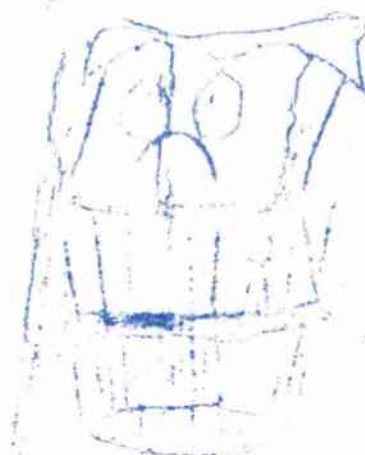


poor richard's feb.
almanac no. 7

SAPS mlg 51
Second Anniversary
Issue.....
I think



This, despite what you've just read, is POOR RICHARD'S ALLIANCE #7, the first general edition. It is published

by:--

A/3c Richard L. Brown

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Every issue goes thru SAPS. Non members may get those issues by writing letters of comment.

COMMENTS:

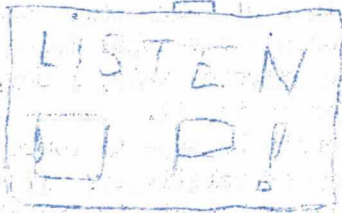
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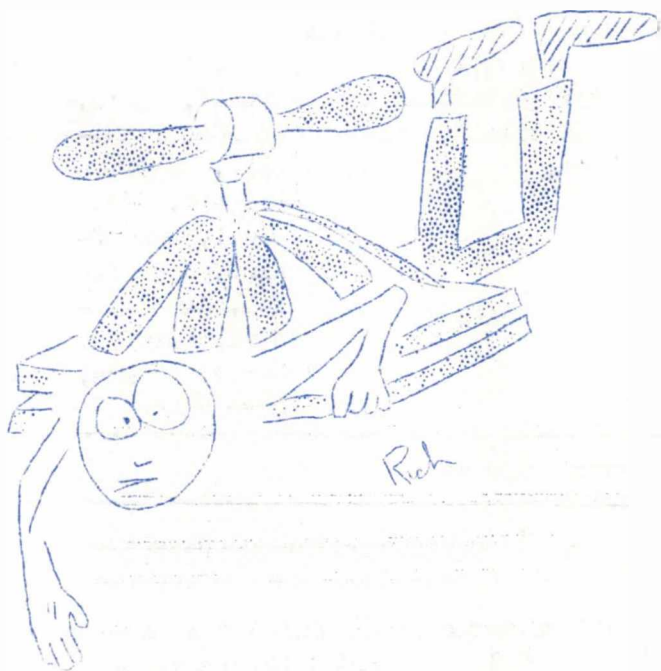
Corilla does not a good correction make

This is a Johnstone's A Good Man Publication *****



I was digging thru old correspondence when I was home on leave, and I came across a letter that I had neglected to mail. It wasn't, in my opinion, one of my better letters, yet it somehow seemed relieved of the usual rich Brown cluttered-upness. I wished, for a while, that I'd sent the letter, because it was one of the few that was written in earnest. Only, unfortunately, it's now too late to send it out. But I thought, perhaps, if I were to print it, it still might be of some dubious service to someone. So herewith, I take typer and stencil in hand to quote something that I, myself, wrote, and that never appeared:

"Sure, I'm all for giving a guy a chance; I've been writing stuff for magazines off and on now for about three years and I've got to admit that I've progressed as far as I have (however far that might be) because a lot of people were nice and printed my stuff back when it was crud. (Now, say, only 50% of what I write is crud by my own admission, and prob'ly more by others.) But I only started writing things that netted me egoboo after Bob Coulson, Greg Benford, the Nameless People, and others rejected my stuff. They were nice about the rejections and I liked them for it. And; usually, I took the rejected material and put a little work into my efforts and, usually, they went back and were published...if not in the original zine submitted to, then another. But the work was made better by this. And, damn it, you don't have to rely on second-rate material. Your group of writers (and I call them this because, most of the time, I see them in few other places) can write material as enjoyable as any LRF, if you'll just make them. Certainly, Willis isn't going to pop out of the blue and say, 'here's an article of mine for -----.' He hasn't got time for writing articles for you -- or me, for that matter -- when he has friends to think of writing for. (This is not, by the way, snobbishness on Willis' part; after you've been in fandom a few more years, you'll find that you'll pick the close friend over the neofan every time). So what you've got to do is bug a few lesser fan; get an article or a story or what you will from one or two of these people, nudge your friends into producing better material, use a neat, simple lay-out until you are able to graduate to higher things having obtained experience, and who can say that, possibly, you might just end up getting that Williscript, anyway...



"Yes, this bespattered and bespeckled machine with which I daily grind out articles of provocative wit and earnest malice, fiction of great integrity, fine plot and excellent characterization, and columns reknown the world over is indeed a Smith-Corona. It needs more ink on the ribbon, or maybe just a new ribbon, and at times it just stops when it damn well takes a notion and I have to whang the carriage a cou le of times to get it moving again, and the little dooly up there that should turn the paper up is broken, making it necessary to reach up and turn the nob every time I want to start a new line. But all in all it's a great little machine.

"Anyone can be unenjoyable; but it takes talent to be unenjoyable in a pleasing way. Unfortunately, D----- doesn't have that talent. He is obnoxious in the extreme; this, I say, be-

cause while I believe what he believes, I still dislike him for saying it. D----- asking for proof is a silly, stupid thing. Point 1, which will obviously be made by someone of a more religious nature also: Does D----- believe in the theory of relativity? If so, have him prove it for me. It is, after all, only a theory, although a highly probable one. So is religion a theory; each person believing in that theory or some slight variation of that theory...or not believing in it at all, as they choose. Point 2: Although I am an atheist myself, I can see a point in religion. Religion is a mental manifestation providing security against the thought of death. It is also a means of influencing and inforcing marals("if you're good, you'll go to heaven -- if not, you'll go to hell."). Point 3, you yourself say, "Who can say who is right and who is wrong?" With this I agree and try to practise to the best of my ability; I'm not infallible, I may be wrong -- perhaps there is a God who rules from Heaven Above. Who can say? But I'm as entitled to my opinion as much as anyone else. And that's the point I'm trying to get across; as much as anyone else. While I believe as I see fit, I also feel that every individual has the right of choice and it's not my purpose to tell them that they are wrong any more than it's their's to tell me that I am wrong, though many of them do. But for the above reason I find D-----'s comment of "If a religion can't offer conclusive proof of it's existance it doesn't deserve to exist" doubly offensive -- just who in the hell does he think he is to set up a standard and say "if you can't meet it you're wrong"? I dislike converters -- at least those who seem to think that their way is the only way; and in this respect, it seems to me, D----- is just as bad as any religious fanatic."

###

I went travelling recently. I hit the road from Amarillo AMO, at last, I was heading home. It was Sunday, my leave papers were in my hand, \$75.15 in my pocket, my baggage in the Greyhound Depot, and I was heading home. Heading home...two beautiful words.

I caught my first ride on the outskirts of Amarillo on U.S. 66. It was a yellow Plymouth Fury and I had hardly stepped in when I found, by awkwardly glancing at the speedometer (and it was an awkward glance because I nearly fell out) that we were already doing 50mph. I looked at the driver; he seemed in pretty poor shape. I said something conversational and he turned and looked at me and smiled and I said to myself Rich, I said, Rich(I often repeat myself) old man, it looks like your luck has just about run out. Prepare to ditch ship. I had my hand on the handle, ready, when he smiled even wider and said, "Ah, yes." I nearly pulled the handle. But something about the way he said it stopped me and with a

few more moments it all became clear. Well, nearly anyway. As it turned out, he was Italian and had something to do with the U.N. and was used to speaking French...if that makes any sense, and I'm not so sure it does, but that's the way he explained it. The car wasn't his -- he had been paid to drive it from New York to California; his eyes were bleary and his clothes were rumpled because he had been traveling straight thru from New York. He was doing remarkably well even speaking at all, considering he'd been driving something like 50 hours straight. And somewhere in our limited and somewhat stilted conversation, he asked me if I could drive. I told him that I could, but I'd been used to driving only in the city (and not too much of that) besides which I'd never gotten around to getting a driver's license.

