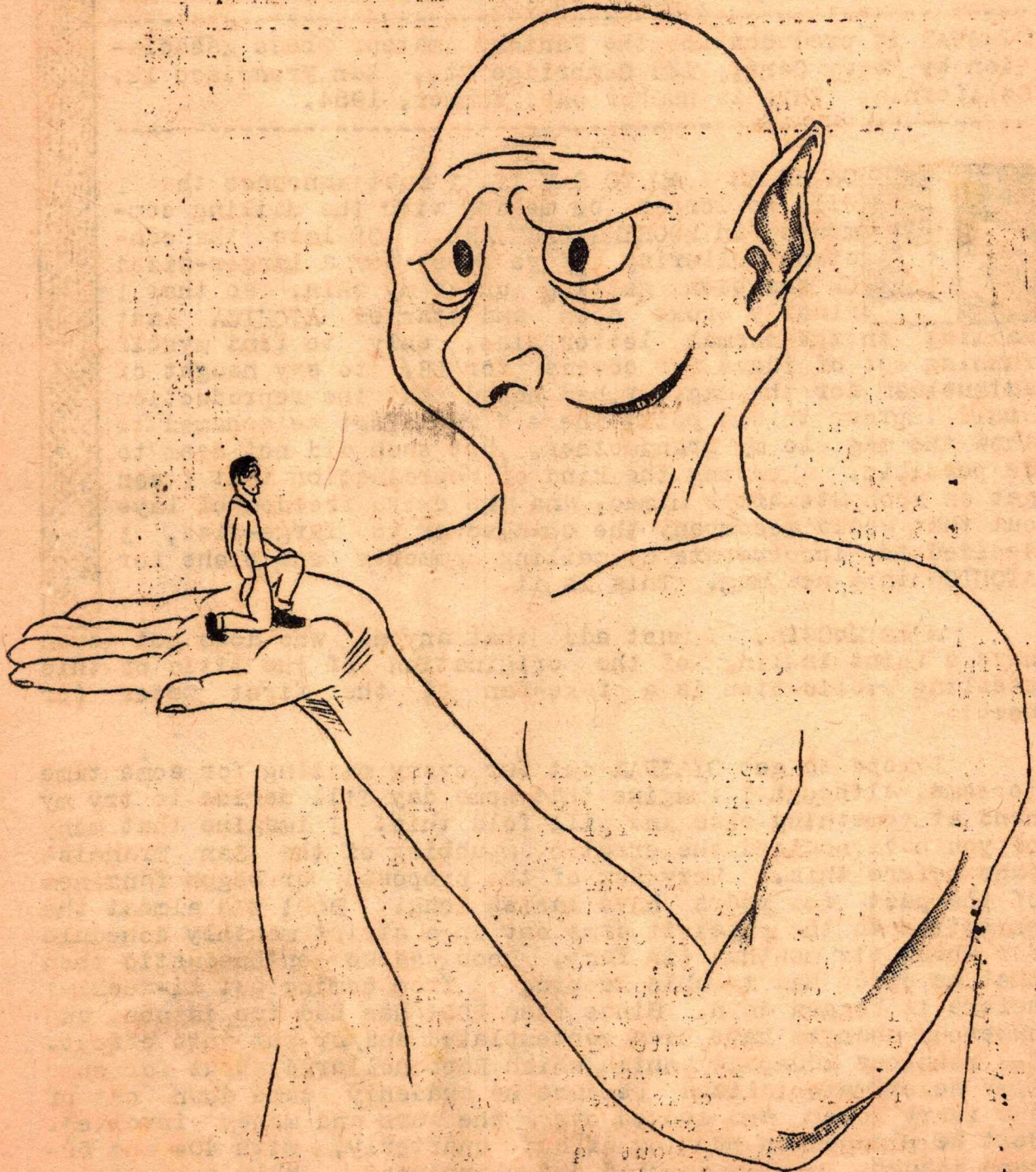


NO. 1

DIASPAR

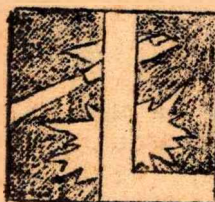
FAPA 67



Lavi

DIASPAR

DIASPAR is produced for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, California. This is number one, summer, 1954.

