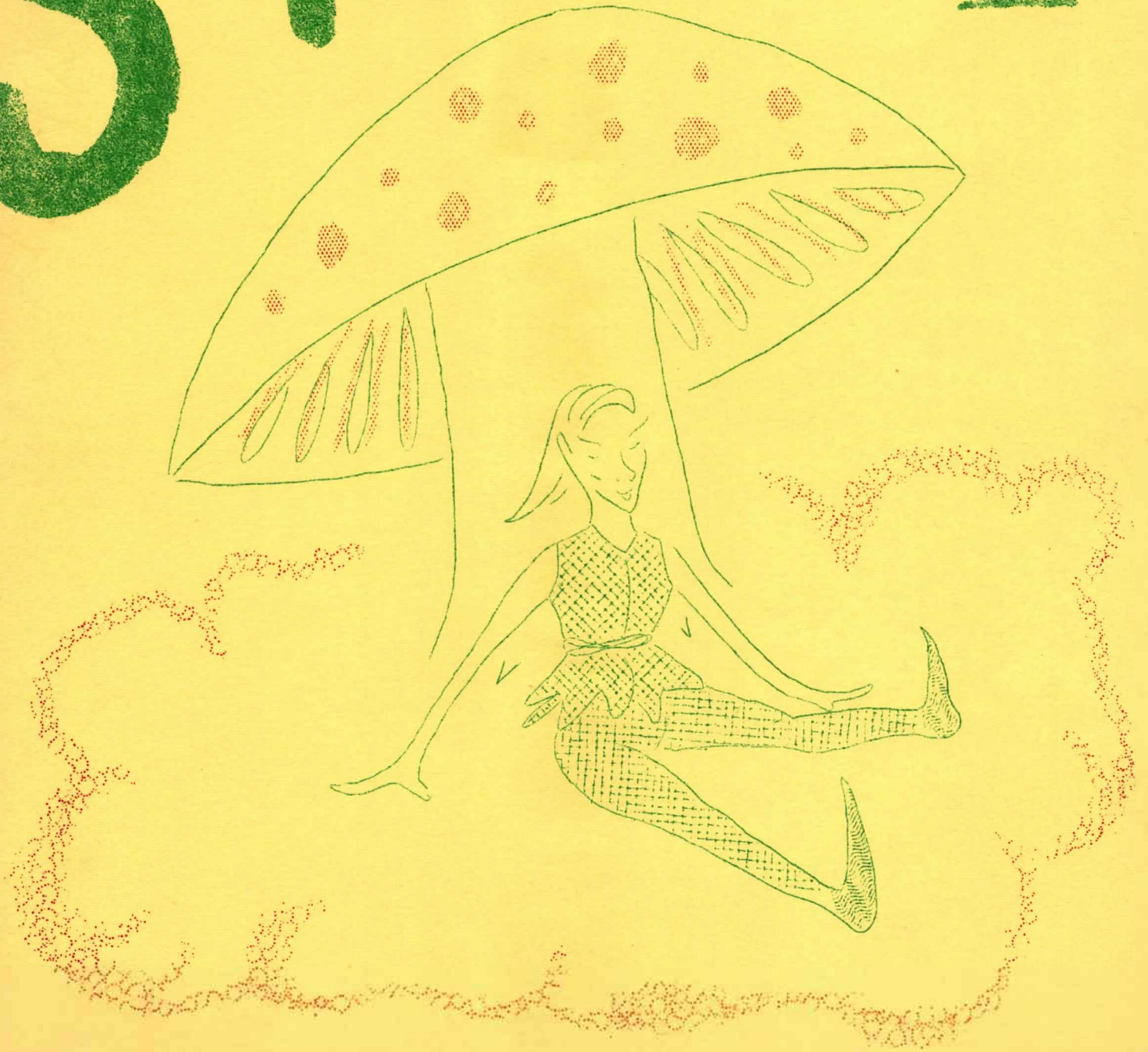


# SYLLABUS

No 1



5427

STYL ABUS





# A Puffin's-Eye View of SAPS

So here we go again. Suzy grabs a handful of SAPzines, I grab a handful, and we commence... It isn't that there isn't enough time for us both to comment on them -- that is, rich brown let us get at them quite early -- but it's just that we know us. If we tried to both write complete mailing comments there would never be no mailing comments. No Syllabus. No Vicktimized SAPS. (There were other things, too, to interfere in a gay, carefree system of mailing comments; a play /musical-comedy type/ for the local PTA benefit, snatched three weeks time out of the Vick schedule.) So the last day will sneak up, and there will be Suzy and I, working like mad to get the last stencils finished. (...but we do already have Suzy's cat bit run, and Suzy has already stenciled a couple of pages of her mailing comments... If we're rushed at the last, looks like I'll have to take the blame... Me or rich brown; rich, are you there?)

--and SPEAKING of rich brown, I want to start off on a mailing comment about a mailing comment of HIS. That is, on one SAPzine someone (Ted Johnstone, it was) was commenting on how he would like a wife and a mistress, both; two different type personalities to fit his different needs, and such. On the side, rich brown has made a mark. rich brown has commented by said mark, 'ShelVy's set up'.... Yes? Explain yourself, rich brown! Are you at it again???

Now, to SAPS 52.

-RETRO- Busby Hi & Lois is great? Of COURSE it is! Dagwood and Dotty Drip-ple can't compete, because they don't have Trixie! ...has anyone out there seen Mrs Fitz's Flats? We're pretty fond of that, too. And, of course, Short Ribs.

And would you explain, please, the voting system whereby G M Carr, by her own single vote, could win such a high score? Wha hoppent; nobody much else vote?

"Dorian Gray". If I remember rightly, a friend of mine saw the pic and said that just as the picture was shown, the black-and-white show went technicolor. If he gave me the straight goods, and the pic was as much a horror as it was supposed to be, I think that alone would be enough to etch it indelibly in someone's mind, music or no.

