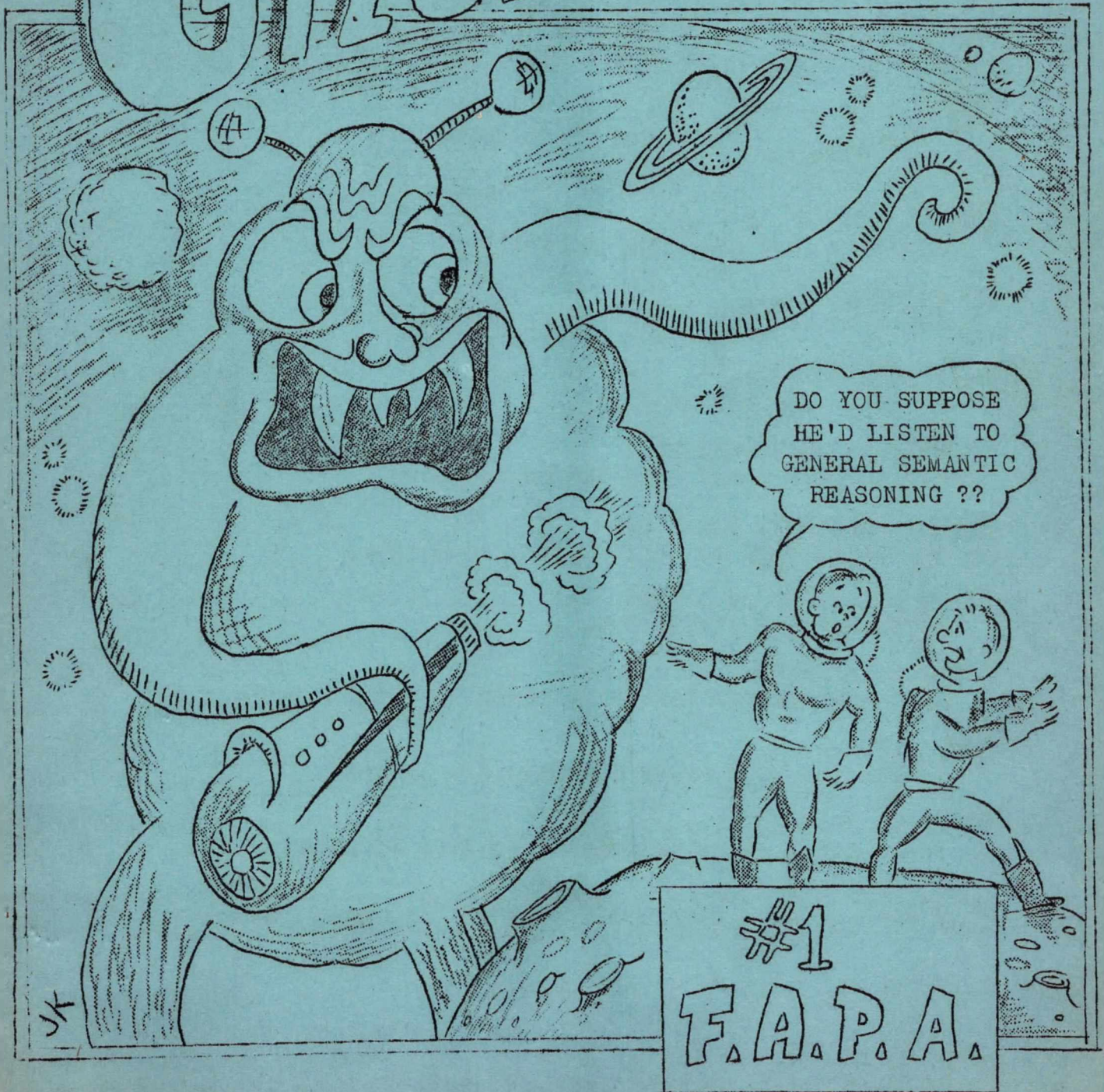


KENNEDY PRESENTS

GRULZAK



DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'D LISTEN TO GENERAL SEMANTIC REASONING ??

#1
F.A.P.A.

JK

"- _dedicated to the proposition
that fans are people - _"

GRULZAK

o c t o b e r ' 4 6 ~ ~ i s s u e t h e f i r s t

GRULZAK is going to be perpetrated occasionally for the mailings of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover, N. J. This'll be in the Fall FAPA bundle, if ghod is with us. Price to non-faps: free for nothing, if they can get us.

'twixt these covers:

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"The teacher said ((insert 5 that's)) boy used was correct."

ODDS & ENDS

SUNDRY MATTERS OF INTRODUCTION



One of our life's ambitions has been fulfilled. After three years in the actifan field, we have at long last been admitted to FAPA. For us, this more or less opens up a new phase of fan activity -- for the other 64 members, this may be a source of long-to-be-endured suffering.

'Samatterofact, our admission to the organization might've been speedier had it not been for the good graces of A L Schwartz. You fortunate faps have Suddsy to thank for the fact that Kennedy wasn't perpetrated upon you at an earlier date. Way back in '44 or so, when first we thought of getting into FAPA, Arthur Louis happened to be Sec'y in charge of admissions. This was at a time when FAPA was jammed to the doors, with a third as many waiting outside as were actually members. Anyway, we wrote Suddsy, asking to be added to the waiting throng. Later, we encountered the chap in person at a quilting-party, corn-shucking contest, and social get-together sponsored by that now-defunct fan organization, The Arisians of NYC, over at DAW's in Forest Hills. We asked Schwartz if our name had been put on the wait list, as requested. "Oh, yes," he solemnly assured us, "you're -- lessee -- 21 -- or was it 24 . . .?" Joyfully convinced that we were in line for a FAPA membership, we patiently waited a couple years, secure in the belief that our name really and truly graced the waitlist, content that we'd see a FAPA mailing yet, e'er our scant beard turned grey.

