
 * MAINE-IAC th' 27th, January 1965, hits the road from 14524 Filmore Street in *
 * the unlikely named city or something of Arleta in the long state of California*
 * home of the apafan. Zip Code, if you dig that kind of thing, is 91332. Zip- *
 * Code Fandom APA may be the next one to make the scene. Editor, chief writer, *
 * stencil-cutter, corflu applicer and like that is Ed Cox, who should know better*
 * after all these years. Stencils courtesy of Dave Hulan who'd hate to see me *
 * miss a mailing when I had such good intentions. LASFSRex. A few others will *
 * be the unlucky recipient of this abbreviated, but hyphenated, zine this time. *

EDITORIALIZING Well, we made it. The Cox family complete with cat and owls are
 TYPE DEPT OF: now more or less firmly ensconced in the House on Filmore Street.
 There not yet an owl on the patio floor but maybe there will be
 one day. Meanwhile, Gummitch spends more of his time there now that I moved the
 bar into the living room (with the help of John Trimble and Dave Hulan who did all
 the heavy work) where it will be built into the east end. West end. I always re-
 verse directions. When it used to be out in the patio, Gummitch would like to
 ensconce himself on it and look into the den, emitting pitiable bleats (which isn't
 easy for a cat) to be let in. When he wasn't, he'd often fold up there and gaze
 wistfully at the birds in the peach tree. Or curl up and go to sleep on the bar.

He was getting quite a reputation for being a lush, always hanging around the
 bar.

There is a good-size two-car garage which holds, at this time, my Volvo, Lee
 Jacobs' Renault, Redd Boggs' California book and fanzine collection plus stuff be-
 longing to Lee other than the car. Oh, yes, some of my own stuff, too. There'll
 be ample room for a mimeograph and accessories in there whenever I get one. Once
 I do that, there'll no doubt be a sickening upsurge pf pages emanating from this
 adress. No telling when that'll be, though.

NEWSNOTE OR, LET'S SCOOP Somehow, every time I hear, speak of see the title of
 RATATOSK, DEPARTMENT OF: the STARSPINKLE successor, I think of Burnett R. Toskey.
 But that is not the scoop. This is: for those of you
 in California anxiously awaiting the return of Lee Jacobs (or those in Georgia
 anxiously awaiting his departure...), forget it. In a phonecall the other night
 he mentioned that the job there will hold out far past the time that he'll leave
 it and go to the worldcon...and on an extended work-week at that. Just as long as:
 as you continue to cut stencils, Lee, but how are we going to write Mutated Ballard
 Chronicles if you stay in Georgia? I'm sure everybody will miss them, except Wrai
 Ballard. Hell, I may even have to write one all by myself so that the Traditiono
 of the Mutated Ballard Chronicle won't fade forever out of the minds of those older
 SAPS-members trying mightily to forget them... Nor must we allow whole new fan-
 generations to escape unscathed by a Mutated Ballard Chronicle. After all, the men-
 tal scar-tissue heals fairly smoothly.

Ours did.

DEPT OF INCIDENTAL It seems to me that the only brand of stencils that Bruce
 FILLERS, DEPT OF: Pelz, and Dian Pelz, for that matter, should use in their
 publications, would be Sears "Tower" Stencils. *** Somewhere
 in the mailing somebody mentioned the best of the books they'd read recently. I
 just searched through the mailing, rapidly, and didn't run across it again, but
 it does inspire me to wonder how many books the average SAPSmember, or even the
 the individual member, reads. In a week, month, a year. Books whether they be
 fiction or non-fiction, sfiction or other. Why do I ask? I dunno; I like to read

books and somehow find little enough time to read many. Also there are a number of prozines I'd like to keep up with if any good stuff is there to read plus the non-stf stuff. Then there is the matter or problem of keeping up with the only three apas in which I'm a member. Which makes me wonder about other fans, many of whom are more active in more apas than I am, plus active in general fandom, publishing and otherwise. How many books do you get to read? How much time do you spend reading? Are you a fast reader? I mean, really fast, speed-reading type. How much stf is included? Non-stf. How many books do you estimate or know you read in 1964? Prozines? How many feet of fanzines? That sort of thing. I'd be interested in hearing about this. Frankly, if you don't feel you can get this into your next zine, write me and I'll correlate it all into a report in the next mlg. This goes for you non-SAPS members who receive this issue too.