He stared at me for a few seconds, then smiled and said, "Ah, yes." He nodded to himself and at the next small burg (where we stopped for lunch) he gave me the keys; he finished eating before I did and when I got out to the car he was already asleep.

I did pretty well considering my terrible lack of experience. I only had two scares... which didn't turn into death or disfiguration for either of us, luckily.

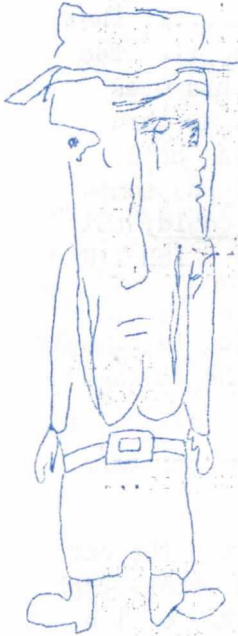
At one point I was coming up fast on a deisel truck (one of my big troubles with the car was keeping it under 80mph; like all powerful cars, it was smooth riding and doing 60mph out on the open road seemed like doing 20mph in the city) and I stepped lightly on the breaks...then a little harder. My heart sank approximately 40 inches below my knee-cap. There were no breaks. None. So I pulled left, stepped on the gas, and passed him doing 100. Luckily, there was no one coming from the other direction. Somewhere beyond the truck, quivering with fright, I found that the breaks were in working condition again. Not being like most people my age, that is to say, not being a born mechanic and not being able to listen to a car engine purr and say, "Ah, yes, the gollysnotch obviously isn't fitting over the wobobble correctly, causing the tranistax to leak out..." I refused to believe it was my imagination, and made a renewed effort to keep my speed down, and made doubly sure that, before I got too near an automobile or truck, I was well on the way to being the slowest car on the road.

Despite my watchfulness, my other fright had something to do with passing a deisel. At this point, the highway was divided, and though I didn't throw all caution to the wind, I felt pretty sure of myself, because I knew that if and when I passed anyone, there would be no worry of collision head-on. But I was passing him on a curve (get ready) so I gave the car planet of gas and started to pass him; when I felt that I was nearly past him I looked in the rear-view mirror to see if I had judged carefully. The car boggled a bit and I looked back to the road...which was, by this time, slightly to the right of me. A sign whizzed by on my right, doing about 85. A sign that should have been on my left. I cut sharply back onto the road. I wouldn't want to say that I cut that truck off just a wee bit close. No, I wouldn't want to say anything like that. But I must say, in all honesty, that if I'd come any closer to him, one of us might have been wearing a new fender.

At any rate, luck was with me; the hands of fate delivered us safely to Albuquerque, New Mexico. I left my rider with his Plymouth; he got a hotel room, and I decided that I didn't want to waste my money on anything like that so I went to a show, then to a motel, and it prob'ly cost me twice as much. As a matter of fact, I'm pretty sure it did.



"And jazz will lead
the world to a
compassionate unity
so long as they
don't play that
stinking Chicago
stuff!"



The next day began late for me; I got up at six, ate breakfast, and took a bus out U.S. 66 to the outskirts of town. I was picked up there before I could hardly get my thumb up. As a matter of fact, I didn't have it up...which is why he picked me up.

He talked as he rode. He was an elderly man; in his 50's or 60's I would imagine. He had taught physics, geology, and just plain general science over quite a region, had been an assayer in Alaska and was now teaching science at a (or perhaps the) high school in Gallup, New Mexico. I said something to the effect that I had, when very young, been greatly interested in science, but the interest had, thru the years, been drawn off in my interest of science fiction. He, it turned out, also liked science fiction. As a matter of fact, he mentioned he'd been reading it before there were any magazines devoted to the stuff, back in the Argosy and Bluebook days (a contender for First Fandom, if there ever was one). We talked sci-fi a bit; he told me about "The Big Eye," and "The Earth Abides," and I tried, rather feebly and fruitlessly it seems now, to describe "The Lord of the Rings." Then I touched lightly on the subject of fandom; mentioning Ackerman, the LAsFS, and a few other things of that ilk.

"You know," he said, "I never did any of that stuff myself, but when I was teaching at Ritzville High School, in Washington, back around '48 or '49, there was this bright young fellow...Wally Weber was his name...and I always wondered..."

For the second time during my trip, the heart jumped; only this time it was up and not down. It damn near cut off my wind-pipe. "Wally Weber?" I stammered. "Not Wally Weber? THE Wally Weber? I know him. Wally Weber, I mean. I corresponde with him, in a way. Wally Weber? The Seattle Wally Weber? I mean...that is...I...Wally Weber?"

I went on like this until I finally un-wound, panting. After I had calmed myself, we both described the Wally Weber's we knew, and came to the eventual conclusion that we were, indeed, talking of the same Wally Weber. He told me that, during the Shaver mystery period, Wally had written a letter ridiculing it and recieved in turn a letter from a lady telling him he'd better watch out because she knew it was real and they were out to get him next. Mr. Rowe said he was glad to find out that they hadn't. A trufannish type, he.

With the bond of a mutual friendship, the miles passed easily between Albuquerque and Gallup. He ate lunch, he gave me his address and I gave him the address of the CRY, where he could be located. He said he'd like to hear from Wally so I'll print his address:

Royle C. Rowe
306 W. Aztec
Gallup, New Mexico

and leave it up to Wally as to what he does about it. After eating, he dropped me off at the outskirts of town. I was picked up there and carried as far as a trading-post. I bought two proclean dogs, for a girl I'd had a mad crush on, caught a ride from there to San Bernardino and eventually made my way to Pasadena.

I set about looking up my old girl-friend -- she'd moved (I'd known this because I'd been getting mail sent back). I'd known they intended to move, due to the fact that Julie (that's her name) didn't care too much for the crowd she was running with (I didn't care too much for them either, come to think of it). It was, I guess, why she had been more or less been going with me. So I chased around for four or five days trying to locate her thru her old friends...I was being led the trail of an idiot, full of "Zounds!" and fury, since one of these friends refused to stay at home long enough to be contacted. I spent nearly a

day walking to and from various places this character was supposed to be.

Finally, coming back from one of these trips, I noticed a familiar looking house and I remembered that Julie had a friend that lived there. I stopped in to say hello, and, sure enough, she knew the address. All of four blocks from my house. She called to make sure and it was then that the news hit me; Julie was getting married, to some other slob(besides me, that is). Oh yes, it had actually been that serious...for me. ... It was a shock, and it hurt, but I got thru it.

For the first time, I turned to the mundane reaction to such problems. Ken Waddell and I bought a 1/2 pint of I. M. Harper and we got whooping, stinking, blinding drunk. Slightly soberer, I made my way to Julie's with Ken and we found that Julie was at the show with her boy-friend. I found out which show and which boy-friend and we left.

We stopped for coffee, becoming even soberer, but still more than slightly drunk, we went to the show. When it was over, Ken stood on one side of the door and kept an eye out for her while I stood on the other side doing the same. He came and dragged me to his side of the door and I saw her, talking to this tall character whose name I knew would be Don. It was.

She turned her head, looking at me calmly, then back at him, and then hurriedly back at me. I laughed, but it came out hollow, and I walked over and said a drunkenly hello. She obviously didn't know I was drunk. Funny, but I'd thought up a million things to say, and couldn't seem to say them. I felt like saying something terrifically martyrish and Noble. But I didn't feel particularly martyrish and Noble. As a matter of fact, with the help of the bourbon I felt very un-martyrish and un-Noble, like for instance punching this character in the snout. But even through my half-drunken haze I realized that would smell of the mundane and I'd had too much of that before it had even started. Maybe if I had, she'd have come running back to me. But I doubt it. Doubt it very much, in fact. So I just smiled my twitchy smile, managed to gab for a few minutes, and then made an

excuse for leaving hurriedly, and did so.



And then I walked. The period of feeling sorry for myself. It comes, it always comes. I thot up all the excellent and beautiful and wonderful things I should have said and done. It was a great speech, filled with fine points and helpful gestures, laced with wit, and all pointing subtly to my undying love...but I knew I'd never give it, or anything like it. They, or rather she, told me to drop by sometime, which I did the next day because I somehow felt it was necessary. We talked, the three of us. I made off with a light, witty remark, wishing them all the luck in the world(no, not all--save some for other people), which I stole from FANCY II, and they told me to come back again and tho they were no doubt sincere, I knew I'd never get around to that, either.

