

SCIENTIFIC FACT TODAY! --
EXTRAVAGANT FICTION TOMORROW!

The

SPACEHOUND'S Gazette

#1



The SPACENOUND'S Gazette



is published now and then for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover, New Jersey. This is the Summer 1947 issue, for the May mailing of the SAPS. Volume one, number one. Any similarity to persons living or dead, and all that there.

ODDS & ENDS

The average fan, when learning of the organization of still another amateur press association in the sfantasy field, will probably wonder what the reasons behind such a move may be. There are certainly plenty of fan mags at present -- enough to take care of any material which absolutely any fan may want to write, and have published. Most of the more active fan publishers are already members of the Fantasy APA. In fact, the latter organization seems to be having difficulty, of late, in gathering together enough mags for bulky mailings like the huge bundles that made FAPA famous during the war years. Why, then, should there be such an organization of the SAPS?

Boring as it may be, perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to devote a wee bit of thought to the purpose and functions of the club. In the first place, the SAPS aren't in competition with FAPA, Vanguard, or any other amateur press association. With the present abundance of fan publishers (and yet an inexplicable dearth of really ambitious fanzines) there should be plenty of room in fandom for two -- or more -- apa's. It seems that most fan publishers these days don't have the time or inclination to produce huge, colorful mimeographed fanzines on the order of Fantasite, Nova, Fantasia, and other giants of yore. And so the majority of fan editors these days are turning out little one- and two-shot jobs, which can be stenciled, mimeo'd, and mailed in a couple of evenings. Some of these mags are of high quality, but most, because of their small size and ephemeral nature, will never set the fan world on fire. In the humble opinion of yours truly, the less ambitious, more personalized fanzines would be better off in an APA, where there's a ready-made and usually appreciative circle of kindred souls to read and offer comments on the publications of each individual member. In the subscription fanzine field, however, where competition is growing stiffer, almost all but the most expensively-produced and laboriously-prepared mags are destined to wither and die from lack of reader interest and support.

Now, FAPA of course is an excellent outlet for personalized, less pretentious publications. A number of older fans have taken advantage

of Fap facilities to distribute their mags. And FAPA has seen some truly excellent stuff from such dependable performers as Speer, Warner, Rothman, Tucker, Ashley, Stanley, Swisher, and two or three more. In fact, if you were to leaf through the FAPA mailings of the past year, you would probably agree that about 90% of the really top-flight material (stuff, that is, both readable and thought-provoking) was produced by perhaps half a dozen of the aforementioned gents. What ails the rest of the membership? Are they a bit awed by the stiff competition? Hardly. But somehow or other, FAPA seems to be dependent upon six or eight contributors for its existence -- and these six or eight are the chaps who've run for so many elections that they've practically held every office in the club. But when the brain trust gets the doldrums, the rest of the organization slumps proportionately. The influx of new blood may be willing to produce new, unusual fanzines -- but the younger fans can't help being a bit blinded by the glare of FAPA's glorious (no cracks, please!) and venerable past . . . and by the weighty intellectual and quasi-intellectual discussions which predominate in the better Fapzines. A couple of new fans I know joined the club enthusiastically, expecting to receive a batch of fanzines every three months that dealt mainly in science-fiction and fantasy. They were slightly surprised to find that in FAPA stf is frequently subordinated to discussions of religion (Timebinder style), politics, jazz, sex, and various other things -- all very interesting and worthwhile subjects, of course! -- not overly appealing to science-fiction fans.

Another thing -- what has plagued FAPA of late, perhaps helped to make its mailings slimmer and its roster incomplete, has been a lackadaisical to-hell-with-everything attitude which, unfortunately, seems to have permeated all fandom at large since the Pacificon. Too many FAPAns are producing magazines not because they enjoy doing so -- but from some obscure sense of dutiful obligation. In the humble opinion of yours truly, this isn't the idea of an apa. Amateur magazines should be produced because the publisher wants to, because he derives a measure of enjoyment from their production. If you don't feel like publishing, but you have six putrid articles on hand which should've been published six months ago -- well, you're tempted to slap everything together in a slipshod mess and dump the stuff in the mails for the official editor to worry over. Better to wait until you really WANT to publish, until you're really in the mood to give it your best.

