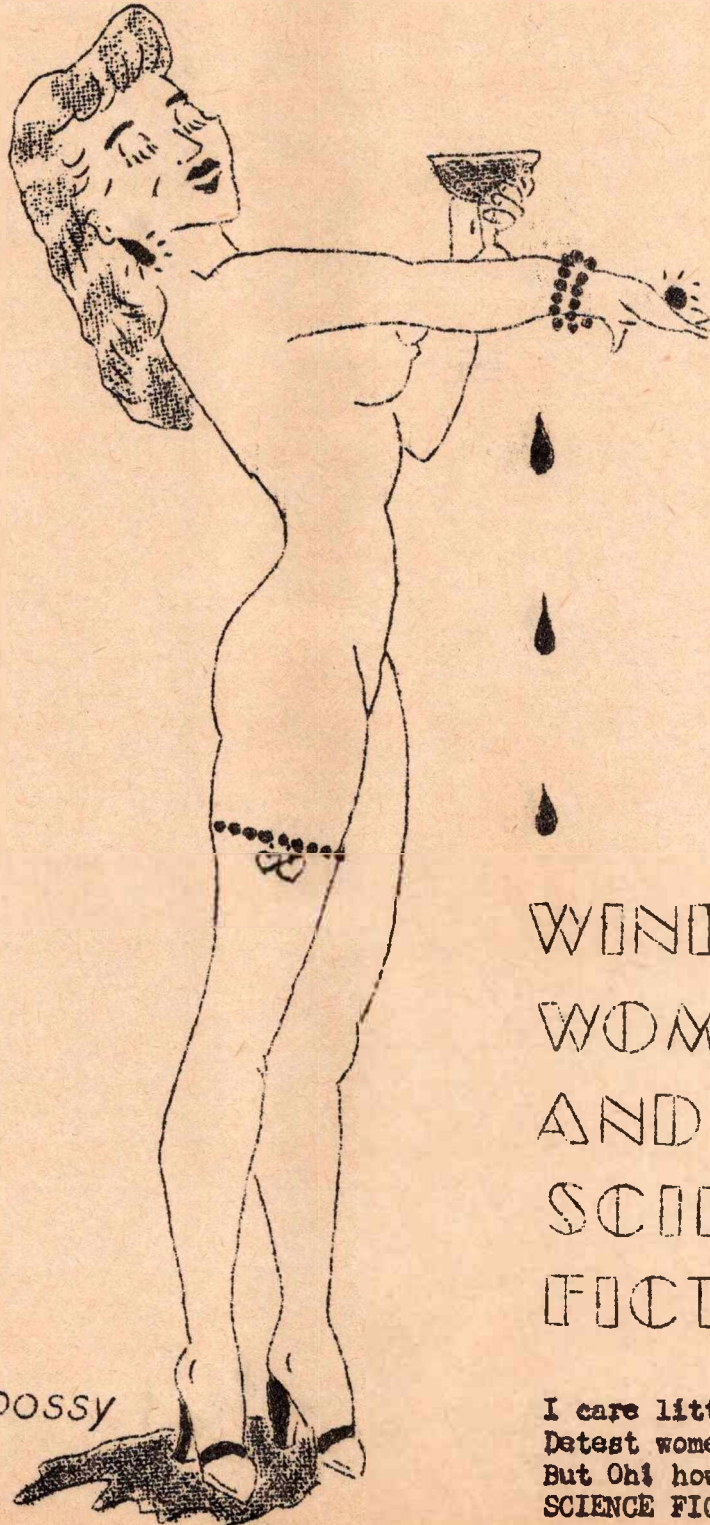


SAPSTYPE

the editor is a saps



WINE
WOMEN
AND
SCIENCE
FICTION

I care little for wine,
Detest women -
But Oh! how I Love
SCIENCE FICTION!