So I walked. I walked and walked and walked... and thought. That's such as those shall never be known to mortal man. For three days I continued to follow the Mundane Path. I continued to drown my sorrows. Then I thought of something. Ted Johnstone, before he had gone to the DETENTION had met this girl by the name of Adrienne(sp?) and he told me that when he left he'd told her not to do anything he wouldn't do. And when he got back, he found that she'd done something he very definitely wouldn't do -- she'd married Milo. I told him not to worry, that he'd eventually meet some femme fan with a multilith, reams of paper, and a complete back-file of ASF. A bit heartless of me, perhaps, but at the time I hadn't been thru it -- and, as you'll find later in these pages, I was partly right, anyway. But in my mind I got this picture of Ted smiling wickedly and telling me not to worry, that I'd eventually meet some femme fan with a multilith, reams of paper, and a complete back-file of ASF. Fansmanship!, I thought, and recoiled in laughter until the tears rushed refreshingly down my cheeks.

I took great pleasure, from that time on, in telling fans around me about my three possible choices.

- 1) I could commit suicide, which, in the first place, I'm much too much of a coward to ever do,
- 2) I could shrug it off, and face it like a man, or
- 3) I could do the really cowardly thing; the thing I'd done all my life -- run from reality by forcing myself into exaggeratedly large amounts of fan activity; gafia in its original meaning. And I told them that I was going to make PRA a monthly, and let them decide for themselves which course I was going to take. And...well, I have to keep yp appearances, lest people turn to think that I'm not as mad and neurotic as I make myself out to be.

Iunno...maybe I could put on a one-man act at a convention or something. Crying towels and drinks being supplied by the Con Committee. Hmmm, more I think about it, more I like the idea.

At any rate, my humor, feeble though it sometime be, having saved me from myself, I remained remarkably sober for the rest of the time I was there.

I even went to the LASFS. There, besides meeting all the people familiar to me; Barny, Jack Harness, 4e, George Fields, God(Elmer Perdue), I met Fabulous Newly Regular Number, Dick Geis. I met him and liked him. It's rather sad that I did, tho; I guess I'll just end up another Fawning Acolyte of Dick Geis.

I even went to the New Years party. I had started off that fateful New Years Evening from



Ted Johnstone's house; Ted had been making a trufanne out of a very nice looking femme (unfortunately for me, due to the fact that I was in uniform, she thought I was the wolfish type, and told me so; also unfortunately for me, she was right) by the name of Kathy (you see? My predictions never go wrong...by very far)...her parents didn't want her to go to the party, so Ted was staying with her (Noble; Noble Ted, I always call him), so he gave me his minutes to deliver to the Hoffatt party. The plans called for me getting to George's where either Milo or Rich Stevens would take me to the Hoffatt's, if they could remember the way. They were both at George's but so were a batch of George's friends; it was a rather gay party in itself; the liquor flowed, the conversation flowed, but Rich and Milo stuck. I might have, too, except that I had Ted's minutes and I wanted to meet Bruce Pelz, who would, I figured, be at the Hoffatt's if he'd arrived as planned. So having recieved fuzzy directions on which direction Downey lay, some 12 miles distant, I left. It was, perhaps, the mild amount of liquor I'd consumed. Or perhaps it was my conceit, gathered by the fact that I'd travelled from Amarillo to my home in Pasadena without mishap, that I could get anywhere in LA in a reasonable amount of time...say, two days.

It only took me four hours, once calling the Hoffatt home for directions, and once hailing a passing fire-truck for the same. Somewhere during the long trudge I envisioned myself as The Last Of The LASPS Minute-Men. I knew it was the last time I'd ever try such a thing.

It was 2:30 when I got there and things were slowly simmering down; a lot of people had gone home, others had gone to other parties (George's or Durbee's), Pelz among them. But Len and Anna were still there, of course, as was Rick Sneary, Mike Hinge, E. Loring Ware, Barny Bernard (making puns in the background) and a few others who's names I knew not. E. Loring Ware and Mike Hinge were havin' an interesting conversation on the Beat Generation, which everyone eventually got into. The subject changed over a period of time, but they were just as interesting, if not as memorable. Finally, toward the wee hours, others were going home, and the party seemed as though nothing could save it from ending in a barage of puns from Barny. But I remember Rick making a few good ones too, so perhaps it isn't fair to say that. One thing I do remember, though, before the party finally broke up, was when Rick made a complicated, not-up-to-standard-type pun.

Barny groaned appreciatively and said, "But Rick, that wasn't worthy of you."

"No," Rick said, "but then, few things are."

Rick gave me a lift as far as the trolly line, and I went home; again, as the time before, encountering the Rose Parade mob, tho eventually I made it thru them.

I eventually talked to, and met, Bruce Pelz. The day I was due to leave, I called Bjo's (and where would one find any visiting fan, if not at Bjo's?) and he was there and we talked for an hour or so. We talked of the down-grading of the JRY during recent issues and of Secret SAPSish things and restarting the 6FH and a number of other things too humorous to mention.



He met that evening; he came up with Jo and Bill Allern and Ted Johnstone, and they invited me to a movie. I wanted to go, but I had to get up early the next morning to catch my military hop back as far as Oklahoma City, so I had to decline. Stanbery was there, so they were treated to meeting him.



you don't
like Elvis?

The PEST, as I've called him so often, is my own Frankenstein's monster. He is, in essence, my very own creation; and like Dr. Frankenstein, I feel somewhat responsible for my creation.

For, to my knowledge, Paul Edward Stanbery is a fan-ish oddity that has never been seen before -- nor, probably, will ever be seen again -- on the fan-ish scene.

You probably know that about three or four years ago Stanbery and I were planning to edit a zine called EQUATION. It was planned to be very prozine-ish. We intended to make a profit on it, too.

But I was getting more and more into fandom, and finally, after a few months and it seemed obvious that nothing was going to happen with EQUATION, I struck out on my own, writing

more letters to more fanzines and eventually publishing CALIFAN, then STABILITY, then onward and upward and all that jazz. Like most neo's, I was up to my ears in New Words; I didn't understand half of what was going on, but since Stanbery was near, and he didn't even know a quarter of what was going on (nor, do I think now, did he care), I could speak to him as though I knew everything there was to know about it. And when I told him my mixed-up ideas on fandom we started developing esoterica far in advance of normal fandom. Just saying "Raeburn? Grennell? Ted White? QUARTYTOPress?" would mean nothing to anyone else, for instance, but it never fails to break either of us into stitches of laughter when used correctly.

What it meant was this: whenever I was talking about something in fandom that didn't interest Stanbery about fandom, he would start humming (and directing) classical music. While I was always trying to convert him to fandom, he was trying to convert me into classical music fandom. So one day we were walking home from school together, and he started talking about an aspect of classical music that didn't interest me. So I looked at him, and would quizzically interrupt his monologue with "Raeburn?" and a little later "Grennell?" and a little bit later "Ted White?" and still a bit later "QUARTYTOPress?" It wasn't until that point that he realized I was pulling a Turn-About-Is-Fair-Play bit on him. He laughed and I laughed, and ever since then, whenever we think the other is talking on something we're not interested in, we use this polite method of telling each other to shut up.

Stanbery, however, took some of my preachings amiss. The most devout reader of science fiction, he insists on telling anyone who dares come near him that he wouldn't touch the stuff with a ten-foot pole. Which is kind of funny, really, because his walls (he lives in an attic which covers the top of his parents' rather large house in Pasadena) are lined with the stuff. But he gathered from me that fandom appreciated this kind of bravo, whereas I had thought I'd only that fandom, as a rule, didn't discuss it too much, because there were far more interesting things to discuss than just how one hack differs from another



I remember one time especially, when Ted Johnstone came up one afternoon. I had told him about Stanbery and they had met briefly -- very briefly. Ted had come up to help me go over the first draft of Excalibur, but I rec'd my copy of CRY OF THE NAMELESS that day, and it was a standard rule in my house that whenever the CRY arrived, I at least started my letter to it. Ted decided that he would journey to Stanbery's and wait for me there. It was, unfortunately for Ted, and exceptionally good issue of the CRY, and it took me six hours to write a five page letter. I hadn't noticed the time slipping by so quickly, until I was finished, and at that time I hurriedly made my way to Stanbery's. But I was too late. As I came in Stanbery was talking to Ted Johnstone, who stood, mouth agape, in a very dazed position. But unless you know Ted Johnstone as I do, I'm afraid you'll never understand or truly grasp the Full Meaning of the above statement. Ted managed a half-cry, half-sob as he saw me; "Thank god," it sounded like. But I can hardly blame him. Six hours of Stanbery explaining how to Live Every Note of a piece of classical music is more than any human, let alone a fan, should be allowed to bear. I'm ashamed of myself, to this very day.

