

DONE FOR FAPA80
Hang the Consequences



1003

Ken Kaden

2 QABAL NUMBER 5--1 T'EENK--DATED 23RD JUNE 1957 FOR FAPA 80
DONE BY, AMONG OTHERS, BOYD RAEBURN, GER STEWARD, RON
KIDDER, DEAN GRENNELL. CAVEAT LECTOR, OF COURSE.

So here we sit: speculating upon how many porpoises drown in an average given year
--indeed, if any at all, listening to a fine string of Oscar Brand on the Webeor tape-
recorder (courtesy of LShawLtd), drinking infusions of Cap'n Morgan Dark Rum and Doc-
tor Pepper, Grey Cup and Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Labat's 50th Anniversary Ale, Vaca
Morado's and Focfoo wotteth wot not. Burp.

You cant go there from here. You got to go somewhere else first.

This is, in a word, another one of them ~~##&*&?&#~~ drunken one-shots, the kind
men like; turn back ye faints of hearte before it is too late. Ye have been warned.

Verily.

Especially, you, Ted, White.

We have looked over the titles in Bob Bloch's bookcase with the aid
of a Jeweler's Loupe (appropriately purchased in Chicago's Loop) and an
ultra-sharp 5x7 photo. We have considered the # whichness of the why and
have shot our cuffs in cold blood.

We have finally got down to the point of putting out a one-shot in
the Burbee Manner.

Howard Lyons is a Bastion, but a clean one. Put that down. --Raeburn

"Do you think a porpoise dyed green would constitute Vulgar Osten-
tation under the Law as given by James White?"

"Not green, but it would be gilding the lily."

"How do you suppose Wouk pronounces 'Lomokome'? Losmos-kome?
Low-moko-me? Lomo-komi?"

"You could write to him, asking for some material while you're at it."

"It may be good enough for COLLIER'S but not for Grue, by Jing."

"Collier's folded."

"Even Grue is getting a bit creased in spots."

"It's my opinion that more whales drown per year than porpoises."

"What do you mean by 'more' more actual individuals or more on a
strict ton basis?"

"The absolute tota"l.

"If Andy Young were here today..."

"TONIGHT."

"Mercy. Don't ShoUt."

"If Andy Young were here today---what?"

"I dunno. You is snup my thread of conjecture."

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"I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT BUT THEY'RE RIPPING OUT THE MERRILL STREET BRIDGE."

"YOU AREN'T CHANGING THE SUBJECT, DEAR."

"Andy Young does not dig very deeply beneath the surface."

"That was the trouble with the porpoises. By the time they went through the table of decompression, they drowned. If they dove right for the surface they didn't drown but died of the bends, or Caisson Disease as we old divers say for divers reasons."

"And if none of those things happened to them at the surface, they probably collided with Andy Young, digging not very deeply."

Colliding with a whale in shallow waters would discompose even an Andy Young.

"IT IS HARD TO FORGET THE PICTURE OF JEAN YOUNG, ANSWERING TO THE NAME 'LEVI' BECAUSE SHE WAS BLUE."

"I thought that you were going to say something on the lines of leviathan"

"No, you're thinking of whales"

"Well, wouldn't there be a connection because of all the whales colliding with Andy Young at the surface?"

"It's PORPOISES THAT collide with Andy Young at the surface"

"Well, why can't whales collide with him too? WHY ARE YOU DISCRIMINATING AGAINST WHALES?"

"Well, I have nothing against whales.....why, some of my best friends are....."

"Would you want your porpoise to marry a.....?"

"What, and set G.M. Carr off again? Don't you realize that if whales and porpoises were to mix, you'd have a....."

"A whorpoise drowning, or a phale, and where would your statistics be then?"

"And where would Andy Young be? As a man of science....."

Harness: A man of science? A meter watcher you mean. A drugged, shocked, and hypnotized meter watcher. These mad dogs worship only statistics, the products of their closed little minds. When something NEW and VITAL comes along, they are so sunk in their ivory towers.....

Kidder: "You mean they DID dig deeply beneath the surface?"

