

Being the eleventh appearance in S.A.P.S. of F. M. Busby, 2852 14th Ave W., Seattle 99, Washington, U. S. A. And being the first appearance on any fanzine cover, anywhere, of:

A R T L E S S A R T W O R K - -

<p>Like, here's this faan sitting here at the bar with an utterly blank expression on his sensitive fannish face (right here at the bar)</p>	<p>with this big fat drink out in</p>	<p>And here is this next faan looking sort of dubiously and worriedly at the drink and frowning quite seriously as he says: front of him (yeh, on the bar)</p>
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"You better watch it, boy-- Weber had just two of those, and joined the N3F!"

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In some respects, it might be easier to give up and get out the Mimeoscope and actually try to think up something and draw it, and goodly-goof it up and mess with the gelatinous remains of the corflu and tear up the stencil and start over. But I won't, this time; the hazard of the cover-illo (or not-illo, if you like) is past.

The CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE are as much of a mystery to me as they are to you, at this point (unless you cheated and looked at the back pages first, in which case you know more about what's in here than I do. A likely story, indeed-- just what are you trying to pull off here, anyway? If that's the way it's going to be, maybe I'd better leave the rest of the pages blank and let you fill them in and send a copy to me. It's a good thing the rest of the members are polite and orderly, and not all smart-alecky like you. Or else Chaos would result. At the very least).

Well, now that we settled that guy's hash, let's get on with it. This issue will include, starting on the very next page, M*A*I*L*I*N*G C*O*M*M*E*N*T*S, and whatever else can be found lurking around the premises. Unless you're lucky, the 4th "Hall of Shame" Story from SINISTERRA will be in here somewhere. This one will be "Mars Is Monotonous", and takes-off on the earlier terse Bradbury (prior to the strawberry ice-cream kick). In one sense, this will not be a reprint, as this will be its first legible appearance (SINISTERRA #5 was produced at a one-shot party, and shows it). It may, however, be somewhat of a rewrite, as it may be easier to make up new words for the big black spaces in SIN#5 than to recall them in the original.

Aw, go ahead-- turn the page before you take another aspirin. What kind of a superman are you, anyway?

((page 2-- just simple, harmless page 2))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"I like being in SAPS!"

DON'T WORRY about the little pics; let's get on with the M*A*I*L*I*N*G C*O*M*M*E*N*T*S :

Ray Higgs' SAPSTYPE (#7? anyhow, it's the one that was too late for Mailing #44): I'll have to join Wrai & others in admitting that the outside contributions don't do a thing for me-- prosewise (oh dammit I mean wordwise; the poetry is worser nor the prose); the li'l WRotsler critters do add a good touch. MC's on Mailing 42-- 42?? Do you realize that #42 was distributed a year ago? Well,

best I can do is pick up isolated not-too-dated remarks for comment... like, I'm glad to see RETRO#7 in your top 5 for Mlg42-- now if I could only remember what was in the zine or the mailing (short of looking it up, of course)... oh, well:

What else, except a mouse, has Ignatz ever been? (Amouse and a ghod, yes Nance.) Agree with your ideas on segregation, that main trouble is one gang pushing another gang around, and it's no more laudable in any color.///So how did S&erson get CLAUSE in your Mlg#42 bundle? Quite a wham-bam visit, it must have been.

Are you going to allow Miz Higgs "equal time" in SAPS to give details of what she may consider to be deficiencies in your own physique? That remark was in lousy taste, Ray, right out "in public" like that. (And I'm no gadham prude, either...)

Sorry you couldn't make South Gate, Racy; Detroit in '59, though, huh?

Coswal's "October 31, 1922": your birthday, or some more esoteric reference? (Tsk, didn't mean to downgrade your birthday, Cos.)///The imagination boggles at thought of anyone first-drafting a 2-page zine; OK, I know that you did it to insure that it would come out correctly in the two-page format.///Very well: you ascribed the WT reviews to a Miller-with-initials, without regard to Mr., Mrs., Miss, Young Master, or LassFass-type. But you did attribute them to other than Coswalian origin. Mens sana in corpore sana (more or less) in the end booth in the bar; I'm buying.

THE STONY RODE (or, A Pebble A Month From All Over): this typer still cuts a better stencil than those other two typers, even with me at the keyboard. Unofficial word is that Stony Barnes is in "permenent gafia" due to wimmen. Oh, well, he was one of the first of one or two to go on the WL upon stopping by here-- others were either members (Karen), WLers (Jim Caughran), or Have Principles (Boyd Raeburn).

MY Own RETRO #10: at 30 pages, this is not only the largest to date, but probably the largest for a long time. Cover pic came out looking like a Whatsit, but who can win all the time? It wasn't supposed to be anyone in particular, anyhow-- and it isn't, obviously. /// Yes, I realize that the bit on Kent Moomaw in "Sapton Place" was over-macabre even without the knowledge that Kent killed himself before the zine had been assembled into the mailings. It's just one of those things (the story, I mean)-- I was writing in a hurry and flinging characters in as they came up on the roster as it stood in July-- if your name was next when I needed a villain, you're a villain. You see? I've just lived in the big heartless city too long.

(For those who did not see CRY#121: Kent Moomaw's suicide shook us badly, here; our empathy won't stretch to feel this world so implacably hostile that a razor-blade across the jugular is preferable, but the problem is: howcome we couldn't see this coming? And: what could we have done about it, if we had seen it? I don't think we can adopt the patty-cake kid-glove approach that's dominating the Mass Media-- there has to be a better answer.) Any forward-looking answers will be appreciated.

ROCK and DROLL (two-cents'-worth from everybody): this was the last item run off on the Standard SW in the Fenden. It was run by me, to demonstrate to Larry Stone that the Beast would produce, before he bought it. And he did buy it, and now has it more than half paid for, and will eventually produce a fanzine on it, which will have vertical lines on all the first-run sides, put on during the running of the second-sides. So all you old-time SAPS can psneer and tell him he should clean it (hah!) and all like that. And drive the boy into Existentialism and Beatness.

(page 3, yes)

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"Just look at this mailing--
365 pages! Bhoy!"

Rich Brown's "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAK #2" and Propaganda Sheet (but how come you pooped out and did not file against Toskey for OE, Rich? Don't you have any talent for gruesome-martyrdom, or just what's your problem?):

Well, I'm sorry, Rich, but your pic on PRA#2 doesn't look much more like you than the one on POL#3, and you know how libellous that one is...

I like your little beanie-critters with their facial-expression ratings of the zines.

Well, you know now (again) that PRA#1 was shy for-credit by reason of insufficient copies-- and that PRA#2 was, A*L*S*O. Bighod it had better be right number of copies this time.... grr, grr. OK, maybe you did give us right number of copies of PRA#2-- maybe we just didn't get them back safely to room at Alexandria. But you know we tried: you saw me tear copies away from Bloch and Silverberg (as immortalized on cover of POL#3). After all, your Two-Headed OE is only superhuman. Damn' halo keeps slipping off on a slant, and everything...

"The last fan on earth sat-- no chair." Haven't we lost the thread somewhere?

Yeh-- like the girl who says, "I can't stand that fellow; he's so coarse. All the time, he goes around whistling dirty songs." Yes.

I like your fanFooish Commandments, ar' nobly refrain from reworking them.

Well, hell, I like Glenn Miller: "Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Moonlight Cocktail, In the Mood" (I mean, why USE those quote-marks if you can't STRETCH 'em). Also Artie Shaw's original hot band: "Nightmare, Begin the Beguine, Rose Room, etc".

Meat for more comments if I hadn't goofed the time away on correspondence....

