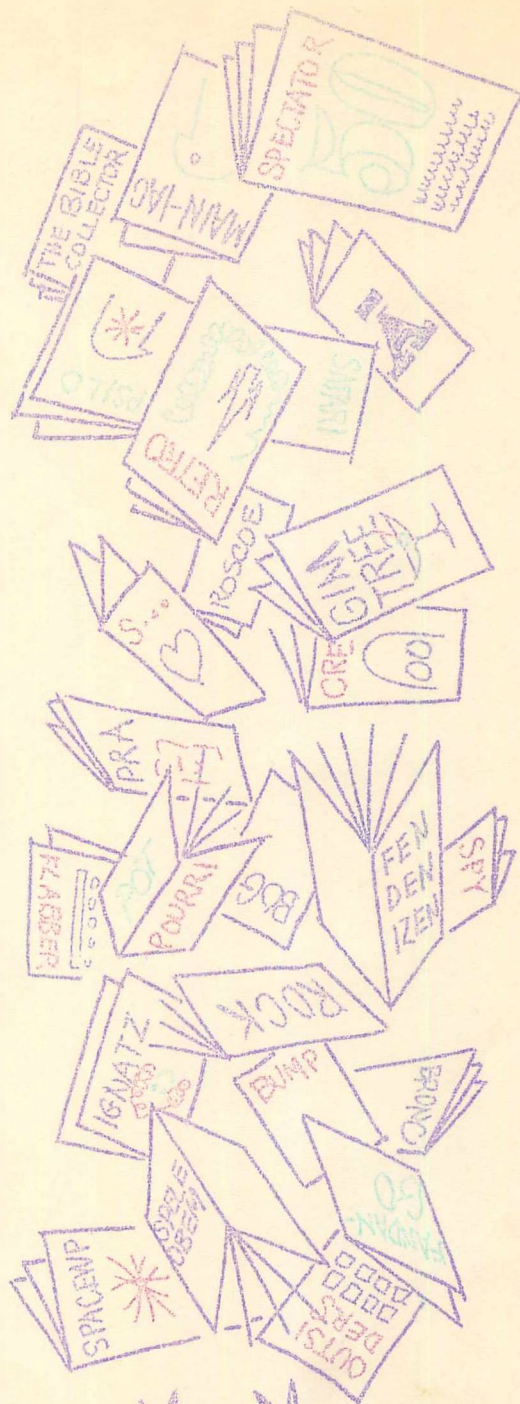


RAGNAROK 5

Published for SAPS by
Terry and Miriam Carr



harmann

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON

by Karen Anderson and Terry Carr

"Stop it!" cried Wrai Ballard, blushing furiously.

"Stop what?" answered Art Rapp with a feeble pretence of innocence.

"Stop writing stories that display me in so many embarrassing situations!"

"But Wrai," protested Art, edging out of the reach of the brawny gorilla-like arms, "you said in the twenty-second mailing that you liked seeing your name in fanzines. I was just trying to get your name into as many places in the Golden Fiftieth Mailing as possible."

"Did Wrai really say that?" inquired Miriam, the Girl with the Golden Goojies.

A most 'scruciating busy fan peered over his typewriter and replied, "Uh--was it in the twenty-first or twenty-second? Whichever it was, in the following mailing John Davis--who was mimeoing in red, which is a bad color, because it tends to run spottily--said

-----egoboo-----
WRAI

BALLARD
-----egoboo-----

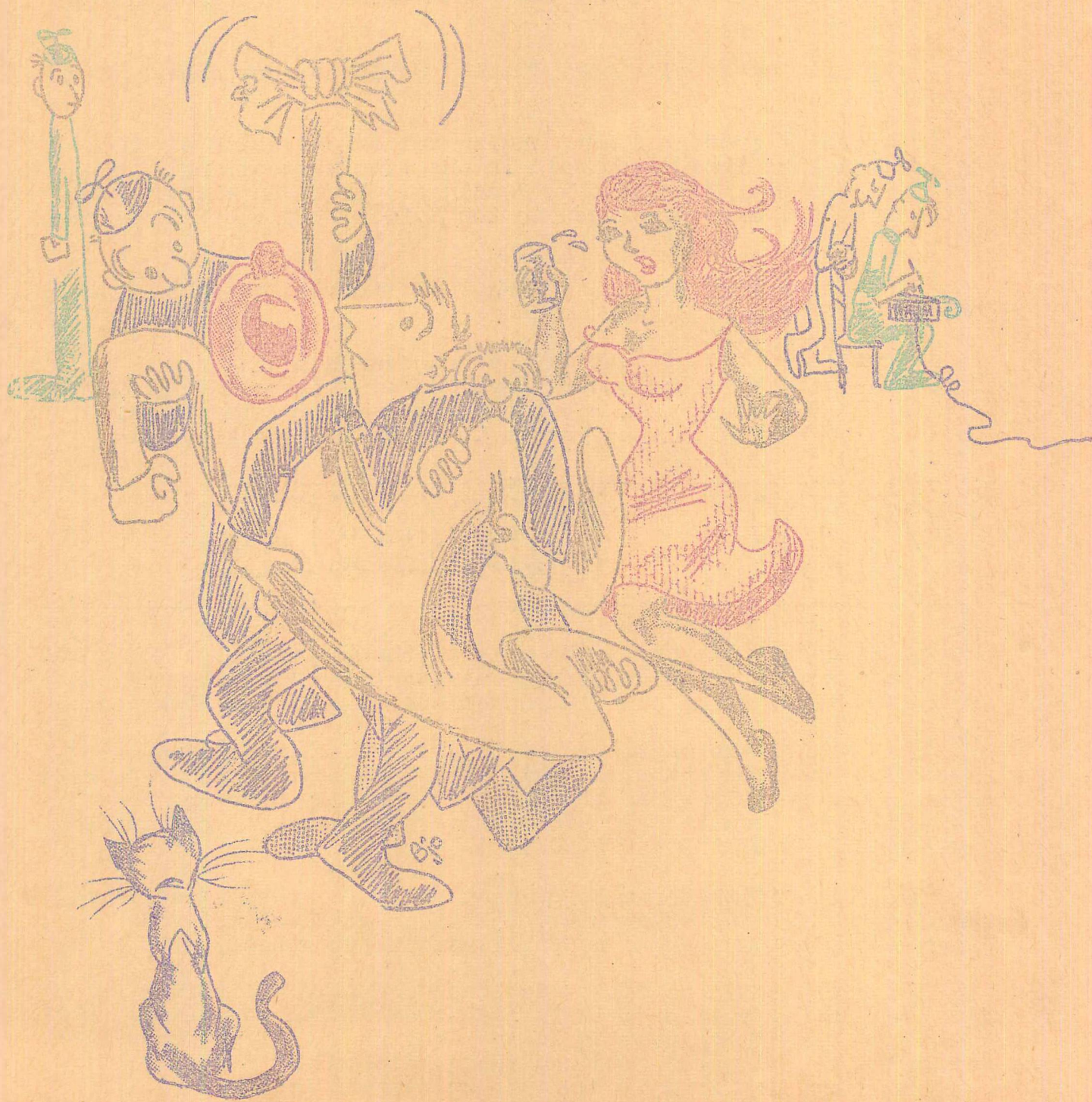
in several places in his mag. The name of the mag was..." His words died out to a mumble as he continued painstakingly stenciling a complicated ATOM illo, using an illuminated beer sign for a mimeoscope.

"That wasn't the way I wanted to see my name mentioned, Art Rapp, and you know it!" shouted Wrai, paying no attention. "You have shown me in uncountable embarassing situations, all over the Golden Mailing! I'll go down in SAPS history as the character who blushed furiously! SIR, I DEMAND SATISFACTION!"

"Oh, well, if that's all you meant by this uproar," said Art with a slight return of equanimity. "I'll be glad to meet your challenge--on your own terms, as published by you already."

As he said this, he calmly sat down and started leafing through a SAPSzine, smiling amiably and now and then chuckling. Wrai watched with growing aggravation as Art continued to flip through the pages slowly. Art's good humor had fully returned by now, and on several occasions he laughed out loud, and before long was rolling on the floor and slapping his knee in a restrained manner.

Slowly and painfully, Wrai leaped to his feet and cursed, "FAPA! I demand satisfaction, sir! You've no right to take it so



calmly!"

Rapp wiped tears of laughter from his eyes as he turned the last page of SPACEWARP and reluctantly set the SAPSzine aside. "But it's all strictly according to your Code of Ethics," he explained to Wrai. "Let's see, I had your latest issue here someplace---" He burrowed through several feet of fanzines, prozines, Scientific Americans, Journals of Mathematics ("Someday they'll print that article by Jacobs, and that'll be the end of that mag," he muttered), and discarded stencils whereon the most 'scruciating busy Man had attempted to render the fine, precise lines of Lorence Garcone and had failed miserably. "It must be here," said Art, tossing over his shoulder copies of THURBAN I, A LA SPACE, LOKI, CANADIAN FANDOM and such. "This is my stack of unread zines."

"You haven't read my zine?!!" Wrai burst out. "How dare you, sir! Why, that's unthinkable!"

