

PRESENTS

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The Fanzine Of Discriminating Pen - - A. E. Mien Gog t

Contents:-

TIME:-From 3:00 p.m. Saturday , January , 23rd , 1954  
continuing untill 3:00 a.m. Sunday , January  
24th , 1954.

PLACE:-The infamous subterranean den of iniquity that  
is located at 137 McRoberts Avenue in that  
beautifull city of Southern Ontario , Mud York.

MATERIAL:-Liberated paper,  
Borrowed ink,  
Swiped stencils,  
Purloined staples,  
Plagarized crud,  
Stolen ideas,  
and Unmitigated nerve.

CAST:-The perpetrators of this act were;-  
Albert Lastovica  
Howard Lyons  
Boyd Raeburn  
Ron Kiöder  
Gerald Steward  
Kenneth G. Hall  
with assistance from:-  
Sheldon Leonard  
Sheldon King II  
Lloyd Brayburn  
Brad Raybury  
Samuel la Salle  
24 Carling's Black Label  
and Phillip Morris.

The Rest Of The Contents Will Be Found On The Inside.

# EDITORIAL BY RECTAL BACKLASH

1000 1000 .A .A - - not published to business end

While we do not feel up to the scholarly style of John W. Campbell Jr. and refuse to waste time burbling about paper clips in the manner of H. L. Gold, most magazines (excepting such hogwash as the Readers Digest, the Magazine for Mediocre Minds) do have an editorial, so herewith a few words for your edification and possible enlightenment.

While this one shot, actually, is a fine example of what we consider one of the more futile aspects of fandom, being concerned not particularly with science fiction, the circumstances leading to its production are explained elsewhere in the issue, and the fact that we are finding it a lot of fun to compose and produce a 'zine all in one evening is the sole justification for its existence

It has long appeared to us that a large part of the activities of a lot of fans are devoted to very little directly connected with sf. They are so busy reading fanzines, producing fanzines, writing to each other, and carrying on the odd feud, that they have no time to READ science fiction. Such a way of fandom is strictly for the bird-baths. What is the use of being able to relate the latest doings of authors and self-styled BNFS, only to look blank when science fiction stories are being discussed? The first fanactivity of the true fan should be to READ science fiction.

While Pogo has little to do with sf, so many sf fans seem to be Pogo fans, we feel we should pass on to you the pronouncement of Norman G. Browne that Pogo is passé, Mad Comics are The Thing. Perhaps Mad Comics have replaced Pogo amongst the bird-baths because they are pretty obvious even to the meagre minds, whereas Pogo requires a modicum of intelligence and perspicacity.

# PITCHING HORSESH--!

With all due apologies to Billy Rose....By Samuel La Salle

Here we are , kiddies. This is the page where you'll find all the dirt ; and we do mean dirt.

Ron Kidder tells us that he always thot a hot dog was one of our canine friends in heat.

The only reason that William D. Grant has such a wonderful collection of magazines and books is that he has found out that they make such terrific places for him to hide his lickor bottles. And as we all know , the only reason that he goes to the conventions is to have a good excuse to get drunk. Why do you go to conventions? I'm supposed to put an ad in here for Canadian Fandom, so there it is.

Did you know that Eleanor Footell was a real book-burner? She sent me a copy of F.M.F.S.F.M. and when I opened the envelope and took it out, I thought that it was a manuscript. I could have shuffled and delt the damned thing; there simply wasn't any binding there.

Last Friday night I bought a copy of Star Science Fiction stories # 2, and took it home without opening it. The next afternoon I went up to Gerald Steward's place and read the first half of his copy and that evening we went up to Ron's place where I read the other half of his copy, so now I have a mint copy without even cyetracks, and the boys are threatening to sneak in one lonely night and crack open the binding on me. What I want to know Mr. Anthony is, what shall I do about it.

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plains, so they say.

Ever since Ron saw my chromium pipe, he's been green with envy, and just now he claims that he's going to buy a leather-covered one. Fortunately, neither of us do any smoking so it's a harmless feud. I wonder what he'd do if I put opium in his bubble pipe?

Take all the wooden nickels that you can get your hands on children, they're worth a mint to collectors.

Mary had a little lamb. The doctor fainted.

## THOUGHTS PROVOKED WHILE SITTING UNDER A SUMMER SKY

Oh, how I wonder, as I sit  
And ponder  
On the Stars  
Up yonder;

Are there other worlds, I ask myself,  
Whirling,  
Spinning,  
Wheeling through desolate space  
Such as does this Earth?

Are these worlds as green  
I query,  
As lush, as fecund, as fertile  
As this spacial globe?

Their skies, are they as azure-  
Blue  
As that which hung over me  
Cerulean, sapphirine,  
Only a little before?

Or have they some exotic pattern of colour,  
These other Earths,  
Of amethyst, vermilion and ocher?

