfink!

Yes Superfink, strange visitor from another planet who came to earth with powers and abilities far below those of mortal men.

Superfink, who can change the course of mighty puddles, bend rubber in his bare hands (sometimes), and who, disguised as Jerk Kent, mild-mannered janitor for a throw-away newspaper, fights a never-ending battle for lying, swindling, and the cowardly way.

Superfink, there it goes,
Stupid, stupid, stupid, from head to toes.
Superfink, dense as lead,
'Cause he's too stupid to know when he's dead.

Superfink was born on the planet Krapton, where his Kraptonian name was Crud-El. His parents, Junk-El and Lunka, thought that Krapton was going to explode. Krapton did not explode, but coughed up Superfink because of a tragic eruption at the core.

When he landed on earth, he was adopted by two long-suffering people, Junkalin and Mars Kent. They named him Jerk because they were quite sure that he would be one when he grew up. They were right.

After leaving the small town of Hickville where he grew up, he moved to Megaslopolis. He went to the offices of the Weekly Comet and showed the editor, Punky White, his crapbook. Editor White immediately hired him as the night janitor because his crapbook was spotless--and also blank.

His co-workers at the Weekly Comet are Loony Lane, who's nose for news brings her such stories as Pretzel Factory Robbed, and Jinxy Olsen, cub ~~reporter~~ reporter. They think that Jerk is a little queer because he runs into the Ladies room many times. Little do they know that seconds later he emerges as Superfink. (to be cont).

=====

Note: Michael is only twelve so if this seems juvenile blame it on his age. After all, not everybody can be a brilliant twelve.

YOU GET WHAT YOU DREAM FOR

By Greg Shank

"Willy, old boy, what you need is a nice long rest," William Gage told himself as he flopped into his favorite foampaper couch.

While the couch folded around him, he thought about how much he deserved all the rest he wanted even though it was Monday morning and he should have started in on those reports at the office two hours ago. Yes, letting time and sleep obscure the remembrance of that miserable weekend just past was the only thing to do.

But before he could fall asleep Willy started to torture himself with the facts of that weekend.

Saturday had been his damned grandfather's will reading. The injustice of all, he fumed. The old codger waits 72 years to kickoff and then leaves his favorite grandson a lousy 500 bucks. God! A lousy 500 out of the hundred grand he left. And none of his real estate or stocks either.

Of course that wasn't nearly as hard to take as his date with Marilyn that night. When he'd broken the news she broke their engagement and had given him back his ring along with a couple of statements regarding his intelligence and competence or lack of same. Jeez, what a scene it had caused in the restaurant. And then he'd driven her home and humble'd himself only to encourage that sneer on her face. Was he really the sniveling, self-pitying fool she'd called him? Must be, he answered himself, if I still want a gold-digging witch like Marilyn.

Then he remembered the arguement he'd used on himself while he'd used Sunday to drink away his problems; there was nothing I could have done about it. I couldn't have done a thing to stop the whole ghastly mess. If I just could have struck out at something-- relieved myself by smashing Marilyn or that lawyer or Grandpa right in the mouth. I'd feel sooo much better now if I just could have hit somebody then. Oh, how I'd love to smash in the face of that sneering sl...

In the middle of Gage's wishful revenge the doorbuzzer had begun its insistent call. Willy grumbled and slowly climbed out of the couch and went to answer the door.

Willy opened his door to be greeted by a good bit of spittle in the eye which was but the beginning of a blustering sales-pitch. While Willy was thus confused the salesman swept by him and literally spewing its praises began to set up the "Instantever Desirofiller" in the middle of the Gage livingroom.

"Whatinnahellyathinkyerdoing?"

"As I just finished telling you, I'm demonstrating that wonderful scientific invention, the "Instantever Desirofiller" a remarkable device which enables anyone to have any desire fulfilled for any length of time and awake a second of real time later to use the device over and over again. Living life after life in..."

" The hell you say! "

" It's true sir! All you have to do is squeeze this little ball and..."

" I think you'd better get yourself and that cockeyed camera out of my house real quick. "

"...you can enjoy the riches of Khan, the wisdom of Solomon or the body of Marilyn Monr..."