However, I'm not saying that Stanbery is something bad for fandom, for even down to explaining how to Live Every Note (and pointing out the significance and true and only meaning of that note and what it means to him, lest you be careless and foolish enough not to be him and thus not know what he is talking about) is a definite part of his unique personality.

I remember, too, I used to tell Stanbery about the progress I was making in fandom and what a fabulous LFF I was becoming. "I'm even a bigger name fan than Claude Deglar," I told him once, and he had looked very impressed. "What about Bill Meyers?" he would ask, "Are you ahead of him yet?" You see, I had set up all these fans who I considered to be on the verge of LFFdom, like Meyers and Fleischman and Rooman and Sokol and so forth and had decided to race them thru fandom. When Stanbery asked this (and he always did (and it often made me wonder if perhaps Stanbery was wiser in the ways of fandom than I had expected)) I would smile. It wasn't the most subtle ploy, but hell, what else could I do?

Something eventually happened with EQUATION. Stanbery published it. Equation #1 was large for a first issue; 64 pages. #2 is going to be a bit larger. #2 is going to be 200pp long -- possibly more. Lest you think this is all wishful thinking on Stanbery's part, it is already run off up to page 113, it has been written up to the 160's, and Stanbery says that he will really have to do a lot of cutting and really confine himself if he wants to (as he so quintly puts it) "hold it down to only 200 pages." Most of what has been done so far is, in contrast to Equation #1 (which was written, for the most part, when Stanbery was 14 -- or about three years ago), fabulous. This is because most of it is written by Stanbery. Oh, yes, I didn't mention the fact that I think Stanbery writes exquisitely...better than 90% of active LA fandom (and that includes me), in fact. But I'll wait until it comes out and let you decide that for yourself(yourself).

Ted Johnstone, who is good at such things, only nearly came close to describing Stanbery. Twice, as a matter of fact. One, after the instance mentioned above where Ted has spent six unadulterated hours listening to Stanbery, he had shaken his head rather sadly and mumbled something about, "...so like an Atomic Bomb explosion; so much energy, so much of it wasted." And another time, he described what it was like to talk with Stanbery; "It's like trying to wash your clothes in an automatic washer...without botherin' to take your clothes off."

As yet, I'm not sure whether I'm happy or sad about what I've released on fandom. During taperespondence, Paul came off fairly well with Larry Garner Jr., but somehow recieved the dislike of the Lusbies, due to the fact that nobody but Stanbery could get an edge in word-wise (whoops, typographical spoonerism). We are used to this, whereas they are not. I've introduced Stanbery to several fans; it's become a running joke here (er..there) that after seeing Turbee one should meet Stanbery because, after all, there are two sides to everything. The reactions are all varied but, from what little I've seen, and this may sound

odd after all of this discription(or, perhaps, it won't), I think we all rather like him. So you see, I can't be sure yet whether I'm happy or sad about what I've released on fandom, merely because I'm not sure yet whether I've created a miracle or a monster. I don't know what the effect will be when fandom suddenly discovers this creature walking along secretively deep in its bowels; all I know is that for good or for bad fandom will suddenly wake up one morning and it will know that Stanbery is there -- probably telling the Stomach muscles how to Live Every Note...

Yes, that is the Stanbery (to get back to the subject) that I introduced to Fjo, Bill Ellern, and Bruce Pelz. After a bit they decided to leave and go on to the show to see 1001 Arabian Nights.

The next day I was up bright & early, aboard a military transport, and on my way to Oklahoma City. We arrived about 4:00 in the afternoon without having to bailout or having anyone get air-sick. The latter was a surprise to me, due to the fact that I easily get sea-sick. However, when I was in the air and felt slightly nauseous, I chewed vigorously on a piece of gum. I chewed so vigorously that by the time I was finished the gum was practically soluble.

I got paid at Tinker AFB, due to my \$75.15 having somehow to a mere \$30.00. I made arrangements with the Greyhound bus station to have my barracks bags and such to be sent to Oklahoma City, and since I had to wait anyway, I got a hotel room and then went to see a show.

The show was THE HOUSE THAT ROARED, a PICTURE(I use the term loosely, you understand) that bore a slight resemblance to a book by Leonard Wibberly called, uniquely enough, THE HOUSE THAT ROARED. I'm never one to notice casting and producers and directors and such, but nevertheless I did take the trouble to notice that the picture wasn't made in Hollywood, which would be the only sufferably excuse in this travesty. Though not Hollywood-made, the picture was definately Hollywoodized: and by that, I mean that the story was changed and twisted in a most useless way in places that were totally unnecessary, not one single character remained the same as their book counter-parts(some were merely changed; others deleted completely), and practically all of the excellent Wibberly satire was trampled on clumsily by unfeeling and uncaring claws or done away with entirely. The picture in itself wasn't horrible; it retained a few "jokes" and even added a fairly humorous scene and even condescended to follow the plot about half-way all the way down the line. It was good enough for the Mass Mind, I guess. I noticed, though, that on the advertisements, Wibberly wasn't mentioned as the author of the book, originally. I can understand this. If I were Wibberly and had written a book as good as THE HOUSE THAT ROARED and the movie industry had made this mess of it, I wouldn't want my name associated with it, either. If you haven't read the book yet, though, do that; it's a good book. But, unfortunately, a poor picture.

I slept in a hotel that night and got on the bus the next day and after innumerable lay-overs, bus changes, and issues and re-issues of tickets, I eventually entered Panama City, Florida and came thence to Tyndall AFB...and...well...here I am.

###

I want all you SAPS should know: from the bottom of my heart, I thank you all for making me your over-whelming write-in candidate for OE. Official Report has not yet come that I am OE yet, despite repeated contacts(I guess they just don't want to embarrass(really, people, I don't know how to spell that word) me or something). If were for anything else, I'd thank they were ignoring me. It will be hard to be OE in the Air Force, but since you have elected me with such fervor(Votes In Favor Of Brown For OE(at latest knowledge): 56 votes), I feel that the least I can do is try. Next deadline is March 20th. Minimum requirements(50pp) must reach me by that time or OUT YOU GO...since you've already as much as elected me, I might as well be tough...

Perhaps, havin' read this fair (yessah, wahh awlreahdlih mah suhthen accent is a shovin') in POOR RICARD'S ALMANAC, you've got a kindof sneaking little hunch that something (nothing you can put your finger on, mind you, but something) is kindof wrong about all this. I'll tell you about it, though rather briefly, because I'm anxious to get into my mailing comments. You see, I was going to make this PRA the first monthly issue of PRA. Every third issue was to go thru SAPS (complete with mailing comments, etc.), while the others would be obtainable by letters of comment or something.

For the first time in my life, I had the money and the enthusiasm, under one roof, to put out and (I believe) to continue to put out a monthly PRA...or a monthly anything. Now, unfortunately, I am deeply involved in Operation Big Count, being a supply man; I only get every other week-end off, and I spend them, for the most part, in town or relaxing. Stencil-cutting is fun, mind you, but after typing for eight hours a day as it is, it comes out at a bit of a strain. Just now, I've cut four stencils in a matter of about 2 1/2 hours. And already I am t*i*r*d; people. Besides, I've been literally loosing sleep reading the SAPS Mailing. Now that I'm through, I guess I'll just lose sleep cutting stencils (yawn). Hmmm. Fandom Is A Way Of Life, Fandom Is A Way Of Life, Fandom Is A...don't interrupt me, I've got to convince myself of this before I fall asleep at the typer keys...

