

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #8

SAPS  
ok, so I meant  
52  
51

PRESENTING . . .

Shelby  
& Suzanne  
Vick

Norm Metcalf

Cancelled due to circumstances beyond my control...

IS OENEY like, REALLY GHOD

THIS ISSUE -- THE TEST!

THIS IS POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #8, EDITED BY RICH BROWN, WHO MAY  
BE REACHED BY WRITING: -- A/Sc Richard W. Brown

Box 1136,  
Tyndall AFB Florida

THIS ISSUE OF PRA IS PUBLISHED ON SHELBY VICK'S BEAUTIFUL ELECTRIC  
GESTETNER. SHELBY VICK, OBVIOUSLY, IS A GOOD MAN.

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#### QUICK EDITORIAL....

As intimated above, this will be a quick editorial. Mainly because I want  
to get to mailing comments as soon as possible. (Really, Earl, I'm not try-  
ing to make enemies)

You may have noticed something funny about the last issue of PRA. Like,  
it went up to page 22, and I was making some sort of last remark to Earl  
Kemp... and suddenly you found yourself wondering where the rest of your  
PRA was. Well, if you're really interested, which I doubt, I'll tell you where  
it was. It wasn't at Toskey's, it wasn't lost in the mails -- it was here. With  
me. You see, I sent the first 22 pages off to Ted Johnstone for publication --  
I intended to finish my mailing comments, and then send them on to Ted, to  
be published with the rest of the mag.

But things began to go wrong. I had to work, for one thing -- a habit which,  
previously, had never bothered me. I kept hacking away at the things, tho,  
and when I completed them -- far too late to send them to Ted and have him  
run them for the mailing -- I decided that I'd just have Ted send what he'd  
run off back to me -- and I'd have Shelby run the whole mag off, and it would

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VOTE FOR RICH BROWN -- HE'S SICKER THAN ANYBODY

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appear in the next mailing. Simple, really.

The only thing was, of course, was that Ted had run them off already, and  
sent the stapled product to the Toskey. At first, to be quite truthful, I was  
appreciative not at all (yes, I'm without correction fluid again, piddle) -- for  
I had many more pages of mailing commentary to run, besides that which was  
published. But on sober reflection, I found myself positively pleased -- Ted  
had saved me from Missing The Mailing (something I haven't done yet, and  
really don't intend to), and I could print what was left out last time this time  
around.

I'm going to do just that, of course, but I'd like to apologize for it. Not  
just for being late, which is explainable, I feel; but because this is going to be  
a l\*a\*r\*g\*e issue of PRA. Or perhaps you've noticed that? But to the piddle  
who are so nobly trying to hold the mailings down, I apologize. I'm not sorry,  
but I apologize nonetheless.

Now, what was it I was saying to Earl Kemp last mailing? Let me think --  
don't press me, or you'll never get it. I remember it had something to do  
with jazz, but the exact content is hard to remember. Wait! I've got it! I  
was saying.....

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



DeMuth, but then, I've hardly graduated to the stage of Jazz critic, as yet. But I do agree with you, for what little it may be worth. (54pp)

flabbergasting #13 - Burnett R. Toskey. I, too, almost went along the road to true mafia -- not to the extent of quitting SAPS -- you're stuck with me until SAPS disinterests me completely and unfortunately for you all it hasn't even begun to do so -- but I had intentions of making this PRA the first monthly issue. When I found that I just wouldn't have the time, I went back and conformed over most of the mess and did what I could to correct things. But you'll probably notice that right up until I was practically ready to start my mailing comments I kept going foolishly along with this intent in mind. But there are so many monthly's now that PRA would more likely make a dull thud than a lively splash. Besides, general fanzines don't interest me much anymore. I mean, here I've had the CRY Annish for several weeks now and I haven't even started comments on it. I noticed, in YANDRO or somewhere that WRR was described as an "uninhibited CRY." I honestly didn't know whether to laugh or feel sad -- you see, it used to be that CRY was all the time being called such a wonderful, uninhibited fanzine. Oh, well.

Tosk, you genius, you intellect, you smart & intelligent type person...I think you've done it! You've cracked the case. You notice the difference between Squink Blog and Squink Blogg -- mighod, man, don't you know -- THERE ARE TWO OF THEM!!!!!! Mind-crogling, wot? And here's something to toss around, too; you say, "Now, you Lasfans, all you have to do to unearth the true culprit who controls 'Squink Blogg' is to find out which one of you works for the LA P.O." Well, Tosk, I'll tell you something. Ernie Wheatley works for the L.A. P.O.!! However, since Ernie isn't in SAPS, it's obvious that this will take more investigation...and you know what that means....

You mean, Tosk, even if I like popular music and like to dance to rock 'n' the head an roll (o, funny hilarious humor, hahaha) and cha cha and comb my hair like a juvenile delinquent and act rough and tough and mean as all hell and sometimes feel bitter and often sad that just because others shin down with Disapproving Glances I should go ahead and enjoy myself in my own particular way? I mean, that basically is what you are telling Elinor, about how you're not ashamed because you like Richard S. Shaver or anything, just as I'm not embarrassed about any of the above things, either. So even though we don't agree on our personal outlook, I guess we think along the same lines, huh? Except you've got a degree in math and I don't, of course. And I'm brash and young and get downright disrespectful, like for instance calling my father, "my old man." Haw, I'll bet old Twigger I can say "my old man" with more respect than he can say "my father" any day of the week. Let 'im put that in his pipe and smell it.

I don't agree with you on the Gem Carr business, Tosk, so I guess our viewpoints and ideas just don't coincide that much. You and Gem Carr agree that Words Cannot Hurt, while the written word itself points out the fallacy of the statement. Have you never heard "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword"? And, no, it doesn't depend on whether you're fighting or writing. Empires have been broken over mere words written on paper. Satire, tosk. Satire moves the world and makes laughing stock of us all. Wars have been started over "mere words written on paper." Ever read "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" Or "Mein Kampf?" And I honestly believe I could hurt you -- or Gem Carr -- with a "mere collection of words." The fact that I don't happens to be because what I write I like to think is, if nothing else, at least sincere. And I like you, Tosk. And yet you give Gem Carr a look of insincerity. If she means the things she says about people, then she is malicious. If she doesn't, then she's insincere and insincerity is the mask of hypocrisy.

You left out a name in the feminine/masculine bit. How about Robin? I remember several pipple thot Robin Wood (who used to write to the CRY -- remember Robin Wood Wood and his band of Merry Fen?) was a she, while actually he was not. Larry Sokol



wrote a letter to Robin, asking formaterial, after seeing "Errrraaacckkk!" in ETERNITY, while simultaneously he wrote me asking how old "she" was. I quoted him something from one of Robin's letters (something about how, on New Years, he let his beard grow out and ran wild over the streets of Amador City)...and when Larry found out...well, as a matter of fact, that was about the time he started moving out of fandom.

INTERIM NOTE: You'll note, by comparing the date up there with the date of the last page that over a month has passed since I've typed a stencil.

This is bad. But a lot of things have happened during this interim, so I'll take a little ppace here, before continuing with a review of FLAB, and tell you about them. First of all, for all you non-FANAC readers, Norm Metcalf is on this base, also. He will also be represented here, with mailing comments -- he lives practically across the street from me, y'see. And it's the fannish thing to do. We've been planning all sorts of visits to various fen anywhere near here -- I haven't been down to Tampa yet (it's, in disntance, rather like me planning a trip from Pasadena to San Francisco -- feasible, but not immanently practicle, especially on my funds), but a trip to see Dee is a must, so it will come about(because if it doesn't, I may destroy the world in a fit of anger) -- so Dee, You Have Been Warned. Like I started to say up there, we've been talking about seeing other fans, but hadn't actually done much about it. We were eating the other day, and I asked him where Lynn Haven, Florida was. It's quite near, it turned out, and fairly easily accessable. "Why?" he asked me, after answering my question. "Because," I said, "that's where Shelby Vick lives." So last Saturday, while I was working, Norm went into town, with the intent of finding Shelby. All he found was a Vick Mimeographing Service, in Panama City, but as he described it, "And then all my engrams disintegrated for a microsecond and Gludnik's Equation came surging to the cerebellum. (Some place anyway.)

This reads fan=fmz=mimeo. Since this was only a block from where I was, I went. And, as chronicled in FANalog(from which I am quoting) it was, indeed, Shelby Vick. FANalog being, of course, the one-shot that was produced to commemorate the event. We've both been invited out to the Vick's for dinner some time, whenever we can co-Ordinate(youch)...and next time, PRA may well feature, not one, but two riders. YEAST IS YEAST IS YEAST. So now that you're all fully up to date, let's get back to ol' Tosk.

True, the line you quoted(one of my favorites) is stolen from Wally Weber -- but actually, if I always gave credit where credit would do, PRA would be, for the largest part, more bibliography than mailing comments! Fooghee, what a lousy sentence. About five hundred million typo's(as Holden Caulfield might say). I've gotten soft, that's what, mostly using the electric typer, at the office, except for personal things. I'll get back into the swing of things, tho.

Again, back to this GIC bit: As ridiculous as it may seem to you, Tosk, peoples feelings can be hurt by things put into print. To try to put it a bit more confusedly (as is my wont), I do not think of Toskey in terms of Flabbergasting, I think of Flabbergasting in terms of Toskey? Confused? Ok, I'll explain. I do not think of you(and I'm just using you as an example; it could just as easily be anyone else in SAPS..or FAPA..or even all of fandom, for that matter) as just the words splattered over the pages of FLABBERGASTING. I think, however, these words reflect the personality of the Toskey. Because of this, I feel I would like you if I met you -- we do not see life through exactly the same eyes, in fact we disagree about a few basics, yet I like you. I like Toskey for Tosky's sake. So if you were suddenly to write an article or something pointing out how I'd always been such a magnificent slob all my



life, filled with vindictiveness, and obviously unfacetious, I would be very hurt. Basically, Tosh, it comes down to this: I consider fans as people, and mostly, as my friends; all I expect of them is sincerity. And when that sincerity shows, at times, that people don't like me (there was once a Down With Rich Brown club, very serious in nature, I understand), I sometimes get hurt in the process. And Tosh, have you never thought of Nan Alone?

A motorcycle is also advantageous, and for the very reason you state as a nuisance for car drivers; it does away with having to wait for hours on end, when there's a "traffic jam." This, especially, in big citities (which is a knew word of spelling itcy's or even cities), where such things happen quite often, irregardless of freeways and such-like, which are usually ten years outmoded by the time they're finished, anyway.

I don't know whether it was intentional or not, but one line here drove me into spasms of mad, mad laughter; "Doubtless I'll be having some kittens before too long." I recommend it for the best line in this mailing.

Now everyone, just about, has gone through the SAPS list saying who they've met and so forth, and since I didn't catch on right away, I didn't do it, so now seems about as good a time as any; looking it over, it doesn't stack up too outstandingly well, compared with others - Karen Anderson I saw, at the solacon, but that isn't really much like met -- someone said, "That's Karen Anderson," and I said, "Ohhhhh" (her costume, you know); the Lusbies I met at the solacon; Terry Carr I met (as he related) when he, Dave Mike, and Jon Elliot came down, dropped by John Champion's and decided to drop by and see me - met him other times at various LA parties, and so forth, and the solacon; Mimi I knew before her last name was Carr, because she lived across the street from Ted Johnstone's ~~and he had to take her to the hospital~~ and because she was the first one to realize that I was an undersized Juvenile Delinquent; Ed Cox, I may have met at either the solacon (was he even there?) or at some LASFS meeting -- I don't remember meeting him, but for all I know I could have, and not even realized it; Jack Harness I met at the solacon and afterwards at LASFS meetings; Ted Johnstone and I, as Ted admits, are old buddies, just about; Earl Kemp I met at the solacon; Bob Leman I met at the solacon; Bob Lichtman I met at LASFS, once; Leslie Morris I met at my own home, after I invited him over to tell him about the times he had missed, but unfortunately he arrived when Stanbery was around, and he sat transfixed while listening to Stanbery's monologue, and had to leave for home before I had a chance to Bring Him Up To Date; Bruce Pelz I met, as chronicled previously, back eight or ten pages or so; Wally Weber I met at the solacon; and Ejo is, of course, my Soames Sexcretary, and I have met her many times, at parties, LASFS, and just plain old group wanderings. That's only 15 (if you count Anderson and Cox), out of 34 possible. I shall have to travel.

Your argument against the subconscious, Tosh, is redickdockle. All you've said, in a nice long paragraph here (pp 30) is that you're not conscious of your subconscious; which, by its very definition, you shouldn't be.

Please, Tosh: H E L P ! There's only one place around here where I can get gestencils -- and they cost \$4 a quire! No, that's not a type, I said \$4 (four dollars). I'd be glad, say, to pay you \$3 a quire plus postage, down here. Anything would be a saving grace, at this point.

Being in the Air Force only a small amount of time, I can still find nothing wrong with calling an officer "Sir." Actually, I get along quite well with the officers (a Captain and a Warrant Officer) who are over me, as well as the NCO's. In Basic, we had particularly moronic NCO's (chosen, I feel, for the illiterateness, their ability to swear at the drop of a hat, their meaness, and their prejudices), and one particularly moronic adjutant (2nd Lt). Of course, in this instance, I felt superior; Congress made him a gentleman and God made me one.



Lest others forget to tell you, TLMA stands for The Little Monsters Of America -- a club, and also the O-O of the club, started by Lynn Hickman somewhere back in the early fifty's, I believe.

Got a real good chuckle out of your ratings of animal intelligence, Posk.

I see you've listed me in the for sure list on SAPS-members who are also N3f-members. Uh-uh. The only N3F I'm in is the New Floridan Fan Festivities. True, I was a member of the National Fantasy Fan Federation -- I still carry the card, though it places my membership in 1958 -- but I resigned the club. With the exception of one fugghead, I found the N3F a nice enjoyable club, and despite the one fugghead, I hold no particular grotches against the thing. I don't even think it's so terrible that it "doesn't do anything." When you come right down to it, neither does any other club in fandom. So? So it sounds, again, like I'm getting worked up toward a big "defense" of the N3F when it hasn't even been attacked. But no, I regress. ("I Regress -- You Jane") Still, it seems to me, my outlook must, to others, appear somewhat hypocritical; at one minute I'm poking fun at the club, and the next I'm up on my wooden soap-box saying How It Shouldn't be Criticized, or something of equally foul nature. But this can be easily thrown aside, because my feelings on the whole matter are mixed: the people, basically, are nice - they have their own kind of fun in their own particular way, which I am highly in favor of - and they are often criticized for things that I do not personally believe deserves criticism (such as the fact that the club has never reached its first goal: consider, in this, the original goals of SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, LASPS, hell, any club, and compare them with what they have obtained. Goals change, people change, ideas change -- this is Good. Or it seems to be, in everyones eyes, in all such cases except for the N3F). On the other hand, the club does have its laughable side; its pretentiousness, for one; and the I've-been-slapped-in-the-face look you get from members if the club is chided from outside.

I think the reason so many people are against parodies of the Gettysburg Address is because it mentions "God" a few times, and naturally such things should not be made fun of. Actually, I just found out (after talking with Shelby Wick yesterday -- a fabulous fellow) that I'm not an Athiest, but a Diest. So all I ask is that you look around you -- look at the people, thestateoftheworld, and so forth. Now, don't you agree that God is the greatest humorist of all time?

Well, Posk, looks like I've come to the end of a very enjoyable SAPSzine -- yours, you clod -- and I'm sorry I couldn't take time to really write comments on it. And by that, I don't mean to be facitious -- for every comment I've made here, I must have passed up five or six. Perhaps, one of these mailings, I'll do a Fanzine For BRToskey, just to review, completely, an issue of FLAD. (53pp)

outsiders #36 - Wrai Ballard. You were only 94 pages off, this time, Wrai; and if I'd gotten my fifty pages into last mailing, and some other lazy dead-beat, too, you'd've been about right. Actually, many people - well, SAPSmembers, anyway -- will expect me to come up with the usual excuses; I was going through basic training and didn't have time, my finances were low, I was sick or tired or uninspired (rhyme courtesy Burma Shave?), or some such thing. Actually, it was all a hidden plot on my part; while others burnt themselves out of the 50th mailing, I took it easy. And unless time cramps me completely (it's getting a little too close for comfort, right now), I'll have at least a 50 page zine in the mailing -- depending on how much Norm does for the zine -- which, due to the other members being burnt Out, will easily leave me the largest zine in the mailing. Heh-heh. As I've often said, I can get fiendish when I want to.

Went wild over your reprints Wrai, but don't know what to say about most of them, except that I went wildest over "A Revised Code Of Honor," which was, to use an Es Adams-type word, trufine.



I have the strangest feeling that I may again (and if I do, I'll consider myself lucky) get my zine in quite late. Here I am, shooting for fifty pages at least, and I'm only on page 27 (of course, I've only reviewed five of the zines in the mailing -- or six if I count OUT, which I'm reviewing now(yes, really I am)), and deadline date only a month off. I sent 2Opp of to Ted some time ago, but I'm afraid that the LASPStetner may be crowded around SAPStime, and the possibility that this Just Might Not Make It has occured to me several times. Next issue will solve this problem -- since the next issue will be run on an ~~E\*L\*E\*C\*T\*R\*I\*C~~ ~~\*E\*S\*T\*E\*L\*E\*T\*E\*R\*!~~!! Shelby Vick's. Were also plannin(change that to "We're also planning..") a ghlorious monthly fanzine. Keep an eye peeled for details.

You miss the point, I think. A religious person believes in an afterlife, therefore he is content, not necessarily hoping for death, but not afraid of it, either. The Athiest knows (or feels he does -- religion cannot be proved or disproved, so let us not get carried away on this) there is no afterlife, therefore his life is the only thing that keeps him from being utter oblivion -- The Utter Nothin\_. And how's that for a Cosmic Sentence, like, huh? I think it's pretty utterly, myself.

We used to have a cat and a dog (Brat and Sparky, respectively) that were busum buddies; mainly because Brat was bigger than Sparky, and after a few tries, Sparky just decided it generally wasn't worth it to jump Brat. Still he (Sparky) had to stick up for his Rights, which he did often enough. So it was actually a case where they were both pretty neutral most of the time, through respect of one another; neither was necessarily afraid of the other, but on the other hand, they'd been through the whole mess enough times not to be eager to tear into one another. I remember, though, once just before Christmas we left them alone together in the house; when we got back, the place was in a mess, the Christmas tree was toppled, the ornaments were crushed; and the cat was chasing the dog(they go around a corner, out of sight; sound of sliding animal feet, "Grrrr" and "Tirroorrrw"), the dog was chasing the cat(they go around a corner, out of sight; sound of sliding animal feet, "Grrrr" and "Tirroorrrw"), the cat was chasing the dog, etc. We couldn't help but laugh, despite the damage done.

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Wanna buy a duck?  
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Emmm, I may be wrong, but as I remember The Cult, the OA stood for Official Arbeiter, not Official Arbitrator. Ask Pelz or someone else familiar with furrin' languages; he told me what it meant, once, but I forget. And it's appropriate, whether it's Right or not. Terry?

You know, you never appreciate a collection of anything, until you're away from it. My fanzines are all back home -- whenever I get stuff here, whenever I finish with it, I have to send it home, due to lack of space around here. I never knew how much I fell back on being able to rummage around in old fanzines to make sure what I'm saying is right, or something; and now that I don't have them here, I'm thinking up all sorts of Projects -- good, solid, fandom-improving projects (and let 's face it, them's the best kind) -- all of which require that my fanzine collection be nearby.

Geez, many crickets, Wrai; I've finished commenting on OUT already. Only excuse I can offer is that it's been a looong time since I made these comments -- OUT being, this time, the first SAPSzine I read through for checks -- whoops, ~~scanned~~ up again. Anyway, I made the check-marks quite a while back, and I can't remember what half of them were about. So sorry. OUT highly appreciated in these parts, nontheless. (46pp)

ignatz #23 - Nan Share. Well, you lost to Wrai - as is possibly obvious to you, but

I thought I'd point it out anyway - but the difference is merely that of two pages, so over all, 'twas a Good Show.



"Sacred Squeeks" I have read twice now -- both times my reaction has been, "Bah." Oh, the ideals, as expressed, are fine -- but you will note that FooFooists follow these same ideals, without being Ignatzians. And of course, there's one whole paragraph here that points out the obvious falseness of the EVIAL Ignatz. You say (and I quote): "Ignatz has been planning the complete invasion of all other religions of fannish false ghods. Thru the years it has seemed that the following of Ignatzian belief were small ... in fact, haw! some that there was only ONE follower! But that's because Ignatz is supremely clever. If reprots had gotten out about all these activities, steps would have been taken by these false ghods to hinder Ignatz' progress..." There! You see? It's obvious that Ignatz (unlike FooFoo) is not the true fannish ghod of fandom. FooFoo works aboveboard, openly (except the Secret Six -- who are so Secret they don't even know what it's about) -- and even in the case of the Secret Six, it's existence is known, so it can't be very Secret. FooFoo does this because he is the only true ghod of fandom (and MELVIN is his prophet) -- he is not afraid of the FALSE and EVIAL ghods (Ignatz; Rescoco, Ghu, etc.) "hindering his plans," since with a casual lightning bolt he could wipe any one of them from existence (indeed, he did so in the case of Gargilar, one of the more popular of FALSE and EVIAL ghods; It angered FooFoo, so FooFoo exterminated it from all existence -- easily proved by the fact that Gargilar has no followers) -- the only reason he doesn't most of the time... well, read my comments to Dec on Melvinist FooFooism (commonly known as the BEMovement) -- perhaps it is still not too late for you to See The Light.

I dunno. I keep telling perfectly normal people things about fandom, too -- though I haven't gone as far as you and Wrai, telling them how many pages the latest SAPS mailing has. There is this one bit, though, which I've told no one save Rick Sneary; something very unusual that happened to me at Amarillo; something... almost frightening. By that, I mean... well, let me tell you how it happened. I was in town on a week-end pass; it had been snowing frequently for the past few days, and this particular day had rains coming down, thawing out the snow slush. I was wearing a rain-coat, of course, but as I started to step off a curb, a green '51 or '52 Ford cut the corner. I tried to stop amidstep and turn, but I only got my legs crossed and a sheet of water and snow hit me about waist high, coming from the car wheels. "Fughead!" I yelled, no thinking. "Neo-fan!" he yelled back, driving on. ....I've been going driveling, stark, raving, undeniably N\*F\*D thinking about it. Was he a fan? Or an Old Time Fan? Was he from the famed Other Fandom? Was I mistaken? What? Who? Huh? How? Back? Oook. Biblebiblebible

"73" must be good-bye and good luck; as I remember it, "-30-" is (means) "the end." I remember it because it's also the title of a fabulous and great motion picture (Staring Jack Webb, in a roll that I think was created for him; or he for it, one or the other) that was playing here last week. No, I didn't get to see the picture, tho...

I think I can understand why you felt that Pauls was a penane for G----- W-----; besides living in Baltimore, he dove into what had previously been an innocuous little argument about the relative merits of cats and dogs with such fervor that one was inclined to think it ranked secondly only to the continued existence of fandom. "You sure made an ass of yourself..." is the way it began, as I remember. And like I say, up until that time, the arguments (like arguments on fannish religions, and so forth) were all in fun. Needless to say, and even personal prejudices aside as best as that is possible, I wasn't even remotely sorry to see Ted Pauls leave SAPS.

No, I'm (please, sorry -- which?) to say, there is a difference between English and American meanings of certain words -- didn't you ever read Tucker's bit in "-" about how he wrote American novels that would sound obscene when printed in Britain? The same could hold in reverse. The British have a saying, "Keep your pecker up," which, in the politest of company means "Keep your heart up;" stiff upper lip and all that. But being the evialist and dirtiest mind in All Of SAPS, I have my ideas too. Mighod; you know, I used to go with an English girl... what would I have done if she had told me....?????



I like the words you like for no discernable reason; and no reason at all, at that! Others that I might add are: epitome, cushlanachree, centegrade, mushmellon, outré, Galadrielle (sp?), gilt-edged, and tabernachle(sp?).

Back a few pages, I was telling how inconvenient it is not having my finz collection here with me — you ask about Elinor's cover, and I think I know what you're talking about; but I haven't got it here, so I'm not sure. So if I turn out to be wrong, somebody let me know. Anyway, I think the cover you were talking about was the one taken from The Lord Of The Rings; the entrance to Moria, Durin's Bane, or what-have-you. If there was religious significance in it, I know not what.

Seem to have run out of comments too soon, as seems to be getting normal right about now. Sorry. Or do I end all my MC8s (no, not McEights; MC's, like) like this? Ah well. (44pp)

bronc #15 — Eva Firestone. I feel I should say something about Ralph Bailey's death, but find myself without words. Ralph was a nice guy; I got letters from him while I was editing POSTIE; and I found his writing style most amusing, as testifies the comments I have made about his stuff previously. I am sorry he is dead.

Loubel Wood needn't have appologized to the Bard of Avon; she did well by him, and entertained as well.

You didn't have to subscribe to a zine — YANDRO — to find out what's going on in TAITF. Try FANAC, or CRY, or JD-Angassy, for that matter. True, no matter which zine you get you won't hear much about TAITF, except for plugs maybe — but that's better than nothing, anyway. I'm in favor of the ideas propounded by Toskey in this mlg (50th) FLABBERGASTING, or Buz's in CRY:— The idea got started out as a reward, and has degenerated down to only Foo Knows What. SF for SF, I say — and liberally translated, that's Special Funds for Special Fans! Perhaps TAITF could be revised — I made a suggestion on my FANAC ballot; in the event that it's not printed, I'd like to present it here: it seems to me that the biggest argument against TAITF as it stands is that the representative sent to England usually isn't known by the British fen. My suggestion was to let the host country do the nominating, and let their votes count, say, double. I dunno if this would help relieve the situation or not; however, I think it would be, if nothing else, a step in the right direction — and, too, I think perhaps the representatives would be a bit more representative; and both sides could be happy.

Ok, I'm here to conquer you, not to slay you...dunno why it is, but people usually have a hard time convincing me I should read something. Usually, to me, when people get gunho about a book, I usually ignore it...until some later time and I luckily happen to run across a copy...The Lord Of The Rings, Methusala's Children, The World Of Suzie Wong and The Catcher In The Rye were all nearly lost to me, because of this attitude of mine. So, perhaps, it is with others. So Eva, don't, whatever you might do, so much as look at BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE; to think of reading it is worse. However, if you don't take my advise, all I can say is that I think you will enjoy the book and that, aside from the genius shown, there is no relation between the books (plays) writing and Shakesphere.

Yes, down out of the muck of Pasadena, into San Marino, and thence to Huntington Park. Used to work (selling magazine subscriptions, etc.) down around in the area; or at least near..whoops, that's San Marino you were talking about, wasing..oogeefoogle iphle dominfritz, caglinania bronderwall, vuurp whooweerch? Beedybottle gand folywand? No, it's not making any sence; but one advantage to talking my own private language is that, in it, at any rate, I don't make typo's — and even if I do, they aren't noticeable. Let's start it again: You were talking San Marino, which is where the Huntington Museum, cacti-guarden, etc., is; I got mixed up thinking of Huntington Park, which is a town near South Gate; I finished my 11th year in High School there, so I really should know the difference.

Ok, I'll play your little game — I, too, once had Ambitions. ~~What Ambitions, the~~ ~~What Ambitions, the~~ I remember wanting to be: 1- a jockey (of a hours..oops, commenting on



this in BONC is almost sacrilegious -- what else would I want to be a jockey of, prey tell?), 2- A magician (I was almost a member of Magic fandon, as a matter of fact -- and I had, before I gave up the idea, about \$200 worth of magic tricks), 3- A librarian (so I could do nothing but read stf books all day) and 4- A book reviewer and/or stf writer (for the same reason as number three). Now, here I am, notthin but a glorified book-keeper. Oh, well, it had something to do with books, at any rate -- tho they're not the most interesting books I've been through, at any rate.

At any rate, at any rate, at any rate, at any rate -- ok, so it's out of my system.. for a while, at any..whoops. Oh, well.

Something about this mob psychology bit: I took a place on the stage crew at school last year and our teacher, Mr. Robert Carroll, told us examples of things that had happened much in the line of what you said. One of the things you might not know, and which surprised me, is that under these conditions, a panic-stricken member of the mob, even if he is sitting right next to an exit, will try to get out of the door he came in. Mr. Carroll was always afraid that somethin like this was going to happen, so our auditorium had all the safety features; doors that opened out (which is California State Law, anyway), asbestos and flame-proof curtains, shutter-guards in the camera rooms, and so forth.