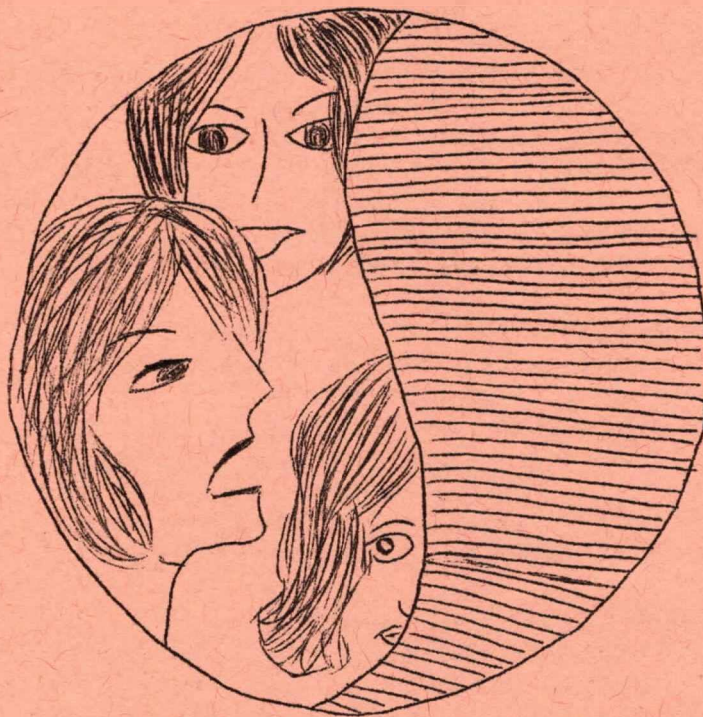
" Alright! Pack that thing up or ya get a fat lip along with your fat head! "

As Willy began his haymaker, the salesman started to squeeze the bulb. William Gage's mind went back to the previous weekend.

He relived all of his experiences just as they had happened before except that his feelings were stronger. The feelings of humiliation and self-pity were tremendously increased. The dream-happenings produced in Willy an ecstasy of misery. On and on it went with Willy's mind reveling in but building a weapon against the overwhelming self-pity. Willy's dream-self gloried in denial of happiness time after time until he rose up to a climax on Marilyn's fading doorstep and struck out at the symbol of all his misery and connected with... the salesman who was lying on the floor with the not fully squeezed bulb still in his hand.

But now Willy was completely relaxed. He had gotten what he wanted.

END



L mcs

ALV OE Kusske

Sorry to see so many people dropped with only us and Ken Fletcher to replace them.. I would have liked to see one of D'Ammassa's 'legendary' apazines and Chambers, isn't he the cartooning fan? Well, we will try harder.

Black Prince #6 ABC

Your illustrations are very interesting. One can never tell exactly what they are. They look rather like doodles or something you might draw in study hall.

I tried a whiff of corflu when we first got a bottle. It smells like very strong nail polish. I wonder if you can get high on that?

Dorie #8 Bucklin

I'm glad to hear that you are now a pro of sorts. Maybe we'll be hearing about the Minne-sound soon. St. Louis is about dead as far as any big local R&R groups go. I thought we might have something when Bob Kuban made the charts with "The Cheater" last year, but it was not to be. Kuban's lead singer, Little Walter, split with him over money I think, and started his own group, Walter Scott and the Guise. Both groups cut discs, some of which get to be pretty popular locally, but neither is as much in demand for dances as Bob Kuban and the In Men used to be. There are about 200 local bands that play for dances and such now.

Your fan fiction was pretty good considering that you composed it on the stencil.

Quark #1 Us

Hey stupidity, L. C. could stand for Lin Carter, as several people have since pointed out. Lin Carter???

Jim Hall recounted some of our adventure with the Ouija board in OSFAn, notably its answer concerning the GoH at Ozarkon II. He got a postcard from Earl and Gail Thompson informing us that there is a fan in Los Angeles who goes by the pseudo-name of 'Uncle Ghod'. Really

Abdiel #8 Luttrell

It's rather unbelievable that there are so many people in the world who don't care about fandom. Even a good many people who read sf or have other fannish traits aren't the least bit interested. I've found a few (a very few, I go to a private girl's school) people at my school who read science fiction and managed to interest a few others in fandom. But their interest only extends to looking through a few fanzines that I bring to school and listening to 'my adventures in fandom'. Most people just don't care.

