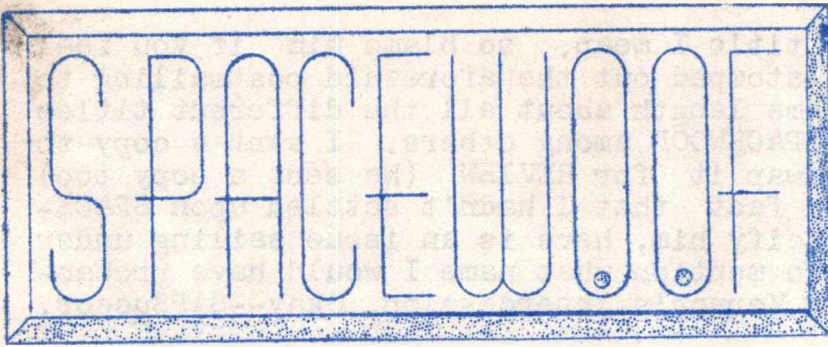


Produced for the 27th Mailing
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Saturday, 6 March 1954 The whole trouble right now is, I'm glutted with fan-activity. It hasn't been a couple of weeks since I was frantically putting the finishing swipes on a magazine for (you should excuse the expression!) FAPA, trying to get it to Whittier, California, before the fateful Ides of February. With that off, I settled back to take care of my income tax during the momentary lull. The only comforting note in this was when I found that Uncle Sam had already salted away too many of my dollars and I had a refund coming. So I sent off the federal return--but pronto. The Wisconsin Tax Department had not been so rash so they can darn well wait till the 14th of March as they have always done. I'm glad I had that little hiatus though, or I would no doubt have wound up at Alcatraz in time to wistfully watch the Con taking place across the Bay next Labor Day. A cheering thought.

By the time the 66th FAPApackage blew in (Saturday afternoon, February 27th) I had stored up a little energy for things fannish again. Not much, but a little. So I put a plan into effect that I'd been toying with for some time. I put out a 12-page post-mailing comment, setting 11 of the pages onto Rex-O-Graph masters in about 4 whirlwind-ish hours of reading and typing. I ran that off Sunday, 80 copies, and sent off copies to everybody on the waiting-list as well as the regular membership. These were mailed Monday morning. Monday night I came home to find the 2nd mailing of 7APA waiting for me, some 22 pages strong. The last time the 7APA mailing arrived, I threw everything else aside and did up a quick postmailing on that. But not this time. I just stood there and looked at it, slack-jawed and glassy-eyed (my normal expression, you understand) and, at the thought of throwing together another marathon postmailing I just retched weakly and collapsed. There is a limit to what anybody can stand. Me especially.

I did a silly foolish thing on this magazine which you're looking at now. I wistfully tried to make something out of it that would Look Nice. I wrote up my stuff beforehand, dummied it and justified my margins. I did this in the happy delusion that I still had some comfortable margin of time remaining before the deadline to get the issues to Blanchard. Then, Monday night, I looked at the OO--purely out of academic curiosity, you understand--and saw that I had to get them off not later than Monday morning, March 8th or else I might as well have torn them up. Fortunately, I've been slaving diligently on SPACEWOOF for the past two months and, as I write this, pages 3-8 are shimmering bluely in the corner, all finished and ready for assembling. In a pinch, I suppose I could send out just the mailing comments and let people guess what they were called and who they came from. But I am taking my ambition in both hands and finding something to put on pages one and two. And I'm justifying. But, damn it, NEVER AGAIN. I swear!!

SPACEWOOF

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It's McCain's fault, this title I mean, so blame him if you feel like blaming somebody. When I stomped out the aforesaid postmailing to the first 7APA I went on at some length about all the different titles I had considered, mentioning SPACEWOOF among others. I sent a copy to Vernon in hopes that I could swap it for REVIEW (he sent a copy too) and he wrote back mourning the fact that I hadn't settled upon SPACEWOOF instead. So, just to pacify him, here is an issue sailing under that name. I almost hesitate to mention what name I would have probably used if it had not been for Vernon's intercession. Okay--SAPSuccor.