Ham, for the most part, I agree with your definition of maturity (even if it proves I'm still immature...), except; what does over-eating have to do with maturity? I'm not asking this because it's one of the points that keep me from being nature; as a matter of fact, and anyone who knows me will verify this fact, I don't eat nearly enough; when I tried to come into the Air Force, they wouldn't take me because I was underweight; I spent two weeks eating banana's to get from a little over a hundred pounds up to 116 -- which was still under weight, but the improvement was so much that they took me anyway. Still, I've known several people who over-eat who conform in every way to your regulations of maturity and whom I, personally, think are nature. Reasons for over-eating vary in many cases -- mostly being either psychological or glandular; neither of which anyone has any real control over. Ham?

Consider this, Eva; how many of the real old-time western heroes do you know of that, excellent marksmen (and even, some, humanitarianists) that they were, shot the gun out of their opponents hand and/or their shooting arm? The "adult western" is getting away from this sort of thing. Consider the first, High Noon. Ye Hero knows he's the only man who will be facing several (I forget how many, now) desperado's. Does he walk down the middle of the street, meet them all, and beat all of them to the draw? Nein. It's stupid and illogical to do so; his opponanats are as fast (if not faster) on the draw than he is. So he takes off down a back alley and picks them off one by one. The same thing is true in the shooting-the-gun-out-of-his-hand bit. Consider. Your opponent is as good, or nearly as good, or possibly better (how do you know which -- you've never been up against him before, yaw?). You're going to be standing anywhere from 50 feet to 50 yards from this character when the lead starts flying, and remember, he's out to kill you. From the time his hand quivers until the shot is fired might take as much as three seconds, if he's slow; reaction time for you (considerin you to be an average person) is 3/4 of a second; but by the time your gun is out another half second has gone by (if you're really fast) (and I use the "average" reaction time and a "fast" draw because that's my opinion of how most of them were -- I may be wrong) at which time you have 1 and 3/4 seconds (or less if he's good, remember) in which you would..you say...try to nick the villians pinkie?? If so, I'd like to get you in a poker game some time -- you sound like the type who would "up it" \$5 on a pair. Hoo-boy, would I ever like to



play poker with you! But back to the point; the hero has his life hanging in the balance. The kind of shooting you require would be something that would make the hero a combination Robin Hood/Superman. And there are so damned few of these types around these days(or any days, come to think of it). I tend to think the hero should be more logical; his life is in the balance, and he's going to shoot at the easiest cum deadliest place he can shoot at(which is the square area from the shoulders to the belt-line). Of course, as fast as all this happens, he may darn well hit the villains hand or arm; but this, it should be pointed out, is probably more accident than intention.

On boxing, too; actually haven't done any real boxing, but got interested in it, after loosing just so many fights; always did fine, but couldn't move my left quick enough to defend myself(it would get so tiiirrrriinnngg holding it up there and letting the other guy hit it that some times I'd drop it just as the guy was swing; and as the old saying goes, "POW! rytinakizzer!!"), so I would swing a right, switch stance and lead with my right. Actually worked better for me that way; found I could hit harder jabbing with my right than I could swining it, and even got known for a dangerous round-house left. Not that this all helped much. I usually still got beaten to a bloody pulp. But it made the other guy look a little worse, and that helped my ego a little bit, which was the important thing.

In case I forget to say it elsewhere, congrats to Ellis Mills on making Tech.

Enjoyed commenting on this almost as much as I enjoyed reading it. And both are hard to equate, in any terms, Eva. (36pp)

here there be saps #2 - Bob Lichtman. Yeah, your fears were unfounded. Last mailing (the one which contains this issue of here there be saps) wasn't as big as the previous mailing...it was bigger. Yas.

Consider, though, that the waiting-lister is paying twice what we're paying, that he's not getting the enjoyment of egoboo(unless he/she puts something thru the mailing, free-loaders style or by paying extra, as Bergeron this mailing). And this keeps the money coming in regular -- after all, they pay OL whether the mlg is 800 or 150 pages.

Tch, too, I don't see what you have against Mansborough. Sure, that old flat-bed of his won't work -- but if someone does his work for him, he's a nice enough guy. Of course, it would be nice if he put more into the mailings...providing, too, as I say, that he has someone else do his mimeograph work.

Norn Metcalf loaned Shelby Vick FANCY II last thursday, when we went out for dinner and fannish gab and he found a few mistakes. Still, I think there should have been Silly Pointless Sentences (the kindof sentences Ted White writes) and accredited to (ahem) me. True, White brought it into hyperbole, but I originated it. JAS-FAP should have been mentioned, too -- since it got mentioned in Carl Brandon's THE CATCHER IN THE RYE. Just a few other minor things, otherwise my (and every other fan I've come into contact with, including Shelby) comments are all Gosh, Wow, Boy-Oh-Boy! Only, like, sincere.

"Terry, 'making out' has always meant necking here in LA..." Oh?

Nay, nay, a thousand times nay; the old dittoed SATA ILLUSTRATED was by far superior to the cold photo-offset SATA. Even the stuff adkins did, while doing the artwork and layOut for TWIG ILLUSTRATED cannot convey to you the old superior SATA ILLUSTRATED. For one thing, they must have had an ultra-ultra-fine ditto(this, by the way, is no dig at Terwilliger; his machine has done ultra-fine work; but not comparably to the old SATA ILLUSTRATED). The written material in SATA(photo-offset) was considerably better than the stuff in SATA ILLUSTRATED, however. If you have copies of both(or can borrow them) get them out and compare them, and I think you'll agree with me.



Chosing colors from a deck: you stand a 50-50 chance of hitting your first card, but as you go on, the chance of being continually right decreases. And, if you come out consistantly with a score of more than average, then that is indicative of something. After that, you get all the Ace's, dueces, trays, fours and fives out of the deck and guess at them. I've been doing that for a while and find that I get better at it all the time. Perhaps there is something to this psi bit, after all...

Yucchht. A bas "Mack The Knife," Lichtman, and touché. Of course, it's already down...but I'm G\*L\*A\*D, I tell you, G-LaA-D! On the other hand, there are popular songs of, like, Significance; "Lavender Blue," like, which I think is very purty (and so what if it's an Old Song Done In A New Style -- it just so happens that I like Old Songs In New Styles (though Carl Mann's (?) "Mona Lisa" can go hang, as far as I'm concerned; yea, hang from the ceiling and drip green)). And I only like some popular music, people, so don't go jumping me for songs I haven't mentioned. Like, just because Terry Carr likes jazz doesn't mean he likes, say, Red Norvo (this doesn't mean he doesn't like Red Norvo, either; it could be either way). In the same manner, I don't like Fabian, recent Everly Brothers (liked "Dream, Dream, Dream" a few years ago), Pat Boone, or Bobby Darin. However, I like most stuff by Brook Benton, Dina Washington, Ricky Nelson and Elvis Presley. Yes, Elvis Presley. So sue me.

Hmmn, enjoyed your reviews of the first few mailings, but am wondering if Ricks collection could be incomplete; I have a zine in my collection (I think it was edited by Henry Spelman III, though I may be wrong on this) which was postmailed to SAPS for the first mailing; had a photo-offset cover featuring, among others, Joe Kennedy; was hektoed (I think?) except fr the cover, had a con-report (feature, my memory is hazy, either a give-the-conventions-to-the-fans or a give-the-conventions-to-the-pro's type attitude). One way to find out is to see if any of the second nlg zines to see if it's reviewed. This would be easy enough, if only I could remember the name of the zine. Which, unfortunately, I cant..or can't, as the case may be.

Why the exclusion of things like Bloch's in SaFari? It appeared in SAPS, and that makes it SAPS material, whether Bloch is a SAPS member or not. Oh, for shame, Lichtman. What you done said! (35pp)

retro #15 - F. M. Busby. Got a big chuckle out of your editorial this time, Buz, even if I didn't entirely agree; like, my motto would be more like, "Everyone of us must put his ear to the taper, his nose to the nlg, his shoulder to the mineo, etc."

Actually, though, Buz, I only found out the identity of Squink Blogg (who is, of course, Squink Blogg), and his controller. And, of course, that didn't help any, since my hurried work all went in vain (of which there is more humor in a jugular). And Squink Blog (one 'g') is still on the lose, no doubt. Now, it seems to me, SIC is more important and more necessary than ever. We Must Stand Our Vigilance. Yes, no matter how many times it falls over, we have to put up with it. (Lest you wonder about the relevancy (new word?) of that sentence, it's a new type of Null Humor I've worked out called The Double Negative Definitve Pun...I'm not sure yet just how it works, but when I find out I'll write an article on it).

Funny, I'm not just sure how a learned the facts of life (oh, you hyperbolists, make that Facts Of Life, if you must); but when I was 12 my father took me aside to tell me, and as he talked, I found that I already knew everything he was telling me. The same happoned when it was all explained in Biology class, too. I'm sure I couldn't have gotten it all from sexy jokes, so the question is -- where, and equally, how?



You know, I've often wondered if I might have met Willis. In 52 I was at the La Brea Tar Pits 20 or 30 times; quite a few of them were at the tail-end of the year, too. My father might have met Durbee or Lancy, since he, too, is a machinest (Turret-lathe, engine lathe, Mill, etc.).

Same thing you said to Bruce on his comments to Twig may be applied to me, I guess. Reading my comments over, though, I still think I said everything I wanted to say, and believe in them. Will wait to see what Guy has to say, before I go on; or may find more to say when I get to the Twigger's zine. Still, though, I should say that my bitterness, etc., in this case is aimed at most teachers in general, as far as my contacts have gone with said creatures. Unfortunately, in many cases, Twig, at least in print, typifies (to me) the Typical Teachers Ideals. But let's let it wait a while.

Dunno...Maybe I've been lucky, or maybe it's just that I'm still young yet -- like, back toward the beginning of this ish you find me weeping all over myself because this girl I was going to marry was getting married to this ex-sailor and all; now, I've met a nice, cheery, bootiful Master/Sergeants Neice(Niece?). She is, unfortunately, a Jehovah's Witness; but I've been working more successfully on her than she has on me -- we've been out a couple of times, I've visited her at home, we see each other every day, I've got her addicted to beer and some of the other finer things of life. Also, I've argued against the JW with her until she can't argue back. I've asked her to run away with me to a life of sin, and she only smiled(oh, well, maybe later...). I told her I was an imp of the devil and liable to lead her to loose and wayward ways. And she's still going with me. And I'm still working...and happier than ever, natch. But the point I was going to make (before I got into this Obviously Dragging bit) was that, so far, just as soon as one girl quits me (or I quit her) another one comes along. So maybe I'm lucky.

I about half-way agree with you on juvenile delinquency, Buz. I give a hearty, verily, verily, verily to your "the main value of military service in our culture is that it substitutes(in delayed fashion) for the puberty rites of more primitive(?) groups. And I wouldn't doubt if the magnitude of our current 'teen-age' problem were due to this delay." Maybe I sound like an under-paid add for gross Militarism, but I think I've adjusted considerably since I've come into the Air Force. Oh, I'm still different from the norm, in thought as well as action, but I find I have, if not morals, at least a set of values upon which I may someday be able to base a set of morals. However, when I was a JD-type-Character(yes, you might say I'm nth Fandon's answer to Harlan Ellison), I may not have had the "I have been through the mill" sense of accomplishment-- rather, I had the "I have been through the mill and I damn well don't like it." My actions (and, I feel, the actions of a great deal of others who were in my semi-class of JD's(ie, running in gangs, ditching school, disliking teachers, fighting mild battles, etc.)) were all based on one thing-- rebellion. At the time, I didn't know what I was rebelling against, and so struck in any direction to try to find out. Like I say, being Out Of It All, has given me a new perspective and I think I can see what I was rebelling against. Basically, I was tired of other people trying to live my life for me. They told me that a certain set of dress is acceptable, that certain actions are a must, that respect is something that automatically goes to adults, regardless of their cations, that I had to believe thus and so because they said that was how it was and so forth. I still feel the same way-- I don't like people telling me(or anyone, for that matter) how and what to believe, dress, act, and so on. Life is too short to live it for someone else. I want to live my life the way I want to live it -- if I make mistakes, ok, that's human, and I'll try to benefit from them. But I was sick of a moral code that doesn't work (especially among those who try hardest to foister it off on



others), a set of etiquette, a mode of dress and action upon which I had not even been consulted (taxation without representation!). Ok, ok, so maybe I'm getting to the point where I'm sounding mad at you, or something, which is not the case; you just touched on a point which, once I got into it, I found I just had to let off steam. So now I have and I'm glad.

Shoosh, no more checks, except for one on something I've forgotten what I was going to say; little note reads "equality (something, something) person not reverse-like." If that be treason, eat it. (34pp)

fendenizen #15 - Elinor Busby. As I said, elsewhere in this PRA, MorDor in '64 was a misinterpretation of a comment. You'll have to search for it -- I haven't the time to myself, since it's becoming more evident as time goes on that I might be late this mailing. My credist are up, so that's not the worry -- it's just that if this doesn't get in, I'll get a mailing (the following one) in which I will have practically null egoboo, having no zine in the mailing. Too, it'll be the first mailing (to my knowledge) that I've missed. Oh, sadness.

I was going to counter your suggested "funniest stf stories of all time," even though I hadn't read the story you mentioned by EFR. One of them was another EFR story, based on the old parlor game where one person starts a story around the room and it comes back something totally alien; only in the story, due to the fact that messages thru tightbeam could only be broadcast a certain distance (though it was infinitely (supposedly) faster than light), it required relaying, and this sort of thing resulted (something like a revolt would be happening on a planet, and they'd ask for a regiment of soldiers -- and they'd get a shipment of bolders, etc.). The other was a story by Tucker, about this fellow who appears asking if this is earth, and the fellow replies (sarcastically), no, it's mars, whereupon the character pulls out a silver egg and hits himself in the head and explodes. The guy who answered this is mars gets questioned by the police and to tell you the riotous way in which he's questioned and the closing of the story would spoil it for you. The latter is in The Science Fiction SubTreasury -- read it. Unfortunately, I don't remember the titles (used to be able to rattle them off like a pro, but I guess there's too many of them in the old nog in, now), so I won't tell you about them. No, I won't.

Hummm, about this FAPA-vs-SAPS deal, especially Rapp's attitude: I don't agree with you, Elinor. Not in the slightest. Now, I have nothing against FAPA -- if I did, I sure as hell wouldn't be on the waiting list. But I see no comparison between not criticizing the N3F (change that to your not criticizing the N3F). For one thing, you've not been in the N3F -- your criticism would be nothing more, then, of rehashings of, perhaps, what you had heard. On the other hand, Art has been in FAPA -- and this issue of SPACEWARP makes me tend to believe they are well founded. Too, I think that it is good that these allegations are coming out where FAPAns can see them; if they're untrue (which I tend to doubt, at the moment), then they can be taken to task here. Certainly, Art's attacks are of a straight-forward and sincere manner; let them be argued here, in bold print, and have Art say what he might to those concerned. Would you rather he were saying these things behind their backs? Tch, gal.

Must explain about this typer: it has what is known as a half-space; if I were to type with it so, it would look like this; and sometimes when I make corrections, I don't turn the typer up enough, thus I end up, sometimes, with paragraphs like these. So appologies all around -- I seldom notice it until to late, and then I shrug and decide to explain rather than correct.



Excuse me for doing all this explaining while commenting to you, Elinor, but I just noticed that this page numbering bit isn't coming out at all right. I intended that each page have the zine under review in the middle and alternate the dates and the page number. Several times I've made duplicates (page numbers on the same side of the page) and just noticed that I put the page number up twice on the last page and forgot the date. Rest assured that last page was typed the same day this was, then.

I would tend to agree with Terry Carr, but would like to underline a few things in the quote; "It is (Terry's underlining, here; ones following are mine) more entertaining to read a whole batch of good genzines than the average mailing--" Take notice of those "entertaining," "good," and "average." Change the entertaining to interesting, say, and I might disagree; or make that average (or even just throw in a few average) genzines, I might disagree; or even make it an above average mailing, and I might disagree. But the way Terry stated it, it's to water-tright (honestly, folks, that was my first real Fruedian typo -- I haven't the heart to corflu it out) to argue against, for me.

Two things I want to say on child psychology vs. discipline, but this first with it being known that I'm not really sure just which I'm in favor of. I've been brought up under the discipline school, but I'll go into it later. Firstly, I'd like to take up a cousin of mine who was brought up under the the child psychology system. She was, in a word, a brat. She did and pleased as she damn well wanted, bossed and talked back to her mother, got everything she wanted, etc. That is, until she was 13. Then, I guess, she took stock of herself; the last I saw of her, she was starting to look very nice, she was polite and well-mannered, popular at school, and having a hell of a big bang out of life. The thing is, though, is it worth it to put up with that sort of thing for 13 years? Ok, that's point 1. Secondly, on the discipline angle. Consistant discipline -- you said it, Elinor, but I wish I had. I've been under un-consistant discipline for about as long as I can remember (perhaps that's why I like the Air Force). If I ever, say, used an explanation of why I did something as "Well, so-and-so did it," they would ask, "If he were to jump off a bridge, would you do it?" But of course, when I did something wrong, "Why, you never see so-and-so doing something like that!" So damned confusing, yet funny and true-to-life, that I've been thinking of sending it in to "They'll Do It Every Time." Ah, well, the end result was that I became a negativistic non-conformist, and I'm just as glad, I guess. (22pp)

s--- #4 - Terry & Miri Carr. Wild cackles and guffaws over the punch-line on "Facts In The Case Of Nathaniel Whately" -- was expecting more of the Bob Lenan type of thing. Choice. I mean, like "But his contributions to the mailings never fail to arouse a strong remembrance of the evening I spent with him, and of the blood-durdling sight I saw behind the door at the top of the stairs. I hold his magazine in my hands, and the very feel of them--cold and clammy, like some sea-something--reminds me." Choice, choice phrasing! I'm proud Boggs deans to say I remind him of an early Terry Carr. Verily, I merely hope that, about 50 years from now when I have studied writing from every possible aspect, and before I go to rest, someone will say, something of mine reminds them of the later works of T. Carr. Such egoboo should last me beyond the ends of time. And yes, you make take it that I rather liked the story.

I noticed the similarity between "Trufans Blood" and "John Henry" but it was quite unconscious. That is, I didn't think of "John Henry" in particular, but I did notice that it was being written in a folk-lore style, with the exaggeration. But to my mind, not thinking of John Henry, it might have as easily been Pecos Bill, or Johnny Applesed, or Paul Bunyan, for that matter.



Didn't think, until I was nearly there, about how I was gonna get the title up there without messin' it up..of course, I did mess it up, but not as badly as I at first thought I would.

Your talking about that fight makes me remember a few, too. One with a Japanese fellow named John Marihara(I think that's how you spell it); I expected he'd know all sorts of Judo, but he just rushed me. Only I got him in a combination head-lock and arm-lock(I was holding his arm while squeezing his head) and I flipped him on the ground and was on top of the other arm, so there was nothing I could do. Of course, it was a mistake to fight him in the first place; he was a member of The Lobo's, so I got the mess knocked out of me from six or seven of his friends when I came out of a show a few weeks later. Still, though, like I say...it's the ego that counts.

You know, talking about the sensations you got after running an elevator, the same damn thing happened to me when I went to the solacon. For some reason or another I was always going up & down, up & down and after a while I got to where I couldn't walk straight; and when I lay down I always felt that I was going either up or down. Besides that, I kept feeling my head and trying to take off my beanie, which, of course, I'd put aside before going to be. Weird.

Er..Terry, look up the definition of "Atheist," eh?

Last I ever heard of Riddle was in MANA #2, which was quite some time back('56 or '57 -- either the last of '56 or the beginning of '57), the letter column. I think it was there that he said something about his gaffiation, but it's been far too long back to remember, and like I say, my collection of fuz are all back home.

Well, short but sweet. Enjoyed this, just that I found that most of the hooks I had marked off had been used talking with others. Oh, well, I'm looking forward to RAGNAROK, tho I'll kindof miss the S--- title. Still, though, maybe RAGNAROK is pronounced as an obscene gurgle, or something. (21 pp)

speleoben #6 - Bruce Pelz. Oh, damn -- your and Djo's zine(which I loaned briefly to Shelby and his wife(how dare Ron Ellik insinuate she's a non-fanne -- rrrrowrrr!!)) got out of place, here. So I guess I'll just comment on 'em out of place.

Hum, but there's really not much I can say about this, Bruce; enjoyed your convention report, naturally, and even liked some of your specific witticisms(like Rogue being Harlan Ellison's new fanzine, financed by Harling), but that's about all I can say.

Except that the color work was real nice, and a million thanks for the front and baccover. (26pp)

ain tree #4 - Djo. Well, the biggest grotch was that at least 50 of the "disloyal" LASTSians came through at one time or another, but seeing no-thing happening, either went to Durbee's or George's -- it would have been a roaring party, had everyone stayed. As it was, it was three seperate parties, one of which went floop.

Still, though...I laughed myself silly at the bit about Terry Carr being left -- mainly because it nearly happened to me. Remember, I walked from George's to the Moffatt's...but luckily Rick(the last to leave) offered to take me as far as the trolley, where I could get into down-town LA and thence to Pasadena. Still, the incident strikes me funny...every time I read this(and I read it over quite often) I picture Terry sitting there with this dazed expression, wondering, wondering, and thinking about the Cosmic Oneness Of It All...and it breaks me into guffaws of laughter.

Tch, it's Stanbery, and though I've known him since first grade(I hit him in the head with a bucket of sand because he liked the same girl I did, or something) and brought him into fandom, even I think at times he must be a hoax. But you



spelled it wrong, and Stanbery dislikes being thought of as Stansbery, Stanbury, or Stanberry. I know you're a beautiful femme fan and deserve my protection for that, not to mention the fact that you're my Sexcretary, but I don't know what I could do against Stanbery. L. Garcone, I'll try again, even if he is tougher than I think; De Tal I shall protect you from, eagerly; and 116 lb weakling that I am, I'll even stand up against both Squink Blogg and Squink Blog for you; but against Stanbery...don't you think that's just a little too much to ask? Besides which; you've given him excellent suggestions via the front cover of this GINTREE, on how to fight back.

The interior illos to GREEN SCIENCE FICTION(THRILLING) were once(mostly, anyway) covers from old copies of CRY OF THE NAMELESS and were black & white photo-lith. I don't know what the costs are, exactly, on the full-sized stuff; Norm says that his NEW FRONTIERS (plug) costs him about .40 or so an issue. But it seems I remember somewhere that it cost \$10 for anything more than thin-line stuff and regular printing. And probably more for color stuff -- Toskey's, in my estimation, prob'ly cost him anywhere from \$30 to \$50.

Heh? Commenting on Horizon's in SAPS?? Or did I just slip into another time-stream. Tell me, please, Horizon's is published by Harry Warner Jr., isn't it? For FAPA...I think(?).

Sorry, but I've just got to start cutting; and since I started with Bruco, I guess I'd better follow along with the thing. If I don't, I won't stand a chance of a ghost to getting this to Tosk on time. Sorry, doll. (24 pp)

warhoon - Richard Bergeron. Wow. That goes for the cover, the neat lay-out, the fine repro, the things said, just about everything. However, it would have been better with some Bergeron illos, methinks. Still, a very fine piece of work.

I got in contact with Ev Winne a little over a year ago, about reprinting something of his from his SAPSzine. Naturally, like other old time fans who have slipped into the glades of gaffa, I tried to persuade him to return. He seemed fairly interested, except, he told me, his business kept him far too busy. I, too, miss the loss -- not just to SAPS, but to fandom, too. From what he wrote to me, which totalled about six letters, and from other stuff of his that I read, in other old fnz, I felt he was a truly fine guy.

Oh, Atheling was a penname all right -- seems to me that that's as it should be. But then, I wasn't really too surprised when Carl Brandon was revealed; his writing was (except for the parodies) highly akin to Terry Carr's. I always felt that he (Carl Brandon) wrote too good. Of course, Carr is a hoax, too. And Ellik. Busby, obviously; Willis, Burbee, Doggs..all of them hoaxes. Hoffuan, Shaw, Berry..none of them real. Weber, Carr(M.), Bjo, Bergeron...all figments of my imagination. Yes. Tell me, though, didn't anybody else read Terry Carr's faaanish epic in the last issue of John Champion's FAN-atic?

Had a definition all set for warhoon -- it was, like so many of my ideas, topical, memorable, and witty. But I forgot it.

Oh, dammit all, this is all so commentable -- I wanted to disagree with you about "The World, The Flesh, And The Devil," but I'll have to leave it to someone else; Ted Johnstone, perhaps. Is better, tho -- he's seen the movie.## Sorry you got an illegible (or badly repro'd, I know not which) issue of PRA -- it's put out on the LASFStetner, which was the best I could do.## You've just got too many good things to comment on -- I've got to cut this off, or, like I've been saying, I'll never get this out. Will welcome you to SAPS, shouting gayly. (2lpp)

ta #1 - Ted Johnstone. Cushlanachree, to borrow one of your own words, I'm



comment to me. It seems that way, at any rate.

Let's see: Rappzines that I have are SPACEWARP (the 'focal point' of Fifth Fandom, you might say), most issues (I'm missing the last chapter of STF BROADCASTS AGAIN, I remember, and the first ten or so issues), POSTWARP (later changed to POSTIE) and TIME-WARP (sapszine)...oh, and THE GRIPES OF RAPP. SPACEWARP is still Best, tho. Yes.

I liked the time-travel story, which surprised me even; the writing is quite good and the idea is good enough. Too, I thought I had figured out how it would have ended, and I was wrong ...which is always a saving grace with a story, to me.

Sorry to make comments so short, but, as you can see by the above date, I'm just not (as I figured previously) going to make the 51st. I'm resigned to this, now, determined to make this even larger, and got it in in plenty of time for 52. Unless somethin' else pops up. Enjoyed this, anyway. (16pp)

nomatodo #5-- Bob Leman. Ham, yes, I can easily see how your friend Emerson Hoof went badly into the fringes of crack-potism. His assumption that human troubles are caused by evil creatures that burrow underground and are caused by malign rays from the planet Mars reaches to the lowest point of absurdity. Everyone knows (or at least those who've read Gabriel Potberry's fine Experiences With Creatures Against The Cause Of God (Hoboken Press, \$15.00)) that these creatures (the dreaded Qimlings) are the spreaders of Socialism, Tight-waddishness, VD, and athlete's foot and are caused by malignant rays from the moon. Some of his other ideas, however, are interesting.

Let me take a moment to add another to the lists of Booby-Pulitzer prize winners of poetry -- Manley Throne. With your permission, I'll print:

SONG OF THE OUTER SPACEMEN

by Manley Throne

Lumbering Jot-Mon, stand aside  
We are deep spacemen who sing our pride  
We've traveled out, and traveled far  
We've traveled to the farthest star

We trample across the starry sky  
And all the Gods we do defy  
Until at the end of the endless stretch  
We wonder if we are a little teched  
In the head

But we still soar, with flame and might  
To fight against the starry night  
Who can say that maybe we are a little teched  
in the head. And on the Last Landing we will have roched  
Our guts out completely, and die!

Of course, Manley tells me that he's trying to patch up to broken fields. He feels that poetry lovers are broken into two completely worthless pieces (that should be 'worthless pieces...' damnit); one preferring the old style verses, and the others preferring the now free verse. Manley hopes to combine both groups in a Now Crusade.

I really enjoyed this, Bob, really and truly I did; I split my sides with laughter, just contemplating these things -- but I find the same trouble commenting on this that I do on HYPHEN; it's so damn good that that's about all you can say. Tell me that Dave Rike is a Communist, so's I can get real violent and argue with you. Otherwise you'll put me in the depressing situation of laughing with the usually mad fannish glee at your highly excellent material. (14pp)

collodion - Robert Leo. Loved the pun on the cover.

Lolita was nearly banned in Pasadena -- soon some old lady thought it was something else when she checked it out of the library. Of course, she read it all the way through, but she wanted it taken off the library shelves. She caused such an up-



going to have a hard time commenting on this one, too -- not from lack of something to say, but in saying what I want to say in the smallest (ie, quickest) amount of space. The best thing to do, then, is to stop yammering and start commenting.

No, Ted, it's just that a majority of the gags in the Squink Blogg Caper were from Shell Scott -- the others were from elsewhere. See my comments to Toskey in this respect.