Reincarnation? Have you ever read "There Is A River", about Edgar Cayce? I came closer to seeing anything in reincarnation from that than anything I have read (which is, admittedly, not much -- in the non-fiction line, that is). According to him, Earth is the third step in a series of steps that is to eventually lead man to sort of a ('scuse me, Claude) cosmic mind. Next step, I think, was Centaurus. And Earth was some sort of trap; it takes quite a few reincarnations to get out of here to the next step. Also, you can return to Earth after you've really learned your lesson for a life or two if you want to. But why should anyone want to when there's so much ahead? ...there! Is THAT big enuf for you?

-FENDENIZEN- Elinor Catherine of Aragon. I here tell it was from her that the word 'arrogance' came from. (Wup! Just noticed I goofed my spacing on the second line here. Had to underline your name to make it stand out. Aweel...)



-SAFARI- Kemp You musta had fun with that cover, Earl. And interesting, the inside artwork that was composed on stencil. ...on stencil? Earl, this was mimeoed? Darned if it don't look like multilith. Anyhoo, it looked nice, neat, and read good. Just -- no hooks.

-KRAML- O'Meara Hmmm... and you say THIS is stenciled, too??? Are you guys just saying 'stencil' because you're used to the term from mimeoing?

Enjoyed the 'Dee Hunter' bit. ...and on your poll. Seems as how I'm further living proof of your theory, being a first (only, in fact) child. Suzy backs it up, too; she's a first child. Then Joe & Juanita Green (who used to help put out Confusion /spontaneous combustion, Suzy/) are also first -- WUP! Correction; Juanita was a first, but Joe came along second. Aweel; Joe's only a fringe-fan, anyhoo.

Saw PSYCHO. Didn't think it made a darn bit of difference when I got in; could see the show from the middle, end, or wherever, and it still would be a shocker. The ending definitely was NOT a surprise to anyone with just a little plot sense, and the mummy wasn't nearly as horrible as the suspense.

-SPELEOBEM- Pelz WHA-A-A-a-attt? You're suggesting a one thou-thou-thou-THOUSAND page mailing? Hoo, boy -- you nuts! Ron Ellik gonna be storing you away for the winter! It would not SO be an increase of fun in reading it! It would be merely an increase of crud to read. Would much more prefer 250 pages of interesting reading to even 500 pages of hacked out stuff just done to fill out a mailing.

And me and film stencils don't agree. Too much trouble. All the time lifting the film to make corrections, putting film back, having it come loose and flop around, etc. Besides, they cost so much more. Even if they were NO extra trouble, it wouldn't be worth that much more to save cleaning keys. I mean, I may be lazy -- but I'm also tight! (Down, brown; I was referring to money, not liquor.)

Sure, I remember The House of Mystery and it's deep-voiced narrator -- or maybe I should call him the storyteller, since that's how he was cast. And The Mysterious Traveler and his train. Who remembers The Whistler? Or, further back, who remembers the pre-war radio bit, Mysterious Island? It seems there was this island, and there were Evil Scientists on it. They captured the boat with Our Hero and Heroine on it, and he (the Hero) being a Scientific Type himself (I mean, if it had been space opera, he'd have constructed a space warp gadget out of the Heroine's hairpins and a flash-light battery) discovered 1) there was a 'radio blanket' over the place that no message could get thru 2) there was a variety of seaweed that Just Happened To Grow There that blocked the blanket, so they coated the radio room with it and got out the message. Now, don't ask me how the seaweed managed to protect the radio waves after they got OUT of the radio room; that's not MY worry...

Anyway I can get a copy of Interplanetary rules? Sounds mildly like a game Charles Heisner and I whopped up back when I was nineteen; it was designed to keep spacemen busy on long, boring flights and took weeks to play. In fact, Heisner and I never did finish the one game...

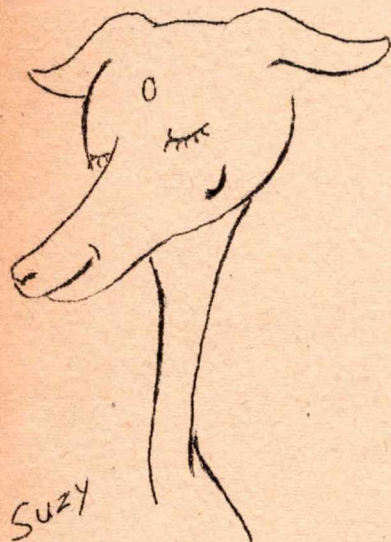
HEY, O'MEARA! Just thot of another one; Charles Heisner, another local who is a bit of a fan (reads muchly, tried to put out one fanzine, attending the Norwescon and the Lynnhavention) is a First Child.



Back to you, Bruz. On the jokes about rattles and kittens, and such. You've probably heard the one about the fellow who told another, "When you go home, I hope your mother runs out from under the porch and bites you"? And then there's the line to be delivered so that it rolls down from your eyeballs, down your nose and drops on whoever you're sneering at: "It's a shame about your mother. I mean, that she didn't have any children."

-IGNATZ- Nanshare ...altho it won't be 'Share' much longer. I mean, now that Art is getting his Share, and Nan is taking the Rapp... (Observe, rich brown; I am going to give credit. Tho I thot up the 'Share' part, rich came up with the "Rapp".)

Nan -- even tho the typing came out its usual unreadable self, some of your illos were quite good; the hibiscus, for inst. And loved your cartoon about Art blushing... You have a real good cartooning style. Why not more? (I've been debating, and I've finally decided to tell you. DON'T be mad, because I really did think the cartoon was quite good, and was sincere. But, you know -- it looked like (in style) a cross between some stuff I used to see by Harlan Ellison and Bjo... (if you can imagine such a far-fetched hybrid.))



Ummm. Well. This was Iggy 25. Wanted to thank you for the plug for TF in the other Iggy. Of course, TF will never be the same again, but thanks, anyway. --HEY!!! I didn't MEAN it that way! I meant, TF will never be the same after the twins, and the gap of time in between, and the fact that it can no longer be a true weekly, and things like that -- NOT because of your plug! HONEST!