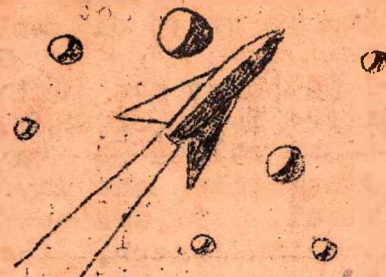


SOATH AS I AM TO SAY IT, I must announce that I will no longer be making with the mailing comments in LOOKING BACKWARD. Of late the constant hollering of ye reps for a larger-sized LB has been getting under my skin, so that I finally broke down and started ATOMICA last mailing in the normal letter size, only to find myself running out of ideas for covers for LB, to say naught of enthusiasm for the mag. I had hoped that the reproduction would improve to the point where I would not be ashamed to show the mag to my grandmother, but such did not seem to be possible. Knowing the kind of reproduction that I can get on Boob Stewart's mimeo, and the extra freedom of layout that would accompany the changeover to large-size, I decided to incorporate my mailing comments and plans for ATOMICA in a new mag. This is it.

A la McCain, I must add that anyone who does not even have a faint inkling of the origination of the title of this sterling publication is a fake-fan of the first water (or beer).

I hope to get DIASPAR out for every mailing for some time to come, although I imagine that some day I'll decide to try my hand at something else and will fold this. I imagine that many of you have noticed the erratic ampubbing of the San Franciscans before this. Very few of the proposed or begun fanzines of the past few years have lasted long. BOO! was almost the exception to the rule; it came out on a strict monthly schedule for about six months (in fact, Boob was so enthusiastic then that he often had trouble keeping it from coming out bi-weekly) before it bogged down. Since then BOO! has had two issues, and numerous changes have been contemplated and/or put into effect. The fabulous 200-page annish which Boob hollered about for some time never materialized because he suddenly came down out of the ivory tower and looked over the work and money involved. Next he planned on putting it out quarterly, with 40- and 50-page issues, neatly dummied and reproduced. This soon died a horrible death, too, when he found that his typer wouldn't

stencil well enough to merit the other attention to detail. The next step was the QUANDRY-revival which never came off either, because the announcement of it received too much of a mixed reception. Boob finally decided to put out a bi-weekly snapzine patterned after FANTASTA, and #9 appeared a couple of months ago in that format. Since then he has changed his mind twice; first he wanted to copy Jim Kepner's WESTERN STAR, and made plans to do so before being struck down by the dreaded mafia and folding BOO!



I'd like to say a few words about the Q-revival that Boob and I planned, since many of the members of FAPA were written to about it. When we first thought of the idea, we considered the fact that Q was largely the product of Lee's own personality. What you people didn't realize was that Q represented only a certain facet of that personality, and that that particular facet COULD be copied! We had a rather good Q-type cover worked up and mimeographed, though the logo was admittedly trying too hard to look like Q's. The contents page was all planned, with the exception of the material. At the top would have been the regular BOO! logo (NOT the Q-imitative one), with the subtitle, "A plagiaristic publication" interlined beneath. We had hoped to have a couple of Rotsler's phallic-symbol critturs next to the logo, with one saying to the other, "Yep, BOOBonic." Down below would have been lines like:

The editors are not now nor have they ever been members of the A. F. of L.

Typist: Remington.

Mimeo: Melvin.

Reproduction: horrible.

All opinions expressed herein are.

...And things of that sort. The letter column would have been fashioned after those in Q circa #'s 5-8, with the interlineations separating each letter and either boobs or Face Critturs to illustrate them, much like the Lil' Peepul illustrated the letters in those early Q's.

We had an article begun about the movie "War of the Worlds," wherein the characters were all fans, describing the moving evacuation of Los Angeles with the phrase, "Degler's in town!"; and commenting on the first appearance of the aliens' three-lensed sight-device with, "My, he has a sensitive fannish face!" Oh, we had some good plans, we thought. If we were careful we could really do a good job of reviving Q.

