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# SATHANAS

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# SATHANAS #2

December 1961

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# CURSES & CONFUSION

FIRST ON THE AGENDA is a full round of apologies to all of you out there (I'm sure there must have been some) who have been pining away whilst waiting for this second issue. For those with short memories, SATH #1 first appeared on the zine scene way back in the last month of '60. Therefore, this quarterly publication might be truthfully termed an annual fanzine.

Far be it for me to say nay to such a description, after such a lengthy wait on all your parts. But I honestly hope to get SATH back on a quarterly schedule now that I own a mimeo of my own. #3? 'Fore Easter.

While on the subject of #3, let me state that I'm open to contributions from neofan and acknowledged master alike, I've absolutely no prejudice in my soul at all. But since fandom now no longer trusts my schedules, I suppose I'll have to write it all myself. So be it.

DEPARTMENT OF BLUSHING NECKS In #1, it seems that I sounded off with a few ill-chosen words about a seeming wave of Anti-Faanish fanzines. It is now self-evident that those pronouncements were a bit ill-advised, for no such wave has developed. Faanishness seems to be holding its ground quite well—considering that it's in poor favor in many circles at the moment. And apart from a few fanatical blasters of "faaans" who publish sloppy stf articles and stories to show how much more superior their product is than the average Faanish crudzine, what stf-centered material that has appeared has remained on a high plane of writing skill and thot. The expected flood of horrible pb and prozine reviews and suchlike by rank amateurs has not come to pass. For this be thankful, and knock on wood. Or have I stopped getting all the crudzines?

By the way, I was pleading for more understanding of both sides, not putting forth my own type of "Hate STF-Centered Fanzines" campaign as a substitute for the "Hate Faanishness" fanzines. My fault, really, for not phrasing my thots more precisely and intelligently.

SHE PROMISES NOT TO BRING HER BAGPIPE So what further persuading could a thinking fan need in order to want to vote the Lindsay ticket? I personally faunch for Ethel 'cause she's a slick chick and she'd really make the Chi scene spark. She's got fandom coming in on all channels (she's hep on what's going on) and apart from a vicious rumour that she's Parker's "Enforcer" (and is supposedly aiding Ella in making the SFCoL into an armed camp...an unfounded rumour if ever I heard one...Parker doesn't need any aid to do that.), she's known to be a live one at all the BritCons that she's attended. She turns them on like a string of Christmas lights. She's for me. And don't forget.... It's .50¢ to Ron Ellik or 2/6- to Eric The Bent (tho some call him Eric Bentcliffe). And a buck is a lot easier to send.....



One of fandom's latest fads and fancies seems to be the theory and practice of timebinding. This fad is not particularly new, but like many things, it comes and goes in cycles. At present it is enjoying an upsurge in both practice and favor. Old fans are mooning over their long lost memories of the greats and near-greats of our microcosm that they happened to know many years ago. And ever conscious of the latest In things, the newcomers to the fannish scene are casually dropping the names and comparisons of past periods.

Ever being one to follow the way of others, especially when it does appeal to me, I've persuaded myself to start a series of articles on some of the greats and sayings and reputations and acts of past eras and places. And since at this time it seems to be a deep concern of fandom to search its collective soul about The Burning Issues Of Our Day, i.e.—mundane problems, it is only fitting that these articles should chronicle a by-gone era in mundane life, a chapter in the history of normal man. In short, I'm going to natter about my misspent youth.

I dedicate this series to Harry Warner, the one who started the present series. Just read on and pretend I'm talking about some fringe-fans you'd never heard of before, and it'll sound like Red Boggs..... I hope.

# Wyatt Earp

## AND OTHER STORIES

by RIP

Wyatt Earp was more than a bit fruity under the skull bone, with definite paranoic overtones. No, I'm not talking about the Wyatt Earp of Dodge City or wherever that particular paranoid hung around. I'm talking about my paranoid Wyatt Earp!

I first met Wyatt Earp on a fine sunshinny day some ten years ago and more, by which time he had already achieved a sort of tarnished immortality in the annals of human history. Tho to call Wyatt human might have been stretching the truth a mite.

Wyatt was a cop.

Like other cops, he wore a pretty dark uniform, resplendent with shiny badges, shiny buttons and a very shiny trousers seat. He wore a gun at all time, leading to some speculation as to what he did with it when he got home, if he was married. Thanks to his extraordinarily skinniness, his gun belt was always hanging low on his hips, forcing him to constantly readjust it. This was at least one reason why he came to be compared with the western hero.

It would be hard off hand to think of anyone who was skinnier than Wyatt, tho I have probably seen such people once in a while. But the boniness of his body coupled with the prominence of his nose and Amerind-like cheekbones, and his height, gave the impression of an impossibly starved plow horse, about ready to turn on his master and try chewing on him for a change. Mothers instinctively fed him.





6] Apart from these facts that made him so easy to spot even in a packed stadium, Wyatt had a few other particular characteristics. He was a grouch for one thing, and he was triggerhappy for another.

As with most other fuzz in their youth, Wyatt in his younger days performed the necessary service to the City of walking up and down a specific territory, or doing a beat from a precinct house as it is sometimes termed. At least until such time as enough brownie points have accumulated as to allow him to be able to enforce Law And Order from the strenuous position of a desk at the station house. But Wyatt's beat at this time was a grade-A whapaladoodle.

It was Project Town, one of many such project towns that sprang up in Detroit and the other industrial cities of the US during the War to house the floods of workers and their myriads of wives and children that came to produce the necessary hardware of war. But though Detroit from '41 to '46 put up many such project towns....And they are all now one with the past...There will always be only one Project Town in my memories.

That complex of one-story wooden temporary houses that existed for a short space in time and reality to the south of 7 Mile Road along the NYCentral tracks to McNichols Road and beyond.

From these look-alike dumps, their many off-spring went off to school to the educational centers of the area, including the church school which I attended all my grade-school years. It was there that I first met Roger Andrich and George Young and many other youthful comrades, who in turn, introduced me to the unreal world of Project Town.

Project Town was just a few blocks to the south and west of me, so I came to frequent it quite often, including one autumn day in '51. At that time I had not met Wyatt Earp face to face. When I did, it was whilst on the way to the local baseball diamond to meet some friends. Being new to that particular section, I thot I'd ask a few directions from the local inhabitants. So, spotting He With The Fallen Arches, trotted over to him, reached up and tapped him on the elbow, prior to asking a few simple questions.

There I was, myself. Plump, glasses, uncombed, dirty, a perfect picture of modern americana. Wyatt Earp cooling it in the middle of a street, rocking back and forth on his heels, his eyes going from one side to another, making sure no one was sneaking up on him. Thumbs in his gun belt. Then I tap him.....

It's like fantastic. Our man wheels around like Burt Lancaster in a show-down scene, one hand on the butt of his cannon and a scowl on his puss that would sour a can of milk behind a lead wall. He barks at me like a rabid Great Dane, like he was giving me the third, and says, "Whata ya want!?"

Listen, man, I says to myself, I'm harmless. But I managed to say, "Er, I'm wondering if you could tell me how to get to the baseball diamond?"

Half expecting to be run in for assination or arson or something, while saying it.

He just stands there in that gun-fighters crouch of his and queried, "Are you sure that's all you want?" "Yeah, oh yes, I'm sure. That's all I want, Honest, cross my heart!"

He backed away a step or two, looked behind him to make sure there wasn't a gang sneaking up on him or a mob of cloaked Italian vendetti weren't crawling over the rooftops, and pointed off to the south and told me to head thataway.

I thanked him and proceeded to make many footprints between him and me. And all the way down the street, I could still see him, hand.





still caressing the butt of his gun.

Later that afternoon, Roger Andrich and George Young (not our George Young, by the way..

..another George Young) filled me in on the details of Why this Long Armer was so sensitive about people. Especially young people. It seems that they had been instrumental in warping his tender young fuzzish soul into the hard-bitten gun-fighter straight out of the pages of a poor western shootemup.

Roger was, and probably still is, a small slight light-haired person who was the perfect picture of boyish innocence in his misspent youth, and was always thinking up new deviltry to badger Authority with.

This particular time of year, the year before, Roger had come on Wyatt Earp on afternoon and stopped in front of him. Wyatt glared at him, and Roger stepped a little bit closer and gazed at something on Wyatt's chest. Wyatt looked down, but didn't see anything. Roger came a little closer and said, "Say, you know what? Your badge is dirty." Roger leaned forward and started rubbing the badge with his shirt sleeve's elbow. He smiled toothily up at Wyatt and smilingly said, "Don't you know any better, you stupid f---head?"

Ooooh, did our boy get mad! Roger split for high timber as Wyatt went off like a land-mine behind him. He started yelling for Roger to stop in the name of the law or he'd blow his pumpkin head off and threatening to do unmentionable things to him and his ancestors and pawing at the cannon on his hip, trying to get it out of his holster so he could take a shot at him. Rog duck between two houses and that was the last he saw of Roger.

