

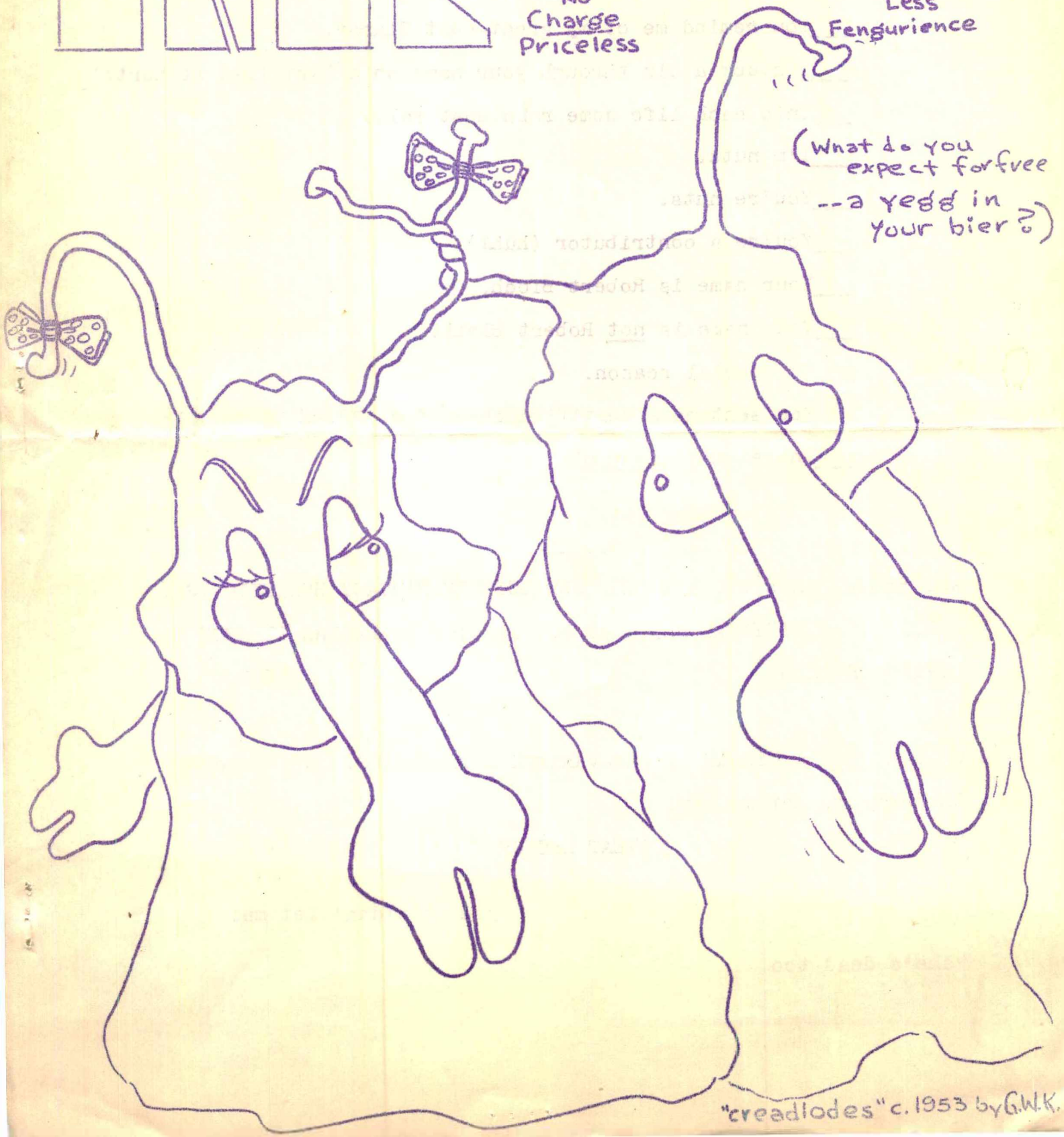
N&N FAPA

GRMK #15

Absolutely
Free
No
Charge
Priceless

An Extemporaneous
Letterzine
of Little
Merit
&
Even
Less
Fengurience

(What do you
expect for free
--a yegg in
your bier?)