To swipe a quote from Helen Wesson: "Amateur journalism is like a tight sweater. You only get out of it what you put in."

In the case of FAPA, I think the slump is only temporary. The roster will swell again and the mailings will become fatter as post-war fandom begins to center around a definite set of interests -- and when the stf prozine world has expanded to pre-war level. Expand it will, for the atomic bomb has probably doubled public interest in science-fiction! So FAPA has only to wait, and hope that some of its less interested occupants will hie themselves off their pratts and into the activity department once more.

I've been unpardonably long-winded about FAPA here. Perhaps this should've gone into a mailing of the latter org. Ah, well . . . leave us move on to the next stencil and talk about the SAPS for a change, huh?

In the SAPS we find a more informal set-up -- and a group of active publishers limited to 25. With a club of such a comparatively small size, it's going to be necessary to keep a roster that's really active. For this reason, the club is being run on a basis of semi-annual renewals of membership. Every six months (during which period there'll be 2 mailings) a member has to produce 4 pages of material. If he doesn't produce, he's automatically dropped after two mailings. Thus every time the half-year mark rolls around, the active members chip in two-bits worth of dues for the next six months, the guys who haven't produced are dropped, and any new members who've applied for admission take their places. In this fashion, the SAPS should become in time a steadily active and productive li'l apa, composed of people who are really interested in the stfanzine field.



There are definite advantages to a small-sized club. Having to produce only 25 or 30 copies will be a boon to hektographers! And in the case of people who mimeograph -- shucks, all you have to do is slap the stencil on the drum, whirl out a couple dozen sheets -- and that's all. The saving of time and money will be hyper. Most fans don't particularly care for the labors of duplication, and short runs of 25-30 will enable the fan publisher to spend more time in the writing and editing of his material. The SAPS offer a fertile field for experimentation with spray-gun work and lino-block printing, too, if anybody is so inclined. You can even mess around with stencils and see what weird new effects you can get! (Note: the cover of this issue of Spacehound's Gazette was shaded in part by sandpaper, a nail-file, the rough surface of my typer case, etc.).

The primary function of an apa is simply to mail out mags. For this we don't need a president or a v-p or a board of directors. Bah. They're superfluous. One guy serves as manager. In effect, he's a dictator (tho presumably a benevolent one!). We send him the mags, he mails 'em out quarterly, rips off an official organ of sorts, and keeps track of finances. Hellfire and brimstone, we don't even need a constitution. In case anyawkward, unforeseen situations arise, the manager can make decisions as he sees fit. If the manager doesn't like the color of Telis Streiff's hair, he can chuck 'im out the port-hole. However, we don't anticipate Maddox assuming life-&-death power like that there. If he does, us brawny Jersey farm boys will get together and go down and give him the going over with the brass knucks. But seriously, leave us not be like some Fapans who've spent countless reams of paper worrying over ticklish administrative situations which never arise.

If any item of the SAPS' organizational set-up doesn't work out, we can squawk to the manager to have it changed. If the name attracts too much scorn, it can be altered -- tho names are trivial things anyway. If too many people start clamoring to get in, well, mebbe we can expand the club a bit. Incidentally, I just noticed that the

present mailing dates of May-Aug-Nov-Feb are ideal for students. Yuh got spring vacation to turn out stuff for the May mailing, summer vacation to swell the August bundle, and likewise for November, and the Xmas holidays to work on tripe for February's heap of mags. Lovely, huh? And they don't conflict with FAPA.

As for elections -- anybody can declare his intentions of running for manager. All he has to do is drop a line to the incumbent manager stating so, and his name will be stuck on the ballot. He can brag up his campaign in his own pubs. The manager's elected yearly, so ballots can be mailed out with the November bundle. As soon as the results are tabulated, the old manager sends out postals announcing the winner, who then assumes office for the new calendar year, and starts receiving mags for the Feb mailing.

Leave us not have post-mailings. They only complicate things, and waste dough. All the mags distributed in quarterly mailings only, please. If a mag misses the boat, it goes in the next bundle.