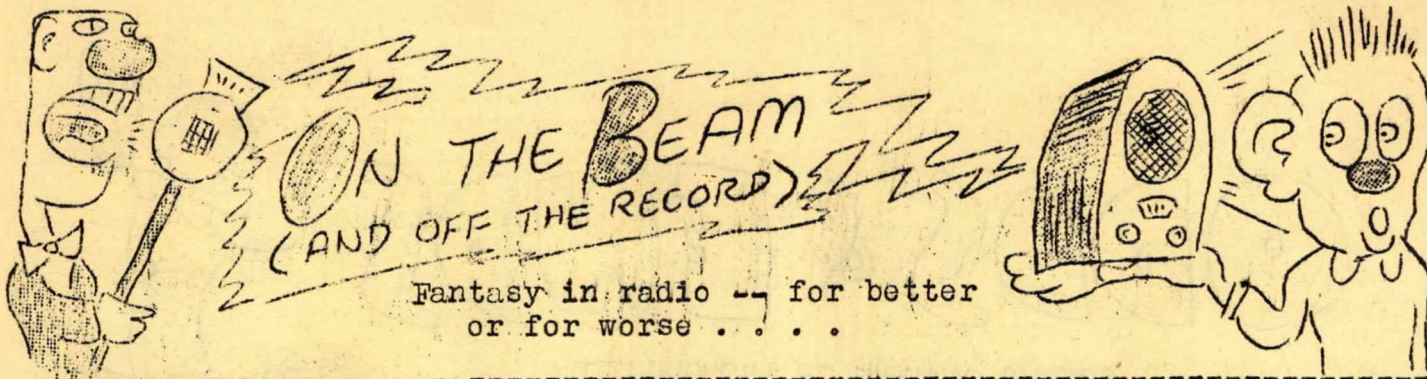
Came the sad awakening. Long about 5 or 6 months ago, we mentioned all this in a correspondence with Speer. Then the revelation:-- no, you're not on the waiting list. Suddsy must've got the official records mixed up with the Scottissue again. Horrified to think of two years' time lost, we hastened to remedy things. And at last, since the workings of FAPA have speeded up muchly with the present activity requirement system, we found the summer mailing wedged in our mailbox one morning. And thus -- us. Dire incantations are now being wave-lengthed via the ouijah board in the general direction of a certain gentleman formerly of Dorchester, Mass.....

As for Grulzak, 'tis an inconsequential individzine effusion, composed of tripe and reviews and stuff. 'Twill in all probability be the first of a long string of many. Be forewarned.

Would someone be good enough to inform us as to the current amount of FAPA dues? We're still (hrumpf!) a bit green around the ears.

###

PAGE 3



Way back in April, the 25th, to be exact, we heard an above-average hunk of fantasy on the air-waves. This was a half-hour play, entitled "Eternity Express", which appeared on a program called "The Carrington Theatre" (formerly WOR-Mutual, 8:00 PM by clocks hereabouts). The plot smacked somewhat of time-travel, or at least foresight into the future.

Seems that a guy is standing in the subway, all steeped in gloom and dreary thoughts. While awaiting the arrival of his train, he reflects backward o'er the events of the past couple weeks. Not long ago, a millionaire hobbyist had hired this guy to assemble a collection of rare books on aviation. Being a book-collector, our hero finds that this assignment is right down his alley. He gets to work eagerbeaverishly and in a short while has acquired several dozen ancient tomes dealing with man's first attempts at flight. Then allofasudden he gets a cable from France. A dealer in Europe has come into possession of a certain fabulously rare manuscript by L. da Vinci containing diagrams and notes for the construction of an airplane. A rare find! Our hero is overjoyed. The French dealer will sell the item for several grand, so our pal goes to the millionaire's residence to get the necessary cash. But there's a complication. Mr. Sawbucks is on his vacation, and the suspicious butler won't divulge his whereabouts. And that's that. Fearing that the much-coveted prize item will be sold in the meantime, our hero goes to his dear old auntie's, and borrows the old gal's life savings to buy the mss. Couple-weeks later, the rich collector returns to the city. Our hero rushes up to the millionaire's joint, to report his progress, only to find that the whole affair has slipped the guy's mind, that he not only doesn't want the aviation books, but he also doesn't feel like reimbursing our hero for the vast amount of cash he spent in procuring the da Vinci mss. Mr. Sawbucks then proceeds to give our pal the brush-off.

At this point in our narrative, our hero behaves like an utter jerk. What does he do? Does he go to a lawyer and arrange to prosecute Sawbucks? Does he peddle the aviation tomes to other collectors and make himself a tidy profit? He does not. He slinks down into the subway, bemoaning all the cash he's lost, and gravely contemplating suicide by thrusting himself under the wheels of the next subway train to roll by. And here's where the fantasy comes in. While standing here, thinking all this tripe, our hero sees a big bruiser twisting the arm of a dame who is standing nearby, and in general causing her much annoyance. Gentleman that he is, our hero walks over to the tough and, I think, slags him. The bruiser pulls a knife on our hero. Stabs him, too. Blackout.

Our hero opens his eyes to find himself standing in a speeding subway train. Rumble of the car in motion fades into the background. There is nobody else in the train. Our hero is puzzled. Last thing he remembers, somebody stuck a knife into him. Now how come he's on this train? Where

in heck is it going? The train rumble diminishes still further, and the thing slows down to a jarring stop. Door opens. A girl gets on. Though actually he's never seen her before, our hero somehow recognises her. Why, bless mah coal-black soul! thinks he. This is my future wife! He asks her what station this is that the train just stopped at. Why, it's 1948, she tells him. She then goes into a long, monologue-ish stream of conversation which our hero can only listen to in amazement. She tells him that the publishers are rushing a 100,000 copy second edition of the book he's apparently written. In 1948, he's a big success as an author! Joy! She then tells him she's about to give birth to Junior. Touching love scene here. Oh, darling, etc. The train stops at 1950. Wife gets off. A man gets on. It's Sawbucks, the chap who gave our hero such a raw deal on the air-plane book collection. Sawbucks is bubbling over with smiles and good will. Our hero is now a big executive for the millionaire's corporation, and is due to get a raise of so-many-thousand-\$ per annum. Everything's sweetness and light in 1950; all hunky-dory. The train keeps making more and more stops, moving on and on into the future. Finally in 1965, or thereabouts, our hero meets his future son. Splendid young man, chip off the old block. Another touching scene here, which pans out to be strictly from the cob. The train rolls on and on, at last slowing down to a dimly-envisioned last stop . . .

