

 ** HGOhah! Is Maine-iac th' Fifteenth, Volume Something, Number Oruther, for **
 ** the 46th mailing, January 1959, of the Specked Tater Amatoor Press Associa- **
 ** tion, otherwise known as SAPS. Maine-iac, the Sincere Fanzine, is edited, **
 ** written, Gestenciled, a mighty brainchild, of Ed Cox who is known to reside **
 ** after a fashion, at 984 So. Normandie Avenue, Los Angeles 6, California. I'm*
 ** him, by the way. Gestetner courtesy of Jack Harness, who also lives some- **
 ** in this same area of fair, fog-smog-beshrouded L. A. Unlike what I said in **
 ** the last issue, SAPS aren't the only lucky ones anymore. Others suffer too! **
 ** One last thing.... this is an asterikized publication. Yeh, look: *****

e d i t o r i a l i z i n g

This here issue is going to try to be the Gala Issue that last issue was going to be but wasn't. Maine-iac (the disappointing fanzine) often makes promises of Things To Come and, by golly, just as often doesn't bring them things to the avid reading public known as SAPS. So this time we're not going to make promises. We are, instead, going to mention some of the things we'd like to have in this issue should things go the way plans have planned them.

Not only that, but it is fun to use the editorial "we". Makes me feel like an editor or something. Even more, it would be fun to have a contents page listing all the goodies to be found by the SAPS members looking for something. That's as far as I got with that idea, so let's carry on. Boy, would I like to carry on! But since I have no idea in what order anything is going to get jammed into this issue, I'll just have to forsake the pleasantry of a contents page and just plod on into the mess, as will everyone else when they read this, taking what comes as bravely as the rest. Two things I'm (wow! what hyphenization!) sure will appear.

One, the mailing comments. To any new members just joining up with us in this hyar mailing, pay heed! If you are looking for a sure way to ostrakizein, then leave out the mailing comments! Potsherds will fly from all directions! But I'm deviating from the subject. The 2nd thing I know of for sure to be in this hyar issue is a bit called "Spider". The reason I know this will be in this issue is that I'm putting it on the next page!

For all those interested, Lee Jacobs, ex-SAPS-member, got back from Yurrop on the 8th of November, 1958. Now residing, for Yuggoth only knows how long, he ought to be on the waiting list of this fair organization as of this hyar mlg.

I was gratified by the tremendous response to my informal poll. I suppose I could refer to it as a "not-poll" after the grand old SAPS manner of naming things suchly. Suchly as not-poetry. (Hah, look, the first typeover!) ((Gad, it doesn't show!)) I've noticed an appalling lack of not-poetry, not to mention "am-so" pomes, in mailings lately. What has happened? Art Rapp and Nancy Share are still with us. Two of the greatest proponents, respectively, of the two art-forms mentioned above. Lee Jacobs, another for the not-pomery school, may be with us again longly (or shortly depending on turnover). How about a renaissance people?

Say, that part damn near sounded like what one would expect (should they be unfamiliar with this rag) to find in a department called "editorializing". Or even "editorializing". Lest anything like that happen again, we will now tromp merrily onto the interior!

This has been the very first page of the 15th issue of Maine-iac.

a maine-iac

featurette . . .

Written in Hermosa Beach in November of 1955, this was originally for my FAPazine, Esdacyos. Never did get it in there, so now you luckies get to read a thrilling, true-life adventure of E. Mitchem Cox!

BLACK WIDOW spiders have a yen for me, I fear. Just tonight (21 Nov.) I happened to open the door and on the inside of the screen door, all scrunched up in a black ball, no doubt absorbing heat, was a black widow spider. Fearing that the thing might decide entry was even more attractive heat-wise, I got the broom, bashed at it, missed, and saw it plop down on the walk. I immediately stomped gingerly on all black spots, moving or not, until one squinched juicily. This was the end of that episode.

But not so easily finished was the one of a few weeks back. As many of you know, California has quite a population of black widow spiders. They are as common a part of the landscape hereabouts as the tarantulas. I have found that the people who run around barefoot have learned from childhood to become automatically aware of the situation and not worry about it. After learning this, I disregarded children of all ages running about barefoot in the yards and sand in this area. But I was careful about it despite not running around barepawed myself. Under almost any old chunk of paper, junk, brick, tin-can, or whathaveyou, in the vacant areas, there is a very good chance of finding a fat, black widow spider!

So it was with more than revulsion I discovered a big, fat, shiny-black spider on the floor at the head of my bed. Nobody had to tell me it was a black widow. I immediately laid down a salvo of Black Flag and it scuttled under the bed. This wasn't what I'd anticipated. The thing could damn well possibly crawl out during the night and bite me as its last living act.

So I moved the bed away from the wall and cautiously investigated. Having had infantry training, I also investigated my flanks and the wall. I even felt the pictures that are thumbtacked to the wall to be sure that nothing lurked behind them. All was clear. So while I searched cautiously with the broom and Black Flag at the ready, I kept close watch all around me.

At this point I will mention that I usually wear no shirt over my t-shirt during warm weather or while indoors. So it was with more than surprise that I suddenly, on some seventh sense, jumped back and the big, fat black-widow dropped, from above, down onto my bare arm!

Luckily it bounced onto the floor before gaining a foot (?) hold and I quickly dispatched it. After putting the notch on the broom-handle, I reflected somewhat. How in hell did the thing escape my careful notice and search to get up above where it could drop down on me? And did it do it knowingly, vengefully trying to attack me?

How intelligent are black widow spiders?

HOOHAAH! LOOKY, MAW, MAILING COMMENTS !!

SPECTATOR: Impeccable format, well-run ship, this. Nothing other to comment on really, but I might as well finish out this line so it'll look good.

