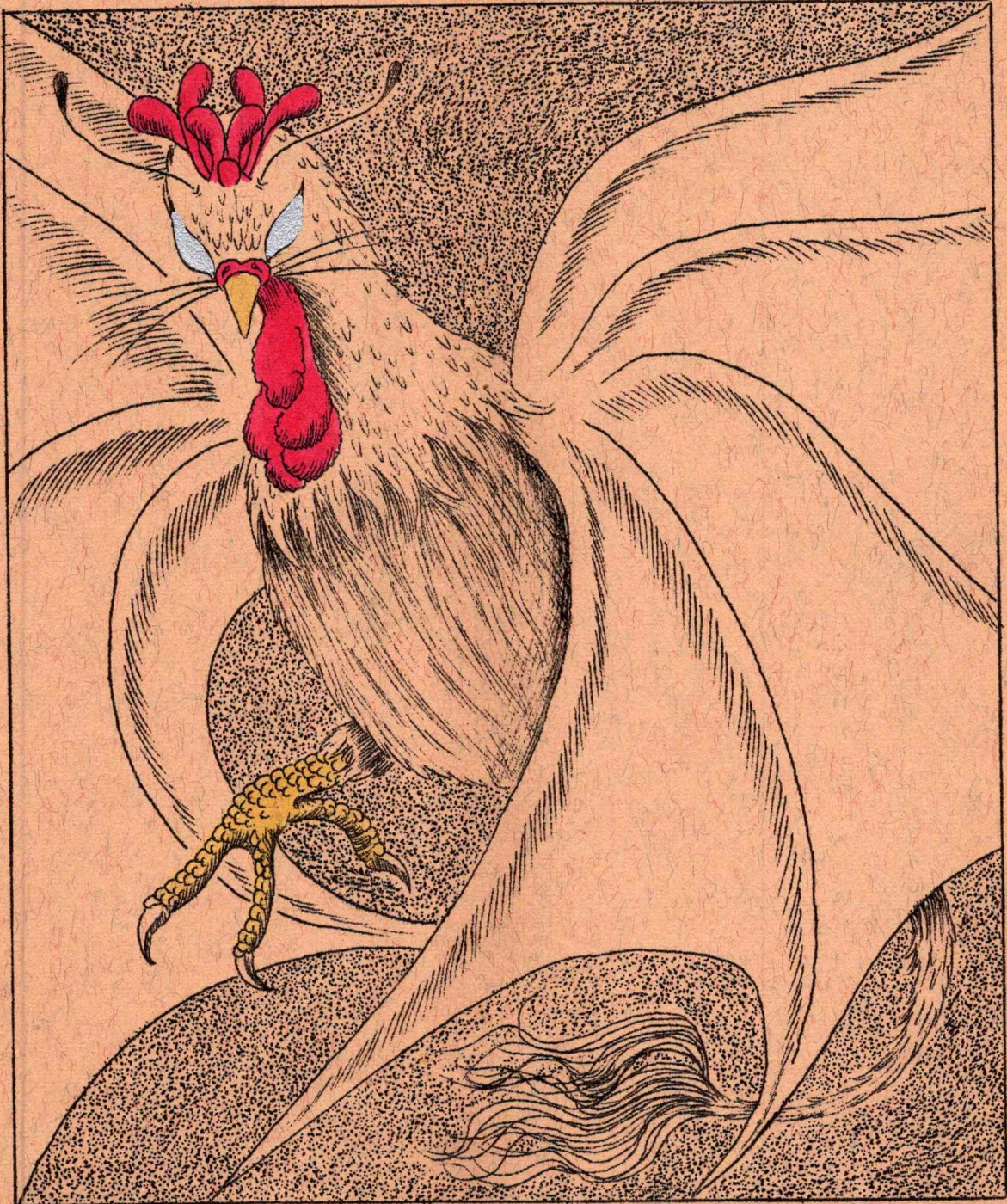


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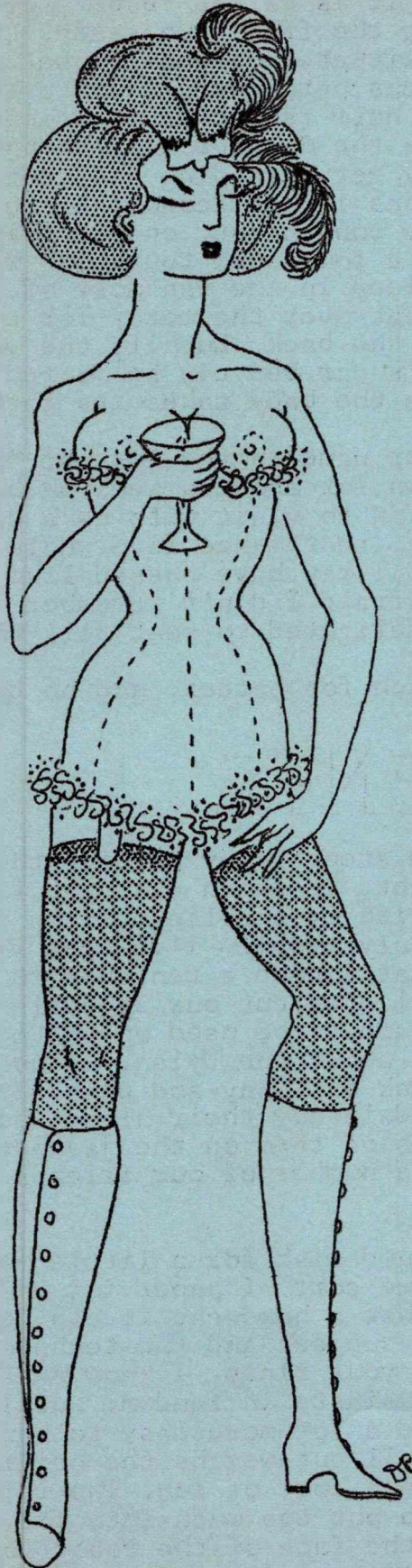
K A B U M P O

NO. 2

The Literary (?) Quarterly



KABUMPO



Yup. This is KABUMPO number C, intended for the 10 mailing of SFPA, and springing from the typer of Dian Pelz at 1231 12th St., Santa Monica, California, USA. TP 52.

Well, I'm still here, gang, and getting rounder daily. The doctor still says March 6th, but assures me that the baby might be two weeks early, or then again, it might be two weeks late. If this zine goes into SFPA unfinished, you'll know why. Actually, since there is a SAPS deadline in April, I am hoping the kid will be on time - that way I'll have three days in the hospital to first-draft my SAPS zine. Gosh but it will be nice to have my waistline back again. I'm getting sort of tired of looking like I'm smuggling a beachball. Ah well, as my mother says, at least it will have been an experience.

Bruce and I acquired a new hobby the other day. Jack Harness, who is saving his money so he can go to England and sit at the feet of L. Ron Hubbard, is disposing of the majority of his worldly possessions. He sold us his 5 X 8 handpress and several fonts of type for a very reasonable sum. You understand, of course, that neither of us knows anything whatsoever about printing. It is going to be fun learning, at any rate, and we do have a friendly, experienced letterpress operator close at hand - in the person of Don Fitch. Don has promised to loan me a couple of basic books on the subject so we will at least have a vague idea of what we are doing.

Oh yes, the Dammit finally gave out. The Dammit, for those of you who hadn't heard of the beast, was a 1961 Corvair stationwagon, and probably one of the worst pieces of machinery ever foisted off on an unsuspecting public by the cads in Detroit. It started making funny (well, funnier than usual) noises so we took it into the local Chevy clinic - where they took five minutes and said "\$170.00". The second clinic we took it to took an hour, and said "\$400 to \$500" - so now we have a 1963 Econoline van, and a local car lot has the Dammit. We did take its name off of the door before we traded it in. I mean, why alarm them at the very start?

