

Outsider Artist



Number 9

O U T S I D E R S

OUTSIDERS #9 A non-profit magazine published for SAPS. It is meant for the envelopes of SAPS mailing #21, and is published, produced, and mostly written by Wrai Ballard, Blanchard, North Dakota. The cover is by Johnny Pederson. All inside art, including the inside of the back cover is by Bill Ballard, with the exception of the page of framable impressionistic art, which I did myself.

Perhaps I should warn you about this impressionistic art. It was done from the nude, and although I call it "impressionistic" in order to fool the censors, it is so graphic that I believe it should be removed from all copies going to the femme members. At least I insist that it should be shown to unmarried women and girls only at your own risk. And to be truthful, I don't know if you should risk showing it to your wife either. I am not responsible for the breaking of any homes that follows sight of this picture. Don't say I didn't warn you.

There is no POETRY HATERS CORNER in this issue because I wanted to send in all the not-poetry I had so the writers could get a fair shake in the Laureate Poll. Therefore THE POETRY HATERS CORNER will become a zine by itself this mailing although it won't have that title. I still can use not-poetry for future issues.

While asking for material, I might as well mention another project. Johnny Pederson has covers printed for a zine called WRAITH. Since I have a SAPSzine called OUTSIDERS and do most of the writing for it myself, it seems only fitting that in a zine called WRAITH I use only or mostly material by others. The zine will be mimeographed in an edition of 117 copies. 40 of these will go to SAPS, copies will be sent to all FAPA members who are not in SAPS, and other fen. I can still use a lot of material, and I'd like to make it up from contributions from SAPS. Everything will be considered, and nothing will be changed, unless you and/or the Post Office decides it needs changing. I may correct your spelling, but any other changes not authorized will only be typos. Just when WRAITH will appear depends on how much material I get, and how soon I get it. WRAITH is planned to be a sort of annual, and John is waiting for the word before printing #2. So help us out, Huh?

Just noticed that in my mailing comments I had a penciled notation along side SHAPIRO's mag, something about "Licentious Soldiery". Forgot to use it, but now perhaps I should apply it to Alpaugh in reference to SUN SHINE last mailing. Alpaugh is in the Army you know. Signal Corps. But he is going to stay in SAPS, I believe, so we'll show the US Government that even such a sly way of draining the lifeblood away from SAPS as drafting the members won't work. I wonder at the impact of the Army on Alpaugh, and visa versa, and who knows, perhaps I might someday start a LETTERS FROM OUR BOY IN THE SERVICE department.

Now that one of my oldest fan friends, Johnny Blyler is in SAPS I'll have to see if I can locate Al Toth and get him back in...Toth, where are you? Dropping out of fandom doesn't let you escape my mags, so you might as well rejoin.

Hey, any of you happen to have spare copies of POGO POSSUM #1, 2, 3, 4, or 5 to sell or trade to me? Can also use a copy of OUTSIDERS #4 for my files.

WORLD BRIGANDS by Fred MacIsaac

6 part serial from ARGOSY-ALL STORY WEEKLY

Pt.1, June 30, 1928. 18 pg./ Pt.2, July 7. 20 pg./ Pt.3, July 14. 20 pg./ Pt.4, July 21. 21 pg./ Pt 5, July 28. 21 pg./ Pt.6, Aug 4. 11 pg.

Last mailing I received a MacIsaac's serial, THE GREAT COMMANDER, in which he told the story of how one man tried to start a war for his own gain. Two years later MacIsaac tried the same theme, and this time it was published under his own name.

Only the idea behind the two stories is the same. In WORLD BRIGANDS all the world, with the exception of the US is about at the end of its financial rope. In the 22 years since the World War internal and War debts have put Europe on the verge of bankruptcy. America has prospered, and because of her prosperity and the fact that payments have to be made on War Debts, the European countries hate the US.

A coalition of European and English financiers fearing that the situation will end with them being financially wiped out, get together and work out a plot to start a war against America. They do not plan to take over the entire US, but knowing that most of the wealth and War resources were concentrated in a stretch one hundred miles deep along the Atlantic coast, they intend to capture that much, exact a tremendous ransom, and then move out and go back to Europe. Since the US as usual had cut down on her Army and Navy, there was little that could be done against the far larger forces that the allies could bring against her.

In the United States, some of the richest men, knowing how slow the government would move, proceeded to set up their own secret service, and furnish millions for private military research. Among the agents they send to England, is the hero, Dick Boswell, whose father is one of the richest men in the country and one of the leaders of the fight against the threatening war.

Dick is a serious hard-working type, but for the task to which he is assigned, he must get the reputation of being an empty-headed play-boy. He does this by backing a very poor play, and writing and publishing a very poor book of poems. His father as part of the plot sends him to England "to get him out of the way", and while there Dick is ordered to make friends with Roger Tuttle, who is the son of the ring-leader of the European Allies, and as big a fool as Dick is pretending to be. Together Dick and Roger get a reputation of being feather-brain nincompoops, and finally Dick, on orders, throws a party that nearly gets him kicked out of England. The only reason he is allowed to stay is that Roger's father feels that Dick's actions will help turn the English people against America.

Dick in the meantime has fallen in love with Roger's sister Vesta, but she will have nothing to do with a man who who acts as Dick does. Finally when Dick is stoned on the streets by a mob that has recognized him...after another of the agents in Dick's group has told who Dick is...Vesta rescues Dick and finds that she is in love with him too, but her opinion of Dick is still so low that she'll still have nothing to do with him.

