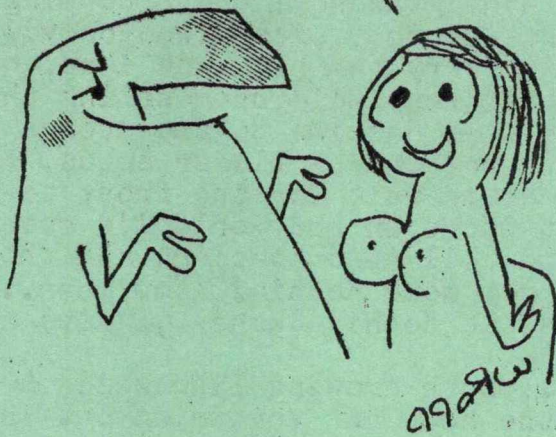
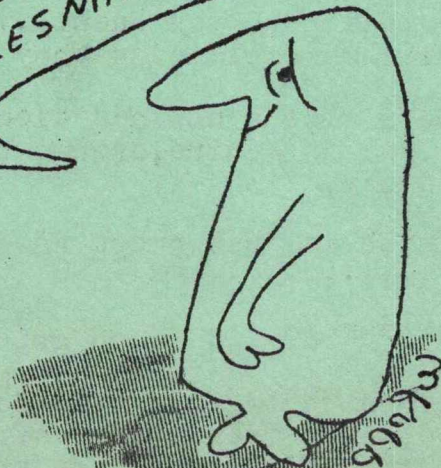


I CAN TYPE 60 WPM, GET
 FREE STENCILS, MAKE BEER,
 FIX MIMEOS AND LICK
 STAMPS. WHAT CAN YOU
 DO? - - -



SEX IS ALWAYS
 A GOOD SALESMAN -



APRIL 1968

 For SAPS Mlg # 83, from Nancy Rapp, 1700 Park Drive, Baltimore Md
 21 222.

Being stenciled extra early this time (tis now only march 4th) and since our 82nd mlg arrived about 6 weeks overdue, this is really like old times as far as I'm concerned. Gads, wayyyy back in the flaming days of my youth I used to dash directly to the typer and stencil pages and pages of crud within 6 hours of receiving a mlg. It must be due to the signs of Springtime I've been noticing the past week or two...our cherry and apple trees are popping their leaf buds and the roses have already started to break into tiny reddish-green leaves and the tulips and daffodils and hyacinths have begun popping out of the ground where I planted them last autumn....goshwowboyoboy!! How utterly beautiful it is to have one's very own home and land! Being heady with joy and success, I immediately went wild, upon seeing the tiny green spikes of budding bulbs, and went dashing to the stores around this area buying up nearly all their packets of flower seeds. And herbs. And zucchini. Now all I have to do is wait for the frost to be past and then I can start figuring out where in the world I'm going to get all the acres of ploughed ground I'll need to plant all these bushels of seeds. Haw, Wrai, I even got some Kochia! (You mean..you mean...you don't even remember good ole Kochia Bushé , famous amsopoet????SHAME !)

The boys are fine...both growing like weeds & Steve is just about ready to start leaving the nest and venturing out into the world on his own. He starts school this year and I've finally got him talked into looking forward to the venture. Besides explaining to him all the thrills of meeting new friends and learning to read and discovering all the wonders to be found in the world via school and knowledge, the thing that really made his eyes light up and cinched the deal was the fact that he can have a desk at school and also he will get to possess a school book bag and a lunch box. Also lots of new clothes. Which we have already started buying and putting away...after all, I figure it's schmaradt to buy his winter clothes for NEXT winter right now when all the stores are having sales to get rid of this year's stock before placing summer clothes on their shelves and racks. Anyway, Steve goes to school and Mike wants to go too (Mustn't let big brother get anything HE can't have, you know...) and says he's going to go to kindergarten despite me explaining they don't accept 2 or 3 yr olds.

There's also a new addition to the family. NONONO! Not another human.. this one is a bird, orange canary, named Rudolph who arrived on Valentines day.

...Which is just about as good a place as any to begin
 MAILING COMMENTS.....