I've always maintained that the subject-matter is of more importance than the purely mechanical details of presentation. Of course, it is essential to discuss your subject in a reasonably literate and legible manner but too many people (not necessarily fans) place an emphasis upon makeup and print-quality and don't seem to pay too much attention to what they actually say, apparently assuming that their reader's eyes will be hypnotized by their pristine pages the way a chicken's are to a chalk-line. If this was true, there would be very little purpose to put out fanzines in the first place. Even a treasurer's report to the stockholders of an insurance company can be impeccably printed and reproduced (with even edges yet!) but these qualities do not take such a report to the top of a best-seller list. I suppose if a person has limitless time available to spend in assembling material and arranging it and reproducing it, then it's all right to do so. However, with the very limited time at my disposal, I hereby cast my eyes at the taut confines of SPACEWOOF #1's rigidly margined pages (phrase copyright by Bob Silverberg, 1953) and announce with a sigh that I will henceforth leave justified margins to such as Redd Boggs.

All of this is discussed previously in time but later in this issue in the review of ~~SPACEWARP~~. But please bear in mind that it was written some four weeks ago in the fool's paradise of belief that I had all the time in the world to get this issue out. It was later than I thought, even then. I want to apologize to the considerable number of SAPS who will scan this review in vain for some mention of their magazines. If I had gone whooping through this issue in a cloud of flying Rex-O-Graph masters, you would doubtless find your magazine mentioned. Its absence does not, necessarily, imply that I didn't like it or that I didn't enjoy it. Far from it. I especially wanted to comment on DODO --in fact, I even set it aside so that I could write a detailed letter to Vee and Bill--and then forgot where I'd set it when I came to review it! Sorry, Vee- if I ever find it again, you'll hear from me. To Nancy Share, I wanted to pass along the information that crayola can be scraped off paper quite easily with a razor-blade. To Lee Jacobs, whom I believe to be one of the best humorous writers in fandom, my all-too-brief appreciation for his hilarious BALLARD CHRONICLES. Fine!

Hey--do you like PseudOmars? Here's one inspired by Karen:

Rum's for the troubles of this World, but some
Thirst for Blue Phthalo's Beeradise to come.

Ah, take the Shot and let the Chaser go!--
Nor fear ye for the Morning-After, Chum!

I have a solid page of interlineations by Art Rapp which I'm going to run under the title, "RappArtee" but I'll probably use it as a Biapan entry next mailing. Deadlines--I HATE the furshlugginer things!

OUTSIDERS - Wrai Ballard Nice issue, though I kinda miss Bill's artwork (bet you do too!). #SO!--that was you beaming at me last Christmas? I was wondering....read you loud and clear but didn't dig your ID signal. #Art Rapp's article is fine, as his stuff always seems to be. All of his proposed inventions are vitally needed---that I'll agree. But it's just possible that I can tell him of one of them that has been filled. It all depends on what he considers "low-cost". The regional office for A B Dick in Milwaukee has bought a "Stenofax" machine (Inexpensive little gimmick....only costs around \$3600) and they will take anything you want to make up and reproduce it on a stencil for the single cost of \$1.75. The beauty of the Stenofax process, as I understand it, is that you don't need to half-tone a photograph. It reproduces it directly onto the stencil. It works something like a television camera, scanning the original with a photoelectric eye and simultaneously going over the stencil with a stylus. The pictures should be fairly contrasty since the separation between medium gray and dark gray is apt to be a little faint. You get back your original and a cut stencil which you run off in the normal manner on your own mimeo. You can also paste up a number of snaps and then separate them, grafting them into various stencils with stencil cement. It's best to take up the entire 8-1/2x11 page with pics since the cost of a stencil remains the same whether it is all copy or just one 35-mm. contact print in the middle. The clarity is about what you'd expect if you gave a beginner a few tubes of M-Q developer and an instruction book and set him to developing his own box-camera prints. In short, it does not compare with a contact from an 8x10 view-camera but it is what Art requests---a satisfactory, cheap means of running photos and, for that matter, any other sort of artwork, black/white or continuous tone, on a mimeograph. I intend to try it the first chance I get and if anyone has any further inquiries, I'd be pleased to answer them individually. I used to affix pics to the envelopes in which I sent out letters, back in the dim, happy days when I wasn't behind by 30 letters or so in my correspondence. I like to think it diverted the postmen on their appointed rounds no end. #Wish you would number your pages---I'm over to the third page of THE TINY ACORN now...."bunbling" is a fine word and eminently fitting to use in discussing Col. McCormick. I have a Hallicrafters S-38 on my desk with a remote speaker to pipe its output over to the dark room table and I sometimes just tune it to a station and leave it when I have a long session at the trays. I've found, though, that it is best to avoid the Chicago MBS station, WGN, because it is owned by the Chicago Trib and, sooner or later, McCormick manages to get into the act and gives a speech over it. Then I have to hurry whatever I'm doing through to the fixer, dry my hands, and turn on the lights so I can go over and strangle the basset in mid-skwotch. The only thing worse than reading the Trib is to listen to McCormick. (This, by the way, is the reason I don't own Tee-Vee, I judge that the only thing worse than listening to Gene Autry and/or Frankie Laine is to have to sit and watch their tortured tonsils as they malform the airways.) The funny thing is that I more or less agree with McCormick on many issues, being a sort of Lukewarm Republican with Democratic Tendencies, I may tacitly share his views though I'm all the while despising his entrapments for the way he expresses himself. #I told Bloch that you had a tasty-sounding recipe for cockroach egg-roll in this issue

