

**Collector**

SAPS JULY 1972  
100th Mailing



**ADDED FEATURE!**

***Spicy Stf Stuff*** Misfit Reprint 1949

Collector .... destined for the 100th SAPS mailing from : : : : :  
Howard DeVore 4705 Weddel st, Dearborn Hgts, Mich. 48125

They're at it again! I showed up at the Midwestcon, and a few minutes later the O.E. asked me if I'd brought my Sapszine with me, I turned my back on her, I know when I'm being bullied! I refused to answer her snotty question. The following evening all the Saps members were sitting at a single table during the banquet and various members started discussing all the material they were putting into the mailing. Their smug, smiling faces made me sick at my sturnick!

But, in true Saps tradition I've finally started to do somethin' and I have supreme confidence that I'll get it into the mailing and keep up my string on mailings.

I've completed twenty years of mailings now and someone has watched over me, unless I've made a mistake somewhere I'm now on my 81st mlg.

#### MAILING COMMENTS

PILLAR POLL I'm continually amazed at how well I do and how little I produce, I suppose others must feel the same way. I note that someone voted for me for OE and if I ever discover who it was I'll wring his fuzzy little neck. I went all through that for a year, it doesn't seem like much and to tell the truth it wasn't a great deal of trouble at the time but it would be impossible for me to find the time for it now.

New acquisitions: Bought two more typewriters today, the one I'm using (Royal portable), a typical 50-60 dollars outfit from sometime in the '40's or '50's, and another portable that was somewhat more expensive and is probably a much better machine. Both of them real good buys.

The way to get a good buy in typewriters is to own a dozen of them and not give a damn if you ever get another, suddenly you'll fall over them at give away prices.

It's not a new acquisition but I finally got my extra telephone hooked up, about a year ago I bought one of the Princess phones. I at once hooked it up as an extra phone in the living room and managed to get a couple of wires crossed. The whole thing went dead and I told Sybil to call for service-repairs the following day. By morning I'd uncrossed the wires and also discovered that our service line had been out of commission, I hadn't really burnt up the phone

I figured I'd rig an extension to the garage but somehow it just seemed too much work to dig up the grass and hide the wire and do the whole thing, so the extra phone sat in the garage for most of a year.

In the last few months I'd been getting more and more calls and I got tired of running in and out of the garage. Monday I strung cord and draped it down the yard and through the door of the garage, plugged it in and it worked beautifully, so today I strung it overhead where it belongs. The Princess phone has a separate buzzer and I've lost the damn thing but it will show up eventually and for the present, someone stikes their head out the door and yells "telephone whereupon I pick up mine and start the conversation. Came in very handy last night when Bob Sampson called from Alabama to ask about some Doc Savage. I just picked it up, walked to that shelf and started reading off dates. I shuda done this a year ago!

At the same time it's strung across the yard so that it can be taken down if the snoopies come round. I wasn't planning on paying the phone company anything for the extra service.

DON FITCH I suppose you know why surgeons like to operate on Pollocks?

It seems that as far as transplants go there's only two important parts, the head and the rear end, and they're interchangeable.

And I suppose you know how to tell when a Pollock has been in your back yard ... the garbage is missing and your dog's pregnant.

Speaking of dogs it looks like we've got another one, a six week old pup. Monday evening Carol and her boy friend were driving past the school playground and they heard the critter crying. Naturally she had to bring it home, the following morning they'd go hunt the owner .. it's Wednesday and they haven't found the owner yet. Everyone says that tomorrow they'll take it to the dog pound but in the meantime they keep playing with it and feeding it.

IGNATZ Don't blame me for the zip code crap, I have no use for it.

The Dearborn p.o. has one line open day and night, usually the foremen are working at the other side of the building and I answer the phone a lot. Frequently I get calls from someone who wants to send a letter to someone and they don't have the zip code. They figure I can look it up for them, well, my job is to sort mail, not assist idiots so I just tell them that we don't have a zip code book in the back of the bldg.

Then they ask what they can do and I tell 'em to forget the zip code that it won't make a bit of difference. I suppose someday someone will complain and I'll get chewed out but I'm still not going to waste my time on such stuff.

We also have stamp machines ( they work part of the time) in the lobby and the public can use these ( the lobby is unlocked) and send letters or pkgs at any hour of the day or night. So, we get the chap who's worried about delivery. He picks up the lobby phone ( direct line and calls back where I am. He wants to know if his air mail letter will be delivered in Des Moines, or Indianpolis, or Toronto tomorrow.

As you all know the postmaster general issues statements about how everything is going to get overnight delivery .... he say's this at the same time he signs an order cutting off 400 truck drivers, and taking all the mail boxes out of your neighborhood.

Well, I know how bad the service is and all this bull shit doesn't deliver mail, but he say's we're going to deliver it tomorrow, ... so, I assure them all that their letter will be delivered tomorrow, and if he's sending another one to Calcutta I'll promise the same thing for it.

I'm not an expediter! I'm a lousy clerk that sorts magazines and junk mail. How would I know when it's going to be delivered? It may never get delivered.

Speaking of junk mail .. We got our first delivery by the private p.o. about two weeks ago. It came in a plastic bag, hung on my door knob and consisted of an advert by the parent organization offering to sell mail routes for \$1,000 per route and an advert from a local pizza joint. The pizza ad was preprinted and it has the little imprint in the corner so that it would go through the p.o. This had been crossed out before it was delivered. I took the advert, drove over to the pizza joint and nailed it to their front door, along with a notice that I didn't want any more of that crap on my door knob, and if I ever got it again I would quit buying pizzas from them. Then I signed my name and address so they'd know I was sincere. For whatever reason we haven't recieved anything in the last two weeks from them.

Sooner or later we'll get more of course and when I see the man coming I expect to meet him on the porch. I will ask him what he's going to do with the plastic bag in his hand. He must logically reply that he's going to put it on my door knob. I at this point will tell him where I'm going to stuff his plastic bag. All this time Jo Jo will be leaping against the screen door, she does this whenever anyone comes near the house. She is so ferocious that nobody had dared to ENTER THE YARD OR HOUSE until she's locked up.

So, here we are, I've just told him where I'm going to put his bag and Jo Jo is trying to tear her way through the screen. Then I tell him, "If you ever come up on that porch I'm going to let the dog out, and after she's bitten you I'll call the police and have you arrested for trespassing and for teasing my dog."

Naturally I resent any outfit trying to take away my job but there's more to it than that. The p.o. charges 5 cents to deliver junk mail anywhere in the country. This outfit will charge 4 cents each but they deliver it only locally and cover every house. It is not addressed so there is no sorting involved. It's a very simple operation, costing the company very little and they are taking only those operations where the profit is high. The outfit pays the private mailman 2 cents each and keeps 2 cents. Their only cost is office rent and a cheap plastic bag.

The outfit makes the private mail man pay \$1,000 for his route of 200 houses. They will make up pkgs and deliver only when they get 3-4-5 separate pieces to deliver. Since I work on junk mail all the time I know which outfits would advertise this way. At present they might get 4 or 5 mailings per week, so the mailman pays a grand for the route and they pay him \$16 to \$20 per week. If he's lucky he will only work one year free before he starts earning money for himself.

