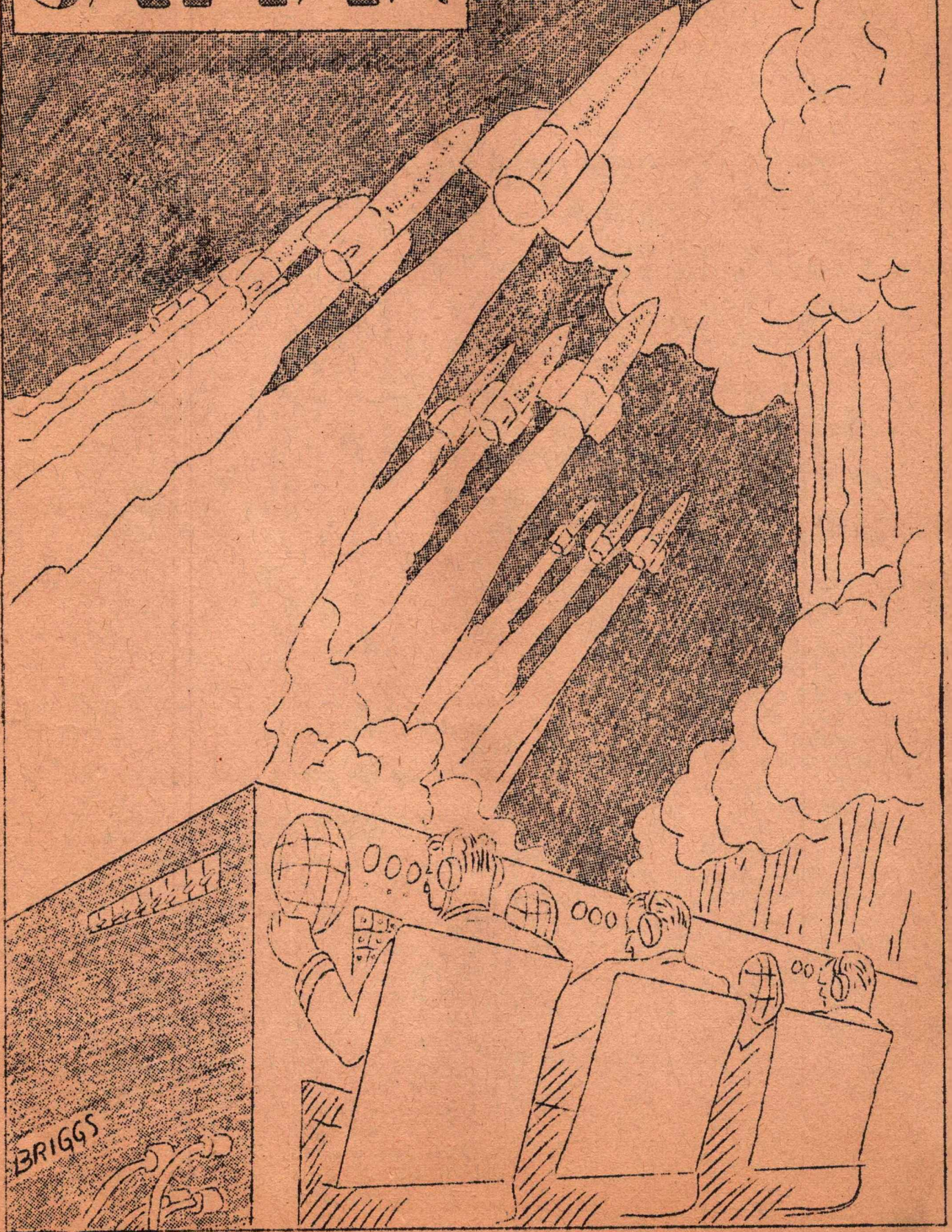


SADPIAN



BRIGGS



What makes Phoenix TICK

by Edwin R. Powell

If someone were to ask me what makes Phoenix tick I would answer it is perpetual motion. Many might prefer me to say vibration.

Thoughts vibrating from man to man . are producing this perpetual motion. And the important thing is, where do these things come from? Where do they originate?

This is an infinite subject and people that ask such questions remind me of the fable set in perpetual motion by "Dobie Jesus", a placer gold miner at the foot of the Superstition Mountains. There he built a beautiful hacienda complete with bantam and turkey gobbler's coops.