"Come to think of it, it is unthinkable that I shouldn't have read it," said Art. "How will I be able to write mailing comments on it till I read it?"

It took three male fans and a fictitious voluptuous redhead to restrain Wrai. But with a last gurgled "Mraoc!" he subsided into sullen silence.

"As I was about to explain," said Art, "I was merely following your Code of Ethics. It says right in there someplace that if the challenge to feud is thrown by a SAP not of one's own standing, the common procedure is to ignore the challenge as beneath one's notice."

"But we have equal standing in SAPS!" hollered Wrai. "Bob Lichtman says so! He says you entered SAPS five mailings before me but I dropped out for awhile, and so we're even, sort of. That's what he said. Come to think of it, why did he say that?--it doesn't make sense, and besides, it isn't true."

"Lichtman may have been ploying us," said Art. "You never can tell about these new members--they come into SAPS from That Other Fandom Out There, and they have all sorts of strange ideas. Yes, I wonder why he did say it?"

"HE'S TRYING TO PLUNGE US INTO WAR!" screamed Wrai.

"Working well on you, isn't it?" said Art. "I bet he'd be happy to see you yowling like that."

Wrai choked, gulped, and turned purple. The fictitious voluptuous redhead hastily administered milk and raw piecrust, and a moment later he returned to normal.

"Yes, gafiate him!" said Wrai Ballard. Miriam faunched backward at the obscenity, but Wrai pretended not to notice. "What can we do, Art?" he continued. "That son-of-a-fakefan has got to be stopped. We've got to do something!"

"We could challenge him, and then it would be up to him to ignore us," said Art, carelessly.

"Why, I'll bet he hasn't got the sense to know that a challenge ought to be ignored! He'd take it as egoboo!" yammered Wrai.

"But that's the kind of thing that would be done by---" began Miriam, then clapped her hands over her mouth before she could pronounce the Unnameable. The most 'scruciating busy fan had half risen from the stencil he was working on, but subsided when he saw that Miriam had controlled herself.

"Hraoc!" said Pyewacket.

"Let's look deeper into the problem," said Rapp, ignoring the cat's rudeness. "We've decided that Lichtman wants to set us against each other--now the problem is, WHY? Why should he want to spark a feud between two of the old-timers of SAPS? Haven't we been around long enough to deserve some consideration, some rest from feuding? Haven't we earned at least that?"

"I think you're absolutely right," said Wrai. "I mean, it isn't as though we wanted leave to miss having a zine in every mailing, or that we wanted to tie for President every year, or that we wanted to write articles instead of mailing comments. We just want to relax and quit worrying about possible feuds! That isn't too much to ask!"

"Of course not," said Art. "I wonder...do you think this is only part of a wider scheme? Do you think maybe Lichtman is also baiting and playing Coslet and Jacobs and Eney and--"

"GREAT ROSCOE!" said Wrai. "Of course he is! Why, in his last zine he published a description of the first half-dozen SAPS mailings--simultaneously playing me, because of 'The Tiny Acorn,' and Coslet and Eney because he'd one-upped their SAPS Indices."

"And do you think he was playing Jacobs too?" asked Art.

"Maybe so," mused Wrai. "After all, he called Lee's breakdown of SAPS mailings into how many pages were devoted to fiction, artwork and so forth a 'silly game'. Maybe we have figured out Lichtman's scheme--to shake up all the Old Guard of SAPS, make them feel uneasy, so that they'll all publish more!"

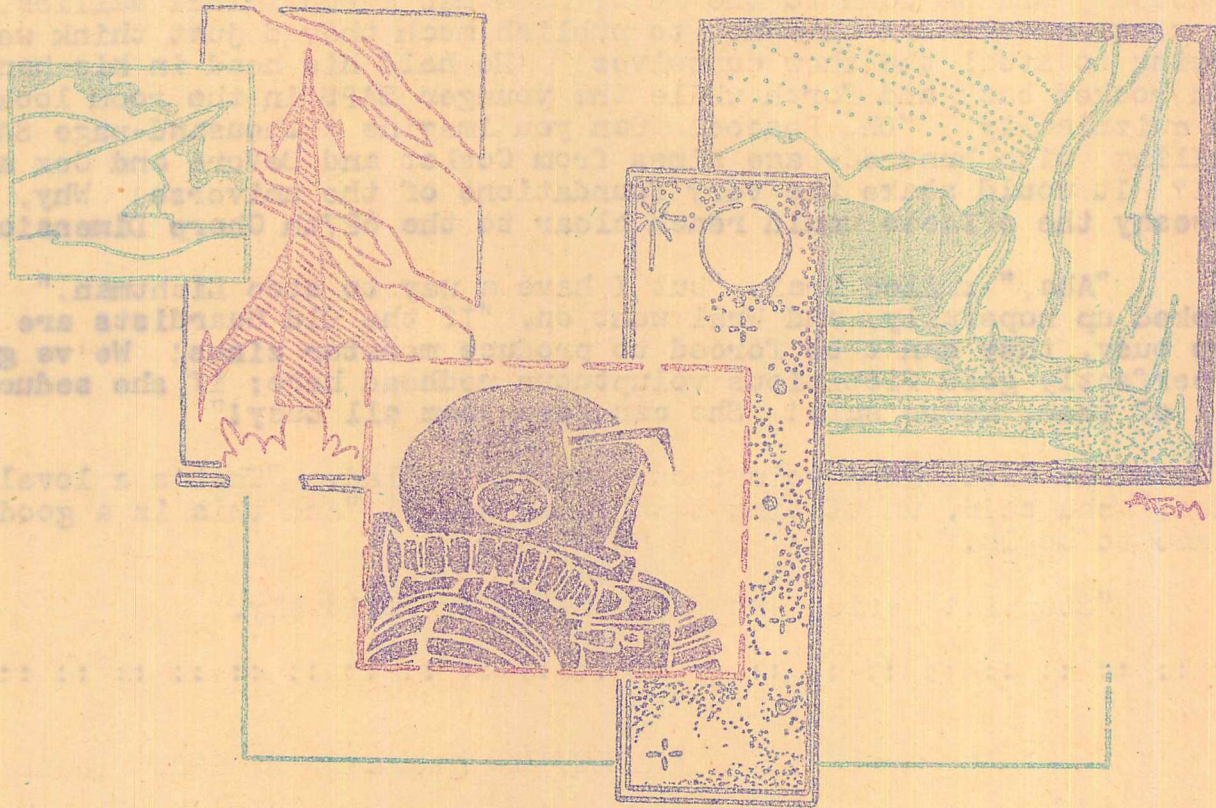
"Naturally," said Art. "Lichtman just likes to read our stuff. He realizes that experienced SAPS publish the best SAPSzines, and he's just trying to maneuver us into a psychological disadvantage where we'll feel it's necessary to publish lots and lots of pages to allay our feelings of uneasiness about our exalted positions in SAPS."

"Well, when you put it that way," said Wrai, "it doesn't sound so much like a Dire Plot Against SAPS after all. In fact, it's kind of egoboosting."

"But don't you see?" cried Art. "If he succeeds in his plans --well, all the Old Guard will be publishing monsterzines. Why, you and I published over a hundred pages between us in the last mailing alone! This can't go on! The volume of SAPS mailings should always

TEETH FOR THOR

by Miriam



For the six weeks during the early part of the year that Terry and I boarded with the Andersons, Astrid was forever coming down to the basement room we occupied and imparting the wisdom of her universe to our anxious ears. One time she had a loose tooth that she was most concerned about. ("Mrs. Carr, can you pull loose teeth without hurting?") Breathlessly, she told me that she wanted to put the tooth under her pillow. I asked whether the tooth fairy would bring her a nickle. As it turned out, Astrid Anderson has a tooth rabbit, and he brings dimes. As I had never heard of tooth rabbits, I was rash enough to ask her about it. She explained, with the impatience that only a small child has with dull adults, that that was why she wanted the tooth to come out right away--because the tooth rabbit has to give the teeth to Thor! Well, that was enough for me, and I could hardly wait till Astrid went outside to play and I could go upstairs and ask Karen just what her child was talking about.

Karen told me that Astrid's having a tooth rabbit while other children have a fairy for this purpose was a mystery; she was probably mixed up with the Easter rabbit, but in any case the distinction was all Astrid's idea. As for the Thor business, that was Karen's doing. It seems that one day Astrid asked Karen why the tooth rabbit wanted the teeth, and as they were reading Astrid Norse mythology at the time

Karen kind of tripped off on the subject and told her that the tooth fairy was giving Thor the teeth in order that he might build a wall around Asgard to keep Loki out and thus foil his attempts to start Ragnarok. (As you yourself well know, Ish, Loki has been collecting fingernail parings from corpses for aeons and is building a mighty ship with them. When he finishes the ship, Ragnarok will begin.)

Anyhow, that's the meaning of the title of this column, which will consist of natterings, mailing reviews, and generally this 'n' that from me to you. (The heading illo is unrelated to the title or the legends above; I just think it's pretty.)

