



Page 2

KICKING OFF

THIS, AS YOU SHOULD HAVE REALIZED BY NOW, IS THE SECOND EDITION (or is it ISSUE?) OF THAT STERLING SAPS zine, AJ-73-16.

The date today, as this stencil is being mutilated by a nice new Royal which was laying around, is Friday, 5 September 1952. Three days ago I returned from the ChiCon to a surprise reception. It seems that I had taken a three-day pass to go to Chicago, the three days covered by the pass being Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I stayed away Sunday and Monday as well. This would not have been so bad, since Sunday there was no duty to perform and Monday was a legal holiday. As luck would have it, though, I had been scheduled for Charge of Quarters on Sunday night. This I knew ahead of time so that I had arranged with another dependable fellow to pull the duty for me, seeing that I had done the same for him on a number of occasions. However, that particular Sunday night, being the night after payday, this character decided to wander over to the nearest town that served a bar which had mixed drinks which happened to be about fifty miles away. There he imbibed a bit too freely of the mixed drinks and, came time for him to pull my duty, he wasn't here. Naturally the man who was on duty and due to be relieved didn't take to this kindly at all, so he reported it. Whereupon, when I returned, I found the Air Policemen at the gate with orders to detain me at the gate until another AP could come down to take me before the first sergeant. I saw the first sergeant while I was still wearing my driving civies and had my I Go Pogo button prominently displayed upon same.

Then I saw the commanding officer.

They hav not yet decided just what the hell they are going to do with me and, until they do, I am not restricted to the base area. The way they tell it, I have just had my pass privileges revoked for the interim period. Well, the most they can do will be to fine me fifty dollars, restrict me to base area for sixty days or take away one of my four unearned stripes. Or a combination of two or more of those things. Personally, I think I shall be restricted, which will mean that I shall not be able to run this mag off. So, in anticipation, I have written to a prominent SAP asking him if he would do it if need be and explaining the situation. So, if you see a notation on this page, at the bottom, that it has been run off by some member of SAPS some where on some machine or other, that's it.

Anyway, as I said, just returned from Chicago. Met a lot of people I had met before, some with whom I had merely corresponded, some I had just heard of and at least one who I had never before heard of. All in all it was a great con and I'll be damned if anything will keep me away from the next one in Philadelphia. Had wanted it to be in San Francisco, but apparently there were more people who wanted it in the east. So Philly it'll be. Wonder what it'll be called. PhilCon II? Penn Vention (I like that)? PaCon? Or any of the other combinations which can be used. I'd like to go on record right now as favoring the official title of PennVention. Let's not have another title like Eleventh World Annual Science Fiction Convention until the twentieth one, wherever that is. A serious name is not to be seriously attached to any StfCon more than once every ten years. Are you with me or against me? Down with dignity in Fandom.

Anyway, as you turn these pages, you'll come to a few pages of mailing comments (which were all written the day after I got the last mailing) and other assorted crud. Except for the reviews and the cover (which I hope Shay will cut soon) all of the pages will be cut before the sun comes up like thunder over Kirksville cross the creek. SF for SF con (in '54) -- SF for SF con (in '54) -- SF for SF con

4.

Just occurred to me to tell you that all material which is not columnized is being written and composed directly on to the stencil. That which is dummied before-hand has usually been dummied directly on to the dummy and is re-written as it is transferred to the stencil. I like mags of S.A.P.S. to be spontaneous. I do not like to see S.A.P.S. bragging that their mags are spontaneous. I like to brag that my mags are spontaneous. Any suggestions? Don't be too harsh on the lad. After all, by the time you read this, I may be a civilian again. Not sure.

To continue with Jacobs. What's it is a nice job. I like mags that mention my name. Reading The Saga of Lancelot Trilling, and the juke box in the rec hall next to this office started blaring out with We're Never Not Gonna Go Home. Must be some connection. 'Tis Saturday afternoon, still, and while I could be swimming in a nice, cool, dirty Missouri lake, here I am trying to find one of the base hans to get that doggerel at the bottom of a page of W translated into fanspeak. I'll try his home phone again. Just a minute. (Say, Ellinger went into the Army on July 29. Got a letter today saying he's leaving then and by the time you read this, he'll be in.) On that last page; I have to put up with it too. Luckily I found a kindred soul here plus some more readers and, together, have formed the seven man and a woman Sublette Fantasy and Science Fiction Society. Only other ones known at all are Alice Douglas, a Detroit, and John Shay, a Minneapolis. Lino's still busy. I'll leave it for later and move on to:

HIGGS, Ray (Sapian)---I dunno why, but every issue of any mag by Racy looks the same to me and I have to look inside to see what it is. (I should talk with three mags in twenty with essentially the same format.) Anyway, the thing titled Woman has seen print many times in the past few decades. Don't know who Lewis Hunt is, but I'll lay you (not you Racy) ten to one he didn't do it.

GLUCK, Sid (Skylark)---((Pardon interruption, but a fly just landed on Skylark, so I smashed it with a stone, Gen Tones Moonstone issue, that is, Mossy)) This think keeps rolling up on me. It curls. Is it just the copy I have of is their something wrong somewhere? Look, Gluck, why not borrow some one's typer and go back to mine. Don't use a portable. Or, if worse comes to worse, send me a dummy and I'll be glad to do up the stencils for you. Incidentally, I hope that you're plagiarizing from Foo magazine (as I did also) doesn't mean that you are a Foo man. Suggest we get together in future mailings and allot the items in that publication for plagiarization. Wouldn't do to have us both come up with the same funny ads in the same mailing. And why don't you throw away these covers? Sure they cost money. But paper isn't too expensive.

BNEY ((what is that first name?)) (Protoplast)---What do you say we get together on our black magic. Have tried a few things. Most of which, unfortunately, have been rendered ineffective by my bursting into loud laughter at the crucial time. Or maybe it was fortunate. As for that zinc plate experiment. I could have told you it wouldn't work, know-it-all that I am. I used to do a bit of photo-engraving. If any S.A.P.S. are interested in printing a zinc, I'll be glad to engrave the plates free of charge if you'll buy me a copy camera, supply of plates, supply of topping, film for the copy camera, arc light and a supply of developer. Anyone interested? Incidentally, Voltaire Jackson was listed as associate editor of the Grosse Pointe Review when Don Singer was editor. 'Tis said that he is/was a fan. Think he's out of the picture, though. And those linericks were written in fun. Weron't meant to be good. Oh hell. Seems that no one is recommending what I think is one of the greatest films I've ever seen. I mean The Red Shoes. Made by the same crowd that did Tales of Hoffman (not Lee). Only thing that displeased me was that I saw it in a small town and only had a chance to sit through it twice. Hasn't been where I've been since.

