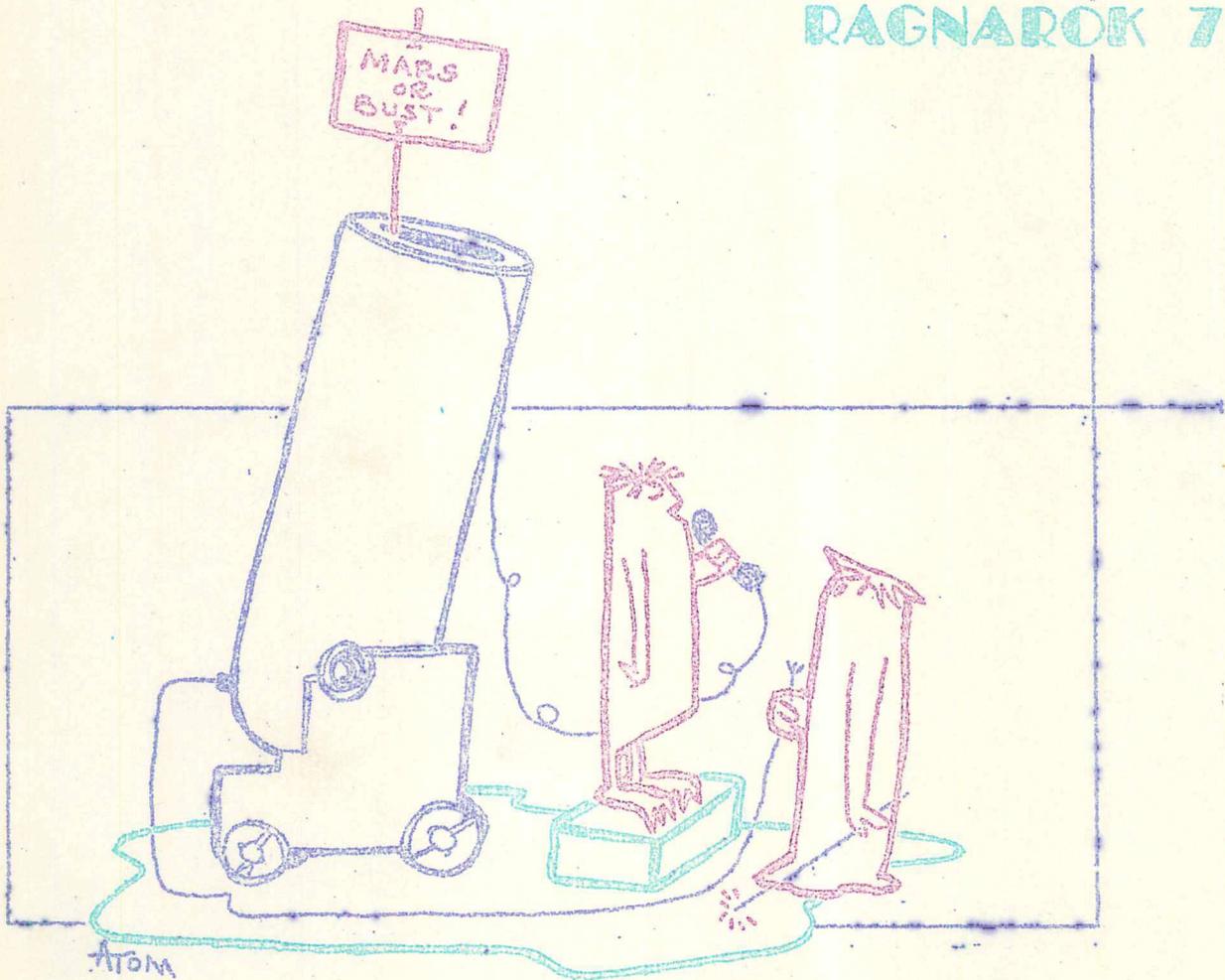


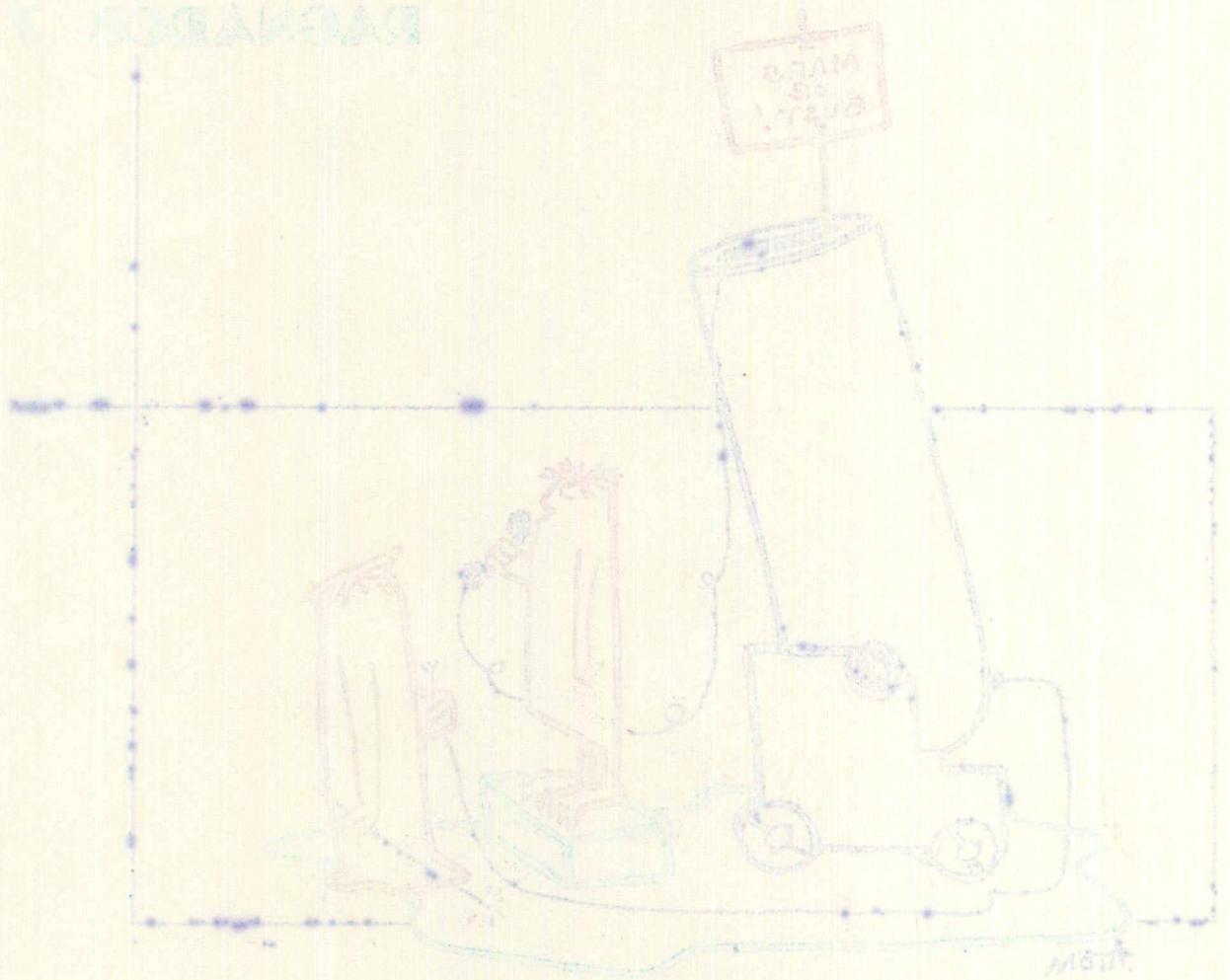
RAGNAROK 7



ATOM

"He says he's quite comfortable, and yes, he wishes to go through with it."

PARANORMAL



The sign on the vehicle says "MARS IS BEST!" and the person next to it is wearing a hat and a long coat.

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SAPS = mc²

Greetings!