Today I bought an exotic item from the local co-op market: Telma (brand) potage de champignon. That's mushroom soup, to the nonFrench literati. Telma potage de champignon is made in Israel by the Palestine Edible Products Ltd. It is "Kosher--Parve" under the supervision of the Haifa Rabbinate. It comes in a 2" by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " by 1" cube (?) which weighs 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. You mix it with " $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of milk and 3 glasses of water" and heat and serve it. Of course, they don't mention what size glasses. I'll have to assume they mean 8 oz. glasses when I get up enough nerve to use the stuff. By the way, the label has directions in English and in French, but not in Hebrew. What the?

The following section will be mailing reviews of the (good grief) fiftieth mailing.

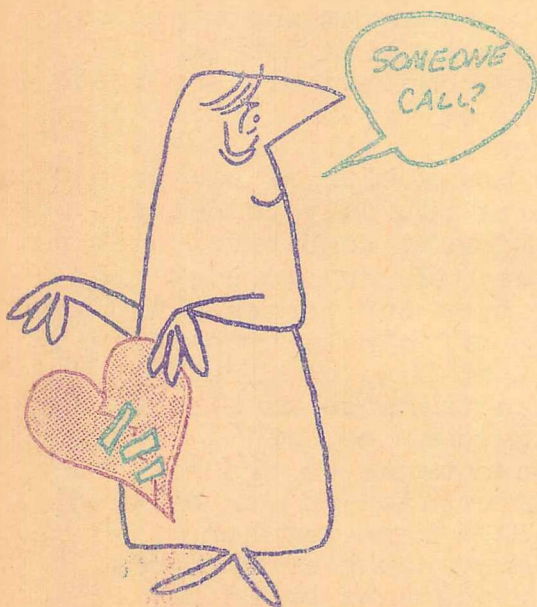
JANE JACOBS, PSILO

Wwe*!x*c*o*amwe to SAPS, Jane. We're both very glad to see that you took advantage of Instant Membership.

The PSILO didn't give me many hooks for comment, I must tell you how much I like your writing. Some of your turns of phrase (like "...God's chief pleasure was not sizzling kids who talked back to neurotic grandmothers...") are just great.

In your chatterings about religion, you mentioned the I AM Cult. I came across references to that strange group in a book called "The Beast," by Alan P. Mannix, which is a biography of Aleister Crowley. This book is highly recommended to those of you who like to read about strange cults, the one in this case being Crowley-anity. Crowley was indeed a remarkable man, and was a self-styled god and prophet, with lots of other aberrations. Come to think of it, I recommend this book with reservations. It's definitely not enjoyable fare for the squeamish, and it might be well to warn any prospective reader that Mannix is intensely opinionated and passes judgments right and left; I don't believe he treats Crowley fairly. (35¢ from Bantam pb's; published about a year ago.)

I'm getting further and further from the subject of PSILO, but I just thought of another interesting book along this line: "True Tales From The Annals Of Crime And Rascality". I disremember the author and publisher, but it was about a 75¢ pocketbook. The book consists of a series of very well-written articles about all kinds of misdeeds. The most famous story in the book was made into a movie, "Mr. 880". (You might be able to find out the author of the book by checking this famous story.) Anyway, what made me think of this book was a history of Father Divine called "Who Is This King Of Glory?" which appears in the collection.



Also included in the volume are: an article on summons-servers (which is quite hilarious), one on a man who catches arsonists, and one on probably the most fabulous embezzler who ever led international authorities a merry chase; I don't remember the bloke's name, because he was too crafty ever to get famous.

The madhouse vignette was quite interesting. I gather you were influenced by Alfred Bester? (Do not infer that I imply that this is a put-down: Bester is one of my very favourite authors; he's so upset-ting.)

I hate to drag out this cat-and-dog argument any further, but you did say some things when you were describing the feline personality which I'd like to discuss. You said that cats are hedonists, and I think this is a very good description. To me, the hedonistic personality is characterized by a basic selfishness and laziness, which may be combined with any number of good or bad traits. There are, for instance, lots of cats who are only affectionate when they're hungry or in heat. (Well, there are people like that, too!) There are also cats (and people) who are so insecure that they have to make up to people all the time. I don't think, however, that it's because they don't like themselves, as you said; I think it's more because they're afraid.



Our cat, Pyewacket, used to be very insecure, and she was always forcing her affections on us. She's a sensuous little beast at heart, so now that she knows she owns the place she's extremely demanding about getting attention for her antics. (I think affection in a cat is more sensuality than love.) For instance, when we first got her she'd been shuttled from pillar to post, had had her kittens taken away from her early, and was generally a miserable little soul; she spent her first twenty-four hours with us hiding either under the bed or under the refrigerator, coming out only to eat and use her sandbox. As she got used to us, she would very tentatively get on our laps, and would run away immediately if we made any move at all. Now she thinks nothing at all of walking all over our persons, and will climb back up a hundred times if you push her off ninety-nine--bigolly, she knows what she wants. Another thing is that when we first got her she never meowed except to cry or beg; now she talks to us all day long --scolding and chattering and generally saying "me, me, me!"

I really haven't said too much of consequence on the subject of cats, and I hope I haven't given the wrong impression of our beloved Daughter of Siam...fortunately, quite a few SAPs have met her.

Well, for someone who couldn't find many hooks for comment, I certainly have blabbed on, Jane. And anyway, congrats on PSILO. I liked it.

ELINOR BUSBY, FENDENIZEN #15

Elinor, you were commenting to Guy on remembering youth with such fondness. I agree with you that most people truly overdo this.

Actually, I didn't really like being a small child. I had lots of fun, I know, but I was quite sickly and had very little

freedom. (For instance, I hadn't the strength for lots of games, and I couldn't have company because my grandmother is a doctor and there had to be quiet at all times as she held office at home.)

As for adolescence, I too am very glad to have left it behind. I was re-reading my high-school diary a few weeks ago, and just roaring over the absurdity of the thing. The extravagance of emotion and utter chaos which filled my life seemed pretty darn amusing to look back on. Other parts of the diary made me feel sad to read, because things hurt so dreadfully then. I was just thinking that maybe life hurt more in those days, but at least it was more exciting--but thinking back, I realize that there was quite as much sameness to my life as there is now; day after day, my diary tells me, I went uptown with Jan Miller after school...and if I didn't, I went uptown with Lois McClary. Most every evening I watched television with either Ted Johnstone and his mother or Lois and her father. Sure, I went to more movies then, and I got to go to sporting events all the time, and I had gay mad adventures --but what the hell, I think this is more than balanced out by fan-clubs and parties and suchlike. And now, I don't find myself being intensely hurt by just trying to cope with the world; that's how it seemed to me when I was a teenager.

I wish I'd been able to get interested in fandom while I was still in high-school--it might have helped me out of the intro-version.

I remembered from reading the diary that Ted and I used to burn Guy Fawkes in effigy once in awhile, and sometimes it wasn't even on Guy Fawkes Day. (If you get mad at me, Ted, for bringing up such a silly thing from our past, I'll tell the membership what you put in the time-capsule.)

I'm sorry I didn't have many comments on your zine, Elinor, but it doesn't mean I didn't enjoy it. I did enjoy it a lot. I even liked the poetry.

BRUCE PELZ, SPELEOBEM #6.5

Bruce, you are a dirty rotter! In your comments on FLABBERCON #2, you cast aspersions on Wally Gonser. By being a silly and a dirty rotter, you have not realized that Wally Gonser is one peach of a fellow--and besides, if you'd moved to Seattle instead of L.A. we'd see more of you.

Dear Youngmanwhotakesnoresponsibility, "Bawdy Songs and Back-room Ballads" are just not very bawdy. To a great extent, they're extremely precious (which is something I hate). "When Dalliance Was In Flower And Maidens Lost Their Heads" is a much bawdier album. I don't care much for the "Bawdy Songs" albums, mainly because I don't like Oscar Brand's singing. The "Dalliance" albums are such awfully pretty music (they're medieval songs), and Ed McCurdy is a very good singer. If you want to hear some songs that transcend the adjective "bawdy," you should get a load of the rhythm and blues that was popular when I was a teenager. Most of the records would've been definitely obscene if the singers had enunciated better; as it is, they're just almost obscene and very suggestive. I refer you especially to "Don't Drop It" by Wilber Harris, "Love All Night" by the Platters (yes, The Very Same Platters Who), "Sixty Minute Man," performer disremembered, "Sexy Ways" (performer also disremembered), "Work With Me, Annie," and "Rock With Me,



Henry". I can't remember who did the original recordings of those last records, but the latter was bowdlerized into "Dance With Me, Henry" and became quite popular. I heard these records not behind a garage, but on the radio. There was a big station in L.A. which was for the most part a race station, and every afternoon everybody (but everybody) listened to "Hunter Hancock and his Harlem Matinee," the-best-in-recorded-Negro-performances. Hunter Hancock, however, played very few Billy Eckstine or Sarah Vaughn or Nat Cole records, and absolutely no Count Basie or Ella Fitzgerald or Duke Ellington records. So we listened to about two hours a day of records such as I've described above, and absolutely thousands of commercials for second, third, and fourth mortgages on your home, and Nadinola and Dixie Peach cream skin bleaches and hair straighteners. Most of the rest of the commercials were for the record store, Dalton's of Hollywood (which wasn't in Hollywood). Dalton's, where the program originated, was kind of fudging to say Hollywood, because at the end of each commercial Hunter would intone, "Vernon and Central, Central and Vernon, Vernon and Central," and so on. I'm sure you L.A. types will dig the humor in this.