DIAMOND, Royal (Pipsquak)---Dunno how you got into this mailing. Last I heard, you were hopelessly insane from reading Amazing rejects. But. If you want something that has something to do with Stf in Gold Medal Docks, there was once a thing put out to toll the public the truth about the flying saucers. Written by the same fellow who did those articles for True Magazine. Don't recall the name right now. What the hell is hysterectomy? As to that puzzle, Hrrmnn. Apparently Gordon is merely standing there thinking of what has gone on before. I mirrored "a" would be a "b" in natural order. And with the b in front, or to the fore. Gordon is undoubtedly thinking of what is going on b4. Or, if you don't like this (and you surely don't), what is your solution?

DAVIS, John (Ghu Saplement, /in 3 parts/)---If this were only the Roscoe Saplement I could see it. Repent Davis. Repent before it is too late. As was revealed in the pages of the Spacowarp, ROSCOE IS THE ONLY TRUE GHOD. To Foo with Ghu. Ho, Jacobs, here's your fouds on fanreligion. What sayest thou? Poetry Eater's Corner is catching on. I'm glad. I stole the title too for presentation in the Sublette Sentinel, Air Force paper I edit here. I'll go to the files right now for that matter and reprint the entire corner from the issue in which it appeared. In fact, it is right below and to the left of this. The first two

There was a young airman named Rico //
Who kept a dead girl friend on ice. //
Said he, "I'll regret it later, //
But I keep her in the refrigerator //
Because it's so Morgey, but nice." //

* * * * * //
A red-headed airman called Red //
Ignored gals, dated a steed instead. //
He said, "I know it is coarse //
To make love to a horse, //
But her hay makes a marvelous bed." //

* * * * * //
He paced the waiting room floor in a crowd //
And felt so terribly proud. //
But when quadruplets were born //
He called on his corn //
And stated, "Four crying out loud." //

* * * * * //
Although this space is devoted to poetry //
There are only four lines left, you see. //
Then these words, sung or trilled, //
Will make this space be fully filled. //

//////////
article or two. Since starting on the first page of these mailing comments, I've run through a Collier's, SatEvePost and am working on Newsweek. The latter has an excellent article on how atomic waves (waves from atom bomb blasts) bounce around and hit some targets fifty miles away while sparing some only twenty miles distant. Fascinating.

And speaking of fascinating articles, in the current ASE (I think it's dated August) is an excellent editorial by JWCampbell. If you don't ordinarily get Astounding, suggest you rummage around a bit and round this up. The editorial is titled The Ultimate Weapon. In it, Campbell discusses this object by, first, listing eleven requirements for such an object. These eleven objects rule out, to any normal mind, the possibility of ever building the ultimate weapon. Then, taking an entirely unnoticed track, JWC proceeds to tell you how to go about building it. I repeat again and again, fascinatingfascinatingfascinat

HEY! DON'T STOP NOW, I'M JUST ABOUT READY TO TELL HIM TO GO SWAL. READ ON AND YOU MAY FIND IT INTERESTING

Oh yes, further reading in that issue of Newsweek, 14 July issue, says that Prof. W. J. Luyten, one of the featured speakers at the InVention ((Pardon please, just checked the InVention Report and found that his presence was noted. He has done work for some of Lunkloberger's zines, though)) discovered the smallest known Dwarf Star in the Milky Way. He says a Dwarf Star is "a star that's dead and doesn't know it."

COSLET, Walter (Spectator - Spectator Sport - Dzyan)---Was surprised and a bit shocked to see that Alger had dropped. Had I known it I would not have put Alice's thing in the mailing. Gads, Shapiro comes in and two Michifon drop. Also others. Okay Black, it's up to you now. Get those members. And say, Coswal, while I admit that Black put forth the best platform for CE, what about the others who volunteered (Drummond, Carr and I think there was one more). Surely they deserve some consideration. I'm not just saying this out of an empty head. When I get out of the service and settled somewhere, I'll probably volunteer for the CEing job. As for that Mag of F&SF requesting a list of members, read in another part of AJ7316 about my little correspondence with them. Coswal also suggests another apa. Is this all you do? With the sporadic mailing's I've seen up to this time, this is the second I've seen. The other was a religious apa to exchange religious quotations. How many of you would be interested in forming an Atheistic apa? As far as these mailing comments in Dzyan went, I didn't! You probably did that because you knew anyone with a mag reviewed would avidly decipher his own review. Haw. I didn't. Got as far as Gen Tonos and gave up. Speaking of GT. Look below.

CARR, Gertrude (Gen Tonos)---Whoops, originally put down Gen Tonos and used the almighty correction fluid. Subconscious maybe? Just occurred to me as I was holding a copy of Bob Silverberg's Spaceship upside down that the initials RZW (for Richard Z Ward) look suspiciously like MZB (for Marion Zimmer Bradley). What is this, I thought. Is Astra trying to get back at us all by making a reputation for herself as an artist of sorts and saying, "See, I' a good 1'il Fen after all." Still, I'll never forgive her for what she did to Alice Douglas in 1948. Alice had joined the Vampyre Society (Zimmer's all female Stf thing) and sent in letters, dues, etc. She got one letter from Astra, and that was all. Oh yes, a copy of Astra's Tower, a very poorly mimco'd OC was also sent. Poor girl never was the same. (said with tongue in cheek.) As to Fandom uniting, am thinking of trying to get 'em to sponsor Pard (Australia's answer to Higgs) over here for the '53 con. Since this mailing won't be out until after ChiCon, guess it's safe to say that I am also thinking seriously of Salt Lake City to sponsor the '53 con. Shall see. SLC in '53. ID in '53. Disagree with you about putting a lot of little mags into one big one. Think that twenty pages (ten sheets of paper) should be the maximum size. Wading through a great amount of one person's crud gets boring after a while. Incidentally, I'm in favor of raising SADS dues to two bucks a year. Got to keep solvent some way or other. (No, Lee. When I said "solvent," I was not inferring that Beer is the only true god.) I now have two possible endings for The Preacher and the Pussycat. Solution one: With this resolution he leaped from his chair, ran to the kitchen to get a knife, ran back to the study and plunged the knife into her back. When the police arrived they found her skin stretched on the wall over the fireplace and Aunt Agatha in a dead faint, in the fireplace. Solution two: With this resolution he leaped from his chair, ran to the kitchen to get a knife and ran back to the study. When the police got there, they found a cat sleeping before the fireplace, covered with a finely made cape of human skin. The preacher was no where to be found and Aunt Agatha was found, raving mad, nude, hiding in the coal bin. I take it you're a Republican. Personally I think the Democrats have only one man better than Ike, and that's Harriman. Personally I wanted a Republican slate of Warren and Stassen.