READING HABITS, To help get the ball rolling, here is a minimum type report on my DEPT OF, CON'D: own for 1964. The year 1964 was a bad year for book-reading here. Years ago I set a goal of an average of a book a week or four a month in an effort to goad myself to read because there were so damn many books, of all kinds, that I wanted to read very much to read. It worked pretty well, even during the years I was going to night school four nights a week. But last year it didn't work out so well. Only 18 books. Compared to 1962 and 1963 with 46 and 48 respectively. This was the worst year since 1957 when I read only 19 (a night college year) .

Thirteen of the eighteen were indeed science-fiction and the balance mostly mysteries of (and, I notice, by) John D. MacDonald who once wrote a good deal of stf. I doubt if I had a chance to read more than a dozen complete stf magazines and F&SF and GALAXY probably figured highest in that category. I find that I'm going to have to keep some sort of record of the prozines that I read inasmuch as I'm gathering huge amounts of them in an effort to fill in back files and, strangely enough, read quite a number of stories in them. Especially Fritz Leiber, Poul Anderson and Cordwainer Smith stories. And I find even a few serials that have not appeared in pb yet!

Fanzines. Well, the bulk of the 1964 FAPA and SAPS mailings were read thru. And a scattering of genzines which fell into my mailbox. Working overtime, up to sixty-plus hours a week during some stretches, during the better part of 1964 did not add to the leisure time available for reading. I used to read about a book a week just during lunch-hour but two things cut that...in about July or August. The lunch hour was reduced to 45 minutes (so people wouldn't leave to eat out or at home and would use the company cafeteria so as to put it in the black! People stopped going there in droves, as a result!) and I became a permanent member of our sections 5-man Hearts Group. It is insidious and we can't kick it nor can the many watchers in the waiting-line. I dunno, poker, brag and Dave Hulan's game I still don't know how to spell are great fun, but Hearts has something about it...

As a result, my noon-time reading dropped off to nothing. Going to night school again, two nights a week, hasn't helped much either but the biggest thing lately was the acquisition of a house. Luckily a lot of the most time-consuming things only have to be done once or once in a great many years (like painting and building things in).

As a result, reading, writing and fanactivity in general fell off pretty much in 1964. Such fanzines as HONQUE, EXCALIBUR, LOKI, VERMILLION FLYCATCHER, DOUBLE: BILL, NIEKAS and many others remain unread or unanswered despite the interest they kindle in things fannish. Something comes over me every so often and I almost get so enthusiastic about fanactivity that it scares me. Yes.

mailing comments as far as they go

the fighting 69th

SPECTATOR: As far as I can determine, there are only six SAPSmembers I haven't at least met briefly at one time or another. Wrai Ballard (of all people!), Jack Chalker, Gordon Eklund, John Foyster, Arnie Katz, and Burnett Toskey. I'm pretty sure I met Jim Webbert or else he is the 7th. *** I am in favor of reducing the membership to 30.

POR QUE: Maybe I should've done a floor plan of this place with more details but I don't know how great a following there is in SAPS of House-fandom.
*** It is hard to say when "Dr. STF" will be finished, but, for obvious reasons, it has "to be continued".

DINKY BIRD: Gad, but it is hard to follow just what is going on or who is narrating in some of your stuff, Ruth. "Cloud Capped Tours II" is the case in point this time.

RESIN 18: I agree that only one page credit be allowed for this. What a waste of time and paper. As an aside, I also agreeable to the stoppage of franked material (see page 1 of 00).

Gee, whiz, fellas and gals, but this mailing comment business just doesn't seem to be catching on at the moment. Not much of inspiring nature, maybe. So we'll have to try something else. Why not a new Mutated Ballard Chronicles? I could write it all by myself, or I could write an installment now and Lee Jacobs could write the next installment next mailing and so on until it was finished. It might take til 1967 to finish, but then how long has "The Annals of Shalar" been going on? And it isn't even about Wrai Ballard! Frankly, I think it is long past time for Wrai Ballard to once more sally forthinto the universe wronging rights and saving the villian. Or something like that. So, without further ado, we present:

THE SAPSLOGGERS

featuring

Wrai Ballard, Savior of the Universe

Wrai Ballard sat in the gently rolling field under the warm sun of Esophagus II.