After the big drive to clean-up-the-music-that-our-tender-teenagers-are-listening-to, we heard very few more risqué records on Hunter Hancock's show, but "your old Huggy-boy Dick Hugg" had a program on from midnight till four in the morning which continued to give fort with the Lowdown music. And simply everybody listened to Dick Hugg on the way home from date. Oh well.

Heck, my mother nearly fainted when she heard my record of "Honey Love" by the Drifters! And my mother was no prude.

(Of course, I didn't see half the "dirt" in these dirty songs in those days. I see now why so many adults were offended. I'm still not offended, but I don't particularly dig the records anymore, either.)

SAPS' two best writers mad at each other? Nonsense. Terry has never been mad at John. Jugged occasionally, and rather hurt once by misunderstanding all around, but not mad. John, are you mad at Terry?

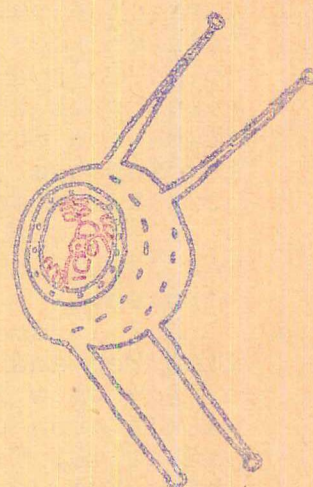
You may as well add me to the list of those who did better on tests than on everyday work at school. For essentially the same reasons, too. Heck, looking back at my diary, I see that I never ever studied unless I had a project or test! I made the top 50% of the class, but not by much. I was 89th in a class of 189. Not too good, eh? I'm surprised that I didn't do worse.

Pooh! on your Dewey Decimal System bit! And to think it was just the titles you were classifying. Shoot! Karen and I wouldn't have wasted the time checking them out if we'd known it was only the titles. Do it again by the numbers of the zines why don't you?

When you mentioned the radio show "The Fat Man," it immediately brought back: "He steps on the scale...weight 270 (?) pounds...fortune...DANGER!..." (made in music) "...The Fat Man."

That was a great show, eh?

Hey, anybody remember one with (I think) Basil Rathbone, called "Fatima," an espionage adventure series sponsored by Fatima cigarettes? Or how about the spy show wherein Marlene Dietrich was a cabaret singer? She sang the theme, which was "La Vie en Rose".



You think WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP is an unwieldy title? Heck, I think it's a fine title, and would sound even better (tho it would mean even less) if it were WHEN THAT THE GODS WOULD SUP. (Mind if I call it that, Al?)

I guess that's it for 6.5, Bruce, so thanks for the good reading.

Oh...by the way: no, I don't.

DOWN DURWARD, BUMP #2

No comment.

JOHN BERRY, POT POURRI #10

No comment.

RICH ENEY, SPY RAY OF SAPS

Dick Eney, you are a sneaky, dirty, one-upping so-and-so. First of all, I don't like the way you do your mailing comments; they're too tight, like, and it makes it real hard to comment back. Secondly, you drive someone nuts: why should we have our heads examined for dittoing on yellow second-sheets? It's real easy, and real cheap, and we like the looks of it--isn't that reason enough?

When the sun has any effect on me at all, it burns me.

B. JOWELLS, SIR: GIM TREE #4

Boho (chuckle), a truly fabulous cover! I mean it, Bjo, that cover is the funniest thing I've seen in ages; every time I look at it and I think about it for awhile I bust up laughing and the cat falls off my lap and sometimes the neighbors come around to see what's the matter. In fact, I'm cracking up so much now that I can't even write mailing comments. (Boo, for cryin' out loud! Bevo! Chortle and mad gleesings.)

Honestly, tho, how would one pronounce "B-j-o"? It's completely unpronounceable in the Indio-European family of languages.

You missed one, tho. As Sandy Sandfield pointed out in INNUENDO, in the real world "bjo" is the abbreviation for "banjo". Before I read Sandy's letter, when I read discographical material and I saw the term "bjo" I read "Bjo...no no--banjo," and since reading that letter, when I see your name in print (without the circumflex) I think "banjo...no no--Bjo". Help! I'm getting even more confused than the people who called you all those things on the cover! (And you, gentle reader?)

The dress design you did for the back cover was quite charming, but the writing didn't come out too well on our copy, so I don't know quite what all you said about it. That's the sort of thing that would look real great on you, Bjo. Do you know how to make patterns? I know your mother's real great at that sort of thing, and you and she together could start a line of truly remarkable fashions. Boy, they would be great!

I can never seem to find the kind of thing I want in dress-patterns of the ready-made variety. Everything I like is either much too complicated for my sewing ability, or else completely unsuited to my looks. What I think really looks good on me is either a princess-style or something with a fitted bodice, a circular skirt and short sleeves. Not only do I think that this style suits me, but it's something I can sew. I also like the use of either bias



material or as gusset insert for more arm freedom.

(I prefer dresses to skirts and blouses, but I dress mainly in separates because it's more economical unless you're doing your own sewing. My grandmother has finally sent my sewing machine up, but I've forgotten how to do lots of things, and I can no longer find patterns I like. Pooh!)

Fashion note: at this moment I'm wearing a cinnamon-brown, elbow-length sleeved V-necked shirt with pearl buttons, tan jamaica shorts (for those who don't know from jamaica shorts, the length is halfway between the top of the leg and the knee, or slightly above that point) which are also trimmed with pearl buttons, white bobby-sox, black pixie shoes, my wedding ring, no makeup, and uncombed hair.

Heavens! I'm just rattling on, and this has very little to do with commenting on GIM TREE or BJOTTINGS, but is more like a personal letter to "Miss Bjo". (That's what Astrid A. calls her.) What the heck..."SAPS is for people who want to communicate." Who cares whether or not anyone 'cept Bjo is interested?

We surely did enjoy your visit at the end of March. Even taking into account the fact that there were more people for lunch than could sit at the table (I hate eating from my lap) and that the place was on the messy side, both from not being settled from moving and my generally untidy ways, it was a most enjoyed and relaxed morning and afternoon.

Actually, tho, this is only the second place I've been since I left high-school that I've been comfortable to have people over.

It has never been (and still isn't) pleasant to have people over to my grandmother's. She hovers and fusses so that people always want to leave immediately.

Then I moved to San Francisco. I stayed with the Goldstones for a time, but couldn't be hospitable to my friends without inconveniencing the Goldstones. But when I took an apartment it was so bad that I had visitors on only four occasions. Terry helped me move in--he came to visit me one Saturday (and Ron came to visit me another), and Terry, Jim-Barclay-of-Berkeley and Ellsworth Johnson helped me move out again.

You see, I'd only paid two weeks' rent when I moved in, and the place was so ridiculous I felt that I must needs get out when I had used up that money. I really don't know why I took the place, ex-

cept that I felt badly about imposing on the Goldstones and that I could afford it.

Well, that basement apartment was situated halfway up one of the steepest hills in San Francisco, off one of the least dependable



bus lines, and the sidewalk was all broken up. I was spending those two weeks job-hunting and it was really hazardous getting to and fro. (Also, it was very unsafe for a girl alone around there.)

This was topped off by the fact that the ceiling of this place was only about five feet eight inches from the floor in most places. (I am 5' 8" barefooted, and all I had to do was put on shoes and I had to stoop over.) And, in front of the bathroom door was the register for the people upstairs' furnace. It extended down to about 5' 5" from my floor. I never remembered it, and I still have scars on my poor nose!

The maraschino cherry of this place, though, was not the missing pane in the bathroom window which admitted all the neighbor cats and dogs who wet the floor and infested the place with fleas, but the landpeople upstairs.

They fought tooth-and-nail every evening and all during the weekends (they were alcoholics) and they actually seemed to enjoy it! When I lived on Nevada street I never wondered if any crash I heard was The Bomb or a sonic blast...I knew by the answering cries of "You filthy, dirty, lousy, rotten...stinker!" that he had just kicked her off the bed or pushed her out the window again.

(That "filthy-etc-stinker" bit used to crack me up, because most of the time they used such utterly vile language.)