The van is sort of fun. It is powder blue, and has been christened "Babe the Blue Ox". (I have a suspicion that it's performance during the next few months will determine whether it is called "Babe", or "The Ox".) It has no side windows, and only the front two seats. Like the rest of the Econolines, it's motor is situated between those two seats, and can be used as a rather precarious perch by a third passenger. Actually, riding on the motor isn't half as bad as it sounds - I have ridden there several times already - the only problem being that there is no backrest. We will probably get a folding boatseat to attach there, like harsh-eyes Al Lewis has in his Econoline. We expect the van to be a lot of fun, and very convenient, on our trip to the Tricon this summer. We are planning a four week tour that will take us up through Canada, and expect to sleep in the van most of the time. For the trip, we will rig up a car seat over the motor for the baby, and toss a car bed and a mattress in the back. Luckily the van has a lot of interior struts that the baby's car bed can be moored down to - that way we can still drive while the baby takes its forty winks in the back.

Gee, I can now add another name to the list of "SFPA members I have met". Bill Pettit was in town for about a week on business and luckily had the time and inclination to visit with us a couple of evenings. Nice meeting you, Bill! (Gosh, that makes five whole SFPAans I've met. I think Rick Norwood and I may have passed like ships in the night at the Discon, but I'm afraid I don't remember if we ever got acquainted or not.) Bruce was delighted to meet Bill too - he sold him a bunch of fanzines.

Well, so much for natter, and on to the important things in life, like mainly,

MAILING COMMENTS

THE JOURNAL (Dupree) But Tom, I always read stencils by holding them up in front of some sort of light, in which case the lines don't show anyway. (I say "read", because with my spelling errors I would be crazy to claim I proofread.) The only problem I've ever found in typing on church bulletin stencils is that I have a tendency to type below my lower limit if I'm not careful. (we cut our stencils 1 to 60 for the Gestetner, and 10 to 70 if they are to be used on the LASFS Rex Rotary) // Anything I might have to say about Bob Dylan, I have already said. Incidentally, what do you think of Sonny and Cher? Bruce says even if they were good singers he wouldn't buy their albums because he can't stand to look at the pictures of them on the jackets. I can't recall ever having heard them, but a number of our friends think they're great.

WARLOCK (Montgomery) Nice Burge cover. I could wish for a little more clarity, but I've worked on this same sort of paper for my scientific illustration class, and I know what a headache it can be. Altogether, a very nice job - both with the subject and the technique. // Glad to hear that you believe in binding your zines. I know there are a lot of "original condition" ~~hats~~ enthusiasts in fandom, but I believe that the material is a lot safer and a lot more easy to handle when bound - which, in my opinion, pretty well out-weighs the original condition consideration. // Your own story was sort of fun. The Coleman piece seems to suffer from an attempt to put too much into it. I think the paragraph describing the hate on the face of the robot (on the final page) is an especially outstanding flaw. It ain't needed,

Anyway, I hope poor old Bubastas managed to catch himself some Kartos rats, or something.// I like the cartoon on page 8. // My feelings about Burroughs are pretty much like your own. Another point I feel should always be taken into consideration in criticising a novel of that vintage is that the author of the early 20th century had a lot less information at hand to base his stories on. There was room for a lot more speculation in those days, and I don't feel that an author should be criticized for a lack of knowledge that was shared by all of his contemporaries.

DAMNYANKEE (Katz) Pfui. Being "on stage" at Discon consisted, for me, of sweltering inside of a vinyl mask I could scarcely see out of, and if that ever contributes to anyones stage presence, please let me know. (Incidentally, I have had two years of training for the stage, with a "B" average, and the fond regards of my instructors.) Anyway, I'm glad you think I'm nice - you're sort of cute too. Say, it wasn't you who came up to me the second day of the Discon, asked "Have you seen Dian Girard anywhere?" and when I pointed out to the foyer, promptly took off, was it?

INVADER(Staton) "The Bones of Sodom" was fairly good, at any rate I enjoyed it more than the majority of the fan fiction I've had occasion to read lately. I think you're off base in saying that the buildings would all fall the same way if the city was blown up from underground. I have a feeling that they would fall outward from the "ground zero" of the explosion(s).

IN SEARCH OF HALLOWEEN (Montgomery) A very enjoyable, wistful sort of writing. Nostalgia is a strange thing, isn't it.