"Fout!" he thought, as his stomach churned. "I wish these fields would hold still so I could finish stencilling this fanzine. The Rural Amateur Press Society will soon have its first mailing and I've got to become a charter member."

It hadn't been his uppermost desire to become a member of the RAPS until only a few weeks ago when a unit from the UFFF scouring through the backwater planets of

the Fringe-Stars had combed through the small hamlets Esophagus II looking for members and telling of the vast benefits they would reap if they would join up. Wrai Ballard was one of the few who thought it would be something different from the monotonous occupation of Stump-Brubber, 3rd Class, that he held which eeked (and sometimes even oged) out a bare sustinance for his poor old mother, younger brother and himself.

When he tried to join, he found that a dollar seventy-five renewal fee was more money than anybody in the hamlet had even seen let alone possess at one time. Then they told him it would cost two-dollars to join. Reluctantly, he declined to fill out the membership form and they went away. Besides, he didn't want to be a Fringestars-fan anyway...

Yet when the envelope came from Richardson Jacobs III on the other side of the planet telling of the great wonders of joining an apa and offering help, he accepted. The UFFF, which had signed-up Richardson Jacobs III had mentioned of the willing but impoverished Wrai Ballard on the other side of the planet. So it was that Wrai Ballard ((I almost forgot that a prerequisite of a Mutated Ballard Chronicles is to mention his name profusely on each page)) was sitting under the warm sun of Esophagus II feeling ill as the fields undulated gently under him. Psychologically ready for what came next.

He thought he heard music in the distance. He wasn't sure what music was but it what he heard was what he thought it might be, then that was it all right. He looked up from the stencil he was laboribssly handcutting with a stylus since he had no typewriter. So far that morning, he had managed to get the title done: ETHERBEND. Then it came again and he looked over the fields, up a small hill over which the dusty road by the split-rail fence ran ((this is one of the marvels of composing on stencil at about lickety-split rail words a minute)).

Something was stirring up dust and definitely making the music. It was metal and it whirred along noisily with music spouting from somewhere within it. Wrai's heart leapt at the stirring strains of "The Marching Song of the Uffts", "I'll Beat You Up At Beastly's-by-the-Lake", "The Midnight Ride of Dodinas Brandybuck" and other stirring marital themes. Immediately following the robot was a dark-haired man, bearded, heavy-set and wearing Wellington boots and a dark scowl. Behind him marched a number of men of Wrai's planet, dressed in immaculate red uniforms, shiny black boots and prop-beanies. The procession stopped alongside the fence opposite Wrai in the field.

"Hey, neo, come here a minnit!"

"Duh, who me?"

"Yeh, I got something to show you." He waved a stereo-viewer in one paw.

"What? What-what-what-wah-t-what?" asked Wrai, bounding excitedly over the fields, misplacing a hyphen here and there as he stumbled over an ungrubbed stump now and then.

"I gotta pitcher of a lovely dark-haired girl in a Universe-con Costume that ghows her bellybutton it is cut so low."

"WOW!" slavered Wrai clutching eagerly for the viewer, "Lemmesee!"

He slammed it up to his eyes. There, instead of the girl, he saw in three-D almost as if it was really there, a huge electric Rex-Rotary mimeograph with automatic inking, paper-feed, slip-sheeting and silk-screen process, double-roller action.

He blushed furiously and dug one toe into the moist dirt.

"That weren't no girl," he said shyly.

"Heh, I knew you'd like it," the big man said slyly. "Want to see some more? Now this one is a real girl, a blonde one wearing a yellow dress." One of the men in the prop-beanies fidgeted uneasily in the ranks.

"Uh, uh," said Wrai uneasily. "It might be...gulp...something else again."

"Now look here, neo, I've gotta proposition for you. My name is Saturn and I'm a recruiting sargeant for the Emperor's finest fighting forces, the Space Arsenal Pilots' Strongmen. You'll be the envy of your planet as you sweep through the Universe on one of the great fighting ships, wronging rights and saving villains. We do this four times a year after you serve your neoship in the Waiting List. You see, "the Sarge leaned over in a confidential manner, "you gotta get a little training before you go Up There."