SAPSTYPE: Not much to say here either. It is different, though, since I remember when it used to be quite a departure to see mailing comments from Ray! *** In the story, it looks like the old guy still has his ten grand, despite the tearing up of the check. *** The stuff by Bob Farnham on the last page isn't up to the level he is capable of producing. *** The thing I liked most about this zine is the little monster at the bottom of the first page! Who did it? (Higgs)

OCTOBER 31, 1922: Happy birthday! *** Speaking of TATOR #1, it was my very first apa-zine! It came with WOPPLE-KITS and another zine, the name of which I forget. That was a looong time ago! ** * Sure, "You Asked For It" is known hyar. Used to watch it fairly often, but, as with the rest of tv, tired of it after a while. *** Ah, yes my first interest always was stf and fsy and probably will remain so. Books and magazines, lore, collecting, all fascinating. *** I remember SCIENTIFICTIONIST. I think it was the first general fanzine to which I subscribed. *** The english letter "c" did come from "Gimmel" (camel) of the Phoenicians and, around 700 to 500 BC, the Greek Gamma. Before the 4th century, b.c., it represented the voiced "G" (the "C2 with a bar) or the "g" and "k" sounds in speech. The Romans pronounced it "kay". Does this help? *** Gad, all this from two pages? I miss the Coswal of old. Many pages of interesting commentary on stories, mags and books. No more time for that, eh? Dammit.)Coswal.(

THE STONY RODE: Sounds like fun. Having had a hand in a number of one-shots, I am fully aware of the exotic delights to be had by the participant in such revelry. Yes. *** Sounds like a group of readers in that part of the country. Imagine anybody drooling over the 1st issue of a prozine anymore these days! Gads. I think I'd be safe in the Fen-Dee for two reasons. By the time I get up there, everything will have been sold. Secondly, I've got most everything I want already. *** Mebbe one of these days I can make the trip up to Seattle. Then another one-shot! Hooboy! (Seattlites)

RETROMINGENT #10: Wow, 30 pages of reading. Somehow, this isn't quite as easy on the eyes as I'd expect Gestetner to be. The blue on the white isn't so good if not heavily inked. Or, inked heavier than it is. But, then, I'm not an inking expert. Jack is in this crowd! *** Re the dinosaurs and people and 30 millions years... But, but, what about "Alley Oop" and Dinny? I'm disillusioned. *** Got a kick out of "Sapton Place". Flypaper, anyone? HooHAH, but there were a lot of good lines in that 'un. *** Not much else to say about this 30pater. Lotsa MCs but pretty tight-beamed to parties concerned. Enjoyed it nevertheless. (FMBusby)

ROCK and DROLL: So-iss another one-shot. Sounded like more fun than the other. I drool over the POGO comix being given away for free like. Wow.

NOTE: Here is not another innovation (Maince-iac, the Experimental Fanzine), since Art Rapp started it some years back in SPACEWARP, but I'm busting up the mailing comments. Next page gives with a new department! Wow!

presenting :

* from my journal *

a new, regular

feature

6 October 1958

ITEM: Recently, in a Sears store not far from here, a salesman showed to me a television set with a clock timer on it. It was, he explained, there to wake you up in the morning by automatically turning on your favorite teevee program. What a terrible fate this would be! I'd use it though. Except for the cost of the whole thing, it would really get me up in the morning. I'd be damned sure I was up and over there to turn the thing off before the first commercial came on to start my day off in the worst possible way!

ITEM: The Christmas edition of the Sears catalog shows a new, very forceful facet of the drive to conformity! They advertise sets of pajamas, lounging clothes, sports sets and such....for the husband, wife, children and all. All of the same color, pattern and design. This may be good for keeping the crowd together in the store and like that, but what of individuality? Are we to be mashed togetherness in this route too? How horrible!

ITEM: Another thing in the Sears Xmas catalog...this must be Sears week!...is, of course, the toy section. It shows a tremendous amount of the stuff. A lot of it designed to channel the youngsters' thoughts into the same ruts in which their adults' minds now bobble. But among them was a heavy concentration of space toys. Space stations, rockets of all sorts, books by the dozen (no Winstons though), Tom Corbett this and that, Disney Man-in-Space sets and whathaveyou. A veritable rival to the western motif. Plus, of course, a lot of atomic age guns and weapons. Missiles and launching racks and such. Nothing like getting well acquainted with the type of weapon that will likely cut your childhood short!

ITEM: More cheerful is the book section. I mentioned that there was a lot of space books and astronomy plays a part in the scene too. Know the stars... you may soon be dissipating in their direction! You know....but one series croggle me. The Tom Swift books. Yeh, they've been with us for years. Maybe even this set: "Tom Swift and his: Jet Marine", Rocket Ship", Giant Robot", Atomic Earth Blasters (!)".....In Caves of Nuclear Fires" and other such titillating titles. Hell, I think I'll get some!

ITEM: Among other toy sections (still romping merrily through Sears), there was one which consisted only of automatic weapons. Slightly outmoded these atomic years but still handy for chopping down the neighborhood bunch. But there was one item in the toy pages that really caught my eye. It was and really is a pinball machine! Yeah, with the lights and bells and scoreboard and flippers and balls and all. No pretty girls painted on the scoreboard though. Yes really and actually a pinball machine. Small-size, of course, but quite comparable in effect and action to the larger size jobs that were a delight to Lee Jacobs' eyes. And mine, I might add. Too bad Los Angeles doesn't have them. They are

Journal continued. Still from the October 6th entries.

outlawed in this county.

ITEM: One more thing from the Sears catalog and then we'll go on to more happier things? I guess that despite Marlboro and other brands of cigarettes competing in this Mad Hatter's universe of sales garnering, the day of the he-man is over. Like getting the damn things in packages, ready rolled, anyway, is a sign of weakness. Only the dudes used to smoke them. Real he-men rolled their own. Burbee used to roll his own before his lung-trouble caused him to quit smoking entirely. He doesn't seem the same these days. You've never seen the real Burbee unless you've seen him rolling his own...but I digress...the real deal is rolling your own, with one hand yet. But those days went out. Despite a few cigarette-rolling machines, during the war especially, the ready-mades came to the fore and brother, are they all over you in a zillion ways to buy them too!