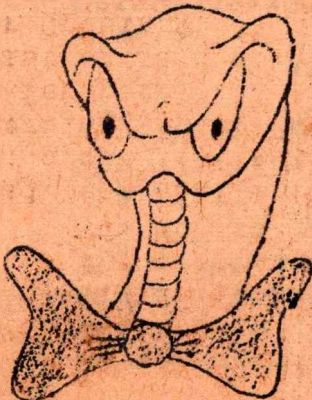
Then the answers to requests for material started coming in. Bob Bloch was first, with a letter for the letter column and the offer to try to do letters for each issue. Willis was not far behind with a refusal to do the Harp for us on the grounds that Calkins already had it sewed up, and a request for us to drop the idea because he was trying to take Q's place with -. Boggs' reply was next, expressing doubt as to our ability to revive Q and regret (?) that he had no material on

hand to send. Jack Speer said he was sorry, but he had nothing to submit; however, he expressed interest in the project. Ken Beale sent an article and wished us best of luck. The others to whom we wrote did not answer.

But that was just the beginning. Soon after this came the first issue of GREY, with That Letter from Leeh quoted in it. She called us "a couple of jerks somewhere" and severed all connection she may have had in the minds of fen with the Q-revival. It was not until a bit later that we discovered that Keith Joseph, local fugghead extraordinaire, had also written to her about reviving Q--mostly, I still think, to foul up our plans. I think it was his letter which set Leeh against the idea; what with two separate factions in the same city asking help in a revival of Q, it mustn't have looked very good... well, be that as it may, Leeh blasted us in GREY. Sometimes I wonder, though, why she went grumbling to Wells instead of telling us how she felt about it...

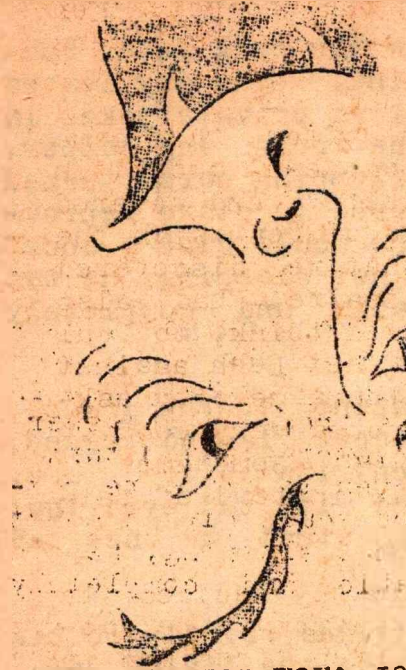
To make a long story longer, Boob immediately decided to drop the idea upon reading Leeh's letter. I was not to be deterred so easily; I planned to do it alone. Even I decided to quit, though, when the second annish of OOPSLA! came out, with as good a revival of Sixth Fandom and Q-ism as could be hoped for. With both OOPS and - coming out regularly, who needs Q? I asked myself. Nobody, I answered.

The other SanFranzines have led hectic lives, too. OMEGA saw two issues before Keith Joseph and I split up; NONSENSE had three issues with Joseph and me at the helm, one with Gilbert Menicucci and me, and one by myself...it will have one more issue before it folds; TERRA had one issue before it folded; FAN-NEWS had two; XENERN has had three and seems to be slowing down--though I doubt that it will fold too soon; SEETEE has had seven over the space of four or five years and under the direction of Bill Knapheide first and Peter Graham now....it will fold pretty quick if Pete ever gets the energy to put out a last issue; GREMLIN had three issues before it folded; there are about five or ten other fanzines being planned around here, but I wouldn't hazard a guess as to how many of them will ever see blight of print or how long they'll last. The oldest fanzine coming from the Bay Area right now is SEETEE, which is soon to fold; VULCAN, which is stepping up publication schedule from bi-yearly to quarterly, is second; and LOOKING BACKWARD is third oldest...how long Pete will continue it I couldn't say.



I suppose many of you have noticed the recent upsurge of new APAs in fandom. I can bring to mind three: Seventh Fandom APA, Cosmic APA, and National APA. I'm fairly certain you all know of 7APA, and possibly about M. McNeil's Cosmic APA, but the details on National APA might interest you.