George then told me about what the gang had done to him that very summer. Whilst I had been playing around in Lake somethingorother, George had come up with a fiendishly devious ploy.

Considering the nature of our assiliant, I know now that it was a highly dangerous stunt, but it seemed mucho fun at the time.

It so happened that one day Wyatt perceived this teenager run up to him, all out of breath, and obviously quite shook up. Wyatt was suspicious of kids, so he kept the kid an arms distance away. That kid must have been a marvelous actor.

What the kid had to say was fairly simple. In between gasps for air and panting, he horrifically told Wyatt of this horrible beating-up this one kid was getting from some gang. They were gonna kill him, oh, you've got to stop them, it was simply awful, horrible, terrible, they're gonna kill him, you've got to stop them, oh, please, hurry!

Wyatt, naturally suspicious, nevertheless went with the kid, his bloodshot eyes on the lookout for some sort of an ambush, keeping the kid in front of him. He follo ed him to this one alley-way, keeping his hand on his gun all the way. It was mighty dark in that alley (it was dusk or near then). But not so dark that Wyatt couldn't spot George.

George looked a perfect mess. Blood all over him, clothes torn, cuts and gashes showing, his leg at an odd angle, kinda bubbling in a pitiful little way and making little vagrant motions. The kid made tracks for other locales, but Wyatt was too interested in George to worry about him.

Wyatt's eyes nearly bugged out of his head, his mouth dropped like





8/ it had lead in it, and he nearly tore the leather flap off his holster getting his cannon out. George just laid there and twitched.

Wyatt went into the allye a little ways and nudged George with his toe. George moaned a little bit and tried to move his head. Wyatt got down into his crouch (doubtless learned from many, many weekend trips to the flic palace, watching the horse operas), and tried to stare into the dismal gloom of the alley. He hoarsely asked, "Who's in there!?"

About twenty of the gang yelled back, "There's no one here but us cats!"

Wyatt backed up suddenly against one of the garbage cans at that, his eyes bugged out again, his mouth did the thing, and he turned and decided that he would right quick get some reinforcements to clean up this place. The hell with that sucker bleefing to death back there, it was time to find something to do elsewhere, thank you.

By the time the gendarmes hove to in force, both George and the rest of the gang had long since made the scene at some place distant. After that, Wyatt was apt to be quite sensitive if someone were to meow at him. As a matter of fact, he became distinctly unpleasant.

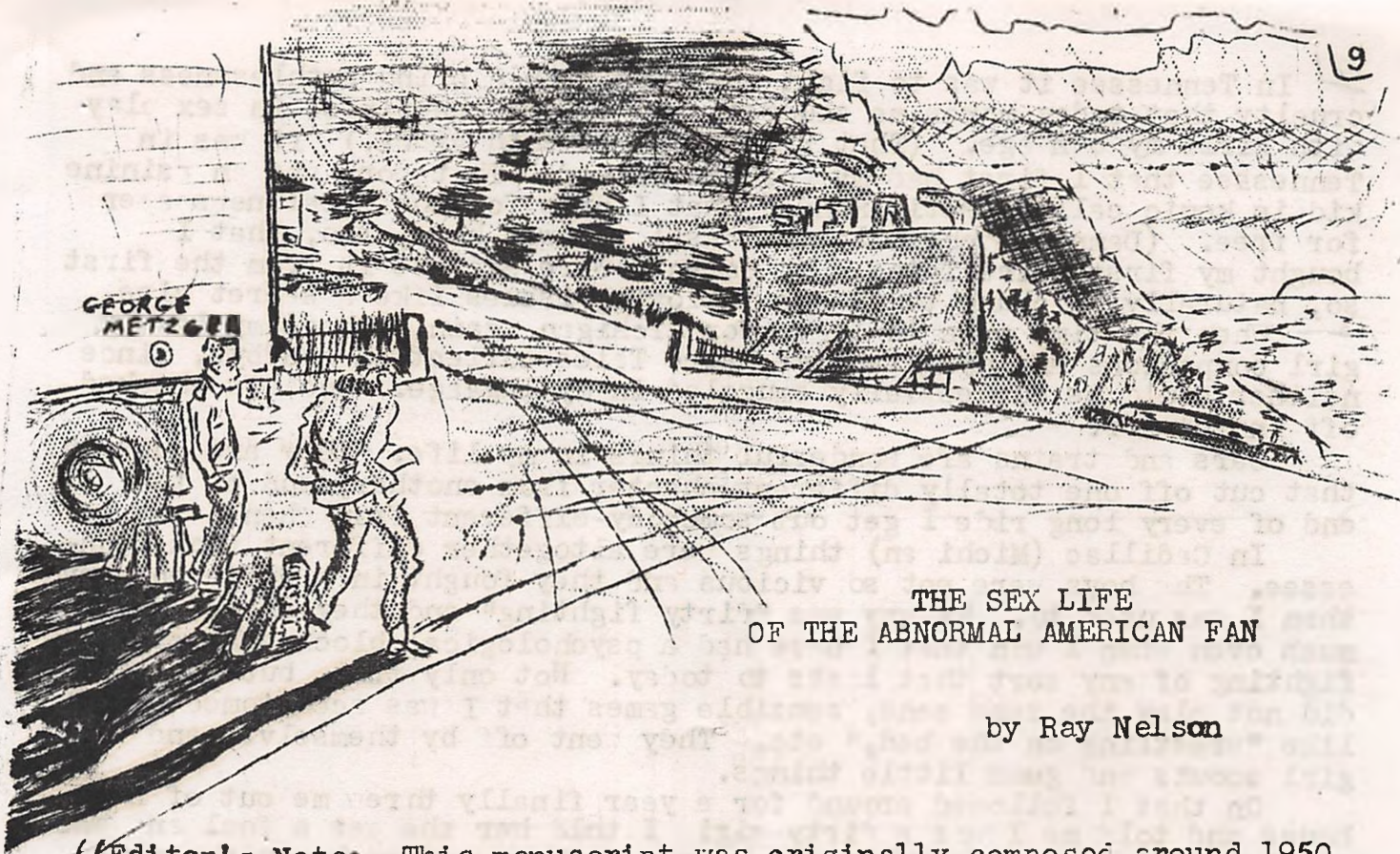
Eventually Wyatt got transferred to some other beat, or to the station house, and we never saw him in Project Town again. But for a while he did a wholesome job of providing us something to poke fun at.

Ah, those were the good old days. Back when we used to have fights after every baseball game. When the Social Worker almost got a bicycle chain wrapped around his concrete skull. Back when some theories and a great deal of practice went into deciding whether baseball bats, broken bottles or switchblades were the more effective in-fighting weapon. The construction of an underground club house and the time we stole three telephone poles and many, many more good times. We were just good healthy normal All-American youths, we were. I'll tell you more next issue. Don't miss it.

-Richard Schultz-







## THE SEX LIFE OF THE ABNORMAL AMERICAN FAN

by Ray Nelson

((Editor's Note: This manuscript was originally composed around 1950 and intended for publication at that time. However, it has passed from hand to hand through the years, finally being given to me by Hal Shapiro (last of the big time spenders). It now sees life. And while reading this timebinding thing, remember that it was written over ten years ago, and people and viewpoints do change.))

QUESTION: "How are things with you, Rad?"

ANSWER: "THINGS are coming for me. Creeping, slimy, fishy THINGS are crawling all over me. (Giggle, giggle) They tickle!"

Did I ever tell you about fandom? No? Listen and I'll tell all.

As a child, I had considerable trouble telling reality from imagination, and the first companion I remember was Johnny McCarrigan. He was a swell fellow with only one fault. Nobody could see him but me! They thought I was feeble minded and almost sent me away. But gradually I came to terms with reality. At first I was ridiculed and hated by the other children, but the same thing that made them hate me also made them fear me, and in the savage world of childhood I gained a position not unlike that of a witch doctor in a primitive tribe. Our family moved around quite a bit, living in New York, Connecticut, Indiana, Florida, Michigan and California, Tennessee and Michigan again, and points between, never really settling anywhere.

Each place I went to held the same ordeal of a half-mad, dreamy-eyed introvert trying to make a place for himself in a society of disgustingly healthy American Boys. In Indiana the solution to my problem was to run. In Michigan it was to organize clubs and force others to do my bidding. In California it was to tell stories to children younger than I and to seek the companionship of a young dreamer like myself.



In Tennessee it was to fight the boys with a blind ruthlessness and cruelty that today makes me shudder, and to find happiness in sex play with girls my own age. (That was in the seventh grade.) It was in Tennessee that I first had my work published. That work was an asinine kiddie comic called "Petie Panda" that I drew for the local newspaper for free. (Damn the child labor laws!) It was here, too, that I bought my first Weird Tales. My parents were against it from the first so, naturally, I clung to it and following issues like a secret vice.