MAILING COMMENTS

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OUTSIDERS -Wrai Ballard and he asked what struck me as a perfectly natural question: How do you go about finding a cockroach nest? Any mention of cockroaches (or, for that matter, henroaches) always reminds me of the Hotel Kaskaskia (more commonly known as the "Cat's-Casket Hotel") in La Salle, Illinois. It was there that I bravely slew, in fierce hand-to-claw combat, the great grampap of all earthly cockroaches. I had just wandered into the bathroom in search of a missing collar-button when this...creature crawled out from under the sink and came at me. First thing I did was to kick it in the teeth and, since it was not much larger than a regulation football, I lifted it clear off the floor. But it came back hardly fazed, gnashing its teeth and clicking its antennæ together in a manner calculated to make me quail and prairie-chicken out of the fight. I don't mind telling you Wrai, old Palmereader that I am, cold Shavers ran up and down my spine. True, I had the Magnum in my suitcase but the report would have wakened the rest of the guests (did I mention that it was 2:00 AM?) and I didn't want to turn my back on this throwback to the Plasticine era so I did the next best thing. With a mighty leap I sprang to the top of the sink and from there I jumped on the critter, landing my number 10-1/2-C's right where the head joins the thorax and it broke through the shell, killing it instantly. Well sir--I was going to put it in the trunk of the car and take it home or, if it wouldn't fit, to lash it to the roof. But it wouldn't fit the trunk with all the suitcases in there and I didn't want to drive all the way back to Fond du Lac (near 200 miles) with a dead cockroach on top of the car to cause comment from the pedestrians so I left it there. I would have given much to see the maid's expression when she discovered it in the morning. All I know is that, when I went back there a year later, they had it handsomely stuffed and on exhibit in the Starved Rock Room where the Rotary always meets. If I had had this recipe at the time, I would have braved the jeers of the peasants, taken it home and bought a deepfreeze. #I don't know if I have all the answers to Nan's Hinky-Pinky but here's a go any how: Drunk Punk; TV Levy; Rabbit's Habits; Bug Flug (clue here was my boyhood hobby of stamp-collecting. I happened to remember that German Airmail stamps have "Flug Poste" on them or something like that); and, last and least, Id's Kids which, I suspect, may not be the right answer at all. #Take it from one who has tried it, Wrai, it is no good to visit your boyhood haunts. Better, far better, to be content with your gilded memories. A few years ago, impelled by nostalgic memories of its admittedly impossible beauty, I made a pilgrimage back to the farm where we lived when I was maybe 6--8 years old. I wisht I hadn'ta. In the intervening years the old schoolhouse and grounds have shrunk to maybe half of their former size. The palatial mansion has mysteriously metamorphosized to a very rundown, run-of-the-mill farmhouse and the long, long road I used to wearily trudge to school was only a couple of minute's easy run for the snorting Oldsmobile. Like I say, I should'a stood in bed. #Those gophers (speaking in proper zoölogical terms, "13--striped spermophiles" [which translates to "seed-lovers"/]) can sure make a guy feel inferior, can't they? I thought you said you had an elephant-gun you used on them? #When the Boston Braves came to Milwaukee last spring, I lost track of the number of times I heard people call it the "Land of the Beer and the Home of the Braves". #What about the 7th-fandomers who are also Roscoites? Are you going to suffer them to be torn by conflicting loyalties in this big internecine war you are trying to trigger? I'm a Foolist myself.