During this period he's likely to fall and hurt himself, and perhaps get dog bitten (especially on my street, we have 5 p.o. employes in a four block strip). If he gets hurt he'll pay his own medical bills cause he's self employed.

This private outfit doesn't handle any of the money losers, like mailing local newspapers at 5 for one cent, nor church stuff at less than 2 cents. They don't sell duck stamps (no profit), and they do not issue passports (In dearborn they use one employe eight hours a day for this and receive nothing from the government for the time)

This outfit isn't going to mail out shit for Congressmen free to help them get elected. In other words they will take just the money makers and leave the money losers for the p.o. Then next years stamps will go to 10 cents and probably the following year even higher, at the same time the p.o. is cutting expenses and service constantly.

Now, do you know why I dislike the outfit?

Really, it wasn't meant as a lecture, but so many people think that this competition will make the p.o. improve, and it just won't work! Matter of fact nothing will make them improve.

Hey, this is a pretty nice typewriter.

Look, Doreen, three pages already. I might even do 4 plus this time. On the other hand I'd hate to spoil my own reputation of just BARELY MAKING IT. The shift sticks.

Stencil four coming up and I've switched to the other portable. I may as well try this one out also, it has a much better feel but then when you type with two fingers and hit hard hard it doesn't take long to spring the keys. Will ruin this one like all the others.

ENOBANG JOURNAL I haven't had any letters published in the paper lately but did get some personal publicity. Both local papers have one of those phone in and get help columns where a staff of supposed expert gets things done that you can't do yourself.

It seems that someone in Detroit has been telling his boy about the great adventures of those two old saddle pads that used to appear in a western magazine. The boy decided to get copies of the magazines for Father's Day. He called the paper. Naturally the paper has files on where to get things, so they called the local comic expert and he sent them to me.

It seemed almost certain that the series appeared in S & S Wild West Weekly. I had a few copies but not with that series, so I gave them phone numbers here and there around the country. They started with Hickman down in Ohio and went from there, tracking down issues of the magazine. Finally located a big batch of them up in Minnesota but the man doesn't have a phone so eventually they came back to me. I agreed to donate a few issues from the '30's and '40's, not the particular series they wanted but something close enuf that old Dad would be joyed up a bit anyway.

So, on Fathers Day they ran the usual publicity on it and gave me a mention as a generous soul. YOU HEAR HAT GOD? Does it make up for a few of the people I overcharged for books this week?

Maybe it's a better machine but I don't like the looks of the stencil, let's try the first one again.

More damn comic cons coming up here. One in August and another in October, that's four in Detroit this year. I have a feeling that these people are killing the goose that laid the golden buck. Two of the cons are privately owned and he's out to rollin the cash, regardless of who it may hurt. The August affair is run by a small group, all quite young. They're staring at a \$1800 hotel bill plus expenses for three GOH and I've got a felling they're gonna go bust.

POOKA Not much comment, except to mention that the title was used many years ago by Don Ford for Ompa.

GREEN ROSES Would you believe that I have three multiliths and none of them are working and it just seems too much trouble to get one in decent shape. I'm as bad as Lynn Hickman. He's had one of them for 2 years now because he thought the frame on his medium size press was broken. He told me it was shot, so I proceeded to hunt a solution for him. I was told that it was foolish to even try to weld magnesium and that the local dealer didn't get anything in with a frame he would sell separately. It appeared that it would probably take \$100 or more to get it running and for \$80 he could fix the big model 1250, only he didn't have \$80 or \$100, and everything just set in his basement and he kept using mu little model #80 with constant trouble.

At one point I wanted to shove the 75 out where we could look at it, I felt there must be some way to repair the frame. We looked at

the stack of 1,000 or more pulp magazines stacked on the floor in front of the press, said "to hell with it" and went off and drank the likker I'd brought.

Well, Lynn has a buddy, who's a mechanical genius and two weeks ago they moved the magazines and shoved the press out where Gary could see it. Gary couldn't find the broken frame but he did see where a bolt had fallen out of it. They screwed in a new bolt and now it's ready to run again.

Toskey I sorta cured my troubles with comics. I've been buying them up for some years now, and once a year I take them down to the local comic con. After some years most of the good one's were sold and I wound up with the 2nd and 3rd rate stuff and haven't found many that are worth having or in great demand. They just sat here in my way.

In the meantime, Chris Hoth, local fan, has just started dealing in the things, so I made a deal with him. He took the lot home and is in the process of selling them. In six months we have an accounting and if I've recieved what I think is fair he keeps the remainder and I don't have to fool with the things.

Course, since then I've picked up two small batches of semi-old comics. Maybe I'm not out of the business after all.

BUSEY Well, for the moment we've been spared a stadium, as originally set up the head thieves declared it would be used by baseball, football and hockey teams, plus all sorts of other suckers. The football team decided they didn't want any part of it, and caught all sorts of hell from the papers & sports fans. They decided they would let Pontiac Mich. build them one. Then the hocey people declared that they'd just spent a half million on the their own arena and they backed out.

So, the city was left with just a baseball team. It was set up so the county would make up any defecit. They passed laws that stick the race track with 2% tax, and every hotel-motel adds 2% to their bill, all this goes into the pot, but it probably still wouldn't be enough.

Finally the mayors of two suburbs (25 miles from Detroit) filed suit and somehow they wound up with a judge who wasn't afraid of the city. He killed the bond sale, charging a "sweetheart deal", where the Detroit Tigers would be the only tenants but would pass less than half of the operating costs.

Oh, the cries of anguish! It seems that the loss of a domed stadium would destroy the city, ruin their plans for waterfront development, & create chaos! A new court battle is already started but it looks like the tax payers might win this round.

In the meantime, the New Detroit Committee issued a statement that the land already bought could be used for a massive shopping center ... and the stadium chairman screamed "foul", saying IT WILL BE BUILT, that despite hell and high water they'd find some way to trick the taxpayer.

Had a small flood here last week, just in advance of the east coast floods. Seems a local storm dumped 4 inches on my neighborhood, we have a drainage creek two blocks from me. The creek runs some 30 miles or more and all the storm seweres drain into it. Under extreme conditions it backs up at the low points, bubbles up out of the street sewers and floods the streets, and any basements in the area.

Fortunately I don't have a basement and some people in the area wish they didn't have one either-now. I was at work when Sybil called to say that perhaps I'd better not try to make it all the way home.

Karol and her boy friend tried to make it and discovered that his car wasn't water tight, seems a couple of inches ran under the doors & they were busy wiping it out, so I drove within 4 blocks of home, took off my shoes and waded barefoot to the house.

Cars were running up and down the street and I could have made it ok, my car being considerably higher than Allens but I just don't like the idea of throwing water up into the under carriage. As I walked up the sidewalk I was passed by Chris Hoth, local fan, driving a volkesvagen. Apparently they really are water tight. It was a couple of inches up on the doors but nothing got through.

Man across the street was having a bad day, his car had been stolen at work, he arrived home to find the streets filling up and his wife, a registered nurse had just been called to report for work. She works in the emergency room at the local hospital.

Well, the emergency room is located in the basement of the hospital and by 11 p.m. it was under six feet of water. They had an emergency lighting system but all heating equip (boiling water, etc) was under water. They were in pretty bad shape and needed help badly.