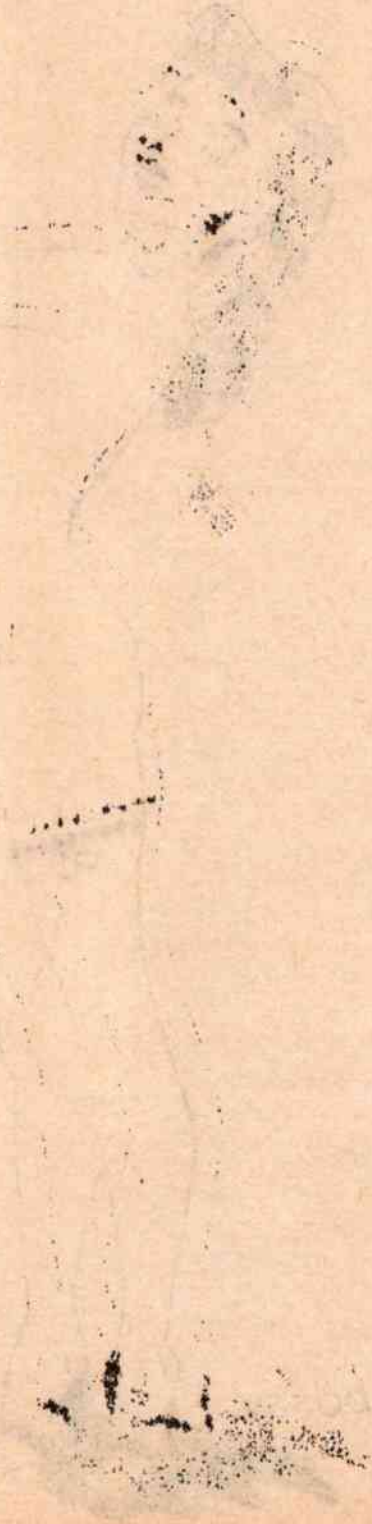
1910

1910

the year is 1910

WINDY
WINDY
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WINDY

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WINE WOMEN AND SCIENCE FICTION

I care little for wine,
Detest women -
But Oh! how I Love
SCIENCE FICTION!

Brother - that's my meat! Yes, meat on the table! I entered the field of science fiction because of my love for it - the enjoyment, pleasure, the escape from the worldly life - yes, science fiction is my one hobby - my first love!

WINE - frankly I care little for the stuff - 'twas only made to gargle or bathe in. It's either 'bitter' or 'sweet' - no in between - so for drinking purposes I leave it alone. I repeat - it's for gargling, bathing in, and dunkin' my ole pipe in to give the effects of a wine soaked smoke.

WOMEN - I leaves 'em alone. They're only for neo fans - not for one of the ole vanguards like me - no siree! Women are expensive - bossy - hateful at times, - demanding - just think, every time you want to go out to call on a sick brother - you have to cut with the full details, diagrams, etc and etc.

But not so when you enjoy SCIENCE FICTION. Man is the "head nigga" of his den - writing the stuff - splattering that good ole goosey ink - writing to your lovely ~~femme~~ fans - gloating over Rotsler's ladies nudes - reading off-color poems. Boy! It's a Man's World! Meat on the table, I sez!

WOMEN! Well - they are kinda nice....aren't they - add a swallow of wine - mix with a dash of science fiction - OH BROTHER - ain't it grand??

Mix together throughly - the results will send you Around The World In 80 Days - and will even give you the idea of SOUTH GATE IN '58!

I LOVE WINE,
LOVE WOMEN -
with the mixing of these two
..will drive you to SCIENCE FICTION!

Maybe I'd better hitch a ride in "Sputnik" to get rid of it all - maybe!!

OK Honey - you can put that rollin' pin down now! I LOVE WOMEN! All of you!!

GAD! I'M ALL POOED!



Christmas and New Years comes but once a year... and with them comes a lot of good cheer....some in boxes and packages....and some in bottles and cans.. and without doubt every fan received many cheery gifts in boxes and packages....while a goodly number received the 'bottled and canned' variety of cheer. I, like all good fan was on the receiving end of cheerful gifts and presents....

....it wasn't all receiving that made me very happy and cheerful....no siree....it was my turn to play ole Saint Nix.....and about all I could lam on to in the way of a red suit....was an old pair of red flannels I had years ago....also a red 'stockin' cap I wore when I was a kid, red gloves and a pair of redboots..belong to the wifie...and for whiskers I just took a gob of downy cotton....well anyway, the kids didn't know the difference....like all kids...you couldn't keep 'em in bed after 5:30 Christmas morn....so with sleepy in their eyes...and all the nice presents about....they didn't recognize the ole man. Last year the wifie played the part of Santa....and since we didn't run across the 'red flannels' till this year....she appeared down the chimney in her red panties and red bra...red boots...and red scarf atop her head...wow!...an ultra modern Santa! It's her turn again in '58....wnt to make reservations now....it's a repeat performance via panties and bra.....