SPECTATOR 82 : Good grief, Charlie Hulan! For about a month there you had us believing that Saps was dead and gone and no one even cared enough to do anything about it. Wal, our mailing WAS 8 or so weeks overdue and after THAT experience it somehow seems useless to think of all the saps treasury being save just because the mlg's are sent out by special book rates. Fooey. # DeVore is dropped????! NONO! How can we be Saps without ole Howard??? Reinstate, reinstate!

SARDONICUS 4 : Ooooooh, YOU'RE a good one! Welcome to Saps and I, for one, am delighted you are a member now. # But other than saying I thoroughly enjoyed every page of your sapszine I can't think of anything to utter. Kept up the good work (Pat pat).

DEADWOOD S&P # 13: Tsk, now that I've seen the originals of these covers, Tosk, I'm not so wild eyed over them. What I mean is, after seeing the vivid, vibrant and sometimes EXCELLENT originals, the printed versions lose a lot. # Toskey is a meanie. A big, selfish, cruel, torturing me-nie. How come I can't have one of those paintings I fell in love with???? You better let me have one or the next time you stop by the Rapp home I'll tell Mikey to slobber all over you. # Rimsky-Kors-kov is one of my favorites. Most of the Russian composers appeal to me..probably because of the sadness in their music. Even the happy works hold some mild form of sadness. Or at least I think so. And I am a sucker for anything sad. I used to bawl at movies. Not any more tho...I've either become hardened or else I don't see the right kind of movies.

SPY RAY : Gee, It's GGOOOOODD to have you back! So why don't you come do a one shot some one of these days???? I'll even make you a cheese cherry pie! And I only do THAT for special friends. # I almost forgot....about 8-10 years ago you mentioned (I got a long memory!) ginko or mimosa trees. I THINK they're the same...??? Anyway, I'd never actually seen one. I have now. Several. Yechhhh! The neighbors have them and the dam seed pods are all over our yard! Or were until I raked them up. Every night for two months. Or it seemed to be two months. Tho I guess it was actually only 3 or 4 weeks this past autumn. heech. There was even one in our front yard when we bought our home. only I asked the former owner if she'd like to have it back because I was planning to dig it out and throw it in the garbage can. Maybe I'm missing something Vital and All by not having seen the mimosa in springtime (I hear tell they are beautiful then) ..but they are the ugliest weediest looking trees any other time of year and I'd rather have a lilac bush!

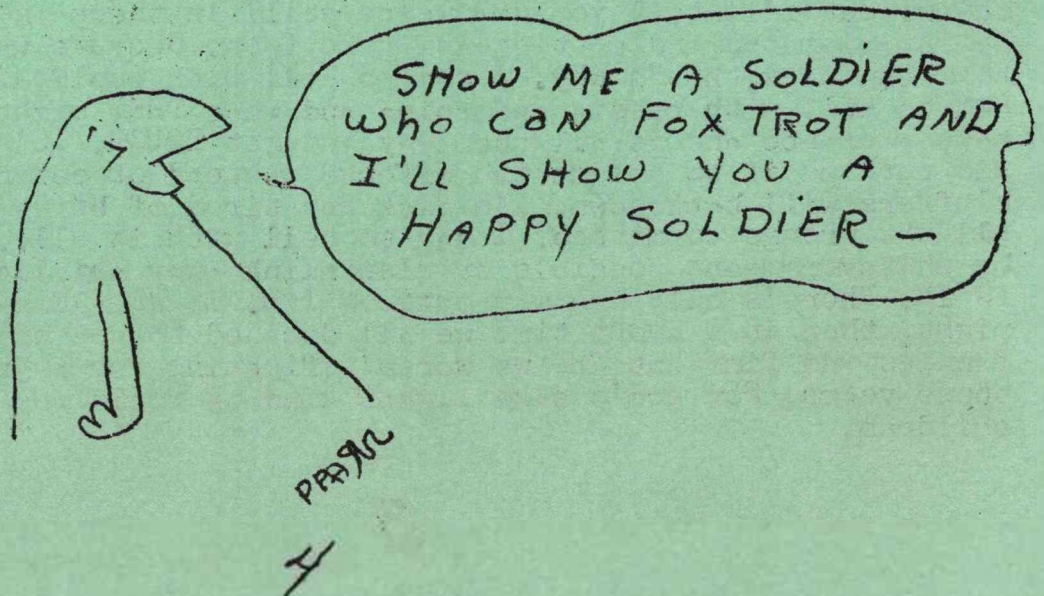
THE WAR IN VIETNAM : Well, now, I'll tell you. I don't care for the war either. I resent us being there and I resent us having to spend all those billions on such a deadend type thing. But I'll tell you WHY we're still in there and why we seem to be vsta legated and getting now nere fast. Because we're afraid to take chances, that's why. I say to hell with public-foreign-opinion and to hell with russia and china and what THEY might do...I say let's take a chance and go all them way and get TOUGH. It's going to happen and perhaps if WE become the offense instead of defense, perhaps the bluffers will back down. I'm sick and tired of being the scapegoat for all the wrongs committed. I say to hell with it all...go in and WIN by whatever means possible or else xlink away and lick our wounds. AGAIN. There's only one way out...W*I*N. IF WE ARE RIGHT. If we aren't right, then it's about time we all decided to get off our fat lazy...fannies and find out WHY we weren't fighting for a just cause all these years. For god's sake ..what kind of world are we leaving for our children.

