

For FAPA's 70<sup>th</sup> Mailing (Winter, 1955) By:

Title for FAPA  
mag: XF

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**Fond du Lac, Wis.**

Yes, it has come to this. As of this mailing, Bleen becomes the sole representative from Mafia Press in the hallowed halls of FAPA. I doubt if any Fapan regrets the absence of Grue more than I do but --for one thing--there wasn't a chance that I could get it ready in time for the deadline this time.

The usual procedure has been for me to take a month off after each issue to answer letters and just plain rest up from the long business of cut, run and collate. Last time I did this and then I found that I had miscalculated slightly. I hadn't allowed for the Christmas Season and its involuntary gafia. From 1 Dec to about 10 Jan it was a veritable bedlam at the above address and I got very little, if anything, done in the fan-publishing line. At the moment ( it's 11:30 p.m., 15 Jan 55) there are a considerable number of stencils cut for Grue #23 but the big job--running them and picking them up--just can't be accomplished in the time remaining.

Not only that---I've pretty much decided that I'll keep Grue out of Fapa anyway for a while. The damned thing kept getting bigger despite anything I could do and I was afraid it would bring on another dues-increase for which I'd get blamed. Though I tried hard, I simply couldn't put out an issue in much under 50 pages and 50 pages is economically impractical for a Fapazine...right now anyhow.

I took a nose-count of the roster and I found that, as far as I was concerned, approximately 1/3rd of the Fapa copies were falling on more-or-less barren ground. After a year and a half there were still some 21 Fapans who gave no sign that they'd ever looked at a copy. That's \$5.25 worth of copies at the current price and I could have sold those copies of the last three issues if I'd had them left. Whether the price is too high or not, the fact remains that there are quite a few people who are willing to pay it. I can afford to bore the Fapan deadwood with Bleen, which in its maddest moments, may gobble a whole ream of paper to the issue. But I can't--or won't--afford to shower their apathetic (no pun intended) heads with Grues that I can sell for 25¢ a copy.

Grue will continue to reach such Fapans as seem to appreciate it. As of the 69th Fantasy Amateur, it goes to 44 of the 65 Fapans and 15 of the 18 Waiting-listers. I don't know when I'll get it done but I've resolved to stop publishing it by the calender. The chances are, you'll get it before the 71st mailing but I won't promise. I suspect that elimination of deadlines will add materially to the fun of publication. Maybe, some day, when those 15 Waiting-listers get in, Grue will return to Fapa. And then again, maybe not. I can't prognosticate my future opinions with any fair degree of accuracy. Who can? But I do want to thank the 44 Faps who helped so liberally to produce Grue---both as a captive audience and as contributors.





THE FANTASY AMATEUR (OO) I suspect that the 69th Mailing had the highest percentage of blue ink of any mailing so far...105 out of 342. I had reason to feel profoundly grateful that Bill Danner was a Fapan last time. Without him, my enjoyment of the mailing would have been vastly less than it was. True, I'd enjoyed Le Zombie intensely---when I read it off of the stencils. But by the time the mailing had arrived here, the novelty was largely worn off. Spaceship I liked, too, but I'd received a copy as a staunch subscriber and thus it was old stuff... Horizons was good too but the main course there--Harry's comments on Grue (speaking, now in a purely subjective sense), had been delivered direct previously. Pre-Apa was fine but I'd seen it before too. Most of my regular favorites: Boggs, Wesson, Calkins, Economou, and a whole slug of others were absent for reasons best known to themselves. Yes, as I remarked to Jean while we were reading the mailing:

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THANK FOO DANNER IS A FAPAN!

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Hmm. Five people had the dread "XF" whammy-sign after their names this time. Of these, two--Moskowitz and Winne--have shown up here with postmailings so I presume we have seen the last of Austin, Balint and Day. Austin and Day came out a year ago with frantic last-minute activity minimums. Balint turned out to be one of those DOA cases that Fapa is afflicted with (excuse me, Speer). You know--people that join Fapa to die and do it before they get here.

Austin's was 14 pages, not 8.

I've been giving the matter some thought--I mean about how we can keep Fapa reasonably active without making it unduly strenuous to keep up one's membership. If you set the requirements too high you are deluged with reams of the most puerile crud of which the mind can conceive. Set it too low and you collect a heavy load of foot-draggers and free-loaders who join, pay their \$2.00, and drop out a year later without soiling their lily-white fingers with that nasty old mimeo ink.

All of this happens at a time when we have some really excellent potential Faps in the waiting list, cooling their heels and faunching to try their hand at livening things up for us. Just for a little while, I'd like to have a football coach's job for Fapa---to be able to send Ashworth in for Evans, Bloch in for McNeil, Raeburn in for...well, you get the idea. But that would be unconstitutional and undemocratic and all sorts of nasty adjectives.

I don't think the answer lies in merely buying another 10 chairs for the Fapan auditorium. In time we'd only have another 10 logs of deadwood cluttering up the place. And I don't care to see a rule like Saps has which requires a new member to contribute in his first mailing. I think a member should receive at least one mailing before he is required to publish anything. We have recently seen an unfortunate example of what happens when a stranger to our midst starts publishing with no faintest notion of what it's all about.

But I'd favor a rule that would require a new member to publish something in the second mailing after acceptance. That would give him a chance to see what it's all about and it would still prevent these DOA's (which are often nice people, just thoughtless) from victimizing the rest of the members.