Of course, the Fantastic United (not Universal) Cosmic Knights originally became known around two colleges, Tijuana Tech, and Sam Houston Institute of Technology. All of which were subsidiaries of the existant Carbon-Reproduced Amateur Press. There were always rival organizations -- Sam Crowell's Regiment of Enlightened Workers immediately springs to mind, with it's subsidiary, Peoples Entering Togetherness. Tosk may scream, but I feel evial tonight.

Ho, but your name is in MROAC. Check back again; a little ways down, there, on page one...

Still like the gag; only I almost forgot about it and had to catch myself before I tried to remember what I said. Until I thought about it for a while, just exactly what I wrote wouldn't come to mind.

Still haven't made the trip to see Dee. Pay day is coming up, but I figured I'd send you about \$20 which, though it may put me in the hole, will at least give me a month or so to catch up on a few things, possibly go out with this M/Sgt's Niece a few times, and visit Dee. Of course, we're planning a Lynn Havention pretty soon, so if I remember to get the letter off to Dee, may meet her there, too.

---SAPS is where middle-aged typo's go to die---

I've found the best way to cut comments -- that's to do what I'm doing now, ignore those last eight check-makers (which would take a large paragraph each), say I like the poems as much as ever (ie, I rave about them, read them to people, etc.), say keep smiling, keep publishing, and stop. (21pp)

rock. #3 - Es Adams. Say, kid, whatcha gonna do with out a publisher. Sure hope you got a mineo. Sure hope someone offers to pub for the ES. Sure hope you have something in this mailing. Sure hope you can keep up with SAPS while you're going to Yale. Sure hope you publish whatever it was I sent you -- I forgot what it was about. And I'd sure like to find out. What it was about, that is. The story, that is. That I sent you. For Rock. Story. I. echhh.

Join the Ar Fierce, Es. Lotsa wimmon. Lotsa good bheer (at cheap (base) prices). Food isn't so good. You wouldn't like the food. But if you like wimmon and bheer, is ghood. Well, except for the first long, hellish, tormenting, devilish, darnable, conoof-a-bitchin', sweating, monstorous, terrifying 16 weeks.

Wetzel writes poison pen letters to peoples bosses, friends, and so forth, calling them Communists, Homosexuals, and other things. If, for instance, Wetz (as I affectionately call him) were to get mad at me, he would write to Unka Sam saying how I'm a vile communist. This would be investigated, and my earlier radical (though definately not communist) views might come out, become known, and I'd end up with, possibly, an Undesirably Discharge. This wouldn't bother me if I intended to live in Southeastern Mongloidia the rest of my life, but I'd prefer to stay in the USA.

Sorry, I guess I'll not make the jazz scene for a while. Got Son Of A Gunne out of the record library, to follow up like you said. It bored me to tears. I guess it'll be a long time before I become a True Fan, this being the case.

Alan Dodd correspondes with me, too. Gads.. (19 pp)

rho\*djoe #2 - Art Hayes. Ghads, where'd you dig up that Nelson thing for the cover. Oog.

Crazy lay-out you've got through this; looks like you're blaming me for Pencil Point; like you started to comment on it and decided (without skipping a space) to



roar that it ochood back to Boston, where it was promptly banned. This caused the publication of the paper-back book (which sold like wildfire) and the publication of a book called Lola, which many people bought mistaking it for Lolita.

I think I'll find some lonely little spot, after I'm out of the Air Force, in California, away from other towns. All I'll have is my own library, and I'll name my one-man town Boston. I could make a fortune from book publishers by promising to ban their books.

Ooog. Arrgghh. Eecchh. "X, Y, Z, ETC." caught me unaware. I liked it.

Well, sure, there's a lot of good stf to read -- I'm reading it more regularly now than I have in the past couple of years. Still, I don't think stf is a Holy Crusade, and I also know that, just as stf can handle some things better than more mundane readings, so mundane readings can handle some things that stf can't. I read Shell Scott because I enjoy the corn. Since the emphasis in the humor is on exaggeration and sex, I doubt that much of this would ever be printed stfishly. And certainly nothing exactly like it, since that would be plaigiarism. (Of course, I plaigerized it, but that's beside the point.) Then again, detectives are a nice change-of-paco. After a while, it gets rather tiring soaring through infinite space chasing after the BEMs of N&Plgrztk, so I settle down to a nice, ordinary(though humorous) detective mystery -- Shell Scott, usually -- and exercise my cranium trying to out-think the author. Then, when I get back to soaring through infinite space chasing after etc., lo!, my sense of wonder hath returneth. And then, too, you read Lolita...why did you read IT when there is plenty of good stf to be had, etc.???

I was, until I got to the 8th grade, getting continually the highest grades in my class. Then, into the 8th grade comes Conrad Byler, a bwah who is more intelligent than I. At this point, I see that he is not (as I thought I had been) rrespected for his intelligence; he is called a "teachers pet," is known to cheat on exams, is known to be addicted to every means of sexual preversion, etc. I could have stood up and told them how wrong they were. But I didn't. I conformed, let my grades drop(not doing about half of the required work), wore loud shirts and long hair and let my beltless pants hang at the edges of my pelvic bones. So I commend you, sirrah.

Didn't see "Invasion of the Body Snatchers", but understand it was a good pic. "Forbidden Planet" had it's bad points -- Robby, for comic relief -- but it's scope, timespand and good technical effects made up for them. "This Island Earth" was quite good, until near the end, when Hollywood just couldn't resist throwing in a BEM. "The Day The Earth Stood Still", which you didn't mention, was quite good, too.

Enuff jabbering for now.(13pp)

sapling #3 - Guy Terwilliger. I haven't got a dictionary handy, but I believe that the dictionary definition of mundane would have it synonymous with 'normal.' At least, that's the connotation I've always used it in, and if I'm wrong some of my stuff prob'ly sounds pretty silly. Oh, well, you know what that character said to Alice about words... Still, the things you say could easily fall under my (and perhaps the dictionary's) definition. You don't find teaching mundane/normal/humdrum. On the other hand, after days of being involved with fandom & fanac you find it mundane/normal/humdrum. Verily, I prob'ly would, too; too much of a good thing, and all that jazz. But as it is, I enjoy it because it's so un-mundane. Still, I'd like to be in a position where I could do more fanac, live in a Slan-Shack, say, or run a book-store, or mimeograph service(like Shelby Vick), etc. Yet this might cause an eventual gaffiation, due to tending to make fandom mundane/normal/humdrum. If you see what I mean.

Damn this typer, anyway! There's a poker-game going on in the barracks, so I had to come down here to the PreIssue section to work, and the typer just won't keep an even left-hand margine. Don't know how in hell this will look, since I can't hit the machine very hard(or the keys, rather) and I've never used it before.



True, a true beatnik doesn't put on an act -- Dave Rike (for an example) was a beatnik before the word was invented -- but the good actors are sometimes hard to tell from the Real Thing. Not often, but sometimes.

No, today's youth isn't thinking about what you think they're thinking about -- if they were, they wouldn't be spending so much time on hot rods!

But I do feel that today's youth -- at least the ones I've come in contact with (and being one of them, I have a somewhat more intimate contact than you, I believe) -- are more sex- and ~~ix~~ drink-minded than you would have us believe. I am one with them, I have known them; I have come into their homes and drank and partaken with them; I know. (How's that for flowery verbiage in the best approved Bradburystyle?) I speak from intimate experiences that do not bear repeating, and besides, I may write an auto-biography in the latest approved Harlan Ellison manner at some future date, and then you wouldn't buy it because you'd have read it all in PRA.

One of the reasons I didn't go to college was that I would have had to take a bunch of silly courses. I'll probably go to college (either through USAFI courses, GED, or some local college) yet -- but it still coggles me that to get a PhD in English I have to take Underwater Basketweaving or some such crud. I mean, it's like Too Much. Not that I really think the course(s) should be eliminated; but I don't think they should be necessary. I mean, for all I know, maybe someone has a mad desire to take Underwater Basketweaving, and far be it from me to try to stop them from obtaining their hearts desire. Perhaps, somewhere in this wide, wide world, there's even someone who wants to become a professional underwater basketweaver. But why, in the name of reason, I should be forced to take it (or its equivalent -- Political Thoughts Of The Pitdown Man) is completely beyond me. The Political Thoughts Of The Pitdown Man might well revolutionize (damntyper) the world and Underwater Basketweaving may become the nec plus ultra of The Arts -- but for gawdsake, all I want is a little ol' PhD in English!

I don't think most people were complaining about S---, clever ploy though it might be, but about the cover on the first issue; the Atom Bom on a ~~xxx~~ soap-box/rostrum with the words Fans United for Cosmic Knowledge. I'm not objecting to this myself -- I have a dirty mind and enjoy it -- but I can see others points of view, also. But the fact is just this, that I'm pointing it out right now to those who probably didn't catch it, which makes me worse than Terry in that respect. At least he was subtle about it -- very few caught it, I didn't, even, at first, until someone mentioned it in such a manner that I finally caught on. Ah well.

Haan, your Atrocious story is the same as the first story I did in the infamous ADVENTURES OF FINKWATER J. GOLDFINCH, which, as I remember, you didn't like at all. On the other hand, mine ended with "Poople who live in grass shacks shouldn't stow thrones!" And that might be the reason. Or maybe, after so much contact with fans and fandom, your tastes are decreasing.

One of the things that bugs you bugs me, too. (I heroby admit that you may not know this.) Most Air Force towns are the same way towards Air Force Personnel as your local paper is against teachers. Around here, the Base is the only thing that keeps the town going during the winter months. We try (on the whole) to act nice to people, we help in any way possible (not so long ago a little boy was bleeding to death and had an unusual type of blood; it was an Airman who volunteered his blood for the transfusion) and still try to get a job done. Then some character comes along who doesn't belong in the Air Force (and perhaps he's even just recently got out) who gets drunk and runs over somebody and naturally the whole damn Air Force is to blame.

Yes, there was once a time when I had as many zines going as you did; POSTIE, PRA, FRAMISHED, ETERNITY, THE TRANS ATLANTIC FRINGEFAN, LOLLYPOP (which only got partly published; it was intended for The Cult, and I only ran off six pages, though I still had stencils for five or six more, but I got dropped from the club



mailing(50), I think, said it was all a joke or something, about your added penalty. Of course, it could have been that Tosk was just faunching for more Berry material and thought of this manner to get more and be assured for it. I'd've certainly stood up and hollard(yelled, then; I can't spell hallored?) if you'd not made this mlg and been dropped. # I agree! I agree! After meeting Elinor at the solacon I could just hear her talking to me in her mc's! Even when others use a certain word, like 'Phoo,' I hear her voice. # Yes, pages and pages about my experiences...and as it is I've got to cut myself down on comments, being nearly out of stencils and since the mailing will be sent out in another three days. Next time, tho... (12pp)

SPY ray of/saps - Dick Eney. Hmm, but Rapp had a poem in FAPA ECHO, which, if he spoke the truth(and I have no reason to doubt that he did not) was stencilled several years ago, before Clayfeet County which doth make mention thereof. (Dig that, friends..something Weird.) # Oddly enough, as I type this my hands are swollen. Two l's in swollen? Yes. Just puffy enuff to make them uncomfortable and hard to type with, but not enuff to bother with since it's something as important as SAPS that I'm writing for. # I intended to tell of the troubles I had storing my SAPSazines and how they almost became the property of an NCO, except that he found they weren't obscene and so had no use for them, but I really haven't the space for it.... # The LASFS Slogan is "De Profundis Ad Astra" -- From The Depths To The Stars. "Ad Astra Per Aspera" is the slogan for some state, I'm not sure which, and means something else, I'm not sure what. (12 pp)

the zed #792 - Karen Anderson. I loathe overpublication of holidays, too. So Merry Bifflesnogsday to you, too. # Liked your cartoons(more, plez..maybe even some for nice old PRA, huh, wich is gestetnered and all..huh?), and greatly enjoyed the conclusion of Odile. This is a series..yes..please! Wish you'd had more in the mailing. (9 pp)

bog #12 - Otto Pfeifer. I'm glad to see you taking things Seriously, Otto. None of this frivolous fooling around, nossir, now you've joined The Cause, and you're helping fandom attain the respect which it deserves. Bigolly, though, if I weren't so sure that you were basically the serious and intellectual type here described, I swear that this was one of the funniest zines in SAPS. Just goes to show now, doesn't it? # Well, one thing, though -- Ed Cox did get Squink Blogg pinned on him. Man, what a mess. Squink is really very frail, and those pins were sharp! (8pp)

you know, I may get through with these mailing comments yet!

creep - Wally Weber. This Ultimate Weapon story of Rapp's is one of the best in the mailing. And yes, now I remember -- you're the other one that caught on, though you got your information from Toskey whereas Pelz was using pure psi power. # I'm almost tempted to stop comments right here, since the margin has come out beautifully up to now, but I have another check mark, so I comment on. # No, the loss is ours, not yours, that you are not represented in SAPS more. I WANT MORE WALLY WEBER! # Even not including your 42 pages (damn, messed up the margine!) we went over 800pp -- anybody besides me care to get it up to 1000 some time?? (8pp)

fantoccini #24 - Leslie Norris. Real nice Rotslor cover. Yes. # I was rather afraid Stanbery might have scared you away from fandom with his monologue. You must remember that Stanbery is a fannish oddity, which will probably never bee seen again on this fannish or mundane earth. It some-



thing to be thankful for; that there is one, but only one. # I guess we wouldn't get along. I like arguments, even fueds, until they actually do some harm; like Gem Carr's against Willis or George Wetzel's against practically everybody or anybody he cares to take on. But I like humor, and arguing with someone often gives me a chance to come forth with my own particular type. So it goes, I guess. # Ooog. That story. Orrgh. Horrid Thought, indeed. # Well, yes, I believe in you, but I can (I think) understand why many fans don't. There's no reason for it (though perhaps the Lee Hoffman hoax of some years ago had something to do with it) but fans have trouble believing in fans named Leslie. And once they're finally accepted, there is doubt about the sex. I give you Leslie Gerber and Leslie Nirenberg as examples. # WELCOME TO SAPS! (8pp)

psilo - ---- Jacobs. Yes, darn it, I know your name, but it's slipped my mind momentarily and it isn't to be..wait, is it Jane? No. Yes. No. Hmm -- well, if I do come across it, I'll run it..how 'bout that? # FooFoo is ghod, you S.c.o.a.W. # As I look at the world around me and study the people and their various actions and try to dig into their motivations, I find that I've only come to one conclusion about God -- He must have been a terrific humorist. # Birdbath has been used before, but I would imagine either you or Lee already know that, so I won't bother to tell you. No. I won't. # WELCOME TO SAPS! (8pp)

saproller #18 - Jack Harness. Yah, I need Automobile insurance. But after reading the account of my adventures, toward the beginning of this, I doubt that you'd sell any to me. # Last PRA was originally intended to back up your story(which, as you may remember, you told me about). However, I now have conclusive proof that you were wrong. Styx tunde, ye myte sey. # Yes, and you might ask about the success of witchcraft and witchdoctors...their methods were totally alien to science...but obviously some of them did work, or they'd've got booted out real quick. # Hmm, when did you meet the ES? It should've been chronicled. # WELCOME TO..oh, yeah..I fergot.. (8pp)

the saturday evening ghost #8 - Robert Lee. Verily, you are becoming more understandable to me. I just must have felt bad or something, 'cause it seemed to me that you were putting on an act for our benefit. Actually, you're a nice guy. Yes. (8pp)

collector - Big Hearted Howard. Got a kick out of your tearing apart Ted White -- not that I personally dislike him any more. He's a nice guy, most of the time. # Has Roger Sims seen the Rogue in which he is mentioned in one of Ellison's stories? Just as Plain As Day -- "Roger 'Teddybear' Sims." Rog could sue, methinks. (8pp)

Bronclette #2 - Eva Firestone. Enjoyed Rapp's story. # Marty: See my comments to Terwilliger on What Was Wrong with the cover on S--. # No, I think Taurasi might equal Ellik in mispronouncedness. (6pp)

the brooklyn biapan - Leslie Gerber. I like Leslie Gerber! (6pp)

maine-iac - Ed Cox. Allsorts nice frivolous, interesting material. (6pp)

pra #6 - rich brown. Noted. Ooog.(6pp)

sapstype #10 - Racy Higgs. Noted.(6pp)

pencil point #3 - ~~Tim~~ Noted.(4pp)

piles in the parlour - Lee Jacobs. Fabulous Silly Pointless Sentences.(4pp)

big hearted howard supports komp for o.e. - Big Hearted.(2pp)

Ed Cox! - Noted.(1pp)

spectator - Al ("friendly") Lewis. Hope you have more next mailing.(2pp)

fanmark greeting cards - Caughran, Trimble, Bjo. G\*R\*E\*A\*T and -30- for now-rwb



before my time came to publish), and THE INTERNATIONAL YOUNGFAN.

Gads, I've commented far too much, already. I've only got two stencils left, so I've got to cut the others a little short, this time. (13pp)

the bible collector #3-Coswal. Wowsy, this is getting better and better. Not only MC's, but MC's and extra material..good extra material..will wonders never cease? I'm truly flabbergasted. This, as I've said time and time again, is a much better "Coswal" than the "Coswal" I met when I originally came into SAPS. Yes, I might even do A FANZINE FOR WALTER A. COSLET(or would you prefer "CONWAL"?). Indeedy. # As I may have said previously(that's the trouble with writing long MC's, you know; you can never remember what you've already said), I once wrote my own history of sfandom for an English Class, and what I didn't know I made up. Later, I found out I was astoundingly right in some instances; like, I said THE IMMORTAL STORM was the previous history written about American fandom(which I knew) and that THE IMMORTAL TEACUP was Willis' history of British Fandom(which I didn't know; it just seemed right). # I play a real good game of bowling, when I'm practically stone drunk. Otherwise, I'm lousy. (12 pp)

burp #2 - Don Durward. Got a big kick out of "The Great Santa Clause Hoax." Much fun. # A/B is Airman Basic, and now I'm A/3c or Airman Third Class. # Well, now, that just shows how a defective can go wrong -- you didn't think there was a last page. Alas, all my hard work in veing # I used to have a helper, too; his name was Harvoy, and he was over six feet and went everywhere(ok, so I'm lousing up a good line). They made a motion picture about his adventures before he met me, and every once in a while he has to go to places where they put on a play about him. Funny thing is, though, I met him when I came out of the show that was telling about him. You should meet him, though. He's really famish. # Your repro is improving and your comments are getting very enjoyable and commentable. Just wish I had more stencils! Next time, I think, I'll go alphabetically and then I'll catch you 4 sure. Filled that line out too much, up there... (12 pp)

the bullfrog bugle #3 - Lynn Hickman. Your two-color work is nice, except that you've got faint, brown lines and splotches. Tch. And to think they say multilith is better than mimeo. Phaw.

I get the impression that you just sort of skip through the mailings, not reading everything. You dash off a few pages, then let the thing sit, and wonder why you can't understand what's being said. Some peoples MC's are self-contained, others aren't. But I've never felt the need to pull out the previous mailing, and my memory is far from the greatest. # Damn, forgot to do this up there, and wasted space starting a new paragraph. # Yes, I've seen several of the new GALAXY Novels and except for once, when I picked one up and stuck some chewing gum in it, I've never lifted them off the stands. TROUBLED STAR gave me quite a checkle, just reading the blurb, though. (12 pp)

earth women's burden - karen anderson & djinn dickson. well, this is a nice interesting zine here -- i've heard the song mentioned in several places, different con reports -- ted johnstone even sang it to me. # hi, djinn, remember me? that greasy little character always getting underfoot? no? # Well, you shifted to upper case, so I can too. I love the Suaron Song. Wowsie, like, fabulous. Even a poem from Poul. Even some of Karen's art. Wowsie. I'm so exited I'm going to have to stop comments right here. (12pp)

pot pourri #10 - John Berry. Got a big kick out of your army days story, John. # I dunno; up there I was telling Lynn Hickman that I didn't need to go through previous mailings, but I'd dearly like to now. Someone, in this



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Earth Woman's Burden Reading lower-case ditto is an eye-strain. The contents are enjoyable but bring no especial comment.

Sapstype No comment.

Who-Djee In "Time Trouble" why should the narrator have to wait an hour or more? What's wrong with returning to your starting time point? Other than 10/8 miles distance it was a fair story.

FANmark Greeting Cards Very clever and highly enjoyable. I can visualize Will Shopes of the old Golden Gate Futurians looking at someone with an aristocratic air and intoning, "You, sir, are a hoax."

Pot Pourri No comment.

Bronc The Long Rifle was by Stewart Edward White. The paperback version is abridged. If you want to have it again find a copy of The Saga of Andy Burnett which contains The Long Rifle, Ranchero and two (?) other sequels. Together with White's omnibus, The Story of California, we have a fairly good picture of the westward movement from Dan'l Boone to the rise of citrus culture prior to WWI. Have you read his short, "The Tide", which appeared in The Killer. This compressed the history of Anglo-California into a dynamic, moving story which violates most of the formal rules of writing.

The Saturday Evening Ghost No comment.

Bronclette No comment.

Die Zeitschrift Aha! The Master who is controlling the scene is revealed on line 21, page 6.

The Speleobem 6.5 Congratulations on the good repro, illoes (including the cover) and the interesting mailing comments by both yourself and Dee.

Outsiders Know what you mean about the altitude, Wrai. When I worked for the California Forest & Range Experiment Station, Black's Mtn. Branch the bunkhouse was at 5600 feet, the area we were working was at 7200 feet. After we became used to the altitude this difference didn't bother us much. But one weekend two of us drove down to San Francisco. The air felt thick and gooey, it



was a relief to return to Black's Mtn.

How did you derive your solution to Mroac?

Mundy is rarely dull. Of the 25 or so that I've read the most boring seems to have been Guns of the Gods. When all the Quorn stories have been collected will possibly reread GofG.

Were the paperbound books you are thinking of the Little Blue Books or some such? My great uncle had a paperback edition of King Solomon's Mines dating from around 1900. Have you read Clyde Byron Davis' The Age of Innocence? He describes how the "diabolical" druggist lured them from the Ned Buntline type of dime novels to such alluring works as Treasure Island, etc. These were priced slightly higher and were even more exciting.

Tbs is the large one (civilian type, some of the spoons we have are for use in emergencies such as digging foxholes, hi.)

Sapling Guy, reviews are supposed to act as a guide to reading. If you can find a reviewer whose tastes match your own then you are spared reading the poor books. This is where Damon Knight falls down. His reviews (or criticisms, if you prefer) are highly entertaining but they seldom reflect the overall quality of the book. Floyd C. Gale's reviews aren't worth serious consideration. P. Schuyler Miller's do a very good job of conveying the worth of a book. For others different reviewers would probably rate higher.

You mention the She trilogy. This was at least a tetralogy, in order of chronology, Wisdom's Daughter, She and Allan, She & Ayesha. Haggard's habit of claiming that each book was the last to be written concerning some particular set of characters is rather confusing when tracking down further books.

Speleobem 6 The photo covers provide a nice means of seeing old friends plus those I've never met.

If you were a Mundy fan "The Elephant's Odyssey" might have been subtitled "The Ivory Trail".

Too bad you read the Perma-book version of Wasp, it is the worst of the three. Try the Dennis Dobson hardcover for the one closest to what Russell wrote.

Bruce, now that you're safely ensconced in Southern California how about doing a parody of Gunsmoke along the lines of "Gunsmog" featuring the LASFS.

Spy Ray of SAPS LASFS' slogan is not "Ad Astra Per Aspera" but rather "Do Profundis Ad Astra". Incidentally, can anyone tell me who drew the slogan and accompanying picture?

Your narrative seems to be derived from that story that appeared about thirty years ago wherein a man had a card which he showed to various people. They turned away in disgust. When he finally decided to read the card it was blank. Can't remember the title or author, anyone help me out?

Nematode Bob, you say that Rawlins had only one local badman. Try Will Carlisle, the gentleman train robber, Butch Cassidy, who operated his Wild Bunch from Hole in the Wall, Wyoming to Alma, New Mexico and eventually in Paraguay and Bolivia, and there must have been other bad men.

Enjoyed your ramblings as usual.

Ellis, your stapler is becoming more and more Scots, only one staple in this copy.

HERE There Be Saps What for do you call The Gorgon a booklet? It was a full-flc . fmz.

Enjoyed the comments on early SAPS, let's be sure and finish this.

Flabbergasting The Trojan Asteroids are not in the asteroid belt. They occupy two of the vertices of an equilateral triangle in the orbit of Jupiter in the same fashion as George O. Smith's Venus Equilateral.



Not being a statewide organization never stopped the Colorado Fantasy Society from putting on the Denvention. Even though they included all known fans in Colorado they all lived in Denver. 28

In one of Adamski's books there is a photograph of a "flying saucer". Unfortunately, it appears exactly like an electric floor buffer viewed from the bottom at an angle.

Regarding stf series characters in hard cover how about Don Channing, Galloway Gallegher, Clanc Linn, John Carstairs, Randolph Carter, etc.

TIMA is Hickman's old organization, The Little Monsters of America which flourished about 8 years ago.

Remember the TV sets from before and just after WWII when the CRT's were usually two or three inches and seven inches was a real monster. To make the picture larger they used lenses and mirrors. Those gave way to ten and twelve inches about 1949.

From what I've heard the French horn is considered to be the most difficult of fairly common instruments to play.

Tosk, you're right about Morrith. In fact this is why he preferred his stories to be published in The Argosy because Bob Davis didn't change a single word. But, to me, a "pro" is not one who can sell an occasional story but rather one who can make his living this way, Philip K. Dick, Poul Anderson, Robert Silverberg, etc.

Spacewarp I've a few things to say in connection with your reprinted speech but will have to wait until after I get out of the service. It's not that I'm subversive, merely that I disagree with a few items. Had an argument iwth a captain once and ended up seeing a bird colonel. Don't want to go through with that again.

The Bible Collector You omit the RSV, 1952 which in this particular instance follows the King James rather closely, "back by a strong east wind all night".

If you wish to learn more about Holmes and sf read Anthony Boucher's article on the subject in New Frontiers #3 available from Norm Motcalf, Box 1360-S, Tyndall AFB, Florida for 30¢ or 4/\$1. Also there is a hardcover book available about this time, The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes costing \$3.00 from Bob Peterson, 2845 South Gilpin Street, Denver 10, Colorado with introduction by Boucher (reprinted from NF #3), stories by Poul Anderson, Gordon R. Dickson, Anthony Boucher, August Derleth & Mack Reynolds, and H. Beam Piper & John J. McGuire (Adv.)

Your question as to the identity of Curtis Le May would give apoplexy to USAF big brass. He is the ex-head of the Strategic Air Command and currently Vice-Chief of Staff or some such position.

Ignatz What's so nice about snow and ice? Personally I prefer California, southern Arizona, etc. where the snow and ice are on the mountain-tops. If you want them, they're readily accessible. They don't come after you.

Big Hearted Howard No comment.

A Spectator What's the process used here for illoes, etc. It looks and feels as if portions were sprayed on.

"Conqueror's Isle" by Nelson S. Bond first appeared in Bluebook or somesuch, not ASF.

Bump No comment.



Warhoon Enjoyed this when first received last January but won't reread it. Sorry Rich, but will do better next time.

The Bullfrog Bugle. No comment.

Fantoccini No comment.

SaFari Enjoyed Coleman's and Grant's letters to Taurasi, Sr. Now that Taurasi has given ground on this matter we can all feel happier.

Regarding great motion pictures, the one picture I will make an effort to view again and again is The Treasure of the Sierra Madre with Humphrey Bogart, Walter & John Huston and some particularly fitting music by Max Steiner. Nearly all the impact of B. Traven's novel of the same name is preserved. Another one which I will see off and on is Hitchcock's Vertigo. Here the interest lies not so much in the story but in the setting. First time I saw it was in basic training. It made me feel somewhat like packing up and going AWOL from South Texas.

Enjoyed your campaign platform. If ever you run for O.E. in FAPA you'll have top votes if you promise two sports cars in every garage.

Good work on the index.

The Spectator With all these faults running through fandom surely we're due for an earthquake.

The Brooklyn Biapan No comment.

Gim Tree Enjoyed your comments and artwork.

Pencil Point No comment.

Rock Enjoyed your corn, Es. Let's have more next mailing.

T/J Ted, the draft won't have much trouble locating you unless miracles of miracles your file is misplaced. My draft notice came in on a Monday, the same day I went to see the USF recruiter and Friday I was on my way to Lackland AFB. Never was bothered by the draft again. During mail call in basic one guy got his draft notice and laughed his fool head off. By that time he wanted them to come and get him. Now I wish I had joined the Army, I'd be out, a free man.