But to the matter at hand. One way they garner sales is with filters. But this is the newest yet! Sears now has a cigarette-rolling machine (yeh, I know that isn't news) that rolls 'em for you...BUT WITH FILTERS! Yes, goddam, even the semi-he-men are on the way out. A filter-cigarette-rolling machine! Oh, woe!

NOTE: There we had the first in what will be a series of excerpts from my journal which, by the way, isn't a daily at that. Next we will have the Sensational item which didn't get into the last issue and therefore, was inadvertantly spilled by Jack Harness in his zine last mailing. 'I wonder what he thought when he noticed that I hadn't mentioned it.... But now, the Grrreat Revalation as promised!

Y U G G O T H is....a.....a...a PLACE! But this isn't going to change things by Yuggoth!

Yes, I got to wondering about some of the background of Yuggoth, so I dug the Beyond the Wall of Sleep tome off the shelf and turned back to the glossary compiled by the late F. Towner Laney. Under "Deities" I couldn't find Yuggoth. Gad, I think, what gives? So I floundered through page after page reveling in the lore of the Elder Ones until I came to "Places". Christ, I thought (using a newcover in my shook state), here is Yuggoth! From Yaddith to Yuggoth I read through the places. Yuggoth is supposedly Pluto ("Dark planet at the rim of the solar system...") and home of the Mi-Go, a frightful interstellar race. These creatures, known on earth, when they appear, as the "abominable snowmen", fly through space on great wings. So, by Yuggoth, despite all this, I'll twist it around somehow so that we can still pay homage to Yuggoth (for whom the planet of the Mi-Go is named; there, I knew I'd do it!). Now I'm going to have to write a story in the Mythos to make it official. I wonder if Dorleth will include it in a collection coming up. WEIRD TALES and THE ARKHAM SAMPLER are no longer extant and where else can you find this type of story anymore? Only in the books on the shelves, I fear. Gad, them were the good old days. I think I'll drop out of SAPS and start reading, or re-reading as the case may be, all those weird, creepy, spooky stories in all them books. Boy, do I like to be scared! But anyhow, that is the story of Yuggoth. I wonder if Ed Martin knew about this when he started it. I took it up and carried on with it and, by Yuggoth, I'll finish it. But not for a while. In the meantime....

Y U G G O T H S A V E S . . . M O R E !

comments on the 45th (continued)

POOP RICHARD'S ALMANAK #2: This almost all-comment zine read pretty well when you disregard some of the spelling and typos. But time will remedy most of that. I can't help bringing attention to one in particular, though. Rich, you spell it "evil". Please. Gad.**
 * Sure, this hyar typist is a Glenn Miller fan from way back. Tis not all sweet or syrupy either. I think of Guy Lombardo when you say that. By the way, he is not heard of out here; that is, not heard on the radio. Back east there were regular programs of all Lombardo. Back to GM, though. Some of his stuff really swung though. Some air-shots were put on a 10" by Victor quite a while ago and those really drove. Mebbe is a lot more on lps now. *** By the time you read this, you ought to have had my note concerning the SAPSmailings. *** Nope, twasn't me. Paul Cox edited "The Time Stream". *** Oog, as Raeburn would say, I remember "The Little World of Don Carlos Burbee" which was written by Wilson, Miller, Jacobs and me, that I know of. Ech! *** Mebbe if enough people read stuff about how it is to be busted up in a car wreck, they'll drive carefully. Go down to the Wall Street office of the Department of Motor Vehicles and look at the illuminated, real large, color shots of accidents. It could happen to you! is the theme, no doubt. *** Liked this zine. Shows promise.. (Brown)

PROPAGANDA SHEET #1: Got a bang out of this. (Brown)

ARGASSY (the loveable fanzine) #5: HooHAH? Liked the cartoons and even the "it" by Garcone. (Hickman)

ARGASSY #6: This I liked better. The cover really slays me. Very good. Got a tremendous kick out of this. I'll bet Howard did too. *** The mailing comments with appropriate pics were very well done. Shows how format can look if you know how. I guess I ought to, I've seen enough good examples like this, but I'm just too lazy I guess. *** Numbers sure are fascinating! *** Enjoyed this. (Hickman)

FLABBERGASTING #8: The Mountainous Fanzine? It sure is large enough. Enjoyed reading the not-reviews of the last mailing, especially the informal, easy-going, rambling manner in which they were done. I guess I liked the ramblings far-afiel from the actual "comments" better. Not too much to say although there are a few items that come to mind. *** Gad, you are collecting old WEIRD TALES! Gad, I thought nobody did this anymore. If the price were no matter, there are a huge stack of them, including the old black spine issues at the Cherokee Bookshop up in Hollywood. I've long had my eye on them but the price doesn't seem woth (woth?) it when I could be spending the money on lps and good licquor. They also have a lot of books, the kind you see reviews about in "Fantasy Commentator" or see in book lists for high prices, at the Cherokee. They are also dearly priced. *** I rather agree with you concerning girls. Often a girl will appeal to me....say, that's not exactly the way it was supposed to turn out...one of the beauties of on-stencil commentary! But a girl will be attractive to me where friend(s) of mine see nothing at all in her that appeals to them. I've come to the conclusion that a lot of my friends have been overwhelmed by the Hollywood criteria and if they aren't over-bosomed and oozing sex-appeal, then they don't interest these friends. Gak to that. ***

Strangely enough, this has been page six, as it says above.