Lynn Hickman's ARGASSY #5 & #6: like, #5-- I dug this the most except that I sort of loathe those Sick Jokes, so to prove it, I'll have to include one: The guard at the Concentration Camp was known as a complete sadiist, but one day he stopped the line of marching prisoners. "Why is that man limping so badly?" he asked.

"His left leg is broken", answered the file leader.

"Well, we can't have that," answered the guard. "Break his other leg."

Really dig the cover on ARG#6; so nice to see a pic of good ol' BH back when he had hair. (Somehow, though, I'm not convinced.)

Was not especially pleased (as you know) by the "SAPS is dead" page-- although, reading it over again now, it does have the qualifying adverbs and etc, to take the worst of the curse off it.

Nope, Boyd Raeburn was nudged into vote-subsidizing at MWCon'57 on that Con's last evening, in order to compete with your good friend who came in second. And don't jump me about saying this-- I'm on record, in print, that the practice was not illegal at that time-- I'm also on record as saying that it should have been. But, you know something? It still isn't. So much for fine minds with broad mental horizons.

Trouble with ARG#6 is that I could take off for a page or so on any one of a number of those short,short comments, which were largely good reading.

Toskey's FLABBERGASTING #8: a measly 42 pages. And the reason that these 42pp have measles, is that you are too lazy to slipsheet, just like all the rest of us.

Mighod! (Kloote, of course, in case anyone has forgotten or came in between the acts) You do ramble on well here. It's hard to find an opening to dig into for the making of comments. Except (we do seem to be off onto the subject of gods) you have been scooped by Elmer Perdue on the subject of Deityyourself. Elmer signs himself "GOD" and answers the phone likewise. BUT don't get carried away now, Tosk!

All you guys see satelllites except me; dammit, I don't spend that much time in computing orbits for the silly things.

Tosk, I hate to say it, but I'm not having much luck at finding commentable items, what with your no-break format for page after page. It's all fine fun and I like it, but there doesn't seem to be a cut-in point anywhere. I guess the only ol' thing-to-do is just dig in at random and say a few words here and there. Turn page!

((page 4: 4-square, and all))

SIC, SIC, SIC---



"Bob Leman has 24 pages. He's going to be a good member."

(still with Toskel): I like your idea of transporting the Ballard farm to eastern Washington. What say we take a run over there and find a nice dry gully with the room to plant a goodsized farm across it? I'm sure that you have researched the minor matters of just how we are going to move all that dirt. If not, I will be glad to lend you the shovel from the Fenden. Of course, we could always synthesize a new farm--get a lot of hitch-hikers to come from the Eastern sea-board to eastern Washington, and make them take a shower as they come past the head of the canyon.

Tsk, Tsk; that '49 Buick will only be considered a collectors' item by the Finance Company, all same like that Packard you bought once (and a '37 Studebaker that I once bought on verschunken time-payments).

Oh, damn-- now I forget the original question, so can't take time to check out the math and see whether or not you are snowing me on page 17. (It looks good.)

YES (page 19) I think Kind Thoughts at those lousy summer-soldiering peaches for four months, and what happens? We go out of town for two weeks and the whole lot drop into your needle-nosing fruit-basket. That's gratitude for you-- about what you could expect from a lowbrow TREE. Don't worry, Tsk-- I don't blame you for being led astray by this botanical delinquent.

I ---oops, over here, indent for paragraph-- I can't help getting a big charge out of the way you (1)deny possibility of the "subconscious" (or etc), and (2)tsk-tsk the scientologists et al for "dealing in dangerous practices without any knowledge". And on the same page (25), at that. Tsk, ol' buddy-- if the mind is all topside, as you firstly claim, then just what is dangerous about it, by your own definitions? Certainly, the conscious mind is a reasonably tractable animal...?

I'm quite disappointed at seeing the Independent Toskey (page 26) hide behind Authority-- "scientists in universities know a great deal about the mind, more than you can imagine, in fact"-- going on to say that if everyone (so to speak) would just line up in front of the Psych Dept Office at the U of W (or etc), all would be well. Sorry, ol' buddy, but I doubt this like ol' bloody hell. I have seen and experienced downright "miracles" under fumble-gear'd dianetic practice, and I haven't seen those duplicated under modern efficient "doctor knows best" medical practice. So sue me; I'm a non-conformist. (Non-scientologist, also, but I give the Scn boys a lot of credit here and there.)

All I have to say about G M Carr is that she is well out of SAPS. This Walt Willis thing in Fapa is THE END. Her blind, dogged persecution of Willis (on a basis which she has since admitted was only to see what she could stir up) is nothing but a schoolyard-bully routine, and deserves nothing but a fat lip. Someday, I may forgive her lousing up the Walt-&-Madeleine-to-South-Gate Trip, but it won't be in the foreseeable future, I assure you. Far as I'm concerned, GMCarr has had it.

Main reason I gave Marty Fleischman 4 pages credit for 3 pages original materail was that I was in a big hurry and not paying close attention-- OK???

You keep talking about some guy named Bruckner-- is he is on the WL, or not?? Good zine, Tsk, but nobody can make good MCs from the format you were using..... very enjoyable just to read through for sheer pleasure of reading, but uncommonly difficult to dig for comment-purposes.

For Peto'sake: no wonder I had trouble looking up that integral-- I was in the wrong mailing. Anyhow, it's supposed to be for the area swept by the radius vector of an ellipse (from one of the focal points), and should have had " $\frac{1}{2}$ " in front of it. But something more may be needed, at that...****(denotes $T*H*I*N*K*I*N*G$)*****.... nope, it works! Toskey, you are indeed the Master-- I didn't get anything like that out of my table of integrals. Anyhow, I have always felt that Integral Calculus textbooks should be stamped "Made with Satisfaction, by Sadists".

And enough for you at this time, Master Toskey. But come back again....

((page five, funf, cinq-- you know: 5))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"Berry has two zines in this time. He's a good member."

The last fan on earth sat alone in a cell; it was a bum Rapp. You see, Otto, less than an hour ago we were making gags like this, and then I came across an opening to use one, here in BOG. There's little Justice in this world, and that little is probably bought and paid for.

Otto, I think that you are bluffing: either there isn't really any nudist camp near Vancouver, B.C., or else you-- Blotto Otto-- are C*H*I*C*K*E*N. So go ahead-- prove me wrong-- have it all written up for the next BOG. It's about time you had another photocover, anyhow.

Yep, we sure outsmarted ourselves on that WesterCon deal-- got the Nameless to bid for it, so they won it, and are now doing their not-so-level best to foul it up. Tune in next mailing to see if the W'Con is still scheduled for a hotel with one of the highest-priced bars in town (a coat-and-tie-required dump, no less).

It was considerate of you to smooth over the perils of insurance salesmen in that nice upbeat writeup, instead of horrifying SAPS with the true-life incidents that you had been telling us in person. Real choice, maan....

John Berry's POT POURRI #3: "Femme Fatale" is perfect SAPSlanted faanfiction-- all this, and only your second mailing! "Brief Encounter": yes, the artificial, softsoap, chi-chi world of the "women's" magazines is a mind-curdling thing to encounter, with its brand-new words, glandularly-deficient models, and general air of decadence. Combined with the outright sadism-appeal of the "men's" magazines, it does give a picture like unto imperial-Rome-on-the-skids, doesn't it?

No one feeds Garcone on anything-- IT forages for ITself, in a manner best left unmentioned-- in fact, I can't bear to think of it at all.

By golly, OMPA should have had Burbee in on that Bust-and-Bottom controversy-- there's an all-around specialist for you.

I believe that all of SAPS will be gratified at your complimentary comparison of this organization with OMPA. Not that SAPS has anything against OMPA, but there has been an oppositely-directed remark or two, so it's nice for SAPS to have the chance to weigh these opposing opinions in context.