She called the police and asked for transportation, normally they'd send someone for this but it seems most of the police were busy evacuating people from the really low sections, pulling fuses on electrical mains, etc. The hospital finally agreed to send an ambulance to get her. In the meantime I suggested that she & I walk to my car and I would drive her over.

Chris had parked in my driveway, some inches above the water level and he said he was going to risk going home anyway, he would drive her to the hospital.

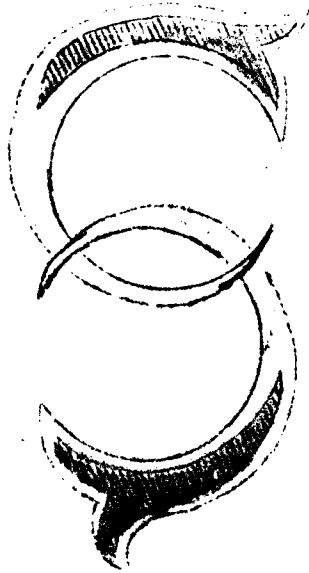
The water remained at roughly the same level for 12 hours, then as the creek cleared it went down completely within an hour, within another half hour the sun had dried the pavement and left no evidence except for heaps of mud in the street.

I understand the current life-time carries a photograph of a man standing neck deep in his basement while his television set floats nearby. It's credited to the east coast but was in Dear Hgts the next morning. Presumably the wire service got it from the local paper and then it showed up in Time, without identification.

It's been a very busy week. I started out Monday by putting away the unsold merchandise from Midwestcon, since then there's been a steady stream of customers to the garage. I've sorted perhaps 1500 books and magazines on the side, contracted to wholesale 4.00 mags from the excess stock and I can't even see the holes they should have made.

Bought 150 books Wed eve, tomorrow I'm getting about a thousand & have two letters to answer offering me somewhere between two and three thousand pieces ... a great many of which are slow selling magazines.

Now, it's 1:30 and I'm off to read a bit, then to bed.



PICY  
TF  
TUFF

A  
WOLVERINE  
INSURGENTS  
PUBLICATION

"Clothes!!  
But --  
isn't this  
a DSFL  
meeting?"

In this issue:  
PASSION  
IN THE  
PARLOR





# THE NOSEY REPORTER

## TODAY'S QUESTION WHY DID YOU JOIN THE D.S.F.L.?

- Martin Alger: Where else could I find discerning people to appreciate my fine mind and broad mental horizons?
- George Young: Other people raise hell when I'm three hours late to an appointment. DSFL members just laugh. After all, what else can they do? I'm president, remember? Besides, we're going to put on a convention soon, and...
- Arnim Seiolstad: The outside world doesn't appreciate the genius of fan intellects. The DSFL is a serious, constructive group of misunderstood people who are working to build a finer world for the future.
- Edith Fursik: It has male members, hasn't it?
- George Fursik: You don't think I'd trust Edith alone among all those frustrated jerks, do you?
- Ed Kuss: Ben Singer talked me into it.
- Ben Singer: I have a divine mission to convert these supermen and superwomen into atheists. Who knows, perhaps I can even persuade one of the feminine DSFL members to assist me in starting a super-race here and now. Say, what did the California fans have to say about my hoax on Tucker?
- Howard Devore: Where else can I get rid of my duplicate mags?
- Sybil Devore: Ah have mo' fun with fans than almost anywhere, ah do declare!
- Perdita Lilly: I'm all confused. I wrote a letter to TWS and things started happening.
- Marilyn Ross: Bennie made me.
- Norman Kossuth: Don't jump to unfounded conclusions. Simply because I attend all the meetings, what makes you think I'm a member?

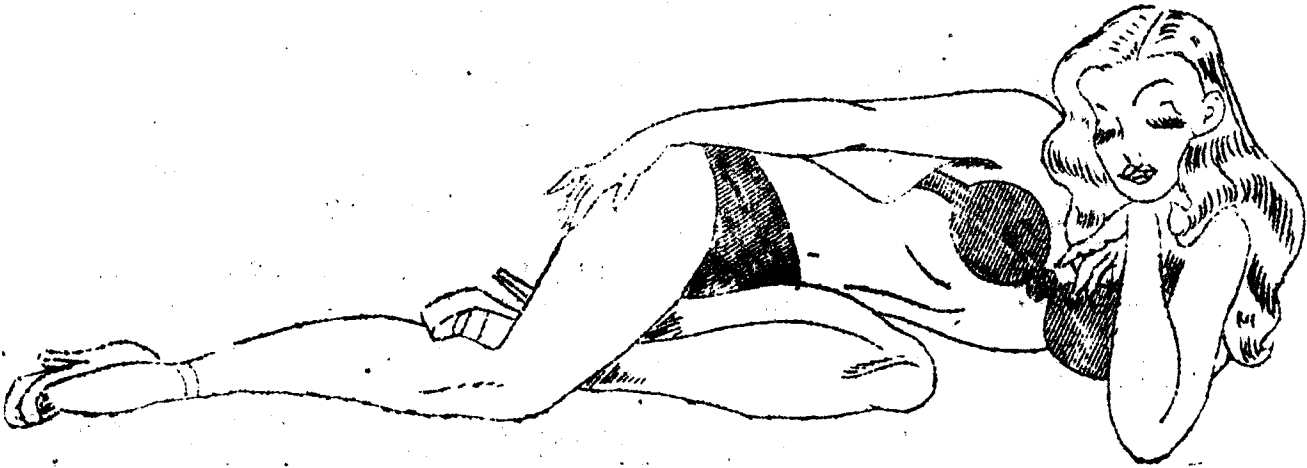
Jerry Gordon: It saves having to buy prozines and fanzines myself.

Ray Nelson: Aha! I am boring from within, and little do they know that sabotage is cutting the foundations from under them!

Fred St. Arnault: I derive amusement from their antics.

Agnes Harook: I'd do anything to get a man!

Andre Weitzenhoffer: It provides a fascinating study in applied clinical psychology.