SPELLOBEM : Good grief..only 6 pages,Brucifer!????? fakefan! #
FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE FANDOM IS JUST A GAWDDAMN

HOBBY. Check one. # Good grief,you mean the old guard hasn't killed off the NFFF- yet??? Give up..you're trying to beat your head against a concrete wall,kiddo, NOBODY can change the N3F until a few of the old guard rockheads wither away.

MISTILY ME'NDERING : You really shouldn't have saved that cover to be used a second time. Despite Xerox the shading wasn't that good. # It takes you half an hour of stumbling around in the morning before you fully wake up? Haw, I'm one of those people who get up at 6:30 am on weekends(a 2 1/2 yr old sees to THAT) and it takes me until 2pm to become wide awake..and then I'm all set till 1 am the next morning.

PORQUE? Haw, welcome to the club,Doreen! Ain't it GREAT chasing after TWO future fen instead of one??? Wal..in a couple of months you'll be chasing after David too. Anyway, I'm Sooooooooo glad you realize how come I've been minicing the past number of years! Gee, wouldn't it be great to be able to sit down for a whole evening and quietly and uninterruptedly stencil and mimeo a sapszine of 20 or 30 pages like we used to do in our gay mad youth type days? Wal..sure...but then I'll bet you (like me) wouldn't trade these wild hectic terrifying-t-times delightfully happy days for those years anyw-y,even if we could. As far as I'm concerned, a companion(hubby and home and children are THEE reason for living. Even tho there are times when I gripe and feel sorry for myself when everything seems to pile up to seemingly unbearable mounds. Still, that's life and I'm all for life. # Good grief !-Great minds and all that stuff...you got a spirograph and Steve got a magic designer and aint they fun! Art couldn't use some of the really intricate and beautiful designs Steve came up with..too bad...he really did some excellent ones. # When are youse guys going to come visit us??? And do you want some dahlia bulbs?? Cheech..I've got about a peck of dahlia bulbs that survived this bitter winter and tho I'm giving my sister some of them and plan to ~~first~~ give some to the neighbors,I think I'll still end up with about a 60 extra bulbs. Haw..maybe Tok can keep some in cold storage for his return to seattle and bring some back home to youall! Whata ya mean you don't want no dahlia bulbs???