It started about six months ago in the Los Angeles area. The various fans around the



This being typed a couple of months later: Things have changed... NAPA has been formed again as an APA. This will be an APA with-out mailings. Instead of mailings, the members will send out their mass direct to the other members. A quarterly O-O will be issued, listing all fanzines received between O-O's, and giving a list of the membership (limited to 50) and addresses. Dues will have only the O-O to finance, so should be low (I believe it will be about 25¢ per year). Subzines can be sent thru NAPA, but will receive only 1/2-page credit. Five pages are required every six months. The officers are the OE, who puts out the O-O, and the Sec-Treasurer, who handles the money and takes care of publicity.

Local NAPA. It seems to me that the basic idea of the club was what doomed it from the start. Local clubs and APAs are two different things, and trying to make one single club from the two is like trying to mix water and oil. Sure, they had members from other than the L. A. area, but the majority of them were in the local NAPA.

Well, they got their first mailing out, all right, but that was about all. The first thing that happened was that Larry Baint quit the club because he wanted more individualizing-type stuff in it. Since he had been O-E, this presented a slight problem. The latest news that I have is that NAPA has folded, and a local club has sprung up to take its place. The APA, however, is finished.

NAPA. At any rate, the new NAPA got together and put out a first mailing. Dues were to be \$1.25 per year, as I recall, and individualizing were to be practically barred from the mailings. They wanted subzine-type material in NAPA, with the accent on science fiction and fantasy. Several subzines--such as FANTASTIA, INSIDE, ABSTRACT, FANTASTIC STORY MAG (Ellick's, not Standard's), STARLIGHT, etc.--were to be distributed through NAPA.

Don Howard Donnell, etc.) got together and decided to form a combination APA and local club, which they named National APA. They were immediately told that the name had been used before, so they hired us to do research for them in order to find out if the name had been used previously. According to me, it hadn't been. It seems to me, however, that a few people in NAPA either have mentioned being in NAPA in the past or said something about it. Was it you, Boggs? or Warner? or Croucher? I don't remember, but I'd appreciate any information you could give me on the subject.

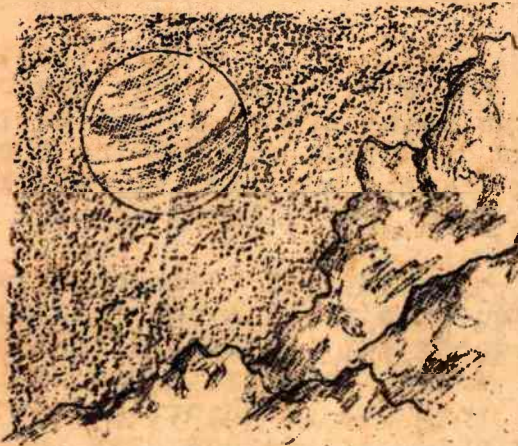


THE DAY IS ENDED

AN ATOMIC VIGNETTE

The man was swinging on a hammock in the back yard, humming to himself as he read a sports magazine. The dry leaves of the trees rustled among themselves, telling private jokes in the cool breeze. At the bole of one of the trees lay Jasper, his tail curled under him and his big, flopping ears turned back. Once in a while he would open his eyes to stare reprov-ingly at a passing fly or bee, but always he would give a short sigh-groan and close them again. He was not sleeping; he was just laying in the evening sun, comfortable and completely lazy.

At length the man dropped his magazine to the ground, yawned, and swung out of the hammock. Jasper looked around, his ears perking up. The man smiled and went inside the house, closely followed by Jasper, a big gray hound with sad eyes that yet held a twinkle of the long-gone puppy that he once had been.



Inside the man talked briefly to his wife, then went into the living room, turned on the radio, sat back and lit his pipe. He closed his eyes contentedly, listening to the music. Jasper lay down on his rug before the fireplace that had not been used all summer and stared soulfully at the man with big brown eyes.