As you'll read somewhere within these pages, we began work on this issue of RAG on the 6th of October; it's now the 9th, and we're finishing up this evening. The zine will be mailed tomorrow, and we hope our recent luck will continue strong enough to get it to O'Neey (Ron Ellik for TAFP) in time for the mailing. If it does make it, it'll be an occasion for wild rejoicing in Berkeley, and a huge party in honor of Phthalo. (If not, of course, we'll hold a Black Mass ...if we can find a picture of Earl Kemp to put up on the wall, that is.)

Actually, a couple of pages were done before the 6th. The cover was done almost a month ago, and the first few pages of Hiri's section --the ramblings--were done in spurts over the last three weeks or so. But for the most part, this has been a four-day job...with working eight hours a day, visiting fans, having visitors, and a GGFS meeting thrown in. Frankly, I'm tired, and my back hurts.

You know, this is the sort of thing that could make SAPS lose its sense of wonder?

Anyway, it's 9:30 in the evening, and Ron Ellik (for TAFP) is here to help collate this thing as soon as I can get it run off. We should be done by midnight. Why, I'd stay up till midnight to finish a SAPSzine anytime.

Well, almost anytime...

Anyway, it seems I still haven't managed to get that hyper-fine six-page article written for SAPS. I mentioned it last issue, you may remember. Last issue I had to fill in with a hyper-fine three-page story, at the last minute. This issue I had to fill in with a hyper-fine five-page story. If this trend continues I'm going to find myself a year from now apologising for not having written that six-page article and offering instead a 90,000-word novel. Maybe I should write that silly article.

I'd tell you the title of it, but it's too long to go on this page. In fact, the title takes up one page of the article. Come to think of it, maybe it'll turn out to be a seven-page article.

We didn't comment to everybody in our mc's this issue. This is because, first, we didn't have comments to everyone, and second, we only took notice of the checkmarks that seemed most interesting. Obviously, in a last-minute affair such as this, we didn't really have time to go rambling all over the page. So some of you got short shrift, and some of you didn't get mentioned at all.

But we both read the entire mailing, and we both enjoyed it...most of it. It's just that we don't have the time this issue to chatter to all of you at length. Maybe next issue.

--Terry

NIDHOGGR

by Ron Ellik

Dammit, I would have used the name of Nidhoggr's squirrel friend, but I plumb forgot it. Old Nid was the snake who gnawed at the base of the ash Yggdrasil (don't stop reading, Karen, this'll be short), which was the eternal tree, sort of like the Rock of Ages or maybe home plate. Nid chewed away at the bottom of this very important tree in Norse mythology, and a hart ran around in the branches nibbling the leaves and an eagle roosted in the very top-most part. This squirrel character ran up and down the tree, carrying slightly twisted gossip between the eagle and the dragon, causing, it says here in the Elder Edda, strife. Sort of a bushy-tailed Loki, a primordial news-monger. I have no doubt he eventually stood for the Trans-Asgard Fan Fund (known as TAFER).

That's all I'm going to say about Norse myths this time. There will be a quiz next hour.

This isn't a column, by the way. One of the editors--I always confuse identical twins--asked me to type a page so that this issue of Ragnarok wouldn't have a blank page in it. So when I say "this time" it's merely a mild form of pretentious chitter-chatter.

Included as a special bargain for SAPS readers of this zine only is a nine-page issue of Isomer, which was reprinted from a 1955 APA APA X mailing. This is a really important fanzine appearance because nobody except SAPS is receiving it this quarter.

--rde.

ABSOLUTELY NOT POETRY BY ANY MEANS DEPT.:

I've heard of fans whose yearly plans for visits and vacations
Have never once included cons among such recreations.
The word among those who're quite verbose about their hermit habits
Is, "Cons are just an excuse for drinking and imitating rabbits."
They've never gone to an s-f con (they think them quite below one).
But I'll say this quite firmly, friend--I'd rather go than throw one.
For the shocking tales and anguished wails of those who cannot stand
them
Seem like contented sighs compared to the means of those who've planned
them.
Stfcons, you know, will never go at all wisely or well,
And the fan who's joined a con-committee's consigned himself to hell.
It takes a year, or pretty near, working to plan it all,
And right up to the night before you're sure it'll be a ball
...But comes the dawn you'll wake and yawn--and then you'll want to run.
Then tension, apprehension, and the convention have begun.

--Terry Carr

The Grunch and the Eggplant

by Carl J. Brandon M.D.



I had one grunch but the eggplant over there.
--Clayton Slope

"Stop it!" I cried, blushing furiously.

Toskey smiled indulgently. He sat quietly in his chair as though in the infinite kindness of his vast mind there were room to understand and overlook all the foolish little foibles of all the weak little beings that called themselves fen. A mathematician lives in vast spaces where a light-year is a footstep, where space unrolls along a fourth dimension on a surface distended from a fifth, where SAPS mailings of 5,000 pages are just ciphers.

"The fourth dimension," he explained, "is what I'm talking about. I merely mentioned other dimensions--38, 22, 36--to acquaint you with a familiar example of measurement on our own plane of existence. I'm afraid you have got an incorrect idea of what I mean by the fourth dimension."

I stared at him and he continued:

"It's a matter of relativity. It doesn't take much physical effort to make the moon move through the treetops, does it? Just enough to walk down the garden path. If you had been born and raised on a moving train, no one could convince you that the landscape was not in rapid motion. Reality, after all, is merely a matter of what we perceive."

"I've noticed that in your mailing comments," I observed.

"Everything is relative," he went on. "And that is the secret of going into the fourth dimension. Actually, you do not go anywhere ...you simply see things differently."

"I wish you'd be more clear," I said. "You sound like you're composing on stencil again."

"I'll give you an example. You see, it isn't the mathematics involved that matters; it's just necessary to grasp the fact that the mind of the observer endows his environment with certain properties which have no absolute existence. Thus, when you walk through the garden at night the moon floats from one tree-top to another. But... is your mind good enough to invert this: make the moon stand still and let the trees move backwards? Can you do that? If so, you can 'go somewhere'...into the fourth dimension."

Toskey rose and walked to the window. His office was an appropriately fannish setting for such a hyper discussion as was our; situated in a building on the University campus, the walls were lined with issues of CRY and Toskey's SAPSazine, FLABBERGASTING--shelves and shelves of thick issues of each. Toskey had once explained to me that the University had a publish-or-perish policy.

The Grunch and the Eggplant--II

"When do you want to go?" he asked.

"Now!" I said, without any hesitency. It seemed the fannish thing to say.

"Then there is one more thing I must explain to you," he said. "The fourth dimension is just as much here as anywhere else. Right here around us things exist and go forward in the fourth dimension; but we do not see them and are not conscious of them, because we are confined to our own three. But if we can alter our way of perceiving our surroundings--if we can switch our awareness to another set of coordinates, so to speak--then we will find ourselves in what may well be the fourth dimension."

I had ceased trying to wonder or to understand. Even though Toskey had often said he didn't like the writings of Charles Burbee, still his explanation sounded more and more like one of the articles Burbee used to write under the name of Oxnard Q. Hemmel.

"Show me!" I said.

"The success of this experiment," said Toskey, "has depended largely upon my lucky discovery of a favorable location. The edge of this building and that little walk between the two rows of poplars seems to be an angle between planes in one of our dimensions and... another dimension. The fourth dimension. The walk seems to slope downwards, does it not?--Now walk from here to the end and imagine yourself going upwards. That is all. Instead of feeling this building behind and above you, conceive it as behind and below. Can you do that? Go ahead then."

Half credulous, half wondering, I walked slowly out of the door; I noticed that Toskey settled himself down to a table next to a hydraulic lift on which reposed part of the latest SAPS mailing, and forgot me before I had finished turning around. I looked curiously at the path before me, expecting to see some strange scenery, some unknown view from another world. But it was the same path that I had trod countless times on my way to a one-shot session or fan-party in Toskey's office; the same path I had staggered back along often, going home. A familiar-looking beer can lay beside it. Yet my wondering and disturbed frame of mind endowed them with a sudden strangeness and unwontedness, so powerfully had Toskey's arguments impressed me; I already fancied myself in a different universe, and the beer can took on the aspect of a can of root beer.