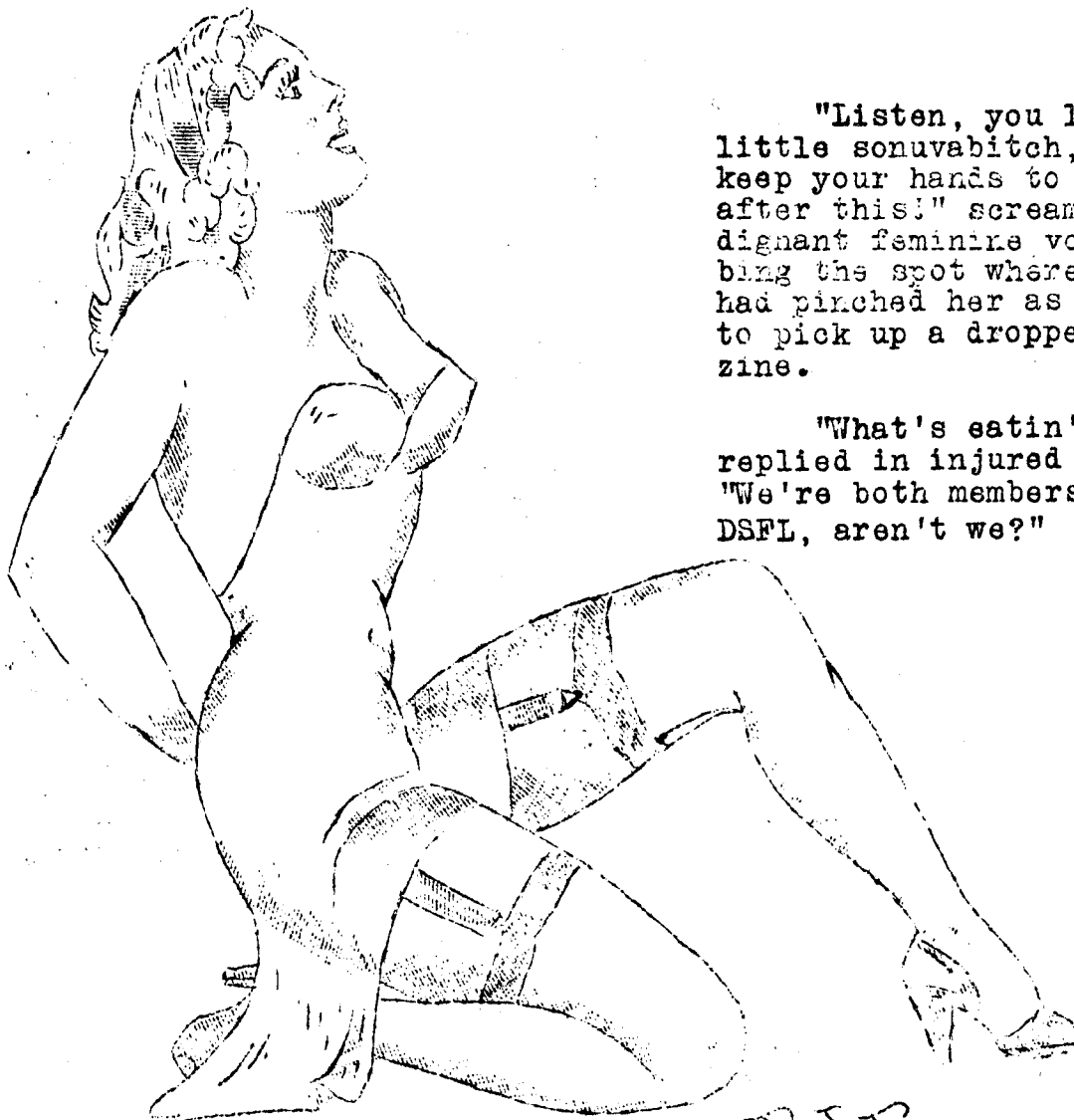
"Er-r-r, I don't have \$1.50  
for dues -- do you suppose  
I could take it out in trade?"

# PASSION

IN THE

# PARLOR

or: Behind the Scenes at a  
D S F L Meeting



"Listen, you lecherous little sonuvabitch, let's keep your hands to yourself after this!" screamed an indignant feminine voice, rubbing the spot where Arnim had pinched her as she bent to pick up a dropped prozine.

"What's eatin' ya?" he replied in injured tones. "We're both members of the DSFL, aren't we?"

R.S.F.

"Look, you bastards," Andre shouted. "We're having a business meeting, and anyone who interrupts gets fined two bits. If you two want to play games, go over in the corner, like Marlon and Perdita."

"Sybil," interrupted Howard firmly, "You come over here and sit down. Let Arnim sit over there on the piano bench with Edith and Agnes."

"What's the motion we were discussing?" broke in Ben Singer, who wanted to get the meeting over with so he could give Marilyn his undivided attention.

"Damned if I know," Fred (who was chairman) told him. "Edith, you're supposed to be keeping the minutes of the meeting. What motion do we have on the floor?"

"My husband's on the floor," Edith said after a quick look. "but he's not showing any signs of motion. I think Norm hit him a little too hard with that lamp."

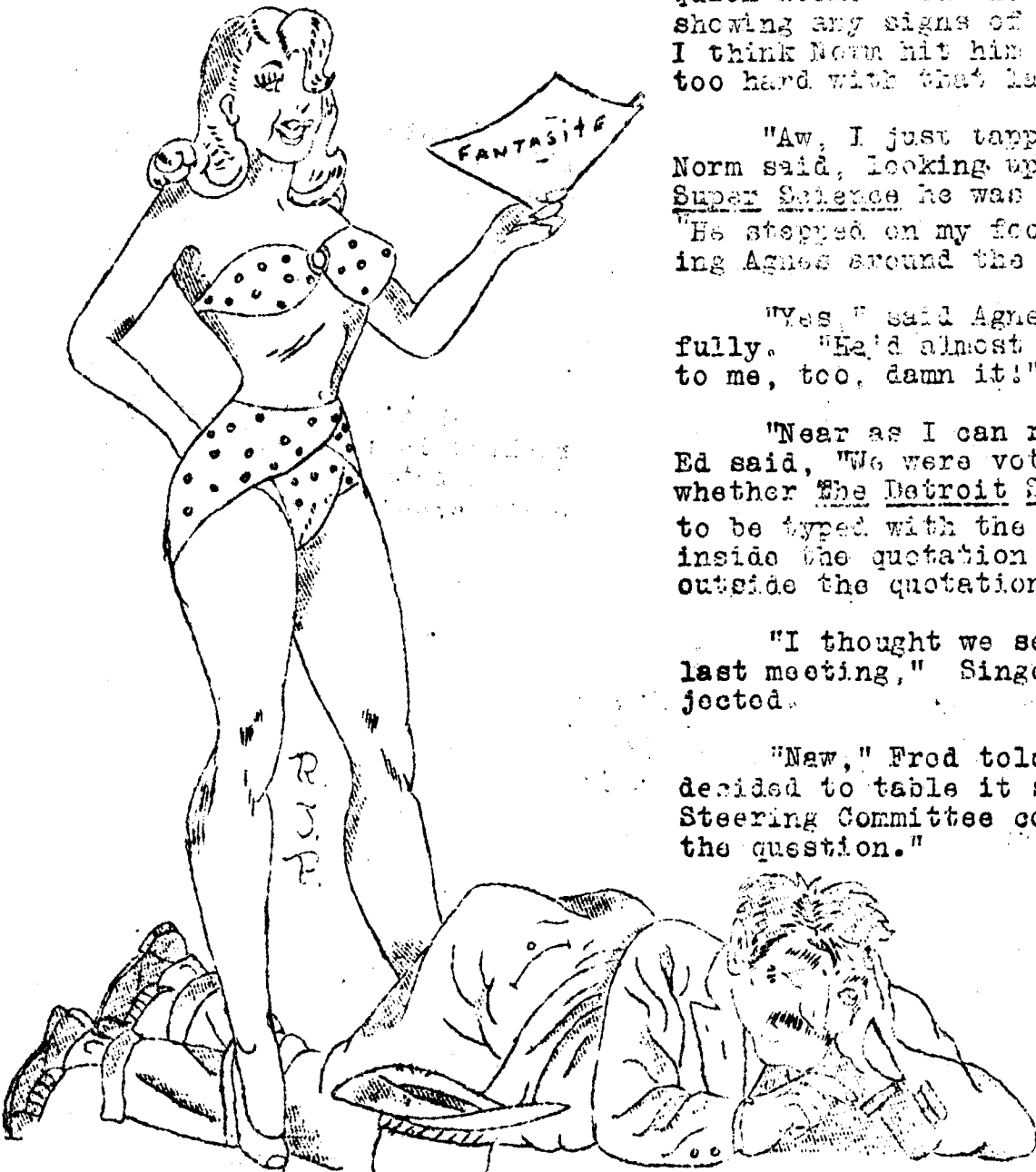
"Aw, I just tapped him," Norm said, looking up from the Super Science he was reading. "He stepped on my foot, chasing Agnes around the room."