Harness: Don't JEER. You scoffers don't realize what an adherence to the TRUE BELIEF can achieve. My I.Q. has gone up 200 points and.....

Grennell: Could you raise the I.Q. of a porpoise by 200 points?

Harness: We teach people to understand each other, and these classes are FREE and...

Mr. B.: Fine, but how about teaching porpoises to understand each other?

Mr. B.: Better still, teach them to understand Andy Young.

Mr. B.: You mean so they wouldn't collide with him at the surface?

Mr. B.: And upset the statistics? SIR, IT IS OBVIOUS YOU ARE NOT A MAN OF SCIENCE :

Mr. B.: It would certainly be a surprise if it were otherwise.

Mr. B.: Such vapid repartee is all that can be expected of a scoffer. What were you in previous lives? Did YOU ever run your motor-cycle into a train in the midwest?

Mr. B.: Little did you know that I was the motor-cycle.

Mr. B.: Dean, why did you run into the train?

Mr. B.: I had not availed myself of the glorious opportunity of attending free Scientology classes in Personnel Efficiency.

Mr. B.: What would have happened if you had?

Mr. B.: I would have been the train, and run into the motor-cycle.

Mr. B.: How CAN you be so flippant on such a vital subject. For example, you have children.....

Mr. B.: We have?

Mr. B.: Would you like to know how to erase a burn-scald in ten minutes or a broken leg in hours?

Mr. B.: Could you teach me how to ~~renew~~ resuscitate a drowned porpoise?

Mr. B.: Damn it, can't you FORGET porpoises for once?

Mr. B.: Forget porpoises? AND UPSET ALL THE STATISTICS?

Mr. B.: Yes, how COULD you be so cruel to our little feathered friends?

Mr. B.: What, the porpoises?

Mr. B.: No, you clot, the men of science.

Mr. B.: The mad dogs of science have kneed us in the groin....

Mr. B.: But, of course, you know how to cure a kneed groin in a few minutes.

Mr. B.: Well, only if he has attended Sunday Scientology Services, in the evenings, for what he wanted to donate afterwards.

Mr. B.: But of course he has. Can't you see how he has learnt to be happier or more creative at work or living?

Mr. B.: With....

G.M. Carr: Creative! That's what I keep telling everybody. Sex is for babies.

Raeburn:with psychometric testing before and after.

Andy Young: DAMMIT! I AM NOT FEATHERED!

Jean: Oh, you poor thing, you've been plucked.

Kidder: Right down to the surface?

"I DIDN'T SEE YOU TILL YOU WAS PLUMB OUT OF SIGHT."--WILL B.

Dean: Ah, the tension.

Calkins: Light vehicles are dangerous in today's traffic.

Kidder: Oh, how do you figure that?

Calkins: Well, my wife's kid brother got hit by a car when he was taking a friend for a ride on his motor scooter.

Steward: That's brilliant reasoning. Have you too had your I.Q. raised by scientology?

Warner: Sports cars are not different in ways that correspond with reality.

Harness: Sometimes reality is threatening.

Warner: It is quite true that sports cars are made with better craftsmanship, permitting them to stop, start, turn corners, and park with better mechanical abilities than the average Detroit auto, but most of these merits are unrelated to the ~~present~~ present demands of driving.

Kidder: Wow! The latest mechanical marvel from Detroit. Not only is it longer, lower, wider, heavier, but present day driving demands do not require that it start, stop, or be parked.

Dean: There was an old lady from Mars
Who saved all her urine in jars;
She thought it a treat
To stand by the street
And hurl them at oncoming cars.

Steward: And what more pungent commentary could you have?

...FROM GO-HO."

...THE HAND THAT CRADLES A ROCK RULES THE WORLD

Did you ever happen upon an Ogden Nash poem called "Don't Look Now but Your Noblesse Oblige is Showing"? It was originally written as a savage commentary upon mob-type cigaret advertising, directed specifically at Virginia Rounds' statement that "smart folk to whom you offer a Virginia Round know they cost a little more," which---continues Nash---leads me, as a Lucky Striker,

"Whenever I offer smart folk a Lucky to also slip them a nickel for themselves, just to show I am not a piker."