When the time came to leave for Michigan again, I bade my lovely girl companions and my extensive Weird Tales collection goodbye, since neither could be successfully smuggled in my luggage. And was whisked off in the car.

Cars and trains are wonderful things in my life. They are curtains that cut off one totally different chapter from another, and at the end of every long ride I get out somebody different from when I got in.

In Cadillac (Michigan) things were altogether different from Tennessee. The boys were not so vicious and they fought in a different way than I was used to. My way was "dirty fighting" and they shamed me so much even when I won that I have had a psychological block against fighting of any sort that lasts to today. Not only that, but the girls did not play the same sane, sensible games that I was accustomed to, like "wrestling on the bed," etc. They went off by themselves and were girl scouts and good little things.

On that I followed around for a year finally threw me out of her house and told me I was a dirty pig! I told her she was a fool and was missing life, and eventually she agreed with me, after becoming valedictorian of her high school class and a homosexual.

According to Freud, all kids go through a homosexual phase. I know many of my friends--the majority, in fact--have gone or are going through that stage. But in all honesty, I do not believe that I ever did. For the first half of my life I was almost completely alone with the phantoms of my own mind; and for the second half I was violently heterosexual. For this reason I am far more tolerant of homos than the lousy nuts who condemn certain fans for this characteristic. These condemners, I think, are ex-homos themselves, if not still so, and attack others for their own faults. It is on this experience that I base my plea to abolish the Boy and Girl Scouts, as well as all other organizations for youth based on sexual segregation. If we wish a normal, happy culture, our youth must be taught to play sane, sensible games, like "wrestle on the bed". The only alternative is homosexuality, or worse.

With this introduction, we turn to fandom.

Upon entering high school my interest turned from comic books, which I drew constantly and collected fanatically, to Drawing and Writing as separate occupations. I was instrumental in founding our school paper, took Art (all A's, of course) and DISCOVERED FANDOM.

I saw a letter in a prozine by Art Rapp saying he was starting a fan club in Michigan. I wrote him and got a copy of the early SPACE-WARP. After a while, I submitted a few things to it, but was not entirely a fan until I read an article by Ben Singer entitled, "The Gullible Herd", a history of atheism. At that time, I was a devout Christian and a habitue of (shudder) Sunday School, so I leaped at Singer's throat with a violent denunciation of him and atheism, saying that there

was no point in a history of atheism because atheism was not even worth talking about. I lost the argument, but won the privilege of becoming a true fan. I even published a fanzine of my own, called UNIVERSE,

which lasted all of two issues before combining with SPACEWARP in one of the worst muddles of fan history. I ran for Director Publications



(of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society) on the Chaotic Party Ticket, and when elected I certainly did produce chaos. Before I knew what was happening, I was publishing both SPACEWARP and the MSFS club organ, MUTANT. At the same time I was struggling through a particularly hard session at school: trying to make something of the school paper, joining Hi Y (a stupid move. A stupid club!), falling in love and thousands of other things.

Finally, with a scream of stark madness, I flung all the fanzines and everything that went with them into a huge packing case and sent 'em off to George Young. (He is a Boy Scout and still maintains at least the outward appearance of heterosexuality. Amazing case!) In the ensuing turmoil, MUTANT went into a decline from which it never recovered, and Art Rapp had to work like a mad fiend to get SPACEWARP up to date. At this point I wish to apologize to all Michifandom for this act and warn them never again to put me in a position of responsibility.

I also organized a loosely knit fan group in Cadillac with about twenty members or so, some girls (an innovation at the time) and all fans (still an innovation); But George Young was the first out-of-town fan I met face to face. We held a special club meeting in his honor and a large number of local fans were there.

'Twas here that George bought his first helicopter beanie!!

During the period following this, I fell in love with a quiet intense sort of a girl, a Roman Catholic, and very wicked, of course. She was a true fan, and she took to science fiction and fantasy because she was a thrill seeker and these promised a new thrill to replace sexual pleasure, a thing whose excitement she had almost exhausted.

At the next Cadillacon, I introduced her to Ben Singer and Hal Shapiro, and within months after meeting these two, she had a nervous breakdown (translation: she went nuts), and was carted off to the Traverse City Sanatorium where she remains to this day.

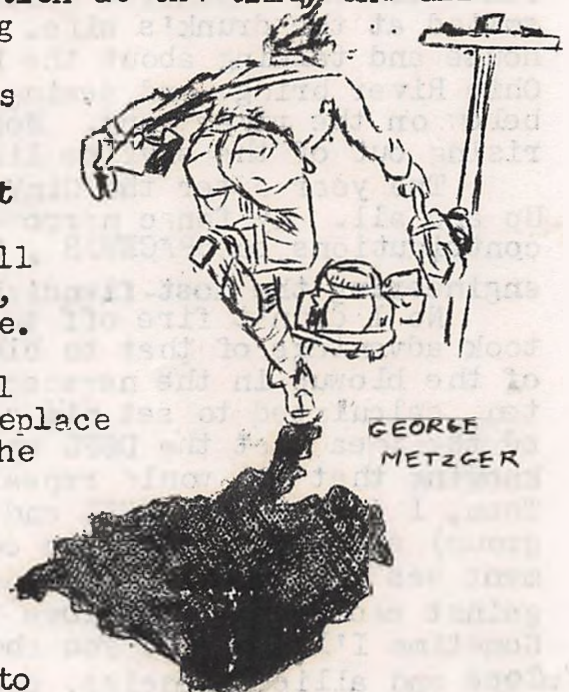
At that Cadillacon, my woman was not the only one who went nuts. There was, for instance, that waitress to whom Hal Shapiro gave the note (a not beginning, "Dear Pashun Panties", and wrapped in a dollar bill, making the usual proposition. Hal Shapiro denied that he put any money in it, tho).

There was the local newspaper editor whom Ben confronted and denounced in his customary colorful rhetoric, claiming that he was just repeating what he had heard from me.

There was the clergyman that...but why go on? It is too awful.

After that there was a short lull, followed by THE BIG SENDOFF for Ben Singer (the first send-off. Not the one before he actually left. Some guys just can't seem to take a hint!) It was held at the apartment of the infamous Edith Furesik in Detroit, and everyone came in costume. I was a werewolf (suitably enough), and Ben Singer was a Frankenstein (also suitably enough). It was at this party I met Shaverite-Christian and Buck Rogers fan, Eugene Seger, who was to later figure so prominently in the Great Blow-Up at Art Rapp's house. 'Twas he who showed me how Shaver's exid, like soap chips floating in whirling dishwater, moves to the center of a whirlpool and forms gravity.

Towards midnight after everybody but Gene had had plenty of beer, a pornography collection was brought out and it soon became painfully clear





12/from Seger's fuggheaded comments that he did not know the difference between male and female. But one must not be too hard on the poor boy.

I stayed over in Detroit that night before returning to Cadillac. At an earlier meeting my departure had been a good deal more colorful as the Detroiters and I had driven down the main drag in Detroit and every-time we came abreast of another car at a stoplight, Singer leaned toward it with a realistic gorilla mask and growled savagely.

Then came the Cinvention! My first real fan convention! I was drunk a good part of the time, and got roped into all sorts of things while helpless. I even joined SAPS and the Fantasy Artesians. It was just pure luck that I didn't join the NFFF also. I remember going to a burlesque show with a mob of fans and Rog Phillips, and being drawn on by Hens Bok. But the thing I remember most vividly was walking the streets of Cincinnati the last night of the convention with a group of other fans. I remember the drunk that wanted to beat up Bob Stein while Bob had his fantastically expensive camera around his neck, & all because he had smiled at the drunk's wife. I remember sitting in an all nite hash house and talking about the Detroit traffic system, and walking across an Ohio River bridge and seeing the little fires of the tramps burning far below on the river bank. Most of all, I remember the blazing red sun rising out of the skyline like a giant apple.

The year after the Cinvention was a chaotic one, what with the Blow Up and all. My fanac narrowed down to the publication of a SAPSine, contributions to SPACEWAR, ODI, SHIVERS and other fanzines, as well as engineering the most-fiendish plot in fannish history.

No I didn't fire off the bomb in front of Art Rapp's house. I just took advantage of that to blow Michifandom sky-high. As soon as I heard of the blowup in the newspapers, I sent Rapp a card, very carefully written, calculated to set him against the DSFL. At the same time, I planted the idea that the DSFL was bureaucratic with Hal Shapiro in Alaska, knowing that Hal would repeat it to the Michigan fans in his letters. Then, I joined both DSFL and The Wolverine Insurgents (the anti-DSFL group) so as to be able to control both. The object of the whole experiment was to see how a behind-the-scenes propagandist might turn men against each other. (I love to make psychological experiments on people. Sometime I'll brag to you about the time I fooled the whole Michigan State Police and allied agencies, when the statute of limitations runs out. For the moment, when you hear someone talk about marijuana in Michigan, remember me and don't believe it.)