"Yes," said Agnes ruefully. "He'd almost caught up to me, too, damn it!"

"Near as I can remember," Ed said, "We were voting on whether The Detroit Stefan is to be typed with the commas inside the quotation marks, or outside the quotation marks."

"I thought we settled it last meeting," Singer objected.

"Naw," Fred told him. "We decided to table it so the Steering Committee could study the question."



"Well, what did the Steering Committee decide?"

"They couldn't agree. That's why we're bringing it up before the whole club again, stupid."

"Well, let's table it again. Besides, George Young isn't here yet, so we can't vote on anything until he gets here."

"The constitution doesn't say George has to be here," objected Martin.

"Yeah, but if we decide anything now, we'll have to do it all over again when he gets here. You've been to enuf meetings to know that."

"Singer," said Fred sternly, "You're beginning to sound like an Insurgent. You'd better put 50¢ into the treasury to prove your loyalty to the DSFL."

"Yessir," said Singer meekly, reaching for his wallet.

"Say!" yelled Perdita. "That reminds me! Did you all see the last issue of that mag the Sasinaw bunch put out?"

A shudder passed over the group.

"Aw, we've got a better club than they have," Arnim said stoutly.

Somehow or other, the remark fell rather flat. Shrugging, Arnim gave up the attempt to rouse enthusiasm, and concentrated on Agnes instead,

"Are you a true fan?"

"Yes, Arnim. I am a true fan. I read a story in TWS once. Singer made me."

Ben heard only her concluding words from across the room. "Shuddup, Agnes!" he yelled. "You don't have to broadcast all our secrets!"



"Well, look," said Martin. "Suppose we table the question of commas until next meeting?"

"Somebody put that in the form of a motion," directed Fred.

"I make a motion that we table the question!" someone promptly yelled.

"I second the motion!"

"All in favor?"

"Wait a minute!" Andre yelled. "Let's have some discussion first!"

"We can't," Edith told him. "The Chairman has already called for a vote."

"Oh, well, I didn't have anything to say, anyhow. I just thought somebody else might want to say something."

"Motion is passed," Fred said, banging the gavel down on Andre's hand, which he'd carelessly rested on the table.

"Why don't you watch what you're doing, you stupid bastard?" Andre yelled, nursing his bruised fingers.

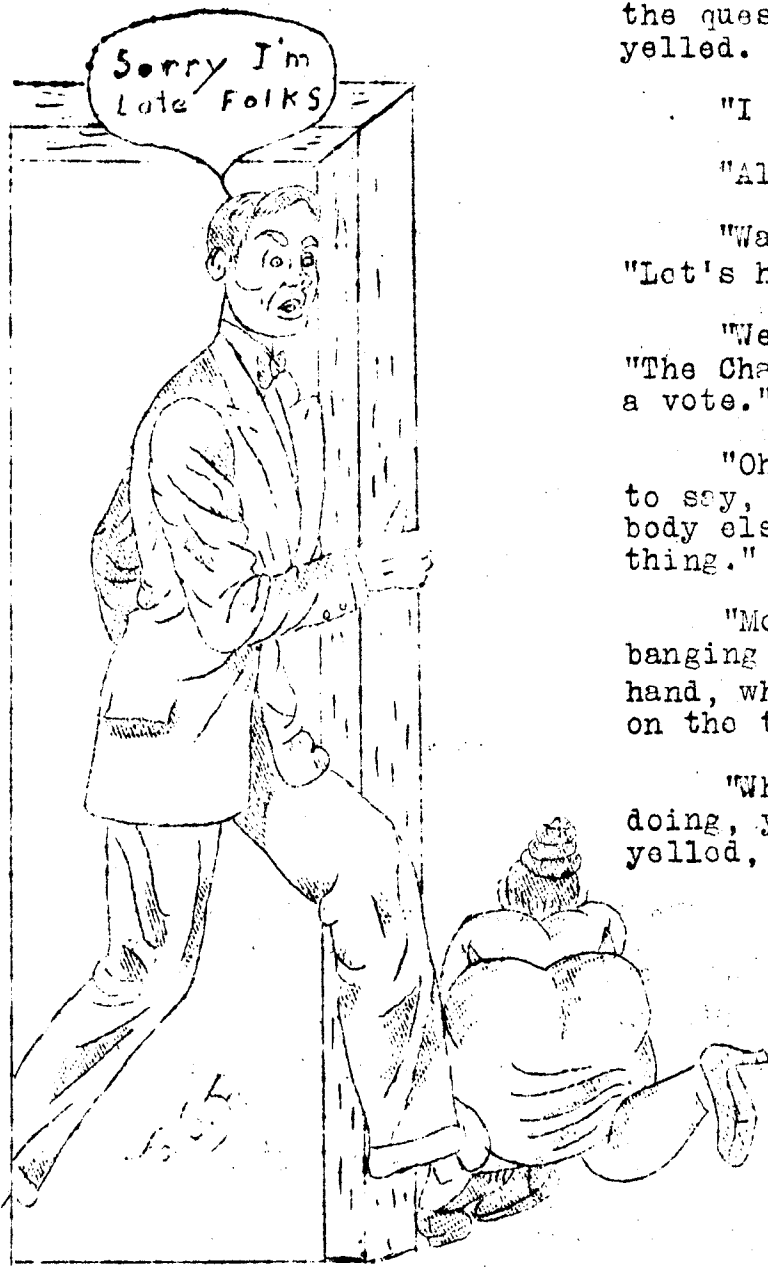
"Bring it over here, Andre," Sybil yelled. "I'll kiss it and make it well again."

"Like hell you will," screamed Howard. "Let's get on with the business meeting."

At this moment the door crashed open and a puffing, panting George Young staggered in.

"Hello, everybody!" he called cheerily, ignoring the fact that the Chairman was asking if anybody had any new business to propose.

"It's only two hours after the meeting time, George," said Ed, looking at his watch. "You're early."



"I know," said George. "We got off at noon today, so I got started early."

He made his way to the speaker's table, stumbling over various feet and unintentionally giving George Furcsik a hearty kick in the ribs as he passed.

"I'll take charge of the meeting now," he said. "Where are we?"

"We just called for new business; there wasn't any; so we're ready to adjourn," Edith said.

"Like hell we are," shouted George. "I've got some new business!"

"But you can't bring up new business after the business session is over!" Edith objected.

"Listen, who's Chairman, you or me?"