Which, somehow, is in itself a wry commentary upon the mores of your civilization and mine. Money is the desideratum of existence for many, if not most people. Yet it is considered poor form to give people money although people beat their brains to bloody shreds trying to figure out things to give people which they will be able to use. Advertising firms are on a never-ending search for things like imprinted pencils, bookmatches, wallets, bill clips and heaven knows what not, things that you can give to people in barter for their good will.

Let me cite you an instance of this whole silly business carried to its ultimate extremity. Some few years ago I was exercising my eyeballs by reading the fine print on liquor bottles behind the backbar. I came to one labelled "Ko-Nae" which was a notation I'd never heard of. I turned to the bloke next to me and said "Oi, wot's 'Ko-Nae,' uh?" "Search me," he said.

We asked the barmaid what's Ko-Nae, oi? She gave a guilty start, hastily grabbed the bottle, turned it with its label to the wall, looked at us for an uneasy moment then evidently decided to make a clean breast of it, set the bottle on the bar in front of us and slouched off in obvious disgust. We peered at the fine print.

About all that close examination revealed was that the alcoholic content was less than one-half of one per cent. The barmaid came back, glowering, about that point and we asked her what was the flaming deal, oi? She explained that it was the native custom, when a gay blade was feeling grandiose, to buy the bartender a drink. This happened several times a day, indeed, on good days, it happened so frequently that even a barkeep with a stomach of heat-treated wolframite would be laid low, twitching in the final throes of delerium tremens if he drank every goodwill drink in beverages of normal alcohol content.

So some revoltingly ingenious person had come up with a bottle which, to all but the most ermetropic patrons, looked like any ordinary liquor bottle, which contained an amber fluid which resembled cognac, which smelled like cognac (from whence, by means devious, had stemmed the name "Ko-Nae" which a bartender could pour him or herself a drink out of, toss off for the edification of paying customers but suffer no lasting damage to the liver. Also the profit was neatly augmented since it is cheaper than cognac.

But isn't that a pretty ridiculous rigamarole when it would be ever so much simpler if the Big Wheel could just say, "Look, I'd like to be looked up to a little higher, take this quarter and stick it in your pocket and use it to buy yourself something you want and worship me a little, huh?"

And the barkeep could take it and spend it full and entire without having to outrage his guts with this spurious bellywash nor to enrich this devious nature-faker who thought up the whole witless business. It would be so simple that perhaps, that, in itself, is the reason why it would be so completely unthinkable.

I dunno...people...

"There is nothing so tragic as a fallen archfiend, unless it's a fallen archangel."

"He had to supplement his salary as a pianist by giving concerts." --Anon. 7

Bill Steaffens: "Do you approve of Gatling guns?"

DAG: "I don't know---to be honest, I never gattled one."

IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT BOYD AND DAG HAVE WRITTEN MOST OF THE PRECEEDING IT HAS BEEN DECIDED THAT SOMEONE ELSE SHOULD SCRIBE A FEW DEATHLESS LINE ON MASTER. WE HAVE DECIDED TO USE THE OLD BURROUGHS AS IT USED UP STENCIL AT A FEARSOME RATE.

WE HAVE IN THE PAST COUPLE OF DAYS BEEN ROARING AROUND THE WISCONSON COUNTRY SIDE, SCARING HELL OUT OF THE NATIVES, AND VISITING THE VARIOUS CENTERS OF FANNISH ENDEAVOUR, TO WIT AND NAMELY, SHEBOYGAN AND MEYAUQUA.

WHILE IN MEYAUQUA IT WAS DECIDED THAT BLOCH SHOULD PRODUCE A NEW TV PROGRAM, THE 64,000 DOLLAR CATECHISM, FULTON CHEEN AS MC, WITH INDULGENCES INSTEAD OF CASH AS PRIZES AND SMALL STATUES OF OUR LADY OF TELEVISION AS CONSULATION PRIZES INSTEAD OF CADILLACS. IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT CONFESSIONALS WOULD BE USED INSTEAD OF ISOLATION BOOTHS.