It worked beautifully....until the timing came out wrong on two bombshells I had planted. I expected the cover of the anti-Insurgent fanzine, ALL WARPED, (which I drew), to come out before my anti-DSFL article, "Thin Skins", in SPACEWARP. Much to my horror, "Thin Skins" came out first, so that when ALL WARPED came out, it contained a condemnation of me! I went down to Detroit last week and found the Jig was up. George Young had guessed it all. Oh well, it couldn't have lasted much longer anyway, what with Art Rapp joining the Army and Hal Shapiro planning on reviving the MSFS and all.

Lots of other nice things happened in Detroit, by the way, not the least of which was my meeting two charming femme members of the DSFL.

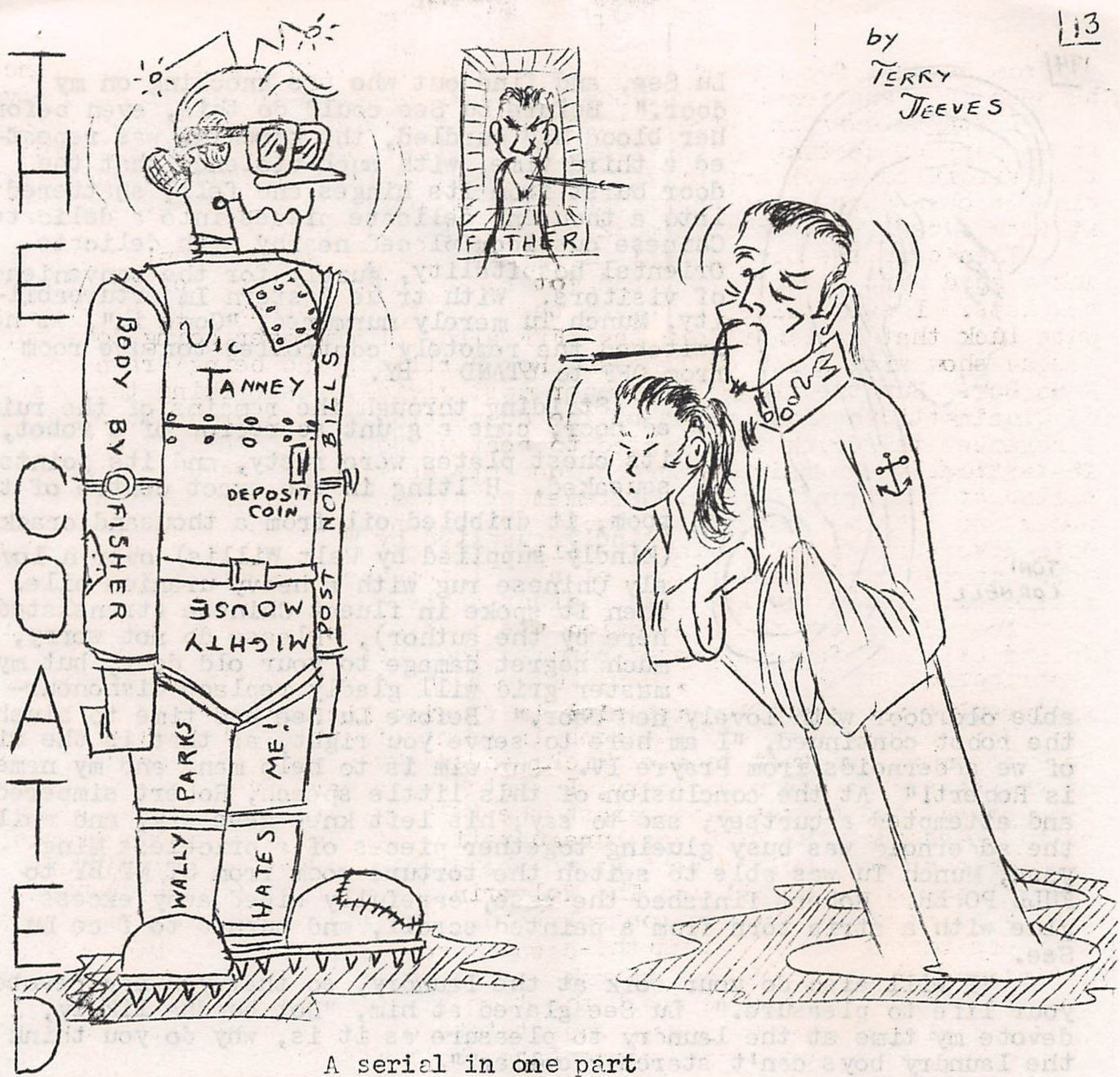
And so, I rest my laurels for the moment. At least, until called upon once more to TELL ALL.



-Radell Nelson-



by  
TERRY  
JEEVES



A serial in one part

Dr. Yu Munch Tu, the sinister master mind of the Orient munched placidly on a fragrant morsel of stewed detective's brains. Facing him, his beautiful daughter Lu See sat knitting. Being Chinese too, she naturally had a left hand thread. Suddenly, there came a thunderous knock on the door. Not being a Chinese knock, neither of them noticed it, until it was repeated, this time accompanied by a shower of falling plaster. As ceilings have a habit of falling at awkward times and in awkward places, this one landed on the Epicentre of Munch Tu's favourite fan. Being a very inactive fan, it was unable to get out of the way, and it succumbed to the deluge with a faint rustle. The noise roused Munch Tu's ire, he in turn raised his eyebrows until they operated a photoelectric cell, which in turn closed a relay. The relay simultaneously deluged the front door step with death rays, and struck a soft note on a Chinese gong awarded to Munch Tu during the War. The noise startled Lu See, and she dropped a stitch which fell with deadly aim on to the arch fiend's pet corn, an Authentic corn incidentally. This roused Munch Tu's ire higher, and in a bloodcurdling whisper he screamed, "Put your shoes on,





JONI  
CORNELL

Lu See, and find out who was knocking on my door." Before Lu See could do this, even before her blood had curdled, the knocking was repeated a third time, with such violence that the door burst from its hinges and fell, shattered into a thousand delicate pieces into a delicate Chinese cuspidor placed nearby with delicate Oriental hospitality, purely for the convenience of visitors. With true Eastern Imperturbability, Munch Tu merely murmured, "Come in", as he switched the remotely controlled torture room from OFF to STAND BY.

Striding through the remains of the ruined door, came a grunt scarecrow of a robot, its chest plates were rusty, and its joints squeaked. Halting in the exact centre of the room, it dribbled oil from a thousand cracks (kindly supplied by Walt Willis) over a lovely Chinese rug with a heavy uranium pile. Then it spoke in fluent Chinese (translated here by the author), "Please do not worry, I much regret damage to your old door, but my master grid will gladly replace dishonour-

able door with lovely new door." Before Lu See had time to blush, the robot continued, "I am here to serve you right, as that is the aim of we addernoids from Prayre IV. Our aim is to help man, and my name is Robert!" At the conclusion of this little speech, Robert simpered, and attempted a curtsy, sad to say, his left knee gave way, and while the addernoid was busy glueing together pieces of a priceless Ming vase, Munch Tu was able to switch the torture room from STAND BY to FULL POWER. Robert finished the vase, carefully wiped away excess glue with a strip torn from a painted scroll, and turned to face Lu See.

"I will also do your work at the laundry, so that you may devote your life to pleasure." Lu See glared at him, "Not buddha likely, I devote my time at the laundry to pleasure as it is, why do you think the laundry boys can't starch a collar?"

The outburst staggered Robert, and he stepped back into a Chinese cabinet full of porcelain cups, saucers and other Englishware. Out came the tube of glue, and Munch Tu mentally noted to add another position to his torture room switch, one marked FULL BOOST.

Biting six inches off his carefully manicured nails, he crept past the busily working Robert, to a secret button carefully disguised as a bell push. Then with a dastardly laugh, he jabbed the button and turned in time to see Lu See vanish through a trap door in the floor. Realizing his slight error, the arch criminal was about to try again, when he was interrupted by Robert's voice.

"You really ought to keep your trap shut, Dr. Munch/Tu, your daughter has left us with unseemly haste, not to mention most of her kimono."

Stooping, Robert retrieved a turquoise blue kimono tastefully slashed with green bars, and a whisp of Manarkan Glamorette, which looked very much like a pair of the latest "Trade Secret" air cushions. Seizing up his chance and his courage in both hands, Munch Tu rushed at the back of the robot, pausing only to fill his pistol and telephone the members of his Tong. Too late he realized his error, too well he succeeded in his aim. Over into the pit went Robert, but over went Munch Tu as well, firmly stuck to the glue which Robert had spread around with gay abandon and the help of a small brush.