The 8-page-a-year minimum is sensible and I think it should be kept. But I'd favor a rule that called for something every three mailings. If a member skipped two and missed the third, he'd be out with no period of grace. The present lenient rules were designed for the lean era when the Waiting-list was slim or non-existent...when memberships went a-begging. They're not quite suited to cope with the situation in 1955 with a maximum of efficiency.

Or do you agree?

That poll-card was diabolical. As Wells can testify, I scratched out several names and made substitutions and even then, after waiting a few days before mailing it, I found that I had completely omitted one Fap I was going to be damned sure of voting for whom (steady, Speer). You cahn't win. Cahn't, I said.

It's been quite a quarter for postmailings. This quarter usually is, I observe from my well-weathered vantage of going around for the second time. S.O.P, here is to fling the mailing onto a shelf after going over it upon arrival. There it sits, stewing and fermenting and giving off a dank, Lovecrafty effluvium until the time arrives to extract a Bleen from it. This done, I pass it on to a promising neofan I've discovered in Weyauwega and when it comes back from Bloch, I give Curt Janke a look at it. By that time it is definitely Old-Hat and I trundle it back deep into the catacombs under 402 Maple to join the other mailings. For some time now I've had my eye on a likely-looking mold that is developing on those old Fapa-mailings. I've hopes that soon I'll be able to get out the test-tubes and formulate a new miracle drug from them. Will Fapamycin cure spatulate fingertips, stenographer's spread or the common cold? Or, as Al Capp asks, will it just smell bad? Tune in next  $\frac{1}{4}$  and see!

On top of this bubbling, gurgling refuse-heap, I am wont to gingerly lay such new postmailings as find their way this far up Maple Avenue. Carefully peeling them away with thick rubber gloves, let us probe deep into the heart of this, the 69th Fapaling.

FLOOK (Winne) Flook, the comic-strip, is still going, Ev. It's produced in Britain but, sad to say, it's never taken hold here. I regret this because I liked the occasional clipping that Bill Stavdal sent me. Liked your discussion on habits. My schedule takes me through the same places every three weeks and I often get in the habit of eating the same thing every time at the same place. Congrats on getting such a warm reception on your thesis. Why not circulate it through Fapa? One hopes we'll be seeing more of you henceforth.

FANEWS #345 (Dunkelberger) I don't know if my comments were among those that disturbed you, Walt. If they were, I apologize. I didn't realize that you had printed the issue recently and, for what reason I know not, I thought it was a bunch of ancient material that you were re-issuing. Maybe it was the paper that gave me that impression. I agree that printing is a lot of work but I think if I were investing all that effort and time, I'd shop around for something a bit flossier in the paper line. If it makes you feel better, I liked this better than the entry last mailing.

NULL A-MEN (Moskowitz) Well, that's that for another year, hmm? It's very generous of you to splurge that extra half-page when, according to the OO, you only needed 3 more pages to qualify for another year. I don't mean to sound quite that bitter, Sam. I realize that you have been in fandom since about the time Cro-Magnon started taking over. It is just that I'd like to see a little more of your stuff in Fapa. While this item is by no means bad--quite amusing in fact--it contains all too little wordage identifiable as the direct voice of SaM. But why am I apologizing? I doubt like hell if you even read this.

MAMBO #2 (Martinez) Aside from the title, I like your old thing here, Sam'l. It is just that I've become so infernally sick of hearing mambos on the radio that the chance encounter of the word evokes a sort of Pavlovian growl from my subconscious. I agree wholeheartedly with your comments on Fapans and classifications thereof. My views on the subject may be found a few pages back. But, reconsidering, I don't favor any increase in members. As long as one continues to bat out issues of, say, 6-14 pages, 65 members aren't too bad. But if you hanker for a more ambitious publication, 75 copies (+postage to Whittier!) becomes a drain of no small stature upon the groaning bank-account.

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My objections are based upon facial prejudice.

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FIENDETTA (Wells) A very nice item, Chas. "Quatt Wunkery" comes, not from IF magazine but, rather, from "A Wild Surmise," by Henry Kuttner and C. L. Moore. It may be found in "Star Science-Fiction Stories," pps 165-175. The term, as a catch-phrase, enjoyed an evanescent sort of popularity but---some two years after its appearance---it has become so obscured by the misty clouds of time that even so erudite a scholar of the medium as you, suh, fail to correctly identify the source. Sic transit, &c. By the way, that was the 1<sup>st</sup> edition of SSFS (Frederik Pohl, editor) and I see the third issue was recently issued by Ballantine. Apparently, this has become a sort of annual prozine. However, I don't feel that either of the two following volumes have quite come up to the stature of the first one. ##A Gestetner can print to within about 3/8" of both margins and can be set to print right out to one edge. But the vertical registration on the model I use (#120) is quite random, with variations during a run of a good 1/4" up and down. So if I used edge-to-edge printing it would mean a long, long session of matching up the two pages for each issue. I don't faunch for the job. I made no special claims to being the first person to print photos by mimeo. I know that Tucker did it aeons ago in LeZ and I know that Steward used Stenofax to repro some drawings in CanFan before I used it. Tucker did not use Stenofax---at a guess, I'd say he took a regular half-tone engraving and burnished the stencil over it as you would with a shading-plate (right, Tuck?). I don't know of anybody who ran direct photos by the Stenofax process prior to Grue #21 but I refuse to worry about it if someone did.. ##Is this AGACON the one who sired Rita Hayworth's ex-hubby?