And to prove that something a little wrong with something really big, is of little consequence, except to the little fellow getting ready to get big; Dobie puts tick and reality into the story and I repeat it here to prove I am just a bantam trying to tell what makes Phoenix tick, when its beyond the Gobbler, and man himself. I do not mean to insinuate that people asking such questions are two-legged-bantams without feathers. No. I mean to infer, that they wouldn't mind having the difficult done now, and that it is perfectly alright to take a little longer with the impossible.

When the bantam rooster rolled the turkey gobbler's egg down into his bantam hen's coop, whilst his little hens were wide-eyed with amazement, as only bantam hens can be; he was more conscious of the dire disaster he had escaped by stealth than he was of his poor hen's embarrassment. Because the turk was not looking, and while fate defied was yet to catch up with him, he simply said:

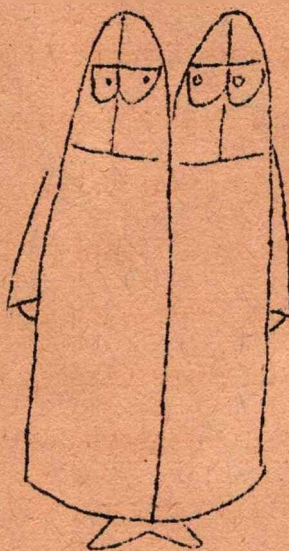
"I am not complaining girls, but I just wanted so badly for you all to see what they are doing in the turkey gobbler's coop, that I have risked my life in behalf of our posterity."

Tic.

"He moves up and around several notches. The girls are so sore amazed, they think him more than a wizard and this; this silent thought and vibrations from those he is trying to impress, contributes to his delinquency Tic, and he gets a vague idea that he is perpetual motion which he hopes to enlarge upon, with of course the aid of his hard working girls.

Tic...something has to move or revolve when a thing is supposed to, or actually ticks out loud.

But if people are not interested in perpetual motion motion they seldom hear anything ticking. This requires a study of perpetual motion.



Racy Higgs:-
"I'm going to get a toupees when I become bald."

Eva Firestone:-
"Oh! You mean a one man top."

Ray C. Higgs sez: -

A lie can travel around the world

while truth is getting its breeches on.

THE PETITE PIRATE
by
Geo. J. Chandler

A pirate came to a party
One night in yesteryear.
Her lugh was gay and hearty
and her quest was fun and cheer,
Caring naught for gold and treasure,
Seeking only friends and pleasure.
So I became her captive that night,
Allured by love and costume bright.
I told that pirate petite,
That girl so fair and sweet:
"O take my heart, my darling bandit;
And take all I have, if you command it."

ARMEGEDDON

THE BATTLE OF TOMORROW

By Margaret Ann Rose

Armageddon, the battle of battles, struggle supreme. Will it ever come to pass, or is this just one more attempt by mankind to justify and minimize the wars and bloodshed he has so long plunged his world into? Can there ever be a final-battle, one so complete that another could never come to pass? Can any power un-