Our hero opens his eyes in 1946. He is lying on the floor of the subway station, dripping corpuscles all over the nice clean cement. A flustered subway guard is bending over him; a large crowd of pop-eyed sight-seers are ogling around, gaping unashamedly. "You've been stabbed buddy," the guard tells him. "Not seriously, though. The doctor'll be here any minute. You'll pull through all right. But the guy what did it got away, though." Awaiting the arrival of the medic, our hero is serene and content. Having seen what the future holds in store, he now has a shining incentive to live. So ends this passable bit of light fantasy, as the syrup-voiced announcer breaks in to extoll the merits of somebody-or-other's tooth-paste.

That ain't all, Jack. We heard still another one, more recenter. This un hit the kilocycles on the eleventh of September, and was fairly late-evening, if we recall, when most of the respectable programs have folded their sound effects and gone to bed. 'Twas another story of twisted time-lines, and was broadcast over CFRB, Toronto. Our battered cat-whisker set has a difficult time intercepting distant forrun stations like that there, but every once in a while, when the airwaves lie still and clear, we can catch vaguely audible vibrations from up Canada way. On this particular night, there was interference aplenty. On an adjourning frequency, Orson Welles in a rebroadcast was hamming up some drama by Shakespeare. On another network right next door, Spike Jones was giving out with "Cocktails for Two", but in a purely musical form, alas. These two did their level best to drown out the fantasy program, and devoted little slan that we are, it was only by crouching down next to the transmitter and bending a steady ear to the speaker that we were able to follow the story at all. Thus some of the details may be garbled.

The program itself we'd heard about before. 'Tis called "The Hermit's Cave", and is strongly reminiscent of "The Inner Sanctum", only with howling winds and yowling wolves to take the place of the well-known creaking door. The Hermit is an extraordinary character who

$$IV \quad 3/4 + \frac{2}{8} = ?$$

persists in breaking in at the wrong times and going "Aaheheheheheh!" in such a tone of voice as to give the listener the impression that the guy is somewhat off balance in the upper story. The aforementioned howling arctic winds and wolves are designed to send cold shivers racing down the listeners' spines, all of which is particularly fitting since the sponser is a coal company. The whole thing is on the order of the old "Witching Hour" program that used to be on the air a decade or so ago. 'Tanyrate, "The Hermit's Cave" must be a fairly successful and well-established airshow, since 'tis broadcast weekly and this is tale number #503. Mayhap Can-fans Les Croutch and Beak Taylor would be familiar with it.

Waaal, to get moreorless to the point. This episode (number #503, as we have stated before) was entitled, "The Tides of Time". This guy is in the nut-house. The doctors can't get a damthing out of him to give them a clue as to what caused his peculiar mental condition. Then an old friend goes in to see the unfortunate chap, and the latter immediately (well, almost) proceeds to narrate the true story of how he got the way he is. This is the yarn he tells:

He was spending some time in the country, way out in the sticks of England or someplace, and was out in a row-boat drifting along, when he happens to look at the shore, and there he sees a beauteous maiden. Not being exactly averse to exposure to feminine charms, he paddles over and strikes up an acquaintanceship. Well, it so turns out that they both topple head over heels in love with each other. They begin to meet daily down by the lake. They never go swimming, though. Her name is Jennifer and she lives in the big white house up by the road. Well, as time drags on, our hero decides to bring matters more or less to a crux, so to speak, and they arrange a tryst down by the lake for a certain night, at which time they are going to paddle off and get married. The predestined hour finally arrives, and our hero rows out to the rendezvous, keeping a weather eye peeled for a glimpse of his lady fair. He calls. No answer. So he sloshes up to the shore, still in the boat of course, and whatinhell should he find but Jenny's body dangling from a tree by the neck on a rope. Since he loves her dearly and truly with all his heart, this discovery proves decidedly annoying,

Yelling bloody murder, our hero crashes through a clump of brambles and runs out to the main road. Still legging it along at a great rate, he dashes up to the house where Jenny'd told him she lived. He practically batters down the door in a mild effort to attract the attention of those inside. After a brief interval, the door pops open. "Yes?" drawls a masculine voice calmly. "Jenny's down by the lake on the end of a rope!" our hero bellows in the poor chap's ear. "She's hung herself, I tell you! Come quick!" Stopping only to grab a bread-knife with which to cut down the body, if any, the occupant of the house joins our hero in a mad scramble down to the lake shore. The tree is still there, but Jenny isn't. Nor is there any trace of a body, a rope, or any of the other paraphenalia connected with poor Jenny's abrupt decease. The chap with the bread-knife begins to wonder whether our hero isn't a candidate for a high-quality straight jacket. 'Tanyrate, they both return to the house. The chap claims that there isn't any Jenny living there, so our hero begins to wonder if his girl friend wasn't giving him the run-around. But then the wife of the chap who lives in the house tells the following story-within-a-story which serves to clear everythin up perfectly:

Years and years ago, the woman's great-grandmother Jennifer lived in

the very same house, and everybody thought she was batty because she professed to be in love with a ghostly figure who came to her out of the lake. She had drawn a picture of what her lover was supposed to look like just before she'd committed suicide. What happened to the drawing? our hero wants to know. Is it still around here? It is, and the woman digs it up in two seconds flat. Sure enough, it's an exact portrait of our hero's features, and to clinch the argument, our hero's name is inscribed on the back, in the handwriting of his Jenny!