CAMPBELL, Larry (The Thing in the Dundlo)---Curious about that notation on the contents page, "Les DeLRay (Ass's) /Editor/." Is it so? Or is it another LDR? Uh---ah---yah---this is a zine, isn't it? ----- Almost overlooked The Voice of the Turtle. Wish I had. But if you don't know what a Wombat is, how can you deny being one at heart? Or at FanVentions for that matter?

BRIGGS, Robert (Rearguard Action)---Huh? Or, to quote Jacobs, "Whatsit?"

BOGGS, Redd (Hurkle)---Being the type of critter I be which don't like continued stories, articles or anything else continued (except life) (not magazine), I saw this and happily reached for the issue containing part one of your review of the Sacco Vanzetti case. Excellently written. So what if it hasn't to do with Stiff? Who cares? I don't. Incidentally, don't do anything like this on the Scottsboro case, if you were planning on it. It's too recent. Besides, there was that write up in a recent issue of Eric Magazine and Bantam Books has just reprinted the Doubleday volume of Scottsboro Boy. This is purported to be the story of Haywood Patterson, one of the colored men convicted in the infamous Scottsboro case. Excellent reading, not recommended to those with weak constitutions. Don't know how much is truth and what portion is fiction, but it smacks of what I have long believed of southern prisons. It's Bantam Book 920 if you're interested.

BLACK, Gordon (Blacklist)---So Detroit now has the Ultimate Fanclub!?! As this is being written in July (twelfth day), and I hope to be a civilian when the mailing rolls around, I'll just refer you to The Alger Story, and let it go at that. Please remember that TAS was also composed in this hot, sweaty month of July and conditions have probably changed as you read this. A last minute re-~~copy~~ of Detroit fannows will be issued by Black and myself as a joint-zine in the next mailing, if you're interested. I know Ballard is. I wouldn't say that Nancy Moore is sexy. Nor would I say that she is beautiful. But she is pretty. In my own little dream world I differentiate between beautiful, pretty, cute, and a host of other words. Yes, Nancy Moore is one of the most pretty (almost said beautiful. Meant prettiest) fans I have ever seen. For a beautiful woman, try to get a good look at Mrs. Carol Mastwick Hickman, wife of the master monster of The Little Monsters of America. Oh yes, Stopetto. We girls must remain dainty. Try Monnon's deoderant. I use it. I don't use it to deoderize myself. I don't much give a damn how I smell to those other GIs. But, when I am hot and perspiring (for those who don't like the word "sweating") it feels nice when I spray it under my arms and between my legs. Sprays nice. None of those troubles Black was kicking about. Hoffman tells me she will get back on the SAPS waiting list after ChiCon and as soon as she can finance it. Is she on in this mailing? Was that just an excuse? Is she Lemual Craig? Only time will tell, which is a better newsmag than Newsweek. You guessed 243 pages in mailing 20. We had 256. Nostradamus Ballard told me he figured there'd be about 250. This is the closest the North (by gosh) Dakotas has come. Why didn't he publish it rather than just stick it in a letter? Kenny Gray read that Time review of the Galaxy Reader at a meeting I attended of the Minneapolis Fantasy Group. Nice group. Too bad they're in the state of (pardon the expression) Minnesota. As for comic strips, I like L'il Abner, Pogo, Peanuts, King Aroo, Blondie and They'll Do It Every Time. Am I following or creating a trend? Do I ask too many questions. Liked review of Tales From the Crypt. Why not review a few more of those ~~****~~ horror mags for us? Also liked that fiction (?), both of them. As to Nan joining the WACS. The impression I have now is that she has reconsidered. Had only thought of joining because she didn't know what she was letting herself in for. Let's wait and see. Okay? And that laugh. Your humor is starting to sound like Alger's This is a dangerous manifestation. Must be checked. Check room is over to your left. I'm sure I had two when I came in. And what?

Before I forget. In that Mraoc Supplement, Jacobs malevolently accuses me of being responsible for all mistakes (typos, that is) in Mraoc. I'd just like to quote from Orgasm. I think it's #1. Bok Holo (the better half?) had just finished typing on stencils a mss received from Leo. She says, "His spelling is so, so --- ATROCIOUS." onccc.

BERGERON, Richard (Warhoon)---Dunno. Looks too much like a subzine to me to be a SAPSzine. (Yah, I sent AJ7316 to people who weren't SAPS. But only because they were mentioned in it, they were friends, or some other reason.) (And letter from Fillinger says he's going to plug it in Ghuvna. Sent him a letter telling him not to.) Liked the color work. How many copies do you get (legible that is) to one master? I know they vary in possible amounts due to color used. On my portable spirit duplicator I can't expect more than two hundred legible copies using purple and less than eighty using green. Never tried the limit in red. Uses a hell of a lot of fluid too. Also, I find that, when typing a master, I get a better impression is I put the typer on stencils, or remove the ribbon, when I type. Kinsman #5 was familiar. Your linericks lack definite meter. And who am I to talk? Should drag our a pun on meter and meet 'er, but just can't think of one off hand like this. Then on the the other hand, there are five fingers. Hey, Dergoy, if you want to do any nice work, I'll be glad to let you experiment in AJ7316. As far as I can determine thus far, this will also have a cover by Shay. He does some good work, but I'd like to alternate. And with Jacobs in Whatsit and Le Creme de la Creme, Fans get hit from all directions in SAPS twenty. Is it the newest fad? Cops, just realized it's a reprint. The News found snacks of dirty cracks to me. Were you serious in your satire? Or were you just trying to be funny? ((Just found an aerosol bomb in the files, under "carbine, 30 cal," and sprayed the window ledges. The flies are dropping like people after figuring out the hidden meaning of a Bergeron drawing.)) In the review of Flight to Mars I note, ". . .how asinine!" A misprint? A couple of suggestions. Send all that reprint material to Science Fiction Digest and let them handle it. Okay? Also, stick a little more to your own writing and more pics please. ((Ah, all the flies dead and/or gone))

DALLARD, Wrai (Outsiders)---((This is the man who succeeded in doing what Rapp failed to do in 1948, get Hal Shapiro into SA PS. Glad?)) Incidentally, Wrai, was that typing of Rapp's old Standby of a mag SEPM COEWM MRE done purposely? If so, how? I had to double space to do it and I tried single spacing twice. Just curious. Am with you Dallard in your proposal to amend the non-existent constitution. What the hell. I'm going to start yelping about being a vice-president right after this mailing goes out anyway, vote or no vote. Now we get to the Poetry Hater's Corner. Interesting. However, Ah Mr. Woolworth should not have been by-lined by Bergeron. I don't know who did write it but can stake almost anything that it was not Dergoy. That was in my collection long before I heard of Fendon. Used to divide my collection of stories, poems, and pictures into three groups. (1) Absolutely clean. (2) Slightly on the tainted side, but suitable for mixed company with broad minds. (3) Pornography. Might add that, at one time, I had the second largest pornography collection in the city of Detroit among recognized collectors. And I didn't collect it just because it was porno. Just that it was hard to get. Probably the same reason Dallard and Coswal collect their stuff. Also, Eat, Drink and Make Mary should not have been by-lined by me. You should have stated, Wrai, as you did in a previous Outsiders, that it was lifted bodily from the Sublette Sentinel. This, incidently, was by John Shay. Liked the true stories of Hercules. Oh. Just noticed that Dallard did make a public prediction of "closer to 300 than 200 pages" for last mlg. He's right, by seven pages. By the way, was that clod you kicked away with the side of your foot a fan? You don't know why Michifon make cracks about Minnesota? Have you ever been a Michifan? In Minnesota? That final Pederson drawing. Nice. But certain--uh--I'd better not say. I'll put it in a letter.