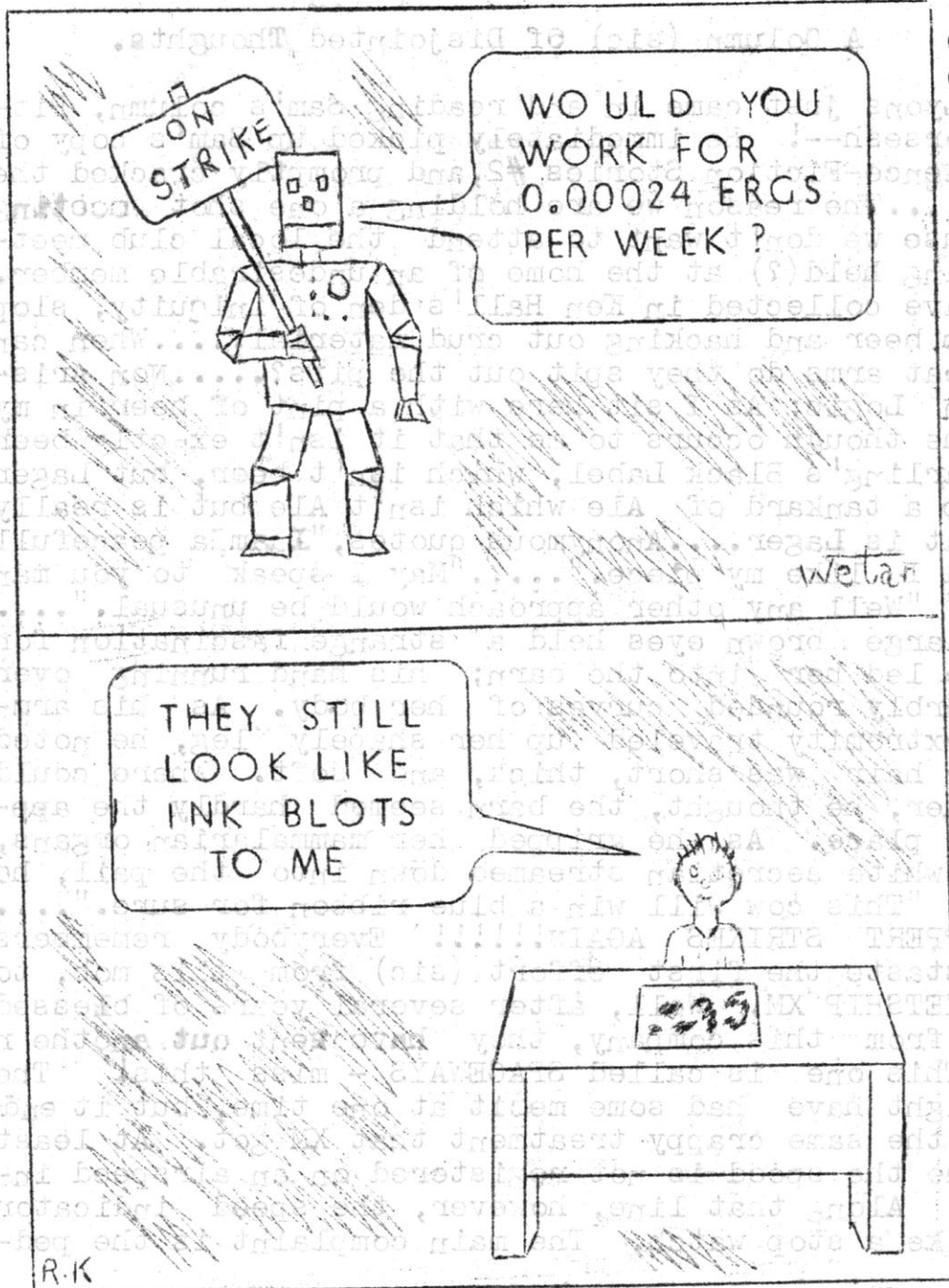
Yet again, they may be an atrabilious mélange  
Of funeral blacks, sepiae, and grays.

Their winds, are they cool,  
Gentle and soothing,  
Or splenetic, fearful?

I know not,  
But it pleases me to sit,  
And wonder.

.....Ronald G. Kidder.

THE CARTOON PAGE BY SAM LE SUE  
DO A LITTLE WRITING ON THE SIDE TOO - SAMUEL



A Column (sic) Of Disjointed Thoughts.