After the European Allies have built up enough resentment to the US, they send a request which is worded so as to be unanswerable and insulting demand that can only be answered by a declaration of war by the US. They feel that they have the US just where they want it, although they are worried by the fact that America, when faced by the coming crisis, suddenly cancels all military expansion and preparation. They are further worried by the news that a group, headed by a team of retired Army and Navy Officers have bought a large tract of land in the Nevada desert, and have surrounded it with armed guards. A plane finally flew over the desert, but except for scattered building projects, nothing strange is seen. There is also some rumors of a secret weapon, but few pay attention to this.

Finally when the Allied leaders are together planning their next move, Wick and other agents take them prisoner. The prisoners are told that if they try to invade America, every ship will be sunk and without the loss of a single American. To prove it, a group of prisoners are flown to the Nevada desert to watch a demonstration. They are told that the secret Combine of American's have discovered a way to explode a portion of the earth's atmosphere, and that the explosion will totally destroy anything within a radius of 25 miles. According to the information this explosion is caused by machinery set up more than 50 miles from the explosion, and the machinery is small enough to be carried on a small ship. Few believe it, but the next morning they are allowed to watch the explosion from the top of a mountain. The explosion is tremendous, and they have to huddle in a shelter for hours before it is safe to venture outside. Outside they see a hole burned in the desert, with the buttes leveled, as far as they can see. All who witnessed it agree there is no defence, and they have no choice but to surrender to the US. The terms are easy, and designed to put Europe back on her feet.

One thing I found especially good in this story..the description of the explosion..a strange bright orange globe seems to fill the area of the explosion, and it seemed as if an explosion of the atmosphere had taken place. But it was more or less of a bluff, the "orange flash" was merely a harmless electrical display. Actually the "Atmospheric Explosion" was goobledgook designed to confuse the European scientists. They felt that while the European Scientists were trying to duplicate the "Atmospheric Explosion" we could keep ahead with experiments of the actual invention. And this is what I thought was good...The actual explosion was caused by exploding the atom. So this story, published in 1928 is the first, or one of the first "Atom Bomb" stories written. " And MacIsaac's perhaps came closer in his predictions both in time and force than did, for example did Weinbaum when he wrote THE BLACK FLAME. MacIsaac was 4 or 5 years early, and a bit too powerful, Weinbaum was a thousand years off, and his explosion was only a powerful bomb.

The story as a whole is not up to THE GREAT COMMANDER. Many of the characters, and the hero in particular seem unnecessary. There is the usual love interest, and a very boring bit of love interest it is too. The story itself seems to drag a bit, and the impression I got was that it would have made a fine novelette...or perhaps better yet, a three part serial. Still the story is a fairly readable, and it rates reading on the "historic interest" if nothing else. Just happens to be one of MacIsaac's weaker contributions.

CURRENT TRENDS IN ART

Ever so often a new school of art arises and immediately a group flocks into the fold, and by imitation or acclamation proclaim it as a new and genuine art form.

SAPS is not exempt from this, for a form of art peculiar to SAPS has arisen, and even men who never before had art-work in their zines have succumbed to the lure, and given their impression of how it should be done.

The first appearance of this particular form of Art was in Gordon Black's OPERATION CRAZYQUILT in the 17th SAPS mailing. It was a crude, primitive drawing of what was purported to be Black's right foot-print, although it looked more like a drawing of a salami that had been sliced lengthwise, with a few frankfurters overlapping on one end.

In later mailings others followed suit, and sent in similar crude and horrible drawings, exhibiting the unsightly things with evident pride. Others, more dignified merely stated their shoe-size, and GM Carr, who in those days was trying to be more prim and proper than anybody, sent a print of a sole and heel of a shoe, which, since it was so tiny I could cover it with my hand, I took to be a hoax.

Not only were the foot-prints pictured unbelievably ugly, but the drawings were crude. "Bill", I said, "I bet I can do a better picture than these with both hands tied behind my back." "OK, do it." he said.

So with both hands tied behind my back, I created the masterpiece you see on the next page.

At first since all the drawings by other SAPS showed that they had flat feet I almost feared to enter this picture. But I guess we'll just have to face it even if it is disloyal to SAPS, my feet just happen to have arches.

Much as I hate to rub it in, the main reason this picture is so much lovelier than other pictures of the type, aside from the fact that I have talent, is that I evidently have far more beautiful models to work from--although "beautiful" is not quite the word to use for such sturdy, rugged, and undeniable masculinity.

I'm sure that all of you must agree that not one footprint reproduced in SAPS has the vigor and sex-appeal that is shown in this picture. Where others are flabby, sloppy looking lumps of flesh, mine has grace, proportion, and character. Outside of my foot, I must say that SAPS has produced some of the most characterless footprints I've ever seen.

Naturally I'll admit that I'm a bit prejudiced, after all I've lived with this foot of mine for a long time, and there is quite an attachment between us. Not that it is my favorite foot, I don't play favorites, but it shows, I believe, a bit more character than my left foot. My left foot is a size larger, and perhaps a bit slimmer, but it just doesn't have the "IT" the right foot does. It could be that the broken and twisted toe next to the little toe is what gives my right foot its rakish, devil-may-care appearance, but no matter what the reason is, now you can say you've seen a FOOTPRINT.



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TARZAN AND THE CHAMPION by Edgar Rice Burroughs

Novelette from BLUE BOOK, April 1940. 16 pages

"One punch" Mullargan was the heavyweight champion of the world, and the roughest, toughest, dirtiest fighter in the ring. All he had was a right hand punch, but that was enough, and his last six fights had only lasted nine rounds and left three men with broken jaws and another with a fractured skull. It was impossible to get anyone into the ring with him, so he decided to take a vacation.