Lots of fun in here, John. And you have that Gestetner under perfect control.

Joan Cleveland's SOUND OF DRUMS #3: I was going to tell you all about how Bob Tucker kissed Elinor (at the '57 MidwestCon) in a moment of faannish exuberance and admiration, but it would involve a long story based on the fuggheadism of a fan esteemed by several of the membership, so I will just let it go, only remarking that neither Fern Tucker nor I took exception to this momentary show of high spirits. Go ahead-- ask Elinor to list the people she's been kissed by, at Cons.

Wasn't it "Raymond, your host" of "Inner Sanctum"? (Hey, does anyone remember the earlier "Black Chapel"? There was a chiller for you.)

Kloote is a skeptical pragmatist with an ironic sense of whimsey; his first name is Tully, and most of his worshippers (excepting only me) are a sort of walk-ing jolly-doughnut. He was written-up once (by a W MacFarland, in a piece entitled "To Watch the Watchers") in Astounding. It was pointed out that his spaceship was named "A Saint Dragon" on purpose, rather than as a goof, intended as "Assam Dragon", as many people had thought. Howard sent us some tribute for him, once.

Otto Pfeifer's BOG #7: Yes indeed; would that we all could throw little rocks at Orval Faubus-- until we got our strength built up and could throw big ones. "Accuracy First", though.

((Aside-- it's Otto's own fault that these MC's were held up for an hour or two, just now. He was in Canada over the weekend and brought us back a jug of Captain Morgan's Black Label Rum. So he just now delivered it, and we all sat around with rum-&-ginger-ale (don't try it with a light rum) for awhile, talking pure faan.))

((page ~~11~~ er, SIX))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"Toskey has only 41 pages this time. He's a good member, but he'd better watch out for this gafia."

(still with Joan, beating the Drums):

I have not as yet let the Idiot Box into the house here; I suppose the Evil Days Will Come sooner or later, but better later. No TV at 2852 so far.

Re lynchings and cannibalism and etc: I suppose that it really isn't cricket to cook someone unless you're planning to have him on the menu. So in this respect, the Africans would be several points up on the Galactic Scale of Civilization from the Ku Klux Klan. Hate to see good cooking go to waist...

Watch it, gal-- if you get heavily into fannish correspondence on top of everything, you will have to give away your children, give up sleep, even give up other fanac. W*AT*C*H I*T.
Happy to see you have more of a bulge on your mimeo than the first time. Cheers.

Bruce Pelz' "SPELEOBEM #1": welcome, Bruce, but let's tell the rest of SAPS that your title only means "a Bem what can't spell"; OK? Mostly, you had the ditto cowed better for this than for ProFanity-- shorter runs, or fiercer oaths??

Now, that's a silly remark ("something will have to be done about Garcone"). Nobody can do anything about Garcone-- the problem is to prevent Garcone's doing anything about the rest of ~~xx~~ us-- so far, we've been successful in this, but it's a mighty thin gallant line, holding the fannish fort.

Yeh, the typical faan's ancestry would be on the order of a fifth Scotch, a fifth Irish, a fifth Bourbon, a fifth Jinn, and the rest mixed-drinks.

"Abel won't be home for dinner, Eve. Cain says he's really stoned."

Mighty kittenish comments on "Big Game Hunting", you Kool Kat you.....

Ditto masters: only purple, green, red, blue, and black can be purchased here, but Wally had some fast-fading brown carbons and Eney had a couple of blonde ones a year or two ago that he traded us for blue or something. Hmm, I see you ran this issue off on a STANDARD; those vertical lines are so nostalgic.

"Lot's a good host, but everything he serves is so under-seasoned."

OK, Bruce?

John Borry's POT #2 (I know it's backward, but that's the way they arrived): "What Have I Missed?"-- well, we shall all do our best to see that you do not miss the Detention. (That should be some sort of record, John-- if your first Con is in Detroit, having never been to a British Con.) I agree with Walt that you were born to write ConReports.

Enjoyed "San Francisco Confidential", and wish it could have been printed earlier, for a number of reasons. At any rate, I'm glad it saw print at last.

Well, John, your dissection of HOMECOMING HORDE is just what Pemberton wishes he had both space and talent for, in CRY: "the Lanthai had worked out a master strategy which seemed to function on the basis that Haverford should be attacked last"-- oh, choice! Yup, if a ham-radio set conks out, what is our boy Haverford to think, except that he is the last man on earth? (there was a flock at the door).

Disagree somewhat with S&y on DNQs. Granted that they can be abused, but in several cases I have regretted their non-use: I write to fan A and include a remark about fan B, a mutual friend-- I have no objection to fan B seeing this remark (or perhaps fan C, another mutual friend). But fan A crosses me up and prints the whole thing in a fanzine circulated to people who know none of us-- in this context, my remark about fan B looks pretty snide, although it was not meant that way. I gripe strongly to myself (and mildly to fan A, because it was my own stupid fault) because I did not use excessive caution and DNQ the original casual stupid remark. Basically the DNQ is the same thing as "don't spread this around" in personal conversation, & is as easily subject to abuse. You can't legislate integrity.

Real fine zines, John. Mighty glad to have you in, & enthusiastic for, S*A*P*S.

SIC, SIC, SIC—



((page SEVEN, and why not, forsooth??))

Wrai Ballard's OUTSIDERS #33: C*O*N*G*R*A*T*U*L*A*T-I*O*N*S, Wrai, on once again getting past that ol' Fall Mailing Bugaboo. Well, I hope you aren't having as much trouble with this Winter Mailing as I am.

"Hey! Where's NANDU??" As you know (but the membership at large does not), we finally acquired a taper. Not a fixed-plant type of powerhouse like yours (do you have an emergency power generator with it?) but the small and extremely portable Wollensak monaural, made by Revere. So far, we've sent tapes to you and Boyd, and have received a party tape from Burbee (on it are Burb and Isabel, Elmer Perdue, and Stan Woolston)-- I have no idea where they got the idea that we had a taper-- sheer ESP, I guess. Anyhow, it has Elmer at the piano, player-piano selections, and highly-assorted conversation. Tomorrow night (New Year's Eve) we're expecting Jim Caughran, the Speers, Tosk, and Otto; maybe we'll leave the recorder running and see if anything memorable comes out of it. Judging from the one we made the other day, with Caughran, Tosk, and Wally, we and our taper seem to be mainly devoted to proving Sturgeon's Law.

You had better start getting in your licks as Chief of the Secret Police, as Toskey is probably mean enough to head up his own Secret Police, after the next mailing. Anyhow, he will be plenty tough on male-type SAPS, but will require some watching in order to prevent him from being too soft and easy on female type girls in the organization. Knowing how this will outrage all your fierce predatory Blonde-Watching instincts, I thought I'd better warn you about this deal.

Yes, the "shorthand-talking" deal may skirt pretty close to the edges of telepathy at that-- at least, there are times where you respond and catch on to what was not said, and couldn't say just what it was, to which you responded.

Hoo boy-- I had forgotten all about the double-double-crossing that took place last year before the OElections ever got into print in the campaign stage. Yep, too bad that all that fine finagling was never dragged out into the open by any live subsequent developments. Not much room for intrigue this year, unless we double-cross Toskey and run for re-election, just to make a fight of it (I'm only kidding, Tosk-- I'M ONLY KIDDING!).

I believe you've filled John Berry in on Mailing Comments to perfection, giving the real authentic flavor of our "collection of interlocking mailboxes" here in SAPS. Yup-- I recall making the same complaint (as John's) back in Mailing #36....