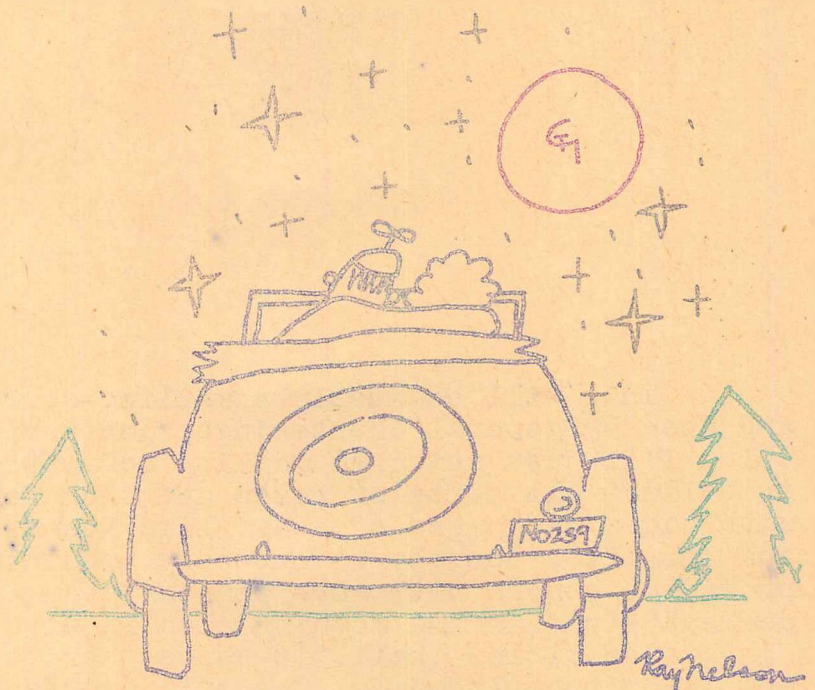
Anyway, you can easily see why I moved out of that place, and why it wasn't conducive to having people over.

Then I moved to Berkeley to live in an unbearably squalid residence hotel for one month. I still feel so horrid about that period that I won't go into it any further.

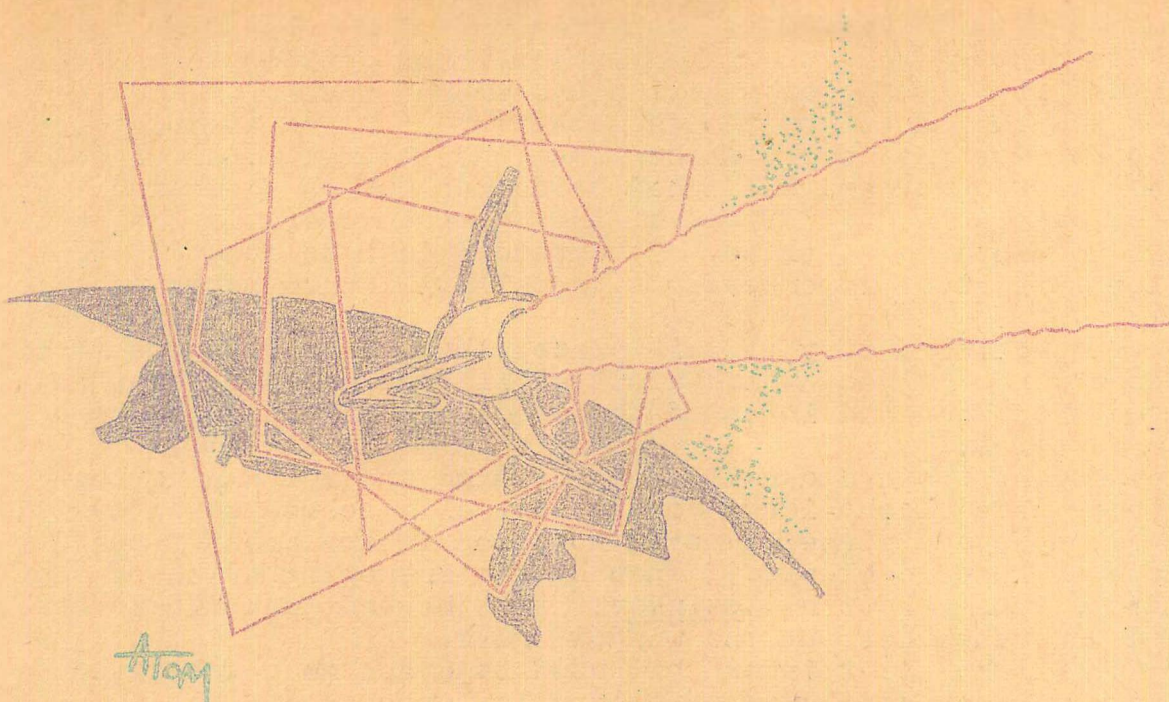
(Late fashion note: it's later now, and cooler. I'm wearing the same blouse, but with a pale yellow, cotton flared skirt with a fluffy petticoat, and I don't have my shoes on at the moment (just socks). Still no lipstick, but my hair is combed.)

From that hotel I moved back to the city, and rented a very nice three-room apartment in a fairly decent neighborhood. (It was a way to the stores, and some of the neighbor kids were on the tough side, but generally it was an okay place.)

This apartment was the 882 Florida St. from which MOOR PARK and UNEVEN were issued. I was there from the end of October/1958 till a couple of days before I got married at the end of January 1959. The place was pleasant, tho its main distinction was the "Catholic wallpaper" (as Donald Brieese described it). Is there anyone out there in SAPSalandt who has any notion what Catholic wallpaper is? I'm curious to see what imagery the phrase evokes.



"Somehow the moon just isn't the same anymore."



MEAD OF KVASIR

being
stuff
by Terry

This will be mostly a mailing-comments section, leavened now and then by general chunterings, chatterings, and natterings. I think I'll just stick to mailing comments this time 'round, but intend to collect all sorts of notes and such for next time and cut loose with pages and pages of stuff like Items That Missed My Wastebasket and the like, thereby undoubtedly providing enjoyment for a few and providing others with more reason to campaign for strictly mailing-comment material and nothing else in SAPS.

The title? Well, it seems there was this fellow named Kvasir who was extremely wise. The evil dwarfs envied him, so they killed him and drained his blood and from it made a mead that had magical virtues. Anyone who tasted this mixture at once became inspired: he became a poet and a soothsayer. Well, Odin heard about this mead, and through devious means got hold of the three jars in which it was kept. He gulped down all the mead and rushed back to Asgard, where he quickly got some vessels and disgorged all the mead into them, so that he could share his wisdom with the other gods. But in his hurry he spilled a few droops, which fell to earth. These were gathered up by whatever mortals happened along and so it is that the world now has so many inferior poets and so few who are truly inspired with eloquence and wisdom. Or so the story goes.

I leave it to you which brand of the mead of Kvasir the title refers to.

LEE JACOBS, PILES IN THE PARLOUR

Ghoddamnit Lee, I like those short things you've been sticking in the mailings; they're real pleasant and interesting. And though they don't have the virtue of filling out the size of a mailing, at least they have the virtue of keeping the size of the mailing down-- and I'm not sure but what that's the greater of the two virtues.

The conversation at Burt's New Year's Eve party was amusing, but kind of bothersome. I've been trying ever since to figure out if this is a True Factual For Real Honest anecdote or a Goddam Lie (fiction). It sounds like it probably happened, sort of, except I don't recognize any of the people mentioned. The "veteran Sap who was trying (unsuccessfully) to drink two glasses of Beer simultaneously" might be Cox, and the "newer Sap who was discriminattingly photographing husbands kissing women other than their wives and vice versa" perhaps was Bruce Pelz, who's the only Sap who was there that I can think of who habitually carries a camera. (Well, you habitually carry a camera when on a vacation trip or when just having completed a trip, Bruce, which has been the case each time I've seen you.) But who's the "BNF who never averages less than 30 pages every quarter," "missing a grab at a remarkably endowed neofanne who was being exposed to the 'hardcore of actifans in the Greater Los Angeles Area'"? Regarding this, I have a horrid feeling you might mean me, since I seem to recall someone asking me if I'd read the mailing, and me asking him if he meant the SAPS mailing or the FAPA mailing. But I protest the bit about the neofanne--just because Miri was sick and couldn't attend doesn't mean I did things like that. Besides (and in conclusion)...who was this neofanne? I didn't see any such gal there.



"Ron Ellik," I said, "you are just a crazy, squirrel-type, news-gathering fool."

fantastically well--especially with "PORNOGRAPHY" in such big letters on the cover. Ballantine is making a series of such stuff, the second being "SEX In History," also with prestige-cover in same format. Miri's read it and says it's quite interesting. I think Ballantine has got a goldmine there.

And too, I think they've got another goldmine in another new series of theirs--a series of popular-type documentaries on various sensationalistic subjects out of history. So far they've come out with "Tiberius" (concerning the scandalous life of that infamous Roman emperor), "We Who Are About To Die" (concerning the Games in the Roman arenas, complete with statistics on how many virgins were defiled by

EARL KEMP, SAFARI #4

Yeah, that "Pornography and the Law" is a sneaky way to get pornography into print, isn't it? As the Drs. Kronhausen themselves point out in that book, these things always seem even more lewd if the "offensive" words and phrases are left out so that the reader has to fill them in from his own libidinous imagination. "Pornography and the Law" was loaded with such stuff...a handy, easily-available collection of pornography which even has a prestige-type cover on it; ghod, I'll bet it's been selling

how many trained apes and devoured by how many lions, etcet.), "The Hell-Fire Club" (about a secret vice-club among the high nobility in eighteenth-century England), "Rumor, Fear, and the Madness of Crowds" (concerning riots and mass-panics and such, including a chapter titled "Secrets of the Nunnery" which Bill Donaho insists is a fraud), "The Black Death" (all about the Bubonic Plague, with statistics on how many people it killed--like, its mortality rate was 90% for those who got it--and describing symptoms fully adequately I'm sure), and "The Great Beast" (the life of Aleister Crowley). A fascinating series, really, nicely-packaged with standard cover-format of old prints on the covers. I imagine this series is selling spectacularly too, and I recommend it. Only don't take the books too seriously--they seem fairly well-documented, but the information given seems definitely slanted to the spectacular and shocking aspects and undoubtedly falls short of giving a completely true picture in many instances.