I am continually amazed by the repeated reference to science-fiction, collecting, actual stories and so on. I'd almost forgotten about the days of Amazing and Fantastic Adventures when Don Wilcox reigned supreme with such stores as "The Land of the Big Blue Apples". I'd even re-read some of that stuff had I not so much already in my backlog of things-to-be-read and the fact that my main collection still resides in Maine. It may forever! *** Say, that Dracula film was a good 'un wasn't it? "Bride of Dracula" or something like that wasn't it? That sheek schene (I might as well foul it all up!) was well done when they flashed in that color strip of blood spurting when the stake was driven into her breast, not to mention the blood curdlingly realistic screams! Hooboy, WEIRD TALES was never like this! *** Ahh, yes, age. When I first came out to California, I was 24 but in almost every bar, especially night spots, I had to show my proof of being old enough to swill intoxicants. It got so that I didn't know whether to be flattered or insulted, especially when the askee was a nice looking waitress. And they sure are good looking in the Royale Room in Hollywood. *** I too agree that the best part of "The Red Shoes" was the ballet scene that could never take place on a stage. It was fantastically wonderful and as such did not detract from the art at all. Or does this make sense. Oh, well, onward. (Toskey)

BOG #7: It's so much easier to type that way! Enjoyed reading the mailing comments although there isn't too much I can say about them. For the record, however, Bach's Brandenburg Concerto #1 is emanating from the Altec and I've just spent two or three minutes trying to drink the rest of the wine out'n the bl ass (Blass? No, bl ass.) without consuming three tiny pieces of cork. And I thought I removed the cork without nary a splinter coming loose, too. Oh, well... *** Enjoyed the "ash" bit and the commentary concerning comment separating symbols. As you can see, this asterikized fanzine uses three (***) of them to do the job. *** I liked the title on the cover. *** Enjoyed reading this issue, including the adventures of an insurance salesman! (Peifer...oops, not only can't you spell yourname, but I can't either! Otto, then!*)

POT POURRI #3: To the Allegro Assai movement of the 2nd Brandenburg, we tromp on into the 3rd issue of your four-stapled magazine. You might be interested to know that this album is on London records. *** I really enjoyed this issue. The "Femme Fatale" was neatly done. I especially enjoyed your bit about the fashions and the models. My sentiments, man, my sentiments too! Let's have a follow-up article on this vital subject! *** Speaking of jokes, I have a punch-line to add to the collection: "Standing up...in a hammock!" 'HooHAA! *** Reviews short and to the point but not much else I can say other than the previous item. (Berry)

THE SOUND OF DRUMS #3: Is being commented on to the sound of the wonderful harpsichord part of the 1st movement of the 5th Brandenburg Concerto. *** Jack did a fine cover for this issue. I like his full page work much better than most of his "filler" pix. *** Lots and lots of mailing reviews this time but for the most part, nothing much can be written, from here, in answer to them. One thing I would like to mention though is that the 13th issue of Maine-iac was done by Otto Pfeifer on the Ottomatic and a fine job it was. I think I'll get a tube of green ink for the Gestetner since that color used to be the favorite of the Lubec Leprachau. Or does anybody remember, shudderingly, that phase other than Art, Wrai, Nancy and Nancy? *** Say, that there photo-stamp is a good idea. I ought to try it but I'd hate to risk the lens of my Leica on me or subject the rest of the membership to the living model of Garcone-type artwork (yes, artwork! what else?). (Cleveland)

THE SPELEOBEM #1: Welcome, welcome and a good first issue it is too, complete in two colors (three?) and mailing comments. However, there isn't too much that comes to mind to say about said mailing comments. *** "Yakkity Yak", strangely enough, I half-way liked. The main idea of the thing seemed to be telling the Presley-idolizing teener to get off her dead rear and clean the place up, do her duties as a functioning part of the family or do without the infinite pleasures of listening to "rock & roll". I did not, though, care especially for the rock and roll delivery of this little sermon! *** Gad, those two Atrocious Stories really croggled me! Egads, and they did. The other "things" did not quite live down to the level of the ATs. I'd have said "ASes" but that would be too low! (Polz)

Right here I want to mention something that I meant to mention while doing the revoo of Otto's BOG. I bought a scientifiiction magazine the other night. It happened very innocently, at that. Friend of mine, Bill Weiser, dropped by (or even dropped, he....dropped?...dropped...hmmm, which has the...oh, well, I digress and already I don't think I've enough stendils to finish the comments!) and asked me if I wanted to go to the magazine shop (corner of Vermont and Olympic) since he was going to get a couple of magazines (TRUE and ARGOSY). So I went along since I wanted to get copies of The Last HooHah and The Shotwap Chronicle. (The 3rd, Allegro, movement of the 6th Brandenburg is joyfully wending its way into my earballs right now!) Neither of these pbs happened to be in stock so I got a copy of A Stillness at Appotomax and happened to notice a display of stf magazines. Gads, I thonk, they still publish this many? (nine were there). So just for the hell of it, I BOUGHT A COPY OF ONE OF THEM! It was "Space Flight" by Hamling. I didn't even know such a title existed. I read the Agberg thing in it: Typical stf formula type for the magazine "type I call the "Z-D" brand. More on this some other year, though. But at any rate, I've gone and done it. Mebbe I stop writing pomes and try stf again!

POT FOURRI #2: To the strains (? thunders!) of Bruckner's Symphony No. 9 (1st movement), we review the 2nd issue of PP after first having, some lines back (as Toskey said in his zine, anything to pad the issue for the glory of greater SAPS....not a quote, of course) ((But a damn good excuse for faulty grammatical construction! Not to mention strikeovers!)) reviewed PP#3. Now isn't that a conglomerate mess to shudder the timbers of an English major or instructor? I'm supposed to be the former! *** I liked "What Have I Missed?".