THIS HAS A MING CO POSSIBLE IT IS OF BE IN THE LAST PAGE OF MAILING COMMENTS. BUT WE SHALL SEE!

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Just took a little time out and went to eat supper and play a few games of ping pong. I like to play ping pong. I also like to swim, ride horses, do things with women and have a lot of fun. I like to write, read and philosophise about things which I shan't be able to affect by my philosophising, which leaves quite a lot of things about which I may think. This in answer to someone who asked what SAPS like to do with their spare time. Wait a minute. This I'll present a more detailed thing. Monday through Friday I work (hah) in this office, also Saturday mornings. Two to four evenings a week I waste writing letters. Other evenings I go swimming, read, go to show, go out with the rest of the non. Every night I get a little reading in. Weekends. Saturday afternoons I usually spend sinning, swimming or sleeping. This one I'm wasting typing this. Sundays. Well, I usually sleep late. About one week in eight I'll pick out a church and see what kind of services they have, argue with the pastor and usually make a general pest of myself. Only twice have I ever found a pastor willing to talk intelligently on the subject of religion. One was a Catholic priest who, after I had known him for a little over a year, admitted to me that he was an Atheist. Another was a very intelligent Methodist minister who might have succeeded in changing my views, had I not been transferred out of Wyoming. Outside of that, I find that military chaplains are usually very tolerant of my Agnostic and Atheistic ideas and are quite willing to discuss things. This I like. Back to the reviews and:

ALPAUGH, Lloyd (Sun Shine)---Will start with the Selected Letters of P. E. Love which was listed as Sun Shine # 9 in the Spectator. Liked most of what I could make out. Think you had troubles? Turning out AJ7316, nincod (or rather stenciled) the first page (inside cover) with the ribbon on, also part of page two. Noticed it then and had to rip the illustration (photo) out and start over. Was able to type over most of page two. The inside of the cover I had originally intended to leave blank with just, "this is the inside of the cover" printed therein. But, in the hurry to get it nincographed, I fouled up. ((Incidental note: 14 July Life has ad on page 121 for Amnident tooth paste with chlorophyll added, guarenteed not to stain your toothbrush green. On page 9 is an ad for Chlorodont Chlorophyll Toothpaste, which is guarenteed to stain your toothbrush which, they claim, is "visible proof that you are getting the benefits of active chlorophyll." Tsk.)) Re Armed Force Department. Look Lloyd boy. I am as much against Watkins and his CCF, and all the other do-gooders who want a special committee and set of rules and such crap to clean up Fandon. But, there are bounds of this so-called decency which I think you have overstepped. Not that I'm mad. Just that I think personal letters which contain four-letter Anglo-Saxon words (cuss words, that is) and other forms of filth should be kept out of SAPS so that SAPS mailings aren't barred from the mails. Hell, if you want to use Fox's and Kennedy's letters, use 'em. But edit them a little, or censor 'em or something. Please. Personally, I got a big hyuck out of them, but hyuck or no hyuck (I like that word, hyuck) SAPS is no place for pornography. Semi-pornography, okay. But don't talk about sex and such like you has. It might scare Carr out, and I haven't had a good chance to needle her yet. Noted that Fandon Confidential was writ on a Royal typer while the rest of Sun Shine is done on an LC Smith (?) so deduced that it was by another author. But he had the audacity to leave Detroit out. I trust that this shall be remedied. Dunno why, of all people, I sailed into Alpaugh. I usually enjoy his stuff more than others. Ch well, t'hell with it. For an overall impression see below:

THE MAILING OF SAPS WHICH WAS NUMBER TWENTY CONTAINED HUNDREDS OF PAGES WHICH WAS ALMOST PLENTY. ((what else rhymes with twenty?)) I CHUCKLED AT GENTRUDE AT AT ALPAUGH LAUGHED LOUD AS O'ER MY HORIZEN MRAOC SUPPLEMENT CASTS ITS CLOUD. THE NOT-POETRY OF BAILLARD (NO PUN INTENDED) IS NOT POETRY AT ALL, BUT VERSE WHAT IS INTENDED. SO EMBETH THIS REVIEW OF A LARGE SAPS MAILING AND ON TO TWENTY-ONE I'M BLISSFULLY SAILING. thisisforegoeboohalshapirothisisforegoeboohalshapirothisisfore

THIS H'YRA IS THE FIRST PAGE OF WHATEVER IS GOING TO BE HERE FOLLOWING MAILING CMNTS

10

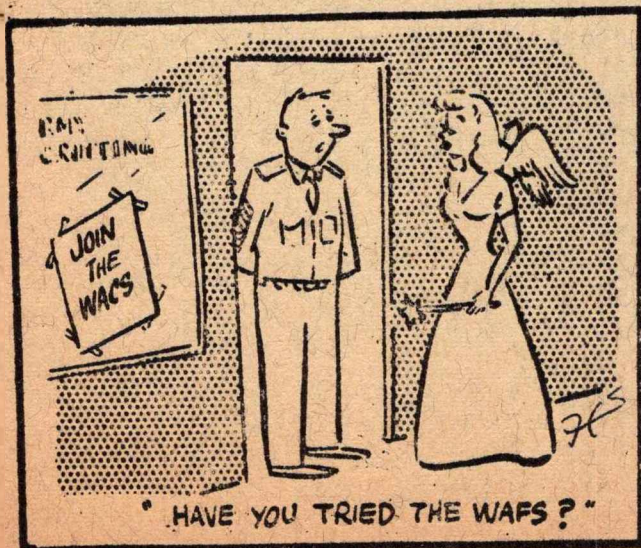
Depending on how much energy I have tonight and what kind of notes I have in the envelopes before me marked "SAPS," Misc," and "Fillers & Interlineations," are the number of pages following this one. I left the mailing reviews in my room so I couldn't count these pages but I strongly suspect that this issue will have a few more pages than number one.