Well, yes, I would agree: it seems we're about to come upon a column entitled

THE
INVERTED

EYE.....comments on

SAPS
MLC. 50

...er, well, you know what I mean..

spectator - Burnett R. Toskey, OE, PhD. So here I sit, one quivering--or mass of badly horrified human flesh. You may wonder above why I say I'm anxious to get started on mc's. This is why. I make myself unfortunate in that I chose the largest (317 pages...my god) mailing to "let myself go" again. And here I am on page 13 (a sign, perhaps?) and I'm just starting them now! Argh. # Gee, that was nice of Bergeron to donate all that money. \$11.00. Opps, no, that was the total. Oh, well, there went a fine piece of Rich Brown Intellectual-Type humor down the drain. # Tch, Tosh, you neglected to leave a place for us to sign our names on the Pillar Poll. Now, how are you going to tell if we voted for ourselves or not, eh? Keh. (4pp)

spacevaip - Art Rapp. Liked "negative," muchly. Liked your "Ultimate Weapon" bits, too. You know, when I first was glancing through the mailing, I thought that I'd received too many copies of some zine or other, because I kept coming across this story "Ultimate Weapon," by Art Rapp. Then, when it crystalized, I looked again and found that there was more than one. "Aha!" thought I, "so Rapp has at last solved the problem of SAPS page-count!" You see, I figured that you'd figured that this mailing wouldn't be big at all, since SAPS is about ready to start going down again, so you sent the same story to different editors, thus bolstering the page-count. I wasn't disappointed when I found out differently, though.

Well, it seems everyone has a little bit different idea of what EOTOS stands for. For the sake of confusion, how about:

Every Other Teetotaller Observes SAPS
Especially Outsiders Toskey Observes Sincerely
Evil Old Tosh Of SAPS
Excellent Observations Towards Other SAPS
Emergency Observer To Overtake Spectators
Electric Old Turn-Tables Over Stereo!

I think A... Dick invented the mimograph. Seems I remember they use it in thier

advertising and such-like. Or am I thinking of Gestetner?

You may have noticed that I'm not using any correction fluid with this issue of PRA. This isn't because I don't have any, but because I never make mistakes.

I don't agree about MinAct MC's -- I love doing them myself, and though I'd rather see MC's than not, I'm not in favor of forcin people into doing something they are against. Besides which, these people who like to publish fiction and articles would merely continue to do so -- using the mc's as a guise. Except they'd use "SPACEWARF - Art Rapp" for a title instead of "Space Rocket To Infinity" or "The Significance Of The Outer Mongolian Flea to Science Fiction Fandom." Instead, let us try Gentil Coercion and get some real MC's, eh?

Har. You say "When you say Toskey is cracking-down on lax members, I presume you mean he is trying to make them ex-lax members." Wch. What a s---ty thing to say, Art.

I think I like your Short-Shorter SAPScard idea. Now, if I could only understand it. I get a vague idea, but...

Oh well, I think I'll give a try to predicting SAPSmailings, too: 51: 894pp, 52: 580pp, 53: 312, 54: 506, 55: 695pp. Well, I forgot to put the abbreviations in there, but I guess you know what I mean.

During my senior year in high-school, I took a course called "Senior Composition and Lit." Due to the fact that I was pressed for time, was lazy, and in general preferred spending my time on fan activity, I would like to thank "Carl Brandon" and Terry Carr for their editorials in LIGHTHOUSE and INFLUENDO, respectively, for the A's I received in that course. Of course, there was one point where we had to do a research paper on "history." We were told we could do the history of anything we wanted. And so, Sam, I'd like to thank you, too...

Yeah, Art, you're right there, all right. I sure did goof in putting the staples(whee, that was f*u*n) on the wrong side. I guess that just proves that there never was a last page to that PRA, huh?

Wish you luck on the Morgan Bots collection, Art. I had about half of these stories mentioned, and I was waiting for old Big Hearted to send the stuff he promised me. Unfortunately, what with the rush and hustle and busle of the DETENTION Big Hearted lost the stuff in a hopelessly large pile of fanzines or something. Besides all this, I left my old SPACEWARPS and my copy of DEEBOOK at home, so I couldn't even do those, now. By the above(in case it isn't obvious), I am not blaming Howard for my misfortunes. In consideration with the way I have (had) my magazines, fanzines, correspondence and such arranged at my house, and considering that Howard has had several more years to add to this type of thing than I have, I can certainly sympathize. And after all, no harm seems to have been done -- you and Mangee are working on the thing, so it save me the work -- now all I have to do is sit back and read the thing, instead of stencilling, having it run off, collating, and other stuff like that, plus the expense. Not that I would have minded particularly(I'd've been tickled pink, as a matter of fact), but like I say, no harm done.

Reprints are fabulous. Wow, like.

I heard a very small variation of "Communist Indoctrination -- It's Significance To Americans" in Basic Training. It actually shocked me into doing some serious thinking. According to this, I actually and truly believe that, if I had been in Korea at the time, I would have been among these men. It is shocking to think this, but to be honest with myself, I must admit that this sort of thing would have probably gotten through to me. This is bad. # However, I heard a few things differently. For instance, the Americans didn't tell on each other at first; they were told on by those outside the ranks and it was found that no one was hurt by this. Then our boys joined in. In some cases, this did

cause anger among those told-on. After all, who could he trust, if not his buddies? Too, during these classes, the men were told to stand up and confess something they did "wrong" and analyze what was wrong about it, apologize for doing it and promise never to do it again. At first, this was a gag among the men -- they'd make up all manner of tall tales to amuse each other, and laugh at these "stupid orientals." And then no more humor would come to mind, and they'd start telling the truth, trying to make it funny, until eventually they were doing just what the communists wanted them to do. Both of the above, as well as several of the things mentioned in the Major's article were what drove the men apart, instead of being together. The important thing about the whole mess was this: the "brain washing" served a two-fold purpose for the communists; it kept our men from even trying to get back to their own lines. Not only did this make for less men to fight against, but, because there were so little resistance, they also had more men on their front lines who should have been back guarding our men.

I'm happy to see this in print, Art; perhaps it'll give others a chance to think about it. I know when I got the lecture in basic, it changed me considerably in thought and viewpoint. Perhaps it'll do the same with some others, -- but if not, at least it will be a valuable service to me, now that anytime I feel like it I can pull out this of SW and refresh my memory. (60pp)

the speleobem #6.5 - Bruce Pelz. Ok, I've sat here for the past ten minutes trying to figure out what it Looks Like They're Saying there on the front cover, but so far have come up with nothin particularly devastating or witty. That picture of me on the cover is the best I've ever seen of me -- I think, perhaps, camera's and I are virtually incompatible. No one, however, would be able to recognize me from this pic -- my hair is down to a thin $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, in most places (well, I've got a little place in the back that kind of sticks up in the air, like Alf-Alfa of the Our Gang comedies). Pity. Sjo can't tell me how I look like a hood anymore. Snif.

In case anyone is wondering about the order of these zines, I'm doing them in the old Vill Meyers fashion -- according to size. Wherever size is duplicated, I go in alphabetical order according to the zine title. Almost as complicated as Taj, this time around.

Well, I was a tri-APAn. My first APA was The Cult. I was in O.P.A until I got dropped for lack of activity. I was dropped from the Cult for the same reason, tho I've always felt that the latter was a bit unfair. I tried to appeal my case, tho; wrote to the Youngs, who were due to publish next, but they seemed to forget all about it. Never even got so much as a postcard about it, so said the hell with it, and let it go at that. And I prefer S.A.P.S. Dunno about FAPA yet -- I'll be in in another year or so, and I'll try to do both clubs justice. If I can't do that, I'll resign the club I cannot do justice to. Or the one that doesn't appeal to me, or appeals to me the least, depending on how I feel at the time.