He had been impressed by a collection of animal heads in a home he had visited, so he wanted to go to Africa to do some hunting. In Africa he went his merry way, slaughtering animals, beating up natives and just enjoying himself. Finally when he emptied a machine gun into a zebra herd, and killed an elephant, Tarzan decided to stop him. Mullargan wasn't afraid of Tarzan, so he threw his famous right at Tarzan's chin. Tarzan ducked and countered with an open-handed blow that knocked the champ down. When Mullargan got up and tried to clinch and do some infighting, Tarzan picked him up, slammed him to the ground, and started to strangle him.

While this was going on, a party of cannibals crept up and took the three--Tarzan, the Champion and his manager prisoners. While tied up, Tarzan gave Mullargan a lecture on how he felt that the Champion deserved what he was getting, and that the cannibals were better than a man who'd needlessly kill animals etc. Mullargan repented, and between them they untied their bonds and tried to escape. Tarzan made it but Mullargan was recaptured when he stopped to help his manager. Tarzan didn't mind them being recaptured, but Mullargan's stopping to help his manager, and the tremendous fight he put up tipped the scales enough so that Tarzan decided to try to rescue them, mainly to annoy the cannibals.

The cannibals had the habit of breaking their food's arms and legs in several places, and staking them out, still alive, in the river where they'd become properly tenderized for eating. While they were preparing the two for this tenderizing treatment, Tarzan waited in the tree above, looking for an opportunity to save them, but not planning to take any wild chances.

Mullargan didn't give up very easily and when the Witch Doctor approached with his breaking club, the Champ broke loose and knocked him out. While the natives were trying to subdue Mullargan, a pair of hungry lions charged the group, and all the natives that could decamped. One lion killed a woman and dragged her off, the other wanting tougher meat decided on Mullargan.

Here, thought Tarzan, was his opportunity to save them without much trouble to himself, so he leaped on the lion's back, and after tiring it out, proceeded to kill it. Meanwhile, Mullargan and his manager are standing around watching with awe and admiration.

So everyone safe again, Tarzan orders the two out of Africa, turns down an offer of a professional fight, and leaves. The manager is both surprised and pleased. "Good thing for you he did turn it down-- He'd take that championship away from you in one round" He said. "Who?" demanded One punch Mullargan. "dat bum?"

DOWN WITH THE BLOODY CAPITALISTS

For the benefit of any FBI men in the audience, the only people I consider bloody capitalists are stfen with over 900 ARGOSY and a Wolber duplicator. Capitalism is a fine system, I wish that I too were a capitalist. It isn't the principle or the money, just the things you could buy with it. Like Spirit type duplicators.

Ever now and then some uninformed fan calls Coslet's mags "hecto". This, I feel is really a blow to those fine intelligent and upstanding desperate SAPS types that have to hecto. Comparing the product of a three to seven buck Hecto with that of a \$200 Wolber is the height of unfairness. Those fine, intelligent and desperate fen like Gluck, Black and others who had to struggle with the hecto should be given due credit, and to compare them with the mountain sybarite, who emerges from a publishing session clean and unsweated, and unmarred by the purple plague is grossly unfair.

Take the equipment of the hectoing set..who incedently are usually intelligent, hardworking, superior types, who prove their intelligence usually by getting a mimeograph as soon as possible. A hectograph is as simple a thing as you can imagine. Usually it looks like a square or oblong cake tin with low sides, or a cookie sheet with high sides. Cover this with a thin layer of lemon jello, and you'll have something that looks like a hectograph, and something that will be likely to do a job that is only slightly more discouraging than a real hectograph.

Then there is the advanced type of hectograph, which is a frame with a felt covered table that hecto films are stretched over. The only advantages of this is that it is a bit handier and you can print as many pages as you have films. But this hecto is for the higher incomes among hectographers for it costs 7 dollars, and the films which can only be used 3 or 4 times each with good success cost \$1.10 each or more. From any of these hectographs, 30 copies of legible printing is happiness, and 40 copies is bliss supreme. Masters done in hecto ink may run as high as 100 copies, but the odds against any hectographer getting a run like that are more or less astronomical.

Now what is a Wolber Spirit Duplicator like, you ask? Well actually a plebein creature like me would never be allowed to even look at one, let alone touch it, but according to a man who turns one: It has an automatic counter...which come to think of it isn't so far different than a hectoer, for a hectoer automatically counts his paper before trying a run...no hectoer wants to do more than neccessary number of pages, and then too, there is the masochistic joy of watching the impressions get fainter and dimmer and fade entirely out before you have completed your run.

"At the left is a paper tray, which will hold half a ream of any sized paper, up to regal length..." Paper tray! Effete, eh what?

Further the man goes on to discribe the roller that feeds the paper. Imagine that, the paper is fed automatically, you neither have to lay it down, or strip it off. The machine does it all by itself, and if you wish you can even get a motor driven model...My God, it is disgusting. He says, "This feeder has a serrated-surface roller which is in contact with the paper at all times, except when lifted off by hand."

You know, I was surprised to hear he had to left a hand. "On the arm back of the roller is a serrated edge, which catches the serrations on the roller and keep it from turning when it is pushing paper into the duplicator. When the roller returns for another sheet of paper it slides free of these serrations and is thus able to move back without disturbing the paper under it." So far all we know is how the paper is fed, and already the machine is more complicated than any hecto or mimeo I've ever used.

But if you think this is something, just imagine the machinery now described: "At the far side of the duplicator is a funnel-like gadget which drains to a tray under which the paper is fed into the duplicator. When you are ready to run a master, a slot-mouthed bottle is upended into the funnel-like gadget and the right amount of liquid is constantly fed into the machine. How is the liquid applied to the paper, you ask? Well, at a fixed level in the tray into which the liquid pours is a semi-smooth surfaced 7/8" roller. It picks up a layer of liquid and transfers it to a rough surfaced rubber roller, from this roller the liquid is transferred to a smooth-surfaced rubber roller which runs over the surface of the fed sheet to slightly moisten it. This sheet is immediately put into contact with the master as it revolves around on the surface of the machined drum to which it is attached."