Damn but these typos are getting worse. Don't blame the Bordenaux Blanche either, I always do this; it's just that I'm not bothering to use the correction fluid this time. I don't think I could stand the ether in addition to the BB! *** The Carl Brandon opus didn't expecially (?) do anything for me but the story review was fine! I guess we two, at least, agree that when an Agberg story is bad, it's very baanaad! I think his good stuff is really worth reading though. Just consider which magazine it is in and you can usually tell what quality it will be (this sage observation from a total of one magazine in the past I don't know how long!). (Berry)

OUTSIDERS #33: Gad, what a departure from the usual run of cover pics. This is an inside view, except of course for the printing, of the inside of my head. How did you get it Wrai? *** Another zine containing 99 and 44/100ths mailing reviews, but very interesting (to use a new phrase) at that. Not too much more to say about them or to get onto this page, so we'll

this here is a
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FEATURE

already, the

GALA MAGAZINE REVIEW

featured: Unknown, Vol. 1, No. 6, August 1939

HooHAH and here we go! Features a cover by Graves Gladney, of all people. I never heard of him either. But it shows a scene from the feature story by L. Ron Hubbard, entitled "The Ghoul". Inside there are all sorts of goodies. One I especially liked was the Listerine advertisement. Not a mouthwash in these days, it was proving a deadly killer of dandruff. Two illustrations (posed, no doubt, by professional models) show a man, the other a woman, digging into their scalps with clawed fingers, hair all slathery wet with, obviously, listerine. Hot stuff, eh?

Another item I liked was the Eveready battery ad. Showed a guy in a canoe out on a lake at night. Suddenly he hears a powerful roar; then it develops that a low-winged monoplane, on floats is, for some reason Yuggoth only knows, is taking off in the night (the hell with the snags, full speed ahead!) right at the canoist. So he waves his flashlight beam just in time to make the plane takeoff and not mash hell out of said canoe. The last panel shows the plane roaring off into the night sky as the man and canoe, flashlight beam waving madly, capsize.

There were, of course, the usual ads where the underpaid slob sends a coupon in to learn how he can learn how to be a radio man and become a better paid slob. But the Mattingly & Moore ad, another full-pager, I really liked. Shows two old duffers cavorting gaily, with abandon, over the landscape in pursuit of a rubber-band powered model airplane, all the time, between puffs, talking about their product, a 90 proof blend of straight whiskies.

Of course, again, there is the item mid-magazine that tells of things to come, long before Nancy Share thought of publishing in SABS. Advertises something called "The Luck of Ignatz". whatever that is. Further on is an ad that slays me. Its for a hosiery (??) door-to-door job. Shows a pair of women's legs, bare thigh just showing down over the edge of the ad, with her stockinged legs draped ignominiously into the picture. Other jobs show, with a free demonstration suit, how you can earn up to twelve bucks a day! Good money in those days maybe. A government job, as the Franklin Institute would ready you for, starts at from \$1260. to \$2100. a year ! Wow, those were the days.

The usual rash of small ads in the back pages, some of which I mentioned, then the Coyne Electrical School on the inside back cover. They're still going as far as I know. And, of course, winding it up, is the color Camel ad on the back cover. A member of the California Mountain fire patrol, a cat-driver, gives the pitch here.

So that was the August 1939 issue. They had some other jazz in between the ads. Mentioned the one on the cover plus "Two Sought Adventure" by Fritz Leiber, and 3 shorts: "Don't Dream" by Wandrei, "Forsaking All Others" by del Rey and "The Misguided Halo" by Henry Kuttner. Think of all the ads they could've put in!

over here to page 10. Since I'd done a lot of the none review stuff first, and numbered the pages in my "new" system of interspacing other stuff in between the comments, I have to adopt this system. Unfortunately, I'd forgotten which pages I'd already written, hence no "continued on, etc." here. Oh, well, the hazards of editorship. *** I meant to mention this in Joan Cleveland's review, but forgot and was reminded by your "light's out" comments. The program with the squeaking door was probably "Inner Sanctum" if I remember correctly. I used to listen to it every time, back in those halycon days when Radio was king! *** Ah, yes, the Coppelia ballet. Thass the only one I've ever seen and wow, did I like it! Must get the music sometime. Speaking of music, right now "Selections from McGuffey's Readers" is on the turntable. I sort of like most American composers work. *** Concerning tape-recorders, I finally took the cover-plate off and cleaned the recorder-head with lighter fluid. The reason I used lighter fluid instead of carbon tet is that there was some fluid here and no carbon tet. Also the instruction book mentioned it as the thing to use. Haven't recorded anything as yet to see if it will help to eliminate that high-pitched squeak I've mentioned. Think I'll go plug it in and record some Burril Phillips. *** Gad, I seem to have covered a lot of ground for not having much to say about this issue of OUTSIDERS. Well, I guess this is it though. Nice issue, as usual! (Ballard)

FENDENIZER #10: Either only one of those fish is breathing or it's really a face. *** Enjoyed reading those comments but don't have too much to say about them I fear. *** Interesting to read that most girls try to be as different from their mother as possible. It used to be, at least when I was a kid, that the boys wanted to be like their father. I guess this is no longer true. But I guess I can see why girls would want to be different. I theenk. *** Oh, what fun it is, great fun, to read the creepy, crawly, scary horrible type stories! Nothing like being scared. I don't know whether I belong to this category or not, but most of them never did jolt me. Like Derleth used to autograph his books, "May you have some pleasant shocks!" I guess maybe it is the "shocker" ending that we liked. *** The Fortean discussion is certainly most interesting. But what happened after the child(ren) left the scene? Did fires still break out or what? We need follow-up details like that to help make the picture more clear. *** Wal, this is the end of another enjoyable issue. I are sorry I am not more prolific in my comments. (EBusby)

SAPSTYPE #15(?): More comments and ramblings and stuff. Much, much different and better than in the days of yore or something. Not much else I can say and space is getting short. Should've gotten another quire of stencils bygosh! (Higgs)

IGNATZ #18: Oooh, that was mean, but I couldn't resist it. My first deliberate typeover of the issue. All others are fakes or accidental, one. *** Gad, tis good to persue Iggy again. Brings back nostalgic memories of HODGE PODGE which I first seened while still on the other side of the Big Pond (and I don't mean the Small Pond on the other side of which is Art Rapp). I guess I've finally made my obtuse point not so obtuse aslong-winded! *** Liked the cover pic. *** I guess I've sort of run down as far as enthusiasm and commenting goes for this day. Also, I've been experimenting with the tape-recorder trying to find out what that noise is plus trying to adjust treble gain and such so that the bass isn't overwhelming when I record music. The jumper sure helps but I've turned up the treble gain enough from the sound of it; nothing as nearly bad as recording from the speaker through the mike though. Is "The Firebird" on (and I thought I'd put on "Petrouchka"!) and sounds rather good except for excessive amplifier hum.