Ted, you say KPPC "can be heard for 20 miles easily". I was once stuck without FM only fourteen airline miles from KPPC. They came in with fair quality most of the time. One Sunday I was enjoying their "Afternoon Concert". But then, KSUE, Susenville, 540 airline miles away came booming in and knocked out KPPC. So I sent a letter to KSUE and received a reply from their engineer. Seems as how the propagation was really weird for a while, they had been heard all over the US and as far away as Japan the last few days. Most of the rest of the time KPPC suffers from that r&r station on 1230 KC in receivers with broad response.

The secretary of the treasury on the \$10,000 bill was Salmon P. Chase. The reason for knowing this was that when the T-men caught me putting Robert Bloch's picture on the \$10,000 bill they informed me of the silly mistake. But, I've got them fooled. The right picture is going on the right bill. The \$1,000,000 bill I'm working on now will be absolutely correct and have Bob Tucker's pic.

Ted, now that you've decided to meet Dee you'll have to make some fast foot work. Rich and I have a long headstart on you.

50,00 watts is the limit only on AM broadcast, KFI can be heard in the Mar-



quesas. And neither KSL nor KFI have exclusive frequencies. The clear channel only means that they are protected out to a certain microvolt contour (judged on average skip, I suppose).

Since FM reception here at Tyndall is very poor I've ordered a National Criterion AM-FM tuner (the finest tuner ever made up to its time and probab<sup>y</sup> still tops). This coupled with a homebrew RF amplifier and a long-long Yagi means that New Orleans may be heard on FM, if not, the AM will have to do.

Poor Richard's Almanac You fool, you. What you didn't realize when you invited me to do a few pages was that I might take you up on it.

Saproller No comment.

Ed Cox Clover to begin with, but this sheet takes the edge out of it.

Retro Enjoyed the cover even though you couldn't coax L. Garcone out of hiding in the Roadmonsterden to do a cover for you.

Buz: "Back From the Stars" might have been accepted by Palmer, it would never have "sold" to him.

Another definition of maturity to find flaws in is: "Maturity is the willingness to accept and execute responsibility."

In "Gravy Planet" Preferred" you have the answer yourself as to why the Little People never became Big People, they were crushed down by "holding up the Foundations of Society,". You seem to have combined a takeoff on "Gravy Planet" and "Typewriter In the Sky".

Piles In the Parlour No comment.

Psilo Got a few smiles from this one.

Creep Most of your humour is missing, let's do better next time, PLEASE!!!.

Bog Now that you've introduced "culture" to SAPS, 'Quick, Henry, the Flit.'

Maine-Iac Come on, Ed, how did you do in the follow-up?

Collodion What's so non-Western about Grecian culture? Have you read Harold Lamb's The March of Muscovy and The City and the Tsar? They give a fairly good, popularized picture of the rise of the Russian state.

What was so good about This Island Earth? It might have been titled To Metaluna and Back In 80 Minutes. It was mostly corn, special effects and all. Forbidden Planet was an extremely poor story but the special effects made up for some of the defects. Didn't see Invasion of the Bodysnatchers. Personally, I would nominate Destination Moon, The Day the Earth Stood Still and When Worlds Collide.

Fondenizen Well, while I'm not wildly enthusiastic about the music from "Peter Gunn" it's better than a lot of moldy folkmusic and Ray Conniff versions of classical music that the guy in the next bunk has. He has some excellent Slim Whitman, Benny Goodman, Erroll Garner, Bob Scobey, etc. But all in all, I'd rather listen to Victory at Sea (playing now) or Bruckner, Mahler, Vaughan Williams, etc.

Where did the blonde appear from high in the air? Courtesy of Kenneth Arnold and Ray Palmer, perhaps?



These comments on Schaffer's built-in radar sounds like the description Christopher Morley gave of himself in The Complete Sherlock Holmes. He tells of walking home from the Enoch Pratt Free Library reading one of Doyle's books. Through a combination of loitering and distance he managed to finish the books before reaching home.

A tesseract is a four-spatial dimensions cube (or somesuch), laying a mosaic is to tessellate.

Anatomy of a Murder is by "Robert Traver(s)" who is a pseudonym for some judge.

S--- Loved the lino on page 2.

The pseudo-Lovecraft with a dash of Leman, a strong fusion of Carr is very good. How about this for BoF - 60, Guy?

ATom's cartoon on page 17 is a real dilly especially after reading the latest The National Fantasy Fan. It seems that the recruiting bureau is incommunicado, a much lamented fact by TNFF.

Bailey's Pilgrims Through Space and Time was a thesis at the University of North Carolina in the middle thirties which was updated slightly for book publication just after WWII. This plus the author's ignorance of sf explains most of the omissions. A much better survey is Kingsley Amis' New Maps of Hell.

What's so ridiculous about 31 Apr, it's Mercer's Day?

ncm

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This is but a momentary return of rich brown. This is the first opportunity I've had to remark, as many of you may in commenting on this, that I have repeated myself on more than one occasion. You may not have noticed this yet -- but that's only because you haven't read my other mailing comments, which will be coming your way about twenty or so pages from now. So prepared to get a little bored and to do a little rehashing when you get to my next set of mc's. I didn't intend to repeat myself, naturally, but a period of four months (er... three months, I beg your pardon) is a little bit too long to remember what you have and haven't said. So, I appologize. -----rich



# ...SUZY STUFF

There. That is room enough on top, isn't it? I'm writing, or rather composing this on the stencil sans correction fluid. Nuff said? But first, a word or several about why I'm writing this. Seems several days ago rich handed me the following zines because he knew I'd enjoy them, and a stack of stencils because he also knew I'd be completely frustrated unless I had a chance to sound off about them. He's quite considerate. Sometimes ShelVy thinks he's a little too considerate.

TESSERA CT #1      Some (Not on expand, Suzy) way to keep me from being frustrated. Said considerate ed won't let me take the next twelve stencils to comment on this. So I'll have to write you a letter.

But now I have to give with some comments (if possible in the space I have). I am very impressed with Tesseract. It isn't fannish, but who cares? Your writing is clear, concise and so far as I am able to judge, completely accurate. Honest, I didn't find one mistake, and I looked. Mostly on the grounds that no one could put out something this long, and on such varied subject matter, and not make at least one little error.

Hasn't everyone discovered POGO?

Sometimes I have ~~diff~~ difficulty deciding what your views are. Those aren't too / clear. Shelly and I have a running argument on your religious views. I feel that you are slamming the inconsistencies of the usual dogmas and all of the utter stupidity of so much of it. Why can't I find the proper words the way you do? That wasn't quite what I meant, but darned if I can explain it any better.

I agree fully with you on your ESP work. Mine backs it up completely. I hadn't tried the test about the five cards before, and so far have no conclusive results on it, but I'll try to let you know how I fare.

I prefer the capital "C" in Christianity since I capitalize almost all proper nouns. (Sorry, rich. I had forgotten about you.) (That was a mistake, wasn't it? Don't you know I'll never really forget you?)

Next time you end up in Florida, how about dropping in? Although this isn't the best part of the state. This is really just a suburb of Alabama. We are almost completely controlled by the Bay County Ministerial Association. Even if I were a TV bug, there would be nothing to watch. Thank Roscoe I'm not. (Sorry, rich.) (But not about the TV.)

Inasmuch as I don't have room to tell you more fully how much I enjoyed this, I'll wire? no, I'll just write you. But please, don't try to go completely fannish. For that, I ~~may~~ may be murdered in my bed, but I mean it.

SPELEOBEM      Don't you know that anyone who lives ~~wh~~ within a certain distance from Gainesville is a cave bug? But I still like fossils. You know, like -- I'd better not.

Commercials? Have you seen the Sal Hapatica one? If you have, you know what I mean. If you haven't, please try to because I just know I'd be censored if I tried to explain.

Ferdinand. I spent all last night listening to puns.



And now, since I really should have refused to talk to a Floridian who is in enemy territory, I shall leave. No I won't either. I want to say (not to you, you already know it) that Californians aren't damnyankees at all, they're foreigners.

Now I really shall leave.

PORQUE I wish I could put in fashion notes, but mine would read something like this. Blue plaid smock, rather tent-like, with white collar, black skirt that something must have happened to -- it doesn't seem to be all there, and of course, no shoes. ShelVy keeps me barefooted.

I have several batchelors who have volunteered to be vamped. No, I don't have them, I just know them. Do you want them all at once or one at a time?

Dee! The C of C will be after you with hatchets. Don't you know it's never cold in Florida? After ShelVy got me up here from down there (he used several false pretenses) (you really should have seen him standing there holding all those pretenses) he told me that it actually snowed here sometimes. It didn't this winter, but that was just because the clouds froze solid and drifted on out into the Gulf and became ice bergs.

Any teacher who grades on the curve should be... (Finish this sentence in twenty-five words or less.

Your illos were adorable. So, I've been told, are you. Should I invite you up or not? If I do, will you promise to leave me at least a couple of batchelors to vamp?

FLABBERGASTING Dr. Toskey, sir! I am so overwhelmed I forgot to unexpand the typer.

This is utterly magnificent. I must admit that for a moment the bit about you actually frying your pancakes nearly threw me, but then I realized the subtlety of your humor. What a sly dig at Aunt Jemima!

Could the reason for you preferring spiders to snakes be that you have never owned an indigo snake? You really must try it. No animal is more affectionate or intelligent. And they are so quiet and unobtrusive that you'll never know they are there. They sit quietly curled around your neck staring adoringly into your face while you read or type and never interrupt with demands for affection or food.

Of course you have no reason to be ashamed of yourself for liking Amazing Stories and Fantastic Adventures and Richard Shaver. Especially Shaver. Don't you simply get thrills when you think of all his cute little things running around under your very feet?

Whatever can be wrong? I've never seen a hummingbird and I have seen large numbers of rats. Is this a purely local phenomena?

Dear me! Walter Breen and my unabridged dictionary must be wrong. It was so clever of you to realize that "ye" should be used in the singular. And thank you for correcting all of us misinformed Southerners about the correct usage of "you all". Just imagine, for years we have been using it only in the plural.



Is now many weeks and days later. And the IBM is elsewhere -- namely, down at the office. But this is a manual typer and I'm not used to it at all. Also, it's elite type and I don't like that either. I have to worry not only about the pressure, but I have to pound it.

rich brown, did you say I have to comment on all this? Don't you like my cooking? Don't you want to sleep on the floor any more? You'd rather stay in the barracks? And this seems as good a time as any to comment on

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC Ha. You're only bitter on paper. You wake up with taste and discrimination. Anyone who can wake up and talk to me without even coffee or a cigarette can't possibly be bitter. And anyhow, whafor you griping about world conditions? You're aiding inflation. You spend your paycheck. You do. You don't get stencils for free. Bjo might be convinced by now that you would like the world to be peaceful and quiet. I'm pretty sure you'd be miserable. You'd be Bored to death.

I hate this typer. I hate this typer. I especially hate it because the \* is where I'm used to finding the    or hadn't you guessed. And then, the lefthand margin doesn't work properly all the time. I have to wham it to get it there.

But rich, if you have to have something optimistic to be optimistic about you're not optimistic. That's a natural reaction. Optimism is finding the bright side of a situation that doesn't have a bright side. Like the dishes piled in the sink right now. Hint?

I'm supposed to be numbering the pages? Isn't it enough that I type comments so lovingly? Aren't you going to do anything? And all this I do for you in spite of the fact that Rom Ellik said I wan't a fan. Just for that I'm going to comment on

S    or is it S---? Anyhoo, according to the results of Miri's Survey Report I may as well stay off the waiting list. I'm not 27, I'm nowhere near being either 5'9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " tall or weighing 151. About the .61 of a child? It's easy. We have approximately 4.5/9ths of one ourselves. According to the doctor, that is. I disagree. I think we have 5.5/9ths of one. Of course, I'm not very good at math and it could be that fractions are easier to come by than decimals.

I knew someone would have to agree with me someday on "Wuthering H eights". Blast this typer. I used to love "Green Mansions", too, but then they made it into a movie. Ha? Ha! I knew some day I'd find someone else who'd read "Awake Monique"! It was superb. I hate that particular adjective, but it was. I've been hunting someone else who'd read it for over a year. I finally went to the extreme of loaning my copy so I'd have someone to discuss it with. The reaction was utter disgust. I learned my lesson. I consider anyone who feels that way about this book narrow minded, dirty minded, and several other uncomp-limentary things.

The trouble with the Southern Negroes is the North. The Southern Negroes aren't battered down at all; they simply don't trust the helpful and interested attitudes of Yankees. In fact, any Southerner, white or colored, is apt to react the same way to it at first. Given time to adjust to the situation, they'll probably thaw out and "compete". Mostly, though, no one competes down here. It's too darn much trouble.

Shelby just explained the whole nose-hair situation to me. He says they don't have souls and therefore cant go to heaven. But since they don't have souls, they're not aware that they don't have souls and don't go to heaven, but they don't know they've gone to hell, either. Well, I thought he'd explained it. But now I'm worried. What if they get to thinking about it? And what if they should sin and repent? Is it fair for all those poor little nose-hairs not to go to heaven? If you get to heaven and your nose-hairs don't, won't you miss them? How can I do mailing comments now? I'm entirely too worried.

But you do have lovely illos.

Anybody want to join me in a pickle a la mode?



BOG I'm afraid I haven't met the interesting gentlemen on your panel. If you meet any of them again soon, perhaps you would be so kind as to give them my name and address as a hint that I might like to correspond with one or more of them? You might also forget to mention my husband. That is, you might forget to mention that I have a husband. And if I may ask one more favor, how much money do they have? Who has the most? Is he married? Why?

ROCK Why didn't I read this yesterday? Then I'd maybe mail things where you are instead of where you were. I really read it some time ago, but I have a lousy memory I caught from Shelvy. So I reread it.

Who is Susie? Wife? Girlfriend? I thought I was the only one (Suzy, that is) in this neck of the woods.

Who hell Mike Sefton? For many years I lived within screaming distance from Anna Maria and I never heard of him. Was he just sitting there pickled? Why I never heard of him? Or was he the guy I met that night... But that's another story.

PRA is printed on "orange paper"? But you didn't say anything about that lovely rich brown ink.

Do grow a beard. I don't care whether or not you ever become a beatnik, but do grow a beard. Honest, rich isn't really a beatnik. And he doesn't have a beard now. At least he didn't the last time I kissed him. (See, rich. That's what you get for forcing me to do mailing comments in the middle of the night. I talk too much.)

You gotta come see us. Me, I mean. I need you. Shelvy has an ulcer named Oscar who won't allow him to drink bheer. rich doesn't like bheer. Norm Metcalf doesn't drink. I'm stranded. Come down. I'll clean out the refrigerator and we can stock it. We don't even own a radio. Mainly since all you can get here is rock n roll or country type music. That's what they call it, anyhoo. The TV may or may not work. We haven't tried it for a month or two. We have five typers you can play with. And an electric Gestetner.

THE BULLFROG BUGLE Gee, Lynn, what purty pichers! Shelvy suspects it's offset with paper masters. Is he right? Only trouble is I can't think of any thing to comment on.

THE SATURDAY EVENING GHOST You sound like you're about sixteen and trying awfully hard to be intellectual. And anyway, slow down a minute and explain something. Wherefore did Jesus even obliquely mention hell? I assume you're referring to the "throw the first stone" bit when you say he did not object to adultery. Why don't you reread it?

Why don't you quit trying so hard?

POT POURRI I feel that I should write pages on your entertaining little zine just to let you know how much I enjoyed it, but for some derved reason I can't find anything to comment on. On which to comment? Can't I just say that I thought it was delightful?

WARHOON I know who you are. You're the man who did the beautiful pen and ink work. Now all you have to do is find out who I am. And in spite of rumors, I am not a hoax. And I oughta know. Shelvy did not make me up. Shelvy makes much worse puns than I do. Can't you see the difference?

I can cut a flawless stencil -- if there's enough corflu around.

I had very much wanted to see "The World, the Flesh and the Devil", but since I found out that there are two different versions around -- well, if it ever gets here at all, which is doubtful, it'll be the other version.

Come protect the folder around your zine. Shelvy has an almost irrepressible urge to find out what's under that gold seal. But this copy belongs to rich brown. And rich might not take too kindly to that.



Department in Defense of Beards: Beards are sexy. A well trimmed, well kept and well shaped beard covers a multitude of sins, jaws, etc., but unfortunately not enough faces. Mind you, now, the beard must be well cared for. Just any old grizzled bush won't do at all. But a really nice one affects me the same way a plunging neckline seems to affect most men. With suitable conditions, of course. I even prefer bearded iris.

A beautiful beard will even make up for a lack of hair on the pate. Or a lack of chin. Or too much of same. I'm even willing to overlook a lack of money or bheer if the beard is sufficient.

But at the moment my husband, whose chin in temporarily, I hope, denuded, is demanding his breakfast and wanting to know why someone who is not a fan (fanne?) should be writing mailing comments at this ungodly hour in the morning. The point is, I've been up since 5:30 -- it's now about 7:45 -- and have had enough coffee to wake me up. He just got up and hasn't even gone to fetch the Sunday paper yet. And I won't cook until I find out what's happened to Pogo.

But before I do anything, can anyone tell me why beards are so frequently of a different color from the top of the head kind of hair? Shelvy, who is a brunette, grew a ginger and blonde beard. With a sprinkling of white. The white I understand. After all, at his age one can expect such things. But ginger?

As for the style of beard. It all depends on the face and the personality of the grower. I wonder if there is any significance in the style a man selects. Any ideas on this? I fell in love with a Van Dyke once before I knew anything about the guy who was wearing it. Turned out he was intelligent, talented and rich. But he wouldn't marry me, so I'm off that ~~xxx~~ style for now. I very seldom care for the fringe type -- you know, where it straggles around the chin and neck area where most men seem to find it most difficult to shave. This just looks messy, and anyhow, who wants to see most faces framed. With a border of whiskers, at least.

I can't stand mustaches, though. Now and then one manages to sneak by if it is sufficiently tied down by a beard, but by themselves, never.

Whahappened? I'm supposed to be doing comments on Sapzines, and here you are, not even a regulation SAPS member and I've devoted more time and space to you than to anyone so far. You may return the compliment any time. Or send more stencils. Or something.

PSILO But Shel and I neither one like cats. Thaswhy ours is a Not-cat. It's a fact -- that's her name. She obviously has to be a Not-cat, since inspite of our phobias we do like this beast. And in spite of the fact that she recently infested the entire house with fleas and we had to have the pest control people come. Theytried very hard to get rid of all the pests, but we still have a few who drop in unexpectedly. I found one sitting on our doorstep recently with a sheaf of stencils under his arm.

FANTOCCINI I adored "A Horrid Thought". Also enjoyed your recent letter. Whyfor you not write more often? Just because I won't answer you? That's no excuse. Are you serious about the novel?

Leslie, I understand perfectly how you feel about being called a hoax. The same thing has been happening to me. I can site at least a small number of fen who know me personally -- meaning they have met and talked to me. rich brown, Norm Metcalf, Felice Rolfe (she even lived with me in college) and of course, Shelby Vick. He really ought to know. Or do you think I'm a hoax, too. I believe in you -- so if you'll believe in me -- after all, you have received things in my very own handwriting. This ought to prove something. I can't ~~xxxx~~ write legibly, maybe?

On second thought, wouldn't it be more fun just to be hoaxes? Let's retire to our state of nonexistence. Together, of course.

And please print more like "A Horrid Thought".



EARTH WOMEN'S BURDEN Tell me quick. I'm all on tenter hooks. Did Djinn and Gordon get married? I can't seem to find out. I'm specially interested because if I remember right, you said the date set was October 10. Shelby and I got married on October 11. And now the doctor says the baby is due on our first anniversary. I don't agree with him -- I think it's due a month earlier. Did you, huh, did you? If so, and if the doctor is wrong, of course, let's have a joint anniversary party.

I enjoyed all the poems and songs, but especially the fourth verse from SILVERLOCK. It somehow just appeals to me.

Watch out for those golden hamsters. I had two once. They got loose one wild day. The dog immediately caught one on the grounds that it was a foul rodent -- I guess she was right -- but the other one evaded us for days. We could hear it, but couldn't find it. Finally, we discovered it. It had gotten trapped in an old wooden leg. Honest. It was a real artificial leg. If artificial legs can be considered real. And it was standing in a corner. It always stood in a corner. And I refuse to explain any further. You don't believe me, I can tell.

SAPSTYPE I...don't think I'd care to go to a beatnik party, thank you. H E Y ! Just because a guy has a beard doesn't necessarily make him a beatnik. When Shel had his, he was constantly greeted by, "What's the idea? Turning beatnik?" It's infuriating. The only original comment he received was, "It's Vick the Viking." And that one wasn't too good, was it? In fact, during a small political upset in which Shelby was mixed up -- he can't seem to avoid them -- the opposition (all right. opposition.) started a rumor that Shelby had turned beatnik, quit work and was making me support him. Shelby thought it was such a good idea he nearly did just that.

SAPLING Nice cover. I have something to add to your list of subjects that don't belong in the school -- home ec. At least, not the way it's being taught. Maybe they've changed things since I was in school, but then it was a required subject for all girls. I still wouldn't object, but it's mishandled. We learned how to make lousy potato salad, dress a rubber doll and how to make pot holders. Then came the self-improvement bit. The teacher tried to put me on a weight losing diet until she found out that I was actually under weight. In short, I wasted one hour a day for an entire school year. I had wanted to take physics, but couldn't work it in because of home ec. And the principal, when I complained, insisted that this blamed home ec course would be of much more value to me than physics.

I'm all in favor of phonics. I'd never have learned to read without it. I even once was able to spell, but something happened. Sight reading should be banned, outlawed, etc.

COLLODION You again. Howsomever, this one seems much better than before. I approve. Especially since I find I completely misjudged your age. Only thing -- puns? Even on the cover?

About now, since I've been informed that all this straight writing is downright dull and that I should draw some pictures or something, I shall include a picture. Since I'm not feeling artistic at the moment -- in fact, I'm furious, and I hope none of the fan (sorry, Sapzines) suffer from it -- here's one Leslie Norris kindly contributed. I'm not too sure just what it's all about, but I think he's a cute li'l fellow.

THE BIBLE COLLECTOR I almost didn't get past "The World Outside". You shouldn't have put it first. OOPS. I was putting in a picher.

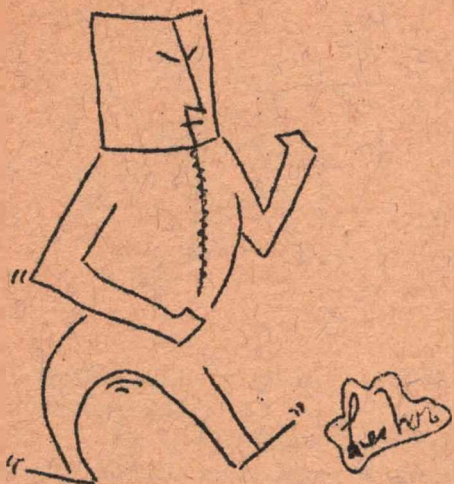
Anyhoo. I'm relatively certain that John Berry is not an alien. I am not an alien. Shelby is not an alien. How about the rest of you? Is this all some dread plot? And if so, what are you all up to?

It isn't much fun doing mailing comments on mailing comments on a mailing I haven't even seen. It's a bit nerve-wracking.

This picture had better fit on the page, it had!

SCRRY. I'LL PUT  
IT ON THE NEXT  
PAGE, HONEST.  
IF I DON'T FORGET.





I didn't forget! I didn't. But I did almost forget to put a backing sheet in this stencil. I just switched from film stencils, which I rather dislike, to the other kind. But I'm used to using a typing plate, except when I'm using the IBM. It's hard to make neat corrections with a typing plate on an IBM. On ours, anyway. And who am I to be talking about neat corrections, someone said? Honest -- I'm over-using that word -- I do turn out "flawless stencils" but only at the office.

Hmm. Just burnt a hole in the table. Asbestos?

BUMP To heck with the great Santa Claus Hoax. I think that you, Don Durward, are a hoax yourself. No one could possibly mispell (misspell?) so many words consistently. I foul up quite a few myself, but I don't do it twice the same way. You spell allsorts of long hard words properly. But some of those little ones just can't be true.

Now. Why is the inside of the back page of the copy of Bump I have blank? What am I missing? Other than the obvious inside back page. On second thought, maybe you'd better ignore the whole thing. And now I found the explanatory letter. You're forgiven. I understand. But it would have been just my luck to have the only copy with a blank page.

Well. It seems that time ran out, PRA was run off, and Suzy had this much of a stencil done. So it has to be filled. So?

So, is now ShelVY.

So, is ad-type thing from Vick Mimeograph Service.

...you got a Gestetner?

...you pay ridiculous prices for Gestetner stencils?

### S T O P !

There's a darned good stencil Gestetner puts out that sells for less than 10¢ apiece, if you buy 10 quire at a time.

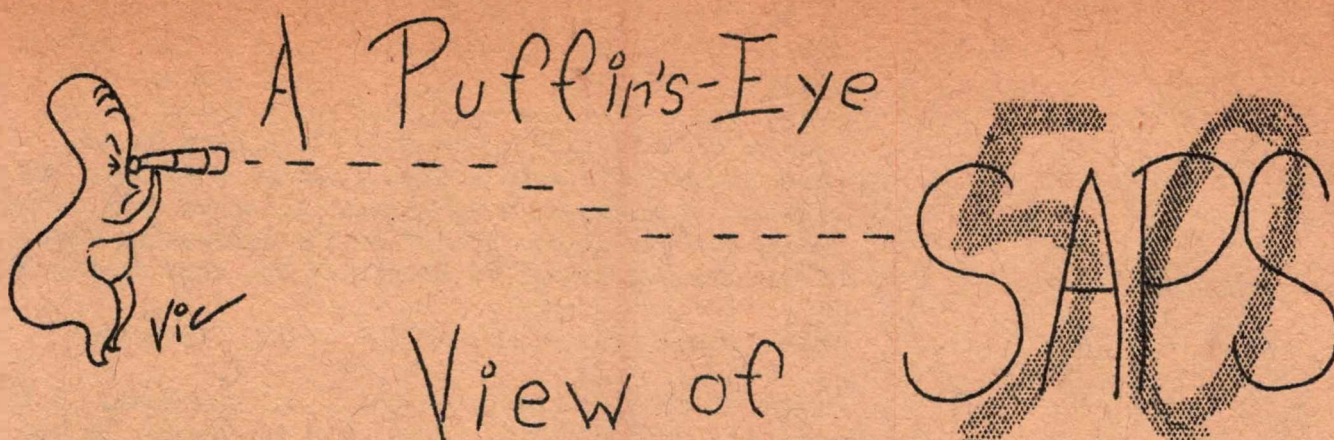
I've got 'em.

Anybody who can use them and wants to enter into a co-op deal can get them from me at cost, plus postage and the usual 25¢ for handling. Still way less than \$3 per quire. All you need do is order no less than one quire (match, no broken quires.)

The dealer tells me it's all right for me to sell them thusly, but not for me to quote exact prices -- so if you're interested, drop me a line at

VICK MIMEOGRAPH SERVICE  
408 Magnolia Avenue  
Panama City, Florida





Being composed on the stencil, without benefit of correction fluid. Yeah, I know; Suzy's was done without correction fluid, too; you'd think that a guy in the mimeographing business would have at least one spare bottle of the juice around, wouldn't you? ...I guess it's psychological; when I get home, I want nothing around to remind me to the business.

Before starting in on this, I tore the film off of several stencils, to get them out of my way, and thru them in the wastebasket beside me. Now the film is slowly unwrapping itself, and the crinkles are crawling out of the basket.

But that has nothing to do with SAPS fifty. It would take all night to crinkle that many pages of mailing. So, after thanks to richbrown for the chance to do these comments, and after a warning that many may not be commented on -- either because I have misplaced them, or found no handles -- and a further warning that I am taking them in no order at all, we

#### COMMENCE COMMENTS

SPACEWARP is just flatly too much to comment on. Either I skip it lightly or use up all of rich's stencils commenting. So, skipping lightly along, I start with the cover. I tried many of your timely tips, and had difficulty with only one; I couldn't get a nail big enough to drive thru my copy of Sears & Roebuck. ...I would also like to say that the cover type didn't look at all motherly to me...

FANMARK Greeting Cards amused me. Especially that crazy, mixed up kid...