Howard Lyons just came in and reading Sam's column, Pitching Horsesh--! He immediately picked up Sam's copy of Star Science-Fiction Stories #2, and promptly cracked the spine.....The reason we are holding a one shot ~~ooting~~ is because we don't want to attend the local club meeting, being held(?) at the home of an undesirable member. So we have collected in Ken Hall's den of iniquity, slopping up beer and hacking out crud material....When can nibals eat arms do they spit out the pits?.....Non Aristotelian Logic; As I sit here with a pint of beer in my hand, the thought occurs to me that it isn't exactly beer. It is Carling's Black Label, which isn't beer, but Lager. So I sup a tankard of Ale which isn't Ale but is really beer that is Lager....Anonymous quotes, "I am a peacefull man, and I like my piece."....."May I speak to you man to man?" "Well any other approach would be unusual."....Her large brown eyes held a strange fascination for him. He led her into the barn; his hand running over the superbly rounded curves of her body. As his arminal extremity traveled up her shapely leg, he noted that her hair was short, thick, and soft. Where could he put her, he thought, the barn seemed hardly the appropriate place. As he gripped her mammalarian organs, and the white secretian streamed down into the pail, he mumbled, "This cow will win a blue-ribbon-for sure."....LIPPERT STRIKES AGAIN!!!!!! Everybody remembers with distaste the first effort (sic) from this mob, to wit ROCKETSHIP XM. Well, after several years of blessed silence from this company, they have sent out another epic. This one is called SPACEWAYS - miss this! The story might have had some merit at one time, but it ends up with the same crappy treatment that XM got. At least this time the speed is not registered on an airspeed indicator. Along that line, however, the speed indicator spins like a stop watch. The main complaint is the ped-

estrian pace of the lemon together with somewhat inadequate acting from normally competent personnel. The usual scientific inaccuracies run rampant. In particular I was nauseated by the use of a bookkeeping machine in the guise of a super-duper-calculator. Most of the white smocked personnel stand around making pencil marks on ledger sheets and nodding like a second year intern. You will probably be very pleased by the extra large radar screen they use. It measures about three feet in diameter. It bears a superficial appearance to a clear glass window with the lights out behind it except for a flashlight spot which represents several million dollars (and two weeks of construction) worth of rocket ship (three stages, no waiting). The choice bit however is when the ground crew mentions that the ship is traveling at such and such a speed, eight G's. Immediately you see a view in the rocketship of THE STAR (Howard Duff) speaking into a rather tattered microphone, showing no signs of strain and remarking "No sensation of speed". At which point the more intelligent one-one thousandth of the audience are heard to retch up popcorn and pepsi. The only point of interest is a "perfect" murder which would interest John Dickson Carr. This is better than a locked-room mystery. Two people disappear from a security-locked station. The solution offered is that they were murdered, two tons of fuel were drained from an unmanned rocket, the bodies were put into the tank and the whole caboodle launched into OUTER SPACE. Due to this shortage of fuel the rocket settles down as a satellite and that's what the whole stink is about. Only it turns out that the rocket trouble comes from not using super-plastic in the right spots and the people (one of whom is a scientist who intends heading "east" where "two billion people are in bondage") escaped by bribing a guard.

DON'T NOT MISS THIS LEMON. THIS IS THE WORST, THE LEAST A BAS!

The above review was written by Harlan G. Browne, of the abominable Seventh.

Speaking of 7th, this isn't heaven, it's fandom. Seventh Fandom is really a gimmick employed by a group of asinine Teenagers, to publicize themselves in order to get more



egoboo than is obtainable through conventional methods..  
.....This is a 200th Fandom magazine, dedicated to the  
ideology that Fandom is a continuous movement, and not  
devided into Eras.....In regards to the above review,,  
4J Ackerman did well in naming his magazine SPACEWAYS ,  
as both are of comparable quality.....To set the record  
straight, the Palomar Observatory in California solemn-  
ly announced the nebula Messier 81 in the constellation  
URSA MAJOR is actually 42 quintillion miles from here.  
That's four times as far as previously announced. Let's  
keep it in mind.....More Space In Ships; Eastern Air-  
line board chairman Eddie Rickenbacker predicted today  
that within 20 years space ships big enough to carry  
2,500 persons will become a reality. Rickenbacker also  
said he expected planes with speeds of 25,000 miles an  
hour to be built within the next two decades. "We've  
got supersonic planes now," he said. "Shortly we'll  
have multiple supersonic planes permitting speeds of  
military planes averaging 25,000 miles an hour. There  
may be atomic-powered planes going from 1500 to 3000  
miles an hour within a decade." Rickenbacker envisioned  
the building of interplanetary space ships "within the  
next decade or so." He said he believed air travel wou-  
ld make more progress in the next 20 years than it has  
since its beginning.....Somewhere the sun is shining  
bright, somewhere in this happy land, but there is no  
joy in Seventh Fandom tonight; mighty Mad Comics has  
struck out. Yes youngsters, much to the disappointment  
of the juvenile contingent of fandom, MAD COMICS has fold-  
ed with its sixth issue. Actually we can't see why it  
should have given up, considering that it only had such  
omitators as, Crazy, Wild, Eh!, Bughouse, Madhouse, Get  
lost, etc., etc. We are glad to report that none of the  
Toronto fen are shedding any tears over the timely de-  
mise of Mad Comics. Now if its imitators follow suit...  
...If the reproduction of this one shot is below the  
standard of Canadian Fandom, I would like you to re-  
member that the stencils were cut by fen who had never  
done any stencil cutting before, and who were unexperi-  
enced at running a Gestetner duplicator....Sheldon King II.

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