OK-- so everybody shot down my last-spring's trial balloon concerning an every-mailing publishing requirement. So now, everybody-- how about some good ideas to stimulate people to hit more mailings without any such rules-requirement?? I still dream (wistfully) of a mailing with a full roster and all members represented--JUST FOR ONCE. Sob, sniffle, sniff, smmmff, how come you guys broke 500 pages for Nancy but won't just for once all hit a mailing at the same time, for us, huh?

Better get those OO's back from Jawn (Davis, this time) as that 50-mlg index is going to take a lot of time and labor. On the other hand, though, I dunno about you, but my part of it will not rely entirely upon fallible OO's but will be based upon actual page-by-page counts, with no division between credit and "non-credit" pages, as long as the zine was admitted into the mailing. In this way we'll have more of a True Picture, hey?

No "Fout" in Seattle phone-book, but nine "Fouts"es and five "Fouty"s. To say nothing of "Lady Willie Forbus, attorney".

Elinor & I gave us one vote between us for OE, but didn't vote for ourselves or each other in Pillar Poll. No problem about that last, this time, anyway....

It must seem like old times, huh, with-- oh, NO! I started to base a comment on something in a zine that just came in for this mailing-- sorry, no fudging.

I strongly admire your record of having made every mailing for 7 years, Wrai: may you keep this record going for many, many years to come. Elinor will try to keep in your footsteps, a mere 18 mailings behind you. OK?? (That was supposed to be Elinor & I-- this is what comes from typing while looking to see what the dogs are fussing about.) Roger, over, and a good OUT.

((eighth page, I think. It better be))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"No NANDU. A mailing sort of
lacks something, without NANDU."

families moving into this general area of town would be OK, but I would not want to live in any area on the expanding edge of any existing negro district-- even the Madrona area, with (as you mention) one of the best views in town, overlooking Lake Washington, and all. I still say that a negro population scattered proportionately throughout a city would not be a problem-- it's the ganging-up that's bad, whether voluntary or forced. Like, you know, I'm no Faubus.

You too make a good strong case for MCs to John the Berry (Bring John to the Detention and Convince Him In Person, Friends!). What with you and Wrai and a few or more others, how can he hold out??

Well, I kept the beard for "a week or two" after going back to work, just to give the people at ACS a few laughs (they don't get many, you know), and after a few yuckels made an issue of it-- well, I'm still wearing it, with an infrequent trimming every now and then. Every so often, someone throws a fit about it, and each time I am quite surprised, having forgotten that I am in any way unusual in my appearance, since most people drop the corn after a few calculated rebuffs.

Lots of short noteworthy comments here that would take too long to answer, in my strapped-for-time condition. The "Armchair Fortean" (hiya, r-t) is interesting, convincing, and compatible with what I've read on the subject, here and there.

Racy Higgs' SAPSTYPE v3, nr3 (I still think it's #8): sounds to me as if you might be a little less than contented with the free hand currently available to "Labor". Like, maybe you'd have just as soon have had somebody sit down hard on that wildcat strike and get you off the rabbits'-food diet. I sympathize, but all the Liberals (dig that capital "L") will call me a dirty ol' reactionary..... Too many union members don't realize that a lot of so-called "restrictive" legislation is designed to give them a little more say-so, and their "noble leaders" a bit less.

OK, you goofed (taking the word of disinterested Postal employee that he would be on the ball and airmail one of several bundles, without your standing over him to see that he did it), and you got in the extra zine to make up for it, and you didn't skimp on it like a certain Teddybear who shall be nameless here to protect the more or less innocent. So you have cleared your good name in SAPS, now. OK??

You mean that Wally Weber gave you his permission to call him "Thursday" right out in print? I've hinted for background on this one; now I'll ask right out-- why, when, where, and how was Weber ever called "Thursday"? Huh, please?

Hope things have picked up for you, Racy, and that you'll be at the Detention.

Nangee's NANDU: well, there wasn't one in this last mailing (sob), but being as today is your birthday-- H*A*P*P*Y B*I*R*T*H*D*A*Y, N*A*N G*E*R*D*I*N*G-- and it is fitting that Elinor got all of NANDU for this mailing onto stencil this evening.

Nancy Share's IGNATZ #18: The Harness "Hey, Julius.." cover, I dig the most. You too had a lot better luck with your mimeo this time-- you got the Beast under control, cowering, whipped?? Did you get any boozberries off your vine and make wine as yet? Yeh, ol' Roger is goofing off on us already, but although we do like him very much in person, he has about had it in SAPS as far as special-handling is concerned. I think he wants to do it right, but just can't bring himself to get on the ball in time and find something to say, all at once. A sad thing, surely, but the organization has too lively a mailing-list of Wlers, to be held down for the sake of anyone who just hasn't been able to produce Activity Requirements.

((page nine it is-- nine))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"No AGHAST, either. What's the idea? It's not fair, I tell you."

Math probably originated when the first caveman wiseguy told the first caveman goofoff that he should maybe count his marbles to see if some were missing. And so naturally the goofoff had to go and invent Number Theory so that he could count. And then he had to invent marbles so that he would have something to count. And then he invented paper so that he would be able to keep score. Oh, I tell you, there was a black day for the human race.

"World Below" is the Fowler Wright-- GALAXY NOVELS did it in 2 parts: "Amphibians" and "World Below". I think your "Caverns Below" is probably a Stanton Coblontz job, maybe titled "Sunken Caverns" or such (a "the" goes in front of most of those). /// Good for you, to stick to good old shorthandle unfilter CAMELS. Me too.

~~Man~~ Gaal, that's a Real Beat Type guy you drew there on page 9. /// Yeh, I dig the "absorb-the-atmosphere" idea on places, and groups, and situations, too.

Hey, did you ever read the snappy little items on breakfast-food boxes, at breakfast? These are best read out loud to a raucous fannish type, such as you too should be, to get the most out of this simple pastime.

Ray Nelson is
obsessed with a desire to encapsulate everything he sees
into fierce languorous admirable remarks
so that everyone will say
"That's rebellion, Man!"

Sometimes he makes it.

Oh for Ignatz'sake: now I have to give with a commercial:

Bat guano is The Best-- Get it freshly from the nest--
Bats work hard to pile that goo-- B*A*T GUANO is the S--- for you!

I'm sorry, but the picture of a couple million hard grunting bats was too much. No poor hardgrunting SAP should run onto such a remark so late at night.

Bob Leman's NEMATODE #1: (but that's ol' Snavely, on the cover). And welcome to you, sir, with your mysterious fondness for invertebrate titles for vertebrate zines.

I'm in accord with your campaign for more exact word usage, in straight English writing-- I would not wish to discourage (or to be discouraged from) the practice of "talking pure faan" in print at times, or slanging it up, in general. As example, I cite Westbrook Pegler-- despite what anyone may think of Pegler's attitudes (I agree with many of them) he can make the language do backflips with anyone in the business. Found it worthwhile to fit your definitions against my time-warped impressions of the meanings of wit, satire, sarcasm, irony, parody, etc. A good blow, Bob.

When "freind" Culvergast appeared in the CRY lettercol, we were certain that behind the fuzzy mask lurked Leman. You have shaken my faith, and now I am about ready to believe in Mrs Welbred Calph, who (in the Jan CRY) calls upon us to cancel your subscription and so prevent you from sullyng the mind of her infant 27-year-old son with that Evil Ol' CRY. After all, she's nowhere near as far out as ol'Merv.

The RUR takeoff was so effective that until I ran into "Graustark", I wasn't quite sure but what you were quoting from fringe-Beatnik Dave and had merely made a couple of typos in the introductory remarks, or possibly a couple of fast funnies. Superb, I suppose, is the word I'm groping for, here.