...and then there was the last page of POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC. As an old Shell Scott fan (...or, for that matter, I like the young Shell Scott, too...) I express approval. (I'll have to warn you tho, rich; the express is collect. That approval is pretty weighty stuff to be freighting about the country.) This, of course, was leftovers; next is #50 POOR RICHARD. On it I'll settle for a mild scream at the Abominable pun, and one question: If it's typed rich brown, why is it handwritten K Rich Brown?

Something tells me this isn't going to work. These mailing comments of mine, I mean, And that 'something' is mathematics. Take a day (ah, go on; take one -- they aren't marked!). Subtract eight hours for sleep. (Yeah, yeah; I know -- fan-types are supposed to subsist on no, or next to no, sleep. But remember; I've been gaffiating for many years. I have re-gained the Sleeping Habit.) Subtract another hour for waking up. Subtract an hour for meals. Subtract an hour for time spent going and coming from work. Subtract nine hours for working (sure, the five hour day is coming -- but not for jokers who have their own small business to run; sometimes it's more like twelve hours -- and no weekends off). Subtract an hour for reading. Subtract an hour for writing (trying to do it professionally -- as I have been trying ever since I was 18. Eighteen...that's when I sold my first storeis -- make that 'stories'. First, and last...) Subtract an hour for getting reacquainted with my wife -- it'd be a shame for her to forget me, and us only having been married seven months (that's as of the end of May) (1960, I mean) Take out the proper pro-rated time that goes to civic things --



mostly Lions Club, of which I'm outgoing president -- and where do you squeeze in time to write mailing comments on a SAPS mailing that rich brown brings over just a couple of weeks before the mailing is due to be sent? I mean, after all; when you subtract all that from 24 hours, you're likely to find yourself left holding the short end of the ledger sheet. Of course, we now have until the NEXT SAPS deadline to get the comments done -- but there is also the 51st bundle of SAPzines to read and comment on -- and so far all I've seen is WHO KILLED SCIENCE-FICTION?.

Anyway, I can't do justice to the 50th mailing. I have read many of them, skimmed lightly thru some, chucked (woops! That's 'chuckl'd') at others, and wished I had time to read the rest. I could just list the different dames (uh-oh; Freudian slip that my wife better hadn't see; I meant 'names') and say after them, "Good" "Bad" or "Indifferent," but that's even worse, I think, that what I'm going to do -- which is, give highlights. Skipping mostly mailing comments (since I didn't see the 49th mlg, the mailing comments are like the tail end of a fascinating conversation -- fascinating because there's just enough that you catch to be tantalizing without telling you a thing.) And skipping most fan fiction, this doesn't leave much -- just enough for me to be able to handle.

...by the way, this is as good a time as any to talk about this jazz concerning length. Everybody trying to get out as many pages as possible, with a 1000 page mlg the aim, apparently. May I ask

w h y ?

Admitted, a big bundle looks impressive. And naturally, if one guy does a big one, someone else is going to want to do a bigger one. But pretty soon it's going to get to the point where even the true fan-types -- if they work or go to school or do anything that automatically commits (all right, all right; 'commits'. I need my correction fluid!) a large portion of hours of the day, they're not going to have time to thoroughly read and properly reply to everything. Oh, they might reply; but it'll have to be first draft, hastily thought out stuff that will eventually pall on everyone.

I dunno; maybe it's the political season; maybe I've caught a little of the Viewing with Alarm attitude...

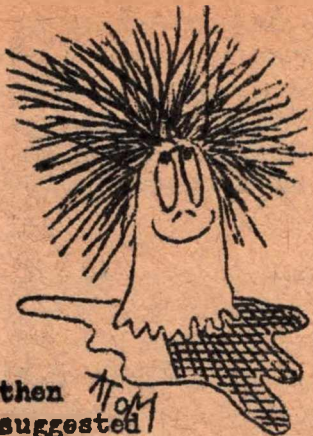
(By the way; as you've no doubt surmised, THIS is a first draft, hastily thought out bit of stuff... See what I mean?)

TED JOHNSTONE'S FANZINE (boy, I goofed) SAPSZINE, that is, was quite obviously (pause for ~~for~~ reverence) Gesteinored... Admirably readable, quite neat, and I'm certainly not gonna holler because it wasn't slip-shooted. (Mainly on account I don't do much slip-shooting myself -- not even in my professional work.) Ted, n' boy, you show more than half a wit. For a guy with no cartooning talent, your cover was most amusing... Liked your inside poetry, and you didn't have to apologize for the one on the back page; meaning or no, it SOUNDS good, and impressive. --and of COURSE the kid is right!

FENDENIZEN deserved comment if on nothing more than the fact that it had a likeable Atom cover (aren't they all?) and was also neatly (pause) Gesteinored... The I will say that I found Anatomy of a Murder too dull to finish. Mostly due to the amateurish writing you mentioned, and poor characterization. I didn't have the patience to stumble thru his style looking for the plot. Glad to know it DID have one... Been reading mainly non-fiction lately. Anybody read "Hidden Persuaders" by Vance Packard? Verifies a lot of suspicions I imagine most fans have had concerning advertising; explains why people buy one product in decided preference to ~~xxx~~ another identical product; tells why a convertible makes a man think of a mistress, and other little things...

Good place to end page two.





...then  
Ejo suggested  
& bheer shampoo...!"

WARHOON. Rich, I'm glad you didn't continue those even righthand margins past the first page. I mean, I can put up with impeccable printing and not feel ashamed of myself, because after all, I'm just mimmy-oing this. In fact, I even enjoyed the looks of the printing muchly. Good job. But DON'T go evening all the margins.. I'm feeling apologetic already, because of the lack of correction fluid -- plus fact that this is a manual typer at home, and I'M used to the electrios at the office -- but Even Edges...? (It was really topnotch mimmy-o work anywee, Rich. Gestetner?)

So you are commenting on feelings anent a five year pause between fanzines. In now comes ShelVick, whose cf. had it's last issue in 1953 (that's fifty-THREE) (pardon typo)... But Confusion is NOT dead. There will yet be another issue. Or maybe more... (I've got to do SOMETHing with that material.)

If I wasn't too lazy, I'd go browsing thru my Burroughs books in search of 'warhoon', but I am lazy, and my memory comes up with nothing more than that Barsoom was their name for Mars. (...tho somewhere a wee small voice is trying to suggest that I may be way off track...)

I enjoyed Marshall Dillon as The Thing, myself. (Well, really, Arness's role wasn't one that required great acting, but the suspense -- as you stated -- was superb.) As the the Bellefonte movie, I can only comment on what I've heard; it will never reach this section of the South. They say that the version seen in some parts ends as Bellefonte walks away from the white man and the woman -- but in other places, the film goes on a little further; Bellefonte turns, looks back, returns and the three of them live happily every after...

I wish WE got some good sf programs down here; it consists almost entirely of Sciencee Fiction Theatre and a few rare glimpses of Men Into Space.

...hmm. I just realized that I, too, am getting more interest out of Warhoon than most of the other SAPSazines. Also, I was more interested in TESSERACT... (The 'too' is in reference to Suzy's comments.) I guess the reasoning behind all this is that both ~~we~~ are butside' lines, both more from the viewpoint of an outsider looking in, and we are outsiders looking in... Anyway, on to more comments:

I note you mention (in small letters) hidden persuaders. Were you referring to some other 'hidden persuaders', or the book? (Incidentally, it dealt at length with what publicity offices, armed with Motivational Research, have done in -- and to -- politics...)

Ah -- Mr Bergeron; I appreciate the fact that you couldsee members in waiting listers being admitted alphabetically, but all I'd like to know is, don't you WANT Shelby Vick in SAPS???

...oh.

Mentioning BNFs who rise from mundanity to gaffiate in three years, may I -- with ~~une~~ becoming lack of modesty -- cite the case of one Shelby Vick who had been around a while, but only really started ascending in mid-'51, reached the peak in '52 and plummeted out of sight before '53 was very well under way?

HEY! You have desecrated some of my egoboo, Mr Bergeron, sir! A pox, and all that sort of thing. In mentioning some fanzines you picked up, you left out EGAD! Now, the only way that could be construed as NOT a slur would be if EGAD! had been ripped off the back of BIRDSMITH -- and NOT by you. (In case that is the way of it, I'll explain that Vernon McCain & I had our zines back to back, a la 'Aoe Double Books'. I ran them both off and assembled them.) (EGAD! was, of course, my FAPAazine.)



...I would think it quite obvious why a reason for growing a beard is SEX. It doesn't take a psychologist to know that a beard is a symbol of masculinity, for the obvious reason that women can't grow one. (I say, 'it doesn't take a psychologist', but still, that's what my psychologist told me when I grew my beard. --correction; he didn't mention it as long as I was wearing the beard; only after I gave up on it ever getting trained into a decent appearance and cut it off did he ever mention it. Seems he thought I might have been growing it to try to prove something. Well, I did; I proved that a beard on me looks like a handful of shredded wheat.) So SEX is directly concerned -- the wearer's sex.

Typing in a moving car? Back in '51, when I was really getting active in fandom, I was a traveling salesman. I took my portable typer with me and did a great majority of my fanning while traveling from one spot to another. (No, I wasn't driving.)

Why use a mirror for correcting ditto master mistakes? Even assuming you're referring to a ditto master cut without a ribbon ('out'? You can tell what I'm used to!) there's no sweat; I do a regular menu for a local cafe on ditto master (for their machine; I wouldn't fool with a ditto or any sort of spirit-duplication commercially) and just take it out of the typer, turn it over, get my trusty X-acto knife and scrape away errors. ...of course, I used to hand-set type for the weekly newspaper I was then running, and this DOES improve your ability to read backwards...

...You guys are saved from having me go on and on about another non-SAPS memberzine, name of TESSERACT, only by the fact that I am trying to get these mailing comments finished up quicklike, right now -- and I'm at home, while TESSY is at the office. I'll just give a few comments from memory (spoken by the fan who goes out to buy ink and paper and comes back with stencils and correction fluid, wondering what hell he has forgotten.) (or worse yet, sometimes not even remembering I have forgotten anything!) At the start, Breen, you sound boorish and egotistical. Then I gradually came to realize you have a reason for making-like superior -- you are. Think-wise, anyway. And by the time I reached your review of Bradbury's book, I could tell you were also human, with feelings. Even got the idea I'd like you. ...the we'd have lot's of arguments, if we ever met. For one thing, you seem greatly down on religion, and mention a few whys and wherefors --but everything you mention isn't the fault of religion; none of it is. It's the fault of people who are going to misuse any power they get; people who are going to be fanatic about something, & from the fact that the Earth is flat to E=mc<sup>2</sup>. Don't misunderstand me; I think there are a lot of misconceptions in the Bible; I can't believe that it is so, word-for-word. But I also can't swallow this jazz about everything being created by some few-billion-to-one chance. Things work out too neatly. And don't say something about it being due to, quote, natural laws -- unquote. Who the hell wrote those laws?

I've gone thru the usual cycle; religious, atheist, agnostic, deist; most of it, again as usual, in my teens. I've also met other fans in all different stages, and the first thing I was convinced of is that few who call themselves atheist, really are; usually -- and this applies to those past twenty as well as younger than -- it's just a 'flaunting authority' sort of thing. Rather than not believing in God, they are rebelling at a father-image. Maybe they don't have guts enough to be rebellious in any other fashion. Many of them are, basically, agnostics and don't realize the difference. Some of them are deists -- but then, so are a lot of people who go to church every day (well, every Sunday) and call themselves religious. ...incidentally, I also think that there are more Christians (considering the term as applying to those who believe in the general philosophy of Christ -- or I should say, the same philosophy, whether they studied the New Testament or not) outside the church than there are in it. Whereas you, Walter, seem to be against religion, I am strongly against the church; Where else can you regularly find more hypocrites per square inch?

Child psychology... Hmmm... Walter, you want a chance to start early with one? Come on down; ours is due in October (so the doctor says; Suzy says it's September), so you can start in young... (The child, not you.)



...the IBM types beautiful stencils, Walter, when you use it right. But if you had struck over the W's and R's, those letters woulda shown thru much better. Or just change your pressure to '10' and it will help. (Incidentally, contrary to what the IBM salesman might tell you, it can stencils abetter on 7 or 8.) ((As you can probably note, the IBM is much better -- even the way you operate it -- than this Royal elite...))

Well, I know I had a lot more to say -- several pages, in fact -- but I can't think of it. (In case you're wondering why there occasionally is no space between words, it's cause I'm used to the electric typer with a space bar that requires only a light touch...)

...

I've been looking over some of the rest of this of PRA. All I can say is, What Hath Gestetner Wrought?

Gad!

Here when I showed rich brown my electric 260, little did I know... Then one morning I walk into my office, and there -- asleep on the floor, surrounded by page after page after -- Oh, well; you get the idea. I had left him there the previous afternoon, little suspecting.

Awell. I won't do mailing comments on this...

I haven't yet commented on SPELEOBEM. First, Bruce; it's ashame you're losing that multi lith. However, you'll be getting a Gestetner to replace it, and really -- that CAN be better. ...Ferdinand? Hmmm; maybe I missed something -- but howcome, 'All that glisters...' Typo, or am I dense? 'spectacle' was by far the best.

...I found Dee -- OOPS! Pardon; I mean, 'Doreen' -- most interesting. Liked the artwork, thought it was a clever idea even if it didn't work out. Doreen (there! I said it right), you've got an interesting personality, too. Got a charge out of the geode bit. Of course, you have desolated rich by putting out your own SAPSine instead of inserting it in PRA, but that's all right; think what a size this would have been if you did...?

BUMP. Out with it, boy! Who's the hoax -- Santa Claus, or Don Durword? I know SPELEO has a picture that purports to be Don Durword, but...well, either you personally are a hoax, or you have some silly reason for assuming such a style. I don't see how such accidents of misspelling could consistently happen; I mean, just happen!

I enjoyed SAPLING -- but really, that's all I can find to say. I'm not acquainted enuf with things to say much about mailing commetns. (It'd be easier just to say 'no's. I mean, how could I possibly make a type on something as simple as 'mx's...? Oh, well...

The SATHRDAY EVENING GHOST is so much worse thgh COLLODION that I find it difficult to believe the same one did both -- but rich brown explained it.

(There; that quickly comments on two MORE zines. See, rich; I'll get thru yet! ...STOP looking at that calendar!)

EARTHWOMEN'S BURDEN -- tell me, Karin; did I meet you at Chi?

FANTOCCINI -- hmmm. Well, heck, Les; no wonder people are accusing you of being a hoax; the period when you were q active was also when I was active, and I don't remember you. (...but what was that I wasx saying about my memory...?)

SPELEOBEN 6. Nice, all those pix. And I'd probably enjoy the con report, if I had been there.



## EDITORIAL, LIKE MORE...

oh, ghod, more rich brown dept.: Unannounced, I return. Remember, way back there on my editorial page, where I said I was real anxious to get into mailing comments? Well, somewhere in the next few pages, I'm going to start them. The date, for them what is interested in such things, is 3 June 1960. On 1 July 1960, no matter where anyone happens to be along mc lines, I am calling a halt — because on July 2 this will be mailed to Eney. I hope.

On the MC/no-MC bit, I really think it's about time to call a halt on the whole silly bit. I can't see getting all hot & bothered over what somebody else puts in their own zine, regardless. I am paying for this mess — and I've got damn well more right to say what will go in it than anyone else, short of the P.O. boys. As long as I keep off their toes, and have six pages of original material by me (to fulfill SAPS requirements) no one is entitled to have a say about what goes in this. I, and I alone, am the master of my fate, my fortune, and my fanzine. I have no objection to fiction, articles, poetry, art, or what-have-you in SAPSzines. If someone would rather entertain me than communicate with me, fine — it's their zine, it adds variety, and I usually enjoy the zine. This is well and good. But let me make my position entirely clear — I have tried my hand at all sorts of writing. My fiction is lousy, my articles are worse, and my poetry is so pitiful it makes Bob Leman's poetic character (I forget his name) look like a genius in comparison. Regardless of this, I still occasionally put something of the sort through the mailing. But let's face it — in this regard I am largely a no-talent; and while I am in favor of variety in the mailings, I'll publish an all-MC/<sup>zine</sup> rather than publish crud. And no, unlike Elinor, I would not care to see all of the mailing in MC's, tho I think they are a Good thing (obviously, or I wouldn't write them) because there's that old saying about Too Much Of A Good Thing. If PRA bores you, then for gods sake don't bother to read it — but on the other hand, until you're willing to take over the finances, don't dictate to me what I have to put in my own fanzine. So speaketh the Unofficial (as yet) Angry Young Man Of SAPS.

\*

I'm afraid I'm about the worlds worst stencil cutter. You can tell that by looking at the cover and first illustration of the last PRA. I loused up the cover on this issue, as well — tho Shelby, with patience, a steady hand, an extra stencil, and a bottle of correction fluid, managed to make it look fairly decent. 'Too, if you'll look over the last issue — or this right here, if you like — you'll see that this typer doesn't cut the best stencil in the world. It might be the typer, or it might be the fact that I haven't anything to clean the keys with — or it might even be the fact that I'm not using a backing plate, backing sheet, or anything else save the hard-paper backing on this.

However, this will change in the next page or so — or, at least, I have my hopes that it will. I'm going to start using those typing sheets and another typewriter — as well as correction fluid, which should be a welcome change, at least.

\*

Well, I did it. I hated to be one6(god damn typewriter) I meant one-uppish on old Buz, but it Had To Be Done. And while I hated being one-uppish to Old Papa Busby (watch that name stick!) I enjoyed the chore. I have to admit it. I had a ball.

I realize I haven't got Buz's qualifications for the post; I prob'ly even sink th the position of being unqualified. (This is the price you pay for composing on stencil — you end up talking in circles.) Yes, but regardless of this, I did it — I beat Old Papa Busby. to the punch. I've taken up the cudgle of Investigating new (or rather, to-be, members of SAPS; of the female variety, naturally. (I mean, who cares about men? Except women, I guess. HEY! It does work out, in a nutty sort



way, doesn't it?)

I took a trip to Tampa, recently...

Well, what happened was really this: there was a big fund on, trying to get money to build a football stadium at Colorado Springs, for the Air Force academy. Finding contributions to be somewhat low (ie, nobody would contribute), a New Plan was constructed --- you contribute a buck and you get a day off, as well as a chance on a raffle. So, I made a little deal with my N.C.O.I.C. (that's Non-Commissioned Officer In Charge, for the uniniciated) and swung two days for buying three tickets (\$1.00 each) --- a Thursday and a Friday, or equivilant to a four day week-end.

I left Wednesday, after work, got a bus leaving about 6:00 O'Clock that night. I pulled into a seat next to a blonde, and followed the complete instructions (available free of charge, \$10.00 for handling charges, from Ed Cox) of Girl Blonde Watching. She was about five-six, nice figure (nothing flagarent; you understand, but nice), blue eyes, red lips, a nice nose...well, I could go on, let you know how many toes she had on each foot, and so forth, but it would delay the whole story a bit. If you're really interested, I'll send you full details free of charge (enclose \$12.00 for handling charges --- the first to responde will receive, absolutely F\*R\*E\*E, a hand-typed mss. by Ed Cox, "The Essentials of Girl Blonde Watching). She looked up from her book (a Luke Short western) to notice I had passed from the watching to the staring stage.

"You stationed out at Tyndall Field?" She asked. (I was in uniform.)

"Yuh," I said, wanting to add a bit of intellectualism to the conversation. She almost went back to her book. "You from Panama City?" I asked.

"No, Tallahassee."

"Oh."

We had a silence, but finally I began to hit my stride (I'm getting to the point where I can be almost as talkative as Stanbery), and soon had told her the story of my life, obtained a little information about her (her name was Lucy, she came to Panama City quite often, she was 16 and wasn't going with anybody), made a date with her, and I might have made some real progress, except we pulled into Tallehassee. (Notice I've spelled it two different ways --- they're prob'ly both wrong.)

From (oh, well, might as well) Talihassey I ended up with an Army character who told me about the rugged life he led as a Paratrooper, and told me that if I ever went into the Army not to go into the Paratroopers. I told him I had no intention of joining the Army or the Paratroopers --- from his description, it sounded almost as gung-ho as SAC. (Appologies to Rapp and Mills both.)

He was talking about the Paratroups, still, when I went to sleep.

We pulled into Tampa about 4:00 O'Clock in the morning. I didn't feel like calling up Dee..whoops Doreen, and I didn't think she'd appreciate it, even if I was a fan and everything, so I just walked the streets of Tampa since I had nothing else to do --- and it was a real relief, believe me. I have nothing against small towns, mind you; it's just that they exist while a Big City lives. If you were doing 50 mph through Panama City on the main street, you would have to be careful not to blink, because you'd probably miss it. And Tampa, even in the early morning, was alive. And I could actually walk for five minutes without walking out of town. In a straight line, wonder of wonders!



So I walked for a while. At first, just in straight lines, but then I started zig-zagging; going in circles, making figure eights...and eventually I came across a library. Ah, I sez to myself, could this be the going concern in which Doreen was frightfully employed? Could be, I answered back to myself, so I stopped and in the light of a lamp (it was but five-thirty) read through the last PORQUE! According to the description she gave of the place, and little bits that were taken from here and there, I deduced that it was, indeed, the very library in which she worked, and in which Bruce Pelz had become so notoriously...notorious.

According to the sign on the door, I had four and a half hours to kill. So I got a Hotel room, and walked the streets for a while longer. About 8:00 O'Clock, I decided I'd call anyway. So I looked her up in the telephone directory. It read:

JOSEPH ERLLENWEIN, 4116 Watrous Avenue....

And I thought, o ghods! Painfully, I remembered my meeting with Pelz, when he had said, "If you get a chance, visit Doreen," and he had smiled evially, "...it should be quite a shock, to her." To her! But what if Dee were married -- how would I fullfill the position of Investigating New Female Members Of SAPS, especially since he might turn out to be the unfamish type who would object to such Good Fun? Or -- horror of horrors -- what if this Joseph Erlenwein was masquerading as a she? Pelz is the devious type who would master-mind such a hoax. I was wrong, of course, on both counts -- she lives with her father -- but you'll never know the excruciating pain I went through while ... turning the proposition over in my mind.

I decided not to call; I had already planned to come in the library and read a copy of PORQUE! until she noticed me. It seemed to good a ploy to louse up. I still had two hours to wait.

And so I walked...

About nine, I went to the hotel and changed into civilian clothes. Then, because I had nothing else to do, and I was getting a little tired, I went and sat on the library steps; which was fortunate, because they opened at just a little after nine that day.

I walked in, a half-smile on my face, and made my way over to a far corner. I pulled out PROQUE!, and tried to figure out which girl was Dee. You see, I'd heard that Doreen was Bjo-like in appearance; complete to the red hair. Yet it seemed to me that on that infamous EPELEOBEN cover, she had been a blonde. The red-head was short and freckled, but dumpy, which is not a Bjo-istic characteristic, anyway; the blonde seemed more likely, to me. So I sat and read PROQUE! After the fifth reading, it was getting a little tiring (no offense, Doreen -- remember, I only read The Lord Of The Rings three times, and it's the greatest piece of fantasy literature in the past century). I walked by the desk a few times, and flashed the copy. Nothing. I went back into the bookshelves and came up with Ben Franklin's POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC -- I thought of asking either, or both, of the girls if they had the seventh issue of it on hand, yet.

Instead, I walked over to the red-head and asked, "Did a Bruce Pelz use to work here?"

"Yes, but he's gone to--"

"--California," I interposed, "And Doreen Erlenwein; does she work here?"

"Yes, but she's at the other branch today," she answered. Oog.

To make a long story short, I found out how to get to the 'other branch,' got there, and came up waving my copy of PORQUE! It was about 1:00 by then, so we went to



lunch. She was a red-head, and had freckles, and was very Bjoish. However, to tell the truth, it took her to point out the one big difference -- Bjo talks in interlineations, and Dee (she doesn't like that; it should be Doreen) talks in typos. Oh, well.

Then she drove me around and showed me a few quick sights of Tampa. We went back to the library, and we talked about all sorts of things, the only thing of any importance or worth being our dispute over The Mouse That Roared, movie; luckily, the next day was her day off, so she promised me all sorts of things, including -- hoohaw -- taking me to the Don Cesar Hotel. I talked with Dee2 over the phone, and then I had to go. I offered to shake hands, but she wouldn't. Seemed she had heard the joke, and didn't care too much for it. Oh, well, it was infectuous enough to me; but then, I'm the one who's pulling it; most of the time. Lest I'm being too esoteric for any of you, this is the bit where, while shaking hands with someone (preferably one of the opposite sex), you say, "Greetings. I am Xrtal, and I am from Mars. We Martians differ in only one way from Earth men -- our sexual organs are in our fingers. ...I thank you." Like I say, it's infectuous enough to me; but then, I'm used to getting my fact slapped.

I went back to my f Hotel room and finished reading The Immortal Storm, Moskowitz's history of fandom, and Alex King's Mine Enemy Grows Older. Mine Enemy Grows Older was, indeed, a fine book.

The next day was a kalleidoscope; we went all over and did so many things I couldn't begin to list them all.

We went to her house (and I hit her little sister in the stomach with a tennis ball -- \$15.00 for handling charges brings you my course on How To Lose Friends And Leave A Bad Impression On Fannos; included free, while the supply lasts, one copy of Ed Cox's Girl Blonde Watching, For Fun & Profit), and we went to the University of Tampa and met Dee2, (Ellik would go mad there -- there are hundreds or possibly thousands of squirrels all over the campus) and we went to the Busch Gardens and saw the bird show (and had some Bhud) and we went...but I said I couldn't list them all, and I can't. I had a wonderful time, and I just hope Dee didn't think it unkind of me to say that so much of everything she showed me reminded me of (snif, pass me a hanky, please) home. Oh, it was a ball,

Then, of course, later in the afternoon came the inevitable climax. Gosh yes, she took me to the beaches...and the Don Cesar Hotel. Hoh...Hohoho...Hah-ho-ho-haw-he..Chuckle, snort...guffaw..Hehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehahyukyukyuhawhaw.....

And then, of course, after that was over we walked down/<sup>to</sup> the beaches, and walked back and forth, while looking back at the Don Cesar.

The afternoon seemed to be coming to an end. I, were it that I were a wise spender, might have stayed the full week-end. However, I am not a wise spender, and so I was on the verge of pennilessness; to be quite frank, I had exactly 1¢ left, to keep me out of that state.

We went and got my stuff from my hotel, and went to eat. Over pizza I tried my best to convert her to FooFooism. At least, I swerved her from the Roscoe-ite path (thank Ghu... whoops). However, she immediately became a Deeist, and in a most Toskey-like manner told me that I had better become one, too. Well, she used every means of persuasion. She told me how she had learned to break men in half. My faith wavered momentarily, but I knew FooFoo would protect me. I tried to tell her about the basic goodness of Melvin and FooFoo, but then she took another tack; she told me that Deeism was founded on the worship of Venus, and followed many of the principles. I must admit that, at ~~this~~ this point, I faltered. However, when I asked for a demonstration....



So I remain a FooFoolist, unless I am demonstratively proven otherwise.

However, that leaves FooFoolism without a High Priestess. S\*I\*G\*H. Any femme reading this interested? Bjo? Miri? Elinor? Karen? Eva?

Anyway, we finished eating, and we picked up Dee<sub>2</sub> and went to the bus station. I waved them good-bye, stepped inside, and proceeded to wait~~tr~~ for the bus.

When I finally got on the bus, I wondered who I would get for a travelling companion --- I hoped it would be no one talkative, as I was tired and wanted the sleep.

There was no one on the bus when I got on, so I took an empty seat about midway back. My companion was a little girl, age about 4. She didn't talk hardly at all, so I got my wish. But I should have wished a little harder, and for a few other things.

She kicked.

\*

### THE INVERTED EYE

....being mailing comments on  
SAPS mlg 51....

SPECTATOR --- Toskey. Well, even without the heading, it's neat, and that's what counts. ~~##~~ I think the sale of bundles should be handled another way, personally --- same rate as FAPA surplus stock,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a page. At this rate, the fan would get his/her money worth, in a standard manner, the SAPS treasury could be boosted. And at these rates, the OE prob'ly wouldn't have to worry about not having enuff mailings to go around. The only other alternative I can see is to have more copies necessary, and sell more bundles. But this is all up to OEncy, of course. I'm just complaining in a vice-presidential sort of way.