Abruptly the man's eyes opened, and he looked toward the radio. He frowned, and listened to it for a moment, then turned it up so that his wife could hear it in the kitchen. She came in and listened too, frowning as had the man. Jasper sat up and scratched an imaginary flea, watched them for a moment, then lay down again.

The meal was a quiet one that evening, and Jasper got more than his share of the scraps. After dinner the man went into the front room again and turned the radio on. When he sat down this time he did not lean back, but instead sat on the edge of the chair, staring thoughtfully at the floor. The woman stayed in the kitchen for awhile, doing the dishes, then brought her knitting into the front room and sat listening to the radio with the man. There was very little music now, just a lot of talking that meant nothing to Jasper.

The night passed quickly, and soon it was nine-thirty. The man shrugged his shoulders, said something to the woman, and turned the radio off. They went upstairs to sleep, and Jasper slipped out the back door for a walk.

He wandered down the street to the vacant lot around the corner, and nosed around in it for a time, looking for a bone

he had buried there the week before. Seeing an old pipe in one corner, he became curious and crawled in it, sniffing cautiously.

Outside there was suddenly a loud, loud noise and the pipe shook violently. Jasper stuck his head out, only to hear an even louder blast that sent him back to the center of the pipe, cowering in fear. There were muffled screams reaching him from outside, and a peculiar droning noise much like bees make. A mist settled outside and hung there for a time before being carried away by the breeze. None of it reached Jasper in his protecting pipe, but it did its work well outside. It had been a hot day, and all of the windows were open in the houses. It was an ideal time for poison gas.

At length, after the crashing noises and the screams had gone, Jasper crawled out and scurried back to his home. It was a shambles. The back door was off of one hinge, spots and pans were on the floor and all over the drainboard were broken dishes. There was glass from the windows all over the floor, glinting like diamonds in the white, white moonlight.

Jasper padded up the stairs and into the bedroom of his owners. They were asleep, lying quietly in the darkened room, with the shattered windows and the overturned lamp on the floor. Jasper turned and went downstairs to sleep.

The next morning he awoke shivering. It was cold in the living room because of the broken windows. He picked his way through the pieces of glass and plaster on the floor and went upstairs again, into the bedroom. The man and woman were still asleep. The morning breeze ruffled the curtains in front of the window and the woman's hair was ruffled by it. The sky outside was overcast with big, dark clouds.

To date there have been five atomic vignettes in this series, listed below according to chronological order:

- "The River" (published in SFazine, #4).
- "The Day is Ended" (DIASPAR #1).
- "The Wind" (ATOMICA #1).
- "The Art Gallery" (unpublished).
- "Unimportant Incident" (PSYCHOTIC #8).

I rather doubt that there'll be an atomic vignette in the second DIASPAR. I'll probably substitute a bit of free verse along the same lines.

Good news: these vignettes have another opponent besides Boob Stewart, who merely can't understand them. Peter Graham says he doesn't like them because they're too pessimistic. Any others?

Gazing Reverseways

HALF-HEARTED MAILING COMMENTS

HORIZONS: I still think "La Vie En Rose" means life in a rose ---or at least literally. Idiomatically, I suppose it would translate to "the rosy life," or something of the sort. I asked my French teacher about it, and she said that as far as she knew it would translate life in a rose. Unfortunately, she was not familiar with the song of the same title, so she had to make a translation out of context. Question: if it doesn't translate as life in a rose, or at least the rosy life, then what does it translate as? # "Apparently a two-day or four-day convention would be as radical an idea as another Lensman novel...." The Westercon, which has been held annually for about six years now, has been two days, and I haven't heard anything about that being "radical". I think the Midwestcon is also a two-day affair. As for the four-day thing; well, the next worldcon will be combined with the Westercon, and hence will be stretched to four days.

ELMURMURINGS: This zine adequately illustrates how a fan's views change after a year or two in FAPA. A year ago I would have been utterly bored with this simply for the reason that my interests then centered more around stf and fandom. Today I can get as much enjoyment out of the Fapish mundane chatter, as here exemplified, as out of the fannish stuff. Ah, progress... # But be it fannish or what, I must say that this is one of the most enjoyable bits of ramblings I have encountered recently.