So concludes the story as told by the nut to his bed-side pal. However, very soon after, the alarm sounds. Lo and behold, a patient has escaped out of the bug-klatch. Guards comb the grounds searching for our hero, and trace his footsteps down as far as the lake. They drag the lake bottom, but our hero's corpus delecti has vanished just as assuredly as did that of his lady friend. However, on a moonlit night, the other patients claim they can look out of their barred-and-padlocked guest rooms and see the spectral wraith-like form of our hero drifting over the surface of the lake, calling for his lost Jenny...

One last notation. Good old Buck Rogers is back on the airwaves, after an absense of eleven years. It is a five-a-week kiddies' adventure serial, presumably with space-ships instead of hosses and atom-blasters to take the place of 6-shooters. 4:45 in the afternoon, EST, over the Mutual System, according to the papers. We haven't tuned in on an airing of this masterpiece yet, but will do so in the near future, if only in hopes of getting a shiny tin Buck Rogers badge for two box-tops and ten cents stamps or coin.

GRULZAK PEPPER UPPER CORNER

- or -

World of Aaaachoo!

Advertisement in Fantasy Times #18: "ANYONE INTERESTED in selling whole black pepper by 150-1b. bags and pure ground pepper by the gross in fancy 1 oz. glass shakers. We also have whole white pepper in fancy 1 oz. glass shakers. Julius Unger, 6401 24th Ave., Brooklyn, New York."

.....

. . . . R E F L E C T I O N

Space in fanzines!
From nerve strain fewer faneds'd be killed
Could but they always
This easily keep thee filled.

*Being on the way in the research
this is for the research*



W CASEY at the ROCKET W

-- with apologies to Ernest Lawrence Thayer

It looked extremely rocky for the Terran fleet that day;
The Jovian ships lay waiting, all decked in full array.
So when, flying out by Ganymede, Q-19 was shot apart,
Pangs of futile sadness tugged at every Earthling's heart.

Several suicided, expecting Earth's conquest,
But the hope which springs eternal welled within the human breast;
For they thought: "If only Casey could get into this scrap,
Then Jovians would be tossed right into old Sol's flaming lap."

But Flynn preceded Casey in command of Terra's fleet:
A swagg'ring lug who always bragged of the Jupes he'd make
 mince-meat.
So 'round the stricken Terran sphere a deathlike silence fell,
When fifty-thousand Earthlings were blasted into --- well!

For the Jovians made short work of Flynn (who'd bragged he'd make
 them pay)
As Jupiter put into force her hyper atom-ray.
When the cosmic dust had lifted (and no one was surprised)
The System knew Commander Flynn had been de-atomized.

Then from the Terran multitudes went up a joyous yell;
It rattled through the asteroids; it rumbled in the dell--
Who cares if fifty thousand guys get blown to teensy bits?
For Casey'll make them Jovians pay -- the nasty bunch of .

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stumbled to his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a wart on Casey's face.
When he took a Fap post-mailing and stuffed it in his pocket,
No alien in the System could doubt 'twas Casey at the rocket.

Four billion glims were on him (through the viso-sets, of course)
As he shouted ordars to the crew till his voice 'gan getting
 hoarse.

Then when the Jupes' commander warned the Terrans to surrender
Defiance glared in Casey's eye, and he oiled his rocket's fender.

--/more overpage/--

huit

And now the Jupes' atomic ray came crackling out through space:
Three cruisers and a garbage scow the blow-up did erase.
Ker-smash! Across the galaxy the good ships' pieces sped;
"Awww-w, piffle!" thundered Casey. "Take that!" the Jovians said.

From New Chicago, black with people, there arose a muffled roar
Like the belching of a grulzak a-snoozing by the shore;
"Kill 'em! Kill the Jovians!" shouted everyone in the land---
They'd've gone themselves to do it, had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of foofooian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the war go on.
He thumbed his nose at Jupiter -- once more the death-ray flew,
And twenty-three more spaceships were sacrificed to Ghu.