((and still with BOB LEMAN, here on page ten))

SIC, SIC, SIC---



"Well, let's have a look
through here for my egoboo"

Nonono-- MC's plus other material is F*I*N*E: I think you & John got off-the-trail awhile back, from a concerted hammering at some who hadn't done any MCs for months & months. Naturally, exaggerated remarks were made; hyperbole was used (just as if we knew what the word meant); bombast filled the pages. Nevertheless, MCs are only desired, not required-- and 100%-MC zines have never been demanded as such (though many of this type have been tops in SAPS, for that matter).

Anyhow, the pitch was, a no-MC zine seems to lack a feeling of participation.

The deal with Bill Meyers, however, was different-- I misread a sentence of his and took it that he was planning to put material in AGHAST that he rejected for his genzine (SPECTRE)-- and came out full-bore against putting genzine-rejects into SAPS. So you are making good points, but not in opposition to me at all. There is a minor quibble about members putting entire subzines into SAPS as their sole activity-- one objection is that the subzine editor may be tempted to violate the prior-distribution rule-- for credit, SAPS is supposed to get first look-- but inclusion of a genzine over-and-above a more SAPS-oriented zine, is of course pure gravy.

"Man Overboard!" simpered Paul Bunyan vindictively.

I was immunized against the motorcycle bug by sheer observation.///Your aSF's go back (solidly) six months further than mine; I have a lot of other zines, too, but also refrain from Completism.///How about "All those who have not done so will do so immediately"?///We are in full agreement about Rike's horror of Loyalty Oaths and like that. I'll grant that there have been abuses in the security system, and that these are not to be smoothed-over or brushed aside, but if the U.S.gov't can't screen its own employees, it might as well roll over and play dead (which is the exact aim of many who make such a fuss about Loyalty Oaths et al).///Toskey's use of "viscous cycle" probably stems from my attempted use of "viscous circle" in a "Hall of Shame" story once. Someone "corrected" my usage, and I have been griping about it ever since, off and on. (corrected it in stencilling the item, I mean)

"(ak/ts==bs/gw)": this is mostly clear, except what does "ak" mean?

I agree with you that composing onstencil leads to awkwardness and very loose rendition of various lines of thoughts. Nevertheless, I shall continue this practice as I have for the past five or six mailings-- it's either that or gafia. Occasional special items may requize first-drafting, but in the main, I find it out of the question, timewise.///See comments to Joan C re Tully Kloote and why I am a Klootean. Blaudeckel, however, seems just right for a certain project I have in mind: I am disgusted enough with GMCarr to feel like treating her according to Blaudeckel's ideas of his own abilities; actually, however, I would have conscience-pangs at anything worse than Blaudeckel could actually manage. Actually-- yes, there's a peril in onstencil work, especially when you get up for something in the middle of a paragraph and don't read back from the start of it before resuming.

I laud your urge to eliminate "painless" taxes-- they're like taking a local anesthetic for the convenience of a vampire.///And thanks for the kind words.

The unexpurgated "Lady Chatterly's Lover" (I read the Italian Edition, also in English) contains a lot more than simple eroticism, don't you think? I refer in part to the rather thoughtful discussions of the brutalization of usage of Anglo-Saxon four-letter words, toward connotations of punishment and sadism.

Maybe I should let Jack handle the "past lives" reincarnation hassle by himself, but it seems fairer to mention that in dianetic and Scn work there has come-up quite a lot of (subjective, to be sure) data that can be interpreted to "prove" reincarnation. Hypnosis is and was not involved. From my own experience, I can say that this data can also be interpreted in several other ways, but (except in a few "way out" cases) hallucination doesn't enter into the picture. I don't say the Scientologists are Right, and I don't say they're wrong, either-- I am simply reserving judgment, pending the emergence of more complete and conclusive information.

((page Eleven, and still beamin' it at Loman))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"No egoboo. WELL!"

No use asking us whether we see programs on the teevee, as the Thing has not yet managed to invade this house. Our trouble is a Vast Lack of Time, and I shudder to think what would happen if we took time to watch ("only the Worthwhile Things, you understand") the Idiot Box. Granted, that there are very enjoyable items presented, but we have to make a choice, and it's much easier not to watch it if it's not here.

Wish you would write letters and periodically ~~xxx~~ remind Elinor to get cracking again with her contact lenses. I still think she could make out with them, but she has too much resistance to ~~xxxxxx~~ pep-talks from me.

Blovita Mae Gnarr is undoubtedly the long-lost twin sister of Seattle's own Pierpont Holocaust: the bacover centerpiece has a strong pH touch to it.

Very fine start here in SAPS, Bob; looking forward to your future issues. YES.

Big Hearted Howard's COLLECTOR: Sure, keep the Earl Kemp Report coming, only in larger installments, like. (You'll note Earl is on the SAPS WL, but he came on by his own request, after only a slight nudge. Howard, you know we don't take proxy applications.) /// Sure, again, let's have some more Degler reprints, also; we like these fan-historical reprints, and you have a good touch at picking them: the Tucker piece awhile back, and now these (not that I'd be making invidious comparisons with a fine guy like Tucker, now-- the only similarity is the historical interest). Most of the present SAPS membership, including myself, have only a fragmentary picture of the entire Degler Epic, and would thoroughly appreciate a good outline of the whole mess, with illustrative chunks of text such as you've reprinted here.

Another anti-withholding-tax stalwart: hurray for our side.///Too bad you got the \$2/100 deal on ditto-masters just as we sold our ditto.///I'm pretty sure we won't get sucked in on the "PuCon in '61" bid-- the Nameless are determinedly doing the opposite of everything they hear we're in favor of (I'll tell 'em they should always spit downwind, next, bighod-- we'll see), and I doubt they'd take our word on which way is Mecca-- even if we knew. Well, we figure we'll have a ball next summer with the faans who come up here in spite of the WesterCon arrangements, but it won't be in the bar of the Benjamin Franklin hotel (presently chosen Consite), which requires a coat-and-tie (or buttoned shirt, for chrissakes) at all times.

Some might grotch that you don't have enough of your own material in this zine, but to these I would point out that a guy who is tied for 3rd-longest string of having hit every mailing, can average only 3 pages of his own work and still be within the requirements. But I'd personally like to see more Devore, along with. Yeh, yeh, I know you're as snowed as man can get-- I'm just wishing, more...

I refuse to fall into the trap set by your last paragraph, and will only ask-- in whose custody was this fan's head, previously, as you see it??

Karen Anderson's THE ZED 789-- at least, the last one, in Mlg #43, was 788: Very interesting and enjoyable writeup of the Con (the Con?? after comparing notes, I find that not only you, but everyone we've checked with, attended an entirely different Con from ours, and each other's-- it's the breaks). Do not feel picked-on or disheartened because we discounted the double-spacing: it's in the rules, and we'd do it for anybody.///Loved "She's going as an old bat"; la Gibson has la touch.

I agree that SmudgePot was unfair-competition at the Costume Brawl: what does he breathe on his own home planet?///I dig Poul's li'l costume-writeup the most.

Would like to see a pic of you running down that ramp in costume.///Looked, but couldn't find the zine with the "Gourds at Lourdes", etc, routine-- it is choice, and could do with reprinting.///George Scithers was another indispensable person, in the "Alice" play-- not only did he know his lines, but he could bounce his voice off the back of that "dead" hall better than most.///No, we weren't what you'd call shocked by your in-the-open costume-changes-- you were wearing more than average beach-attire at all times-- right behind you was the closet in which I had done my own changing, but I figured you were pretty well wound up on the deal, so did not want to distract you by sidetracking your line of thought and action.