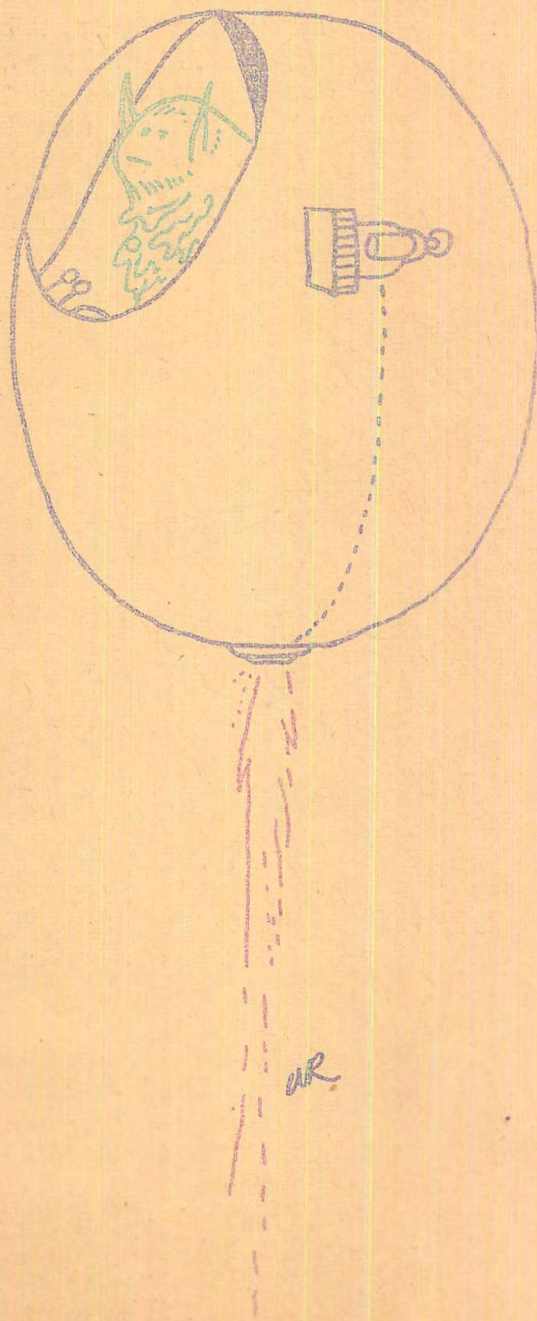
You think Miri's deadwood-venble-troon should be a marching-song? A venbletroon marching-song? Honestly now!

We're glad you liked her "Old Fogey" in KLEIN BOTTLE, and she was surprised and delighted to get egoboo for it so unexpectedly here in SAPS. FAPA must have liked it pretty well too: she polled enough points on the Egoboo Poll from that one article to beat me out in the article-writers category (and hasn't let me forget it for a moment since, either). But when it was reprinted in Don Durward's genuine several people were shocked and claimed it was in bad taste. Foof to them.

I sent you the INN, I hope, with the Bloch "Lefty Feep" story. Let me know if I didn't.

On the "Best Dramatic Presentation" Hugo award, I'd like to add that I think "The World, The Flesh, and The Devil" deserves recognition too. "Twilight Zone" I'm undecided about; we've seen it three times, all with scripts by Earling, and one time it was excellent, one time lousy, and one time fairish. About the only thing that stayed the same about it was that all three times we saw it they previewed a Matheson story for the next week! We missed all three of those.

I must say, Earl, that your comments on mailing-comments were utterly ridiculous. Zines with nothing in 'em but mc's have "about as much reason for existing as a ground rattler"? Foosh! That's like saying that an evening is wasted if all you do is sit around and talk, without interspersing it with watching television and/or playing cards. (I just thought of that simile, but on sober consideration I think it's an amazingly apt one. Gosh I'm wonderful.)





driven off. All the reports I've read thus far give the time of attack as sometime during the afternoon, sometimes lasting till 6:00 or so in the evening.

There was one amusing anecdote told in one of these reports. Seems one of the Indians had got into one of the houses of the fort, the home of the preacher. He was an axe with him and could have wreaked havoc among the all-female inhabitants at the time, but instead was quite bemused by the preacher's wardrobe and stopped to try on one of his suits. The preacher's wife came upon him just as he finished dressing, and while she stood in frozen immobility at the shock of running unexpectedly into him he, with a curious grin on his face, bowed to her, asked if he didn't indeed look handsome in his new clothes, and strode dignifiedly out.

As for treatment of captured white women, it seems the treatment did vary considerably from tribe to tribe and from time to time. I've seen accounts of raping and scalping, and also accounts of the Indians treating them with the utmost respect and consideration.

I think maybe next issue I'll reprint some of these accounts. I don't think there'd be any legal repercussions, and in any case am not much worried about the Bureau of Indian Affairs ever reading RAGNAROK.

Oh yes--must mention one report from an Indian Agent who had recently taken over on a peaceful reservation. He was describing the Indians' troubles and such, mentioning that since white hunters had so thoroughly decimated the buffalo herds the Indians had no choice but to turn to agriculture for their livelihood. The bulk of the report, though, was taken up with the Indian Agent's reflections on the troubles with missionaries. As he put it, these missionaries were undoubtedly sincere and hardworking men, but they were thoroughly misguided and rather fuggheaded (yes, I'm paraphrasing quite loosely from memory), and caused more trouble than their efforts were worth. Every time an Indian Agent disagreed with their particular creed they would write to their home church in the east and that church in turn would get up a petition signed by ghod knows how many parishioners and submit it to the Bureau of Indian Affairs in protest of the Indian Agent's being kept on in his position. As a consequence, many conscientious and capable Indian Agents were cut of a job. Furthermore, this Indian Agent said, the missionaries were going about their business all wrong; he contended that the Indians had to be civilized before they could be Christianized, whereas the missionaries were trying to do it the other way around. This Indian Agent said it made much more sense both to him and to the Indians, to first teach them techniques of agriculture and represent the white man by gifts of agricultural implements rather than by missionaries who spoke of things rather more mystic than the Indian mind was interested in or capable of assimilating at that point. "The Indians" he wrote, "believe in honesty, peace, and treating one's neighbor fairly as long as he treats oneself fairly too; this is a quite adequate moral code for the Indians, and would not be bad for a white man either." It's amazing, the amount of personality that comes through in the writings in these official reports.

And now, switching from national issues of a century ago to

Was very happy to see Jim O'Meara's comments in here too, Earl. And (to switch direction in these here comments) they were very interesting, Jim. I was especially interested in your rundown on the Negroes-in-the-neighborhood situation. How's it turning out these days?

And once again, Earl, thanks very much for the bibliography.

By the way, Jim, I have no gripes about any of your misspellings (Earl seems to have caught and corrected most of them), but I do protest the preponderance of run-on sentences. Earl didn't correct those--probably because that's a fault of his too. Ferghodsake, guys, it isn't hard to figure where one thought ends and a totally different one begins. Use periods at such junctures, not commas. (When in doubt, use a semicolon; they're wonderfully handy li'l gadgets.)



"If I don't find the note I'm FAUNCHING for, that'll BOGGLE me, and I might even GO GAFIA, you dig, man?"

ELINOR BUSBY, FENDENIZEN #15

The discussion of Indian mores and tactics in this mailing prompts me to mention that last month I was working on a Special Project for the U.C. Library's Documents Department, cataloging, sorting, and checking to see if various books and documents which had been donated to the department should be kept or discarded. Those which the department already had or didn't want, I could have, and among the stuff I carted off were two volumes of reports to the Director of the Bureau of Indian Affairs from about a hundred years ago. (The other

stuff I got included a pamphlet on an investigation by the state Senate on Communist Activities in California, 1950, which I gave to Dave Rike --he was delighted--and a few booklets of curricula of California schools around the turn of the century; I intend to send these to Alan Dodd, who is fascinated by such odd bits of Americana.) Anyhow, these Bureau of Indian Affairs Reports should provide a fairly good amount of contemporary authoritative data on American Indians, and as soon as I've done more than skim through them I'll report any findings relative to the discussion in SAPS. There are many first-hand accounts of Indian attacks and massacres, as well as reports from Indian Agents on more peaceful reservations. As far as Indian attack procedures go, I can only speak from reading through one or two of these reports, and can't even remember offhand what tribes they were (nor which volume and what pages they were on, so I can't immediately check). One of them was an attack on a fort, and the Indians had persuaded some half-breeds to work from within to help them. When the Indians attacked and the soldiers rushed to the arsenal to get their weapons they were slightly croggled, apparently, to find that the barrels of all rifles had been stuffed full of rags. The report says that in the melee and confusion while this little difficulty was being ironed out the Indians could easily have taken the fort, but claims that they were too cowardly and unsure of themselves to press their advantage and were eventually

cosmic, fandomwide issues of today, we come to the subject of TAFF. Ronel and I have been talking about TAFF quite a bit recently, and he's convinced me that quite possibly the best way to insure a lively yet peaceful TAFF election would be to have more than just three candidates running, as we have had the last three times. With, say, five candidates in the running, it would be far less likely that those old bugaboo boundaries between "conventionfans" and "fanzine-fans" would spark arguments and hard feelings. There'd be no talk of vote-splitting, either between groups of fen in different areas or fanactivities or in different areas geographically--both of which issues were important ones last year, I'm afraid. So we intend to start plugging like mad for people to get busy nominating for next year's TAFF election, as soon as this current election is over.