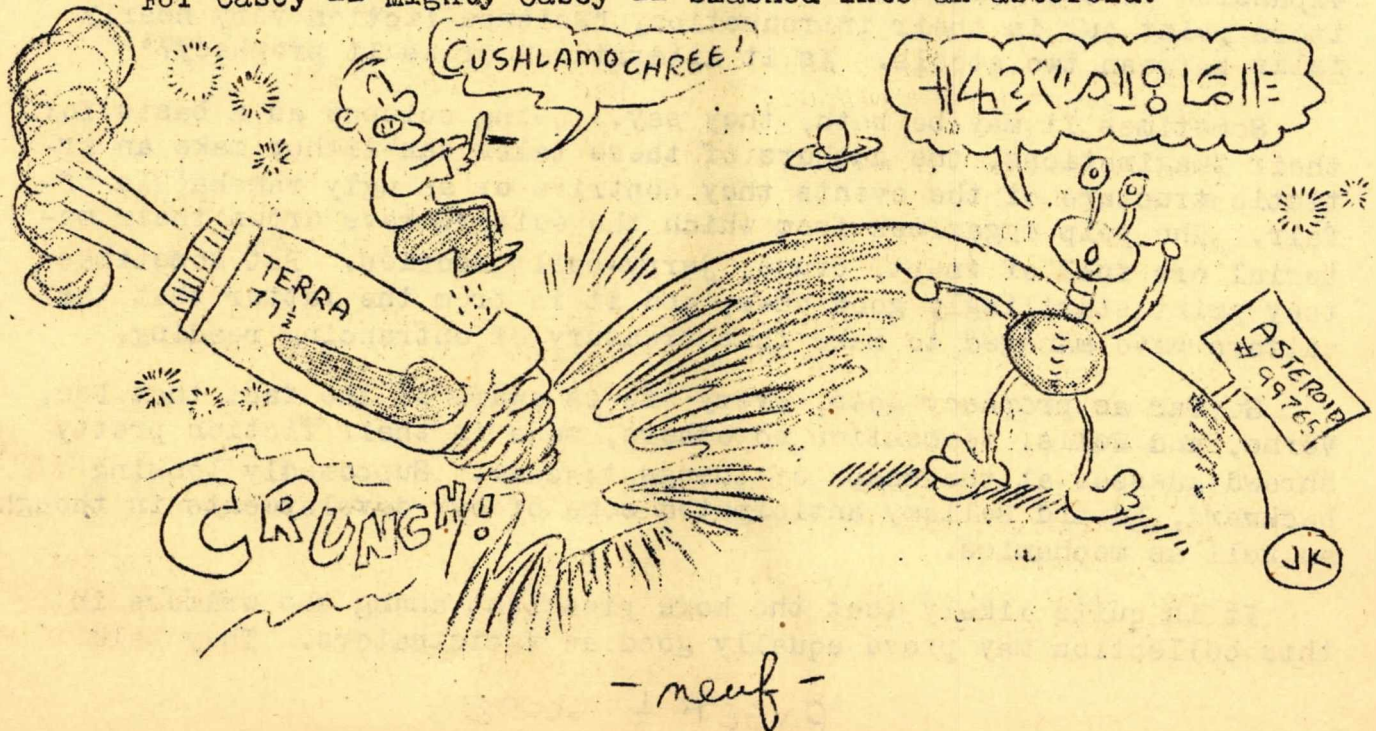
"Let's have peace!" cried trembling thousands, and the echo ..
answered "Peace!"

But one scornful look from Casey, as he rubbed his hands in grease
And they saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his tonsils
strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the Jupes try that again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,
"Attack!" he bellows in the mike, "Attack! - Shucks, 'tain't too
late!"

And now his ships collect themselves with a mighty, thunderous
rattle,
And Casey and the Terran fleet zoom forward into battle!

O somewhere in the universe a sun is shining bright,
Frn'l is guzzled somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
But of joy and bliss and happiness the Earth is now devoid,
For Casey -- Mighty Casey -- smashed into an asteroid.



LITERATURE — OR PROPHECY?

((The following review appeared The Newark Evening News, Newark NJ, for Saturday, August 31, '46. 'Twas blurbed "JOURNEYS IN TIME -- SPACE: Raymond J. Healy and J. Francis McComas's Collection of 35 Science-Fiction Tales Makes Good Reading", and was featured prominently on the editorial page.))

- - -

Propelled on more than a thousand pages of highly energetic text, readers can undertake some startling "Adventures in Time and Space" (Random House) with the assistance of two excellent pilots, Raymond J. Healy and J. Francis McComas.

It must have been a considerable adventure for Messrs. Healy and McComas themselves to prepare this unusual and unusually good anthology. One wonders how they survived what must have been both the ardors and boredoms of reading many thousands and thousands of pulp-paper magazines in order to make this judicious selection of 35 stories. For they carefully avoided including pieces that have already been frequently anthologized. Their selection does not overlap either Wollheim's Pocket Book of Science Fiction or Groff Conklin's The Best of Science-Fiction.

Science-fiction, the name recently given to a genre that has long been familiar to readers, concerns itself with the world of the future (occasionally with the world of the far distant past, as in P. Schuyler Miller's "The Sands of Time", although a new invention to traverse time plays its role in this story). This world of the future must be one whose political, social, and economic life has been shaped by the expansion of scientific knowledge. In depicting this world, the editors point out in their introduction, "science-fiction very nearly falls between two stools. Is it literature? Or is it prophecy?"

Sometimes it may be both, they say. Using science as a basis for their imaginations, the authors of these tales can either make an artistic structure of the events they contrive or an ugly ramshackle affair. The pulp magazines from which the editors have drawn their material are full of inept, crude, jerry-built stories. But sometimes they print startlingly good ones, and it is from the latter that the editors have managed to make this treasury of entrancing reading.

So far as prophecy goes, every one is aware of the fact that Poe, Verne, and Wells, to mention no others, made in their fiction pretty shrewd guesses at the shape of things to come. Supposedly looking backward, Edward Bellamy anticipated some of our developments in thought as well as mechanics.

It is quite likely that the more prescient among the writers in this collection may prove equally good as vaticinators. They talk

vividly about atomic power, time machines, interplanetary journeys, wars of the world, time-years, the defiance of gravity, the end of mankind, marvelous metals, wonder-working minds, robots, midgets and giants, thought transference. It is not clear from these stories whether the latter end will be good or bad; optimism contends with pessimism.

Of all the tales they have collected, the editors incline to believe that Harry Bates's "Farewell to the Master" is the best. Yet some will feel that the story which opens the anthology, Robert A. Heinlein's "Requiem", the story of a trip to the moon, is a worthy rival.

"Pulp s-f will never be recognized as literature..."

PROPOSED TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR A NATIONAL FAN ORGANIZATION...

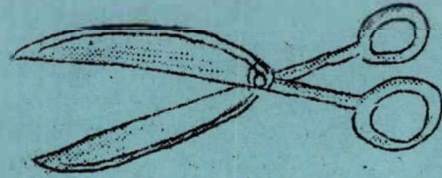
1. This is the fan Club above all. Thou shalt not have strange fan organizations before it.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Club in vain, for thou shalt love it with thy whole heart and thy whole mind and soul and will and purpose and consciousness.
3. Remember thou see to it that cash customers get their dollar's worth.
4. Thou shalt not hi-jack the official records.
5. Thou shalt not wax humorous when filling out laureate poll nominations.
6. Thou shalt not use treasury funds for beer.
7. Thou shalt not send fake telegrams.
8. Thou shalt not use the official organ for feuding purposes, nor shalt thou put words into the mouth of the opposition.
9. Thou shalt not covet the officials' thunder.
10. Let's all quit fandom and build model airplanes.