THE LARK'S TAIL (Bill Danner's Desk) As you know, Bill, I dashed off a thing along similar lines myself and I was a bit surprised to see how yours overlapped my own. But I didn't publish mine for a number of reasons. The main one was that I always feel riddled with remorse when I vent my spleen at someone. One of the others is that I try to distinguish between offenses inspired by malice and offenses committed in ignorance. Myers' faux pas was probably inspired by motives that were, in themselves, quite commendable. That his impressive ignorance of Fapa caused him to produce stuff that smote our eyes passing sore, I don't deny. I also deplore his impression that success in Fapa lies along the path of publishing "fantasy poetry." One of these days he and Isabelle Dinwiddie are going to discover each other and I am afraid this will mean that I'll have to deodorize the letterbox with Lysol after each mailing arrives. I can't hold out much hope that continued exposure to Fapa will eventually implant much Fappish spirit (if there is such a thing) in the guy. Alas, the heady madness of Fapdom is not a contagious condition. You didn't carry out the replica by printing something on the back and letting it stick invisibly off the top of the paper. Actually, I can forgive Myers of most anything when he inspires you to such gigglesome trivia as this's.

DAS SKREUGHBAULIXER #0 (dodt Danner veller aghain) LaBanshee wasn't designed to impress anyone with its Gestetnerography, Bill. The printing on it was purely functional and I didn't even slip-sheet. And I am indeed impressed by the results you get from an A B Dick. My sole experience on such a device was with a very ancient contraption that I picked up 2nd-hand for Rich Bergeron. I assure you that my results on that would have inspired not the slightest iota of envy in you. Nausea, maybe, but not envy. On the other hand, if you have a reasonably good typer, it is not easy to goof on the Gestetner. A girl we had at the office once tried hard but all she succeeded in doing was to make the surplus ink run out the bottom of the machine. The copy still looked fair by ordinary standards. ##No, the typers I use (4 different ones, off and on) are not electric and Jean laughed and laughed when she read that part about me having a "phenomenally even touch." She has often complained with some faint bitterness at how ragged I sound at the typer when she's trying to sleep upstairs. ##To satisfy your curiosity and my own, I was going to send you a Gestencil to try out and return to me for printing and I was going to cut something on an A B Dick stencil to try on your machine. But somehow the time has snuck up on me and I haven't got it done yet. Maybe some day... Your results leave nothing at all to be desired...not from this quarter anyway. Can't tell much difference in the two..

STEFANTASY (Danner) The McWilliams letter was highly hilarious...especially the part about using "a loose weave paper torn from hornets' nests." I'm sure he felt as much chagrin when they killed all the hornets off with DDT as the Brandon Dump-Shooters Association did when they killed off our favorite quarry with Warfarin some time back. We have vainly petitioned the Wisconsin Conservation Department to re-stock the dump with several pairs of rats specially bred for size and fighting spirit but they continue to turn a deaf ear toward us, preferring to concentrate upon distributing pheasants for the rabble to pot-shoot. As I may have said before, one has not really lived life to the fullest until one has stopped a charging bull dump-rat with a .357 Magnum through the heart. The only comparable sensation I can think of was when we used to hunt wild pigs in southern Texas with tommy-guns. It is an unforgettable experience to convert a charging boar into a blizzard of flying pork-sausage with a Chicago fiddle. ##I sympathize with you in your quest for friction-type belt buckles. Some years ago I bought a couple dozen hand-woven wool neckties in an assortment of bright plaids. These ties wore like nothing I've ever seen. But now, when I go out and look for something along the same lines, I find that they have not only stopped making them but the ties they sell now are about 2/3rds the width of the ones I'm used to. They feel like shoestrings about the neck and my favorite tie-clasp sticks awkwardly over each side. This may force me to discard amateur publishing in order to have time to learn knitting. I wonder if Christian Dior has had a hand in the matter. And did you see that cartoon by John Dempsey on page 74 of the January 1955 "True"? It shows a guy looking disgustedly at his wife, who is bulging out of the top of one of these new "pencil silhouette" dresses and he snarls, "I suppose if Christian Dior said to cut 'em off, you'd do it." Delightful.

Further on the matter of belts (but time for a para break), the Army belts all had a friction buckle and I just remembered a jolly custom they had in Preflight school. They encouraged upper-classmen to make life miserable for the lower-classmen on the theory that it would weed out the excitable and faint-of-heart who wouldn't be any asset in combat. One of their favorite stunts was to put a man in a "brace"--that is, a position of absurdly exaggerated attention, shoulders back, stomach sucked 'way in. They would command the hapless fellow to "suck in that RAUNCHY gut!" At the same time they would take up the slack in his belt and draw it noose-tight about his middle. When he was nearly cut in two they would whip out a knife and cut off the excess belt and make him wear it at that length. In case you were wondering if I ever practiced such sadism after I got to be an upper-classman the answer is no. You see, my class, (#44-B) was jinxed (by my presence, I've no doubt) and they were the last class to have to endure such folderol and the first class that didn't get to dish it out. When 44-A left for Primary Flight Training, 44-B moved bodily to one end of the base and 44-C moved in the other and we never saw them except when we went to the PX. It is things like this that breed paranoia.