YELLOW JACKET(Locke) Hmrrrr. Out go all your fanzines. To where? Like, we'll pay postage if you're just junking them. (I realize this is a pretty far-fetched possibility, but there's no harm in asking. I hate to think of homeless fanzines with no where to go.) Errr, are you being "cute" about me being pregnant, or haven't you ever heard of birth control? Not everyone gets married because he/she wants to raise scads of drooling little heirs, you know.// Maybe you didn't write that fable, but you ought to be haunted for pubbing it.

MANNDATE(Mann) Errr, whoa up there a minute. True, I am a multi-apan. The ARBM, however, was made up of Bruce Pelz, Johnstone, and Harness (not Metcalf, fer gawdsakes!). As for their being "past and gone,"Bruce and Ted at least will quibble with you over that. In case you're really interested, the correct ARBM order is Harness, Johnstone, and Pelz.

AUSLANDER (Cox & Hulan) Ed, your comments on the Hugos are interesting, and provocative - unfortunately, I can't think of anything to say. The main flurry over revision of the Hugo award system emanated from Harlan Ellison when he thought he might not get enough consideration, but the question of their validity as awards has been raised, and is still a problem. // I keep waiting for Ron Ellik to gasp for breath in the middle of his review. // I too salute Willie.

MIJUS (Pettit) Now, you don't really mean that you yourself had such a surprize, do you. I dunno, it may be contagious after all. Henry Stine's SJ, Chris, is expecting in early August (I think that's the right date) and they live about 15 miles from us. Maybe it's a virus.

CLIFFHANGERS (Norwood) Agreed, pronunciation is a matter of emphasis. Regretfully, it is also a matter of background and personal experience. I, for example, have studied Spanish for a little too long, and pronounce Len's title as "Za-hay Za-eue-lo". Ed Meskys, who is Lithuanian, pronounces "Juss", from the same book, "Yuss" (or 'use'). That's why pronunciation remains a problem. Then of course, there are people like me - who can't spell either.

MEL (Atkins) I think "A Bad Apple For the Teacher", both sections, was one of the best things in the mailing. I got more spontaneous laughter out of that than I've had in a coon's age. (Hoo boy, I'll bet that's a phrase destined for oblivion.) // "Up Jumped the Devil" also muchly appreciated. I sort of wonder, though, what the other occupants of the grill thought. // Scott Your typer seems to cut a beautiful stencil, at least my copy looks awfully nice. The idea of a Scotswoman reciting Browning does sound charming.

UTGARD (Hulan) Well, if I'd known there was going to be so much interest in "The Worm", maybe I would have taken a title from it too. I had had the mistaken impression that it was sort of an obscure fantasy. (Speaking of obscure fantasy, have I shown you my copy of "The Flying Islands of the Night" - wierd!) // Have you read "The Mysterious Mr. Quin"? As far as I know, it was Christie's only attempt at a fantasy element in any of her stories. I have always rather liked it - the theme appeals to me. // I agree with you about OMPA (You know I do, but for the record, y'know.) and have been thinking seriously about dropping it. The only ray of hope seems to be a set of idiot proposals that, if passed, will kill off OMPA deader than a doornail. Then we wouldn't have to worry about it. I find it very hard to rate apa mailings as I find that my emotional response to them influences my appreciation. For instance, SAPS was my first apa, and if I have to start dropping apas someday, it will be one of the last to go. The material in SAPS is not earth shaking, certainly, but I know so many of the members that each mailing is like a friendly gabfest with friends. SFFPA is fun for me because there are so few members, and most of the natter is highly humorous (at least to me). Also, SFFPA is the only apa I don't share with Bruce, which is sort of nice. He has N'APA to himself, but I know I get a lot more enjoyment out of SFFPA than Bruce does out of N'APA. The CULT has been boring to me lately because most of the discussions are politically oriented, and I am simply not interested in politics. I can hold my own with the dirt and porno you understand, its the politics I can't hack. OMPA just doesn't really exist for me. So much of the material produced by U.S. fans for OMPA is over-runs from SAPS, FAPA, etc. that the apa suffers because of it. Also, the English fans in OMPA are, naturally enough, perfect strangers to me and I can't seem to achieve any rapport with them. The warmth and vitality that I find in SFFPA and SAPS just doesn't seem to exist in OMPA. I read a good many FAPA zines as they come in for the mailings and FAPA seems incredibly dull to me. I dunno, maybe I just don't have a mature enough mind to appreciate the esoteric appeal of FAPA. About the only apa that I am not a member of and would like to join would be Lilapa - because I consider the members to be some of the most interesting people that I know in fandom. At any rate, I think four apas is enough for me, and I will have to decide to ditch OMPA before I can start whining, crying and drooling on Lilapa's doorstep. Besides, I have a feeling that Lilapa is invitational, and they may not like me. That's the way that it goes. (Look Dave, COMMENTS!!)