"...a model airplane has its wings; a science-fictionist knows things."

Join the Cosmic Circle and see the galaxy!

SNIP!

By S. EVERETT NEATLEY



a story complete on this page

The doctor peered at Mr. Quemp over thick-lensed glasses. "What you need is rest," said the psychiatrist soothingly. "Rest and fresh air will make you a new man. Why don't you go to the country -- for say, two weeks? You've been taking your job too seriously."

Ambrose Quemp sighed dubiously. "I only hope the scissors hallucination won't return. Do you really think it's cured, Doctor?"

"Certainly," the medic reassured. "You won't see it again."

"Lord! I hope you're right. It was so real, though. I swear I could actually hear the sound of its blades snipping. A giant scissors, jaws ready to close -- with my head between those awful blades -- ready to be snipped off! That hideous whirring noise -- the blades being sharpened! Ugh!" He broke into a cold sweat.

"There, there," syrupped the doctor of the mind. "That's all over now. You're cured, man! Go home and forget it. Ninety-two dollars, please."

Upon reaching his apartment Mr. Quemp hung up his coat. He then proceeded to drain the contents of a small, brown bottle.

Confidence somewhat restored, he seated himself by the open window. It was a quiet city street scene below. Mid-afternoon. Couple of cars. Kids playing jump-rope. Calm. Peaceful. He opened a copy of Fantastic Adventures.

But Mr. Quemp's mind was not on what he was reading. The type blurred and jumped beneath his

gaze. Somewhat nervously, he closed the magazine. The doctor had said to relax. Yes. He would relax. He settled back in the chair, allowed his imagination to wander.

The fender of one of the parked cars in the street below became a shining blade of polished surgical steel. It glistened evilly in the mid-afternoon sunlight. Like a pendulum of death it wavered unsteadily back and forth, to and fro. The scissors were being sharpened. The slicing, whirring snip-snap of the jaws filled his eardrums. Snip. Snap. A funeral dirge, the infernal clatter grew maddeningly louder.

And then, just as always before, Mr. Quemp felt his own head between the gigantic blades, felt sharp, cold steel graze the sides of his throat---

Rather abruptly, he screamed.

The next instant he felt like a damned fool. He looked down. Beneath the window, a scissors-grinder was vending his wares, sharpening and polishing a blade. That was all. No giant scissors. Just a common, ordinary, everyday scissors-grinder. The whirring noise he had heard was merely the man at work. Nothing more. He had leaned back until his neck touched the cold metal of the rim of the chair. That had been the "cold steel". Ha. No giant scissors. Just a daydream. His imagination was running wild again. His head wasn't between the jaws of a giant scissors. No. He was cured. Ha!

Mr. Quemp's neatly severed head hit the pavement with a sickening thud and bounced halfway across the street.



On the stencil it shall be, folks. While reading over the 36th mailing, we jotted down a few notations of what we wanted to comment on when we finally got around to doing this. Despite the all-too-familiar ruminations of incompetency -- we'll doubtless omit something anyway -- we hereby taking a running jump into the howling mob.

I'm also dropping the "we" system.

FANTASY AMATEUR: Cover is indeed a noble attempt, tho the title wasn't too legible. Interior duplication gives mute testimony to the superiority of a first-rate ditto job over a mediocre mimeo one (see the two issues of SusPro this mailing.) The whole o - o has a very commendable business-like atmosphere. # At least something oughta be done about the surplus stock. # Can't say I approve of the practise of electing new members; 'tis true that it might insure a high quality of incoming membership blood, but even so the system seems unfair to the individual who, after a sojourn outside on the waiting list, might be passed up when the vote was taken, with the nod going to some more well-known geek who suddenly took a notion to join FAPA. It might be argued that additional time on the waiting list might give lesser-known newcomers a chance to better acquaint themselves with the field, but one of the main advantages of the present system is that it gives each applicant a fair length of time to acquaint himself in advance with the workings of FAPA. # Hope the constitution is revised and modernized soon, or else work sped on a brand new -- and, preferably, much simplified -- version. We could afford to take a leaf from VAPA's notebook here: a streamlined 1½-page constitution has just been drawn up for proposal, while it is required that a copy of the constitution (brought up to date) be included in one mailing each year. This system not only satisfies the curiosity of late arrivals, but refreshes the collective memory of the old (van?)guard. # On noticing that 27¢ postage was required on my bundle, it seems strange to me that nobody's investigated bulk mailing rates -- or has it been looked into? 'Tany rate, the PO dep't offers much reduced postal charges provided a minimum weight of material is mailed at once -- I think it's 20 or 25 lbs. or something such. Should be well worthwhile... # All in all, Speer has done a highly competent job on the Amateur, for which loud huzzahs.

PAGE # UNLUCKY NO.

SCIENCE FICTION SAVANT: Most of this juvenilia is too gawd-awful to be funny. Fischer's item could've been a swipe from the classic three-sentence story credited to Thomas Bailey Aldrich: "A woman is sitting alone in a house. She knows she is alone in the whole world; every other living thing is dead. The doorbell rings." 'Twouldn't surprise me if a few others recall this.

FAN-DANGO: Burbee's article quite educational! Laney's comments readable, as always.

TIMBINDER: I'm impressed by what this publication is trying to do. It's a worthwhile effort, and if some of the letters smell faintly of Amazing's True Confessions corner to the cynical boys, it is still unfair to condemn the entire mag. The percentage of excellent stuff more than compensates for the blah which creeps in -- which is only to be expected. As a place to air personal views, perhaps have the opportunity to un wrangle a few mental knots by setting one's beliefs down on paper, I believe this publication fulfils a definite need in such a field as fantasy fandom.

