

SPACE HOUND'S GAZETTE

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(The Poor Fan's Fantasy Commentator)

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Gaw. With every issue, SG seems to grow littler and littler. By issue #9, this worthy fanzine will no doubt be mimeographed on microbes.

We can't help it, tho. Dat Old Debbil School keeps lapping up our time as relentlessly as a bowery bum laps wine. Mountains of unread textbooks and unwritten homework assignments surround us on every side (if, that is, unwritten homework assignments can occupy space!). Ahhh well. Come next June we will be finished collitch. We're currently studying, by the way, to be a teacher. Of English. Idly we toy with the idea of having students read Stapledon and Wells and Merritt instead of Beowulf and the Canterbury Tales.

We wish to congratulate Hank Spelman on his election to SAPS' prime post. We're sure he'll do a fine job. In retrospect, we think all Saps owe a vote of thanks to our retiring official ed, Lloyd Alpaugh, without whose toil and dependability SAPS would've had tough sledding.

The following cartoon is reprinted from an ancient VAPA mag of ourn. The symbolism should be fairly obvious.....



LOOKING BACKWARD - - - - -

(or, Through the Sixth Mailing with Elephant-Gun and Kodak)

There were one or two items last mailing which bring up, once again, the age-old question: What amount of toleration should be extended to very young fans who are learning the ropes of fanzine publishing, yet are producing crud? We stroke our long gray whiskers and meditate. We've usually regarded any thoroughly adolescent tripe which chanced to tumble down our mail-slot with a degree of kindness. We still remember all too clearly some of the ghod-awful, illegible tripe that we published in our early teens...

Offhand we don't believe that the publications of extremely youthful fans should be rated by as stern a set of standards as might be applied to fanzines pubbed by fantasts in their thirties. This isn't meant to imply that teen-age fans don't frequently produce stuff that would be a credit to fan-editors many y'ars their senior. Witness the hyper effusions of Con Pederson, Don Wilson, Van Splawn, Hank Elsner, and a long list of others.

However: sometimes we wonder. Let's take, for example, a SAPzine titled Moon Blurps, which Charles Henderson contributed to the last mailing. For no good reason, some pages are hekto'd, others are mimeo'd. One of the hekto'd pages in yours truly's copy is thoroly unreadable. The mimeographed portions, for the most part, are hardly neat. No evident attempt has been made atslipsheeting. Some pages are badly wrinkled. In the way of material, there's a comic strip -- gaaah! -- which seems to have been stopped in the middle, also for no discernible reason. The (gasp) humor, for the most part, provokes more shudders than sniggers.

We don't want to trample on your feelings, Charley, but we honestly don't think Moon Blurps shows much promise. How about putting more time and effort and thought into your next issue and proving that we're wrong?

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Storer's Queer we found most enjoyable; hope 'twill be back soon. I nearly split a gut laffing over your quote from Doc Keller's poem, Norm. Innocent little critter that I be, I didn't think of any sexual connotations when I published the thing. Your public apology to Paul Cox is admirably level-headed. A lifted eyebrow, however, to your statement, "I don't give a damn if they ((Negroes)) are inferior to us-- that's no reason to discriminate against them." I very much dislike applying the terms "inferior" or "superior" to different groups of people -- just because they are different from each other.

As Alpaugh observes in The Spectator, SAPS does need more members. How about roping in some fan pal of yours, deah reader?

Spelman's Namleps doesn't give us much to comment on. The joke was fair; we were interested in your remarks about yourself, Hank... Jeez, now that we have a Harvard grad for a Saps official ed, maybe people will think we are a high-class-type organization.

Sun Shine is up to the Alp's usual high standard. The mag doesn't in the least suffer from informality; if anything, it gains. The Gross cover sketch proved delightful. The humor items were all funny,

and one or two, like the Greater Love Hath No Man Department, we thot were hilarious. We understand that Willie Pierce used the fabulous old-time humor mag, Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang as source for the "World's worst jokes". They sure were.

The story, "Bill's Bar", in Froeder's Frozine was so wonderfully written that it must've been swiped from somewhere. We're sorry you lost the election, Phil, altho we're not sorry that Spelman won. Don't weep -- think of all the work you escaped!

We trust Coslet's Saps contribution won't remain a single-shecter. By the way, WC, foocy on you for going off and starting still another science-fictional amateur press society. We're convinced that fandom has enough of the damn things now. ...Regarding your comments on poetry: shucks, you shouldn't look for a specific meaning when you read modern poetry, if you wish to enjoy the stuff. Be content with whatever is beautiful and/or startling therein, whether or not it seems to "make sense". You shouldn't attempt to apply the standards of prose to poetry, which is an entirely different art.It seems rather fouty to use a fanzine as a means of person-to-person communication, but I never did hear whether you were satisfied with that wad of books and fanzines you bought from me some moons ago. Were you?