ATOMICA: The dating, incidentally, was done by Dav Rike at the last moment, when he noticed that there was none on the zine. Just in case he needs 1/69 of a page credit, there it is...

BLEEN: "Mraoc" is a SAPSish byword, as well as the title of a SAPSzine, and is "pronounced as an obscene gargle." # I thought HODGE PODGE was mimeoed.

LARK: But I did like "Four Letters"! I only damned Burbee because it's been done so much that he expects it now; I suppose. # Aha, so it was you who was in NAPA! And Helen Wesson, too, I seem to recall.

WOPPLE KIT: This is asinine. You want a medal, maybe, for finding all these typos?

BIRDSMITH #3: I haven't listened to Red Blanchard for over a year now, although he used to be the fannish rage around here. That was before he became so popular, naturally. A local fan, Mike Walker, was writing scripts for him at that time; a series titled "Captain Space, the Planet Man". These contained some of the most horrible puns I've ever heard. Since the teenage element has latched on to him, though, his show has degenerated into a half hour of screaming and one or two good jokes sandwiched between fifteen or sixteen commercials.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

"You are old, exalted one," said the wind to him. "You must die soon."

"My mind is young," said Ernest.

"Your mind will not die," hissed a tourist snake. "It will live forever, though your body be dust."

"Oh dear," said Ernest. "That sounds vaguely unlawful."

"Pshaw!" said the hawk, circling above him. "Pshaw!"

"Go away," said the man. "Stop circling up there!"

"I'm waiting for a friend," said the hawk.

"You make me dizzy," protested the white-haired one.

"Don't look," suggested the sea.

"Stay out of this conversation," grumbled the man. "You are not alive."

"Neither is the wind," said the sea. "It spoke."

"Artistic license," whispered the wind. "I got mine yesterday."

"Pshaw!" grumbled the hawk.

"Go away," shouted the man. "What are you doing here, by the sea? You're a hawk, not a seagull."

"Gertrude couldn't make it," the hawk replied. "I'm taking her place."

The man grumbled something and went back to reading his book, which happened to be an abridged version of the dictionary.

"Soon," said the wind, "you will die."

"Blast it!" said Ernest. "Don't talk like that! Gives me the willies!"

"I don't know any other languages," the wind protested.

"Pshaw!" said the hawk.

"Well, I don't," said the wind angrily.

"I didn't say you did," said the hawk. "Can't a hawk sneeze anymore without having someone bawl him out?"

"Beside the point," said the wind. "You shouldn't be sneezing when poor Ernest here is dying."

"I'm NOT dying!" protested the old man, trembling with anger. "Be quiet!"

"Tsk," said the wind. "Symptoms of euranetus procorum."

"What's that?" asked Ernest, shaken.

"I don't know," said the wind, "but it sounds nice."

Ernest shuddered. "It sounds dreadful."

"...death-fear already," mumbled the wind.

"_____!" shouted the man and fell to the ground dead.

"Tsk," said the wind. "I told him..."

"Pshaw," said the hawk.

This story (?) is one of two that I have written along this line, the other being an as-yet-unpublished piece titled "Homecoming". The idea for the two (and any others to follow) came from a series of Things that Keith Joseph was writing a month or so ago, which were similar in idea (i. e. various and sundry objects --animate or inanimate--talking) but even more nonsensical. In his stories the conversations of the characters were liable to wander off on any tangent that struck Joseph's fancy, and then abruptly snap back to the main line of the story without warning. This made for delightful, if confusing, reading for people who liked Lewis Carroll's pieces of nonsense. Two of Joseph's pieces will appear sometime soon in VULCAN, illustrated (I hope) by David English. If de won't illustrate them, then they won't be illustrated. I can't imagine anyone else doing a satisfactory illo for this type of story.

While I'm at it I might as well make the plug good ... future issues of V will also feature such writers as Bloch, Beale, English (detoons on hand), Wetzel, McKinney, Capella, RRPPhillips, McCormick, Watkins, Rike, Boob Stewart, and many other crud writers. I'll soak you 50¢ for 4 issues, or if you want to be cheap 15¢ will get you a sample.