On your comments about UTGARD 6, I have to resist the impulse to retort with the time-honored "it thirtanly was", but it really was a good zine.// Couldn't you and Bruce play some sort of two-handed bourrer? I tried to talk Bruce into conducting a lottery on Katya and myself, but he never got around to it. That's a shame - we could have split the proceeds with you.// Me, I'm an agnostic. Besides, I don't really care that much. Bruce and I and three of the UCLA fellows had a long discussion on this topic while we were driving them back to the dorms last week. (The discussion grew, strangely enough, out of a discussion on the current Scientological fad that seems to have pervaded a fair-sized segment of local fandom.) The fact remains that belief or non belief in a supreme diety is a matter of personal need/desire/belief. I would hate to live in a church-controlled State, but then again I wouldn't care to be under the control of the militant atheists either. The one thing that has been puzzling me for quite a while is in the terminology involved here. I mean, what sort of religion (or non-religion) is something like Buddhism, which is more of a philosophical concept than anything else? This was an interesting article at anyrate, and reminds me of the quote "By night an atheist half believes a God." Boy, does that typer cut a lousy master though! //(I know it's just me, but I wish you wouldn't use words like "greetingly". Is it really a common term in the South and/or back East?) I think what I like most about winery tours is the odor. I remember Cresta Blanca in particular- the whole place was permeated with such a delicious fragrance.// Do carry on with "The Fan of Bronze" - it's absolutely wacky.

 "He has a voice so low I'll bet he squeezes a bullfrog for pitch"- MA

ACRUX(Cox) Nineteen years you've been in fandom??? Don't just stand there - gafiate! // The 16 ft. comment on FAPA ia undoubtedly because FAPA is twice as cruddy as any other apa and you were subconsciously taking this into account. // The Doc Savage novels sound as though they might be fun - I've never read any of them.

TEMPUS FUGIT (Mann) Another thing RM-66 seems to be is fafiated away from school. Do your parents display any qualms about your brother Alan getting into fandom, or don't they see any adverse connection between fanac and college? // Yes, MANNDERINGS 1 is quite a tolerable fanzine. Hoo boy, you should, or rather you shouldn't, see my first zines!

As I have probably mentioned previously, I was enrolled in a class in Folklore this past semester. Although most of the material covered was already reasonably familiar to me, the course was highly interesting, and the instructor was an absolute goldmine of folklore anecdotes. Well, anyway, one of the assignments for the course was to do research in Notes and Queries. This journal, for those of you who have never come in contact with it, was begun in the nineteenth century and continued publication until well into the twentieth. It was sort of a letter-hack zine in that people would write in and express their views on a subject, ask a question, etc. The journal operated on the principle that someone in it's readership would know the answer to almost any question that was asked. The system seemed to work fairly well. If you look through a few consecutive issues you can see that all of the queries received some sort of answer - often two or more conflicting