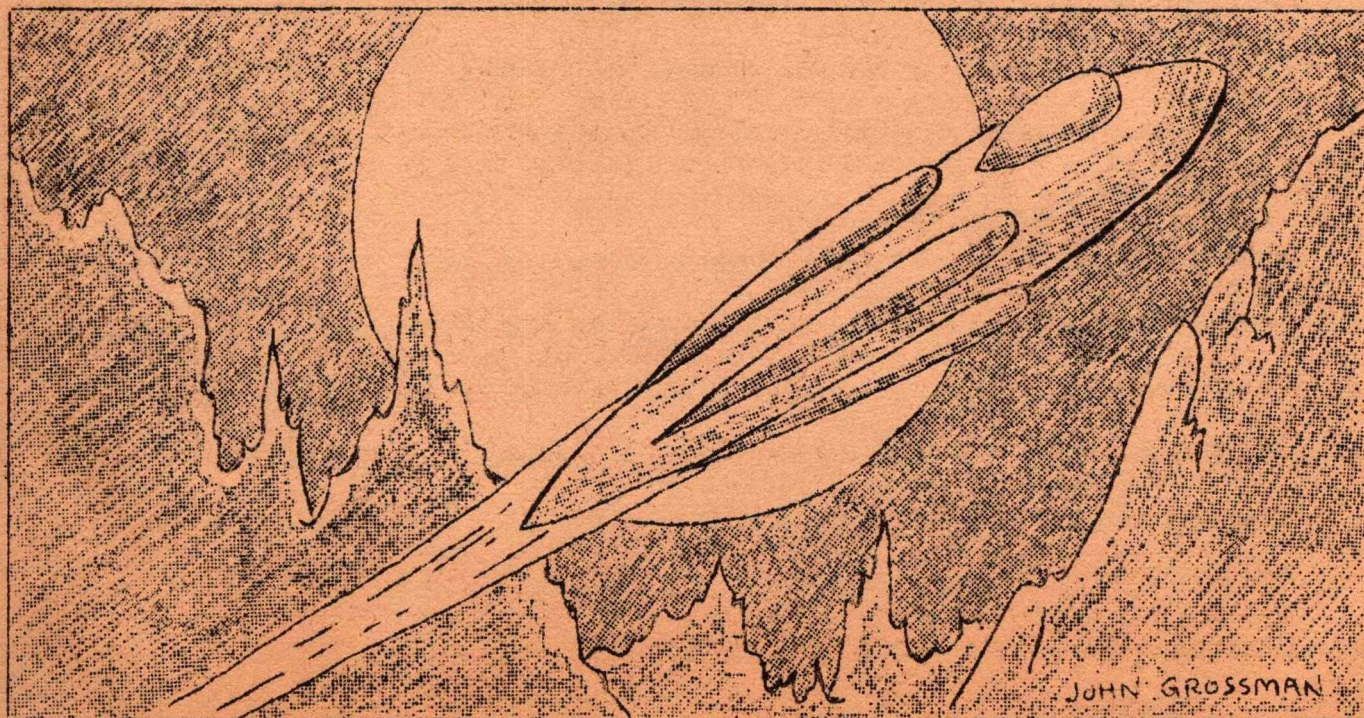
hed by man, upset the age old patterns of life and living? So many times have tense questions been asked that it seems man must soon resign himself to the path of turbulence lying ahead of him forever. From natural weapons such as fists and teeth, and the first artificial weapon, a stone, men have progressed to the unleashing of the atom. The A bomb and the H bomb are the factors of the day, and scientists are looking ahead to the harnessing of the cosmic rays which constantly bombard the earth.

As the ages passed, men have cowered at each successive weapon. The caveman trembled no less at what the stone he had been the first to use, had done, than the modern day scientist, at the A bomb tests. Each age has had its ultimate in terrifying weapons, that nothing, they believed, could ever surpass. However, just as the sling-shot conquered the club, the gunpowder rang the death-knell for lances and armor, even our supreme weapons will one day pass and become museum pieces. Yet the battles will go on. No system of government, or rule, can be so perfect as to bring perfect and complete harmony and lack of want, to all. Man, as a machine, came from a crooked

production line, that added here, and subtracted there, and made none alike. One man's paradise is another's hell, and as long as two exist, they will battle for the right to establish their own way.

Then even paradise can kill, for man is a reasoning, creative creature, who fuels his own brain with problems and puzzles. As a brand new car, left standing without a second's use, will deteriorate, so will a brain without true use. The thrill, the fear, the pain, and the anxiety of battle are a part of a life that will live as long as men call themselves men. If we could but look around the corner of time, and see what lies in store for us, we would no longer hesitate on the path, but stride ahead to meet what lies at every bend as far as it stretches, for there is no stimulation such as a fight for life--no stronger element of struggle, of thought, and of emotion. Those problems which need not be solved for survival, are no food for the brain. Man must fight to live, whether faced by some threat, or not!

Each age must, and will create its own holocaust, no matter what the weapons; and in the timeless vastness of space, who can say that life can be extinguished forever? It may fade to the primitive, whole worlds may vanish in the fury of man, yet each terror becomes a part of everyday life, and passes, and life is the only ever-growing and all encompassing factor. Armageddon is life itself.



EARTHQUAKE

By

Miriam Bralley Campbell

"Ma! Oh, Ma!"

"Don't tell me them beans is burnt," cried Fanny. "If they are, I don't know what we'll eat fer supper."

"Worse 'n that."

"Gracious! What is it?" She threw down her hoe and started for the house.

"See?" Willy pointed to a brightly-painted barometrical donkey fastened by the door.

Fanny gave one look, snatched the thing and went flying up the road, Willy at her heels.

"Sarie! Sarie!" she called, running into her nearest neighbor's yard.

"What in th' land--" exclaimed Sarie Lawson, appearing in the door.

"Oh, Sarie, we're gonna have a earthquake!"

"Heavens! Who told ya?"

Fanny held forth the donkey. "Here! See fer yourself."