FAN-TODS: Nice cover. I'm familiar with Norm's excellent publication from the VAPA editions. As to both neatness and quality of content, it's certainly one of the best things in the mailing. The feature story wasn't bad, Gardner review well written, Yesterday's 10,000 Years enjoyable as usual, fillers and interlineations swell stuff. Frankly, tho, the mathematics scared me.

a: Another publication with emphasis on neatness. More math. An orchid to the all-time prozine listings.

DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST: The swipes at Crutch and Timebinder take the prize for sheer nastiness.

MAHOPE is as intelligent as it is entertaining. Remarks anent Fan-cyclopedia apt and to the point. # The name of the man who made "dero" a fan household word is Richard S Shaver -- not Robert. With Rap's reported asylum sojourn, it's hard to tell at present how the future of the cave saga will fare; let's hope the tripe will vanish completely in very near times to come. What worries me is the alleged million-odd words of Lemurian stuff remaining unpublished. That should suffice to tide Amazing over for an all-too-long while -- unless the publishers decide to give it up as a total loss, which, knowing Z-D, I don't think they'd be likely to do. # Up until a couple months ago, I corresponded with Shaver. He wrote me when a highly unfavorable comment on the Lemurianist fanzine, Maxin-96, was reprinted from Vampire in Startling's fanzine review. Shaver seemed to welcome the chance to blast somebody's ears off for the opposition which the "Shaver mystery" had evoked from the majority of actifandom. Misspellings and simple errors displaying marked ignorance of the fundamental rules of English grammar abounded in his letters. For publication in Vamp he forwarded me a four-page "prose poem" which, as a piece of literature, was mildly amazing. The thing started off in undistinguished blank-verse style, rambled on another page, with references to Palmer and the deros becoming more and more frequent, bubbled and frothed into an attack on the

opposing fan element (supposedly dero-controlled!), then broke into straight prose, meandered on as a letter for a page or two, with intermittent ravings, then came to a decidedly abrupt conclusion. I sent it back to him. However, the main reason it was impossible to correspond with the guy, although I tried to give his side of the story a fair chance, was that all my arguments concerning the Shaver "truths" were either completely ignored or rapidly passed over with but sparse comment. You can't argue with a chap who just keeps drilling, over and over, THE DEROS ARE POWERFUL! YOU MUST BELIEVE! I've compared the Shaver letters and certain portions of his Palmer-rewritten published stories with examples of psychoneurotic literature quoted in psychology texts. The resemblance is remarkable, and indicative of far more than pure coincidence...No, I don't correspond with R.S.Shaver any more.

PHANTEUR: Another nice cover. Most of the material has been read before.

TOMORROW ON THE MARCH: Probably more easy to read than to sit and listen to.

AD INTERIM: First thing I've seen from Wilimczyk since the ill-fated Fan Journalist, and, consequently, was very welcome. Frank's writing style has improved tremendously. The material makes sense.

PHANTAGRAPH: As much meat as could be expected in this one-sheeter. Good cover sketch, Derleth review rather obvious ego-boo. DAW's last-page remarks probably summarize the views of a hundred fantasts-- 'twould make a topic for a good subzine article. Judging from recent issues of ASF, s-f is apparently persuing the latter of the offered alternatives. *STF'S GROWING UP, THAT IS!*

FANTAST'S FOLLY: A bit difficult to read, perhaps, but well worth it.

PLENUM: Ahhh, another addition to the literature of fandom's coming semantic age . . .

BT: HIS MAG: Typically Tucker, and pleasant stuff. Bridges' opus at first glance looked like a hunk of crud, but a careful reading revealed that it's a rather hyper satire on the CASmith style, and I luffed muchly. # It is with the greatest of pride and a gentle blush that I announce to fans who may be in horrible suspense that the garage, in the foto page, in front of which Herrs Wollheim and Moskowitz are standing is none other than the structure housing the Kennedy family's no-doubt renowned horseless carriage.

FANTASY TIMES (SPECIAL NEWARKON II ISSUE): S' help us, yer 'onner, that's the way it happened!

FALLING PETALS: Wish Larry would consider serious revision of the format of this mag. Would suggest spacing between the items, or otherwise separating them, and getting some semblance of order. Despite some dubious jokes and mediocre verse, many of the quotes are good, but as it is the reader gets the impression that it's just a haphazard conglomeration.

HORIZONS: Unpretentious, perhaps, yet excellent stuff. # I don't entirely agree with Gardner's dismissal of TWS as obsolete. Its percentage of decent material compares favorably with most of the others. A revolution has already taken place in the Standard letter sections, which should take care of one of Gardner's main objections, and I think that Merwin has done a vastly better job in selection of material than his predecessor, even if making the mag more of interest to those who judge stories by writing quality rather than scientific content. Recent Leinster and Kuttner contributions have been particularly good, though the policy of catering to the grammar-school trade plus the Captain Future abortions still prevent TWS-SS from gaining the respect of the actifan field. # When We Were Very Young an intriguing feature.

THE VOICE: Pretty paper. Not much readin'.. nor much purpose in the reprint of Light's cover -- most of us have seen it before. I must confess that the rubber-stamped bacover invitation to join the Speed Gibson (comic book?) club is nearly as baffling as it is illegible. Pray elucidate.

CANADIAN FANDOM: A top-notch general fanmag.

THE (UNMENTIONABLE) THING: Wesson deserves plenty of credit for the superlative job of editing and publishing. If FAPA has laureate awards, she certainly rates one. Not too much comment-able material herein-- "The crawling Thing" a highly shiver-some chunk of fiction. # Laney's proposal to "adopt" neophytes is surprising coming from ol' blood & guts FTL who pondered, not too long ago, the advisability of dumping all newcomers in the bay. As some sage once noted, recruiting is a heart-breaking and thankless job. However, it doesn't hurt to answer letters received from new fans, answering their questions. I find the easiest way to introduce 'em to the field is to send 'em one's fanmag, and suggest they subscribe to other fmz listed in the Startling review section, if they're interested. With a few fanzines dropping in the mailbox every once in a while, chances are the newcomer will soon be absorbed in the field, if he IS fan material, and make his own way along. It's also helpful to give him the addresses of any fans you know of in his region -- and if he's fortunate enough to live in the vicinity of a local club, that's hyper. With a very little help, more promising neophytes will usually acclimate themselves to fan activity in a brief space of time. Seems prospective slans don't need much urging.