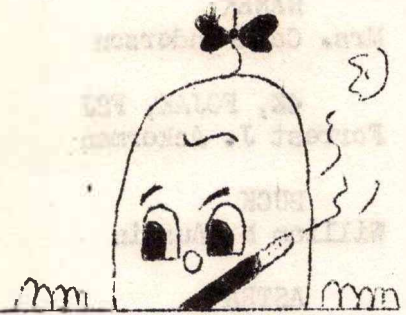
....although I could set here and type for length of time...we did have to prepare ourselves 'for out to grandmother's house we go...so we went....we ate.... and ate some more....and when filled to the chin....we crammed down fruit, candies, and what have you....back we sneaked and grab mo' turkey, sweeten' taters, punkin pie, cram berry salad....and to say the least....that's about all we did all day... cram our tummies full....

....well all things must come to an end....so Christmas day ended....and back to work I had to go....I said Christmas day came to an end....but not the trimmings! no siree....you must remember, after you eat gobs and gob lots of Turkey on Christmas day....and you want to see no mo' of it....the wifie comes up with turkey sandwiches between lettuce the following day....followed by Turkey hash for a couple of days...isn't it just wonderful....so you might as well go on a Turkey starting Thanksgiving day and continue on until after New Years....because those ole gobblers surely can outlast your best appetite..and I'm not kiddin'!.....

....just how do you go about trying to work after an ordeal of Christmas Turkey eatin'....well anyway I tried....and somehow I lasted thru the remainder of the week and up until the time to take off for our New Years 'day-of-rest'....did I say 'day-of-rest'...I did...but twasn't so....cause I went all through that Turkey ordeal again...."and loved it".....

....well, at least I can 'gobble' by now....and how! Gad! I'm all pooed!

THE CASE OF THE CIGAR SMOKING INEBRIATE!



Everybody rides the buses. I know, because in 22 years years of living half of them were spent riding the good old omnis. And one meets the most interesting people enroute. Take, for instance, the case of the cigar-smoking inebriate.

He staggered down the aisle with a vile cigar between his teeth and fell into the seat beside me. Ignoring the huge No Smoking sign on the window, he merrily warbled a few bars of "Melancholy Baby" between puffs of hideous cigar smoke. Before I had time to express my contempt for this low character, his alcoholic breath mingled with c.s. enveloped my face and he slurred, "D'ya mind if I smoke?"

Not that it mattered if I minded or not, he continued, "You look lonesome."

I shuddered with what was supposed to be annoyance, anger, and disgust, and gave him a look which I hoped was acid enough to discourage him from becoming my boon companion. But evidently I hadn't read up on the subject. He was not in the least perturbed.

"Y'know what? I'll take ya to a good place, an' we'll have a li'l fun."

Oh nuts, I thought. Here I am, tired as hell, looking my worst, and this dope has to get romantic. My subconscious was warning me not to offend the creature too much, as he might get violent, but just the same I was filled with righteous indignation and had a good mind to tell this jerk a thing or two. I glanced around at the other passengers for help, but all I got was a few understanding smiles. While debating on my course of action, a striking redhead got on the bus, and two seconds later I was forgotten by my would-be romeo.

Up he lurched to give her his seat, and as she innocently sat down he began from scratch again.

"Ooooooh my, you look lonesome."

Now that his attention was diverted from me, I too could give with the understanding smile, and did so. The poor girl, tsk, tsk, tsk.

- Doris Schwanke

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FOR SAPS MAILING NUMBER FORTY ONE

