

IGWATZ

34



- diddle - daddle - doodh -
- I think I'm off my noodle -

July 1963

 Being the offering of one Nancy J. Rapp, for the July 1963 mlg of SAPS. The address of this culprit is o/o SFC Arthur H. Rapp, RA 36886935, Hq.Co., 1st. USA Msl. Comd., APO 2²1, New York (braccckkk!) N.Y.

 June 25th. 9:39 PM oet

This is a rather humid evening, filled with all sorts of interesting-looking bugs buzzing and hovering around the walls, ceilings and lamps of the Rapp's new abode. Those that aren't buzzing or hovering around the ceilings and walls are, ferociously chomping on the skin of Nancy Rapp. Cheeoh, I never SAW (or felt) such huge mosquitos! They are big as flies and twice as pesky. The main fault (in MY opinion) with european living is the lack of door and window screens. You can close the wooden blinds but along with keeping the bugs out of the house it also keep what little breeze is stirring. Owell...

As you can easily tell, our household stuff arrived (several weeks ago, in fact) and we immediately dig out the two quires of stencils and the typer. Oops..I just check and there's only ONE quire plus a few extra stencils. Ratz. Anyway, as I started to chatter before I rudely interrupted me...we have our things & now all future issues of Ignatz will be the genuine 100% typed originals! No neat, concise, untyped stenciling by Eney or Bruce. Just plain old sloppy typing by me. And its done with only three fingers too! Gee, how clever of me!

Its wonderful to be in our own place again. Govt billets was fine only I like to have my own stuff around me. Pots and pans etc I can let get stained if I want to (and I usually want to...who has time to furiously scrub and scour with steel wool, every pot and pan every time one uses them?). Gads, you should have seen the hectic time I spent scrubbing up those pots and pans issued by the govt billets. They were sparkling clean and almost brand new when I got thru! Which is more than can be said for my condition. It came off the pots and pans and ended up on me. Anyway, that's all past, and here I am in all my tarnished pot glory!

This apartment is great...and is more like a house than an apartment. Nice large rooms (5 of them) plus bathroom, hall and two balconies. How nice to be able to go sit outside on a porch again! Lovely sensation. I kinda miss the el pasco dust storms tho...

I wish I had a cigarette. I mean, I wish I had two cigarettes. I already have ONE. But I'm saving that one for tomorrow. Which leaves me with nothing but butts for this evening. I keep forgetting to remind Art to get me cigareetes when I begin running out of them, and I did it again.

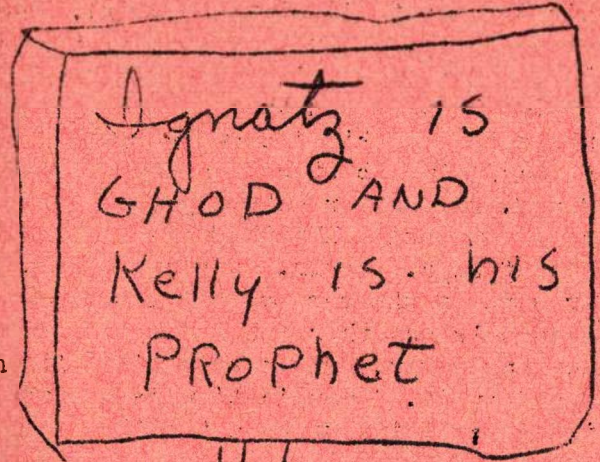
I've been reading like mad lately (when I can find time, which isn't too often). One of the latest things I've read is Long John Nebel's THE WAY OUT WORLD. It's kinda interesting but I kept getting mad at his superior attitude whenever he mentioned reincarnation and ufos. Humph, I kept think, he's a fine one to talk.. after ad miting he cheated and lied to people. Humph. My indignation knows no bounds. Hardly. Do me a favor and don t buy his nasty old book. mumblemumble..