In otherwords, all this complicated array of machinery merely dampens the impression paper, then the master which is on the drum like a mimeo stencil, comes around and deposits an ink impression on the fed sheet. "From contact with the master, the sheet is thrown into a receiving tray to dry almost immediately, thus avoiding off-set. If the weather is too cold, the liquid does not dry fast enough, and the imprint soaks through. The impression then appears blotchy and may show through the paper." You know, it strikes me and perhaps any hecto man, that if they didn't squander such unbelievable sums on luxuries as this they'd be able to buy enough fuel to take care of the cold weather. But evidently even plutocrats have to save on somethings.

Even in doing the masters they have to be different. The carbons are placed so the carbon sheet is towards the back of the sheet on which you are typing, and so the masters come out in reverse. Then the carbon is torn off, and the master is attached to the drum with the reverse impression out, so the liquid can act on the impression and make the copies.

Now I'll admit that all this sounds a bit complicated, but in all my long years of experience I've noticed that the more complicated a piece of machinery, the less actual labor you have to perform, and the more simple and primitive a bit of machinery is, the more physical labor you have to do. Which leads me to observe that hectographers must be the honest hardworking salt-of-the-earth type, and people who use a Wolber or other machines of this type must be decadent, and lacking in the pioneer spirit. Therefore, it is, I feel, a gross imposition on the good natures of hectographers to call the work of a spirit duplicator "hectoing" and thus implying comparison. I hope, after reading this, that none of you do it again.

I'd like to thank Mr. Coslet for sending the material that made this article possible, and hope that it will teach him to write an article when asked for an article, and not just furnish material for it.

"I know you, Dopey McNab; I'm proud to know you."

"I want to speak a word with you seriously."

"What?"

"Seriously."

"Say on."

"Now, seriously, Tom do you think you can hit it?"

"Don't know; going to try's much as in me. Biff!"

"Hold ip," said McNab, staying his hand. "Tom, I'm going to appeal to you as man to man."

"Appeal."

"You understand--as man to man."

"Sure."

"You're a man; I'm a man."

"The finest."

"Now as man to man, I'm going to tell you the truth."

"The whole truth?"

"Solemn truth?"

"You can't hit it."

"Why not?"

"Tom, it's too--too far away!"

The two shook hands solemnly and impressively.

"Can't hit it--too far away," said Kelly, with the pool-ball clutched tight. "Too far away, eh?"

"My dear Tom," said McNab, tearfully breaking the news, "it's too far--entirely too far away. You can't reach it Tom; beleive me as man to man--you can't, you can never, never hit it."

"I know I can't, Dopey," said Kelly in an equally mournfull tone, "I know all that. All that you say is true. But Dopey, suppose I should hit it, suppose I should, just think--think--how my name would go reeling and rocking down to fushure generations! Biff!"

They left McNab overcome by the impressiveness of this arguement, busily gathering up the pool-balls, resolved that every opportunity should be given Kelly to rank among the immortals.



While I expected the mailing to be a bit larger last time, I wouldn't exactly say that it disappointed me. No, it didn't disappoint me at all. I could, perhaps sum up my feelings by yelling Goshwowboyohboy, but around here the star-begotten are so rare that a fellow going around yelling Goshwowboyohboy would receive some side-wise glances. I'm not exactly the sensitive type, but I felt this mailing called for a celebration so I climbed to the top of a gopher hill, and whispered "Goshwowboyohboy" in a voice vibrant with emotion. They were the same gophers I had tried to convert to fandom many years ago, so they merely looked at me out of the corner of their eyes and went about their business. Wish they'd stayed around, I planned on trying to get them interested in SAPS.

My prediction last time made it by the proverbial hair. It was a rather sweeping statement, "closer to 300 pages than 200" I said. Well 252 pages is closer to 300 than 200. So I claim that last time I was 100% correct. You know, I am getting use to this business of predicting things, and I find all it takes is a little ambiguity. Should I predict this time? OK, I will. Get ready to be amazed at my perspecacity, for I predict that Alpaugh's SUN SHINE will have caused a furor. More? OK then, more. Mailing #20 will set a new record.

I note that another SAPS, namely one Gordon L. Black is trying to break into the Nostradamus business. Well the lad is now our OE and I don't want to step on his toes, so all I'll say is don't accept any cheap substitutes.

SPECTATOR #20 The king is dead(figuratively)Long live the King! Coslet sure came in with a bang. There were fireworks all through his three mailings, and he went out with another impressive dispay. One thing you'll have to admit is that things were happening, or at least that things were always about to happen. Some of them even did happen. Personally I enjoyed these last three mailings immensely.

GHE SAPLEMENT #8, 9, 11 Your POETRY HATERS CORNER was all right, and I'll not even try to claim credit for it as it appears in your mag. As I once mentioned, if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, what could you call something like this? No John, I am not censoring you, I approve of the whole thing. My feelings are those of a missionary, and if you as a disciple are spreading the gospel, I'll overlook your heretical championing of Ghu. Only one thing bothers me...at the bottom of the page you write, "And some

people call this poetry!" I wish you'd explain that sentence, for we poetry haters have insisted what we do or use is not poetry. You did about the best job of not-poetizing, but you must never belittle yourself with remarks like "God, what corn". Not poets are a proud lot. Straighten your shoulders, stand squarely on both big feet, and be proud all over the place.