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NANEK
Mrs. Carl Anderson

4E, FOJAK, FSJ
Forrest J. Ackerman

BUCK
William N. Austin

ASTRA
Marion Zimmer Bradley

WOODIE, KARLOFF
John E. Blyler

WHITEY, BROD
Elliot Broderick

BURB
Charles Burbee

BIX
Jerry Bixby

NORM
Norman Browne

ALLICE
Alice Bullock

BeAle
Ken Beale

BERGY
Richard Bergeron

REDD, GRAY BOGGS
D. W. Boggs

THE BRAIN
Ralph Bailey

KAYMAR
K. Martin Carlson

GLOBE TROTTER
Lyell Crane

COSWAL
Walter A. Coslet

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Ed Cox

EDCO
Ed Conner

GEM
G. M. Carr

DO CAN TIN
Donald Cantin

WILKON
Wilkie Conner

EGO
Arthur C. Clarke

VING
OLE TOFFEE APPLE
Vincent Clarke

DUNK
Walter Dunkelberger

SHEL
Sheldon J. Deretchin

SE, EV
Father-of-NFFF
E. E. Evans

HANK, HEBEL
Henry Ebel

HELLISON, BIRDBATH
Harlan Ellison

de
David English

DOT, RORY
Dorothea Faulkner

SMILIN' BOB
BIG PALOOKAH
BOBEFF
Bob Farnham

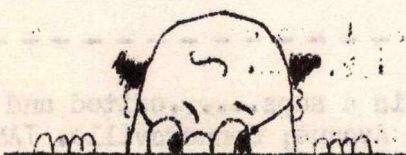
DYNAMO, WYOMIN'
Eva Firestone

NANGEE
Nancy Gerding

THE MASTER
Alan Hershey

HOFFWOMAN
Lee Hoffman

LACH
Lynn Hickman



CURT
Hal T. Curtis

BERT, NORB.
Norbert Hirschorn

ChucH
Chuck Harris

JO/JO, JO
Carolyn Jo Higgs

RACY, SMILIN' HOOSIER
LITTLE RAY, BOSSY
Ray C. Higgs

VEE
Verna Hampton

JOKE
Joe Kennedy

EVER LOVIN' YERZ
Max Keasler

GENIUS
June Kaufman

"HORROR"
Joseph Krucher

THE Lamb
Janie Lamb

DOC
Robert W. Lowndes

OLLIE, OMM
Olive M. Morgan

MIKE, MAC
M. McNeil

JOE GROSS, JOGROSS
Jose Maestre

HARRY THE "D"
Harry B. Moore

ORV, O-3
Orville W. Mosher

MAC
Ian Macauley

BeaM
Bea Mahaffey

JUNGLE JIM, BIG JIM
JEEMS
James C. W. Pearson

BOFF, BEM OF THE FEN
Danson Perry

CONNO
Conrad Alan Pederson

RAP
Raymond A. Palmer

R-TRAPP, ART
Arthur H. Rapp

RONDEE
Ron D. Rentz

NIMZY
George Nims Raybin

THE MARTIAN OF SIRIUS
Stan Serkner

BoSh
Bob Shaw

RICK, SAGE OF SOUTHGATE
Richard M. Sneary

SKYLARK-SMITH
E. E. Smith

the patient one
David Shafer

HALO
Hal Shapiro

JOE
Joseph Semenovitch

RUFUS
Jack Speer

TWIG, GETWIG
Guy E. Terwilleger

BOB, HOY PING PONG
Wilson Tucker

OSSIE
Oswald Train

JULIE
Julius Unger

SHELVIK
Shelby Vick

FLEAC, WAW
Walter A. Willis

EV
Everett Winne

BUDDHA, YELNATS, STAN
J. Stanley Woolston

WILD WILLEY WATSON
Willey Watson

THURSDAY
Wally Weber

DAW
Donald A. Wollheim

BIG ED
Edward L. Zimmerman

R E A C H P A R D N E R !

Yes, that's right...reach pardner for that pencil, pen or typer and get busy. Here is a chance for all of you who are interested in writing western, detective, mystery, ghosts and science-fiction-fantasy material.

We can use fiction, non-fiction, full page art drawings, cartoons, essays, articles, poems, etc.

Submit your material along any a-jay field you desire...there are many to choose from including: macabre, supernatural, outer-space, weird, planet, monsters, lost races, sunken islands, straight fantasy and science fiction, mysteries, mythology, western, ghosts, detective, sports, etc.