Strange to say, I had no difficulty in imagining myself as going upwards on my stroll along the slope. I mentally tilted my broad mental horizons as I walked along. Everything seemed quite normal...though after a few minutes it struck me that the avenue seemed rather long. In fact, it was much longer than I had ever known it to be before.

I looked back--and gasped in astonishment. The building was indeed below me. I looked down upon it from the top of an elevation. And it was not...quite...the same building. And on beyond there were trees with buildings among them; but it was not the campus that I knew.

I paused in a kind of panic--a feeling very similar to that which comes over me when a SAPS deadline looms up and I have not even begun a magazine for the mailing. What was I to do now? Here I was in a strange place. What ought I to do about it? Where should I go? How was I to get back? Odd that I had neglected to find that out; stupid of me. But here I was.

I walked rapidly down the slope toward the building. It was indeed not the same building I had left a few moments before--I had never seen it before in my life. Yet it looked perfectly ordinary and

natural, and the students, young people of both sexes, who strolled by seemed perfectly ordinary. Fans, of course. Their beanies were, now that I noticed it, of different colors than I had seen before--but otherwise all was the same. If I were really in the fourth dimension, it certainly resembled our world very closely.

Finally I came to a decision. I selected a solitary, quiet-looking young man, and stopped him.

"Where am I?" I demanded.

He looked at me in astonishment, but did not reply.

"Do you understand Fanspeak?" I asked hopelessly.

"Of course!" he said vehemently. "What's wrong with you?"

"Something's wrong with something," I said. "I haven't any idea where I am or how I got here."

"Peyote?" he asked, his tone taking on a note of interest.

"No! Say, do you have a good man in mathematics on the faculty? Take me to him."

My young friend conducted me to the very building where I had left Toskey only minutes before, and thence to the office corresponding in location exactly to that of Dr. Toskey. However, the office was different from Toskey's; where before there had been copies of CRY and FLABBERGASTING there now reposed files of fanzines titled SLANNITIES and FAN NONSENSE. Professor Vibens, whose office it was, did not greatly resemble Toskey; Vibens was six feet tall and built rather like a gorilla...if one may use such terminology in speaking of a distinguished mathematician (for so he was in his world).

I thanked the young man who had directed me to the office, and began to relate my story to Professor Vibens. He seemed uninterested at first, but as I explained Toskey's theories and how we had put them into practice he straightened up, and by the time I had finished my tale he was leaning forward in his chair, the rotors of his beanie turning slowly, perhaps activated by the electric force given off by his furiously active brain.

"Your man Toskey has evidently developed the conception of relativity further than we have," he observed. "I'm afraid I have no idea of how to get you back, and therefore you must be my guest. I shall enjoy hearing all about your world."

"That is kind of you," I said gratefully. "I'm accepting because I can't see what else to do."

Professor Vibens took me to his home, and on the way we spoke of our respective worlds. In his the fanish revolution of the early fifties had taken hold even more strongly than in ours, it seemed; I mentioned science-fiction to him but he merely wrinkled his nose distastefully and shrugged. "The only fanzine concerning science-fiction which I have seen for years," he said, "was the recent WHO'LL KILL SCIENCE FICTION? There were many hyper suggestions as to how it might be done, but of course nothing will come of it. No one is really interested, one way or the other."

I pondered this for some number of minutes, and then, apparently with no connection to what we had been speaking of, Professor Vibens asked me, "Have you had Seventh Fandom in your world?"

"Yes," I replied. "Some years ago."

"Ah," he said. "I did not know at the time what to make of this remark."

When we arrived at his home, Vibens introduced me to his son John, a young man of perhaps twenty. "A gentleman who has found his way here from another universe," said the professor simply.

The Grunch and the Eggplant--IV

"I'll have to show you around the scene, like," John said cordially, accepting the account of my arrival without surprise.

I settled into the routine of life in this other world rather quickly. There seemed, really, to be very few important differences between it and the universe I had just left. I acquired a job and settled into it...and spent many hours talking with Professor Vibens and John and attending fan-meetings in this new world. They were perhaps more light-hearted than the ones I was used to (if such a thing is possible, even in the fourth dimension), but quite similar withal.

It was some weeks before I realized that these fan-meetings and parties were perhaps not typical even of this world. There seemed to be such a strong undercurrent of hilarity, almost of hysterical humor. And one evening when the professor and I returned home we found John avidly poring over a fanzine which had come in the mail that day.

"Look!" he said, grinning broadly. "Dig this!" He held out the fanzine to us, and I saw splashed in bold letters across the cover:

I HAD ONE GRUNCH BUT THE EGGPLANT OVER THERE.

I was quite unprepared for the professor's reaction to this. His great bulk suddenly began to shake, his breath came in short gasps, and a sound akin to choking came from his lips. Whirling to assist him, I found that he was laughing--laughing uncontrollably. Great guffaws bellowed through the room, and he sat down and removed his glasses to rub his eyes, which were watering from the laughter.

John too was laughing, apparently as a result of his father's appreciation of the whimsical line on the fanzine cover. I stood in the center of the room, puzzled, and suddenly remembered an incident at the fanclub the evening before.

It had been a short business meeting--in contrast to most which I had attended, which usually lasted for hours because there were so many jokes being made and shenanigans going on that the business to be conducted was continually sidetracked or even ignored. But the meeting of the evening before had been quite short. The President of the club had, as usual, begun the meeting by calling for a reading of the minutes--and the Secretary had stood, opened his notebook, and read:

I HAD ONE GRUNCH BUT THE EGGPLANT OVER THERE.

At this point the assemblage had broken up into wild laughter and frivolity, and shortly thereafter someone had made a motion to adjourn.

"We have to go off and do something about that goddam eggplant!" he had burst out, to a resultant chorus of giggles, guffaws and chuckles. And so the meeting had ended, with the members breaking up into laughing, drinking groups.

And now Professor Vibens and John were similarly affected by the same phrase. As they continued to chuckle and roll around on the floor, I picked up a stack of recent fanzines from the desk and leafed through them. I had not noticed it before, but every one of them had that phrase somewhere within its pages--usually three or four times. It was a stock phrase with the fans of this world, apparently, used whenever the writer wished to get a laugh but had nothing really funny to say.

In one fanzine appeared this filler: "Why did the chicken cross the road? Because THE EGGPLANT WAS OVER THERE!"

In another, I read: "I had one grunch but--MY GNOD, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EGGPLANT?"

It was, of course, all very puzzling. But--as I see now and didn't see then--that was only because I knew little about the ways of fans.

The Grunch and the Eggplant--9

In the morning the senseless expression popped into my head as soon as I awoke. Coming upon John at the breakfast table, I asked,

"John, what are grunches?"

He nearly choked on his egg as he began to laugh wildly.

In a moment, when he had recovered his breath, I said, "No, I'm quite serious. What are grunches?"

His face became serious. "Not grunches," he said. "One grunch. I had one grunch but the eggplant over there, y'see?"

"Yes yes. But what is a grunch? And what about the eggplant, wherever the damned thing is?"

At this John began to laugh again, and shaking his head apologetically he excused himself from the table.

When Professor Vibens came to table I put the question to him.

"Professor, what is a grunch? And what is so amusing about eggplants?"

The professor stared uncomprehendingly at me for a brief moment, and then he too broke up into laughter. And whenever I tried to bring the subject up again he merely laughed and slapped me on the back.

"You are fannish, after all!" he said, and went off laughing.

During the next few weeks I was forced to forget about the grunch and the eggplant; not only could I not get a sensible reply from any of the fans in this world, but other things came up to occupy my attention. The world convention was to be held soon, and the fanclub was busy making preparations for it. I lapsed into silence on the subject of the grunch and the eggplant, and contented myself with hoping that among the many fans at the convention there would be one who could tell me what all the hilarity was about.

But I was to be disappointed in this hope. When I arrived at the convention I found that there were no speeches being made on any subject except that of the grunch and the eggplant, no panels discussing anything else. At the auction fifty eggplants were sold for fantastic prices among high hilarity, and one sealed package was knocked down for forty-five dollars when the auctioneer said that he wasn't sure but he thought perhaps it contained a grunch. And the city bidding for the next convention used the slogan, "Have Grunch, Will Travel".