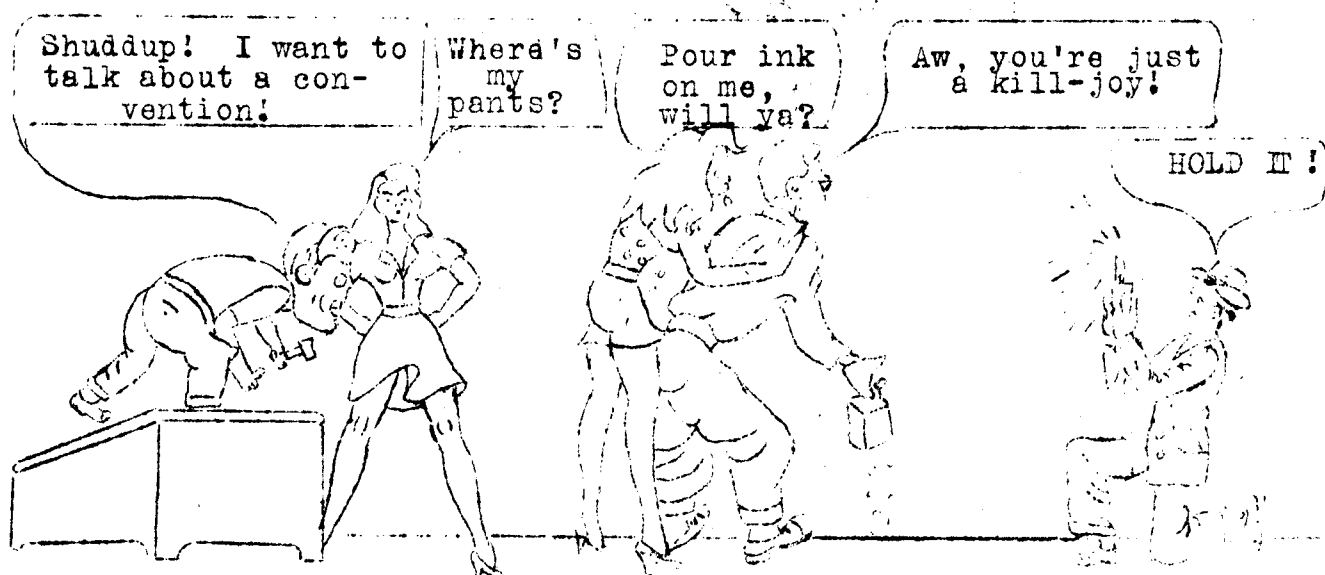
"Shuddup, Edith, or I'll fine you two bits for being out of order," Martin added.

"I think," said George, ignoring the squabble, "that we should hold a convention."

A clamor rose in the room, none of it sounding very favorable to the proposal.

"Well, gosh," said George in hurt tones. "We raised forty bucks for the MSFS when we held the DeCon, and if we just write to the promags, they'll send us hundreds of illios to auction, and the treasury is way low, and besides, it'll make those guys up in Saginaw jealous, and it will bring us a lot of new members who don't come to meetings now, and..."

He paused to glare across the room at one of the girls on the piano bench. "Dorothy! Put your legs together and pull down your skirt! You're distracting the membership!"



"I move we table the convention until next meeting!" yelled Singer.

"Well, o.k.," George answered. "But in the meantime the Steering Committee will study the question."

"Is the business meeting adjourned yet?" asked Arnim, turning his attention away from the girl at his side for the first time in half an hour.

"The motion to adjourn hasn't been moved and seconded yet," Edith said, consulting her notes.

"You don't have to second a motion to adjourn," Andre informed her.

"Where did you get that idiotic idea?" George demanded.

"Never mind, let's get on with it," Martin yelled.

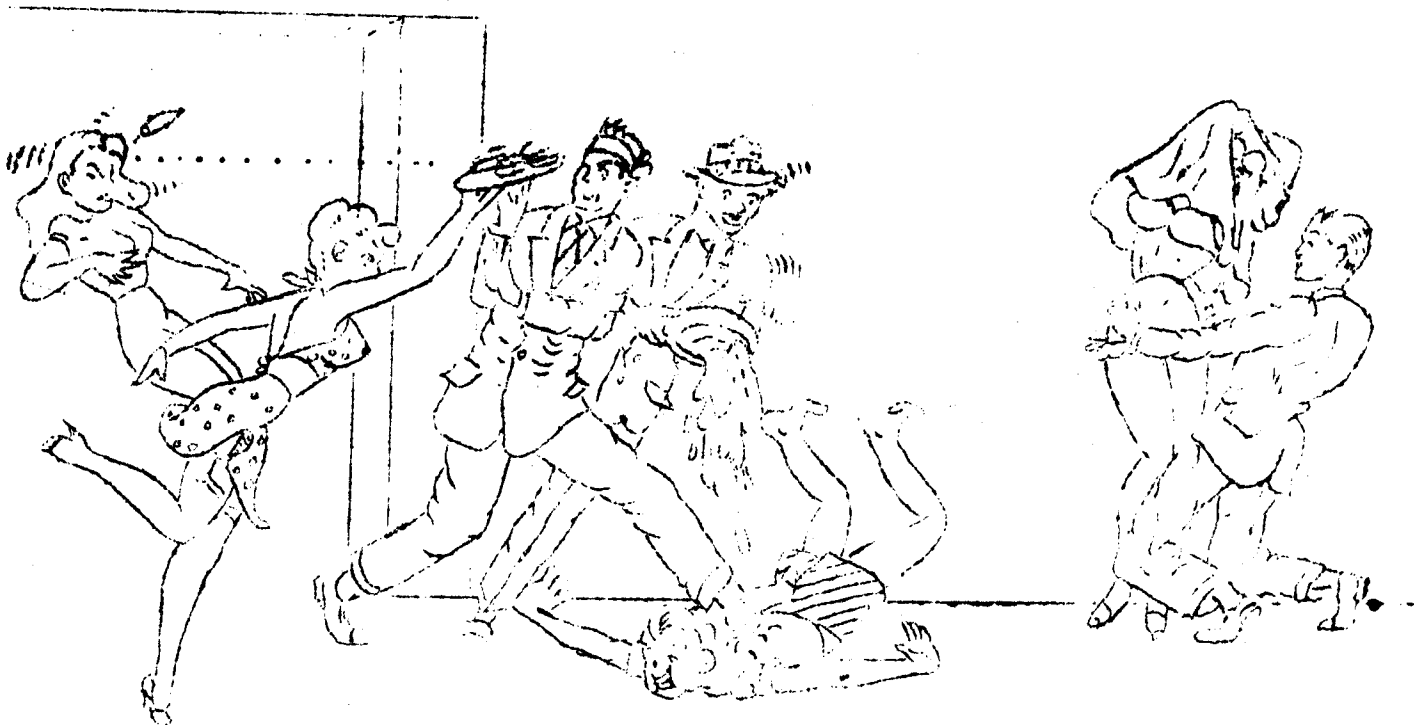
"All in favor of adjourning the business meeting say 'AYE'," called George, banging his gavel.

"AYE!"

"Food's ready!" announced Ed, coming into the room.

There was a mad stampede for the refreshment table, over which rose the sound of a feminine voice. "Pssst, Arnim! Now's our chance, while my husband's busy eating!"

"Meeting's adjourned!" yelled George, dropping the gavel and leading the rush out of the room.