"What make of dog is this?"

-----BR

Sports cars are fun. I like them. My name's Grennell; I'm a furnace peddler. Or peddler. I'm not sure. I have driven the Italian Racing Red Austin-Healey 100 (Italian Racing Red is in honour of Sylvana Mangenta, celebrated Italian Actress) and have driven the Glacier Blue MG A and have loved every mile, considering the fact that nearly half a million miles of Hydramatic has been fed into my reflexes. The shifting comes so easily that after a few spins in the sportscars I climb back into the trusty Olds and find myself groping aimlessly in midair for a gear shift that is never there. If it ever is, I shall take alarm.

The children of the manor approve hugely of the zippy-looking little devices and battle madly for the privilege of riding right-seat on all excursions. I have successfully (!) hauled as many as three of the largest along but sadly concede that this still is not enough capacity for our needs unless Jean got one too and we went every where in convoy. This is not, on the face of it, practical. Two sportscars, even the smallest ones, over a given course, will use as much or a bit more gas than one Olds while the Olds will make a bit more payload than the other two. Two cars mean two licenses, two batches of insurance premiums, etc., etc. So it looks as though I shall stick with the Olds although I wish we could afford one of the other little ones just to run uptown in, just to run around in for fun or, in a word, for sport.

On the other hand, I still maintain that Oldsmobiles aren't all bad. There is much to be said for an auto that can stack up 67,000 miles plus, as the 1955 has so far, with almost a complete absence of expense for repair (beyond routine things such as tires, plugs, wiper blades, etc.), an auto that will, with utter infallibility, start after sitting outdoors all night in -30°F weather, an auto with which you can, if necessity demands (and it often does) haul enormous cargoes of furnace fittings, or passengers, a car that will slide along the highway with its motor deocosously whispering at any speed it is capable of, a car weighing 4200# with driver that will average 17 miles to the US gallon and maybe, with hard driving, two quarts of oil in 2500 miles, a car that is so sure-footed that in 67000 miles through two winters it

has yet to need any tractive force beyond its own spinning Firestones to make its way up and down the state, a car which, in deed silence, will whip around ambling semi-trailer trucks in the flick of an eye, which will do things which no sane person has any right to expect. But that deserves another paragraph.

You say, some of you, that it is foolish and to no point to equip autos with vast herds of horsepower. What, you ask, is the need for all that power when you can't go (legally) more than 65 miles an hour? And when the subject comes up I recall, still with a small shudder, one day in Green Bay a few years ago. I don't know if you're familiar with the city of Green Bay but take my word that it is criss-crossed with some of the damndest clotted-up railroad tracks you ever saw. You can't go anywhere without having to wait for some shambling string of freight cars to go by. One of my trips up there I was in such a string of cars and after the train had gone past I started forward with the rest of the cars and had no more than got astraddle of the tracks--there were several sets--when a light turned red down the street and traffic stalled and there I was, trapped in a car-length niche athwart the tracks in the best mellerdrama tradition. Sure enough, I looked up and, coming briskly up from portside was another fershlinkin' freight train moving with a certain air of irresistibility. Obviously I was in a spot. Sure, I had time to abandon the car and escape on foot, it wasn't that close, but one doesn't willingly sacrifice a few thousand dollar's worth of auto if one can help it. I clipped the hydramatic down into lo, laid onto the horn ring and commenced forward into the line of parked cars. As I impinged onto the bumpers of the car immediately forward I saw his stop lights flash on and felt what can only be described as a sinking sensation. But I bore down on the gas and the Olds dug in with its back tires and the car in front, sliding all four wheels, roomed into the car in front of it and it, in turn, went forward (sliding its wheels too, I think--not sure) and the whole string, impelled very much against its will by the hellish force in those hard-fed cylinders, surged forward enough so that the train cleared my back bumpers by inches. The driver of the car ahead got out and sourly started looking over his rear for damage. I advised him, with appropriate adjectives, that if he opened his yap one peep I would convert him to ~~minke~~ minkfood on the spot. He got back in his car and, since the light had finally changed, drove away.