On the Dasby dachshunds: well, Bruce, there's a semantic difference between "people" and "children," you know. Though I am a cat-people, I've had a few dogs and have known other people who have done likewise, and I think I can understand what Elinor is saying. Treating a dog like a people would be things like realizing it has a personality, a set of emotions, and treating it with respect, warmth, and carrying on the basic human-exchange, that of trying to give pleasure so that it may be received. Treating a dog like a child; well, I can think of an example of this. An Aunt of mine had a dachshund which, I felt, she treated like a child. Perhaps she should be excused, because she married at a time when she was no longer capable of having one of her own; yet, to me, the experience I've had with her and her dog have been . . . nauseating to the extreme. She talked baby-talk

to her dog(whose name was Penny). This wasn't a bad thing in itself -- a lot of people use this "language" when talking to animals. But usually they do it because they think it is cute; and this was not so in my Aunt's case. She was dead serious. She not only treated Penny like a child, she treated it like a spoiled child. Nothing would do but that Penny would eat table food from her hands(no dog food, please!) and drink milk not from a bowl but from a baby-bottle! Penny had clothes. Penny was never scolded. Penny was, consequently, never house-broken. It was a family joke that everytime Penny took a...er...made piles in the parlor..my Aunt would smile and kiss her...well, perhaps you know what I'm going to say, so I shan't make a point of being blunt. But, ugh, how sickening. And, too, in a way, pitiful.

MBZ is quite aggressive, I understand. I would even agree with Tosk, and say that she is as aggressive as GIC. But MBZ, at least, and opposed to GIC, has a kindof logic you can follow, even if you don't agree with it. However, I realize that this has nothing to do with GW telling AWC that RAML was a Communist Spy for the COPR, but nevertheless GWF and TAJ and RS lead one to believe, in the old IMT, that the best way to CVY (especially regarding CEO items and TDY, as AHR and I are familiar with) is PDQ. OK?

Well, you can drop Stone from the list of the SIC. However, you can move Ted Johnstone into the picture; though not strictly a card-carrying member of the SIC, Ted performs duties as my Right Hand Man.

No, the bit about "my" excellent financial condition, in PRA #4, was from Prather, too. And, as Tosk says, the bit about Garcone being offered a chair(which he promptly ate) is from the minutes in CRY by Wally Weber. For some reason, of all the beautiful and witty and excellently humorous things Wally has said, there and elsewhere, I think that one particular gem will come back to haunt me with it pearlish laughter as long as I live.

"Just Follow The Goldbrick Road."

I'm pretty sure "Talking Fandom Blues" comes from "Talking Atomic Blues." This, however, is from deduction, rather than from knowledge; I've only heard "Talking Atomic.." once, and I don't remember much of it. But the last line seems to fit, anyway.

Sorry, but I must say I think the non-litho ribbon looks better than the litho ribbon.

Fellows, I've just got to take a break. I've been typing since dawn and this barracks I'm in seems to be filled with Serious and Constructive types who seem to think it is better to pass inspection than to write comments to the Finest Brains In The Universe(i.e., SAPS). So I call a break...

But here I am back again. Lemme see. Oh, yeah: I dunno why, but it seems that everyone took Lar' Stone's GO TO HELL seriously. Heck, I got a kick out of it, not only because I agreed with it, but because it was funny. Somehow, I thought he was making parody on me. Didn't anyone get that bit about "blowing bubbles on my bubble-gum and acting defiant"? Yeah, and it was me that everyone was telling dot ot to get a sense of humor.

The use of SAPLING in SAPS was, I think, my idea. I always kindof liked the twiggy and branchy stuff in TWIG. I mean(how dat 'postrophe get dere?), sure it's corn, but it's fun. Shell Scott, for instance, is a good part corn, but it's good, too. Anyway, TWIG mentioned something to me about his letter/substitutue/zine, SAPLING, and I expressed disappointment that he hadn't saved it until he eventually entered SAPS, because the title fitted in more ways than one. So, if anything, blame me and not Guy. ...On second thought, blame us both equally.

CRY has changed a lot, over the years. But you should know that for yourself -- you have a complete collection, no?

No, I wouldn't want to see a 1000 page mailing either, despite my enthusiasm. I

don't, however, mind 1*a*r*g*o mailings, like 700pp or so -- that particular number, for some reason, seems about right to me. Lots to read, lots to comment on, lots of egoboo, and lots of fun. But 1000pp, methinks, would be a chore.

Longer..or I mean, larger mailings? No, no, no, as re the above -- I'm not up to putting down those with large page-counts -- this PRA will be larger than the last two, for sure, and may go to untimely lengths -- 50pp, if I can stretch it, but I'm doing it (if I do) because I feel I have that much to say, at least -- not; certainly, to add "pages" to the mailing -- such, I feel, smells deeply of the mundane APA's.

Interests vary, of course, and I'm certainly for people putting in more than their share but..mighod, man. You understand me? I hope so.

Me? I think if I found that today was to be my last day on this here green planet, I'd be doing what I'm doing now. Writing stencils for SAPS. I think I'd try to write a few short letters, too. A long one for the GRV, of course, but mostly short letters. I think I would make a couple of two-page PRA's, so's I could run the numbering up to #10. Except for PRA, you see, none of my zines have ever gone beyond the #2 stage. I think in one of these PRA's I'd run a newspaper item reporting my death. This, of course, would be too frivolous for anyone to pay any attention to. Then I'd see what I could do about getting the item printed after my death in some newspaper. That's how I'd like to go; writing letters and cutting stencils and creating my own death-hoax in reverse.

The other side of this, that is, if I were going to die along with everyone else(say, a catastrophe were due, like in When Worlds Collide, or something), I think I would try to get a piano to play. Then, I think, I would play it. If that got tiring before the end of the day, I think I would try to read a few books I've already read and enjoyed -- The Catcher In The Rye, or Sayonara, or The Lord Of The Rings -- I prob'ly couldn't finish the latter, but it would be fun trying, I guess. Or maybe I'd try reading something I haven't read before. Or go to a movie. Like you, I'm rather unsure about this case -- but I don't think I'd do anything hog-wild. Of course, what I think now, and what might really happen if such were the case, might be two different things entirely.

Old bean, I hate to hit you with this one, by Ted Johnstone has prior claim to the Ferdinand Fugghead bit; only his is Thru Space And Time With Ferdinand Fugghead. Taj may show you the bit he did for Excalibur, which is one of the parts already run off, and the things he's done besides this. He may not object, however, deciding that genius must concede to intellect, or something(phew, you'll never know what a time I had getting through that sentence without insulting you both...it was a temptation, I must admit).

More Atrociouster Story #2

Days went by, and Abdul Nekakebletzer, the Shan of Northeastern Eureka, remained in a remarkably good mood. He only flogged his slaves twice a day, and his more important statesmen had only been slapped and punched about on rare occasion. He was even seen once, during these few days, throwing money out the upper palace window to the retched-peasant-children below. True, the money only amounted to about 6¢ in American currency(spread out evenly for three days), and true, the Shan cackled to himself as the children beat upon each other mercilessly to get to the money, but, as was said above, he was in one of his better moods. A statesmen from a neighboring country heard this, and decided that this would be the time to talk to the Shan about various political things, such as making peace after fivehundred and thirty-seven years of war. However, his conclusion travelled before him, and the Shan heard of it. He tore into a rage more terrible than any he had ever been in before, and considering the Shan's previous all-time records in brutality(which he

received at the Geneva convention for setting fire to the eye-balls of a little clerk who had not had sense enough to prostrate himself full-length before the Shan), this was indeed bad. He made the citizens of his country sleep on hot coals. He put people to the gallows who did not please his nostrils and put those who used soap to the rack. Heads rolled, bodies were beaten and picked-at and mutilated. And every peasant was personally tortured by the Shan, in his raging madness. And eventually, the ambassador arrived, and since he was dressed much in the same manner as everyone else, no one knew that he was from the country that they had been at war with for so very long. So it was only natural, when the statesman asked directions to the palace, he would be received with curious glances.

"Have you gone mad?" Asked one peasant. Then, noticing that the statesman was not bruised or burned or beaten, nor in any manner tortured, the peasant asked rather puzzledly, "And, by the way, where were you when the fit hit the Shan?"

Conc is DEP...now to PORQUE! 4 and Dee:

I don't like my middle name. People used to try to guess what it was. John Thiel thot it was Wetzel. Glenn King thot it was Morzimer. Others have guessed more common names; Willis, Williams, Webejeski, Weber, Wayne, Wolverson, Westly, West, Wickers, and so forth and so on. No one, except me, my mother, and my father, will ever truly know my middle name. I will never knowingly reveal it, though I imagine, with modern psychological techniques, it can be brought out after violent physical torture. But my first and last name don't bother me too much...though it's certainly open to puns and dirty cracks. "He lay in the harsh Mercurian sun, toasting to a rich brown..." and things of that ilk continue to amuse me. And, too, I have a variety of nick-names; Rich, Mick, Dick, and "Hey,-you-withe-hair-onyer-head."