OUTSIDERS--Wrai Ballard #I don't mind admitting, Wrai, that you had me worried for a bit there on page 26. Y'see, I had occasion to use the word in my column in VEGA a while back and I distinctly remembered spelling it "plagiarism". I flew posthaste to Webster and he bore me out. So Nan can take consolation in the thought that you snidely corrected her misspelling with another misspelling of your own. #Reamy's pictures are excellent, in both NANDU and OUTSIDERS. Is he the same Reamy who has had illos in ASF? Any other typos in this or other SAPSazines will be divinely overlooked since to err is human, etc. But I couldn't resist noting this one!

Who clawed Degler's boat??

ECTOPLASM--Bill Calabrese Another high bump of the mailing, for me anyhow. Luv them Lord Biscuitbottom yarns! Pip on radar-screen gag was snickersome to a lofty degree. #French-English dictionary noted with interest and approval. Have you seen the little cocktail napkins decorated with Richard Taylor drawings in this same vein? Would gladly toss in something comparable but anything I can think of seems pretty flat beside these. #That verse of Omar's is one of my special favorites but, properly, a lot of credit should go to FitzGerald. The original Omar is considered pretty second-rate stuff by the Persians who are discerning judges of poetry, especially Persian Poetry. #The exercise in logic gave me a hurt in the head. There is a time-honored subject for wrangling among artillerymen: An anti-aircraft shell is fired upwards at about a 45° angle and it misses the plane. Problem--does the nose lead it throughout the entire trajectory or does the base strike the ground first? Disregard proximity fuses. #I'm reminded of the old gag about the stout clubwoman who made a beeline for the bathroom moaning that she was losing her punch. Don't ask me why I'm reminded, I just am. And I do dig that crazy, mixed-up Kris Kringle on your back page. I'll bet if he were 21 he'd be a votre sante.

Do you know a Ballard that goes: Wrai down upon the Swanee River?

NANDU--Nan Gerding I stand aghast at such ambition as you obviously possess. Not only do you put out the second most monstrous mag of the mailing but you seem to also produce stuff for and otherwise permeate numerous other magazines. Ambitious people make me both envious and tired (though only in the physical sense) and even taking vitamins doesn't seem to help. #Meant to mention it in Wrai's wreview but will note it here to fatten your wordage: American Artist had an article on typography in, I think, the January issue and one of the cardinal sins they deplored was this practice of overprinting copy over artwork. Even when the picture is a different, lighter color it's hard to make out either but black on black is murther most foul. Not even on Murther's Day you shoon't. #How do you run copy crosswise? We've an L C Smith with a 17" carriage and the stencils won't even go in it in one piece. Or do you cut them in two and then rejoin them with cement? I'd like to see the typer that can take a Gestetner stencil at one gulp. They are about 20 inches long. #Clever way you have to do mailing reviews. #I get the impression that Ballard's cote d'armes (so it is a lousy pun!) impresses you. Can't explain it, just have that impression. #Gad, I like those Reamy drawings! #Who was it that composed a parody-paeon to the Bellevue-Stratford: "BS, I Love You"??