Sarie began reading slowly the inscription written on the ornament:

"If tail is dry, fair; if tail is wet, rain; if tail moves, windy; if tail cannot be seen, fog; if tail is out--earthquake! Oh, Fanny, when did it come out?" For the other was extending the tail in a trembling hand.

"Just now. Willy found it--".

"Mike! Mike!" screamed Sarie, running around the house. "There's gonna be a earthquake!"

Mike stopped his weeding and blinked at her wonderingly.

"Don't stand there!" stormed his wife. "Come see."

"How do ya know it didn't just come out?" queried Mike after examining the prophetic donkey.

"Didn't it!" snapped Fanny.

Mike scratched his head. "Maybe if ya just put it back--" he ventured.

"Crazy!" exploded Sarie. "Don't listen, Fanny. He'd better be aprayin' 'stead o' doubtin' plain facts. Wonder when it'll happen Fanny?"

"It's bound t' be in th' air."

Mike grunted skeptically and returned to his garden.

"Just like a man!" complained Sarie, sniffing. "My! My! Let's git th' younguns together! Willy, see if ya can find Hosea and Thomas anywhere. Fanny, I guess ya better stay here t'night. I know ya'd feel safer. I'll go with ya to lock up b'fore it gits dark."

"Mike! Git up, quick!"

Mike gave one final snore and sat up.

"What in tarnation--"

"Come in here, Mike! Me an' Fanny's scared t' death!"

"Scared?" inquired Mike, sleepily pulling on his pants. "Can't bear t' let me rest! Can't be satisfied with a earthquake, but have t' set up jabberin' till mid-night! Won't let a man rest!"

"Do hurry, Mike." implored Sarie. "There's some o' th' curiousest thing a-paradin' up an' down th' wall. Hurry!"

"Chinches!" snorted Mike.

"No, 'taint! It's -- it's something ghostly, Mike."

"Huh!"

But his contempt changed to wonder when he stepped into the next room. Fanny was apparently trying to erase something from the wall!

"Is she crazy?" he blurted, "or am I?"

"You are! Can't ya see? Look on th' wall!"

Mike pbeeyed. "What's them things?" he demanded.

"Looks like tarpeter boats." declared Fanny.

"Submarines, Ma," Willy, who had been awakened in the excitement, informed her.

"They're shadders!" whimpered Sarie. "Tokens of something. Oh, Mike, what are we goin' t' do?"

"Well, I can't stop 'em." drawled Mike, unaffected by the ominous spectacle. "I'm goin' back t' bed."

"Mike Lawson, th' idee!" wailed his wife. "Leavin' us women-folks t' face goodness-knows-what!"

But Mike remained unimpressed. Willy, too, proved a deserter, and the two women were left alone.

"Well, I never--" moaned Sarie.

Fanny sniffed. "Shux! Let 'em go!"

"Wonder where my Willy went?" remarked Fanny, blinking at the early sun.

"With Mike," announced Sarie, coming up from the spring. "That man! Just as if refusin' t' b'lieve what he sees with his own eyes ain't enough--here he goes trampin' over th' hills with them younguns, almost 'fore daylight--an' he didn't even mention what we seen last night."

"I guess I'd better go hunt Will," decided Fanny. "I'll whup him when he comes."

"Hurry back," urged Sarie.

Fanny had reached her own gate and started in when suddenly a terrific roar jarred the very earth and almost threw her flat.

"Lord, save us, it's come!" She leaned weakly against the gatepost. "Oh, Willy! It's hard t' tell how soon another crack'll come. Oh, Willy!"

To her joy her son's sturdy figure soon appeared in the turn of the road.

"Lord be praised!" she cried. "Wasn't that a awful earthquake?"

"Earthquake?"

"Don't tell me ya didn't know--"

"Oh, I heard somthin' pop." grinned Willy.

"Don't ya make fun." his mother warned. "Here I'm worried sick about ya and ya come a-actin'--why, Willy!"

The boy had suddenly doubled up in his tracks.

"Have ya been eatin' green apples again?"

"Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"William Hardy!" cried Fanny reproachfully. "Are ya tryin' t' worry th' life outa me? I thought ya was sick and yer laughin' at me."

"Ma, that wasn't no earthquake," gasped Willy.

"What was it, then?"

"Blastin'!"

"Blastin'?"

"Yech, some men are startin' work on a new road over the mountain. I seen 'em from th' bluff."

"Well I declare!" exclaimed Fanny. "I made sure it was worse'n that, an' us seein' them strange shadders last night."

"Honest, Ma. didn't ya know what them was?"