Fandom Features have been organized by a group of 20 publishers to issue a better class of fanzines for fandom. We are inviting you to submit your material now! No cash pay but contributors will receive copies of the various magazines. Send to:-

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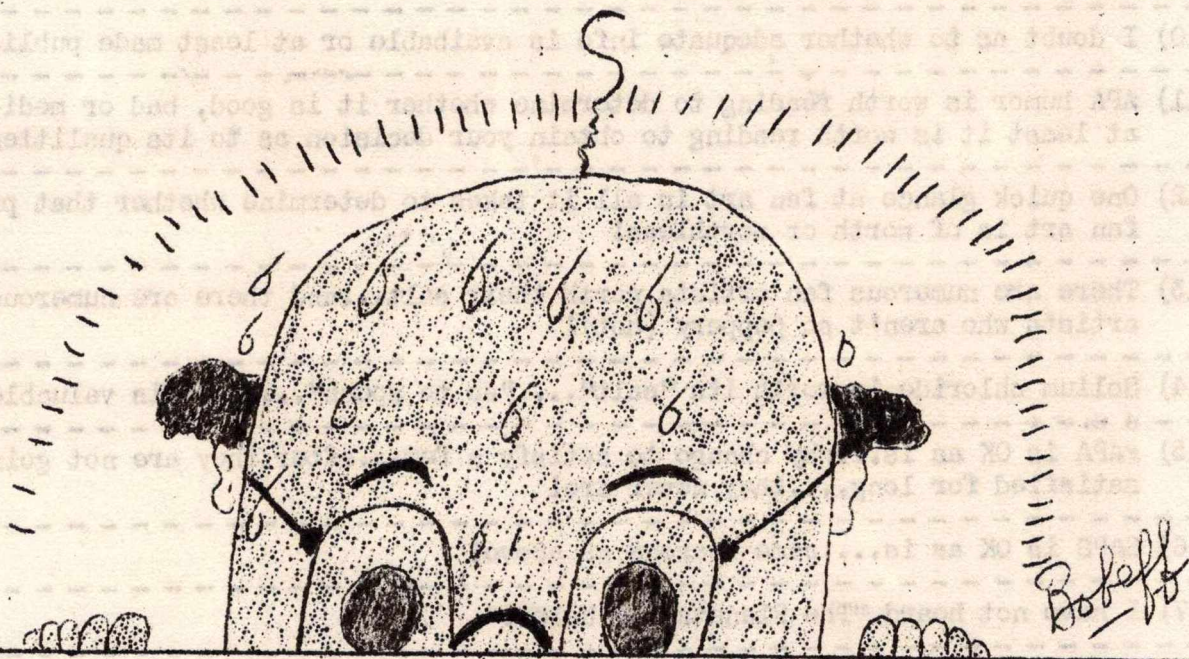


Racy Gives Answers To

APA ATTITUDE SURVEY NUMBER ONE

- 1) Yovgvi is a louse—a louse is a louse—some people (even fans) are often referred as a louse.
- 2) Ziff-Davis is not a louse.
- 3) I do not prefer either Science Fiction or Fantasy —I prefer both!
- 4) Two & Two can equal 4 or 22 $\frac{2}{4}$ 22
- 5) I have not tried out a Hieronymous machine. Is it a new kinda mimeo?
- 6) I haven't tried it....and have neva heard whether it works or no.
- 7) I do not prefer SAPS or FAPA....I enjoy my membership in each group!
- 8) I cannot say truthfully that Dean Grennell is not a Good Man....I have not proof that he isn't!
- 9) Fallout could be at a dangerous level.
- 10) I doubt as to whether adequate info is available or at least made public!
- 11) APA humor is worth reading to determine whether it is good, bad or mediocre.... at least it is worth reading to obtain your decision as to its qualities.
- 12) One quick glance at fan art is all it takes to determine whether that piece of fan art is of worth or worthless!
- 13) There are numerous fan artists worth their salt...and there are numerous fan artists who aren't so peppery (hot)!
- 14) Solium chloride is worth its "salt"...."so to speak"....as it is valuable
- 15) rAPA is OK as is...why change to satisfy a few...after they are not going to be satisfied for long....they never are!
- 16) SAPS is OK as is....same reasons as above!
- 17) I have not heard "The Planets" by Halet.
- 18) As I haven't heard the record—can't say yes or no as to liking it.
- 19) The Yobber is mightier than the Poo....so say stf fans. Neva met Yobber or Poo, so can not pass my opinion.
- 20) If fandom is losing sight of the outside world—it's entirely their own fault!
- 21) Neva time myself when doing a fanzine.....'time is my own'!
- 22) Enjoy articles about fannish history. Like to see more of 'em come to life.