Down into the pit they fell. Down, while Robert creaked, down <sup>115</sup> while Munch Tu saw his past life flash before his eyes, he wished he had never been so egotistical as to have his autobiography painted on the walls of the pit. Down they fell, it was the only way you know.

They dead-heated at the bottom, with a noise like ten thousand boilermakers going on strike. Automatic grapnels lashed out and caught them, hoisted them on to a conveyor belt and began to lead them into the torture room.

Knowing what was coming, Munch Tu closed his eyes, but Robert was caught napping by the floodlit copies of "Fantaswillboreyer" and "Flaming Gods". His catatonic brain boiled in its bucket, and with a despairing wail, the robot went mad. Seizing huge chunks of conveyor belt, and suspender belt from nearby Lu See, the robot tore its way through the torture room wrecking everything before it. Then, turning its hate crazed eyes, it beheld Munch Tu and his daughter.

Slowly the mad machine began to advance. Fighting to the end, Munch Tu struggled to keep his daughter before him. Fighting equally well, she tried to reverse their positions. Still Robert advanced, until its tin hulk towered over them. Then with a rending crashing ~~split~~ splintering noise, the door flew from its hinges and the Tong burst into the torture room.

None wore the official Tong uniform of black and white squares, in vain had their leader tried to keep his Tong in check, they preferred stripes. But right now Munch Tu was prepared to overlook their idiosyncracies. One man seized the situation at a glance, and hastily grabbed Robert's tube of glue in an attempt to repair the door before the robot could attack.

The rest of the Tong joined them, and within ten seconds the place was covered with glue. Munch Tu was stuck to Robert, Robert was stuck to Lu See, and Lu See was stuck to her father's Tong. What a predicament, thought Munch Tu.

At that moment, the ceiling received its orders from ceiling centre. Like many such famous ceilings before it, and no doubt since, it fell in. Munch Tu and his men were covered with plaster. When the dust cleared, Robert was still, Lu See was plastered (as usual) and all the Tong was coated with a thick coat of white.

James, the smallest was shaw of it. For him, for Munch Tu, for Lu See and Robert, and for you too, it was the end.

-Terry Jeeves-

"Lo, Our Many Yesteryears"---Department of reprints

"I intend to give FAPA that which it has so long lacked and needed: A Grim Purpose. Yes, for weeks I have studied the problem confronting me and this is my decision. FAPA needs a Grim Purpose.

After mulling over a number of very fine Grim Purposes, in search of a suitable one, I have concluded that most Grim Purposes fall into one or two caterogies: the Promotion of...type, and the Opposition of...type. I hereby propose a combination of the two, an Ultimate Grim Purpose. I advise FAPA to take up the banner of Dissention, to promote Mass and Individual Dissention, Disagreement, and Hatred, and to Oppose Everything. No if you will listen closely, and follow all this in your picture book, you will see the first phase of this taking place now. In one corner a semanticist is saying, "If we oppose everything, we even oppose Dissention." He's saying some other things too, but ignore them, as they do not fall into party policy and he will be shot at sunrise anyway for saying them.

But as far as the quote goes, the semanticist is right. Within the framework of our organization, we want a number of minor oppositions and dissentions, to bring about internal strife and stresses, which will occupy the minds of our members and enable our new treasurer to make off with the club funds, undetected." -Lee Hoffman, FANTASY AMATEUR, autumn '52.





# A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A FLOATING BEER CAN

Listen I'm sitting here in my room and it's blowing a fale outside and I'm thinking that it's hardly time for the first sabat of the year and maybe some of the coven are just getting restive and it could be that they are trying out that new grim-oire that they got cheap thru' a second hand bookseller I never did trust that guy what with his sly smile and maybe he thinks that our coven is just a group of queers and lesbos got together for a few cheap thrills on the side and it isn't so no we get together for constructive worship like in church only we don't worship an instrument of torture no we worship the beautiful the perfect woman Astarte and the strong and virile andand the handsome man Bel and we get together in a kind of ecstatic worship that you wouldn't get in church I am thinking of Mack Reynolds in his Russkies Go Home they started a new religion there just why shouldn't we start a new religion can you imagine churches given over to the worship of Bel and Astarte well its the oldest worship in the world and the most practical you can find it everywhere and in Africa they do it and in all the primitive countries which are the most highly civilised really because they have the belief in the existence of unreasonable things which are the only tenable precepts in the universe and all the scientific laws so-called are just so much drivelling of people who haven't a real thought in all their empty heads you get a set of guys in a lab doing a whole set of useless experiments did you know that Kohlrausch and Heydwiller distilled water 35 times into a conductivity cell and discovered that it had a terrific resistance well wouldn't you if you'd been distilled through block-tin apparatus by a set of blockheads and after all that someone who isn't an egghead but just a practical guy that wants to sell water softeners devised an ion-exchange device that produces water better than K and H water without any need to distill it thrity-five times year well you just connect up your source of ordinary water and swop around the ions with a kind of resin that traps them and neutralises the postive and negative charge and the ions say well whatthell we quit and why bother us, it's comfy-cosy in this resin well just stay here and the water can go on thru' with the general idea of producing good grade distilled water for laboratory purposes and then if you have distilled water you just use it to make up a lot of chemical things and top up some batteries well they came in the other day asking for distilled water for the batteries of our big new diesel road tanker and I asked them why didn't they go to the garage for it and so they said well its easier to come into the lab especially since you've got tea brewing well they had some tea and went to the garage anyway.



# FANDOM IN FERMENT

or; THE YEAST RISES YET AGAIN!

by RiP

Being fanzine reviews by Dick (RiP) Schultz. There will be only three considerations as to what will be reviewed here. First, I must have a copy of the fmz to be reviewed. Second, I must believe that it is generally available to any interested parties. That leaves out quite a few APAzines. Thirdly, space will decide how many fanzines I will review.

First off the pile is:

DYNATRON #8 Roy Tackett (MSgt. L.H. Tackett, USMC, H&HS-1 (Comm.), MWHG -1, 1stMAW, FIIPac, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California..and I suggest airmail, since Roy is in Japan. Fanzines go to Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road, NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico). .15¢@, 8 for \$1, LoC, trade, contribs. 22 pp., mimeo.

Roy's faithful wife, Chrystal, is responsible for the repro this issue and every issue...why can't I find a girl that willing to slave over a hot mimeograph for me? At any rate, Roy rambles and romps through the magazine, flitting lightly where he will. The effect is not unpleasing, especially where he lets us in on the latest scoop on what's happening in Japanese fandom, or talks about Samauri swords, or the like. Apart from one of my covers and a few Bob Smith cartoons, it's all writing. If you're interested in foreign fandoms, or are an old time LA fan, it's a must.

CINDER #6 Larry Williams (74 Maple Road; Longmeadow 6, Mass.) .15¢@, trade, LoC, contribs. 38 pp., ditto.





18/Larry keeps trying. His lettercol is filled with comments on the last issue, Cascio blasts all us snobs who give our fanzines away for free (he charges money for every copy of his....that proves he isn't a snob), Buck Coulson describes a tourist trap in Michigan (they have 'em in Mis ouri too, Buck), and I almost went blind trying to read some of the writing. And people wonder why I prefer mimeo to ditto....you have a better chance of getting a legible fanzine, that's why. There's even a Fan Profile, this one on Len Moffatt, while Ed Gorman describes his near Gafiation. After reading CINDER #6, I felt a bit like gafiating myself. It's far from being a crudzine, but its the sum of its parts are less than the total. It's just mediocre. Maybe Larry should fold CINDER for a year or two, then start publishing again.

CADENZA #4 Charles Wells(home address..2495 Sherbrooke Drive, Atlanta 6, Georgia) .20¢@, LoC, trade, contribs. 22 pp., mimeo.

Charles is a revitalized Sixth Fandomite, and shows it in his easy-going manner and technique. There isn't much to CADENZA, really. A few fanzine reviews, some editorializing and a flock of letters. But where the letterhacks in CINDER wrote ploddingly about the last issue, these go on from there. They talk about everything that comes to their mind's, and Charles wisely lets them. It can be boring if you don't share their same interests, but it's always lively. At least you don't have to plod through all the other guys egoboo.... If you like yakking, don't miss it.

G2 #6 Joe & Roberta Gibson (5380 Sobrante Avenue, El Sobrante, Calif.)

3 for .25¢, and a utterly weird trade and sub policy that I'm not about to attempt to explain here. It's easy enough to trade with them, it's just hard figuring out what's 'oppenin'.. 14 pp., multilith.

Froth. 14 pages of it. But nice froth, usually. This issue Joe has the hounds out in full force after the jazz-sports cars-politics set, the group that doesn't discuss stf alla the time. They don't talk stf, ergo, they are not proper fans. As I sit here gazing at my boxes and crates and cabinets full of fanzines and prozines and pbs and hcs and stfish art, I realize that he's right. I discuss politics often, stf hardly ever, therefore I have no interest in stf and am not a proper fan.