HOW COME YOU GOT THIS ISSUE OF GRUE? Well, I'll tell you--

Maybe it was because:

___ I owed you a letter.

___ You are a member of WAPA (Waiting Amateur Pub. Assoc.)

✓ ___ I thought it might make you more so.

✓ ___ You remind me of my great-aunt Clara*.

✓ ___ I stuck a pin through your name on a list (Did it hurt?)

✓ ___ Into each life some rain must fall.

✓ ___ I'm nuts.

✓ ___ You're nuts.

✓ ___ You're a contributor (huh?).

___ Your name is Robert Bloch.

✓ ___ Your name is not Robert Bloch.

✓ ___ No special reason.

✓ ___ You sent me a certified check for \$32.98.

✓ ___ I have to have a reason?

ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN GRUE AND SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN IS
PURELY COMINCIDENTAL AND I AM NO RELATION TO HARLAN ELLISON
LIVING OR DEAD.

GRUE IS NOT A MEMBER OF FAN-VARIETY ENTERPRISES. Who cares?

In parting, let me say:

CAVEAT LECTOR

you shouldna' let me!

*she's dead too

22 June 1953
402 Maple Avenue,
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Aloha!

With this issue, GRUE goes dittoed and enters the lowly channels of second-class mail (or whatever class it is) for the first time. Chief reason is that I owe letters to a lot of people and this seems to be my only hope of letting them all hear from me. After all, as somebody or other said, it's as easy to cut a master as to type a sheet of paper. Only disadvantage—on these fool REK-O-GRAPH masters, you have to throw the ribbon out of gear and type white on white paper and it drives you blind, trying to see what you've already said. Normally, you can type through the ribbon onto the stuff, but these are some old masters which were bequeathed to me and I have to practically hit the keys with a hammer to register at all. So, if you can't read parts of this, that's why.

This is something which has been hovering, nimbus-like on the horizon for quite a while. Times without number, I've gotten a notion that I'd run off a few pages and send them out to the people with whom I correspond. But I'd always run out of ambition about the time I sat down. Sometimes I'd run off a few pages of dummy-copy; but it never got onto the stencil, somehow.

So tonight, I'm gonna do it different. I'm putting the master into the typer and composing extemporaneously. At this point, I don't know what I'll be saying at the bottom of the page and by the time I get to the bottom, I won't remember what I said at the top. Should make for a rather loose-jointed effect, no?

Please—this is not a fapazine, sapazine, subzine or what-have-you. It's just sort of a mass-produced letter. Those of you who have gotten the things know that, in the past, I've often drawn up a "cover" and stapled it to a letter and passed it off as an issue of GRUE. That's why this is numbered 15—and I'm not quite sure if that's the right number or not. I've sorta lost track, truth to be known!

I don't feel that I can, conscientiously, charge anything for this. Neither can I ask that it be considered a swapzine. Those of you who put out fanzines—and that's most of you—turn out a product which isn't in the same league with this. So you're getting GRUE #15 solely without obligation of any kind. Those of you who may not like it will be given a cheerful refund of your money. But please don't write in to tell me that it should have even right margins. Did you ever try to even-edge while typing white-on-white? I don't think the effort would be justified.

Enough of this shop-talk. On with some news of sorts.

Joel Nydahl is leaving for a trip through the east right after the next issue of VEGA Hits the mails. He'll be gone about two weeks on one of those Greyhound toms and says he most likely won't be able to look up many fa-a-ans as the bus driver won't be as open to suggestions as Joel's Dad was on that Florida trip. So don't be alarmed if you don't hear from the lad for the next two weeks. He'll be back.

Another fine, sensitive fannish face soon to fade from sight for a while is that of Bob Silverberg. Bob is off to a summer job right after the next issue of SPACESHIP comes out and will not be heard from till around Labor Day when he plans to attend some sort of gathering at Philadelphia. He helps out at a boy's camp somewhere in the Catskills. Must be a tough life...

Before somebody else hears from him and thinks it's some more of my doings, let me say here and now in all seriousness that Ted Wagner, of Madison, Wisconsin, is very much a separate person and is NOT one of my pseudonyms! I first contacted Ted after he had a letter printed in the July issue of SPACE. I'm very much interested in finding any other Wis-Fen who might be lurking about, in case you know of any besides Bloch, Kincannon, Wagner and myself. It seems, somehow, that the state of Wisconsin should be able to muster more than four fans, doesn't it?