Coslet should get a medal or something for recruiting Wallace Shore. Procyon is neat and intelligently put together; we expect it to develop into something extra-good. We were nearly-completely convinced by the arguments against the Ray-Cummings-the-atom-is-a-solar-system-with-people-living-on-the-electrons hypothesis.

Always glad to see something by Andy Lyon topple out of the mailing envelope. You tee off rather harshly on Hal Cheney, Andy... We still like your mailing comments (on Saps, that is) better'n anybody else's. Incidentally, this issue of Fandemonium revolutionizes fanzine format. It's the first fan-mag I can ever recall seeing held together with a paper clip!

Les Fried's It! is a magazine we'd like to see expanded. We thot the cover sketch a deft hunk of science-fictional-supercity artwork. Drawing on the last page reminds us of the dust-jacket for Spacehounds of IPC.

Spacehound's Gazette #6: We're sorry, folks. It won't happen again.

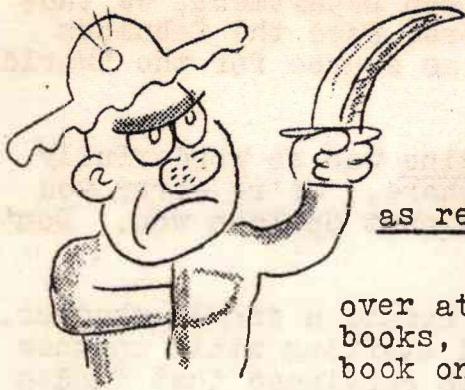
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SPACEHOUND'S GAZETTE THE-WAYWARD-METAPHOR CORNER

"In the morning when the sardine fleet has made a catch, the purse-seiners waddle heavily into the bay blowing their whistles. The deep-laden boats pull in against the coast where the canneries dip their tails into the bay. The figure is advisedly chosen, for if the canneries dipped their mouths into the bay the canned sardines which emerge from the other end would be metaphorically, at least, even more horrifying." --- John Steinbeck, in Cannery Row.

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When you're reading a fanzine in which your name is mentioned, didja ever notice how, when you come upon a mention of yourself, your name suddenly seems to leap out of the page at you?



ONWARD! THERE'S ONE MORE PAGE TO FILL!

From Billy Rose's book, WINE, WOMEN AND WORDS, as reprinted in the November '48 READER'S DIGEST:

Suddenly I heard a yelp of anguish. I looked over at the closet and saw Eleanor tossing out scrap-books, bundles of letters, photo albums and a rare book on hypnotism.

"Go easy on that stuff," I hollered. "I need everything in there." From the top of the heap I picked up a magazine. It was the June 1934 issue of Amazing Stories.

"Look what you want to throw out," I said to my wife. "'The Goose Men of Mars'! I intend to read this first chance I get."

"Into the flames, Junior," said my missus firmly.

Rose is a stfan of the old school. Last year in his column, Pitching Horseshoes, he gave a plug to JOBailey's Pilgrims Through Space and Time, too.

Did you know that in 1929 there were only 417 wart-hogs in Abyssinia?

PAGING ALL LOVECRAFT FANS!

"Here in Providence, R.I., folks call me an authority on Howard Phillips Lovecraft, because my husband and I knew him intimately for many years. ... He loved chocolates and when he married Sonia Greene in 1924 his two aunts gave our children over 100 empty chocolate boxes to play with! (In fact, a bath-tub full!)" --- Mrs. Muriel E. Eddy, in The Ether Vibrates, Startling Stories March '49.

When you wanted to take a bath, must've been a beastly inconvenience....

Abruptly the pantheist dropped the apple on which he'd been munching. "Egad!" quoth he. "This portion of God is wormy!"

Fleas may be removed from your dog by dipping each flea in molten iron and then applying a magnet.

The following is our favorite pun.

A decade ago, an American reporter was covering the Spanish revolution. He was not the only one covering the Spanish revolution, of course, but that is beside the point. Anyway a story came through, concerning a raid which the revolutionists had made on a Loyalist headquarters. The Loyalist headquarters was in a small cellar room. There was only one exit. In the scuffle, several dozen people made a mad dash for the exit and trampled one another to death.

"In other words," commented the reporter at the end of the story he wired back to the States, "this just goes to show that you should never put all your Basques in one exit."

Oysters are delicious when broiled in horseraddish.