Ah, poor Elinor, don't carry on so--we read your Rotslerletter Circle letter, CAPTIVES OF THE THIEVE-STAR, and enjoyed it muchly. Don't know what happened to it after we passed it on, though.

Cheers for your grotchings about people who misuse the apostrophe in "it's/its". And foop to illiterate people everywhere.

Honest, Elinor, I do try to "refrain from offending people unnecessarily". Trouble is, as Buz pointed out once, that I sometimes overestimate my audience. I don't expect them to do fuggheaded things like taking me seriously and getting bugged when I praise myself to the skies with a string of adjectives lifted bodily from the Boy Scout's Creed, or getting shocked and worrying about postal

inspectors when I stick on a "dirty word" spelled out in initialease on some minor part of a cover. And it also seems to me that if I call somebody down for not measuring up to some personal standards of my own which may seem too high to someone else, that maybe that other person will reflect that I wouldn't call him down unless I had enough respect for him to consider him capable of taking criticism. (Highed but that last sentence is worded badly; I suggest you just ignore it, because it doesn't get my point across well at all.)

But frankly, my retort to those who were shocked by our first SAPS-zine's cover or the title we used for the first year is that they were offensive to me, because really, there are damn few things I find as aggravating as stupidity...it's very offensive to me.

I too had nightmares as a child resulting from a movie. It was "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and I had nightmares for a week afterwards about that damn painting when it was revealed to us at the end of the film. In fact, that ugly and depraved face has stuck in my mind ever since as the most hideous thing I've ever seen--until a couple months ago, when I was visiting Art and Trina Castillo and I saw a book they



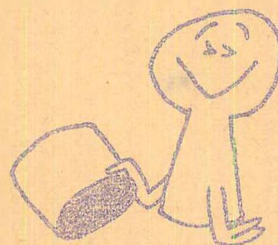
had which contained many stills from that movie. The painting was there too, and though it was a pretty disgusting thing the horror of it was considerably less than I remembered it. I'd built it up in my mind fantastically, I guess.

Yes, Amenhotep's name is spelled many different ways--Ikhnaton, Akhnaton, Akhenaton, Akhenaten, etc. His later name, I mean, since Amenhotep IV was his original name. Even that gets spelled in a variety of ways: Amonhotep, Amonhetep, Amuhitop and such. Thing is, the ancient Egyptian language had no provision for recording vowel-sounds, just consonants, so naturally anyone who wants to write out an ancient Egyptian name in modern-type language has to stick in his own vowels. The most striking example of this I can think of was the builder of the Great Pyramid, whose name as written today ranges anywhere from Cheops to Khufu or Khafre...the notation of even consonant-sounds in that period (over a thousand years before the time of Akhenaton) must have been pretty underdeveloped yet.

Of course, exactly how you spell any of those names isn't very important, since as long as you get most of the consonants right anybody can understand who you mean. But it does bother me, because I happen to be very interested in Akhenaton, and am constantly looking him up in every encyclopedia and ancient-history book I come across. With a name starting with a vowel it makes it difficult to look it up alphabetically. (Plus the fact that some books list him only under Amenhotep rather than Akhenaton, a name he took later.)

Your poetry is nice stuff, Elinor; please continue letting us read such stuff from you. And even though you don't feel your romantic poetry is as romantic as that of Art Rapp or John Davis, I think it shows a lot more insight and sensitivity than any of the stuff from Art or Jawn that I've seen.

I JUST ELIMINATED
THE MIDDLE-MAN



WRAI BALLARD, OUTSIDERS #38

Nice to see you with a good big issue Wrai, and especially glad to see that you're apparently caught up with the current enthusiasm of SAPS too. Hope you continue with these thicker issues of OUT Wrai.

Was on the SAPS waitlist when you were OE yes Wrai; but didn't get in then 'cause I lost interest. Bob Stewart and I were both on the list, and planned a fanzine which we were going to issue for SAPS jointly. Don't remember the name, but do recall it was going to be a serious thing all filled with writings of our own in a pseudo-art type way. Were going to have no capital letters and all, and hadn't planned on mailing comments...just writings about things we were doing. Actually wrote some of them too but Bob lost all interest and dropped off the waitlist and so I did too. Finally published some of the stuff we'd written I believe in my FAPazine. Used caps there tho.

Tell us about that attempt of yours to hoax Nance Share into being the Masked Marvel which fizzled out when she caught on. How does one go about making someone out out a fanzine without them knowing it? Love these strange little byways Wrai in fanzine history.

Like that bit Wrai, where you say in relation to Calendar reforms that you'd have to figure out which way we get the most mail deliveries and then favor that one. Think I'm with you.

Talking about mountains and height...was reminded of the summer of '52 I believe, when our family went to Yellowstone park. Have a sort of Miniature Grand Canyon there which is only about half as deep and a third as far across as the one in Colorado. Were taking pictures, and wanted one looking down into the canyon, like some of the other people were taking. Guard-rail was back some distance from the edge, but nothing saying we couldn't go beyond right out to the rim and several people had done so. Mom is terribly afraid of heights and wouldn't go past the rail and Dad and I went out with the camera. Best place to take a photo from was a small tree with branches hanging over the canyon so you could hang on with one hand and shoot straight down but Dad had lost his right hand several years before in an accident at work and couldn't manage the camera and holding on with just his left hand, so I undertook to take the picture. Hung on with my right hand, leaned out over canyon and shot straight down, dunno how many thousands of feet. Didn't faze me at all as I didn't develop my agoraphobia till a few years later. (Was 15 at that time.) Every time I look at that photo now tho I get cold shivers.

Just thought that that was the year I missed the Westcon in Oakland, would have been my first con but was in Yellowstone at the time. Come to think of it it might have been a fannish turning point, cause would have met Dave Rike and Pete Graham there instead of year or so later. Maybe would have caused some small or large difference in the course of fandom, dunno. Might try writing a fan parallel-worlds story, "Bring The Westcon" or something.

Used to like Merritt a lot myself Wrai, and many of my top favorite novels are by him. "Dwellers in the Mirage" especially.

Had a copy of the Memorial Edition of "Ship of Ishtar" with those beautiful Finlay illos but sold it I think when my parents convinced me that my collection was a fire-hazard and I sold about two-thirds of it. Only sold that book I think because had mutilated the dust jacket by cutting out Merritt's photo for an album I made up once. Meant to say here though, that much as I liked Merritt at one time I can't seem to get through the last remaining novel of his that I haven't read, "Metal Monster". Have tried twice, but can't get interested.

Might write an article about the Cult Wrai, but would need time and enthusiasm for research...forget many of the details. Do remember one bit of tyranny that was fun, Ted White and someone else (maybe me) were arguing a technical point about jazz when Carl Brandon was OA. (Actually, I was OA of course.) There's a phrase in the Cult Constitution that I'd been thinking was silly, something about the OA can decide on matters of Cultish dispute if one of the disputants appealed to him for a ruling. Was meant to mean only disputes over interpretation of the Constitution but was worded badly. Decided to point this out dramatically, so appealed to "Carl" for a

LIFE
IS
HARD

ruling. Of course at this time I was doing all of Carl's Cult stuff including OA-ing, so made the ruling myself, and ruled against Ted White. Thing was of course that Ted had written that section of the Constitution himself I think, so turning it against him was especially funny. Carl wrote "I hereby rule that Charlie Parker is truly Way Out and maybe isn't even playing jazz at all on those records. This is an official ruling, Ted White, and you are directed to stop arguing about it." Well Ted saw the point behind the ploy and a little later Dave Rike and I got together and rewrote the Constitution thoroughly, getting rid of the offending section, and it was passed. (The rewrite was credited mostly to Carl, of course.)

Had lots of fun in the Cult in those days Wrai, and mostly with "Carl". Had him arguing philosophy with Phil Castora for instance ...Phil was defending Descartes' "I think, therefore I am," and Carl was saying nobody could prove he existed, why Carl himself couldn't prove he existed he admitted. Loved to put in double-entendres like that.