But, to give a little more details on Ted: He's about 21 years old, goes to the University of Wisconsin, majoring in Anthropology, stays with his folks at 2005 Jefferson Street, Madison 5, Wis., (his Dad is a florist and his Mother is an amateur sculptor of considerable talent), his other interests include a passion for mountain-climbing, as well as chess and shooting. He's been reading sf for the past ten years and has a collection which most any of us could well envy. He has ASFs going 'way back to the early 30s and numerous other items of a choice nature, including the famous first-edition of SLAN. Ted is a completist and buys every issue of every sf magazine which shows up in Madison. I think the fannish virus has firmly established itself in him now and if any of you want to add him to your mailing lists, I'd recommend it.

COLLIER'S is out this week with another Chesley Bonestell cover and an article which should make it a must on your shopping-list if you have any interest whatsoever in rockets and space-flight. There are, I think, plots for a number of stories in that article. Don't miss it!

TIME came out with a special "Space Issue" last fall and there was a passage in it which seemed to have raw material for a story. It told how the Stellar expeditions (when and if) would have to make use of "complete re-cycling of biological material, i.e., eating the dead...". I mentioned this to Bloch, saying that a highly poignant (and gruesome) yarn could be written about an expedition-member who was about to be married off to some other member, only to have him/her die at the inopportune moment and wind up on the menu instead of before the altar. Bloch very kindly suggested a title for the story. THE CONSUMING PASSION...somehow, it never got written, which is a very good thing, I think.

A couple of appeals here...material is needed for both FILLER and Johnny Lei's column in SFB. FILLER needs short, humorous items of five lines or less and will give full credit for them. These should be sent to Norman C. Browne, 13906 -- 101A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

The Lei column, on the other hand, needs short questions of a fairly pseudo-scientific nature. These should be such to lend themselves to screw-ball answers. See a recent issue of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN for samples. Send these to SFBs editor, Harlan Ellison, Apt #616, 12701 Shaker Blvd., Cleveland 20, Ohio.

Ron Fleshman, of 403 (that's 403—force of habit, I guess) East Melborne Street, Silver Spring, Maryland, is very much on the lookout and in the market for some material for his new-born fanzine. This is called STIGMA and has a certain flavor which makes up for minor details like having some of the pages upside-down and a few other such reproductional faux pas (does anybody know what the plural of that term is?). Send Ron some stuff, if you have any lying about to spare. A humorous slant is preferred—I think. And send him a dime for a copy if you're curious, hmm?

TO MEMBERS OF MAD-MEN ANONYMOUS: The sixth issue of our official organ is now out and available through your secretary. Most of you have already received your copies—which is a good thing, since the things are getting quite scarce hereabouts. For those of you who came in late, we just received two copies of the Canadian Edition of MAD #2. These were forwarded down from the firm of Browne and Stավdal, Ltd. If you missed the #2 issue, I think you can still get one from Norman Browne, whose address appears on the preceding page. MAD #2 was one of the very best of their output to date. This saw the first appearance of the quasi-Tarzan character, MELVIN OF THE APES and also contained the ill-starred adventures of MELVIN MOLE. The latter is my favorite of all the items they have presented to date. The members of the BDSA, all ardent MADders, still speak fondly of this one. The Canadian Edition is substantially the same as the American one except that the colors on our two copies are slightly duller and the ads are different. Sorry—the first copy is no longer to be had at any price and is one of the rarest items we know of, considering its recent date of issue. We only have one copy in the files and wouldn't swap it for a sixty-foot Chris-Craft. But don't try us with a sixty-five footer...

Letter from Harlan Ellison tonight say, and we quote, "...as FOGO was to sixth fandom, so MAD is to seventh..." Maybe I'm ole fashioned, but I still reads FOGO, myself. Referring to last Sunday's episode, does anybody know how you "DAG a Fish"? I'm curious... The July-September FOGO Comics is now out and I'll try to dig up a copy if you can't find it. Fifteen cents and a three-cent stamp, if you wants it rolled, two-bits for mailing in an envelope with cardboard, QX?

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Webster says that the preferred spelling for "fued" is feud. This seems to be one of the most consistently mis-spelled words in the fannish lexicon. Yeah--I know...I just noticed the extra "f" I put in preferred up there at the top of the page. For a dime, I'll send you a razor-blade to cut it out with. But please, peoples, "feud", huh?