GOSLING # 7 : You had a "mixed" Christmas too, Elinor? Ours was almost 100% perfect except for something that was MY fault. Art warned me, but naturally I didn't believe him (I've got this weird streak in my personality that makes me completely blind when I think I'm truly right in my decisions/ opinions). Anyway, I went wild on buying sprees for Stevie and Mike and spent way too much on toys. Expensive toys that, in this day and age, are composed of cheap plastic junk type gadgets. Anyway, for about 2 months preceding Xmas I bought toys etc and had every thing all set up to enjoy the holiday season, confident and sure that I'd managed to give the kids most of what they'd greedily picked out as their favorite dreams of Santa and goodies. So Xmas eve came time, after they were asleep, to put all the goodies under the tree. Art started bringing in the things from the garage where I'd hidden them. He kept bringing in boxes and boxes and as the space under the tree rapidly filled up and overflowed halfway out the middle of the livingroom floor I began feeling desperate and silly. I HAD gone hogwild and been an idiot. The kids actually felt glutted with toys next morning. So I learned a good lesson. And tried to remedy it by some weeks later separating all their loot into two piles and putting one pile out in the garage and kept it for the following month. Sort of a rotation deal... they get tired of one pile after a few weeks and we drag those out to the garage and drag in the other pile and its like Xmas all over again. And so it goes. Anyway, NEXT year we go back to normal... with trying to get a few of their special desires, plus a few second wishes and a few surprises. The only thing that saves me from feeling a complete sense of shame is that Steve and Mike seem to still enjoy the toys that haven't fallen apart. Of course their two favorites.. robots.. did fall apart a few days after Santa's visit. Which made me rather angry at the manufacturers.. shame on them... making toys so attractive and desirable and yet so delicate that the age group they appeal to can't play with them as they should be played with. # But Elinor.. Christmas IS a time for fruitcakes and yummy aromas of baking.. good grief.. how could you have the will and determination to ignore it just for the sake of calories? You had a gorgeous figure (at Pittcon and season) and I can't figure out how come you have to be so calorie-conscious! Christmas is a time to go ALL OUT and ENJOY AND be truly glad to be alive and happy. You can always diet during the next 11 months! Me, I should diet strictly all 12 months of the year.. but I'm weakwilled and I go all out during December. In fact, one of my friends (a fabulous cook.. a German woman, army wife) kept us supplied with extra Xmas goodies, in the German tradition and when they were transferred to Huntsville last year, Inge sent me a care-package this past Xmas filled with nice fattening goodies. The only thing she couldn't mail was some of those delicious tortes... drool. Anyway, I say Xmas is not only a season for the greedy but a season to get FAT and eat like food was composed of no calories at all. Steve and Mike even got in on the special side of Xmas this year.. I let them each take part in the baking of cookies. Steve did exceptionally well and we all actually ate his efforts. Mikey was another matter, bless his 7 yr old heart. He insisted on sitting on the kitchen floor and rolling out the cookie dough thereupon.. and rolling it until it got all grey and then added raisins and decorations and ended up with one miserable looking glob of dough which he put into the oven and baked. He ate it with great relish. Naturally so did we. Except Steve. He distainfully declined to even taste the weird looking mess. Which didn't bother Mike in the least since it left more for HIM to devour! # We go through quite a number of dozens of eggs a week also. But then about half of them are

used in baking or in meat loafs oreggnogs or things like that ther
We seldome have them fried. # BASINGSTOKE # 7: Mynbrother has a
pool table and naturally I lost every time I played it. Bah hum-
bug..it must be a man's game for sure. Hope you find 20 or 30 more
stencils, Carol, for this mlg! Hope you found that new house also
and invite Art and Steve and Mike and Beattle and peter and Ru-
dolph and me to the wedding and housewarming. Congrats and good
Life to youse guys. Now you too can experience the weird wonder-
fulness of living 24 hours a day with a fennish type character. Its
like, WILD, gal! But goooood!

SGT PEPPER MEETS THE RED BARON: Good grief, a real reeaaable drunk-
an one shot. #Elinor!...you mean
you eat kidenys???? Urkkkkk....That's almost as bad as Inge's
love of blood pudding which she used to have her family send her
once a year from Frankfort Germany! Cheechhhh....

RETRO 47 L Good ole Howard! He's a goody and a real SAPS, if
you know what I mean, and of course you do. I just
hope he's one of the couple that rumor has it, Dave Hulan rein-
stated after this past mlg. I don't BELIEVE Howard ever meant to
drop Sons..# Drugs..g-s Y*E*S. I am truly addicted to nicotine. I
have tried countless times to QUIT. And managed to get through..at
the most..3 days. But my will power is weak in such a respect &
as soon as I got a chance to get a cigarette I got one and started
smoking twice as heavily as before. TRUE...I would quit cold IF a
doctor told me to do so: But so far none has. They have all just
calmly accepted the fact that I am a heavy smoker (up to 3 packs
on some nervous type'd-vs) and have a very rapid heart beat and
high blood pressure and a nervous jitter at times...which is all
no doubt due to the cigaretttes. And if I was a mature person I
would probably realize what I'm doing to my already overtaxed
state of health and quit it so I could look forward to seeing my two
sons grow to manhood and hold my grandchildren in my arms. Only
this is NOW and I crave a smoke and got this weird notion that I
ain't gonna die till I'm damn good and ready to do so. Ah weeeelll..
Star Trek etc etc...in a vague way reminds me of what happened at
supper this evening. Michael (who will be 3 the end of july) was
yacking away about spaceships and space and robots and stars and
it struck me how fast we have traveled since we were kids. Gads..
can you remember even knowing such a thing as "space" IS when you
were 3 years old, Buz? Can you imagine all the wonders..or horrors..
the second generation from now will see! Goosebumply, to contemplate.
I am either regaining a Sense of Wonder or else there's too much
hea then bheer sloshing thru my viens tonight...