"Say," said Ben to Jerry, as they chomped sandwiches, "How would you like to see me eat a hot dog with mustard and onion, all dripping with gingerale?"

"Frankly," said Jerry, "I don't give a damn whether you do or not."

"Fine," cried Ben. "Then I will, just to prove to you that I can!"

Elbowing his way through the swarm around the table, Ben assembled the unusual ingredients for his demonstration, and among a few subdued gasps from the newer DSFL members who hadn't seen this sort of thing enuf to be bored by it, he proceeded to demonstrate.

One of the girls suddenly broke into giggles, and the DSFL members turned away from <sup>BEN</sup>

"Certainly I'm  
loyal to the  
DSFL -- but just  
what does this  
have to do with  
science-fiction?"



to look at her. She was holding a large dill pickle and laughing merrily.

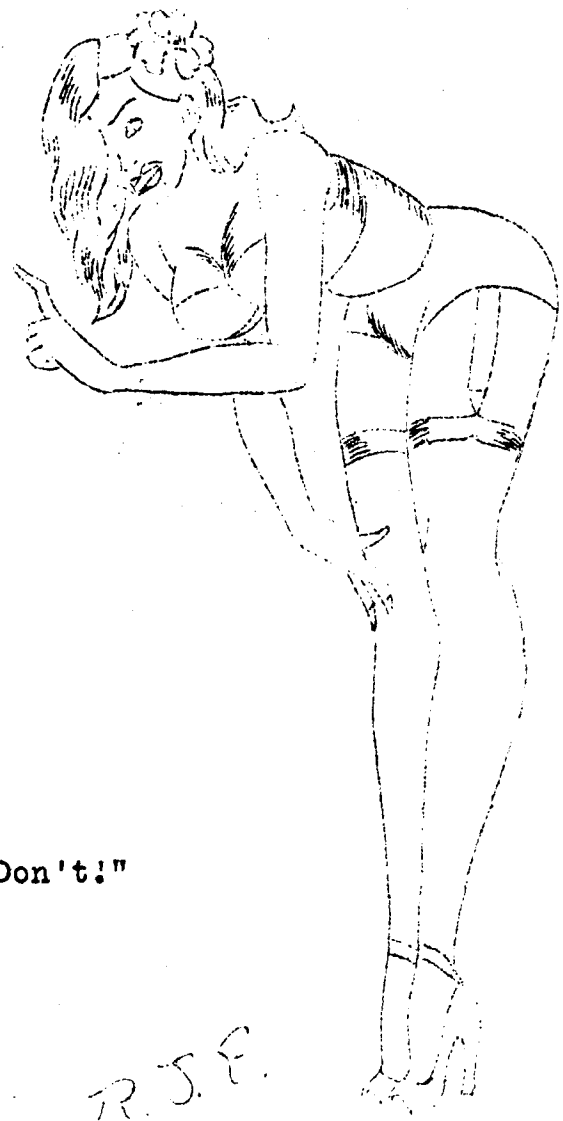
"What's so funny?" someone asked.

"This reminds me of the time George--uh, er--" she broke off in confusion, and, grabbing a sandwich from the table, retreated in confusion to the other room.

All proceeded serenely for a while, the members loading down paper plates with assorted food, then wandering around until they could find a spot to sit, perch, sprawl, or just flop.

"Arnim!" one of the femmes shrieked suddenly. "Don't! Go wash your hands first! You're getting mustard all over my girdle!"

After everything in sight had been eaten, a sort of dull apathy settled over the group, from which the irrepressible George Young rose to remark:



"Arnim! Don't!"

R. J. E.

"Well, now we get to the social part of the evening. The Entertainment Committee has arranged a fine program for us this evening, consisting of--"

He stopped because Ed, who was Chairman of the committee in question, was tugging violently at his sleeve.

"No! No!" hissed Ed. "We had a program scheduled, but Fred and Ben, who were supposed to present it, didn't get around to preparing it."

"That's what they said last week!" George protested.

"No! Last week it was Agnes and Perdita who didn't have the scheduled program prepared!"

"Oh, well, that's different. If one member had failed to do his work two meetings in a row, I'd think he wasn't showing the proper serious, constructive fan-nish attitude toward the DSFL."

"Perish the thought."

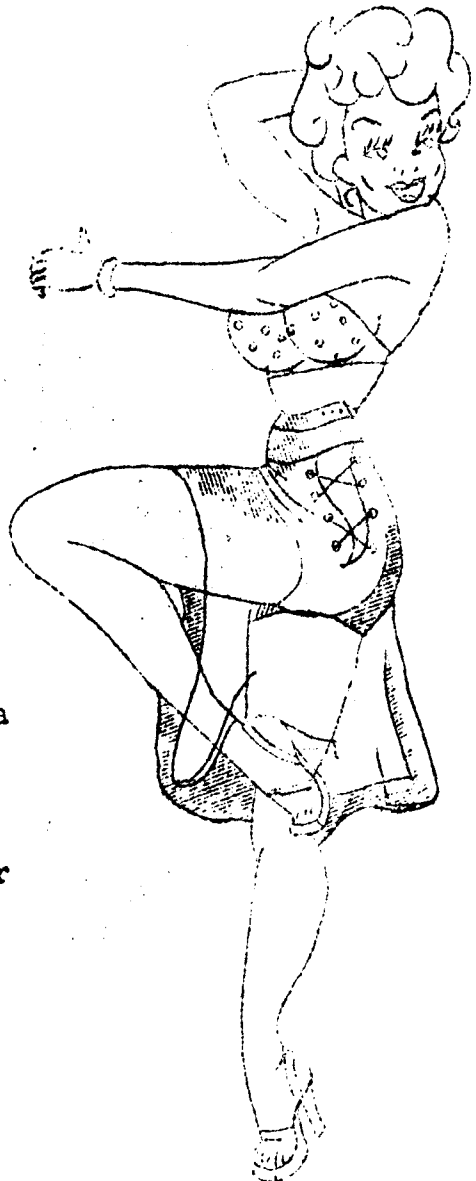
"Oh you filthy bastard!" interrupted a clear feminine scream.

For once, it wasn't Arnim making passes at the femmefen. This time it was one of the gals yelling at Martin Alger.

Alger, who was prone on the floor on his stomach, squinting in a professional photographic manner through the viewfinder of his camera, looked up in astonishment.

"You snake in the quackgrass, you!" the irate femmefan continued, advancing menacingly toward the Photofanatic Lensman with the obvious intent of committing a murder. "I'll learn you to go creeping around the floor poking that camera under ladies' skirts!"

"Hold on, there," Howard interrupted. "Martin's nowhere near you! How could he be taking pictures of your --er--legs, when he's way on the other side of the room?"



"That's just the goddamn point!" she yelled. "He's snapped pictures under every gal in the room except me. Who does he think he is, anyway?"