We've also bought several of the Burrough's books out in ACE pkbk form. And I'm having an absolute BARR reading them!

Another pkbk I've been reading and rereading and rereading is one on how to make curtains, slipcovers and drapes. The PX doesn't carry drapes or slipcovers and so I got 11 yds of material saturday and bravely out it up to become a pair of ~~curtains~~ window drapes and french (french) door drapes. The stuff was a dollar a yd so I'd better not goof. Next, I get real foolhardy and make a slip cover for

our lone piece of livingroom furniture..our sofa. That ought to be a wild experience.

In fact life is actually one wild experience after another. We have to buy every necessary piece of furniture since that goof at Ft Bliss cheerfully informed ~~me~~ me when I asked about housing in Italy, that we could easily rent a furnished apartment and wouldn't have to buy any furniture to be shipped over. Innocent that I was, I believed every word of it. So now we have to start from scratch. We're not doing too badly, tho, since we've managed to acquire the aforementioned sofa, a bed, two kitchen chairs and one kitchen cabinet. Plus several lamps and throw rugs. All the other furniture belongs to QM and has to be returned at the end of July. Boyyyy, will these rooms look BIG then!



Stevie is 13 months old already! It really doesn't seem possible that so much time has gone by. He's walking now, of course (and getting his paws into every blasted thing he shouldn't) and talking a bit. He acts like potential fan-material...like he does these peculiar things such as running out on the front balcony and jabbering to any dogs that happen to be going by barking. He also has a mad passion for chewing on socks and bits of string or his shirt tails. Gad, I'm almost afraid to let him out in public. And he hates to wear clothes. Its a good thing summer is here because I was getting awfully tired of wrestling with him every morning when it came time to dress him. Now all I have to do is stick a diaper on him and turn him loose. And THEN start wrestling with him when he starts moving all the furniture out of the livingroom into the hall. After that struggle, he dashes to the doors and starts his science lesson on how-hard-one-can-bang-a-glass-door-before-it-breaks. More wrestling. Then a dash to the cupboard to haul all the cans and boxes out of the cupboard shelves onto the diningroom and kitchen floors. This is all happening before I can even get breakfast ready for him. As you can see, it has slowly dawned on me that any fanatic I might do will have to be squeezed into the hour after the supper dishes are done; Stevie bathed and put to bed; the house cleaned up and my weary flop onto my bed. Ghod, I keep wondering how Nangee ever managed to do all that fanatic (like 70 paged NANDUs!) with FOUR kids! And I wanted SIX! Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

I just gave in to temptation and smoked that one cigarette. Now what'll I do for my breakfast!????? And on that horrid thought I think I'll stop stenciling for the night. Besides being horrified, I'm also tired.

AUGUST 1st. . . and this ish isn't going to mak the July mlg, I bet! Foo..now nobody will talk to me in the next mlg. sobbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbb....

Anyway, I now have TWO caetons of cigarettes & the day isn't s hot & humid since a few days ago the awful heat wave finally broke via a solid day of beautifully chilly rain. Ooooooh, did that ever feel deliciously cold. cold enough to give one goosebumps. This would be a perfect day to spend stenciling a large issue of ignatz except we do n't have too many stencils and besides which I am feeling utterly giddy and ill and quite pregnant. yeah...guess wots gonna happen! good grief, that's twice this year already. I wish I had my TV set here is all I can say.

I trust every one of you have seen the threats of years gone by come true (and if that sentence makes sense to you on first glance you're one og US!!)? Been reading pogo lately???? Teeheee! How about THAT, you roscotes etcetc????????????

OUTSIDERS: WOT! You're accusing M*E of holding up the RR???? How nasty of you.