((page twelve, but ain't scarin' Karen))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"Just because I didn't have a zine in the last mailing--!"

You' right-- it does become kaleidoscopic-- your montage of WRotslerilloes and diagonal quotes conveys the idea very well (which is why the ol' double-spacing came up with more page-credit than you probably expected).///This was fun, even tho the personally-comparable parts missed publication, so that I tend to wonder whether or not it was a sort of zombie-Karen who attended the unmentioned events, where I happened to see you.

Ed Cox' MAINE-IAC #14: If "emanting" won't buckle down and mean what you want it to mean, get tough: quit giving it houseroom-- kick it out. Same with orginal. I, also, have a great violent allergy to corflu. Hell with it. Mostly.

By now you know that the Gestencils printed a lot better than the straight-mimeo film-stencils, even though you had qualms. Phoo on philms: a nuisance.

I like your editorial page-- one reads down it, and you take all sides, and the hell with everybody, and what more can man ask in this imperfect world?

Dammit, you write like Toskey (fun to read, but hard to dig into anywhere for an appreciative comment), except that he doesn't drink much any more, having (for all his denials) ruined his guts by drinking with Phil Barker, an ex-Seattle ex-fan who recently went Muslim (maybe just to get away from alcohol, maybe for exhibitionistic purposes, and possibly even from sincere conviction and belief). Arrggghhhh.

No, it's the FenDen that's on the back of our lot; Swamp House is luckily in an entirely different part of town and belongs to Tom Weber, a cousin of Wally's who will be rich before you, me, or Wally.

I doubt that Lee Jacobs has much to do with the breeding of dachshunds--Kinsey hardly mentions him.

Sorry; had to pull the stencil so's Elinor could cut a pack of stencils for CRY #123, the 9th Annish. I never can line a stencil up correctly, once it's out.

Right now I am listening to "Michigan Water... Tastes Like Cherry Wine", with Elmer Perdue at the piano-- and that should hold all you erudite bastards who are always gabbing away about I.W.Harper's Fifth, and all that non-jazz...

(The phrase "erudite bastards" is by courtesy of Charles E Burbee, from the same tape Elmer's playing away on, only later, and is pronounced "eriudite", more.)

The tape plays on, and now Elmer is singing something that starts out "How Long, oh How Long...", with lots of whammy, for the aficianado.

After all that ordeal just to register for college, you mean they're going to make you attend classes, too? Seems like double jeopardy or something.

Yes, if a person is hopelessly addicted to Cleavage Fandom, it's about time he changed ruts. After all, Cleavage is a hard word to spell.

"Sweet Patootie", words and piano by Elmer, still playing. Oops, the tape just went into some 1905 ragtime on the player-piano. This is living, maan.

Your summary of the Con may not be detailed, but it has the Genuine Flavor. You coming up to the WesterCon, Ed? Aw, come on-- the Nameless can't goof it up that badly. You can stick around and help us help Toskey get out his first mailing as OE, July 15th. How about it??

Toskey just called up to tell me that he recalls where he saw "Veeblefetzor" prior to MAD-- it was in Smokey Stover, years ago. I believe he's right.

Now look what happened-- I'm three numbers behind, reporting what's being played on the tape. How can I keep up with you eriudite bastards this way?

Nothing personal, of course. Real fine zine, Ed; you are With It.

Jack Harness' SAPROLIER #15: Very distinctive, but why didn't you devote the cover to Ghu (purple paper) instead of pp5-6? Oh-- I know-- you didn't want to do a GMCarr and push religion down our throats. I appreciate this, Jack. And besides, the bright pink on the cover is more spectacular. (the tape has gone into conversat-ion now, so if I want to continue to make even the minimum of sense here, I had best turn it off, or else back to the music, hein?) OK, I'll turn it off; the ob's win.

((so on page 13, before going on with SAPROLLER, I turned the tape back))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"I had six pages in the mailing before last."

Anyhow, how about all we lowbrow legitimates banding together and fighting back? Why should we ll's be given an inferiority complex by the ob's all the time? Don't we have feelings? Don't we read paperbacks? Why should we cringe at this high-handed use of Big Names all the time? "Krapouttsky's Seventh Fugue for Blintz and Oilcan lacks the power of his immortal Freudian Fandango, but carries a mood of great diagonal sweep all the same"-- let's retaliate.

Like: Perdue's "How Long?" shows less intoxication with his theme than does "Sweet Patootie", but definitely indicates more practice and a certain amount of benefit from a temporary absence of hecklers, who are temporarily at the far end of the room digging into the snack-tidbits, ahead of dinner. Like, for real, men....

OK, Jack, I'll get down to SapRoller; I just forgot to wedge that in on the previous page. Well, now--

To-day, Tosk & I figured up a possible way of predicting sizes of SAPS mlg's from the pagewise histories of the individual members (ATTENTION, ART RAPP). Going back, say, two years, one could get a reasonable idea of what most of the oldtimers might do for any given mailing. Then, for new members, we take some average figures on what new members have done in the past. Next, we make a guess as to who's likely to drop out, and as to how many of the top of the WL will come in. Because this ~~new~~ system is based on many more variables than Art's system has been, it is possible that the errors may tend to cancel each other out. Or not, of course---- Too late to try it for this mailing, probably; lots of research and paperwork.

Everybody talks about offering Ballard a small bride, but who has done anything about it (I'll ask, to save Wrai the trouble)? Actions speak louder than words.

RLee's Hitler-&-swastika kick got the axe, as you'd know if you'd been watching, purely because it was called to our attention that a USArmy noncom stationed in Germany could be subjected to serious embarrassment and possible trouble if any of the Brass happened to find H-&-s-loaded stuff in his possession. Oh, sure, we were fed up with it long before, but that was the clincher. Clarified?

Nope, I'm still against "painless" taxes; they encourage complacency toward excessive gov't spending at all levels. Don't forget-- they still take your money; whether you feel the bite or not, you're still living less well for each tax.

The vertical lines (using the Standard SW spirit-duper) were strictly from the build of the duper, as they were put on first-run sides while running second-sides. Anyhow, we finally sold it, feeling that the Gestetner was enough duper.

Yes, Cabell is delightful to read, in much of his work. I like the wry touch and the mastery of words (and, as you say, of circumlocution).

Re Oaths: Right You Are! Either sign in good faith, or not at all. That's simple personal integrity, and I have no patience with avoidance-rationalizations.

2 + 2 = 4: possibly the difficulty is that "two", "four", etc, are modifiers (such as adjectives), and are only valid when correctly applied. Possibly?

Kuttner(Padgett)'s people-censoring machine was "The Twonky". Close, though.

Howcome you call Tosk "Bernadette"-- for funny? But calling you "Jacqueline" would not strike me as being very humorous. So I won't, either.

I guess I'm just not up to that pure-quill Blog of yours, Jack. As you'll recall, I had to give up and revert to bheer. It takes years of training, no doubt.

Who said we (as 2head OEs) were Against Nudes? We're against troubles with the P.O., is all. Your li'l nude on the second page of limericks (maan, what an assortment! Good going, Jack, indeed), that li'l nude, I say again, is from past fannish experience perfectly OK by us until we learn differently. Rob't Lee's girl with chastity-belt and strategically-placed fist-sized keyhole, however, was something else again. Dig out the last DAM and see if you don't agree; it's the sort of thing that gave Lars Bourne a bad P.O. time that SAPS doesn't need, at all.

Good interesting zine, Jack; wish you hadn't had to miss this mailing.

SIC, SIC, SIC---



"I have six pages
in this mailing."