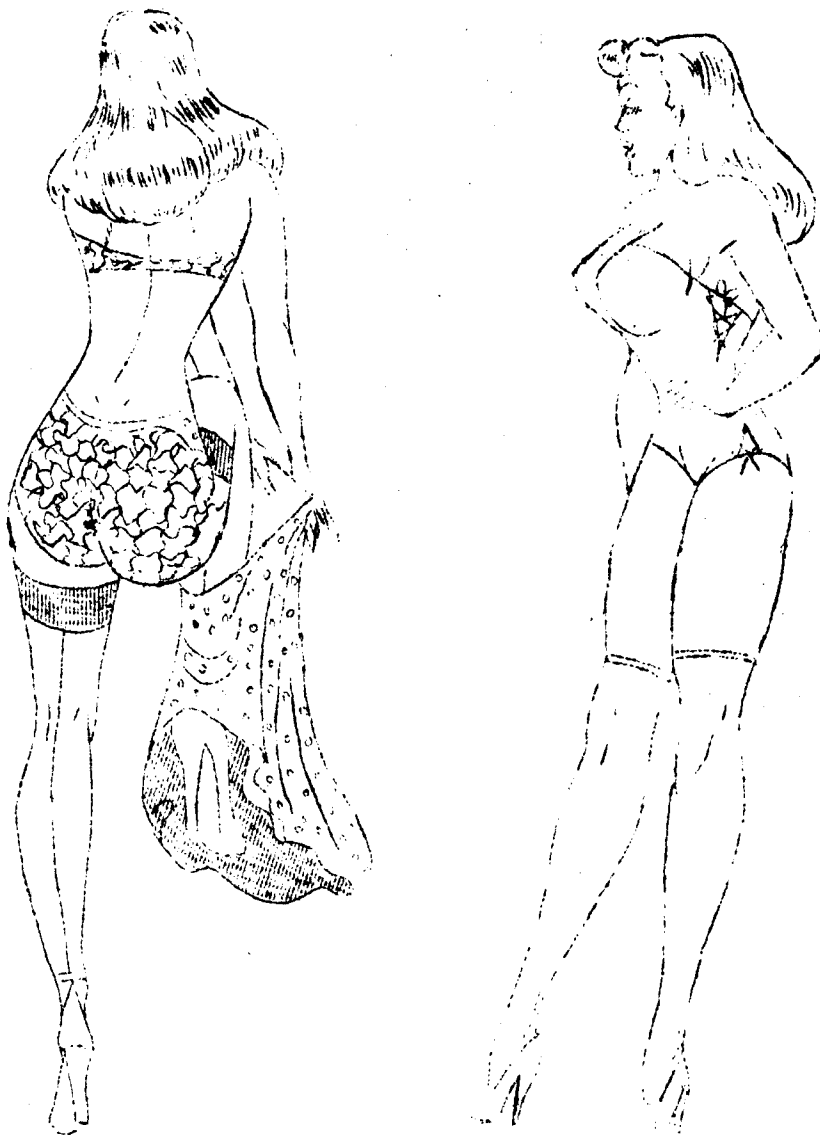
"Martin knows which subjects are photosenic and which aren't," one of the other girls meowed.

"Why you underdeveloped and overexposed hussy!" the other shrieked, grabbing the hair of her fellow DSFL member, disregarding George's frantic shouts for order.

"Come, Syvil," said Howard. "I think it's time for us to go home."

And so, reluctantly, we leave this pandemonium of clawing fingernails, screams, the sounds of fanzines being ripped shred from shred, and the gentle uproar which marks a typical meeting of the Detroit Science Fantasy League...

- END -



"There was one meeting where they just discussed science-fiction, and none of us got raped at all..."

# OFFICIAL SONG OF THE D. S. F. L.

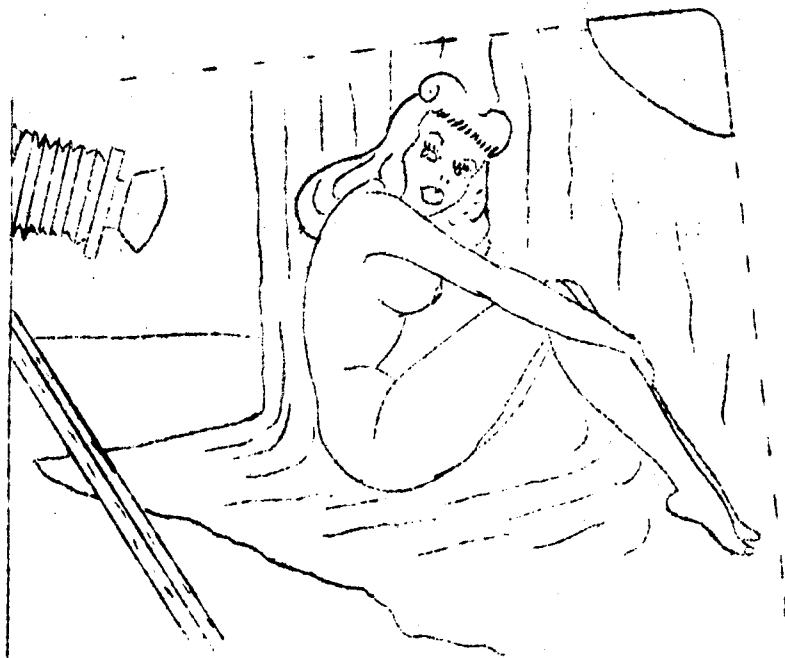
WE'RE THE YUCKS THAT PUT THE  
SEX IN SCIENCE-FICTION...

## First verse

When you're down in ol' Detroit on a rainy Friday noit  
and you can't think of a gal on whom to call,  
If you've got a prelediction for a bit of science-fiction  
and you want to see some Finlays on the wall,  
If the roar of rockets gets you and the lack of bems upsets you  
and you like to watch fuzgheadedness in bloom,  
Just call Edith, George or Ben -- they will come and gitcha the  
and you'll find the fen all gathered in one room...

## First chorus

For it's the D.S.F. & L.  
It's a little bit of hell  
And it's populated by the frenzied fans;  
They will bore you with their speeches,  
Those dirty sons of beeches,  
So you might as well go nuts among the slans.



"I know it's traditional for fans to take pictures of each other, Martin -- but I still feel naked!"

Second Verse

You must have a little dough -- a buck and fifty cents or so,  
and if you have, the fans on you will fawn,  
They will sign you up, you know, (for the treasury's always low,  
and the club would vanish if it all were gone);  
When you find yourself a member, there's just one thing to remember,  
if you do not want to run afoul of fate:  
No matter when the meetings, do not come prepared for greetings,  
for you can't do that 'cause George is always late...

Chorus

For it's the D.S.F. & L.  
It's a little bit of hell  
And the meetings never, never start on time  
For of all the social classes  
These are much the greatest asses  
And they all believe that promptness is a crime.

Third Verse

You will find the greatest plans of executives or slans  
are discussed at every meeting that they call,  
But when it comes to working, they are better far at shirking,  
so they don't accomplish anything at all.  
But if your mental quirks tend to searching after jerks  
and your day is brightened when you find a crackpot;  
You need look no further, brother, for you'll never find another  
club that offers to you such a lovely jackpot!

Chorus

For it's the D.S.F. & L.  
It's a little bit of hell  
As you will soon discover when you call;  
It will help you if you're plastered  
When you meet the stupid bas-  
tard

Who claims this is "the  
best club of them all."

"Hey! It's  
my turn  
to init-  
iate this  
one!

"Here's my  
\$1.50 for  
a DSFL  
membership."