The Al Franck material is very good and I'm anxious to see his thoughts on dogs. The double-spread ad was magnificent and, for that matter, still is. I'd give a pretty to hear what Wilfie's reaction to it might have been. ##Your pome reminds me of one I read somewhere once. A lady awoke during the night with a poem running through her head that, seemingly, carried the answer to all the problems the world has ever known. She got up, found pencil and paper, and recorded the sublime lines lest she forget them when morning arrived. Sure enough, came the dawn and she had only the characteristic feeling that it had been a wowser but she couldn't remember it to save her life. And then she recalled writing it down. Trembling with eagerness, she rushed over, picked up the paper and read:

Hogamus, higamous. men are  
Polygamous.  
Higamous, hogamus, women  
Monagamous.

Do you, also, get the feeling there's something just beyond your grasp there?



STEFANTASY (continued) Ah-hah! I should have known that you would be a fellow Libber-otchi fan. I'm sure you'll get a cheery glow when I note that I have a clipping at hand from the Milwaukee Journal of 4 Dec 54 that says Liberboynik signed for a three week engagement at a "swank Las Vegas hotel" for a reported \$50,000 a week. This, they claim, is the highest salary ever paid an entertainer. And I'm sure you'll be happy to hear that soon you'll be able to see him in the movies. Calleux et Calais! Does this make you lose all regard for the public taste? Well, maybe you'll be cheered to read in the current Life that Brubeck albums are outselling Liberace albums. And then again, maybe it will plunge you deeper into a bottomless pit of bitter rue. I'm not sure what your opinions of Brubeck might be. But take cheer--it might be happening to Gene Autry. ##Guber's best was "The publican is a bird with bags under his eyes." ##\$I dind't knoe i hdan an 'observatioal faculty"! Nothing is certain but death and typos. ##Went mad with delight over the Fishel & Burper ad!! ##Have you ever tried cooling your vacuum under tremendous pressure and liquifying it? Think of the possibilities there if you can perfect such a process. It would make the ideal reaction material for atomic rockets, since the more you carried, the less mass you'd have to lift. Catch is, you'd have to take off nose-down...

LARK (Danner) "Trying to get anything else," you say, "is like trying to make color prints from black and white negatives." You mean to sit there and tell me that an old fotogger like you never heard of separation negatives? Oh. Maybe what you mean is that you can't make a color print from a single b/w neg. But you can, after a fashion. The process is Eastman's and it's called "Flexichrome." Actually, it's similar to hand-coloring or perhaps it could be more accurately described as a glorified tinting kit. But it can be done and quite a lot of the color-prints one sees in the magazines were originally on b/w and were colored by this means. One can also make b/w prints from color positives and negatives. ##O tsssk. But I could'a swore Albert Weener said it too! ##Grateful for the info on postal regs. One day I really must get a manual and read up on all the laws and loopholes. ##Had you noticed that the "3-D" craze which had such a vogue a year or two ago has practically died out? I haven't seen a movie where they passed out glasses in ages. Small damn loss too. ##A stunt you might like to try for cutting stencils is to get a sheet of fairly heavy acetate and cut a piece of it the size of a stencil. Put this immediately under the stencil, on top of the backing-sheet. If you prefer to use a cushion-sheet, that goes between the acetate and the stencil. When I want to get out of slip-sheeting (as now) I just use the stencil direct on the acetate and put a film over it to keep the typer keys clean. One film, as I think I said, can be used on several different stencils and one chunk of acetate will last through a couple of quires. I recently sent Chuck Harris some stencil-films (I've thrown away hundreds of the blame things) and he reports that he cut at least 8 stencils with them before they started to go to pieces. ##Willis uses printer's ink, cut with turpentine in his Ellams but I've never tried it in the Gestetner. Actually, I don't begrudge the price of Gestink because it's fairly small when I stack it up against all the hours of time I spend using it. Oddly enough, the American-made film-type Gestencils cost me less (\$2.50/24) than Harris pays for the British, non-film jobs. He says they're about 9 pence apiece over there. As I understand International Exchange, that is equal to about 18¢ over here. See you next 1/4.

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Pompadour, Butterfly & Bovary

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PRE-APA (Patterson & Lyons) Well, I heard from Pete Vorzimer that he is a Fap as of this mailing so I presume that this means that both you and Ed Cox are through with the bathroom by now. That was a truly delightful cover...in fact, all of the artwork was so good I haven't the adjectives to do it justice. So I gave Pat top billing on the credit-line above. Nan Gerding once made an unconsciously penetrating observation along these lines but there's no need to quote it here. {Uh, Nan?} ##I am deeply chagrined with myself for not having thought of that "Bleen grass Grue all Around" bit. When I showed it to Jean, chagrined and said the same thing. ##I have seen most of the list of banable mags on the stands down here but none of them were of sufficient

PRE-APA (cont) interest to warrant buying them or even giving them a second look. My hat is off to the Diocesan Coucil (sic, I guess) for having the dogged determination to wade through all that dreary fourth-rate pornography in hopes of striking pay-dirt. They must like the stuff better than I do. There's been quite an orgy of comic-book burning lately. They tried it out and found it good fun in Wausau (one of Wisconsin's more provincial hamlets) and I assume they must have been at it around Vancouver because Norris has been sniping at them with his usual deadly aim. The illo Pat did for the comic-burner item was the best thing in the issue, we thought. Fine. ##Wot's Devanagari? ##Everytime I look at those two full-page illos I get a dull, droning buzz in my head. Is this a sign? ##Oofl'y glad to see you two in Fapa...will be looking forward to seeing much more of your efforts.