Liked the way you wrote in #9, interesting little bits. You mentioned something about the advantages and disadvantages of age in regards to buying those toy duplicating sets. An odd thing John, but you are just at the in between age. A fellow your age is a little sensitive, for while you are not a kid, you are still afraid you'll be taken for one, or at least for having kiddish ideas. And then there is the happy state that I've finally arrived at, although perhaps somewhat belatedly, in which you can buy any fool thing and nobody thinks anything about it, and if they did you wouldn't give a damn. Ah, maturity or a reasonable facsimily, It's wonderful!

If this zine is an OUTSIDERS, it has the last Pederson cover. Sad, isn't it. Another ex-Dakotan? If you went to either Fargo or Grand Forks for your big-citying, you must have lived near here. I was born exactly half way between Fargo and Grand Forks.

To get a copy of AW SOUR SANITY you'll just have to live longer than I do. I plan to live another 117 years. I keep wondering why all you fen keep spending tremendous sums like \$27.75 and \$39.95 for mimeographs when you can get a cheaply priced one like mine. Playboy types, no doubt.

REARGUARD ACTION Some good doodling, but the written work was invisible. Briggs, Briggs, where are you? Tongue stuck in a bottle? Drink your correction fluid? Wha' 'oppen?

SELECTED LETTERS OF P.H.LOVE Since I am not a fan of P.H.Love, I enjoyed this, particularly the ad for PLASTERED HOUSE books. One odd thing, after reading this I almost wished I could get the shoddy parody published by Arkham House just so I could compare the two. I'm not that desperate though. Consider that you'd have unsold me if I had ever been sold, which I never would have been.

OUTSIDERS #8 Like I told Honey Wood, if you don't care to read it, you can roll it up and use it to beat your rugs.

GEM TONES The main objection to a large over-all Fan poll could be summed up in one word. Why? Since fandom is made up of small circles, votes for fen outside of your particular circle actually wouldn't mean much, even though those fen received a high number of votes. Take me for an example, I like using myself as an example, most of my interest in fandom is centered in SAPS. About the only poll that would interest me would be the SAPS poll. Of course I'd like to see a SAPS member highly rated on a general poll, but still accomplishments outside of SAPS don't mean too much to me. I am insular, provincial and well hidden in my SAPS sanctuary. I know there is a fandom outside of SAPS, but if I ignore it maybe it will go away.

Well in your comments on OUTSIDERS #7, I liked what you said, and I sure don't want to prove you a liar. My next issue was bigger, so you can consider your comp-

laint answered before you made it. Liked your comments on the mags in the mailing, and your comments on the zines not in the mailing. One thing I appreciate is your use of a not-poem on page 16. That was a not-poem, wasn't it?

PREACHER AND THE PUSSYCAT goes along in its interesting fashion, but still I can't help wishing that Alpaugh had written the second episode. A slight pause while I scrape off some of the Tar & Feathers Bergeron mentally rolled me in.

Z PRIME #3 Bob, your zine goes to prove that Coslet was right in his laws. Any law that will force you to personally write a dozen or more pages a year for SAPS is an excellent law. In fact I wouldn't mind if they were tougher, so we could get you to do more. I for one feel that SAPS is the home of the individualzine, and I am more interested in what a SAPS member has to say than in reading material by any non-SAPS, no matter how good writers they might be. If I want to read material by a non-SAPS, I'll get any fanzine they appear in, but in SAPS I'm mainly concerned with SAPS. If you wrote three pages a mailing you'd have your requirements, and you could put in anything else you want to, so relaxing the rule seems a bit unnecessary. The rules are not unfair in the least. Anyone who puts out a subzine of from 26 to 40 pages should not quibble with the surprisingly soft SAPS rules. My God Bob, what do you expect? SAPS was purposely designed as a small but highly active organization, and no matter how busy you are, or how much you do outside of SAPS, it has no bearing on what you do in SAPS. SAPS is SAPS and it is an entirely self-contained organization. As a member the fact that you publish an excellent subzine weighs no more than the fact that I publish nothing but SAPSzines. Your membership in SAPS has obligations as well as privileges, you know.

Better stop now or I'll raise the mailing into another weight class on just this one subject along...eh, Hal?

Liked the reveiw of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Among other things PEARSONS published some of the earliest Hopalong Cassidy stories. Don't laugh, those old Hopalong stories were excellent westerns. Beleive they came a bit later than the issues you have though. Some day, just to go back a bit, I'll have to reveiw an article from an 1878 FOREST AND STREAM.

SKYLARK #12 Pleased to see you made it Sid. Yes I liked THE RATION CARD, and I hope you have more like it. You must have enjoyed going back to the purple monster again. Still there is something about hectoing. You will please refrain from informing us as to just what there is about hectoing. Or if you must inform us, you will please



refrain from using four-letter and Anglo-Saxon words. Must disgust you though to have your hectoing turn out more legible than your mimeographing. I can appreciate your cliff-hanger cut-off on that story. I felt like taking a....

BOFFIN #3 Man, I think that mimeoing is beautiful. Almost wish I had an elite typer so I could try to equal it.

Like you, I think some of those other titles would have been more interesting to review. One in particular that intrigued me was FAIRIES AND LITTLE FOLKS. It sounds like a Laney expose' of the LASFS. In fact if you let your mind grovel enough, you could think of a great number of interesting, if highly unlikely, articles behind titles like, WHAT EVERY WIFE NEEDS. The story you reviewed seems on a par with a story called THE SUN TEST, by Richard Barry, starting in the September 17, 1927 ARGOSY. This serial was scheduled for review in OUTSIDERS and I shudderingly read my way through the horrible thing, but when it came to writing a review, even for SAPS I couldn't force myself.