 The taper amplifier hum, that is. But enough of this. I have the mailings most quotable quote from this here IGNATZ publication. So, (fanfare) here it is! The outstanding quote of the mailing! :

"...the govt is willing to pay about 300 a ton for bat ~~sh~~oops..bat excretion. Of course itd probably take you a couple years & a couple million hard grunting bats, but..."

---Nancy Share in IGNATZ #18.

Most beautiful quote of the mailing. Orchids to you, Nancy Share!

All in all; sorta liked thish as well as I always did. Hope you aren't on the toilet roll this mailing. Speaking of that, remember that fine SAPS pub of Art's a long time back? "Wanigas"? Ahhh, yes... (Share)

NEMATODE: A most welcome a ddition to the ranks! I thoroughly enjoyed this issue, Bob, and hope you have similar ones in each mailing! I rather liked the article on the use of such words as "parody", "satire" and so on. I know I've certainly been guilty of sloppy usage where these words were concerned. Much welcome indeed, this. *** Back when I was letter-hacking like mad, I'd get letters from people like "Mervil Culvergast". I suspect that MC is a figment of your 'imagination as was the "Party on Rosa Luxemburg's Birthday", entertaining as it was. That is, I doubt if it was a reprint! I merely think that you're having a great deal of fun parodying the beat crowd. Great fun. But back to Mervil. The thing that shakes my resolution that Mervil is a figment of your imagination is that the spelling and grammar is so like that used by the cranks that used to send letters to me. Why is it this type is so imaginative yet so poorly educated? Or maybe that is self-explanatory. But I've not the space to try to go into the matter here. That is the time to write and re-write and then stencil! I'm beginning to be ashamed of this sloppy writing I'm letter get by as "composing on stencil". *** Back to NEMATODE! Liked the ads. *** I'm a suspicious type. I think "Gnarr" belongs in the gallery of Leman creations. It is very likely that I'm teddily wrong about all this, but I'm gonna find out no doubt! *** Thanks for the excerpt from This Is My Funniest. Now I'm going to have to get it if only for that one item! Loffed it. *** Guess this does it for this time; sure, hope you can be with us each time. (Leman)

COLLECTOR: Missed you at the Solacon, Howard. *** Cover looks like a repro of an old prozine cover. No? Yes?*** Earl Kemp's reporting of the trek is interesting as those things go. Sure, let's have more. *** I couldn't bear to re-read the Degler stuff. I have a wad of it in old FAPA mailings, a lot of which I read. But I won't vote against more of it since many others might like to struggle through more! *** Recently read "Red Snox" by Moxley and will try to review it next time. Some interesting concepts in that one! Sorry I didn't get to review the Wright book last time. The intention is to review or discuss the lesser known books; the more scarce items are sometimes worth trying to get and many times not at all worth it. Mebbe one of these days I'll review The Outsider? When I get to re-reading The King in Yellow, I want to spend quite a bit of time on it. I guess we old readers never die. Period. *** Guess this is it this trip. (DeVore)

Gad, one Gestencil left and a half dozen zines to review. I've got regular mimeo stencils but can't use them! Unless I tear off the tops and switch them so they'll fit on the Gestetner. But what a messy job that would be. End of pp 11.

R A N D O M U T T E R I N G S

FORMAT Since this is the last Gestencil left in the house, I'm using it to start
 DEPT: this department. Tomorrow I'll drive over to Jack's to see if he has any
 there. Then I'll be able to finish out the reviews in my usual wide, grand
 long-winded manner. Which, this issue, has been sort of inhibited due to the di-
 minishing qty of stencils. Oh, I've got about 18 Tempo film-stencils left over
 from M#13 but the tops of them don't fit the Gestetner. ***. Continuing in this
 vein, this page might come out a little blacker and bolder since I've got two
 cushion sheets under this stencil in an attempt to find out wha happen if I do!
 So far, it doesn't look different.

MUSIC Tonight, Saturday (Decemberger 20th), is opera night on KFAC. Usually I
 DEPT: don't listen but after finishing the experiment with the taper, I turned
 the radio on to see what they were playing. "Since it was about ten past
 eight I had little hope of recognizing it (especially since I don't have a paper
 for today nor this months program from the station). Strangely enough, chroal
 (quick and short for choral) music was on and soon a basso started singing in
 English. Then....pause to wonder....I realize that the words sounded familiar.
 Sure enough, I quickly found them in the libretto for Handel's Messiah. So I
 get to hear the whole thing tonight with no wear and tear on my Angel album!

PLANS This iss'ue might run to quite a number of pages since these first 12
 DEPT: have turned out short of the complete mailing reviews in the allotted
 space. I might even review Red Snow, the stories in that Unknown, and
 Yuggoth knows what else. Although everything written since the fifth (excepting
 the 9th) page, thus far, has been done today (see above), it isn't quite in the
 style that Toskey used. That style, or method of writing a SAPSzine, appeals to
 me more than Getting It All Done At Once, or at least in two or three efforts. I
 also like the easy, informal method of including anything whatsoever, as long as
 it is interesting, with the reviews. (I realize, BRT, that you weren't writing
reviews this time.) So mebbe I'll do that next issue. Ghod, a 70 page issue
 of Maine-iac! Reminds me of that huge, two-part, 73 page NANDU quite awhile
 ago! I have missed quite a number of mailings in three years, but I wonder if
 any other SAPSzine has ever equalled it. In size or in any other respect. I do
 know of larger single issues in FAPA, though, but this is strictly in SAPS.