A number of SAPS I've talked with are of the opinion that SAPS mags should not be distributed through FAPA or VAPA as well, and oughta be distributed exclusively thru the SAPS -- tho of course it's perfectly okay to distribute some extras to pen-pals. This poses a problem. As a member of both FAPA and Vanguard, I fully realize how annoying it is to receive a mailing containing three or four pubs you've already read in the other apa. Since a number of SAPS are in FAPA as well, about half of us will have seen SAPS mags that've been in FAPA too. However, on the other hand, circulating fmz in both apas carries them to a wider audience -- and swells the mailings of both organizations. And yet we sure as heck don't want guys just to run off two dozen extras of their FAPazine and toss it in the SAPS just to stay on the roster. Maybe we oughta let such mags be circulated in the SAPS, but not allow any activity credit for 'em. Whatta YOU think?? Let's have some discussion on this, and meantime let the manager deal with such cases as he sees fit.

Let it be emphasized again -- the SAPS are not an "exclusive" or restrictedly snooty bunch. Ful on that. Anybody with two bits and mimeo ink in his veins is welcome to join as long as there's room. You can write any damthing yuh like. 'Cept obscene stuff, of course, that might queer us with the mails.

And leave us remember that our bunch is a stf club -- so all and any discussions of science-fiction and fantasy are welcome and encouraged. In the framework of the SAPS we have a glorious opportunity for SF comment and criticism, m' frans. Leave us utilize it.

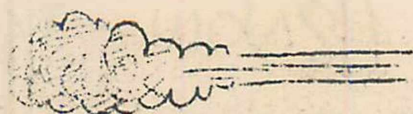
Remember the watchwords: keep the chicken out!

And -- again -- apologies for the wordiness of the past few pages. Sure was awful, but I had to get it off m' chest.

Gorsh. Wonder if anybody reads all this!

SKYWARD - TILTED EYEBROW CORNER

From a letter by Marion E. Zimmer in "The Reader Speaks", June
Thrilling Wonder: "I predict that 'Come Home From Earth' will make the S. S. Hall of Fame in about 1950. * * I know now why Ed Hamilton is the patron saint of all fandom."



THINGS TO COME

by Tom Jewett



Dero Diary: In a magazine some time ago I saw an advertisement for model airplane builders. I am not a model airplane builder but I read it anyway. This ad stated that a model builder could now obtain at a ridiculously low price a tiny jet engine which could be attached in place of a regular gasoline engine on a model plane. The gadget burns gasoline and is a replica of large jets on fighter planes.

The tiny gadget looks just like the thingamajig mounted on the rear end of a German buzz-bomb, only smaller, of course. The midget model works like an ordinary jet; intaking air at the front end, mixing it with gasoline, igniting the mixture, and squirting it out the rear. The jet has a low thrust, naturally, but quite enough to send the plane whizzing thru the air at the end of its control wires at a goodly speed. It burns up gasoline fast, but that isn't rationed any more.

A thought occurs to me.

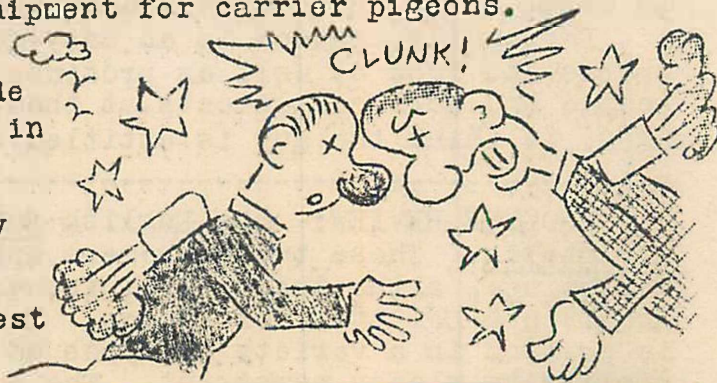
The guided missile used during the war, called the ROC, had a peculiarly shaped wing, resembling a wide ring around the body of the bomb. When turned on swivel hinges by radio control, the wing could control the direction of the bomb. It was launched from a plane in flight, and some models even had television transmitters inside to televise the area it was pointed at.

Why not take several of these Mini-jets (Trade name, patented) and build one of these ROCs with a circular wing. This form might conceivably be the way a rocket ship of the future would look, providing enough lift in the atmosphere, and relatively little drag in space, if in space there is any drag at all.

I expect no one will make anything out of this idea, but it is fascinating to think about.