### BLABBERCASTING TALES

---Schaffer. Your Christmas subject is a little late for me to comment on, since it's June that I'm typing this in. I'm in agreement. Christmas, as well as birthdays (especially mine) are a bug. I don't dislike the tree or the ornaments or the celebrating or the turkey --- they're fun and fine and full of fannish gay. But presents are a bug, to me. I'm not stingy; in fact, if anything, the reverse is true. I'll give to charity's (or any except the Red Cross, anyway) gladly; and I'm the easiest guy in the barracks for a touch; while most will scowl at a beggar, I'll give him as much as I can. But my parents aren't rich, and I am rich in name only --- in fact, at \$30.00 a month, I'm making more now than I ever was in my life. So Christmas rolls around and I budget myself to so much per person; I run around in the frantic little (and big) mobs racking my brain over something appropriate for so-and-so. Usually the thing (whatever it is I decide to get) isn't appropriate, I feel like a fool and juggle things around, until it's all in a mess --- and then, when I get my money all spent, I remember someone I've forgotten...and he or she something expensive, but useless. Or, in the case of birthdays, I get something from someone who's birthday I've forgotten. I resent these people, and I resent the tradition they use to gloat over their expensiveness and tell themselves they have The Spirit Of Giving. ..Or maybe I'm just rationalizing.

### RETRO

---Buz. Inspiring cover you've got there, yes indeedy. But like I said in the editorial, you'll have to catch me, first! # Hoy, now, I've been in SAPS now as long as you had been when I came in. I'm already the Grand Old Man Of The CRY, but how long do I have to wait to become The Grand Old Man Of SAPS? And with Coswal going, who succeeds to the position? Wrai? Eney? Rapp? # Well, I vote a little differently than you, it seems. Once I'm through with the mailing, I go down the list of names in SPECTATOR, marking in the margins who's in C's, Fiction, Articles, Art, Poetry, etc., I



liked. This is done by abbreviation, of course. Sometimes one person in one mailing will get my "votes" in several categories. At this rate, however, I usually miss a maximum or 10 people. However, I'm more interested in voting for the person or persons I think deserves the votes than in everyone getting voted for. Finally, at the end of the year, I took my SPECTATORS and went over the marginal notes; on the average, I came out voting 5-4-3-2-1, for my total of 15 — in the cases it didn't, it went 5-4-3-1-1-1. The easiest category to vote in was art, for me; and the hardest was in mc's. This, prob'ly, because there's so little of the former and so much of the latter. Usually, my 5-pointers were those that got the same notation in all four mailings; however, this has its fallacy, in that some particularly talented individual might come in during the last two mailings — I usually try to take this into account. I'm not in favor of punishing those who, for what might be a perfectly good reason, can't vote; I've only voted twice, that is to say, I've never missed a ballot...not yet. But I find it conceivable that I might do so, and for any number of good, logical reasons. ## I do agree with you, however, on page seven, where you say "Actually, the world making women just about the way they used to..." Yes, times haven't changed that much. ## The thing Weber was doing in the letter column of CRY is from the principles of The Anguish Languish, not feghootisms. Only with The Anguish Languish it doesn't have to make any real sense — you just substitute good American Words that sound the same. Like, that last sentence, Anguish Languishly would read: Won Lee wither hang wish lank wish hit dozen heave-too McKinney royal sins. If you see what I mean. ## As a Dissident Ex-Student, I'll answer you, tho I don't want to get carried away with the argument from comment to you. I wouldn't think of thinking of guy (he's as distictive as I am — he can have his whole name in small letters, since I forgot to capitalize and I haven't any correction fluid handy. Sometimes my generosity overwhelms me.) in stereotypes, until he started presenting himself as one. To me, he has pictured himself as the Typical Teacher — or the Typical Teacher that I ran accross. However, I'll go into that in more detail, when I get to his zine, methinks. ## Snif, I feel left out, 'cause I'm on the FAPA w/1 too, and I didn't make your list. Oh; well, two can play that game: Boggs, Gremell, Willis, Tucker, Carr, Gerber, Skerberdis, Franson, Leman, Hoffman, Shaw, Bloch, Bjo, Johnstone, Stanbery. See? I didn't mention you once. ## I got a kick out of your "O h , H o r s e P u c k i o !" remark, more for its cuteness than that I agree. I guess the MC/non-MC bit, silly tho it is, will go on, like the CRY, forever. I'm tired of it, myself; so while I may take the time of day to explain why I think MC's are a Must, I'm not going to argue the situation with those who've been around long enough to get used to the organization. I'm going to print MC's, tho; the day they are outlawed is the day I quit SAPS, I guess. ## Vote for Otto — he's still SIC. ## Yeah, Stanbery fell in love with Elinors voice — that was on the tape we got from you before Stanbery got in on the deal, like the first one you sent us. I admit that Stanbery was a bother, and that (on my machine especially) his background music came through real bad, and he made a bad impression on you. Thing is, personally, he's a hell of a nice guy, but there's so few people that really know him. He's a no-compromise-individualist-take-mc-as-I-am-or-go-to-hell type; he's also zany, a goof-off, an intellect, an excellent writer (his hack-work makes me want to give up the idea of ever becoming a pro), an enigma, and highly eccentric. Just thinking over question — "What happens when someone speaks kindly to Paul, for CRYsakes?" — I don't rightly know. I can think of people who Stanbery has spoke kindly of; but the reverse, now that I reflect on it, is very seldom the case. He told me once, an con ago, that he took insults like water off a ducks back. An old phrase, but certainly applicable. Even I, his best friend, have not often spoken kindly to him or of him. I've chided him about being so appert, so different — hell's belles, and I thought I was an individualist. Oh, hell, the more I think about it, the more like a hypocrite I feel. Let's drop the subject, and in another hour I'll have it all figured in my beady little head about how I've been Justified. Sure.



PASQUINADE

--Lichtman and Durward. One-shotting is fun -- maybe we'll (Suzy, ShelVY, Norm and I) do one for S&S sometime. ## Only thing I find commentable is the bit Lichtman had to say about the possible postage raise. My comment: Ungh.

FAPA AND SAPSURVEY REPORTS, LIKE...

--Miri Carr. I agree with Rapp -- Shotter titles

for SAPSazines, like. ## I guess the thing everyone will be doing will be to compare with the average FAPAN or the average SAPSite. So who am I to remain an Individualist and not go along with the crowd? I am 19% more male than the average FAPAN and SAPSite. Compared to the average FAPAN, I am 13 years younger, 3 inches shorter, 57 pounds lighter; I read science fiction fairly regularly, tho science fiction isn't all I read, which used to be the case; I belong to 1.2 more fanclubs than the average FAPAN, have been to 1.94 less worldcons and 4 less regional cons; I've been in fandom 8 years,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  months less, with an average of (approximately) .25 cons per year, or .41 less than the average FAPAN. I'll skip the spouse & children bit -- heh, that would be telling, wouldn't it? I have .42 less duplicators than the average FAPAN(in case anyone is following me on the Survey, I'll explain that I own (I've finally figured) 1.05 duplicators -- the old Zotz! (in possession of Stanbery, now) and  $1/20$ th of the L&SFStetner), .28 more typers, go to 2.22 movies more per month. I dunno whether I consider myself an acti-fan any more or not -- but I am active outside of S&S. I pub 1.36 more of a genzine than the average FAPAN, anyway. I don't think the average FAPAN is really in 172 other APAs, but if so, I'm in 172 others less. I'm in S&S, and was in OMPA and The Cult -- I got reinstated in OMPA, which was a kind gesture on their part -- unfortunately, I can't afford more activity at the time. I prefer S&S -- yet, I haven't seen FAPA yet. My music tastes are practically non-existent; I can listen to anything except the middle three -- folk music, operetta, or show tunes. I have no pets, but if I did it would be a cat or a bird. The graph points out my opinion of The Golden Age of Science Fiction perfectly -- 1939 to 1946. ## Well, back up now and compare with the average SAP; I 14 years 10 months younger, 2  $1/3$  inches shorter, 46 pounds lighter, 1.3 more local fan-clubs, .98 less worldcons, 1.69 less regionals, been in fandom 4 years 1 month less and .35 less cons per year, 2.48 more movies per month, .36 less dupers and .52 more typers. # Just as a matter of note, in both cases I've compared myself with the average FAPA and SAPS male -- I'm small and thin, but I wouldn't want anyone to misunderstand and think I'm that small, or that thin.

BRONG

-- Firestone. It's so seldom that a good, long stf story appears in a fanzine that I almost didn't read this one, Eva. But I did read it, and I liked it. There are a few actual scientific flaws -- such as the fact that without air on the moon, if our hero's sent out helicopters, they'd better not expect them back -- but with a little suspension of belief, the story came across quite well, I thot. I liked it. ## Have no doubts about Russian scientific ability; the fact that they beat us on two important occasions makes this clear beyond the shadow of a doubt. My only doubts are of American scientific ability -- especially in the field of rocketry. Who are our (and by 'our,' I mean the Free World's) leading rocket scientists? Well, some say von Braun, Ley, or Clarke? Two Germans & an Englishman. Why? Well, ask the Average Man On The Street what he thinks of when he thinks of the word 'scientist.' If he's truthful, he'll prob'ly tell you that a scientist is a white-haired old geezer who is half-mad and half-queer, probably intent on either creating monsters or destroying the world. The fairly well encompasses the average opinion of high school students, along with the ever-present ideals of; reason is unthinkable; intelligence is to be despised; thinking is Different and Wrong. 1984ish, wot? But with this attitude, is there any wonder



that so few students are going into scientific career fields these days?# I'd hate to misinterpret you, when you say that all will be -- well now that Don Ford is back taking care of things with TAFF -- so I'll just point out that the whole big ruckus that's been rebervating through fandom on the TAFF business started the last time Don was TAFF administrator with the gesture that all three votes could be used for one person. Hoog. I hope that doesn't -- happen again, is all. ## The idea of holding a worldcon on a riverboat; seems I remember something by Es Adams, quite a while ago, in BRILLIG, about the possibility -- it was humorous in the usual Es Adams unimitable style, and left us with the slogan UBANGI IN '63! ## Hmm, this comment or yours to r-t which says, "You are not similar in any way to the TV Sgt., but he is a lovable character, thus John's comment should be taken as complimentary." You realize, of course, that you're saying r-t isn't a lovable character, because he isn't at all like (Bilko) who is? Is this what is known as praising with a faint damn?

CHYANDMEH -- Bliggens. Yah, I can tell what this is -- material stolden from ichabod, a pet cockroach of mine. So I wonder how many others caught on?

POT POURRI -- Berry. This book you speak of sounds like something I'd like to read, this "You're Stepping On My Cloak and Dagger." Is it available in pb form? I was thinking, if it is, perhaps you could loan it to me, or pick one up for me. In turn, I would send you Jack Douglas' "My Brother Was An Only Child," which has just come out in pb form over here, and is a must -- it's a terrific parody on books in particular, but on other things in general. (Example, for instance, is chapter 19, which reads in toto: "To hell with chapter 19. Every damn book you pick up has one." Or, there's a blank chapter, titled "I never knew Franklin Roosevelt," and so forth and so on through the rest of the book.) ## Your Fanac Den sounds like the epitome of neatness, to me. But then, I was just mentally comparing it with my own, at home. I have a chest of drawers, an upright trunk (with four drawers in it), and several large boxes, plus a bed. No chairs, no desks. When I typed, I sat the typer on the bed and sat down on the floor. A rusty mimeo lay in one corner. One of the drawers in the chest-of-drawers was filled with close, which left two large-sized and two small-sized drawers for other purposes. The side of the up-right trunk which didn't contain drawers also contained clothes. One of the drawers claimed all sorts of miscellaneous unfannish junk. The rest of the trunk, a closet, and two suit-cases contained my prozine collection. In one of the large drawers were generalzines and apazines in which I had received egoboo -- and I religiously consider just being mentioned egoboo; the other large drawer contained the general fanzines in which I had no egoboo. The first small drawer contained APazines in which I had no egoboo. The other small drawer contained writing paper, ink(mimeo), a few styli and shading plates; several envelopes (9 X 12, marked with contents; "Used Material," "Unused Material," "Used Art," "Unused Art," "Fiction," (my own,) "Materiel For Others," "Borrowed Art," etc.) and a card-board letter-file, about 10 X 13. Or, that was the way it was supposed to be. Often, my pmz got mixed in with my fanzines and vice-versa, and something that belonged in one drawer would get into another. Too, the top of the chest-of-drawers was used, as well; containing, in the order I intended to answer them, letters and fanzines, in a messed up pile, unused stencils, a few pieces of art I picked up at the SOLACON, and all sorts of miscellaneous things. On top of the trunk were cut stencils, and whatever uncollated fmz I had left laying around. Ah, yes, those were the good old days. But before I left, things were beginning to over-flow; so I put the fanzines, as many as I could, into a waist-high cardboard box (there was room in the box for four equal piles), tromped everything left into the trunk. And, of course, the mess that was once filling the tops of my dresser and trunk now fill my dresser and locker, here at the base.



! PORQUE!

-- Erlenwein. Of course, that should really be Dee or Doreen, but your wish is my command, and all that sort of jazz, like. ## I like the nice warm stare of Florida. ## If you put meat in a coke, it wouldn't cook, exactly; more likely, tho, the coke would dissolve it. This action, fortunately, doesn't take place in your stomach. ## The Nameless Ones got their name from the fact that they started meeting without deciding on a name; when somebody thought they should have one, they decided that since they'd been Nameless Ones for so long, they might as well remain so; both those who wanted a name, I guess, just called them The Nameless Ones, and it stuck. I once thot the "L" in L. Garcone was for Lenor, because I connected The Nameless with the poem by Poe. I guess I'm just more subtle than Garcone. ## Plez excuse the lousy right-hand margins -- I just found that this is a lousy typer about such things. I'll try to be more careful (see what I mean, tho?) about it from here on in. # I had a hard time the first fewti times I tried to ice-skate, my ankles going every way but up and down; but about the third time I tried, it was easy, and it kept getting easier. And it's a lot of fun, really. ## I still disagree about the movie of "The Mouse That Roared" -- while the English company didn't tromp quite so hard as would an American company, it was still tromped on. Not one character remained the same; and most of the biting satire had been taken out or toned down enough not to be offensive to the slightest of clods. ## Bruce told me there was a hoax on the waiting list -- but somehow, I never thot it was Karen Leafgreen.

HERE THERE BE SAPS..

-- Lichtman. I'm afraid this won't "make Earl Kemp's Frigid Faction" look ridiculous" since this contains 5 pages of mailing comments, SAPS mailing comments, under the title 'A Spell With Spelman.' Mailing comments do not, you see, necessarily mean comments on the previous mailing, tho I admit that's usually what it means, since the previous mailing is usually what we are commenting on. So it really makes no difference where Earl puts this, since you were wrong in saying that this "contains not a word (of MC's)." And in reply to "This issue dedicated to Earl Kemp, who doesn't deserve it," I can forsee a SaFari "dedicated to Bob Lichtman, who doesn't either." Funny, but while I'm with you ideologically, I can think up all sorts of things for the other side. Ah, well. ## ~~And, while I found this whole issue~~ very enjoyable, and will probably find the reviews of the early mailings to be useful as well, I find that I have nothing left to say.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP

-- Lewis. I'll prob'ly get called page two on following Buz's lead, on this -- but a little more than half way down/you say, "and if you don't happen to like it ((the fact that you won't print MC's)), you don't even have to notice me--ignore me! Go ahead." Ok, I will.

OUTSIDERS

-- Ballard. I believe there already are the kind of film/ribbon things you are talking about, commercially made. At least, the guy down where I work who cuts stencils has what you describe. Thing is, of course, he has to have a new one about every two weeks or so; otherwise, it starts falling apart, and little pieces of the ribbon start imbedding themselves in the stencil, which makes for lousy repro. ## Hmm, I heard the triple pun was different, also...it seemed that the boys had all been had under a different marriage, and since their mother like the name Ray so well, she named them all Ray. So when they got a cattle ranch, they asked their mother what they should name it, so she answered 'Focus,' because that's where 1) the sun's rays meet 2) the sons raise meat 3) the sons, Rays, meet. ## I used that "People who live in grass shacks shouldn't stow thrones" bit in one of the Finkwater J. Goldfinch stories, in CRY,



and it turned out that it had quite a few authors, who'd put it in fanzine form -- I think Archie Mercer (for TAFF -- like, V\*O\*T\*E N\*O\*W) was one, and then somebody else said they'd done it before that, and someone before that, and so on...tho I think the SPACEWARP mention is as far back as it's gone so far. I heard it from a friend, and it seemed a good feghootism, so I used it. Still, I got a chuckle out of ol' Twig using it, and messing it up to boot -- the Finkwater series (all of two of them, tho there were imitations in later issues) was numbered "#1 (or #2) of a long, dull series." In his review of that issue, Twig commented, "it certainly is." ## Heck, Wrai, if you're thinking about an MPA with only about 10 or 15 members, why not immolate The Cult? It has 13 members, 5 people on an "active waiting list" (who receive the publications, and while they must comment on at least every other Fantasy Rotator, they cannot vote in elections, do not publish, etc.), and an unlimited amount on the inactive wl, who may get the FR's at the discretion of the editor. In The Cult, each member publishes his fantasy Rotator, one after the other, at three week intervals -- a "cycle" taking 39 weeks. Every member must comment on every Fantasy Rotator -- if he misses one, he may comment on both in the next FR. ...And you know, sitting here, telling you about all this, it finally hits me why I got dropped from The Cult. I had sent a letter to the editor of one FR, but missed; thinking he would forward the letter, I didn't write to the next one. However, it was necessary that I have comment on both in the next FR. This is quite a relief, because it's been a couple of years, just about, since I was a member of the darned thing, and I've (until today) always wondered just exactly why. You learn something new every day, you know that? ## I have a little note by one of your things to make a pun; I remember what the pun was, but it's vaguely obscene; like Willis, I hate vagueness. ## Speaking of last chapters, how about the last (but none-existant) chapter that got cut from Tuckers "Long Loud Silence" -- the logical ending, actually, but slightly distasteful, ended in cannibalism. ## "Rich I agree, Postie and the NFFF are both better than most give them credit for being." Hmm? Well, ok. ## Throwing Billiard Balls at the Moon sounds like a great moment in literature, to me, too -- if handled right. Why don't you pick up the series again? If you don't, I might, and ghod knows what would happen if that were the case. ## Hmm, "Terry Carr is a Good Man"? Just as I always suspected -- he's a hoax created by Grennell. ## Oh, my, I've got a nice long strig (which is a new way of saying "string" without the 'n' (and it's fool-proof, since there's no other way to pronounce it without the 'n' expt "grits," and I think you'll admit that's stretching it a bit)) of X8x..yes, I hate everything connected with typers and stencils, too -- let's make that: a long string of X's down your last page. Mainly because, as you'll notice, I have mc's from two w/lers -- Norm Metcalf and Doreen (if she gets her zine to me on time) -- and two none-WLers; ShelVY & Suzanne Vick. I was doing this before I knew you objected to it, of course, but I must admit that I'd've done it even if I knew you objected to it -- because I don't, and all that. I don't, however, think WLers should have zines in the mailing. However, Eney has cleared that up -- which is one of the reasons PORQUE! is going in here, to cut off that 25¢ per page. However, I don't agree that we're losing anything to the WLers, since, remember, they're paying twice as much to get the mailings as we. I actually feel the prices should be higher, and more standardized -- we're going strong, now, and the WLers are getting more than their money's worth -- paying \$2.00 a bundle when the postage eats up almost half of that; but someday our mailings may not always be so big -- and the WLers, naturally, will feel somewhat slighted. Up with 2¢ a page -- it's good enuff for FAPA, and it's good enuff for us! Yes..uh-huh.

|GNATZ -- Share. Yes, but the question is, Nan, can you do linear extrapolating than anybody else?? ## Yeah, Jesus was a sort of religious Santa Clause -- he came on Christmas, didn't he? Well, that's what they (don't ask me who 'they' are -- 'they' are the 'they' that say these type of



things, I guess) say, anyway. ## Hmm, you speculate that when you dummy up an issue of IGGY, it'll prob'ly be the day you drop out of fandom till 1999. Gee, Nance, I hope you wait until your 180th issue before you dummy one up, at least, if that's to be the case. ## Hmm, I gave myself a little ESP test -- guessing the colors of cards -- only went below the half-way mark once, with 22 out of 52 right. My highest score, tho, was 38 out of 52, and I did it by trying not to concentrate at all. Otherwise, my highest score was 30. Wazzis, I got ESP too?? Are you thinking of me? Today's June 5th. ## Rock potatoe sandwiches? Sounds interesting; you might like one of my favorite dishes, then -- apple pie turn-over, with mustard and onions. My mouth drools, just thinking of them. I know it sounds weird, but they taste deliscious.

#### SAFARI OFFSHOOT

-- Kemp. I wouldn't know a riff from a ruff, but your reply to Breen was wicked & cool, all playing at once. Everyone here, except me, ... flipped over Breen, or seemed to; I thought he was 9lc, tho. I hear he's dropped the S&PS w-1 because he thinks your a prude, or something. I think that's peachy. ## The Coleman piece, here, is an excellent piece of humor; I've read it four or five times, and still come out laughing. May I have permission, if no one else has been wise enough to grab it by now, to reprint this?? ## No, I don't dislike your Frigid Faction, like others seem ... to, either. After all, I get my name in print, again, so it's just more egoboo. However, I agree with some others that if you're going to print it, print it right -- like, the PRA shouldn't have really been in section B, but in section A -- it had a two-line editorial, and an Atrocious Story in the mc's -- but it was all mc's. I'm not complaining, and I think my editorial stuff (which is getting longer, it seems) should keep me in Section B, tho. However, you have both Alan Lewis' and Les Gerbers zines in section A -- neither had MC's, so belonged in section C. But then, you admit some of that yourself. ## You repeated -- I won't -- your idea on comments on comments on comments. I won't repeat my answer, either. I mean, you've said before why you think comments on comments on comments are boring as hell, and I've said why I disagree with you. What's the purpose in doing that over and over and over again? It seems to me that that would be even more boring -- but that's just a product of my opinion, perhaps. ## I've got a confession to make, and since you brought the subject up, I might as well say it to you: I did not do Ed Cox! in mailing #50. And while I enjoyed the ploy, I felt as you did, but didn't want to say so for fear of seeming...damn, what word am I hunting for? Well, as if I thot my ploy were better, or possibly had been spoiled by that last page being supplied. I know who did it, but I won't say unless said person choses to say himself. ## It's obvious, from what you say, and provable in view of the DC incident, that the big moment, the one that means one side gets a convention is during the time of the convention, and I agree. DC received almost 100% reception in the fanzines -- but lost at the con itself. South Gate was an exception to the rule, and I kindof think Detroit got in on the backwash of the deal. I would like to see Seattle get the bid -- I think it's a good, logical choice, and I think the Seattle group could put on a good convention. I hope, though, that the Seattle crowd has learned something from the DCfeat at Detroit, and will but put a better show and a better fight than did DC. And while I'm on the subject, I must say I agree with your comment to Bruce; cheers, and so forth. # Ev Winne was in the N3F, S&PS.. or F&PA..or maybe both, I'm not exactly sure. I had a little contact with him, when I reprinted one of his pieces in FRAMISHED; I almost ungafiated him, but almost wasn't quite enough. ## Bloch, of course, is superb.



SAFARI ANNUAL

-- Earl Kemp. Yeah, you get full name egoboo on this one. However, you'll have to go to POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #9, for that one. Reason explained therein.

KRAML -- O'Meara. I didn't go to the banquet at the solacon, which is the only convention I've been to, so far (but I'll be going to Seattle next year...I hope), so that's not saying much. So really, I don't know if banquets are necessary or not. One thing that isn't necessary is a one-shot, tho; I spent too much time doing that, and missed a lot of the good parts of the don because of it, and I've been kicking myself ever since. One of the pieces (by illustrious S&PS member Ted Johnstone) made the Best Of Fandom that year -- which was fine & good...but next time I'm going to let George (Fields?) Do It, and have myself a good time while I'm there, instead of drudging over an inky mimeograph. ## I think, if, by this mailing, if you're still against MC's you'll prob'ly always be against them. Because by this mailing, you should have been in; like, I mean to say, I can understand how one's first mailing is somewhat of an enigma -- but when others start talking to you in return, . either the communication will please you or it won't. ## You know, it seems to me that you get the bad end of the stick on two counts because of the teen-age idiots of which you speak. Not only are you paying a high insurance policy rate because of their mistakes; many of them cannot even get a policy, the most dangerous -- so they become an assigned risk, and get the "regular" rates -- or lower rates than what you are paying. I've not had a license yet (after reading my bit on my travels last mailing, perhaps you'll see why), and pay no insurance, but I can see where you have been wronged. ## Yes, I think I remember the episodes you talk about, in Sky King. I remember because the villain (his name escapes me, too) was trying to get land away from the Indians, and the land had turquoise on it. This I remember especially, because after this was over, they had these special turquoise rings for sale (25¢ and some sort of box top), which had a secret magnifying glass, a writing ball-point pen, and a little deal that would shoot plastic rockets -- or spit-balls. I wanted one of the rings, but my parents vetoed the idea. Maybe because of it, I still want one of these doggone rings! ## I didn't hear 2000\* (or Dimension X, either) -- in fact, the only science fiction radio program I ever listened to was X-1 (I have a recording of "The Green Hills Of Earth," from that) -- but in some of the older fanzines I have, it's mentioned, so possibly you really did hear it. ## Tell me, did I remember to mail off your survey? I've been...wondering. I remember coming across it, . . . once, and intending to mail it off, but I'm not really sure whether I actually did, or not.

NEMATODE -- Leman. Hmm, you and Toskey both come up with the same poem, 'bout ol' Franklin D. -- I liked it. ## I liked "The Last Fan," even if it was parodying the thing I liked about it. But while I find it easy to be subtle (sometimes I go so far down into a subject that it would take me years to get back up to report anything about it, and by then things would have changed), sometimes I don't get all the subtle, hidden meanings. ## While I agree that True Confessions is not better than The Illiad, I find that generally speaking, I agree with Toskey. I don't know what a Pederast is, and it's not listed in the dictionary; however, taking the root of the word, it might meet someone with a fetish for feet. Now, granted, this is not Normal. And yet I imagine it is a sickness -- like homosexuality -- and why should one be ashamed of being sick?? Like I say, True Confessions does not stand up to The Illiad. However, it's immanently possible that a story from True Confessions can be a good piece of fiction, and can become a piece of Literature. (Note here, as I do, that True Confessions is a magazine -- comparing the two is incongruous to Toskey's argument, which was that he felt Shaver a good writer, not that he felt AMAZING a good magazine) What is Literature, and how does it become so? Literature



is Literature because it is good fiction (or poetry or essays or what-you-will) that has lasted over a long period of time; I think 100 years is adequate, but this needn't be the case. Remember that Marlowe was writing the "Literature" of his time, according to those in his time, while Shakespeare was consigned to the position we've assigned True Confessions. And what do you mean by "demonstratively second-rate and inferior"? Can you prove that The Illiad Iliad is better than any story True Confessions has ever published? Admittedly, I've never read True Confessions (I suspect you picked this for the ludicrous contrast it would make), because it appeals to me less than just about anything I can think of; yet, if it comes to it, there are possibly stories in the mag that, individually or together, are better in many ways than The Iliad. For instance, to get away from True Confessions, I feel that there are many pieces of fiction that are better than The Iliad; in style, in characterization, in plot, or in any way you might care to name -- except one. They have not stood the Test Of Time -- they have not been read by generation after generation after generation, which is the only thing that makes The Iliad Literature. Yet should these books not be read, because the author was unfortunate enough not to have been born a thousand and more years ago?? I don't believe that, and I don't really think you do, either. ## Beautiful, that line that follows "Durward's naivete, Elinor's wit," in your poem; the whole poem is ghod, yes, but that line, and the one that follows, are among the best in the mailing. ## Nix on Nixon. Like, ugh. I'm prob'ly the last person who should be talking politics, since it's really low on my list of interests; but the man, himself, irks me. You speak of "the thin tissue of innuendo" and "accusations of moral turpitude" wielded against the man. Yet Nixons most inherit characteristic, especially when (and if) asked about his actions which might be politically imbarassing, is mud-slinging with (and without) the thing tissue of innuendo, and including accusations of moral baseness and...or rather moral turpitude and without evidence. It's easy to sling mud, when you're lying in it. ## and actually, Bob, why should you and I argue about present-day politics? It would be almost the ultimate in teapot tempests, would it not? Present day politics is such a tiny part of politics of all times and all places (if it's politics at all) that to feud about it seems like the Lilliputian war about the proper end on which to break an egg. If one visualizes the whole of politics, as, ysay, a line a mile long, current American politics, and all its relatives occupy about an inch at the bottom end. Now a quarrel about the relative differences between current American politics and current British politics, both of which are crowded down into the bottom inch, betrays a sad lack of perspective, and an unhealthy concentration upon things of no consequence. The differences between Richard Nixon and John Kennedy may seem great to someone who is concentrating on one small tree to the exclusion of the forest; but it's an exceedingly trivial matter when you look at all of politics. Current American, British, French, German, and Russian politics and the rest of their siblings are crude and primitive gropings towards politics; why concern yourself with such backward efforts when there's a wealth of real politics, available in any history book, for the asking?