And for once I get to start on a zine at top of page:

Megan Sturek's MEGANOTES #1: because all your text was written before you drew your cover, you didn't get to tell the veeeps (all SAPS members are vice-presidents if they are not some other offizier) that the cover of MG#1 depicts the Maggroana School where you labor day in and day out for little money and less appreciation (except from the tads & their forbears), and that the small kennel at lower right ^{oops, LEFT!} is the

"portable" in which you and your classes harrass each other. Good ol' Magroana.

Well, no wonder your friend Eleanor Isherwood is making more money than you; any board of education is going to be impressed by a candidate who "would peel off her shorts and put on her dress" at every interview. Being as you're a sensitive high-type girl, though, I can see why you "would wait outside..., wearing my shorts and pretending I didn't know her, as I didn't want my appearance to be a detriment". Rightly, you realized that the Boards of Education who went for this strip-routine, would not want their faculties running around with shorts-wearing prudes. Naturally.

Geez, if we lived where people could smoke anywhere at all in a theater, even extra-cost loges, I might consider going to an occasional movie again sometime.

Heck, when I drove past Klamath Lake, I went swimming in it-- and came up all covered with fine-spun green algae. This was a number of years ago, and no doubt the algae is bigger and coarser by now.

Seattle is the "Queen City" only to the C of C and the editorial pages of the local daily papers, except when it is the "City of Flowers" or something else. Chambers-of-Commerce and daily papers must be allowed these little eccentricities.

Heck, I lived 4 blocks from the Clark Hotel for several years, back when Art Rapp was a noofan, and I didn't see anything especially friendly about it. But I suppose maybe it's different on the Inside, huh?

Until fairly recent times it was impossible to buy a mixed drink in the state of Washington, outside of "private clubs" (legitimate and otherwise). The advent of "cocktail bars" has not as yet changed the beer-&-wine-tavern orientation of the average Washingtonian-- taverns outnumber "lounges" at least ten to one, by State Law; people are much more used to drinking beer in public, than "hard-liquor". And the "lounges" charge more for beer than do the taverns. Living near the University as you do, I'm not surprised that acquaintances invite you to nearby taverns rather than to clipjoints such as-- oh, what's a fairly-near one?-- Garski's Scarlet Tree? Well, of course Seattle isn't exactly Rome, but "when in..."

Agree with you on the union stranglehold in this area (tho we're not alone in that), and L*O*V*E the schoolside reminiscencing. Hope you're feeling up to MCs for this mailing, though, because that's where you'll get the most out of SAPS.

~~Oh my god!~~ no, it's Marty Fleischman who is taking over as a minimum-activity type-- Coswal is actually doing a lot better these days, and has my apologies here. FOUT #3, then: I join the chorus against this phony justified-margin kick that does the job by breaking a word wherever it happens to hit the margin. What makes you think that this practice is worthwhile? If you want to justify margins, ask JackH or EvaF how to do it R*I*G*H*T. (ONstencil, they do it.)

I have seen the '59 Buick, and also CONSUMER'S REPORT's writeup, that this is not a satisfactory piece of transportation.

Err-- I crudded up Art's zine awhile back with the "Which way to the White Hart?" pic, and the use of fictitious WH was strictly intentional.

So, how many comprise your "mental bloc" against math? Anti-mathematicians throughout the ages, or something? The word is block, dammit.

Sims airmailed TB#1 masters to BHH, who had the completed zines again in the mails within 45 minutes of receiving them (he told us). Howard sent 'em to us Airmail Special Delivery, and I hope that never happens again.

Mainly, I guess I'm bugged by hearing the size of the zine you have this time. Well, just so long as you're giving it a good try, Marty, I'm for you.

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"I'm fulfilling my Activity Requirements, just like the Rules say."

Wally Weber's CREEP #17: Oh, brother! Reading through 3 pages of ingeniously-miniaturized MCs, the only one that gives a hook for counter-comment is the final one "I guess we're not using Coslet's volume-numbers, huh?" Cos spurred us to look back through our voluminous (i.e., spilling out of the closet) correspondence, and now we are using volume-numbers. Coslet still doesn't exactly agree with us, as we happen to be using Wrai Ballard's volume-numbers, but

I hope to have this little difficulty straightened out rather shortly. You will have no difficulty (once this is settled) figuring out whose system we're using, as the other party will (if I know the both of them) be typing through a large mouthful of inky ol' paper. Such are the hazards of perfectionism.

Soames: lots of good punchlines in here, and as you said, Otto, this is only the introductory chapter. May all our booster shots be effective, bhoy. And did you have to call the Vengeance of The Toskey down upon you, yet again? Anyhow, you gave some baaad moments to Tosk, although you didn't know it at the time.

Wally, you brave but furshlugginer veep, you-- how about a little more Weber in CREEP, hey? Not to crowd Otto out, mind you, but to supplement and balance his contributions. And isn't this about where we came in, in 1956? "I FoughtCityHall" was magnificent. You usually are, dammit, when a typer can get its keys onto you.

Roger Sims has either TEDDYBEAR #2 or TEDDYBEAR FANDOM #1 in here: in either case, he has too little of his own material. Oops, that's no way to write MCs. What I mean, Rog, is that you don't have enough in this zine. A whole half-a-hat full of water-- I mean, a whole half-a-page, yet. I thought maybe Howard wrote that, but he says it's the only thing in the zine (besides "Yes") that you did for yourself. Only one full text-page in the zine, and that's the one I wrote (and took credit for, naturally). Sure, we like you, Rog, but we like a lot of people: some of them are in or up for SAPS. Some come through and some goof (Rich Encey went to the bottom of the WL for failing to respond on time, awhile back). So you do just exactly what you want to do, and we will act according to the rules we made, which were modeled more or less on previous SAPScustoms but modified to cinch up on the WL so as to fill out the Roster, fast. And if, as I expect, you become an ex-SAP, we still like you (even more, perhaps, for not being such a nuisance any more).

Elinor's & my POLARITY #3: My memory is less than eidetic. Terry Carr has corrected me on the order of events at the Con's business meeting, and Geo Raybin has pointed out that whatever document was read in the Detroit suite Fri pm to the effect that the WSFSinc was authorized to act only in the US, was not the Certificate of Incorporation (loosely called "charter"): apparently it was a section of New York corporation-law, superseding the charter. Donaho would probably know, or maybe Nick'n'Noreen (casually called "2N"). I could use some evidence on this point, as GeoNims is blasting me in the CRY, at the moment. Letters, anyone?

No one has yet read or written a Complete Con-Report, but you gotta try...

The official SPECTATOR: I thought, at one time, that it would be relatively easy to write a simple, clear-cut set of rules for SAPS. I still think that it should be easy, but it isn't. I mean, Campbell hasn't touched even the surface with Murphy's Laws. For instance: "If there is any way in which a rule can be misinterpreted, it will be." Oh well-- we'll keep trying; best wishes to you, too.

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"After all, that's what rules are for, isn't it?"

And down here we'll polish off this little series of pseudo-(Jules)Feiffer sketches, which make up a little story, bit by bit. Thank you, one and all.

((End of MCs))

SIC, SIC, SIC--



"I think I'll run for OE!"

((page 16, and from here on out, it gets rough))

Today is CRYday 123. So now that CRY #123 is in the hands of Circulation Dep't name of Toskey, it's time to get back to SAPS, and pre-strawberry-sunset Bradbury.

The following is reprinted from SINISTERRA #5 (v.2, nr.1), 1951. (This fifth quarterly issue was published more than a year after the fourth quarterly issue.)

= = = = =

M A R S I S M O N O T O N O U S

A Hall of Shame Selection, by F. M. Busby

(Editor's note-- Some stories stand the Test of Time; others are forgotten almost as soon as they are read, and this one should be.)