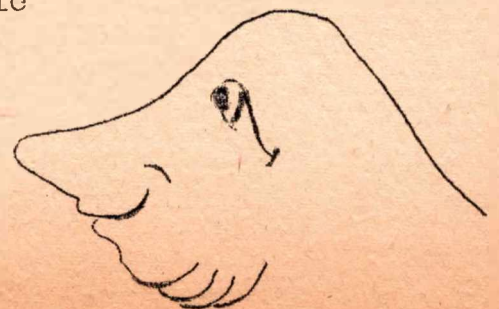
-SPY RAY OF SAPS- 'It's Eney's Fault' I've got a grotch about Chesterton Mimco paper myself. Used to be, it was different. Used to be, Chesterton was a heavy, pulpy, CHEAP paper that was fine for both sides work if you didn't mind the lint. But mostly, it was CHEAP. And now, this stuff they call Chesterton... Oh, well.

Ah -- Eney; you don't happen to have any old issues of Confusion lying about, do you? I'm a few copies short in my files... Does ANYbody have any old cf.s they'd like to sell, swap or give away?

-COLLODION 2- Lee Liked the Harness cover, but not nearly as good as the pun cover previously...

Speaking of Rocky and his Friends, did you ever see Crusador Rabbit? Or, much further down the line, there were these three they'd run together around here; Kid Champion, Space Ace (I think) and a private cye something about Danny Somebody-or-other. They didn't move at all. All they did was show you a still of one pic while narration went on. Then they'd shift to another pic. And sometimes they'd shift back and forth rapidly to try to make it look more like motion. Anybody seen these?

Hmmm... And I note that TV must be improving. Used to be it was only aimed at ten-year olds. Now you tell me it's aimed at sixth-graders. Things are looking up.





You didn't finish Dianetics, you say, because you didn't need to? You're right, of course; I know, because I did get all the way thru it. And, as the saying goes, I found out more than I wanted to know about Dianetics...

You mention reincarnation, too. I'll also point you towards the book about Cayce, There Is A River.

Ah -- Lee. True atheists DON'T talk about religion or lack of it. A true atheist has nothing to prove or disprove; the very fact that they are atheists proves that, as atheists have NO beliefs. There are a lot of people who THINK they are atheists and go around preaching against religion, and all that, but these are usually disgruntled agnostics, or often, even deists. (No, Doreen; I did NOT say "Deists".) Also they are often teen-agers with inquiring minds who are quite interested in looking into things, and think because they have a few radical beliefs, they are anti-Christ, or somesuch. --or sometimes just kids who are rebelling to show how 'bright', 'witty', and 'unafraid' they are.

On commercials: Best one I've ever seen was the little Snowdrift man who comes out with an hour glass. He says, "I've got just seven seconds to tell you how wonderful Snowdrift is." He looks at the sand drifting down. He looks at the can of Snowdrift and at the audience. "It can't be done..."

End of commercial.

The Tale wasn't worth it, but I enjoyed the pun at the end muchly.

-MEST- Johnstone Ted, it is now the night of the 8th, and rich brown is interested in getting this all together and ready to mail tonight, and he is pacing the floor and muttering and chomping fingernails and pulling hair and -- Ted, is this a Bad Sign?

Now, about your cover. Was them guys different guys? If they were, why not make them look different? I mean, like using the shading plate you used for the jacket on one on the pants of the other... Ah; on the third page, second paragraph -- I am assuming it was a typo, but I liked it... That you were 'the little gut who holds up the slate...' That WAS supposed to be 'guy', wasn't it???

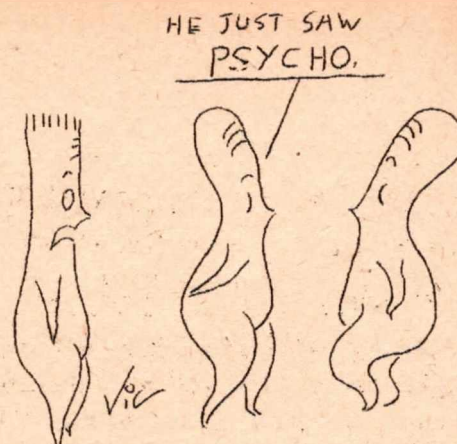
Hah! Egoboo; on page eleven. But it was a little odd. I mean, I have never been mistaken for a wirecorder before... I wasn't at the Cinvencion, tho. But I have been in lettercols since about '44. Have been reading sf for years before that. Since about '37, with the old Argosy. Avidly, since about '40.

The garbage men are NOT funnier than Trixie! Gad, man, have you no TASTE?

Jon Lackey -- 6'11" and ONE HUNDRED FORTY POUNDS??? Gee. And rich brown agrees that you're not underestimating it. I'M 6' and weigh 150 and am a bit underweight (to be nice about it...) And he is nearly ONE FOOT TALLER and weighs ten pounds less... Ahhhhh... Has he tried the Red Cross disaster fund?

Hmmm... I'm worried about you, Ted; you don't like anyone outside of fandom, you say? You are gravitating more and more towards nothing but fannish activities? Sounds like you are building yourself up for a big fall. If you are placing so much emphasis on fandom, expecting so much of fandom, you are liable to begin to expect TOO much, and when the disappointment comes -- you'll have a long, long way to fall...

That Seven Days Till Noon sounds interesting, all right -- but I don't see how it could compare to PSYCHO. In fact, I don't see how ANYthing could compare to PSYCHO, as far as suspense is concerned. Hitchcock is a master of suspense, but this is the best he has ever done -- by FAR. Suspense started at the beginning and constantly increased. I honestly believe it would be unwise for anyone with a bad ticker to go see it. (I know, lots of horror movies make such claims, but those things are usually laughable; nothing but gimmicks. But THIS...) Hitchcock used every style and technique there is, I think. He used not only trick photography, but just real GOOD photography; direction, and suchlike. Further, even the music was handled properly; you were hardly aware of it in the background; it was just an accent to the mood. The acting wasn't of a low calibre, either. In fact, if they had left out the state trooper, I don't know of a thing I could complain about. ...but anyway, I wanted to say that I thot they picked the wrong thing to make a big fuss about; the surprise ending hardly was, at all. ...Wup! Didn't I say that before...? Oh, well.



I'm nearly out of writing, but I still have over half a page to go.