I was, of course, astounded. I wandered from group to group, and found that every single one was making jokes about the grunch and the eggplant. It was impossible to have a sensible conversation with anyone, though I certainly tried often enough.

And at length I retired from the convention hall in disappointment and bewilderment. I strolled aimlessly, turning over in my mind the strange, outrageous behavior I had witnessed in the past several weeks. I was, to tell the truth, feeling quite low.

Suddenly, I noticed that I had wandered to that very path which I had taken when I had first come to the fourth dimension. The poplars, the building--it all came back to me. And this, then, was the only path back to my own world! I had to try.

I walked along the path, thinking to myself, "It's downwards! It is downwards!" And suddenly I was at the end of the path--long before I had thought it would end. It was shorter! I looked at the building--and saw that I was back in my own world!

Toskey was in his office when I arrived; he was still reading through the last SAPS mailing. I hastened to pour out my story to him.

"What does it all mean?" I asked when I was through. "Somehow--vaguely--it seems that it ought to mean something."

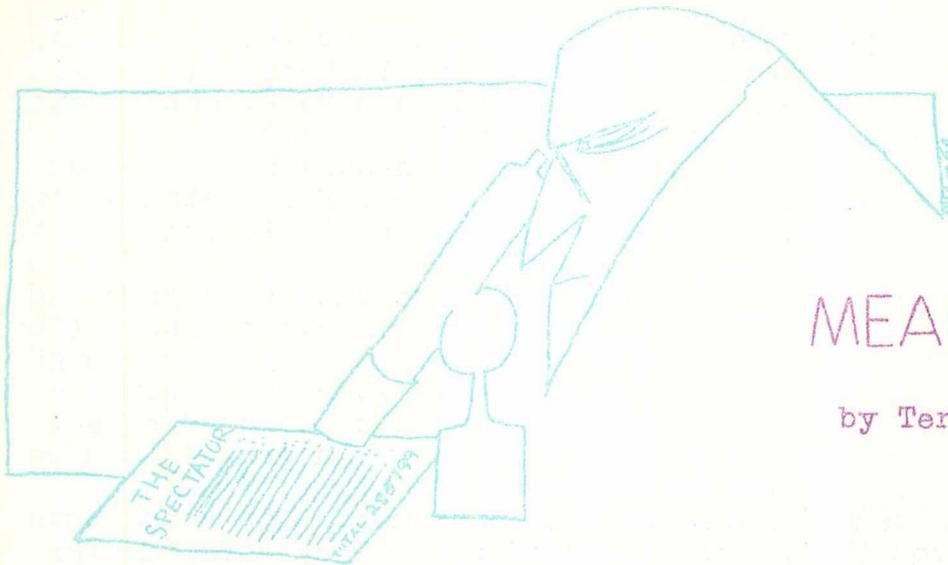
And Toskey, looking up at me in his abstract way, said, "Perhaps

The Grunch and the Eggplant--VI

we really exist in four dimensions. A part of us and our world that we are not conscious of projects on into another dimension--just like the front edges of the books in the bookcase, turned away from us. Perhaps what you saw was our own world and our own selves, intersected by a different set of coordinates, so that you saw a part of us that we've never really seen before, and did not see a part of us which we ordinarily can see. Relativity, as I told you in the beginning.

--(Terry Carr)





MEAD OF KVASIR

by Terry

After a comparatively big and easily-done RAGNAROK last mailing, we find ourselves this time pushing the deadline real close, and just getting started. There are reasons for this--good ones, too--but I won't bore you by going into them. Surely if you're anything of a fan you can fill in for yourself the multitude of Other Things To Do that impinged on our SAPSing time. And anyhow, the fact remains that it's the 6th of October and we're just getting started on this zine.

We almost decided not to do one at all. I mean, we girded our loins and muttered in our sleep and broke out in rashes and finally got up the determination to sit down and start typing masters for RAG --and yesterday the OMPA mailing arrived. That almost crushed us. We almost gave up.

But we haven't missed a mailing since we entered SAPS, and that's too good a batting average to let slip, sort of. And besides, I have deduced that this is the Right Time to work on a SAPSzine.

I have a theory about various forms of fanac, you see. It all came to me because I am a close and serious observer of the fan scene, with a penetrating eye. In my many years in fandom I have noticed that an incredible number of fans have animals--especially cats. Dogs too, of course (hi, Buz & Elinor)...but mainly cats. Fans are Cat People. Right here in Berkeley fandom, for instance, almost every fan household has cats. (Rog & Honey Graham are exceptions, but they have parakeets, so it's understandable.) Now, the serious observer of any other scene than fandom might explain this fannish predilection for having cats by some mundane process of logic like saying that most fans are comparatively young, therefore haven't reached the stage of owning their own homes, and therefore live in apartments...and therefore the obvious pet for them is the cat. That makes sense, all right--but it's a non-fannish, logical kind of sense.

But I have my own theory. I think fans keep cats because they feel an affinity for them. I think fans admire cats because they know that cats don't care a damn for people...at least not in any sense that can be comprehended in this universe. And fans don't care much for people, either. People Are No Damn Good, in fact. People, as opposed to fans, that is. I think fans are basically Big Cats Without Fur On. (Hi, Elinor.)

But actually, that's beside my point here. What I'm really getting at is that because so many fans have cats (or dogs, for that matter), fans have become attuned through long association with their animals

to the peculiar sexual cycles of animals. Attuned to their seasons, I mean...to their cycles of being In Heat or Not In Heat. (The fact that most fans have cats rather than dogs fits in here--a cat's being in esteric is much more noticeable than it is in a dog.)

And what's more, I think everything in a fan-household becomes attuned to these esteric-cycles, too. Typewriters, for instance, and mimeos, and dittos. They develop esteric-cycles of their own...sort of sympathetic magic.

I theorize that, since we have had a Siamese cat for a year and a half now, our machines have developed their own esteric-cycles. (It may seem to you that a year and a half isn't necessarily long enough for one cat to influence machines, but if you've ever been around a Siamese cat in heat you'll have no doubts about the profound effect it can have.) Our typers, our mimeoscope...yes, even our ditto have esteric-cycles now. Fannish esteric-cycles, of course.

I've been taking mental notes on this phenomenon for some months now, and I've about got their cycles worked out. They coincide for all the machines. The cycles, the periods of esteric, come in January, February, April, May, July, August, October, and November...right around the beginning of the month. They grow stronger from the first of the month onward.

I haven't checked it, but I'm sure that the periods of esteric would normally end, in the months of January, April, July, and October, on the 15th of the month. On those other months, they would end on the second Saturday of the month.

Now, if you've been following me at all attentively, you'll no doubt realize by now that these esteric-cycles of our fanning machines coincide with the mailing deadlines of SAPS and FAPA. And it's not hard to understand, really. It makes sense.

When our machines come into season, they are ready to receive ...to receive blank paper for typing, in the case of the typers, or to receive master units for duplicating, in the case of the ditto. The machines become quite nervous if not serviced, and let off dreadful psychic noises which seem, in my subconscious soul, remarkably like raucous meows. They keep us awake nights with their caterwauling.

We know now what they want. They want to give forth with issue; that's the raison d'être of esteric-cycles in all creatures. Our machines want to produce issues of SAPSines and FAPazines.

And they disturb us so much when they're in season that we have to sit down and get to work on the zines. You know how it is with creatures who are in heat...they drive someone crazy till their needs are satisfied. And so it is with our machines.

That's why we're publishing for this mailing after all. The machines demand it. Mother Nature, in her wisdom, has provided for the propagation of apazines, and we must cooperate.

There now--doesn't that explain a lot of things you've been wondering about?

The above has been another in an occasional series of Carr's Scientific Sorties. From time to time a mad urge strikes me and I write such things...the last one was my explanation of Feedback Heredity in MENTAL MARSHALLOW, Miri's first subzine. Come to think of it, I don't think any other of Carr's Scientific Sorties have found their way into print. Perhaps it's just as well.

Anyway, let's get on to the mailing comments.