Not more than a year later I read where some woman had got caught in about the same situation on the selfsame crossing and hadn't got off so well. Matter of fact, she was killed. I didn't go out and kiss the motor but I felt a little like it. Nope, I shall stoutly maintain for some while yet, that Oldsmobiles aren't all bad. --dag

RonK talking. Something similar happened to me when I was about twelve. At the time the family lived in a small town just north of Toronto. The two main railway lines, The Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, run through town just a couple of hundred yards from the main drag, separated by a distance equivalent to the length of a Cadillac Eldorado. We owned then, a 1937 Ford, which ~~is~~ is considerably shorter than an Eldorado, fortunately. Turning off the main street we got caught in a line of traffic for some reason which are beyond my powers of recall at the moment, that ~~and~~ crawled up to the tracks with several stops and starts. We had proceeded to a position between the railway lines, when the line stopped, when the gates went down and a slow freight chugged along before us at a distance of about three feet. It had got about half way across the street when a passenger train, starting on its run north from the station, chugged, with loud fuming and fussing, not to say chugging, boomed across the tracks behind us. It is a wierd and eery feeling to be cut off from the world by two lunging trains.

SUDDENLY IT'S AUGUST...

and another FASA deadline comes crashing down like a brick chimney. There were a lot of things I thought I'd like to put into this mailing but, as sometimes happens, this is all I managed—assuming, of course, that I get this in on time.

It's been a nice, deflating summer here and I think those are the nicest kind of summers. Fanac is not for the warm months in my book. Swimming, yes, and tennis, shooting guns and pictures and working around the house and playing with the kids and reading a little...but I simply can't seem to get next to a typer for long enough to accomplish anything during the period from about May through September.

This spring, while attending an air-conditioning course at Elyria, Ohio, I acquired a luvverly little camera, name of a Zeiss Super Ikonta "A". As you may or may not know, there was a series of Super Ikontas designated as A, B, C and D. The A, B, and C made 16, 12 and 8 pictures respectively on a roll of 120 film while the D made 8 on a roll of 116. The one I have is from the era immediately prior to the Hitler War and sold, when new, for \$204. It has an ultra-keen f3.5 75mm Zeiss Tessar lens, a 1-second to 1/500th Compur Rapid shutter and a very nice coupled range-finder. Being pre-war, it lacks such furbelows as coated lens and synchro shutter but those are things the general public places a highly exaggerated value upon anyway. With modern super-speed emulsions such as Eastman's "Tri-X," flash is wholly superfluous except for specialized purposes. Shooting 1/25th at f3.5 with Tri-X, this camera will produce pictures—and very good ones too—in any light by which one might comfortably read a newspaper. There persists a vast misapprehension in the public mind that pictures can only be taken with a flashbulb or in the very brightest, most intense sunlight. Which is fine with me because I have already acquired a fine clutch of photos of people who were firmly convinced that I was just clicking an empty camera at them.

It continues to amaze even me, the way one can drag pictures out when there is no possible chance of them coming out. (please excuse the repeated outs...I'm rusty at the on-master composing!) Even with some antediluvian 'way-'way-outdate Planachrome, never a fast emulsion at best, casually snapped in the Bloch living room on a dull day, I got negatives which were perhaps a bit foggy ('zooks, the film had gone outdate before the Republicans returned to the White House) but which yielded highly acceptable prints.

So I'm happily in the midst of a return to the pleasures of photography...a recurring preoccupation of mine which hits me in cycles. I just acquired another 20 rolls of film—enough for 320 shots!—at a thrifty 13 cents a roll, most of it not even outdate yet. So it looks like 1957 will be one of those years well-represented in the neg-files after all. I haven't developed any color from the Ikonta yet although I exposed a roll of Ansco's new hotsozzle color. I shot a roll of Ektachrome through friend Widner's Rolleiflex this spring, sent it to a commercial processor, got it back horribly botched up, swore a great roaring oath never to send out another roll of color except to Eastman or Ansco and am setting on a second roll till I get enough to make it pay to buy a kit and process them. Processing Ektachrome is a snap and good fun besides and it's the only way you can really get the utmost out of the stuff.