One thing; you mentioned GOSmith and Campbell and you said something about Smith insulting Campbell's wife. Ah -- the way I heard it, Smith MARRIED Campbell's wife... Or is that wat you meant? I mean, did you consider THAT an even GREATER insult???

Of course, I could be remembering wrong...

+++    +++    +++                    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*                    +++    +++    +++

So there you have the first issue of SYLLABUS, whose theme song is (No, wait; I'll have to tell the story first. Seems there was this little girl who was with her mother riding in a bus. The little girl started singing, "Little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus," over and over. After a while, she stopped and turned to her mother. "Mother, I just made up a song called Little Bus. I'll sing it for you. And so she sang it again, much to the delight of the passengers... Well, anyway, rich brown was telling this story one night. And we all started singing "Little bus, little buss, littlebus, littlebus, littlebuslittlebuslittlebuslittlebuslittlebus... and it eventually was coming out, "Sillabusillabusillabusillabus..." So our theme song is "Syllabusyllabusyllabus..."

It is, of course, intended for the 53rd SAPS mailing. It is under the frank of rich brown. Does this make him rich frank brown or frank rich brown? Oh, no; rich brown could NEVER be frank...

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Who bowed Courtney's saw?  
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...incidentally, anyone wanting to write the perpetrators of this mess can send it to S & S Vick, Box 269, Lynn Haven, Florida.



SUZY SEZ

AND SEZ AND SEZ AND SEZ AND SEZ

UPSIDE DOWN EXCLAMATION POINT PORQUE! So there. Aha! Caught you. You didn't put in one of the upside down exclamation points yourself. And right on the front page, too. For shame.

My favorite type snake for a pet is an indigo. They grow quite large, which is a great help for getting rid of salesmen and unwelcome guests (Try answering the door sometime with a 5 foot snake draped around your neck.) but are very gentle and affectionate. Howsomever, they also seem to be good for getting rid of my mother-in-law, and since I'm rather fond of her, I have had to give up my snakes.

I'm certain that I, at least, am reincarnated. How else would I know how to do all the things I can do without ever having learned? And why else would I be so dense about other things? I think I must have spent all my previous lives shut up in a convent while I learned fancy needle-work and such, and where they didn't have such nonsense as toasters that break down and mimeographs that fight back.

I adore mince pie! Really, though, I love any kind of pie as long as it's good. But I'm fussy about it. It's been so long since I've made one (ShelVy's dratted ulcer's fault) that I've forgotten my pie crust recipe. How many pies do you have to make to get back in practise?

I rather think that that was Rich Brown you were inflicted with. I've just discovered that the Rich we have up here is a fake-fan. Seems ShelVy and I have acquired a new kitten. We were introducing her to Rich. It went something like this:

Suzy: "Rich, this is Gummitch. "

Rich: "Stummitch?"

Shel: "No, Gummitch. "

Rich: A long silence.

Suzy: "Because she likes coffee. She loves coffee. "

Rich: "So?"

Suzy and Shel in unision: "Didn't you read Space Time for Springers?"

Rich: "No. What is it?"

So you see, this can't be the real Rich Brown. Where is the real Rich Brown? Who was the last to see him alive? Or otherwise?

I have fun with my name, too. It's amazing how many people can mis-spell Suzanne. (I mis-spell "mis-spell", among other things.) And mispronounce it. But now I find



that many many can't spell Suzy, either.

I really enjoyed Cat Hater. And fake-fan Rich Brown tells me that the picture is lovely.

Fashion Note: Blue, green and turquoise novelty-weave knit top, red and gray plaid pedal pushers and red thongs. I can't help it. It's all I have that will fit me at the moment. The doctor says I can't exercise for another month. Anyhoo, they're all pretty, it's just that they look awful together.

RAGNAROK What beautiful art work! I'd ask for more of it, but that would mean less written material, and I enjoy that just as much.

The Hieronymous Fan was much fun. So was "I Remember Barbara". So was Archy. I sympathize. I have the same difficulties with ShelVY's electric ones. I just wish I had one of them now. (I do. This time I wrote my comments on a manual typer on paper, and now I'm stenciling them on the IBM.)

The French film you mentioned, Miri, reminded me of a French one I saw. It had two child-birth scenes -- one was part of the movie, black and white, and the other was an insert in some kind of color, or lack of it, that showed twins delivered by caesarian. The movie itself took place in a home for unwed mothers. During the intermission -- it was in a drive-in -- they sold sex books. You turned on your car lights if you wanted them. Or you could go to the concession stand if you weren't bashful. There were two books available, one for men and one for women. I counted three cars with their lights out.

Your new apartment sounds wonderful. Wish I could come see it. Theoretically, we have lots of room. It's just that it's so badly arranged. The living room isn't too bad if you don't mind battle-ship gray walls and ceilings with orange woodwork. That's where all visiting fans sleep.

We have a spare bedroom, but it's the junk room. That's where ShelVY keeps all his sf mags dating from somewhere before I was born. And he has letters in almost all of them. Well, perhaps I am exaggerating a little. But not much.

We sleep in a tiny little cubbyhole in which ShelVY insists that we keep his grandmother's chifforobe. This leaves us two square feet of floor space.

There sort of is a hall. Sort of. With a sort of linen closet. Luckily, I don't have many linens.

The bathroom is a nightmare. I won't describe it.

The kitchen is plenty big enough, but so badly arranged that I have practically no cupboard space, no counter space, just a tiny stove and a midget refrigerator.

But we have a tremendous yard with a huge old oak! And I don't have to mow it! We also have a fish pond, but there aren't any fish because there isn't any water. It leaks.

We do have two outlets in each room, but the builder managed to put them where you can't possibly use them. They're just in the only place where large pieces of very necessary furniture can go.



I never thought much about it before, but I do agree with you that boxers are wonderful with children. I've been trying to entice the one across the street to come stay with us. She takes care of five children, all under school age, and in her spare time manages to keep our cats in their own yard.

You're certainly brave writing comments on Flabbergasting wearing only a slip.

The book "Reflections in a Golden Eye". I think I read it. Did the wife in question possibly accomplish the mutilation by means of garden shears?