March 15, 1968. I cannot finish the comments for this mailing. In
the time span of these two paragraphs two fans
have gone. Ron, I knew only via fanzines and a brief meeting at
Pittcon. He was, to me, a sweet GOOD, empathetic human.

Lee was one of my first fandom contacts. He was a good man and
a sad man and I will always regret never having met him in person.
Wherever you are; I hope happiness is full and there IS a life to
be lived and I shall drink a glass of beer to you, Lee Jacobs, with
the hope that we do meet sometime. May you live long, with happiness

Joans by KARL

Beware the door!
For beyond lies savage nothingness.
Beware the cubic orb!
To see is to have circular square eyes.
O seeker of pi,
Shrink thyself to infinitesimal size
to search upon the endless depths of
infinity.

- 0 -

Deaths of space!
From where does your blackness emanate?
Why do you let the countless stars mar your
beauty?

Would that I were Deity!
I would extinguish these vandals and let
your blackness shine forth
in all its wondrous glory.

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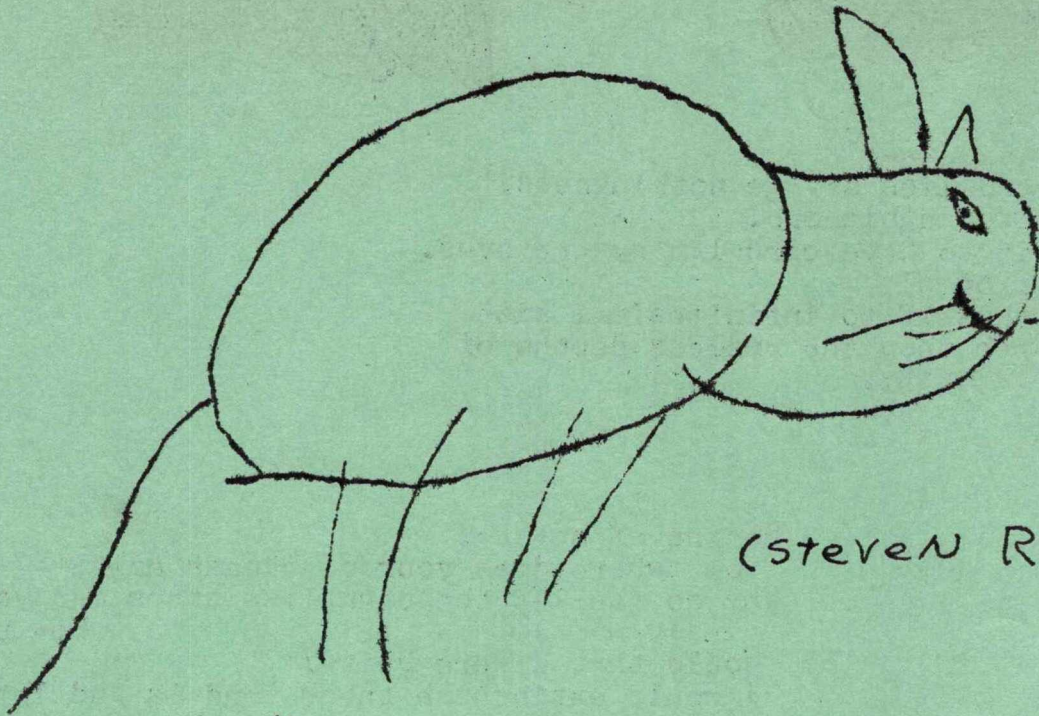
Happiness : A pink penguin merrily eating rancid peanuts
Anger : A worm wearing a top hat while reciting Shakespeare
Misery : The crunchy sound of a stepped-on cricket
Bliss : Dracula, set loose in a cream puff factory
Resignation: A purple platypus doing the samba on an English
derby
Anguish: A dead leaf in a fire
Melancholy : two worms fighting in dead Earnest.