WHAT NON-SAPS HAD TO SAY

I sent quite a few copies of AJ7316 # 1 to various non*SAPS because they had been mentioned therein or for other reasons. Got quite a few comments. For instance, there was a letter from a gal I had met at the InLaCon. We had liked each other and gotten along fine through correspondence. However, soon after I turned out and sent her a copy of AJ. Her letter to me started out, "Dear Hal: You are undoubtedly the most obnoxious creature I have ever had the sorrow of meeting," and went on from there. Well, apparently, the poor girl just doesn't realize what a SAPSzine is supposed to be and took some of the personal comment personally. Then there were two diametrically opposed letters from other non-SAPS. One from Joe Flinger read in part, "Let me tell you that I think it is the finest thing to hit fandom since that finest of the fine, INCINERATIONS. The only fault I can find with it is that it is just a little bit too clean. If you would dirty it up a trifle and send it first-class, you would have the perfect fanzine." # Then there was the letter from Bob Farnham which had this to say. ". . . Like reading a promag it was so clear and well written ((should I sue?)), but I'd like to offer one suggestion. . . play down the pornographic limericks on your part--and skip that of others."

The cartoon at lower left is good, I think. And the initials don't stand for Hal Shapiro. They stand for Howard Shaaron. Now let me explain about this Howard Shaaron. He's a pen name. But not an ordinary fanzine pen name. The Outhouse Press Publications are the only fan pubs anywhere that boast a house name. And not just one but two of them! So, if you want to have something published under a pen name, just send it to the Outhouse. We'll see that it doesn't go to waste. With three publications coming out of the frozen wastes of the Outhouse Press, we can use all sorts of crap. Almost forgot, the other house name will be Shaaron Howard. A very lovely name.

Don't forget to send for your free sample copy of Ice: The Frigid Fanzine. Ice is an Outhouse Press subzine, the only subzine published by the OP. (Damn those flies.) I had quite a few run off on an old hand operated Speed-O-Print in



Kirksville and my distribution system at the ChiCon wasn't as good as it should have been. Therefore, I am now stuck with over a hundred copies of Ice. I predict that Ice will be the only fanzine ever printed that will always have a supply of first issues on hand should any collector need one. A smart operator like CosWal could buy them all up at a reduced rate and, after a year or two, sell them and make tremendous profits.

By the way, this cartoon at the left was done to order before I learned the truth about Nancy Moore's supposed enlistment in the WAC. For clarification see The Alger Story in this mailing. Next page.

A FAIRY STORY

WRIT BY HAL

Once upon a time, in a place called Fandom, there was a little Ajay group. This group was operated by some happy, cheerful Fen. All through the summer of Fannish history they worked and played, and time passed swiftly.

But winter finally came to sunny Fandom and with it fueds and fights and Laney. And all the cheerful, happy little Fen had to do was play fanzine.

As winter continued their smiles faded and the rosy glow left their pink little cheeks. They even got tired of their little game of FAPA which used to please them so.

Alone, they wandered through the pulp drifts, editors numbing their ears, and hands. "What will we ever do in this Siberia?" they cried. The pros mocked their words and answered with chilling blasts.

Then, out of the swirling blizzard, a ray of light appeared and strains of sweet music filled the air. Like lost cows they struggled through the drifts until they came to a door. Pushing the door open, their eyes beheld a wonderous sight.

The littered room looked just like home for under the corner table were stacked cases of beer. On the table a coffee pot bubbled merrily away with a pleasant, "Plupk, pulp, plup, plip, plupk." Colorful originals and hekto masters gave a spring-like atmosphere to the room. There were shiny new typewriters and smiling people busily pecking away on them. On one side were banks of mimeograph machines and hektographs, a printing press, a lithograph and other strange machines of a ~~sex~~ reproductive nature being utilized by more people with smiling faces.

((next col))

Mary had a little sheep.
She took it to bed with her to sleep.
The sheep turned out to be a ram.
Now Mary has a little lamb.

Not sure who it was who gave me that thing. Suspect that it was either Joe Fillinger or John Shay. Maybe noth. The only reason the above tale of sorrow and delight was given to you in collummar form was that I had had it

around all dummied and ready to go since before last mailing. However, am giving up this stuff as it's hard on the typer and eyes. No more stuff like that unless some one wants it bad enough to tripe stencils for me . . . A term is starting anew in our institutions of higher learning and we wonder what ever happened to the panty raider. Or doesn't anyone give a damn? . . . Did comic book censors find anything comic?

"What place is this?" gurgled one of them when he could recover from his amazement. "Who are you-all?" (She was from Georgia.)

"This is SAPS and we publish and things and stuff," came the courteous reply. "Would you like to get on our waiting list? We can give you something to do and let you have all kinds of fun."

"All kinds of FUN!" "ALL KINDS OF FUN!" ALL KINDS OF FUN!!!" was whispered hurriedly about the group, and in a chorus they cried piteously, "How, how, oh, tell us how?"

They were graciously informed of the many benefits of SAPS and of all the fun they could have feuding and writing and reading and diddling around. In a few moments they had decided and placed their names on the waiting list. With the exception of Lee Hoffman with 101.

A few days later the number one man on the waiting list was informed that he was in and soon received a big package in the mail. With a joyous cry of relief (he was on the comode at the time) he clutched at it avidly, wildly tore away the wrappings and there it lay: SAPS mailing # 21.

With tears of joy streaming unheeded down his face, he began to eafterly peruse the contents while the rest looked on enviously. Soon, with SAPS rapid turnover, they were all in and, in no time at all, the winter snows began to melt and spring returned.

Moral: If you want a moral, send twenty five cents and it will be sent in a plain sealed envelope. Two dollars will bring the large, deluxe moral. Of course, if you do not want a moral, send five dollar bills to me and I'll take your name from this mailing list. Okay?

Letter here from Steve Metehette received some time ago. One paragraph reads, "Haw! I can always return to Canada but you damyankees are stuck with it. ((He'd just been drafted)) Say a few words in American for me, will you Hal? (Quote)."

., Hollywood seems to be running out of western locales to place its western movies. Universal-International(s) The World in His Arms, which tells of how a brave American sea captain and a Russian countess obtained Alaska for the US (My sentence structure need a little re vamping) (By the countess?) Seward notwithstanding. Anyway, it's a western set in Alaska. # Two other westerns (names of companies escape us at this moment) set in medieval England are The Story of Robin Hood and Ivanhoe. Unless you dote on westerns, miss these at all costs. # On the other hand, The Strange Ones, an excellent adaptation of Jean Cocteau's Les Enfants Terribles, is a must for fantasy fans.