Dick Bergeron

WARHOON #8: That large issue of MASQUE you refer to (it was 69 pages, we noted with glee) was distributed through FAPA under Burbee's frank, all right, but Kotsler wasn't exactly a non-member at the time: he'd been in and had been dropped for some reason or other, and was almost back in. The period when he was out of FAPA wasn't very long, and since that MASQUE was distributed during his hiatus I often forget that he was out at all.

PRE-APA was not in the FAPA mailing: it was postmailed.

If you were allowing official organs into consideration, the Cult's FANTASY ROTATOR should easily take first place for most number of publishers.

I love that line: "writing that doesn't entertain will have to surmount the obstacle of boredom before it can communicate". You have it in quotes yourself; who said it? I certainly agree wholeheartedly with it.

John Berry

POT POURRI #12: You say, "I'm at writing and publishing all the time, every night for six years or more." Is that true?

Considering the number of people who continually wonder How Does Berry Do It? it would undoubtedly be a fine idea for you to write nice long article on just how you do do it--how much time you put in writing, how you get and develop your ideas, and opinions on how fanwriting should be done. I for one would be fascinated by such an article from you.

Cheers for you!--I don't think Schulman is funny either. Incidentally, it was some of your opinionating in this article which prompted me to suggest you put down your opinion on what fanwriting should be, last paragraph. You seem to have definite opinions on such matters; fine, let's hear 'em.

I suppose this will brand me as terribly provincial, but--what in the world is a steam radio? I get an amazing picture of something halfway between a console-style radio and a calliope. Good grief--a radio run by steam power rather than electricity? I wonder if it would work for television? Steam television...what thoughts that conjures up! "Honey, go downstairs and shovel in some more coal, quick--Perry Como is on in five minutes." I can see a fantastic gadget sitting on top of the tv set which serves the double purpose of letting off excess steam and acting as an antenna.

I suppose now you'll tell me that a steam radio is something very prosaic and not at all like I'm imagining. I'd almost rather you didn't.

Klaus Eylmann's telling you that Lonnie Donnegan used to play with Chris Barber doesn't display an "encyclopaedic knowledge" of British jazz. It's about on the same level of erudition as someone telling you that Lee Hoffman once pubbed a zine called QUANDRY.

Rich Brown

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #8: In the Cult, OA stands for neither Official Arbeiter nor Official Arbitrator; it's Official Arbiter. I suppose I shouldn't nit-pick at you though: all during my term as OA I was spelling it Arbitor. About the time Carl Brandon took over the CASHIP I learned the correct spelling, and Carl always spelled it right. But then Carl always was more literate than me.

Mead of Kvasir--IV

Bob Tucker's picture is not the right one for the million-dollar bill; it should be Gilgamesh.

Suzy had a line here that was absolutely 'classic', where she said, speaking of Shaver, "Don't you simply get thrills when you think of all his cute little things running around under your very feet?" I visualize that as the caption to a Helen Hokinson cartoon.

There's a difference between a review and a critique, Rich. A review is written for those who haven't read the book or seen the movie, with the intention of telling them in advance whether or not it's worthwhile. A critique is written for people who had already read the book or seen the movie, the purpose being to criticize and evaluate; this usually necessitates going deeply enough into the characterisation and plot to give away the story to anyone who doesn't know it already. Bergeron was doing a critique of "The Enchanted Duplicator," not a review.

Elinor Busby

FENDEMIZEN #17: Your words on mixes and preparations in modern American foods reminds me of a cartoon I saw awhile back in the New Yorker, I think. There was this very innocent young wife who had gone over to her neighbor's back door with a cup in her hand, and she was saying, all bright-eyed, "Can I borrow a cup of instant mashed potatoes?" I loved that.

This isn't much comment this time, Elinor; as you've probably gathered, I'm hurrying through these me's. Should be back in form by next mailing, though.

Cosual

YESTERDAY THE FUTURE #3: There seem to be quite a few people this mailing suggesting that we increase the price of surplus bundles in selling them to waitinglisters, and that we up the number of copies required of SAPSazines to make for more surplus bundles to sell. You know, if we carry this far enough, if we could sell enough extra bundles at exorbitant prices, we could eventually get to the position of cutting down on or completely eliminating dues for members. I don't advocate this idea, of course, but it's interesting to contemplate.

Ed Cox

MAINE-IAC #22: No comments here, but I do want to say Thanks for the reprint of "Redd Boggs, Superfan" (a fine piece!), and do keep on with the reprints.

For that matter, this was a good zine all the way through.

Don Durward

BUMP #3: I wish you'd sent me a copy of the original publication of this, since it had some artwork in it that I stencilled... mastered, I mean...for you myself. I never did get to see how those illos came out, and I was quite interested in them.

Dick Eney

SPECTATOR #52: A beautiful job of publishing, Dick. Lack of a multi-graph or not, I think this is a much better-looking o-o than they turned out in Seattle.

Your listing IIRI as WMASH has had us all puzzled, as you no doubt intended. Am I anywhere close in guessing that the last four

initials might stand for Mad And Sexy Member?

SPY RAY OF SAPS #?: As a matter of fact, the second sheets we were using gave us sharper reproduction than the white paper we've been using up until this issue. That white paper was lithograph paper, and the finish wasn't quite as smooth as is desirable for a ditto; also, though it was 20-lb. paper, it gave too much showthrough. We're now using 20-lb. ditto paper, though, and the results so far seem much better...except that those blue masters we bought reproduce extremely lightly. *sigh* Someday we'll publish a zine that we're thoroughly satisfied with.

Ted Jacobs

PILLAR POLL 1960: The main change I would advocate in the Pillar Poll balloting would be allotting more points for the mailing-comments category. It seems quite ridiculous to see people placing high on the Pillar Poll largely or even mostly on the basis of fictionwriting, art, or poetry, when what really interests most SAPS members (they tell me) is mailing comments. I really feel strongly about this, and hope they will make the quite necessary change...until it's made, the Pillar Poll will be no accurate measurement of SAPSish popularity at all. As it is now, it merely gives credit for versatility.

EGOTAPE #1: This was a fine idea, Lee. There are several things against it--such as the fact that it probably violates the identical-copies rule, and that it's going to be absolute hell to file or bind (Pelz will hate you)--but it was enjoyable as all hell anyway.

By the way, you only made it as the first fan to distribute a taped fanzine through an apa by virtue of Burbee's procrastination. He told us a year and a half ago that he was going to transcribe some conversations with Laney, including the Laney Laugh, from wire to tape and send 3" reels to all of FAPA, postmailed. They would have been identical, of course. He even had tooled off for himself enough reels to hold the tapes when he told us this. But "The Laughter of Laney" (as the tape was to be called) never came out; I wonder if Burb's abandoned the idea or if he's just not got around to completing the transcribing yet?

Ted Johnstone

MEST #3: Stored-up egoboo is a fine fannish concept...and it really exists, too. I've been reading zines that came out while I was in fandom but which I didn't get then and had to procure from gaffiating fen, etc., lately, and some of them have egoboo for me in them. I got a particular pleasure out of reading in an early, Enever-published ORION that he considered my article in HYPHEN better than one Vinz Clarke had done on the same theme.

Agnosticism is not hedging; it is simply admitting that "anyone's view of reality is in the final analysis an undemonstrable assumption". I don't think such a conclusion is hedging at all; do you?

One can like SAPS very much and still think FAPA is better, Ted.

Your comments elsewhere on religion are remarkably naive; considering your obvious intelligence. I'm forced to conclude that you haven't done much concentrated thinking on the matter. One of your arguments was almost word-for-word the same that I heard from Boob Stewart when he was sixteen.

Bob Lichtman

HERE THERE BE SAPS #5: If you're looking for a copy of "The Immortal Storm," you might ask Willis if he has any left. These special fan-publications seldom sell out very fast; "The Immortal Storm," for example, is still available at the original price from the publishers. THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE is still quite available in its second printing, but the first printing did sell out. THE STORMY PETREL is sold out, too.

People who refuse to bother with layout in a fanzine bug me, Bob. It connotes to me either one of two attitudes: one, "Ah, what the hell, it's just a goddam fanzine; why should I put any effort into it?"; and/or two, "My stuff is so good it doesn't need good layout." Either attitude offends me.