DEPT OF YE While I'm at it, I would very much like to get complete (or as near
 OLDE MLGS: thereto as possible) mailings of the years that I've missed. Any-
 body have any? Numbers thrity-five through forty-three. That is,
 in arabic, 35-43. Will pay the usual standard rate of so much per page as in
 the FAPA surplus stock rates. (What a sentence!) That is also, Rich Brown, the
 tag on the bundles (21-34 excepting #24) which I have for sale. This info also
 for those who might want them should Rich happen to not need or want them, or
 not want to pay the price (outrageous as it is).

LETTER No letters. Otherwise this would be on a seperate page or pages. I'm
 DEPT: actually interested in letters though. As of this issue, copies will
 go to a few unluckies outside the membership after the mailing has had
 time to reach all of the membership. Mebbe even some non-SAPS could contribute.
 What a way to break in potential members! I always did consider mailing comments
 as a subsidiary part of a SAPSzine! But we'll see what happens to my dreams of
 wild abandon concerning this fledgling SAPSzine, Maine-iac, the Sincere Fanzine!

It is now the 26th of December and Maine-iac rolls merrily on....Tempo film stencils with Gestetner holes on the top of them. These are No. 360 and much better, to my way of thinking, than the Gestetner 62s. The things are pink (which is not the reason I like them so much!) and the cushion or carbon sheet is black. In this way you can see quite easily what you are typing. Typos and goofs stand out with startling clarity; type-overs looks especially bad and mis-spelling glares at you. This film is so much cleaner. The stencil itself doesn't seem to be so beat up either. Horray for film-stencils?

Right margin purely accidental. But now for the rest of the reviews.

THE ZED: A convention outline issue featuring lovable Karen Anderson. The "inside" details of the play were muchly fascinating, especially about the Karen of FINITE Science-Fiction. So that's why....I mean, I wondered about not noticing before....that is, how come....well, now I know! *** Enjoyed all the Rotsler pics and stuff in this issue. But I don't have too much more to say (which is usually preface to a lengthy batch of yak afterall!) *** I remember the Smudgepot scene. We (Jacobs, Raeburn, White, Pavlat, Champion and I) were heading up 5th street when we noticed the huge procession of noisey people streaming out of Pershing Square Park and at the head strode Smudgepot. What a sight! *** I placed a lot of the titles to the pics and some of the quotes on that jumbled last page which did sound like a session in the convention suite one night. (Anderson)

MAINE-IAC: I mention this because not until I had read it over to see how many unghodly mistakes I'd made did I realize what an unghodly number of them there actually were! No doubt this issue will have an ever larger number. Must start taking time to do better. Some year. (me)

SAPROLLER #18: Yes, by Yuggoth, it is! Even though I did see it before it went through the maw of the Gestetner and all that. Wow! *** Lots and lots of mailing reviews, most of which elicit no further comment from here. But you sure have the magazine well in hand format-wise. One of the best. *** But those "limericks" were the tour de force of this issue. Gad, it must've taken some doing getting them all wrote. For me it would've anyhow. *** They are not luminous! *** I sorta missed Mary Wortham this time. I'm looking forward to more stuff of that type. *** Have a good trip back east and tell us Southern Californians all about the snow. (Harness)

MEGANOTES: Hi. Very interesting commentary from the viewpoint of a teacher. Liked the description of the trip and the differences between the two sections of this country. I guess you wouldn't like Los Angeles! ** * A friend of mine is a teacher and is in his first year of teaching sixth grade. I've sure learned a lot about teaching! Sure is a lot of work here. He just got through with his part of the big Christmas "show" up at the school Friday (18th) and after the shebang, we went record-buying and thence to see a UPA cartoon festival. Real unlaixing. Any UPA cartoon fans in the audience? *** I liked this issue of MEGANOTES and hope to see it often. (Sturek)

ROUT #3: Comments, comments. They are a little more diverse than some of the all-comment-zines this time. *** You asked Wrai for an opinion but I would

like to put my five cents in. (Everything's hit by inflation!) Find you a bosomy friendly-type girl and you've got it made! *** Let's let the quote-covers remain in obscuritry, eh? They pall after so many times, especially when the bulk of them are really straining for the effect. *** In re the Science Fiction Book Club. I dropped out of it for the very reasons that you discuss. Too oriented to the general reading public. For a long-time reader, it is definitely "watered down"....a lot of it anyhow. But if they don't do this, they'll not long remain solvent! So we're on the losing end of the deal. *** Well, looks like this mailing slightly exceed your estimate on the page count. (Fleischman)

CREEP #17: Gad, there's one difference between your mailing comments and those by Coswal. You space between yours! *** Wall, or wal, Soames was mildly interesting. But not enough blood and thunder, and, mainly, sex. Ha. *** Glad you're staying in SAPS. I realize, though, that if all comments on CREEP are this short, it isn't much of an encouragement, but strangely enough, this is one of my favorite zines, at least when you have more of your own stuff in it. No more comment for this time though. (Weber)

TEDDBEAR FANDOM: Liked the cover and the pomery on the inside of it. *** I was glad to see you at the convention. (So many months done gone by already since then!) *** I'm afraid you lose, Rog. By no stretch of the imagination, or generosity, could this be called six pages. Personally, by the rules, I don't think you can get by with nothing in the next two mailings on account of this. C'mon, let's get with it and give with big teddbears! (Sims)

POLARITY 3: Gad, this is my idea of a conreport zine. Enjoyed reading the reports herein and was glad to see all the pics. They sure look just like people too! *** I sure hope that you sent a copy of this to Burb right after the mailing. Was talking to him on the phone one day a while after his illness and happened to mention his pics. To my surprise, he said that he hadn't seen Polarity. When we finally hung up, Burb was really faunching to see this zine! Shure hope he didn't have to faunch long! *** No other comments other than it was very welcome. (Busbys)

So endeth the review of the 45th S. A. P. S. mailing, dated October of the year 1958.