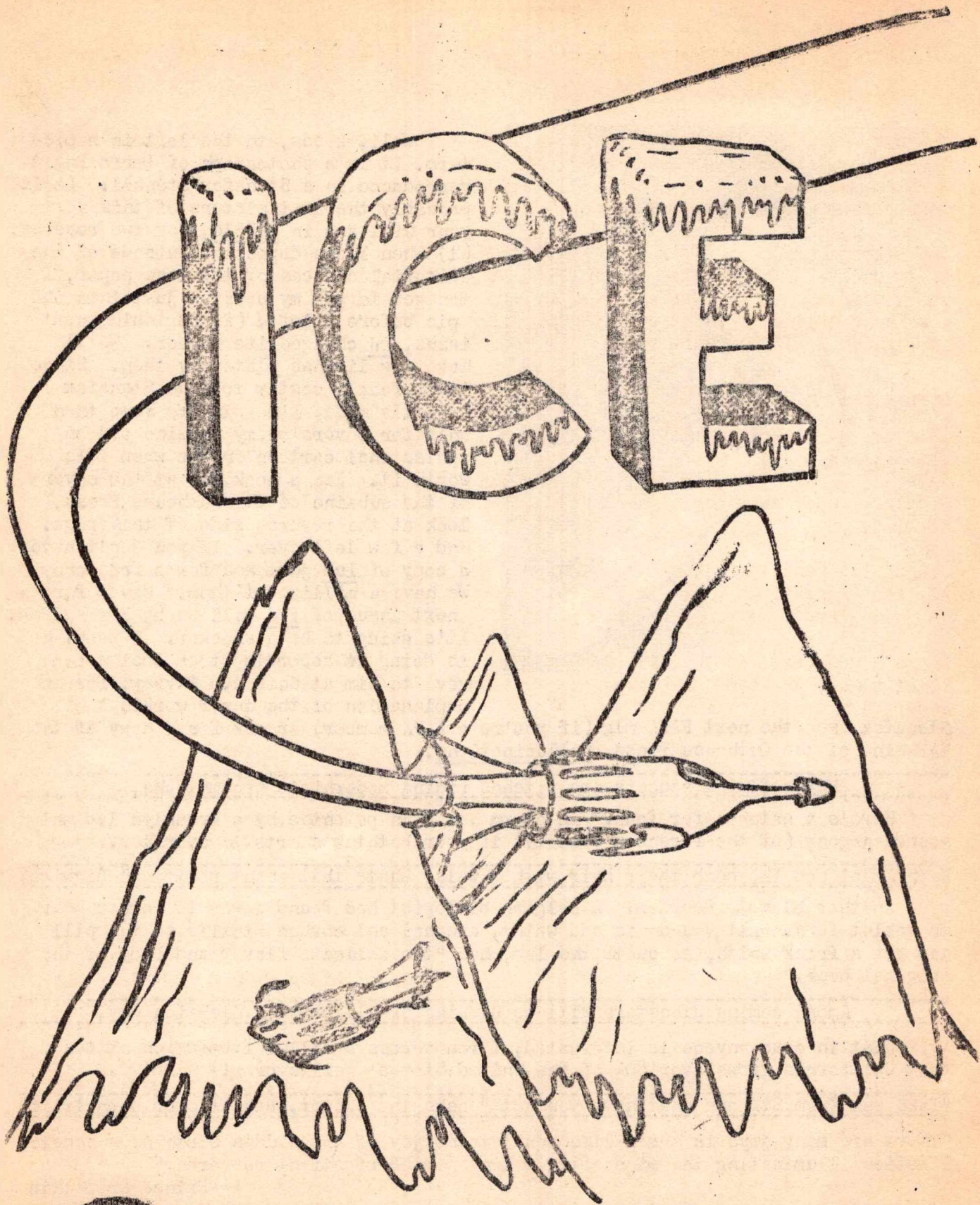


What are Fen doing these days department: Darrell C Richardson, the perennial ERB indexer and minister now has a book out titled Max Brand (Fantasy Press, \$3.00, 199 pages) which is a biography of the writer's life and lists his pen names, one of which was Max Brand. If this sounds a bit paradoxical, let me hasten to point out that his real name was Frederick Shiller Faust, under which he never issued a single word of prose writing. Other pen names were: George Challis, Evin Evan, Evan Evans, Frederick Frost, Frank Austin, David Manning and a hell of a lot more. Into this exhausting study has gone the story of one of the world's weirdest frustrations. For, if we are to believe the written word, this man who has had over 30,000,000 words published, and left more than fifty complete unpublished novels when he died, did not like to write prose. A fascinating book. A must for CosWal. Interesting to other apians.

Hey, Jacobs, a news story out of Tokyo dated 3 September of this year proves that your Beer is not a true ghod. For tell me, is it possible to synthesize a ghod? The answer to that must always be a resounding NO. Yet, according to this story, the Japanese government has been sufficiently impressed by this synthetic beer, which can be brewed in three days and sold at half the price of

ordinary beer, that they have advanced subsidies to hasten the preparation of the brew. Truly Roscoe is the only true ghod and the three "B's" are his solace. Those three being Bourbon, Beer and Brandy. Know ye, Jacobs, that every time thou dost lift the holy Beer to thine jaw and let it glurg guzzily down thy esophagos, thou beest worshipping the great ghod Roscoe. There can be no arguement that He is the only true ghod. For look upon his works which are too num'rous and won'drous to behold with the naked eye. Look upon the Birch Bark Bible which, 'tis understood, will soon make a second coming. All hail.

Incidentally, at ChiCon, Briggs delivered a card to me from Eney which was addressed to "the fan who is reprinting the Birch Bark Bible." I hasten to mention that I have not yet received permission for this project from the great Rapp.



The FRIGID FanZine

Speaking of old letters, here's one from March from Metchette.

15

Thursday, I spent close to nine hours being probed, questioned, waiting and smoking. The physical hurried up and waited, hastened and slowed. I was a yo yo on a sergeant's string, and the joint was loaded with noncoms, officers, civilian authorities and so on. Even an FBI detachment. ((They knew he was coming.))

Anyway, from 7:30 to after 4 pm I let them find out that I was physically fit, mentally alert, and otherwise draft bait. They stamped PRE INDUCTION ~~add~~ over my draft card, told me to wait for a letter within ten days. Then waving us off the base, the guard smiled somewhat gently and bellowed, "Be seeing you!" He'll never know who threw that mushy snow ball.

They didn't have any sense of humor. I missed the Xray station and had taken a blood test first. When they found I still had my slip, they shunted me back to the Xray techs. I had my arm crooked to stop the bleeding. After Xray I again passed the testing section where they shoved me in line! I squawked, "What do you want, to take it in the other arm now?" The civilian taking notes, the medics with the square needles, and a security man all said at once, "Knock it off and get going." Next station.

Or, at the mental test, we lost four men while treading through the mass of men. The tester asked us where they were. Somebody quipped, "Maybe they got drafted, sir." He just glared. No sense of humor, I'm telling you.