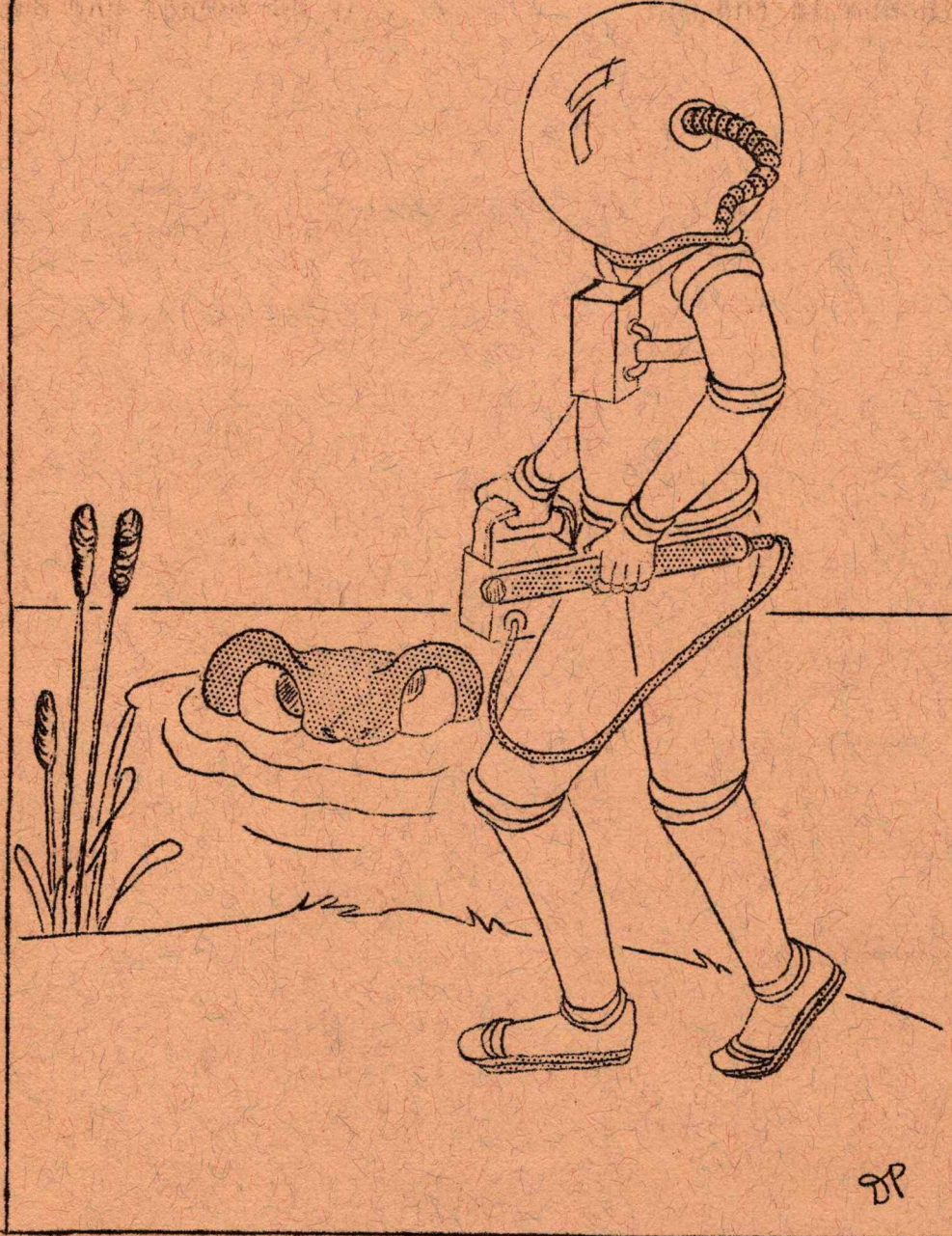
ones. Early issues of N & Q are indexed according to broad subject headings, such as "Music", "Quotations", "Folklore", etc. Later issues have more complete indexes - giving proper names, more specific subjects, etc. The class assignment was merely to pick some aspect of folklore and to collect a series of comments on it from N & Q. The subject I picked was superstitions concerning salt. Strangely enough, the second time I went into the library to do some work on the paper, I ran into another girl who was persuing the same subject. We did not, however, collaborate on our papers - feeling that the instructor was not one of the usual dumb clucks one runs into so often in courses of this type. The following is a list of the quotations collected from N & Q on salt. I am omitting the page and volume referances because they wouldn't be of interest to you anyway, but the dates range from 1853 to 1904, and the quotes are arranged chronologically.