More random utterings

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE WHO READ SCIENCE-FICTION??: (On the back of that issue of "Space Travel" is an ad for the S. F. Book Club. This is one of the many which use the reservation to the moon as the lure. However, as long as this has been going on, tis the first time I noticed a change in the pitch. Not too odd since I've not been getting mags likely to have this ad. But this one shows, in italics, that although you will be among the first to apply for the moon trip, it "...does NOT commit you to actually make the voyage." Now dig that!

It is there for one of two reasons that I can think of. The one I'd rather it be (if I had my druthers) is this: It lends a tone of reality...the actual possibility of you, dear reader, really being able to make the trip. Buy these books so you'll be getting used to the idea in the meantime. Or, secondly, and unfortunately more likely, some idiot (or a number thereof) has probably written in and said, "I would join yor book klub but i ain't gonna to join it if i have to gong to the moon on the

rservations." Or something like that. Egads, please don't tell me the horrible truth, if this is it:

DEPT OF Jack Harness did yeoman service on the previous issue of Maine-iac and
THANKS: this time it is again the Seattle crew. Mainly, as far as I know at this writing, Otto Pfeifer again.

LETTER Is real short this time due to having no letters. Of course, this is
SECTION: sort of short notice since the last issue of this zine didn't go to many non-SAPS. In fact, it hasn't gone out yet! I wanna be sure that there'll be no "prior distribution" rap here! This issue will go to a number of non-SAPS and I'd like a few letters just for the hell of it. I'm curious as to what a SAPS-type zine will do to them! Letters might just get printed if any arrive. Note to officialdom: this issue will not go out to non-members until a couple of weeks after my bundle arrives here.

DEPT OF BELATED Is hoping you all had a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
SEASON'S GREETINGS: and survived to enjoy it. That is, if you happened to go out on the roads. The toll is mounting with a grisly rapidity and is, no doubt, due to renewed worry on the part of experts as to whether or not the arable land area of this earth will be able to support the mushrooming population. I don't doubt that in a couple more years, the expected death toll will exceed 1,000 per four-day holiday season.

DEPT OF Not the, but a note about it. I don't know how they do it in your city
DEFENSE: or town, but here in Los Angeles, they run the air-raid sirens at some pre-selected hour of Friday morning. I don't recall whether it is each week or each month. But today it was done at 10 o'clock. Newspapers, teevee and radio give ample warning that it is a test. So I was walking up Olympic boulevard at ten o'clock when the big moan went off.

I could hardly hear it! Of course, the cars roaring up and down Olympic sort of drowned it out. Even in the quiet side-streets, the noise might not have overcome that of the television set, radio or what have you had they been very loud at all. I'm beginning to wonder if anybody would even notice if the things went off at any other time besides the test! Of course, it is likely that they will be much louder. Then there is the "warbling" and variation in length and number of blasts. But I wonder...would people care?

BRINK OF I wonder how many people in this country, out of the great mass of
WAR DEPT: those who don't follow world affairs any more intelligently than the stuff the newspapers give them....I wonder how many really realize that we are damned nearly on the brink of war! I doubt if the Russians are bluffing any longer. And knowing, first hand, how fouled up we are in manufacturing, production and management of war materials, not to mention poor statecraft, I wonder if the retaliatory effort would come off! Oh, well, why worry. Must get my SAPS-zine done. And in line with that, we have next

DEPT OF LET'S Let's pretend that this item is immediately following the "Tales
PRETEND: for the Kiddies" on the next, and last, page, so that I can tell you all that this has been the last page of Maine-iac th' 15th, an *ized publication for the 46th SAPSmailing. Not forgetting for a moment, either, that despite what them others say, Y U G G O T H SAVES...MORE!

Tales for the Kiddies No. 2

So, once upon a time, there was an awful looking princess. Well, she wasn't exactly awful, but she wasn't beautiful either. She, of course, was rather lonely because, not being beautiful, like most princesses in fairy tales, not hardly no knights came to fall in love with her. And the ones who did were the ones cast off by the beautiful princesses. So, having some pride, she rejected them, because, to a man, they were bald, old and fat.

But the princess was a good girl. She had a kind heart and a genuine concern for the feelings and well-being of others. She was known throughout the countryside for being kind to the poor and helping wild animals hurt in the storms.

One day a knight came riding through the countryside on a great gray horse. He was a strong, fair man, with features noble and golden hair. He was also handsome. Well, anyway, he came riding down the mainstreet of the little town of Wet Gulch. He was very tired having just unsuccessfully wooed a neighboring beautiful princess, who, looking for her exact psychological type, rejected all suitors, handsome or ugly, as a matter of course. He saw that she hadn't been his type, so he was glad to leave and seek another princess to woo and, possibly, he hoped, rescue from some monster, or a dragon, new car salesman or something. At any rate, he found that he didn't want to marry her since he would have become bored in no time. She didn't have the same intellectual pursuits he had and would not watch roller derby or listen to rock 'n roll.

So it was that he journeyed into the realm of the first-mentioned princess. Her name, in case you might have been wondering all of this time, was Griselda.

So he was riding down the main street of Wet Gulch looking for a bar (after all, it was wet) when he saw a young cat, probably a kitten, almost get run over by a streetcar. He saw that it got out of the way but had sprained an ankle (or something) in doing so. Then, from the crowd of horrified spectators thronging the sidewalks, he saw a young woman dash out and, in a jiffy, she had neatly bandaged the cat's paw, spoke consolingly to it and gave it an APC.

It was Griselda.

The knight immediately became interested in her.

In almost no time, he had made her acquaintance and upon finding that she was the local princess, and like that, he became very interested in her.

Especially since the King was rich.

Right here, we will have to bring the tale to a close. They always end happily you know. Yeh, you guessed it, the knight married the princess. The king was glad to get rid of her. Have a houseful of kids to look after, was the way he put it. So the king gave them a handsome allowance and installed them in a new pre-fab castelet.

He was, in fact, relieved. Now he could get down to serious drinking and the castle would no longer be over-run with bandaged cats.

So endeth another gala issue of Maine's only SAPSine even though it now lives in the fair city of Los Angeles, California. Watch for the next big thrilling issue!