And who knows? Someday we might be wearing several Mini-jets (Trade name, patented) on our back, carrying us at dizzying speed thru the air to the office or to the coalmines. Of course, if you work neither at an office nor a coal mine, other arrangements could be made. These Jet-jackets (Trade name, patented) would be wonderful for window-washers who wear suspenders instead of belts; or for testers at parachute factories. It could also be used as emergency equipment for carrier pigeons.

I foresee a wonderful future for these high-flying Jet Jackets (Trade name, patented), and I want to get in on the ground floor. Yes sir! As people zoom along, high above the streets and buildings, waving gaily to one another and crashing stop-lights, I'm going to get in on the ground floor -- a controlling interest in every hospital in the state!



CAPSULE BOOK REVIEW: King Kong, by Delios W. Lovelace (Grosset & Dunlap, 1932). Based closely on the famed scientifilm, this hackneyed novel runs 249 pages of huge, juvenile-sized type, and makes pretty dull reading. Endpapers are interesting, tho -- stills from the movie.

PEOPLE Y' OUGHTA KNOW - #1

Ron Maddox is a rather pleasant-looking teen-ager which sits down in Greenwich Village in the middle of a litter of stencils, last year's homework papers, banana peels, muscle-building courses, well-gnawed apple cores, and fabulously rare prozines, typing out reams of stuff and maintaining an incredibly high degree of science-fiction activity.

Maddox has been an active fan since '43 -- mayhap a wee bit earlier. He started by becoming an officer in the old Cosmic Circle, but resigned shortly thereafter when Mr. Rogers, the CC's guiding light, was rid out out of fandom on a rail.

RM's fan career has been loused up something awful at times by his continual moving around. Once he lived in up-state New York. Then he lived in down-state New York. Then in Virginia, then in Jersey, and at present in an apartment somewhere in the wilds of the Village. Maddox has moved around so much that if a dynamo were hitched up to his movements over the period of the last few years, the power generated would be enough to lift the Empire State building four inches off the ground.

Hithertofore, Ron's crowning achievement had been the publication of a single issue of Jupiter, a fanzine which had some good material, but eye-wrenchingly awful duplication. At the present count, Maddox is (1) Manager of the SAPS, (2) Treasurer of the Eastern SF Assoc., (3) Publisher of the bi-weekly newssheet, Fan Spectator (the only fanews mag with funnies), (4) co-publisher with Christensen of a gigantic collection of litho'd fotos, The Fan Pictorial, (5) editor of an ad sheet called Buy Trade & Sell, (6) editor of a probably printed fanzine to succeed Jupe, (7) publisher of something called 2B or Not 2B for FAPA, (8) one of the masterminds behind a local fan club called The Spectators, (9) -- well, that's enough. If he isn't voted #1 fan before 1948, it won't be his fault!

On top of all the above, he is a dealer. In prozines, that is. He has tons of the things. An innocent visitor walking into Ron's den usually tumbles head-first over the heaps of ancient Weird Tales lumped carelessly in front of the door. Stacks of Clayton Astoundings are used to sit on, in the absense of chairs. Ron's main difficulty is that he loves to invest heavily in his stock, which leaves him perpetually in the red. This, however, has a bright side: the only reason George Fox is still a fan is because Maddox owes him thirty fish-skins.

Personally, Maddox is an easy-going, cheerful individual, who likes sports and food as well as prozines. He also likes to scurry up to people and hurl compliments at them. In behalf of his labors for the SAPS, we think the guy is entitled to this chunk of ego-boo.

PROZINE REVIEW: the English Futuristic Stories and Strange Adventures. These two newcomers appeared across the Atlantic several months ago, altho their first issues carry no date, and are published by Hamilton & Co. Ltd., of London. Each is 48 standard-sized pages. FS is printed in a variety of types on paper stock ranging from good book-quality to sleazy newsprint. The covers are garish, reminiscent of the Gernsback days in this country: on SA the eternal triangle (the bem is a winged rhino!), and on FS stalking robots. Each has a well-drawn frontispiece, and inner-cover ads for "Joan the Wad's lucky charm". The mags were originally priced at 2/- but a sticker reading 1/- has been pasted on top, as if the publishers relented. The stories?? I ain't read 'em!