(Author's Note-- the following story, originally published under the pseudonym of Jay Shadbury, will appear in the forthcoming anthology "Martians Chronically", \$2, Hemorrhage House. Plug.)

= = = = =

The rocket arched beautifully down toward the brown surface of the planet. The men clustered eagerly about the viewport. "Is that really Mars?" asked Johnson. "Yes," said the captain.

The rocket shone gleaming in the weakened sunshine. The men clustered eagerly around the captain. He used Lifebuoy. "Is that really, truly Mars?" asked Swenson. "Yes," said the captain.

The jets spewed noise and flame into the thin air. The captain clustered eagerly about the men. "You don't suppose we came to the wrong place? Got turned around some way or other, and we won't ever get home?" asked Replogle. "Yes," said the captain.

The rocket came down close to the brown dust. Down below, the people stood and watched, quietly. "What is that?" asked one of the young ones. "Will it hurt us?" asked another. Their voices were thin in the thin air. So were the people. There is no vegetation on Mars.

"It won't hurt us," said the old one. "I saw one of those once before, when I was small like you."

The rocket landed on a little hill. The men clustered eagerly around the airlock. "It's Mars, all right," said the captain. "Can you believe it? We're really on Mars. Can you believe it, Johnson? Can you believe it, Replogle?"

"Yes," said Replogle, "I can believe it. I've read the whole book." (Plug.)

The people trudged quietly through the brown dust toward the rocket, which had landed a long way off. "Why did it come down so far away?" asked the littlest one. "The captain hadn't read the book," the old one answered.

The men were outside the rocket now, breathing fast because the air was so thin. "This dirt-- it's just like my farm back home," said Johnson. "I bet we could grow corn and beans here," said Swenson. "No, there isn't any water here," said Replogle. "What about the canals?" said Turner. I know you haven't heard from Turner before, but he's been there all along, he and Olcott and Muldoon and four or five others. Be patient. "There ought to be water in the canals," insisted Turner. "Yes," said the captain, "or possibly no."

The people came to the bottom of the hill. "It's not much farther, is it?" asked one of the little ones. "What are we going to say to them when we get there?" asked another. "Will they give us things to eat?" asked the littlest one.

"Just follow me and keep your little Martian mouths shut," said the oldest one.

The men saw the people start trudging up the hill. "Who is that?" asked Replogle. "Who is that, captain-- all those thin people trudging up this little hill toward us clustered here about our rocket in which we came to Mars, all the way from Earth?"

"Here," said the captain, "here, Replogle, have a bite of my Lifebuoy and keep your little Terran mouth shut. And you, also: Johnson, Swenson, Turner, Olcott, Muldoon, Kuniatz, Pildoak, Frumit, Arbogast, Neaptide, and Jones."

"What are all those thin people going to do when they get here?" asked Jones, the Lifebuoy having run out at Kuniatz.

"How should I know?" asked the captain. "You know I haven't read the book. Ask Replogle, when he gets through with his Lifebuoy."

The people trudged up to the top of the hill. They walked up and faced the men clustered near the rocket. They kept their little Martian mouths shut. The men kept their little Terran mouths shut. The people walked on past the men and into the rocket, through the airlock.

"What did they do that for, captain?" asked Jones. "Ask them, Jones, ask them," cried the captain. Jones went into the airlock. He came out again, headfirst in the brown dust. The oldest of the people stood at the entrance, smiling.

"Why did you do that?" asked Jones. "What are you doing in our rocket? We need it, to go back to Earth."

"So do we," said the oldest of the people. "We are tired of Mars. We will land in a deserted place, and burn the rocket, and go live on farms and in small villages. We are glad to have met you."

"You can't do that," said the captain. "Everyone will know you don't belong on Earth. You are too thin. And you will not like our strong gravity and thick air on Earth. Just as we do not like your weak gravity and thin air here on Mars."

"That is what I told them twenty years ago," said the oldest of the people, "when they took the ship we came in, and left us here. But they did it anyway. And that is what happened to all the ships. I don't know how it all started-- you know, yourself, they never tell us anything when we start out. I," he added, "was captain of the last one."

"You're lying," said the captain. "You aren't from Earth. You're too thin. An Earthman couldn't get that thin, and live."

"You wouldn't think so, would you?"

"Why are you so thin?" asked the captain.

"There isn't any vegetation on Mars," said the new captain thinly. "Here is a case of Lifebuoy" and he pushed it out of the airlock onto the brown dirt. "It is more than we had to start with, and it should last you long enough to become monotonous. Mars," he sighed, "is very monotonous."

"But what will we live on?" shouted the ex-captain. "What will we eat? How will we keep from starving to death?" Pildoak, Frumit, Arbogast, Neaptide, and Jones all echoed him tearfully in the thin air. Johnson, Swenson, Replogle, Turner, Olcott, Muldoon, and Kuniatz still had their mouths full of Lifebuoy and could only mumble.

The jets began to growl and smoke as the rocket prepared to take off for Earth. "How will we keep alive?" screamed the ex-captain.

"Well," said the new captain slowly (and thinly) as he began to close the airlock, "you'd better ask Replogle. Or better yet," he added, "read the book yourself."

After the rocket took off, the new people trudged slowly down the little hill with the case of Lifebuoy, looking thinner by the minute.

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(Further episodes from "Martians Chronically" are certainly to be deplored.)

I ((and here is the 18th & final page of RETRO #11, Jan '59, SAPS Mailing #46))

We haven't run any verse in here for quite awhile, so how about:

THE TWELVE DAYS OF FANMAS

On the first day of Fanmas, my femmefan gave to me
A mint file of SLANT and QUAN-DRY.

On the second day of Fanmas, my femmefan gave to me
Two shading plates,
And a mint file of SLANT and QUAN-DRY.

On the third day of Fanmas, my femmefan gave to me
Three TA-AFF votes,
Two shading plates,
And a mint file of SLANT and QUAN-DRY.

On the fourth day of Fanmas, my femmefan gave to me
Four lett'ring guides,
Three TA-AFF votes,
Two shading plates,
And a mint file of SLANT and QUAN-DRY.

On the fifth day of Fanmas, my femmefan gave to me
Five Faa-an fouds!
Four lett'ring guides,
Three TAFF votes,
Two shading plates,
And a mint file of SLANT and QUAN-DRY.

(Well, that's enough buildup: let's skip to the Grand Finale, shall we?)

On the TWELFTH DAY OF FANMAS, my femmefan gave to me:
Twelve typers typing,
Eleven stencils dripping,
Ten dupers duping,
Nine bheers a-foaming,
Eight Fapans fapping,
Seven hectoes smearing,
Six Fuggheads fugging,
Five Faa-an Fouds!
Four lett'ring guides,
Three TAFF votes,
Two shading plates,
And a mint file of SLANT and QUAN-DRY!

Why, I guess I must have one of the best collections in the Known Universe!

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Ha! all done except for these closing lines and drawing the li'l faces into the SIC, SIC, SIC sequence. Started on this zine Dec 26 (I think) and here it is Jan 4; what with CRY #123, it got a bit rushed around here. Hope I never delay starting a SAPSzine so badly again, with other work piled up at the same time; it makes for a rushed treatment, and less complete coverage than I'd like.

The "12 Days of Fanmas", above, was scribbled onto paper during lunchtime down at work a couple of months ago, mislaid, scrabbled for, and finally found in time to save me from doing a full page of loose nattering with little left to say just now.

It has just struck me, with a bit of a dull thud, that I should be typing up a stencil of SAPS rules and a Pillar Poll ballot for SPECTATOR, instead of being so smugly self-congratulatory about having this one under wraps. So be it. Now it gives the signing-off, until the next mailing. Salud!

--Buz