MAINE-IAC -- Cox. Well, yeah, I guess desperation is a suburb of Los Angeles, which you say you life in -- however, I do believe I've been all over Los Angeles, and I can't, for the life of me, remember a town by that name. Where's it located, and what's the population? ## I wonder if the Gordon MacCreigh could be the same as the singer fellow? Somehow, it seems to me a possibility that the magazine you review does not exist. Yes, I think you've pulled another of those fake reviews, inspired, perhaps, but the last SPACEWARP. This is followed by a strange hunt I have (a hunt is like a hunch, only..well, I won't go into it, since this is a Family Magazine) that STRANGE TALES was that prozine hoax, which Harry Warner had something to do with, tho I may be wrong. ## Good issue, Ed.



### INTERIM ADDENDUM...

Well, several days have passed, I've changed typers again -- maybe you can notice it and maybe you can't. However, I have two "interim notice" type things to post right here (I mean, Buz, like, this supply stuff really drills itself into your brain). Now, the first one isn't so bad, since it's a poor assumption based on a faulty memory -- mine -- and as long as I'm making up for it so soon, I don't think I've goofed to bad. That was right over there on the last page, and you prob'ly just got through reading it. Well, I was wrong, Ed didn't review a hoax magazine, Strange Tales (or Strange Stories, I forget, and Ed's SAPSzine isn't here at the moment, so I can't look it up for sure), because I looked it up in The Immortal Storm, thru the index. So Ed, I appologize for calling you a filthy hoaxster ...I'll wait a few seconds for that to set in... even if it turns out you are, or something. The other bit, the more obvious, is a little larger in nature. I got a short note from Dee the other day, explaing why PROQUE! will not be with this, something vaguely about how she got an \$83 a month raise, and why not let SAPS have some of it? Of course, if she feels that way about it, ~~why doesn't she like it to her?~~ I guess there's nothing I can do to stop her. Fact, I won't even try to stop her. So no matter how you've been laughing, and wondering, "Hey, what's this guy trying to pull?" since PORQUE! is in the mailing -- a separte part, no doubt -- I, at least, am left feeling Noble, At No Matter What The Cost...to Dee, of course, but that's of small ~~conseq~~ consequence. Now, are we all agree, all happy? Good, 'cause I'm going to get back to Mailing Comments. Like, see below...

VONSET -- Schaffer. I, too, swear a lot more than I should, I know, and I can't blaim it entirely on the company I keep. I guess it's known to one & all that "military men just naturally swear more than others do" -- a fallacy, perhaps, but one I haven't been able to pierce, yet, either. The thing with swearing, of course, is that it's used for emphasis, mostly -- and after a while, you get so used to it that a damn or a hell comes out without you noticing it -- also without emphasis; so the next time you want emphasis, it's a little stronger, a goddamn, or a damn it to hell. And so on, until you reach the hight of the obscenity ladder. Now, honestly, you've got to feel sorry for the guy who's every second word is a four-letter MANA-type word, because they've reached the highth of the obscenist expression, and most of the time, they don't even know they're doing it. And if you tell them about it, and they're a friend, they'll prob'ly come up with a most sincere, "God damn, I'm sorry Joe -- I just never knew the f--- when I'm doing something like that." Now, I'm not that bad, yet; I can still vary my language, depending on who I am around, and in what sort of crowd I'm in, etc. But then, I'm only 18, and when the time and place calls for it, I can out-cuss the devil...I hate to think what it'll be like when I'm 24..or 37..Or 46, 59, 62...and on. I just hope it won't be as bad as I think it will. ## Yeah, I got sold a set of Encyclopedias here -- only I was badly hornswaggled; Caviot Emptor, they kept telling me, long long ago, but I didn't listen. He made a "deal" with me, and I neglected to read the fine print. However, I've been fighting a postal battle with them, and I seem (somehow) to be winning. Mainly, because when they sent me the little coupon booklets for my monthly payments (\$10.00 more than what was agreed upon between the salesman and myself), I put them all in an envelope and sent them back. Since then, I've written them letters, threatening to tell my Squadron Commander about their salesmen's tactis; telling them that if the books ever arrived, I would either not accept them, or have them sent back; insisting that, if necessary, I'll fight them in the fields, fight them in the streets; fight them en the beaches and in the mountains -- fight them with H bombs and A bombs, with guns and knives and sticks and broken bheer-bottles...I think they got the idea. ## "Plot! Scheme! Revolt!" you cry -- but no, you have the for-



mula slightly wrong -- it's, SCHEME! PLOT! RABBLE-ROUSE!

COLLECTOR

-- DeVore. I take it, those bells under "By B.H.H." are tolling -- and looking at the wood-cut, I don't wonder for whom, for some reason. ## Did you fill out Miriams SAPS poll, Howard? If so, I wonder to what extent you influenced the # of dupers per SAPSmember? You've got a multigraph, a couple of mimeo's, and a ditto that I know of -- how many have you all told, Big Hearted, and where do you find places to store them? ## I hope you got those old mailings to Eney -- or, if not (and it seems simpler, this way, to me), why don't you sell them yourself, and just send the money to OEney? It would save you the cost of posting them to him, since the postage could be deducted from the money you receive. Think about it, anyway.

YESTERDAY THE FUTURE

(The Bible Collector) -- Coslet. I am  
honestly

truly sorry to see the oldest of the old timers leave SAPS. I hoped, when I was reading this, that you'd reconsider, but Norm Metcalf has shown me your last fmz, which you put out for the N3F. Imagining a SAPS without a Coswal is like imagining a FAPA without Warner; heck, are you going to let some young whipper-snapper, like Art Rapp or Vrai Ballard or Howard DeVore come along and beat your record of 51 straight mailings??? Still, I realize that I prob'ly won't be able to convince you, since you seem more interested in your bible collection. Tho I've tried my hand at re-recruiting older ex-fans, only once have I tried to keep anyone from going -- perhaps because I think of fandom as a (generally) happy-go-lucky microcosm, where you're free to choose your own activity, and come..or go..as you please. But I hope, of your own volition, that you'll change your mind -- I, and I think I would be equally safe saying "we", will miss you, muchly, if you leave us. I know I'm not doing an eloquent job of convincing you, I know, too, that all I'm showing you is how much worse SAPS can be, as opposed to how much better. I wish I had the words, the talent to say what I want to say the way it comes out in my head, rather than the disjointed, perhaps illogical strain of words that you see before you now. Because I've said my say on fandom (and SAPS is a part of it) being a come-or-go-as-you-please microcosm, I cannot logically say, "Cos, I want you to stay, I don't want you to go." But I would like to.

SEY RAY OF SAPS

-- Eney. Oh, horrors. ..or horrors, as the case may be. No check-mark -- not one! -- may be found in this. "But," I say to myself, "according to FooFooism, OEney is ghod, for his reign over SAPS. Surely, having me believe so is better than any ego-boo I could hope to give him in measly old mailing comments." But, remembering my cover for this, his first mailing, I am not able to add, "...And surely, goodness & mercy shall follow me all the days of his reign.." No, thinks are dark now, and I'm hiding here in this little corner -- I know it's useless, but there is no other place -- and I sit here, wondering... I hope it doesn't hurt much, to get struck down my lightning.

SPACEWARP

-- Rapp. Yeah, so you've explained why Scientology is a religion. Now, explain why the Hoaxsey affair/treatment isn't... ## Speaking of MROAC, which you weren't, but you mentioned it which sends me off on this tangent, I know only two who can pronounce (rather, gurgle) it obscenely -- Suzy, and Not-Cat. (Like, Not-Cat is a cat for people who don't like cats...or people who do, even.) ## Might as well give this one to you, as well: on second thot, I won't. ## No, our Excalibur (Ted Johnstone is co-editor



of the rag) will not cost \$1500; however, we let quite a few people read our pre-publication draft -- and we got better results than Hubbard! Fact is, several of them went off the deep end completely -- they joined SAPS. ## Yeah, Huntsville is what the modern, but beat, Indian is calling the Happy Hunting Ground. ## Only reason I've ever rejected anything was because it was poorly written -- and there was a time when I didn't even do that. In case you're interested, that Excalibur was going to have a Wetzel article in it -- for the reason you mentioned (the "lovely indignant rebuttals in the lettercolumn,") and to send it to FAPA, so that those who weren't in the know about such things would know the type of thing he wrote. However, since the FAPA-crisis is over, and I'm not interested in being sued, and tho we have a disclaimer on it, I doubt that it will be published. Still, Ted and I haven't worked all arrangements out, yet, so there's no telling what might come out in the end. As a matter of fact, that's the way with everything I do -- notice the examples of PRA #7, and the one you're reading now; #7 was going to be a general-circulated SAPSzine, with Extra Material, but I changed my mind, and went back and conflued out all I could about the subject. Then, this issue, it turns out that I won't be featuring Dee's zine, along with my other 1 Riders...hell, first thing you know, I'll end up putting a general-type fanzine in the mailings. ## I saw the first SW -- Rick Sneary's copy -- and I understand that someone (this someone didn't say whether he wanted his name mentioned or not) is going to print the first SW and put it through the mailing. Interesting idea, anyway. ## Ok, I'm going to stick my neck out a little (possibly for going over old ground, which should be forgotten), and point out what was wrong with the S--- #1 cover (which by now appeared over a year and a half ago). The ATOM BEM is standing on a box (or in front of a podium -- I haven't the cover here for reference, and like I say, It's been a year and a half since I saw it last); on the box was lettered 'Fans United for Cosmic Knowledge.' Now, Art, you're capable of stringing the capitals of the Spectator Amateur Press Society to meaning S.A.P.S. Try it on that. Now, I got it and you didn't -- it took me quite a while, until someone mentioned it to me, in fact -- which shows that some will and some won't; and, too, some might not catch it yet, tho I've certainly spelled it out for them. Yes, that I've done. It didn't bother me; hell, I find a use for the word myself, and when I'm not in mixed company, I'm prone to use it. But -- and look down the SAPSroster, if you don't believe me -- we are mixed company. ## I'm glad you printed 'The Best Of Spacewarp' -- I hope it keeps up as a series, kindof -- for several reasons more than just because I enjoyed the material. One thing, the poem by Joe Schamburger, was obviously a sub-conscious coach to Len Moffatt. Joes poem begins "Where are the fans of yesteryears?" and Moffatt's "The Fan's Gathered 'Round The Mimeograph," which appeared in the last Outlander (sometime in '57) started, "Where are the bheers, of yesteryears/And the fans gathered round the mimeograph?" Both were very good fannish poems. ## I'm glad you reprinted the Laney piece, too, because there are all sorts of things I disagreed with him on, when I first read it (you guessed it -- in a copy of SW borrowed from Rick Sneary), and now I can put them into print. For instance, Laney's mention of 4e; "It seems strange indeed that the man who has probably devoted more time and thought to fandom than any other ten people has never published a subscription fanzine." That was when he was talking about VOM, by the way -- and with this to remind him, he seems to forget what VOM originally was -- the letter column from the LASFL's IMAGINATION!, which, after the first hektographed issue, was edited and published by 4e. Too, there's this matter of publishing pro rejects, which I've never agreed with anyone on, it seems -- or anyone of any importance, it seems. I'm for giving (if offered) pro rejects a fair chance -- it's imminently possible that a good, off-trail story might be rejected by the pro ed's and still be a good piece of fiction. And such are so few in fanzines, that it'd be a shame to reject it from a fanzine, too. Or that's



my opinion, for what it's worth. Hmm, so I was wrong. I thought I had some Real Disagreements, but further re-reading proves to no avail in finding what it was that bothered me about the article when it was first read. It couldn't have been that I was one of those scicntifictional nuts he was talking about, could it? Oh, well, times change -- so do people. ## A very fine issue of WARP, art. (You slip erringly into the Distictive Class, having your name spelled without caps, for the same reason Twig did, back lo. those many pages. The "erring," let it be noted, was on my part -- not yours.)

WARHOON            -- Bergeron. Wrai Ballard has changed a little since June 12, 1952, you note. Oh, well -- I'm on your side, tho not agaist Wrai -- which is damn near impossible, but not quite. No, not quite. ## Where did Harry Warner find the "old time fan" to sit by while he read The Immortal Storm? Well, considering that a good part of a whole chapter was devoted to Harry and his fanzine, Spaceways, and that his FAPAzine, Horizons just passed 'its 21st volume number (and he started publishing it after Spaceways), it is indeed something to wonder about. Discounting Moscowitz, since he wrote the book, and Ackerman, since he lives in California, and Volheim, since he would be agaist the book completely...it doesn't leave much, does it. Well, we'll just have to continue thinking about it, you and I; who knows that, someday, we too may know The Secrets The Ancients (no slur intended) Possessed. ## Yes, but like Willis, I often tend to wonder what might have happened with "The Enchanted Duplicator," had "The Lord Of The            Rings" been written at the time. But perhaps some would consider a fannish parody of this a bit Too Much. Somehow, I think I would, as well. ## Oh, cute. I've already heard The Enchanted Duplicator, so no consequence to me; however, you're a lousy reviewer in that you loused up the punch-line, in fact, the very essance of the story by revealing it. The only real rule of reviewing is: don't spoil it for the reader. You did it. ## I think I got something from LeeJ once, too. I got a radio message passed on to me, anyway, from a Ham -- it asked, if I remember, if I were interested in Flying Saucers and would I care to correspond. No return address was given, however. Was that you, LeeJ?? It was a long time ago -- four years, at least -- because it was just after my address appeared in Other Worlds. ## Ah, yes, "The Thing," a fine movie. They did a good job on the mss., I understand -- even read it in the original German. ## You pose a very interesting question to me -- and tho Willis answered it better than I prob'ly can, I'll give it a try. The answer over whether to retaliate, after being hit, down, and possibly dying, is yes. (Excuse me, would one of you mind throwing some cold water of Bob Leman, over there?) Because, no matter how few we are, we are we -- the instinct of self-preservation and/or the use of logic will tell you this: If someone knocks you down, and keeps hitting you, you've got to knock him down before he kills you, and this instinct and/or logic should be used -- and to keep from being hit even more, on the feint hope of life we might have (and remember, where there's life, there's ~~hope~~ hope), we can and must retaliate. If for nothing else, than to show who/whatever might follow us (if anything survives) that we believed in our ideals, not only enough to die for them, but to fight for them as well. If is, after all, nothing more than a choice of two deaths, for us; a death in which we leave that which we believe to be thoroughly corrupt, depraved and indecent to source the remaining world, or one in which we can possibly run to a stalemate, or win, or lose -- or one in which both sides win and lose, at the same time -- but at least showing that we still believe in ourselves enough to fight for it. Now, I've undoubtably shocked half of SAPS into a trauma from which they may never extricate themselves; I am morely the Angry Young Man, and this, they may think, is not at all like me. I'm still Angry, and at most of the same things. These views do not counter anything I have said previously -- I'm still against the tests (but realize there's nothing that can be done, at the time). So it goes, with us Angry Young Men..



POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC -- brown. In this case, I'd like to explain that the lousy repro was due to lousy stencil cutting on my part. I hope that I have improved, this time -- I've switched to ShelVy's IBM Executive, here, and it looks better, anyway. My little portable just doesn't have the power to hack at these nice, strong gestetner stencils. ## There are places in this where I sound sickeningly sick ... or at least melencholy. This mood has passed, I'm, if not on top, at least not at the bottom, of the world. Things are better all around than they ever have been -- I'm getting back into the swing of active fandom, CRY has the best lettercolumn in fandom again (ie, I'm back to writing regularly for it), and things in general are just great... ## Main goof was one big one, while commenting on SaFari -- if memory serves me right, an ABDick #450 would be a multilith. How little goofs like me can make big goofs like that, I dunno. It must take a considerable amount of talent.

SPECIFICALLY --Ted Johnstone. You get full name egoboo on account I forgot I was just giving out last name egoboo this time around. ## Don't try Tosk to much on shortening your title -- in this case, he could have just shortened it to "A" -- or even to "Kathy," like he did last time. ## The music for the encounter of the Balrog, and the fall of Gandalf are my favorite pieces, so far, of music chosen for The Lord Of The Rings -- it's almost as if the music were written specifically for the piece, especially the devastating switch from full orchestra to full organ. Like, wow. ## Wish I had This Is My Beloved handy -- I'd quote a few lines of it. I know a lot of people don't like it, and think it's profane or pornographic -- but I like it, and that's all that matters to me. Some people have their own built-in pornography; I just don't, is all. ## I used to not want to be "one of the guys," myself. Matter of fact, I was a conceited ass -- I was the brightest kid in school and knew it -- until I got into Junior High, and met a guy smarter than I was (a character by the name of Conrad Byler). Until this time, I'd felt intellect equalled respect for same, but I found this was not the case -- because he was smart, Conrad was considered sissyish, queer, a snob, and most any other handy tag that some ignoramous could think fast enough to hit him with when he was being discussed. So, from the seventh grade until I graduated from school, I integrated myself, ran with the JD set, and did my best not to open my school books. I came out with a "C" average, but I was lucky at that. ## The process used on A Spectator was known as embossing, and you may remember that it was used on Belle Dietz's CMFAzine, Peals; after printing in the regular manner, the page is covered with embossing powder, and then shaken off(some will remain on the wet, printed portions), then put through an ebossing machine -- a combination oven/conveyer belt -- the result is quite well typified by Devore's contribution. ## Speaking of roller skating, ShelVy is a fabulous skater. He does one thing called a "Charlie Hourse" that well deserves its name -- I can't do it standing on my own two feet, much less on roller skates. Ghad. ## Hmm, perhaps I'm wrong, but I always thot 'Birdbath'



was a 7th Fandomish illusion. ## Heck, I knew Morgan Botts was at the convention -- and I wasn't even there myself. ## Fashion note -- I'm wearing a silver & grey shirt, tan pants(without a belt), and a smirk inherant to SAPS Mailing Comentry. Also, a small waft of gestetner ink along side my nose, I am told. ## I dig The Last Blast ferociously.

AMPERSAND -- Karen Anderson. Sure hope this works out --Over-page you'll prob'ly note I didn't space enough to get the titles in on the large typer -- which I refuse to contem-plate suicide over, for some reason. ## Well, this sure is nice, Karen, it sure it, with all sorts of WRotsler illos and all, and nice chatty type stuff and even a humorous bit here and there. Yes, it sure is nice the way you chatter away and talk and all, and I sure do like it Karen. I just wish I knew what I could say to it, rather than about it, is all.

Dag-nab it, I went and gave full name egoboo up there, and in the fllow-in cases I'm going to have to, too. Well, for the next zine, anyway, ...

RAGNAROK -- Terry & Miri Carr. According to Moskowitz(oh, the hell with the typo's, and all that jazz) I see this title caught the whole fan-world by surprise. Yeah, I like t~~he~~e new title -- I always did prefer Ragnarok to Armeggedon. A Loki-lovin' character like me, anyway. ## I just found out something, myself, about myself; here I've gone, lo these many years thinking I was an atheist or an agnostic or something, only I finally found out that there is a better name for what I am -- a hedonist. I understand that it's a stage everyone goes through, only as far as I can see, I've been one since I was about 12. How long do these stages usually last??? ## I never studied anything -- from the 7th grade on, except for Geometry, and that wasn't often -- I dropped out of the course with a "D" because I neglected to memorise the therims, maxims, laws, etc., because they all seemed so obvious to me. ## Yeah, if there's anything that burns me, it's the sun. I dig. ## I use more simi-colens than Sid Birchby; I use so damn many simi-colons it's pitiful -- I also use too many dashes, and, once I start using comma's, I use to damn many, or something. But practically all of my sentences should be cut in half and made into two; that's the way I write, tho. Maybe I should use short sentences. Yes. I'll try that. Then I'll sound like the idiot I really am. Yes. Indeed. ## You forget, like a lot of pipple, Terry, that the convention-fan/fanzine-fan argument began when there were five or six pipple running for TAFF -- and more convention fan types, too(Ackerman, McNulty, Madle, and Stu Hoffman, in that case), than fanzine fans. So what we gonna do??? Only..oh, well. ## I too had nightmare as a child resulting from a movie. It was "Snake Pit," and the thing is, I didn't see the movie, I heard it. I had to go to school that day, but my parents went to a drive-in movie; I had to sleep in the back seat(they let me watch the first movie) -- and hearing the moaning, screaming, etc., that went on, I had the worst nightmare I'd ever had in my life.

Not enough room for another zine to start here, so next page...



know what a strawberry pot is? Why, it's kindof like a Gim Tree, only... ## WHA???????? Ted White not active enough to keep up with SAPS? Oh, come Elinor -- let's admit it -- SAPS just didn't interest Ted, is all! short of you Seattle pipples and the Berkeley crowd, there's no one more active than Ted. Hmm, I talking in generalities and how it appears to me, let it be noted' -- it's possible that I'm wrong. But suffice it to say that Ted is, at least, more active than half of SAPS, at any rate, and prob'ly more in the long run. ## Again, I raise my eye in wonder. In un-apelike qualities in negroes(you mention three) it seems to me that two are very ape-like -- the broadness of nose and lips, and the kinkiness of hair. Go to the zoo, and take a good look at an ape, Elinor. ## Fashion note ... I'm wearing the same thing I was last time I made a fashion note, only with less smirk. Just a little less, tho, I must admit. ## On the religious bit, how about the bit I brought up in CRY; if I tell a lie about someone (ie, bear false witness against my neighbor) am I not as surely doomed to Hell as if I'd murdered somebody? Both are in the Ten Commandments -- and it doesn't say "sometimes you can do this and get away with it and it'll always be all right, but you can't ever get away with this," etc. ## Hmm, I see I didn't get the FANmark greeting card "You call Mr. Garrett by his first name..." Any extra's, Bjo??? ## Sorry to be so brief, Elinor, but I have some silly idea about getting this finished soon ... like, today, maybe.

BOG -- Pfeifer. Gee, Otto, you sure didn't have much to say, and neither will I, prob'ly. However, heartiest C\*D\*N\*G\*R\*A\*T\*U-L\*A\*T\*I\*O\*N\*S on getting engaged, and all. It's an especially smooth move, because then we'll both have secretary's(hmm, I wonder what Trimble will have to say about Bjo staying on?). That's the spirit, boy; going out & getting married for the benefit of the good old S.I.C. Of course, there are prob'ly a few other reasons, but we know which are the most important, don't we??

SAFSTATISTICS -- F. M. Busby. Good to see this much, anyway; now all we need is for someone to combine all these things into one, handy zine. ## And as you may note, it might be possible to beat Coswal's record, now that he's (possibly) dropped after 51 consecutive mailings.

PSILO -- Jane Jacobs. Hmm, with that title; it looks like we may get to the top of things, yet. ## Fergawd-sake, woman, do you not know that asking for art in Flab is asking for (eech, shudder) L. Garcone? Have you no fear? No trepidation toward the hellish doom you have undoubtably brought upon us all?? Oh, ghods! ## Ch, well, another who doesn't like mailing comments. I have a feeling that too much of anything is bad, and I honestly feel that, since we average close to 50% mailing comments, we're doing as well as we'll ever do in this respect. So much for that subject. ## Ted Johnstone's real name, as practically everyone knows, is ~~Leslie Garber~~ Charmelke Madsoupe. ## And a snad hog is something like a sand snaddle, only different. ## Enjoyed your story.







FLABBERGASTING

-- Toskey. I like the idea behind your mathematical article, but for some reason it seems to keep me from making check marks. I mean, here I am already to page 13 before I can make a comment. The comment, for what it's worth, is "Bravo!" Tho I can see two sides of the affiar(I hardly figure into it, which is why), I can, at this particular moment, see yours just a bit more strongly. What is it that makes me come up defending you all over theplace -- maybe we are a lot alike, hmm??? ## Tosk, anything will tempt a car-stealer; dents can be banged out, y'know. Besides, a large portion of car theft, these days, is not with the intent of selling the car, but on juvenile delinquents using it for "joy rides," with the usual ending being that they'll take it somewhere and deliberately total it(like, run it over a cliff or up against a mountain, or something.). ## Well, it seems time passes different for me; the faster I think, the faster time seems to move -- like, used to be, when I was sick, I would lay in my room and think these long, slow thots and time would creep by at an incredibly slow rate. ## Seems you're not the only one who feels that radiated material (clever way to cover a typo, wot?) can mutate directly. I may be wrong, but I tend to doubt it (it happens so seldom, you see...). It can burn, change chromosomes, and kill cells, but not mutate directly. Of course, I guess it is possible that there is some radiation somewhere that might do what you say. And, true, the story has it that it's radiation of an unknown star -- which makes it more probable. I guess. ## I'll re-up, if they make me A/lc -- it's possible to actually live, at such a rate; however, tho I do my work as well as I possibly can, I am not really bucking for the position. I'm going to get two years of college out of the Air Force, if it kills me. I'd like to get a PhD in English, settled down, and teach school. Yeah, I'll be joining the ranks of you & Guy -- and prob'ly have to put up with young punks like myself for the rest of my life. That, truely, would be Justice. ## I dunno why, either, but your mention of the Sam Houston Institute of Technology reminds me of the Tijuana Institute of Technology. Speaking of things of that nature, we've fromed (here) the Nebuous(read that as Nebulous, I'm in too much of a hurry to go back and corflu it and wait for it to dry) of Fabulous Florida Fandom (we're interested, see, in giving the N3F a Good Name) of which I am The Official Suzy Knight (Elected Yearly). How 'bout that, emmmm?? ## Sure, the OE can chunk Wetzel's letter in the waste-basket -- and a few months later, the OE's boss gets a letter telling how the OE is a Communist and a Homosexual, and all sorts of other goodies. Prob'ly, the boss man will laugh it off(or thinks he will) but any time you make some joking remark about either, he will tend to think, maybe the letter was telling the the truth. And you might(rather, the OE might) find himself out of a job. Nice, eh? ## Tosk, the French word for boy is pronounced Gar-sohn... so I've been right all along. ## A fine issue of FLAB -- unfortunately, I'm pressed for time; so goombye, for now...

SAPLING

-- Terwilliger. Buz says I talk of you in generalities -- this is true, to a fairly large extent, because, to me, from the things you've expressed, you seem like the generality of the teacher I have known. And I'm not saying this to be parroting you in the psuedo-Ted-Whitish ploy, either -- it's true. Like for instance, in your editorial in Twig



some poet being homosexual (I knew his name when I started to type this, but it slips my mind at the present). Like, you were all hot and bothered about how the school board didn't like the idea, and so forth. Ok, he was a homosexual, so was Homer and (possibly, it is theorized) Shakesphere. Edgar Allen Poe married a 12 year old girl, which isn't indictive of normal sexual relations on his part, either. But, I've met other teachers like you guy, who've given me the above material as tho they were handing me an under-the-counter Tijuana Bible, and I'd like to ask you the question I asked them -- What does this have to do with the appreciation of their works? Homer, Poe, Shakesphere are amoung the greatest writers of all time. What the hell difference does it make if they were not "normal"?? What does that have to do with their writings?? What idea are you trying to convey -- that all people with writing talent are "queer," of what? ## Honestly, Guy, you've hit me with the statement that I hate most in the world; "You can't do only the things you want to do..." That was a choice one my father was always pulling on me? So I ask you -- why not? Why should I do things for other people? Why should other people have a say in what I have to do, bighod?? Sure, I'm in the Air Force, but it's for a number of reasons besides because I have to -- to a large extent, I wanted to join; I finished High School -- and what had it done for me? I could construct sentences (I've forgotten about half of that, you'll not), I knew what happened in 1492, I could play a fair game of handball, I could add, subtract, multiply, divide, and work in Algebra, I could weave a basket underwater? But what did it do toward giving me a mundane occupation? Nothing. So that's why I went into the air force. ## Ok, I was rude -- sometimes, when I get down to expressing myself, I find there's no other way short of bluntness or rudeness. I appologize. And I'm sorry some of it rubbed off on you, too. ## There's one thing we should be straight about this respect business, tho -- it's simply, I don't give a damn whether people respect me or not -- I did, once, and I thought I had it, but I was wrong; I was the keen, intellectual type... well, I've mentioned it twice this mailing, and it doesn't bear repeating again. If people will respect me as I am, then all right. But damned if I'll change to suit any one or any combination of people. ## On New Ideas: You're talking about material inventions, Guy; there hasn't been a new invention since before the time of Christ; just variations on the same Seven Tools. (By the way, I gave some thot to your bit on a new process; if things work out,, you'll be seing it in the next mailing) I was not talking about Material Inventions, at any rate, so your bit on it is inappropriate. ## I respect your ideas, Guy, or most of them; I respect most of them, but Guy it is impossible to say I respect all of them! I do not; obviously, or I should never have taken this tone. ## I'm not setting myself up to judge just who and who should not have respect -- however, I feel no qualms at judging people on who should receive my respect! Is this not my privilage? To like and dislike who I please, and do likewise with my trust, respect, and so forth? ## You ask, "...if you don't respect your parents or your elders whichever it is, are you going to live in such a way that the generation after you is going to respect you." Need I answer that? Perhaps; so, say this -- I do not want respect from anyone, including the generation that is to follow, unless I deserve it for being myself. I will not change to



garner anyone's respect. There's a whole world of philosophy, Guy, tied up in the simple statement, "To thine own self be true." Perhaps I am selfish, wanting to live my own life to please myself. I don't really think it too much to ask. ## And, Guy, regardless of what I've said here, I think you're a pretty alright character. Hell, you don't like bheer, and that's something in your favour, at any rate. So perhaps Buz is right, we're treating each other as generalities; too, in a lot of places, we're both talking about entirely different things. So, I'll tell you what. You can have one more swing, free -- then we'll wait until we hit some convention together, and get together over a bottle of...Pepsi or something, and talk it out. OK??