RETRIBUTION (GM Carr) That black on lime-green shows up better than I'd've thought it would. I plan to use blue paper this time but I have switched from the plain blue I used before to Royal blue...a somewhat darker shade. Don't know how it will look though and hope it doesn't elicit screams from Danner like Vick did when he printed red on pink. ##Your comments on fairs, sideshows, etc., will very likely draw some comment from Maryl Shrewsbury if she's with us this time (and I hope she is!). But I will hazard a guess that the reason they don't dress too fancily is that they aren't any too flush with money and they never know when they'll strike a tough week when no receipts come in. Not only that, but they have to save up their dough to weather the long winter months when they retire to winter quarters. All in all, they put on a bit of surface glitter for the sake of the kids who can't see past it. Maybe they don't even care if they impress you.

The Norris book costs one dollar a copy, postpaid, I presume, from the Vancouver Sun and supplies of the Third Annual are still holding up well. However, if you are sending an American dollar, it is necessary to send an extra four cents to cover the difference in current exchange. This from a recent letter from Bill Stavdal. No, it's not a hoax. If you send them \$1.04, you will get back a book which will keep you and your friends in stitches for many a long winter evening. I particularly recommend the one for 5 June '54...that really shattered me. ##I dunno...does an Indian wear a G-string? Most of the ones I've met wore poker faces but one wore a turban.

LE ZOMBIE (Pong) My apologies to everybody for the offset, which got bad in spots. I really should have slip-sheeted this but there simply wasn't time by the time I got it back. To top it all off, Gestetner ink varies widely in thickness and the stuff I had on hand at the time was almost water-thin. This has a considerable bearing on the amount of offset you get. Since then, I've had one tube that was so stiff you could hardly squeeze it out but it printed beautifully and didn't offset a bit. ##It should be noted that I had no special person in mind when I drew the cartoon on page 27...it was a mental attitude I was satirizing, not a person. As one of my correspondents said, "If these kids were to hit someone with a beer-bottle, they would be terribly sorry and might never do it again. But that wouldn't be much help to the person with a broken head." Antics like this are on a par with the fugghead at Indian Lake in '53 who wittily set off a firecracker next to Hal Shapiro's ear and nearly deafened him. The true humor of a stunt like that will always elude me, I'm afraid. ##Re your comments on relaxation of movie censors---saw "Suddenly" a while back and was slightly startled to hear the heroine tell her father to "stop diddling with that TV set." Add that word to your list, mm? ##You missed a trick on "Lez Letters"...could've had 4e write and call it "Le Vombie." Somehow, I wasn't too surprised when the copy I got back in the bundle turned out to be #6...

MOTHER'S GOOSSED (Clyde) Still haven't exhausted the subject, I see.

3, G, G'n / CAMPAIGN LIAR 2 (Rike/Graham) I have a whole bunch of styluses...found one in an old office-shack when we were closing down Gowan Field at Boise after the war, bought one, made several out of nails, dowels, empty



(continued) .30-'06 cartridge cases and also scrounged a couple old dentists' picks from Kincannon for the really fine lines. It's easy to make a stylus...just chuck a small brad or nail into a drill or grinder and turn it down to the desired size and shape, polish it, bend it to the desired angle and mount it in or on some sort of a handle. That's where the .30-'06 cases come in...I solder the points onto them. As for the campaign material, Pete...good luck and all that.

GROTESQUETTE (Martian) Damn. That's twice in a row now that I've made a typo when I cut your name on-stencil. Do you suppose the people who stenciled "Martians Go Home" in Stamford meant to write Martin instead? Now that Bill Calabrese has left Stamford for the USAF, I suspect the stenciling was done to gain publicity for Fredric Brown's story of the same name in the Sep 54 ASF. Think so?

CONCERNING AMENDMENTS (Wells) I disagree mildly with you when you say (about waiting-listers), "...if they are going to lose interest that fast, we don't need them." In the majority of cases a fan's potential productivity is subject to some variation over the years and by keeping names too long on the list, we are going to miss a fat slice out of the peak of that curve in a lot of cases. The answer, as I see it, lies in weeding out some of the people now in Fapa whose absence would hardly be noticed. A good case in point is Don Day. Apparently he's just left us but I note an item about him in one of the mags this mailing that says, "But Don Day did tell me that the Insurgent publications were the only readable items in the last mailing, which was pleasing to hear..." If Day had been blasted loose a year and a half ago the only thing we'd have missed would have been a very nondescript item last December called "Day's Activity Requirements." I don't feel like digging this gem from the files but as I recall, it dealt mostly with how busy he had been.

It was probably this, as much as anything else, that made me decide to take Grue out of Fapa till the deadwood population gets down to five or six---I have no hopes of its getting lower than that in the foreseeable future. It isn't so much that I resent swapping the last five issues of Grue for one copy of DAR. What riles me is the thought of a Fapan like this soaking up a membership while people cool their heels in the waiting-list who could be turning out items which would please me, even if they didn't please the cultured tastes of Don Day. How about it, Danner...did you find it "pleasing to hear" that Day found your magazines unreadable?