MAILING COMMENTS

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SPACEWARP -- Arth Rapp Composing on-stencil is all very fine but there is something so irrevocable about words etched fresh-born on a stencil. Grue has always been an on-stencil proposition and, I'm afraid, it's all too apparant. On-stencil composition induces in me something akin to mike-fright which I don't encounter in making up copy on paper for transferring to stencils, masters, etc. Besides you can justify margins by first dummyping up your copy. I am not one of those who makes a fetish of even-edges like, for instance, Harlan Ellison, who even justifies his letters. Of course, there are some who can justify as they go along but it usually leads to what printers call "rivers" along the right-hand edge. I mean these gaps where words are frantically scattered four or five spaces apart to reach that all-important line. #Back in 1942 when I was an Aviation Regret at the SAACC (San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center or "Saadd Saacc"), there was a place called the Alamo Blueprint Company right kitty-corner across from the Alamo Driverless place where you could rent Dodge convertibles for \$2 an hour. They used to have a whole slew of odds and ends although I don't specifically remember mimeo supplies. I bought a bunch of sketch-pads and pencils from them...still have some of them in fact. I'll always remember San Antone as the town of the phantom old-mag store. I ran across this little hole-in-the-wall place and they had a big bunch of old ASFs and UNKNOWNs for some piddling price (two for a quarter, I think) and I bought all I could pay for, saving only busfare back. First chance I got I went back to town to buy them dry and y'know? I walked up and down every blame street in that town and never was able to find ary hide nor hair of the place again! I have a theory that it pops in and out of a time warp so it is just possible that you may stumble on it sometime too. If so, I will pay a quarter apiece for all the UNKS you can get and you can make a 100 per cent markup. Fair enough? #This issue is on 20# Ta-Non-Ka Bond so you can see how it comes out compared with the same in 16#. #A Heyers sounds fine but the company just bought a new Gestetner and I am going to give it a try to compare the travail of mimeography with that of Rex-O-Graphing. I know I'm gonna miss all those gay colors in the Rexo'd Grue (in case some other SAPIan is reading someone else's comment, Grue is my fapazine). If SW is done on a Heyers, it speaks well for the breed. I discern no trace of ineptitude; in fact, it's as ept as they come. #After I make my fifteenth million, Arthah, I is gone hire you as my personal versifier to do naught but produce your unprosaic not-poetry that I may skren this scrofulous screed. #So you were a Doctor Doolittle aficionado? Me too--was nuts about 'em. #I question if a 70/150 cartridge, even at \$20 a shot (they think nothing of those prices in some night-clubs!) is "worth its weight in gold" as it would weigh quite a bit. But wait--you said "almost, etc." Skewze me, I sez. Man, I betcha that thing would kick! #These are without doubt the finest examples of Little Willie poems I've ever seen. You don't know what a temptation it was to lift them for lastish of Grue when I ran that big collection of LWs. The only thing that held me back was the thought that you might use them yourself in the same mailing which would have been more embarrassing than somewhat. By the way, have you tried PAGEANT magazine with any of these? They print a slug of them every year or so and I presume they must buy some. Damn few of those they've used are this good. #Ballard's tractor must be a John Deere since it's the only one I know of where you start it by spinning the flywheel. The rest have cranks and the newer ones have starters, just like the cars have.

SPACEWARP — Art Rapp My trusty po'table ganged agley here a while back. Everytime I'd push down the shift-lever it would jump the carriage a space. Finally I tracked down the trouble. Some time back I'd had a rash of difficulty with a screw coming loose on it when I was out on overnight trips with no screwdriver. So I taped a little one to the inside of the cover. It had fallen down into the works and was the cause of the whole trouble. I've been told that this typer had a screwloose aspect to it but this was the first time I'd had trouble with screwdriverloose tendencies. There is a house in the next block over from us which I'll swear is painted in hekto ink. Bright red with shutters in a tasteful shade of sullen olive green. Staplers are indeed an invention of the devil. The dangerous part is when you've just loaded one and you go to close the thing. Doing this once, I ran a staple clear to the hilt (or whatever it is on a staple) into the ball of my thumb and, when I made the appropriate remarks, somebody asked what I'd done. "Oh," I says, "I was closing this #&*é?! stapler like this and—YOWTCH!" You guessed it, right in the same place!! #Stuart Hoffman, NEEFER and linotypist by trade, says he once tried using a typewriter with the Linotype's "etaoin shrdlu" keyboard but he didn't find it very handy at all. It "just didn't feel right".

"One of the deader mailings—a moribundle..."