I just got kicked by a dead chicken.

I'm about to start on M of K, so this much is addressed to Terry. Hi, Terry.

Your bit on ridiculous conversations reminded me. Last night ShelVy and I dropped in at the office for some reason we promptly forgot. Rich Brown was there doing something which I've also forgotten, mostly because I was bribed. Soon, here came Rich Richardson. This one I call Rich 2. You'll probably be hearing more about him.

Rich's 1 and 2 went out for bheer. We spent the rest of the evening talking in the most beautiful interlineations and I can't remember one of them. And I only had two bheers. Honest. I just have a lousy memory.

But I do remember one conversation...

Scene: The Vick's bedroom.

Suzy: "Do you have a cold? You're sniffing."

Shel: "I have been lately. I just do it for some reason. I don't have a cold."

Suzy: "How long have you had it?"

Shel: "Oh, about since we got married."

Suzy: "You're allergic to me."

Shel: "Well, only at night."

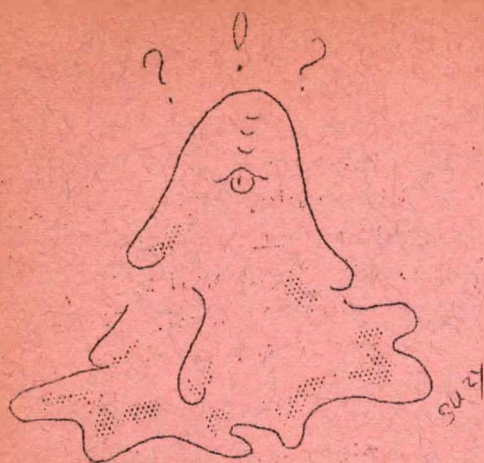
Is this grounds for divorce or isn't it?

If Jim Caughran does decide to take a mistress, I have several applicants for the position.

I always dreamed in vivid color. It was lovely. Then I got married, and by now I either dream in black and white or such drab color it isn't worth it.

Tell Miri not to worry about the white hair. My hair has changed color, too, much to my startled amazement. I've always been a blonde. Then I got married. This seems to change the color of everything, first my dreams and now my hair. It's growing out brown. Just brown. I still think like a blonde. I guess I'll either have to get used to thinking like a brunette or bleach it.





25¢ - PER - PAGE !

It's growing out. (I'm still talking about my hair.) It's at that horrible length where it's too long to let hang and too short to Do Anything With. So I just let it go. The other day it was in my eyes. I was in a bad mood. The scissors were handy. So now I have a sort of fringe effect accross the forehead.

We have a TV set, but it's broken. We didn't know it was broken for months, though. There isn't 15 minutes worth of anything good on here. And anyway, I never did like TV anymore after I couldn't get Chicago wrestling. What ever became of Walter Palmer?

Whoa, boy! I like Hal Shapiro. Why, I'm not telling, but I do. So there. I'm even starting a Hal Shapiro

fan club.

You've used up more than your share of stencils. And there is such a big stack of zines to do yet. But I had much fun with RAGNAROK.

WARHOON Gee. I'm blaming it on the fact that I have a head ache and the light was bad. But I really didn't enjoy this ish nearly as much as previous. But in spite of all that, I was able to note and admire the lovely reproduction. I'm glad I got to read it. Probably the biggest determent to my enjoyment is the fact that I hate, loathe and detest politics. I think I'll vote for the candidates' wives.

Why won't you put in some of your beautiful illos? There is so much lousy art work out that it would be a refreshing change. I know, I'm responsible for some of it myself. But you have a very distinctive style which we miss muchly.

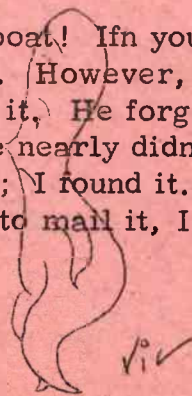
ShelVy and I have been discussing your desert island. He thinks it's Anna Maria Island. I don't. You sound more like you'd prefer Captiva. I know, we're both wrong.

Gad! Were we ever wrong. You should have gone to Captiva.

Leeh wore the Quandry stenciled dress to the Chicon. Twas white silk, I believe.

Hoo Boy! I have found a confession! I know who sawed Courtney's boat! Ifn you will look up the last ish of Confusion, The "Quick" issue, you will find it. (However, this is somewhat of a collector's item since I think ShelVy forgot to mail it. He forgets to mail almost everything, so this is a natural assumption. In fact, we nearly didn't get married at all because he forgot to mail a letter. I know he wrote it; I found it. It was written just after Christmas, 1954. And just because he forgot to mail it, I didn't marry him until about five years later.

Oops! Forgot about the puffin. ShelVy wants to shoot me.



YUP. 25¢.  
IT'S ENEY'S FAULT



OUTSIDERS    What purty flowers on your cover!

But I like my little gun. 'Tis an H&R revolver with a 38 frame and a 22 bore. It's for shooting German shepherds (Down, dog-lovers of the world. These two are dangerous. And I only use bird shot on them. And it does no good at all.) And on people who crawl in windows in the middle of the night. So far, it's happened twice, but both times I was sound asleep and didn't get to shoot. Which was just as well. It was ShelVy. He'd forgotten his key. Some night, though, I'm going to be awake. And maybe the death ish of cf. never will come out.

I agree with your advice to Doreen concerning the rabbit punch, etc. The only time I was ever forced to do something like that I made darned sure I could get away with it. The guy was so drunk he never did know what happened. In fact, he thanked me for driving him home that night. The only thing is, I didn't. I can't drive. I never bothered to explain. I just never saw him anymore.

What kind of taste does Eva have that you recommend Flesh to her?

No more comment hooks, but I enjoyed it all immensely.

ZED    But, Karen. You're giving me an inferiority complex. I'm beginning to believe that you can do everything, and do it perfectly, at that. And as if all that efficiency weren't enough, the male contingent tells me you're also quite attractive. Come on, just one little thing you can't do?

I really can't find any hooks, but I did want to tell you I read it with much pleasure.