SUSTAINING PROGRAMS somewhat dated, but still contain much well worth reading. Cartoons are deliteful, as was the little story on counting syllables in the works of highly verbose stef authors.

MATTERS OF OPINION: While I realize that the race question has already been well hashed over, I'd like more information on Speer's statement that the Negro is something less than a modern man. It strikes me that the greater the increase of the Negro element in the population, the more correspondingly complex would be the problem of absorbing them if the situation ever reached a point where, as Speer argues, absorbing

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the Negroes would be not only advisable, but a necessity, provided distribution were more equalized. AARGH! SENTENCES LIKE THE AFOREGOING ARE WHAT COMES OF COMPOSING IN THE STICK...

VENAL: Material has already been read in VAPA. In re. poem "Sachs" (surely not Sachs 5th Avenue, perchance?) most people are in agreement that creating a barrier between the poet and nine-tenths of his readers by quoting another language for the punch-line is definitely not good practise. # Outline of a No-Value Orientation seems a complicated way to gain the obvious. Whether or not man's intellectual arguments can justify his emotional desires, chances are he'll satisfy the latter anyway! # I join Youd in an earnest wish that Lowndes would do more publishing for FAPA.

FANTASY COMMENTATOR: Needless to say, excellent. # As for Sam's history of fandom, I think the portions concerning the general trends and information on outstanding fan publications are of greater interest than the gory details of slan-bang feuds. The classic fan-mags like Fantasy Mag and Fantasy Fan have been read by hundreds, and their influence is felt even today. Feuds and club squabbles, however, had the participation of only a handful of individuals, many of whom have drifted out of sight completely in recent times. The epic battles form a part of fan history which cannot be overlooked, yet the passing of years has had a tendency to mellow even the bloodiest of fanflicts, so that to the average fantast of today, general trends seem of more importance than the personalities of a decade ago. # Searles has a first-rate publication here, though admittedly a heavy-weight one. The absence of the lively letter section is noticeable this issue. A litho cover could do wonders for the ultra-conservative format.

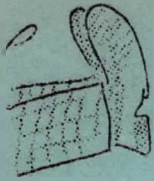
praiseghodthatsall/praiseghodthatsall/praiseghodthatsall/praiseghodthat

A R T

One day a wag -- what would the wretch be at?--
Shifted a letter of the cipher RAT,
And said it was a god's name! Straight arose
Fantastic priests and postulants (with shows,
And mysteries, and mummeries, and hymns,
And disputations dire that lamed their limbs)
To serve his temple and maintain the fires,
Expound the law, manipulate the wires.
Amazed, the populace the rites attend,
Believe whate'er they cannot comprehend,
And, inly edified to learn that two
Half-hairs joined so and so (as Art can do)
Have sweeter values and a grace more fit
Than Nature's hairs that never have been split,
Bring cates and wines for sacrificial feasts,
And sell their garments to support the priests.

--- AMBROSE BIERCE, in
The Devil's Dictionary.

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-- BUT THAT AIN'T ALL!

and the post-mailing, yet!

/for completism's sweet sake./

F A LEAN-TO: Yeah.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: Top item in the post-posting, which fact in itself is not particularly surprising. Comments make good reading. Speer's plan of putting person-to-person remarks in letters rather than in FAPazines seems a creditable idea, tho I was under the impression that many faps published for the mailings rather than carry on extensive correspondence. In reading reviews of previous issues or mailings, I always make it a practise to have the material being commented on within arm's reach, for ready reference. Technically speaking, few FAPazines could be classed as magazines in the strictest sense of the word. Duplicated personal communications, mebbe. # The Paul Miles who called on you, Jack, is one of my oldest fan pals. He contributed to several fanzines, was active for a time in the Detroit Hyperborean bunch, and had a short-short in the March '43 Amazing, "Bill Caldron Goes to the Future", a rather side-bustin' take-off on a standard hack plot. Paul spent ten days in Dover during the summer of '44; he's just been discharged from the navy. When he was stationed in Seattle, I mentioned in a letter* that you resided in the area.

THE ANTI-MICHELIST OMNIBUS DUMMY: Speer should acquire the habit of reaching for the waste-basket when certain items of limbology have had their worthlessness ascertained.

S-F REACTIONARY and THE NEUTRON: Nothing like a little light reading, eh what?

CLAYTON ASTOUNDING INDEX: Neatly edited, valuable piece of index work, which will undoubtedly make the magazine-ophiles happy.

ONE-SHOT FANZINE: Oddly enuf, I'd read this before. Kadet circulated a copy along with one of Coslet's chain-letter round tables.

MOONSHINE: Small but pleasant. Len's amusin' humorous interjections here and there do much to liven the mag up.

EN GARDE: First copy of the famed Ashley mag I've read. If regular issues are this good, and larger too, it oughta be hyper. Brazier's "But for This..." was exceptional. Despite "The Mathematicon", I still like Bradbury.

THE RIDERS: Orchids to the campaign to lower book prices. But the prices quoted for some of the mags would freeze an Unger's blood.

SPECTRA: Hell-for-leather stuff, but enjoyable.

RANDOM THOUGHTS: Sykora writes plainly and convincingly, despite the fact that he says nothing new. # Unwilling to abandon hope, Kennedy still patiently awaits the Fantasy News semi-annual. He is beginning to suspect, though, that he shall yet have to wait an e'er longer time.