HALBERD--Nan & Hal Shapiro Let's see...you've used HALO, HALCYON, HALLUCINATIONS and HALBERD that I know of. Have you ever considered HALITOSIS? There is a whole bunch of words starting with "HAL" in my dictionary: HALibut, HALf-back, HALf-moon, HALf-baked, HALf-cocked (!), HALf-tones, HALf-wit, HALibar, HALides, HALidom, HALe-lujah, HALowe'en, HALlux (that's the first digit, like the index-finger or big toe), HALophyte, HALse, HALter and Halyard. These are only a few of the more a propos of the group so you won't soon run out of titles. #Did you catch that bit, in TWS a while back, when someone wrote in to Sam, mentioning something about "When you first donned your halberd as the editor of TWS...". I presume they meant "hauberk" which, being a coat of mail, is much easier to don than a combination spear-and-battleaxe which is what a halberd is. #I hope you've snagged a better typer by now because, from the looks of HALBERD, you need a new typer even worse than a new Student-Baker. #In answer to Nan's plea for the lowdown on the Jersey Devil, I checked with Funk & Wagnall's STANDARD DICTIONARY OF FOLKLORE and they have this to say: "JERSEY DEVIL A famous phantom of the Southern Jersey shore, born variously at Leeds' Point, at Fleasantville, at Estelleville, and other villages: also called Leeds' Devil. It was said to be the offspring (sex unknown) of an old woman who had so many children that she said if she had another she hoped it would be a devil—and it was. The supposition is that the woman actually gave birth to a monstrosity, which she kept out of sight in a shuttered room, and that the mystery of the birth plus her expressed wish gave form to the story. The Jersey Devil was no fiction, however, up and down the shore. Its footprints were often seen, its cries often heard; if shades were left undrawn at night, it would come and look in people's windows; it was seen sporting in the surf with mermaids, or sitting gibbering on chimneys. An old woman in her eighties in 1947 reported that she was once chased by it. The newspapers reported its activities constantly; it is still occasionally mentioned by the Press. See H C Beck's 'JERSEY DEVIL AND OTHER LEGENDS OF THE JERSEY SHORE'."

MAILING COMMENTS

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HALBERD — Nan & Hal Shapiro #I should note in quoting the foregoing that the haunt of this outré critter is the Isle of Jersey in the British Isles, not New Jersey as some might think. Also, I am no Fortean...not since November of 1938 when I turned Fifteen. #I howled over the idea of Nan taking up witchcraft and keeping Hal as a familiar! I enjoyed this issue, running as it did from wags to witches. #I close, noting that familiarity may breed content.

The way ASF looks these days, Campbell should go back to soup.

TRANTOR—Irene Baron I got a tremendous charge out of Poul's Universal Bem, especially the "pointed tail for roasting wienies"!!!! #I am 5'11" and built like an orang utan. #Hashish (not to be confused with "backsheesh" which is something else again), besides being called marijuana, goes by the name of Indian Hemp and bhang. Thus the advertising motto of the Adler Cigarette Co.: "You'll get a bhang out of being higher than she is. Live it up with an Adler"

Awrrrk! Polly wants an Adler! Awrrrk!

KEEBIRD—Eney S. Fault This is a classic visualization, Kentonian cacaphony in the basement and symphony upstairs. Blauggh! #?#What did the guy say when you bought 35 copies of that anti-Texas postcard? Not much, I don't suppose—they're pretty philosophical in not expecting heathen auslanders to appreciate all the pretty blue bonnets. Your Phyllic cymbal gag really rang the bell! Real funny.

Redd Eney good Boggs lately?

--Bloch

ZEITSCHRIFT, etc.—Karen & Poul Anderson Enjoyed your treatise on malt beverages, Poul (I trust it's OK to call you by your first name inasmuch as you are a SAF-in-law?). #I used to enjoy some Mexican beer they sold in Texas; called Carta Blanca, came in little bottles and verr-ry potent. But someone told me that they had visited the brewery in Monterrey and the vats were near solid black on top with dead flies so I gave it up. Seems like the least they could have done was to skim the vats before visiting-hours. The best native American beer I've ever encountered was some stuff called "Blatz Milwaukee Dark". It is what they call a Kalmbacher-type brew, very dark and heavy—like Bock only different. The price is a little heavy too...fifty cents per 14-oz. bottle. #You didn't happen to say, but is Phthalo any relation to the aritst's pigment called cupric phthalocyanine which is marketed under a number of trade-names like New Blue, Permanent Blue, etc.? There is also a "Thalo" Green...an extremely intense blue-green like Viridian only much stronger. How did I do on the Hinkle-Pinkles??

7th Fandom's like a Lon Chaney film: The Fandom of the Uproar.

QWERTYU—Ed & Jo Noble From your account of your wanderings, Ed, I incline to term you the roamin'est Noble of them all. #I hate to display my ignorance but what does ISFCC stand for? #I haven't heard of ketones since the days of the Ketone Cops... #Since you love Philology, I suppose one could call you a Philophile, mm? #I have always found it interesting too. Did you know that "ouija" as in ouija-board comes from oui and ja, yes in French and German, respectively? #I like POGO too but I'm really gone on MAD Comics.

Hasta la wiedersehen!