I may take next week-end off and come down and visit you -- but by the time you see this in print, you'll know whether I did or not. The town here is kindof, like, dead -- but not as dead as was Amarillo, thank Foo. And I understand it gets better in the summer, too... Still, it was too bad I couldn't have been stationed at MacDill. And yet, I can't complain too much; I might have been stuck out in some gaudforawful nowhere, away from all fans and civilization(as if the terms were superable).

Try The Catcher In The Rye, or My Old Man(to a lesser degree, admittedly) by J.D. Salinger and Richard W. Erno, respectively. Try On The Road and The Dharma Bums by Jack Kerouac. Try Go by Clifton Holmes; The World Of Suzie Wong by Richard Mason; Executive Suite by Cameron Hawley; Tides Of Time by Emil Dancon, Heyday by William Spakman; Cannery Row, Sweet Thursday, East Of Eden, To A God Unknown, Grapes Of Wrath; and The Wayward Bus by John Steinbeck. Try Waterfront by Budd Schulburg(sp?); Sayonara and The Bridges At Toko-Ri by James Mitchner; The Soldiers by William Faulkner; My Name Is Arran by William Soroyan; Exodus by Uris; The Sound Of Thunder by Taylor Caldwell; ...oh, I could no doubt go on. I don't think you'll find freckles smiling; here -- you'll find things to make you think, things that elate you, things that amuse you, things that horrify and disgust you, and things that make you want to cry. But those, I think, are closer to life than freckles that smile.

The Pelz still seems to be sticking comments into your comments. Tch. This is despairing. If I get to see you, I think I'll see what can be done about this mess. Yes.

WRR is the focal point of CRY Pandom

For all I know, yes, Ejo does large works; she did a very weird thing(I wouldn't know what to call it, but it's impressive) with oils, for Ted Johnstone. I burn with envy(Marlene Envy, we always..oh, yes, I used that one last time).

A suggestion on who you should "vamp" -- me. I'm the only logical choice, because I'm near and handsome and intelligent and modest and dignified(to hell with anything unrefined is my motto, I always tell Ichy, my pet cock-roach) and and and and....but

him, and yes. I left stencil-cutting to go eat, and though I can usually pick up right where I left off, I can't for the life of me remember what it was I was going to say. No doubt something terrifficaly fannish and witty. Oh, well, it's my loss, not yours.

Substitute the gaelic meaning of Alan(handsome) for Alan Ladd, and you can see that someone gave a little thot to the non-de-plume(sp?). Tch, I am either going to have to learn to spell or start# making my misspelling appropriate in the slick Sneary manner.

Care if I second your motion to read all of Libberly's books? Only one thing, tho -- the book is Take Me To Your President, not Take Me To Your Leader, as you have it. You read Beware The House yet? It's a kindof-sequel to The House That Roared. I say kindof, because it takes place before "...Roared" -- fabulous history of Grand Fenwick, and so forth. If you haven't read it yet, please do so...then let me know what it's like. I only had a chance to read part of it before it got "borrowed" from me.

To think that a poor young, beautiful, innocent femme such as yourself has been influenced by the vile teachings of (ungh) Roscoe sets fire to the finer sides of my fannish soul. FooFoo, and only FooFoo, can offer you the finer things in fandom. Melvin, the BEM of BEM's, and his Only True Prophet, says "Blxtrplx," and all true fen must listen to these wise words of great fannish wisdom. Remember -- the only True Fan is a Foo Fan. Let me tell you how it all begin:-- In the Beginning, there was nothing, nothing, nothing...except for FooFoo and a great big whole. FooFoo took the whole and devided it into parts. He created the everything. That is to say, science fiction and fandom. Seeing, however, that the two stuck too closely together, He then created the Lundane, so that fandom would have something to laugh. Then, after setting up Mororojo as a Priestess, he took his deserved rest. But while he slept, dank and dreary monsters, worse even than Garcone or Squink Blogg, came out of the Nothing That Was Before. A purple denizen with slathering fangs known at various times as Chu, ChuChu, and The Purple One; a sickening rodent, vile and disease-ridden, known as Ignatz; a filthy, matted, mud-bespattered beaver, Roscoe, who clogged the fresh, refreshing waters of trufandom with his dams; the Yober, and the Poo(who was mightier), and various lesser monsters; and what a truely heinous thing they tried to do! Yes, they tried to set themselves up as ghods, tried to take FooFoo's rightful place. Mororojo tried her best, but these fake and FALSE and EVIAL ghods spread the germs of fannish disease -- gafia, fughheadedness, neofannishness, unreadability, typoitus, and various other vile and treacherous things. Fans began to follow these EVIAL and FALSE ghods, and they paid dearly for it -- Michelism, Shaver, the BFFS mess, the TAPF dispute...and many, many other things. They thought FooFoo had deserted them. FOOFOO HAS NOT DESERTEED!! This is silly. He never lived in a desert, anyway. Of course, the rest of the story is known. One day, FooFoo awoke from his deserved rest and He arose and Looked Out upon the fannish land and Saw That Things Were Wrong. FooFoo will not force fans from their belief's, even if they are EVIAL and WRONG. He made Melvin, the BEM of BEM's, his prophet; he inducted the Secret Six and said, "vrpldrpl," and we knew at once that he was Wise. We followed him and the Revelations Of FooFoo(quoted extensively in E UATION #1 and #2) eventually became known to us. And the prime Revelation is this (and I think I should mention that this is the first time that it has seen print, anywhere): until fandom as ridden itself of these EVIAL and FALSE ghods, the diseases mentioned above will never leave us! And, as I say, FooFoo will not forcibly change a fans ways, even if they are EVIAL and WRONG. So until all fandom becomes enlightened, fandom is doomed to fughheadedness, gafia, and so forth. Join the FooFooist movement. (It is also, by the way, and since it is associated with Melvin, known as the BEMovement) It will give you all the pleasures and

none of the disadvantages of true-fandom. You will do fandom a great service by becoming a Foofoolist. Besides which (and I hate to admit it), though we're doing fine with bishops, arch-bishops, and such-like, we're terribly lacking, and have been terribly lacking since Lorojo succumbed to mafia, High Priestesses. Yessess, we are.

He, I think perhaps I've spent too much space on the SPELEOBEM, as it is, so I'm afraid I'll have to close comments on you right here, even though I assure you I have more to say to you (SAPishly speaking, I assure you), as evidence some 10 check-marks left to go.

Prey For Peace

However, back to Bruce for the moment: I did enjoy your extra material, very-much, but just couldn't think of anything to say about them, and I didn't feel like taking them piece by piece and racking my brain for superlative adjectives to express my appreciation. So here let it be noted that just because I don't comment on extra material doesn't mean that I dislike it. Good luck, keep fanning, and let's see if you can keep up with LA fanac and SAPSactivity as well. (55pp)

safari #4 - Earl Kemp. That ADDick #450 does a fine job for you, Earl...a really fine job. I am kindof crogled, though, to find out all this...I have always felt myself as being quite good at being able to tell one process from another...a commisuer (I wonder if USAFI offers any spelling courses?) of the processes, you might say -- I take a fanzine in my hands and rub the paper and examine the ink and sniff and can tell quite easily between different processes -- good mimeography or poor printing, good hektoing from poor dittography, and so forth. And so, you see, I'm crogled, because, until now, I always felt that any idiot could tell the difference between mimeography and multilithography.

Time does pass rather fast, SAPSishly speaking. As you read this, I will have been in SAPS two years...er..I think. Now, I definately remember one mailing in which I didn't have a PRA -- I had DISSENTING OPINION, instead. Otherwise, I think there's been a PRA in every mailing since I've been in. So this will be my eighth mailing coming up. But the thing is, I kindof feel as if I began in mlg. 42 -- or maybe 43. But 43 just doesn't sound right (put that in Hyperbole, please), for some reason... yet that is what my calculations bear out. Now, dammit, this is embarrassing -- will some kindly SAP with back issues of the SPECTATOR please tell me just when the hell I came into SAPS???