It's all part of the crusade Joe is trying to whip up, for us to purge fandom of the bums, deadbeats, thieves, moochers, lechers and whores but I do believe that he went a wee bit wide of the mark this time.

The rest is a fascinating lettercol, which could use some room to expand in. Nice zine if you don't weaken easily.

THE BUG EYE #9 Helmut Klemm (16 Uhland Strasse, Uffort/Eick, (22a), Krs. Moers, West Germany) .50 pfg. @ fur Deutschefans, others can obtain it by LoC, trade, contribs or being an active OMPAn. 36 pp., and all in mimeo.

Helmut, in response to a clamour for more German fan writing in TBE, has evidently loaded this issue with a few of their writings. Rolf Gindorf describes the foreign, i.e.-English fans he has met, Burkhard Blum defends individualistic pragmatism, Helmut rambles, Wolfgang Pippke continues a trip report which was written in what can only be described as the Ted Johnstone fashion, and Inge Hartmann blasts prejudices of all kind, including the Yankee sour-grapeism over Gagarin and Titov. Talk about some other Yank, Inge, not me.

The whole thing is topped off with a sloppy lettercolumn, most of it dealing with the last issue. Nothing special in the whole thing. But the fact that a bunch of German fans can manage to produce an average fanzine through the language barrier is pretty astounding in itself. A bit faanish in spots, but a must for the internationalist set. They could use a few good art contribs, too, by the way.....



KIPPLE #20 Ted Pauls (1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland). 119  
.15¢@, 2 for .25¢, LoC, trade, contribs. 40 pp., mimeo.

The Lively Christmas Card with Lotsa Writing On It. Ted continues to put out one of the top fanzines around, month in and month out. This issue falls prey to the "CRY" complex: The articles in the front of the front of the zine just seem to be something for the letterhacks to get their comment hooks from. Leman blasts rock-and-roll (tho 30 minutes of listening to an AM station can do a better job of dirt-shovelin' than Bob could ever hope to equal), MZBradley reviews fanzines, Harry Warner natters about what Ted Sturgeon stated about his works of fiction whilst at the PhillyConference, and the letterhacks roll onto the Burning Issues Of Our Day. Like, fallout shelters, fallout, schools and how they're run, sex, religion and....jass. This is a Burning Issue Of Our Day?

A perfect example of how you can give your fanzine a good layout without using illustrations. It certainly is a wonderful fanzine.

INTROSPECTION #3 Mike Domina (11044 South Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Ill.)  
.15¢@, LoC, trade, contribs. 38 pp., ditto.

Readable ditto at that. Mike has been faliated from the fan pubbing scene for a while, due to non-indulgent parents, but he'll still respond to everything sent his way. Give him a try, he may be back soon.

Intro was marvelous for another thing. Mike wasn't afraid to use "arty" layouts and a good deal of mediocre to good art. Most young fan editors are quite loath to use any of these "space-wasters", but not Mike. To me, lack of art or spacious layouts has always given me an impression of a deadpan serious treatsie on something or other. Too many editors do not realize how much this first impression colors others impressions of their brain children. It takes a first class fanzine to read well despite a dead exterior, while even a crudzine will seem better if it's well laid out. CRY layouts, anyone?

Les Sample reviews fanzines, Mike chatters neoishly, he also can't seem to find anything bad to say about today's stf crop. I find hard to find something good to say about it. The lettercol warms over the last issue, Larry McCombs describes the Fan Hillton boringly and Gorman warms over his near-gafiation again. Even Dodd is there, gushing over the old penny dreadfuls. An average fanzine, with promise, with only the Berry article on how to save money in your fanac making me say everyone should try to get it. Berry's fabulous.

FANTASMAGORIQUE #4 Scotty Neilsen (731 Brookridge Dr., Webster Groves 19, Missouri) .15¢@, 4 for .50¢, LoC, trade, contribs.  
28 pp., mimeo.

Fincue is one of the more well-illustrated new fanzines out today. (A note to fan artists...Scotty is utterly faithful in copying artwork onto stencil...he does a perfect job with any style). Sort of a totally stfish Missouri YANDRO. Scott's interest in fandom is stf, no doubt of it. And instead of preaching about how we stf fans should all be discussing stf like mad, he goes ahead and discusses it. Movies, pbs, hcs, prozines, you name it. If it's connected with science fiction, it's probably got a little niche for itself in here somewhere. Not all of it is well-written. But like himself, all his writers seem to have a desire to say something. With practice they'll find out what it is, and be able to tell us too.

Al Jones, the captive staff artist goes in heavily for spaceships, spacesuits and BEMs, but he may yet develop imagination. His cover rendition of "We Have Fed Our Sea" lacks inspiration, but some day..... Gbd, more rocketships.... At least his draftsmanship is good.

See youse next issue... Yhos, RIP



# ERRATA



In case you haven't noticed, this is the letter column. Warranting the personal delivery of a letter of comment, next issue should see yet another lettercolumn, just like this one.

This issue, due to the extreme length between issues #1 and #2, I've decided to cut out all comment on the last ish. And due to my personal prejudices, all, or at least most, comment on the last issue will be cut out of #3. Letterhacks be warned, if you don't want to end up in the AWAHF column, be prepared to do something other than say that "I liked so-and-so, but what's his name didn't appeal to me at all", etc.

Space alone will decide how much of my tastes are to be pampered.

# GROWLINGS

First off....

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

47, Alldis Street  
Great Moor, Stockport,  
Ches., England

mentions;

Incidentally, since I'm selling EPITAFF for TAFF, I feel I can ask people to give the report in their fmz and I'd be highly pleased if you could give it a plug in the next SATHANAS - 92

quarto pages, art by Eddie & Emsh, dubing by Norman Shorrock (I wrote it!). Price 7/- or One Dollar. Subs to Don Ford or myself. Contents include 25 pages on Pittsburgh.

\*(Having read it, I feel qualified that tho no HARP STATESIDE, Epi-TAFF is a fannish treat, giving a Merseysiders view of Yankee fandom. Ron Ellik is the new Yank TAFF administrator, so American subs should go to him, at...127 Bennett Avenue, Long Beach 3, California. I'd put in the address he had in the latest FANAC, only I know he'll have moved by now anyways.... Stand still, & %\$#@/" it!

Also running around loose is Ron Bennett's COLONIAL EXCURSION, 7/- or one dollar from Ron Bennett, 13 West Cliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorks., England. This one is about the '58 SoLACon, and trip. Also out is Bob Madle's A FAKE-FAN IN LONDON, dealing with Bob's adventures in the England of a few years ago. From Ellik or Eric the Bent, I suppose. \$1.25, with all profits to TAFF.)\*



REDD BOGGS  
2209 Highland Place, NE  
Minneapolis 21,  
Minnesota

reminisces:

Harry Warner is establishing a sort of archives of the sounds of fandom--I believe we talked about this before. Recently I sent him a dubbing on tape of a Burbee-Laney disk made

in December 1951 which he wanted for his collection. And in repaying me for the tape, he sent me a reel in which he (Harry, I mean) talked about various matters. But the interesting thing aside from this was that he played for me a little disk he had received about 1943 or 1944 and had forgotten till he started prowling through his collection for material to use in his fan history project. It was a disk made at a service club and featured the voice of Milty Rothman. Milty (who is not a louse) chatted briefly about current-in-1943-or-1944 matters, including Degler and the Cosmic Circle. Quite an amusing echo from the past.

Warner mentioned something about having, or intending to acquire, some of the disks made by the LASFS in the early 1940's with a number of voices on them that are no longer available. I heard one or two of these LASFS disks ("the only fanzine with round edges!") at the MFS meetings in 1941. Ackerman, Daugherty and possibly Yerke on them. Yerke. A name to conjure with c. 1944, though he has been almost forgotten. His style of writing strongly influenced Laney."

"SATHANAS needs better integration and perhaps a goal to move toward. As it stands, it gives me the impression that all you wanted to do was publish a fanzine. You never sat down and decided what you wanted the fanzine to be, except "fannish". Something is needed to pull everything together and make it to amount to more than the sum of its parts. At the present time, it amounts to less. I don't know what might do it. A really serious policy. A couple of continuing departments that could give continuity to the zine. Perhaps a simple thing like taking the title seriously might help. Corny as it sounds, I think that, in any case, you've got to believe in it. You've got to believe in it enough to want to sit down and Make Plans for it--figure out ways to improve it as it stands and even to improve it over every fanzine now published.