SAFARI    I don't care who you snitched your cover from, it's magnificent. More, please?

The innards were quite interesting, but I don't feel that I'm qualified to comment on it. I know, I'm not really qualified to comment on a lot of the stuff I've commented on, but I'm also talkitive, or whatever it is that possesses people when they sit down to a typer with a nice blank stencil in it.

Is now, incidentally, Monday morning. I'm out of cigarettes. It's raining too hard to go get any. I don't have a rain coat or an umbrella. I do have a foul temper.

Fashion Note: Bare feet.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SCIENCE FICTION    I like science fiction, but I enjoyed this more than most of the pro stuff I've been reading lately -- except for some old ones. "Behind The Glass Veil" was, as you stated, the best of the lot. But honest, Tosk, I hope I'm never stranded on a spaceship with only you and a hacksaw blade for company!

The cover is, ah, interesting. I still don't whether or not I like it, but I keep staring at it. It was even leering at me while I brushed my teeth this morning. Is it getting to be a fixation or something?



PRA One long title in a row is enough. Hey, Rich, you know how I feel about these king sized zines. You didn't really expect me to read it, did you? And as if you weren't long-winded enough, you had to get all these other people in on it, too.

Hope you don't mind, but that little fellow over in the corner of the page reminded me of you, somehow.

Tell me now, weren't you surprised when we handed you SYLLABUS, all run off and even assembled, yet? Now do you see why I've been stalling when you wanted the mailing back?

And you are going to fasten this nicely on the back of PRA, aren't you? If you don't, the next time you come into the office to see Glenna, uh, I meant Shelby, of course, you might find that I've taken the mimeo and the typers and the scope and the stylis and the shading plates and the lettering guides and the stencils and the paper home and put them in my dresser drawer for safe keeping. My dresser drawer is not full of kittens. I don't think, anyway.

This was mostly in the way of explanation to anybody who wonders why you let us get away with usurping the back of PRA.

SPACEWARP Pause. I had to sprinkle vitamins over Not-cat's food. She was starving to death, but still wouldn't eat without them. The vet gave them to us for her once when she had an infection, and she fell in love with them. Catnip in it, maybe?

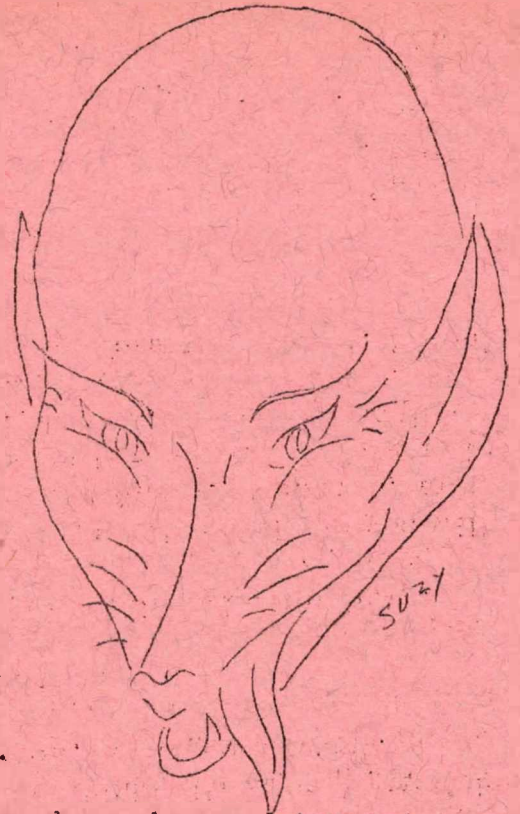
My eyesight will never be the same after your cover, but 'twas much fun, as usual. Couldn't you sort of break up the monotony of all those caps somehow? I look at it just so long, and then I'm doing just about like the Negro in (ugh) Kingsblood Royal who read racial issues for facial tissues.

Now to look for all the S's. I can't use X's; Rich uses them. Shelby uses check marks. I suppose I could have used zeros or #'s or something, but I prefer my S's.

I can't recall ever having any romantic interest in a teacher of either sex. They were all at least 30, and to me at that time this meant that they were somewhere between middle aged and old.

My old coal burning kitchen stove was wood burning, but I've converted to gas. But I still let things simmer all day at the back of the stove. I just turn the fire down real low and close the kitchen door. I'm the only one in the neighborhood who still has a kitchen door, too. They all got rid of theirs because they take up too much room, but I'd rather put up with the lack of space and keep the heat in the kitchen. And then I've met several people who think spaghetti can be made in half an hour. And then there's ShelVY. He likes canned spaghetti. Cold. Right out of the can. But he's kind to dumb animals. And to me.

Re your quote from Havelock Ellis on four letter Anglo-Saxon words: I would agree but. They are usually used expressively, but how often have you ever heard them used with any degree of dignity? Most of the people I have heard use them fully intended for them to be





vulgar. Whoa! I'm not campaigning for the nauseating euphemisms I also hear used, either. They likewise have nothing dignified about them. Euphemism users are even more aware of the "vulgar aspect" of whatever they are trying so hard not to say than are the four letter users. I can offer no solution. I'm just objecting to the whole thing. Really, though, I think almost any term could be either dignified and proper or dirty and vulgar, depending on who uses it and how. And to some degree on the hearer.

Do you remember Roy Rogers' real name?

I prefer glass rods to paper clips for stencil correcting. Occasionally I have difficulty with them breaking when I drop them on the floor and then step on them, but if you fasten the longest piece to a stick with a rubber band and insert the broken tip in the gas heater for a few minutes, it's almost as good as new.

All oysters, prairie or otherwise, should be cooked. ShelVy will now take up wife beating. He loves raw oysters. But the only way I ever discovered to feed him a raw egg was to make an eggnog out of it.

Is it safe for me to try for the waiting list? This way I'm in a position to force Rich Brown to give me a free ride and I can manage to avoid having my qualifications checked. Twenty-five cents a page? And as glib a chatterbox as I am? You jest. You don't? How sad.