"No, an' ya needn't say you did."

"But, me an' Mike did, right away." declared the boy. "It was flies a-crawlin' on th' looking glass an' th' lamp was settin' in such a way--"

"An' ya knowed it all th' time? Yer a fine boy. Treatin' yer Ma--"

"Me an' Mike just wanted some fun." argued Willy. "An', Ma--" he began backin' off. "Ya won't whup me if I tell ya something else, will ya, Ma? Honest, I couldn't help it! I just touched it and it come out as slick--"

"What are ya talkin' 'bout?"

"That donkey's tail! Now, Ma, please! I didn't mean to! I just touched it an' I couldn't help it come out--now, Ma! Ouch, Ma! Ouch!"

RAY'S RAYON'S

- about th' mailin', sir!
mailin' sixteen -- that is !

as seen by th' ravin' ray, ed of Sapien

* * * * *

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT - number 5 - am interested in the A. B. Dick photo-chemical stencils, and your front cover was the first I have seen. Not bad, not bad at all! Like very much the two snap shots (photos) of the Martian desert scene and Rocket and Moon shot.

BILGEWARP - the Jacobs, Felkel, Eney, etc. and etc. combo - very nice frontcover by Eney. I'll have to say that you fellers have just about WARPED everything now ----- since Miss Bilgewarp (guess she's a Miss, at least the front cover looks the part) has been added to the Warp clan. I presume Bilgey would issued at another one of them thar Bar Rag meetin's! Meet be lots of fun...wish I could crash one someday.

BOFFIN - premier ish of A. Everett Winne...let's see now, seems like I have heard of this feller somewhere before - welcome to SAPS Ev. Concerning "Flying Saucers" they still appear in the air here in Indiana...anyway according to the state papers of 10-10-51 - two Terre Haute, Indiana Civil Aeronautics Administration employes at the Municipal Airport sighted an oval object travelling at fantastic speed over the airport yesterday. It disappeared in about 15 seconds. It appeared to be at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and was estimated traveling at a speed of 18,000 miles an hour. Ed. note:- All I know at 'em is what I read in the newspapers.

ZAP - ish number 5 which did carry a very nice front cover - but little else, but let Briggs tell you:- This ish is not intended to be anything. I just hate to miss a mailing.

GEMTONES - Opal number - very fancy and colorfull cover....thanks for the ranking you gave Sapien....sure liked Notes To A Neophyte by Manly Banister, 'cause Manly gave out with some very excellent advice....am pleased with your cute little drawings....this here Carr-Cole controversy reminds me of the Peace Talks now taking (or rather trying to) place...no one wants to give in...never-the-less and with-out doubt these members (Carr-Cole) are of the top brass of fandom, and both have their good points (and bad) in the controversy. The best way to write that very hatred letter or that hatred material for your zine is:- write a dozen pages of red hot stuff, the kind that will almost scorch the paper...then throw it out the window--- write the second scorcher...making it hotter than the first...then throw it out the window---then write the third, a real decent one with tongue in cheek, and mail it or publish it in your zine. 'Tis best way to do...I ought to know..a Irishman should!

OUTSIDERS - number 5 - still consider those Pederson covers and inside pics the best in SAPS...now what are you going to do after these wonderful drawings get down to rock bottom?...sure, I admit I do not write enough myself, but I do like the publishing end very much....however, may surprise you-alls some time with a few of my writings.

HURKLE - number 6 - no wonder Boggs is chosen well up the top of the ladder each year. Although he seldom puts out a large zine, the ones he does issue are very at-

tractive and neat, and catches the readers eye. His contents interesting and mimeo and make-up work super. Sure, Redd---I'd be tickled pink if other members would send me material to publish...and rite here I'll say that if any of you desire to send me material to publish in SAPIAN for SAPS and FANTASIA for FAPA, I will WELCOME it with outstretched arms...and kiss your lower chin thrice!

AL LA BABOOM - number 2 - an excellent front cover of pics - most welcome - who is Marie Lousie...by the way folks, met Max at the Nolacon, and had a chat....comic section some what 'racie' but good....clever cartoons.....me selling cartoons to 'gag' magazines--that's cause of the Irish in me! Max puts out FANVARIETY too folks, and you should see the last issue....front page crammed full of Nolacon pics.

BACKTRACK - number 24 - That's right Walter - "You Just Can't Please Everybody", so continue on with your mailing reviews...Good thing you re-read those lines 'cause those two RANK high in stf...in case of reprints of illios--could use some art work and clever cartoons...do we have any such members who could present me with some masterpieces....beware tho - don't draw them to (n)rude! Postal Inspectors spank!