\*(This issue had a good deal more preparatory planning go into it than #1, but I fear that it still lacks an esprit, a motivation. It is going to become an individzine in a few more issues unless something earth-croggling comes up, however, so maybe by then it will be saying something. I think it's pretty accurate, too... Every top fanzine has some sort of a motivation, some drive, some policy....)\*

GEORGE METZGER chats:  
4435 Nova Dr. "I'm  
Santa Cruz, Calif. not too  
sure what

this "His Only Son" bit is about \*(I referred to myself as His Only Son in the editorial in #1..it was a joke, honest!)\*, but it reminds me that I have this friend who claims he's God (without an h)....He got this nick-name one day while riding thru town with the troop and they were hitting nothing but red lights when one guy remarks that something ought to be done about the lights. So my friend waves his finger at the next approaching





22/ light and says "ZAP" and the light went green. So? So as they approach the next light..."ZAP" and bingo. Green. And after that it works for like the 3rd time he announces. "Well, I guess I'm God." But since the others are kinda agnostic or more they said, "If you're God then make it rain!"

He shrugged his shoulders and waved both hands in the air and went "ZAP"!! ...And there was a clap of thunder...and they all had to race like mad for home because the top wasn't up in the convertible (it was down on the floor) and convertibles in the rain aren't always too swinging. And since then he has said he is God and on Xmas sends out birthday cards announcing His Only Son's Birthday.

It is of note that he no longer waves his hands and goes "zap". He says his God License was revoked for making lightening indoors.

They dig him in Berkeley. (So long as he doesn't make with the lightening.)

Two weeks ago last night I was contentedly clearing away the last



of my correspondence, writing a letter to Ken Cheslin, when a couple of my buddies dropped in (including the one who claims to be God)... and the next thing you know I'm tossing all my gear into my rucksack and we was off for San Francisco...eventually one of my friends quit his job and headed home for San Diego and I went with him (I ended up selling my tenor guitar to finance the trip, but I sold it to this same guy so I wasn't exactly parted with it...in fact, when the car radio went out I had to play guitar to break the monotony—I got a blister on my thumb, too) and since we'd be traveling mostly at night we stocked up on wyamine, which sure kept us awake, tho the next night when coming back over the border tijuana our car was searched and the cop found all these inhalers...he was rather curious, but fortunately he didn't look in them. He seemed to think we were smuggling whiskey over the line. He he but known....

Anyway, after a few long days of fishing for barricade and crap like that and digging the sights and a swinging coffee house I bugged out for the north ..It took me two days and nights to make it, which is pretty bitching. The idiot I paired up with while going thru L.A. wasn't much for hitch hiking and kept trying to find a truck headed north, but tho we wasted endless hours trying that we had no luck, and it was only by practically dragging him out onto the hiway that I ever got home. As soon as possible, I'm heading for Berkeley and then on further north to return God's toothbrush to him.

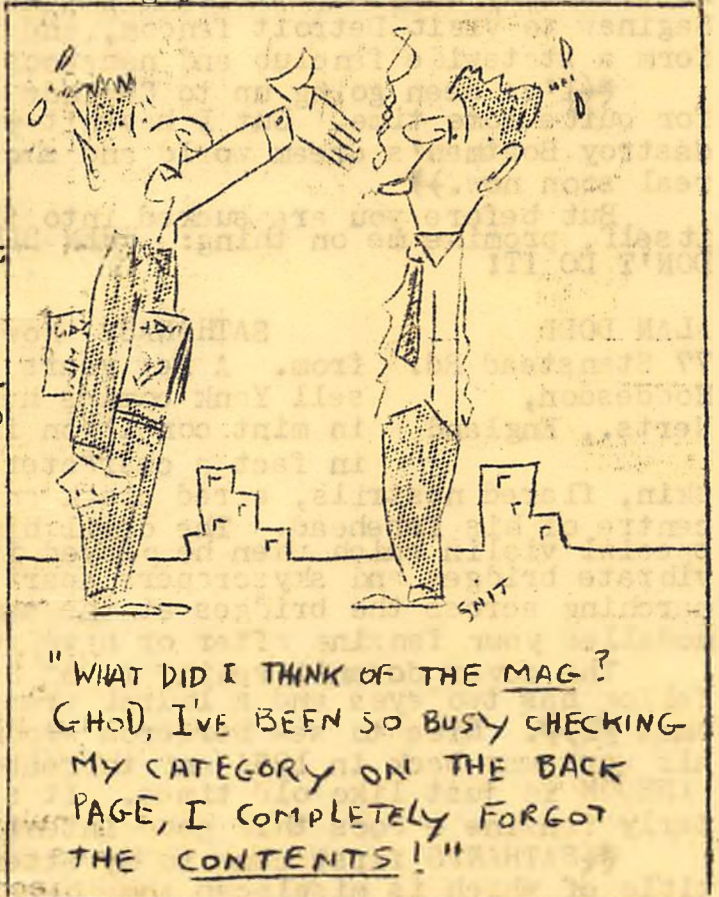
That Eichmann thing hit home, huh? (I casually joked about Save Adolf Eichmann in #1 and the results were croggling. It seems some people got the idea I was a fascist, just because of that joke. See page 8 of this issue for Metzger's initial reaction.) People DO tend to figure that if a person has an interest in something then he absorbs it fully, if you see what I mean (I don't).

I mean, I know all kinds of weird people and I hitch hike and just look strange and I'm an artist and I used to carry a copy of ON THE ROAD while hitch hiking, and people decided I was a beatnik. They didn't KNOW what a beatnik was, but that never stopped them from deciding I sure was one. Sometimes I'd lead them on and sometimes I'd plead total ignorance of the matter and sometimes I'd tell them that (since I was working for the forestry) I was a horny mountain man. I've had all sorts of



troubles along those lines. On this trip I just came off of, I stopped thru my old jr. college and found out that I am a legend there. Me, a legend at 21. It is shattering. I'm not sure what the legend IS, but there's this one chick who seems fascinated by my actual appearance in the flesh. Now of course I could take advantage of this but I'm not the sort...or am I? I dunno about these legends....

Oh yes, we were talking about this nazi thing that's been pinned on you. Hell, it's probably not too bad...Dave Rike used to tell me how the ROTC at UC in Berkeley used to dash around in jeeps with s astikes and Hiels and salutes and lots of dash and polish. They were pretty much ignored; college boys will be college boys. But nowadays I wonder if they would go unnoticed. They would probably get thrown off the campus for being subversive and get tailed by FBI men all over the place..And there actually ARE people who dig Nazism. I remember about a year ago I stayed over in Oakland with a girl I knew, at her pad...she was going to an expensive art school...I was working like hell trying to get into it, but never making it, and here she was being put thru it on a generous allowance from her parents--the bugging point was that she as a real no-talent. She was going to school so she meets a lot of swinging people and be in on the scene. And a few of the people she ran into were these barn-storming Nazis...They lived in the uppersection of a ramshackle apartment building, a large upper set of rooms with a balcony and a wonderful view of the city and bay. One of the guys was German and a practising nazi (who he practised on, she didn't know) and had masses of flags and gaudy implements. His roommate went along with the business because it was a big kick. And she said that when she and her friend Pamela left they heard a shout and looked up from the street to the balcony and here was this huge red and black flag draped over the railing, and a record player was blasting out some fanatical nazi theme song, while the two guys were decked out in uniforms, waving little flags and lugers. She never went back there. She thot it wasn't very swinging. She quit school and married an ex-drug addict.



.....And then we have these strange little stores. I've come across a few weird ones now'n then. But not the kind that enduce me to think of mystic spies..nope. The kind I get I expect a wizened lil' old man to come out and sell me this monkey's paw.....

Today I wandered into a used furniture store and found this old-fashioned table phone, the kind you only see being used in drama flics taking place in europe or someplace exotic. French phones I think they are referred to altho these were made in the states. Weird. Wonder how much they cost?

ART RAPP	Somehow or other I resisted the impulse to toss you
4400 Sunset Dr.	#1 issue into the incinerator. I guess this is because
Apt.#4	however common #1 issues of fanzines may be, #1 issues
El Paso, Texas	of Michigan fanzines occur only once in a lilac luna and





thus deserve more than ordinary recognition. And Detroit fanzines are scarcer than admirers of John. W. Campbell, Jr.

In fact, if the DSFL learns of this

hideous break with tradition of yours you are likely to be drummed out of the club, maybe even barred from the bowling alley! On the other hand, now that you've proved yourself

stupid enough to publish a fanzine, the Detroit club will perhaps vote to revive THE MUTANT and elect you editor. BHH will offer to sell you a few of his surplus mimeos at his version of bar ain prices, George Young will promise you lots of manuscripts and artwork real soon now, and Ben Singer will suggest a number of feuds you should start in your editorial column so as to attract attention.

If you persist in this mad scheme of actually producing crifanac, instead of just talking about producing it, as a true Michifan should, it is obviously only a matter of time until Boatman decides to come down from Saginaw to visit Detroit fandom, and then it'll seem like a good idea to form a statewide fanclub and nauseous, etc., etc.