Possibly I'm unduly touchy on the point of people staying in Fapa when they no longer have the means nor inclination to produce. Maybe this is because I got into Fapa when F. Towner Laney decided he couldn't keep it up and resigned so that a more active member could have his place. I know that I've tried to be fairly active for Laney's sake (though I've never stopped wishing he'd stayed and someone else would have dropped out).

Nope, Chas., I say let's step up the minimum requirements so that the Days and Balints and Nydahls and Cantins have to ante or get off the pot. Let's make it so unbearably strenuous for them that they will make room for new members who don't find it such a blasted, boring chore to be a Fapan. Them is my sentiments.

TARGET: FAPA! (Miney & Moe) I think you have pretty well set down my own objections to McCarthy, Rich. Speaking as a tax-payer of the state of Wisconsin, I don't feel that he's any great shakes of a senator. I mean, quite aside from the whole question of communism, Joe still leaves a very great deal to be desired in his performance of a senator's duties...in my opinion, that is. Wisconsin's senior senator (Wiley) is also a Republican and my opinion of him is as high as it's apt to get. After all, he is a politician. There are a lot of people here in Wis who feel that Joe sold us down the river on the matter of Tidelands Oil (for which he got a Cadillac from some Texas friends, I hear). And there are a lot of people who are fat sick and tired of paying a man senator's salary to get embroiled in a lot of stupid hearings,



censure squabbles, etc. I don't know if there are enough or not...at this point I rather doubt it. From opinions I've heard voiced around, Joe is quite apt to be re-elected again. I make this statement based upon such data as I have at the moment, not upon my own personal preferences. There are a few people who can see that Joe doesn't particularly care about the commies; he just wants a lot of publicity for Good Ole Senator Joe. This, I think, is your most telling point and I might add that, reading over your comments for the second time, I only regret that they will only reach 3 or 4 Wisconsin voters instead of being spread over the whole state.

McCarthy has chosen his straw opponent with really diabolical skill and shrewdness. It is a choice comparable to the politician of apocryphal folklore who was, "Fer prosperity an' agin' sin." Practically none of Joe's enemies favor the doctrines of Marx; Stalin, Malenkov, et. al. But Joe makes it dangerously easy for the voters to draw up a syllogism that goes something like, "You are Anti-McCarthy; McCarthy is Anti-Communist; therefore you are Pro-Communist." Conversely, a lot of people feel that they might as well support Joe even though they don't think much of him and his tactics because "he goes after them commies." One person I talked to said, "Well, I wouldn't want him for a brother-in-law but I think he's doing a good job where he is."

What these people overlook is the fact that the Federal Constitution provides for a duly-appointed agency whose duty it is to keep an eye peeled for subversives of all sorts. It is the legislature's duty to enact such laws as are necessary and the investigation and enforcement of those laws is left to the executive and judicial branch.

But this insatiate craving for egoboo pays off for Good Ole Joe. In the last election at the time when we should have gotten rid of him they missed the boat. There was no single opponent with enough power and reputation to get the necessary votes from the gum-chewing public. Let us face it: any state or other country that votes has a big slice of voters who pay scant attention to the issues at stake and when they get to the polls, they vote for the name that is most familiar to them. McCarthy, with a good hold on the state Republicans, carried off the Primary election in the spring and the only remaining hope--a Democratic victory in the fall--didn't materialize because the Dem candidate was relatively unknown and only the most die-hard Democrats voted for him. Even so--if you'll pardon the implied contradiction--McCarthy won with a considerably smaller margin than most of the other Republicans in the state.

The last time a character like this got loose, he was a Democrat and Louisiana got the blame for him. Remember Huey Long? I hope we can retire Joe in a more peaceful manner. A friend of Bloch's went after Joe with the poorly-handled "Joe Must Go!" campaign. Bloch could write an article on why this didn't work and maybe I can talk him into it. All we can do is wait for the next time Joe comes up before the voters and hope that a few more have taken a long thoughtful look at things by then. Maybe some more, like the writer, will be fairly sick of being blamed for Joe's antics by then and Joe will come back to work at his brother's Appleton real-estate office. But if that happens, they should give him a cushy job in Texas, where he's really appreciated. It might be noted in passing that Joe gets quite a number of votes in Wisconsin because of his religion...one well represented here. Joe's fellow church-members do not quite have a voting majority--thank goodness--which has been shown when they tried to push through some referendum of special benefit to them. But they pack enough weight so that when there is something that some of us heathens want or don't want they can tip the balance pretty much either way if they vote the way their, uh... leaders...tell them to.

I regret somewhat that you have activated my garrulity to such an extent that I haven't room left to say anything else about this provocative mag. Come again.

LIGHT 59 (Croutch) I seldom wear tires either---the car wears them but I leans more to pants, shirts, shoes, and stuff like that there.