Your mentioning "I Love A Mystery" reminds me that when I was a kid I never could figure out whether the title was supposed to be "Isle of a Mystery" or "Aisle of a Mystery".

The number of people who were puzzled by the FANDANGO that Bergeron threw in on our cover a couple of issues back suggests that the early Mads are all but forgotten in fandom today. Good heavens, that's the sort of whimsy that gave Mad its reputation in the first place!

The non-me material was superb--do keep it up.

Ed Meskys

CREDO by John Berry: This must be the Berry story that you and Belle Dietz had a conference on and decided it might be better for some reason not to distribute in N'APA. I was astounded when I read it; the most salacious thing in it was where it is hinted that sex might be enjoyable. I don't think I'm going to like you, Ed Meskys.

Bruce Pelz

SPELEOBEM #8: The issues of SPHERE that I've seen weren't as good as ALICE. I recently went through my file of several fanzines of the middle fifties, throwing away (or rather, giving away to other fans) zines that I didn't care to keep in my collection. I was amazed to find that there were several issues of A LA SPACE/ALICE that I wanted to keep.

My point that fans can seldom achieve Final Gafiation these days is ably borne out by Coswal, don't you think? And I'm glad.

You say, "If you mean to tell me that Terry and Ejo didn't try to dig up local support from fans who'd never even heard of Don (Ford), I just won't buy it, as there is evidence the other way." Would you care to cite some evidence of me doing it, just so I'll know what you're talking about?

Multiple-choice quizzes are extremely easy for me; I remember one such quiz I took in college that actually had me laughing out loud. Several other students grinned along with me at the absurdity of some of the questions, and the professor glowered. And multiple-choice quizzes were the only thing that enabled me to pass Physics; I don't know a damn thing about the subject, really. But I'm a better student of psychology, fortunately.

Do you intend to start an Ignore The Smog Campaign for the '64 worldcon?

Yes, Maurice Lemus exists. Ask Ted Johnstone; he's met him. Maurice showed up with two girls at the GGFS meeting where we showed the Inquisite Kid movie. I like Maurice's stuff too, but he isn't in-

terested in drawing much anymore. But if you're interested in a full-page drawing done by Maurice and inked in the Finlay manner by me, you can have it. It would necessitate photo reproduction, though. It was done years ago and has never been published.

"Finnegan's Wake"--Bah! "If it is true that the reader has an obligation to see the artist's point, it is equally true that the artist has an obligation to make his point as clear as possible" dot dot dot, QUOTEBOCK.

Dean Dickensheet's Pointless News Item #1 is of course from "Casey Jones"--the non-union version. Have you ever heard the union version? It differs very much, though it's about the same person. Casey, you see, was a scab.

Art Rapp

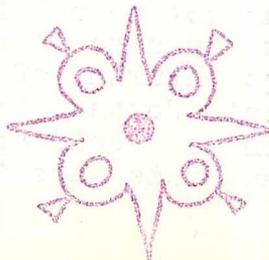
SPACEWARP #67: Perhaps a bit of background is necessary about Miri and Golden Goojies. Goojies is a word she made up or picked up somewhere which corresponds roughly to thingamabob or whatsit. She uses the word often, and it's characteristic of her. Forry Ackerman originated the term Golden Goojies in an article in Miri's first sub-zine, titled "The Girl With The Golden Goojies". It doesn't really mean anything, despite what you're thinking.

I'll bet that if anyone checked through the lettercolumns of such proxines as Startling and Planet, they'd find the term "illo" in use before January 1948. I had a note to check for it myself, but I'm afraid I haven't time now.

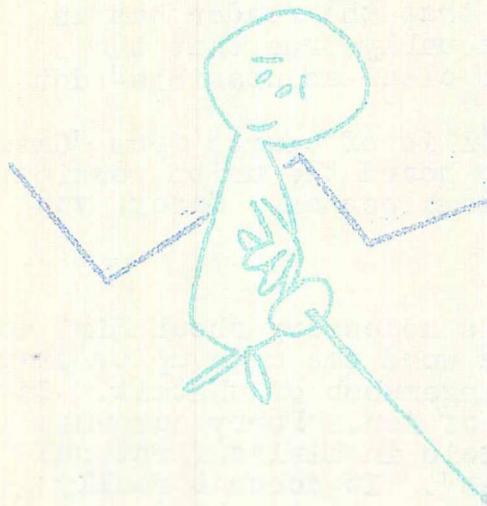
Let's see if I can figure out whose style is being parodied in the various sections of "Old Mother Who?" One: Burbee. Two: Sneary. Three: Courzen. Four: Laney. Five: Crutch. Six: Coswal. Seven: Ackerman. I've never heard of Courzen, but I worked that one out by a process of elimination. I'm reasonably certain of all the rest.

STF BROADCASTS AGAIN!: An extremely worthy project, and a muchly-enjoyed story. Any chance of you reprinting "The Great Stf Broadcast" now? With "The Great Stf Crisis" coming up, the publication of the first of the three would give us a complete set.

"The Great Stf Crisis," since you perhaps haven't got it back yet, is funnier than this one--naturally, with the all-star cast of writers it has. But it doesn't hold together as well as this story does. In "The Great Stf Crisis," the authors seemed to be having a ball, and noting the top names on the list of writers they seemed to be imbued with a sense of competition...and each did hiser best to leave the following writer with as bad a cliffhanger as possible, and also to inject more elements into the story than the writers to follow could possibly account for. Frankly, I wasn't up to the task; I may have been able to write a sensible second-to-last chapter if I'd really had time to work on it, but I didn't, so I passed it on to Bloch. As I told him, the story was so complicated by that time that it needed a hardened veteran writer to tie the pieces together and get rid of the countless loose strings. I hope he can manage it.



EN GARDE,
FANDOM!



TEETH
FOR
THOR

by Mini

At the last GGFS meeting we played stf charades. Stf charades are played just the same as the regular kind, except that all the titles are stfsy. It was a lot of fun, except that one time my title to act out was "Thunder and Roses," and I couldn't do it. Oh, I mean I tried, but nobody had any idea what I was doing. The only other title that wasn't guessed was Lee Sapiro's attempt at acting out "A Tale of the Ragged Mountain" by Edgar Allen Poe. Oh yes, and Bill Donaho couldn't get across "There Will Come Soft Rains".

One of the bits that Al halevy had to act out was "The Man Who Ate The World". He had no trouble at all acting out "The Man Who Ate..." but ran into quite a bit of trouble with the word "World". He was motioning all around himself in large, general-type gestures, and his team got the idea, more or less, but was responding in rather too grand a manner. They kept guessing "Universe," "Cosmos," "Galaxy," "Atmosphere," and so forth. Finally, in desperation, Sid Rogers brightly popped up with, "Ceiling?" Everybody cracked up at the concept of a book titled "The Man Who Ate The Ceiling".

After playing our fill of charades, Tom Seidman (who, by the way, is the best charades player I've ever met) taught those present who didn't already know it a very challenging and entertaining parlour-game called Botticelli. (Not only is Seidman a marvelous charades player, but he's so darned good at all games that I sometimes hate him, even though I like him very much.) Botticelli is played in this manner: It's something like Twenty Questions, in that one person knows the answer and everyone else tries to deduce what it is by yes and no questions. However, in Botticelli the people have to earn their yes and no questions. For instance, suppose I were thinking of a famous person beginning with W...that's all I'd tell you. If you wanted to determine whether or not it was male, or fictional, or living, or whatever, you would have to stump me with questions like this: Is the person you're thinking of a famous English poet? And if I couldn't say, "No, it isn't Wordsworth" (or any other famous English poet beginning with W) then you could ask me a yes or no question about my subject. As you can see, this game isn't easy, but it's a lot of

fun if you're playing it with fairly sharp people.

I've seen two excellent movies recently: "Black Orpheus" and "Psycho". "Black Orpheus" was the Grand Prize winner at the 1959 Cannes Film Festival, and is the story of the Orpheus and Eurydice myth told in terms of a present-day Negro community near Rio de Janeiro. Orpheus is a streetcar conductor who is engaged to an extremely selfish but beautiful girl named Mira at the beginning of the story; he later meets Eurydice and falls in love with her. (The girl who plays Eurydice is just about the loveliest creature I've ever seen, not only in terms of her being a Negro but regardless of race she's truly lovely. Her beauty is not the Lena Horne/Dorothy Dandridge exotic sort of beauty; lovely and beautiful are the only adjectives I know of that describe her looks. Nor does she share the characteristic of having so much Caucasian ancestry that she could "pass" for white.)