Hey, wait a minute. I missed a very important mark, S-type. Page 14, to be exact. I have been certified by a psychologist (male) to be more stable than most people, men included. And I'd have been married years ago if every man I met hadn't told me all their troubles. The single ones weren't understood by their parents. The married ones weren't understood by their wives. (In my opinion, most of their difficulties stemmed directly from the fact that they were understood by their wives.) None of them were understood by their employers. I inspected ShelVy very carefully via mail for six years before I decided he didn't have any troubles to tell me about. Then I came up to Panama City and married him. Now he has troubles.

STF BROADCASTS AGAIN! Whoosh! Finished reading it at 2 ayem. Even at that ungodly hour 'twas most enjoyable. I think you all must have had almost as much fun writing it, though. I got a tremendous kick out of the way each of you would try to louse up the next.

I know it must have been a lot of trouble, not only in getting it all written, but in mailing it back and forth, but could we please, please have more? I'll even help cut stencils. I'll bring a bottle of corflu home, too, and use it. But do I have to run it off and assemble it, too? If it's necessary to get more like this, I will, though.

I did have one S mark in this. 'Twas where the mouse meowed. But then I read further and changed the S to \$. I like \$'s even better than plain old S's anyway.

RETRO Wow! Sounds like you've been having fun. It's a wonder you even got RETRO out at all. But I'm glad you did because I had a good time with it, even if I don't have any S's in it. Except... should I ever come visit you? Handcuffed to chairs? Locked in car trunks? Well, at least you saved the chair.



POT POURRI But I don't have a car. I don't want one, either. But mostly because I can't drive. I do have a drivers license, though. I've been wondering about drivers tests ever since. You see, I have almost no depth perception, except with contact lenses. I won't wear contact lenses. I've worn glasses so long I feel naked without them. I keep pushing them up, and when I'm wearing contact lenses I just jab myself in the eye because there aren't any frames. But in spite of all this, they gave me a license. There is a moral to all this: Don't drive in Florida. They give licenses to anybody. And worse yet, the place is crawling with out-of-state drivers, mostly over eighty. When they get too blind to watch TV and too deaf to hear the conversation and too otherwise infirm to go for a walk, well they just naturally go for a drive. But this doesn't answer your questions regarding the American car industry. It all sounds about right, though. Horses, anyone?

You say the Giants Causeway is a natural phenomena? Now I am coming to Ireland. Er, that is... Shelby and I both are of Scotch descent. We son't be shot, or anything, will we? I look Dutch, though. And Shelby, well, uh, Walt Willis described him as a broom wearing a T-shirt. But since we have dreams of wandering, maybe someday we will get to see everything and everybody. All we need is money.

Chapter 7, please?

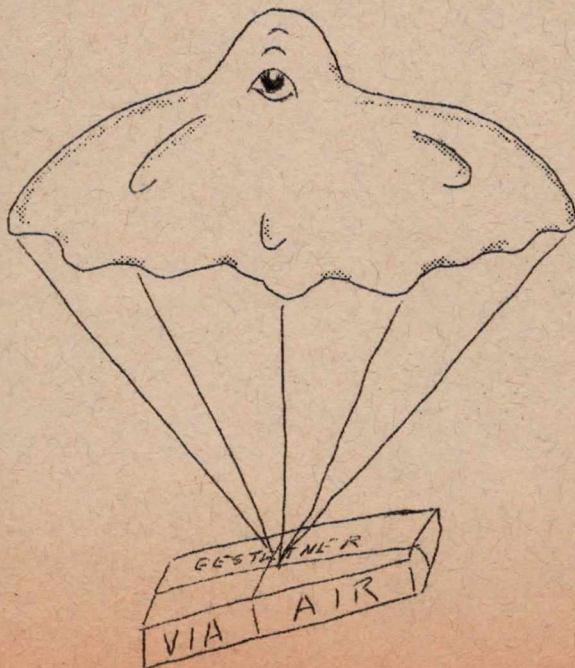
But what can you tell from one contest? I think Squink Blog ought to give a return match. How about it?

Have made eyetracks all over the pictures. Remarkably attractive children, but who are all those other people? I'm only kidding, honest. Sometimes things I write don't read the way I meant it, and unless I meant it to sound...oh, well, you know what I mean. Don't you?

But where can I get "You're Stepping on My Cloak And Dagger"? I read "Rally Round The Flag, Boys" and got a very similar impression. I read a book once without a single bedroom scene in it. Many years ago, it was. "Little Red Ridinghood"? No, that had a bedroom scene with the wolf and the gal all in the same room.

I dreamed last night that Karen Anderson's little creature whose name I can't remember was running away from me. What I wanted with it I don't remember, but it sure led me a merry chase.

"...AND THEN,  
THEY RAN OUT OF  
STENCILS..."





# Thus I Refute Boldly...

ShelVy

Fandom is not now, and has never been, a way of life.

In the article writing trade, that would be referred to as a hook; a startling statement to attract attention, to get the reader to go on. Matter of fact, that's exactly what I had in mind. Also, of course, the hook should have something to do with the theme of the article in question -- to which I also plead guilty.

At this point, disagreement is rife. ("Disagreement is a way of rife"?) Foremost among objections raised is this: "But the sercon element is defunct; all but extinct. That mostly went out way back in the old Insurgent days. It isn't at all startling to deny that Fandom Is A Way of Life. Your point is lost."

Ah -- but my point isn't lost! And that is the exact point that I am aiming out. (Okay; Suzy has just instructed me that I have done dangled my preposition right out here in public. Consider my preposition dangled.) Fandom still has a tendency to regard itself as a way of life; as Important.

I have now established my aim; next in line is to prove -- or attempt to prove -- my case.

Well, if you'll pardon me while I mix my metaphors from article writing to legal terminology, I have plenty of exhibits to prove my alleged contention.

Exhibit A - Ted White. I'm starting off with Ted because he is the most current topic. And really, he isn't the entire exhibit; the rest of it consists of The Reaction To Ted White. Now, the fact that Ted White blew up in the first place proves he regarded fandom as too important; he was too wrapped up in it, too involved, to just turn his back on it; he had to lash out. He wouldn't have become as involved if he didn't regard fandom as a Way of Life. And naturally, fans involved in the thing replied; why not? Perfectly logical. But the thing that proves my point is the vehemence with which they replied. Vehemence that so often leads to the lawsuits that now seem so much the Fannish Thing To Do.