NAMLEPS - number 9 - come now Spelman - stop lolling around on the beach in that nice warm sun and become active....you do have the right idea - but that doesn't help the mailings any....and besides I know you can do better and HAVE!

LEE JACOBS WRITES - Rest in please Lee, there was in BIG O in the mailin'!

SPECTATOR - serves the purpose in all cases - congrats Eney!

JUST PLAIN DILL PICKLE - issue one - welcome back to SAPS Paul - been long time! I liked front cover very much. There have been many changes in membership since you were last one of us - but we are still all SAPS.

SPY RAY OF SAPS - which is a department of your pet peeve NUDITY....I suggest Burbee give you a little cash for running his (Burbee) name so many times. Is this the only way Burbee can get his (Burbee) name in the fanzines - no 'tish't, cause if I know Burbee, and I do know Burbee, I know Burbee can always put that Burbee name right out where the Burbee name belongs - and that's what Burbee does, 'cause Burbee can do it..and Burbee does do it. Now, you send me the cash Burbee, 'cause I have used your name Burbee more times than Eney did Burbee....that's rite too, Burbee!Doesn't seem natural not to see the name of Laney tacked along side of Burbee, does it - by Jacks...I did it somehow.

SKYLARK - number ten - always an excellent front page cover - always! Would like to see the inner pages tally up with the cover - anyhow - your workmanship this time is much improved Sid...keep it up...back cover - another excellent one!

pipsqueak - first ish and welcome to SAPS drummond. Hope you all enjoy the gang. pq proved interesting to me...contents suitable...reproduction very good - very legible. I, FOR ONE would agree on giving the Official Editor activity credit!

THE BIG O - always 'the biggest' in the mailin's - concerning Carr-Cole controversy, read under GEMTONES...now you all know you aren't that niffed at each other...who is this Burbee mentioned once - twice...don't know the feller...think we could induce him in becoming a member of SAPS and FAPA and especially NFFF...I'd gladly pay his first years dues in NSF.....as usual THE BIG O carried many and varied and interesting articles....which I do enjoy. LES and ES ARE NOT TWINS....understand they are two orphan boys...trying to make a BIG (O) Name in stf....I betcha!

Ed. note - IF you don't like the ravin's of ray...just rave back at ray - not you, Les and Es (mentioned twice), no, please no, not in THE BIG O!

I MUST HAVE WAITED LONG

By

PAUL E. PROSS, JUNIOR

How long did I wait
beneath the arbor of the purple grapes;
for you to come,
While the spiders in black mourning
Made a shadow-veil to shield me
from the sun?
And when tiny red ants questioned
the tears that
Climbed into my eyes, I sighed, and answered
"I must have waited long,
The morning dew has crept into my eyes."

----- * -----

We beg that you take note of the CHICON II announcement on the back page, and send your membership dollar in to THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY WORLD SCIENCE - FICTION CONVENTION, P. O. BOX 1422, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS -- NOW!

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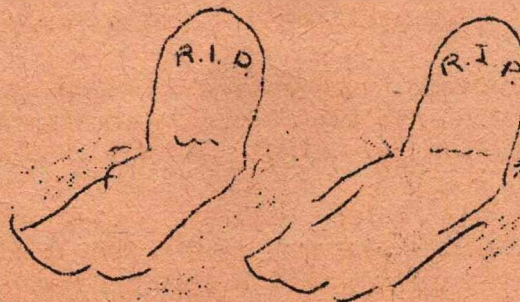
You may also take a gander at the POSTWARP and FUTURIST announcements, which should be of much interest to all SAPS, FAPA, NFFF and fandom in general. Both zines are open to all fandom, and will accept your contributions along the line of stories; articles, reviews on fanzines, prozines, movies and stage plays, books - both hard cover and pocketbook, art drawings and cartoons, etc. PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED TO WINNERS IN ALL THE VARIOUS CLASSES MENTIONED ABOVE! CONTRIBUTE TODAY! EVERYBODY CAN WRITE LETTERS FOR POSTWARP!

----- * -----

SAPIAN

OCTOBER
1951

A SAPSZINE!



"GET YOUR COLD
FEET OFF MY
BACK!"

--Virginia Lelake

Edited and Published by Ray C. Higgs, 813 Eastern Avenue, Connerville, Indiana for The Spectator Amateur Press Society.
Contributions welcome and appreciated!

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