I'd already read Economou's article, in PEOM, but it was fine seeing it and reading it again. And just a little bit horrifying, when you get right down to it. Keep this department going, Earl. I might provide a few suggestions, eventually, since back when I edited a fmz with a strict editorial policy ("Something Old (Reprint), Something New (Original Article), Something Borrowed (Something from an old prozine -- letters, mostly, tho I had plans for articles and such-like), Something Blue (letter-column)") I got "reprint rights" for all sorts of stuff. Can remember just exactly what, offhand...but....still.....

Hmmm, I take it you'd rather have Coslet printing his Bible Collection, rather than mc's. Actually, I'm quite pleased with Cos, in that he's actually participating the organization. Actually, I'm sort of straddling the picket fence on this affair. I enjoy mailing comments -- the SAPS type of mailing comments. However, I'm not in favor of stretching mc's just to see how long they can be made to be. As I've said many, many times before, I think of mc's as letters. If I can't think of anything to say to some particular person, then I don't say it. I don't consider comments on comments boring in SAPSzines anymore than I find comments on comments boring when I

receive letters from friends. I don't try to pad my letter, nor, do I think, I try to pad my mailing comments. If anything, I usually have to cut down on them -- and they usually show it. I have to cut MC's because stencils are not as cheap as writing paper, despite what some would make us think. Too, there is the fact that I do not consider myself (despite several of my comments to the contrary, in various places) the best or most pleasing, or anywhere near that writer of articles, fiction, reviews and other things of that ilk. Writing MC's and letters and such sets me free -- I write at a rapid rate, about as fast as I can type (approximately 60 wpm), usually only pausing between paragraphs. True, sometimes things come out sounding differently than I intended them because of this rushedness, but I find this better than the pain that is caused me by writing fiction, articles and the like, where, despite my advice to others on the subject of how-to-write-articles-and-fiction, I usually find myself worrying over each and every word, and trying to Organize, Condense, Revise and such-like stuff. I would estimate that I write MC's to articles/fiction/etc. on a ratio of 5-to-1. And, too, I usually find myself more pleased with the MC's than the articles, fiction, so forth. So. With these facts in mind, we get back to the subject: to MC, or not to MC, that is the question. Well, I could do non-mc zines for SAPS, about the fifth the size as the ones I now put out. Considering what I had in mailing #50, you would have had a little more than a page of my writing, prob'ly stilted and revised, and prob'ly would have been as boring as hell. I dunno, maybe my MC's are, too. But at least I enjoy writing them. Now, I'll admit that every once and a while inspiration comes knocking on my chromium chromium, and I write 10pp of fiction and it comes out as easily, if not easier than, mc's. But to depend on inspiration, even for LinAct would, to me, be Too Much To Dream For. Inspiration in such large quantities attack me but rarely, and even when it does I'm often unsatisfied with my rendition of it. Nonetheless, as you've undoubtedly noticed, whenever I think the inspiration has lit, I hit SAPS square in the muzzle with it. And so that's how it is, Earl; some of us just write better mc's than we do anything else, and have more fun at it besides. We're certainly not down on Outside Material, but for myself I find that PRA has generally contained mostly stuff by me (except once, when I took Ted Johnstone on as a rider), and to get outside contributions would be out of tradition for me. Yet I feel that I do like to be entertained and that because letters and MC's are what I like to write best is no reason others should be forced into my mold, so to speak. I am happy, nay, overjoyed to find Extra and Outside Material in other SAPSzines. But what I like best is a nice, healthy balance -- such as you have here. Yar, I voted SAFARI for one of the Top SAPSzines.

I tend to think that there isn't any such thing as the #1 target -- if the time ever comes when the U.S. becomes a target, I seem to think they'll try to hit everything at once. However, I agree with Bob that the LA area will be one of the first -- hitting LA would knock out a hell of a lot of industry, not to mention Cal Tech Rocket laboratories and Disneyland...

I was talking to this intellectual-type Staff Sergeant the other day on the subject of pornography and art, and such-like. I threw in what I thought was to be the clincher; "But how do you distinguish between the two." He stopped, pursed his lips and thought. Then he said, "Intent. One intends to affect you above the belt, and the other below." Ear...

I agree about Robert Gibson Jones -- his covers were, like, magnificent. I still remember the one illustrating "Titan's Daughter," a story by Shaver, in the old AMAZING.

Your comment to me that you would miss me, if I couldn't get a message thru kind of jolted me. I mean, I've never thought of myself as being on anyone's "missing" list, if you see what I mean. Funny, Earl but you nearly had me in tears, there. And thank you. Thank you very much.

Arrghh, that red paper is b*r*i*g*i*t...blinding, in fact. And I liked Lady Loverley's Chatter...tho I had to wait a while to read it...I mean, like, that fronticepiece really S-h*A-t*T-e*R-e*D the old optics.

FREE RIDE - James O'neara

Yeah, I'm all in favor of riders -- not only does it give us gratus members, and extra mailing comments, but it also lets us get to know a waiting-lister and gives the waiting-lister practice in writing NC's. Lessee, that's four reasons for taking on riders. Think I may see what I can do about roundin' some up, myself.

When I was in High School I can remember one teacher, especially. His name was Mr Renning; he was young, but he looked old -- being thin, and hunch-shouldered, and having a weak mouth-line and thinning hair. Damnit, every time I think of him, I get a little sad, because he wanted to teach. He started out teaching Geometry and Algebra, but he was too enthusiastic about his subject and trying to teach it that he could never keep control of a class. And when I knew him, he'd come down to "teaching" Study Hall. This particular Study Hall was meant to keep all the goof-offs out of the other teachers hair(and, yes, I was in the class -- I got there from slugging a Journalism teacher, but that's another story entirely), and the goof-offs(minus sensitive and famish me) were always playing cards or shooting craps or "matching" because they knew damn well that Mr Renning couldn't stop them, though he actually tried, once in a while. Mostly he would set up mathematical puzzles on the black-board for us to work with, and when everyone co-operated, it was even fun; but when they didn't, it was hell. He couldn't control the class, and the class knew he couldn't control the class, and sometimes you could almost see it in his eyes that he knew the class knew he couldn't control it. I felt sorry for him.

Join the FooFooist movement and save yourself a lot of needless soul-worry. For one thing, FooFooists recognize Bloch. Bloch is mortal, as is fandom(small 'f'), so is ghod of fandom; but FooFoo is immortal and ghod of Fandom(large 'F', denoting immortal Fandom as opposed to mortal fandom).

"If there's anything I hate, it's interlineations.."

Yeah, but I've just be n thinking -- one good thing about fandom as we know it is that you can take it along with you. What would I do with a model-railroading layout in the Air Force? Of course, most of my fanzines are at home -- but I'm still somewhat active in fandom, from here; whereas if I were in railroad fandom, I would be quickly hunting a new hobby, methinks.

I have been mulling over what you had to say about the Negro situation and trying to analyze my own feelings on the subject. Now, when I was at Amarillo, the barracks were set up in a three-men-to-a-room kindof deal, and one of my room mates was James H.B. Pickett -- a dignified Negro from Washington, D.C. In fact, he nearly perfectly described the Negro Terry Carr was going to write about. He had a nice, interesting personallity, was healthy, enjoyed reading, worked harder than anyone in the barracks, was cheerful, saved his money and sent some home(which was better than I did), spent his week-ends studying rather than going into town, and so forth. I was proud to be a room-mate of his. Up until the time I had met him, I had always considered myself as (secretly) prejudiced against Negro's. This, because of our neighbors, I would imagine -- about twenty Negro's live(d) next door to me, in one two-story house. They were continually dirty, slobbish and slutty in appearance. I was continually awakened each morning at six each morning by a fat Negro woman in a slip calling from next door, "Ricky-dale, Ricky-Dale, where is you, Ricky-Dale???" Now, though, I'm pleased to find out that I'm open-minded enough to judge by the individual -- which was a surprise, but as I say, a pleasant one. I think I'll always be prejudiced against slobs, though, regardless or race, creed, etc.

Back to Earl again -- I have heard Jamal and tend to agree with you more than