Another time, a bit before all this, Ted wrote a history of the first few years of the Cult for one of my Cultzines. Had the whole issue dummied with even edges and carefully-planned layout and really worked on it. Ted's article took up ten pages or so and wasn't very well written. Was terribly dry and humorless and he seemed to think he was Moskowits or something it seemed to me. Guess I over-reacted really, because of course I first edited his manuscript then typed dummy copy, then typed it onto stencils, and by that time was pretty sick of the article and especially of various quirks of Ted's writing style. So got together with Dave Rike and wrote a takeoff on Ted's history which satirized it real strongly...was published as by Carl and got many laughs. Must say this for Ted, even though we were baiting him almost unmercifully in those days he took it mostly goodnaturedly. This one time it kind of got him though, probably because he'd put a lot of work into his history. He commented that looking at it objectively he could see that the satire must be funny, but personally he couldn't find it amusing. We thought that was a fitting tribute.

Had better stop here Wrai, before I go on and write pages and pages on the subject of the Cult. Would be mostly about Carl Brandon, and am saving those stories for the long article on the hoax that I still hope to write.

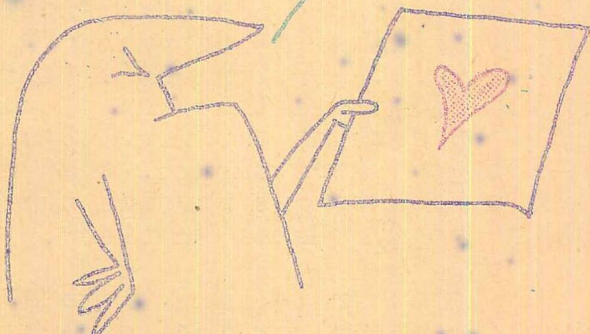
Wonder, though if anybody has noticed that my style is so different in these mailing comments to you Wrai. Assure you it's all in good fun, just couldn't resist the temptation.

Now let's see if I can get back to my own style for the rest of these reviews...

DICK ENEY, SPY RAY OF SAPS

Glad you liked the line about nonstopagrafing "Forever and Fandom". No, I didn't write the story as a leadup to that; it just occurred to me when I finished typing the thing on master, so I stuck that line in for the enjoyment of the Discerning. I notice that Bruce Pele used that line when he reprinted it in PROPANITY, so maybe he dug it too.

I DON'T GET IT



BOB LIGHTMAN, HERE THERE BE SAPS #2

"101 Facts for SAPS" wasn't a fanzine, Bob; it was a section that Rapp did in one issue of SPACEWARP (#56, Sept. 1954). Sort of a NEOFAN'S GUIDE for SAPS members.

To get into the Cult, apply to Ted White, who is the current OA.

It's not fiction that the fumes from ditto fluid can be poisonous. I've gotten a helluva headache from prolonged dittoing myself, so I can attest to the deleterious effects. Currently we have the ditto in the utility room, where I keep the window open while running off stuff. Also, I usually run only a few pages at a time, running them off as I go. Having Dave Rice's ditto here for use is great (he just bought a new one)--it's the first time I've ever had a duplicator handy so that I could run off pages as I went along. I find it much fun; can see how various illos and color-schemes look immediately after putting them on master. We're trying to talk Dave into selling us the ditto, and the situation looks good. It's a lovely machine; he paid \$25 for it several years ago, mail-order from Sears Roebuck. Sears has discontinued the thing now, though. It's extremely basic in design and construction--hand-feed, no counter or frills--but this is really more a blessing than a handicap, because duplicating machines always develop bugs, and with this machine being so simple and basic it's easy to figure out what's wrong with just a little thought, and correct it immediately. This not only makes it easy to run, but also gratifies the ego. A wonderful machine; see what I mean?

The stapler we used on THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE (and on INNUENDO #10) was not mine. It belongs to a professional mimeographer for whom Ronel works here in Berkeley. Most all the Berkeley publications have emanated from his electric mimeo, and we've used his huge stapler whenever necessary. It's got a bar connecting three staplers, and with one WHOOOMP! all three staples are driven into the zine. After twenty or thirty of those, tho, one's back begins to hurt (you really have to throw your weight into it) and one's hands get a bit sore. But it works fine.

That "Dictionary of Literary Obscurities" is not all in Pelz' mind; we had a copy of it in the branch-library where I worked for years in San Francisco. It was fascinating to skim through it in lax moments.

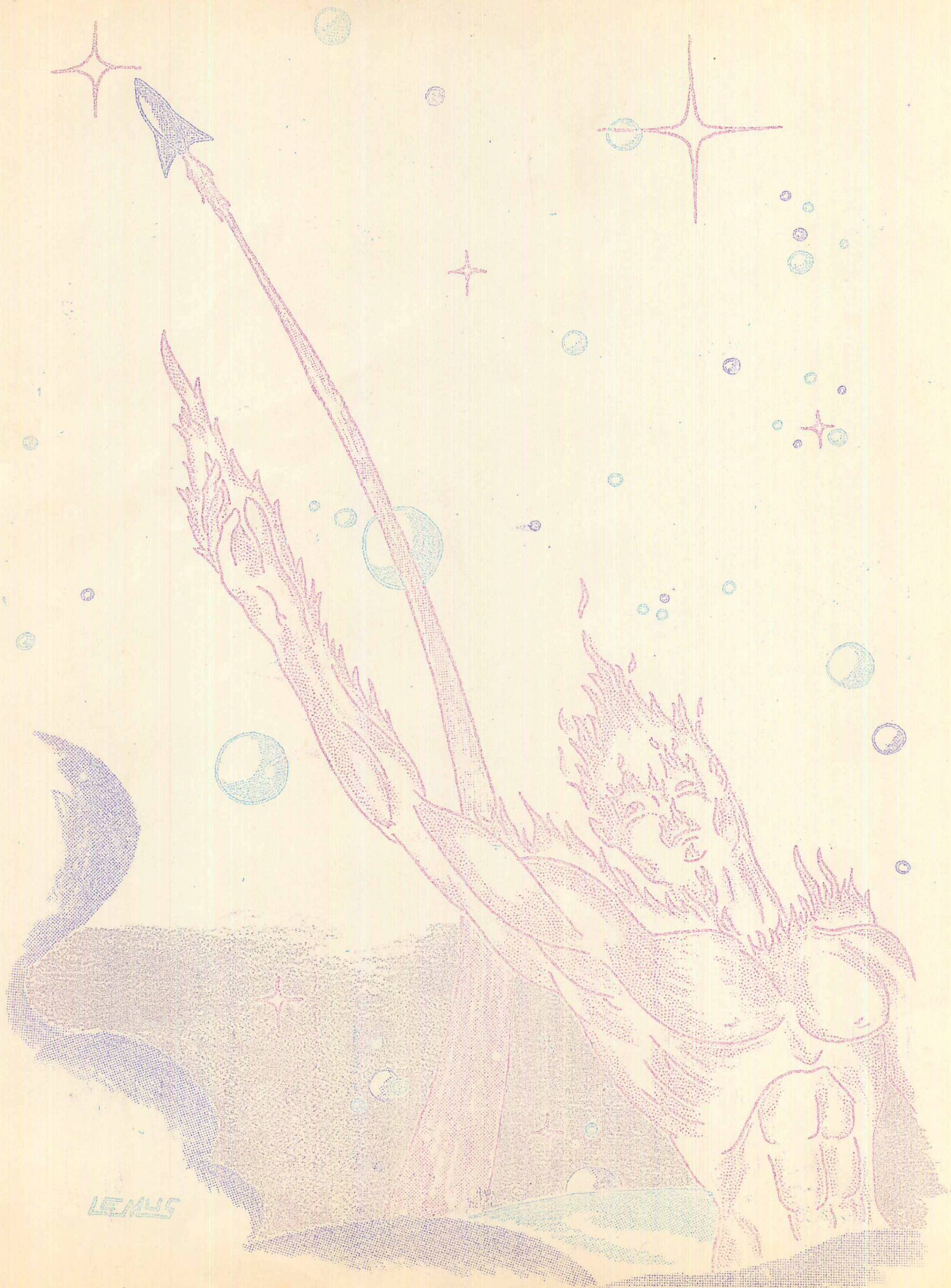
Many, many thanks for the rundown on the early SAPSzines. Fascinating stuff. Your mention of Joe Kennedy reminded me of how similar he and Art Rapp seem to me sometimes. Both at one time I believe were fanarticle hacks, turning out pretty reliably good pieces for zines right and left. And of course a comparison between the positions in fandom occupied by the subzine SPACEWARP and VAMPIRE is interesting. Kennedy has recently been rediscovered in the Detroit area; doesn't seem too interested in getting back into the swarm of fandom, tho, unfortunately.

Like your idea for a BEST OF SAPS 1959 volume. OMPA had the same idea for their group, and are going ahead with it. I imagine SAPS could make up an anthology of stuff as good as or better than OMPA's. Anybody else in favor?

TED JOHNSTONE'S ZINE

Foop to people without titles!

Nonetheless, this is a fine zine, Ted; one of the most enjoyable in the mailing. We're extremely glad to have you in as a



LEMY