One reason for your not getting constructive criticism is that few SAPS think of their comments as anything but comments. Most feel an informal comment is better than a review or criticism.. But if you want criticism...well I find BOFFIN interesting because I like it. I like it because it interests me.

I don't know if it was intentional or not, but you grievously insulted me by asking for more LAGGARDS. Yes that is an insult, for LAGGARD is the title I use to make up for missing a mailing. Asking me to miss a mailing is an insult if anything is. The only reason my seconds haven't reached you is because my challenges are sent out alphabetically. As demanded by protocol by us purists, my challenges are delivered in person by my second, who is traveling on roller skates. He finally made it to Helena, Montana, but Coslet had left on his vacation, and wouldn't be back until September. From Coslet, he goes alphabetically to Drummond, then to Eney. From there to Jacobs, and finally, unless something else comes up, he'll get around to you. Not that I have any real grievance against any of you, but honor insists I wipe you out to a man.

MRAOC #1 As I suspected, I enjoy Jacobs better outside of ORGASM. I appreciate your momentary support of THE POETRY HATERS CORNER Lee. Now that FSF is using longer stuff there is a faint hope for a new Harold Shea story, even if Hubbard did kill him off in THE CASE OF THE FRIENDLY CORPSE. Still it may have been a different Shea.



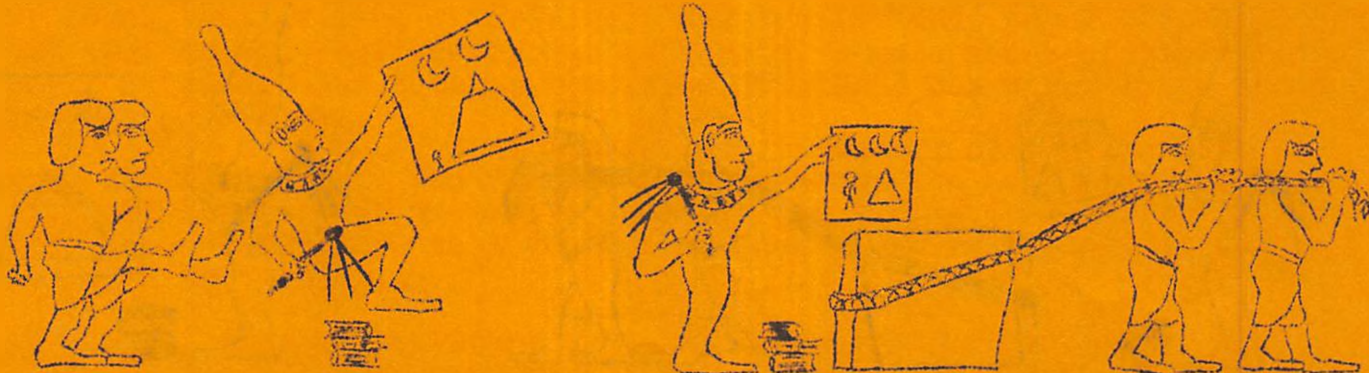
Enjoyed REDD BOGGS, SUPER FAN. Very well done, although naturally all characters are entirely fictional. Still a fellow living in Montana with a name similar to one of your characters offered me some back issue BLUE BOOK after your story appeared. A coincident, naturally. I told him I didn't have any Amazing Stories rejects and the deal evidently fell through. At least I never heard from him again...evidently the OOTWA rejects I sent didn't suit him. By the way has anyone heard from him lately? I've heard from people who haven't heard from him, but not from people that have heard from him. But once I was a Boy Scout, and knowing it pays to be prepared, I'll have plenty time to gather a pile of AMAZING rejects before 1956. Not that I'd ever sell out fandom for a mess of Argosy and Blue Book, but I'd sure appreciate the opportunity to turn it down, maybe.

INVENTION REPORT Yuck Yuck. I'd say more, but not while I can still collect my black-mail.

WHATSIT Much as I hate to say this, I fear our boy Jacobs is a sadly confused fellow. In MRAOC he "heartily endorses THE POETRY HATERS CORNER", and now he calls me a bum, and writes as if I was not doing my level best to raise SAPS to heights of artistic appreciation. He even publishes a crudely done imitation of poetry, and has the unparaffrontry to label it as being superior to not-poetry. He goes on to explain it, and point out its "good" points sentence by sentence, as well he may with such unutterable and disgusted crud. It shows the difference, and his lack of understanding, for not-poetry never needs to be explained, for if a fan doesn't understand it, he'd never be capable of understanding an explanation. Lee does an excellent job of explaining his "poem", but even so it is so mediocre and mundane that he is only defeating his purpose.

At first it was not my purpose to answer Lee in any except the most kindly tones. I am, like Jacobs pretends to be, a mild peacable man. Too, it is hard for any fan to be insulted when his name is used in letters $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high. Call a fan anything, absolutely anything, in letters over $\frac{3}{8}$ inch high and it automatically becomes ego-boo. But Jacobs is potentially too fine a SAPS despite his momentary abberation, for me to allow him to run unchecked. A sharp lesson at this time may bring him back to his senses, which is why my seconds will eventually get around to him.

Therefore I want him to know that what ever I do to him in a duel is done in a kindly manner and really for his own good. If he survives, I'm sure that in time he'll appreciate my attentions.