MHO-DJEE -- Hayes. "Sanctuary" -- had the story figured waaay before I finished, but that's happened in pre stories, too. Writing isn't too polished, but not hindering, at any rate. Only fair, compared to the last one. ## No, Berry wasn't at the London Convention -- he said himself that The Detention was his first. Since I didn't make it, to the Detention, I kindof hope it isn't his last, either. Berry For TAFF, anyone??? ## So your title is a phonetic equivalent of the French word Maudit, emm?? But how is it pronounced; "mhoastriskdjee" or "mhoplusedjee"? ## Heh, I have to laugh at your idea that Fan-eds control TAFF. All a convention fan needs is a mimeograph, wiff, and off comes with a few hundred TAFF ballots to distribute at the con. Simplicity atypified. It is, by this method (and it's perfectly legal), not necessary that a "fanzine fan" must give you a ballot. ## I'm afraid you still didn't catch on to PENCIL POINT. It's indictive of something, maybe you just don't read the mailing close enough. What Pencil Point did, was to take something, quotation, from various SAPSazines -- a direct steal -- occasionally putting two contradictory ideas side by side, without credit. So you can't blame Pelz for what was said there, even, since he was just quoting from the previous mailing. ## Well, time to be moving on; your zine is improving, Art.

GIM TREE -- Bjo. I dunno. I mean, previously...look at the situation. It seems that The Fannish Thing To Do is to get married -- In a period of just a few years(possibly less) Miri married Terry, Djinn married Gordy Dickson, you're marrying Trimble, Otto's getting married, Suzy married ShelVy (or, as she puts it, she was Shelby's VICKtom), and prob'ly a few I haven't mentioned...what's becomming of fandom? Oh, well. Best of luck, anyway, and happy happy life (as the tears roll down my nose, hang in a little droplet, splash down my vest). I haven't usually been to hip on The Thing To Do and doing it, but...oh, well...the line forms at the right, girls (now, don't all run at the same time...). ## Love "Search For A Hero." More, like this, please.

LET'S NOT BE SUBLIMINAL...IT'S

SEATTLE IN '61

MAL ASHWORTH FOR TAFF



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 This stencil is being cut with a slightly used film.  
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(Because, by jorge, I'm going to do better than #1 when membership is attained and besides Rich is trying to have a large zine and two covers help out.)

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(And this is understood to be destined for the 52nd mlg, Jul 60, hope it's not as late as the last PRA.)

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Flabbercasting Tales No comment.

Retro Clever cover cartoon (alliteration probably not intended and not very alliterative).

The War Against the Rull is from the four stories mentioned plus "Repetition" which is not a Yevd story. (See review in New Frontiers #2 (advt.)).

Some points on Jesus' attitude towards humanity. A few "Christians" refuse to associate with other people because "They're not Christians." This attitude is not backed up by scripture, an apropos quote is from Luke 5:31-32: "Those who are well have no need of a physician, but those who are sick; I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Yes! (bottom of p. 7)

If we're going to elect TAFMen (or women) on the basis of need then probably Lichtman, Durward, Lewis, etc. (I'm just guessing), should be sent. Actually who knows just what anyone's financial condition is? Boo to Toskey.

On your comments TO Tosk over humor vs. seriousness I've noticed in some of my letters to Cry that specific items intended for "humor" failed to make the grade and were edited into seriousness. All of which goes to show that I've failed to communicate. (And now trumpets blow, Korzybski + van Vogt come charging onto the scene crying out that General Semantics will save the day.)

Obviously, hmmm, just what's that word, ahh, perhaps. (lower middle of page 21).

The reason for the third story in the "Sucker Bait" & "Question and Answer" series was that it was assigned to Virginia Blish and if you remember the Blish family was flooded out (forgotten the date). Anyway V. Blish never got around to writing the story though J. Blish's "Get Out of My Sky" seems to be a heritage of this setup. The three stories were supposed to be published as a Twayne Triplet but Twayne checked out of sf publishing about that time (or actually: shortly before.)

Pasquinade Look, what we need is a return to private industry handling the mails.

Then, rates would be consistent with costs + profits and the only thing left to gripe about would be the price. And with sufficient competition the price would probably stay low. Whereas, now we are paying out the deficit from tax revenues and we must also include governmental inefficiencies, costs in the accounting, etc. When you figure the postage + deficit + waste in paying the deficit, private enterprise could probably do it for less.

FAPAsurvey and SAPSurvey Reports, like Interesting statistics. And on this golden age bit I once calculated the percentage of stories reprinted from ASF over the years. It peaked in 1944 at c. 82% and ran about 70% from '40 - '43, '45 or perhaps a little later. There was a terrific dip to about 21% in '51 which seems to show the influence of Galaxy at the time.

Bronc I enjoyed reading this but have especial comments only on N'APA. Surely no one will confuse the National Amateur Press Association with the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance. And if they do then it seems only just that N'APA change its name. I'll take this up further in Sonoma #2 (if I remember to do so). Personally I consider the abbreviation N'APA to be silly.

Chyandmeh Back to N'yok with you.

Pot Pourri I'd like to discuss Major Mayer's speech with you, Rapp, Dodd and a few others. But this will have to wait until Mlg. #58 or 59 by which



TIME the subject will probably be passe.

As much as I dislike aircraft these bits are interesting.

With regard to your missile efficiency problem, the probability of failure increases in geometric proportion to the number of components, so that the overall efficiency =  $100\% - 1000(100\% - 99.9\%)^n$  where 'n' is your fudge factor. Probably Tosk will give you an exact breakdown & solution.

As for describing my 'den' here goes. I'm writing on a card table which the First Sergeant graciously allowed me to have. On my left is a four-drawer dresser containing fmz, prozines, etc. Between the dresser and the wall is my bunk with an illegal extension cord hidden under it. This is for my clock and typer. On the farside of the bed is a small locker containing uniforms, fmz, proz, books, typer, etc. The main reason for the monotony of the contents is lack of storage space. I could sure use a private barracks. On second thought rich and I could share a barracks and reduce the time wasted walking between our present ones.

Porque! "The Rupee Yacht", please, Bruce. You, sir, have been vilely infected with the spirit of pundom.

You're heading WEST from Tampa! Rich and I'll call the Coast Guard and have you rescued. Instead of doing this how about dropping by Tyndall and visiting us.

What's this about not doubting the word of Curtis Le May? (Oops, two tough-looking AP's just kicked the door in and are standing there with drawn .45s.)

Swimming in the Gulf of Mexico seems to be a little dangerous. A few days ago something with a looong nose, bigggg eyes, and a biiigggger body (which faded away into the dusk) came up and nuzzled my hand just as I was stroking. Making the mistake of doubling up I accidentally clobbered it with my fist. It took the hint, decided it was unpopular and left. Probably a small shark but it unnerved me. And every once in a while someone is reported injured by some vicious form of life hereabouts. (Vicious in the sense that they will attack rather than retreat.)

If you can't see why everyone doesn't want to move to Florida just write me and I'll send the answers in a plain, sealed envelope. Back across the 100th meridian, bhoys.

The Mouse That Roared was changed from the book by a considerable amount, not all for the better. But, for a movie, it is fairly good.

Here There Be Saps #3 Your bit on sending bricks plus one by Tucker that appeared fairly recently is reminiscent of an old story. It seems that someone back in the frontier days of Indiana wrangled a contract to build a store of bricks. The cost of hauling the bricks was considerable. So the enterprising contractor investigated parcel post. (Remember, this was about 120 years ago.) You guessed it, each brick was addressed to the building site, postage paid on them and the contractor lived happily ever after (or until the money saved ran out.)

When the Gods Would Sup No comment.

Coutsiders Good points on w-l zines, after all this is effectively removing the membership limitations.

Saw a western on TV once where the hero was returning from the Civil War. As he swung off his horse the camera swung around to follow him. In the background was U.S. 6, plus traffic, oil wells and a high-tension line. And a recent Randolph Scott proved that Edison was a fraud. It had a Civil War (yep,



Again) mansion supposedly outside of Julesburg, Nebraska. Aside from the scenery looking like Southern California and the improbability of said mansion in the locality, this is ok. But, the domicile is lit by electric lights. Oh well.

Enjoyed reading your comments but don't have anything further to say.

Kraml Jim, your FM probably has poor image rejection and is picking up signals 10.7 MC above the frequency to which you are tuned. Aviation services have a band going from 108 to about 143 MC. Back home Hamilton AFB comes in about 106 MC on an Arkay (a very poor receiver which I'm converting to 2 meter reception (hi, Lee) and while at Lowry AFB my Eico tuner picked up the control tower at Stapleton Field. This wasn't annoying since I had to tune to a precise frequency and then turn the volume to maximum so as to get about an S2 signal.

Yeah, I remember on Mutual there used to be at 1700 hrs four quarter-hour programs, Captain Midnight, Superman, Gene Autry and Tom Mix. Then Adventure Parade replaced Mix which disappointed me at the time. But then AP serialized The Black Arrow, The Mysterious Island both of which I'd read and Michael Strogoff which I've never read. It was fun sitting in the easy chair with an atlas following Strogoff through Siberia to Irkutsk and after that the loss of Tom Mix wasn't minded as much.

2000+ must be the show I was struggling to remember the other day. There was some story where these miners receive a telepathic plea for help from Martians. As they dig the Martians tell them of how they came to earth and were massacred. Only these two survived in their space ship which had become entombed in the rock. When the miners reach the space ship and free the hatch they also kill the Martians who are two large rats.

Nematode To butt in on the discussion Bob, "Transient" seems to me to be a well-written and interesting vignette concerning nothing in particular. It is not a story but rather a series of impressions, irrational ones at that. It may be symbolic of something, but that something is locked away in Moore's mind and not revealed to us. ((This was written before I'd seen Moore's remarks on same.))

If you want the Ring trilogy it's available from J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley 7, California for \$10.55 postpaid plus (if on the same order) The Hobbit for an additional \$2.12 postpaid. These are new copies with dust jacket.

Bob, there's only one thing about the NFFF which appeals to me and that's N'APA. Lichtman, Gerber, Busby and myself joined for that and Deckinger said it was the only reason he's staying in.

---

"Can anything good come out of Nazareth?"

---

As for TV watching I've averaged 0 hours/week for five years and before that it was mostly watching certain shows, maybe 10 hours/week at the outside.

Maine-iac Interesting and entertaining, let's see more next mailing.

Vonset Ray, you have some good comments on profanity. And you're right, it only shows lack of ability to express one's self.

To get in on this kick of members met here goes: Karen, Rich Brown, both Terry and Miri, Ted, Bob Leman, Bjo and on the w-1, Bill Ellern & Dave Rike. In N'APA 3, FAPA 10 and w-1 5, OMPA 4 & w-1 2. Of course many of these are duplicates.

Collector N<sub>o</sub> comment.

Yesterday the Future What I've always wanted to hear on that commercial saying,



"It couldn't be done." was a voice commenting with, "And they were right."

David Gestetner claims to have invented the mimeo and the stencil in 1881 or so says some literature Shelby Vick obtained from the Gestetner Co.

Shelby Vick has only made two Worldcons, 51 & 52 but he was letterhacking years prior and qualifies for 1st Fandom.

If your intentions of going gafia are actually true we can only say goodbye and the best of luck with your new venture.

Spy Ray of SAPS Another excellent variation this time on a theme of Rapp and Stoker by Eney.

Spaceward Your bit on the snow stopping the Army reminds me of the crew on 24-hour alert at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. They are provided with a special railroad car whose wheels are rusted fast to the rails. And the USAF is worried about the pneumonia rate, etc. and so when it rains we come indoors.

Art, I've rejected exactly two contributors so far. One was Hugo Gernsback and the other some dame from Chicago who sent some cruddy fiction without enclosing return postage. And some material is in the files written by fen whom most of you probably haven't heard.

Your resume of 25 Hours to Doomsday sounds like Seven Days To Noon, same plot, etc.

What continuum do you read sf in, Art? G.O. Smith has made a comeback, yea verily even unto ASF.

My own vote for chief Fugghead was based on the amount of damage that various people were doing to fandom as a whole. Of course I could be way off base in my estimations and my candidate came in only second or third (Can't remember now.). What criteria did you others use?

And I'm glad to see Laney partially approves of Hunt as an artist. Twenty years ago someone (Widner?) acclaimed Hunt as the greatest artist in fandom. And he's still somewhere near the top. If he'd do more work these days he would probably rate quite highly on the Fanac polls.

Laney's entire article fulfills his own requirements very nicely, many thanks for reprinting this.

Dé Couer's piece and blurb rank with Asimov's article and Campbell's blurb in the Mar '48 ASF. Moskowitz, don't sue! I'll change the title, yes, the under-scoring won't be used in the cover logos.

Warhoon The Rhodomagnetic Digest wasn't lithoed but multilithed.

As for other fen with electric typers there are the ~~Busbys~~ Busbys, Harness, Hickman (?), Kemp, Dee, Breen, myself, Ellis Mills, Shelby Vick, and several others whose name escapes me.

Yes, there is a P.O. at the South Pole.

Poor Richard's Almanac Off with the poor duplication, this is worse than some ditto work around.

For additional reading besides Major Mayer's speech try Robert Ford's Wind Between the Worlds. It's a fascinating account of Tibet and Ford's capture, brainwashing and eventual release by the Chinese Reds.

So, outside contributions are "out of tradition". Well, you've now set a precedent in the other direction. Then comes the next page and some hintings.

Too bad the rest of the mag didn't make it into the mlg.

Specifically Ted, could you send type of programming & hours of KPCS to The Music Listener's Guide, c/o James Middleton, 15620 Simonds Street, Granada Hills, California.



The FCC permits a piece of music, drama, etc. to go uninterrupted (which is an advantage too few stations take into account).

Ted, there's a Hell, California near Desert Center and a Paradise near Oroville.

If you think San Marino has confusing streets try Eagle Rock. Most of them are ok, but some aren't. I used to live on one which was a block long and dead end at both ends. Now figure that one out, it's fairly simple.

Hearing of the lawyer for the Seminoles is reminiscent of a lawyer in early Tombstone who got his client off the hook. It seems said client had actually gunned a man down in broad daylight on the main street in front of several hundred witnesses. This didn't faze the lawyer, he used metaphysics to prove the murdered man couldn't have existed. Q.E.D. no murder and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

The captivity in Babylon was c. 600 B.C. and the Romans put down a revolt in Palestine and razed the temple about 70 A.D. (Not having any reference works in the barracks these aren't guaranteed accurate dates.)

Don't you have pica and elite reversed or am I fouled up?

There are more benevolent dictators than Ataturk around. Try Portugal's Salazar for one.

Ampersand Karen, do you have an extra copy you could send to me at Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida. Remember the time you proceeded to Buechley's under my direction and he complained about my pornographic memory? Well, I plan on carefully memorizing these directions so as to further confound Bob.

Your description of Ed Brandt evoked a mental picture of Ed in the act. Rather hilarious seeming.

Ragnarok This Bergeron cover reminds me (in a vague way admittedly) of a fire prevention poster in the chow hall. It has had the name of "Bergeron" affixed. Then an A/1C Bergeron got aboard the shuttle bus. The obvious question wasn't asked. He's from upstate Maine somewhere it turns out. Rich was suspected of the poster caper but he denies it.

"The Ultimate Weapon" is a very good parody. Which brings up the question of just what Rapp will do about it.

2" by 1½" by 1" wouldn't be a cube, but some sort of 'rectanguloid'. (Does anyone know what the proper term is?)

For further information on I AM go to your local library, look up Carey McWilliams and his Southern California Country (if not this one, then one of his others). Which ever one it is sketches I AM, Aimee Semple McPherson, etc. plus many other facets of Southern California.

If those reports from the Bureau of Indian Affairs are older than 1904 (and you said they were about one hundred years old) you are legally entitled to reprint anything from them you want.

Speleobem The cover is reminiscent of the illo Cartier did for Kuttner's "The Devil We Know".

Please, no more of this shade of red paper, der optics have fizzed.

On the w-l fee, etc., instead of dropping to the bottom, why not completely off? This would require the member-to-be to make some effort to get back on.

You should take Anatomy 210 at Cal. The subject matter is S\*T\*X, the instructor used to be a Miss (no idea on the age) and admittance was by consent of the instructor only. The obvious jokes were made and probably still are.

Congratulations on penetrating the Dancing Men code. The answer was on the bacover but apparently quite a few are unfamiliar with the Canon.

Bruce, you say 31 Apr is ridiculous and you're on the OMPA w-l, shame.



As for remembering events from WWII (or that I associate therewith) they are my father's return from Midway in Aug 41, Pearl Harbor, choosing up sides to play Tojo and Hitler vs. the Yanks, the death of Roosevelt and how stunned the neighborhood was, V-E Day and finally V-J Day. And then were bond drives and victory gardens in the school yards and having to wear dogtags in case of disaster, etc.

What bindery do you use in L.A.? The high school library used Pacific Bindery which was supposed to be the cheapest. But Schultheis' suggestion in Gumbie #1 of using spring binders has merit. The ones I've seen will even hold 600 sheets of typing paper without strain.

Fendenizen Yes, Rapp could do better on the outside. Like right now Rich Brown is drawing \$82/month + room & board while I'm making \$112 + r & b. I can make this much doing odd jobs on the outside. When you consider the hours and various lacks it isn't worth going career. Sure, Rapp & Mills would probably argue that they're doing quite well but when you consider the overall average the outside is definitely more attractive.

Bog Congratulations on your engagement. Sorry, but won't be able to make it to the wedding.

SAPStatistics Interesting.

Psilo Some other sf fans on the hambands are K6HVV (40 meters, mostly) and K6BZP (usually 20 meters).

Egypt seems to have held together so long because it evolved more rapidly than surrounding states. Thus it was usually able to defend itself successfully. On the occasions when Egypt was conquered it managed to either absorb or revolt successfully. Then came Alexander who upset the balance of power tremendously and paved the way for the Romans nearly three centuries later.

Your story is a very fine piece of description, better than some we've had to put up with in the proz.

WRR Hilarious but not much to comment on for SAPS. You certainly have saved postage on mailing out WRR, like where's my copy?

Here There Be SAPS #4 Bob, what you want are pages multiplied by  $\sqrt{-1}$ , this would really cut down on your credit.

Why not make w-1 bundles \$2 apiece and require 45 copies from each person. The w-1 would then gross \$80/year.

Military equipment is watched pretty closely adding to the difficulties in putting out a zine on their stuff. But Ellis Mills neatly got away with running off a zine on achapel mimeo.

What good would it do to drop an H-bomb between Frisco (sorry, Terry) and L.A.? If you hit Fresno or somesuch it would more nearly be good riddance, hi. And both L.A. and S.F. are difficult targets to annihilate with only one bomb.

The Death of Professor Ames Ooof, but entrancing anyway.

The Ballard Chronicles This is a glorious spoof with some outstanding lines.

Pillar Poll Report No comment.

Flabbergasting Your title of "The Fog and I" reminds me of Robert Fogg of Seattle who analyzed sf. He then set out to market saleable material. Unfortunately he misplaced a decimal point in his calculations since nothing of



His ever appeared.

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This stencil being tried without film to compare results.

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Your bit on ruling against sandstorms in eastern Washington is reminiscent of the time we went on parade in the rain (the USAF, that is). The reviewing officer for some reason forgot his raincoat. So we had to take ours off and get wet because of some dunderhead.

(Page 9 is blank, but apparently had no content. Is this becoming habit forming in Seattle?)

Tosk, I know a couple of educated women who say 'foo' to your ideas of womanhood. But then they say 'foo' to your ideas in general. Buz (?) remarked something to the effect that you're trying too hard to capture a wife.

"Clayfeet Country" reminds me of Ross Lockridge's Raintree County which appeared in hard covers and abridged (of course) in Liberty shortly afterwards (unless my memories of reading Liberty go back further than I remember). If this indeed is the source it certainly antedates Graham's usage.

---

I'm willing to listen to any reasonable argument, as long as you hold the same views as myself.

---

Tosk, if you believe in Dee because you get letters from Florida while Bruce is in L.A. it can be arranged to send you mail from North Dakota (for example) while being in Florida. It doesn't prove a thing. And since writing the above I have been converted. Dee does exist as advertised. The evidence is of the empirical sort. Rich has asked that my trip to Tampa be written up but unfortunately there is my life to live. Witchcraft still exists. And a certain w-ler might take Lucian's preface to his True History to heart.

What's wrong with living in Wyoming, there are worse places? Though to be honest I wouldn't want to live there myself.

Sapling Guy, I must apologize. The notes for Sapling are nowhere to be found.

Rich has sent back the mailing and deadline looms. If I find them later you'll be included.

Mho-Djee All the clues as to the significance of the cover of Nematode were on the last page. And now Pelz has definitely revealed the source.

Everything Leman wrote about Rawlins was completely true, in fact much more could have been written.

Gim Tree Enjoyed reading "It's Leap Year!" (come to think of it, it is) and seeing the eminently suitable cartoons.

"Search For a Hero" contains slightly uneven writing, good cartoon illustrations and some effective lines. As an introduction it is fine, let's do some more development.

Spectator Since Dee made #5 (oops, pardon Doreen) it's time to reveal that #'s 1 to 19 on the w-1 and # 32 on the membership roster are hoaxes. A low blow to SAPS, eh what? (Not that I have anything against Toskey, I'm proud to have him as a figment of my imagination.)

And checking to make sure no one was omitted I find myself with notes for Ignatz, SaFari Offshoot and SaFari Annual (the latter is fortunate since Rich has special plans for this issue).



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This stencil is being cut with a film which will show what gives with what.  
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Ignatz If Billy the Kid was gunning for Lew Wallace this extends Bonney's activities quite a ways north. The Kid operated from the upper Gila Valley through Deming and into Lincoln County. Wallace is supposed to have written Ben Hur in the governor's palace at Santa Fe and to not have strayed too far beyond during his term in office. While it's possible that Billy did go that far north there hasn't been any mention of it come to my attention.

Safari Offshoot Earl, the Radio Matadors Call Book lists hams only by call letters, it would take a long time to find a C/19 since there are many thousands of them, and there is a good chance of missing the listing in the small type.

These asides add personality to the zine. Different people, different personalities and if that's the way they prefer to express themselves, let 'em. (I'm speaking in generalities and not trying to place either Earl or myself on one side or the other.)

Ferritt usually had only one version, and to him, this was the version. I'll check with Roy Hunt on this. He corresponded with Ferritt for many years and knows Abe's stories inside out. At any rate Ferritt complained of editorial revision.

Got a kick out of "...cosmic mind...contacting Dagler?" Ellis Mills did a spoof on Superfan on the front cover of The Canada Review 2 which you must have seen by now.

That's so expensive about publishing a zine? Sure you have money being lost but this might possibly be resolved. And so long as you can afford it, why not?

And now for comments on Safari Annual we switch you over to Rich Brown's special project in this mailing.

This is the end of Resin, a column whose title I hereby claim for use in GAP when and if.

And in looking back it shows the folly of using a used film, Mumf said.



Whew!!! Now it's all done (one of these days I'll get the ', ', and \* mix-up straightened out, maybe) I guess is time for explanations, appologies, notations, reflections, and a few other things of, like, that nature.

This issue is a confused mess -- mainly because, while this is ShelVy's G\*E\*S\*T\*E\*T\*N\*E\*R that I've been using, I've been running it off myself. The cover is the first piece of confusiana... it started out innocuously enuff -- just that, as time passed, and a few things changed, I added a little there and a little here, and suddenly it had mutated into a gawdawful monster. Then there is the matter of page numbering -- eccchhhhhh. Naturally, I left the paging from last issue the same as it had been previously. I turned a page or two around in there, somehow, getting my stuff and Norm's horribly intangled. Somewhere, too, there was another page of Norm's mc's. They walked around the mimeograph and have not been seen to this day...

Too, you'll probably note a lot of strike-out errors; this, because I told everyone not to worry, just strike over your typo's and good ol' rich brown will come along behind you and mark them out it correction fluid. Only good ol' rich brown forgot to come behind and mark them out with correction fluid. Yes. He did.

And my mailing comments ----- arrgghhh!!! I repeated myself -- sometimes two, sometimes three times. Honest, people, it's just that it was a lang time since I cut those other stencils and forgot that I'd said what I said. I got a little sick, reading thru everything, thought maybe I'd been caught up in some sort of horrible time trap, forced to read the same thing over and over.

Too, if it were some one elses mc's, I'd probably make comments on some of the style. Like, once in a while, when you make a typo or something, is all right saying parenthetically "damn typo!" or "gershtunken typer!" I mean, is all funny ha ha as long as you don't go overboard. So, natrually, I go overboard. Page after page after page after page. Ooooggghhhhhhhh. I am sorry. Really, truely.

Its also interesting to note that, in a period of about five months, I've changed religions twice. Great fun. Next time I think I'll be a Zen Bhuddist (with Bhud as bhod, no doubt?), and then maybe..... Ch, well.

Ink colors, through-out, let you know what day a certain portion was done on. The red was first, the green next, and then (like today) black.

A few of those black pages are kindof goofed up. Like, I ran out of gestetner ink. So I used regular mimeo ink. \$25.00 brings How To Make Fiends Of Influential Mimeograph Operators. (Hurry now, be amoung the first to order, and receive, at no charge, Ed Cox's masterly Girl Blonde Watching -- A Lost Art) It's not going to cost but a few dollars to get it ffixd, anyway. I was afraid I might ruin the whole thing, costing me about \$25.00 for ink roller & everything. But, nothing Too Much For SAPS, and all that -- especially since



it was ShelVy's Gestetner, not mine. But as I say, I was willing to pay whatever the costs. Like, as I type this it is the ghlorious 4th of July -- three days after my 18th birthday, halleluyah, etc. So a delay would have meant this wouldn't have made the mailing. As it is, I am a little worried. But we shall see.

You might have noticed mention of PRA #9 -- where I was going to have my comments on the SaFari Annual, along with Norm's and ShelVy's. Depending on how I feel (I've been pretty lousy miserable the past few days), and whether time is permitting or not, it will either A) Be in this mailing, B) Be in next mailing C) Be post-mailed D) I can't think of anything else.

I'm not sure that ShelVy's stapler will accomodate these many pages -- so there's always the possibility that this is stapled in two or three parts. Hoog.

One little thing I think I should get said, which doesn't have anything to do with this mess except that Suzy brought it up. I guess I'm not an optomist -- and actually, I'm rather a little glad that I'm not. I just can't seem to say to myself, "Goody, everyone is waiting to pounce on everyone -- atomic and hydrogen bombs may be going off any minute; what a beautiful fireworks display it will all make!!" When I am happy, I want to be happy because there is a reason to be happy. I find nothing happy in blood, gore, death or destruction. ...See Suzy, I am too bitter!

Ch, well, let's go get this run off so we can assemble it and send it to Eney, eh wot?

-----rich brown, 1960-----