Lofgeornost #4 Lerner

Your version of Basic Training sounds somewhat similar to another I read, by Colin Cameron I believe. It's inter-

LMCs (cont.)

esting to note that he could not throw a hand grenade very far either.

I Ripped My Clever Plastic Disguise; #1 Young

So that's what ditto is for, to do illos, in colour yet! The Wandering Neo-Fan was impressive to say the least. It sort of 'jumped' off the page at me. I liked it.

Occam's Razor is *Keen* #2 (!!!) Carson

"All illos by yEd." What illos? Compared to your usual efforts, which are scattered with surrealistic illos, this looked rather antiseptic. Hope you get your regular 'means of reproduction' back real soon now.

Twitch #1 Fletcher

Another well-done ditto thingy. Oh, no wonder, it's the same ditto. The cartooning was really great. There seem to be few fen who can do it decently and even fewer can use it to say something.

Stopthink #3 Bucklin

A bit dated, yes. I think that if I had to go thru all that to get something printed, I'd just give up. I congratulate you on your perseverance. It was rather good if one can ignore the repro. Old stencils maybe?

Microtwitch #1 Fletcher

Another Wonder Wart Hog fan. Maybe we should start a new fandom. Several fen around here (us oncluded) think he's great. How did you find out about him before the first issue came out? I heard he used, to be in Drag Strip Comics or something like that.

Atheism and Free Love #10 Kusske

New Members, yet. I'm glad to see that you don't think APA-45 is dead. I don't see how an apa could die if the members, esp. the OE, still enjoy it and are willing to put out their zines.

Thanks for very nicely explaining Beta Eta Zeta to us. I hope you'll pardon our neoish ignorance. It really was rather funny, once one understands it.

The mailing in general:

Considering the number of members, I think this was a rather large mailing and most of it was good fanac. If everyone stays interested and we get some more new members, there's no reason why APA-45 can't continue for a good long time. And I think it should because it's a lot of fun and rather unique in fandom. It's a really friendly apa.

(If you didn't like my comment on your zine, see Chris'. Quark, the only zine where you have a choice)

NOTE: The co-editors of Quark disclaim all responsibility for this page.

LEARNING NEW TRICKS

I am responsible for the typing and repro on Quark. Having made this damaging confession, I stand ready for the rock throwing. Due to my faithful service, I have been allowed to learn to run the duplicating machine, (Roneo English make) at our school. Now I have the joy of duplicating everyone's tests, etc. In between, I will run off Lesleigh and Chris' apazine. Quark I was my first practice effort, obviously.

What I Have Learned:

It is necessary to put ink in the machine, it is also necessary to put the cap back on after doing this. Cleaning up was a horror! This machine has a copy counter which can go berserk. We have 153 copies of page 5 of Quark. It took me that long to remember where the emergency off switch was. I probably didn't set the thing right. When paper jams, it is best to unplug the machine before sticking fingers in to remove same. The shock nearly bounced me off the wall. Elementary you say? Of course, but some people just have to learn the hard way.

Art on Stencils:

How do you all ever do such beautiful work? I admire all of it now after our struggles with it. I am now poring over the catalogs of school supplies looking for stencil cutting tools and instructions on How To.....