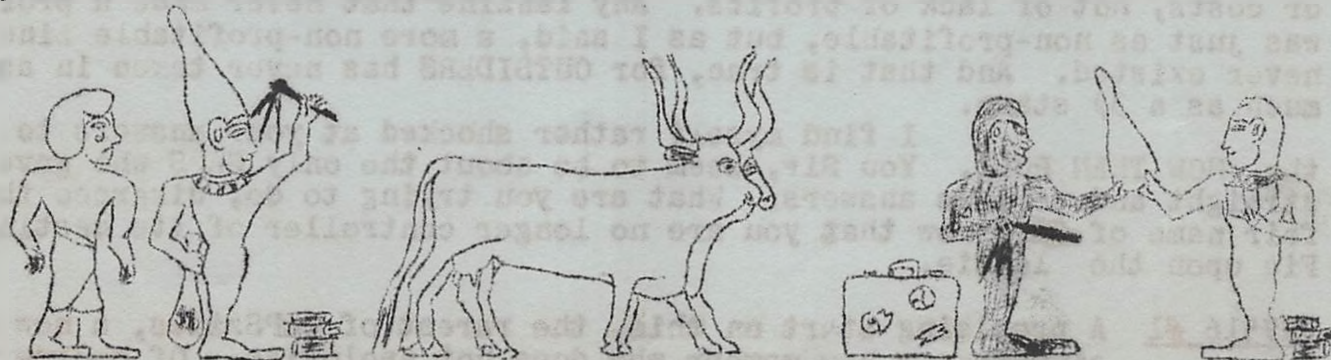
SUN SHINE #10 I enjoyed every line of this zine, although I have been assailed by various SAPS who thought it was, to use the words of GMC who was not one of the fen mentioning it, a bit "high". Perhaps it was, and perhaps the fellow who worried about possible repercussions if the PO saw it was correct, but I still thought it was funny as funny can be. For the benefit of the few who are beginning to think Ballard has become corrupt, I'll admit my favorite bits were BIG GAME FROM MANTEKA and THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

Lloyd, you saw in OUTSIDERS #8 how the use of solid colors in hectoing turned out...well they turned out well enough so we'll be using more solid color work. It is just a bit more tricky to use solid coloring, especially since hecto ink is made up of a variety of formula's that look and act in different manners. For example purple acts like regular ink, although a bit slow in drying. Red goes on thickly and seems to dry in a scum. Green never seems to dry if put on too thickly. The master for that back page hecto-mimeo combination laid on top of a book-case for two weeks and finally although it was still far from dry in spots, we got disgusted and used it anyway. Odd, but Hectoing has a fascination that can only be compared with the urge you get to throw yourself off the top of a high building.

MRAOC SUPPLEMENT Hail Roscoe and down with beer. Burp!

PROTOPLAST Of course Eney didn't have any wisdom teeth when he wrote this issue of PROTOPLAST, but when my second arrives he'll learn that he should have aquired wisdom anyway. Depriving a fan of his ego-boo, especially when every other fan got his share, is not far from soaking yourself in gasoline and toasting marshmallows. If he survives, which may be if I feel merciful, Eney will never forget to comment on another SAPSzine, even if his comment is only a "N.C." which by the way I consider the height of bad manners. If you must write N.C., I feel you should at least be polite enough to spell it out, "No comment". Still I may only just main Eney a bit, for he came through with such an ingenious ~~the~~ excuse for not commenting on OUTSIDERS #7, that I feel such a fertile brain should be preserved. In a jar, perferably.

PIPSQUEAK #3 This is a bit monotonous, but where was my **EGO-BOO** I read Eney's zine, and then yours...paused in horror and reread them. Still couldn't beleive it, and read them a third time. Everyone is mentioned except Ballard. I couldn't understand it. Ran downstairs and took three Life-Buoy baths, one after another. Brushed my teeth until the bristles all fell out of my brush. Gargled with



listerine, read HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE. Went upstairs and reread PROTOPLAST and PIPSQUEAK. Still no mention of Ballard. If Jacobs hadn't written BALLARD IS A BUM in letters $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high, I never could have stood it. To add insult to injury...or is it injury to insult, both Drummond and Eney are among the best of the SAPS mailing commenters. Drummond, pick your weapon, so I can insist on something else.

HURKLE #9 Once I read A PASSAGE TO INDIA, which I had heard was a fantasy novel. I didn't get as much out of it as you did. SACCO AND VANZETTI winds up as an anti-climax, which proves it is life for life is usually an anti-climax.

Blacks ambition to have a mag near "the top of the heap" was an ambition which finds my approval. I imagine you made that statement to draw fire, so I'll be contrary and hold my fire. At one time my ambition was to become the ace pool shot in the local pool hall. A couple years of practice and I could shoot with the best. Never beat any of them though.

My answer to Popes poll was almost the same as yours. The general ideas were the same, only I said the language was greek, sacrificing accuracy for humor. Why Greek, well it was Greek to me. Only difference was that I tried to get Pope to clear up what he meant by "Miscegnation", which in my dictionary means "Interbreeding of races". I told him that I really didn't want to breed anyone of any race, and asked if he might possibly mean mere sexual intercourse. I mentioned it might make a difference, for few of us bachelors want children by a member of any race. He never did clear it up for me.

For a while this spring and summer I thought the dry years had returned to the Dakota's. But then we got 8 inches of rain in a couple weeks. Nothing but extremes in this country.

SAPIAN The poem is a not-poem, naturally. And a good one at that. And Black tried to tell me there hadn't been enough not-poetry published in SAPS to entitle it to a place on the SAPS Laureate Poll! At times I have had fantastic dreams, but I seldom can remember them. Not enough Higgs in this zine.