As if the Ikonta weren't distraction enough, I also boss-traded into a .44 Special Sniff & Wesson a month or so ago, avec gizmos to load same, so I've been having a ball casting up these huge 250-grain slugs and flinging them off across country at hideous velocities. The .44, when hand-loaded with wild-eyed abandon, is capable of exceeding even the legendary .357 Magnum in impact...a fact amply attested by bruised palm and lame wrist but what the hell, it's fun. Also picked up an old trap-door, single-shot, Model 1884 Springfield carbine, caliber .45-70, for a modest \$15 (I've already turned down \$35 for it) and have been doing a bit of crude reloading for this too. Crude because we haven't regular dies for it yet and must make do with .45 automatic dies, bench vise, center-punch and whatnot in a manner much too complex for description. Gunbuggery is a Way of Life.

Tremendous local sensation, whole town is agog and a-giggle. Some character employed at the local sewage disposal plant was kidnapped at pistol-point by three teenage (that magictive, as Forriack might say) girls at three in the morning. They drove him around over the back-country roads and finally t'run him loose as Apollo was just gilding the eastern skies after, as a parting indignity, having shaved off his mustache. According to the ponderously deadpan account in the local paper (the FdI Commonwealth-Reporter, called the Commonfilth Repeater by its unfans) he was "too weak to get the license number." Hnnnough!

W. Montecrisco Danner was suggesting in the last LARE that we could get an unlisted phone number. I forget what prompted this altho it would have a few advantages. Recently there was a plague of crank calls in FdI here...people calling up someone to tell them a friend or relative had been killed in an accident, ordering expensive flowers delivered to imaginary addresses in someone else's name, using obscene and abusive language...that sort of thing. We had some bloke call here one night and pretend to be one of "Dean's friends down at the tavern" who wanted some money I owed him. Which was a patent fraud since I probably haven't been in all the Fond du Lac taverns together much over 10 times in the last 12 years. I have nothing against liquor per se, but I find the general atmosphere of taverns profoundly depressing. But if we had gone to the trouble of getting an unlisted number we would have missed out on at least three tremenjously enjoyable calls from fan-friends this year: the Rotslers on NYEve, the Shaws and the Economous. Any one of those by itself would have compensated a hundred times over for all the crank and nuisance calls there could ever be.

Like the other morning when we were awakened at three a-yem by the phone and it turns out to be some slob name of Walt Bowart, a sometime fringe-fan from the Oklahoma area. He asked, in a heavy tapeworm dialect, if I could tell him how to get in touch wif' Bawb Tukkah. Ahh--I mean I--told him no, for which heaven will forgive me, I'm certain. He said that's funny, we called Bloch and he didn't know either. I winced lightly at the thought of the simpering fathead arousing the Bloch household because --for various reasons--a call at that hour might have been more upsetting to them than to us. Of course I know how to get in touch with Tucker but what the hell, he had gone to considerable pains to put himself and his family out of reach of any witless ninny with a drunken impulse to pester people at hngodly hours. Afterwards, when the morning coffee had dissolved the crud out of my brain (wondrous daily miracle!) it occurred to me that I should have told him that Tucker had an unlisted number which I had jotted down somewhere in the basement and told him to hold the line while I went to look for it. After which, of course, I'd have gone back to sleep with an evil chuckle. So the creep asked if I were coming to the Oklacon and I said scarce likely, thinking to self not if you're a sample attendee, chum. And he said they'd like me to publicize the Oklacon for them and I granted noncommittally altho I probably will for the sake of Martinez and Parker and such like who probably can't help the presence of poops and prickamice in their bailiwick any more than any one else can. But, to repeat, our number stays in the book and we'll keep on taking the bitter with the sweet because the sweet is so damm sweet. #For now, that's 30 --dag