"Uhhh, I don't think I'd..."

"C'mon, c'mon, you don't want to remain a Fringestar-fan all your life, d8yuh?" He grasped Wrai's arm in a vice-like grip and pulled him over to the fence. "C'mere Grag," he said to the great robot. "Sign this fella up." Wrai felt a small jab in his arm at about the point where the SGT's ring was but lapsed off into a haze before he could protest.

Then he noticed the world jogging up and down and vaguely remembered signing his "X" on a piece of parchment made of birtch-bark. He grew aware that he was marching down the road among a group of men following a huge hulking figure that in turn was immediately preceded by a great clanking, whirring metal-thing from which music emanated sometimes, and filk-songs at others. Soon he was fully aware of the heat and the thin-ness of the soles of his now soot-colored boots as the masterweave thick layer of shinyness wore away and the thirst the hot, dry land induced. He wished he could have an A&W rootbeer.

Soon they came into the shire-town of Wrai's home-area where a planet-flyer awaited. With curses and kicks, the men were loaded onto it while the Sargeant went into the nearest and only bar in the town. It wasn't long before he emerged from the noise and confusion that resulted shortly after he disappeared inside. It was a shambles and he approached the flyer with a look of pure frustration and distaste.

"Hey Sarge, howcum you busted up the bar?" asked the young 2nd looie who flew the flyer.

"They didn't have no Rainier Ale" he snapped. "Or Wellington Stout either."

That was the last bit of excitement the recruits experienced because the trip to the Waiting List began at that point. It was a rough ride and since non of them

had ever been air-borne before, they regurgitated profusely all the way to their destination.

On rubbery legs, Wrai Ballard and his newfound buddy (they puked from the same bench together on the flyer) Dajulan (the one who was hooked into signing when the Sarge promised him a look at the blonde in the yellow dress but saw an electric Gestetner instead; it didn't do the trick but a hand-crank Tower did the job...) slithered down the exit of the flyer.

All around them others were being vomited out of other flyer's into bedraggled squads forming up and marching like disjointed caterpillars toward the electrified barbed-wire surrounding Camp Waiting List. Searchlights swung blindingly around the dead-man's zone surrounding the great, sprawling camp and they saw two men cut down by plonker-fire as they ran screaming out the open gate, past the bedraggled neofen being marched in toward the barracks that lay row upon row, fading into the distance like so many pasteboard kite-twine boxes.

Over all this hung low clouds, drizzling vapor down into the humidity which hovered near 100 which ten or twenty degrees lower than the temperature. Visibility was worse than in a smoke-filled bar at a convention.

They were halted and formed up again. Sgt. Saturn had disappeared and another person was now standing in front of them. Wrai marveled at the sight of him for he had seldom seen anybody from planets other than his own. This man was what he was later to learn, a Chinese from Urth but of mixed caucasian blood, and therefore "white". He was six feet six tall and had two huge fangs protruding from his mouth.

All right you rotten neos, listen to this and get it straight the first time. My name is White Fang Chu and I'm your DI and my job...." he leered menacingly and snarled, "...is to make Fake-fans out of all of you or die trying. "Here he leered All-star comixly at them..."YOU'LL die trying is what I mean...."

"Now I want two volunteers for an extremely important job for the Base Commander Himself. I want to men who know anything about music!"

Two neos leapt forward. Chu smashed them back into the ranks. "I didn't say for yuh to move! Now fall out and follow that Corporal there."

Wrai learned his first lesson. Never volunteer. It was after one that next morning, about an hour before the neos were rolled out of their sacks (potatoe sacks on wooden slats) when the two volunteers came back, covered with a sticky black mess, dark as ink. They had finished cleaning out the inside of seventy-one mimeograph drums in the base commandants clerical section.

An hour later the lights smashed on and drove sleep from the aching eyeballs of the neo recruits. White Fang Chu strode into the barracks. "Up, everybody up, grab your socks or you'll pound rocks if you don't get a move on." The neos scrambled wildly to get moving. Wrai jumped up and then saw White Fang Chu looking directly at him.

"Hey, you, Ballard, come here! On the double!!"

OK, Lee, you want to handle the next installment or should I? See y'all next mailing.