- 23) I enjoy articles about fannish lore.
- 24) I enjoy puns.
- 25) I enjoy making puns!
- 26) Can't say that I find fanfiction cruel to the people portrayed—if it is cleverly written—humorous, etc! Enjoy seeing my name appear in fanfiction!
- 27) I have written and created articles, poems, etc for various amateur (ajay)apas.
- 28) Seemingly reviews of reviews are getting out of hand....although, it keeps many fen busy and active—like 'em—but with a little other meat along with them in a zine.....Variety is the spice of a fanzine!
- 29) I'D LIKE SOME HARNESS ART FOR MY ZINE. A FEW HUNDRED COMING MY WAY WOULD PLEASE ME VERY MUCH, JACK!.....AND GIVE YOU LOT'S OF EGO-BOO!
- 30) I'll agree with one and all that this fan Higgs is one of the finest in the biz ...always agreeable....can give it or take it.....ranks high as a semi-pro editor and publisher....and accepts only the amateur standing...a very quiet and rather bashful youngster...avoiding all pats on the back...receives lots of kicks in the britches by jealous make belief pros—who rate not a decent amateur standing....detests alex-smarts....likes Bob Tucker, ~~EG~~Evans and Fory Ackerman!



RACY .. SEZS:-

Karnsarn it - these very polls
take from you your very own
personal secrets and exposes
you in millions of fanzines!

MAROONERS OF LUNAR...

By JAMES W. AYERS

Brilliantly they had their tent lights glowing,
Those so errorless Supermen Star Raiders of long hence;
Dreaming now of their Old Glory and the good Days of young Yesterday.
They were doing something that didn't make sense.

Sighs, gasps, alarms, or even sirens,
Were pretty much into the thick of the whole business;
Telling them all how really fruitlessly each of their assignments seemed
While the more weaker ones, still looked up to God with dizziness.

There had to be something or other now that would give them an idea.
Some trick of nature or helping hand of the Alien,
Maybe a little odd enough hint from some still resigning Over-lord to make
them feel mighty.
Sitting around like they were doing and looking at the lights,
Was hopelessly fragile.

There was no such a correspondence anymore as a radio call.
Naturally enough, the grass around their own station was
Growing too tall.
And to add, their little world was not living out there at all.
Ceased even to be a ball.

They had never faced such a situation like this before.
Not since the Shinning Winds on Lemuria blew their heads almost
Off.
Or that time they'd knocked the Golden Door,
And had just been rewarded with an Eagle's cough.

There wasn't hardly much more life now, to expect from life.
The Ancient Mistress of Night was right in the middle the act
Of burying her dead; Victims from the Cosmic Torture and Impossible
Knife.
There wasn't awful much that they could do theirselves,
except to slowly hang the head.

After all is said and done - They defeated.
There was many a sun, but somehow, The Devil had seen The
Light - and he frankly cheated.
Telling them not to lose patience, or mind Maroon,
They might live to see the Blue Moon.

S-F SEEKER

When I leave home at eight o'clock
I stop at every stand
And try to find some SF book
To grasp with eager hand.

They look at me with wondering eyes
When asked for some science fiction
They think I've got a new disease
Most like a drug-addiction.

They do not look beyond this sphere
This planet of our birth
Nor can they soar above the clouds
While I roam far from Earth.

Oh give me please all foreign tales
That speak of wonderous nature
The tales that give us all wonder
Of man's unknown strange future.

I can then bear the day's routine
The office and all chores
Of home, and all that goes together
Forget all friends and bores.

- Beatrice Bertuzzi

TOMORROW'S DREAM

The world of tomorrow is to me a dream, a
fantasy, of things to come. Where I may
get in my jet and get all set to fly
from here to maybe eternity.

Who knows what is to come. It might just
fun to some. To those who say what is
this, this crazy thing that is weird and
yet to others might mean everything. This
crazy fantastic world we live in.

I dream of planes that I may fly by
thoughts alone..cities that go thru the
air, I am there.

Some day I may see things that are not
meant for you and me. Sorry Earth born
creatures such as me.

My thoughts among the stars do soar. Now
I wish that I was there forever more.

- Martha Kowitz

SOLACON

16TH WORLD SCIENCE - FICTION

CONVENTION

LABOR DAY WEEK - END - 1958

SOUTH GATE IN '58!

YOU ARE NOT A
TRU FAN -
UNLESS YOU
ATTEND A WORLD
CONVENTION