DZYAN Wish you had finished the HEADS OF CERBERUS reveiw, for I no longer collect stf books, and I found your reveiw interesting. Nice work by Bergey, especially the one on page three. After reading your mailing comments several times I could put them together enough to make sense. I do not agree that OUTSIDERS could be made more unprofitable. Twice nothing is still nothing. I wasn't talking about losses or costs, but of lack of profits. Any fanzine that never made a profit was just as non-profitable, but as I said, a more non-profitable zine never existed. And that is true, for OUTSIDERS has never taken in as much as a 3¢ stamp.

I find myself rather shocked at your answers to the NOW THEN POLL. You Sir, seem to be about the only SAPS who gave straight and serious answers. What are you trying to do, disgrace the fair name of SAPS now that you are no longer controller of its destiny? Fie upon the laddie.

AJ7516 #1 A promising start on this, the rarest of SAPSzines, a new zine from a new member who does not apologize. Of course it doesn't need any apologizes, but still it is a rare thing. My only

hope is that Hal wont burn himself out after his flying start.

Much of this zine I had read before, some of it early this spring when I re-read my **SPACEWARPS**. More interesting than the reprints, were the newer material, and I asked Hal how true Nelson's story was. He purposely misunderstood me, and answered as if I was asking about ALICE IN WONDERLAND turning Ray into an atheist. Naturally he knew all the time that any red-blooded American fan was really wondering about Ray Nelson and the girls with the problems. Like I mentioned, or meant to mention, it seemed too well plotted to be life.

From what I heard of it, the MIDWESCON was fun. Sort of like a World STF convention, but with no program to distract you from more important pursuits. Still I'd rather go to a World STF meet, if only because more fen would be there.

I liked that Financial Statement, in fact I liked the whole zine so well I might cautiously admit I may have had a slight bit to do in getting you to join SAPS. Hah..no longer can you blackmail me, the secret is out...you can once more start paying me, our shameful secrets no longer cancell each other's out.

BLACKLIST #2 Nice cover...and to start from the the beginning, I as a SAPS of experience caution you against "Shawian" "its" for "it's" and the like. Beastly crime in SAPS you know. Bring down vials of wrath on your head, old chap. Just not done. Pip pip.

Liked the three pages of STUFF, but part of it shows what happens when a beginner tries his hand at predicting. But keep it up Black, keep it up. I welcome incompetent competition. Nowadays with all the old members dropping out, new ones comming in and other disturbing factors, my mathematical formula for predicting is obsolete, and at the present a new one hasn't been formulated. So, like you, I merely make a guess this time...unscientific way of doing things, admittedly, but after all my public, you know...and if I miss... Ah well, it would give me the common "human" touch.

The TIME reveiw of THE GALAXY READER seems a bit frustrating, doesn't it? Perhaps stf has all the faults the reveiwer points out...but it is a different type of story, and should be reveiwed as a different type. I never could see much sense in having a man reveiw a book or story of some general type he dislikes. It would be different if someone who knew and understood stf(understood stf...you may now laugh and roll on the floor. One at a time.)panned the book. It wasn't quite fair for the book to start out behind a cloud by being reveiwed by a man who more



than likely wouldn't reveal any stf as being satisfactory. It is odd though, how a prejudiced reviewer, can by quoting a few assine quotes or situations, make you feel the whole thing is silly. You do make a point when you say all the stories seem to have been written by the same man. Perhaps this is why the 1938-1942 period contains most of my favorite stf.

Liked both stories, which were fan stories, and therefore enjoyable. But I am pleased to say that I do not answer to the description you give of a stfan; "Weak eyes, B.O., Varicose Veins, skin the color of a dead-frog's belly, malnutrition, and insanity." I'll have you know that I have a very good tan.

HOW LOW CAN A FAN GET? I dunno for sure Hal, tell us, will you?

WARHOON #2 Excellent art-work Rich. I commented on this mag in my letters...one thing I was wondering about though. Your reprint CREME DE LA CREME...I wonder if by any chance Gertrude Carr's name couldn't have been Kuslan before her marriage? The article is all so very true though. That's just how other fen are. I'm different. Naturally.

Rich, in that article, THE WORKS OF A. MERRITT...the fellow said that he'd reprint the original ending...well FN used the original ending both times, so if you'd like to reprint the unoriginal, or original ARGOSY ending, I'll furnish you a copy. Same with the Argosy ending of TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN which is quite different than the book version, which means nothing if you haven't read the book version.

THE THING #2 You know Larry, I liked this zine, but it seemed so brief. Hard to believe that this is the same Campbell who filled three pages interestingly and humorously on the trials and tribulations of getting out #1. Still come to think of it, it is a heritage of people named Campbell to be able to cover a lot of space when writing about the failings and faults of printing methods. You know, Our Jawm, and the inelastic type. Hey I reread the above, and it sounds like I didn't find this mag humorous and interesting...I thought it was, only it was shorter than I had expected.

GM is a friend of mine, and visa versa I hope. Still I enjoyed your sand-bagging. Looking back through these mailing comments, I find that I must be in a bloody-minded mood, so I hope the two of you have a gory fight. I'll cheer in an impartial way for both sides. Still I don't see why GM should be too angry with you...not when you hold her in such reverence that you capitilize them "Her" and "She" when refering to her.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE #1 Tsk, you flatter me. I think. The "perfect SAPSzine" could mean anything a fellow wanted it to mean, and having it applied to my zine could call for either a blush or a poke in the nose. But I blushed, and said, "It isn't", in an unconvincing tone. Larry, from now on you can spell your middle name "Wrai" and change your last name to "Gold". Don't say I never showed you any favors.

SPECTATOR SPORT As OFFICIAL HISTORIAN of SAPS, I want you to take special notice that this issue of OUTSIDERS #9 is a combination of Hecto, Mimeograph, and printing, and should be listed as all three in the index. 18 members and an average of 14 pages each in the last mailing. Not bad at all.