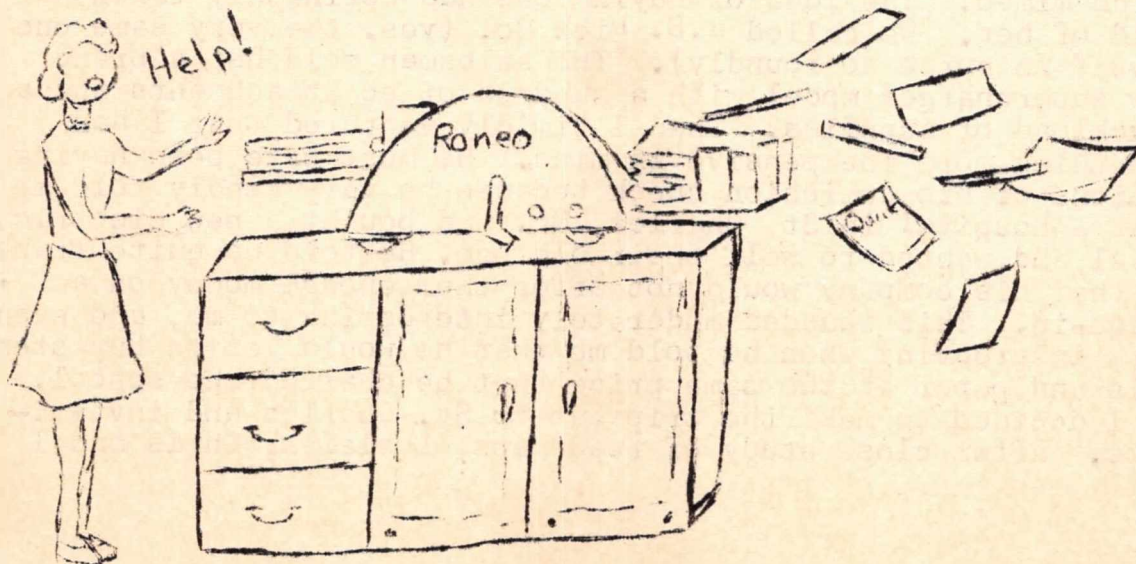
I tell the principal that they will be used to stencil maps. They will be used for this, a minor part of the time.

It's a good thing that I teach Geography!

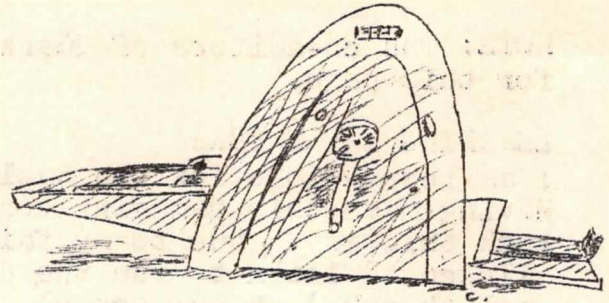
Well I must improve, I can't get much worse.

I am also going to put a bottle of correction fluid at the top of the order. Have patience.

Leigh Couch



CYMRY



Cymry Press

Less than one year ago I wasn't even sure what a mimeograph was and now I own one, such is the insidious influence of fandom. School papers were duplicated on a ditto machine (I did know what that was.) Our affluent pastor bought a mimeo and I was allowed to learn to use it, a great honor. Thus I was introduced to the joys of stencil typing and watching that fabulous machine turn out endless copies of tests, notes, study guides, etc., whatever was needed to make the poor kids' lives miserable. When my family and I entered fandom and I began to read fanzines I wondered why anyone would let themselves in for all that work. Little did I know what the future held.

Lesleigh and Chris with the optimism and energy of youth were all for publishing somewhere somehow. They joined APA 45 and that didn't seem to be too much of a repro job. I thought I could run that off along with the tests, etc. Then I was asked to publish "Sirruish", the clubzine of OSFA. That was a different matter altogether. I began to look through the school supply catalogues. One look at the prices left me paralyzed with shock. How could I afford anything like the machines I saw advertized, and on a school teachers salary yet? By this time my principle had been admiring the beautiful, clean copies of tests, etc. which I had run off on the church mimeo. The idea of buying one had definitely taken hold of her. We called A.B. Dick Co. (yes. the very same one that fans curse so roundly). The salesman sold her a brand new supercharged model with a hundred or so attachments and a truckload of supplies. Then I timidly ventured that I had something more inexpensive in mind. He must have been naving visions of his comission check because he very kindly told me that a hospital in St. Charles, Mo. had bought a new electric model and wanted to sell their old one. He told us quite frankly that his company would not offer them enough money on a trade-in. This sounded moderately interesting to me, and even more interesting when he told me that he would let me buy stencils and paper at the same price that he charged the school. So I decided to make the trip out to St. Charles and investigate. After close study of road maps, Lesleigh, Chris and I