- 1) "There is a proverb from various areas - 'Help to salt, help to sorrow.'"
- 2) "'If you do not throw salt into the fire before you begin to churn the butter will not come'"
- 3) From the Isle of Man comes the "Queeltah", or "salt put under the churn to 'keep off bad people'".
- 4) From Somersetshire, "When a corpse is laid out, a plate of salt is laid on the chest."
- 5) "The custom of placing salt on a corpse is common in Ireland. It is a symbol of eternity, but also regarded by the superstitious as effective in frightening off evil spirits."
- 6) "To spill salt betokens bad luck." - a Bayeux Superstition
- 7) "Salt is used in Morocco as a protector against the evil eye. 'A Jewess one morning, in bidding adieu to her friends, put her fingers into a salt-cellar and took from it a large pinch of salt, which, her friend told me afterwards, was to preserve her from the evil one'. (Richardson's Travels in Morocco, London, 1860, vol ii, p.21) It is used for a similar purpose in passing from one room to another in the dark."
- 8) "The writer once observed a large lump of salt placed upon the body of a negro servant of his in Buenos Aires by the surviving relatives. A friend at hand informs him that in the year 1853 he saw a pewter water-dish filled with salt and placed upon the body of his deceased grandfather, a Surrey gentleman. In the latter case he avers that the explanation given him at the time was to the effect that it prevented the body from swelling."
- 9) "The superstition that the spilling of salt bodes ill-luck - which (like that regarding a dinner or supper party of thirteen) still prevails not only among the rustics and the town artisan class, but even among people who ought to know better - Mr. Manley thinks was probably derived from the Romans, 'who considered it a bad omen if the salt fell from the head of a victim.' He remarks that 'The custom of throwing some of the grains over the shoulder as a counter charm is as universally observed as that of refusing to pass under a ladder and of wishing when a pie-bald horse is seen.

But these observances, though so generally practiced, are seldom regarded as serious. According to orthodox believers in omens, the counter-charm of throwing salt over the left shoulder is useless unless it be done three times with the use of the words "Go to the Devil" each time."

- 10) "But if the newly-laid egg be smeared with butter, olive oil, or a solution of gum, or be packed in bran, dry sawdust, lime or salt, it is, as it were, reduced to a state of hybernation, in which respiration is reduced to a minimum. So far it is conceivable that the egg may be kept tolerably fresh for a number of weeks, but when it is stated that the salt in which eggs are packed goes on improving in preservative properties during two or three years, it is time to pull up and say 'Prove your facts before you begin to speculate on some possibly occult powers of matter.'" [underlining my own - dp]
- 11) "A droll scene was witnessed in the court of a local magistrate at Berlinchen in the Mark a few days ago. No sooner had one of the witnesses, a woman, appeared to give evidence, than the accused, who was also a woman, started up and screamed out excitedly, 'I object to that witness.' The judge asked for her reason. 'That woman, Herr Richter,' said the defendent, 'swears whatever she pleases and takes no harm by it. The moment she says "I swear", she lays a piece of salt on her breast, and then tells any lie without danger. When she goes out of court she will throw the salt away so that her false witness will not hurt her soul.'"
- 12) "In Russia it is said that you should laugh when you pass the salt, otherwise you will make bad friends."
- 13) "If a person removes from one residence to another it is proper, before the house is occupied, to put salt on the stairs, and this rite must take place before any of the furniture is taken indoors."
- 14) "At the famous salt mines of Cardona in Cataluña, the property of the Duke of Medina, Sidonia, one sees, among other ornaments and curiosities that are carved out of the mineral, salt sticks in the shape of a small obelisk. These are exported for use in the Catholic rite of baptism, when their crystal tip is inserted in the lips of the christened."
- 15) "'Some English people carry a plate of salt into the church at baptism. They say that a child which is baptised near salt will be sure to go to heaven.' Unbaptised, and so exposed, infants had salt put beside them for safety."
- 16) "Before a birth the woman places a little salt in the doorway, and then watches who enters. If a man, the child will be a male; if a woman, a female. ... That salt is used as a distinctly avowed prophylactic charm is certain. At the Espositiione Agricola at Palermo in 1903, there was a room set apart for the display of a collection made by Dr. Guiseppe Pitre of objects in illustration of Sicilian folk-lore. Amongst these several were separatly numbered, and specially attached to a board marked 'contro la jettatura', each of which was to be worn on the person. Number six was labeled 'Sacchetto di Sale'".

THE
FROG POPPERS
GAZETTE



DP