Exhibit B - G M Carr. And, also, The Reaction To G M Carr. A lot of which is purely in fun, tho the laff is always on Gem, but still amusing (tho some of Willis' wit pointed at Carr was quite barbed). But then there are others who have never seen her, and whose life she will likely never affect, who get very indignant, purple with rage, and so forth, just at the thot of G M Carr.

Exhibit C consists of unnamed fen who have argued at length with me that, of course, fandom IS a Way of Life; that they will never drop out of fandom, no matter what; that there's nothing so important. Two of them, now, are married and seem to have forgotten fandom ever existed; one gafiated, and two are still at it, insisting that they will NEVER quit...

Fandom can be useful, admitted. Many introverts can use fandom as a sort of Growing Up stage, teaching them a bit more of assurance, and maybe something of How To Get Along with People. But penpal clubs can do the same thing...

And don't say that I have this attitude just because I have been untouched by the things that lead to such blowups. Not so; I had far more reason to blow up, one year, than most of the ones who DO explode. Back with the Willis campaign, one Jim Harmon was doing everything he could to sabotage the Campaign (while, as an interesting sidelight, G M Carr was the first gal to contribute a generous sum -- in fact, one of the very first to contribute, period) and then a Willis Death Hoax postcard was sent out... This was involving quite a few hundreds of dollars, around \$150 of which was mine -- and you can't find a more touchy spot with me than money. (You see, Money Is a Way of Life. Says Breen, "A Moneytheist". Well, not really; I just like what money can buy.)

Now, about here is the place to put what article writers -- and most anybody else, either, come to think of it -- call the 'conclusion'. Wrap everything up neatly. Well, fandom is too widespread to gather up into a neat package, so I think I'll just -- conclude.



I HATE CATS TOO, DOREEN!

-Suzy

I didn't used to. I just never thought much about them. I wouldn't have dared, I guess. We had a varying count of between 27 and 44 cats in my younger days. Of course, we lived on a large farm and there were plenty of mice and lots of milk to go around. And none of them were house cats.

But now, since my arrival in Panama City, all this has changed. It began in a small way. How was I to know the situation would snowball? Shelby's parents were taking a Sunday afternoon drive to the local garbage dump. (The pick up service around here is a bit irregular.) There, amidst the garbage, they found a small, hairless animal. Since Shelby's mother knows about things like this, she decided, after some hesitation, that it wasn't a Mexican hairless at all, but a dying kitten.

But they already had too many cats. But the kitten was much too small to be weaned -- in fact, it announced most vociferously that it wasn't weaned -- so they had to keep it for a time. One of their cats had a litter then, and the mangey, hairless little beast adopted her as its mother. The older cat did not reciprocate. She had enough kittens already. But by sheer persistance, the kitten managed to win her over.

Finally, it was old enough to be weaned. But somebody had to give it a permanent home. Guess who was elected: Us.

By this time, it had grown a few spots of hair and looked like it might possibly turn out to be black. It also looked like it might possibly turn out to be a female. Both assumptions were correct.

We named the beast Not-cat. This because neither of us are very fond of cats, but somehow this miserable, scrawny kitten was cute. Therefore, she couldn't be a cat.

Now she is a lovely black cat with a tail three inches too long, and a spotless white bib. Well enough. We were happy.

Then one day as I was calling Not-cat I was answered by a small voice. "Meow," of course. This was a tiger and white kitten with red edges and the most awful yowl I've ever heard from an animal. She -- of course it was a she -- nearly strangled because she tried to yowl while she was eating.

After a few days, though, she felt a little more secure and decided to stay.

We were still hunting for a suitable name for her when we discovered that she loved coffee. She will locate a cup someone has put down for a minute and leap up beside it. First she poises her little black nose over the cup and inhales delicately. Ah! Then she sticks out her little pink tongue and gets knocked off the table by the owner of the coffee. But after this, what could we call her but Gummitch?

Well, we had room, if not an inclination, for two cats.



But yesterday afternoon. I was calling both the cats to eat. Dog food. Them. For them to eat dog food. There. Okay? Two cats came. Two little cats. Tiny little cats. Both lovely long haired black ones. A matched set. And, as I discovered, vicious little cats. Wild, with murderous tendencies. For something only three inches long, I don't know where they keep it all.

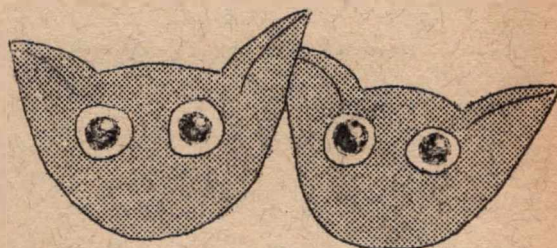
Naturally, no one in the neighborhood had lost any little black kittens. Or wanted any little black kittens.

Now I really had a problem. I had a strange feeling Shelby wouldn't care at all for the idea of two more ravenous mouths to feed. Especially when he couldn't even pet them without getting an arm torn off. So I developed a strategem. Sneaky.

The kittens, as I said, are a matched set, and for all practical purposes identical. So, I hid one of them. It was hours after he came in before he realized that the kitten wasn't teleporting. He'd leave it in the living room and find it in the kitchen when he got there. 'Twas fun -- while it lasted.

But, of course, I was found out. The kittens found each other. Shelby found the kittens.

"First, teleportation and now a matter duplicator," he shrieked. Then, slowly, it began to penetrate. "Four cats."



They had to have names, too. Ones that wouldn't sound silly if they grew up to be stately and dignified cats. We thought. We looked through the collected works of E.A. Poe. Then we started on the Thesaurus. And then we had it. So now we have

Not-Cat

Gummitch

and

Bast and Bubastis

To be sure, Bast and Bubastis are feminine type names. We haven't been able to get close enough to the kittens yet to make sure, but with our luck, they almost have to be females. After all, who would dump Tom kittens off on us?

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