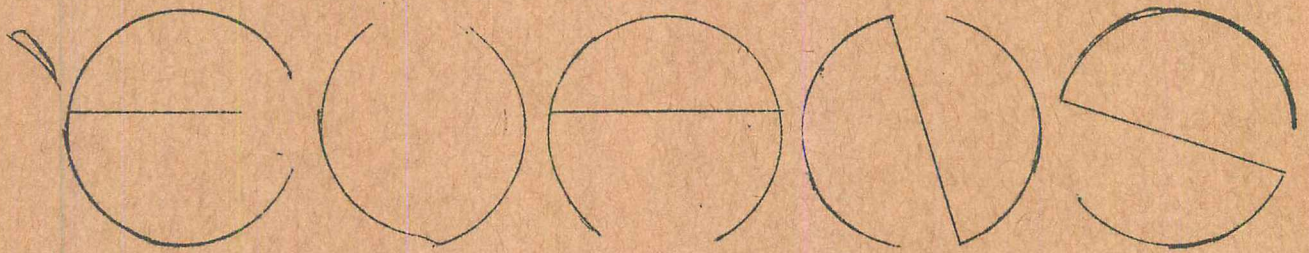
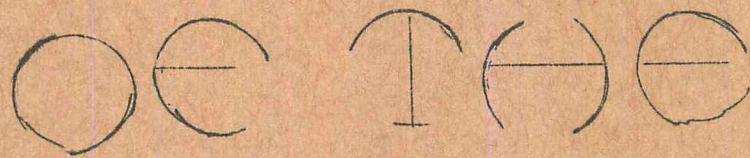
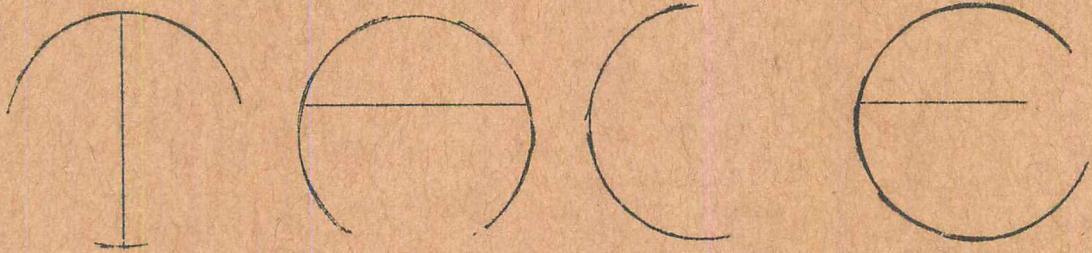
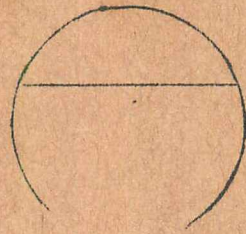


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1944

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VOLUME the III.

NUMBER the I

This is the "My-What-A-Long-Tail-Our-Pussy-Cat-Has" issue of that sterling FAPazine, "A TALE OF THE 'EVANS", published for the Winter trade of 1944, at Ye Olde Slanne Shacke, 25 Poplar Street, in Battle Creek, Michigan, by Th'Ol'Foo of Fandom, E. Everett Evans.

DEPARTMENT OF THE THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER.

If this issue seems rather short, it will probably be because it IS short. I have been working on my new magazine "THE TIME-BINDER", hoping to have it ready so I could send out copies to ye FAPAns, but, alas and alack, it is not yet done. I weep!

Also, there will be herein a preponderance of one Charles R. Tanner, because when he was here on his first visit he gave me a poem of his, and also later on after his return to Cincinnati he graciously sent me the article "REVOLT IN THE DESERT", which you will find on following pages. Those of you who know Charlie only for his "Tumithak" and other stories, know him as a fine author.. We who have been privileged to know him personally, know him also as one swell egg: a brilliant conversationalist, and a man interested in many things, not the least of which is Fandom. His two visits to Slan Shack will long be remembered, and we all hope he will find or make occasions to visit us many more times.

Another one of those little things that come up to harrass the editor of a FAPAmag, has been the extra amount of work needed doing on my job as Prexy of the NFFF, during the past few months. It is fun; I love it -- but it sure does cut into my time. Mainly that is why you will find in this ish no report on the last Mailing, a lack I greatly deplore, since there was so much of interest to review and discuss. But one can't let a hobby start riding him, rather than the reverse, and that is what Fandom comes mighty near doing to me. But I insist on having a little time to read (and not all of my reading is Stf. or Fantasy); I insist on having time to play with my new little granddaughter, who now is living, together with her charming mother, in Battle Creek, where I can see her at least once a week. And I insist on having time to get in those ubiquitous poker games at Slan Shack come Saturday night and Sunday. Soooooo, A TALE OF THE 'EVANS suffers, and all you lucky people get an unexpected break, not having to wade through a long issue. And a Merry Christmas to you, Sirs, as well!