The vanteen came across with brown beans; hot dogs smothered in brown bean sauce; vegetables, two kinds of beans; and carrots; potatoes swishing under brown bean sauce; ice cream; bread with yellow dots which were butter; and grape pop. The guard at the gate refused to let us off to get to a restaurant. He had a rifle to back it up.

It came off pretty well, except for frequent jams. Handling out-state draftees as well as local ones, they had several thousand milling about, lost, out of line, sarcastic, cynical, and some downright defiant. Those got the works. We started out as "lunkheads, get into line," and ended as "gentlemen, you may go home." From lunkhead to gentlemen in 9 hours. Where's my blonde?

* * * * *

I am no longer editor of the Sublette Sentinel, base paper. After the rag got itself banned five times, they decided new hands were needed at the editorial typer. Anyway, here's a story that never got printed. An interview with a traveling show. ## There was no mistaking the tent I wanted. Breath-taking pictures of scantily clad women adorned the walls. I scratched at the canvas door. I feply, a low, sultry voice carressed my ears with, "What the hell do you want?" ## "Interview, Miss La Rue. Shapiro of the Sublette Sentinel." ## "I go on in a couple of minutes," said a middle aged hag, "so hurry it up, if a story's all you want." ## "I'd like to know a little about your partner," I said, ignoring the invitation. "He's a chimpanzee, isn't he?" ## "That's right, and best drummer in Missouri. Name's Lloyd, after a soldier I winked at once." ## "Lloyd was sitting on a trunk pulling on a cigarette. He pulled at his bop tie and looked at me. I don't think I passed inspection. My suit wasn't maroon, like his. He snorted. ## The crowd began hollering obscenities. "That's my cue," yelled LaRue, as she loped on stage. ## I watched the show. The chimp began beating a soft, rumbling roll on the drum. He looked like an opium fed Krupa. I found myself yelling, "Go, man, go." La Rue was staning at the center of the stage, quivering. ## Lloyd began a slow roll, then threw his sticks wildly in the air. In the intense silence, LaRue snapped her midsection forward, tearing the g-string from her ----- into the audience. Lloyd lay face downward on the stage, sobbing and beating time with his feet. Sort of a Johnny Ray on skins.

16 POETRY'S HERE!

(To the tune of Begin the Beguine)
 When we begin to clean the latrine,
 And when we feel that we've almost finished,
 Snd survey our work, all spotless and clean
 And that puts an end to our horrible dream.

That feeling devine. That moment of joy.
 Our voices blend clear in heavenly singing.
 Our chests swell with pride as be start acting coyly.
 We hope in our sacks, more time to employ.

Then out in the hall, a stomping of men's shoes.
 A groan and a cough, and somebody yawning.
 The creek of the door tells us the good news.
 Our spirits sink low, as we get the blues.

Then enter Joe Schmoe, who's our biggest pest.
 He's here to dirty, the bowls so shiny.
 He's practically nude, but for the towel on his chest.
 We won't say more. You can guess the rest.

Oh, why must we always clean the latrine?
 Must our hands clutch dirty mop heads forever?
 Why can't we take a razor blade that is keen,
 Snd sever the throat of this dirty fiend?

Can't we devise some strange screw or rack?
 A toryure machine to threaten his bowels.
 A guillotine, his body to hack
 So the flesh wil peel from this criminal's back.

This song may be rough, but it's not obscene.
 We're sorry for you if you're heart is tender
 But we say to you, don't dare to be seen
 Near the barracks while we clean the latrine.

* * * * *
 With graceful feet
 The maiden sweet
 Was tripping the light fantastic.
 She suddenly tore

For the dressing room door,
 You never can trust elastic.

* * * * *
 My hold up days are over,
 I'll hang 'round these joints no
 more."

Thuse spake the worn out garter,
 Collapsing on the floor.

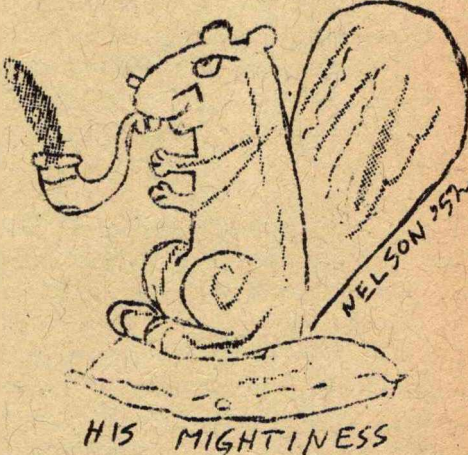
* * * * *
 Little Willy wrote a book.
 Woman was the theme he took.
 Woman was his only text.
 Ain't he cute? He's over sexed!

* * * * *
 That's all the room for poems this ish * * * * *
 Although I wish there'd be more. But wishing won't accomplish this, e'en though
 the numbers soar. So, goodbye all, don't yell or squall. I'll be sailing next mlg.

Mary had a little
 One evening after school.
 She went and told her mother.
 The crazy, little fool.

* * * * *
 Mary had a little BEM.
 Her pa cut off its head.
 Now when Mary goes to play
 The BEM stays home in bed.

ray nelson
 * * * * *



* * * * *
 A centipede was happy quite
 Until a frog in fun, said,
 "Praym which leg comes after
 which?"

This raised her mind to such
 a pitch,
 She lay distracted in a ditch
 Wondering how to run.

* * * * *
 Said the couple to the record clerk,
 We have a little stranger.
 That's why we want a phonograph
 With an automatic changer."

* * * * *
 Wee WinninWinkle, in her night gown,
 Runs upstairs, downstairs, all through the town.
 Hey there, Winni, we don't wanna shout.
 But the vice squad'll getcha, if you don't watch
 out.

* * * * *
 Of all the fishes in the sea I'd rather be a bass
 I'd climb upon a great big rock and slide down
 on my hands and knees.

The following is a letter from C. Stewart Metchette. Another one. I sent out several advance copies of The Alger Story to people who were mentioned therein and were not in SAPS. Since I didn't know that Alger had not been dropped at that time, and since others were not in SAPS, I fully expect this to be a lively mlg, with Alger and Devore attacking me for TMS. But, to get to the letter: 17