I'm so insulted I can hardly force myself to stencil any more of this issue (but I'll force myself). Shame on you. Picking on a poor bloated old cow (moooooo). # But I'd love to tell you all the juicy details of the n3f 'fun.. all you have to do is write me a nice long letter (no 4 page notes, kiddo) and I'll be glad to tell you the TRUE facts. Don't believe a word of what a couple of frustrated old biddies and roosters might tell you. They're a pack of liars. They are screaming about some nasty old sneaky gen and apa fen trying to take control of n3f. They never actually come out and answer our question as to just WHY any sane fan would WANT the n3f. # Yeah.. you sure did tell me things when you were ghod of saps. Yessir. muttermutter... and you tried to confuse me and blame me for some of the screwy things that occurred then. I haven't forgotten! *glower* # Nancee's mss thoroughly devoured and enjoyed.. the I can't help wondering just how many newer, younger saps will either understand it or else be entirely confused by it. Communication is deteriorating, I fear. Thru-out the whole world. Time is building up to a terrible crises. # Nice talking to you, grandpa & NanG!

SPECTATOR: Wonderful cover, OE! Of course, I hope you will appreciate the optical

bill I shall forward to you? Yeghods, where did you get that awful paper? From Harness????? # thanks for the dollar. Being as how I am not one of those nuts who have to keep each mlg in pristine, complete condition, I have removed the dollar from Spectator to my purse. It looks prettier there. Of course I dunno what Art will say since he is one of the above mentioned nuts... but I'm not worried. He wouldn't DARE beat the mother of his children. Would he...? # THE waiting list reads like a roster of ole sappish ghosts stirring. How Nice!

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... e4e ra

...and quite an amount of time has passed by since the preceding sentence was stenciled. Tis now nearly the end of september 1963, and like, this is intended for the october mlg; and also like I have about an hour to fill two and $\frac{1}{2}$ stencils if I want to remain a half saps member another year. Cheech, time is too swift these days. The mlg's seem to follow on the heels of a preceding one and how can a person ever manage to get a regular sinze issue done with peculiar things like THAT happening all the time?

Anyway, instead of mlg comments, I suppose this issue will be a dinky little chitterchatter type blah.

Hardly any interesting news to report. Just the same old staff that seems to happen every year or so. Like being pregnant and running for director of the N3F. Hocha w to you, too, kiddos. Wal, there goes another year of miniac for dear ole SAPS. Foo... anydaynowrealsoon I'm going to sit down at this typer and plough thru a whole quire of stencils; neat typed pages with even margins; no typos; lots of beautiful illos from other people; interesting articles from warner, tucker, boggs, ArtRapp, Green etcetc; a great big interesting lettercolumn; and pages and pages of interesting mlg comments. Why, I'll bet I could win number one place on the pillar poll. Not to mention being the first (?) sapszine to win a huge. Geeeee. Anydaynowrealsoon, all this is going to happen, I bet!

I just hope I'm not too senile to appreciate it in 40 years.

Why, there'll even be two pages of AM SO POMES! Wozeeee, daddy!

...yes, and I've just discovered that this is really supposed to be issue number 34 . Owell...so who's confused.

Autumn has arrived in this part of the world. With crisp air; rainy days; lovely chilly nights which require a blanket. The idjut mosquitoes are still breeding, though. ((I have just been informed that I'd never be able to win a hugo-for-a-sapszine-First since two others beat me to it. So I know the minute I'd typed that remark that warhoon had beat me to it...I'd forgotten about Kemp's zino, tho. Goodgrief, maybe I should quit while I'm losing...)) Back to here: Autumn. And still no sign of Lee Jacobs, boy world tourer. Tsk, I hope he drops by to visit us (and I hope it's a day when I've had enough ambition to clean the house!)

A few days ago VECTOR arrived and we learned that we aren't in a stfish vaccum after all. Italy, it seems, abounds in fannish types and prozines and even pro authors. Why, they even had a stf film festival semi-cen gettho-gether about 150 miles from here in July. We never even heard about it till this British zine arrived last week. Tsk, Roy Tackett would be thoroly ashamed of us if he ever found out! (He's a capa member, you know. Hah there, Bruce?)