TWIN SET, &c (Slater) Cheers for your new format...so much easier to read the stuff than it was to make out that micro-typing you've sometimes used in the past! And cheers for the Roneo but f'r 'heaven's sake', Slater old bod...there you are, able to buy a Gestetner without paying the exorbitant import duty on them that we have to put up and you buy a Roneo? Well, maybe it's just as good as a Gestetner (I'll be watching to see if the old #120 rejects this stencil with a shudder)...certainly it does nice work and the registration on my copy is better than I'd ever hope to do on the Gest. The Olympia is a really notable typer...I don't know of another typer that does half as well in the portable size...particularly on stencils. I've long since decided that when I get ready to swap in my trusty Smith-Corona portable with the crazy keyboard, the next 'un will be an Olympia. Friend of mine has one with italic type...but I'd be afraid I'd get tired of that in a short time. Hope you'll turn up over here oftener now that you've left the Royal Pioneer Corps to shift for themselves!

THE FANews (Dunk) As I said before, I'm sorry that my ignorance of the nature of this lead me to remark on it in a manner less than wholly complimentary. But I had seen a few of the old issues of FANews through the courtesy of Tucker, Bloch and others and, not realizing that this was part of a piece-meal book, I couldn't make much sense of it. No hard feelings, I hope?

ARION (Higgs) This reminds me a lot of STARLANES when it was being mimeo'd. As such, I like it because I've always felt that SL lost something when it went printed. I saw an issue or two of it afterwards but I couldn't find much of interest in it. It's obvious, Ray, that you've spent a lot of time and effort in laying out the issue and running it off. If anyone likes non-humorous, fantasy poems, I'm sure they must enjoy ARION very much.

HBA (Jacobs) Previous comment in Saps. Hialeah! FB, OM.

SPACESHIP #26 (Silverberg) I like Terry's cover but the phrasing of the caption bothers me a little. Seems like it should either be "to tread with care," or "to be trod with care." Minor quibble though. I'm surprised at you, sir--forgetting to close a parenthesis (page 8. ##Gerald FitzGerald (always use a capital G) is not a figment of a Californian's imagination. Even in California, imaginations don't get that good. I've seen him in some photos that Rotsler sent me and I've never known a figment that could be photographed. ##I am continually appalled by the number of books you read which I can't ....let me start that over again and try for one sentence that Speer won't grouch over: I'm continually appalled at the number of books you read the first paragraph of which I can't get beyond. OK, Juffus?

It has only been since last mailing that I finally got around to reading Player Piano (or Utopia 14 as the pb edition is titled). I found it slow going but rather good in spots. The business about the pound of margarine and the hot awl fair demolished my calm demeanor for some minutes at a stretch. I guess it must have taken me a good two weeks to bull my way through it though. Gave it to Kincannon and he reports about the same progress. I read Gravy Planet in GALAXY and I don't feel like reading it again in pb form to see if they've added anything. I've never read Limbo but if it comes out in pb, I might. I'd say that, of the two stories under discussion that I did read, my chief objection is that they read like stories. I'll expand on that in the WOJW sometime when I don't have to repeat myself umpteen times. But I have noticed that, when I am reading the sort of story I like best, I lose track of the fact that I am reading a story. Is this less-than-lucid? I'm afraid it is.

HORIZONS (Warner) Amen to your statements in regard to religion. I have no objections to any religion so long as they mind their own business and don't try to mind mine. But I did most strenuously object a few summers ago when some of my daughter's playmates made an intensive campaign to convert her to the One True Belief. I also take a dim view of the church that was responsible for the Air Force's throwing cold-



storage halibut and similar garbage at me every ... well, once a week for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years. Please note that I am not naming any names here. If the shoe fits, open your mouth and put your foot in it. While I try to be a tolerant sort of oaf, it is still a bit hard for me to forgive and forget a three-year slice of my childhood when I attended a one-room country school where I was the only heathen (i.e., Methodist). For very nearly every recess and noon-hour of that time the brave disciples of this other faith beat the living be-jesus out of me as a demonstration of the superiority of their own cult. Tolerant? Sure I'm tolerant...every bit as tolerant of them as they are of me. Orange is an awfully pretty colour, isn't it Willis?

Enjoyed your comments on Speer and the early Fapa very much. That would have been something indeed...I mean G M Carr discussing things with the Michelists in their heyday!

But I've seen the Officially Recognized Side of Clean-Living and Soft Drinks shift back and forth several times in my own lifetime. In 1938 our sympathies were with the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War so, because Russia was on our side, the stuff you read was subtly tinted in their favor. Then came the Russo-Finnish war and Finland, being a friend of ours (the only country to keep up payments on their WW1 debts), became the good guys while all the Russkies became the heavies. Then came WW2 and Ivan stacked up against Hitler and suddenly they weren't really such bad fellows after all. Propaganda, you might say, made strange bad fellows. The movies were suddenly full of cute Russians doing that impressive dance and wearing those pullover jackets, also being strafees of Stukas, etc. Now we are in the midst of another cycle when they are not approved for admiration. I don't particularly admire them and I never have, even when I was supposed to. But I wish the powers that be would make up my mind.

I like your definition of Fapa: "----a means of self-expression in which individualism reigns supreme." That ties it up very nicely. ##Sort of wish you'd label your fiction as such. Da Capo was very nice but I read nearly to the bottom of the first page before I stopped trying to figure out why I'd not read about Dr. Biedermeyer in the papers or something. Very nice story though...seems like you should have been able to sell it for money.