. . . Very constructive, conducted on the Queensbury Rules. But tell me, when did logical refutations ever end fan feuds? Wasn't it either the humorous or smutty rebutals that captivated fandom's blood-shot eyes? Look at the feuds of LA, New York, the old FAPA, non-FAPA deals?## Since the feuding of '49, most Michigan people have either participated in feuds, or declared neutrality, and maintained a fowl-animal relationship between all groups. I don't know why Michifans are so wrapped up in fratricide, but it seems to split us wide open. ## Looking backward to '47-'48, there were no signs of diversity, yet in scarcely a year, all hell broke out and has plagued Detroit ever since. Assuredly the Michifans are not "led" fans, but "placis." More like passive resistance metamorphosed into revolutions. Personalities are pretty touchy these days in Detroit, and most of the feuding soon degenerates into name calling and all sorts of interesting, yet irritating, smut. ## Maybe we're all tired, Hal, and the changes in all of us are too great to bring us back to '48. After all, most fans from Detroit are working, loving or serving-- and the halcyon days of /school/ and border running are over. ## I have no idea on how to regenerate Detroit. A lot of the feuding bit deep. I've been neutral and active, sometimes even at once. I've apologized to make, if they are required. ## But I'm no geriatrist, and the rejuvenation of Michifandom is more the task of Ponce de Leon than any of us. Perhaps if we all forgot '48, Warp, California, all the memory triggers, and fanned as fans 1952, we'd be better off. ## A romantic scene of reconciliation at Chi appeals to me, but remember, back in Michigan, some episode will trigger Alger, Devore, me, you, or anyone else, and all the shattered glasses from fireplaces won't hold back the mimeo hounds and the open-letter writers. ## We can't start over because we are still the same material -- the Michifans. If what they build is a house upon sands, then it will be a house upon sands always -- until someone brings back to Michigan, our rock. ## If you think it's worth it, try to alleviate the situation. My own opinions are mine own. I won't hinder you, if I could, nor will I join you on the barricades. But it's a fascinating challenge for someone with time and no interests to conflict with his crusading zeal.

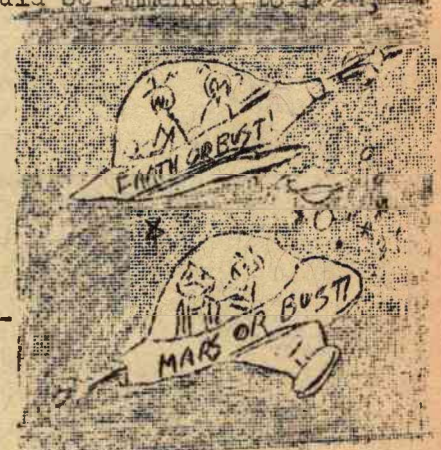
There was more to the letter. And it made me think. Something I apparently had not been doing all this while. I can't tell you why. I probably wouldn't want to if I could. But let me state now that I think I, Alger, and anyone else who enters into this have made asses of ourselves. If I'd have had any sense, I'd have written to Alger at the beginning and try to point out these things. It's too late to pull The Alger Story from the mlg, and I wouldn't want to anyway. But, to Alger, Devore, and anyone else contemplating adding fire to the fuel or something. Let's get together. I'll be out of service soon, I hope, and back in Michigan. Whether to ferment trouble or to help Michifandom back on its feet is up to you. But, whatever your interpretation of my actions, let's talk it over. Let's get Michigan back where we are supposed to be.

***-----Crowded schedules will keep Ike and Adlai from swimming the English Channel-----

Department of changed thoughts: A couple of days after I wrote out my mailing comments, I read them over again and decided I didn't want to say what I had said about Alpaugh. After all, don't I crowd the border time and time again. So, I was determined that, when I typed this out I would cut all of that out with correction fluid and write in something else. This is not to be. I'm almost out of correction fluid. Let it stand . . . Candidates express concern for veterans, labor, etc but, to date, who's said a kind word for the unorganized taxpayer? . . . It was decent of the Air Force to take the pilgrims to Mecca. Unpleasant standing on a corner after the last flying carpet's taken off. . . What ever happened to Ricky Slavin? .

18 I'm not sure in which order this will appear in the mag, but this is the last stencil which will pass through this typer and the last cut for AJ7316 # 2. So, before I forget, I want to offer apologies to Harlan Ellison for what was said in the last ish. The MidWestCon Memcries were written immediately after returning to the base from Indian Lake and some memories hadn't jelled as yet. Apparently, Ellison was a bit confused in my mind as well as in person. Sorry, Harlan. It'll probably happen again.

Now before I forget it. This paragraph is being put in for a particular reason, and not just to fill space. At the ChiCon, Bennet Sims of Detroit wandered up to me and let loose with a piece of information which he thought would be a bombshell to shatter my world of private dreams. It seems that Sims has a friend and this friend will be graduating from law school soon and this friend is willing to take a case or two just for practice. So, says Sims, if I don't print a retraction of those things I said concerning him last issue, he'll have his friend start a law suit against me (Personally I prefer pinstripe). Anyway, this suit is to be for libel or slander of something, just because I happened to mention that Sims (the Bennet, not the Roger) is obnoxious. Although I don't see where a person can lose a case simply because he tells the truth, I have long believed that discretion is the better part of valour. So, the sentence last issue which read, "Bennet Sims was obnoxious, as usual," or something similiar, should be amended to read, "Bennet Sims -- as usual." That should satisfy Sims (the obnoxious one, not Roger) and keep me out of the courts. I understand, had they sued, it would have been for an amount under \$500, which would have kept it in the small claims court. Oh well, happy suing, Bennet. Maybe I'll see if I can persuade Singer to start a suit. After all, Bennet was going around the InLaCon with a large button reading "BEN" on it, and the word "Detroit" underneath. Probably a lot of people met him and thought he was Singer. Now if that is the way Singer is getting a bad reputation, he'd be perfectly qualified to sue. Oh well, sue away Sims. I hope you have fun.



This interlineation through the courtesy of the publisher

Dunno who to give credit for that cartoon above to the right. It's my idea (I think) but I traced the drawings from other things and shaded in with a screen. Credit whom you will. I should have had a better artist draw it.

The 100 cars Farouk left in Cairo, painted yellow, would make a fine cab stand

The September Popular Science has an article on Stf and TV explaining how the various tricks are pulled, from a monster tyrannosaur attacking a space ship and men negotiating a tunnel on the moon to space cadets pinned to a wall by centrifugal force and floating through space. Very interesting. It ends, "But tell the kids that dinosaurs are only eight inches high, that boiling mud is the same stuff mother serves for breakfast, and they'll only nod before turning back to the show. Because in Science-fiction TV, it's fun to be fooled." Must be a moral somewhere.

TVing surgical operations is stopped. Stage fright or nervousness at the opening?

IDEL BANTER: It's been seven years since we flattened Hiroshima. What can you say after you've said you're sorry? . . . Is it an optical illusion that some girls outgrow bathing suits even after they stop growing? . . . The music at local bars is terrible. A waiter dropped a tray of dishes and everyone got up to dance. . . Wonder what ever happened to the resolution someone was going to bring up at ChiCon thusly, "That the membership of the Tenth World Science Fiction Convention go on record as stating that pros can run a convention every bit as badly as amateurs". . . The drought in Dixie has left its mark. They don't figure that corn will run over two gallons to an acre anywhere. . . Meanwhile, the price of fanzines is expected to reach an all-

THE END