A fact which pleased and impressed me greatly about the production of "Black Orpheus" was that, though all the main characters in the movie were Negro, there were white people around most of the time. Somehow I've always found it gallingly chauvenistic in "Carmen Jones," "Amos 'n' Andy," "Porgy and Bess," etc., that there were no white people. Along this same line, we were not able to gauge the sympathy of each character by how light they were.

The only fault I could find with the movie was that it was extremely frantic; everybody was dancing, all the time. The whole story revolves around the Carnaval which is taking place, so it's believable that everybody's dancing all the time, but it kind of makes you tired. The dancing and the color are both extremely vivid and exciting, and the symbolism is truly magnificent. ("Allegory" would have been a better word than "symbolism" there.)

I don't mean to insult anyone's erudition, but in case there's anyone reading this who plans to see the movie and doesn't know the myth, I recommend that he look it up; your enjoyment of the movie will be heightened immensely, since it's a three-level presentation.

As much as I like Bob Bloch, I don't think anyone should go to see "Psycho". Don't get me wrong--it's a wonderful movie. It's the best Bloch and the best Hitchcock I've ever experienced. But it's so incredibly awful. Dave Rike describes "Psycho" as the nearest thing to being "psyched" that a movie could do. I tend to agree with him. The damn thing just Pushed All The Buttons, and had me completely spooked for two days, gave me nightmares for a week--and I'm still not sure whether or not I've recovered.

Naturally, I'm not going to attempt to describe it, since (a) it would be futile and (b) after all the money Hitchcock spent on getting this contract of no-one-seated-after-the-movie-starts and so forth, it would be practically criminal to give it away. By the way, if you have the abstraction to reason out the workings of the plot while you're watching it, you can guess the ending. There are clues all over the place, and no trickery. But honest to goodness, if you're easily upset, I don't really recommend the movie. Even though I loved it, it was far too upsetting for me.

Speaking of pictures, I also saw a terrible movie recently. It was "Lady Chatterley's Lover". An adequate little French cast changed this story from a truly moving analysis of three people's lives and philosophies into a trite little amoral French drama. Definitely not

Teeth for Thor--III

recommended.

Yesterday I read Kingsley Amis' "New Maps of Hell". It's recommended reading, but I don't think it's worth buying at \$3.95 unless it's the sort of book you simply must have. In my opinion Mr. Amis is way off base on lots of things, but one thing I must say is that he really and truly loves science fiction. In fact, he loves science fiction so much that he writes in a strange sort of dichotomy: sometimes he's writing for a reader unfamiliar with the field and sometimes he gets so carried away that it seems to me that only fans (or, as he calls them, addicts) could follow what he's trying to say.

Interesting to me is the fact that Mr. Amis does not seem to feel that science fiction has gone to pot. From what I can gather, he thinks the field has matured, and not gone stale. He seems to be the only authoritative person other than Campbell and Gold who feels this way.

Some of the things I find him off-base on are mainly in the realm of his opinions of who are the important authors. For instance, he seems to think that Frederick Pohl is the (or at least one of the) consistently top-flight writer; he ranks him at least as high as Heinlein, if not higher. He also seems to think that Charles Eric Maine is quite an important writer, and that Robert Sheckley is too.

I found many of Amis' observations remarkably astute and worthwhile, especially in the light of the fact that his perspective of our field seems to be distorted. I feel justified in claiming that his view is lopsided because of such important omissions as Philip Jose Farmer, Rog Phillips (he mentions "The Yellow Pill," but doesn't mention the author), many science fiction magazines, Charles Beaumont, and the nearly complete omission of Theodore Sturgeon.

I think there are two reasons why Kingsley Amis didn't do as good a job as he should have. One is only conjectural, and that is that, perhaps because he lives in England, he wasn't able to get the material he needed; this seems even more likely to me because he dwells even more on the British science fiction authors than seems to me would be in proportion...but stranger yet, he doesn't mention any of the British science fiction magazines. The other thing that made me feel that his view was distorted was that he admittedly does not like fantasy, and perhaps this dislike made him dwell too much on the more extrapolation-type stories.

Despite all my carping, I do feel that the book is of real value. I glee over Amis' stating that John W. Campbell seems bent on giving science fiction a bad name "...with his psi machine and his interest in reincarnation and his superman theory,...with the mysterious mental science of Dianetics..."

Last issue I promised to do a fuller set of mailing comments for this issue. Terry says I promise that every time. It looks as though I may be able to keep my word; I know I won't do comments on every zine, because I've already read several zines that I didn't make a single checkmark in (and it's really too incredibly boring to say "Hi, Bernice, that was sure swell; I couldn't find any hooks for comment, but it sure was swell, ole Bernice ole pal"). The whole trouble is that the SAPSmailing comes right after we've just done two apazines and I'm not feeling very fannish, and it's rushrush nearly the deadline before I feel like doing mc's...and then there isn't time to really work at it. ONWARD!
(sigh)

Karen Anderson

THE ZED: I think it certainly is a wonderful thing that Bjornstjerne Bjornsen went to his grave without knowing that b-j-o is unpronounceable in the Indo-European languages, because it is, you know.

No no, cats are not retromingent. I've seen them copulating, and they couldn't possibly do it the way they do if they were.

The multi-colour mimeography is extremely impressive and good-looking. And I loved "The Tale of Pylos".

Wrai Ballard

OUTSIDERS #10: Your talking about cat stories reminds me of two things. One, there's a store in Berkeley called Tobermory. The owner calls it that because at any moment he might decide to sell something else, and then he won't have to change the name. I don't know what you'd call what he sells now...stuff, I guess. Like, there are fountains in the store, and ceramic things with the sort of writing on them that is in the language that was just recently translated that was the basis for Karen's "The Tale of Pylos". There are all sorts of very gorgeous and not very practical things in the Tobermory store--the sort of things that nobody needs, but everybody really needs. I tried to give him that turtle that I found, because I thought if anybody would appreciate a turtle it would be this guy; he was almost convinced, but decided that the turtle might get things muddy. (Oh yes, I forgot to mention there's a stream running through the store.)

The other thing you reminded me of is that the Dickensheets' male Siamese is named McCavity. The only other thing I have to say on this subject is that Ted Johnstone first read "McCavity the Mystery Cat" to me about eight years ago, and Ted reads rhythmic poems very well; he never has to slow down or other such weedy things. Needless to say, I never forgot the poem, or McCavity. But when the Dickensheets told me what their cat's name was, and I gleed, they seemed surprised and delighted that I knew where the name came from.

Rich Brown et al

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #8: Rich, this isn't exactly a comment on PRA, but I feel that it's time to mention that our best-laid plans for beautiful layout have most assuredly gung agley this time. We acquired a box of ditto masters at a bargain price; they had blue paper on the back, bright blue, so we assumed they were blue masters. But at least some of them must be purple, because the second and third pages of "Teeth for Thor" are purple--which is perfectly all right, I guess, except that it ruins everything.

Well, hem hem... the PRA was awe-inspiring, especially when we had to restaple it about a million times. (If it was any more, I'd say so.) ((The above rudeness was inspired by Holden Caulfield and my mother-in-law--who probably wouldn't like each other if they met.))

I wish you neofan would learn about staples, though; I really do. I mean, I do. Last issue I had to tell Bruce Pelz not to use such big staples, and now you're using such little staples they wouldn't even hold FANAC together. And there's some neofan in England who publishes a shoddy imitation of FANAC who uses staples that would be capable of holding FANCYC II together. Vulgar ostentation, I say.

Well, now I hope I've put everybody straight. Hem hem.

Teeth for Thor--V

I was just now leafing through your mag and I came across a small charred place on one of the pages of your comments on the mailing before. I asked Terry if he had done that, and he said no, that Tigger had done it, even after repeated warnings to be careful with his cigarets.