TORRENTS (Share) Hmm. I had to go dig into the files to see what was on page 3 of Grue #21. Gladja liked it. ##I take it that the illo on page 10 (hah--now you can get all dusty rummaging in the files!) is a reproduction of the photo of Harris? But that's an odd way to spell Harris: Harness. ##I liked Tom's conrep. One thing bothers me though--when he talks about Harris "holding his sides" and rolling in the aisles, he doesn't specify clearly how many sides Harris has. Is this any way to do a complete, detailed, factual, documented conrep, Tom??

FESTURA VEGALOOSE (Ballard) You seem to suffer from the same complaint I do, namely, after putting together an issue of OUTSIDERS, you haven't enough energy left to do much for the other apa. I'll understand if you will. ##Liked your observation that you "may not say much, but by Ghod I use a lot of words saying it." Only I sort of disagree with you there. Sometimes you can be enviably succinct.

MAMBO (o how olive that dry martinez wit!) Don't ask me where that came from. I just started to type your last name, Sam, and thass wot came out. This typer has a mind of its own and some time I fully expect to come down in the basement and find it happily reaching for paper and clacking to itself. Let me say, in purest honesty, that I like this better than any of your other publications, not even excepting S'LAND. I'm not sure if I can explain why and I won't blame you if you are puzzled but that's the way it is. Reproduction couldn't be more perfect (Danner will turn bright green). After all, an IBM Executive typer (luv them big fat "M"s!) and an offset press...wot more could an amateur publisher desire? ##Seems funny to see you discussing repetition humor too in the same mailing as myself. Telepathy? Clairaudience? Psi???  
"I WOULD LIKE TO TELL THE STORY OF MY LIFE ALL IN CAPITAL LETTERS" --archy

MORE POSTMAILINGS:

turned up this week and, having a page left over, I will review them on this parti-colored back-page. Ran out of blue paper, you see...THE REVENANT (Speer) I didn't keep a diary in 1934 but I'd guess that my own early reading experiences matched yours fairly closely. I used to read BOY'S LIFE and recall an occasional sf story therein (and they don't seem too bad in retrospect). A sort of distant aunt had complete back-files of the old YOUTH'S COMPANION in her attic, dating 'way back into the 19th century and I used to borrow them, a year at a time and read thru them. Wonder if any Fapan besides myself remembers C. A. Stephens--or ever heard of him. 1934 would have been the year I was in the 6th & 7th grade. I too read a lot of "Big Little Books" (inc. some Buck Rogers) about that time. Nice item--could use up the whole page on it!

TTT (Jacobs/Cox) Hamm's beer, hmm? That comes from up in Boggs' Country. As I may have said before (I'm sure I did), I like to read these things but they defy my best efforts to make scholarly comments.

FAPA NEWSLETTER (Jacobs) My opinions on these matters are discussed elsewhere in these pages. However I want to commend the keen interest you seem to be taking in the matter.

## SURPRISE

PARTY (Jacobs, &c.) I have it on good authority that Mrs. Burbee spells her first name "Isabel." For one thing, she signed it that way recently on a Christmas card. For another thing, Burb hisself says, and I quote: "Yes, her name is Isabel. I think Ackerman started seppling or rather spelling it with an "o" and also gave it his own pronunciation: 'Eye So Bull' with the accent on the So, the Bul slurred. Matter of fact, her name is really Isabella after the cruel queen of Spain who with Ferdinand drove out the Moors and thus began the degeneration of her country. Though it was not for this facet of the queen that my wife was named, I am sure." These prolific one-shots (by hb out of A B Dick) paint an attractive picture of southern Cal which is only partially dispelled by Wilson's comments on the hazards of driving about the place. I happen to know he is not exaggerating in the least. As I sit here in frigid FdL on the night of 29 Jan 55, the colored alcohol (some would say mercury but I am anything if not concise) has just passed -20°F and is still dropping. I feel it is only fair to warn you that a few more of these one-shots which evoke such enchanting vistas of the Trufannish Way of Life, coming at this time of the year, are apt to make me sell out and move to the promised land. With all those Okies and Arkies, could you stand a Wissie?? I'm kidding—I think.....

EGO BEAST (Wilson) What make of "heap" (your term) do you drive, anyhow? It is either very durable or very economical if you can come out of a deal like that with only \$150 damage to the car. I recall a small brush in the Olds that dented the fender, broke two grill-bars and washed out the headlight and the bill on that came to \$150. Maybe you have a more honest type of body-and-fender man out there? Hope you've shaken any ill-effects by now. Aren't you glad you're a Fapan? To hell with the AAA, join FAPA!

SUCTION (Burbee) I have here a deck of "Bee" brand (#92 Club Special) cards, just as used in the higher class Nevada gambling-hell which, as a matter of fact, is where I got them. They seem to differ from the decks your kids play poker with. The king of hearts holds a sword behind his head; clubs and spades hold swords straight up and only the king of diamonds has an axe which threatens him from behind rather than being held in hand. It's fairly common to declare "one-eyed jacks wild." These, of course, are the jack of spades and hearts, shown in profile. ##I wish you could work out some way to circulate 65 orders of Isabel's ham, black-eyed peas and mustard greens through the mailing. Lovely thought. SOUTH OF SARAGOSSA (Miller) Rain? In sunny California?! How did they ever let that through the mails? Sorry, Howard, no more room this issue. See y'all in May. --dag