\*(I've been going up to Saginaw two and three times a month now, for quite some time. But I haven't yet got up enough nerve or whatever to destroy Boatman's dream world and show him an actual Detroit fan. I will real soon now.)\*

But before you are sucked into the whirlpool of history repeating itself, promise me on this: WHEN SINGER SUGGESTS A TUCKER DEATH HOAX, DON'T DO IT!

ALAN DODD

77 Stanstead Rd. from. A few years after The War when they started to Hoddesdon, sell Yank comics here I bought a couple, which are still Herts., England in mint condition in my collection in which there was in fact a character called SATHANAS. He had a green skin, flared nostrils, a red cloak and hat and one staring eye in the centre of his forehead. The devil himself. Last time I saw him he had a special violin which when he played it he could send out sound waves to vibrate bridges and skyscrapers apart and even whole batteries of troops marching across the bridges at the same time. Is the same Sathanas you modelled your fanzine after or have you another origin?

The cover doesn't remind me of Sathanas as I used to know him, this fellow has two eyes and a laurel wreath for eyebrows \*(the cover for Sathanas #1)\*. Nice to see Bergeron around again, though, I remember seeing his work way back in 1954 and thereabouts and the appearance of him and WARHOON is just like old times. It says that this is going to be a quarterly fanzine - does this good intention now lost amidst the nursing er?

\*(SATHANAS first came to my attention in a Fritz Leiber story, the title of which is misplaced somewhere in my mental files. It concerned an underground seeking to overthrow a theocratic dictatorship. The theocrat had set up a medieval type society in order to keep the people under control, including an official state religion. Sathanas was the supposed god of the Underworld. Hell, what have you, and the god of the witches and such. The underground used Sath as a figure around which to rally the dissident elements in that feudal world. Fritz wrote the story in the earlier '40's, so I suppose he predated the comic book character titled Sathanas. Maybe he pirated the title from Fritz, I don't know. And yes, my good intentions were sorta lost amidst Other Activities.)\*

And We Also Heard From: Oodles of people. Do try again, won't you?



PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW And here we are at the end of another ish  
SATHANAS, the More Irregular Than Thou  
fanzine. Hope ye liked it. If not, telk me all your troubles...

MY FACE IS RED In VIPER #3, Donaho published a letter of mine in which  
I specifically referred to him as pessimistic and "down  
on life in general." And proceeded to blast the nihilistic generation  
of today, by implication, Ted included amongst those soulless ones.

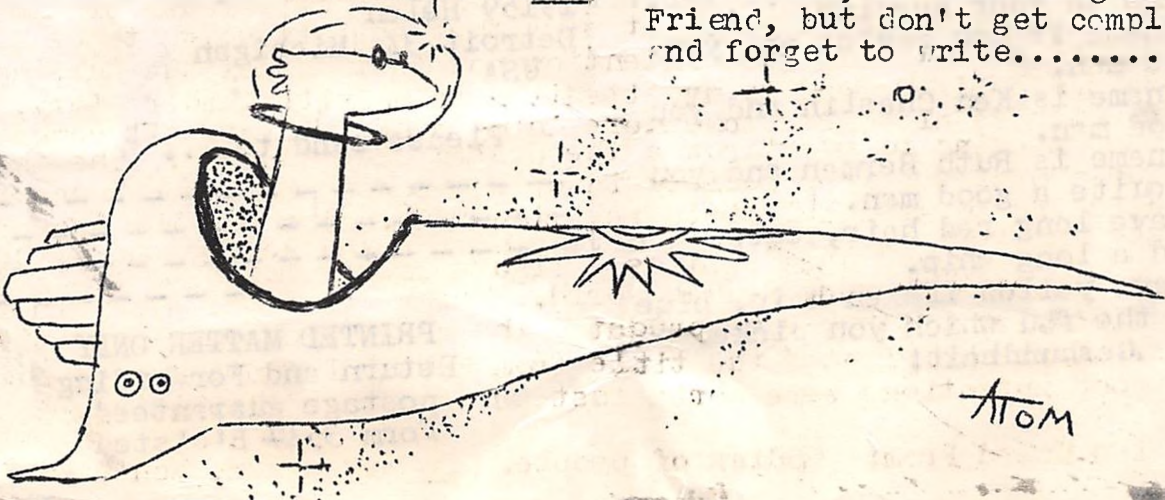
In #4, Ted rightly called me on this. For I am indeed sorry that  
I wrote that bit about Ted being overly pessimistic. Such may have been  
my views, at the time I wrote it, but opinions do change, you know.  
As Ted pointed out, I simply had never heard him be very optimistic and  
hopesful about much of anything up to that time!

But the second phase of the letter... Ooogh. No excuse, it was  
uncalled for, calling Ted a nihilist. At that time (and even yet) a  
fault of mine occasionally comes to the surface. I'm thinking about  
two paragraphs ahead of what I'm writing. And the trouble with that  
letter was that I was no longer thinking of Ted at all! I'd already  
moved on, in my own mind, to a thot that had been seized upon whilst  
mulling over what next to say! No longer was Ted White in my thots  
at any level, I was concentrating on the hihilists, and did not think  
to mark the point of seperation. But Ted, not being able to read my  
mind and devinely discover what form my mental processes had been taking  
that sunny day, reasonably concluded that I was calling him one with  
the soulless nothings of the Hip Generation. I'm sure most fen will  
agree with me that Ted has a form of self-faith, a faith in mankind, tho  
it doesn't always show out very well in his writings.

Like I said, my fault, and I hope that everyone now knows that I  
was not calling Ted a nihilist in any shape, way or form. In my bock,  
you don't have to have faith in any particular God to have faith.

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of my APAzines..... ☐ OMPA member..... ☐  
Please Review..... ☐ Last issue, do something!... ☐  
Friend, but don't get complacent  
and forget to write..... ☐





Please write..I'm lonely!  
 Please send me some art.....  
 Please send me a story.....  
 Please send me your wife.  
 Your teen-age daughter will do  
 nicely, however.  
 I understand you're in OMPA.  
 How long have you had these symptoms  
 of approaching schizophrenia?  
 You publish a fanzine and you  
 have already achieved schizophrenia.  
 How about a trade? No, not types  
 of schizophrenia, but fanzines.  
 Your poetry is marvelous.  
 Your art is marvelous.  
 Your fanzine is marvelous.  
 You are a marvelous hoax.  
 Your name is Vic Ryan and you  
 have The Power To Warp Fen's Souls.  
 Baby needs a new pair of shoes.  
 Seven come eleven.  
 Campbell and his Psi, Pfui!  
 You're a glutton for punishment  
 and have something in this issue.  
 You're a wastrel and Libertine  
 and have subbed to this magazine.  
 It's been a long time between  
 letters, I know, but they won't let  
 me have anything with a sharp point  
 where they're keeping me now. I'll  
 write Real Soon Now.  
 You dislike John Birchers.  
 You dislike Socialists.  
 You dislike Liberals.  
 You're a paranoid.  
 You're a Solid Head Core Deep  
 South Reactionary to the bone.  
 Goldwater is your Hero.  
 Nixon is your Hero.  
 Kennedy is your Hero.  
 What Have You Done For Me Lately?  
 Walter Ulbricht is your Hero.  
 Pepsi-Cola Hits The Spot.  
 Robert Heinlein is your Hero.  
 Glynis Johns is your Heroine.  
 Take me to your heroine.  
 Your name is Bob Pavlat and you  
 are a good man.  
 Your name is Ken Cheslin and you  
 are a good man.  
 Your name is Ruth Berman and you  
 are not quite a good man.  
 You have long red hair, cute  
 smile and a long whip.  
 You have yellow flaxen hair, blue  
 eyes and the flu which you picked up  
 from me. Geshundheit!

The Infernal Triangle is break-  
 ing up. There were three fanzines  
 last month in which neither Rip,  
 Lichtman or Deckinger appeared.

You like me.  
 I like you.  
 We like women.  
 You qualify as the above. So  
 I'll check the "I like you" column  
 again.

Get Out Of My Sky.

For the last three months, an  
 average of one and a half megatons  
 a day of good healthy fallout has  
 has been being dumped into our  
 atmosphere. Bet you five to one,  
 if we live to '67, that my kid has  
 more arms and heads than yours!

You're a MiSFit.

And How.

I invite you to knock on my  
 fallout shelter door so that I may  
 feel morally justified in shooting  
 you deader than a campaign promise.

Let's play Survival. We each  
 go armed into a forest and hunt  
 each other for food.

I hereby challenge all of  
 LASTS fandom to a zap gun duel.  
 I'll borrow one of Ulbricht's

Wasserwagen's and take youse all on!

You were at the Detention.

You were at the Pitthing.

You were at Cincinatti in '61.

You were drunk at Cincinatti.

You were sober at Cincinatti.

You weren't even at Cincinatti!

This issue, and this issue  
 only is being Postmailed to the  
 30th OMPA Mailing, December, '61.

From.....

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