Two or three people have asked about Fond du Lac...herewith, a thumb-nail sketch of the place. Population is around 30,000, it's a shopping-center for a sizable farming community, there is some industry here, notably Giddings & Lewis, who make horizontal boring

machines, whatever those might be. Also, there's Kiekhafer Aeromarine who make the Mercury outboard motor, a tannery, a coffin-factory and numerous smaller enterprises. "Fond du Lac" is supposed to mean "Foot of the Lake", which figures, since we're at the south end of Lake Winnebago--a body of water around 30 miles long, 15 miles wide and--at the deepest point--20 feet deep. Every winter, thousands of ice-fishermen take their cars out on it after it's frozen over. Every winter a respectable number of them go through the ice with their cars. Some of them drown, all of them find that their cars never drive the same again. But they keep coming back. I can't understand fishermen, but the feeling is mutual, most likely. Some time around February, they spear sturgeon (fish-type, not Ted-type) weighing up to 200 pounds or so. A catch like this makes the ice-fisherman beam and makes his family turn green at the gills. Imagine having to eat that much fish! It's not bad at first, but the rather oily texture palls on one, I'm told. Fond du Lac has the doubtful distinction of having the roughest streets and one of the highest tax-rates of any city in the state. Please don't write to ask me why I live here. Frankly, I've often wondered.

"Abercrombie Kapuffnick"...that's the name on a postal card which came the other day. This is, by no means, unusual. I've taught my mailman to drop off anything addressed here, regardless of what the name may be. So far, only one letter has been sent back to the mailer--that I know of. This was addressed to Plato Jones at this address and they sent it up to some Jones on N. Sophia Street and from there back to the Plato Jones at Napoleon, Ohio. It came back addressed to Socrates Smith and landed here OK. But the looks the mailman gives me sometimes....brrrrrrr.....

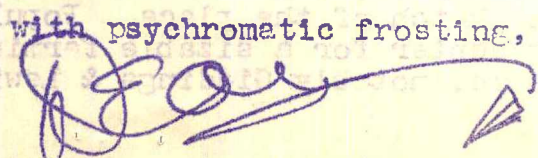
I think I may have started something with that bit of business in closing my letters. I usually put "DAG:mar" in the lower left corner of the last page. I've seen some neat samples of the same thing lately. Larry Shaw put "LS:mft"; Ted Wagner uses "TW:eel"; Sally P Dunn writes "SPD:nut" (that's a chain of doughnut outlets); but so far, Robert A Bloch hasn't put "RAB:bit"...which seems a shame, somehow. What can you do with your initials, mmm?

A few have asked if I'm going to Philadelphia for the big blow-out over Labor Day. I'm afraid the answer is a very definite "No". That's the peak of the rush season for the heating business, and I'd only have from Friday night till Tuesday morning to make the trip. I have recollections of once having driven from Pittsburgh to Fond du Lac in one day, but it took nearly 20 hours and I wouldn't look forward to it again. Moreover, Philly is still across the state from Ebgh and there would be the traffic. Flying is also out--they charge money for those things. And I haven't barely been on speaking terms with aircraft since sometime in 1945...

Four pages nearly finished now--two and a half hours later. If I run down to the office now and shove them through the ROG, I may be able to get the issue off mañana. Sic transit GRUE #15...and I'll still try to get your letters answered. Maybe I could break a leg and do it in the hospital...but keep on writing anyway, hear?

Yours with psychromatic frosting,

DAG:mar



Well, it's no longer the 22nd of June...it's gotten to be the 26th now. I fooled around, doodling up a cover and a mailing sheet till after midnight Monday night. Then I took off on the rounds and didn't get another chance at things till now.

But for those of you who are closely acquainted with the situation here, I have news. The stork has finally arrived...came this evening at 7:15 to be exact. It's a 9-pound, 4-ounce girl and her name seems to be Janet Lee...that's what she says anyway. Everybody's doing very nicely too, thanks!