REVOLT IN THE DESERT

by

Charles R. Tanner

"IMPRESSION OF SLAN SHACK"

Once the city of Cincinnati was as full of fans as any city of its size in the country. Nelson Bond, Ross Rocklynne and myself were there; R. Creighton Buck (who had a story, "The Clock" in "unknown" and took a prize in "Probability Zero"), was there; and Dale Tarr -- and there were nearly a dozen other, more silent fans. But war and wives and other calamities worked their will with the city, and when I came out of the hospital, a year or so ago, I was fan-dom in Cincinnati. And a sad and silent critter I had become. Is it any wonder that I looked upon Cincinnati as a desert, where never, from one year's end to the next, came a blessed rain of conversation to fertilize the brain and make it bloom with ideas?

I looked with envy to other cities, where fans still got together to gabble over coffee and to give their latest opinions of Palmer and of Campbell. But all this, it seemed, was not for me -- I was held down by many ties to the city of deadly blight, and as week followed week, I felt myself frying up until I was almost as void of interest as the desert in which I lived.

And then came an invitation from Everett Evans, whom I had met at the Chicon, to visit Slan Shack, an invitation seconded by Al Ashley and by Abby Lu -- Rujablu, herself.

My first thought was to write and sadly reject their invitation, for by the tenets of the desert, such things were not for me, But then came the revolt! I decided I was going to accept that invitation, if it cost me every cent I had in the world.

So a day saw me on a bus, headed north. If I had the time and space, I'd like to tell the whole story of my visit, but the subtitle of this article is "Impressions of Slan Shack", so let me record those impressions, as they struck me at the time.

Battle Creek -- bigger than I thought, bigger than the atlas says, a fast growing city. Capital Ave., huge maples, beautiful street -- ah, Poplar street at last. 25 Poplar! Slan Shack at last. I like the look of the place, which seems to say: "There are no stuffed shirts here." A knock on the door. No answer. Another knock. A barking dog. Then a voice. "Wait a minute". Milton Ashley and Thelma Morgan appear. My private thought -- ("Who in hell's this: 'Tain't Al. 'Tain't Abby Lu. 'Tain't Th' Ol' Foo. 'Tain't Liebscher. Have I got the wrong place after all?") Thelma lets me in; asks in a sleepy suspicious voice: "Are you Charles Tanner?" I admit it, like a thief confessing a crime. Instantly the welcome mat is spread: I'm in, I'm a member of the family. "Come on in!" Pictures on the walls. Lots of pictures. Paul. Finlay. Bok. Settles. Cover illustrations. Black-and-whites. Signs over the doors. "Playroom", "Temple of Th' Ol' Foo", "The Nether Regions", "Chanticleering". And the one over the front door:

"Civilization". Yes, maybe "civilization" IS outside, but who wants to be "civilized" when he can be a slan?

Books! . . . Library of Th' Ol' Foo, and of Al, and of Walt. Books I have read. Books I have heard of. Books I have never even heard of. All fantasy and science fiction.

But where are the slans? Not here? No one but Thelma Morgan? I'm rattled, and the first time she tells me, I don't get it. Then, presently, it comes out. The whole bunch has gone to the Bufflocon. Won't be back till morning. . . . Thelma calls up Ed Counts and Earl Perry. Earl can't make it. But pretty soon, Ed arrives and we go out to supper. And after supper -- hours of conversation -- with people who can talk. Ed and Thelma and I talk until about midnight -- then Ed goes home, and the conversation goes on - -

To bed, after three, but not to sleep. Far too excited to sleep. I lay and think of all the happenings of the day. About four o'clock, I hear the caravan from Buffalo arrive. Next morning, when the gang finally awakes, I am still vainly trying to get to sleep.

I give up and go downstairs and join the crowd. A room full of living people. And I am used to associating with zombies. (Not Lez-zombies, either.) And here's Everett, again. Already it seems strange to think that he and Walt Liebscher are the only ones of this group whom I ever met before. . . . Fans are slans, some scientifically inclined and some fantastically -- but Everett is a philosopher. It shows in his eyes and in every word he speaks.

And here's Al Ashley and Abby Lu. Al has a package of books and magazines which he brought from Buffalo. We spend half an hour looking them over. Walt Liebscher appears; strangely enough, for a while I forget that I met him at the Chicon. I feel guilty when he has to call it to my attention. And here's Jack Wiedenbeck. I've got a lot to say to you, Jack. I happen to be a little interested in art, myself. More conversation. More fans. Meet Frankie Robinson. Meet Dalvan Coger. And now Earl Perry comes in. Fans to the right of me, fans to the left of me, one of Everett's cigars in my face -- A-ah, I hope I don't wake up . . .