called the hospital and made an appointment to see THE MACHINE. With Chris navigating and I hoping I wouldn't end up in Kansas City, we finally reached St. Charles. The machine was set up inked, and ready to go. The nun assured me that it was in very good shape. It would have to have been falling apart for me to know that it wasn't so I took her word for it. I asked how long they would let me have to pay for it and was told two months. \$175.00 in two months! I was very doubtful but told them I did want the machine. The nun said, "Bring your car around to the ambulance entrance and we can load it there." I thought to myself, if they are this anxious to sell it probably I can stretch the payment time a little. I didn't think they would travel 35 miles to reclaim it if I was paying them with some regularity. Anyway they have a little trouble cruising around generally. Rules you know. So I took the plunge, wrote out a check and hurriedly went back after my car. She hadn't changed her mind by the time I got back. In fact we rolled the mimeo out the door on a little hospital cart and she left telling me just to put the cart inside the door. We wrestled the machine into the back seat and Chris sat beside it to see that nothing fell off in case we went over a bump. This was only the beginning.

- The next step was, of course, to get paper and stencils. The order was placed at the grade school, and the friendly A.B. Dick man came to our house to show us how to run the Fantastic machine. He gave us a copy of an A.B. Dick Propaganda book, "Techniques of Mimeographing, which was really very helpful. While he was here, he also managed to sell us \$50.00 worth of supplies, including color ink, styli, shading plates, and more paper.

Armed with this equipment, we felt prepared to tackle Sirruish.

In the Catholic schools we get an official Easter Vacation. On the first day of the Vacation, Thursday, we began to work on the monumental project. Three whole pages we got done on that day. We also managed to forget the page numbers. So, when you see Sirruish, please forgive the absence of page numbers. It is our first zine of any size at all (this is our second), and we are only neofen.

The work was split into sections according to ability and inclination. I happily stenciled artwork with my new ~~styl~~ styli & shading plates, the author of the preceding section of this article typed stencils (being the only one at that time who knew how to type) and Lesleigh turned the mimeo crank, while providing spiritual assistance.

Next installment of the zine was done on that day, 15 pages to be exact. That night, I should say, because we started at 6:00 and stopped at 3:00 a.m. the next morning.

MEMORABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS: One stencil typed without using any corflu. One Jack Gaughn illo stenciled. One mimeo crank turned 3200 times.

nee
MAIKING COMMENTS

XLV -----

Black Prince-(ABC)

Did you know that Dupree was registered at Nycon 3? I will be at Nycon as will Lesleigh. If several more Apa 45 members could come, possibly, by ye art of gentle persuasion, we could convince him that it might be a good idea to return the treasury.... Do you do the artwork directly on the stencil? I did not care for the day-after New Year's post season bowl games mainly because I cannot stand football. The only thing I find more boring than football is baseball as a spectator sport. Playing baseball I enjoy once in a while. Football appeals strictly to the same emotions that caused the Romans to watch gladiators. Did you go through all 20-odd copies to correct the am-to-was mistake? I admire your exactitude.

DORIE #8 (Bucklin)

Why do Appended Won Shots seem to be popular in apas? This is, I think, the third I have seen already in the short time I have spent in fandom. I spose that when fen get together near a typer and stencils, the urge is to produce a fanzine.

ABDIEL #8 (Luttrell)

This was a rather pleasant surprise(?). I'm really not that ugly, Hank!

So you've noticed also that the fan material among sf readers is small and slow to realize the wonders of fandom! I get some very strange looks when I mention that I publish a fanzine (a what?) and have been told that organized fandom is not a good thing. Oh, well.

LOFGEORNOST #4 (Lerner)

I'm glad to see you stay in APA 45. The accounts of your military adventures are of special interest to many fen.

I RIPPED MY CLEVER PLASTIC DISGUISE #1 (Young)

I showed this mling to my English teacher, Fr. Brennan S. J. He said more about your zine than about any other, like mainly, it was good becuz you did a good job on the ditto which is hard to work with. Your show-thru was a little much, but that happens to everybody on occasion.

Jim, did you ever get one of those absolutely illegibly dittoed tests at school? Maybe it was subconscious memories of those that made you ill looking at the mailing.