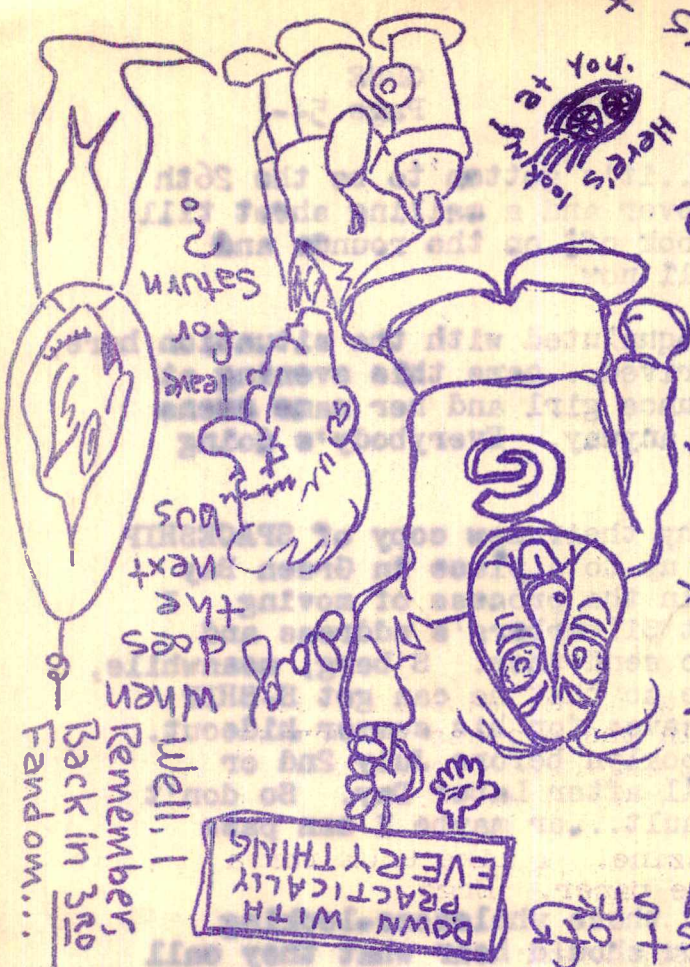
A note to those who may be wondering why their new copy of SPACESHIP is overdue...Bob had me send the cover up to a place in Green Bay to be multi-lithed and the outfit was in the process of moving. I saw the printer Tuesday and he had lost Silverberg's address and was waiting for me to tell him where to send them. S'berg, meanwhile, is going MAD waiting for them to arrive so that he can get S-SHIP #22 off to its subscribers before he leaves for his summer hideout. Says that if the things don't reach Brooklyn before July 2nd or thereabouts, S-SHIP 22 won't be out till after Labor Day. So don't blame Bob if it's late. It's all my fault...or maybe I can pass the buck off onto the printer.

That cover: Gerry Kincannon originated these wholesome-looking critters. Creadlodes, he calls 'em (you should hear what they call him!) and he did a full-page cartoon feature using one of them. We have sent this down to Lynn H. Okman who says that it will be in an early issue of Lynn's f-zine, STF JOINTS. This will constitute Gerry's first acceptance of a solo effort although he's collaborated on numerous stuff I've perpetrated.

But this issue's cover was drawn by myself, in all too much haste. It doesn't do the creadlodes justice at all. They are normally a shapeless lump of "creadleplasm" topped by the characteristic head. If they need an arm, or leg, they grow one to fit the exigencies of the situation. Handy, I imagine. Next time, I'll try to get GWK to draw up something himself, using the same animules.

"Next time", I said...Will there be a next time? I don't know, to tell the truth. I don't much care for mimeo-cranking--ditto-cranking, I should say--but this is something that everybody has to try once. Besides, my name is on the waiting-list for FAPA and we'll probably carry the title over as a FAPazine. I like GRUE for a title. Nobody else does. I pay for the paper. Ergo.

Can't think of any more to include in this issue which makes this a notable place to stop. Tell you what...there's a bit of space left down here. Why don't you draw your own little cartoon in this space and then you can tell people that you had a cartoon in GRUE #15? Question: Is that something you'd want to admit?



Oh, K-O-O-O! It's A Copy Of:

GRUE #15
from:

402 Maple Avenue,
Fond du Lac, Wiso.

Dittoed Matter* Only
Return Postage Guaranteed
May Be Opened For
Postal Perusal

Now Combined With
Sniffling Sinus Fiction
for No Good
Reason

✿ And What's The Matter With
DITTO?

for: Charley Wells

405 East 62nd St

Savannah,

Georgia.