Oooh, I just remembered! This will be my last chance, in a sapsmlg of this year, to wish you all a Merry Xmas! Merry Xmas! Gad, see what I mean about time going so fast? Pretty soon we'll be able to say we've spent a whole year in Italy. Impossible!

A few weeks ago I had a real ball. Around 4 pm this odd little Italian truck stops outside this apartment bldg and it turns out this guy is loaded down with original oils. He is hoping to sell some, and needless to say I made his hopes come true. For 30 dollars I got three oils. My favorite, tho, is glaringly amateurish in certain aspects, but I LIKE it! I wanted it the minute I laid eyeballs on it. It was such a sad and lonely lil painting & I was feeling sad and lonely at the time, so I bought it for 15 dollars. It's of an old Italian grandpa with scraggly grey beard, leaning drunkenly over a cafetable clutching a glass of vino. A nearly-full bottle rests beside him. And his face is so beautifully lined with sadness and bewilderment. I love the dang thing. I don't care if the perspective IS all wrong. Or that the artist goofed and made the hands too young for the face. I like it. We've named it Morgan Botts, of course.

The other two are smaller oils..one a landscape and the other is a sence inside an old Italian farmhouse. Three women sitting around a hearth fire. I like that one too because it has such a warm cozy feeling.

I asked the artist/agent if he had any fantasy or stf oils for sale. He was extremely puzzled and couldn't understand what I meant. I tried to explain as best I could...but I fear I didn't really make him understand what I wanted. Gee...I wonder...maybe I should work on my own oils again and see what he thinks of them next time he comes this way (next month, he said)! I have a good notion to do it!

..I am extremely tired. This has been a long busy day. And its been rather emotionally exhausting since I've started feeling that awful sense of dread and depression that occurs everytime I know Art has to go in the field for a week or more. And being as howcum he just got back from such a week only one week ago, and being as how he is going out again for a whole week THIS week, you can see howcum. If you can't see howcum. Howcum you can't????

Oooh, I was just handed a pome to help me fill out my requirements. Isn't it

nice to have an Art Rapp in the family! Sure and begorrah or some such...

N O S T A L G I A

Backward, turn backward, O time in your way
 Make me a neo fan just for today
 Let me live once again thru that moment so weird
 When Bloch called me a "Goon in a beanie and beard"

Let me listen to Tucker, who just can't take jokes,
 Castigate Singer's small innocent hoax
 Let me face my scared neighbors, and explain with aplomb,
 Why my house was the one where they set off a bomb.

On second thot, Time, on pain of my curse,
 Just bring on the future - don't dare to reverse!

- Art Rapp

Want some tom swifties?

I'm hungry, cried tom Hollowly
 Everything is going black, said tom faintly.
 Igm going all to pieces, said tom, incoherently

I'll murdér you, Doc, said tom Savagely
 I'll inquire about that painting, said tom oily

He said it's by da vinci, ~~xxx~~ tom moaned lazily (and Art said you
 wouldn't, none of you, get that one. If you DO, you can
 H*A*V*E it, believe me...)

...I think that's enough torture to inflict on all you innocent young
 things. You, too, Wra!.

I quit!

Have a nice holiday you-all. And give a thot and drink a small
 bottle/glass of cheer for us if you have a spare minute on xmas ever, huh?

We'll think of all of you, and drink to youse all with a whole case of
 Lowenbrau. We get it for 3.00 a case, you know! How about THAT, all you
 cheer guzzlers out there in USALand?????? Even Steven loves that stuff..
 whenever he's awake, and we're drinking it, he comes running with his
 Huckleberry Hound glass. Now there's a unique experience...drinking delicious
 Lowenbrau out of a huckleberry Hound melmac glass!

H'e's going to be a real fan, I fear.

Be good, you people. How come some of you don't write to me? Yeah, how come??

...sobbbbb, Nancy