Is there such a thing as ditto corflu?

OCCAMS RAZOR IS *KEEN* #2 (Carson)

Comic fen are rather sickening, aren't they? The black borders were interesting, accident or no. If you plan to keep them, spread the ink please.

TWITCH #1 MICROTWITCH #1 (Ken Fletcher)

I have been searching for an adjective to describe your cartooning and the closest I can come is "brutal pen". Your style is forceful.

We bought Wonder Wart Hog!

STOPTHINK #3 (Bucklin)

The best thing about this zine is the cover. It is a beautiful combination of airy lines. The rest, though it had some good points, was so dated as to make it unenjoyable.

THE ARGUSES (Gaye Evans)

There doesn't seem to be much enthusiasm at your school for endeavours of this nature. A rather wide-spread disease this, literary magazine without material. You seem to be the guiding force behind the magazine. I, personally, would rather send any material that I write through the APA than through a school magazine. These did increase the number of pages in the mailing, and weren't too bad. Rather funny in spots.

Sometime I will have to buy 20 copies of 'Tangents' to send through the apa.

THE VENTURE (Bucklin)

School literary magazine. Well, schools can afford mimeos and better paper, so the repro is better.

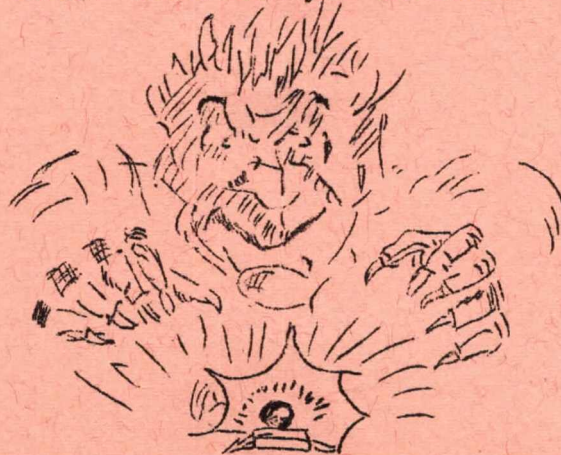
Why is there, on the back of our zine, written in blue ink, " Nate Bucklin, P. O. Box 4, Dockton, Wash."

ATHEISM AND FREE LOVE#10 (Kuzske)

John, you did your zine after you got ours? Yes, now that we are in on the joke it seems funny. That was a most interesting piece of fiction you did. I read it with mixed emotions. It almost had a message!

ETA NYET HORROW SHOW DROOGIE (Carson)

Hullo again Lee! When did you do this?



Captain Mimeo

Defender of Trufen
Battles the APA Treasury Embezzler

Captain Mimeo in his Mimeo cavern of solitude was reading the latest "Bubble-Dill" with the same avid craving he gave to every fanzine and crudzine, when the horrible news arrived via fleet-footed messenger. It was a letter from the OE of APA ~~§~~ informing him that the last OE had skipped with a \$54 treasury.

"Aha, can it be Stephen Picknitting who has done this," he cried. "No, it must have been that new and fiendish arch-demon, Thom Dudpuy."

Captain Mimeo leapt from his seat, scattering uncollated pages all over the floor. He cranked up the mimeomobile to rush to Miss. and find the heinous fiend.

After 3 daze and nites driving interspersed with 8 weeks in jail and \$500 worth of traffic fines, Captain Mimeo reached the Mississippi Hideout of Thom Dudpuy.

"Hand over the money," Roared the Captain in his high, nasal voice. Recovering from his strenuous effort, he walked up to the door, opened it to find...the house filled with Heckto gel. In every corner of the house, heckto gel. Laying strewn in the gel were several thousand counterfeit \$50 bills, reproduced by hectograph. There was no sign of Dudpuy.

"Ah, his greed hath put an end to him," profoundly spoke the captain.

If the corflu bottle doesn't fall over on the typer and gum up the keys, next time I'll tell you the story of; "Captain Mimeo Battles the Stencil-Ripping Fiend"

((Ghod forbid))



Well that about wraps up this issue of Quark. We hope it showed improvement, if only in repro. See you in the next mailing.