I was utterly and completely delighted that you had Shelby and Suzy and Norman do mr's, but because of all the damn volume or something or other I'm forced not to be able to communicate with you. I've gone all through the issue three times, and Terry's gone through it twice, and we cannot find my pencilled checkmarks. I know I made some, but I can't remember what they were, and I'll be damned if I'm going to read all that again, for quite awhile, anyway. So blessings on you, but that's all there is, there isn't any more.

Elinor Busby

FENDENIZEN #17: Nobody seems to understand about Catholic wallpaper.

To tell you the truth, I don't understand about Catholic wallpaper either, Elinor--but one thing I'm certain of is that you couldn't possibly be a Ted White hoax. Because even Ted White hasn't got enough imagination to conceive of wallpaper with drawings of saints and virgins and Christ crucified on it. Donald Briese (an oooold time fan from the days of Lou Goldstone and Alva Rogers and Niesen Himmel and Elmer Perdue in the LASFS) visited my apartment at 882 Florida St., looked at the gaudily coloured red floral wallpaper, and designated it Roman Catholic wallpaper. No. I don't know why either. But then again, why not?

I tend to agree with you and Buz on the subject of calling the proposed '64 worldcon Mordor. But not nearly so vehemently as to not go. I thought it was a rather funny gag when--was it Taj?--started it, and I can see their point in keeping the slogan that already was well-publicized, but I feel that the time has come, or even passed, when they should change it. After all, you people changed Pucon in '61 to Seacon in '61 when people objected to the name Pucon. And the next worldcon will be in Seattle, won't it? A rose, etc.

I was very interested to read your dissection of your poem. I never would have had the nerve to bare my soul like that. One of my greatest faults is that I tend to take myself a little too seriously, and I'm afraid I expect everybody else to take me a little too seriously too.

It was an excellent issue, Elinor, even though I didn't like the cover, partly because the drawing seemed flat to me and partly because I'm afraid I just don't dig birds. Birds walking around on the grass or singing in the trees and such are very pretty and charming and fetching--especially finch-sparrows, hummingbirds, and like that. Mainly, I like little birds that don't come near me, or somebody else's minah bird in a cage across the room. I hope you don't have a love-me-love-my-birds attitude, though, because we love you, Elinor. And Buz too, of course.

F. M. Busby

RETROMINGENT #17: Buz, your Boycon report stank. You know why? You mentioned me only once, and then only in passing--that's why.

I really dug Coswal's page. I know this might sound silly, but it had charm.

Speaking of the Boycon, I got a good picture of you and Terry by

the pool, and I'm having a print of it made to send you. If anyone else should happen to want one, I'll be happy to get more made if you send me 11¢ (cost of the print) and a 4¢ stamp. Speaking of pictures, and off the subject of RETRO, the only other really good picture I got at the Boycon is of Ghod (Elmer) and Coswal. It's really an excellent picture. Same deal holds true on this as did for the picture of Terry and Buz, except that of course there's a copy of it on the way to Coswal.

Like I said in my last letter to you, Buz, I'm quite taken with the idea of polling the CRY membership. If I do make that survey, how about saving the stencils from the results and putting them through SAPS? Might be fun to compare.

I'll admit this isn't a hell of a lot of mailing comments on RETROMINGENT, but it's a hell of a lot more than you had to say to me--not that I blame you, of course, but even so. Be that as it may.

Howard DeVore

COLLECTOR #22: More on the order of a Personal Message than a mailing comment. I just wanted to say that I hope Sybil is feeling much better now, and that all is well on Weddel St.

J. Arthur Hayes

MHO*DJEE #5: I really doubt seriously your statement that 24 lb. Gestetner paper is cheaper than second sheets. The most we have ever paid for second sheets is \$1.10 a ream in single ream lots, and the price at the local Co-op variety store is 89¢ a ream in single ream lots. Now, Karen buys 20 lb. coloured Gestetner paper in ten ream lots, and I believe she pays about \$1.70 a ream even at that. Boyd Raeburn told us on tape once that he pays something over \$1.00 the quire for Gestencils, and I believe he said something like \$3.75 per thousand sheets of Gestetner paper (20 lb. white). How do these prices compare with what you pay?

Ken Jacobs

PILLAR POLL 1960: Mainly I just wanted to say that I agree with you about non-SAPS shouldn't orta get Pillar Poll votes. Now, I am pleased to see our waiting-list friends represented in the mailings, but they really aren't members, even so. Especially since they have to pay to put their zines through, it has to me a slight connotation of buying egoboo. Now I don't want anyone to infer from this that I think Dick Bergeron or Dee or anyone else is buying egoboo--but I just think that the SAPS Pillar Poll should be for SAPS. Though I don't quite know how it would be done, I'd also like to see some method put into effect that would spread the egoboo further, and thinner. I guess it would have to be something like a smaller number of maximum points allowable to any one person in any one category. I also think that there should be more points to distribute in the mailing comments division, at least as long as SAPS is so mailing comment oriented.

Ted Johnstone

MEST #3: Don Marquis wasn't completely ignorant of sociology; he worked for the Census Bureau.

Our encyclopaedia (Encyc. Americana, 1959) does not mention Marquis' "Sermons for the Unorthodox". Ted, that was Marquis who wrote it, wasn't it? And have I got the title right? That's one of my favourite

books in the whole world--or anyway, of those which you have discovered to me. I highly recommend it to everyone, no matter who wrote it or what it's called. Why don't you review it for SAPS, Ted?

Hoo haw, Bruce Pelz' ploy on you was pretty good, eh? I'm forced to say this, even at the risk of giving Bruce a swelled head.

Bob Lichtman

HERE THERE BE SAPS #5: Most definitely and specifically I do agree with you heartily that it would be a fine idea to vote Coswal a permanent membership. As a matter of fact, Jack Speer holds the same position in FAPA that Coswal does here, in a way, and there has been a great deal of talk about voting him a permanent membership, too, though nothing has been done. I bet if Speer were being forced to gaffiate they'd get busy on that by-law. I really think it would be just awful to lose a member with Coswal's record; it's too darned impressive. And breaking nice traditions is such an awful thing. Like, they're retiring the Goodyear blimp (which has nothing to do with Coswal)--except that everybody liked the Goodyear blimp even though nobody wrote eulogies to it or anything. And now they're going to retire it, and everybody realizes how they're going to miss it--because, like, it's a tradition, and it's always been there, and gee whiz. Maybe I'm too sentimental, but you all see what I mean, don't you?

I suppose there'll be at least twenty of us telling you in this mailing, but parve is food which can be eaten with either meat or dairy dishes. Actually, that soup that I was telling you about that's kosher and parve isn't really parve, because they direct you to make it with milk. Cold borscht is parve, but it's usually eaten with sour cream instead of meat. Absolutely everyone should have a plate of cold borscht with a glob of sour cream thrown in the middle of it; even if they don't like the taste, it's one of the most beautiful sights in the world.

I think you're being a little narrow-minded in demanding concrete reasons from Guy about why he smokes...I mean to say, why he enjoys smoking. Everyone should be allowed their quirks. But the thing that really galled me was your saying, "Do you think it's 'sophisticated' to smoke?" Guy is considerably older than you, Bob, a very good-looking man, well-groomed and a sharp dresser, and a man with a respected place in his community...I hardly think he smokes to affect sophistication. Honestly! (The Mother Hen of Berkeley Fandom strikes again, to set everyone straight!)

The revelation of the origin of SAPS is quite hilarious, and I'm not at all offended. I glee, in fact.

Jim O'Meara

KRAML: An absolutely beautiful issue. I'm just terribly impressed with the repro and the layout and everything. For somebody who didn't have time to do a full-sized SAPSzine you are to be especially congratulated for the impeccable layout.

My condolences on your not getting better response on your SAPS survey.

Nancy Share

IGNATZ #25: The display of Roscoe's power is noted; but even so, I was truly delighted with the silver paint on the cover of Part I. Our copy had quite a bit of offset on the cover, which kind of lessened the effect a little; but it was still a great idea, and beautifully done. The bit about the beavers and the goddam mice was really hilarious.