- 0 -

Beware: Christmas is coming! The jolly fat burglar in his red
underwear is on the way.
Look upon the blackness and beware!
The sky is falling.

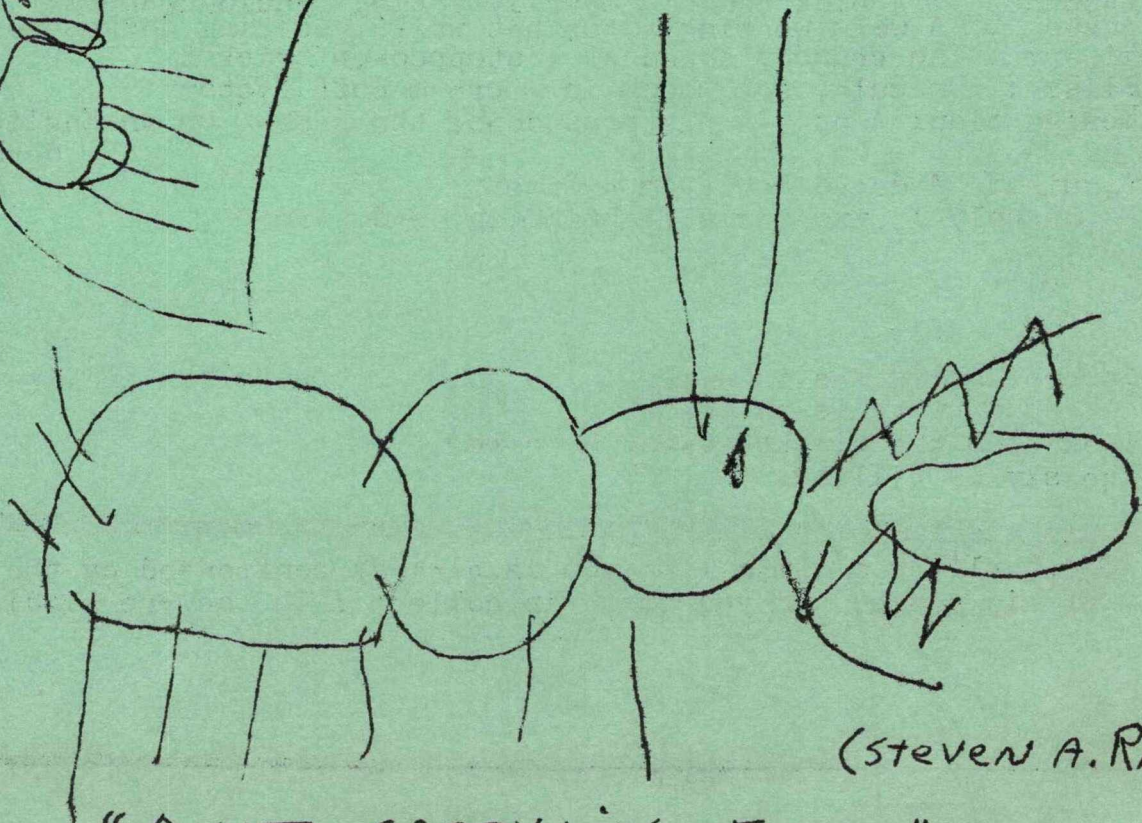
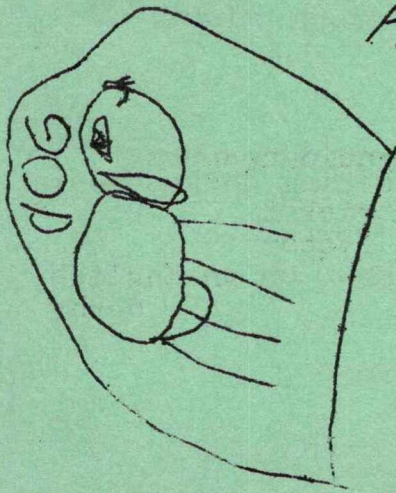
(See, Karl! An old man like you is already confronted by the follies
of his youth. And you just in college! Oh beware Middle Age!)

A SMALL PORTFOLIO BY STEVEN



(STEVEN RAPP)

"A CAT - A HAPPY CAT"



(STEVEN A. RAPP)

"ANT CARRYING FOOD"