Hours pass. Dinner. The food is good, the conversation excellent. A certain old lady is referred to, a muscaphagous octogenarian whose omnivorous tendencies could not fail to cause her demise. It soon becomes evident that Frankie-with-eyebrows is dying to tell us about her. So before long it all comes out:

"There was an old lady who swallowed a fly -- "

Well, I understand it's demon knight's, so let him tell you. But it went over, and went over big. And then -- more talk -- strange, isn't it, how everyone can say so much of interest to every other fan. Supper comes, and it begins to dawn on me that Abby Lu is a good cook. Then we're off again, talking about the things fans talk about: Nova and Chanticleer and Wiedenbeck's artistic ability, and cover originals, and E. E. Smith, and Pong and Pong's photography, and Lez and Bob Tucker. And I bring up some of my hobbies, such as fossil invertebrates, and mineralogy, and Ross

Rocklynne and old prints, and my time theory and stuff.

I was up all last night, and I had a long bus ride yesterday. Why ain't I tired: It's three A. M. before I go to bed, and I go reluctantly. Next morning I sloop late, but shortly before noon, Earl Perry arrives, and shortly after that, Ed Counts. We're off again, and it doesn't seem long until the afternoon passes and Al and Everett abd Jack and Walt get home from work -- and so it goes, day after day. You never get tired, there's always something new, and no matter how long you stay, you regret it when you go.

These things stick out in my memory: Everett's oil painting of "Skylark III". The holograph copy og "Second-Stage Lensman", surely one of the rarest treasures in fandom. Jack Wiedenbeck's copy of the drawings of Norman Lindsay. The innumerable things they wanted me to read -- and which I wanted to read -- and which I couldn't find time to read. Abby Lu's cooking. Everett's wonderful gift to me -- Thomas Craven's "A Treasury of American Prints". Dalvan Cogor's marvelous narrative ability, which will mean something if he ever starts to write. The fantasy library -- or rather, libraries -- which combined, have most everything in fantasy. And "La Valse", that magnificent musical work by Ravel, which, when explained by Walt Liebscher, becomes a thing of splendid horror as good as anything Lovecraft ever did. . .

And oh! yes, let me not forget the poker games. For at last, Everett found the man whom he could take. I rose from the table a sadder but wiser man. Still, I think I broke even. Those were good cigars, Everett.

I could have staid forever. I staid a week. For the first time in my life, I was sorry to go back home.

Everett asked me to say something here (first time I ever cut one of these darned stencils). Sure glad I managed to visit Slan Shack. It's a swell place! Maybe next time I see all the Slan Shackiddies perhaps they'll all be at Los Angeles! Happy thot! Three cheers for the coming Slancenter of the world! Well, I can see I'm making an unhappy mess of this thing, so I'll stop now. So Long, all you dear Fapans!--Don Bratton.

I'm in the same boat that Bratton is---Everett asked me to write something (as you see, I'm a new hand at stenciling, too) here and there's no way out of it. I'm glad that Don liked Slan Shack---I've been up here for so long that I'm practically a fixture around the dump and I've yet to tire of it. Oops---in the preceeding sentence I meant to say I've visited here so often I'm practically a fixture. Many fans have dropped in here the past year and I've yet to meet one that didn't care for it. --- Despite everything I've said, the gang here is determined to move to California. Probably around the early part of '45. With a moderate amount of good fortune they won't be the only ones. After "the war and six months" Dal Cogor, Nick DeJack, perhaps Ken Krueger, Bob Camden and myself*headed towards there--for visits or settlement. And who knows who else? Be seeing you..... Frank Robinson.// *will be

AZATHOTH

(Being an adaptation to verse of Murray's purported translation of the Fourth Pnakotic Fragment.)

Beyond the Gulf of Ages that lifts above the Curve,
Behind the Barrier of the Dark where nighted planets swing,
Where thickening darkness swallows light, and sound is never heard
Save when Space trembles to the beat of Nyarlathotep's wing,

Time ceases, Matter vanishes, and in that haunted Night
The forms of things take meanings that our own dimensions three
Cannot explain, and Chaos, negation of all light,
Stretches its hungry formlessness to all infinity.

'Tis said that in the center of that unmade Afterwhile
There stands a throne of Basalt, unspeakable in size,
'Round which immortal dancers, amorphous, imbecile,
Dance an eternal saraband 'neath Horror's unseeing eyes.

'Neath Horror's eyes? Ah, Seeker! That ultimate you sought --
That Lord of made and unmade things, omnipotent, alone --
Is not a Lord of Life and Light, with Love and Wisdom fraught,
But that, which, blind and witless, squats on that unhallowed stone.

Formless and dark, in formless space, upon a jet-dark throne
(Surrounded by his flopping horde, half diety, half brute),
He sits and slumbers endlessly, his myriad senses lulled
By the high monotonous piping of a demoniac flute.

Make no mistake, he lives! How else explain Life's tangled schemes?
How else explain his jester, Death; his terrors and our fears?
Eternal hopes confronted by eternal broken dreams,
And all this sorry medley of misery, grief and tears?

Make no mistake, he rules! And shall! While we, his puppets, last,
None other than the Idiot God shall sway the fates of men
'Till that dim day when Time shall end and with his Whip of Stars
Yog-Sothoth will destroy his power and set things right again.

CHARLES R. TANNER

(By permission of the author, this is reprinted from
"Scienti-Snaps", Walt Marconnette's former fanmag)

